

Talking with Granny

Robert was very excited. It was his birthday tomorrow and he was having a party. His mum had helped him to write the invitations last week. They bought the stamps at the post office and Robert stuck them on the envelopes. Then he took them



to the post box and pushed them in, one by one, listening to the sound as they dropped in. One for Sarah, one for Sam, one for Nazeem and one for Annie. One for the twins, Tom and Carrie, and one for his best friend, Jamie.

Over the next week, replies dropped, one by one, through Robert's letterbox. All of his friends said that they could come. Now there was only one day to wait.

Robert was eating lunch when a terrible thought came to him.

'Mum, I need to talk to you about my birthday,' he said.

'Really?' replied Mum, laughing. Robert had talked about nothing else for weeks.

'I sent all my friends invitations to my party, but I didn't send Granny one. And I really want her to be there. We'll have to write one now and post it straight away.'

'Even if we put a letter in the post now, it might not reach Granny by tomorrow morning,' said Mum. 'Don't worry. I'm sure she would never

forget your birthday.'

'I know,' replied Robert. 'But she doesn't know she's invited to my party.' He thought hard. 'We'll phone her,' he said, smiling. 'That'll be quicker than sending an invitation, won't it? What's the number?'

Mum told Robert the numbers to dial. 'I bet Granny will be pleased to hear from me,' he said.

'Bring, bring!' went the phone. 'Bring, bring!', on and on. Robert waited patiently, but no one answered. He put the phone down.

'Granny must be out,' he told Mum.

'We'll try again later,' she said. But when they did try, there was still no reply. They tried five times. Robert was getting worried. It was nearly bedtime now. How was he going to get in touch with Granny in time to invite her to his party? She didn't have an answerphone. And she lived a long way away so she would need to leave home early to get to his party in time.

'We'll phone Granny as soon as you get up in the morning,' Mum told him, as she tucked him up in bed.

Robert woke up really early. He could hardly wait to open his birthday present, but first he wanted to phone Granny again. Perhaps she could be there when he got back from nursery, ready for his birthday tea.



Dad helped him to dial. 'Bring, bring!' went the phone. On and on, just like yesterday. He waited and waited, but Granny didn't answer.

Robert opened his birthday present. He washed and got dressed. He ate his breakfast. But he didn't

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