

DAY 3 RESOURCE SHEET

I have an uncle who's really brilliant; he is ace! I really like him. But I don't get to see him very often because he lives on an island called the Isle of Mull in Scotland, which is a long way away from where I live.

My uncle makes shirts for people, but he doesn't sew them together in the normal way with material and thread. He has a special shirt machine that he invented. My uncle used all sorts of things to make the shirt machine. Some were washed up on the island by the sea, some he found in a scrap yard on the other side of the island and some he was given by neighbours and some special modern technical bits that he had to send off for.

Gradually, over about ten years he collected all the bits together in an old barn next to his house and slowly fitted them together. There were pipes, taps, valves, funnels, transistors, wires, switches, pistons, gauges, cogs, wheels, levers, spinning bits, sliding bits, squashing bits and pulling bits. All of them were glued, screwed, nailed and slotted together to make the shirt machine.

Now, when he gets an idea for a new sort of shirt that he thinks will suit someone perfectly, he goes into the shirt machine room and first of all pulls the giant power switch down into the on position. **CHUNK!**

Then he sits down and eats a piece of chocolate - he says that he needs chocolate to help his brain work, and he always keeps a bar tucked into his hat band.

Then my uncle types in his idea on the keyboard of the computer at the front of the machine and tells it what to do. When all of the information is fed in, he stamps on the big green 'GO' button on the floor, by his foot. The shirt machine rumbles slightly at first and then it goes *vumperangachang, vumperangachang, vumperangachang* and then to finish it goes *zip, zip, zip, zip, zip, bop*. It's quite quick really; it only takes a little while.

The new shirt comes from a slot in the side of the machine. It is neatly wrapped in spotted wrapping paper and all ready to be posted to the person it was made for.

My uncle always writes down what sort of shirt each one is, what it does and who it was for after he makes one. Now he has a huge ledger full of details of the shirts he's produced.

The first shirt my uncle made was an edible shirt. This came in very handy for people stuck on delayed trains, who otherwise would have missed their tea. Another very popular shirt was the flying shirt. Two friends would be able to go out to a park on a Sunday afternoon and take it in turns to fly around, while the other held onto them with some string, rather like a human kite!