



100% MAGICAL

Storytime™

CHRISTMAS
STORIES, POEMS
AND PUZZLES!

A VISIT FROM ST NICHOLAS

**The Hairy Snowman, Aladdin, Little Donkey,
Wee Robin Redbreast and PENGUINS!**

“Look at the icy palaces!”

www.mindful.org

Stories for you and Santa Claus too!

Santa told us his favourite stories and
we put them in Storytime. Don't forget to
leave your magazine next to his milk
and mince pie, so he can enjoy it too!

This issue belongs to:

Storytime™ magazine is published
every month by **Luma Works**,
Studio 2B18, Southbank Technopark,
90 London Rd, London, SE1 6LN.

© Luma Creative Ltd, 2017. All rights
reserved. No part of this magazine
may be used or reproduced without
prior written permission of the publisher.

Storytime is a trademark of Luma
Creative Ltd. Printed by Grange.

ILLUSTRATORS:

Tatiana Obukhovic 🍷 Little Donkey
Fabiola Colavecchio 🍷 The Hairy Snowman
Melany Altuna 🍷 Wee Robin Redbreast
Davide Ortu 🍷 The Frost Fairies
Giorgia Broseghini 🍷 A Visit from St Nicholas
Tim Budgen 🍷 Alphabet Zoo
Michel Verdu 🍷 Babe the Blue Ox
Lá Studio 🍷 Aladdin and the Princess

www.storytimemagazine.com



Luma Creative and its paper suppliers have been independently certified in accordance with the rules
of the FSC® (Forest Stewardship Council)®.



Read happily after...

Famous Fables

Little Donkey

A sweet farmyard friend tries to steal the limelight.

6

poems and Rhymes

Alphabet Zoo: P

Meet polar bears and penguins on a wintry trip to the zoo.

33

Tales from Today

The Hairy Snowman

By Dom Conlon. Should snowmen have hairy knees? Find out in this funny story.

10

Myths and Legends

Babe the Blue Ox

Br... It's the Winter of the Blue Snow in this legend from North America.

36

storyteller's corner

Wee Robin Redbreast

A brave little bird sets out on a royal Christmas adventure.

14

Around the World Tales

Aladdin and the Princess

Can Aladdin's genie make his deepest wishes come true?

40

Favourite Fairy Tales

The Frost Fairies

When King Autumn refuses to stop working, Silvercap is sent to save the day.

18

storytime Playbox

Decorate our Storytime Christmas tree, warm up a penguin, make a Santa gift box, and solve our puzzles too!

46

poems and Rhymes

A Visit from St Nicholas

By Clement Clarke Moore. 'Twas the night before Christmas...

24

story Magic

It's not too late! Grab these gorgeous Christmas books to read in the festive season.

50

ON THE
COVER

GIVE SOMEONE SPECIAL A WHOLE YEAR OF STORIES

WITH A STORYTIME GIFT SUBSCRIPTION!



Choose when the first issue arrives –
before or after Christmas Day – it's up to you!

Download your special gift certificate from
www.storytimemagazine.com/certificate

VISIT www.storytimemagazine.com/xmas

CALL 01293 312 180 (quoting XMAS)

Subscription offer subject to availability. Calls to the number above will cost 7p per minute plus your telephone company's access charge.

Little Donkey

It was 'Switch On' night in the village square, and everyone was excited to see the Christmas lights.

Every year, the school children carried lanterns down the main street, and Farmer Holly delivered the Christmas tree. He always donated the biggest and best fir tree on his farm. This year, the tree was gigantic. It was so tall they had to buy extra fairy lights to decorate it. It was so heavy they had to put it on the back of a cart so Farmer Holly's donkey could pull it along.

Before they set off, Farmer Holly said to his little donkey, "There will be a lot of people, but don't be frightened. They'll all be pleased to see you."

SING IT!

Why not sing the Christmas carol **Little Donkey** after reading this fable? Change the words so the little donkey walks down a dusty street and make his precious load the Christmas tree.



The little donkey brayed excitedly and they set off on the dusty road. They walked through the winter's night, until the village was in sight. On the little donkey went, plodding onwards with its precious load. Ahead, the children began their lantern parade.

There were hundreds of people lining both sides of the main street. When they saw Farmer Holly and the little donkey coming, they gasped and

began to clap and cheer. Children smiled and pointed in the donkey's direction. Some jumped up and down with excitement.

The little donkey heard them say, "Wow!" and "It's so beautiful!" It was so pleased with the compliments, it lifted its head proudly and began to strut along. The crowd carried on laughing and clapping and cheering, and the donkey joined in, honking noisily. ➡




The village square was now in sight, but the little donkey was enjoying the attention so much it didn't want the journey to end. It grinned at the crowd and started to bray as tunefully as it could. It began to do a funny little tap dance and wiggled its bottom from side to side. At the end of the performance, it took a bow. But, when it looked up, everyone was quiet.

Farmer Holly rolled his eyes. "Oh dear. They're not cheering for you, show-off – they're cheering for the tree!"

The little donkey looked at the crowd. Farmer Holly was right. Everyone had been smiling and pointing at the big Christmas tree! The little donkey felt silly for being so vain.

"Come along now," said the farmer. As soon as the donkey plodded on again, everyone cheered. When they reached the village square, the farmer put the Christmas tree in its place, and everyone joined in with the countdown, "3...2...1!"





One of the children switched on the lights and the whole village sparkled. The tree looked magical. Dazzling colour and light illuminated the night. The little donkey had never seen anything so pretty.

Farmer Holly gave the little donkey a carrot and patted its head. "Now do you see why everyone was cheering?"

The little donkey brayed and decided to keep its tap dancing for its farmyard friends. 🐼

The Hairy Snowman

By Dom Conlon

Early one morning, as the sun peeped its head over the horizon, two snowmen were having a chat.

"Good morning," said Albert.

"Hello! You're new," said Philippe.

"So I am," said Albert.

"Pleased to meet you," said Philippe.

"Pleased to meet you too. Feeling well?" asked Albert.

"I am," said Philippe. "Are you?"

"Not really," said Albert.

"Oh dear," said Philippe. "Why not?"

"Have you ever heard of a snowman with... hair?" asked Albert.

"Air?" said Philippe.

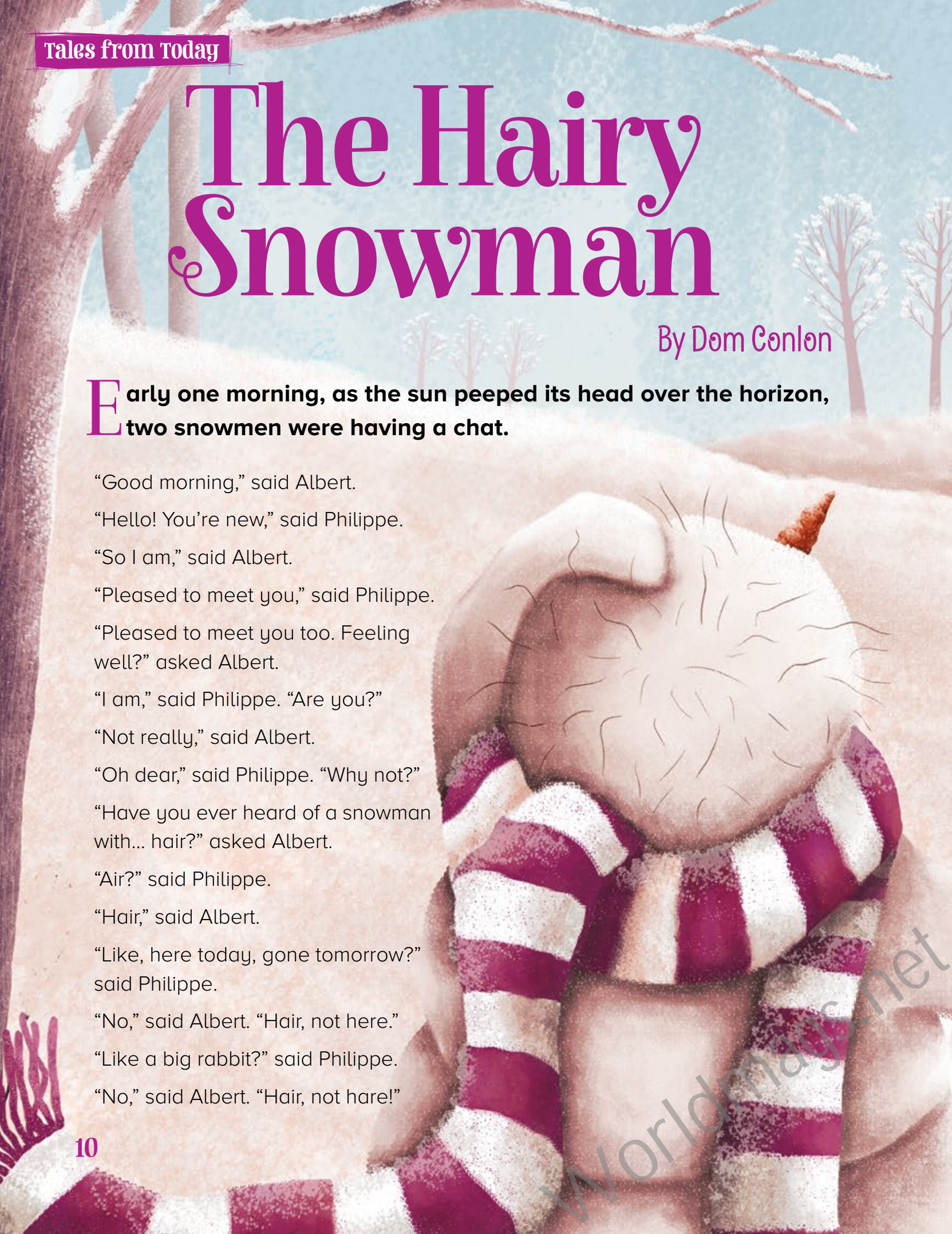
"Hair," said Albert.

"Like, here today, gone tomorrow?" said Philippe.

"No," said Albert. "Hair, not here."

"Like a big rabbit?" said Philippe.

"No," said Albert. "Hair, not hare!"





"Oh," said Philippe. "Like the hair of your chinny chin chin?"

"Yes," said Albert. "That."

"Then no," said Philippe. "I haven't. Why?"

"No reason," said Albert.

"Go on," said Philippe. "You can tell me."

"Really?" said Albert. "Do you promise you won't laugh?"

"Snow-one laughing here," said Philippe.

"Well, okay then," said Albert. He gestured at his head. "Take a look at this."

"Oh," said Philippe. "You have hair."

"I know," said Albert.

"That's bad," said Philippe.

"Bad?" said Albert. "Do you think so?"

"Well, maybe not bad..." said Philippe.

"Thank goodness," sighed Albert.

"...but definitely not good," said Philippe.

"Oh, that's bad," said Albert.

"It isn't good," agreed Philippe.

"What should I do?" said Albert.

"Have you tried brushing it off?" asked Philippe.

"Like this?" said Albert.

"Oh dear," said Philippe.

"What now?" said Albert.

"You've made it worse," said Philippe.

"What can be worse than a hairy snowman?" asked Albert. ➡

"A hairier snowman," said Philippe.

"What should I do?" said Albert.

"Have you tried covering it with something?" asked Philippe.

"Snow?" said Albert.

"Well, you should," said Philippe.

"I said snow, not no," said Albert.

"Oh," said Philippe. "Good idea. Yes."

"Yes, what?" said Albert.

"Yes, cover it with snow," said Philippe.

"Can you help me?" asked Albert.

"Certainly," said Philippe.

"Thank you," said Albert.

"Oh, I can't reach," said Philippe.

"I'll kneel down," said Albert.

"You have knees?" asked Philippe.

"Yes," said Albert. "Don't you?"

"No," said Philippe. "Snowmen do not have knees."

"Oh dear," said Albert. "Is that bad?"

"It isn't good," said Philippe.

"So, can you help?" asked Albert.

"With the knees or the hair?" said Philippe.

"Which is worse?" said Albert.

"I'd say they're pretty much the same," said Philippe.

"Why?" said Albert.

"You have hairy knees," said Philippe.



BUILD IT!

Next time it snows, instead of building a snowman, why not build your very own snow bear? Don't forget to give it hairy knees!



"Oh dear," said Albert, looking at his knees. "That's bad."

"It isn't good," said Philippe.

"Can you help?" pleaded Albert.

"How?" asked Philippe.

"Cover them with snow," said Albert.

"Snow good," said Philippe.

"Why not?" said Albert.

"I still can't reach," said Philippe.

"Why not?" cried Albert.

"I think I'm melting," said Philippe.

"So you are," said Albert.

"Is that bad?" said Philippe.

"It isn't good," said Albert.

"Can you help?" asked Philippe.

"I don't think so," said Albert.

"Why not?" asked Philippe.

"Because I'm melting too," said Albert.

"Oh dear," said Philippe.

"Don't worry," said Albert.

"Why not?" asked Philippe.

"I just remembered something," said Albert.

"What?" asked Philippe.

"I'm not a snowman after all," said Albert, shaking off the snow. **"I'm a BEAR!"** Philippe? Philippe, are you there?"

Wee Robin Redbreast

It was a cold Christmas morning and Wee Robin Redbreast decided to do something special to celebrate the day. He decided to leave his nest and fly all the way to the Queen.

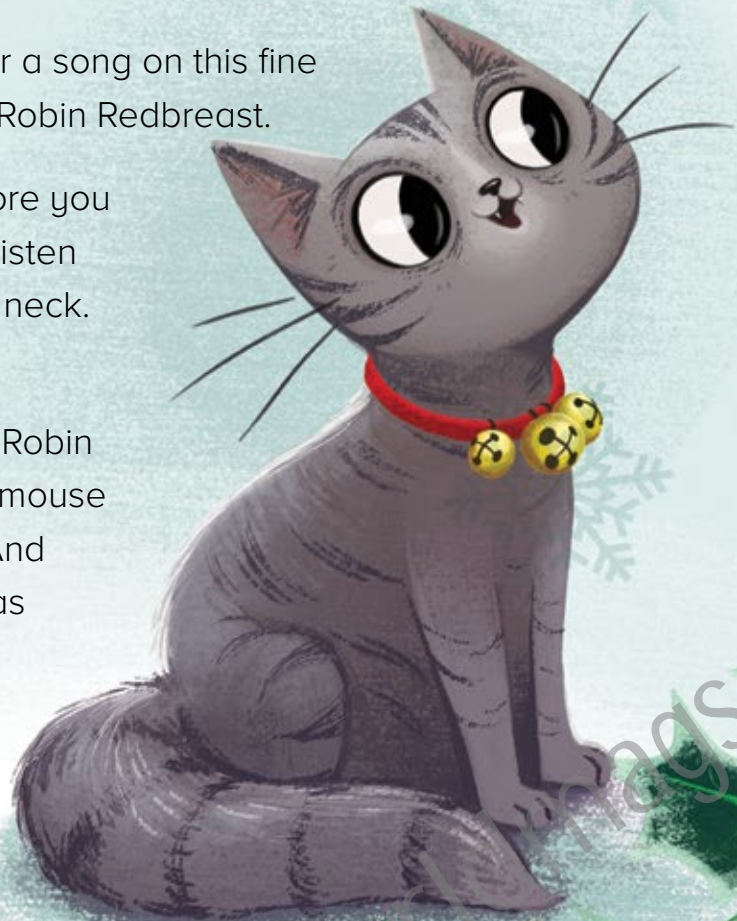
The wee robin had been flying for a while when he stopped to rest on a garden wall. Soon a clever old cat came by.

“Where are you going, Wee Robin?” asked the clever old cat.

“I’m flying to the Queen to sing her a song on this fine Christmas morning,” chirped Wee Robin Redbreast.

“That’s nice,” mewed the cat. “Before you go, why don’t you come closer? Listen to this bonny new bell around my neck. It tinkles so nicely.”

“No, no, clever old cat!” said Wee Robin Redbreast. “You might fool a little mouse like that, but you won’t fool me!” And Wee Robin Redbreast flew away as quickly as he could.





A little later, he stopped to rest on a holly bush, and a big hungry buzzard landed by his side.

"Where are you going, Wee Robin?" asked the big hungry buzzard.

"I'm flying to the Queen to sing her a song on this fine Christmas morning," chirped Wee Robin Redbreast.

"Very well," squawked the buzzard. "Before you go, why don't you come closer? Look at this bonny bronze feather on my wing. It shines so brightly in the sunlight."

"No, no, big hungry buzzard!" said Wee Robin Redbreast. "You might fool other birds like that, but you won't fool me!" And Wee Robin Redbreast flew away as quickly as he could.



Before long, he stopped to rest on a fence, and a sly red fox came along.

"Where are you going, Wee Robin?" asked the sly red fox.

"I'm flying to the Queen to sing her a song on this fine Christmas morning," chirped Wee Robin Redbreast. ↪

“Is that so?” asked the fox. “Before you go, why don’t you come closer? Look at the bonny white tip of my tail. It sparkles like the snow.”

“No, no, sly red fox!” said Wee Robin Redbreast. “You might fool a young lamb like that, but you won’t fool me!” And Wee Robin Redbreast flew away as quickly as he could.



Wee Robin Redbreast fluttered and flew until his little wings ached but, at last, he reached his destination – Buckingham Palace. He perched by the Queen’s window and said, “Now I will sing my special Christmas song.”

Wee Robin Redbreast trilled and tweeted and chirped and filled the silent, snowy Christmas morning with his beautiful song. Everyone in the palace heard it, even the guards at the gate. It sounded better than any Christmas carol or hymn they had ever heard.

The Queen was delighted. She came to her window and said, “Thank you so much for your wonderful gift, Wee Robin Redbreast. I think I have the perfect gift for you too.”



Listen To It!

Did you know that the robin’s song changes with each season? Find out more at the RSPB website: rspb.org.uk



At that moment, Pretty Jenny Wren landed on the Queen's windowsill. The Queen smiled and said, "You are both such fine singers, perhaps you should be married. Why don't you come closer? Look at these bonny golden rings I have for you. They're just the right size."

The Queen married Wee Robin Redbreast and Pretty Jenny Wren that Christmas morning and, before they flew home together, they enjoyed a grand feast of the finest royal bird food. 🍽️

The Frost Fairies

Once upon a time, the far north was home to King Winter and his children. It was so cold and icy there, you couldn't tell where the land stopped and the clouds began.

Silvercap was King Winter's youngest son and he loved playing with his sisters and brothers in the snow. They built snowmen together and skated around the icy lakes all day long. But when his brothers and sisters grew older and started to work, Silvercap felt lonely. He longed for something important to do, so when his father summoned him to his ice palace one day, Silvercap was excited.

King Winter was seated on his crystal throne and his expression was serious. Silvercap's brothers and sisters – Princess West Wind, Prince North Wind, Princess Ice and Prince Snow – were already there and they looked worried too.



“Son, I have summoned you here because your sister, West Wind, has reported that King Autumn is refusing to stop his work this year. We must join forces to get rid of him. It is now time for winter’s reign.”

The King gave instructions to each of his children. “Princess West Wind, fly to the fields and gardens, and nip off the heads of the late blooming flowers, send away the birds! Prince North Wind, blow on the trees and scatter the leaves – King Autumn’s fairies are still painting them, but the branches should be bare by now. Princess Ice, skate across the ponds and lakes until they look like glass. Prince Snow, fill your bags with flakes and sprinkle them everywhere, while the children are fast asleep.”

At last, King Winter turned to young Silvercap. “My son, you are now Prince Frost and you will rule over the Frost Fairies. They have rested long enough. Wake them and give them your instructions. Cover King Autumn’s fiery reds and golds with your frosty paint!”

“Thank you, Father,” said Silvercap.

He was pleased to have a proper job at last, but he was worried too. The Frost Fairies were a grumpy lot, who loved nothing better than spreading icy chills and making people shiver.

Silvercap had a kind heart and a playful spirit. He couldn’t bear the idea of children waking up to a world with no flowers or birds or colour. He didn’t want to give them frostbitten noses and toes, but he couldn’t disobey the king. ➡



Silvercap paced his chambers wondering what to do, and then he called a meeting with the Frost Fairies. They slouched in, looking bad-tempered, then moaned and sulked about being disturbed.

“Frost Fairies, I am your leader now and we have lots of good work to do.”

The Frost Fairies groaned. “Good!” they cried. “We don’t like being good.”

Silvercap ignored them and went on.

“Aren’t you tired of nipping noses and doing the same old thing every year? This year, let’s do something special.”

The Frost Fairies stopped grumbling and looked at Silvercap with interest.

“This year,” continued Silvercap, “We are going to enjoy ourselves more than ever before. My sisters and my brothers can drive away King Autumn, and they can bring the snow and ice that makes children happy, but why can’t frost be fun too?”



Some Frost Fairies nodded, and one said, “Yes, why can’t it be fun?”

“I say we get creative,” said Silvercap. “Let’s use our frosty paintbrushes to make the world shimmer and sparkle!”

The Frost Fairies smiled and cheered. “What are we waiting for?” they cried, and they dashed away to fill their chariots with pots of frosty paint.



When it was twilight, they set off with Silvercap leading the way. All night long they worked hard, but the Frost

Fairies enjoyed every moment of it. There wasn’t a grumpy face in sight.

Together, they strung the branches of every tree with frosty crystals, which sparkled like diamonds. They turned leaf skeletons into delicate white feathers. They dipped the tip of every twig, and draped every bush with lacy garlands. They even scattered frosty blossoms wherever they went.

“Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?” asked Silvercap. ➡



They all stepped back to admire their work and, for the first time, the Frost Fairies glowed with pride.

“This is much better than nipping little noses,” said one smiling fairy.

“Oh, we haven’t finished yet!” cried Silvercap. He led them to a large house. “Let’s decorate the windows so the children have something wonderful to see in the morning.”

The Frost Fairies set to work. They crept from house to house, painting every window with beautiful scenes. They painted snow palaces, unfurling ferns, silvery forests, and icy birds with fine-feathered wings.

Just as the sun began to rise, they finished their last pot of frosty paint. King Autumn’s colours were gone for another year. Happy with their work, Silvercap and his Frost Fairies climbed into their silver chariots and set off for home.

HIDDEN TREASURES

There are five fairy paintbrushes hiding on this page. Can you spot them all? **Colour in the frosty feather when you do.**



worldmags.net

When the children woke and saw the frosty art on their windows, they cried out with joy. “Look at the icy palaces! See the silvery forests!”

They ran to the windows and saw the magical world outside, twinkling and gleaming in the winter sun and they couldn’t wait a second longer. They pulled on their coats and boots and rushed outside to play – just as Silvercap used to do with his brothers and sisters.

King Winter was so pleased with Silvercap’s work, he asked him to do the same all winter – and, instead of being famous for their grumpiness, the Frost Fairies became known as winter’s greatest artists. 🧚



A Visit From St Nicholas

By Clement Clarke Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.



When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name: ➡



Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!





COUNT IT!


How many reindeer are wearing hats?

How many are wearing ear muffs?

How many are wearing scarves?

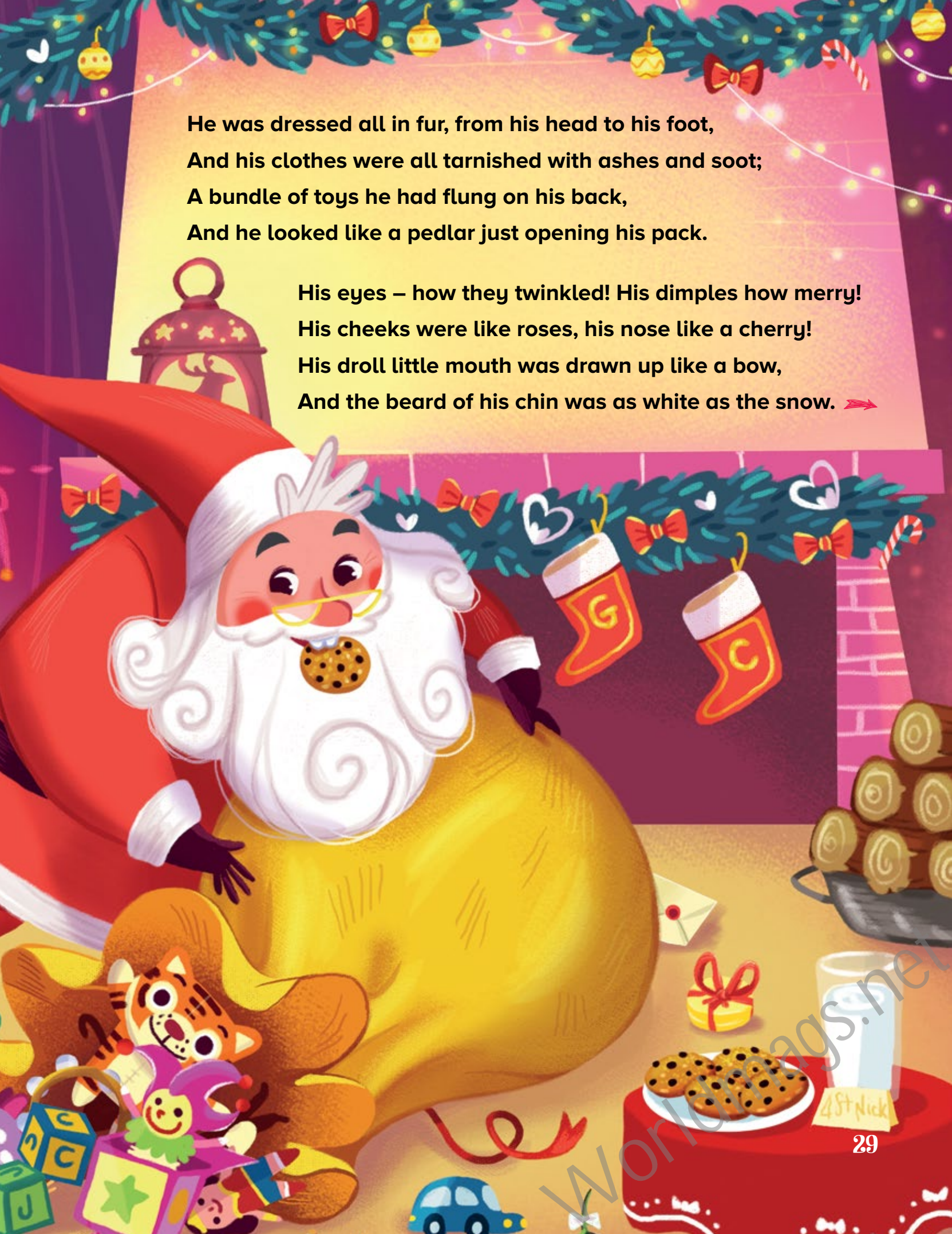
Write your answers in the boxes below.



A vibrant, cartoon-style illustration of a living room during Christmas. On the left, a large green Christmas tree is decorated with yellow lights, white snowflakes, red bows, and gold stars. A girl with short pink hair and a purple top is peeking from behind the tree, looking surprised with her hand to her chin. In the center, an orange cat and a white unicorn with a colorful mane stand on a yellow rug. To the right, a purple armchair is decorated with a reindeer head and a striped pillow. The floor is covered with various toys, including a blue guitar, a purple whale, a penguin in a glass dome, and several wrapped gifts. A large red and white Santa hat is visible on the right. The room is framed by a festive garland with candy canes and a heart at the top. The background is a warm yellow color.

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

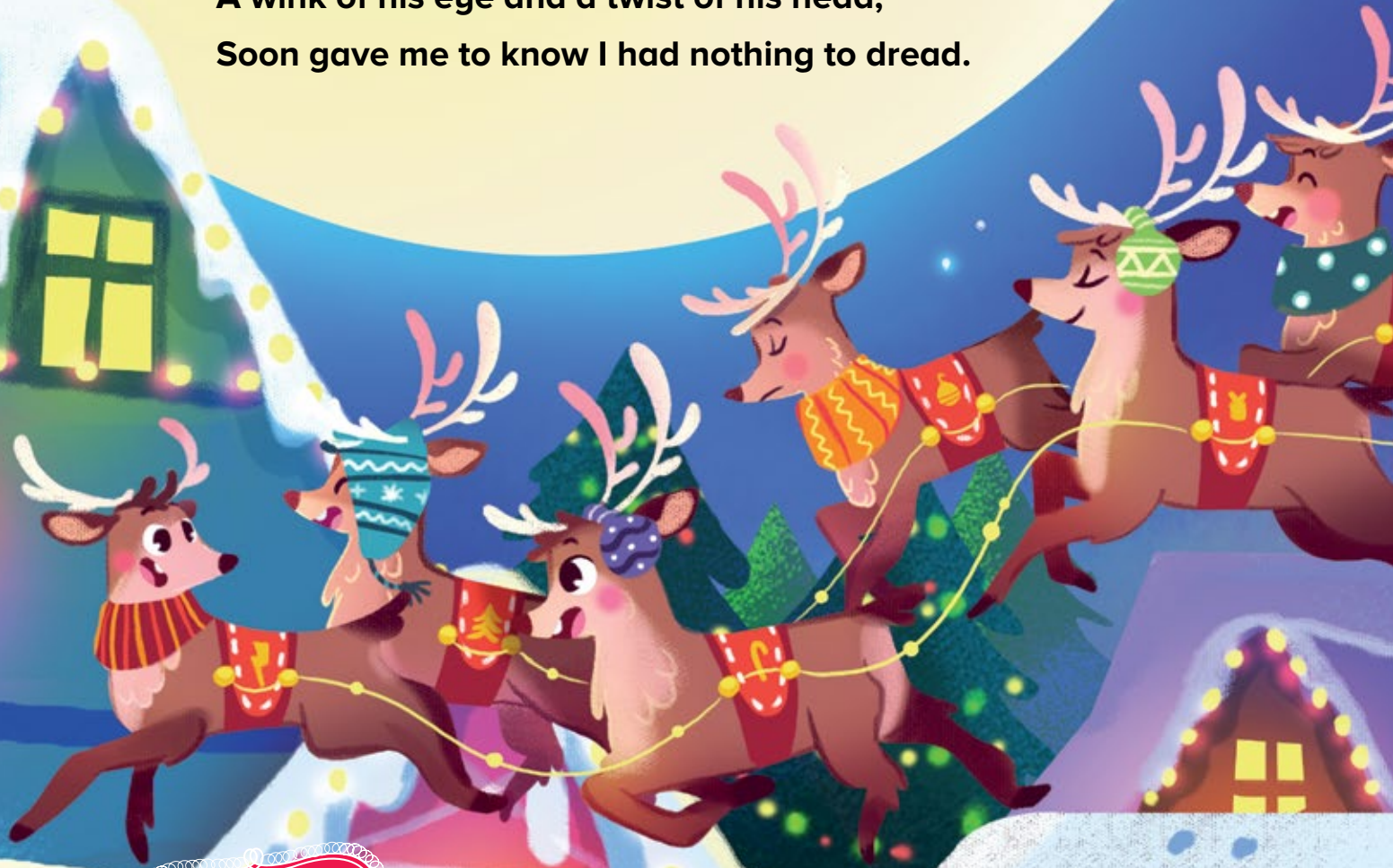


He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.

His eyes – how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow. ➡

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.



NAME THEM!

Do you know which reindeer is which? Name each of them as they fly through the sky!

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

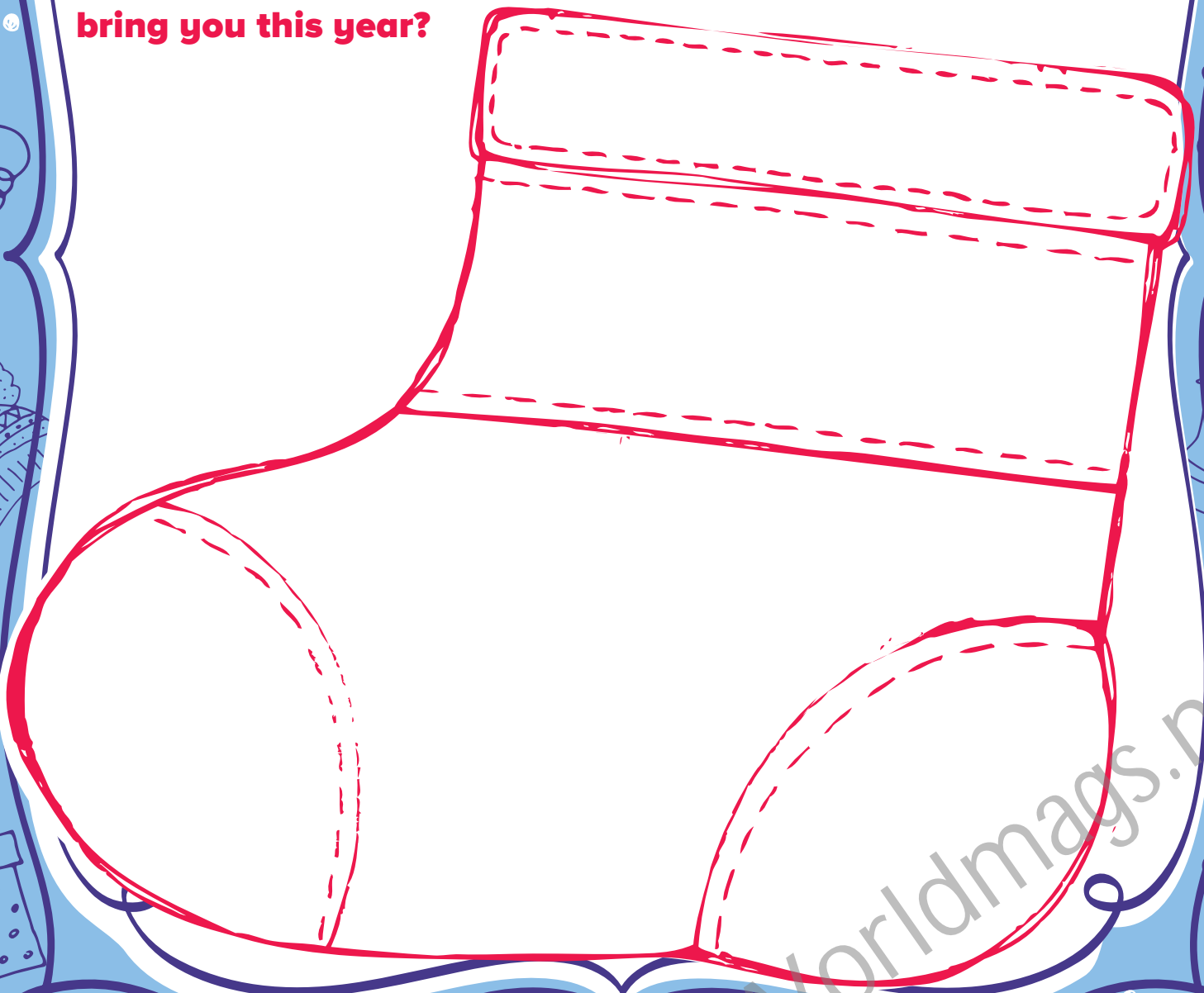
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”





SANTA'S STOCKING

Fill up Santa's stocking with toys and colour it in too! What will you put in there? **What do you wish Santa would bring you this year?**

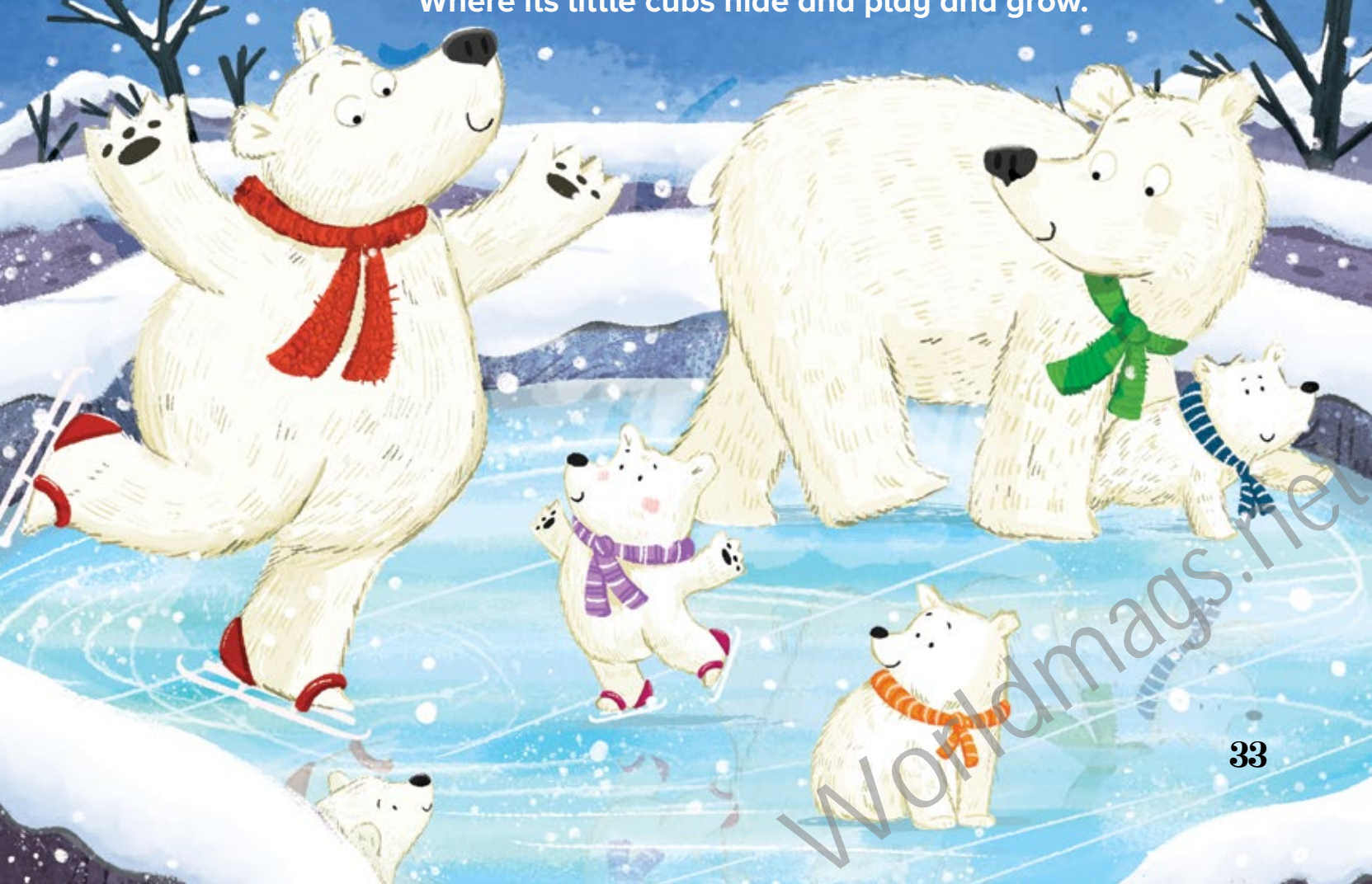


Alphabet Zoo

It's winter at the zoo and the wind is like ice,
But our letter **P** animals think it is nice!

Snuggled up in scarves in the chilly air,
We can't wait to see the **Polar Bear**.
It has a layer of blubber to keep it warm,
And thick fur protects it from a snowstorm.

It lives in the Arctic in the frozen wilds,
With paws like paddles it can swim for miles.
In winter, it digs a den in the snow,
Where its little cubs hide and play and grow.





Next time
say hoorah
for animals
beginning with
Q and **R**!

Next we waddle to a place that's so cool,
Can you guess where it is? It's the **Penguin** pool!
Their bones are so dense that penguins can't fly,
But they don't care because they can dive!

The **Gentoo** is fastest – it's like a torpedo,
The biggest is the **Emperor** in its tuxedo.
The smallest is the **Little** at twelve inches tall.
The crested **Macaroni** – most common of all.

Most **Penguin** partners stay together forever.
Some huddle in groups if there's bad weather,
Like the **Emperor Penguin** in the Antarctic,
Where Dad guards the egg and hatches the chick.

This bundle of fluff waits weeks for its mummy
To come back from sea and fill up its tummy
With a feast of fresh fish and a nice bit of squid.
That's Christmas dinner for this cute kid!



ANIMAL FACT!

Did you know that polar bears only live in the northern hemisphere around the Arctic Circle, and penguins live in the southern hemisphere? There are penguins in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand! For more interesting animal facts, puzzles and posters, download our Alphabet Zoo Factsheets:

storytimemagazine.com/free

Babe the Blue Ox

Long ago, somewhere in North America, a big, healthy baby boy was born. That baby was called Paul Bunyan.

Baby Paul had a huge appetite and he seemed to double in size every day. Soon he grew too big for his cradle, too big for his room and too big for his house. His ma and pa had to put him outside in the barn. That was hunkydory for a while, but baby Paul soon grew bigger, and every time he rolled over in his sleep, he made the ground shake like there was an earthquake. When he learned how to clap it was even worse – everyone in town thought there was a thunderstorm!



The neighbours soon grew annoyed by all the quaking and the thundering, and they asked Paul Bunyan's family to leave town. So this was how he came to live deep in the woods.

When Paul Bunyan grew up, he ate fifty eggs and ten barrels of potatoes every day. It took twenty cows to give him all the milk he needed.

This made Paul strong. He worked as a lumberjack and could clear one hundred trees with a single swipe of his giant axe.

It was often cold where Paul lived, but one winter, it was so harsh that the words froze solid on your lips. It was called the Winter of the Blue Snow, because even the snow turned bright blue with the cold!



One frosty morning, Paul put on his snowshoes and went out for firewood. On his way, he heard an animal cry in distress. Paul followed the sound and soon came to a snowy mound. He cleared away the blue snow and found a baby ox buried beneath it. ➡



According to legend, Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox made the lakes of Minnesota in America with their heavy footsteps and, when they travelled west, Paul trailed his giant axe behind him, accidentally carving out the Grand Canyon on his way!

Paul cradled the ox in his arms, and carried it home to warm it by the fire. With a little warmth and some food in its belly, the baby ox quickly recovered, but his shaggy fur never returned to its natural colour – it stayed blue for the rest of his life.

Paul Bunyan called his new friend Babe the Blue Ox and he fed the animal so well that he grew almost as large as his master. Babe could eat thirty bales of hay a day, and some said it took a whole day for a bird to fly from one of Babe's horns to the other.

Paul trained Babe to pull logs for him and they made a great team.



One day, Babe the Blue Ox was helping Paul haul logs down from the mountain when he came to a stop.

“What’s the hold-up?” called Paul, but Babe had broken loose, and was thundering across the fields towards a yellow cow. No matter how much Paul Bunyan pleaded, Babe refused to come back – the blue ox had fallen head over heels in love.



To get Babe working again, Paul had to buy the cow. He called her Bessie and took her to live with them in the logging camp in the forest.

Living with Paul Bunyan, Bessie the Yellow Cow soon grew to a mighty size. She was so big, when she batted her long eyelashes, she created a breeze across the whole camp.

The only problem was that Babe the Blue Ox loved winter and Bessie the Yellow Cow hated it. She refused to look for grass in the blue snow and she was growing weaker and thinner every day.

Paul Bunyan came to the rescue. He made a pair of special yellow glasses for Bessie. When she wore them, the blue snow looked green!

Bessie went back to the meadow and munched her way through the snow to the grass until she was plump and healthy again. That winter, she produced so much milk and butter, Paul Bunyan was able to grease the logging roads to help the timber roll along smoothly. It made Babe the Blue Ox's job easier too.

Yes, big old Paul Bunyan never forgot the good friends he made in that Winter of the Blue Snow! 🌀



Aladdin and the Princess





Not long after clever Aladdin had escaped from a desert cave with a magic lamp, he embarked on another adventure.

It was true – Aladdin’s life was better now he wasn’t hungry all the time, and his mother was happy to have his help (for Aladdin had once been a very lazy boy), but he still wasn’t completely happy. You see, he had caught a glimpse of Princess Full Moon and he had fallen deeply in love with her.

One morning, he decided he could not live without her any longer. He asked his mother to visit the Sultan and beg for the princess’s hand in marriage on his behalf.

“But Aladdin,” his mother laughed, “the Sultan has riches beyond your wildest dreams. He wants his daughter to marry a prince, not someone who was born a peasant – even if you do own a magic lamp.”





"I trust in my genie," said Aladdin, and he rubbed the magic lamp. There was a flash of light and the genie appeared before him.

"I am the Genie of the Lamp, and your wish is my command, master."

Aladdin gestured at some platters piled high with fruits. "Genie, please turn these fruits into jewels."

The genie did so and returned to his lamp, leaving platters of sparkling gems. There were emeralds as large as grapes, strawberry-shaped rubies and a topaz as big as an orange.

"Mother, please deliver these to the Sultan as a gift from me, and ask if I can marry the princess," said Aladdin.

His mother wrapped the gems in a napkin and took them to the palace. After waiting for many hours, she was called before the Sultan.

"Why do you wish to see me today?" asked the Sultan.

"Your Majesty, my son Aladdin has fallen in love with Princess Full Moon, and requests her hand in marriage."

The Sultan could see that Aladdin's mother did not come from a wealthy background and he was amused by her daring. "What is hiding in your napkin?" he asked.

"A gift from my son," said Aladdin's mother, and she opened the napkin to reveal the magical jewels. ➡



IMAGINE IT!

Imagine you had a magic lamp with a genie inside. What would you wish for and why?



The Sultan was speechless, but his advisor rushed to whisper in his ear. “Your Majesty, if Aladdin truly loves your daughter, he will be patient. Ask his mother to return in three months. Then he may ask again for Princess Full Moon’s hand in marriage.”

The Sultan thought this was wise, so he instructed Aladdin’s mother to return in three months. What he didn’t realise was that his advisor had been secretly scheming to marry his own son to the princess.

Aladdin was dismayed by his mother’s news, but he agreed to wait patiently. Every day, he dreamt of the moment he would meet Princess Full Moon.

One morning, however, Aladdin was woken by shouts of celebration on the streets. “Have you heard?” cried a neighbour. “The princess is going to marry the son of the chief advisor!”

Aladdin was heartbroken. He felt he had been tricked. He summoned his genie. “Tonight, take the advisor’s sleeping son from his bed and lay him in our garden. Make it so he cannot move, and return him at daybreak.”

“Your wish is my command, master,” said the genie.

That night, the genie did exactly what Aladdin told him. When the advisor’s son found himself in a strange place,





READ IT!

To find out how Aladdin got his magic lamp, read his story in **Storytime Issue 1**.
Get it from our **Back Issue Shop**:
storytimemagazine.com/shop

he thought it was a bad dream. Yet it seemed so real! He tried to get up, but he couldn't move a muscle. The next morning, when the son found himself in his bed in the palace, he was so exhausted and scared, he refused to speak to his father, and hid away for the whole day.

The genie did the same for the next three nights, until the advisor's son was a gibbering wreck who wouldn't speak to anyone – not even his bride-to-be, Princess Full Moon.

In the end, the advisor's son was so shaken by the strange experience, he declared that he didn't want to spend another night in the palace, even if it meant not marrying the Princess.


The Sultan was furious and he was forced to cancel the wedding.



The next day, Aladdin's mother returned to the Sultan's palace and, once more, asked for permission for Aladdin to marry the Princess.

When the Sultan saw her, he forgot about the jewelled fruits and thought only of her poor background. He didn't want his daughter to marry into a lowly family, so he decided to ask for an impossible gift.

"If your son truly values my daughter, he must bring her forty golden bowls filled with jewels, delivered by forty servants all splendidly dressed!" ➡



Certain that all was lost, Aladdin's mother gave her son the news.

"Mother, do not worry. You do not understand the power of the magic lamp," said Aladdin. Moments later, his genie appeared before him.

"Please give me forty golden bowls, filled to the brim with jewels, forty servants dressed in fine clothes to carry them, and royal robes for my mother and I. Finally, I need a strong white stallion."


In the blink of an eye, the genie granted Aladdin's wishes, and they set off for the Sultan's palace. As they paraded through the streets, nobody recognised Aladdin on his white stallion. They all mistook him for a prince.

When the Sultan met Aladdin and heard of his love for his daughter, he rubbed his hands with glee. "Prepare a great feast!" he cried. "Aladdin will marry Princess Full Moon today."

But Aladdin wouldn't hear of it. "No, I wish to talk with Princess Full Moon first. I will build a palace for her." So Aladdin went home and rubbed the magic lamp once again. The genie appeared in a flash.

"I am the Genie of the Lamp, and your wish is my command, master."

"Genie, please build me a grand marble palace with a large dome in the centre. The walls should be gold and silver, every carpet should be velvet, and each window should be studded with gems. It must have stables and a beautiful fountain."



By the time Aladdin had finished speaking, the palace was built. Aladdin thanked the genie.

The Sultan saw Aladdin's palace from his window and he summoned Princess Full Moon. "This Aladdin claims to love you. Would you like to consider him for your husband?"

Princess Full Moon agreed to meet him. Escorted by her many servants, she travelled to Aladdin's palace.

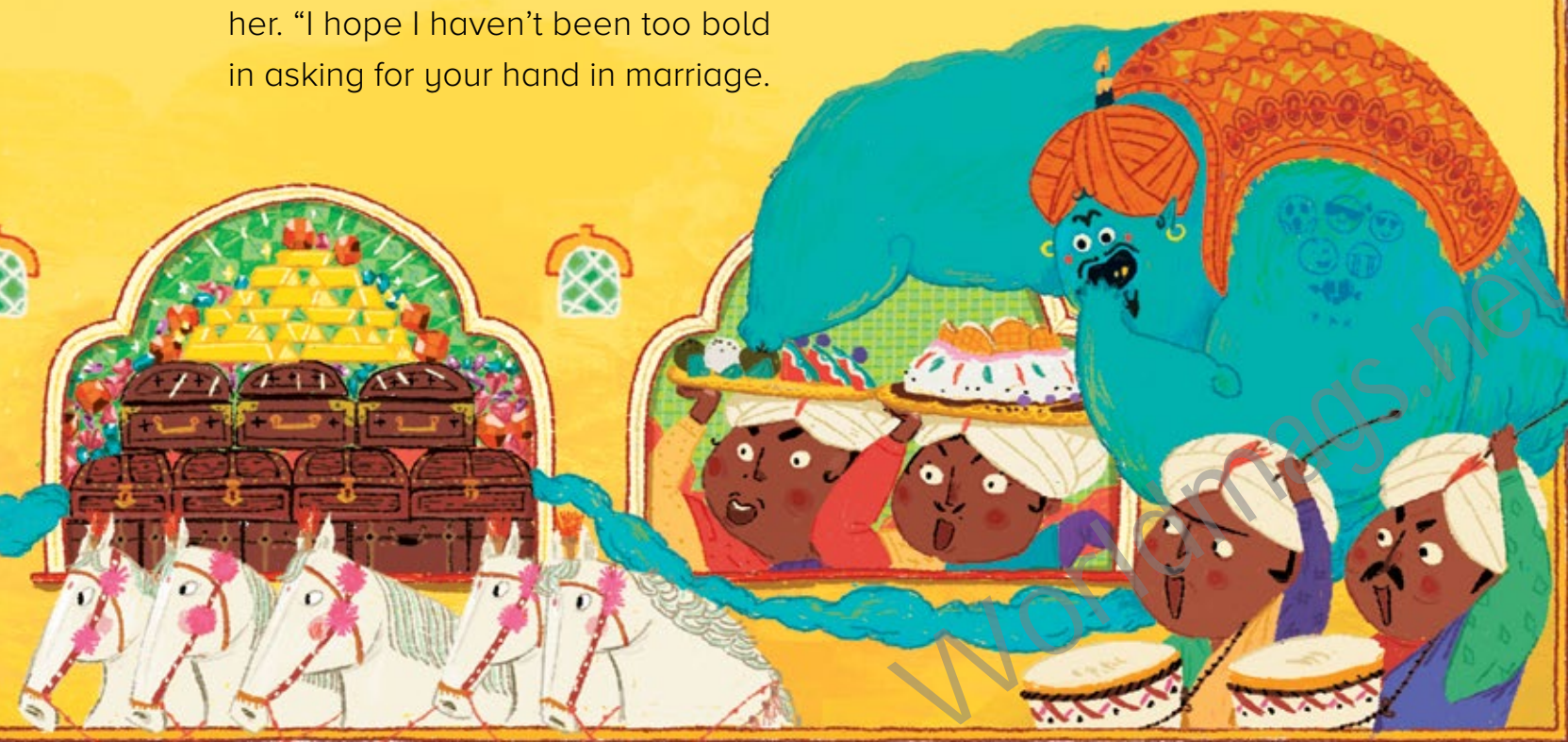


When it was finally time for Aladdin to see Princess Full Moon, he was overcome with nerves. There was nothing his genie could do to help him now. He bowed humbly before her. "I hope I haven't been too bold in asking for your hand in marriage.

I'm afraid I fell in love with you the first time I saw you."

Princess Full Moon was flattered and they chatted all night. Aladdin was polite and kind, and the princess found herself falling in love with him too. The next morning, they were married and it was a wedding to remember. There was feasting and music and dancing, and the party lasted until dawn.

The Sultan welcomed his son-in-law into the royal family, and Aladdin and Princess Full Moon lived good and happy lives. For a while, even the genie of the magic lamp was able to live in peace – but not for too long. 🌀



Storytime playbox

Wintry puzzles to solve, a penguin with a problem, a cute gift box and a Christmassy game to play!

① LOST IN FROST

The five words listed below are hiding in this picture. **Tick the boxes as you find them.**



ICY ☐
SNOWY ☐
HOT ☐
CHILLY ☐
FROZEN ☐

② QUICK QUIZ!

Which animal did Wee Robin Redbreast meet first?

a. hedgehog



b. cat



c. fox

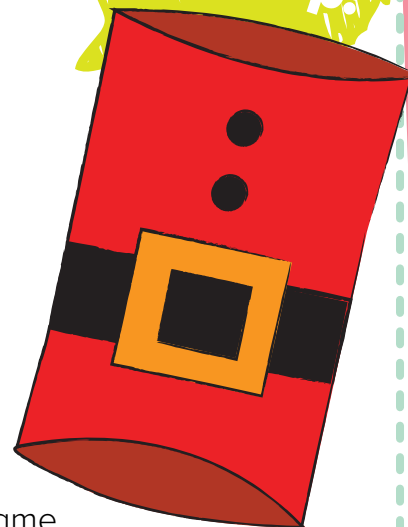


③ MAKE A SANTA GIFT BOX

All you need is the tube from the centre of a loo roll to get started on this clever little gift box, inspired by Santa!

- Take your loo roll tube and either paint it red or cover it in red paper. If using paper, glue it on securely.
- Cut a 2cm-wide strip of black paper and stick it around the centre of the tube to make Santa's belt.
- Using gold card, cut out a 4cm-wide square. Cut a smaller square out of the centre to make a buckle. Stick it to the belt.
- Add one or two black buttons above the belt buckle. You could use mini buttons, small black pom-poms, stickers, circles of black card, or a black marker to draw them on.
- Fold the front bottom edge of the tube inwards, and then do the same at the back so that the flaps overlap. Secure them with sticky tape.
- Now fill your Santa Gift Box with sweeties or little gifts to give to a friend!

Ask a grown-up!



TIP! Use the same technique to make a reindeer. Leave the tube uncovered, and stick on a big red pom-pom nose and googly eyes. To finish, stick brown pipe cleaners or card antlers to the back edge of the box.

④ CHOP CHOP!

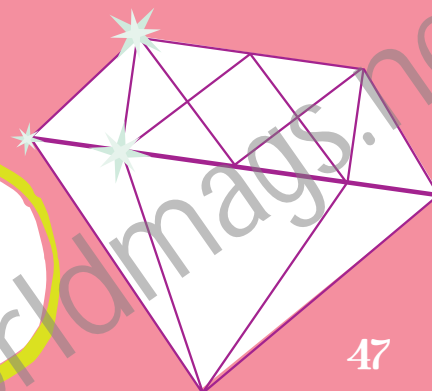
How many trees did Paul Bunyan chop down today?

Count them and write your answer in the box.



⑤ LOST LAMP

Aladdin has lost his magic lamp. Can you spot it on our puzzle pages? Colour in the gem below when you find it.



6

WHERE'S BEAR?

There's a snowy bear hiding among the snowmen. **Can you find him?**



7

PERK UP A PENGUIN!

This little penguin from Alphabet Zoo is getting chilly – **give him a colourful hat and a scarf to keep him warm!**



BAUBLE BONANZA!

The Christmas tree from our Little Donkey story has lost its baubles. Can you decorate it as quickly as possible?

How to Play

All you need to play are two players, two dice and our **Brilliant Baubles** (from storytimemagazine.com/free). Before you begin, divide the baubles into two piles, leaving a single spare bauble in the middle. Each player takes one pile.

- ★ Decide who will roll first. Player 1 rolls two dice.
- ★ If you roll a number that matches a bauble in your pile, congratulations! Place it on the correct number on the tree.
- ★ If you don't, better luck next time!
- ★ Players take it in turns to roll the two dice.
- ★ If you roll two doubles in two consecutive turns, add the spare bauble to your pile.
- ★ The first player to use up his or her baubles is the winner. Alternatively, why not work together to decorate the tree?

Why not add extra decorations? Share your photos with us on [facebook.com/storytimemag](https://www.facebook.com/storytimemag) or [instagram.com/storytimemag](https://www.instagram.com/storytimemag)



STORY MAGIC

Books make the best stocking fillers and we guarantee little readers will love this selection of Christmas books!

THE HUNDRED AND ONE DALMATIANS adapted by Peter Bently and illustrated by Steven Lenton (Egmont) is the first time Dodie Smith's well-loved classic has been available as a picture book. It couldn't have come sooner. It's got dotty puppies galore and a splendidly Christmassy ending. Don't miss it!

OLIVER ELEPHANT by Lou Peacock and Helen Stephens (Nosy Crow) follows Noah on a Christmas shopping trip that ends in disaster when his toy elephant goes missing in a large department store. Will he find it? If you're a sucker for a vintage Christmas, you'll adore the retro illustrations in this beautiful picture book.

BE BRAVE LITTLE PENGUIN is by Giles Andreae and Guy Parker-Rees (Orchard Books) – the team behind *Giraffes Can't Dance*. Pip-Pip is a penguin who is scared of the water. Join him in this lovely rhyming story as he tries to overcome his fears and pluck up the courage to dive in. We love penguins!

MORRIS WANTS MORE by Joshua Seigal and Amélie Falière (Flying Eye Books) will bring you lots of laughs this Christmas. Based on *the Twelve Days of Christmas*, greedy Morris gets a new gift every day, but it's never enough. On the twelfth day, however, he gets more than he bargained for!

ALL THE WAY HOME by Debi Gliori (Bloomsbury) is a heart-warming story. When Daddy Penguin is swept away from his cosy huddle, he has to find his way home with his egg intact before Mummy Penguin realises he's missing. Luckily, he gets a helping hand from somebody very special.

WIN!

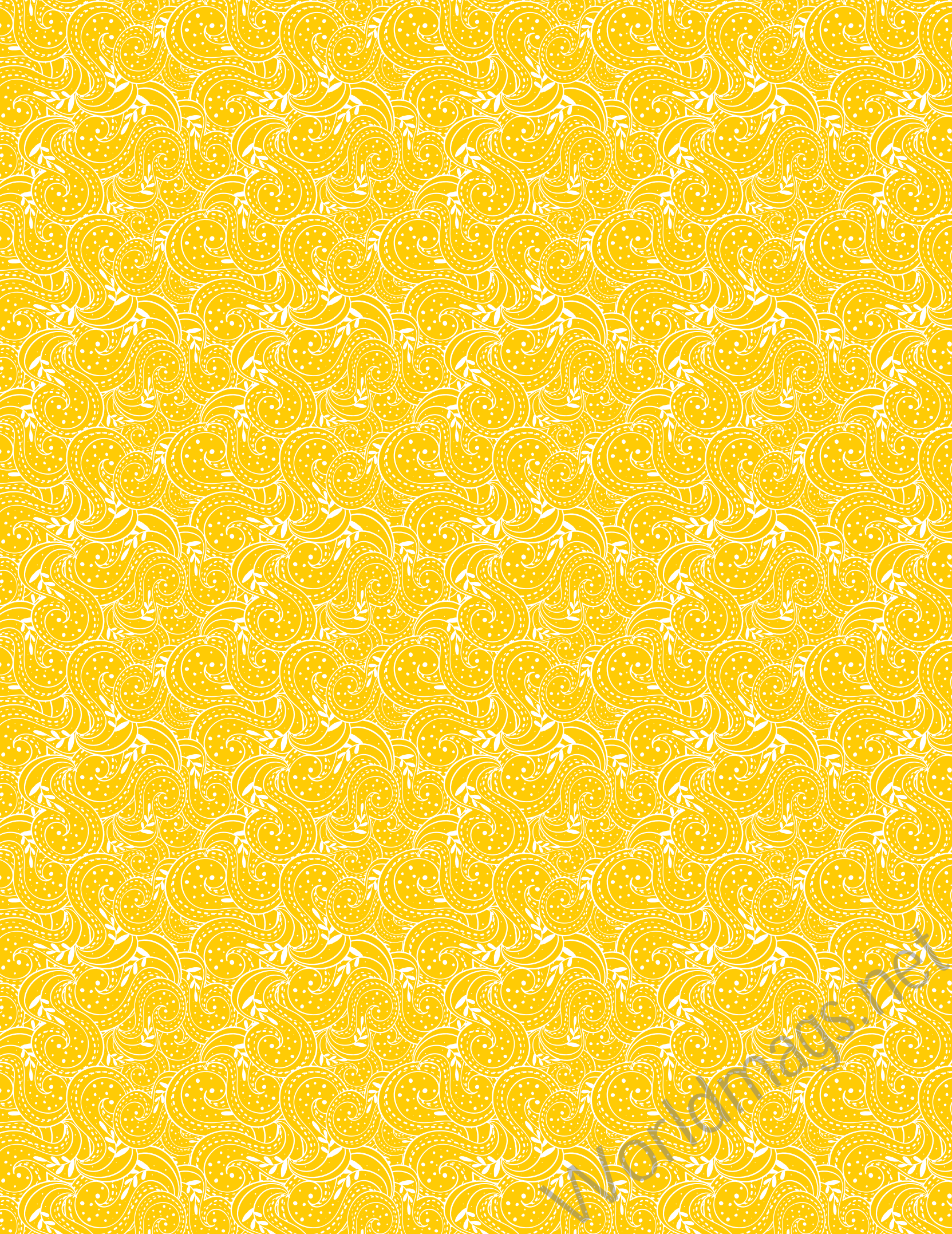


COMPETITION!

Would you like to win these wonderful books? Enter our monthly competition at:

storytimemagazine.com/win

WISHING A
VERY MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO ALL OUR
READERS!



UNWRAP THE BEST STORIES EVER!

**WIN
Brilliant
Books!**



GIVE THE GIFT OF STORIES:
www.storytimemagazine.com

Coming
in issue
41

