How to catch a star – by Oliver Jeffers

Once there was a boy and the boy loved stars very much. Every night the boy watched the stars from his window, and wished he had one of his very own. He dreamed how this star might be his friend, they would play hide and seek and take long walks together. The boy decided he would try to catch a star. He thought getting up early would be best because then the star would be tired from being up in the sky all night. So the next day, he set out at sunrise but he could not see a star anywhere. He sat down and waited for one to appear. He waited and waited, ate lunch and waited. After dinner, he waited some more. Finally, just before the sun was about to go away, he saw a star! The boy tried to jump up and grab it but he could not jump high enough. So, very carefully, he climbed to the top of the tallest tree he could find, but the star was still way out of reach. He thought he might lasso the star with a life belt from his father’s boat, but it was too heavy for him to carry. He thought he could fly up in his spaceship and just grab the star, but his spaceship and ran out of petrol last Tuesday when he flew to the moon. Perhaps he could get a seagull to help him fly up in the sky to help him catch his star. But the only seagull he could find did not want to help at all. The boy thought he would never catch a star. Just then he noticed something floating in the water! It was the prettiest star he had ever seen! Just a baby star! It must have fallen from the sky. He tried to fish the star out with his hands but he couldn’t reach it. Then he had an idea, the star might wash up on the shore. He rang back along the jetty to the beach. Then he waited and walked, he watched and waited. And sure enough the star washed up on the bright, golden sand. The boy had caught a star, a star of his very own.