

story time

with Jill Haywood

comfortable - còmode
cushion - coixí
snap fingers - xasquear els dits
fishing rod - canya de pescar
breeze - brisa
edge - vora
wonder - preguntar-se
trout - truita de riu



George and the Magic Chair

In the hall of George's house there was a chair. It looked very normal. It was old, dark red and not very clean. It wasn't beautiful or stylish or elegant but it was **comfortable**. Everybody loved the chair but George was the only person who knew its secrets.

George's mum put the shopping on the chair when she came home.

George's dad sat on the chair to put his shoes on before going to work in the morning.

His sister Rella sometimes did her homework on the chair. The dog often slept on the chair.

George, however, sat on the chair to think.

One day when George was sitting on the chair and thinking, he put his hands under the **cushion**. He found a small piece of paper and on the paper there was a poem.

George read the poem softly and put it in his pocket.

Magic chair Magic chair

Take me there Take me there

Not the window

Not the door

Snap Snap snap (George **snapped his fingers** as he read the words)

Five Two Four



When George said the magic number, the chair started to hum and suddenly George and the chair were 5 miles away beside the lake where he loved to go fishing with his dad.

The young boy was amazed. The chair had taken him to his favourite place.

George walked down to the lake shore. The sun was shining. There was a gentle **breeze** in the trees. It was a beautiful day. The fish were jumping in the lake but George didn't have his **fishing rod**. George wondered if the chair would take him home if he repeated the poem. He sat on the chair again and said the words and the magic number.



He vanished and appeared at home. It worked. It worked.

“George!” called his mother. “What are you doing?”

“Homework, Mum,” he replied.

George opened the cupboard in the hall and picked up his fishing rod and an old newspaper. He sat on the magic chair again and said....

“Magic chair Magic chair
Take me there Take me there
Not the window
Not the door
Snap Snap snap
Five Two Four”



George was back at the lake. He smiled and settled down under a tree by the edge of the lake to fish.

George was happy he had found the poem to activate the magic chair. The chair was his grandad's chair. Grandad had died before George was born. The young boy wondered if his grandad had known about the chair and travelled to different places with it.

Perhaps his grandad had gone to Paris, France or to Italy, or perhaps even to China, Japan or Australia.

George was thinking about the next weekend and where he could go. He was **daydreaming** about Australia and all the places he could visit and all the animals he could see, like kangaroos and koala bears, when he felt a strong

pull on his fishing rod. A fish! George took his rod in both hands and reeled in the fish. It was a **trout**.

In the next half hour George caught 3 more trout. He wrapped each one in pages from the old newspaper.

George sat on the chair and repeated the poem and was back home in an instant.



He put the fishing rod in the cupboard and took the fish into the kitchen. He put the fish in the fridge and hoped that his mother would think that his dad had decided to go fishing instead of playing golf. Perhaps she would cook the fish for dinner tonight.

He returned to the hallway and looked at the big map of the world which was on the wall above the chair. George smiled as he looked at the map. He looked at his watch. It was only 7pm. There was still an hour before he had to get ready for dinner. He had an idea. George picked up his backpack and sat on the chair.

“Magic chair Magic chair
Take me there Take me there
Not the window
Not the door
Snap Snap snap
Five Two Four”



George disappeared. He had gone to find dessert. Can you guess what George’s favourite dessert is? Can you guess where he has gone to find it? I’ll tell you next week.

George va desaparèixer. Havia anat a buscar les postres. Endevineu quines són les postres preferides de George? Podeu endevinar on ha anat a buscar-les?

T’ho explicaré la setmana vinent.