

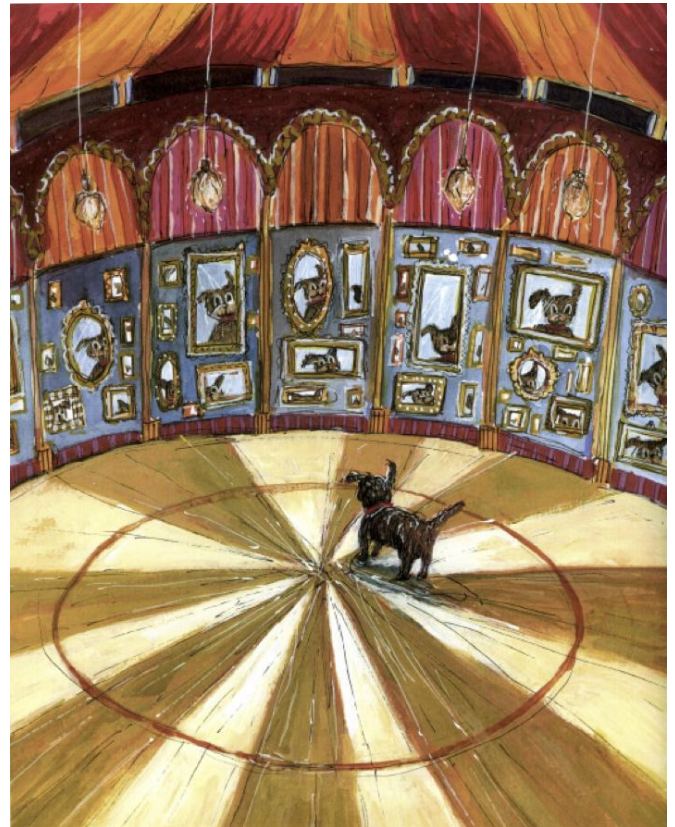


The Mirror tent

A large mirror tent had been standing in the park for a while. Skip, the dog who lived in the park, wondered what kind of tent it was. Each evening he saw smartly dressed men and women go inside. Then through the tent cloth he heard music, laughter and the clinking of glasses. In the morning he saw men with brooms go into the tent. And when they had gone, the tent stood lonely, until the evening when people came in again to dance and celebrate.

Skip had seen that for a while. Now he wanted to know what the tent looked like from the inside. So he walked over, pushed a tip of the tarpaulin aside with his nose and slipped inside. But what was that? A hundred dogs had preceded him. Skip stood motionless; the dogs also stood still. Cozy, Skip thought, all those dogs, and he started to wag his tail with pleasure. The hundred dogs wag their tails back, not one excepted. Skip walked around the tent for a while longer. And the dogs joined in.

When Skip finally walked out again, he was happy: there are so many friendly dogs in the world, he thought. From now on he would wave hello to his friends every day.



One day another stray dog slipped into the mirror tent. Spot was his name. He, too, froze when he saw the hundred dogs. He started growling in fright and showed his teeth. All those hundred dogs also showed their teeth. Spot was terrified! Imagine if those beasts were all going to bite him! With his tail between his legs, he crept out of the tent as fast as he could. There are many angry dogs in the world, Spot thought. And you can understand why he never went inside the mirror tent again.

Story taken from the book: De Spiegeltent

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