

story time

with Jill Haywood

huge - molt gran
oak - roure
sailing - navegar
tournament - torneig
stroke - acariciar



Us enrecordeu de'n George i la cadira mágica que el portava a on ell volia? Doncs avui va molt a lluny!

George and the Magic Chair - George in USA!

George had a magic chair. His grandad had given it to the family. Nobody paid attention to the chair. It was very normal. It wasn't beautiful or stylish or elegant but it was comfortable. However George was the only person who knew its secrets. It was very special. He had found a poem under the cushion and when he read it the chair transported him to wherever he wanted. Today was Saturday. George had the whole day to himself.

"Where shall I go? Where shall I go?" thought George.

"Somewhere new. There has been a lot on the news recently about America. I would like to see the real America."

George sat on the magic chair, thought about America and recited the poem.

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 vibrate. His house disappeared from view.

Moments later George and the chair appeared under a huge oak tree in a park.

He realised that he didn't know exactly where he was in America and America was a really big place, nearly 10 million square kilometres! There were nearly 330 million people living in America! Where was George?

Just then George saw a lady walking her dog. The dog was big and looked very friendly. The young boy walked over to the lady.

"Excuse me please. Which city is this? I flew in late with my parents and they are still asleep. I'm not sure where I am."

The lady smiled at the friendly boy. "You're in Michigan State young man. This city is called Ann Arbor. It's a lovely place."

"Is it a big place?"

The lady laughed. "Yes, around 120,000 people live here!"

"Wow" replied George, very surprised. "That's a lot of people."

"What is the best place to go? What do you think I should visit?"

"Oh you really can't miss the upper peninsula. However the nearest lake to here is Lake Michigan. It's very beautiful. Which do you prefer, mountains or lakes? You could go on a Pictured Rocks Cruise!"

"Oh I love both. What do kids do for fun round here?"

"Well, in winter they go ice skating on the lakes. They also go cross country skiing. Ice hockey is a really popular sport here. However, in the summer there are lots of activities for kids to do like sailing, kayaking and fishing."

"Oh I love fishing. I often go with my grandad to a quiet river near our house. My grandad taught me how to fish when I was really small."

"Where is it Lake Michigan. Is it far?"

"Yes, America is a huge country. The lake is around 2 hours away by car!"

"Wow, that's a long way. Is there any typical food which is famous here?"

"If you like pancakes and pizzas, you are in the right place. And don't forget to try macarroni and cheese!"

"Do you like living here?"

"Yes. I have been here for 5 years. It was hard to get used to the snow at the beginning but now I love it."

"It's Saturday. Why are there no kids in the park? Where are they?"

"Today there is a big bowling tournament. All the kids have gone to watch!"


"Your dog is really friendly. What's his name? Can I stroke him?"

“His name is Jazz. Yes, of course you can. He loves to be stroked.”

“Thanks”

Soon the lady had to continue walking with her dog and George said goodbye before he explored the area around the park. He certainly did not have time (or a car) to drive 2 hours to Lake Michigan. Perhaps he could ask the chair to take him directly to the lake another day.

George returned to his chair, sat down and said the magic poem.

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

When the chair took him home, he went to see what his mum was cooking.

“What are you cooking for dinner Mum?”

“Macarroni cheese,” replied his mum.

Seran bones les macarons de sa mare? o haura de tornar a Michigan
per a provar les bones?