

ADVENTURES with GRANDAD

Celebrating
10
years
of Boy and Grandad

FOUR CLASSIC STORIES

Sam Usher

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ADVENTURES
with
GRANDAD



CONTENTS

Foreword by Sam Usher

SNOW

RAIN

SUN

STORM



FOREWORD

Sam Usher

It started in 2011 – I was trying to make my way as an illustrator, a couple of years out of art school. I remember taking the train into Paddington, looking out over the city and seeing hundreds of thousands of windows. I thought, behind one of those windows must be an empty room I could move into. But how to find it? Then I came across an advert – two step-daughters advertising on behalf of their step-father, James, 86. They were looking for someone to live with James, make sure he hadn't fallen over, cook a few times a week, take him for lunch and to art galleries and concerts – bring some youthful energy back into his life. In exchange they were offering a bedroom and studio space. Perfect.

I lived with James for 4 and a half years. Charles Lane became a source of inspiration and a home. *Snow*, based on my time there, published in 2014 and was followed by *Rain*, *Sun* and *Storm* to become a series, all written while living at James's. It's a thrill to see the books collected in a single volume like this to celebrate *Snow*'s tenth anniversary.

I would like to thank: Jess and Todd Trethowan who first encouraged me to reply to James; Penny Holroyde, the agent who expertly steered the first 10 years of my career; Mike Jolley and Libby Hamilton who saw the potential in *Snow*; Gen Webster and Al Ritchie who have kept the series going with aplomb; and Louise and Jenny who took a shine to me and invited me to live with their step-father, 12 years ago.

Lastly, James Mattingly – this volume is dedicated to his memory – without his open-mindedness, sense of adventure, and wisdom, these books, and my whole career wouldn't exist. But please accept my profuse apologies for the terrible cooking.

From Sam

SNOW



When I woke up
this morning, it
was snowing!

I couldn't wait to
go to the park.





All I needed to do
was dress,

wash, put my
shoes on,



and get Grandad.

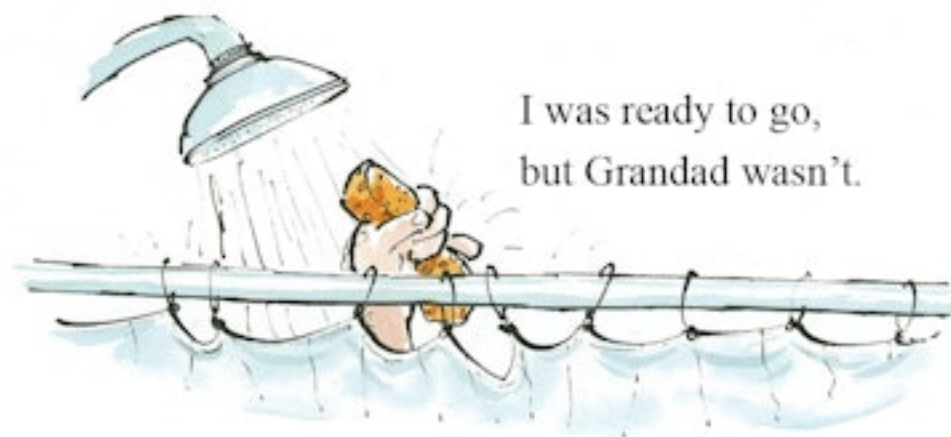


We had to get outside
in the **SNOW**...





... before anyone else.



I was ready to go,
but Grandad wasn't.

I said, "Don't forget
the snow!"



And he said,
"Don't forget your scarf."





So we weren't quick enough to be first.



Grandad was taking ages.

So I shouted,

“All the others will
get there first, Grandad —
DON'T FORGET
THE SNOW!”



And Grandad said,
“Don't forget
your hat!”





So we weren't quick enough
to go with my friends.

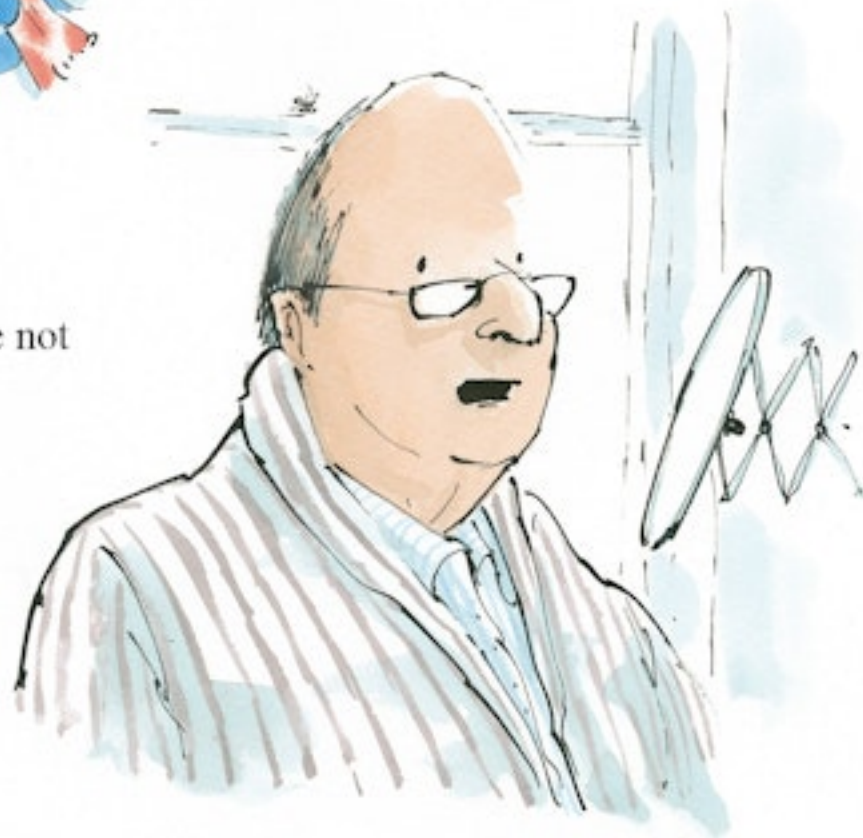




Grandad was taking
absolutely **ages**.
So I shouted,

“HURRY UP,
GRANDAD!”

And he said,
“It’s okay, we’re not
going to miss
the fun.”



But we were! I told him **all** the cats and
dogs were out there.





Grandad laughed and said the whole zoo
was probably out there.

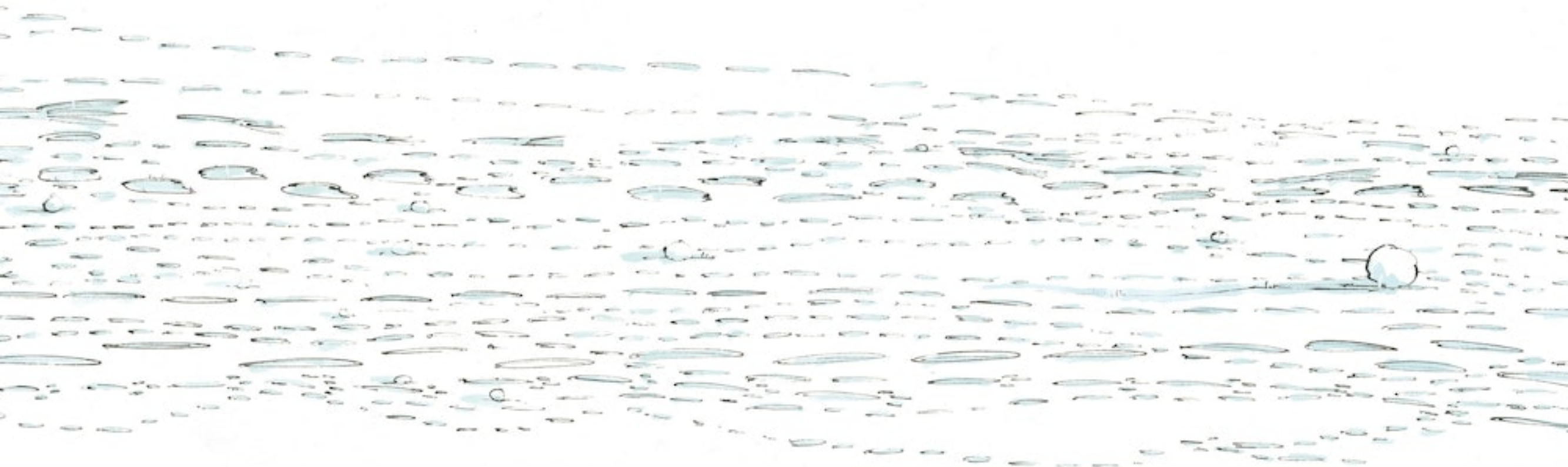


And then I saw something...



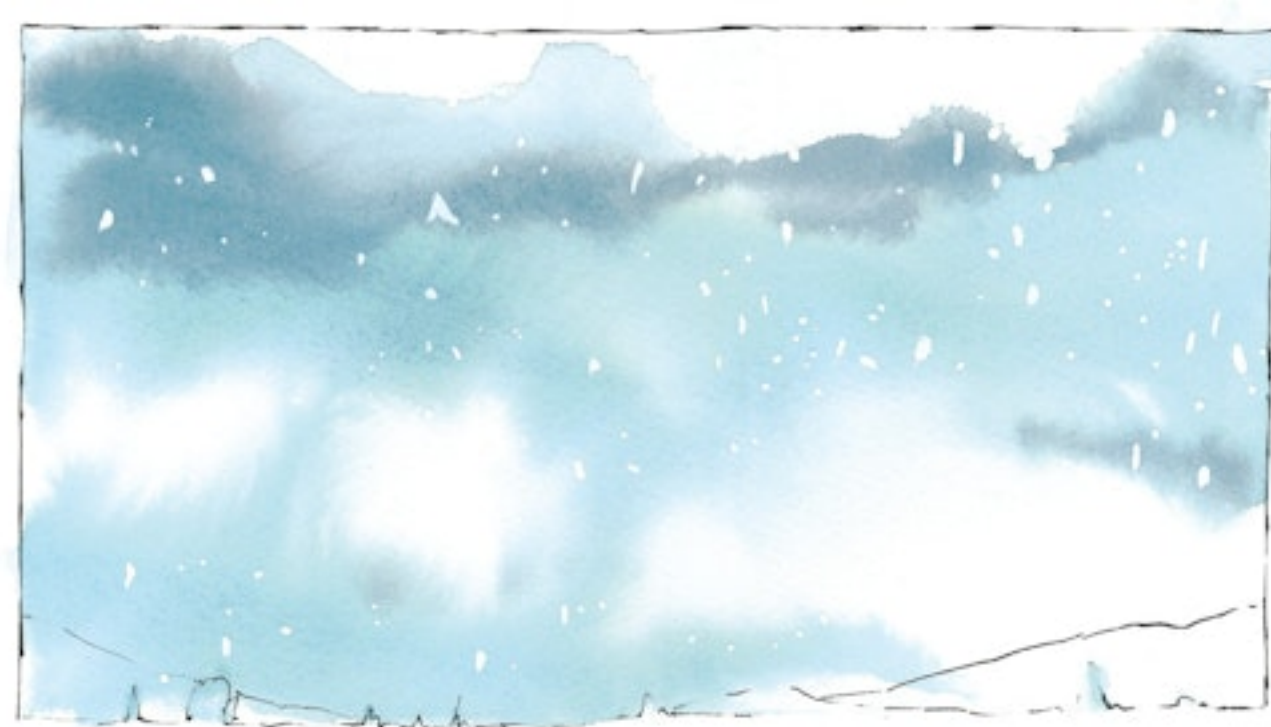


I did!





Finally, Grandad was ready.



We were off to the park.



Where I could have fun with **everyone** at last.



We played all the games you can play
in the snow.



Grandad won the snowball fight
by six slushings to four.



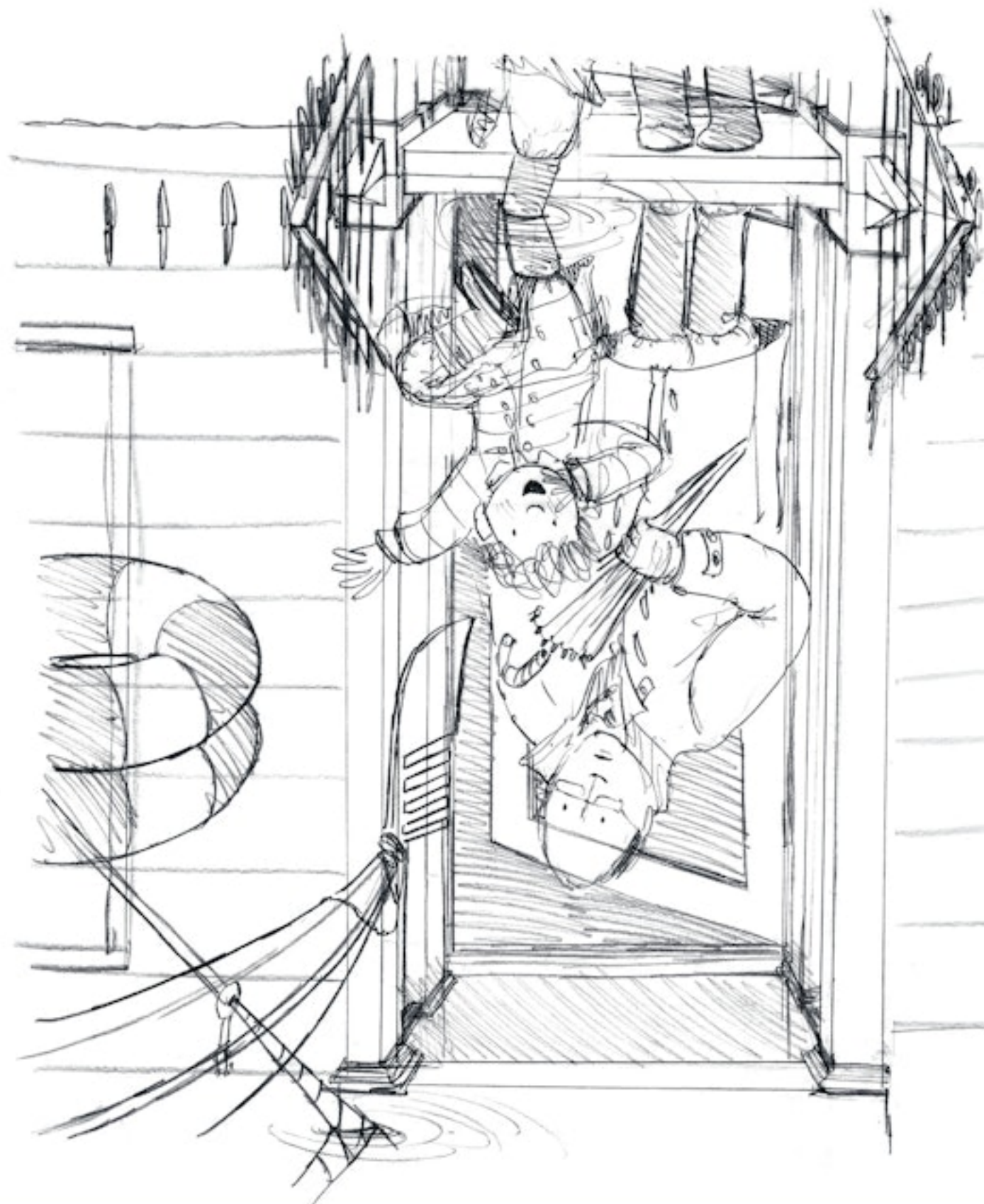
So I think he had fun too.



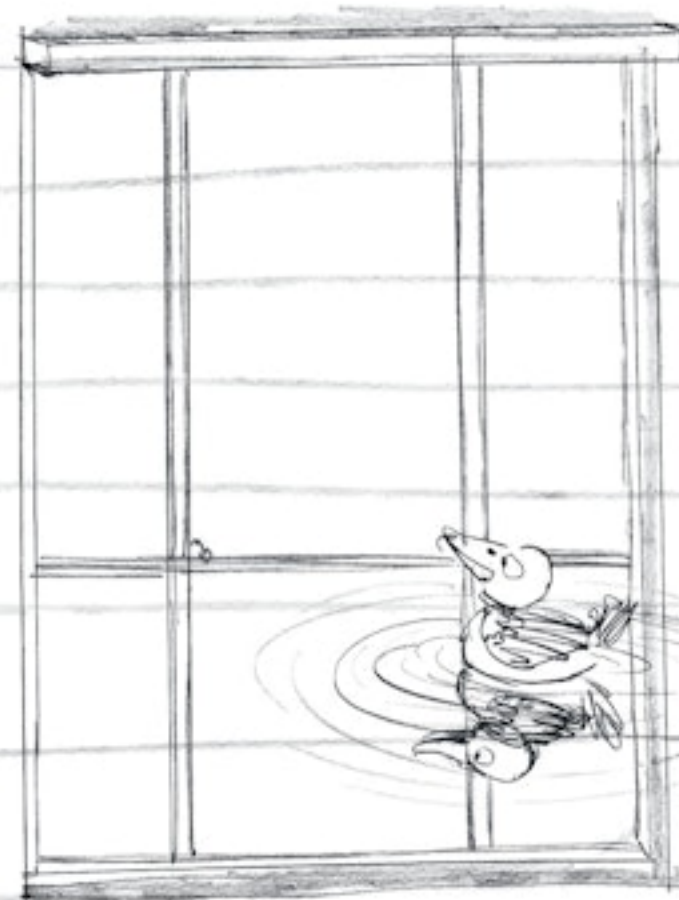


Back at home,
Grandad and
I agreed some
things are
definitely worth
waiting for.

I hope it snows
again tomorrow.



RAIN



When I woke up this morning, it was raining.

I couldn't wait to get outside.



Grandad said perhaps it was
best to stay
indoors, but I said
I LIKE going out in
the rain.



You can do catching raindrops,



splashing in puddles,



and looking at everything
upside down.



But Grandad said,



"Let's wait for the rain to stop."

Grandad said, "Let's have a rest."

And I said, "What are we
looking for, Grandad?"

And he said,
"Somewhere
with a cool
breeze."

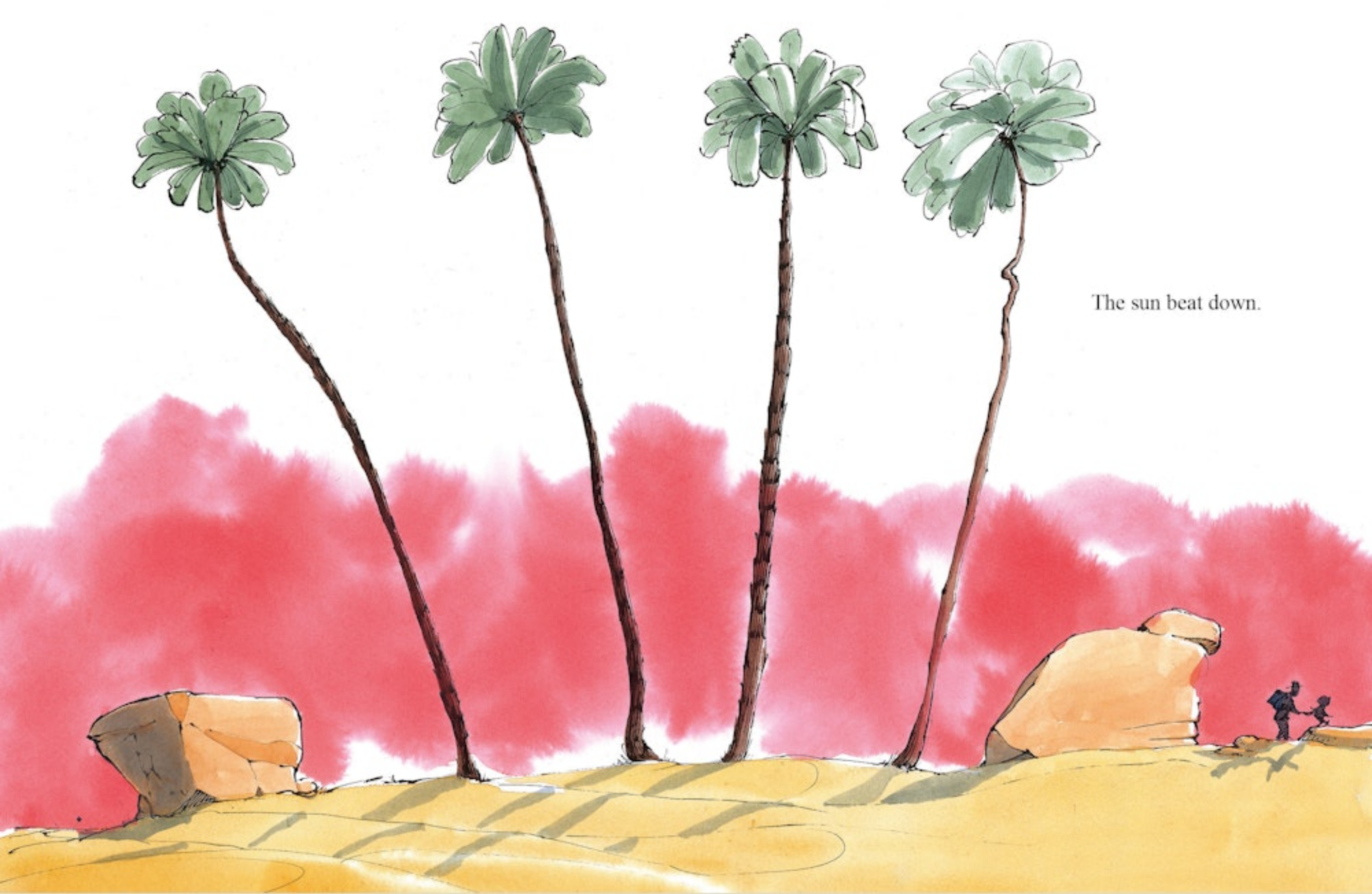


So Grandad navigated and I looked out.



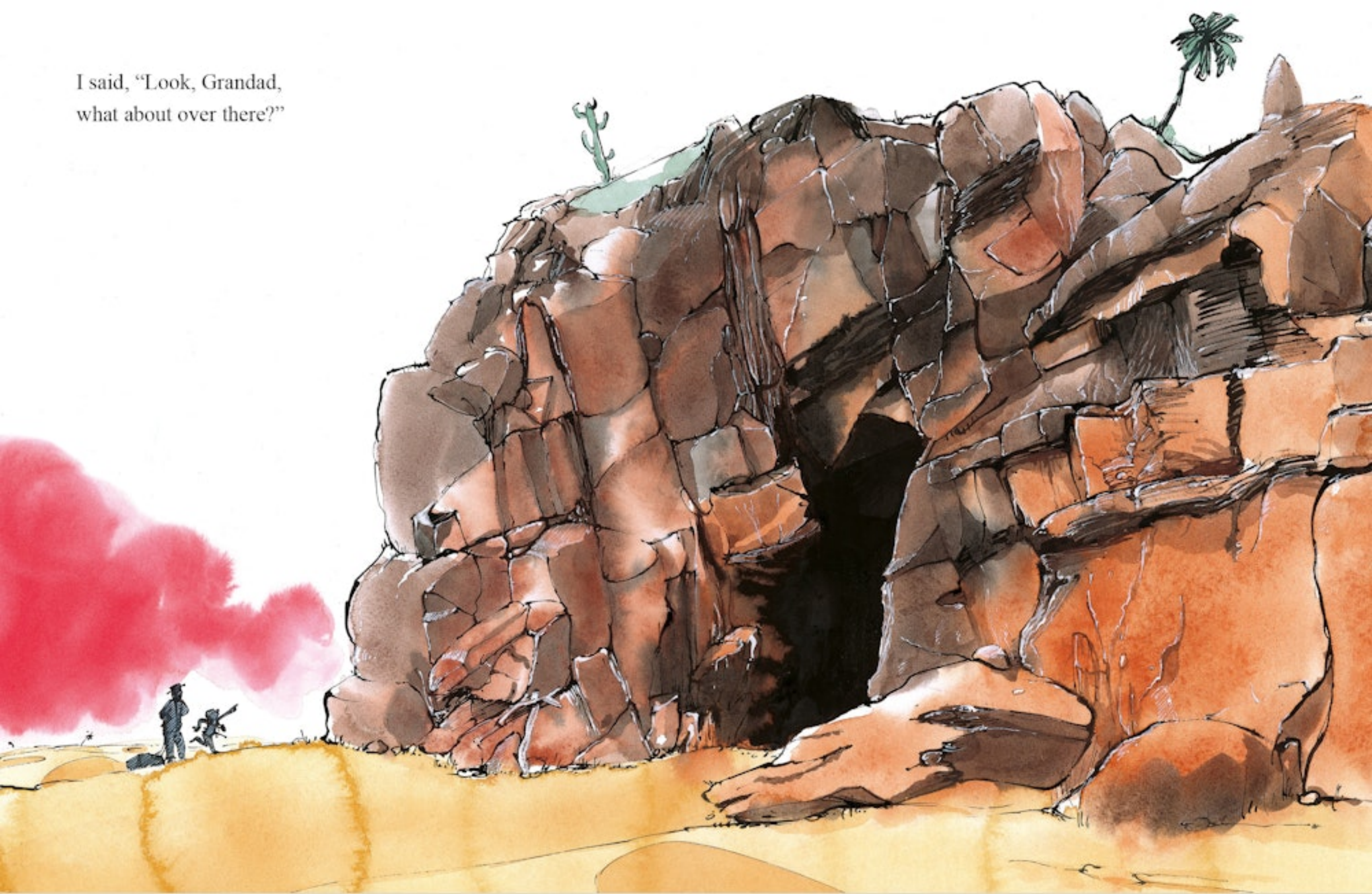
And I said, "What about this way, Grandad?"





The sun beat down.

I said, "Look, Grandad,
what about over there?"



But someone had got there first.



So we helped
them gather
their provisions.



And we
shared
the perfect
picnic
spot.





Back at home,
Grandad said,
“If you keep looking,
you never know
what you might find.”

And I agreed.

I hope it's sunny
again tomorrow.

STORM



When I woke up
this morning,
the wind was rattling
the windows.

I couldn't wait to
go outside.





I said, "Grandad! We could do kicking up the leaves,



swooping and flying



and leaning in the wind."

Grandad said, "It's the perfect day to fly the kite!
But we'll have to find it first . . ."



Outside the wind blustered and blew.





We looked for the kite in the cupboard.



I said, "Granddad, it's your cricket bat!"

I remember this!"



Granddad said,
"So do I!"

But we didn't find the kite.



And the wind huffed and howled.



So we looked in the study.



I said, "Remember when you let me post that important letter?"





And the wind whistled and whooshed.

But we still hadn't found the kite.
So we looked under the stairs and I said,
"Grandad, it's your telescope!
Do you remember our expedition?"





Grandad said, "Yes, we went into the secret cave,
and had that perfect picnic!"

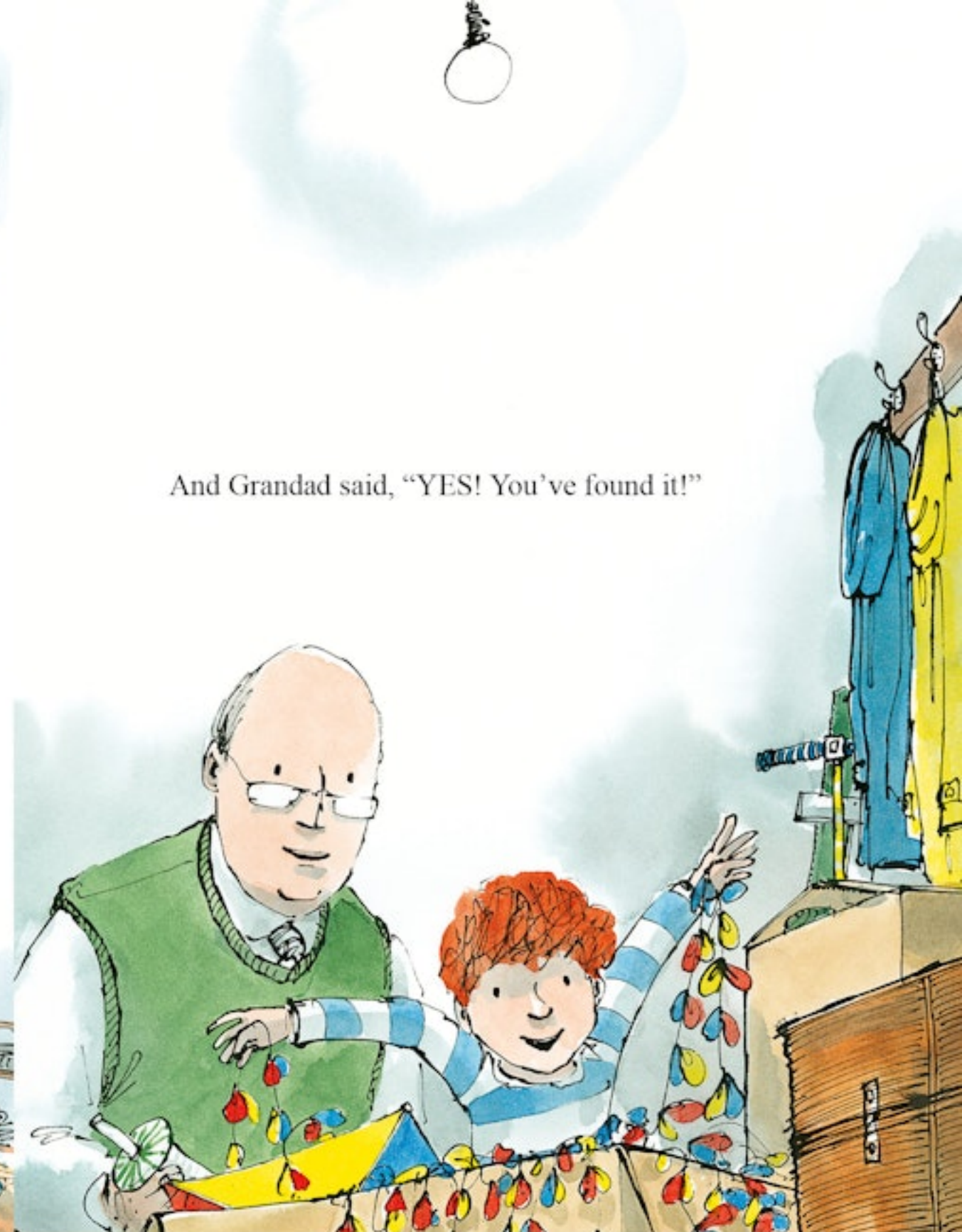


We kept on searching.
We thought we'd never
find the kite.

Then I shouted, "Grandad! Look!"



And Grandad said, "YES! You've found it!"





We were off to the park at last!



The kite flew first time.



Grandad said, "Hold on tight!"



We did swooping and flying.

Then I let go!



But Grandad
caught it.

He said,
"There's a storm brewing!
Let's head for home."



We prepared for landing.



Back at home,
Grandad said,
“The best adventure
is an adventure
shared.”

And I agreed.

I hope it's stormy
again tomorrow.



For James, 1926 — 2019.

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