

Snip snip

There was once a boy called Jack who loved his mum and dad very much but most of all loved his grandad. His grandad was a tailor, a man who made clothes by cutting up big pieces of cloth and then sewing them back together. Jack loved to watch his grandad at work. On the day of Jack's fifth birthday he went to visit his grandad at his shop and Grandad gave him a wonderful new coat.

Jack put it on and it fitted him like a glove. "Thanks Grandad," he grinned. He ran out into the streets where he found his friends who all admired his new coat. "My grandad made this for me. He's a tailor," said Jack proudly. Jack loved his coat so much. He never took it off. He wore it here, he wore it there, he wore it everywhere - even over his pyjamas.

Time passed and Jack grew but of course the coat didn't. One day his mother said, "That coat doesn't fit you anymore, Jack. It's splitting and frayed and beginning to smell. Let's throw it away and buy you a new one." "No," said Jack. "Grandad made this for me. He's a tailor. He can fix it." He took the coat to grandad's shop. "Take the coat off, Jack," said Grandad, "I know what to do." Grandad took his scissors and began to cut away at the coat. As he did, he sang a little song.

*Snip, snip, snip, this is what I do, snipping here, snipping there, making something new.
In and out and in, this is how I sew, sewing things together, that's what I know.*

He sewed and he snipped, he snipped and he sewed, and when he was done, Jack saw that his Grandad had turned his coat into a beautiful new jacket. Jack put it on and it fitted him like a glove. "Thanks Grandad," he grinned. He ran out into the streets where he found his friends who all admired his new jacket. "My grandad made this for me. He's a tailor," said Jack proudly. Jack loved his jacket so much. He never took it off. He wore it here, he wore it there, he wore it everywhere - even over his pyjamas.

Time passed and Jack grew but of course the jacket didn't. One day his mother said, "That jacket doesn't fit you anymore, Jack. It's splitting and frayed and beginning to smell. Let's throw it away and buy you a new one." "No," said Jack. "Grandad made this for me. He's a tailor. He can fix it." He took the jacket to grandad's shop. "Take the jacket off, Jack," said Grandad, "I know what to do." Grandad took his scissors and began to cut away at the jacket. As he did, he sang a little song.

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Over time and in this way, Jack's grandad turned Jack's jacket into a T-shirt and the T-shirt into a badge. But, one day, Jack lost the badge and was very distraught. He went to see his grandad. "Sit down, Jack," said Grandad. "I've got something very important to tell you. Nothing in life lasts forever. In time everything gets lost or wears out: coats, jackets, T-shirts, badges - even the people you love. But, if you write a story about these precious things they last forever, because every time you tell the story, you see again the thing that you have lost and it helps you to get over the sadness. Get me a pen and paper and tell me how this story began - you know, the day of your fifth birthday when I gave you the coat." And as Jack told the story, his grandad wrote it down on a piece of paper and then handed it to Jack when it was done. "This is our story!" Jack cheered, "The story of my lovely grandad and all the wonderful things he did for me." Jack read the story to his friends, who told it to their friends who in turn told it to their friends, until someone told it to me. Now you are part of the story too and maybe you will tell it to someone else.

Many years later, Jack's grandad died. After the funeral Jack felt very sad. But reading that story really helped, because whenever Jack told it, he saw, not the clothes and the badge, but his wonderful grandad whom he had loved so much.