

Eddie kicked a loose stone. It rolled along the path and stopped at Nan's feet. She stood with her hands on her hips. "You're so slow, Joseph," she said. "Hurry up."

Eddie sighed. When Nan was drifting, she often thought he was Grandad Joseph.

Nan grabbed Eddie's wrist and pulled him through the scraggly grass.

"Joseph, when are you going to cut this grass?" she said. "If you wait much longer, you'll have to use the hay bailer. And the house, it needs a paint, too. It's time for action, Joseph!"

Sample pages

