

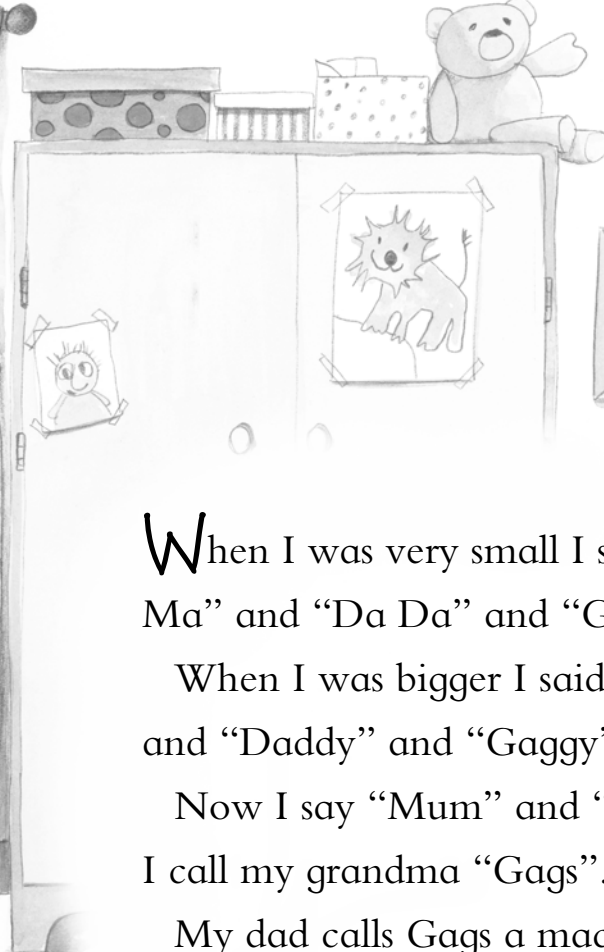
# The Gags Machine



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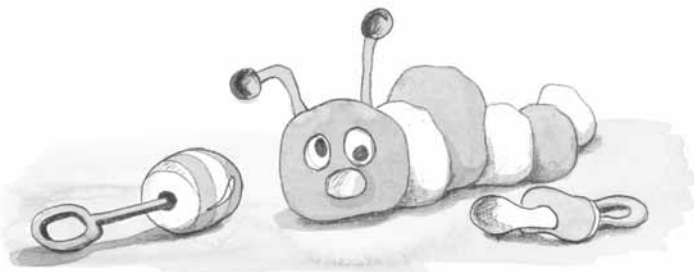
When I was very small I said “Ma  
Ma” and “Da Da” and “Ga Ga”.

When I was bigger I said “Mummy”  
and “Daddy” and “Gaggy”.

Now I say “Mum” and “Dad” and  
I call my grandma “Gags”.

My dad calls Gags a machine  
because she works so hard.

So sometimes we call her the “Gags  
Machine”.

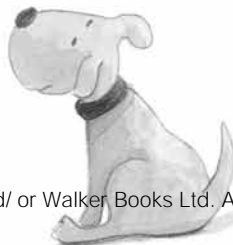
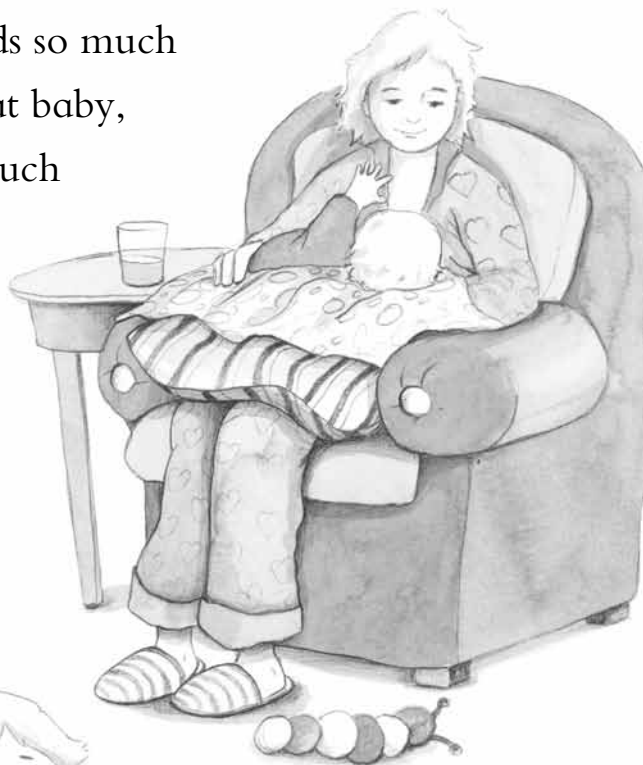


My mum is very busy with a new baby. She has to feed the baby a lot and it takes such a long time.

First the baby feeds on one side, then she feeds on the other. Next comes the burping, then the little vomits and the bib changing. Then comes the nappy changing and *the smell*. Sometimes a lot of smell!



Mum spends so much  
time with that baby,  
there's not much  
time left  
for other  
things.





Luckily, we have  
a Gags Machine.

“Hello, Mum,”  
says my mum to her  
mum when Gags  
comes to visit.

“How is everyone?”  
says Gags as she  
hurries to the laundry.

The washing  
overflows the laundry  
basket. It trails out  
the door and down  
the hallway.



“Hmph,” says  
Gags as she loads the washing machine.  
I help her chase the socks that have  
escaped into the hall.

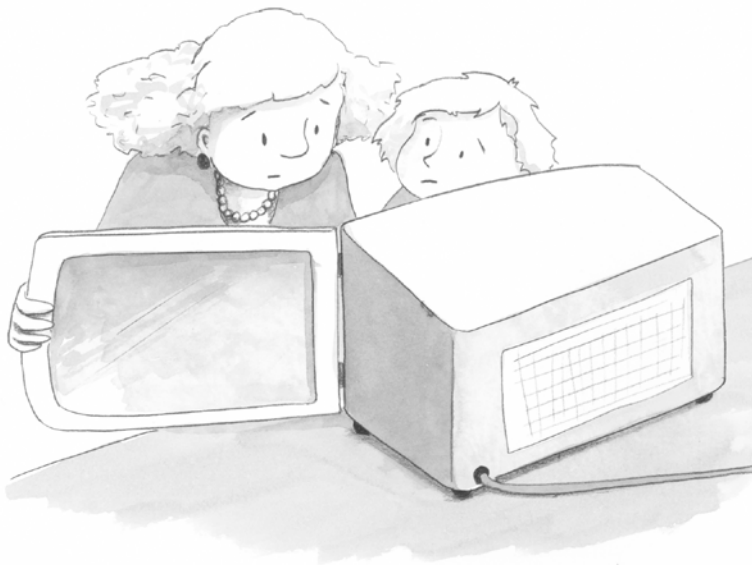


Gags marches into the kitchen.

“Hmph,” she mutters as she stares at  
the piles of breakfast dishes in the sink  
... and beside the sink ... and on the  
stove...

I help her to stack the dishwasher.





We scrub off the crusty dried-on bits  
of dog food on Leisha's bowl.

I show her where Dad exploded my  
porridge in the  
microwave. We  
shake our heads  
together.



"Hmph," we say.

Gags pokes her head into my bedroom. It looks quite clean.

“Hmph,” Gags says as she opens the wardrobe. A tennis ball rolls out and hits her on the head. There’s a rumbling and a tumbling, then shoes and pyjamas and books and furry animals all topple out.

“Hmph,” she says as she looks under the bed and pulls out the hidden things.

Gags points. My face feels all hot. I quietly start to pick them up.