

## Growing Toast

*A fun story for younger children with a harvest theme. It is good to have seeds, flower, dough , bread, toast etc to show during the story.*

Farmer Fred was thinking very hard about what he could grow in his field.  
"I'm fed up of Carrots," he said to himself, "and I'm fed up of Cabbages and potatoes. I want to grow something different this year."

Farmer Fred thought very hard about all the things that he liked to eat.  
"I like chocolate," he thought. "But I can't grow that! I like Ice-cream! But I'm not sure that I could grow that either."

Suddenly he remembered what he had had for breakfast that day.  
"Toast!" he shouted. "I like toast! I'll grow some toast."

Farmer Fred jumped up and hurried off to the seed shop.  
"I want to grow some toast!" said Fred to the man in the shop.  
"Toast?!" said the man, sounding rather surprised. The man looked around his shop and took a very large bag of seeds down from a shelf.  
"Try these," he said.

So Farmer Fred went back to his field and scattered the seed on the ground. Then he made a big scarecrow to keep the birds away. Then he went home for a rest.

Over the next few weeks there was plenty of rain and plenty of sunshine, so Fred decided to go and see how his seeds were getting on. He went to his field. All over the field there were little green shoots.

"Ummm," thought Fred, "I've never seen green Toast before!"

A few weeks later when Farmer Fred went back to his field he got very excited. The little green shoots had grown much taller and had started to turn brown.

"Oh that's much better," he said. "That's much more like the colour of toast."

A few weeks later Farmer Fred went back to his field. He was all ready to pick some of his Toast and try it. But to his surprise there was no toast at all. All that had grown in his field were long stalks with things that looked very like the seeds he had first planted stuck to the top of them.

Farmer Fred was cross. He went back to the seed shop to complain.  
"Ummm..." said the man in the shop, sounding rather surprised. "If you want toast you will have to cut all the stalks and gather them up."  
"Alright," said Fred, and off he went.

Farmer Fred worked hard all day cutting the stalks and gathering them in. By tea time he had finished. His barn was bulging with all the stalks that he had gathered. As he ate his tea he was thinking about all the lovely toast that he was going to have in the morning.

When he woke up the next day Fred was ready for his toast. He rushed down stairs. He ran across the farmyard and opened the doors of the barn, but to his surprise there was no toast anywhere. His barn was still full of the stalks he had gathered the day before.

Farmer Fred was cross. He hurried back to the seed shop to complain.

"Ummmm..." said the man in the shop, sounding very surprised. "If you want some toast you will have to grind the seeds on the stalks into a powder."

"Alright," said Fred, "and hurried back to his barn.

He worked hard all day grinding the seeds into a powder. By tea time he had six large sacks full of it. He dragged them into his kitchen and sat down to eat his tea, but all the time he was thinking of the lovely toast he was going to have in the morning.

The next day Farmer Fred rushed down stairs. He was ready for his toast.

But to his surprise there was no toast to be seen. The six bags of powder were still where he had left them.

Farmer Fred was cross. He rushed off to the seed shop to complain again.

"Ummmm...." said the man in the shop, sounding very very surprised. "If you want toast you need to mix the powder with water and yeast."

"Alright," said Fred, and he hurried off to his kitchen.

He mixed and mixed all day. By tea-time there was a great big lump of Gooey Sticky mixture. Fred ate his tea, but all the time he was thinking of the lovely toast he was going to have the next day.

In the morning Fred rushed down stairs. He was ready for his toast. But he had a big surprise when he went into the kitchen. The lump of Gooey Sticky mixture had grown, it filled the whole of the kitchen table and some of it had fallen on the floor.

"What a lot of toast," thought Fred. But when he touched the mixture it was still as gooey and sticky as before.

Fred was cross. "This isn't toast," he thought.

He rushed off to the seed shop to complain again.

"Ummmm...." said the man in the shop, sounding very very surprised, and trying hard not to laugh. "If you want toast you will have to cook the mixture."

"Alright," said Fred, and he rushed back home and lit the oven in his kitchen. The mixture was far to big to fit in the oven so he divided it into smaller lumps and put the first one in to cook.

Slowly the kitchen was filled with a lovely smell. "Toast!" shouted Farmer Fred. "It smells like toast!!"

He opened the oven door and there was a steaming hot brown lump. He took it out of the oven and put it on the table to cool. Fred got a knife and cut a little bit off and tried it, "Ummmm...." he said. "Its even better than toast!"

Fred cooked all the rest of the mixture and then took one of the big brown lumps to each of his friends. All his friends agreed that it was the best thing that they had ever tasted.

Fred even took one to the man in the seed shop. He showed Fred how to cut it up and make toast out of it!

"Well I never," said Fred, "so I did grow Toast after all!!"

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