



Grandad and the Magic Glasses

Grandad and the Magic Glasses

(Humorous adventure for children 6-12)

CHAPTER 1

The Magic Glasses

Boing..... Boing..... Boing.....!

“Henry what’s that noise?”

Grandad was woken-up suddenly, he was chuckling to himself: what a strange dream! Grandma had been dressed as a Witch: she was at a lake near a castle... suddenly a monster rose out of the water and Grandma flew straight towards it and poked it with her broomstick.

“What noise dear?”

“That **boinging** noise.”

“Oh it sounds like Spring has sprung at last.”

He turned around in bed to see Grandma standing there poking him with the cobweb brush.

“Come on Henry it’s time to get up, it’s a nice morning and you have lots of things to do today.” “Err yes dear,” he mumbled as he searched for his missing slipper under the bed.

He was thinking about the dream all through breakfast, it had left him with the strange feeling that something really exciting was going to happen. He couldn’t say anything to Grandma she never took him seriously and he knew she would only get cross with him. She would just call him a silly old man. So as soon as she had gone out shopping he phoned his grandsons Ryan and Mikey to tell them all about it.

“You’ll never guess what happened Ryan. I had a dream about your Grandma she was dressed as a Witch and she was fighting with a big scary monster and she was casting spells on some of those snooty people who she admires so much.”

The boys thought that Grandad’s dream was hilarious and they promised not to mention a word of it to Grandma.

“What adventures do you have planned for our next visit Grandad? We’re really looking forward to it!”

“Now, you will just have to wait and see,” he replied mysteriously. He didn’t actually have anything planned as yet, but he never really had to go out of his way to find adventure or trouble, it always seemed to find him!

It had been a long boring winter but just as Grandma got back from the shops the Sun started to shine.

“What’s that strange yellow light up in the sky?”

“Don’t be silly Henry you know that’s the Sun.”

“Oh yes so it is dear I had forgotten what it looked like.”

“Right Henry you have been in the house for far too long, mooching around getting under my feet when I have so many important things to do with my committee ladies, go out and tidy up the garden.”

“Yes dear.”

Grandad had been bored anyway listening to her on the phone all day, endlessly nattering to her friends about committees and bingo. He wondered why her teeth didn’t break with all that talking. And she was

getting quite grumpy with him always under her feet when she had such important things to discuss.

So he put on his Wellies and gardening coat and headed for the door.

“And don’t come back into the house with mud on your boots.”

“Yes dear, sorry I mean no dear.”

Grandad’s garden was one of those long and wandering ones, the sort which seem to go on forever. At the top near the house and the garage, was his new shed. It was very big and full of wonders; he spent a lot of time in there inventing things and keeping out of Grandma’s way. The middle of the garden was sort of tidy but the bottom end was still a wilderness.

He really loved to be in his garden; it was his own little world. You see, in the house grandma ruled but the garage and the garden were his territory. She couldn’t tell him what to do out there. Well actually she probably could have if she ever went into the garden.

Grandad whistled a tune as he wandered down the garden path, he passed the weedy pond, he waved to the tatty gnome with the broken fishing rod and then went through some bushes.

Right at the bottom of the garden, in the corner near the canal, there was a rickety, rotten old shed. The windows were cracked and the green paint was peeling off the door. The tin roof was rusty and leaking. The shed was there when he moved into the house and that was a long, long time ago.

He couldn’t actually remember the last time he had been in that old shed, he had promised to tidy it a few times over the years, but always seemed to get distracted by something else. So feeling adventurous, he pulled open the squeaky wooden door. Inside through the gloom and the cobwebs he could see a rusty bicycle and a heavy garden roller which hadn’t rolled anything for ages.

There was also a broken work bench and few jam jars with rusty nails in them. These like everything else were covered in dust and cobwebs. Well he thought, maybe Grandma is right, (*because she said that she was right about everything*). I really should tidy this end of the garden. I shall start by clearing out this rubbish and then I shall knock this old shed down.

So he made a start by wheeling the rusty bike outside into the sunshine. It was in a sorry state, no tyres, no seat and a squeaky chain. It would have to go. The garden roller was more of a challenge because the wooden handle had rotted away long ago. As he tried to move it something caught his eye. Behind the roller on a little shelf he noticed an old glasses case. He could see in the gloom that the leather covering had been chewed by mice and the metal case was rusting away. He reached over the roller and lifted it off the shelf then blew off the dust. He took his garden knife from his pocket and prised open the lid.

To his amazement there was still a pair of glasses inside the case. In the lid there was a faded paper label, which had become quite yellow with age. Grandad put on his reading glasses to see what it said. *These glasses belong to Robin*, had been neatly written in faded ink.

This was a mystery, he had no idea who Robin was or how the glasses came to be left there. He took them out of the case and examined them. The frames were old and dirty and the lenses were thick with dust, they had obviously been there on the shelf for a very, very long time. Grandad breathed on the lenses then took a hanky from his pocket and wiped them. He just couldn’t resist trying them on. As he walked out into the sunshine something magical happened. Suddenly he saw the whole garden as a big desert island, a place to explore. Then he saw that the shed had turned into a pirate ship, the pond had become a lake full of crocodiles, the bushes were a jungle and the tatty gnome with the broken fishing rod had become a fierce pirate with a sharp sword.

He couldn’t believe it. He took off the glasses and everything went back to normal. He gave them another good wipe with his handkerchief and tried them on again.... it was amazing!

Grandad was seeing the world as a child again and he loved it! He ran up to the house to tell Grandma, but just as he reached the kitchen door he thought better of it. He already knew that she would say; “Oh you silly old man take off those stupid glasses and stop being so childish.”

So he walked into the kitchen as if nothing had happened. Grandma was washing up when he asked.

“Do we have a skipping rope dear?” He got the reply he was expecting.

“Skipping rope..... what for?”

“Well I need one in the garden,” he said.

“Oh look in the old toy box, perhaps Ryan and Mikey have left one there.”

He got the toy box from the cupboard under the stairs and he found one.

As Grandma stood at the kitchen sink she was most surprised when she raised her eyes from the washing-up. Glancing into the garden, she saw Grandad wearing the magic glasses and skipping past

the window. "Henry," she shouted in her angry voice. "What on Earth do think you are doing, what will the neighbours think? Get in here at once!"

He always did as he was told but he couldn't wait until Grandma had gone out so that he could phone Ryan and Mikey to tell them about the amazing magic glasses.

About half an hour later Grandad had emptied out the toy box on the lounge floor. He was sitting on the carpet wearing the magic glasses playing with the wooden train and making choo, choo noises.

Grandma walked in and caught him red handed. It was another "Henry," moment but this time the message was stronger and louder.

"Put those toys away immediately and go to your shed!" He always knew when to say;
"Yes dear."

Grandad was impatient to call Ryan and Mikey again to tell them about the magic glasses, but he'd have to find something to keep himself busy as he had to wait for Grandma to go out and, in any case, the boys would still be in school. As he made his way back outside he remembered that in his new shed he had some artist's paints and brushes. He had always thought that he was a good painter but to tell the truth he wasn't. So he would slosh the paint on the canvas and pretend that it was modern art.

He had read that there was an art competition coming up at the church and had considered entering a painting, but as usual something came up to distract him. But this was the perfect opportunity: he had been sent to the shed for the rest of the day, of course... he could get around to tidying-up... but painting a picture seemed far more important. He put on the magic glasses and started to paint. Splish, splosh... a dab of red here... couple of strokes of brown over there...and a blob of green in the corner. When it was finished Grandad stood back to admire his work; it had to be said, the painting had turned out to be quite different from his usual rubbish. He was very pleased with his effort, so much so that he thought he'd even show it to Grandma.

He ventured indoors, painting in hand, to look for Grandma. He looked everywhere. She wasn't in the living room, nor the kitchen... he looked in every room in the house, but she was nowhere to be found. Grandad realised that Grandma must have gone out; but he still felt the need to show off his latest masterpiece. So he put on his jacket and took the painting to show his friend Arthur, who lived just down Victoria Street. Now Arthur knew a bit about art, or so he said, so Grandad asked him: "Now what do you think Arthur, should I enter it in the art competition?" "Well Henry, it's quite remarkable; this painting has an amazing childlike quality, an unspoilt innocence and it's the sort of thing that Picasso struggled for years to achieve." He couldn't wait for Grandma to get home from her committee meeting to show her his latest creation. In the mean time he put the painting back in the shed, then he put the magic glasses safely in his pocket and went in for a cup of tea and to phone Ryan and Mikey to tell them about the magic glasses.

"We just knew that you were going to find something Grandad, we can't wait to come and stay with you again."

Things were looking up for Grandad: he had adventures to look forward to, a mysterious new discovery, a brilliant new painting and fish and chips for supper! Grandad decided to go back out into his shed until Grandma got home from her meeting. It wasn't long before he heard her call: "Henry, Henry!"

Grandad was in such a hurry to show Grandma his painting that he even forgot to take off his magic glasses: He rushed indoors, painting in hand to find a rather angry looking Grandma.

"Hello dear," said Grandad cheerfully, "you'll never guess what I've done this afternoon."

"Oh, I'll bet I can," answered Grandma in a very cross voice.

"Look at what I've painted," said Grandad raising the canvas.

"Look at what else you've painted," said Grandma pointing at the floor.

Grandad looked down and saw a river full of fish and frogs and treasure chests. Then he realised he was still wearing the magic glasses. He raised them a little and looked down again, and now he saw the world through Grandma's eyes: The carpet was full of dirty footprints. The canvas must have been dripping with paint, and as he walked around the house earlier looking for Grandma he'd managed to get paint on the carpet of every single room.

"Oh dear," he said, "I hadn't noticed."

"Of course you hadn't noticed!" shouted Grandma; "You're as blind as a bat, you've been running around in those stupid glasses all day completely oblivious to the mess you're making... go and put that painting back in the shed!"

"Yes, dear," said Grandad.

"And Henry, give me those stupid glasses at once."

Grandad handed over the magic glasses and watched as Grandma threw them in the bin. At first he

sulked for a while... then he remembered his fish supper and cheered up.

But what nobody knew was that ever since that day, when he felt old and bored he would sneak off to the rickety old shed right at the bottom of the garden. There he had a special secret. Under the broken bench he had a pile of comics, a shoebox full of sweets and chocolate and lots of his favourite toys.

And his best kept secret of all, on a shelf behind the roller, were the magic glasses which he had rescued from the rubbish bin.

So anytime that he wanted to feel young again he would go to his secret shed, he would put on the magic glasses and see the world as a child. And he would be very, very happy, and Grandma, who thought she knew everything about everything, knew nothing about it.

CHAPTER 2

Grandma's Present

April came, the days were getting longer and Grandad was spending more time in his new shed. You see, Grandma's birthday was coming up and he wanted to give her a big surprise. He kept taking all sorts of odd things in there. And to keep her out he put a big red sign on the door, it read, **NO GRANDMAS ALLOWED.**

Although he didn't want Grandma to see the present before her birthday, there was another reason for the sign. All Grandmas have this awful problem; it's called tidiness. They just can't stop themselves from throwing things away and putting things where nobody else can find them, just to be tidy. Grandads are different; they have a use for everything. Maybe they don't need it straight away but they know that the day will come when they will. Then Grandads will say:

"Now where did I put that thingy? I know it's here somewhere, I know that Grandma hasn't thrown it away because it's in my shed. If I can't find it I shall have to use a similar thingy." Inside the shed Grandad was making something wonderful, it was *an automatic breakfast maker*. He knew that Ryan and Mikey would love it. It was almost finished and now he had to make some final adjustments to the *top butter spreading arm*.

He needed his tall steps but he couldn't find them in his shed, or in the garage. So he went into the house to ask Grandma, but he couldn't find her anywhere either. He remembered that she had been complaining about her teeth for a while, and he thought that she may have gone to the dentist. He wasn't surprised that she was having problems after all the talking that she did.

Then he saw his steps on the landing but he didn't notice that they were right under the trap door into the loft, or that the trap door was open. So he folded up the steps and took them back to his shed.

Grandad worked on the automatic breakfast maker all day. So it wasn't until tea time that he discovered that Grandma was stuck in the dusty loft. She was not very happy when he rescued her, but he knew that she would cheer up when she saw her special birthday present the next morning.

The *breakfast maker* was designed to sit beside the bed and then make her a nice cup of tea at seven o'clock in the morning. At that time an automatic arm would come out and gently wake her up. Then at the same time it would hand her a cup of tea and a piece of toast with marmalade.

Unfortunately it didn't work as well as it should have done. At midnight it poked Grandma in the eye and then poured a cup of cold water over her head. The toasting part would have been perfect but Grandad had forgotten to load in the bread. But the machine did continue to spread the butter and the marmalade, all over Grandma.

Grandad blamed the clock, Grandma blamed Grandad. He offered to fix it but she was in a bad mood and "*happy birthday dear,*" didn't work. She called Grandad a naughty name and then threw the breakfast-maker in the rubbish bin..... Poor Grandad!

He was very upset and thought it best to keep out of Grandma's way for the rest of the day, or at least until she had managed to get the marmalade out of her hair. So he decided to go to his shed and make some beer, but it had to be a secret from Grandma. He didn't want to annoy her any more. So he went to his favourite shop, *Honest John's Second Hand Shop* and bought some plastic dustbins. Then he went to the corner shop and bought lots and lots of sugar, some malt and some very special yeast.

You see, when Grandad made something it was never ordinary, it had to be special. He wanted to make a very strong beer to impress his friends. So he put in lots of extra things which are not normally used in making beer.

He finished-up in time for tea so he locked the shed door and went in to see Grandma. She was in a much better mood; it would seem that the butter that had been spread all over her head in the morning had really helped the marmalade slide right out of her hair.

The beer brewing process went on for some time; the shed door was always kept locked so that Grandma wouldn't smell the fumes from the house. When Grandad thought that the brewing process had finished he put the beer into big glass jars and sealed the tops. Then he waited, and waited.

It was one of those hot nights; Grandad was snoring and Grandma was poking him with the cobweb brush. Suddenly there was a very loud explosion, then another, then another. They were coming from the shed. Grandma jumped out of bed.

"Henry," she shouted, "what have you been making in that shed?"

Grandad looked out of the window, the shed was still there but most of the roof was missing. There was a powerful smell of beer drifting over the whole garden. He knew that some beer bottles had exploded. So did Grandma, so there was no point in trying to think of excuses.

Grandad was never allowed to make beer again. It took him a long time to mend the roof and clean the inside of the shed, but do you know the worst thing of all. He had to take down the **NO GRANDMAS ALLOWED** sign so that she could make a regular inspection.

Poor Grandad!

But he still had one very big secret which he kept to himself. Right at the bottom of his garden in the rickety old shed, hidden in the bushes, he still kept his magic glasses. And nobody in the whole world except Ryan and Mikey and you, and me and Grandad, know this secret.

CHAPTER 3

Grandma's Present

Spring would soon be turning into summer and Grandad was bored. That morning he had already mended Grandma's false teeth and wasn't sure if he had used the right glue, but it was too late now.

He was really fed up so he wandered down to the bottom of the garden to his rickety old secret shed. He played with his magic glasses but it didn't help. He sat on a dusty box with his head in his hands, thinking that there must be more to life than this.

He was missing playing with Ryan and Mikey and needed some excitement; he really wanted to be more like his friend Jimmy the Junk. You see, Jimmy wasn't married so he could do anything that he wanted, that's why he spent a lot of his time at auctions Jimmy played this little game; he would close his eyes and then start bidding for things. The real excitement was that he never knew what he was buying or how much he was going to pay for it. Jimmy was what Grandad called a real *cool guy*. He had heard this expression on TV and used it all the time just to annoy Grandma.

So he decided to go and see his friend Jimmy the Junk to cheer himself up. He walked down the street and knocked on Jimmy's front door.

"Come in Henry."

The house was in a real mess, stuff everywhere, Grandad thought that it was wonderful.

"Do you want a cup of tea or a beer?"

"Well it's a bit early for me to have beer," said Grandad.

"Good decision," said Jimmy, "right two beers it is then." They sat there chatting for a while and then the conversation turned to Jimmy's latest auction buys.

"Well Henry, you will never guess what I bought yesterday. Come into the garage and I will show you." The garage door creaked open slowly and through the clouds of dust, in the gloom, surrounded by junk, he could see an old motorbike and sidecar.

"Cor," said Grandad, "it's a funny colour." It was a dirty, brown, rusty, green all over.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "that's because it's ex-army. Isn't it a beauty?"

Grandad wasn't too sure, but a couple more beers persuaded him that it was the most magnificent machine that he had ever seen.

"Well Henry," said Jimmy, "Because you are so bored, I have decided to sell her to you."

"Err have you right," mumbled Grandad.

"And don't worry about the price," interrupted Jimmy.

Grandad knew that Ryan and Mikey would love it and he wasn't actually worrying about the price. He was worrying about what Grandma would say.

"As you are my old friend, she's yours for only 20 pounds."

Grandad nodded his approval and accepted another beer, to seal the deal. Then Jimmy told him that there wasn't any petrol in the tank so the engine wouldn't actually start. But it wasn't very far to Grandad's house, so they both pushed the motorbike and sidecar with its three flat tyres, down the street and into Grandad's garage. Now came the difficult bit, how to explain to Grandma.

"Hello dear, you will never guess what I have bought for us."

He always said *us* when he wanted to make things sound easier.

"I have bought us some classic transport."

Grandma said nothing although it seemed that she wanted to. This was Grandad's cue to hide in the garage. He was in there for most of the day playing with the motorbike. He pumped up the tyres and put in some petrol from the lawnmower. He used a whole ball of string and lots of tape to fix the bits which were falling off. There was a big hole in the bottom of the sidecar so he put in some strong cardboard. Then he stood back and admired his work.

Grandad had never had a motorbike when he was young, but he had always wanted one. So to make this the coolest looking machine in town he painted *Henry's Hurricane* on the sidecar. And on the back of his gardening jacket he painted *Hell's Grandads* in silver paint.

He had just finished when the garage door burst open, it was Grandma. She was silently fuming and that was quite unusual for her. She handed Grandad a note written in big angry letters, it said. *Some idiot has glued my teeth together, I can't talk, get me to the dentist immediately.* Grandad made the mistake of laughing out loud so Grandma hit him with the broom.

Despite this he saw his golden opportunity to impress her with the new classic transport. He sprang into action and bundled Grandma into the sidecar, and then he managed to start the engine. They drove out of the garage in a cloud of smoke and rattled down Victoria Street towards the dentist's surgery in the town.

Grandad was very proud that people were looking at them he enjoyed the excitement. Grandma was seriously embarrassed but said nothing. At the end of the street there was a duck pond, it wasn't very deep, but full of smelly, sticky mud and rubbish.

Now there was one thing on the motorbike which Grandad hadn't tried yet. Yes, the brakes, and guess what? They didn't work!

It wasn't a serious crash; they just drove gently into the pond, which really annoyed the ducks. The water was just deep enough to wet the cardboard in the bottom of the sidecar. The bottom fell out and Grandma sank slowly into the mud, up to her waist. She still said nothing although Grandad knew that she wanted to.

Grandma didn't speak to Grandad for several days after that, even though her teeth had been repaired properly. He didn't mind too much, he had to make her lots of tea and toast. He thought that in a way the day had been cool. He had lots of things to tell Ryan and Mikey about and enough excitement to last him for many more days to come.