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Opening extract from

Blue

Written by

Michael Rosen

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Michael Rosen

BLUE

illustrated by

Michael Foreman



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Raffi's big brother Jake could run very fast, jump very high, sing, dance and draw elephants.

Raffi looked at Jake. "You're good at everything, aren't you, Jake?"

"Yep," said Jake.

I wish I was good at something, thought Raffi.

At bedtime, Raffi couldn't sleep.
He jiggled and wiggled.





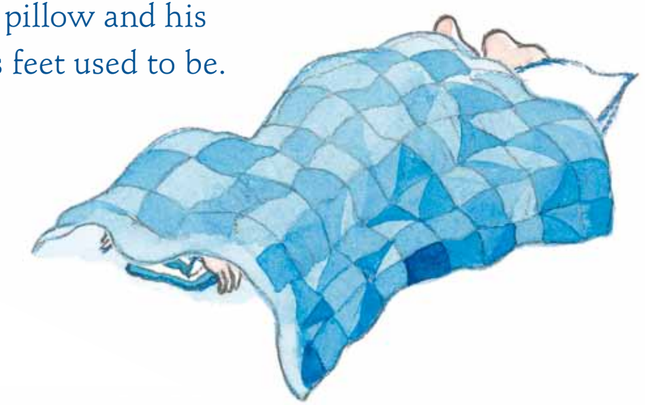
He joggled
and wriggled.





He rolled over and over.
He did twists and turns and
somersaults till one night …

his feet lay on the pillow and his
head was where his feet used to be.



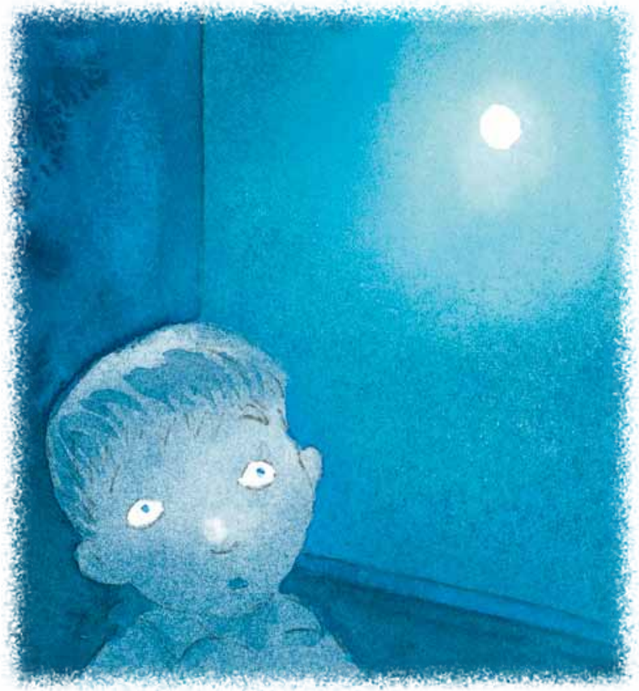
Wow! It was
dark. Totally dark.
Darker than dark.



Dark is good,
Raffi thought.
No one knows
I'm here. Maybe
I don't know
I'm here.



Then, far off, he saw a tiny blue light. He reached out for it and a voice said,
"Are you Raffi the Jiggler
Raffi the Wiggler
Raffi the Joggler
Raffi the Wriggler?"



"That's me," said Raffi. "Who are you?"

"I'm Blue," said the voice.
"And you're just the person
I need. Follow me."

And Blue headed off deep into the dark.



Raffi felt himself flying along after. He could see now that Blue was…