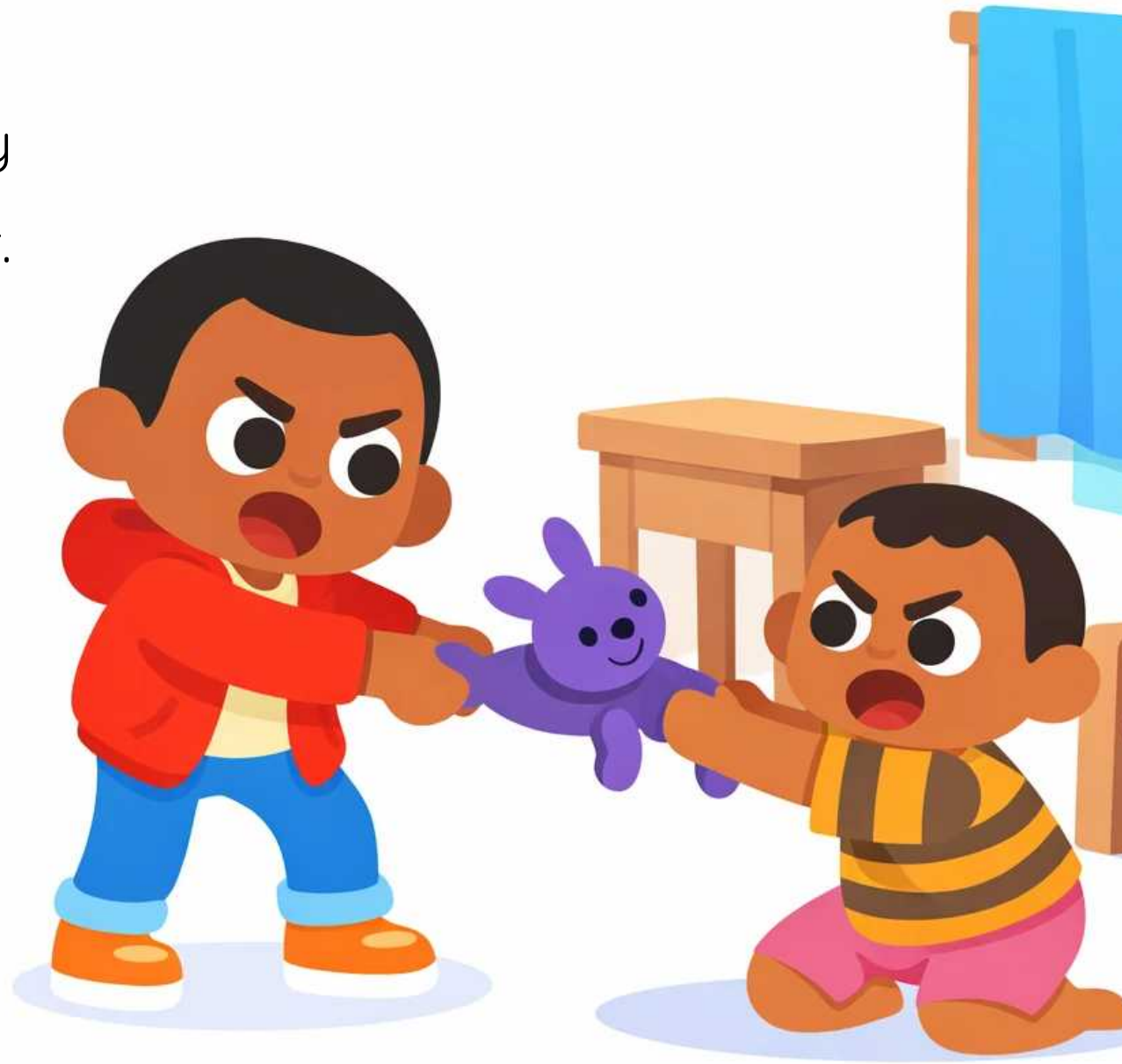


The Red Rig



'Mine!' Boy yells, pulling with both hands. Brother pulls harder. The purple toy stretches longer and longer. It seems **unbreakable**.

Brother's face goes red. Boy's hands go white. But not one of them lets go. 'I. Had. It. First,' Boy says through his teeth. But Brother yanks back even harder.





Crash. The toy hits the floor and breaks. So it is **breakable**. Very **breakable**.

Mum marches in with her arms crossed, and that is never, ever a nice thing.

She points at both of them. 'Bed. Now.' 'But he started it!' Boy rubs his eye. Brother hangs his head. Who started it? That never matters. Never.

Boy shares his food with Brother. When Brother breaks things, Boy fixes them. He gives and gives and gives. But often he wishes he could have one thing that is just his. He looks at his little toy tractor in the dirt beside him. One little tractor. That is all he has that Brother has not grabbed or sat on. It is **valuable** to him.





Then Boy sees a huge grey shape in the yard. An elephant! A big, **remarkable** elephant stands right there past the bushes. Boy creeps past Mum, tiptoes across the grass, and climbs up on its back. The elephant lifts its trunk, takes one big step, and off they go. 'Hold on!' Boy whispers. And he holds on tight.

They ride across wide, open plains where the sky goes on and on. Boy feels the mild wind on his face and grins. No brothers. No fighting. No sharing. Just him and the wide world. Then Boy spots a shape under a big tree. A kid, just **visible**, crouching low in the grass. Boy's grin vanishes. 'Brother?'





A herd of elephants stands close by. One mad elephant breaks free and charges straight at Brother. Its feet shake the ground like thunder. Brother runs hard, pumping his arms, flying across the grass. But the mad elephant is faster. So much faster. It seems **unstoppable**. It crashes through the bushes right at his heels. 'Run!' Boy screams.

Brother reaches the tree and climbs. He grabs a branch, then another, up and up. Soon he is high up in the tree, holding on so tight his arms shake. Up there, the mad elephant can not grab him. Brother is **unreachable**. Safe. For now. Boy watches from far off. His heart bangs. He has no wish to be on his own now. All he wants in the wide world is for Brother to be safe.





'Go!' Boy kicks his heels.

'Faster!' The elephant stretches out and charges.

Trees blur past. The wind rushes in Boy's ears. It is **incredible** how fast they go.

Boy points the way. Brother's tree gets closer and closer.

Not far now. 'Hold on, Brother!' Boy yells across the plain. 'I will get there!' He can get there. He has to.

Boy is not there yet. The mad elephant wraps its trunk around a low branch and pulls hard. The wood groans. A **terrible** sound. It bends. It cracks. 'Stop!' Boy shouts, but the mad elephant just pulls harder. Brother's eyes go wide. He grips the bark tighter, but the big tree is shaking now. How long can that branch hold?





Boy leaps off his elephant and lands on a low branch. He climbs fast and stretches his arm up as far as it can go. 'Grab on!' Brother reaches down. Their fingers brush. So close. But not **reachable**. Not yet. Boy stretches so far that his arm burns. 'Almost... just a little... more...' He has to reach that hand. He just has to.

The mad elephant coils its trunk around Boy and rips him from the tree. His legs kick the air. His arms reach for Brother. The grip is **unbreakable**. 'Hold on!' Boy screams. But this time the words are not for Brother. They are for Boy. Because even hanging in that grip, all Boy can think is: let Brother be safe.





Boy is shouting in his sleep.
'Wake up! Wake up!' Mum sits on the edge of his bed, her hand soft on his head. 'It is just a dream, Boy. Just a bad dream.' Boy blinks. His room. His blanket. His pillow. A dream. It is all a dream. Brother stands by the bed, watching him with soft eyes. Boy grabs Brother's hand and holds on tight. 'We can share my tractor,' he whispers. Brother smiles. It is an **unforgettable** smile. And for once, both of them hold on.



The Red Rig

A tug-of-war over a toy ends in a crash and Boy sent to bed. He'd love just one thing that's his alone, but when a real elephant appears in the yard, he leaps on and rides off across the plains. Then he spots his brother in danger. Can Boy reach him in time? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 126: -able, -ible), this book practises words like 'unbreakable', 'unstoppable', 'reachable', 'terrible', 'valuable'.

Phonics Focus: -able, -ible

breakable, incredible, reachable, remarkable, terrible, unbreakable, unforgettable, unreachable, unstoppable, valuable, visible

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