

The Smoking Chimney



From an original story written and told by May Park

This edition written by Clive Roberts

Illustrated by Kirsty Sharman



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Illustrations (c) Kirsty Sharman


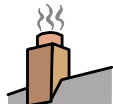


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




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

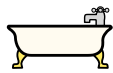




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  was  very  sooty.




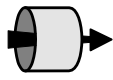

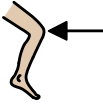
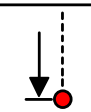
The  soot  made  Beryl's  face  very  black.


The  soot was  in  her  eyes  and  nose.

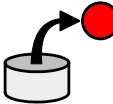

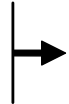
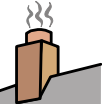
She  had to   bath  and  change  her  clothes.



  
Beryl called the chimney sweep.

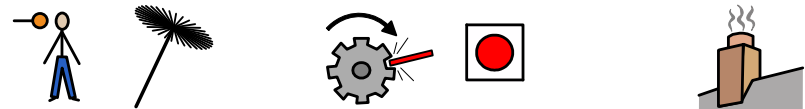
      
He had to walk through soot knee deep.

    
But he knew what he had to do.

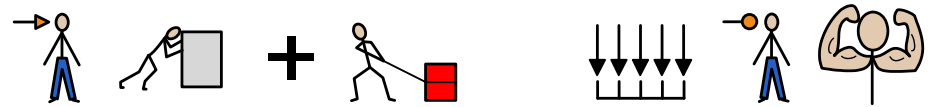
   
To clear the soot from the chimney flue.



The chimney sweep went to work.



His brush got stuck in the chimney pot.


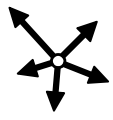


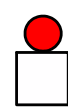


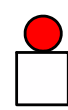

He pushed and pulled with all his might.








Until the brush came into sight.







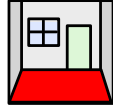
 
Soot was all around.





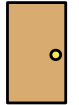
    
On the roof and on the ground.



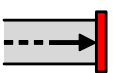
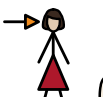


    
It was such a mess you've never seen.




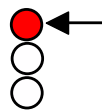
    
The grass was black instead of green.



   +  
Beryl swept the house and washed the floor.

   +  
She cleaned the windows and wiped the door.

     
Her work all finished she lit the fire.

+    
And watched the smoke go higher.

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