



Early Years Starter Pack

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Why should we tell stories?

- **Development**
Storytelling is crucial in a child's development. We live our lives through narrative and the earlier we can start, the better.
- **Communication**
Storytelling opens up channels of communication and stimulates emotional, imaginative and linguistic development. It encourages participation and develops confidence and a sense of self-esteem.
- **Language**
Storytelling surrounds the child with imaginative language, introduces unfamiliar words in a narrative context, introduces narrative structure and allows children to give voice to their own ideas in their own language.
- **Creative Writing**
When they begin to write, children exposed to storytelling will already, unconsciously, have the rules of structure and a better grasp of language. Working orally first will allow them freedom from spelling and grammar.
- **Reading**

Children introduced to books and stories read more easily and to a higher level. They will recognise ideas, concepts, structure and individual stories.

- **Concentration**
Storytelling develops concentration and listening skills.
- **Imaginative and Emotional Development**
Children can experience emotions through the safety of the story and can discover worlds and situations outside their own environment.
- **Telling their Own Stories**
Even the youngest child has a story to tell. They are natural storytellers whether from experience, imagination or memory and allowing them to tell their own and retell other stories encourages a sense of self-worth and esteem. Storytelling develops powers of imagination. Through telling their own stories, children learn to structure orally, to share and listen to their peers and to use their own language with pride.

Those are some of the reasons why we should tell stories to young children – so how do you get started?

Nursery rhymes

The earliest stories a child hears will be in the form of nursery rhymes. Rhymes, rhythm and repetition are the ways in which a child secures a grasp of language and begins to recognise patterns of sound. You can use any good book of nursery rhymes, but how about creating new verses of your own? Here are a few examples to give you the idea:

Row, row, row your boat

Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.

down the stream	if you see a crocodile don't forget to scream.
across the icy river	if you see a polar bear don't forget to shiver.
just across the lake	if you hear a hissing sound it's probably a snake.
gently to and fro	watch out, give a shout into the water you go.
gently through the mist	if you see a mummy don't forget to kiss.
gently to and fro	merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily off to sleep we go.

Two little dicky birds sitting on a wall
One called Peter, one called Paul
Fly away Peter, fly away Paul
Come back Peter, come back Paul.

Two little caterpillars sitting on a leaf
One called Brian, one called Keith

Two little butterflies flying through the air
One called Brenda, one called Blair

Little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his nose (x3)
And he flipped it and he flopped it and the fly flew away.

Floppy ears and curly whiskers (x3)
And he flipped it and he flopped it and the fly flew away.

Little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his
Tail, ears, tummy, etc.

A couple of useful books with action rhymes:

Five Little Monkeys, Zita Newcombe ISBN: 07445 98257

Tickle my Nose and Other Action Rhymes, Kaye Umansky ISBN: 01405 6263X

Songs

Using rhymes and songs is a good way to break up a storytelling session and keep the children involved with lots of action and participation. Here are some to be going on with:

The Frog Song

Mmm nnn went the little green frog one day
Mmm nnn went the little green frog
*(Mmm is pronounced just as it's written – screw up your face
Nnn is the same but stick your tongue out)*
Mmm nnn went the little green frog one day
And the frog went mmm nnn blblblbl
(waggle your fingers beside your head and waggle your tongue!)

But we know that frogs go
Clap! Na na na na na

Clap! Na na na na
Clap! Na na na na na
We know frogs go
Clap! Na na na na na
They don't go mmm nnn blblblbl

The Second Story Window

Chorus: The window, the window, the second story window
High, low, low, high
We threw it out the window.

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
She threw it out the window.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor doggie a bone
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare
So she threw him out the window.

How many more nursery rhyme characters can you find to throw out of the window?

Variations on well-known songs:

Heads and Shoulders, Knees and Toes

Start it VERY VERY slowly and speed it up.

The Grand Old Duke of York

Either: *Stand on the word "up" and sit on the word "down"*

- or:
1. Sing the whole song
 2. Sing it without the word "up"
 3. Sing it without the word "down"
 4. Sing it without the words "up" or "down"
 5. Sing the whole song again standing and sitting

Good resources for songs to use with young children:

- *Sonsense Nongs*, Michael Rosen (book & CD pack) ISBN: 0713659351
- *Peek-a-Boogie Song-Stretching Activities for Children's Favourite Tunes*, Pamela Ott ISBN: 076197543 8

Rapping

Raps provide a fun way to present old stories in a new and interactive format. There are lots of books on rapping, but it's easy to create your own.

Things to try:

- Tell the story of the **Little Red Hen** and then '**Little Red Hen Rap**' from *Three Singing Pigs* by Kay Umansky
ISBN: 0713638044
- Tell the story of '**The Enormous Turnip**' and then try Kaye Umansky's version from *Three Singing Pigs*
- Tell the story of the **Three Bears** and then 'The Three Bears Rap' from *Here, There and Everywhere* by Liz Weir ISBN: 0862788692

After that, try making your own rap or rhythmic version of well-known stories.

Telling stories

There really is a difference between *reading* a story and *telling* a story.

Most adults working with children will read books and stories to the young people in their charge. Somehow, they seem to think that it's easier – that the book is a safety blanket in case they forget the story. But it is not – it's a barrier. It inhibits the direct communication and contact between teller and listener – the most powerful tool the storyteller has. Having permanent eye-contact with an audience creates a bond and togetherness and a concentration on the story itself. If you have only ever read stories to children, then try telling a story and notice the difference.

At the end of this pack are some stories for you to learn, tell and adapt for yourself.

Techniques for learning a story to tell

If you are used to reading, but not telling stories, try the following:

- Read a story through but visualise it really strongly. You need to have a mental picture of the story as though it is a film, not words on a page. You are simply going to narrate that 'film', not learn a script.

- Find seven words (it might be 6 or 8) that will guide you through the main points of the story. It will help you to structure your telling.
- Tell yourself the story in one minute – just the outline of the story.
- Tell it again, but filling it out in your own words.
- Go back to the printed version to see if there is anything important which you have left out.
- Learn any repeated phrases or rhymes.
- Make sure you know how to begin and end the story well.
- Tell the story again.
- Keep telling the story to yourself, the cat, or any friend who will listen.
- When you feel confident, tell it to the children.

Participative stories

It is easier to keep children's concentration by using stories which encourage lots of participation, especially when it involves rhyme, song and repetition. Seek out stories which naturally have an element of participation, or add your own ideas with songs or rhymes.

'The Fat Cat'

This is a highly participative story which I contributed to *Tales on the Tongue*, available from the Scottish Storytelling Centre. Only the stories at the beginning of the book are suitable for the very young ones, but 'The Fat Cat' is my interpretation of a traditional tale which you can tell and change to fit your own location.

Useful books for finding stories:

Boom Chicka Boom, Liz Weir ISBN: 0862784174

Shake-it-up Tales! Stories to Sing, Dance, Drum and Act Out, Margaret Read MacDonald ISBN: 0874835704

Joining In, Teresa Miller ISBN: 0 9387 5621 4

A Band of Joining-in Stories, Pat Thomson ISBN: 0 3854 0543 X

The Singing Sack, Helen East ISBN: 0713658053

Plus Liz Weir's *Here, There and Everywhere* and Kaye Umansky's *Three Singing Pigs* as already mentioned.

Stories to develop listening and concentration skills

Children also need to be introduced to stories which require them just to sit, listen and concentrate. These should be short, with an arresting opening and satisfying ending which leaves the children in a secure place.

Two suggestions to use from *Tales on the Tongue* are '**How Bear Lost his Tail**' and '**The Snowdrop**', contributed by Judy Paterson and Ruth Kirkpatrick. They can be found at the end of this section, but you will also find versions of the same stories in Liz Weir's two books, so look at the way stories change with each teller.

Other sources for good, tellable stories:

- *The Story Tree*, Hugh Lupton ISBN: 18414 83117
- *Folk Tales of the World (various)*, Joanna Troughton
A series of individual picture books with easy-to-learn and tell stories. Published by Penguin.
- *Tales for the Telling*, Leila Berg ISBN: 0416250807
- *Listen to This Story*, Grace Hallworth ISBN: 0416832202

Using props with storytelling

Props and puppets are useful when storytelling with young children and can enhance the meaning or presentation of a story. Soft toys, puppets, musical instruments and non-specific props, such as a scarf, can all be effective. However, the story should be the focus. Beware of allowing anything to get in the way, and detract from the meaning and value of the story itself.

A very useful sources for supplying puppets is www.puppetsbypost.com

Other simple ideas for using props:

- Tell the story of 'The Pedlar and the Hats' using a variety of hats for the children to throw (the story is at the end of this section).
- Use simple instruments to create music (if you can) but also to add sound effects.
- Use a drum to add effect and rhythm.
- Use a felt board with characters to tell a story. You can make these yourself or buy the commercially produced variety, which are available from Puppetsbypost for many well-known fairytales.
- Create different characters by using a scarf, hat, shawl, jacket, etc.

- Illustrations which can enhance the meaning of the story can be useful, without recourse to using a picture book.
- Make a collection of small objects which can suggest, represent or spark off a story.

Follow-on ideas for storytelling

With children in nursery, try to think of stories which you can tell throughout the day, not just for a storytelling session, but in other areas:

- Cooking, e.g. 'The Gingerbread Man'
- Snack time, e.g. 'Sally and the Apple' from *Tales on the Tongue*
- Dressing up – any story connected with the costumes you have
- Sand and water, e.g. 'The Mermaid's Gift' from *Here, There and Everywhere*

Give the children an object and ask them to tell you

- what it is
- where they found it/how they got it/who gave it to them

Tell the children a story several times and have them act out the story.

The children could draw the story and then try to tell it using their picture. This can be done individually or in pairs or small groups. Let the children tell a story using a felt-board.

Create storyboxes, using puppets, pictures, objects. Let the children use them to tell and create stories.

Involving parents

- Have a storytelling festival
- Run workshops on storytelling for parents to try out and improve their own skills and confidence.
- Ask the parents to tell family stories to their children, which can then be retold to the class.
- Invite parents and grandparents into the class to share their own family stories with the children.

A Fat Cat – Edinburgh Version

There was once a cat, a rather fat cat called Marmalade-Sue, who lived in Jackson's Close just off the Royal Mile in the centre of Edinburgh. It's very historic, always full of tourists and it's also full of cafés and tea shops where they can stop for something to eat.

The tea shops were a favourite haunt of Marmalade-Sue. Every day she would walk up and down the Royal Mile, visiting all the cafés and looking for something to eat, and there was always someone who would give her a piece of cream cake, a bit of scone or a taste of chocolate éclair. But Marmalade-Sue was a very greedy cat and she never knew when she'd had enough, and one day, when all the tea shops had closed, she went to visit her friend, Ginger, the cat who belonged to the local butcher.

"Have you got anything to eat?" she asked. "I'm hungry."
"You're in luck," said Ginger. "I've rescued some pies and sausages that were being thrown out. I thought you would be down looking for food. Here you are – three mutton pies and seventeen sausages."

Marmalade-Sue opened her mouth and swallowed them all down at once. (*Slurp*) Then she looked at Ginger and she said:

"I have eaten 3 mutton pies and seventeen sausages
 But I'M STILL HUNGRY, so now I'm going to eat
 YOU!!"

And she swallowed down Ginger the cat. (*Slurp*)

She was now looking and feeling so fat and she waddled back onto the Royal Mile and flopped down on the pavement. She was so fat that she stretched right across the pavement from the buildings to the road. A mother was coming along with her baby in a buggy and the baby was crying because he was hungry (*waa-waa*). The mother looked at Marmalade-Sue and said:

"Excuse me, would you mind moving please as I can't get past with the buggy and I need to get home to feed the baby."

Marmalade-Sue looked at the mother and she said:

"I have eaten 3 mutton pies, seventeen sausages
 And Ginger the cat
 But I'M STILL HUNGRY, so now I'm going to eat
 YOU!!"

And she swallowed down the mother, the baby and the buggy. (*Slurp*)

She was now so fat that she stretched right across the pavement and half way across the road. An open-topped tourist bus was just coming down the road with a driver, a guide and forty-nine passengers. The driver leaned out and said:

"Would you mind moving please. I have to get all these passengers around Edinburgh and I can't get past."

The passengers leaned out and they all shouted, "Oi, oi, oi, oi"

Marmalade-Sue looked at the driver and she said:

"I have eaten" 3 mutton pies, seventeen sausages,
 Ginger the cat
 One mother, a baby and a buggy
 But I'M STILL HUNGRY, so now I'm going to eat
 YOU!!"

And she swallowed down the bus, the driver, the guide and the forty-nine passengers. (*Slurp*)

She was now so fat that she stretched across the pavement and right across the road. Just then a pipe band came down the hill from the Castle. There were pipers and drummers and at the front was the Drum Major, twirling his baton. They were making such a loud noise (*sounds of piping and drumming*). The Drum Major shouted to the pipers and drummers to "HALT!" Then he looked at Marmalade-Sue and said:

"Would you mind moving, please. You are taking up so much room that I can't get past with the band and we are on our way to play for the Queen."

Marmalade-Sue looked at the Drum Major and she said:

"I have eaten" 3 mutton pies, seventeen sausages,
 Ginger the cat,
 One mother, a baby and a buggy,
 A bus, a driver, a guide and forty-nine passengers
 But I'M STILL HUNGRY, so now I'm going to eat
 YOU!!"

And she swallowed down the pipers, the drummers and the Drum Major. (*Slurp*)

She was now so fat that she stretched across the pavement on one side, right across the road and across the pavement on the other side. Just then, along came a wee mouse. When she saw Marmalade-Sue stretched out right across the whole of the Royal Mile she said:

"Excuse me, would you mind moving please. I can't get past and I'm trying to get to the library to look at the books."

Marmalade-Sue looked at that little mouse and she said:

"I have eaten 3 mutton pies, seventeen sausages,
 Ginger the cat
 One mother, a baby and a buggy,
 A bus, a driver, a guide and forty-nine passengers,
 A pipe band with pipers and drummers and a Drum Major
 But I'M STILL HUNGRY, so now I'm going to eat
 YOU!!"

And she swallowed down the wee mouse. (*Slurp*)

But when the mouse got down inside Marmalade-Sue's tummy, there was so much noise because

the baby was still going	<i>(waa-waa-waa)</i>
the tourists on the bus were still shouting	<i>(oi, oi, oi, oi)</i>
the pipers and drummers were still playing	<i>(bagpipe tune)</i>

The mouse couldn't stand all that noise, so she started to nibble a little hole in Marmalade-Sue's tummy. She nibbled and nibbled until it was just big enough for her to squeeze out. Then Ginger the cat made the hole a little bigger until it was just big enough for him to squeeze out. Then the mother and the baby and the buggy made it bigger still, then the bus driver, guide and passengers got out, and finally out popped the pipe band with all the players and the Drum Major.

Marmalade-Sue was left very empty, very thin and very hungry and she made her way back to the butcher's shop.

"Have you got anything to eat? I'm hungry," she said to Ginger.

"You are a very bad cat," said Ginger, "Very bad indeed. I will give you some tinned cat food, that's all, and you have to promise to stop eating people."

Marmalade-Sue promised and she did stop eating people – at least she did while she lived on the Royal Mile, but someone told me that she had moved recently to(insert somewhere local to the children). Is that anywhere near here? Oh no, really? Well if you should see a fat cat anywhere around here just be careful and get ready to run because she might just look at you and say, "I'M STILL HUNGRY, so now I'm going to eat YOU!!"

How the Bear Lost His Tail

Once, Bear had a magnificent tail – long and furry. He was so proud of it he bragged about it, "I've got *THE* most beautiful tail in the whole wide world."

Now Fox knew that his tail was the most beautiful, and one cold, bitter evening in winter he took his chance to get even with Bear for all his bragging. He sat by a fire frying three fat fish and waited.

As Bear walked through the forest, he smelt the fish and when he saw Fox frying his fish his tummy rumbled. "Please Fox spare me one of your fish."

"Oh, Bear, if you want fish you will have to catch them for yourself and since you have such a fine furry tail that will be a very easy thing to do."

"Catch fish with my tail?" said Bear.

"Oh yes," said Fox, "just sit on the river bank and drop your tail in the water. Fish are attracted to fine tails. Even I caught three! When you feel a kind of pinching you will know they are biting. The longer you keep your tail in the water the more fish you will catch."

So Bear went to the river and sat down with his tail in the water. It was very cold. Soon Bear felt a pinching and knew the fish were biting.

"Good," he said, "I shall sit here all night, for I have such a fine tail I will catch many more fish than Fox."

And that's what he did, even though the night grew colder and colder and colder, and the river froze over. It even froze Bear's tail, but he didn't know that! In the morning when he tried to get up he couldn't.

"What a lot of fish I must have caught," said Bear, grunting as he pulled. "My tail is so heavy I'll have enough fish for breakfast, lunch and dinner! I knew my tail was better than Fox's tail. I've got *THE* most beautiful tail in the whole wide world."

Bear pulled and pulled and tugged and tugged and finally, POP! He tumbled over, free. He turned to look at his tail and the fish but there was nothing there! No tail and no fish. His tail was stuck in the ice and all he had left was the wee stubby end that every bear has today.

The Snowdrop

Do you know why the snowdrop is the first flower of the year?

Long, long ago, the earth was created by the great Creator. All the animals were made, all the birds and trees, then all the flowers were given beautiful colours. Just as the Creator had finished this huge task, Snow approached the Creator shyly and, clearing his throat, said "Hugghugh, I think you've missed me out. I have no colour yet."

"Well, I am sorry, Snow, I have run out of colour because I've given the last of it to all the flowers."

"But if I have no colour I will be invisible and no one will enjoy the snow when I am here," said Snow sadly.

"Well, why don't you go and ask the flowers if one of them would share some of their colour?" suggested the Creator.

So Snow walked off down the path and, after a little while, she came to a magnificent sunshine yellow flower – and what do you think it was? (*I accept whatever is suggested, usually daffodil if telling in spring*).

Snow approached the (*daffodil*) and asked, "Excuse me, (*daffodil*), could I please have some of your sunshine yellow as I have no colour?"

"Certainly not" said the (*daffodil*), "I want to keep all my sunshine yellow to myself! Move along now, you're shading my sun."

"Oh dear," mumbled Snow as she plodded further down the path. Next she came to a flower which was a beautiful, bright blue – and what do you think it was? (*usually bluebell is suggested*). That's right, a (*bluebell*) !

"Excuse me, (*bluebell*) said Snow, as politely as she could, "could I please have some of your beautiful blue all to myself?" said the (*bluebell*).

"And just why would I do that? Get lost, you little, cold squirt, I'm keeping my beautiful blue all to myself!" said the (*bluebell*).

Poor Snow gave a big sigh and trudged further down the path. Then her breath was almost taken away by a gorgeous pretty pink flower – and what do you think it was? (*rose, hyacinth*). That's right, a (*rose, hyacinth*) !

Snow crept up to the (*rose, hyacinth*) and stuttering, said (*rose, hyacinth*) could I please have some of your pretty pink because I have no colour?"

"You must be joking," snapped the *(rose, hyacinth)* "The creator gave me this pink and I'm keeping it to myself. Now buzz off!"

By now, as you may guess, Snow was so miserable she was almost in tears. It seemed that no one would help her, when all of a sudden she heard a little, wee voice say, "Snow, Snow I will help you." She looked around and eventually spotted a small clump of snowdrops with their heads modestly bowed down.

"Would you help me?" asked Snow, amazed. "Yes," answered Snowdrop, "I will give you some of my brilliant white, so you too can be white and when you fall everything will be fantastic!"

So Snowdrop rubbed her petals and gave Snow some of her white colour.

"Oh Snowdrop, I'm so grateful to you. You will now be my best friend. Each year, when winter still has her tight grip on the earth, I will make certain that your flowers are the first to break through. Even Jack Frost or the North Wind will not harm your delicate blooms. None of those other flowers will blossom before you!"

Now, if you look closely at the petals of a snowdrop you will see some green scratches where she rubbed off her white to share it with Snow.

The Monkeys and the Hats

There was once a man called Pedro who made wonderful hats. He made hats of all kinds – caps, bonnets, rain hats, sun hats, woollen hats, straw hats, every kind of hat you can think of. He lived in a little village, a long way from anywhere with his wife and his six beautiful children.

Now when Pedro had made enough hats, he would put them all into his bag and set off for the market to sell them. But the nearest market was in the town, and it took him hours and hours to get there. He had to leave home very early and his wife would make him up a bundle with food and drink that he put on the top of the hats in his bag. Then Pedro's wife and children would wave him off on his long, long journey.

"Now make sure you go straight there," she told him. "No dawdling on the way, and DON'T fall asleep!"

"Me, fall asleep?" he said. "Of course I won't." But it was a hot day and a long walk and Pedro began to get very tired and very hungry.

"I'll just stop for a few minutes to get something to eat," he thought to himself. He found a great big tree that gave him lots of shade underneath its large spreading branches. He sat down, opened up his bundle and ate his lunch. But then, as he was so tired, he thought he would just close his eyes for five minutes, and, of course – he fell asleep! When he woke up, he jumped up very quickly.

"Oh dear," he said, "I wonder how long I've been asleep? I'll need to hurry and get on into town to sell these hats."

But when he picked up his bag – it was EMPTY! The hats had vanished. Where could they have gone?

Just then, Pedro heard a chittering and a chattering in the branches above his head and when he looked up, there in the tree were lots and lots of monkeys, little monkeys, and they were all wearing a hat!

"You little monkeys!" shouted Pedro. "Give me back my hats!"

But the monkeys showed no signs of taking off the hats; they just carried on chattering away.

"Give me back my hats!" shouted Pedro and he shook his fist at the monkeys. The monkeys just shook their fists back at him.

"Give me back my hats!" shouted Pedro again, jumping up and down with anger. The monkeys jumped up and down on the branches.

"Give me back my hats!" shouted Pedro as he waved both arms and jumped up and down in fury.

The monkeys waved both arms and jumped up and down too. Then Pedro remembered the saying 'Monkey see, monkey do' because monkeys always copy whatever they see happening. That gave Pedro the idea.

"Give me back my hats!" he shouted, and he took his own hat off and threw it down onto the ground.

All the monkeys took off the hats they were wearing and they threw them down onto the ground. All the hats came falling down from the tree and Pedro quickly went round picking them up and stuffing them back into his bag. Then he ran all the rest of the way to the town where he made it just in time to sell all his hats.

But the next time he went to the market he was much more careful. He didn't fall asleep, and before he sat down for his lunch he looked all around to make sure there weren't any monkeys watching him, because he knew all too well that 'monkey see, monkey do'.

Sally and the Apple

There was once a little girl called Sally and she was *bored, bored, bored*.

Her mother suggested all kinds of things for her to do – playing on her bike, painting, going out to play with her friend, cleaning her room! – but nothing worked, she was just *bored*.

Eventually her mother said, "I know what you can do. Why don't you go and look for a little red house with no windows and no doors and a star inside."

"A little red house, with no windows and no doors and a star inside," said Sally. "Where will I find that?"

"That's for you to work out," said her mother.

So Sally went to see the man next door because he was old and wise and knew everything.

"Mr. Martin," said Sally, "Mummy says that I've got to look for a little red house with no windows and no doors and a star inside. Do you know where I'll find one?"

"A little red house with no windows and no doors and a star inside," said Mr. Martin. "I've no idea, but why don't you go and ask the farmer. He's got lots of houses on his land maybe he will know."

So Sally went to see the farmer. She knocked at the farmhouse door.

"Hello Mr Brown," said Sally. "Mummy says I've got to find a little red house with no windows and no doors and a star inside. Do you know where I'll find one?"

"Let me see," said Mr Brown. "I've got a house with a red door on my land, but I don't have any houses without windows or doors, and I don't know whether any of them have a star inside. Why don't you go and ask your Granny, she's a very clever lady, she's bound to know where to find one."
So Sally went to her Granny's house.

"Granny," said Sally "Mummy says I've got to find a little red house with no windows and no doors and a star inside. Do you know where I'll find one?"

"Well," said Granny. "I might just know, but why don't you go and ask the wind."

"The wind?" said Sally. "How do I do that?"

"You know that hill at the bottom of my garden," said Granny. "Well go to the top of that and shout loudly and ask the wind."

So Sally went to the bottom of Granny's garden and she climbed to the top of the hill and then she shouted:

"Wind! I've got to find *a little red house with no windows and no doors and a star inside*. Can you help me to find it?"

Just then the wind began to blow and it blew the branches of a tree at the top of the hill. The branches swayed and moved in the wind and suddenly PLOP! Down at Sally's feet fell...
an apple!

Sally picked up the apple and took it into Granny. "Look what the wind has given Me," she said. "It's a little red house and it's got no windows and no doors, but it hasn't got a star inside."

"Are you sure?" asked Granny. She took a knife from the drawer and took the apple and cut it in half across the middle. And do you know what was inside? **A star!**

Bea Ferguson 2007

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