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Just Like GRANDPA JAZZ



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I'm Frank, and I LOVE stories . . .





JUST like my Grandpa Jazz.

He has LOTS of stories to tell.



He's a MASTER storyteller!



Mum says . . .

that some of his stories are made up . . .



and SOME of his stories . . . are TRUE!



Today we're taking Grandpa Jazz to the airport. He's visiting the tropical island where he was born and grew up. It's very far away.



Grandpa Jazz pulls an old, blue suitcase down from the top of the wardrobe . . .

"Come and help me pack, Frank."

I open the suitcase whilst he looks for his clothes and I pull out a small, rough rock with lots of tiny holes in it.

"What's this, Grandpa Jazz?"

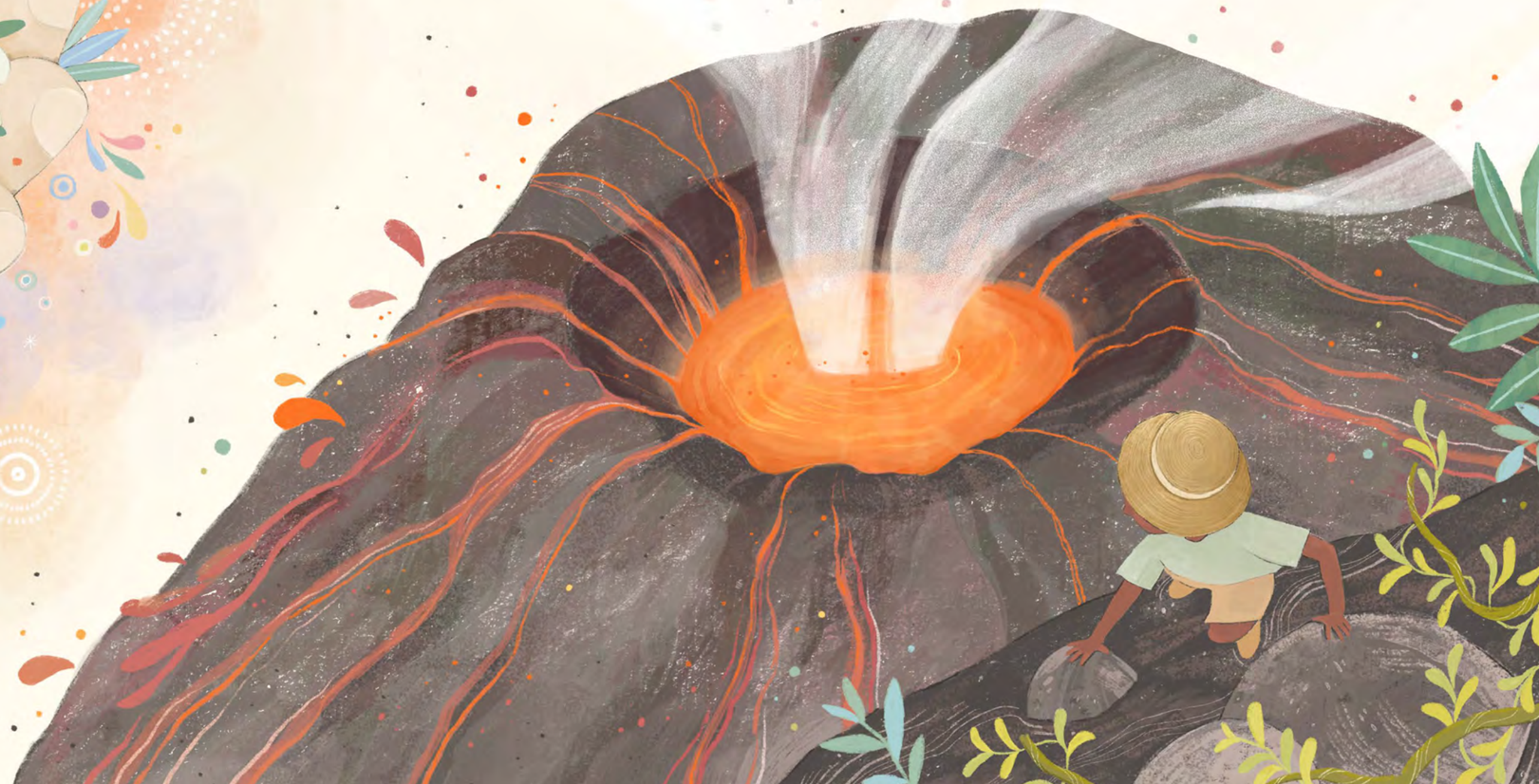
Grandpa Jazz looks up . . .



"That's volcanic rock. You see, the island where I'm from is a volcanic island. All the volcanoes are extinct, so they don't erupt anymore."

He explains that as a boy, he loved exploring volcano craters, all overgrown with wet, leafy forests and hidden waterfalls.

But once, he tripped and fell, way, way down, rolling through the vines until he reached the very bottom. He even caught a glimpse of the heart of the Earth, through cracks in the rock!



I unzip a pocket in the side of the suitcase. Inside is a doctor's stethoscope.

"Why have you got this, Grandpa?"

"That belonged to the French doctor our family once worked for. When he retired and went to live by the seaside, he gave it to me."



"Maybe he thought I'd be a doctor one day. Can you guess what he kept in his office?"

"What?" I ask.

"A human skull!"

whispers Grandpa Jazz.





"Really?"

I gasp.



"A MODEL skull,"

Mum smiles, popping her head around the door.

"Anyway, fifteen minutes before we leave,
you two! Hurry up and finish packing."

"Here you go." Grandpa Jazz throws a pile of clothes at me.

Into the suitcase they go.

"Toothbrush, hairbrush, aftershave."

One, two, three, they come
whizzing at my head!

"And soap – good catch! Did you know . . ."

" . . .when I was a baby, your
great-grandma used to wash
our clothes with soap, in a river?
Our dog Mickey would guard me.
If anyone came near, he barked like
he was shouting: BACK–OFF!"

The suitcase is nearly packed.
But one shirt is poking out.
There's a small plastic badge
on it, which says JAZZ.



"I won't need this,"
laughs Grandpa Jazz.

"I'm retired now, but I first wore
this uniform when Her Majesty the
Queen invited me to work in the
NHS, here in the United Kingdom."

"REALLY?" I ask.

"The QUEEN?

How did you get here?"

