



**in the picture:**  
"a state of being fully informed or noticed"  
The Concise Oxford Dictionary

Time to get equal

**scope**  
About cerebral palsy.  
For disabled people achieving equality.

# The most brilliant idea

## Transcript

Tom was hanging out with his friends Jamil and Lewis. Jamil walked like a hip-hop artist and everyone thought Lewis could be in the England squad.

Sometimes the other kids laughed at Lewis because he talked funny.

Tom didn't like bullies. He didn't like steak and kidney pie. He didn't like school and he definitely didn't like writing.

'I want you to write a story about a journey,' Mr Peterson said and he handed out the worksheets.

When Tom looked at the words on the page they swam around like the tadpoles in a pond. He tried to write a story. He really did. But his ideas got lost before he could write them down.

Tom grew angrier and angrier and angrier until he got so angry he scrunpled up his piece of paper and threw it on the floor. Then the bell rang. 'You can read them to the rest of the class tomorrow.' Mr Petersen said.

Tom's head hurt. Mr Peterson stopped him at the door. 'Just write what you can,' he said.

All the way home Tom worried about the story. Perhaps it would snow and he couldn't go in to school. No, it never snows in June. Maybe everyone's alarm clocks would fail. Now that's just silly.

He sat down to write his story. Mum was watching TV and the noise put him off. Ten minutes later and his page was still blank.

He looked up. The man on the telly looked quite cool. Suddenly Tom was sucked away from his seat, into the TV. He landed with a thump, next to the presenter. The man didn't seem at all surprised.

'I'm Jimmy,' he said.

'Tom', Tom said and he shook Jimmy's hand. He followed Jimmy to a quieter side of the studio.

'When I was in school, I thought creative writing was boring.' Jimmy said. 'The stories they read were about people and places I wasn't interested in.'

Tom listened.

'So when I was a teenager, I was really angry so I started to write for something to do. My spelling isn't great either but people liked my stories.'

'So you wrote like you spoke?' Tom asked.

'You've got it,' Jimmy said.

Just then Tom felt himself being stretched away through one of the camera lenses and was suddenly back in the living room. Tom looked around in disbelief. His mum hadn't even noticed he'd gone.

Tom was full of ideas and couldn't wait to start writing. Then he came up with the most brilliant idea.

Tom borrowed his brother's tape recorder and recorded himself reading his story out loud. He put down the mic. He had done it!

Tom listened to the tape five times so he could remember his story.

The next day in school everyone read their stories out loud. When it came to Tom's turn he didn't even need to read off his paper. He told a story about a journey into

the TV through time tunnels - he travelled to different planets, to places where no one was bullied and alien teachers rapped in maths.

Mr Peterson said he would help Tom with his grammar and spelling so that Tom could write his story down.

Everybody got a clap afterwards but Tom got the loudest of them all. A big grin spread across his face. He still didn't like bullies or school or steak and kidney pie. But perhaps writing wasn't so bad.

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