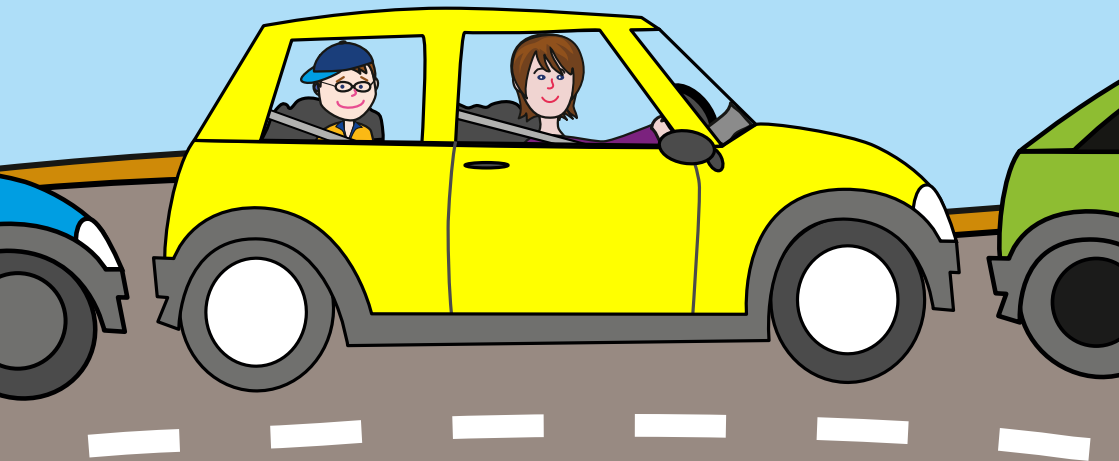


Jacob's traffic jam

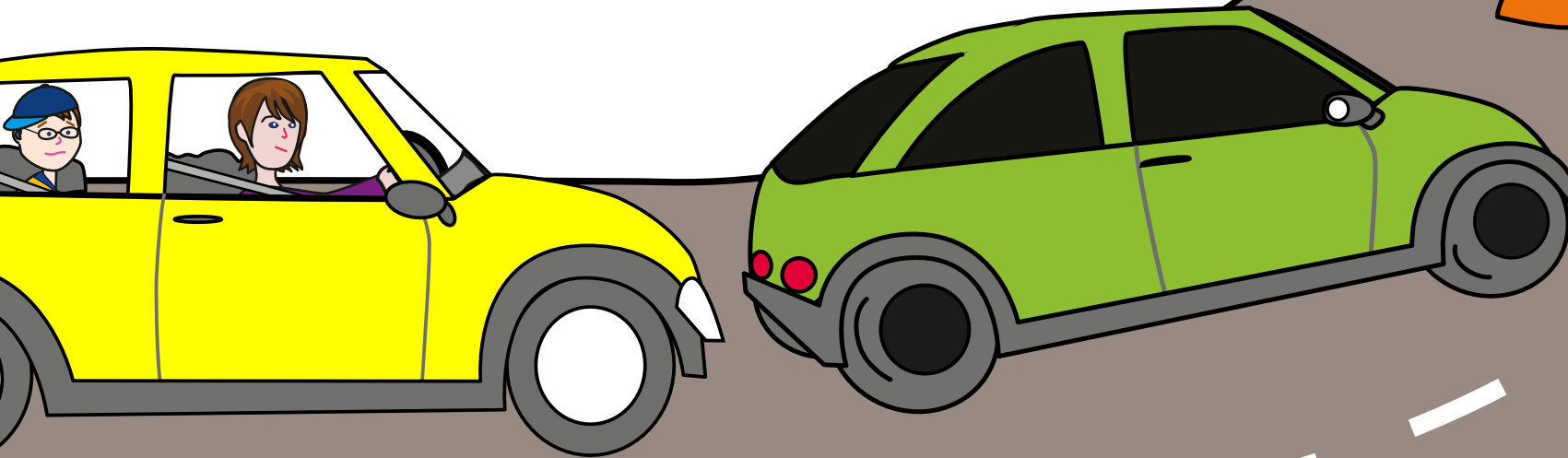


Story by Lindsay Brewis
Illustrated by Karen Tennent

Jacob and his mother were in the car on their way to the shops.

The cars in front were slowing down. "Oh no!" said Jacob's mum. "There's a hole in the road and the cars can't get through."

Workmen were putting barriers up. Jacob and his mum would have to find a different way.





There were a lot of other cars on the road. Jacob's mum tried a side road but after a while she could see it was not going to take her to the shops. She turned around and tried another way. Some drivers were getting cross and honking their horns.

"I really need to get to the shops," said Jacob's mum, "let's try this way." Jacob's mum tried lots of different roads but they were all slow and none of them seemed to get nearer to the shops.



Jacob's mum did not give up. She kept trying to find a way to the shops and then suddenly the car turned a corner and there were the shops.

"That took a long time," said Jacob. "Never mind," said Jacob's mum, "we got here and we will do our shopping and get a special treat."

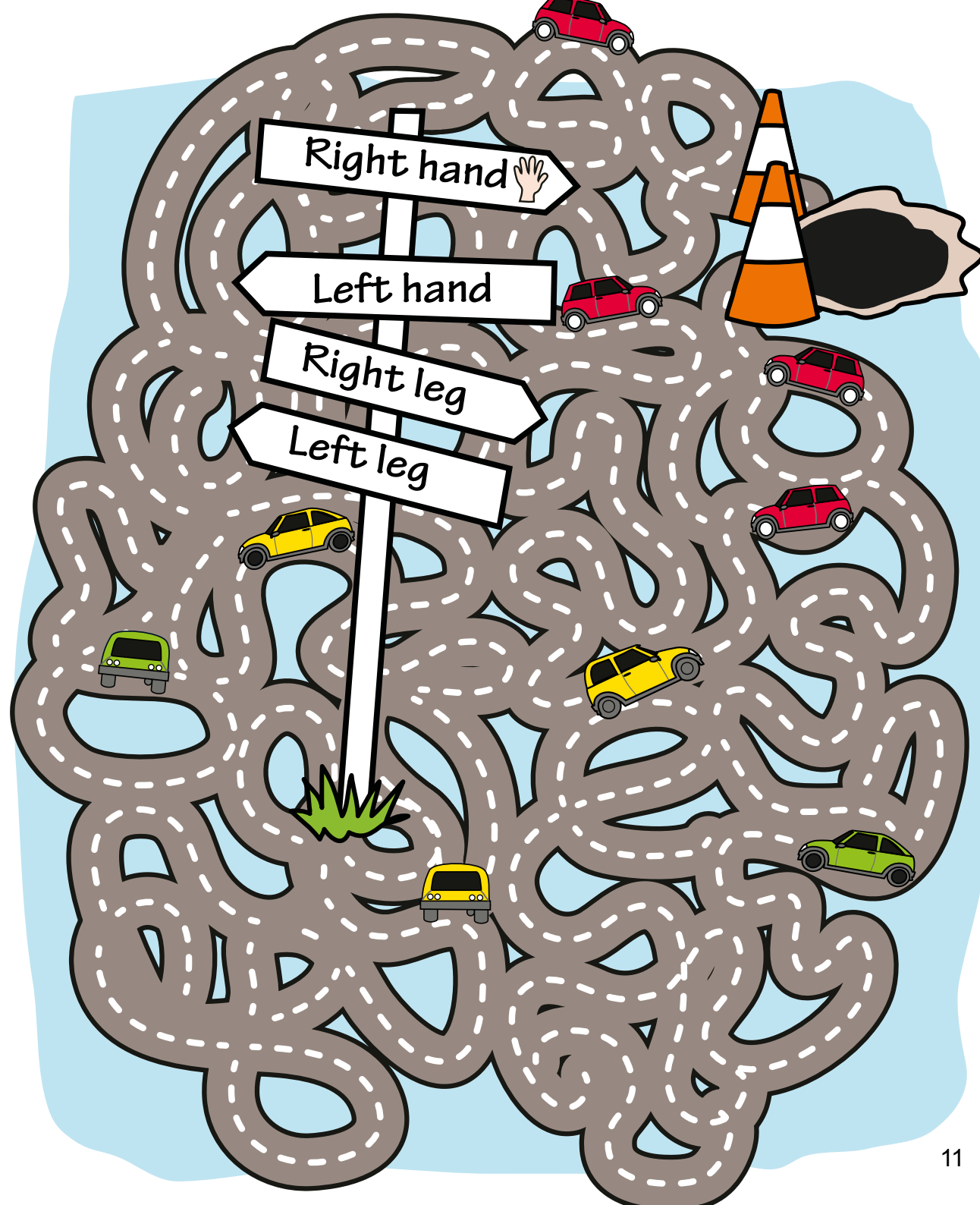


That night Jacob was lying in his bed and thinking. He thought about his right hand. It was really hard to get his right hand to move sometimes. He sent ideas from his brain but they took a long time to get there.

He saw his brain as a lot of different roads with cars on. All the cars were whizzing along quickly taking ideas to the right parts of the body but the road to his right hand had a hole in it.

There were barriers up and his car full of fantastic ideas had to find a different way. He imagined the car going to his right hand trying to find a new road to travel along.

He saw it stopping and starting and trying again. When it got to his right hand he gave a little cheer and said, "Well done car!"



The next day he was trying to make his right hand do what he wanted it to and it was not going well. Jacob's mum was watching. She knew this could make Jacob tired and cross. Jacob put his most determined face on and closed his eyes.

In his head he drove the car towards his right hand and finally it got there and the right hand did most of what he told it to.

"Well done car." Jacob said quietly to his hand.

"What was that?" Jacob's mum asked.

Jacob smiled. "Nothing mum," he said, "but maybe my hand deserves a treat!"



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