

Read and listen.

## 2 Jog the alien

Jog is an alien. He's in Skiptown today. There are lots of exciting places in the town and Jog likes visiting exciting places! Jog is going into the supermarket in Green Street now. He wants some vegetables for his picnic.

Mr and Mrs Doors live in Green Street. They are in the bookshop. Mrs Doors points to Jog and says, 'There's an alien in our supermarket!' 'No, there isn't,' says Mr Doors. 'That's Charlie, I think. Yes, I think that's Charlie! Charlie likes wearing funny clothes. Hello, Charlie!' he calls.



'Good morning!' answers Jog. 'Shall I get you some beans?'

'No, thanks!' Mr Doors answers.

'What about an onion?' asks Jog. Aliens LOVE eating onions.

'No,' Mr Doors says. 'But thank you for asking, Charlie.'

Jog buys his vegetables and then goes to the car park in Skiptown. The car park is in the town centre. Jog sits and has his picnic and then counts the cars there. Aliens LOVE counting cars.

Charlie and Lily live in Skiptown. They're in the town centre too. They're in their truck on the road. Charlie points to Jog. 'Look!' he says. 'There's an alien in the car park!' 'No,' says Lily. 'That's Miss Kite in her new hat, I think. Yes, I think that's Miss Kite.' She opens the window and calls, 'Hello, Miss Kite!'



But I'm not Miss Kite in her new hat. I'm Jog and I'm an alien!

'Hello!' answers Jog. 'Shall I find a place for your truck here?'

'No, thanks!' Lily calls. Charlie and Lily aren't stopping. They're going to the cinema.

'Well, what about in the car park next to the station?' Jog asks.

'No,' Lily says. 'But thank you for asking, Miss Kite. Bye!'

Jog is outside the circus now. He likes watching the people there.

The circus is opposite City Hospital.

Miss Kite and Miss Read live in Skiptown. They're going to the hospital today.

Miss Kite points to Jog. 'Look! There's an alien!' she says.

'Don't be silly!' says her friend. 'Put your glasses on! That's Mr Doors, I think. He's ill. Look! His face is green.'

But I'm not Mr Doors with a green face. I'm Jog and I'm an alien!



'It isn't Mr Doors,' answers Miss Kite quietly. She knows Jog is an alien and she's afraid of aliens.

'Good afternoon!' says Jog. 'Shall I help you cross the road?'

'We're OK,' Miss Kite says.

'Well, shall I carry your bags for you?'

Aliens LOVE carrying bags.

'No!' she says. 'But thanks for asking! Goodbye!'

Jog is at the funfair in Skiptown now. There are lots of exciting rides at the funfair. One looks like a yellow spaceship!

Sam and his sister, Julia, live in Skiptown. They're riding in the yellow spaceship. Sam sees Jog and points to him.

'Look! An alien!' he says.

'Oh yes!' says Julia. 'Hi!'

Jog smiles. 'Good evening! My name's Jog!' he says.



'Wow! Yes please!' says Sam. 'And then, can you take us home?'

'Yes! No problem!' says Jog.

'What a kind alien! Thank you very much!' says Julia.

'I like helping people,' says Jog.

'And we like making friends with aliens!' say Sam and Julia.



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# 1 Jane's clever idea

Jane lived in Fairfield. Everyone in the town knew her, but they never saw Jane walking. Jane loved her bike and loved riding to the shops and to school, but she loved riding her bike around the lake in the park most.



Last Friday, when Jane rode her bike between two park seats, a rabbit hopped out in front of her. She stopped really quickly and fell on the ground. Jane was OK because she always wore a helmet, but her bike wasn't. 'Oh no!' she thought. 'Now I need a new front wheel!'



‘Mum!’ she said, when she got home. ‘Can you buy me a new front wheel for my bike?’  
‘Oh dear!’ her mother answered. ‘We need to buy a new swimsuit for your sister and a present for your grandmother. We can’t buy you a new front wheel, too. Sorry, Jane.’



‘But I need my bike to ride to school and the shops and around the lake, Mum!’ Jane said.  
‘You can walk to school and the shops and go for nice walks in the park, Jane,’ her mother answered.

Jane didn’t like that idea. She went upstairs to her bedroom and thought and thought. Then she took a pair of ice skates from under her bed and went to find her friend, Sam.



‘Sam!’ she said. ‘I need a new wheel for my bike. Have you got one? You can have these ice skates. Would you like them?’

‘I’d like your ice skates,’ Sam answered, ‘but I haven’t got a wheel for your bike. Would you like my tennis racket? I never play tennis now.’

‘Well,’ Jane said. ‘I like your tennis racket more than these old ice skates. OK! Thanks.’

She gave Sam her ice skates and Sam gave Jane her tennis racket. Then Jane went to find her friend, Matt.

'Matt!' she said. 'I need a new wheel for my bike. Have you got one? You can have this tennis racket. Would you like it?'

'I'd like your tennis racket,' Matt answered, 'but I haven't got a wheel for your bike. Would you like these five CDs? The band's really cool, but all this music is on my new laptop now.'

'Well,' Jane said. 'I like those CDs more than this tennis racket. OK! Thanks.'

She gave Matt the tennis racket and Matt gave Jane his five CDs. Then Jane went to find her friend, Paul.

'Paul!' she said. 'I need a new wheel for my bike. Have you got one? You can have these CDs. Would you like them?'

'I'd like your CDs,' Paul answered, 'but I haven't got a wheel for your bike. Would you like this old skateboard? It's too short and too slow for me.'

'Well,' Jane said. 'I like your skateboard more than these CDs. OK! Thanks.'

Jane gave Paul the CDs and Paul gave her his skateboard. Jane took it, stood on it and then rode back down the street on it. Jane's friend, Clare, was outside her house. She saw Jane and called, 'Hi! What a fantastic skateboard. Where did you get that?'

'Paul gave it to me,' Jane answered, 'He said it was too short and too slow for him. It's OK for me, but I don't really want it. I want a new wheel for my bike!'







‘Well,’ Clare said. ‘My bike’s very old, but both its wheels are fine. Would you like it?’

Jane started laughing. ‘Yes, I would. I’d love it! Thanks!’ she said. ‘And would you like this skateboard?’

‘Wow! Yes, please!’ Clare said.

Jane gave Clare the skateboard and then rode Clare’s old bike home.

Jane’s mother was in the kitchen. ‘You look happy,’ she said.

‘Well,’ Jane said, ‘I’ve got not one, but two new wheels for my bike!’

‘What? How? Where from? When?’ Jane’s mother asked.

‘I can’t tell you now, Mum!’ Jane laughed. ‘I’m too busy.’

I’ve got to fix my bike.



Then I want to ride around the lake six times before dinner!’