Boat Day

Ready to Read
This book is called **Boat Day**

**stories by Rae Huson**

**pictures by Peter Campbell**

The stories in it are

- No More Swimming
- Boat Day
- The Bluebird
- Primers Make a Circus
- Wiri the Clown

**READY TO READ**

Early in the Morning
Grandma Comes to Stay
The Fire Engine
Where is Timothy?
Going to School
Playtime
Christmas Shopping
Saturday Morning
Painting the Shed
A Country School
The Pet Show
At the Camp
The Hungry Lambs
* Boat Day
The Donkey’s Egg
The Sweer Porridge
The Stars in the Sky
Sliding and Flying
Miss Pennyfeather teaches the children in the primers.

One day David, Joan, and Bruce ran into her room.

“Miss Pennyfeather, are we going for a swim today?”

“No more swimming. It is too cold,” said Miss Pennyfeather.

“After tomorrow the swimming pool will be empty.”
David, Joan, and Bruce ran to tell the children in the sandpit.
“No more swimming. It is too cold,” they said.
“After tomorrow the swimming pool will be empty.”

David, Joan, and Bruce ran to tell the children on the jungle gym.
“No more swimming. It is too cold,” they said.
“After tomorrow the swimming pool will be empty.”
In school no one wanted to look at the new books in the book corner.
No one wanted to paint.
No one wanted to be the grocer in the school shop.
“Can we go for one more swim?” they said.

“No, children,” said Miss Pennyfeather.
“It is too cold for swimming.”

At play no one wanted to go on the jungle gym.
No one wanted to play in the sandpit.
No one wanted to eat play lunch.
“Can we go for one more swim?” they said.
We cannot swim, but we can sail boats. Tomorrow we will have a boat day. Remember to bring your boats tomorrow.”

“That will be good,” said David. The children went home to get their boats ready.

Miss Pennyfeather said, “I want to go for a swim myself, but it is too cold. Look, here is a boat. The water will be in the pool for one more day.
The primer children remembered to bring their boats. Some of them had big boats. Some of them had little boats. Some of them had blue boats. Some of them had white boats. Some of them had red boats, and some of them had speed boats.
“Good,” said Miss Pennyfeather, “you remembered to bring your boats. Here are boats and boats and more boats. Let us look at your boat, Bruce.”
“It is a speed boat,” said Bruce. “It can go fast.”

“My boat is a yacht,” said Joan. “I got it for Christmas.”
“I have my sailor doll,” said Betty.
“Can he go in one of the boats?”
“Who wants Betty’s sailor doll?” said Miss Pennyfeather.
“May I have him?” said David.
“My boat will go fast
with a sailor in it.”
“Let me put him in the boat myself,”
said Betty.
“Let us look at your boat, Wiri,”
said Miss Pennyfeather.

Wirī had a new boat.
“I got it for my birthday.
It can go fast too,” said Wirī.
More and more children
came with their boats
for Miss Pennyfeather to see.
“Come on,” she said,
“let us sail the boats.”
Miss Pennyfeather and the children went to the swimming pool.

“May we have a boat race?” said David.

“Yes,” said Miss Pennyfeather.

“Let us have a race.
Get ready for the boat race.”

They put their boats into the swimming pool.
Bruce put his speed boat into the water.
Joan put her blue yacht into the water.
David put his boat with the sailor doll in it into the water.
The race was on.
“Look at Bruce’s boat. Bruce’s boat will win!” shouted the children.

“No,” said David, “my boat will win. Come on, boat! Come on, sailor doll! Win the race for me.”

“Look at your sailor doll, Betty. He will be in the water soon!” shouted Joan.
Splash! In went the sailor doll.

“Here he is, Betty,” said Miss Pennyfeather. “He is wet and cold, but he will soon dry, in the sun.”
“Look at Wiri’s new boat.”
“Your boat will win, Wiri.”
“Come on, boat!”
“Good boat!”
“Wiri’s boat is first!” shouted the children.
“Look out, Wiri,” said Miss Pennyfeather.
“You will go splash into the water too, and we will have to fish you out. You will be wet and cold and we will have to put you in the sun to dry.”
This is my picture of the boat race.

Joan
Miss Pennyfeather said,
“Mr Wilson was at the gate
when you had your boat race.
He liked your little boats.
Today he is coming
with his big boat.”

“Where will he sail it?”
said Joan.
“We have no water
in the swimming pool.”

“Silly!” said Wiri.
“Mr Wilson’s boat is too big.
Five boys can get in it.
He would have to bring a crane to put his boat into the swimming pool.”

“Here he is!” shouted David.

“Miss Pennyfeather, the boat is on a trailer,” said Bruce.

“May we go out and see the boat?” said Joan.

“Will Mr Wilson let us get into it?” said Betty.

“Out you go,” said Miss Pennyfeather.

“Yes, Mr Wilson will let you get into the boat.”

They ran out to see Mr Wilson.
They looked at the car, they looked at the trailer, and they looked at the boat. The boat was painted blue and white.

“This is Bluebird,” said Mr Wilson.

“Would you like to come aboard?”

“Yes!” they shouted.

“Come on, the first five of you,” said Mr Wilson.

Mr Wilson and Miss Pennyfeather helped the children aboard. They played at steering Bluebird, and they played at boat races, and then they had to get out.
“Where is Wiri?”
said Miss Pennyfeather.
“Wiri, Wiri! Where are you?”
They looked for Wiri in the car.
They looked for Wiri in the playground.
They looked for him in school.
“He is a naughty boy,”
said Miss Pennyfeather.
“Say thank you to Mr Wilson, children, and come into school.”
They said goodbye to Mr Wilson, and thanked him for bringing Bluebird to school.
“Here he is, Miss Pennyfeather,” he said. “He’s a stowaway.”
“He’s a stowaway, He’s a stowaway,” shouted the children.
“Wiri’s a stowaway!”
“He’s a scamp,” said Miss Pennyfeather.

Mr Wilson was going out of the gate when Wiri jumped up.
“Here I am!” he shouted.
“I was aboard Bluebird.”

Mr Wilson had to get out of the car.
He helped Wiri out of the boat.
One day Miss Pennyfeather said to the children, “Christmas is coming soon. Would you like to have a party?”

“May our mothers and fathers come?” said David.

“Yes,” said Miss Pennyfeather, “but you must entertain them.”
The next day Alan said,  
“My mother said you have a play to entertain mothers and fathers.”
“My father said you have a party, and cakes and sandwiches to eat,” said Peter.
“Let us have a play and a party to entertain our mothers and fathers,” said Mark.
“Let us make up a circus play,” said David.
“Have you been to a circus?” said Miss Pennyfeather.
“Yes,” said David.
“When the circus came, we all went.”
“Good,” she said, 
“we will entertain your parents with a circus. 
We must make up a good one.”

“We must have cakes and sandwiches to eat too,” said Bruce.
The next day Miss Pennyfeather said, 
“Now we must get ready for the circus.”

“Look at me!” said Wiri. 
“I am a good clown.”

“Can I be the ringmaster?” said David.

“Can I be the dancing girl?” said Betty.
“I have a new dancing dress.”

“You must have a pony in a circus,” said Wiri.
“Can I ride my pony in the circus?
A circus pony must go fast. 
My pony can race, and it can jump too.”

“No,” said Miss Pennyfeather.
“No more animals at school.
"Do you remember the day when David's puppy came to school? But I have an idea. Let us make a pony. Come here, Bruce. Alan, you come next."
She put a sheet over Alan and Bruce. Then she painted a pony's face on the sheet, and pinned on a tail.

Alan jumped. "Ow!" he said. "The pin stuck into me."
Wiri laughed, "We must make the pony jump again in the circus."
"It is the ringmaster who makes the pony jump," said Miss Pennyfeather.
“Jump, pony, jump!” shouted David.
Alan and Bruce jumped and jumped.
“Come on,” said the ringmaster.
“Jump over this now.”
“No,” said Alan,
looking out of the sheet.
“No more jumping now.”
“I would like to ride on the pony,”
said Betty.
“The dancing girl in a circus
rides on a pony.”

“No,” said Bruce.
“You cannot ride
on this pony.”
"You cannot ride on the pony," said Miss Pennyfeather, "but you may get up on it when the circus is over, and your parents clap. Look, this is the idea. The ringmaster and the clown must hold on to the dancing girl. They must remember not to let her go."

"That's a good idea, Miss Pennyfeather," said Betty.
Wiri the Clown

At last the circus was ready, and their parents came.

“Are you all ready?” said Miss Pennyfeather.

“Is the elephant ready?”

“Yes,” said Joan and Colin. They had a sheet pinned over them. They had painted a big elephant face on the sheet.

and Miss Pennyfeather had pinned their trunk on.

“Is the pony ready?”

“Yes,” said Bruce.

“And our tail is pinned on.”
“Is the lion ready?”
“Yes,” said Don.
“I remembered my lion face.”
“I am ready,
but where is the clown?”
said the ringmaster.
“You must go on now,”
said Miss Pennyfeather,
“clown or no clown.”

“Here I am,” said Wiri.
“Where have you been?” said David.
“I have been getting ready,
but my clown suit
is too big for me,” said Wiri.
“Put this down it,” said Betty.
“You can be a fat clown.”
“What a good idea!” shouted Wiri, jumping up and down.

“Look at our fat clown!” said Betty.

“Hold up your pants, clown!” said David.

“They are too big for me,” said Wiri.

“Come here,” said Miss Pennyfeather.

“I will pin them up.”

“And here is my box,” said Wiri.

“What is in it?” said Joan.

“My trick,” said Wiri.

“All clowns have tricks.”

“What tricks are in your box, Wiri?” said Miss Pennyfeather.
“One good trick,” said Wiri, “but it is a surprise to entertain the fathers and mothers.”
“Come on, Wiri!” shouted the ringmaster.
“The fathers and mothers are ready.”

The parents laughed and clapped. They laughed at the animals. They clapped the elephant who made his trunk go up and down. They laughed when the clown’s pants came down, and he pinned them up again. They clapped when he pinned on the pony’s tail again, and made the pony jump.
They clapped when Wiri came in on the pony, and when Bruce looked out of the sheet.

Wiri called to his father, “Please hold up my box. What is in the box?”

“Lunch?” said Alan’s father.

“No,” said Wiri. “Look and you will see.”

His father put the box down. Out jumped a little, fat, pink pig.

“Pinky!” shouted Wiri. “Come here, Pinky, come here!”

Away went Pinky. Away went all the parents.
Away went all the children after Pinky.
Wiri looked on.
"Pinky can run fast," he said.
Miss Pennyfeather came up.
"Wiri, do you remember?
I said no one must ride the pony,
and I said no more animals at school.
But you did ride the pony,
and you had Pinky in a box."

The lion and the elephant came up next.
"Your pig was not a good idea.
All the mothers and fathers ran after him,
and they did not look at us," said Don.

Alan's father came up next, holding the pig.
"Here's your pig, Wiri," he said.
"Thank you," said Wiri.
"He is a naughty pig,
but he can run fast."
"And you are a naughty boy," said Miss Pennyfeather.
"We will not have you for a clown again."
When the circus was over, the parents had their tea party. They had cakes and sandwiches to eat. All the children looked after their mothers and fathers.

“Now you must look after the circus animals,” they said to the children.
“Where are the lion and the pony?”
“Here we are!” called Bruce, Alan, and Don.
“And we want something to eat, please,” said Don.

Alan’s father said “thank you” to Miss Pennyfeather and the children. This is what he said.
“Thank you, Miss Pennyfeather and boys and girls, for your circus, and for the cakes and sandwiches. Thank you, Wiri and Pinky, for making us laugh. Let us have a circus again soon.”
“Next Christmas,” said Miss Pennyfeather, and they all clapped her.

“We must get some new ideas,” said Wiri.

The circus was over.
Miss Pennyfeather was at the door.
She said goodbye to all the parents.
Wiri was still in his clown’s suit.
“Goodbye, Wiri. Where is Pinky?” she said.

“Down here,” said Wiri.
“It was a good idea to have a big clown’s suit.”
And now Miss Pennyfeather laughed.
“What will you do next?” she said.