

A Play Day with My Brother Ray

by Lucy Bledsoe
illustrated by Óscar T. Pérez



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First edition published 2016.

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ISBN 978-1-61003-668-9

Printed in China

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 RRD 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15



Because there is no school, I can stay home with Ray. We are going to talk and play all day.



“Talk and play all day?” Ray says. “No way. We have to walk to the store.”



“Why do we need to walk to the store?” I ask.
“Because I need paint and nails,” Ray says.



“Why do you need paint and nails?” I ask.
“Because I am going to work on the fence,”
Ray says.



“Why not take the train?” I say. “Walking is slow, like a snail. The subway is faster.”



“We are walking because we have just a short way to go,” Ray says. “Come on, we can talk as we walk.”

“The sky is gray! It may rain. Why can’t we stay home and play?” I ask.



“I can’t play all day,” says Ray, “because I have work to do. Come on, you can sit up here if you don’t want to walk!”



Ray walks. I talk.

“You like to talk a lot, don’t you?” Ray asks.



“Wait!” I yell. “Here comes the rain!”

“I have to paint today,” Ray says. “I don’t have time for rain.”



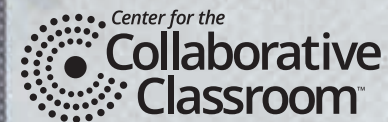
“You can’t paint in the rain because the rain will wipe away the paint,” I tell my big brother.



“That’s not rain,” Ray says. “That’s hail. Run!”



“Yay!” I say. “We can talk and play for the rest of the day.”



ISBN 978-1-61003-668-9



BR-HBRK2-54