





One of Harold's favourite toys is Geoffrey the Giraffe. Geoffrey is a cuddly toy and Harold used to take him to bed when he was very young. Geoffrey was very furry and cuddly and Harold used to love falling asleep snuggling up to him.

Recently Harold has been taking another toy to bed with him and sitting Geoffrey on the end of the bed.

[Do you have a favourite toy you play with or take to bed with you?]

However, last Monday when Harold went to school his mum was having a tidy up in his bedroom. She saw Geoffrey on the bed and thought, "I haven't seen Harold play with that toy for ages. He must not use it anymore and there it is on the floor just gathering dust."

[What do you think Harold's mum will do?]

She picked the toy up and put it in a bag of things that she was taking down to the charity shop.

When Harold came home he went into his bedroom and saw that his mum had been having a tidy up. Harold felt very pleased as everywhere looked clean and tidy. He went to sit on his bed and then he noticed that Geoffrey wasn't on his bed. "That's strange," he thought, "I usually have him on the end of my bed. He must have fallen off in the night." Harold looked on the floor at the end of the bed but couldn't see Geoffrey. "Oh no," thought Harold.

[How do you think Harold felt when he couldn't see Geoffrey? Have you ever felt like Harold did?]

Harold looked everywhere trying to find Geoffrey – under the bed, in his toy chest, in the wardrobe – he even looked in his school bag, even though he knew he hadn't taken Geoffrey to school that day! Harold's mum came in and asked him what he was doing. When he told her that he was looking for Geoffrey mum's face fell. "Oh no," she said, "I thought you didn't play with him anymore. I've taken him down to the charity shop." Harold began to cry.

[How do you think Harold's mum felt when she saw Harold was upset? Is there anything they could do to try and sort it out?]

"Don't worry," Harold's mum said, "We'll go straight down to the charity shop and see if we can get him back. But when they got there the man in the shop said that Geoffrey must have been sold because there was no sign of him. Harold was really upset, even though he knew his mum was just trying to be helpful by tidying up.

[How do you think Harold and his mum felt now? Have you ever felt like that?]

At the weekend Harold's friend Derek came round to play. "Harold," Derek said, "I've got a present for you," and he pulled something from out of his bag. Harold looked at the present and couldn't believe it – it was Geoffrey!

"Where did you find him?" asked Harold.

"Find him?" said Derek, "I saw him in the charity shop and thought it was just your sort of thing so I bought him for one pound. Do you like him?"

Harold started laughing. He was so pleased that he had found Geoffrey again!

[Have you ever lost anything and then found it again after a long time? What was it? Where did you find it? How did you feel when you found it again?]