

Hold On,
Kim!



Every day, Kim's mother sat at her wooden loom and sang. Her fingers moved across the fabric, weaving crimson and yellow patterns.

Kim loved the singing, but she loved the watching even more.





'Mama, teach me,' Kim said, the same as always. 'After sunset. Rest,' her mother said, singing as her fingers worked the fabric.

Kim lay down on the rug, pulled her blanket up, and closed her eyes.

Tap, tap, tap. Kim's eyes snapped open and she pulled her blanket up to her chin.

'Go away,' she said, but the tapping just got louder and would not stop.





Kim padded barefoot
out the doorway and
into the street. Pop,
pop! The sound
bounced off the walls
and always kept one
corner ahead. 'Wait!'
Kim called, but the
sound did not wait.

Kim pushed open the door, and there it was. An old loom sat in a dark corner, dusty, with its narrow frame shaking.

'You?' Kim whispered.

'You were making all that noise?'





Kim sat down and rested her hands on the narrow frame. Without warning, the loom gave a **sudden** jolt and threads shot out all over. A **brilliant pattern** began to weave **itself** under Kim's fingers. 'I did not do that!' Kim yelled.

The loom left the ground
and rose up past the
houses into the open sky.
Kim grabbed the narrow
frame and held on tight.

A tiny **gecko** held the
wood beside her. 'Hold
on!' Kim yelled, not sure if
she meant the **gecko** or
herself.





Notes from her mother's song filled the sky around them. A massive pink bird flew up and tilted its head at Kim.

The **gecko** gripped the narrow frame as **fabric** ribbons followed behind them. Kim grinned and felt like the queen of the whole sky.

'No, no, no!' Kim yelled as the loom dropped down into the ocean. A sudden blanket of bubbles swallowed them whole. The gecko held on tight as they sank into the dark and the deep.





Kim burst up from the waves, her arms wide. Pink and **yellow** and green fish spun around her in the shallow water.

She threw her head back with a big, **happy yell**. She was wet from head to toe, and she never wanted to stop.

The loom carried Kim higher and **brilliant** colours burst all around her. Kim raised her arms as patterns and **blossoms** popped open in pink and blue and green. 'More!' she shouted, and the **gecko** seemed to agree.



The colours got soft and the patterns melted away. Kim blinked and found herself on the rug, her blanket twisted around her legs, her mother singing above her in the chair. 'Mama,' Kim whispered, 'your song took me to such a perfect land.' Her mother smiled and kept on singing. 'Yes, little one. Why do you think I sing it?'





Hold On, Kim!

When a sudden tapping wakes Kim from her nap, she tiptoes out the doorway to find where the noise is coming from. What could be hiding inside a dusty cottage? And what happens when Kim sits down at a loom that weaves all by itself? Follow along as a brilliant pattern carries her somewhere she never expected to go. This decodable reader practises VC/CV syllables in words such as 'cottage,' 'pattern,' 'yellow,' and 'sudden.'

Reading Skills: VC/CV division

after, blossoms, brilliant, cannot, cottage, doorway, enjoys, fabric, follow, follows, gecko, happy, hello, itself, listens, pattern, perfect, shallow, softens, somehow, sudden, until, yellow

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