

Sam and the Wet Day



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Illustration by Brett Gowlett

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Chapter 1

It was Friday and the last day of school before the end of term holiday.

“Come on, Sam,” shouted Mum, “you’re going to be late for school!”

Sam didn’t want to go to school. He was nice and warm in bed and it was cold and wet outside. He could hear the rain patter on the window and he didn’t want to move. Then he remembered it was Friday and science day, his fa-vourite lesson with Mr Jones.

All of a sudden, Sam’s little brother, Tom, burst into his room. “Come on, Sam,” he shouted and threw himself onto the bed. Sam knew that he had to get dressed. His little brother wasn’t going to go away until he did.

Tom was only three years old but he wanted to be a big boy just like Sam, so everything that Sam did Tom did too! Sam got dressed. Tom got dressed too, but much more slowly.

Sam brushed his teeth. Tom brushed his teeth too, but he made a bit of a mess.

Sam washed his face. Tom washed his face too, but so fast that he splashed water all over Sam’s hair.

“Oh no,” said Sam, “I’m all wet!”

Tom smiled a big smile. “I’m sowwy,” he said with a giggle. How could Sam be cross? “Never mind,” Sam said, then shouted, “ready to go?”



“Weady to go,” shouted Tom. Tom was still learning how to talk.

Both boys ran downstairs and sat at the table ready for breakfast.

Mum was getting ready for work and looked very busy. Much busier than usual!

“Hurry up, boys. We need to leave the house early today. I have lots to do,” she said.

Then Mum looked at Sam. “How did you get so wet?” she asked, but before Sam had time to say anything, she put the toast on the table.

“Never mind,” said Mum. “You’ll be dry before you get to school. Hurry up, eat your toast and jump in the car!”



“Hmm,” thought Sam as he sat in the car. “Something seems a bit different this morning. I wonder why we are all in such a rush!”