

It was Friday May 21st 2004, in Hackney, London. Millie, aged 3, was going on her first playschool trip. She was up at 6.30am because she was

Breakfast was a time of for her parents as they prepared her for the day out. Millie was now Off Millie went with granny to meet the others. As she waved goodbye to her parents they felt; Millie was

When they arrived at playschool, no-one was there. Was it the wrong time, the wrong day, the wrong place? Granny was Millie was

Eventually the teacher came—she'd missed her bus. Millie was first on the bench waiting for the others—she was It was 9.20am.

By 10.00am they still hadn't left; people were late, they had to visit the toilet; one girl was crying, one boy didn't have a packed lunch. Millie was

Eventually, they left—only an hour late! Millie, clutching her lunch and teddy, waved goodbye to granny. Granny felt Millie was

It was 2.00pm, time to collect Millie. Granny waited and waited; 2.30pm, 3.00pm where could they be? Granny was; mum phoned – she was

3.45pm—back came the bus! Millie climbed off, she ran to granny. 'It was fantastic.' Millie was There were lambs and cows. Best of all there were piglets! I loved it granny.'

Granny was They thanked the teachers, who felt but and set off home.

Millie talked non-stop; she was Granny listened and enjoyed everything with her.

At home, mum and dad were to have Millie back.

During tea, Millie chatted and chatted; she was very Mum and dad were

After tea, Millie went straight to bed, she was but