

## Nanny, Rolling.

"You'd laugh if my hair was on fire," my dad said to me once. He was probably right! You can't help it when you're young, can you? Any mishap that someone has is amusing and you just can't stop laughing about it. The story I'm about to tell you is true, and even now, thirty years later, it still makes me smile. If I'm honest, it makes me giggle a little bit.

Our Nan was tiny. She was literally about the size of a Year 6 girl - and a short one at that! She had wiry grey, curly hair, a hooked nose and wore thick-lensed glasses that were way too big for her face compared to the size of her head. All of this made her look like a small witch. Despite all of this, we loved her dearly and she had a great sense of humour.

She always came round to our house on a Wednesday evening to help our mum out - there were five of us after all. Around ten o'clock mum would take her home, even though our dad would always suggest that she flew home on her broomstick!

Well, that summer's evening, I stood at the bottom of the driveway balancing on the small wall that separated our drive from the neighbour's drive. The wall was needed because our house was about a metre and a half higher than next door's. Their drive was flat but ours was about four metres long but rose by about a metre up to the house. The rest of the height difference was made up by three steps of varying heights. These unevenly spaced steps were, ultimately, Nan's downfall.

I remember looking up at the front door as nan and mum appeared. They were talking about something and nan clearly wasn't paying attention. She missed the first step completely, making her legs appear to 'dance' down to the next step. Sadly, neither leg was expecting this, so it looked like one leg was waiting for the other leg to react. Neither did she until she started to fall. Then both legs reacted, trying to find somewhere to land safely. Whilst this was happening, nan dropped her handbag and flailed her hands around trying to find something to hold onto. Mum tried to grab her to stop her falling but only ended up giving her an extra 'shove' that she didn't need. All in all, it was very funny to watch (especially when you're fourteen), but the best bit was yet to come!

Nan was now completely out of control and was travelling like some kind of badly prepared gymnast. I'm sure she would have been glad of a broomstick at this point, it may have saved her. She seemed to travel like she was in a slow-motion clip from an action film. Nan twisted awkwardly through the air, hit the floor, bounced a couple of times, then landed flat on her side. She then started to roll down the drive, just like children do on a grassy hill. What made it all the funnier was that the contents of her handbag that were capable of rolling, did so after her. They looked almost magnetically frantic. Not wanting to be left behind, they criss-crossed each other's path as if racing to see which could get back to her the quickest. Could you imagine such a sight?

As she rolled, she seemed to pick up speed, faster and faster until she ploughed into the wall on which I was standing. She just lay there looking up at me, her glasses at a very strange angle indeed. In fact, I'm sure one of the arms of her glasses was actually up her nose! One by one, her personal possessions came to rest behind her, bumping into her. The last thing to stop was her hairbrush that ironically positioned itself perfectly under one of her large curls almost like it knew it was now needed.

To say that my brothers and sister and I laughed would be an understatement! We howled and tears rolled down our faces. Mum came racing down the drive to help her mother and scolded us appropriately. We all slinked off to hide our shame, still giggling as we went.

As for poor old nan, she went to A and E and had an X-Ray. She'd broken her hip and ended up spending weeks in hospital!

We all felt really bad for laughing... but we just couldn't help ourselves.

These questions are about Nanny, Rolling.

Circle the correct answer.

How did the author's father suggest that Nan could get home?

Walk

In a taxi

On her  
broomstick

Drive herself

(1)

In the second paragraph, what does the author compare the height of his nan to? (1)

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Tick true or false

The story took place in the Summertime

Nan often visited on Wednesdays.

Nan arrived on a broomstick.

Nan was a large woman.

Nan had a good sense of humour.

T	F

(2)

The author describes his house as being higher than that of his neighbour's house. How much higher does he say it is? (1)

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These questions are about Nanny, Rolling.

In paragraph 2, how does the author describe his Nan? (2)

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The author's mother tried to help Nan as she fell, but what did she actually end up doing instead? (1)

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Number these statements to put them in the correct order.

Nan and mom were talking as they left the house.

Nan landed on her side and rolled down the drive.

Nan's belongings bumped into her.

Nan lost her footing on the step.

Mom accidentally pushed Nan down the steps

1

(1)

*'I'm sure she would have been glad of a broomstick at this point...'*

Why do you think the author says this? (1)

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These questions are about Nanny, Rolling.

The author writes, 'Mum came racing down the drive to help her mother and scolded us appropriately'.

What do you think is the closest meaning to the word 'scolded'?

Tick **one**.

Burn with hot water

Trying not to laugh.

Chastise someone.

Asking for help in an emergency.

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(1)

What two words or phrases are used to describe how the contents of Nan's handbag appeared to move? (2)

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Why does the author use the word 'ironic' to describe the final resting place of Nan's hairbrush? (2)

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