

story time

with Jill Haywood

argument - discussió
topic - tema
silver - platejat
helmet - casco
wrapper - envoltorio
store - guardar
thud -



The Best Way to Travel

Jane and Henry were having an argument. They were sitting on the school bus. The journey home was 40 minutes and the two children had had a long day at school. They had studied maths, English and science in the morning and then in the afternoon they had been to P.E. class and then art class.

The two friends lived on the same street and they took the bus together every day. After many years going back and forth on the bus, Jane and Henry had decided to think of different topics to talk about each day. Today the topic was transport.

Jane took an apple juice carton out of her bag and inserted the straw. She drank quietly for a moment and then said, "I think planes are the best. There are big planes and small planes and they go really fast. You can be in a different country in a few hours."

Henry thought for a while as he ate his chocolate biscuit and then turned to Jane.

"You went on a plane last summer, didn't you? When you and your parents visited your aunt and uncle? How long was the flight? Did you eat on the plane?"

“Yes,” Jane replied. “The flight was three hours. We had lunch on the plane. I had pasta and the knife and fork were in a little plastic packet. There was a packet of crisps too and a small cake. The food wasn’t very nice,” said Jane thoughtfully, “but it was fun to eat on the plane!”

Henry folded his biscuit wrapper and put it in his pocket.

“I think trains are the best.”

“Why?”

“Well,” said Henry slowly, as he thought, “It’s a little bit like having a moving house. The seats are comfortable. There are toilets. You can walk around and there is even a restaurant. On the trains with no restaurant, there is someone walking up and down the train with a trolley full of food.

The best of all is when you look out of the window. You see the whole world go by. Cities, villages, countryside, mountains, valleys, lakes and even the sea. It’s so beautiful.”

“I’ve never been on a train,” says Jane.

“What about a lorry? My uncle has a lorry. It’s huge! It has 18 wheels. He has a bed behind his driving seat. I’ve been in it. There is even a fridge! He keeps his juice in there and some sandwiches. He has a really cool radio too and he uses it to talk to other lorry drivers. They all call each other funny names. They call my uncle Big Blue and I don’t know why because his lorry is red and black.”

Henry is quiet for a moment and then says, “OK, how about a motorbike then? My aunt has a motorbike. It’s black and shiny. She wears a black and silver helmet. It’s small. It doesn’t use a lot of petrol. It’s easy to park. She can park anywhere! She can take a passenger and she also has a little box on the back to store her helmet.”

“But, aren’t motorbikes dangerous?” asks Jane. “Has your aunt ever had an accident?”

“She is a very careful driver and she always wears her helmet. I am sure she is safe.” replies Henry

“Have you been on the bike with her?”

“No, not yet. My parents say I have to be older.”

The children sit quietly for a while, thinking.

“You know what?” says Henry. “I think the school bus is the best because we can travel together every day and we can talk about anything we want, we can share our favourite foods and the bus takes us home and stops right on our street!”

“I agree,” says Jane, laughing. “You are right!”

Just then the bus stopped at the end of their street and the kids ran to the door, waving goodbye to Mrs. Collins, the driver as she closed the door behind them and drove the bus away.

“See you at the bus stop in the morning,” called Henry as Jane walked towards her house, “bye!”