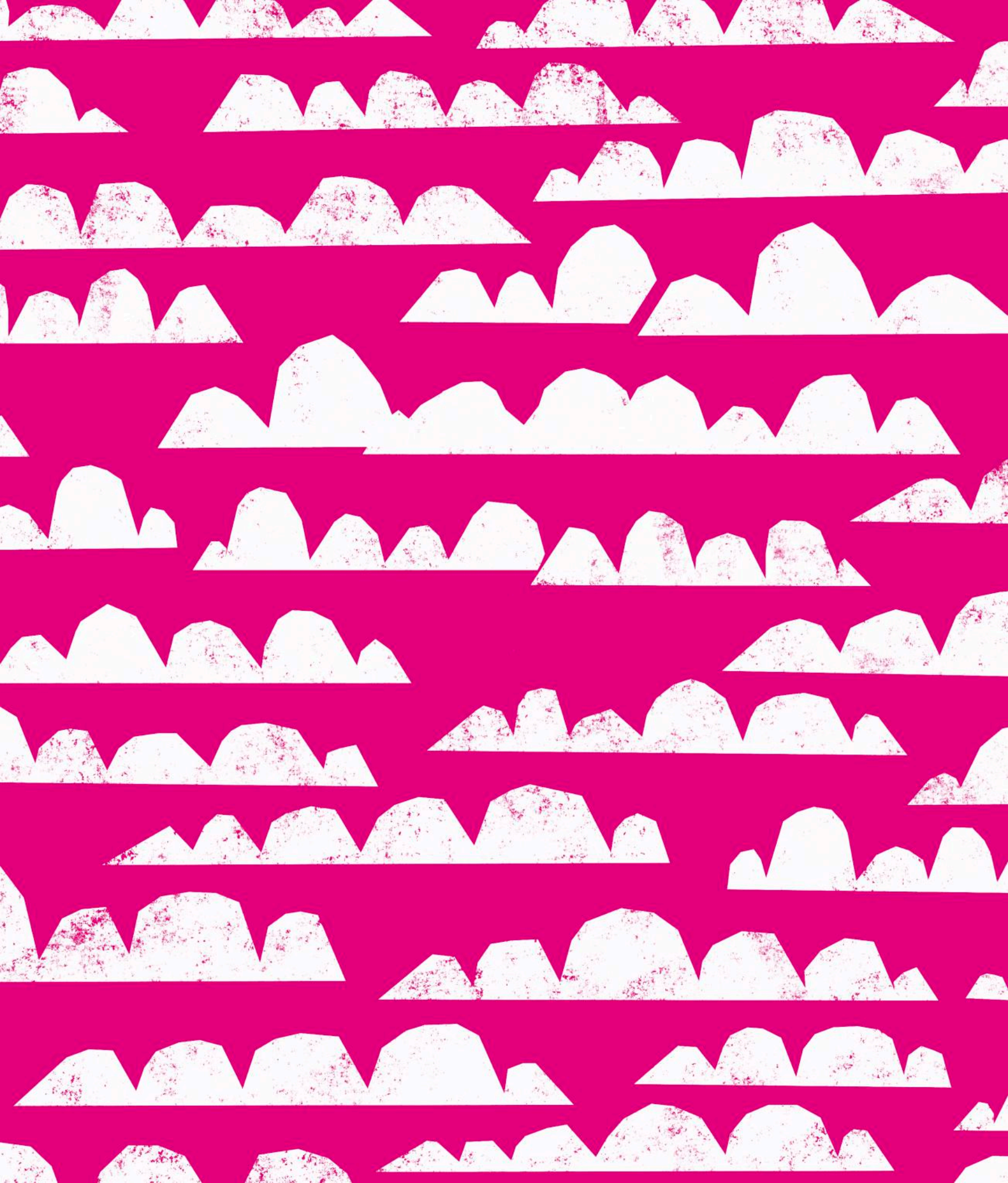

CLOUD
BOY
BY
GREG STOBBS



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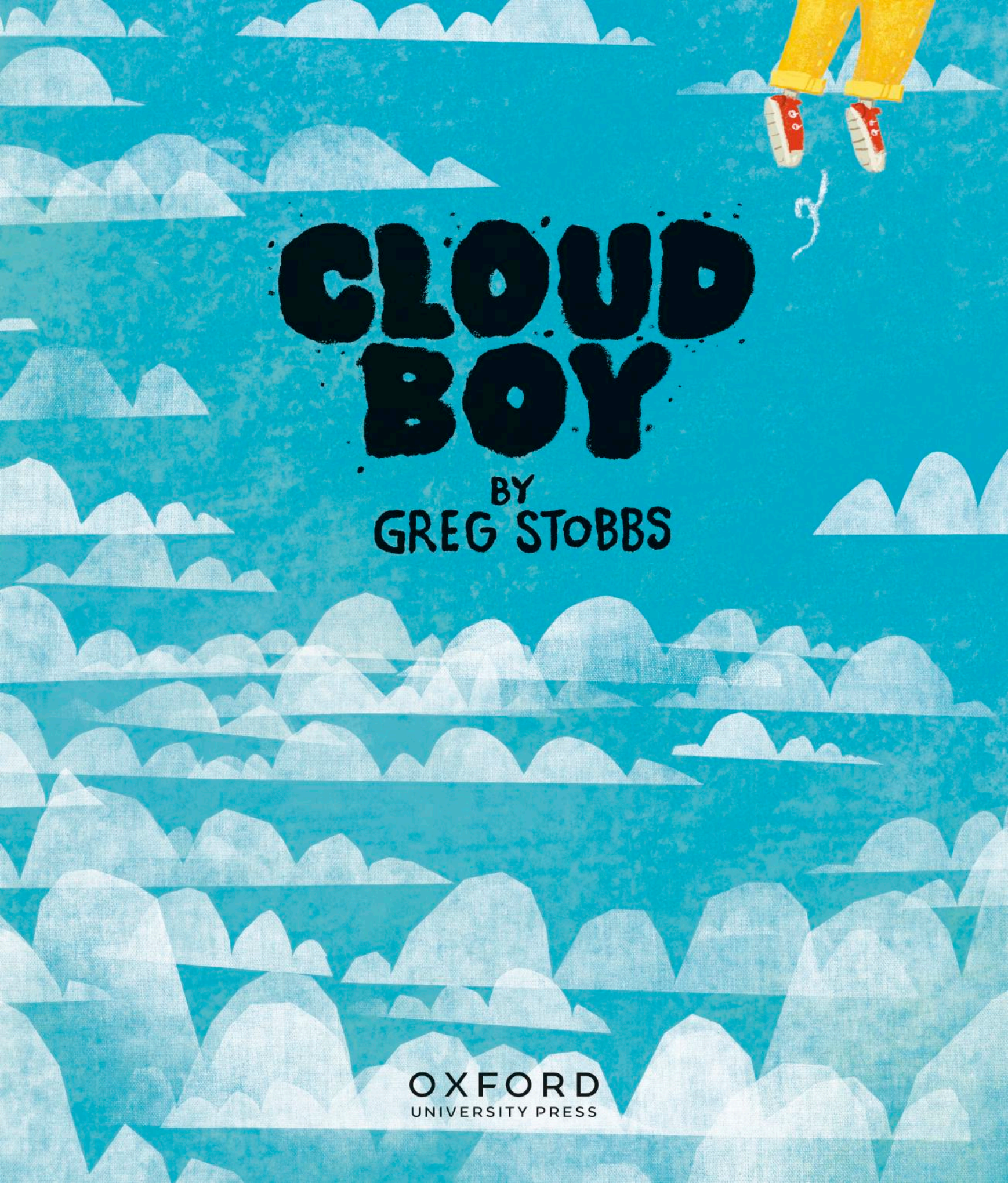
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Bobby tried his very best to . . .



Ooh! A snail!



Bobby tried his very . . .



Ooh! A very smelly smell!



Bobby tried his . . .





what did that
bird just say?





He tried his best to **PAY ATTENTION!**



‘Bobby…



Bobby…

BOBBY!’

said Bobby’s mum.

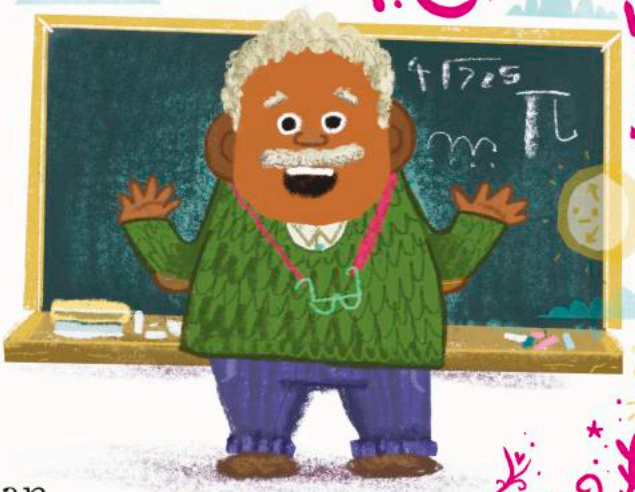


But Bobby was thinking about crocodiles.

‘Bobby…

Bobby…

BOBBY!’



said Mr Brian.



But Bobby was listening to a clock

TICKING and **TOCKING.**

Now here’s the tricky bit. You see, when Bobby got distracted …

he would gently and quietly start to float.
And the more he imagined, the **higher** he went.





called Jess and Nelson.

But Bobby couldn't hear them.
He was thinking about:

the taste of cake,

the colour of a bird's song,

and wondering if the
moon ever got **lonely**.

Just before he floated out to sea and into space, his friends caught him by the shoelace and pulled him carefully back to the ground.





‘What?’ said Bobby.
‘Oh . . . uuur . . . yes . . .
I was just . . . um.’