

Nib Never Locks Up



Nib sits on her rug and spins red wool, round and round. She **enjoys** spinning. And she has a big plan for that wool.

A big **boy** leans in at the window. 'We go up to the hills. Nib, lock up!'

'I am fine,' says Nib. She never looks up. She never locks up.





The **boys** go up the path.
Then a big thing sneaks
up by the house and
hides.

A shaggy thing. A thing
with a tall tuft on top
and a **noisy** belly. Boom,
boom!

It is Ted. Ted spies on
the little house. The big
boys are not there now.

Ted creeps to the
window and peeps in.

There she is. A little
girl with her back to
him. She hums as she
spins her wool.

Ted licks his lips. 'Oh,
joy,' he says, low.
'This is a snap.'



Ted jams his face in the window. Squish! His face jams in tight. Too big. Way too big.

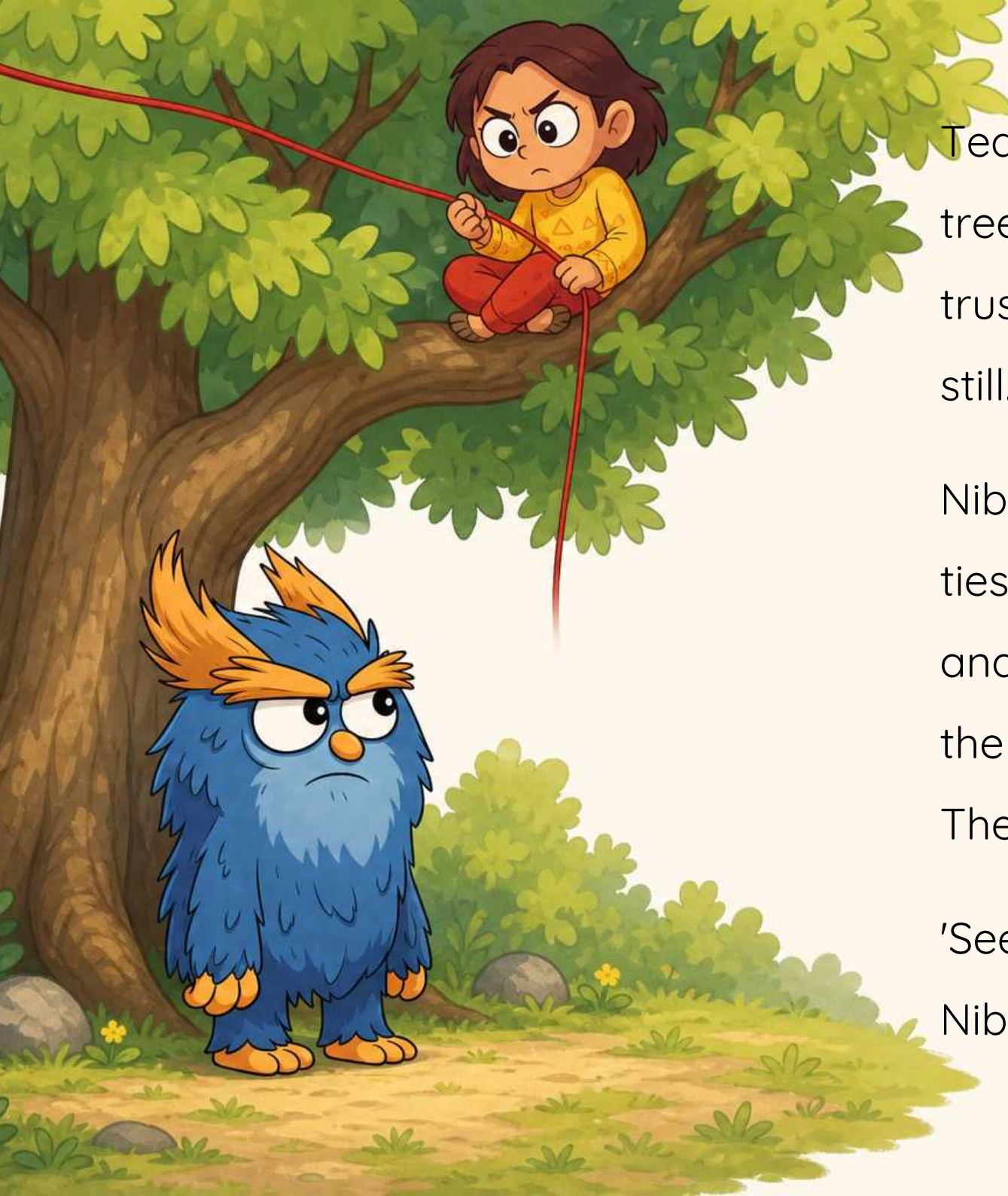
He twists. He tugs. He pops free. Ted **recoils**, rubbing his chin.

'Fine,' he snorts. 'Nib never locks up. I can just creep in.'



Nib never locks up. So Ted just steps right in. A big shaggy arm grabs the back of Nib's top. Nib yells. Ted **hoists** her up high. The room spins round and round. But even then, Nib hugs her ball of red wool tight to her chest.





Ted puts Nib up in a big tree and rests below. He trusts that Nib will just sit still. But no!

Nib's hands are quick. She ties the red wool to a branch and lets it drop down, down the path, all the way home. The wool **points** the way.

'See my wool, **boys,**' says Nib, low. 'Trail it here.'

Up on the hill, one **boy** stops and **points** down. 'What is that?' A thin red line runs past the trees, past the huts, deep in the wood. 'That is Nib's wool!' yells the other **boy**. 'It leads to the dark cave. Come on!' They run.





The cave mouth is a wide black gap. **Moist** air creeps out, and the red wool trails inside, deep in the dark.

The big **boys** look grim. 'Nib is in there,' says one, low.

The other **boy** gulps. They step in.

Inside, Ted slumps down,
deep in sleep. He snorts
so loud that the little
rocks jump. And there on
his belt is a big gold key.

One **boy** creeps in,
avoiding Ted's big feet.
He lifts the key slow,
slow, and grins.

The other **boy** taps a
hand to his lips. Not a
peep. Not yet.





Inside the cage, small kids press their faces to the bars. Not a peep. Not a gasp. One big **boy** slips the key in the lock. He turns it, slow, slow. Click! The kids rush out, free at last. They jump for **joy**.

Ted wakes with a snort. He sees the cage. No kids! He sees his belt. No key!

'My food!' yells Ted. 'I will **boil** them all!' He jumps up.

The kids yell. The **boys** grab as many hands as they can. 'Run, run!'





Ted charges after them,
out of the cave and out
in the sun. One step. Two
steps. Then, **boing!** His
feet are in a loop of red
wool. Nib's wool! It **coils**
round his feet, his legs,
his belly, round and round.
Ted skids. Ted trips. Down
he goes with a boom!
Nib's **ploy foils** Ted.

Nib grins a big proud grin, and the kids shout for **joy**. The **boys** look at her. Then they crack up. 'Good plan, Nib! That wool did save us all. But lock up, Nib! Lock up!' Nib just grins. 'If I lock up, who will set all the kids free?'





Nib Never Locks Up

Nib never locks the door, and that's just how she likes it. While her brothers head for the hills, something big and shaggy has been watching the little house, waiting for its chance. Now the boys are gone, and Nib is home alone with nothing but her wool and a wide-open door. What happens when the door swings open? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 10: /oi/ mixed), this book practices words like 'boy', 'noisy', 'hoists', 'coils', 'avoiding'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

avoiding, boil, boing, boy, boys, coils, enjoys, foils, hoists, joy, moist, noisy, ploy, points, recoils

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