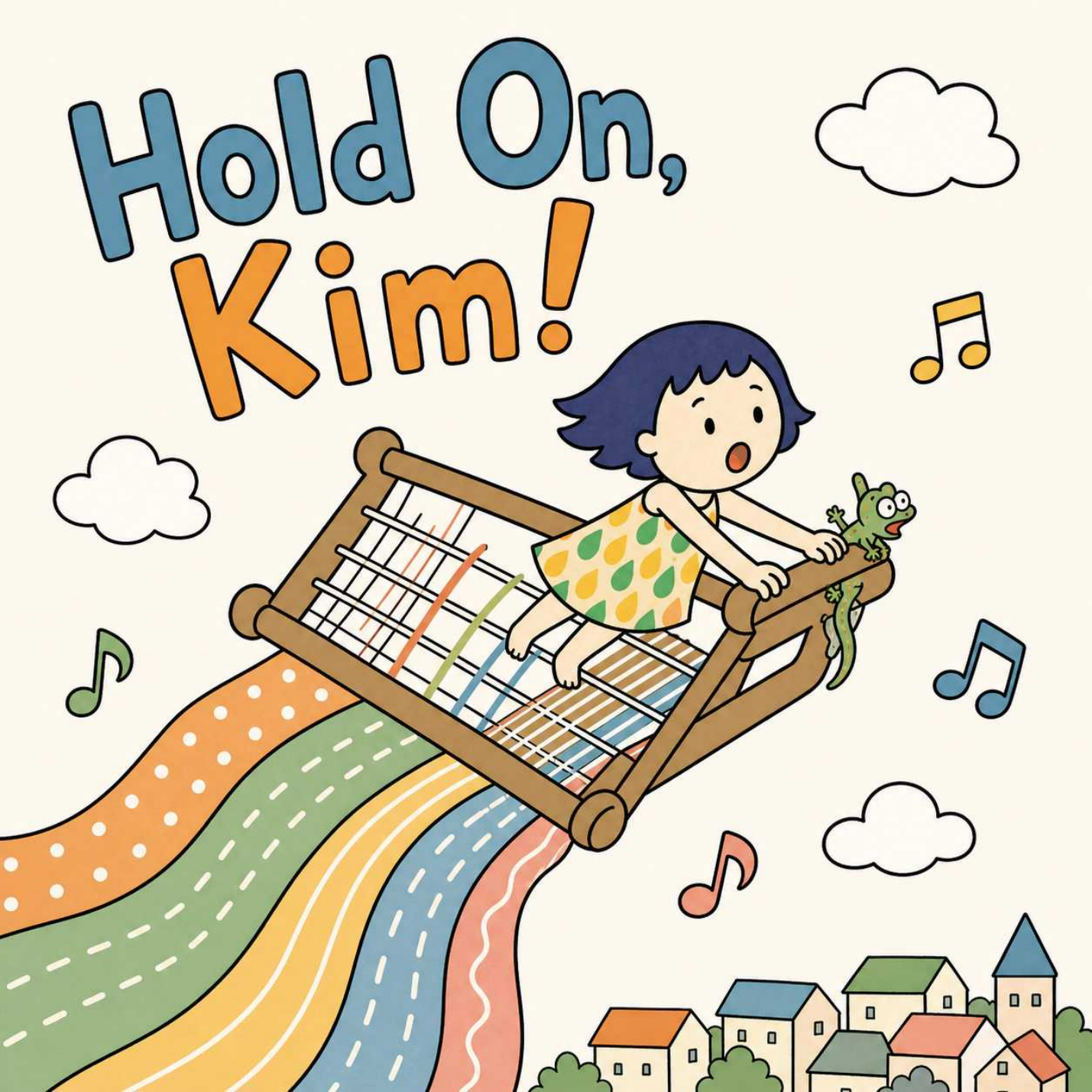
Hold On, Kim!



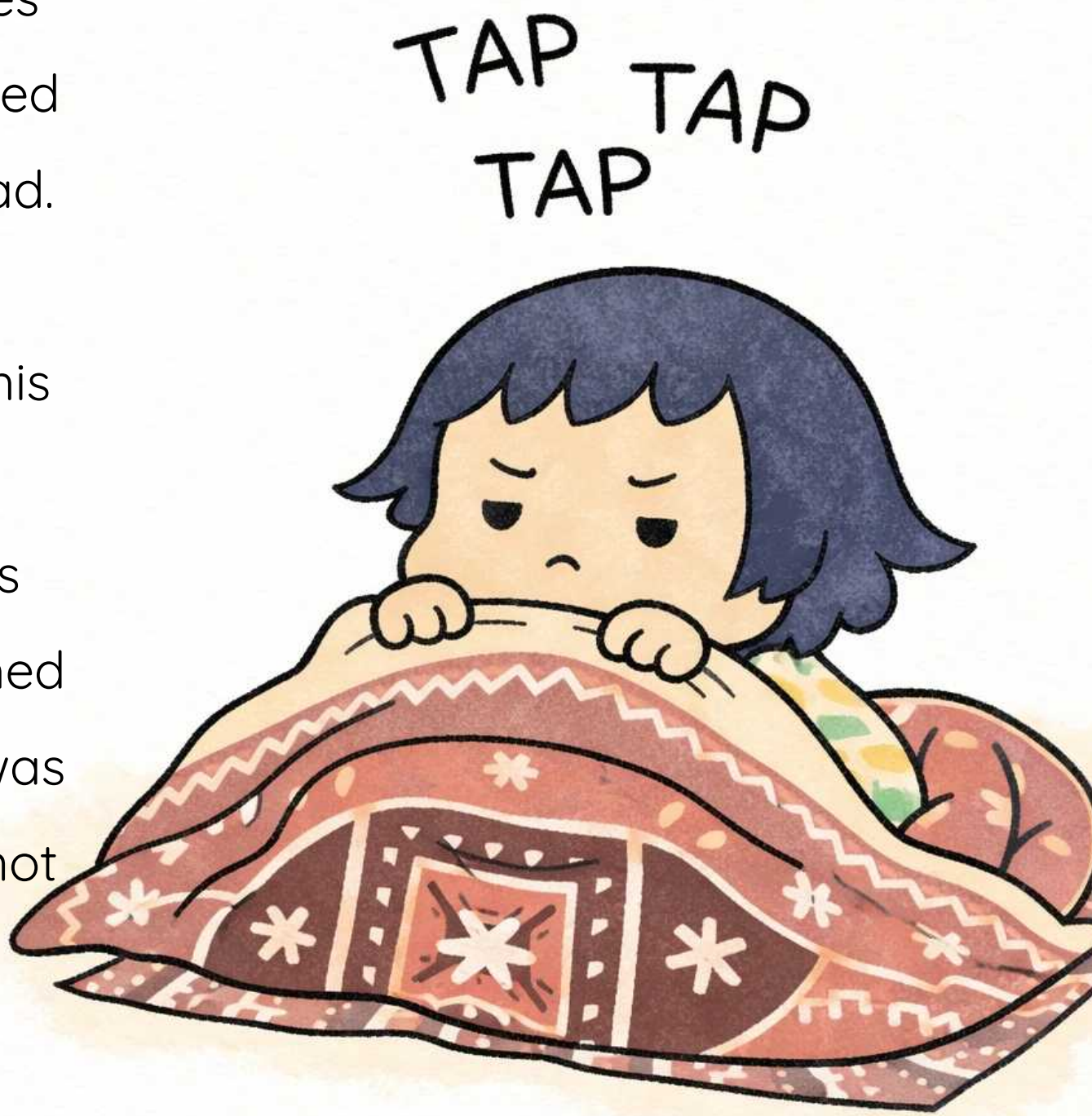
Every afternoon, Kim's mum sat at her big wooden loom and sang.

Her fingers flew fast across the threads. Red, gold, blue. They bloomed under her hands like flowers opening in the sun. It was a splendour Kim could savour all day long.

Kim loved the singing. But she loved the watching even more.

'Mum, teach me,' Kim said. Same as always. 'Tomorrow,' her mum hummed. 'Do me a favour, Kim. Today, rest.' Her mum always kept her weaving secrets close. So Kim flopped on the rug and pulled her blanket up to her chin. Her mum's song curled around her like soft thread. And before Kim could ask again, her eyes were already closed.

TAP! TAP! TAP! Kim's eyes snapped open. She yanked the blanket over her head. 'Go away,' she muttered. TAP! TAP! TAP! Louder this time, like tiny fingers knocking on a door. Was it a **visitor?** Kim scrunched up her face. Whatever was making that noise was not going to stop. Not ever.



Kim padded out into the street. TAP! TAP! TAP! The sound bounced off the walls, always one step ahead. Every time Kim turned a corner, the sound turned first. 'Wait!' she called. But the sound did not wait. It wanted to be followed. Kim kept going, **onward** up the street.

Kim pushed open a big wooden door, and there it was. A loom, just like her mum's, but older and stranger. It was dusty and had an odd odour. Threads hung from its frame like tangled strings. And it was still shaking. Tap. Tap. Tap. 'You?' Kim whispered. She stared at it. 'You were making all that noise?'

Kim sat down and rested her hands on the frame, just like her mum. The loom burst to life, humming like a **motor.** Threads shot out every which way, twisting and spinning on their own. A bold rug began weaving itself right under Kim's fingers. Vivid shades ran across the fabric like spilled paint. 'I did not do that!' Kim yelped. 'Not one thing!'

Then the loom left the ground. It shot **skyward** like a kite, up past the rooftops and into the clouds. Kim grabbed the frame so hard her knuckles went white. A small gecko clung to the wood beside her, eyes as round as buttons. 'Hold on!' Kim yelled. She was not sure if she was talking to the gecko or to herself.

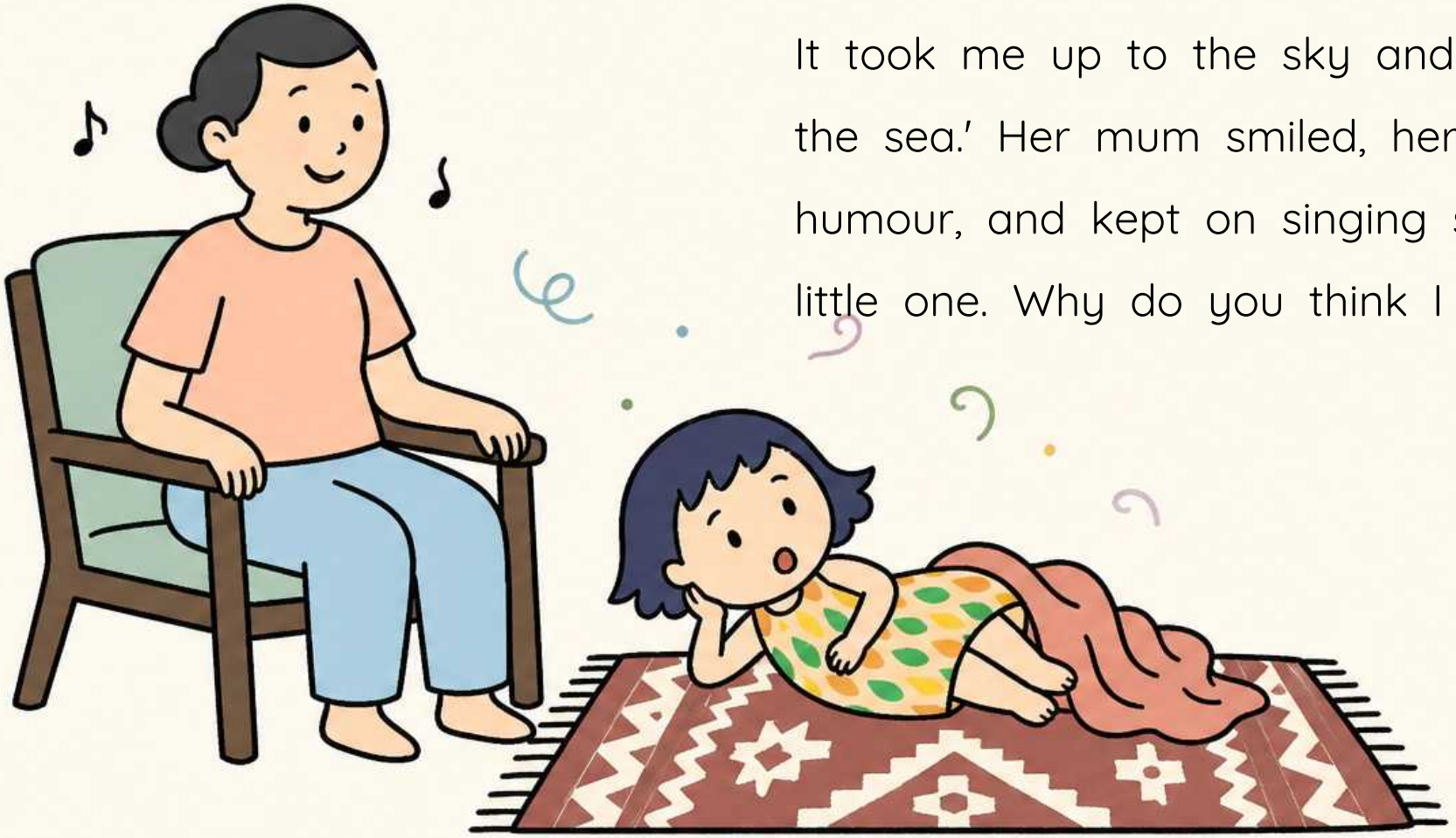
Music filled the sky. Not radio music. Her mum's song, somehow, all around at once. Notes tumbled past the clouds, and the loom rode them like a wave. A large pink bird glided up beside Kim and tilted its head, as if to say, 'First time?' Kim grinned until her cheeks hurt. This was a ride to savour. Fabric streamed behind her like a cape, and for one perfect moment, she felt like the queen of everything.

Then the loom tipped nose-first and plunged downward. 'No no no no no no no!' They hit the sea like a cannonball, and water crashed over Kim's head. Bubbles swallowed her up and pulled her down into the dark and the deep. The gecko pressed flat against the wood, looking grumpy, as Kim felt a flash of **terror.**

Whoosh! Kim burst out of the waves with every bit of vigour she had, arms wide, riding a wall of white foam. Fish jumped all around her, pink and yellow and green, spinning in loops as if they had been waiting all day for a playmate. Kim threw her head back and laughed. She was soaking wet. She was flying. She never, ever wanted to stop.

The loom carried her higher, and the **world** around her burst with splendour. Swirling flowers. Glowing patterns. Shapes that bloomed and popped like fireworks. Vivid light, all around her. She raised both arms and let it wash over her. 'More!' she shouted. And the gecko, for once, seemed to agree.

The light softened. The patterns melted away. Kim blinked. She was back on the rug, her blanket twisted around her legs. Her mum sat above her, singing that same soft song. 'Mum,' Kim whispered. 'The song. It took me up to the sky and down into the sea.' Her mum smiled, her eyes full of humour, and kept on singing softly. 'I know, little one. Why do you think I sing it?'



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Hold On, Kim!

Every afternoon, a girl watches her mother weave at a big wooden loom, longing to learn the craft herself. Then a mysterious tapping leads her through the street and onward to a dusty old loom of her own, one that suddenly bursts to life like a motor beneath her hands. What happens when she takes hold and it lifts skyward? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 111: -ar, -or /er/), this book practises words like 'motor', 'onward', 'skyward', 'terror', 'world'.

Phonics Focus: -ar, -or /er/

firework, motor, onward, skyward, terror, visitor, world

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