



This is the second part of the story.
 Read it and then... Create it!

MIRACLE PYJAMAS

Bobula felt like a seal. Grandma washed her, because she was as muddy as a radish. The worst thing was that Grandma always let only a little water into the bath. When Bobula stood up, the water didn't even reach her ankles. Not even the smallest duck could take a bath in so little water.

- Bobula, tonight's story time is cancelled - Grandpa said after dinner. - We are going to the market very early.

Bobula had tears in the corner of her eyes. One had almost fallen loudly when Grandpa said he was showing her something she'd never seen before. He took her by the hand and led her into the front room. The front room was also called the clean room and was always kept in great tidiness.

Nobody came into this room, and if they did, they had to take off their slippers at the door. So they entered the mysterious room. Barefoot, of course. Quietly, lest Grandma should catch them. Grandpa opened one of the tall cupboards. He hummed for a while, then rummaged in the cupboard, pulled out something, closed the cupboard door and they were out. Bobula would have liked to have looked a little more carefully, though, because they had left a lot to discover. Slowly, Grandpa unfolded the garment he had pulled from the closet.

- Pajamas! Striped pajamas! - yelled the little girl.

- These are miracle pajamas!

- Miracle pajamas? - whispered Bobula, and even her breathing became quieter.

- Yes, it was your mother's. Try it on! - Bobula carefully slipped into her miracle pajamas, but they were long. Grandpa lifted the blankets and Bobula jumped into bed.

- Does it make you invisible? - she asked excitedly. - No, but if you sleep in these pajamas, you'll be bigger by morning. - As she fell asleep, she felt her arms and legs getting longer and longer.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.

