

Kim Takes a Strange Ride



Day after **day**, Kim's mum
sits at her big wooden
loom and sings. Her hands
fly fast on the yarn. Red
and blue and yellow
bloom under her hands,
like flowers in the sun.

Kim likes the song. But
she likes to look at the
loom more.



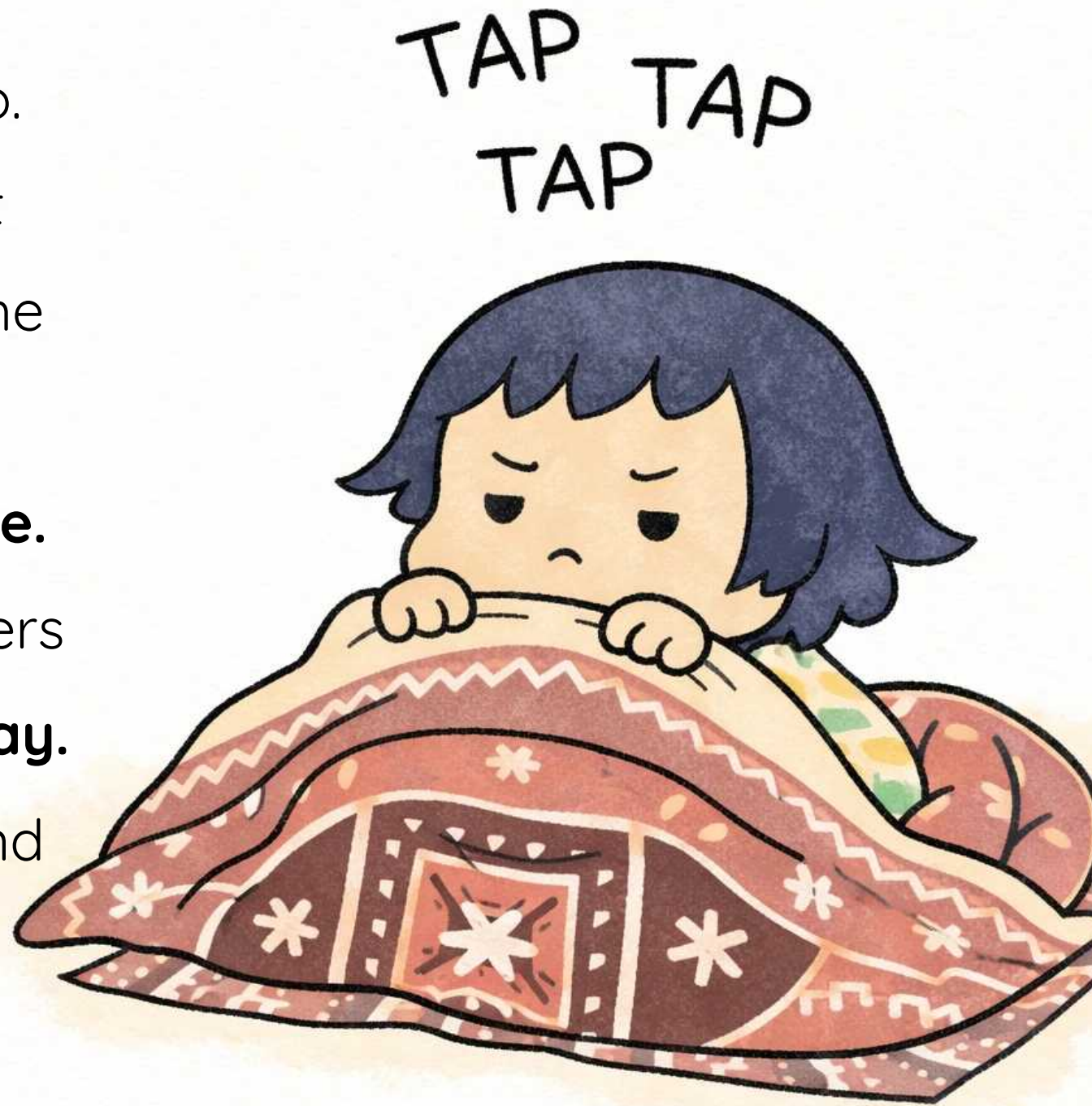


'Mum, teach me,' says Kim.
She asks this all the **time**.

'Not **today**,' hums her
mum. '**Today, stay** on the
rug and rest.'

So Kim flops down and
tugs the blanket up to her
chin. The song curls round
her like soft yarn. In no
time at all, Kim naps.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Kim
wakes up with a jump.
She yanks the blanket
up high. 'Go **away,**' she
says. Tap! Tap! Tap!
Loud, so loud this **time.**
Like tiny wooden fingers
tapping at the **doorway.**
Kim frowns. That sound
is not going to stop.





Kim pads out past the **doorway** and into the street. Tap! Tap! Tap! The sound skips on and on. Each **time** Kim turns a corner, the sound turns first. **'Wait!'** Kim calls. But the tapping will not **wait**. It wants Kim to follow.

Kim peeks past a big wooden **doorway**, and there it is. A loom. Just like her mum's loom, but old and **strange** and dusty. Yarn hangs down from the **frame** in long loose strips. And the loom is shaking. Tap. Tap. Tap. 'The loom?' gasps Kim. 'Did the loom **make** all that sound?'





Kim sits down and **lays** her hands on the **frame**, just the **way** her mum does.

The loom wakes up! Yarn shoots out this **way** and that, spinning and twisting. A bright rug begins to form under Kim's hands, red and blue and green, like a **rainbow**.

'I did not do that!' yelps Kim.
'I did not do it at all!'

Then the loom lifts off the ground! It rises like a **kite** in a gust, up past the rooftops, up into the sky. Kim grips the **frame** tight.

A tiny little beast clings to the wood by her **side**.

'Hang on!' Kim yells. Is she telling the little beast, or is she telling herself? Kim can not **say**.





A song fills the sky. It is her mum's song, here, there, all over! Notes float in the clouds, and the loom rides the tune like a **wave**.

A huge pink bird glides up by Kim's **side**, as if to ask, 'First **ride?**'

Kim grins so **wide** her cheeks hurt. Cloth streams out at her back like a **cape**. **Hail**, Queen Kim, queen up in the sky!

The loom tips its **nose**
down. Down, down, down!

'No, no, no, no, no!' Kim
wails. They crash into
the sea. Foam swirls all
round her. The little
beast lies flat on the
wood. It looks so upset.

Down they sink, into the
deep, dark sea.





Whoosh! Kim bursts up
past the **waves**, arms out
wide, riding the white
surf. Fish leap round Kim,
pink and green and
yellow, spinning like they
want to **play**. Kim yells
with glee. She is wet. She
is flying. Kim wants to
stay up here all **day**!

The loom **takes** Kim up
high, and the sky blooms.
Flowers swirl. **Shapes**
glow and pop, vivid pink,
jade green, bright blue.

Kim lifts her arms and
lets it all spill over her.
'More!' she yells. And the
little beast nods. Yes!
More!



The **shapes fade away**. Kim wakes up on the rug. The blanket is in a twist round her legs. Mum sits on the seat, singing that **same** soft song. 'Mum,' says Kim. 'That song! It **takes** me far, far **away!**' Mum smiles and keeps singing. 'Yes, little one. That is why I sing it.'





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Kim just wants her mother to teach her to weave, but every day the answer is the same: "not today." Then a strange tapping leads her to an old, dusty loom that seems to come alive on its own. When she rests her hands on the frame just like her mother does, threads shoot out in every direction, and the loom itself begins to rise. Where will it take her? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 4: /ai/ mixed), this book practises words like 'wave', 'stay', 'day', 'ride', 'strange'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

away, cape, day, doorway, fade, frame, hail, jade, kite, lays, make, nape, node, nose, note, play, rainbow, ride, rise, same, say, shapes, side, site, stay, strange, take, takes, time, today, wail, wait, wake, wave, waves, way, wide

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