



The carrot
factory



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The music in the audio recordings was composed by Rachel Jamieson – find out more at www.racheljamieson.com.



The narrator was Christopher Jamieson – www.christopherjamieson.co.uk.



Some of the pictures were drawn by Samantha Purkis. Find her etsy shop at www.etsy.com/uk/shop/LittlePaperTrails.



The legal bit

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Before you start

These booklets contain ...

The text of the story, in case you'd like to read it to your child yourself.

A sheet for colouring in while listening to the story.

Some simple sentences inspired by the story, for new readers.

Some quiz questions and activities.

You may want to print the colouring-in sheet. In some cases, you may want to print the activity sheet too. These are always in black and white, so they should print on any printer, and won't use much ink.

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The carrot factory

In the main hall at Carter's carrot factory, Miss Davis was busy putting on her rubber gloves and getting out her paint brush. All round the hall, other people were doing the same. At eight o'clock, a whistle blew so that everyone knew it was time to start, and the day's first load of carrots was brought into the factory.

Miss Davis knew the job inside out. Every day the carrots were brought fresh from the farm. The first job was to wash them and get rid of all the mud. Next, they went to the sharpening department, where they went through big pencil sharpeners to make them the right shape, and from there they came to Miss Davis's own department to be painted all over with orange paint.

Outside the carrot factory, not many people knew that when the carrots were dug up out of the ground they were square and blue, and so they didn't realise how much work was needed to make the sort of carrots people expected to find in the shops. Nor did they realise how much more work was needed to make carrots for the corner greengrocer. Supermarkets were quite happy to take the carrots as soon as they had been painted, but greengrocers always insisted on having leaves glued on top, and having them soaked in muddy water before they were delivered. That, of course, was why carrots in greengrocers were so much more expensive.

'I wonder,' thought Miss Davis to herself, as she dipped her brush into the paint pot, 'I wonder how many carrots I've painted since I've been working here. It must be an awful lot.'

And the more she thought about how many carrots she must have painted in the 20 years that she'd been with Carter's Carrots, the more she realised how boring it was, painting carrot after carrot, day after day, and the more she wished she could do something a bit more exciting.

She was still thinking about the problem as she settled down in bed that evening. And it was then that she had a brilliant idea.

If anyone had looked closely the following day, they would have seen Miss Davis sneaking into the factory with a rather bigger packet of sandwiches than usual – one with some rather

unusual lumps and bumps in it. Miss Davis sat down in her usual place, put her sandwich packet under the bench, and, carefully checking to see that no one was looking, reached inside and took out ... several tins of paint.

Two hours later, Terry Jones in the packing department had a worried expression on his face. He was trying to remember what he'd been told when they taught him how to do his job. What were you supposed to do if you found a carrot that wasn't orange? More to the point, what were you supposed to do when you found one that was green, one that was red, one that was yellow and one that was purple? And in fact, it was even worse than that, because there wasn't just one of each colour – there were piles of them. Anyway, there wasn't time to do anything about it now. Mr Carter had just told him that they'd had a very urgent order from Doorway's supermarket, and the carrots had to be sent out in the next ten minutes. There was nothing for it; he'd just have to send them out as they were.

'What!!!' said Mrs Phipps, the manager at Doorways. 'Green carrots? Red carrots? Purple carrots? What are we supposed to do with those? Who's going to buy carrots that aren't orange? I'm going to have a word with that Mr Carter. Is he trying to ruin us?'

'Er, but, er, er, in the meantime, madam, er, what are we going to do,' asked the shop assistant. 'We haven't got any other carrots, and the shop's due to open in five minutes.'

'Well, I suppose we'll just have to put out these carrots for the time being and hope that no one notices,' said Mrs Phipps, and she stormed off to her office.

Mrs Phipps was still trying to get through to Carter's Carrot Factory ten minutes later when a noise in the shop caught her attention.

'I want them for my little Eric.'

'Well, you can't have them. I got them first, and I'm going to have them for my dinner party tonight.'

'Well you may have got them first, but I've got them now, and I'm going to make soup with them.'

Mrs Phipps looked out of her window to see what was going on. The shop was so crowded that people could hardly move. Everywhere, there were people with coloured carrots in their shopping trolleys. There was a queue at the vegetable counter, and there were three people fighting for the only bag of coloured carrots that was left, hitting each other with their shopping bags and trying to run over each other's feet with their trolleys.

Quickly, Mrs Phipps dashed back to the phone, and tried to get through to Carter's.

Mr Carter just couldn't understand what was going on. His telephone was ringing non-stop, with people asking him for coloured carrots. 'But I tell you, we don't make coloured carrots,' he said. 'All we do is orange.'

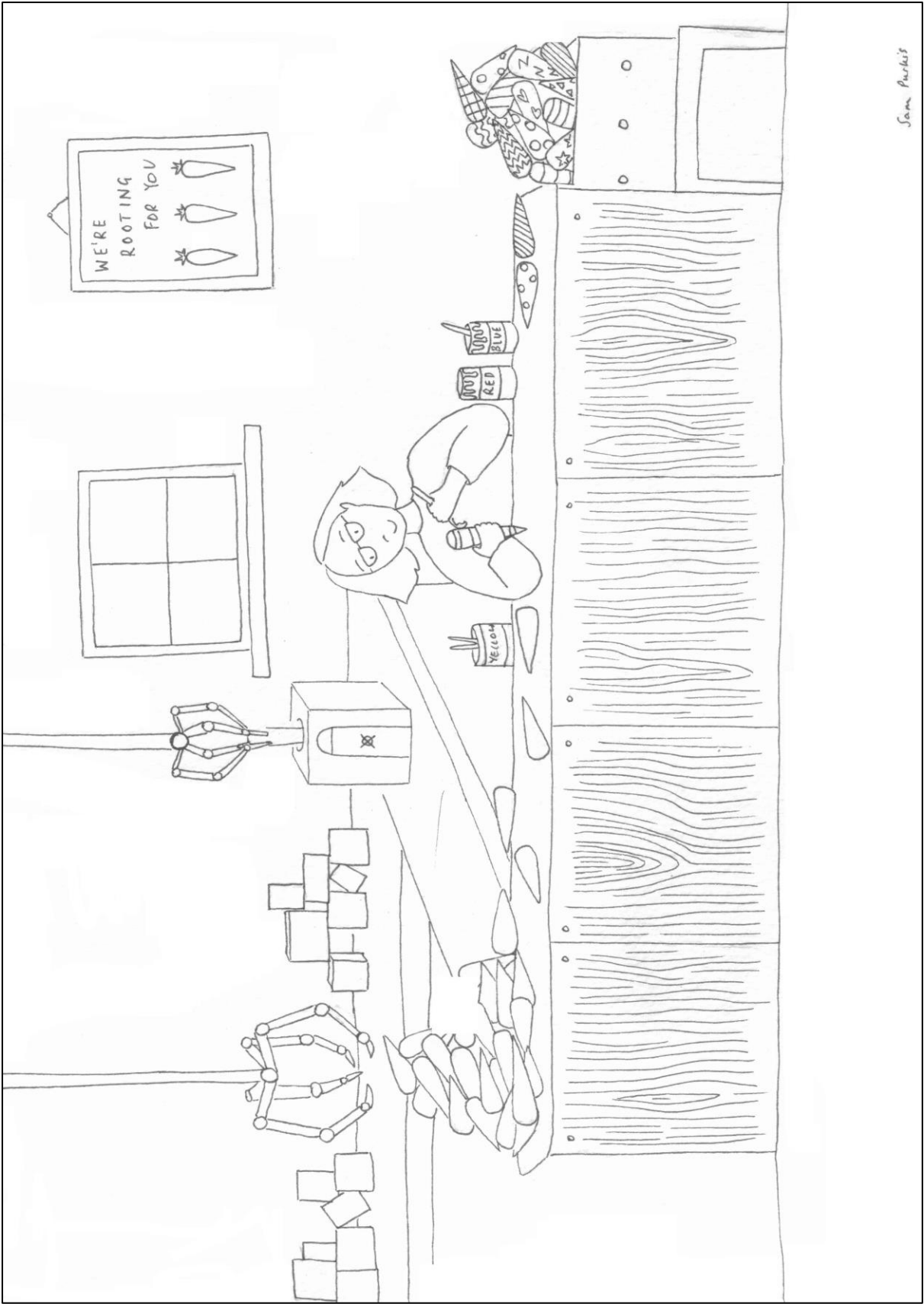
'Look,' said the voice at the other end. 'I know you make coloured carrots, because I've just seen people coming out of Doorway's supermarket with bags of them. Everyone's going to Doorway's instead of my supermarket. I've just got to have some coloured carrots, and I've got to have them straight away. I don't care how much it costs – just get me some coloured carrots.'

Mr Carter put down the phone and went down to the paint department. 'I'm not sure what's been going on,' he said, 'but it seems that not all the carrots we're making are orange. Can anybody tell me what's happening?'

'I'm afraid it was me,' Miss Davis admitted. 'You see, I'd worked out yesterday that I'd painted five million four hundred and thirty three thousand seven hundred and nine orange carrots since I started work here, and I just had to have a change. I'm very sorry, sir. It won't happen again.'

'Sorry?' said Mr Carter. 'But Miss Davis, my dear old thing, there's nothing to be sorry about. People are going absolutely crazy about your coloured carrots. I can sell all the carrots you can make – and more. Look, I need someone like you in charge of research – that was a positively brilliant idea of yours. Positively brilliant. What do you say – would you be willing to stop working down here painting carrots, and move up into the offices so that you could spend your time thinking up new ideas for me? It would mean a pay-rise of course, and you could have as many free carrots as you could eat.'

So that's what Miss Davis did. It made a lovely change from painting carrots every day, and Carter's carrots soon became famous. People from all over the world would send in orders, and the Queen used to insist on having Carter's carrots whenever she had anyone important coming to tea. So if you ever come across purple carrots with yellow stripes, or black carrots with silver stars on them, you can be sure that Miss Davis had something to do with it.



Sam Purkis

For new readers

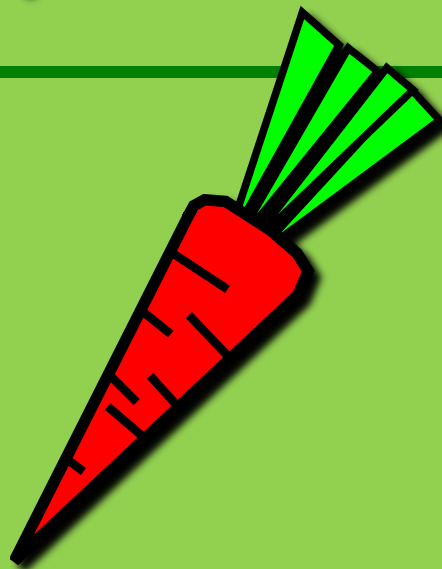
This is a carrot.

It is ok.



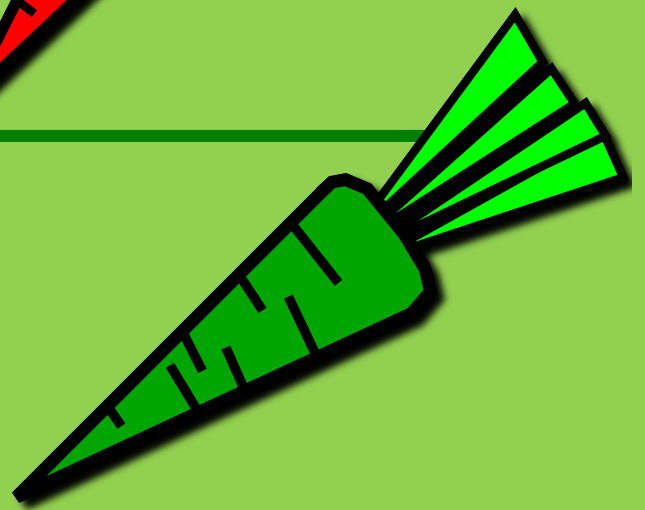
This carrot is red.

It is odd.



This carrot is green.

It is odd too.



Here are some quiz questions. You get ten points for each answer you get right.

Some questions about the story

What time did everyone start work at the factory?

What was the name of the lady in the story?

What was her job?

What rewards did Mr Carter say the lady in the story could have?

Some other questions

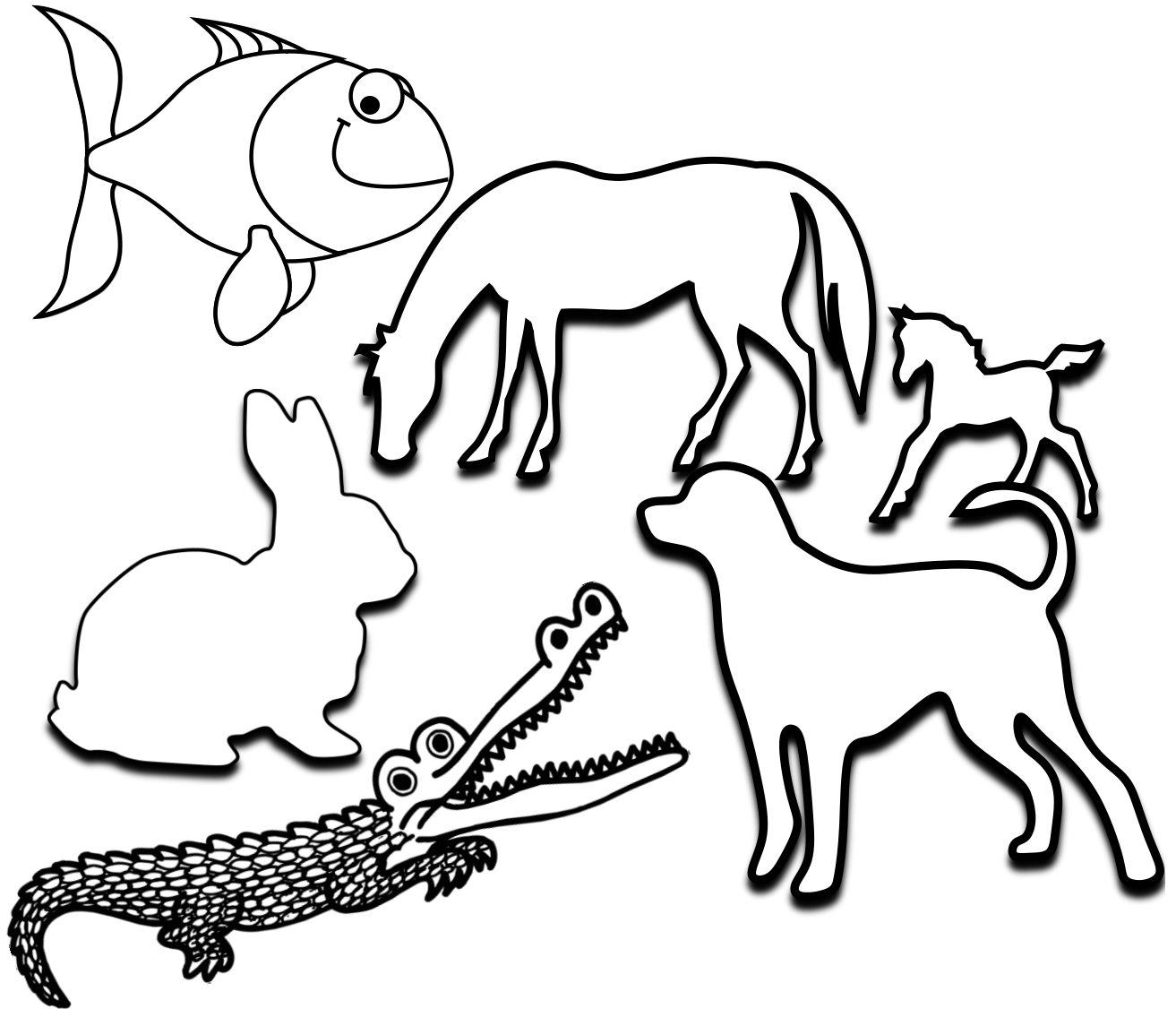
The carrots came from a carrot factory. Can you think of anything else which is made in a factory?

Do you think the story was true, or was it made up?

Are carrots really blue when you dig them up?

I have three carrots. I eat one for tea. How many have I got left?

Here are some animals. Do you know their names?



Colour them in. Ask a grown up to tell you how many points you got for your colouring in.

Which ones of them like to eat carrots? (10 points each)

That's the end of the quiz

How many points did you get?