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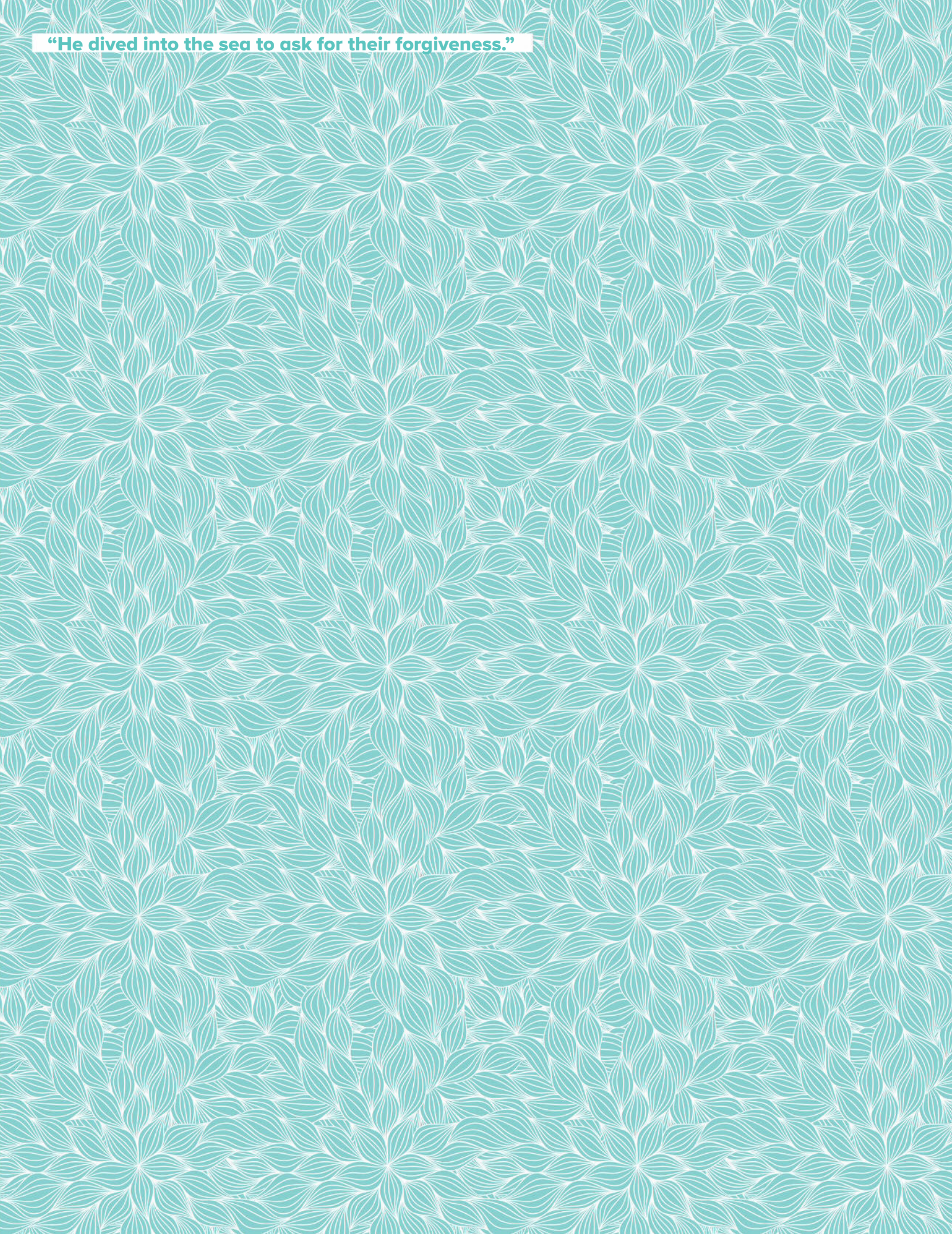
A detailed illustration of a young woman with long, flowing blonde hair, wearing a green medieval-style dress with a brown belt and a crown with yellow and blue jewels. She is sleeping peacefully in a purple ornate chair, holding a pink rose. In the background, a large wooden spinning wheel is visible. To the right, a circular inset shows a grey mouse wearing a red hat and a red collar, holding a small basket. The overall background is a vibrant teal color with stylized floral and leaf patterns.

CAT AND MOUSE! Should this
sweet little mouse trust a cat?

Sleeping Beauty

Gulliver's Travels, The Farmer's Horse,
a Rudyard Kipling poem, Puzzles & More!

“He dived into the sea to ask for their forgiveness.”



*Pack your cases, we're
going on an adventure!*

Fancy a trip to the farm?
What about a fairy-tale castle?
Or New Zealand? Peru? Lilliput?
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Let the adventure begin...

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The Farmer's Horse

One wintry afternoon, a kind farmer was doing the rounds, feeding and checking on all his animals.

He decided to take his favourite sheepdog's new puppy with him, so that the little dog could get used to the strange sights, sounds and smells of the farmyard. First, they checked on the sheep in the meadow. The frisky little pup barked with excitement when they greeted him with a chorus of *baaas* and he tried to herd them, just like he had seen his mummy do.



Then they checked on the chickens, and the pup sniffed at them excitedly and wagged his tail – but ran away whenever they pecked near his feet.

Next, they checked on the cows and when they all gave a loud *mooo*, the pup hid behind the farmer's legs, peeping out every now and again.

Finally, they came to the stables where the farmer kept his favourite horse – she was a splendid chestnut-brown mare with a long, glossy mane. She would often carry the farmer to town, clip-clopping along the road, proudly swishing her silky mane.

The farmer fed the mare well and always gave her plenty of attention – more than any other farm animal.



When the farmer appeared with the excitable puppy at his heel, the mare wondered what this new little creature might be. The farmer patted the horse on the nose and said hello to the stable boy, who was busily moving hay with his pitchfork. ➡



Then, rather than fussing over his mare as usual, the farmer sat down on a bale of hay. As soon as he did so, the playful little pup pranced and frisked around on its back legs, then ran circles around the farmer's feet.

The farmer and stable boy chuckled to see the puppy so excited, and they stroked behind his ears and patted his head. Enjoying the attention, the cheeky pup let out a high-pitched

yap and jumped onto the farmer's lap, where the farmer fed him treats and stroked the little dog's tummy.

"So this is how I get all the attention now!" thought the farmer's horse, and she broke loose from her stable, reared onto her hind legs and began to dance about just as she had seen the puppy do.



TRY IT!

In this story, the horse pretends to be a puppy. Pretend to be an animal using only actions and no sounds – can your friends or family guess what you are?

The farmer and stable boy doubled over with laughter at the sight, which encouraged the mare to dance and prance even more. Then, when the horse couldn't hold herself up any longer, she placed her hooves on the farmer's shoulders and tried to climb up onto his lap!

The little dog yelped and, fearing that the farmer and his new puppy would be crushed, the stable boy rushed

over with his pitchfork and shouted at the horse to get down. The horse was led into her stable again and put in a harness. She didn't get any treats or fuss that night – and the farmer was quite afraid to ride her.

That day, the farmer's horse learnt that it's better to win the affection and admiration of others by being yourself, rather than by copying someone else. 🌀



The Camel's Hump

by Rudyard Kipling

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.



Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump - Cameelious hump -
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,
And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
When we get the hump - Cameelious hump -
The hump that is black and blue! ➡



The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
Have lifted the hump - the horrible hump -
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo!
We all get the hump - Cameelious hump -
Kiddies and grown-ups too!





Word Wise

Did you know that 'djinn' is another word for genie?
And have you heard the words 'frowst' or 'frouzly' before?
'Frowst' means to sit in a hot, stuffy room, and 'frouzly' was
invented by Rudyard Kipling. **We think it means fuzzy
and tired – what do you think?**

Cat and Mouse

You might not believe it, but there was once a tabby cat, who decided to make friends with the little grey mouse who lived just around the corner.

Naturally, at first the little mouse was very timid – she had spent most of her life running away from cats, but the tabby cat was so pleasant, and spoke so kindly of how clever and brave the little grey mouse was, that she was soon thoroughly charmed.

After a few weeks of meeting for afternoon tea and a chat, the cat invited the mouse to come and live with her. “We’ll have such fun together!” the cat said, smiling, and the mouse agreed.

“But winter is not far away,” said the cat. “We should gather some supplies, so we don’t starve.”



On the morning the mouse was moving into the cat’s home, she spotted a pot of thick cream on



someone's doorstep. "That will be perfect for winter!" she thought, and the smart little mouse tipped the pot over and rolled it all the way to the cat's house.

The cat was delighted. "We must hide it where nobody can find it. This will keep us going all winter." They both thought long and hard. "I've got just the place!" said the mouse. "Let's hide it under the altar in the church at the end of the street. Nobody ever looks there!"

And so the pair rolled the heavy pot down the street, all the way up the aisle of the church, and then tucked it away under the altar.

They promised each other that they wouldn't touch it until they absolutely needed it.



A few weeks went by and the cat found that she couldn't stop thinking about the cream. She longed for it so badly that, one morning, she said to the mouse, "I forgot to mention, my cousin has had a kitten and they invited me to the christening at the church today. Do you mind if I go?"

"Of course not!" said the mouse. "You go and enjoy yourself and, if you see anything good to eat, bring me back a crumb or two!" →



The cat said goodbye, then stalked up the street to the church, crept up the aisle and sneaked under the altar. She peeled back the lid of the pot and licked the thickest, creamiest bit off the top. It was even more delicious than she had imagined! She spent the rest of the day lazing in a sunny spot on the church roof, licking her whiskers.

When she returned in the evening, the mouse said, “You look like you’ve had fun! Was it a good day?”

“Indeed it was,” grinned the cat.

“What did they call their kitten?”

The cat hesitated for a second then said, “Oh, mmm... Top-Off.”

“Top-Off?” laughed the mouse. “What an unusual name!”



A few weeks passed and the cat found herself thinking about the pot of cream again, so she said to the mouse, “I’ve just heard that another of my cousins has had a kitten and it’s being christened today. Would you mind if I went?”





“Not at all!” said the mouse. “You enjoy yourself; I’ll tidy up here.”

“Oh, I will!” smiled the cunning cat, and she set off for the church again.

Hiding under the altar, she peeled the top off the cream once more and devoured half the pot. “Scrumptious,” purred the cat, and she curled up in a cosy spot and fell asleep.

She went home with a full belly later that day and the little mouse asked, “Did it go well?”

“Oh, very well,” replied the cat.

“And what did they call the kitten?”

“Hmm... Half-Empty,” said the cat.

“Half-Empty!” exclaimed the mouse. “I’ve never heard of such a strange name!” But the good-natured mouse didn’t think too much of it.



Life was normal for a few weeks and the cat and mouse lived together in harmony, but it was starting to get chilly and the cat’s thoughts turned again to the pot of cream.

“It tastes so much better because I don’t have to share it,” she thought, and her mouth began to water. ➡

“Little friend,” said the cat, “can you believe that another of my cousins has had a kitten? The christening takes place today and I would love to go. I hear that this kitten is very rare – it is completely black with white paws.”

“How lovely!” said the mouse. “Off you go – I’ll see you later. The house will be neat and tidy when you return.”

The greedy cat slinked away to the church where, once again, she hid beneath the altar and polished off what was left of their precious pot of cream. It took quite some time to lick her whiskers clean.

Feeling fat and full, she walked back to the house, where the mouse greeted her warmly. “Did you have a fine time?”

“Oh yes,” yawned the cat. “It was a very fine day.”

“And what did they call their special kitten? Paws? Mittens? Boots?”

The cat sighed and thought for a moment, then replied, “All-Gone.”

“All-Gone?” puzzled the little mouse. “Such an odd name for a sweet little kitten!” But the mouse trusted her friend, so she said no more.



A whole month went by without any christenings, but the nights were drawing in, the days were colder



and it was getting harder to hunt for food. Every teeny morsel found by the cat and mouse was shared between the two of them.

One chilly night, the mouse's tummy was rumbling so much, she cried, "Dear cat, I think it's time we paid a visit to our special pot of cream – we are both hungry and we have waited long enough."

The mouse scurried off to the church, with the cat following close behind.

When she reached the altar and found the empty cream pot, the mouse realised that she had been a fool.

"Of course," she sighed, sadly.

"All those visits to the church... Top-Off, Half-Empty and All-Gone. How silly I have been to trust you!"

"Yes," agreed the cat, "and now I've had quite enough of sharing my food with you, so I'm going to eat you too!"

The cat had scarcely finished talking when she pounced on the mouse and tried to catch her. However, the mouse was not about to be fooled again. In a flash, she darted down the aisle and, in the blink of a cat's eye, she made her escape through the church door. Needless to say, she never made friends with a cat again! 🌀

Count It!

How many little grey mice are hiding on this page? Write your answer in the box.



Maui Goes Fishing

M Maui's four older brothers never let him join in their fun. One morning, they all rose with the sun to go deep-sea fishing in their special canoe.

"Please let me come with you," begged Maui, but his older brothers just laughed at him and teased him. "One day, little tiddler, but not today. There isn't enough room in our canoe for you as well as all the fish we're planning to bring home with us. Another time, perhaps!"



But Maui wasn't one to sulk. He had magic powers that his family didn't know about. While his brothers got their fishing gear ready, he came up with a plan to use his magic. When he was a baby, he had been given an enchanted jawbone by the ocean spirits. He hid it in a secret box.

He took out the jawbone and crafted it into a fishing hook, then he plaited some flax into a fishing line, and he climbed into the bottom of their canoe, concealing himself inside a basket.

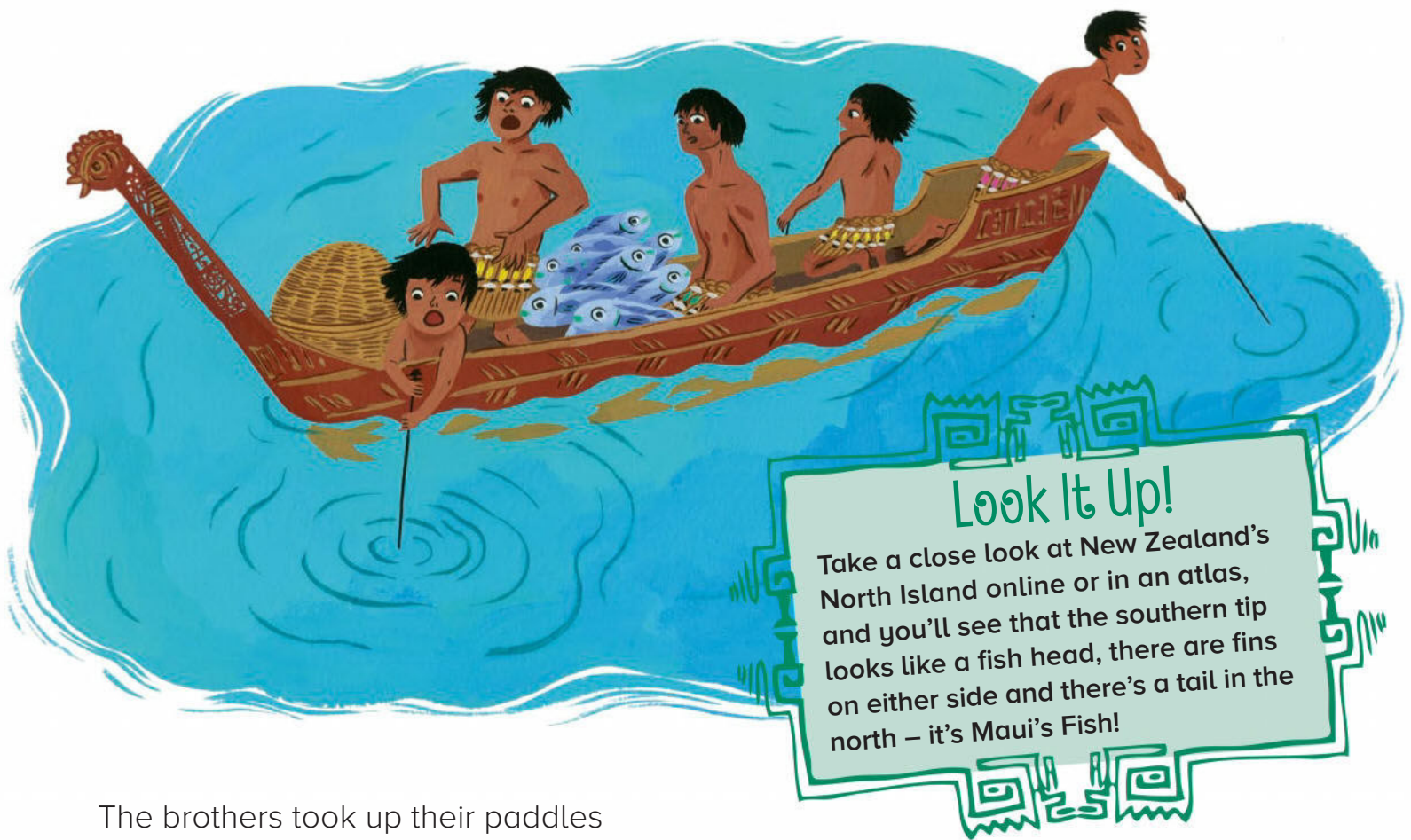
When at last the four brothers were ready to set out, they grumbled about how much heavier the canoe felt, but set off over the waves to a place where the water was teeming with life.

When they were far out at sea, one of the brothers grabbed the basket to store his catch inside – and uncovered Maui. “Little squirt!” he said. “You tricked us! We’re taking you back to shore right now!” ➔



Did You Know?

In Maori legend, when Maui was born, his mother Taranga wrapped him in a length of her hair and threw him into the sea, where he was raised by ocean spirits. When he returned, he lived with his family on the mythical island of Hawaiki, before the Maori people all moved to the North Island.



The brothers took up their paddles again, but Maui wished on his magic fish-hook that the seashore would look further and further away – and, after ten minutes of paddling, the brothers were so tired, they gave up.

“Keep out of our way, pipsqueak,” they grumbled, and the brothers cast their fishing lines into the sea.



Maui stayed down the bottom end of the canoe, sure that his brothers would be so busy catching fish, they wouldn't know what he was up to – then he quietly dropped the mystical fish-hook over the edge of the boat.

At the other end of the canoe, the brothers were having great success, and their basket was starting to fill up with fish. But, all of a sudden, Maui felt a powerful tug on his line. The tug was so strong that Maui feared he might be dragged into the water.

“Brothers! Quick, help me!” he cried, gripping his fishing line tightly. The four brothers dashed towards Maui just as the canoe was about to capsize and, together, they heaved and tugged with all their might until – to their great surprise – a towering hunk of land surfaced before them. It was shaped like a fish. Maui had caught New Zealand's North Island!

Maui was worried that the ocean spirits would be angry with him for catching the island, so he dived into the sea to ask for their forgiveness. Before he went, he asked his brothers to guard his brilliant catch.

However, while Maui was making peace, his greedy brothers started to hack and chop at the fish-shaped land, trying to claim little bits of it for

themselves – and this is why New Zealand’s North Island is so craggy and mountainous.

After performing the miracle of fishing out North Island, Maui became famous among the Maori people and he grew up to be a much-loved demigod. And, to this day, the North Island of New Zealand is also known as Te Ika A Maui – or Maui’s Fish. 🌀



Sleeping Beauty



Once upon a time, a king and queen longed for a daughter with all their hearts. When at last the queen gave birth to a bonny baby girl, everyone celebrated.

The king was so overjoyed that he decided to host a great banquet – the grandest there had ever been. He invited all the fairies in the land, except for one. She was a miserable old crone who hadn't been seen for so long, everyone thought she had died.

The banquet was a huge success and a splendid time was had by all. Everyone thought the new princess was the sweetest baby they had ever seen.

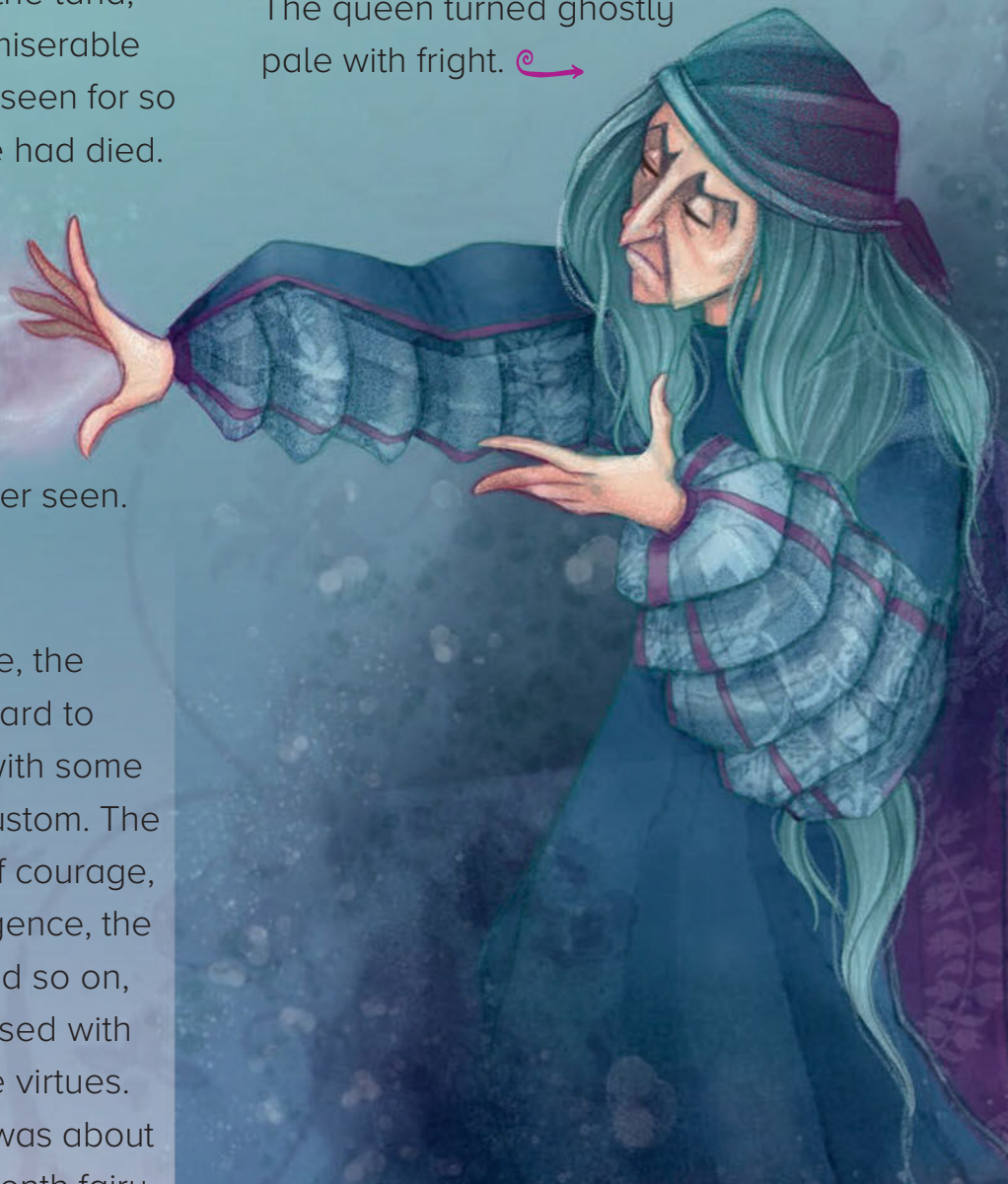


As the night drew to a close, the twelve fairies stepped forward to present the little princess with some special gifts, as was their custom. The first fairy gave her the gift of courage, the second gave her intelligence, the third gave her kindness, and so on, until the newborn was blessed with many of the most desirable virtues. But just as the twelfth fairy was about to present her gift, the thirteenth fairy

– the mean old crone – stormed into the hall in a terrible rage.

“How dare you not invite me!” she screeched at the king and queen. “My gift to your daughter is a curse – when she has turned fifteen, she will prick her finger on a spindle and die!”

The thirteenth fairy disappeared in a cloud of thick black smoke and the entire court gasped with horror. The queen turned ghostly pale with fright. ➤



However, there was still hope, as the twelfth fairy had not yet granted her gift. “With my powers, I can make sure that the princess doesn’t die,” she said. “Instead, she will fall into a deep sleep that lasts for one hundred years and will be broken by true love’s kiss.”

The next morning, the king and queen issued a decree that every spindle in the kingdom should be burnt. They hoped that this would put an end to the terrible curse that hung over their beloved daughter.

In time, people even forgot about the curse – and the princess grew up to be every bit as brave, kind-hearted, talented and charming, as you would expect a girl blessed by fairies to be.



But, one day, just after she had turned fifteen, her curiosity got the better of her and, while exploring the castle, she found a spiral staircase she had never seen before. It led to a small room at the top of a turret.

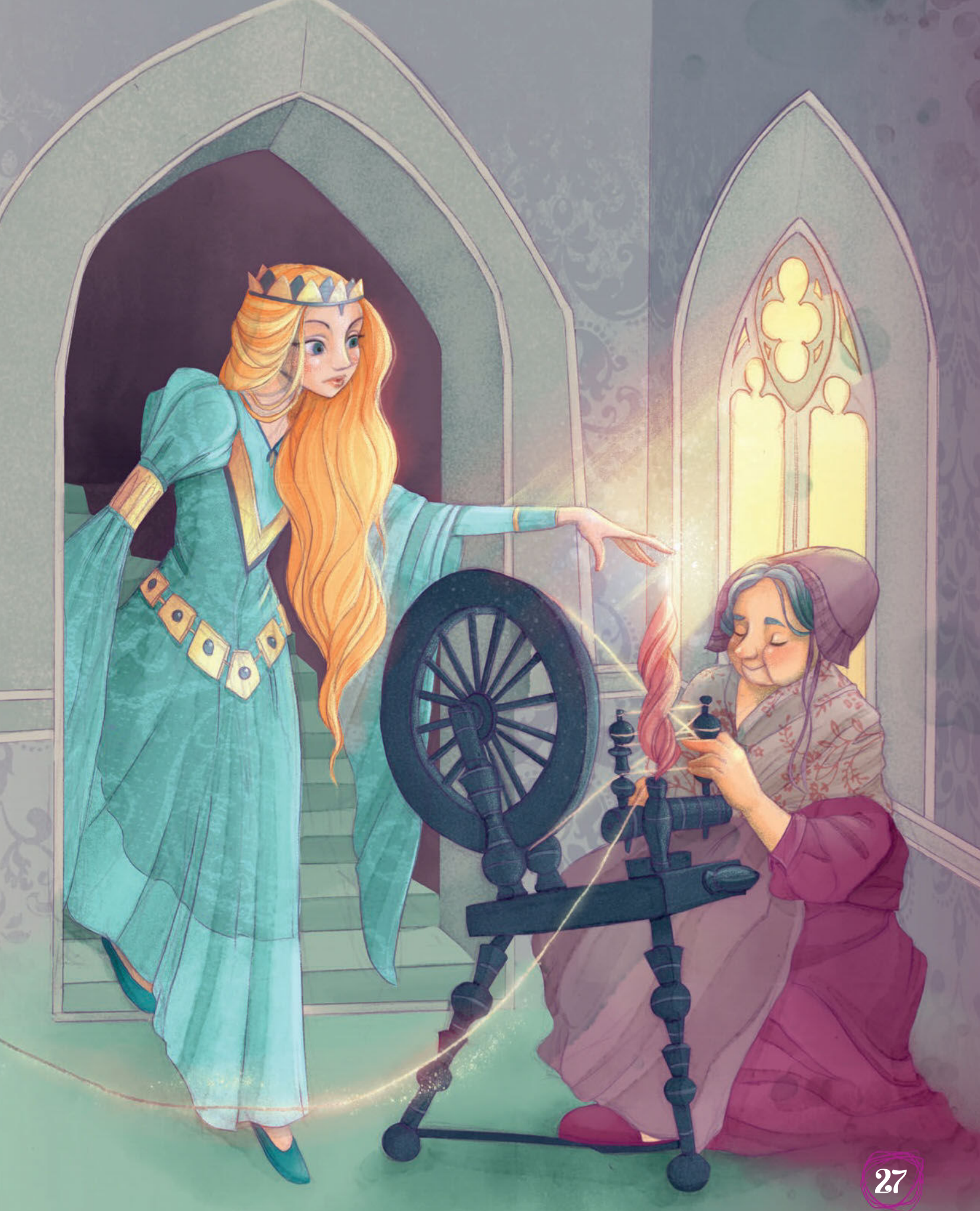
Inside the room, there was an old lady, spinning flax on a spindle, who was really the cruel thirteenth fairy in disguise. The princess had never seen a spindle before and was keen to try her hand at spinning, but, as soon as she touched the spindle, she pricked her finger and immediately slumped to the floor in a deep sleep.

The wicked fairy disappeared at once, and, as she did so, she used her cruel magic to spread her curse across the whole palace.

The king, who had just returned from a hunt, fell asleep next to his horse in the stable – and all the horses in the stable fell asleep too. The queen fell asleep while sitting on her throne. The cook in the kitchen dropped the chicken she had been plucking and started to snore. A maid dropped the dishes she was washing and fell into a slumber. The dogs in the courtyard and even the doves on the roof all fell asleep too. →

Write It!

What other gifts do you think the fairies gave Sleeping Beauty? Can you write down 10 of them?
What talents or virtues would you like to have?





“One by one, every living thing”

in the castle fell into a deep
and dreamless sleep.”



Spot It!

Can you find these three
close-up images in the picture?
Tick the boxes when you find them!



Did You Know?

In some old versions of this fairy tale, Sleeping Beauty's name is Little Briar Rose.

Can you think up a name for her prince?



As the years passed, a tall, thorny hedge grew up around the castle, so that you could only just see its highest turret poking out above it.

Occasionally, daring adventurers, who had heard tales of a beautiful princess trapped inside a lost castle in a hundred-year sleep, would attempt to hack their way through the thorns – but they didn't get far.

At last, when the hundred years were almost over, a prince was travelling through the kingdom and stopped at a local inn for refreshments. Over lunch, the innkeeper told him the legend of the cursed princess.

"Only a fool would dare to enter the forest, for the thorns will trap them there forever!" said the innkeeper.

"I'm not afraid," said the prince – who loved a challenge – and he set off in the direction of the hidden castle, determined to save the mysterious princess from her endless slumber.



When he reached the edge of the thorny forest, he drew his sword to cut his way through and was surprised to see the thorns turn into wild roses, and the tangled branches separate to clear a path before him.

He walked through the forest to the castle and was amazed by the strange sight before him – everyone from the stable boys to the king himself was fast asleep.

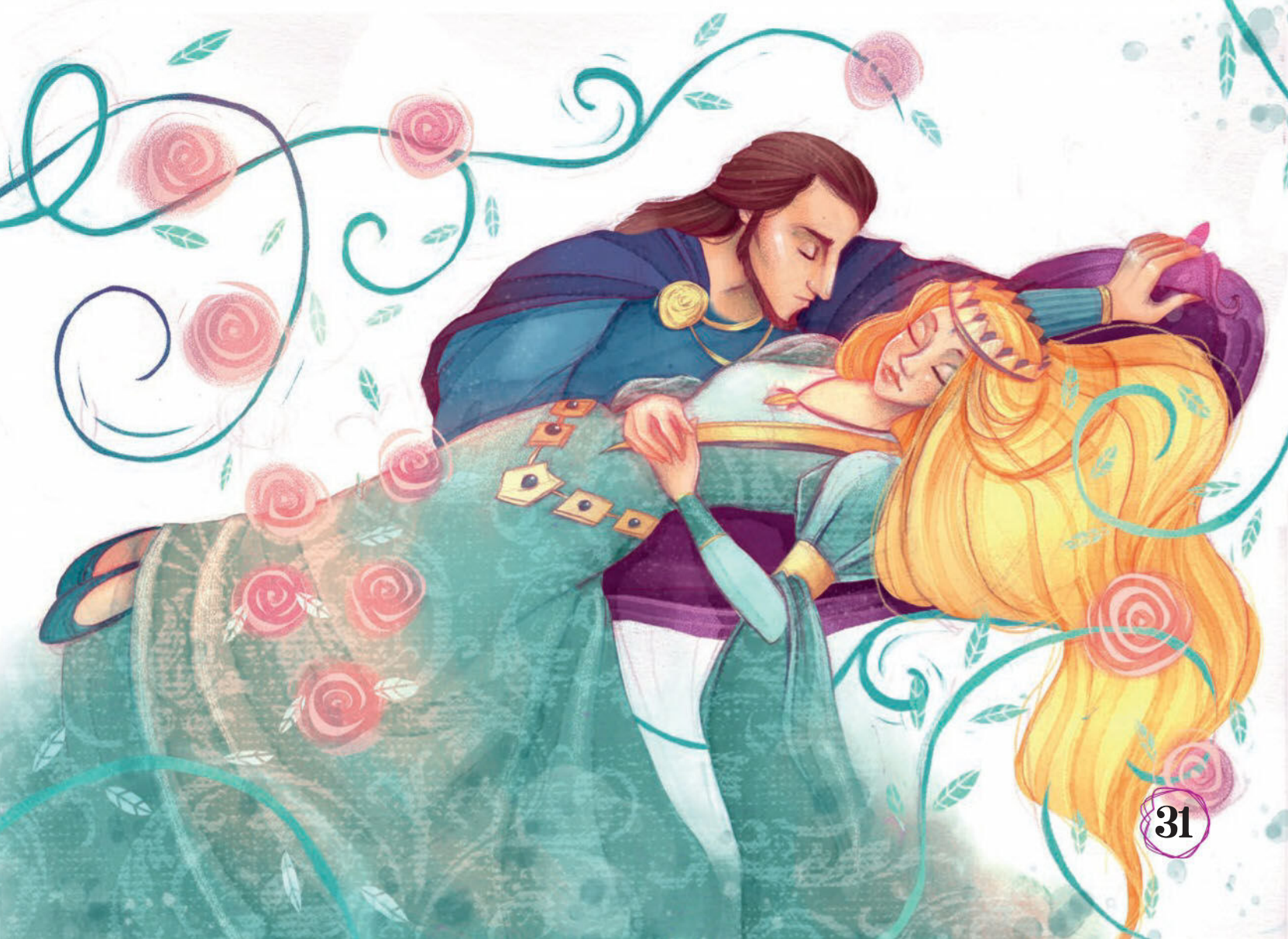
He walked past the sleeping queen on the throne, his footsteps echoing loudly in the silence, and at last, he found the princess, who truly was a Sleeping Beauty.

In fact, the prince found himself so in awe, he couldn't help but kiss her. In that very moment when his lips touched hers, Sleeping Beauty

opened her eyes – as did the king, the queen, the cook, the maids, the horses, the dogs and the doves.

Indeed, everyone in the castle sprang suddenly to life and every room was filled with noisy laughter and chatter, as people stretched and yawned and wondered how on earth they had ended up on the floor.

The prince took Sleeping Beauty by the hand and led her to the throne room, where she was reunited with her mother and father – and they all lived happily ever after. 🌹



The Golden Staff

Long ago, at the dawn of time, the most powerful god of all, Viracocha, fashioned the first people of South America from clay.

Though he gave them voices and crops to harvest, the people had no skills – they didn't know how to make clothes or build houses. They couldn't read or write or cook – so, for a long time, they lived like animals.

The sun god, Inti, looked down on the people and he felt pity for them, so he decided that the cleverest of his four sons and his daughter should rule over everyone and teach them how to live in a better way.

Their names were Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo.



“Teach them how to live together in harmony and help them to build a great civilisation,” he told his children. “Be a father and mother to them all.”

And he handed them a magical golden staff that shone like the sun.

“On your travels, you will find a place where this golden staff sinks deep into the ground with just one blow. There, you must build a great city – this place will be the centre of your empire and home to a magnificent sun temple, where the people can come and worship me,” said Inti.

As the sun rose the next morning, Inti took Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo to the Isla del Sol, an island in the centre of Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, where he was born. “Begin your journey here, my children.”



However, Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo didn't realise that their three brothers were deeply jealous of the important task they had been given, and they wanted to rule the new empire all by themselves. Just as Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo set out on their journey, the brothers stepped out of a nearby cave. ➔

There really was an amazing sun temple in Cusco, Peru. It was called the Qurikancha and was famous for its beauty. It was said to be filled with gold. Sadly, when Spanish explorers discovered it in the 16th century, they knocked it down and built a cathedral on top of it. This was the beginning of the end for the Incan Empire.

Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo thought that their siblings had come to help them, so they greeted their brothers warmly and set out together to teach the people. But they hadn't gone far when one of their brothers, Ayar Cachi, made fun of the humans.

"What idiots!" he sneered. "Look at them. Who would want to teach such dumb beasts? What a waste of my powers! I can knock down hills with

a single shot of my sling – and that's far more fun than hanging around with these fools!" And Ayar Cachi destroyed a hill with his slingshot, injuring the people who lived there.

Manco Cápac was so angered by his brother's foolishness and destruction, he used his powers to send Ayar Cachi back to the cave where he came from, and sealed him inside.



On seeing this, the second brother, Ayar Uchu, grew fearful of Manco Cápac's strength. "Perhaps I will go back to the cave and look after the people from there." And he ran back to the cave as quickly as he could. When Inti, the sun god, saw this, he turned Ayar Uchu into stone to punish him for his cowardice.

The third brother, Ayar Auca, was, by now, quaking with fear. He ran off into the forest and was never seen again!

And so, as Inti first intended, only Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo remained. The brother and sister travelled far and wide, uniting many different tribes of people, teaching them how to build their own homes and villages, how to farm and weave and cook, and how to read and write. →

Make It!

Use clay or playdough to make your own little people, just like Viracocha did. Can you make them sit and stand and dance? Imagine they are a new race of people. What would you need to teach them to help them survive?



A great civilisation grew around them and the people loved their leaders, Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo.

After many years of travelling and teaching, they reached a place called Cusco in a river valley in Peru. Here, as in many places before, Manco Cápac tried to drive the golden staff into the soil and found that, at last, it sank into the ground with great ease.

In an instant, a stunning temple to the sun god, Inti, sprang up before them – it had walls of glittering gold and a courtyard filled with golden statues.

Inside, there was a golden wall with a spectacular carving of the sun, which lit up the whole temple. They called the temple the Sun House.

With Inti's temple in place, Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo set to work building a great city around it and a palace for themselves. From there, they ruled over the city they had created and all the people around it – and that is how the Incan empire came to be. 🌀



Gulliver's Travels

By Jonathan Swift

All my life, I knew I wanted to travel so, at 14, I became an apprentice to an important surgeon in London and I studied to be a doctor, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

A few years later, I accepted an offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol in May 1699, and, at first, our voyage was very prosperous. But on our passage, we met a violent storm. Twelve of our crew died and the rest were very weak.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the seamen spied a rock, and the wind was so strong, we were driven into it.

The ship immediately split in two! Six of the crew – me included – let down a boat into the sea and tried to escape. We rowed till we were able to row no longer, and the boat was overturned by a sudden wind. ➡



What became of my companions, I cannot tell, but I swam where fortune directed me, being pushed forward by the wind and the tide.

I often let my legs drop, but couldn't feel the bottom. When I was able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth. By this time, the storm had died down.

The water was so shallow that I had walked almost a mile before I got to the shore. I couldn't see any sign of houses or inhabitants; or perhaps I was so weak, I just didn't notice.

I was extremely tired and, with that and the heat, I found myself needing to sleep. I lay on the grass, which was very short and soft, and I slept sounder than I ever have in my life.



When I awoke, it was just daylight. I tried to get up, but I wasn't able to stir because my arms and legs were

Did You Know?

The land where Gulliver landed is called Lilliput and the little people are 'Lilliputian' – people still use that word today to describe something that is tiny.

ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, was tied down. I felt several thin cords across my body, from my armpits to my thighs.

I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the position I was lying, I could see nothing except the sky. Soon, I felt something moving on my left leg, which, walked gently over my chest, and came almost up to my chin. I craned my eyes down as much as I could, and saw a tiny human, just six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back.

Then I felt at least forty more of the same kind following the first!



I was astonished, and roared so loud that they all ran backwards in fright; and some of them, I was later told, were hurt by leaping to the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured up to my face, cried in a shrill voice, “Hekinah degul!” The others repeated it, but I didn’t know what they meant.

Struggling to get loose, I was lucky enough to break the strings and



wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. Lifting it up to my face, I realised how they had tied me up and, with a violent pull, I loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left, so that I was able to turn my head a little.

The creatures ran off a second time and I heard one of them cry, “Tolgo phonac.” In an instant, I felt about a hundred arrows land on my left hand, which pricked me like needles. They shot another flight into the air, and many must have fallen on my body (though I didn’t feel them).

When the shower of arrows was over, I groaned with pain, and tried to get loose again, but they fired some more arrows, and some of them tried to stick me with spears. Fortunately, I was wearing a leather waistcoat, which they couldn’t pierce.

I decided to lie still, and wait till night, when I could easily free myself. As for the inhabitants, I believed I was a good match for their greatest army.



When the people saw I was quiet, they stopped firing their arrows, but by the noise I heard, I knew there were more of them. Near my right ear I heard a knocking sound for about an hour.

When I turned my head, I saw a small stage, with two or three ladders to mount it. From there, someone – who seemed important – cried out three times, “Langro debul san.”

Immediately, about fifty inhabitants cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, so I could turn and see the speaker. He was middle-aged and tall. He made a speech, which I didn’t understand at all.



I answered politely, but I was famished with hunger, as I hadn't eaten for hours. I put my finger to my mouth to signify that I wanted food. The hurgo (for that is what they call a great lord, I learnt afterwards) understood me very well. He commanded that several ladders should be leant up my sides and over a hundred inhabitants climbed up and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets of meat. I ate two or three baskets at a time, and three loaves at a time, which were about the size of bullets. The people showed great wonder and astonishment at my size and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink.

They knew that a small quantity would not be enough; so they got their largest barrel and rolled it towards my hand. I drank it down in one. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my chest, repeating, "Hekinah degul."



Soon, there appeared before me a person of high rank, who mounted my right leg and moved towards my face, with about a dozen people behind him. He showed me his royal crest and spoke for about ten minutes, often pointing towards, (as I found out later), the capital city.

I made signs to show him that I wanted to be freed. He understood me, but shook his head to show that I must remain a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to tell me that I would have food and drink, and be treated well.

I thought about trying to break away again, but when I felt the sting of arrows on my face and hands, and saw how the number of my enemies had grown, I just smiled and nodded.

I heard the words “Peplom selan” shouted, and I felt many people on my left relaxing my cords so that I was able to turn to my right. But, before this, they had daubed my face and hands with a pleasant-smelling ointment, which removed all the pain of their arrows. This and more food and drink made me feel tired, and I fell sleep.

I slept for about eight hours, and later found out that they had given me a sleeping potion!



It seems that from the moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, the emperor had ordered a machine that could carry me to the capital city.



Five hundred engineers set to work and made a wooden frame on twenty-two wheels. It was brought next to me. Using eighty poles and strong cords, nine hundred of the strongest men raised me onto the engine, and tied me fast. It took them three hours.

Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four and a half inches high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis.

Four hours after our journey began, I was woken by a ridiculous accident – a few people were curious to see how I looked. They advanced to my

face and one of them, an officer, put his half-pike up my left nostril, which tickled me and made me sneeze. They ran away very quickly!



We marched for the rest of the day, and I rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me. At sunrise, we continued our march, and arrived at the city gates about noon.

There was an ancient temple next to where the carriage stopped – the largest in the whole kingdom. It was decided that I should sleep here, ➡



as the great gate was wide enough for me to crawl through.

Workmen locked my left leg with thirty-six chains and padlocks so that I couldn't go far and, when they were sure that it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut away my ropes; and I stood up. When I found myself on my feet again, I looked around me and found the sight quite entertaining. The country looked like one big garden, and the fields looked like flowerbeds. Even the city looked like the painted scenery you get in a theatre!

As I looked around this strange place, I saw the emperor riding towards me on horseback, along with all his court, and I wondered what was in store for me. 🌀

WIN!

Turn to page 50 to find out how to win a beautifully illustrated edition of *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift!



Storytime playbox

Try our puzzles for story lovers, colour a camel, make a shining golden sun and go on a voyage with Gulliver!

① GONE fishing

Maui's caught something special with his magic fishing hook. Which line leads to New Zealand's North Island?



A B C D



2

Quick Quiz

In *The Farmer's Horse*, which animal did the farmer take his little dog to see first?

A Cow



B Chicken



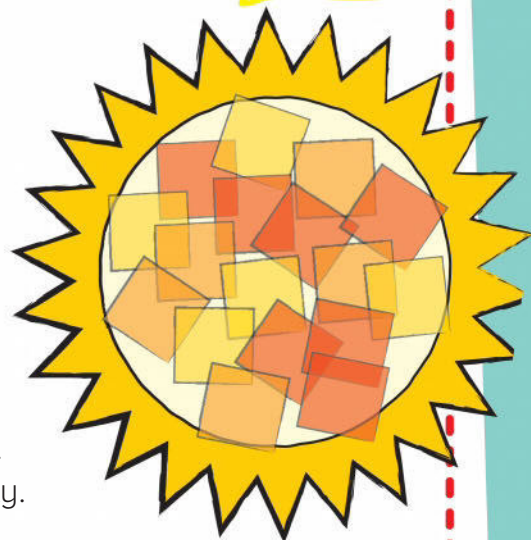
C Sheep



③ MAKE AN INCAN SUN-CATCHER!

Make your own special sun-catcher, just like the one in the Incan temple. Here's how...

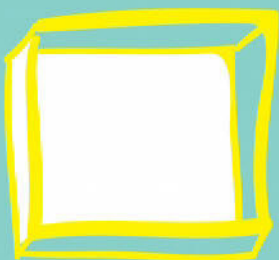
- Take an A3 sheet of orange or yellow card and draw a big outline of the sun on it – give it lots of pointed rays.
- Place a small plate on the centre and draw around it, then use scissors or a craft knife to cut out the circle so you have a large hole in the centre of your sun.
- Cut out a slightly larger circle of clear sticky-back plastic (or clear thin plastic) and stick this to one side of the sun, covering the hole.
- Cut sheets of yellow, orange or red tissue paper into small squares and glue them to the sticky side of the clear plastic. Layer them as much as you like to cover the hole completely.
- Cut a second circle of sticky-back plastic and stick this over the tissue paper squares to protect them.
- **Now stick your finished sun to a window and watch the rays shine through!**



Ask a grown-up!

④ MAGIC Mix-Up

The gifts for baby Sleeping Beauty got all muddled up when the wicked thirteenth fairy appeared. Can you count how many there are? Write your answer in the box.



5

COLOUR A CAMEL!

This camel's
got the hump!
Cheer him up
by colouring
him in using
bright colours.



6 CAT CALLS

The cat from our Cat and Mouse story
has had more kitty cousins. Can you
guess their names by looking at them?
Fill in the missing letters.

S _ O _ Y

_ I N _ E R

M _ D _ _ G _ T



ANSWERS: 1. Gone Fishing – B; 2. Quick Quiz – C; 4. Magic Mix-Up – 17;
6. Cat Calls – Snowy, Ginger and Midnight.

TRAVEL WITH GULLIVER!

How to Play

To play this game you need two or more players, a dice and our Gulliver Game Counters and Free Pass Cards, which you can download and print out from www.storytimemagazine.com/free.

- ★ Line up your counters at the start and decide who will play first.
- ★ Player 1 rolls the dice and moves forward the correct number of spaces across the sea. Follow the instructions on the board.
- ★ If you land on Lilliput (square 17), you need to roll a 1 or 6 to get off again. To leave Brobdingnag (square 25), roll a 5 or 6. For Laputa (square 36), roll a 4, 5 or 6 and for Houyhnhnm (square 41), roll a 1, 2 or 3.
- ★ The first adventurer to reach the finish line is the winner!

**FREE
PASS
CARDS!**

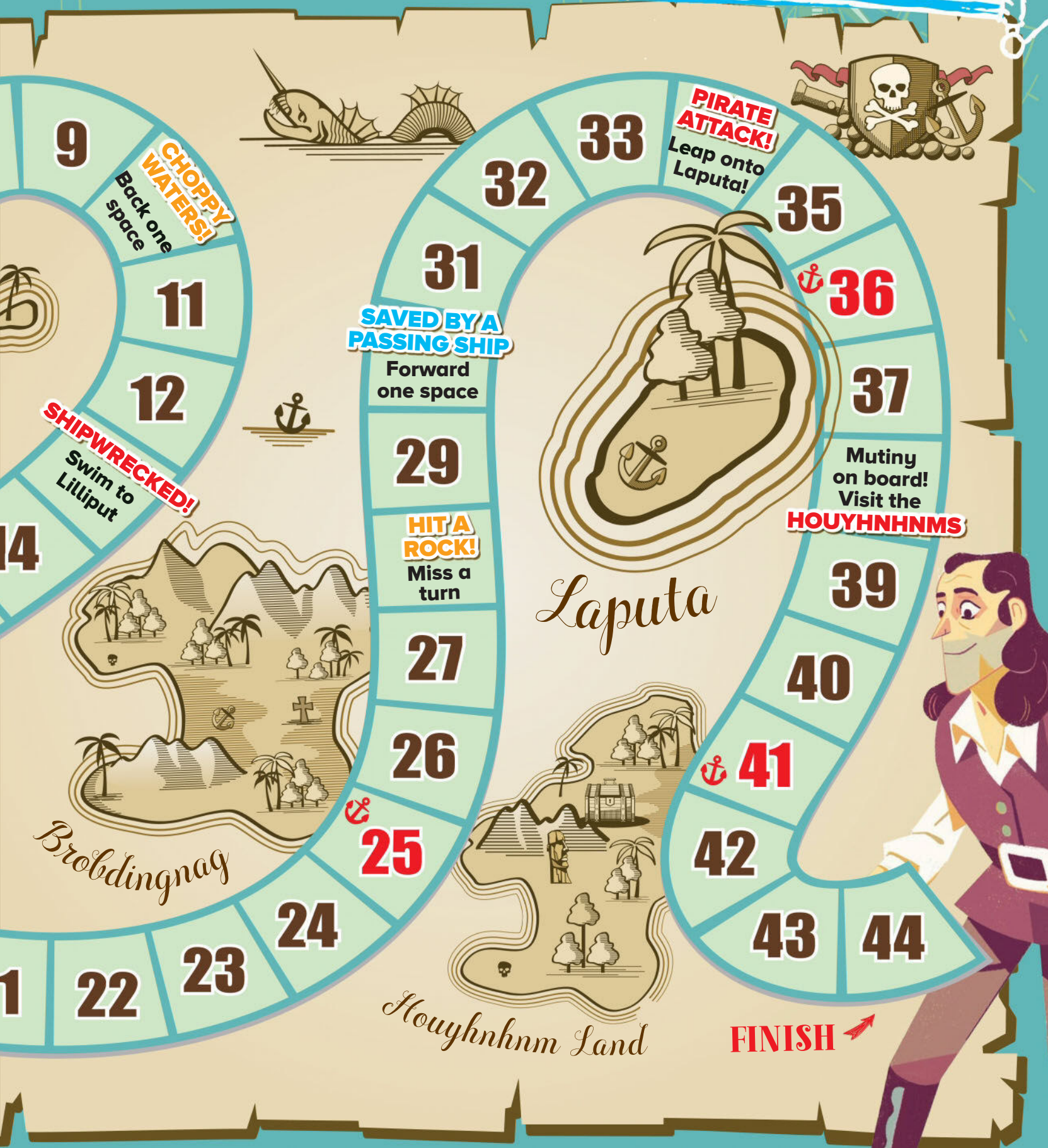
Once you've landed on two islands, you get a Free Pass Card. Use this to move on from the next island you land on without having to roll the dice numbers above, or use it to ignore the instructions on any squares that send you backwards. You can only use your Free Pass Card once, and use one Free Pass Card per game.



Gulliver's travels took him to many distant and exciting lands. Can you travel with him and make sure he gets home safely? How many strange places will you visit along the way?



Print out our
Free Pass Cards and
Game Counters at:
storytimemagazine.com/free



STORY MAGIC

Make a magical story trail, look out for the Book Monster and win prizes for your little book lovers!

SUPER Story Trails!

Turning the occasional story session into a real-life adventure can give you some memorable moments. Have a go at these story trail ideas!

📖 **Into the Woods** You can transform how a story feels by telling it in the place where it's set. How about reading *The Gruffalo* or *Little Red Riding Hood* on a walk through the woods? Can you hide some little props along the way? Even better!

📖 **Hansel and Gretel** Leave paper crumb trails in your house or garden, and follow them to get to each part of your story. Choose one space to be Hansel and Gretel's house and make another the witch's gingerbread cottage.

📖 **Pirate Yarns** Pick your favourite pirate book (see our recommendations in *Storytime Issue 7*) and make a simple map together of the locations in the story. Turn your bed into the pirate ship and make sure you have some buried treasure to dig up at the end!

🌟 **Brilliant Back Issues!** 🌟

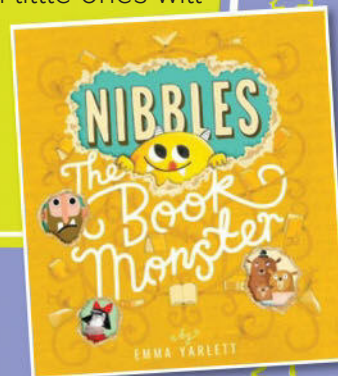
Did you miss our *Little Red Riding Hood* or *Hansel and Gretel* issues? Don't worry, you can pick up back issues from our **Storytime Shop** and complete your collection! To find out more, visit: www.storytimemagazine.com/shop

BOOK OF THE MONTH

With flaps to lift, holes to peek through and a very naughty book-munching monster to chase, **Nibbles: The Book Monster** by Emma Yarlett is a fabulous romp with a fun diversion through your favourite fairy tales, which little ones will find utterly enthralling. One to enjoy again and again! (Little Tiger Press)

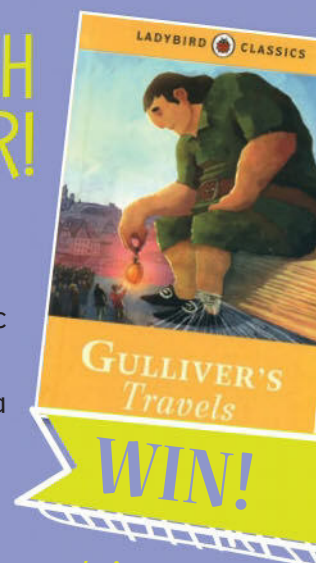
WIN!

We have a stunning copy of **Nibbles: The Book Monster** to give away – along with an exclusive and adorable **Nibbles The Monster** toy! Visit: storytimemagazine.com/win



SET SAIL WITH GULLIVER!

Follow Gulliver on more incredible voyages to fantastic places! Enter our competition to win a colourful hardback copy of **Gulliver's Travels**. Visit: storytimemagazine.com/win





Oh, the places you'll go!



Visit the great Incan Empire!



Dance with a crazy horse!



PLUS go on an adventure with Gulliver to the land of Lilliput!



The Frog Prince
The Lost City of Atlantis, The Selfie Wife, The Monkey and the Crocodile

Coming in issue 21

No Adverts Allowed!

Find out more at:
www.storytimemagazine.com