

Are we nearly
there yet?

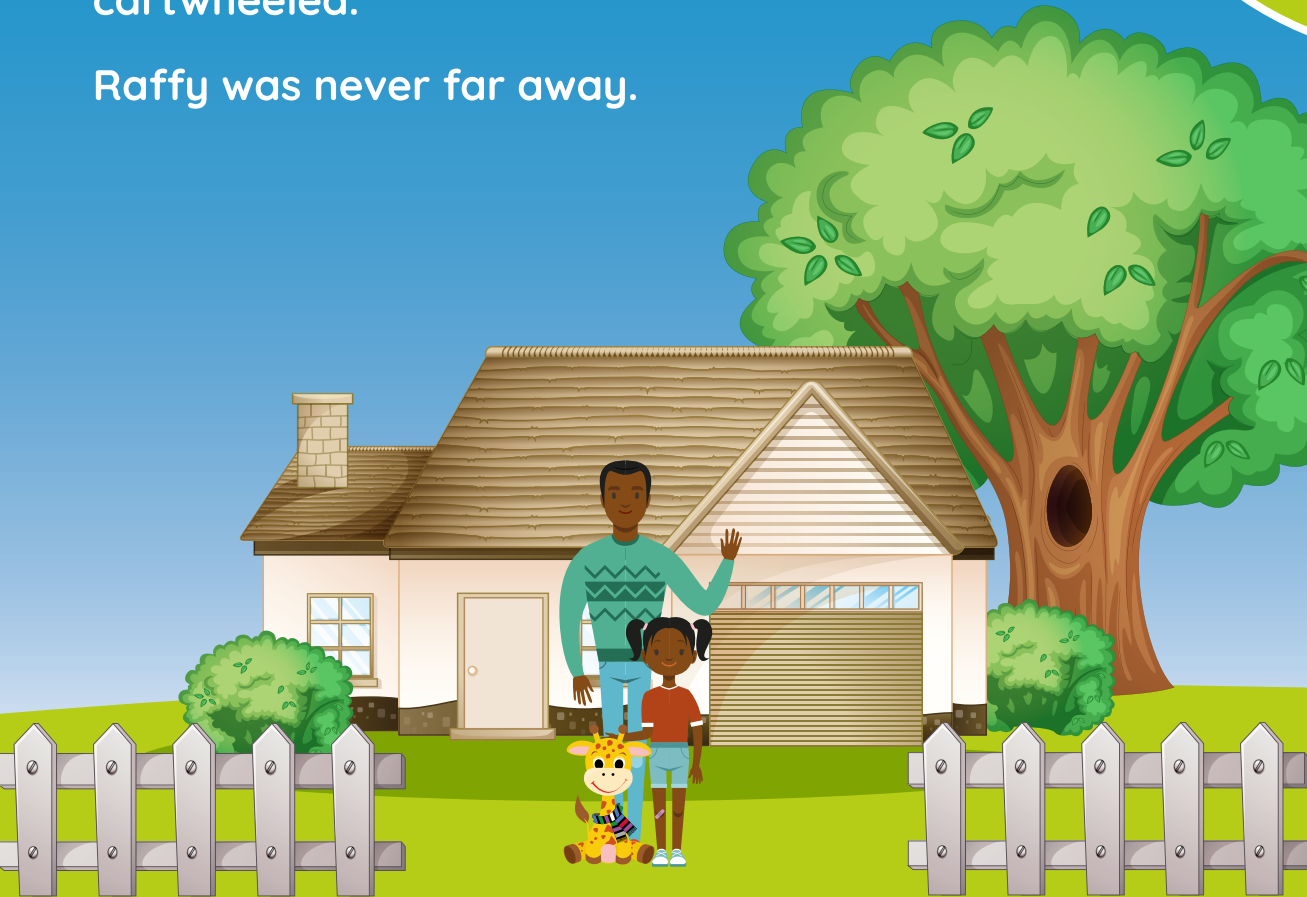


Jazz and her Dad lived in the smallest house, with the smallest garden, at the end of the lane.

‘Just big enough for the two of us,’ said Dad. And it was.

Every day, whatever the weather, Jazz tumbled out of the back door and into the garden. There she played, planted and explored. There she sang, swung and cartwheeled.

Raffy was never far away.



Jazz's Nanna had made Raffy for her when she was born. Jazz loved the smell of Nanna's wool and the feel of Raffy's bumpy knitted body in her hand. His lopsided ears and gentle eyes made her feel safe and she rubbed his velvety hooves over her lips when she went to sleep.

Dad said Raffy was made with love.

Jazz said Raffy was made with a long, stripy, colourful scarf round his neck and please could Nanna knit one for her too?

Just a few days later, a squishy parcel arrived for Jazz. Inside was a scarf just like Raffy's – but Jazz-sized! It had the same black and silver, white and blue, purple, red and green stripes. Now Jazz and Raffy could both wear their scarves to play outside on a cold day.



The next day was Saturday, and Dad said they were going to visit Nanna. Jazz and Raffy played in the garden while Dad packed a few snacks for the journey, then they held hands as they dashed to the bus stop so that they could be first in the queue.

As usual, they sat on the top deck of the bus, right at the very front.

Sitting there made Jazz feel very important. Sitting there she could see everything around her before anyone else could.

Dad said he hoped sitting there would keep Jazz still. She was a girl, he said, who had ants in her pants.



‘DAD! Raffy’s scarf!’ shouted Jazz, as the bus pulled away from the bus stop.

‘Darling girl,’ said Dad. ‘It will still be there when we get home. Raffy can share your scarf with you today. Come on let’s play I Spy and take your mind off it,’ he said. ‘You go first.’

‘Ok then...’ said Jazz slowly and she thought for a moment. ‘I spy with my little eye something beginning with c.’ She was looking at the dark and drizzly clouds in the distance and hoping it wouldn’t rain later. Their wispy shapes reminded her of Nanna’s soft black curls (with some glistening silver strands which Nanna strangely said were not there...)

‘Cows? Cars? Corners? Clouds?’ guessed Dad as the bus hauled itself along the lane and down into the town.

‘You got it,’ smiled Jazz. ‘But Raffy guessed it first!’

She looked eagerly out of the window while Dad congratulated Raffy. They would soon be passing the big garage with its enormous showroom window.





Maths & English

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