

2ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

Storytime™



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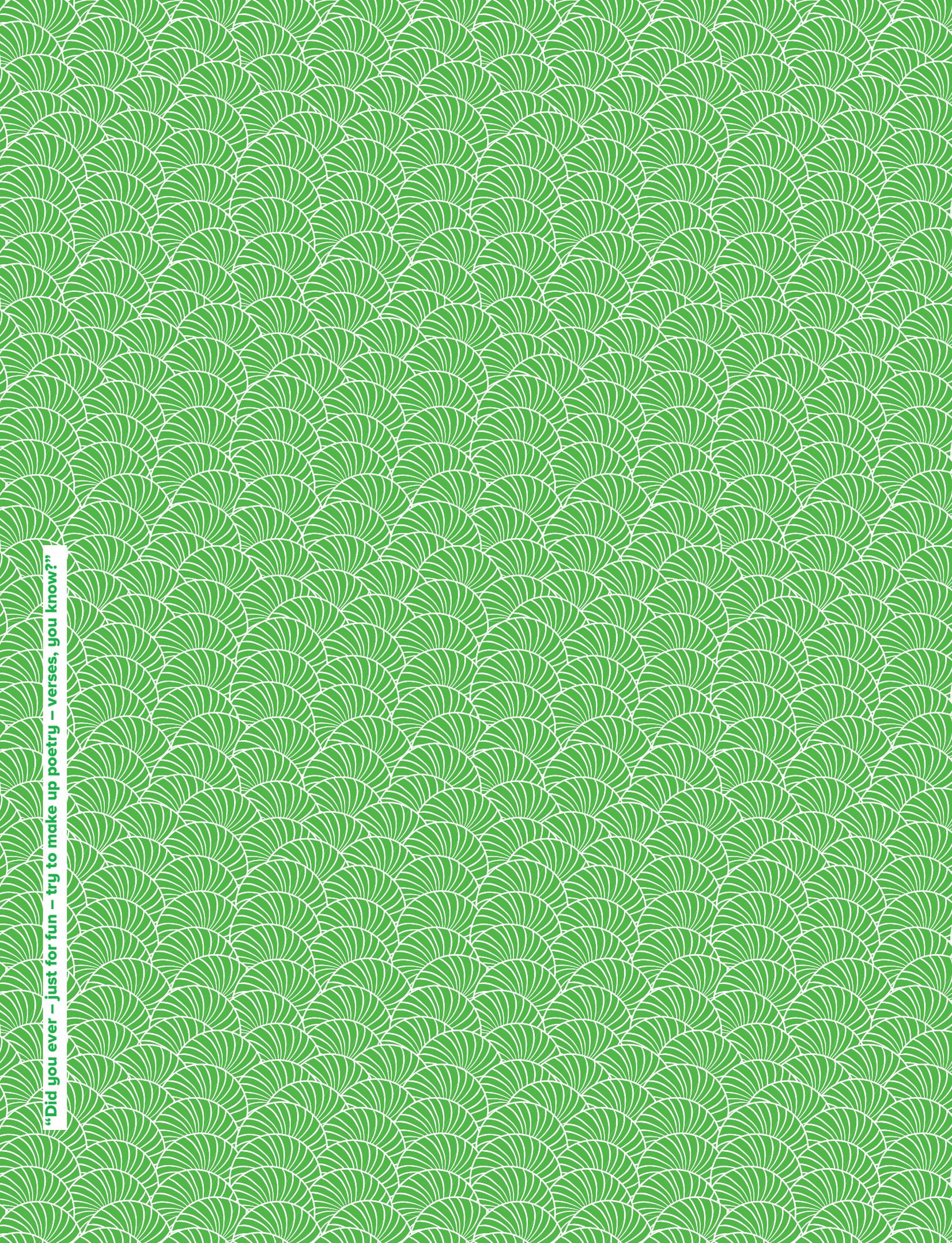


The Budgie Likes to Boogie

by Brian Moses

**The Brave Little
Tailor, Ganesha,
The Reluctant
Dragon, PLUS 25
BOOKS TO WIN!**

“Did you ever – just for fun – try to make up poetry – verses, you know?”



Be our special guest...

... at the best story party ever! To celebrate Storytime's 2nd anniversary, we've got boogie budgies, a poetic dragon, an elephant who rides a mouse, and a big bad wolf!

This issue belongs to:

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The Budgie Likes to Boogie

By Brian Moses

The budgie likes to boogie,
the budgie likes to rock.
He wakes us every night,
when he rocks around the clock.

The budgie likes to jive,
to spin around, to twirl.
His body full of rhythm,
his head is in a whirl.



WRITE IT!

Do you want to be the next Brian Moses? Enter our poetry competition on **page 48** and you might just see your work illustrated and in print in **Storytime!**



The budgie boogie-woogies,
along the table top.
The budgie disco dances,
the budgie likes to bop.

He's just about the best,
his moves are really neat.
You should see the budgie boogie,
you should see his flying feet!

In front of the dangly mirror,
he plays his air guitar.
The budgie likes to boogie,
the budgie is a STAR!

Wolf Lullaby

On a Caribbean island, there was once a sweet little house, surrounded by a sweet little garden with a sweet little picket fence around it. A sweet little girl lived there with her father.

Around the house was a pretty wildflower meadow and beyond the meadow was the forest where the big, bad wolves lived. Every morning, the little girl's father would say to her, "You can play in the garden today, dear, but whatever you do, don't open the gate. Not far from our house is the big forest and that's where the big, bad wolves live."



And, every day, the girl did exactly as she was told, because she was a good little girl. Except for one day.

On that day, she was singing a sweet little song to herself and picking a posy of flowers. “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo. Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo,” she sang. And as she sang, she saw in the meadow the most beautiful yellow flower she had ever seen.

“Oh, that flower would look so nice in my posy,” she thought. And as she gazed at it, its petals seemed to dance in the breeze.

She checked that her father wasn’t watching, and she looked all around for wolves. When she was sure it was safe, she opened the gate and walked into the meadow, still singing, “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo.” She picked a yellow flower and put it in her hair.

She was about to turn round and head back to her garden, when she saw another yellow flower a little further out in the meadow. It was even prettier than the first one.

“How lovely!” thought the little girl. She checked that her father wasn’t watching, and she looked all around for wolves then, still singing “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo,” she picked this yellow flower too.

She was about to turn around and head back to her garden, when she spotted a whole patch of pretty yellow flowers near the edge of the forest. ➔

Sing It!

As you read this story, ask your child to sing “Traybla, traybla, cum qua kimo” along with you. Can you make up some more verses? Use nonsense words and see if you can make your verses rhyme.

Now put it all together to make your own lullaby!

So she checked that her father wasn't watching, she looked all around for wolves and, when she was sure it was safe, she walked over to the yellow flowers and picked them all, still singing, "Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo."

All this time, a hungry wolf had been spying on the girl from behind a tree and, just as she was about to head home, he sprang out in front of her.

When she saw the wolf's greedy eyes and sharp teeth, she shook with fear.

"What a sweet song that was, little girl. Sing it to me again," snapped the wolf, and he licked his lips.

Terrified and in a trembling voice, the little girl sang, "Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo." And as she did so, she was surprised to see the wolf's eyes droop and he drifted off to sleep.



The little girl took her chance and tiptoed across the meadow towards her house but, suddenly, she sneezed – *ACHOO!* And it woke up the wolf. He bounded towards the girl.

“Sing your sweet song to me again, little girl,” he growled.

So the frightened little girl sang again, “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo.” And, once more, the wolf sank into a deep and pleasant slumber.

As quickly as she could, the little girl tiptoed towards her garden, but she stepped on a sharp stone – *OUCH!* And her cry woke up the snoozing wolf. He pounced towards her again.

“Sing your sweet song to me again,” he growled, and he circled around her.

Plucking up all her courage, the little girl sang, “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo.” The wolf’s eyelids soon grew heavy and he slumped to the ground. ➔



This time, the little girl tiptoed as carefully and quietly as she could, backing away from the sleeping wolf. When, at last, she reached her garden gate, she swung it open, dashed down her garden path, and the gate closed behind her with a loud *SLAM!*

The wolf jolted awake and sprinted towards her, but it was too late – she was safely behind her garden fence. He skulked home with an empty belly and a head full of lullaby, while the sweet little girl skipped inside with her sweet little posy, promising that she would always listen to her father from now on. 🌀



Ganesha and the Golden Mango

The great Hindu gods, Shiva and Parvati, had two sons – Ganesha and Kartikeya. They were kind, loyal, strong and intelligent.

However, there was a big difference between the two – Ganesha thought about things deeply before sharing his wisdom, while Kartikeya was funny and quick-witted. There was another big difference – Ganesha had a huge round belly and the head of an elephant, while Kartikeya was a tall, lean man. ➔



One day, the other gods were talking about the two brothers when they started to argue about who was the most intelligent. “Ganesha is the eldest, so he must be more clever,” said one. “No, Kartikeya has the sharpest mind!” declared another.

As they struggled to settle their dispute, the famous trickster god Narada stepped forward. “I can find the answer to your question,” he said, with a glint in his eye. Narada was the son of Lord Brahma – the god of creation – and though he was a wise sage himself, he was well known for stirring up trouble wherever he went.



Without delay, he travelled to the home of Lord Shiva and Goddess Pavarti, and presented their sons with a shining golden mango.

“What is this fruit?” said Parvati with some suspicion, as she knew that Narada always brought mischief with him.

“It is the divine fruit of knowledge,” explained Narada. “Eating it gives you all the wisdom in the world. I bring it as a gift to your sons, but there is a catch,” he went on. “Its powers won’t work if it is shared. It can only be eaten by one person.”





“But how are we to decide which son should have it?” asked Lord Shiva.

“I love mangoes and I’m the youngest!” said Kartikeya. “I should have it!”

“But I’m the eldest and I will use my knowledge more wisely,” said Ganesha.

“Therefore, I should have it!”

Narada stood there grinning, pleased with the problem he had created.

“Always causing trouble, Narada!” sighed Parvati. “So how do you suggest we solve this?”

“A competition!” exclaimed Narada. “A race! You must both go around the world three times – and whoever returns first wins the mango of knowledge!”

Kartikeya was delighted. He was fit and sporty, and his mode of transport was a swift and powerful peacock. He was confident he could win. He leapt onto the back of his peacock and set off at an impressive pace. ➡

Ganesha, however, felt downhearted. He was slow-moving and heavy and he got around on the back of a small mouse. There was no way he could compete with his brother, but he wasn't about to give up.

He balanced himself on the back of his mouse and slowly ambled down the road. His brother was already a blur in the distance. But Ganesha hadn't gone very far when he had a brilliant idea. "Don't my parents mean the whole world to me?" he thought. So Ganesha turned his mouse around and went home.

Lord Shiva and Goddess Parvati were surprised to see their son back so soon. "How did you finish so quickly?" they asked. But Ganesha didn't say a word. Still riding on his loyal mouse, he circled his parents three times, then he stood before them and bowed.

"You asked me to circle the world three times – and you, my parents, are the world to me. I don't need to go any further than this."

His parents could not argue with the wisdom or respect he had shown them – and even Narada was forced to agree that Ganesha had been clever.

There are many fantastic stories about the god Ganesha. In some parts of India, Ganesha is celebrated with a 10-day festival called Ganesh Chaturthi. People decorate their homes and shrines with clay models of the elephant-headed god and dress them with colourful flowers. It's also traditional to eat sweet treats.



When Kartikeya returned the next day to claim his prize, he was shocked to see Ganesha proudly holding the golden mango.

“How did you get here first, brother? I kept looking over my shoulder, but you were nowhere to be seen.”

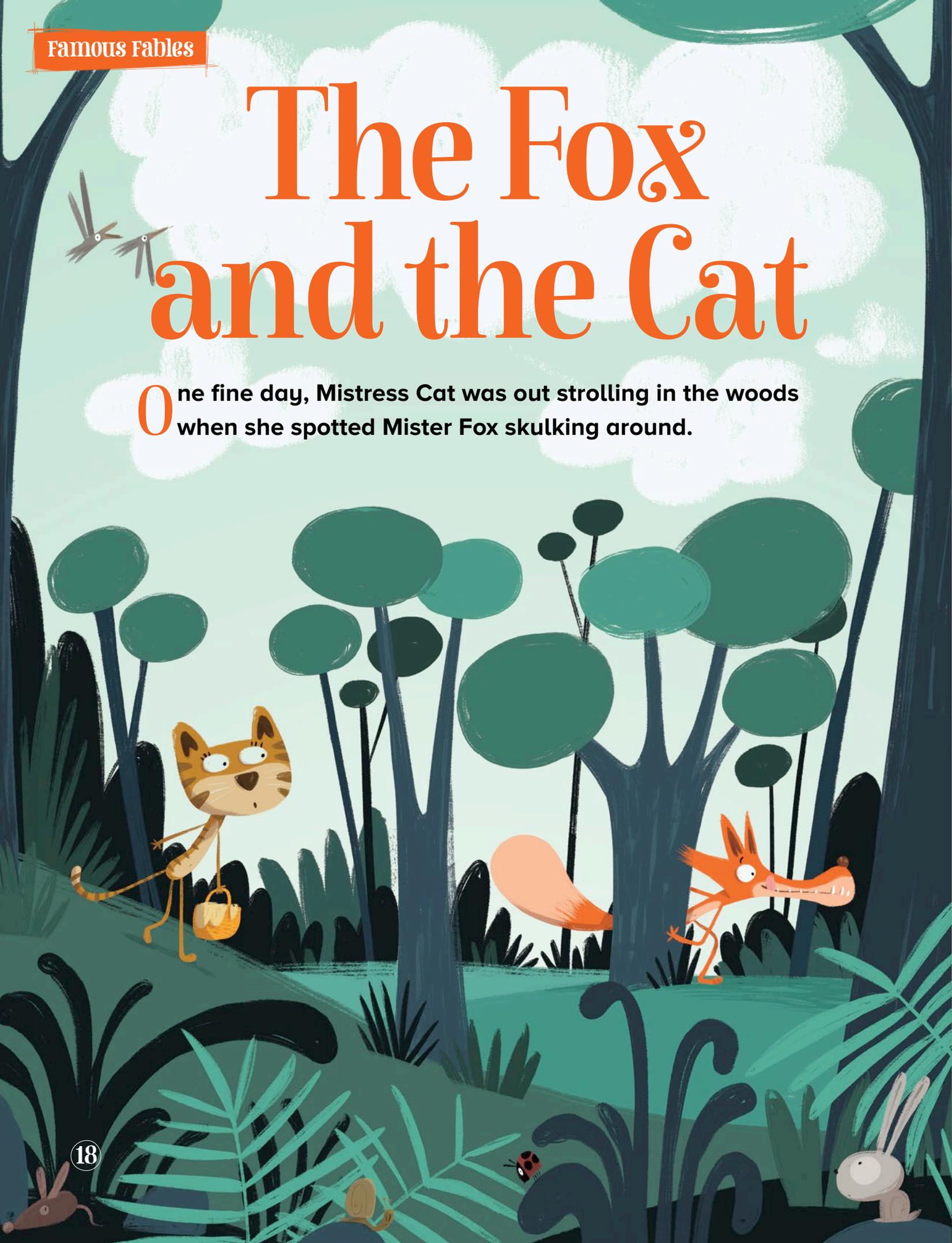
Lord Shiva explained what had happened and proclaimed Ganesha the winner of their challenge. Kartikeya congratulated his brother on his cleverness.

Ganesha bit into the magical golden mango, which tasted even more delicious than the sweetest nectar. As he ate the fruit of knowledge, Ganesha’s mind was flooded with all the wisdom in the world. From that day forward, Ganesha – the elephant-headed boy – became a respected god and the wisest lord of all beings. He is still worshipped by Hindus today. 🌀



The Fox and the Cat

One fine day, Mistress Cat was out strolling in the woods when she spotted Mister Fox skulking around.



“He seems like a clever fellow,” she thought. “He gets by all on his own without any human helping him. He always seems to have a full belly and he always manages to keep out of harm’s way. I wonder how he does it.”

She sauntered over to him, greeting him in a friendly way. “Good morning, Mister Fox. You look well. You never seem to get in any trouble. What’s the secret of your success?”

Mister Fox stopped what he was doing and gave Mistress Cat a pitiful look.

“Secret, my dear? Only a fool would have one secret! I pride myself on having many of them.”

Mistress Cat looked confused, and Mister Fox suddenly felt himself very self-important and special. “Tell me, Mistress Cat, how many cunning tricks do you know?”

“Oh, just one,” said Mistress Cat. “But it hasn’t let me down so far. Whenever a dog or a stranger comes too close, I scramble up as high as I can and I keep out of their reach.” ➔



“That’s all you’ve got?” scoffed Mister Fox. “That’s your only trick?”

“Yes,” mumbled Mistress Cat, feeling a bit foolish. “So, tell me, what tricks do you have, then?”

“Oh, I have a whole bag of tricks,” boasted Mister Fox. “You could say I have a trick for every occasion! No matter what the challenge, I can pull

a trick out of my special tricky trick bag. They don’t call me a sly old fox for nothing, you know! Really, Mistress Cat, you have much to learn.”

Just then, a pack of hounds burst through the undergrowth and came pounding towards them. Without a second’s delay, Mistress Cat darted up a nearby tree, well out of reach of the hungry dogs.



Mister Fox, however, appeared to be frozen to the spot. He was deciding on which of his many crafty tricks to use.

“Quick, Mister Fox, open up your tricky trick bag! Pull out a trick!” cried Mistress Cat.

But it was too late. Mister Fox had spent so long dithering over which trick to use, the baying hounds had surrounded him, and there was nowhere for him to escape.

Mistress Cat looked down from her high branch and miaowed:

“I think it's better to have one good trick than a hundred bad ones, after all!”



MAKE IT!

Why not make a bag of tricks? On a piece of paper write down five adjectives to describe yourself or someone you know. For example: brave, kind, helpful and honest. Cut the paper into slips and put the slips in your bag. Take it in turns to pull out a slip and say how this adjective could help you in times of need.

The Brave Little Tailor

A busy tailor decided to stop for his lunch break. He spread a thick slice of bread with his favourite strawberry jam and went to fetch a glass of cold milk.



But when he returned to his feast, he found a swarm of flies eating his jam. “How dare you!” cried the tailor. “Who invited you to share my lunch?” But the flies ignored him and carried on nibbling at the sweet, sticky jam.

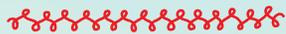
“Shoo!” shouted the tailor, but the flies didn’t move.

“Right,” said the tailor. “I’ll get you!” And he grabbed a tea towel and hit wildly at the flies. Most of them flew away, but the tailor saw that seven of the flies were quite dead.

“Would you look at that?” said the tailor. “A little man like me killing seven in just one blow! I should tell the world about this! In fact, I should give up my work – this is no job for a courageous fellow like me!”

So he set about stitching himself a sash with the words ‘**Seven in one blow**’ embroidered upon it. Then he wrapped the sash around his waist, put a hunk of cheese in his pocket for supper, and set off to show everyone how brave he had been.

Along the path, he found a little bird whose wing had got caught in a bush. The tailor freed it, but the bird was still weak, so he put it in his other pocket to recover and continued on his way.



Before long, he came to a mountain. He walked all the way to the top, and found a huge giant sitting there.

“Good evening!” said the tailor. “Isn’t it a wonderful view? I’m off to see the world. Would you like to join me?”

The giant grunted and laughed. “Join a little wimp like you? I don’t think so!”

“A wimp, you say?” said the tailor, and he opened his jacket to proudly reveal his ‘**Seven in one blow**’ sash.

The giant thought the tailor had killed seven men in one blow, and was most impressed. Nevertheless, he decided to test him.

“Can you do this?” asked the giant, and he grabbed a rock and squeezed it so hard that water dripped from it.

“No problem!” said the tailor, and he hid the cheese from his pocket behind a rock and squeezed it tightly until liquid dripped from it.

“What about this?” asked the giant, and he took a stone and hurled it high into the air. It landed with a thud halfway down the mountain. →



“Impressive, but I’ll throw my stone so high, it won’t fall down again,” said the tailor, and he took the bird from his pocket, and tossed it into the sky. The giant was completely fooled!

“Hmm, let’s see how much weight you can lift,” said the giant. “Help me carry this oak tree to my cave.”

“Of course,” said the tailor. “You take the trunk, and I’ll carry the branches.”

The giant lifted the tree and the tailor pretended to lift the other end. They set off down the mountain and, because the giant couldn’t see behind him, the tailor hopped onto a branch to enjoy the ride.

When they neared the cave, the tailor quickly hopped off again, so when the giant looked back, he saw the tailor toiling to lift the other end.

Huffing and puffing, the giant dropped the heavy load and the tailor said, “Tired, are we?”

The giant grumbled, “If you’re so brave and strong, sleep in our cave tonight!”

The tailor agreed and followed the giant to a roaring fire, surrounded by six more giants – all as huge and grisly as the first. The giant showed him into their cave and to his bed.

“Fancy, me living with giants!” chuckled the tailor.



He tried to get to sleep, but the bed was uncomfortable, so he crept out of the cave and slept under a bush. This was a stroke of good luck, because the giant had decided to eat him for breakfast and, in the middle of the night, he had thudded over to the tailor's bed and hit it with his club.

When the giant got up in the morning and found the little man sitting by the fire, he was shocked to see that the tailor had survived. Fearing that the tailor would seek revenge, he urged the other giants to run for their lives, and they all dashed into the woods.

"Seven in one blow again!" thought the tailor, and he set off to see the world once more.



He walked for days until, at last, he saw a castle in the distance, but he was so tired, he decided to get some sleep before heading there.

The next morning, a troop of soldiers passed by and, when they discovered a sleeping stranger wearing a 'Seven in one blow' sash, they thought he must have performed a heroic deed. They sent news to the king. →



The king thought the brave



little tailor must be a great hero!



Spot It!

Can you find these three close-up images on this page? Tick each box when you find them.



When the tailor woke up, he was very pleased to see the king at his side.

“Good morning,” said the king, a little nervously. “I am delighted to have a great hero like you in my kingdom!”

“Indeed!” said the tailor, pointing proudly at his sash.

“I wonder whether you can help us, please? Seven giants have just moved into a nearby forest and are robbing anyone who travels through it.”

“Ah, you have come to the right man,” smiled the tailor. “Just a few days ago I scared away seven giants.”

“Excellent!” said the king. “If you can rid me of them, I will reward you well – you can have half my kingdom and my daughter’s hand in marriage!”

“Deal!” said the tailor. “Seven in one blow is no problem for me!”

So the tailor prepared for his journey and the king insisted that he took his best horsemen with him. They set off at dusk and, when they reached the edge of the forest, the tailor told the horsemen to stay put.

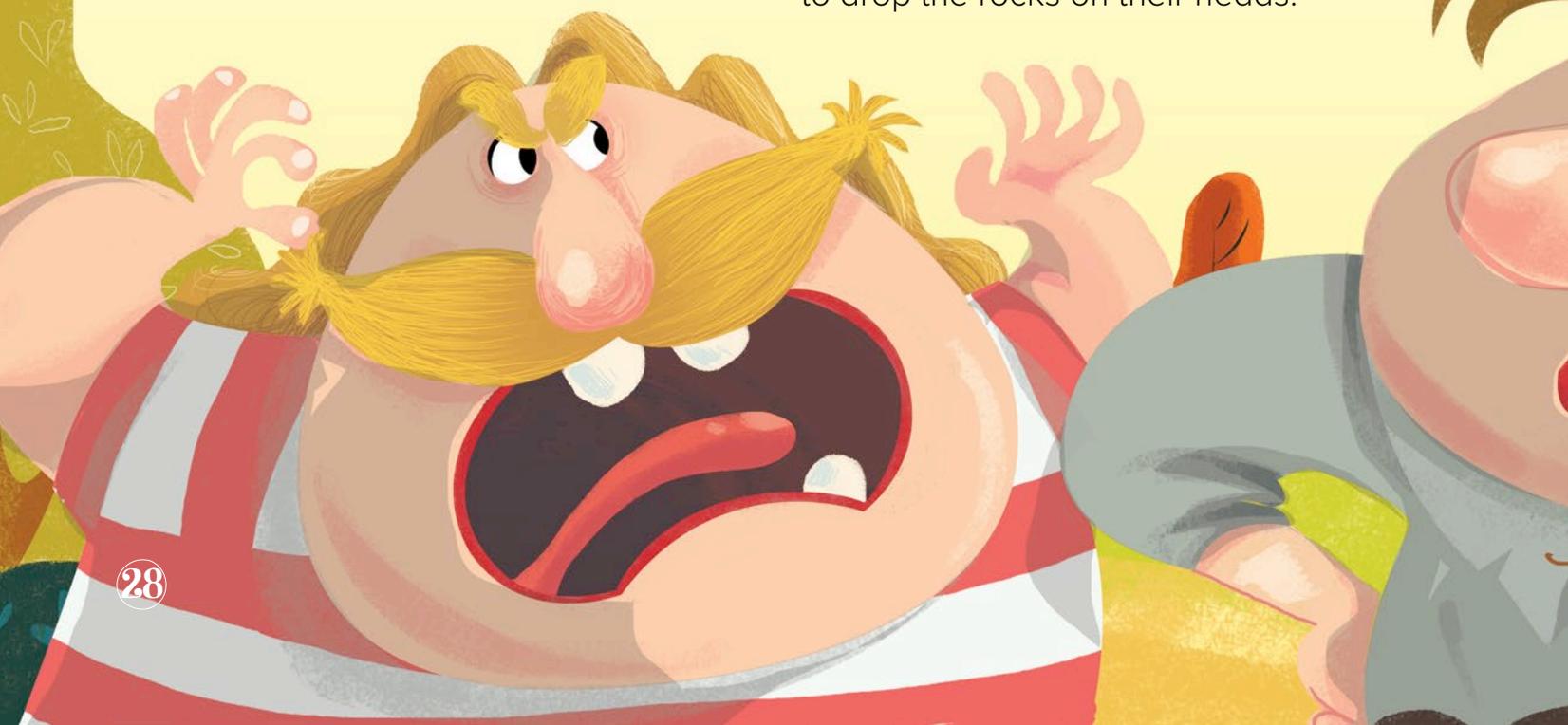
“I can take care of the giants myself,” he said bravely.

The horsemen didn’t want to argue with a man who could kill seven in one blow, so they watched him disappear into the trees.



The brave little tailor searched the woods and, at last, he found the same seven giants he had met days before all fast asleep under a large oak tree.

He filled his pockets with rocks and climbed the tree, then, when he was directly above the giants, he started to drop the rocks on their heads.



The giants soon stirred. “Stop hitting me!” grunted one to the other.

“I’m not! You hit me!” said another.

“You started it!” shouted one, angrily.

Then all seven giants jumped up and began to quarrel. The quarrel quickly turned into pushing, then the pushing turned into fighting, and, before long, they were pulling up trees by the roots and whacking each other over the head with them. Pretty soon, all seven giants were dead.

The brave little tailor climbed down the tree and walked out of the forest.

“Seven in one blow!” he said to the horsemen. “I had to pull up some trees to defend myself, but the giants won’t trouble you any more.”

The horsemen couldn’t believe it, so they rode into the forest and were astounded to see seven dead giants with trees scattered around them. →



Design It!

Using a long strip of paper and your favourite crayons or colouring pencils, design your own special sash to wear. Write something on it to tell people how awesome you are!

When the brave little tailor returned triumphantly to the castle, the king regretted his offer, but it was too late – he had made a promise.

Within a week, the tailor was married to the princess. The ceremony wasn't a joyful one, as the king was so grumpy, but the tailor was too happy to notice.

In bed that night, the princess was kept awake by her new husband talking in his sleep. "Boy, fetch some thread!" "Boy, where is the tape measure?" "Boy, pass me that velvet!" he said.

In the morning, the princess went to the king. "My husband is no hero!" she cried. "He's nothing but a lowly tailor!"

The king was greatly angered and came up with a scheme to kidnap the tailor in the night and take him far, far away. However, one of the horsemen overheard the plan, and felt sorry for the tailor, so told him everything.

That night, when the princess and the tailor went to bed, the tailor pretended to fall asleep. When he heard people outside, he cried, "Boy, fetch the thread, the tape measure and some velvet, so somebody can make me a robe fit for a hero! I have killed seven in one blow. I fear nobody – not even the people outside my room!"

When his enemies heard this, they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. The brave little tailor was never bothered again and even went on to be the king – in a smart velvet robe! 🌀



The Stars in the Sky

Just last week – or perhaps it was a hundred years ago – there was a wee boy who loved the stars in the sky so much, he longed to play with them. ★

All day long, he would mope around the house because all he wanted to do was play with the stars. “Play with your teddy,” said his mummy.

“No, I want to play with the stars,” sulked the boy.

★ “Why don’t you draw a picture of the stars?” suggested his daddy.

“It’s not the same. I want to play with them!” said the boy.

“Here’s a book about them,” said his granny. “You can read about them.”

“I don’t want to read about them!” cried the boy.

“I want to play with them.”

It was no use; nothing anyone could say or do would cheer him up. The wee boy had his heart set on playing with the stars. ➡





That night, when everyone was in bed, he set out in his pyjamas to find the stars. He walked and he walked until he came to a pond.

“Good evening,” said the boy. “I’m looking for the stars to play with. Have you seen any?”

“Oh yes,” said the pond. “They shine on my surface so brightly sometimes, I can’t sleep. Jump in and perhaps you’ll find one.”

So the wee boy jumped in, and he swam around and around, but all he found were some ripples. There were no stars to be seen. He climbed out and carried on his journey.

Soon he came to a babbling brook. “Good evening,” said the boy. “I’m looking for the stars to play with. Have you seen any?”

“Yes, indeed,” babbled the brook. “They glint on the riverbank every night and light up all the reeds. Paddle around and perhaps you’ll find one.”

So the wee boy stepped into the brook and paddled around and around, but all he found was a frog. There were no stars to be seen. He stepped onto the riverbank and carried on his journey.

Soon he came to some frolicking fairies. “Good evening,” said the boy. “I’m looking for the stars to play with. Have you seen any?”

“Why, yes, little lad,” said the fairies. “They shine on us every night when we’re dancing. Dance with us and perhaps they’ll come out to play!”

The wee boy danced around and around with the fairies, but all he

found was that his feet hurt. There were no stars to be seen. So he sat on the ground and sighed deeply.

“It’s not fair,” he said, his eyes welling up with tears. “I’ve swum and I’ve paddled and I’ve danced, and I still haven’t found the stars to play with. Can’t you help me, please?”

The fairies whispered for a while, then the tallest fairy came up to the wee boy and said, “Follow this road until you come to Four Feet, and ask him to carry you to No Feet At All. When you get there, ask No Feet At All to carry you all the way to the stairs without steps ...”

“Then I’ll be able to play with the stars in the sky!” grinned the wee boy.

“You will or you won’t!” smiled the fairy, and she danced away.



Filled with hope and happiness, the wee boy set off and, soon enough, he came to a horse. “This must be Four Feet,” he thought.

“Good evening,” said the boy. “The fairies said you could carry me to No Feet At All and the stars in the sky. Can you help me, please?”



“I know nothing of the stars,” neighed the horse, “but climb on my back and I will do as the fairies have asked.”

The wee boy climbed up and they rode through the chill night air until they reached a dark forest. The horse continued, carrying the boy through the trees until they came to the edge of the sea. In the distance, rising out of the water, the wee boy could see a glimmering path that went right up into the sky. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. It looked like it was made of mother of pearl, silver and gold all in one. It was a moonbow!

“That’s as far as I can carry you,” said Four Feet. “It’s time for you to get off.”

The wee boy dismounted and said, “But where’s No Feet At All? Is that the stair without steps?”

“I know nothing of it,” neighed the horse, and it galloped away.





The wee boy looked out at the sea and was just beginning to lose hope again, when a huge fish popped up in front of him.

“Good evening,” said the boy. “Are you No Feet At All? The fairies said you could take me to the stairs without steps and the stars in the sky. Can you, please?”

“I am, and I can,” said the fish. “Climb on my back and I’ll take you there.”

So the boy climbed onto the fish’s back and held on tightly as it glided at great speed through the inky sea. As they reached the magical moonbow path, it became so bright, the wee boy had to shade his eyes.

“Here you are,” said the fish, and it set the boy down near the bottom of the bright arch. The wee boy looked up and saw that the shining path climbed all the way up to the heavens. At the top, he could just about make out the twinkling stars playing together. The boy laughed with delight.

“Good luck with it,” said the fish. “It’s a slippery slope indeed. You’ll find it a great deal harder to climb than your stairs at home.” With that, the fish disappeared with a splash. ➡

COUNT IT!

How many golden stars can you count on this page? Write your answer here!

Answer: There are 5 golden stars.

The wee boy set off up the steep moonbow path, gripping firmly onto the sides. But however much he climbed, he never seemed to get any further. It was as though he was taking one step forward and two steps back. He carried on taking bigger steps, but the path before him still didn't get any shorter and the playful stars were always the same distance away.

At last, in frustration, he let go of the sides and took a mighty leap forwards, but he lost his footing and slid all the way down the moonbow!

Down and down he went, expecting to plunge into the cold sea, but instead, he suddenly landed with a thud on the floor next to his bed. The boy wailed when he realised that the whole thing had been a dream! But from that day on, he wasn't quite so keen to play with the stars. 🌀

Did You Know?

Moonbows really exist! They're also called lunar rainbows, and are lit by the light of the moon, rather than the sun. They are much harder to spot than rainbows, but you can see them in the rain or by waterfalls at night.

The Reluctant Dragon

By Kenneth Grahame

Long ago in a cottage halfway between this village and yonder, there lived a shepherd with his wife and their little son.

Now the shepherd spent his days and sometimes his nights up on the Downs, with only the sun and the stars and the sheep for company. But his little son spent much of his time buried in books. His parents were very fond of him, and rather proud too, so he was left to read as much as he liked.

One evening the shepherd came home trembling and, sitting down at the table, he exclaimed, "It's all over for me! No more can I go up on the Downs!"

"Now, don't take on like that," said his wife, who was a very sensible woman. "Tell us what has shaken you!" →



“You know that cave up there,” said the shepherd. “I never liked it and the sheep didn’t either. Well, there’s been faint noises coming from that cave – noises like heavy sighs with grunts mixed in, and sometimes snoring! Of course, I was terribly frightened, yet somehow I couldn’t keep away. So this evening, I took a look around the cave. And there – O Lord! – there I saw him, as plain as I see you!”

“Saw who?” said his wife, beginning to share in her husband’s terror.

“Him!” said the shepherd. “He was sticking halfway out of the cave. He was as big as four carthorses, and all covered with shiny scales – deep blue at the top, fading to green. As he breathed, there was a sort of flicker over his nostrils. He had his chin on his paws – a peaceful sort o’ beast, I admit. And yet, what am I to do? Scales, you know, and claws. I ain’t used to it, that’s a fact!”

The Boy clasped his hands behind his head, and said: “It’s all right, Father. Don’t you worry. It’s only a dragon.”

“Only a dragon?” cried his father. “What do you mean, sitting there, you and your dragons?”

“Look here, Father, I know all about dragons. I always said that cave was a dragon cave. Please, just leave this all to me. I’ll talk to him, and you’ll find it’ll be all right. You don’t understand ’em. They’re very sensitive, you know!”

“He’s quite right, Father,” said the sensible mother. “He’s wonderful knowing about beasts.”



So next day, after he’d had his tea, the Boy strolled up the Downs, and there, sure enough, he found the dragon, stretched lazily in front of his cave.

The view from there was magnificent. No wonder the dragon seemed in a peaceful mood.

WIN!

BRILLIANT BOOK PRIZES!

Enter our competition to win *The Reluctant Dragon* book and read the rest of this fantastic tale!

See page 50.



As the Boy approached he could hear the beast purring happily.

“Hullo, dragon!” said the Boy.

When the dragon saw it was a Boy, he set his eyebrows severely.

“Now don’t you hit me,” he said. “Or throw stones or squirt water – or anything. I won’t have it, I tell you!”

“Not goin’ to hit you,” said the Boy. “I’ve simply looked in to ask you how you were, but if I’m in the way I can easily clear out!”

“No, no, don’t go off in a huff,” said the dragon hastily. “Fact is, I’m happy here. Yet, between ourselves, it is a trifle dull at times.”

The Boy bit off a stalk of grass and chewed it. “Going to stay long?” he asked, politely.

“Can’t say,” replied the dragon. “It seems a nice place, but I’ve only been here a short time, and one must look about before settling down. But, fact is, I’m confoundedly lazy!”



“You surprise me,” said the Boy.

“It’s the sad truth,” the dragon went on, settling down between his paws, delighted to have found a listener. “That’s really how I came to be here. You see, all the other fellows were so active – always rampaging, and skirmishing, and chasing knights, and devouring damsels, whereas I liked to get my meals and then prop against a rock and snooze, you know? So when it happened I got fairly caught.”

“What happened?” asked the Boy.

“I don’t precisely know,” said the dragon. “There was a shake and a roar, and I found myself miles

underground and wedged in tight. Well, I had peace and quiet, but I’ve got such an active mind, so after a while, I got bored. So I scratched and burrowed, and worked this way and that way and at last I came out in this cave here. And I like the view, and on the whole I feel inclined to settle here.”

“What’s your mind always occupied about?” asked the Boy.

The dragon coloured slightly and looked away, then he said bashfully, “Did you ever – just for fun – try to make up poetry – verses, you know?”

“Course I have,” said the Boy. “And some of it’s quite good, only no one



here cares about it. Mother's very kind when I read it to her, and so's Father. But somehow they don't seem to ..."

"Exactly!" cried the dragon. "My own case exactly. They don't seem to, and you can't argue with 'em about it. Now you've got culture, I could tell at once. I'm awfully pleased to have met you, and I'm hoping the other neighbours will be equally agreeable. There was a nice gentleman up here last night, but he didn't seem to want to intrude."

"That was my father," said the Boy, "and he is a nice gentleman, and I'll introduce you if you like."

"Can't you two come up here and dine tomorrow?" asked the dragon eagerly. "Only, of course, if you've got nothing better to do," he added politely.

"Thanks awfully," said the Boy, "but to tell you the truth, I'm afraid my mother might not approve of you. You see, there's no getting over the fact that you're a dragon, is there?"

You're an enemy of the human race, you see!"

"Haven't got an enemy in the world," said the dragon cheerfully. "Too lazy to make 'em!"

"Oh, dear!" cried the Boy. "I wish you'd try and grasp the situation. When the other people find you out, they'll come after you with spears and swords and all sorts of things. You're a pest!"

"Not a word of truth in it," said the dragon, wagging his head solemnly. "And now, there's a little sonnet I was working on when you appeared ..."

"Oh, if you won't be sensible," cried the Boy, "I'm going home. I can't stop for sonnets; my mother's sitting up. I'll come again. Goodnight!"



The Boy found it fairly easy to set his parents' minds at ease about his new friend. The shepherd was formally introduced to the dragon and many

COMPETITION!

Could you write a short poem about a dragon? Maybe you could enter it into our competition and see it in print in Storytime! **SEE PAGE 48 FOR DETAILS.**



compliments were exchanged. His wife, however, though she offered to mend things or cook when the dragon had forgotten his meals, wasn't so sure. He was a dragon, after all.

She made no objection, however, to her son spending his evenings with the dragon, so long as he was home by nine o'clock. And many a pleasant night they had, while the dragon told stories of old, old times, when dragons were plentiful and the world was a livelier place, and life was full of thrills and jumps and surprises.

What the Boy had feared, however, soon came to pass. The most modest and retiring dragon in the world, if he's as big as four carthorses and covered with scales, cannot keep out of the public view. And so in the village inn, the fact that a real live dragon was up on the Downs was a subject for talk.

Though the villagers were extremely frightened, they were rather proud as well. Having a dragon of your own was felt to be a feather in the cap of the village. Still, all were agreed that this sort of thing couldn't be allowed to go on. The dreadful beast must be exterminated. But in spite of much valiant talk, each night's heated discussion always ended in nothing.

Meanwhile the dragon happily lolled around on the grass, enjoyed the sunsets, told anecdotes to the Boy, and polished his verses.



One day, the Boy found everything in the village looking festive. Bunting was hanging out of the windows, the church bells chimed noisily, the little street was strewn with flowers, and everyone was jostling, chattering and ordering each other to stand back. The Boy spotted a friend in the crowd.

"What's up?" he cried. "Is it the circus?"

"He's a-coming," his friend hailed back.

"Who's a-coming?" demanded the Boy.

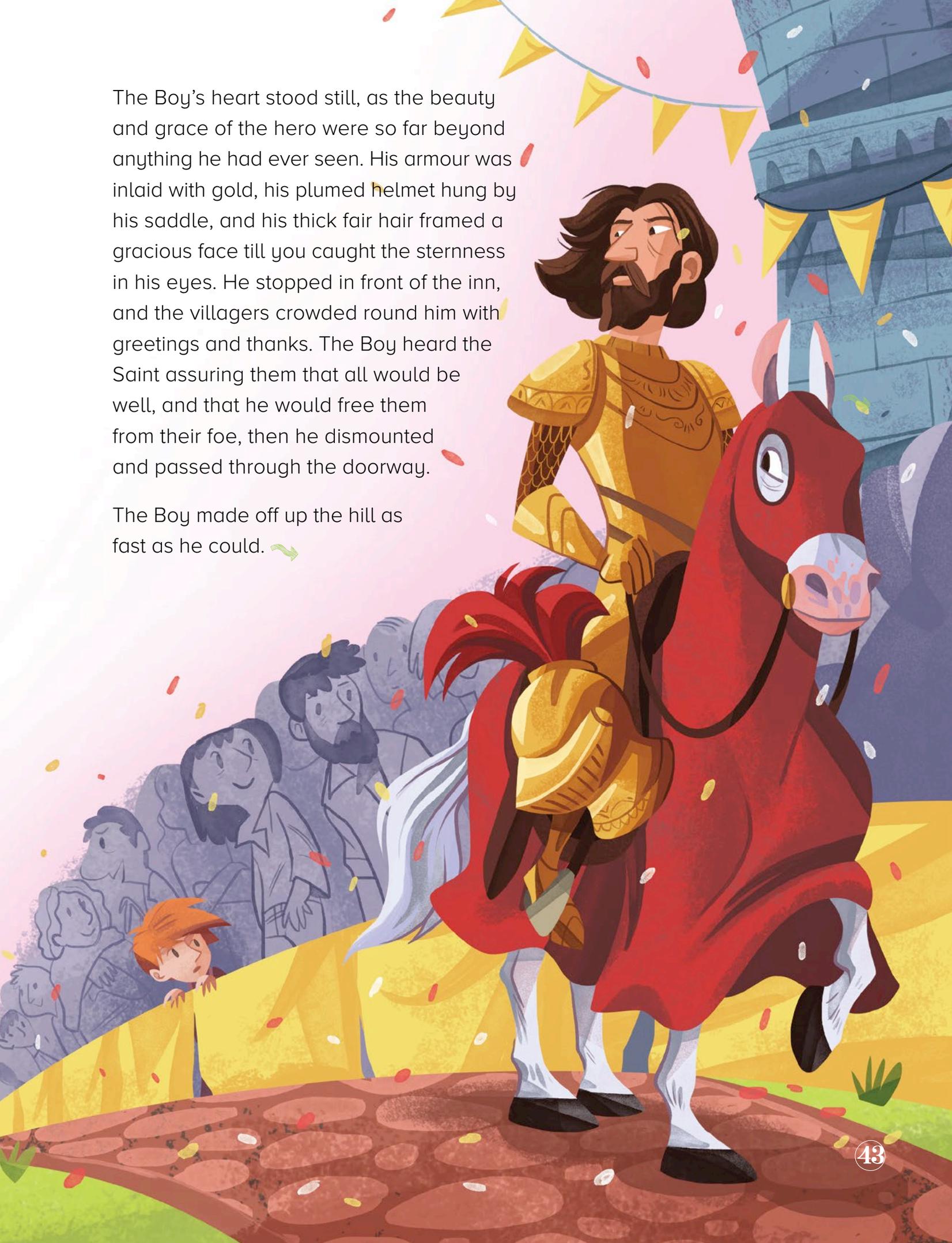
"Why, St George, of course," replied his friend. "He's heard of our dragon, and he's coming to slay the deadly beast, and free us. Oh my! Won't there be a jolly fight!"

Here was news indeed! The Boy felt that he ought to make quite sure, so he breathlessly awaited the arrival.

Presently from the far end came the sound of cheering. Next, the tramp of a great war-horse, then he found himself cheering with the rest, as St. George paced slowly up the street.

The Boy's heart stood still, as the beauty and grace of the hero were so far beyond anything he had ever seen. His armour was inlaid with gold, his plumed helmet hung by his saddle, and his thick fair hair framed a gracious face till you caught the sternness in his eyes. He stopped in front of the inn, and the villagers crowded round him with greetings and thanks. The Boy heard the Saint assuring them that all would be well, and that he would free them from their foe, then he dismounted and passed through the doorway.

The Boy made off up the hill as fast as he could. ↘



“It’s all over, dragon!” he shouted as soon as he saw the beast. “He’s here! You’ll have to pull yourself together and do something!”

The dragon was licking his scales and rubbing them with a bit of flannel the Boy’s mother had lent him, till he shone like a great turquoise.

“Calm down, Boy,” he said. “Sit down and get your breath, then perhaps you’ll tell me who’s coming?”

“It’s only St George,” said the Boy. “He rode into the village half an hour ago. Of course you can lick him – a great

big fellow like you! But I thought I’d warn you, ’cos he’ll be here soon, and he’s got the longest, wickedest-looking spear you ever did see!”

And the Boy got up and began to jump round in sheer delight at the prospect of the battle.

“O deary me,” moaned the dragon. “This is too awful. I won’t see him, and that’s final. I don’t want to know the fellow at all. I’m sure he’s not nice. You must tell him to go away at once, please. He can write if he likes, but I’m not seeing anybody at present!” 🌀





storytime playbox

Give Budgie a cool costume, make a Ganesha mask, bust our brainteasers, and enter our anniversary poetry competition!

1 PICK A PATH

Help the girl find her way home! The right path follows the words of her lullaby in the correct order. She can't skip any stones, and she can only step on each stone once!



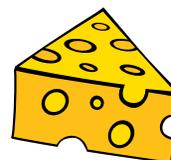
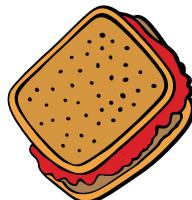
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2 Quick Quiz

What does the Brave Little Tailor throw into the air to show the giant his strength?

A. JAM SANDWICH



B. CHEESE

C. BIRD



3 BUDGIE ON TOUR

Budgie's taking his rock-star moves on tour! Can you design a costume to impress his fans? Make sure he looks super-cool!



4 Four Feet FILL-IN!

In *The Stars in the Sky*, Four Feet was a horse. Fill in the blanks to name three more animals with four feet.

_ e b _ a
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Storytime

POETRY COMPETITION



See your poetry in print! Write a short poem about an animal (real or imaginary), impress our judge – the amazing children’s poet **Brian Moses** – and we’ll print the best entry in Storytime! Plus you’ll win a bundle of poetry books too! Get scribbling!



THE PRIZES
Your poem published in Storytime, **PLUS** win Brian Moses poetry books!

THE RULES*

- Entrants must be aged 3 to 9.
- Your poem must be original.
- Your poem should be between 12 and 20 lines long.
- To enter, photocopy or tear out the form opposite or download a form from storytimemagazine.com/poetry-comp
- Email your entry form to: hello@storytimemagazine.com or post to: The Editor, Storytime, Studio 2B18, Southbank Technopark, London, SE1 6LN
- Closing date: Wednesday 12 October, 2016.

*For the rules in full, please visit: storytimemagazine.com/poetry-comp

ABOUT BRIAN MOSES

Our judge, Brian Moses, knows a thing or two about poetry – he’s sold over one million books, given over 2,500 poetry performances, taught in schools all over the country, and he’s even written a poem for the Queen!



OUR JUDGE!

BRIAN’S TOP 3 TIPS!

1. Don’t feel you have to rhyme. Repeat one or two words every other line to give your poem rhythm.
2. Try to find something different to say about your character.
3. Surprise me!



AWESOME BOOK BUNDLE!

STORYTIME POETRY COMPETITION ENTRY FORM



NAME: _____ AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

STORY MAGIC

This month, we're celebrating our second anniversary with a super-duper 25-book giveaway, so give your bookshelf a treat!

WIN!

25 Awesome Books to Win!

📖 **8 Amazing Flying Eye Books!** Win some of the very best picture books published in recent years, including *Professor Astro Cat's Atomic Adventure*, *The Wolves of Currumpaw*, *Marcel*, *The Lines on Nana's Face*, *The Journey, My Dad Used to Be Cool* and *Hilda and the Bird Parade*. PLUS the all-new *Arthur and the Golden Rope* by Joe Todd-Stanton – the first in a series about Professor Brownstone's Mythical Collection and a must for Hilda fans. It's packed with myths, magic and VIKINGS!

📖 **4 Magical Mini Books!** Win a cute bundle of literary classics including *Peter Pan*, *Black Beauty*, *Pinocchio* and *The Call of the Wild* from Miles Kelly Publishing.

📖 **2 Little Tiger Press Treats!** Win Britta Teckentrup's gorgeous *Tree* and the 10th anniversary edition of *Augustus and His Smile* by Catherine Rayner.

📖 **9 Cool Chronicle Books!** Win stories to make you smile, including *Flora and the Peacocks* by Molly Idle, *Bear's Sea Escape* by Benjamin Chaud and *One Bear Extraordinaire* by Jayme McGowan.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

WIN!

Story Path

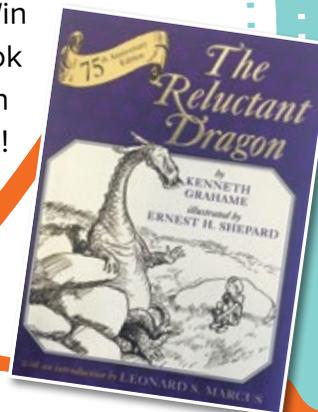


We love a creative picture book and *Story Path* from Maddalena Matoso is just that. As you travel through the pages you can choose which characters will star in your story and which route to take, and create your very own adventure! Perfect for sparking young imaginations – and we have a copy to win too! (Big Picture Press)

Here Be Dragons!

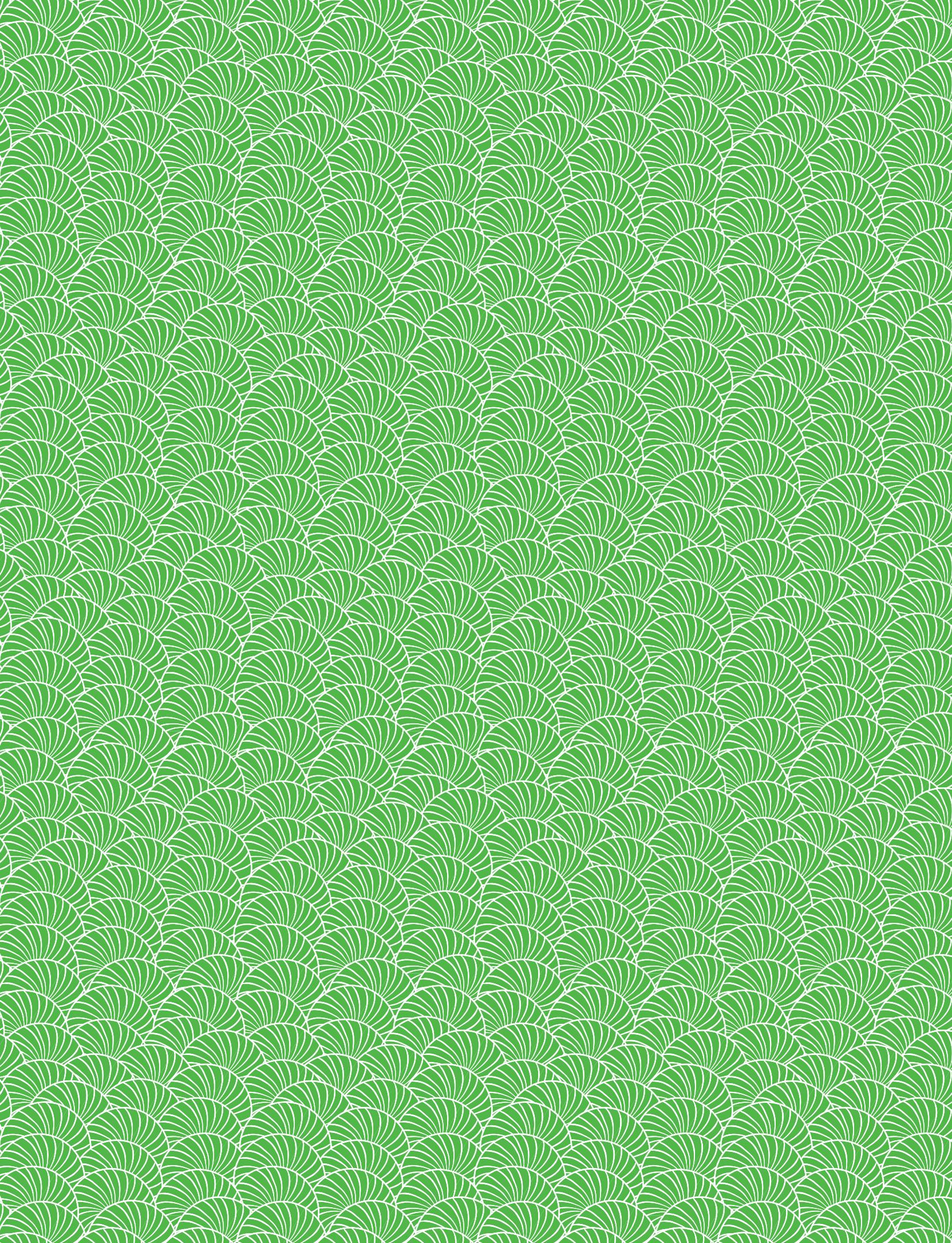
WIN!

What happens when St George meets *The Reluctant Dragon*? Win a copy of this brilliant book from Kenneth Grahame in our bumper competition! Best of luck!

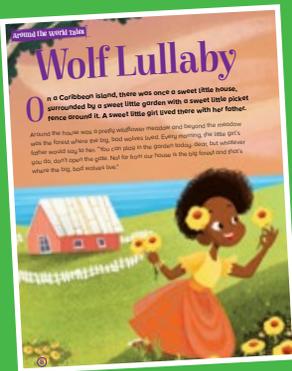


To win the books on this page, visit:
www.storytimemagazine.com/win





HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!



Sing the big bad wolf a lullaby



Enter our poetry competition



Make friends with a dragon who refuses to do battle!



BABA YAGA
Pippi Longstocking, The Spider and the Fly, The Green Children of Woolstapton and MORE!

Never miss an issue:
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25 Brilliant Books to win!

Coming in issue 26

