

Pammy woke up. It was the weekend. She put her foot out of the bed. It was cold inside but warm outside. She put her foot to the very bottom of her bed. It was cold. The warmest bit was near her, the next warmest bit was quite near her, and the coldest bit was far away.

Pammy went downstairs for breakfast. She was having porridge. Pammy hated porridge. She looked at her mum. She started to shout, 'It's not fair.' Her mum started to look cross. Pammy stopped shouting. She sat down quietly. Then she went over to her mum and put her arm round her and said, 'Please, Mum, can I just have toast today?' Mum smiled, 'OK!'

Pammy looked out of the window. It was autumn. She watched as the leaves fell from the tree. 'Does everything fall down?' she thought. She found three things and let them drop. She watched as they each fell to the ground.

Pammy went outside and met her best friend, Tom. He was skipping. Pammy wanted to skip like Tom. He showed her what to do. Pammy tried it but it was no good. Tom left her the rope. Pammy tried and tried and tried. By the end of the day she could do it.

Pammy's Grandad came to look after her when her mum went to work. 'Tell me about long ago,' she said. Pammy loved learning about when Grandad was a little boy.