Kim Takes a Strange Ride

Day after **day,** Kim's mom 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.

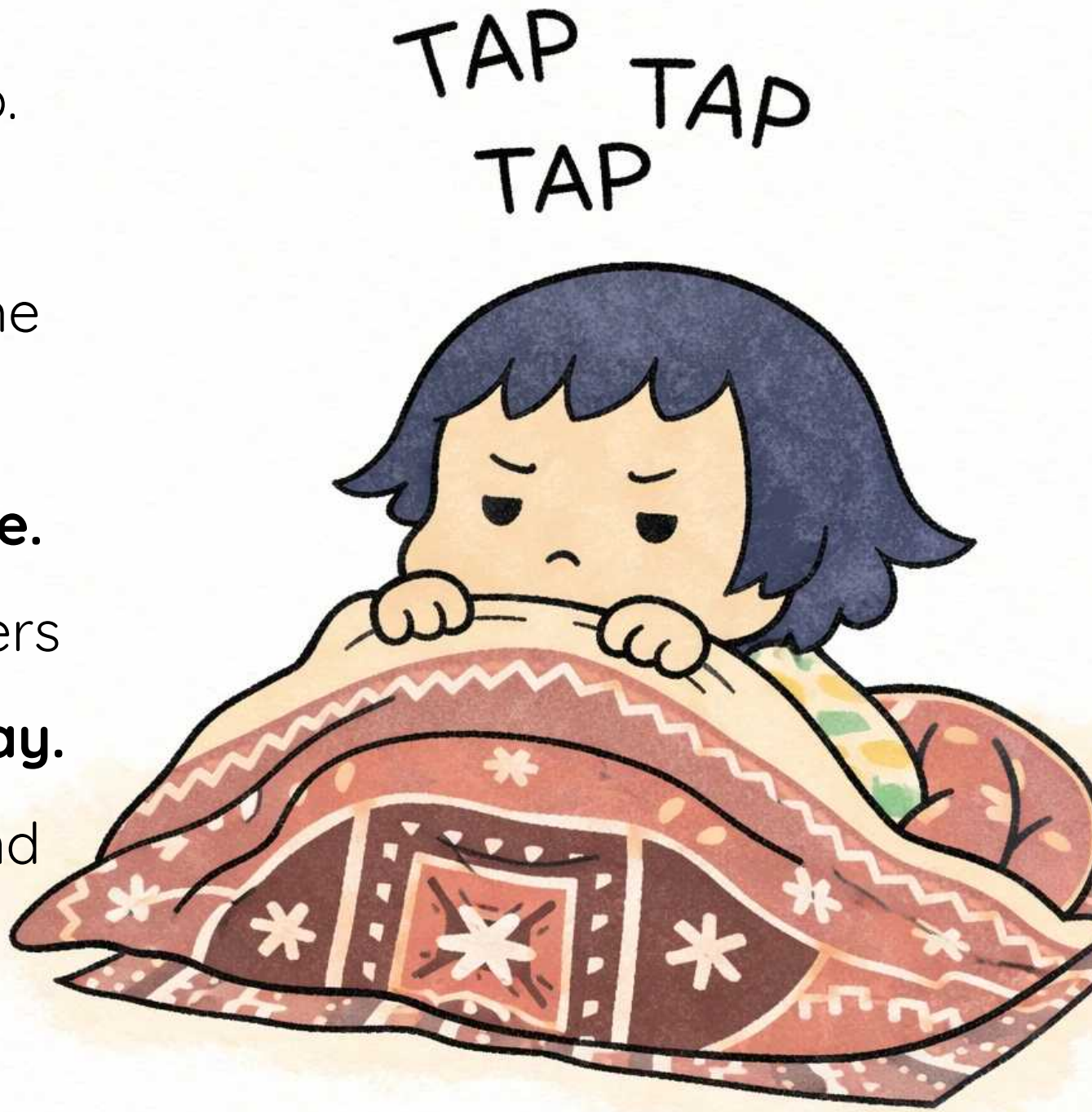
Kim likes the song. But she likes to look at the loom more.

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

'Not **today,'** hums her mom. **'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 mom'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 mom 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 mom'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. Mom sits on the seat, singing that **same** soft song. 'Mom,' says Kim. 'That song! It **takes** me far, far **away!'** Mom smiles and keeps singing. 'Yes, little one. That is why I sing it.'

MIXED

Kim Takes a Strange Ride

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 practices 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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