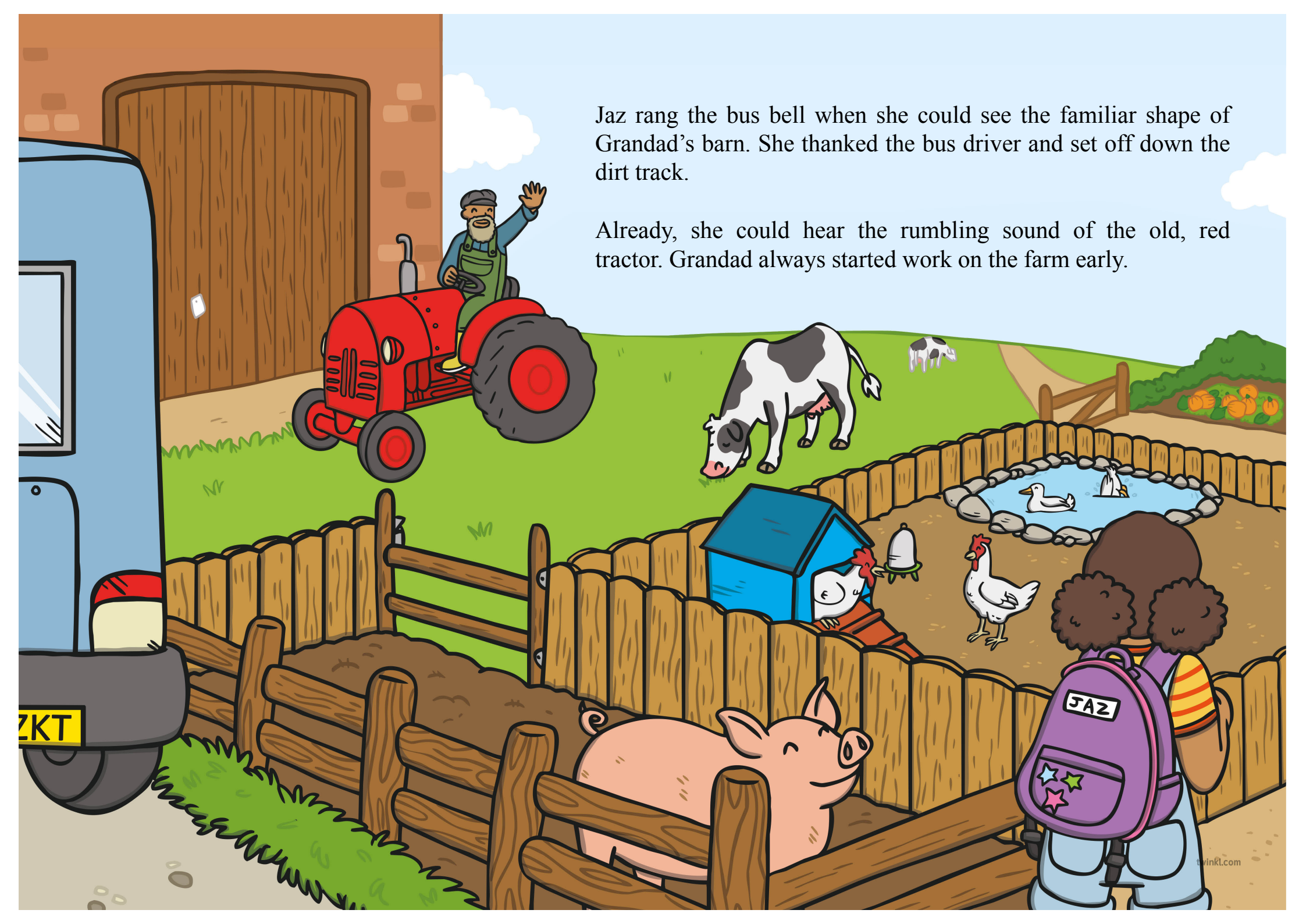


Grandad's Farm





The bus rattled along the winding country roads, past green fields and tumbledown stone walls. Jaz was visiting her grandad's farm. The long summer holiday meant that she had lots of free time and she was always happy to help. The farm was so much more exciting than her boring bedroom!



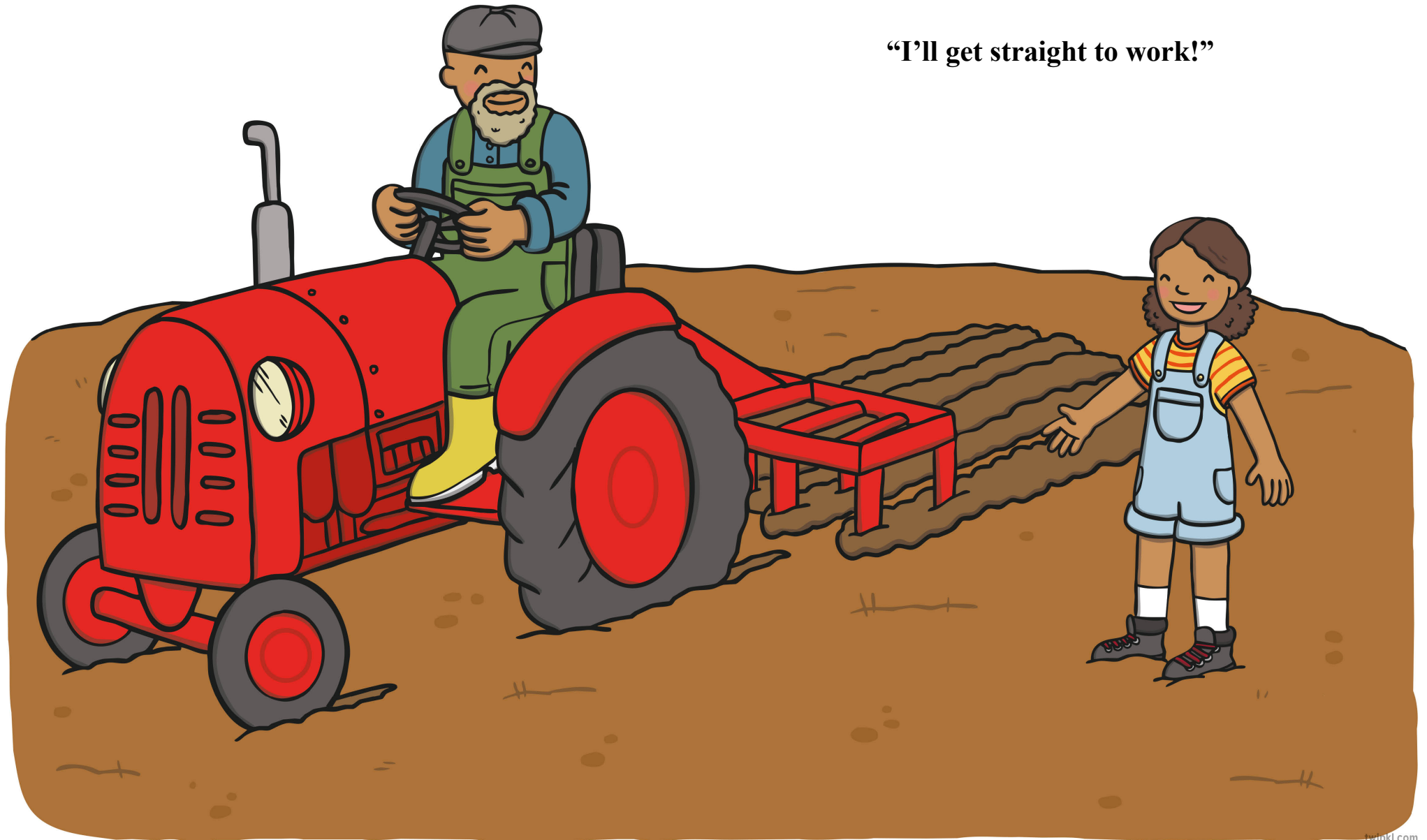
Jaz rang the bus bell when she could see the familiar shape of Grandad's barn. She thanked the bus driver and set off down the dirt track.

Already, she could hear the rumbling sound of the old, red tractor. Grandad always started work on the farm early.

“Jaz!” shouted Grandad over the roar of the engine.
“I’m so glad you’re here! Grandma is in town this morning so I need your help.”


Jaz smiled up at her grandad, her boots sinking into the soft ground, ready for sowing seeds.

“I’ll get straight to work!”



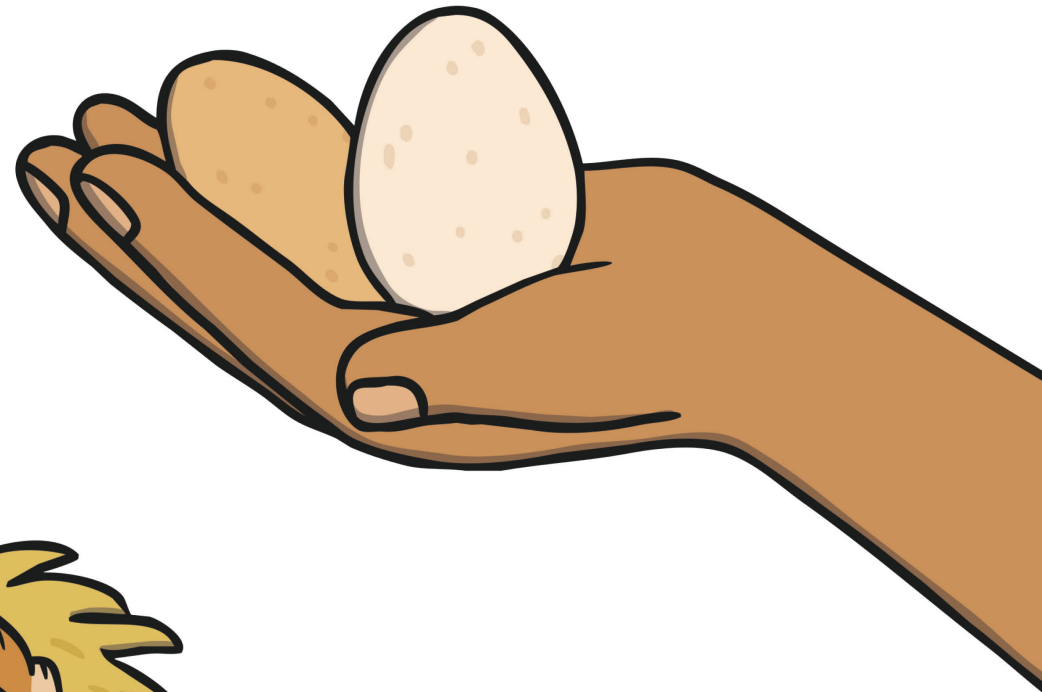
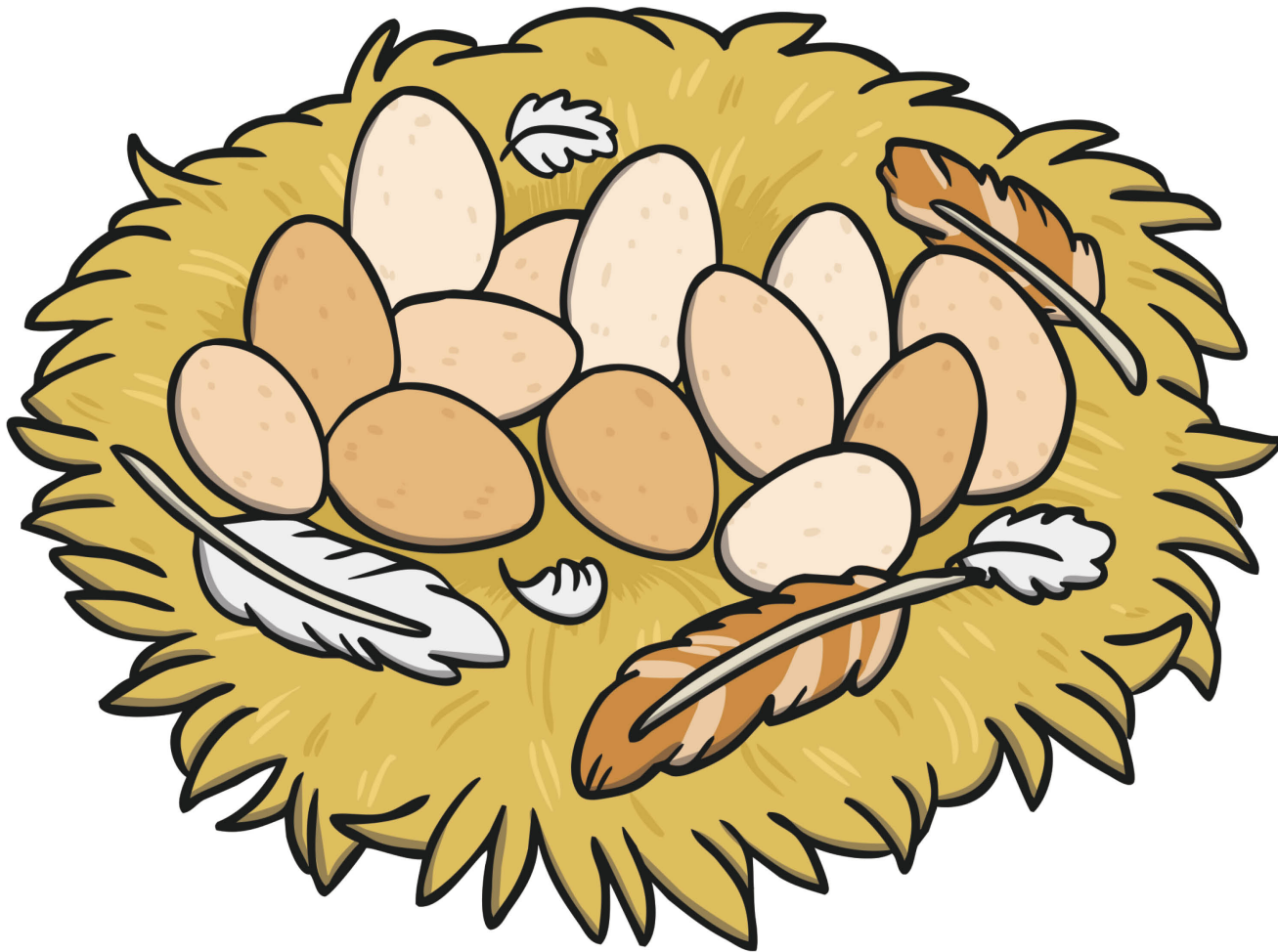
As usual, Grandad had pinned a list of jobs to the barn door for Jaz. She loved some of the jobs, like collecting the eggs from the chicken coop, but wasn't so keen on mucking out the smelly pigs!



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- 1) COLLECT EGGS
 - 2) MUCK OUT PIGS
 - 3) FEED COWS
 - 4) WATER THE TOMATOES
 - 5) MAKE LUNCH

But all of the jobs had to be done and Grandad couldn't possibly do it all by himself.

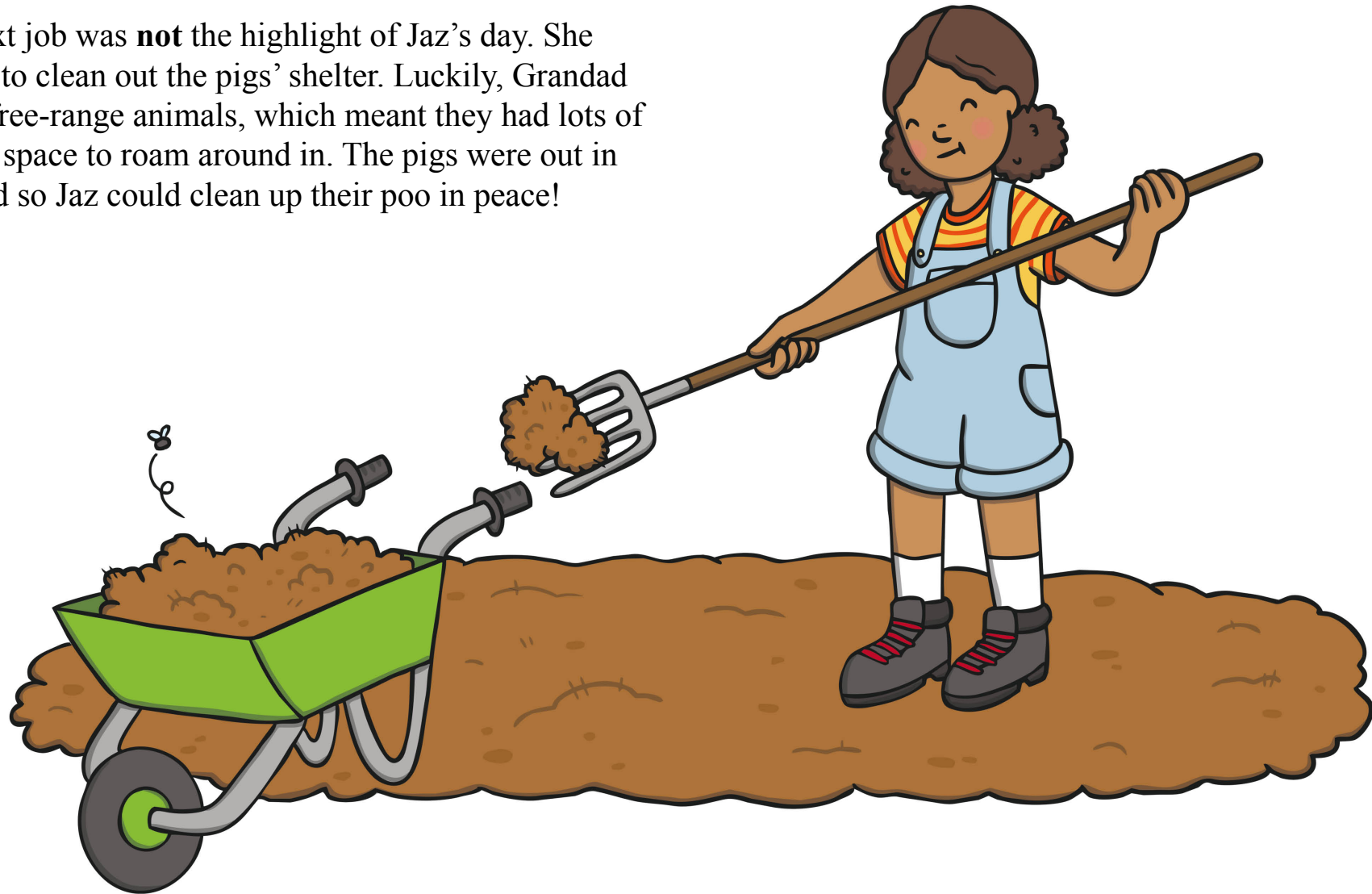
After fetching a basket from the kitchen, Jaz made her way to the chicken coop. The chickens pecked at the corn on the dusty ground and clucked happily to each other. Jaz calmly lifted the wooden roof of the coop and began to gently collect the warm, speckled eggs from the hay.



Grandad sold the eggs at his farm shop along with milk, vegetables and meat from the animals.

“Job done!” Jaz said, as she peered at the dozen eggs in her basket.

The next job was **not** the highlight of Jaz's day. She needed to clean out the pigs' shelter. Luckily, Grandad raised free-range animals, which meant they had lots of outside space to roam around in. The pigs were out in the field so Jaz could clean up their poo in peace!

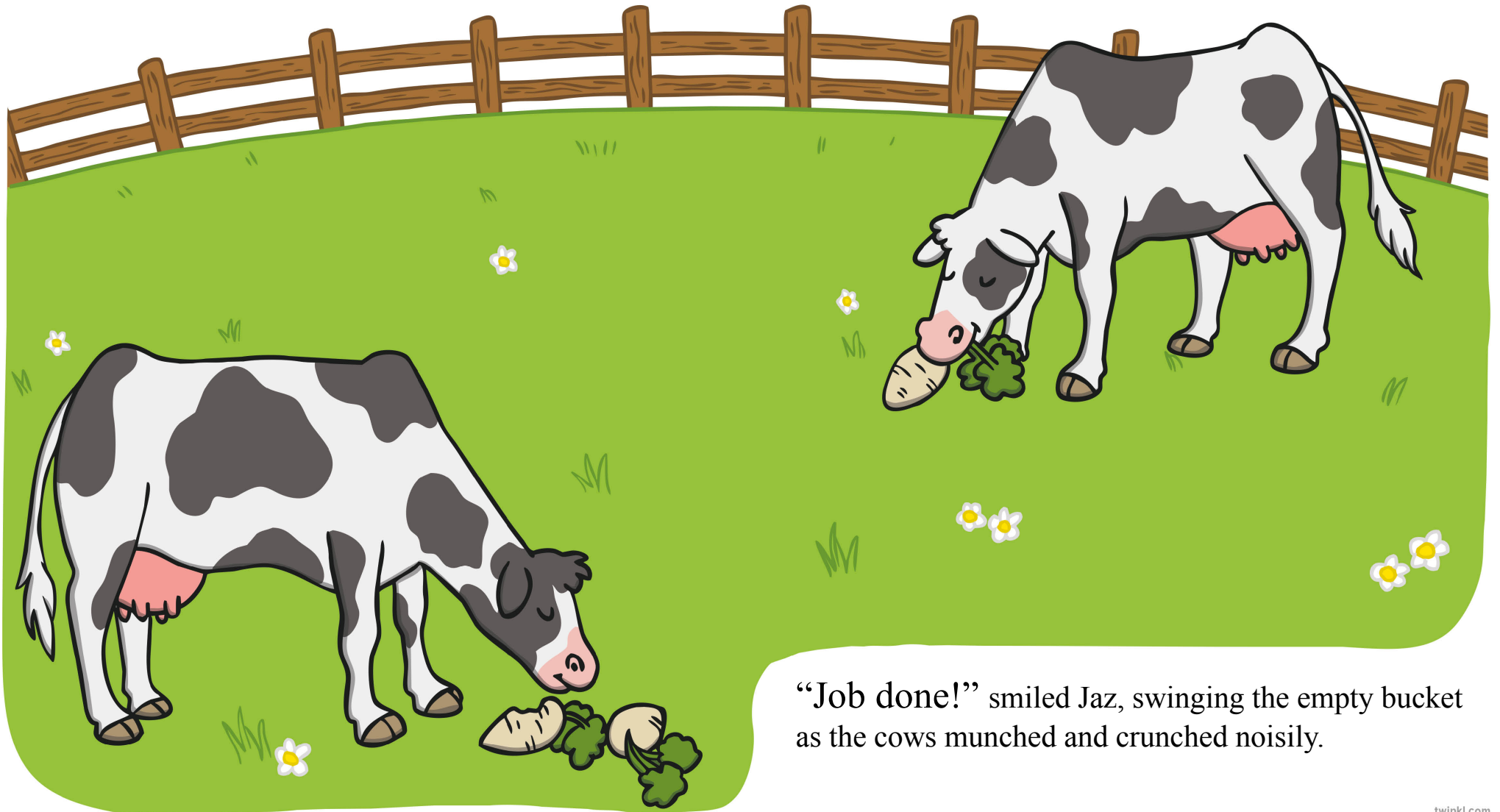


Jaz piled the dung into an empty wheelbarrow. She knew her grandad would use it as a natural fertiliser to help the vegetables and crops grow.

“Job done!” puffed Jaz, wiping the sweat from her brow.

Next on the list was feeding the cows in the field. Grandad had a herd of Friesian cows with black and white splotches all over their hides. The cows made the tastiest milk for Grandad to sell.

Mooring loudly, they trotted towards Jaz as she shook a bucket of sugar beets, the cows' favourite treat!

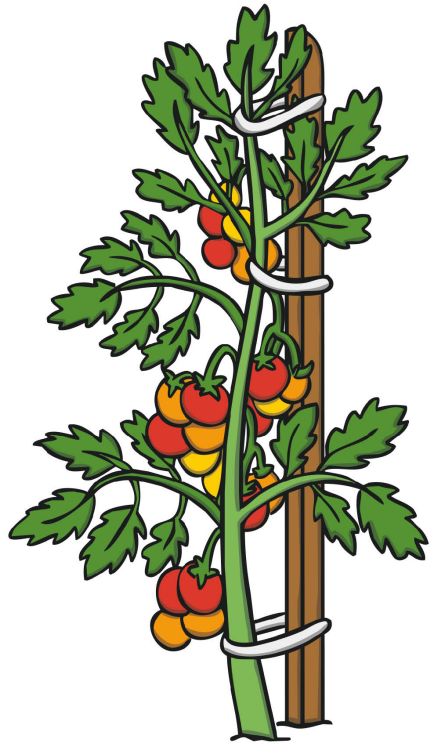
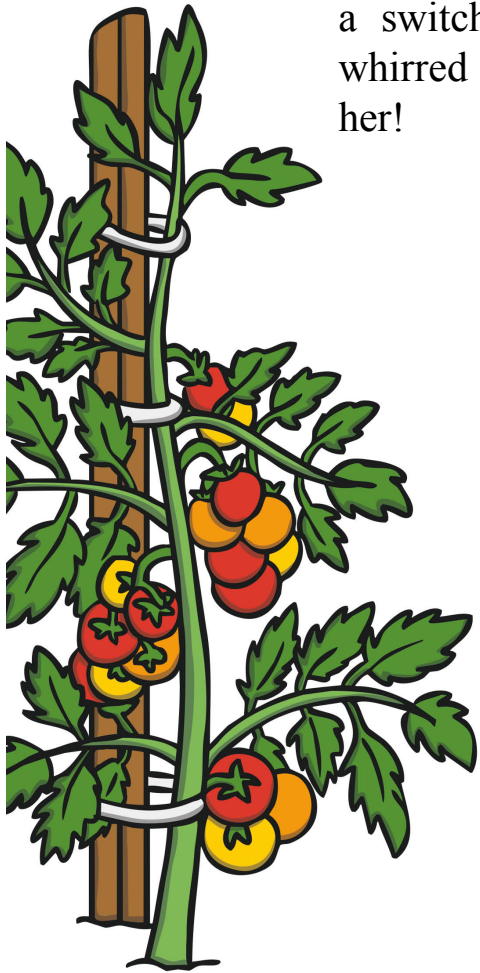


“Job done!” smiled Jaz, swinging the empty bucket as the cows munched and crunched noisily.

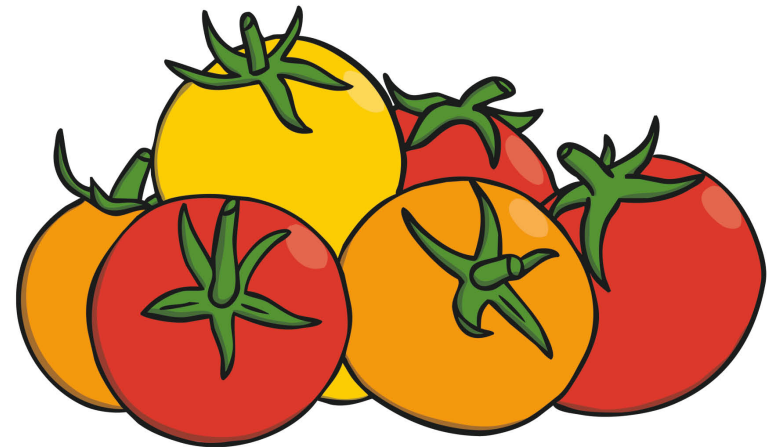
Jaz's tummy grumbled loudly.

“One more job to do before lunch.”

Jaz opened the door of the huge glass greenhouse. Her nose was instantly filled with a delicious, earthy smell. Bright red and yellow tomatoes hung from leafy plants like Christmas decorations. It was so warm in the greenhouse; the tomatoes grew best in the warmth. Jaz flicked a switch and special sprinklers in the ceiling whirred into action, watering the tomatoes for her!



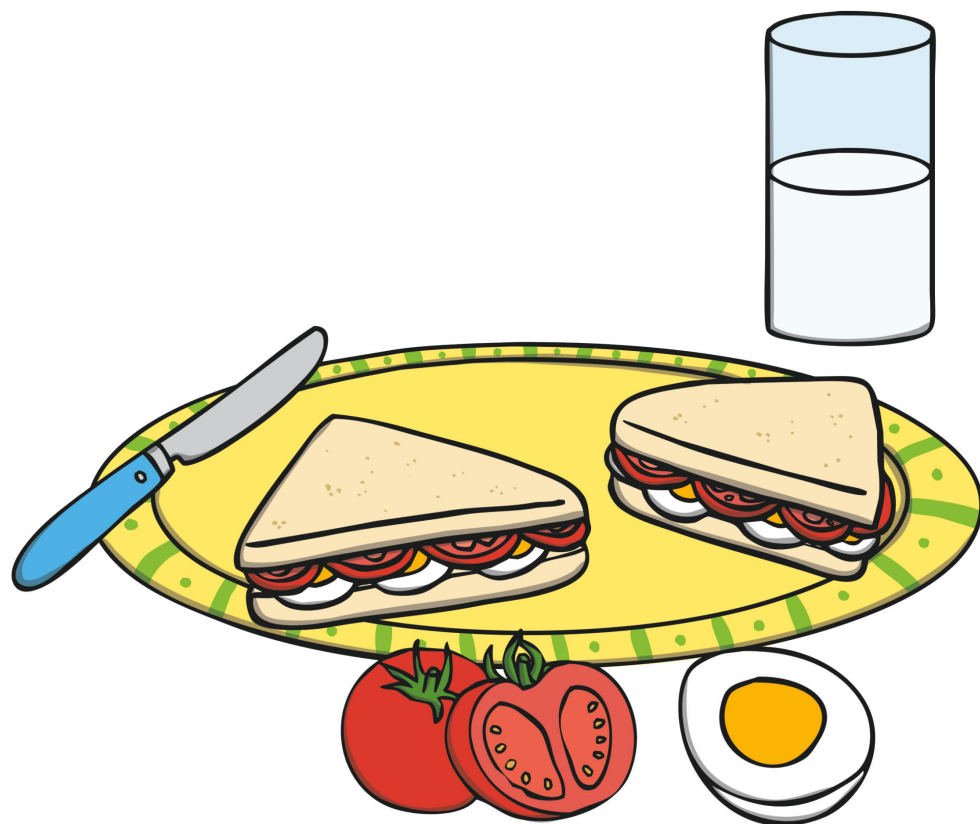
Grandad had lots of special equipment on the farm to speed up jobs, like his cultivator, which the tractor pulled through the ground to make neat rows for planting crops and vegetables.



“Job done!” grinned Jaz as she headed towards the kitchen.

“Ah, the last job on the list,” said Jaz.

She could see through the window that Grandad had almost finished cultivating the field, soon to be planted with beetroots. Grandad would be ready for some lunch after all that hard work. Carefully, Jaz prepared a delicious meal of egg and tomato sandwiches and a glass each of ice cold milk.

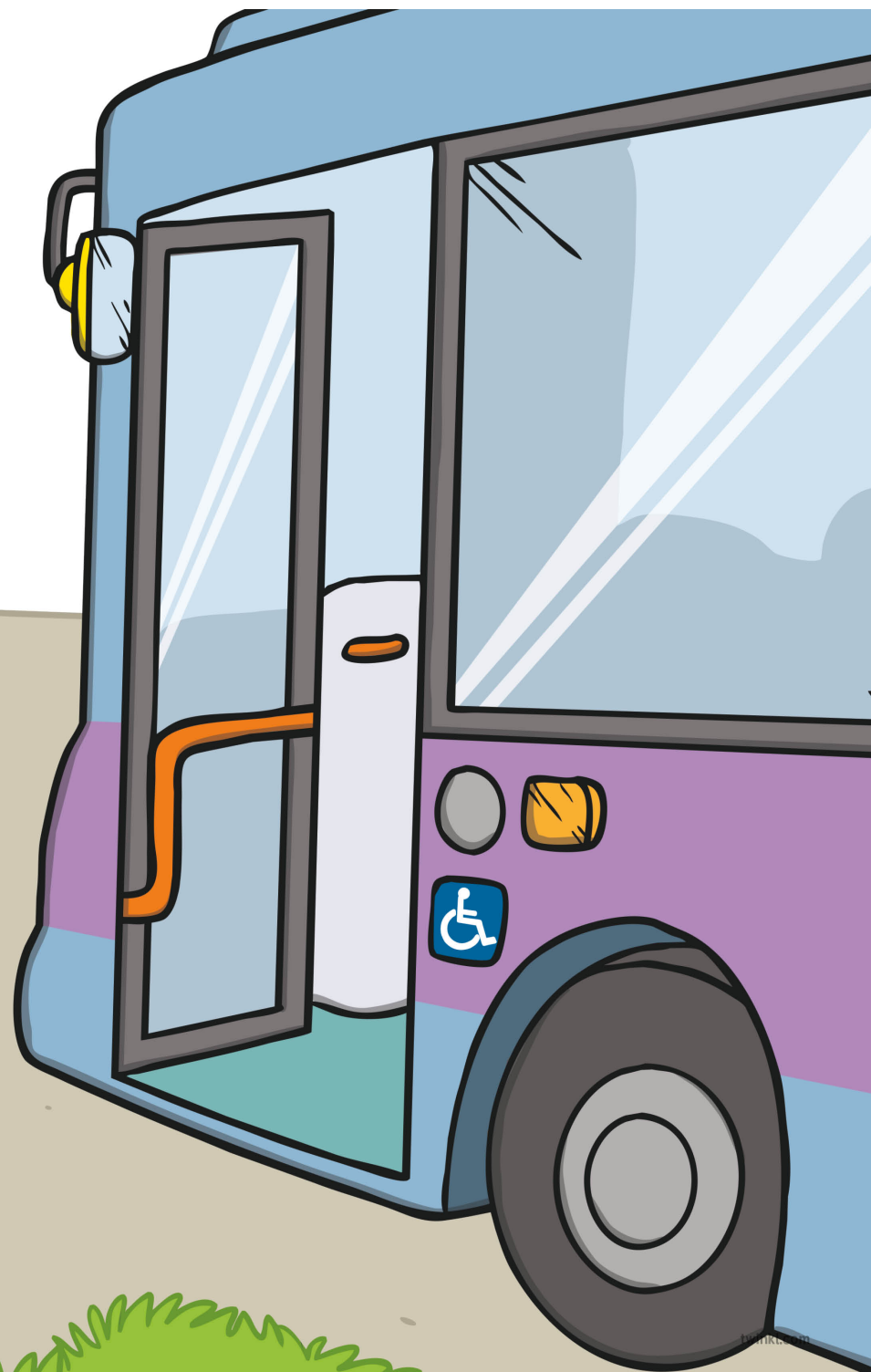


Jaz smiled thinking about where each item had come from. The chickens had laid the tasty eggs, the pigs had made the fertiliser for the tomatoes from the greenhouse and the cows had made the fresh milk.



“Job done!” exclaimed Jaz, balancing a tray as she headed towards the field.

Jaz and Grandad sat in the old, red tractor, munching on their sandwiches and gulping down the refreshing milk. They turned their heads at the sound of the bus bell ringing. Grandma was back from her weekly trip to town, laden with shopping bags. The farm provided them with lots of different foods but not everything they needed, like toiletries and cleaning products for the house.



“You’ve worked hard this morning, Jaz. Thank you so much for your help,” Grandad said, ruffling Jaz’s hair. “Would you like to ride in the tractor with me for the rest of the day?”

“Yes please!” beamed Jaz excitedly.



She loved helping on the farm, but she loved spending time with Grandad even more.

