

HOORAY!

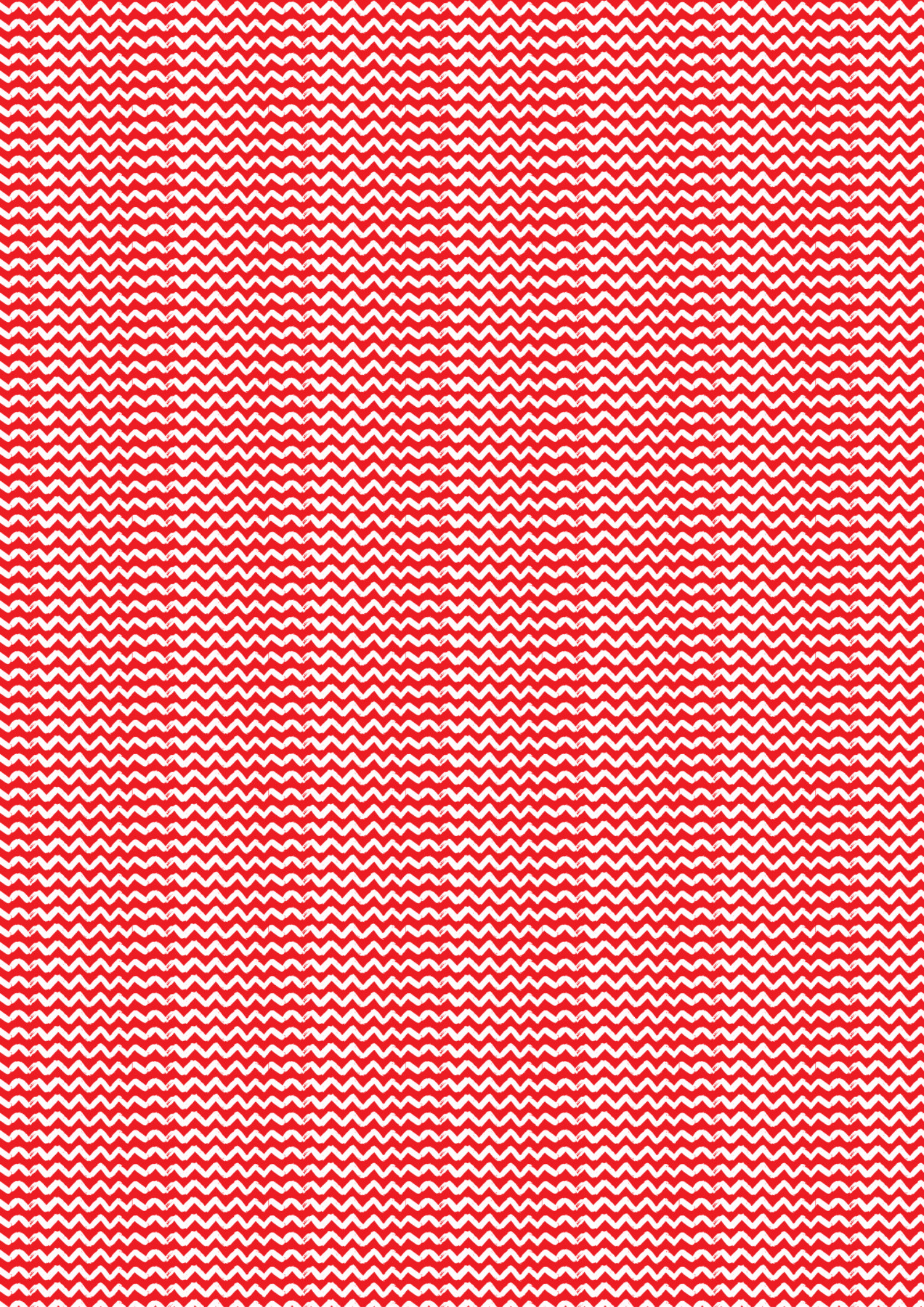
# Storytime™



PETER BULL A cool calf goes to school!

## MAX'S MAGIC SOCKS

The Keeper of the Ball, A Girl Helps the Thunder,  
Goldilocks' Hoodie PLUS A SNOWMAN IN LOVE!



**BE BRAVE! REACH UP  
TO TOUCH THE SKY!**

Jump and twirl, twist and turn,  
be a star and fly up high! There's  
no limit to what you can do!

**THIS ISSUE BELONGS TO:**

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**Editorial Director:** Lulu Skantzé

**Editor:** Sven Wilson

**Commercial Director:** Leslie Coathup



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**ILLUSTRATORS:**

**Werllen Holanda** *Max's Magic Socks*

**Chiara Chiesa** *The Two Goats*

**Patrick Camelo** *The Keeper of the Ball*

**Giovanni Abeille** *Peter Bull*

**Sviatlana Shkil** *The Snowman*

**Jessica Maltezo** *Goldilocks' Hoodie*

**Olga Sall** *The Crow's Necklace*

**Rut Llerena Carmona** *The Girl Who Helped the Thunder*

*Read inspiring tales from Brazil,  
the Netherlands and the Philippines!*

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By Elizabeth Dale

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You won't want to miss our football fact page!

SEE PAGE 20!



# LET'S TALK ABOUT... SAYING SORRY!



I'm sorry if I upset you!



Thank you. I'm sorry if I wasn't listening to you!



It was hard for me to say sorry, but I feel better now!

## RESILIENCE TOOL!

### FOR YOUR TOOLBOX

Saying 'sorry' can be tricky! Try giving yourself a little time and space first.

There are many ways to apologise. You could write a message on a card or give a person something meaningful. A genuine apology is a wonderful gift to give someone that you might have made feel bad.

## MIND WORKOUT: MANY WAYS TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY

We can all say or do something that hurts someone's feelings. Owning up and apologising is an important skill to learn because it can help the other person feel better. However, it can be difficult to find the right words. That's why we've created a handy sheet of things you can say when you need to apologise!

**Scan the code on the right** to download it. Try them out if you think you've hurt someone's feelings – we're sure they will appreciate it!

Jessica Bowers is our expert consultant for the *My Mind Matters!* section. She is a wellbeing writer, counsellor and psychotherapist. Visit her website for more information: [www.jessicabowers.co.uk](http://www.jessicabowers.co.uk)



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# MAX'S MAGIC SOCKS

By Elizabeth Dale

**R**uby was ever so proud of her new skates! She put them on right away and was soon zooming along the pavement.

Her little brother Max could only watch in envy.

“I wish I had a pair!” he told his mum.

“Well, you’re nearly big enough to wear Ruby’s old skates,” she replied.

“Oh, can I?” Max asked. “Please?!”

“You’ll fall over,” said his big brother Amir.



“I don’t mind!” Max insisted.

“I just want to give it a go!”

But when Max tried on Ruby’s old skates, they were too big.

“You’ll just have to wait until you’ve grown up a bit,” said his mum.

But Max couldn’t wait. He stuffed newspaper into the boots until they fitted and then tried to stand up in them again... and again! Each time, he fell over.

Finally, he gave up and sat on the patio, watching Ruby and Amir as they skated around him.

“We should put on a skating display!” Ruby decided.

“Yes!” cried Amir. “All our aunts, uncles and cousins will come. You’ll watch us, won’t you Max?”

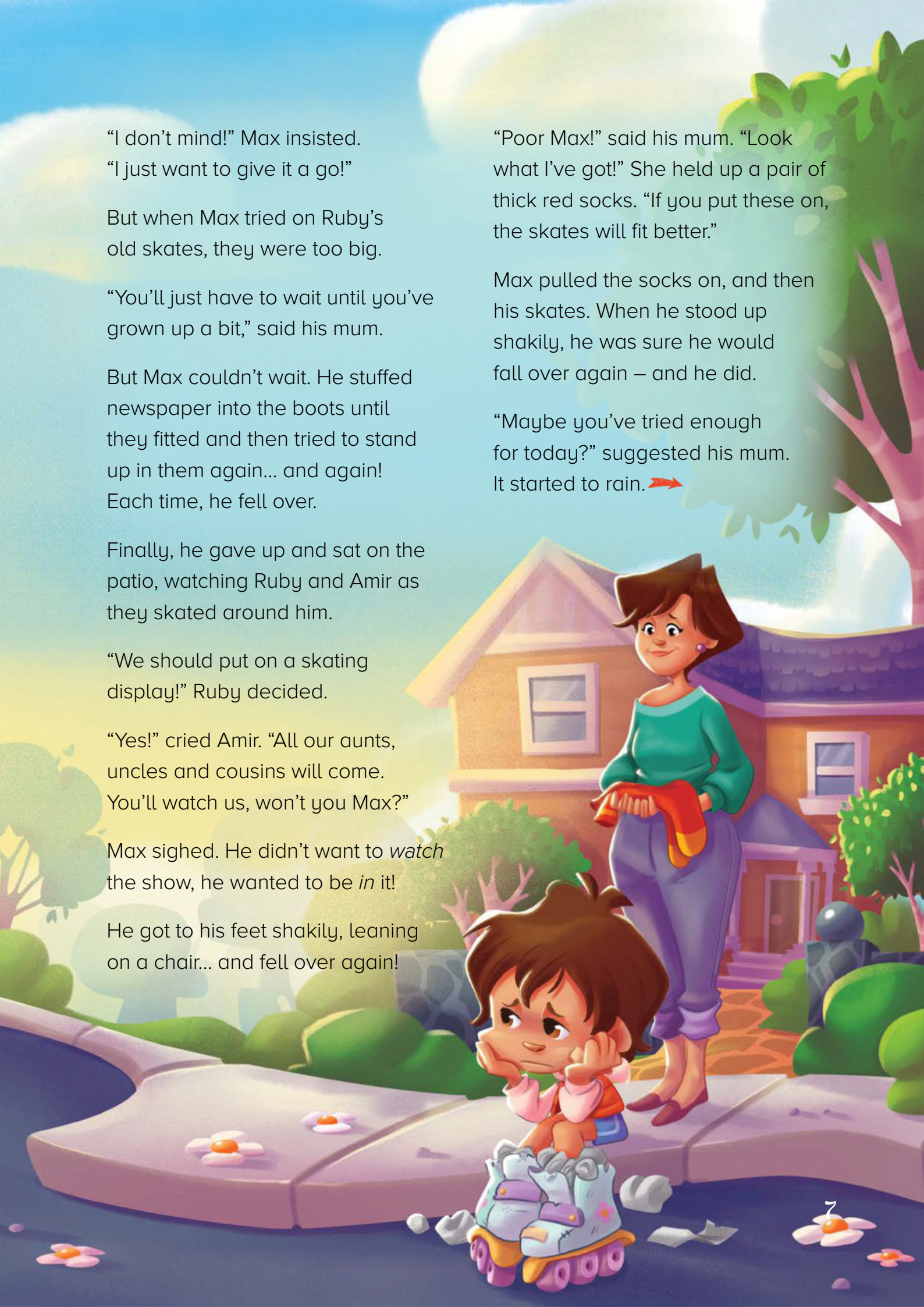
Max sighed. He didn’t want to *watch* the show, he wanted to be *in* it!

He got to his feet shakily, leaning on a chair... and fell over again!

“Poor Max!” said his mum. “Look what I’ve got!” She held up a pair of thick red socks. “If you put these on, the skates will fit better.”

Max pulled the socks on, and then his skates. When he stood up shakily, he was sure he would fall over again – and he did.

“Maybe you’ve tried enough for today?” suggested his mum. It started to rain. →





When he got inside, Max pulled off his thick socks.

“It’s funny, they look very small now!” he said.

“Yes, they’re *magic* socks,” his mum replied with a smile.

Max grinned. “Really?!”

“Yes,” she said. “They stretch to fit most feet...”

When Mum left the room, Max had a brilliant idea. He took his socks and skates up to his bedroom and put them on the desk. Then, he took the wand from his magic set and waved it around a few times. When he was ready, he tapped the socks with the wand and yelled, **“Magic socks, you are so great! Use your magic to help me skate!”**

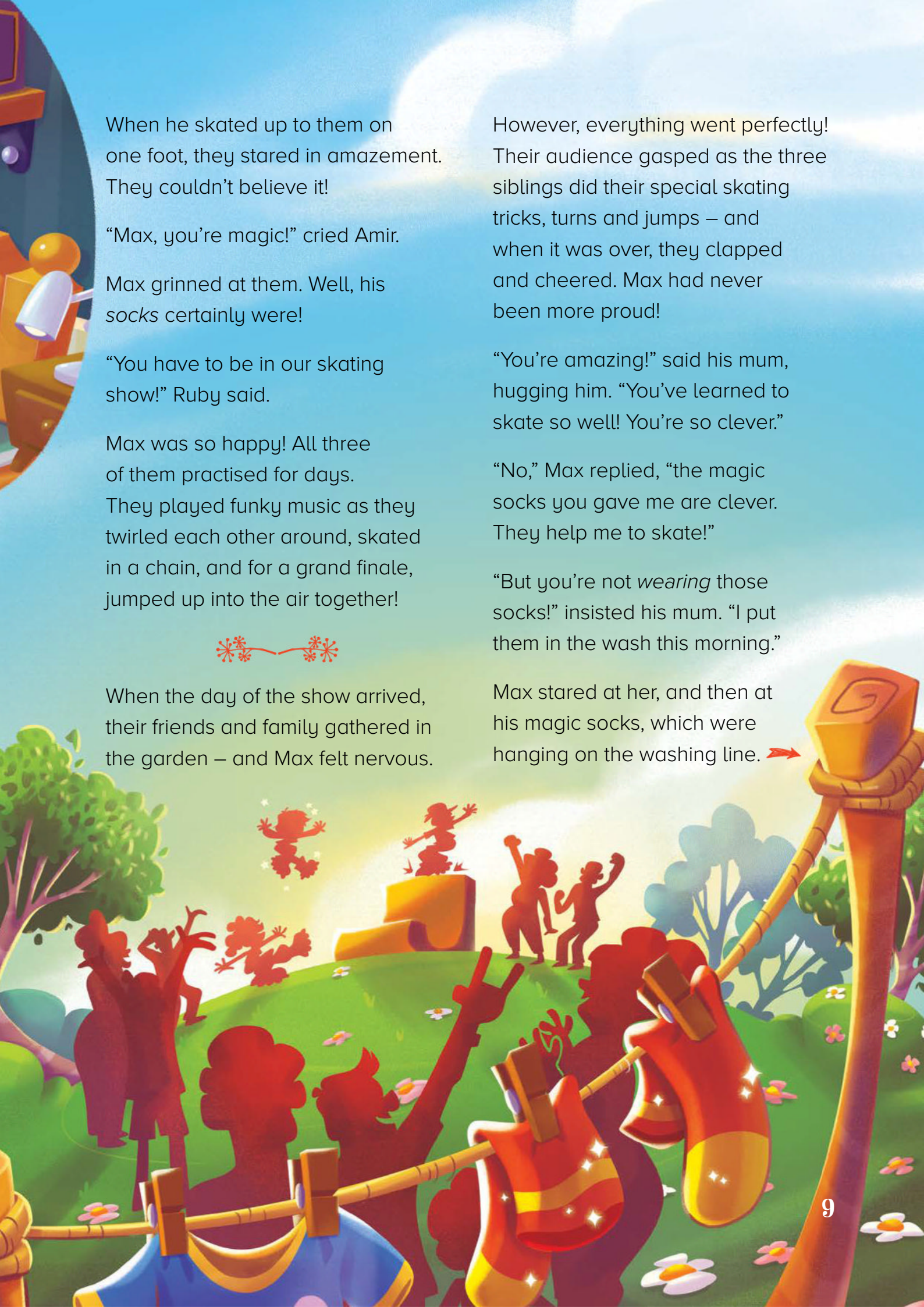
Max slipped the socks on and tried skating in his bedroom. He didn’t fall over! He tried again. He still didn’t fall. He could now skate – thanks to his magic socks! Hooray! How he longed to go out and show everyone... but it was still raining.

In fact, it rained non-stop for days, and Max spent that time practising his skating in his bedroom. He even tried tricks like jumps and twirls, knowing his magic socks would help him. It was brilliant!

Finally, he got up one morning and saw that the sun was shining.

Ruby and Amir were already in the garden practising for their skating show, so he quickly put on his red socks and skates and hurried outside.





When he skated up to them on one foot, they stared in amazement. They couldn't believe it!

“Max, you're magic!” cried Amir.

Max grinned at them. Well, his socks certainly were!

“You have to be in our skating show!” Ruby said.

Max was so happy! All three of them practised for days. They played funky music as they twirled each other around, skated in a chain, and for a grand finale, jumped up into the air together!



When the day of the show arrived, their friends and family gathered in the garden – and Max felt nervous.

However, everything went perfectly! Their audience gasped as the three siblings did their special skating tricks, turns and jumps – and when it was over, they clapped and cheered. Max had never been more proud!

“You're amazing!” said his mum, hugging him. “You've learned to skate so well! You're so clever.”

“No,” Max replied, “the magic socks you gave me are clever. They help me to skate!”

“But you're not *wearing* those socks!” insisted his mum. “I put them in the wash this morning.”

Max stared at her, and then at his magic socks, which were hanging on the washing line. →

“Then what...” he asked, looking down.

“I gave you a pair of Amir’s red football socks to wear instead,” laughed his mum.

Max was so surprised, he nearly fell over. But then he tried a twirl. He could still skate – even without his magic socks!

“You didn’t need *magic* to skate,” said his mum.

“You just needed to practise and believe in yourself!”

She was right! He *could* skate, all on his own. Max was so happy, he did a great big jump and twirl for the first time ever – and fell over!

“I guess I need to practise that one a bit more!” he laughed as he picked himself up. ★

## YOU CAN COPE!

Have you ever needed extra courage to keep going when things get difficult? Why not find something that gives you a feeling of comfort and confidence? It could be a little toy, a favourite piece of clothing or even a lucky pen. When things are hard, hold onto it and you might feel a bit braver!



# THE TWO GOATS

**T**he sun was just peeking over the mountains when Nimblehoof the goat trotted across a mountain meadow.

The rocks were still wet with dew, but she leaped quickly from one to the other.

“I’m the strongest and fastest and most graceful goat in the world!” she thought smugly. “*Nobody* is better than me!”

She spotted an adder basking in the morning sun.

“Get out of the way, snake!” bleated Nimblehoof. “I’m the most impressive goat on the mountain, and don’t you forget it!”

The snake slithered away, unbothered.

A family of marmots poked their heads out of their burrow and began nibbling the fresh spring grass.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Nimblehoof bleated. “The grass in this meadow belongs to *me!*”

The marmots didn’t want any trouble, so they trooped off up the mountain. They decided to find a meadow with no bossy goats in it! →





Nimblehoof then came to a deep gorge. A waterfall plunged into it from far above, and the white water of a river churned in its depths. On the other side of the gorge was some lovely bright green grass.

“It looks so fresh!” Nimblehoof thought. “I think I’ll go over there and help myself!”

The gorge was too wide for even a mountain goat to jump across, but she spotted a tree trunk that had fallen across the gap. It would make a perfect bridge!

She put a foot on it... it was slippery, but she wasn’t called ‘Nimblehoof’ for nothing! The goat began to walk across the fallen tree.

That was when she heard a stomping sound. The trunk shook under her!

Another goat was standing at the other end of the bridge.

“Let me past!” Nimblehoof bleated shrilly.

“No, let *me* past!” hollered the other goat. “My name is Rockhorn, and *I’m* the mightiest goat on the mountain!”

He advanced along the tree towards Nimblehoof. She walked along the trunk, too, until they stood eye to eye.

“You asked for this!” said Rockhorn. He reared up on his hind legs and rammed his head into Nimblehoof’s horns. There was an almighty bang!

“Oh dear, a pebble must have fallen on my head!” jeered Nimblehoof as she reared up and slammed down on Rockhorn.

The sound of the impact echoed in the gorge.

The two goats kept ramming each other until they were both feeling dizzy, but neither of them would back down.

“GET OUT OF MY WAY!” Nimblehoof grunted, shoving Rockhorn. He pushed back, and their heads butted against each other.

Their curved horns became entangled as they struggled!

“Give up, or we’ll both fall!” bleated Nimblehoof as she began to sway on the slippery tree trunk.

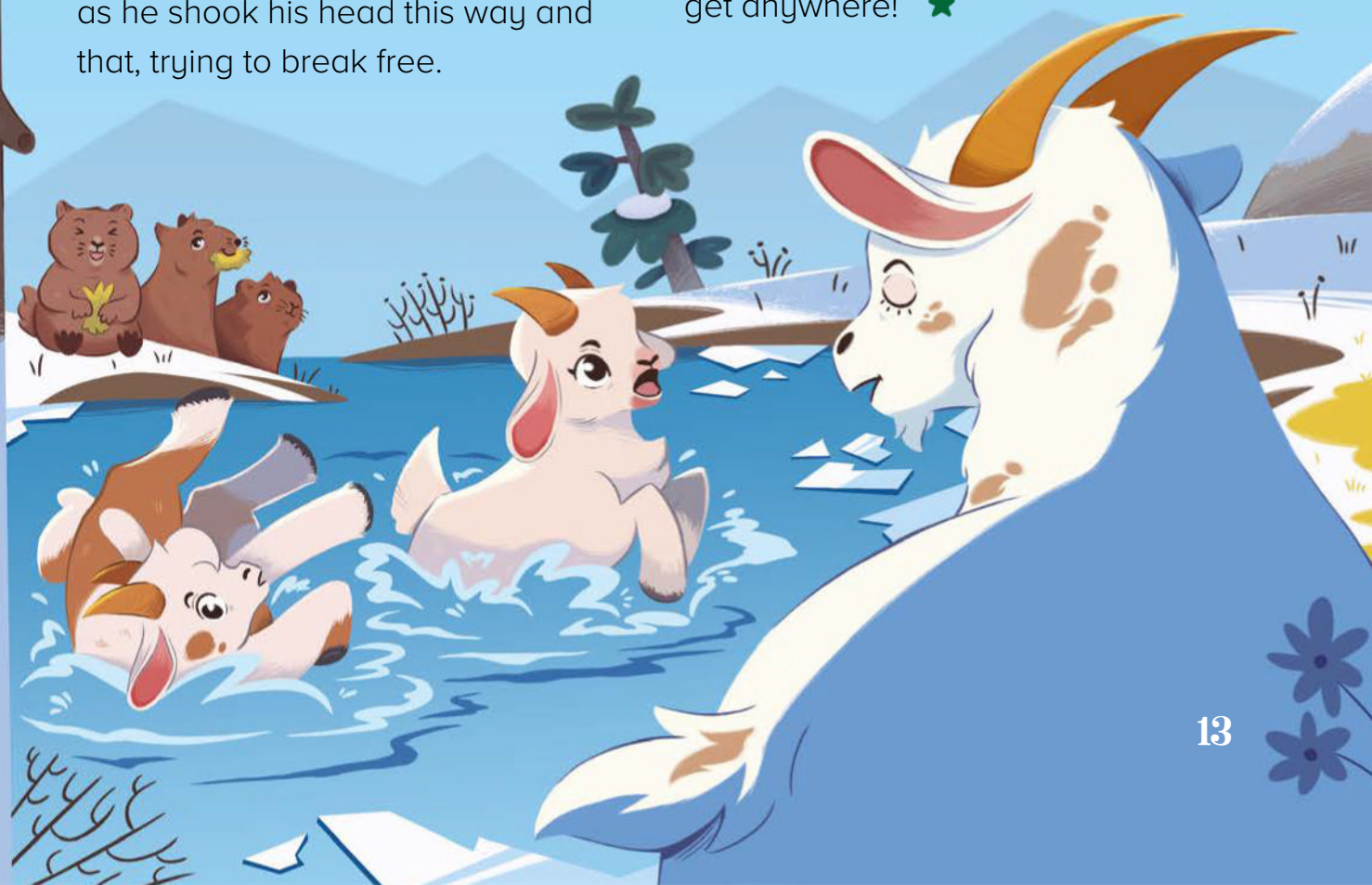
“No, YOU give up!” replied Rockhorn as he shook his head this way and that, trying to break free.

Before they knew what was happening, the two goats fell off the tree and tumbled into the gorge. There was a splash, and Nimblehoof felt the icy water of the river engulf her.

They were dragged under by the current and swept along by the rushing water until they reached a calmer part of the river.

Nimblehoof felt a big horn hook under her and lift her out of the water. Nearby, she saw Rockhorn struggle ashore.

“I told you kids to stop fighting!” bleated their mother. “If you can’t compromise, neither of you will get anywhere!” ★



# THE KEEPER OF THE BALL

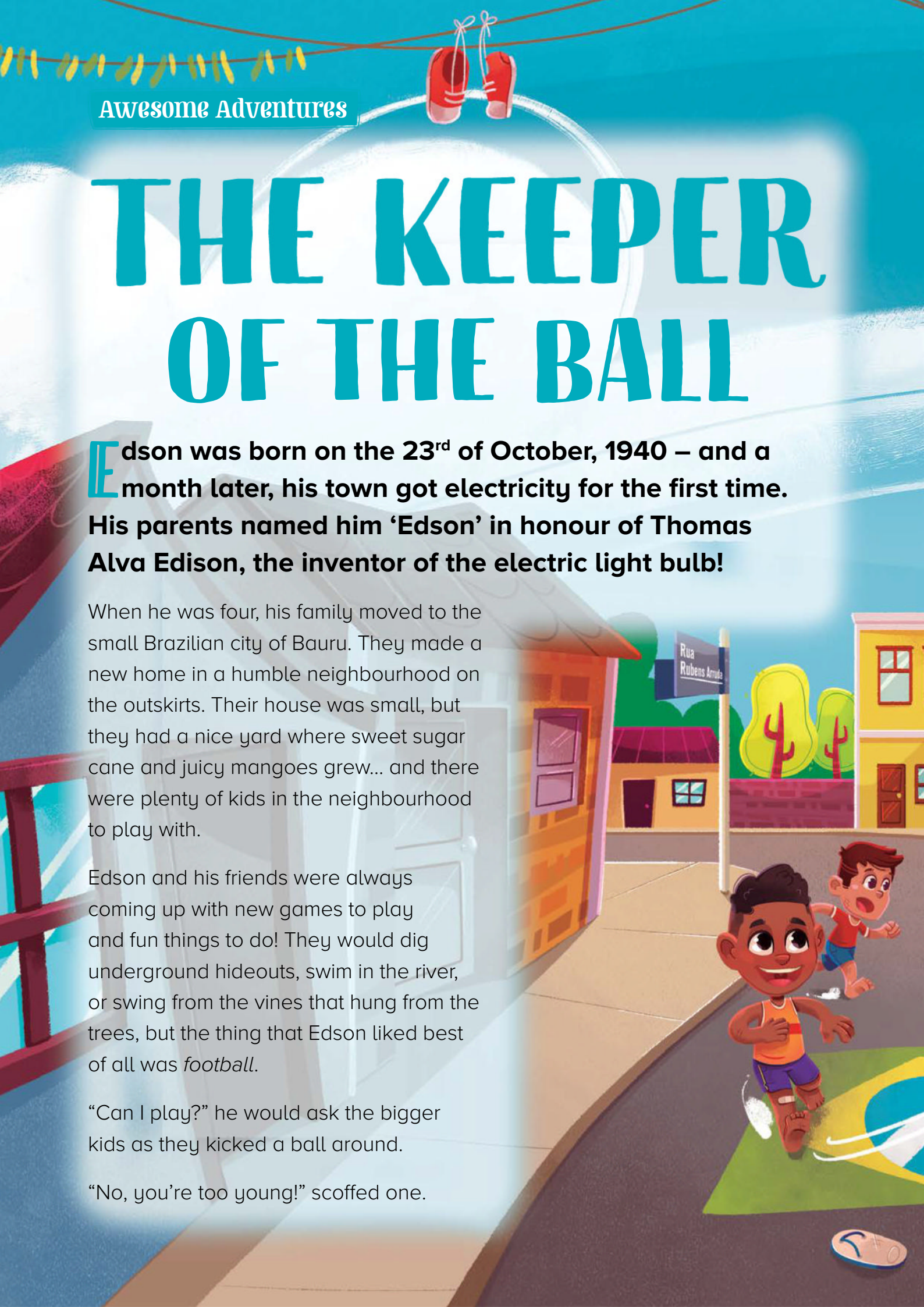
**E**dson was born on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of October, 1940 – and a month later, his town got electricity for the first time. His parents named him ‘Edson’ in honour of Thomas Alva Edison, the inventor of the electric light bulb!

When he was four, his family moved to the small Brazilian city of Bauru. They made a new home in a humble neighbourhood on the outskirts. Their house was small, but they had a nice yard where sweet sugar cane and juicy mangoes grew... and there were plenty of kids in the neighbourhood to play with.

Edson and his friends were always coming up with new games to play and fun things to do! They would dig underground hideouts, swim in the river, or swing from the vines that hung from the trees, but the thing that Edson liked best of all was *football*.

“Can I play?” he would ask the bigger kids as they kicked a ball around.

“No, you’re too young!” scoffed one.



“And too skinny!” laughed another.

This hurt Edson’s feelings, but he decided to stay positive. “If they won’t let me play in *their* games, I’ll organise my own!” he told his little brother Zoca.

Real footballs were expensive, so Edson got a sock and stuffed it with rags and bits of paper to make a ball. “It’s *almost* round!” he said as he gave it a little bounce.

He took his ball outside and began kicking it down the dusty street.

“Hey, Edson has a ball!” shouted a kid. “Can we play?” Before long, he was surrounded by a small crowd of friends.

Yes, let’s make teams!” he grinned.

The kids used old shoes to mark out the goals of what they called the ‘Rubens Arruda Street Stadium’, with one at each end of the road.

Then their first game began! Edson had a wonderful time running up and down the street, kicking and dribbling the lumpy ball and trying to tackle when somebody got it off him! They played until the sun went down and the lights turned on in the houses... The kids’ mothers were calling them for dinner, but they didn’t want to stop the game.

When Edson finally came home, he was sweaty but grinning! The boy held his sock-ball as if it was a trophy...

Dona Celeste frowned when he walked inside. His mum was strict, but she loved him very much. ➡





“You should have been doing your homework!” she told him sternly. “Football is a waste of time!” She glared at Edson’s father, who was reading the newspaper at the table.

Dondinho just shrugged. He had been a very good footballer in his day, and had even played for an important team before a knee injury ended his career.

“If our boy loves the game, what harm can it do?” He laughed and ruffled Edson’s hair.

Dona Celeste thought for a moment. “Well, it’s better for him to be playing a sport than getting into trouble...” she mused. “All right, he can play football... *if* he does all his homework and lets little Zoca play in his games, too!”

Edson grinned. From that day on, he played as often as he could!

He always had Zoca on his team, even though his brother was still little and sometimes cried when he was tackled or missed a pass. The boys from Rubens Arruda Street got better at kicking their homemade ball and learned some cool tricks!



One day, Edson came up with a way to make their games even more fun.

“We should start our own team!” he announced. “A proper one!”

“How can we do that?” protested Toquinho. “We can’t afford uniforms!”

Edson waved his hands. “Don’t worry about that. We can sell old scrap iron and peanuts to pay for a strip!”

“But what about getting a proper ball?” asked Zé Porto, his eyebrow raised. Edson winked at him.



“I have a plan for that! You know those football stickers we collect?”

The boys nodded. Everyone loved collecting stickers of top players!

“If we get an album and fill it with all the rarest stickers, we can trade it for a leather football!” Edson declared.

The neighbourhood boys were excited! They shared their collections and Edson hunted down rare stickers from collectors all over town...

The team sold the scrap iron they found and peanuts that they ‘borrowed’ from a warehouse, but they still didn’t have enough money for a complete kit.

“We can’t afford shirts, socks or boots,” Edson told them, “but there is enough for vests and shorts. Hey – at least we have a uniform now!” The boys cheered!

“One more thing, team...” said Edson. “I have something special to show you!”

He took a football from behind his back. The boys stared in wonder... it was a *real* one, with air inside, instead of rags and paper. They were now a proper team!

Edson named them ‘Sete de Setembro’ after the street at the end of their road, but the other teams called them ‘the Shoeless Ones’ because they couldn’t afford boots and played barefoot! ➡



They challenged other kids to games – and often won!

They were very proud of their successes and their hard-won uniforms, too. Edson was the captain and the Keeper of the Ball. (That meant he got to keep the ball at his house – because he had collected the stickers to get it!)

One morning, some workers from the city council came to clear the weeds on Rubens Arruda Street. At lunchtime, they ate their food and talked about the local football team's latest match.

Edson had an idea! He went up to the foreman of the group.

“What do you want?” the big man asked, surprised at being interrupted by a skinny ten-year-old.

“We’re the Sete de Setembro team,” Edson announced proudly, “and we would like to challenge you to a game of football!”

The workers grinned and agreed to play against the kids. Once their work was done, they gathered on the ‘pitch’ marked out on the road. Edson marched his team out in their uniforms, and the game was on!

The grown-up workers were bigger and stronger than the boys, but they were impressed by the youngsters’ skills! Neighbours came outside to watch as their team played a great game up and down the road. They cheered at each tackle and shot on goal. The match only ended when the ball hit the power lines and knocked out all the electricity on the street!



“Hey Edson, since you are so brilliant, can you also make the lights work?” laughed Zé Porto. The boys shook hands with the workers, who thanked them for a good game.

When Edson came home, tired and happy, Dondinho grinned at him and said, “You really love the game, and I’m proud of how much spirit you have. I’ll teach you some tricks that will make you an even better player..”

As they went into the yard and began kicking the ball around, Edson told his father, “One day, I want to be as great a player as you are!”

His dad laughed. “Who knows? You might be even better!” ★



## WHAT HAPPENED NEXT...

**E**dson Arantes do Nascimento became a very skilful player indeed! He joined the Bauru Atlético Clube youth team and became known by his old school nickname: Pelé.

His coach got him to try out for a bigger team, Santos FC, when he was just 15. He scored the first goal of his professional career in his first match!

Just ten months later, Pelé was awarded a place in the Brazilian national football team, and they defeated Sweden in the final to win the 1958 World Cup. He was also in the squads that won the World Cup in 1962 and 1970.

Pelé had an amazing career in club football, winning many trophies. In 1999, he was named Athlete of the Century by the International Olympic Committee and one of the 100 most important people of the 20<sup>th</sup> century by *Time* magazine.

Pelé served as a UNESCO Goodwill Ambassador and a UN ambassador for ecology and the environment. He also gave his support to many charities. Pelé is widely regarded as one of the greatest sportspeople of all time.

## YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT...

### **It has a long history!**

Games where you kick a ball have been played in many parts of the world for hundreds of years, but the sport that most people now call 'football' started in 1863 in Britain. That was when a group called the 'Football Association' first met to agree on a set of rules!

### **There is more than one 'football'!**

Other football games include American Football, Canadian Football, Australian Rules Football, Gaelic Football (from Ireland), Rugby Union, Rugby League, Futsal and Beach Soccer. (Some countries use the word 'soccer' when talking about the sport known as 'Association Football'.)

# THE BEAUTIFUL GAME!

**Pelé loved football very much... and so do millions of people around the world. Here are some amazing facts about the sport!**

**It's very popular!** Football is the world's favourite sport. More than 250 million people play it, and *billions* tune in to watch games!

### **The rules have changed a lot!**

In the past, there were no red cards or substitutes that could come on if a player was injured. You also weren't allowed to pass the ball forward!

### **Brazil is the best!**

This country has the most successful football team of all time. Their team is the only one to have played in every World Cup tournament, and they have won it five times – thanks in part to Pelé!

**It's a game for everyone!** Football was very popular with women in the early 1900s, but they were *banned* from playing it in 1921. The FA ended the ban in 1971, and the first official women's football tournament took place in 1991!

## TOP SPORTS STARS!

We have back issues featuring famous athletes from Ali to Comaneci and Billy Jean! Scan the QR code to check them out.

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# PETER BULL

**C**laus and Lena had a very happy life together. They lived in a cosy cottage and grew all the food they needed on their little farm in the Danish countryside.

The milk from their cow was used to make tasty blue cheese, which they sold for a good price at the market.


“Our life is wonderful!” Claus would tell his wife. “I can’t think of anything that could make it better!”

But then, something happened that *did* make their lives even more wonderful: their cow gave birth to a lovely healthy calf. Its hair was red, like the colour of new copper.

The little creature was very friendly and inquisitive. He would follow Claus and Lena wherever they went.

“What a charming fellow!” Lena gushed. “He is so clever – I believe he understands everything I say!” →





Claus and Lena didn't have children, so they spoiled the little bull-calf instead. They named him Peter, and fed him apples as treats. He would come into their cottage for dinner and snooze in front of the fire in the evening.



One day, Claus was standing by the farm gate with Peter. The bull chewed his cud as they watched the world go by.

“What a lovely day!” Claus smiled as he stroked Peter's copper fur. The sun was shining and there was a gentle summer breeze.

Just then, a man strode down the road past the farm. He was tall, with a dusty black coat and sunglasses balanced on his narrow nose.

“Hello there, stranger!” said Claus cheerfully. “What brings you to this part of the country?”

The man sniffed haughtily. “I am a clerk, and I have business in a nearby town.”

“Ooooh, a clerk! You know how to read and write and do maths, then! Why, you must be very clever!”

The clerk nodded. “Yes, I *do* know many things!”

Claus pointed at Peter, who was staring at them both from beneath a fringe of ginger hair.

“My calf, Peter, is very clever too. I think it would be good if you could give him an education in reading and writing and suchlike!”



The clerk thought this idea was ridiculous and was about to say so, but then Claus spoke again.

“I would give you a hundred coins if you would take him to live with you and teach him things!”

The clerk did not believe that a calf could be educated, but he was both cunning and greedy.

“I accept!” he said. “Let me take him, and I will give you a report when I come back this way in a few months’ time...”

Claus fastened a rope to Peter’s nose-ring and gave the clerk a hundred coins. The man then led the little bull off down the road.

When they arrived at the clerk’s house, the fellow tried to teach the bull how to read and write. However, Peter missed Lena and Claus and could not concentrate. He knocked over the ink-pots and ate pages out of the books!

A farmer poked his head through the clerk’s front door when he heard the commotion.

“What a fine bull!” he said. “I will pay you two hundred coins for him!”

The clerk was a greedy man, and he didn’t like having a bull messing up his house!

“Fine!” he said. “Take him away!” ➔



## MAKE ANIMAL ART!

In the story, Peter Bull looked a bit like a bull. Can you choose a favourite animal and draw a person with similar features? Which features would you keep? You could turn it into a game and see if anyone can guess what animal it is based on! Scan the QR code on the right to download a frame and create your art in.



The farmer gave the clerk the coins and led Peter to his farm. The bull liked living there because he could eat grass and run around in the sun, just like a proper bull should!

The clerk was glad to get the money from the farmer, but he had a problem. What could he do if Claus and Lena asked him where their beloved bull was?

The next time he went past their farm, he tried to scurry by without them noticing. As luck would have it, Claus spotted him.

“Greetings!” he said cheerfully.

“How are my dear little bull’s lessons going?”

“Oh, they’re going well!” the clerk lied quickly. “But I need... a hundred extra coins to pay for the special books a calf needs!”

Claus gladly gave him the money, and the clerk went back home.



For the next few years, Claus and Lena heard nothing about their dear Peter. They missed him terribly.

“You must go to the clerk’s house and see if our boy is all right!” Lena told Claus.

So he trudged all the way to the town and knocked on the clerk’s door.

“Hello!” said Claus cheerily. “I’ve come to visit Peter – where is he?”

The clerk adjusted his glasses nervously. “Er, I’m afraid that young Peter has escaped!” he lied. “Such a pity, I had taught him reading and writing and maths, and he was becoming quite the gentleman!”





Claus was shocked and surprised. He sobbed all the way home, and Lena burst out crying when she heard the news. “Oh, dear Peter!” she wailed. “Where can he be?”

The years passed, but Lena and Claus never forgot their bull-calf. They often spoke about how much they missed him!

One day, Claus spotted a story in the newspaper. It was about a merchant who was doing very well for himself in the city of Copenhagen. The article said that he was very clever and good at writing and maths.

“Gosh!” exclaimed Claus. “The merchant’s name is ‘Peter Bull’ – it must be our dear clever calf!”

Lena said, “We must go to Copenhagen straight away!”

After a long journey to the city, Claus and Lena rapped on Peter Bull’s door. The merchant answered it, and Claus noticed that he had hair the colour of fresh copper – just like the calf’s!

“What do you want?” the man asked grumpily.

Claus smiled. “My dear calf, we have come to see you! The clerk’s education has done wonders for you – why, you even look like a proper grown-up human now!”

Peter Bull was going to tell Claus that he was crazy, but then the old man said something intriguing. ➔

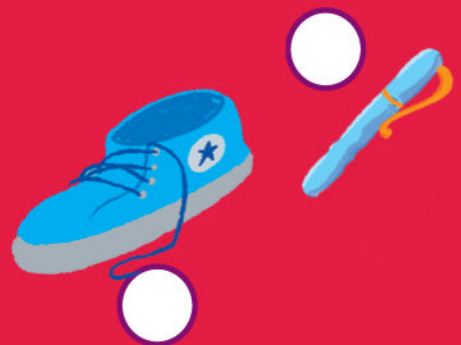


"We're so happy to see you again, dear Peter!"

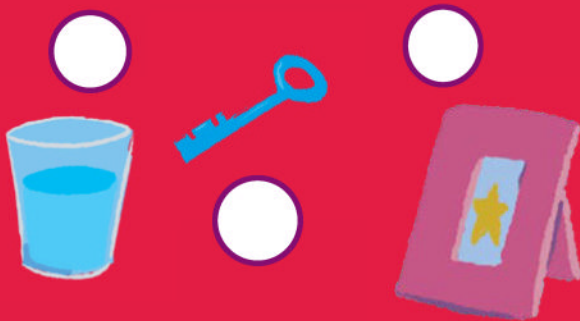


## SPOT IT!

See if you can find all these things – tick them off when you spot them!



We want to give you our farm and our money!"



How many notebooks are in this scene? Write your answer here!

Answer: There are four notebooks!



Lena then spoke. “All you have to do is let us live in your lovely house and call us ‘mother’ and ‘father’!”

Peter Bull thought for a moment. He had no parents of his own, and he *did* feel lonely. It would be nice to have some company! He also liked the idea of getting more money!

“Dearest parents,” said Peter Bull, “please come in!”

That was how Claus and Lena came to live with Peter Bull the merchant. He called them ‘father’ and ‘mother’ and treated them kindly. They lived happily together until the end of their days, and Peter never told them that he wasn’t their beloved bull-calf! ★



# THE SNOWMAN

Adapted from a tale by Hans Christian Andersen

**I**t was a still night in the middle of winter. Everyone in the village was sound asleep in their bed – nobody saw the snowflakes falling from a cloudy sky!

Imagine the joy of the children when they looked outside and saw the streets and fields covered in a brilliant blanket of white snow!

They put on their warmest woollen clothes before running out to play. They rode sledges, had snowball fights, and fell backwards into drifts to make snow angels. But what could they do next?

“We should build a snowman!” said one little girl. “We can make it in my grandad’s yard!” Everyone cheered, and they got to work. Some rolled up balls of snow, while others fetched household items to add to their creation.

“Let’s use this rake as a backbone!”

“These lumps of coal will make great eyes!”

“Put this carrot on for a nose!” →



After an hour of brisk and chilly work, the kids stepped back to look at what they had made.

Their snowman was a handsome fellow with a pointy orange nose, dark eyes and twig arms.

Evening was coming, and the children's fingers and noses felt very cold indeed! They went inside for soup and toast with cheese...

If they had seen what happened next, the kids would have been astounded!

A shiver went through the snowman and he blinked his coal-black eyes.

"Gosh, I'm alive!" he said in a voice that crackled like ice on a frozen pond. "What a wonderful thing!"

He stretched out his twig arms, which were covered with frost. The chill made him tingle.

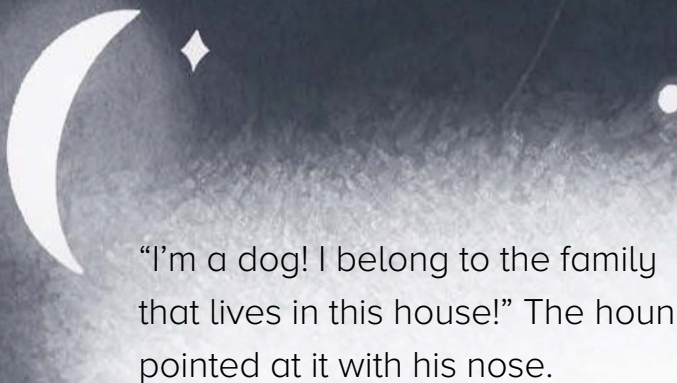
"I can feel the cold as well!" the snowman gasped in wonder. "How refreshing it is!"

Then he heard something that sounded like a cross between a bark and a cough.

Turning around, he saw a scruffy dog looking at him. The animal tilted his head to one side. He was chained to his kennel.

"Oh, hello!" said the snowman politely. "Who might you be?"





“I’m a dog! I belong to the family that lives in this house!” The hound pointed at it with his nose.

“Pleased to meet you, Mr Dog!” the frosty fellow replied. “I think I’m a snowman!”

The dog didn’t look surprised. “You certainly are!” he replied gruffly. “Children build one of you almost every year.”

This surprised the snowman! He looked around. “Where are these other snowmen, then?” he asked.

The dog rolled his eyes. “They run away when spring comes... and you will, too!”

This puzzled the snowman. “How can I run away? I don’t have legs!”

The dog just grunted.

“Can you tell me who is staring at me with its big red eye?” asked the snowman. He pointed at the sun, which was just above the horizon.

“That’s the sun!” growled the dog. “It makes things warm, so it’s no good for you!”

The snowman shrugged his twiggy shoulders. “I don’t see what’s wrong with being warm. It sounds very nice!”

The dog gave a frustrated whine and retreated into his kennel without another word.

The sun went down, and night fell. The temperature became even colder, and the snowman watched in wonder as frost spread across the snow and sparkled on the bare branches of the trees.



When morning came, he heard the scrunch-scrunch-scrunch of footsteps in the snow. From the corner of his eye, he saw a gentleman walking hand in hand with a child. They were smiling happily! ➡

## RECORD-BREAKING FUN FACT!

In February 2008, the world’s biggest snowperson was created in Maine, USA. ‘Olympia’ was built from nearly 6000 tons of snow and stood over 37 metres tall. Her arms were made of pine trees, and her scarf was 40 metres long. This snowperson was so big that she lasted until summer before melting...



“Summer is never *this* pretty!” the girl said, looking across the snowy fields. They shimmered in the sunlight.

The old man pointed at the snowman and chuckled. “And you’ll never see a fine fellow like *this* in summer!”

The snowman felt like laughing as well! The two humans knocked the snow from their boots before going into the house.

“Do you know them?” the snowman asked the dog.

The dog gave him a grumpy look. “Of course! That man is my master, and the girl is his granddaughter.”

The hound looked miserable. “I lived in the house with them – but when I tried to steal a ham, they put me outside as punishment!”

He gave a little whine. “I wish I was lying by the warm stove!”

The snowman had never heard of this wonderful thing called a ‘stove’ before.

“What is that?” he asked curiously. “I should like to see it!”

The dog coughed and said, “Look through the window, then!”

The snowman hopped over to the frosty window-pane and peered into the kitchen. The old man, the girl and a nice lady were laughing and enjoying hot drinks in front of a gleaming black thing in the corner. It had little clawed feet and a single glowing orange eye. It spread its warmth over the whole room.

“That is the most beautiful and amazing thing I have ever seen!”



whispered the snowman. He never wanted to move from that spot. In fact, he stared through that window all day and all night.

The dog shook his head when he saw the snowman looking at the stove with his coal-black eyes.

“Ah, he is definitely in love!” he growled to himself.

The days passed, and the snowman felt the sun become warmer. He also seemed to be shrinking!

When he looked down, he saw water trickling away from his body.

“This must be what the dog meant when he said I would ‘run away’...” the snowman thought.

“It looks as if I will never see the summer – but I *have* seen a wonderful winter – and the magical stove too, of course!”



When the girl came to visit her granddad a few days later, the snowman had disappeared. All that remained was a rake, a carrot and two lumps of coal.

“Oh, he’s gone!” she said.

“Never mind!” her granddad replied cheerfully. “You can build another one next year!”

The man scratched his head. “Though I *do* wonder who moved him so close to the window!” ★



# GOLDILOCKS' HOODIE

**M**other Bear peered at Goldilocks over the breakfast table. The girl stopped spreading honey on her toast and said, “What’s wrong?”

Mother Bear sighed. “It’s that old hoodie of yours. It’s seen better days!”

Goldilocks put down her knife and hugged her baggy red top.

“But it’s so soft and snuggly!” she replied. “I’ll never find another one like it!”

Goldilocks had made friends with the bears after inviting herself into their cottage years ago. She stayed over in the winter, eating yummy porridge and hibernating!

Goldilocks tried to reason with Mother Bear, argued with Father Bear, and finally stamped her foot, but it did no good. The furry family had decided that she needed a new outfit! An hour later, the Three Bears were ushering her into Roote & Branch, a trendy clothes shop in the forest.

Goldilocks shivered and pulled up her hood. It was chilly inside, and the lights were too bright.





“Can I help you?” The girl jumped when she heard a voice behind her.

A stylish fox sidled up to them, and Mother Bear patted Goldilocks on her hooded head.

“This little miss needs a new look!”

The fox smiled toothily and showed them around the shop.

“Do you like THIS?” said Father Bear, grabbing a woolly sweater.

“Too itchy!” complained Goldilocks.

“How about this onesie? It’s furry and has *awesome* bear ears!” said Baby Bear.

“It’s too tight!” squeaked Goldilocks when she squeezed it on.

“This dress is very fashionable!” Mother Bear cooed as she slipped it over the girl’s head.

“MUCH too big!” Goldilocks complained as she disappeared among the ruffles.

After an hour of this, Mother Bear looked around the changing room. It was a mess! The floor was covered with piles of rejected outfits.

“I guess there isn’t *anything* here that suits me!” Goldilocks sighed.

Then, she saw something under a pile of tops and trousers. She pulled it out and slipped it on.

“Oh, this fits perfectly!” she said. She wriggled around in it. “It’s sooo comfy, and I even like the colour!”

“But that’s your *old* hoodie!” growled Mother Bear.

Goldilocks grinned.

“I know – and it’s *just* right!” ★



# THE CROW'S NECKLACE

**T**he crow fluttered high above the islands of the Philippines. Far below, he could see white beaches, dark green forests and the deep blue sea.

Then, he spotted something glimmering and glittering on the ocean waves.

“How strange!” he thought to himself. The crow loved shiny things, so he swooped down for a closer look.

The shimmering was coming from a little canoe that was sailing its way towards one of the islands. The craft was low in the water, for it was weighed down with chests of gold and jewels and gems of all kinds!


The crow perched on the bow of the canoe and cawed at the merchant who was rowing it.

“What lovely shiny things you have!” the bird croaked in his harsh voice.

“Thank you, kind crow!” smiled the merchant.

“Would you like to buy anything today?”

The crow ruffled his feathers. “I like things that glitter... but I don’t want to carry a jewel in my beak all the time!”



The merchant laughed and picked up a beautiful jewelled chain.

“What about this necklace? You can wear it around your neck while you fly through the air...”

The crow was dazzled by the item. The precious stones on it glittered in the sunlight...

“I’ll take it!” squawked the bird. “Wait here, and I’ll get my money!”

The crow had collected several silver coins over the years and hidden them in his nest. He flapped off to get them before flying back to the merchant’s canoe.

The bird dropped the coins into the man’s hand. “Is that enough?”

“Certainly, good sir!” said the merchant with a wide grin.

He put the necklace over the crow’s head.

The bird preened himself proudly and said, “I *do* like the way it looks against my black feathers!”

The crow flapped off. He *really* wanted to show his fancy new accessory to someone!

The bird spotted a dugong who was grazing on seaweed in a nearby lagoon.

“Look at my new necklace!” he cawed. “I just got it today!” →

## DESIGN IT!

Would you like to create your own amazing necklace? **Scan the QR code** to download a picture to colour in. You can draw on jewels and baubles or even stick on sparkles, sticky gems and foil to add extra bling!





The big seal-like beast didn't seem impressed. He stared at the jewellery as he chewed on a mouthful of seaweed.

"Oh!" he replied. "What does it do?"

The crow was annoyed by his lack of taste and fluttered into the forest in search of a more appreciative audience! He spotted a golden-eyed tarsier clinging to a high branch, and the tiny monkey-like creature blinked at him.

"What do you think of this beautiful jewellery I'm wearing?" the crow squawked proudly.

"It's OK," peeped the tarsier, "but I think it's better to spend money on *experiences* instead of things!"


The crow was feeling discouraged, so he decided to visit his friend the hen. "At least *she* will appreciate my style!" he muttered.

The crow found the hen in the farmyard, looking after her fluffy young chicks. She was very impressed by his necklace!

"Oooh, it looks good!" she clucked. "If I had something like *that*, I would be the talk of the farmyard!"

The crow was in a generous mood. "You can borrow it," he cawed, "if you promise not to lose it!"

The hen agreed and spent the afternoon strutting around, wearing the fancy necklace and looking very glamorous indeed.



When afternoon came, though,  
she felt a bit tired.

“I’ll pop into the henhouse and  
have a nap!” she told her chicks.  
“Be good, and I’ll be back soon!”

She settled in her nest, took off the  
crow’s necklace and fell asleep!

The chicks peeked into the  
henhouse and were amazed by  
the necklace. “It’s so shiny!” said  
one. “Let’s borrow it!” peeped  
another. The fluffy little birds took  
the jewellery and had a great time  
playing with their new toy!

The hen panicked when she woke  
up and saw that the crow’s necklace  
had disappeared.

“What happened?” she clucked.  
“The crow will be furious!”

“We were playing with the  
necklace...” peeped one chick.

“... But then we lost it somewhere!”  
said another.

The crow was upset with the  
hen when he found out what  
had happened!

“I can’t forgive you,” he squawked,  
“until you find my necklace!”

The hen promised that she would  
keep looking... but she hasn’t  
found it yet!

That is why hens keep pecking at  
the dirt to this day. They are looking  
for the crow’s lost necklace! ★

# THE GIRL WHO HELPED THE THUNDER

**I**n a village beside the wide Mahicantuck River, there once lived a girl who belonged to the Lenape tribe of Native Americans. Her name was Pretty Face, and she was very proud of her looks.

“No one in this village is good enough for me!” she would boast. “Some day, a great hero from another tribe will come and take me away from this boring place!” When they heard this, her parents sighed and shook their heads.

A few weeks later, a stranger visited her village. He was tall and slender, and his buckskin clothes were covered with glittering beads.

He came up to Pretty Face as she stretched out deer skins to dry in the sun. The girl was captivated by his bright eyes.

“You are gorgeous!” he whispered to her. “Will you come away with me?”





Pretty Face's parents did not trust this bewitching stranger.

"We don't know where he comes from!" objected her father.

"He might not be what he seems!" added her mother.

But Pretty Face was stubborn, and she was enchanted by the visitor.

"I'm not worried – I like the way he looks. And he likes how I look, too!" she retorted. She left with him, without even saying goodbye.

They went down a path that led to the riverbank.

The stranger looked back at her. "Follow me!" he said softly.

The girl watched as he walked straight into the river.

The waters closed over his head!

Pretty Face took a deep breath and dived in after him.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a path that led down into the depths.

To her amazement, Pretty Face discovered that she could breathe the water as if it was air!

The mysterious stranger reached out his hand to her.

"My name is Amankamek," he said. "Come, I will show you my village!"

He led her into the depths of the river, where she saw a cluster of strange wigwams made of stone.

"This is my home!" said Amankamek, pointing at the largest one. ➡





A white-haired lady poked her head out of the door and hissed at her. She had the same glittering clothes and bright eyes as Amankamek.

“Why did you bring an outsider here, son?” she asked, scowling.

Amankamek did not answer his mother. “Make yourself at home!” he told Pretty Face. “I am going hunting and will be back soon!”

Pretty Face felt uneasy. She was under the river in this weird stone house, and the ancient woman wouldn’t stop staring at her.

The girl went to the door and saw Amankamek leaving the village.

As she watched, the handsome man lowered himself to the ground. His body stretched and his sparkling buckskins transformed into scales!

Pretty Face was scared. She had heard stories about the monstrous Great Serpent who lived beneath the river and could take on human form. That must be Amankamek – he had tricked her!

What would happen now? Would she become the Great Serpent’s wife... or his dinner? She did not like either possibility, so she decided to run away!

Pretty Face thought about the legends her granny had told her, many years before.

The Great Serpent's enemy was Grandfather Thunder, who lived in the sky and controlled the weather. When thunder rumbled in the sky, that meant he was hunting wicked serpents like Amankamek!

Pretty Face stepped out of the stone wigwam and cried out, "Great Grandfather Thunder, please help me!"

A ghostly figure with long hair that reached the ground appeared in front of her.

"Follow the path beneath your feet, granddaughter!" the old man said in a deep and rumbling voice. "If you are swift, you may save yourself – and help me defeat the Great Serpent!" He then disappeared.

Pretty Face began running along the path through the village. As she did so, serpents poked their heads out of the other wigwams.

They began to slither after her – it was a terrifying sight!

Pretty Face sprinted as fast as she could. She fled out of the village and began running up towards the bank of the river. Behind her, she heard a furious voice cry out.

It was Amankamek, who was still in the form of a shiny-scaled serpent!

**"YOU WILL NOT ESSSSCAPE!"**

he hissed as he wriggled after her. ➔



Now the surface of the river was just above Pretty Face! She pushed her head up out of the water and found herself in the muddy shallows near the riverbank.

The Great Serpent reared above her, his eyes burning with rage!

There was a flash of light and a deafening rumble of thunder. When Pretty Face could see again, Amankamek was diving beneath the river. His scales had been blackened by a lightning strike!

On the riverbank stood Grandfather Thunder. He laughed deeply and said, "Thank you for bringing the Great Serpent to the surface, where I could smite him with a thunderbolt! After that shock, he will not cause us trouble for many long years!"

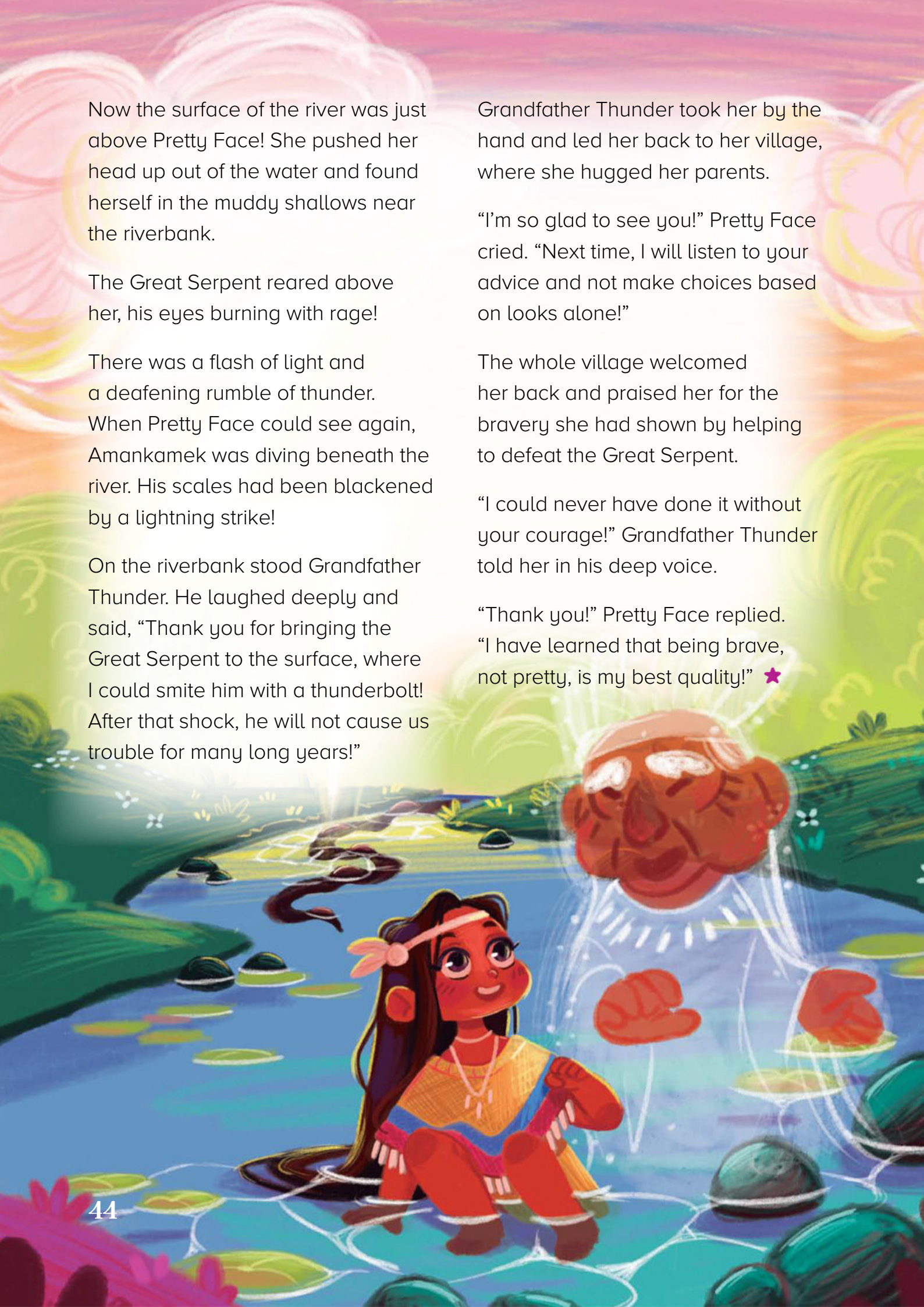
Grandfather Thunder took her by the hand and led her back to her village, where she hugged her parents.

"I'm so glad to see you!" Pretty Face cried. "Next time, I will listen to your advice and not make choices based on looks alone!"

The whole village welcomed her back and praised her for the bravery she had shown by helping to defeat the Great Serpent.

"I could never have done it without your courage!" Grandfather Thunder told her in his deep voice.

"Thank you!" Pretty Face replied. "I have learned that being brave, not pretty, is my best quality!" ★



# STORYTIME PLAYBOX

Craft a glowing snowman, create a cool designer hoodie, spot a lost necklace and find a path up a mountain!

## 1 CALF ART!

Nena and Claus loved their calf so much, they had two portraits painted of him!

But are you able to spot the five differences between them?



The 'Sete de Setembro' team have earned 15 Brazilian Reals to pay for their kit. Pick out which gear you would buy for them – but it must include shorts and a top!

## 2 CASH FOR KIT!



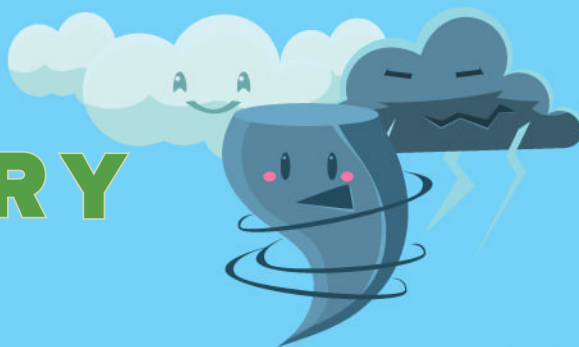
## 3 WHAT'S THE WEATHER?

Grandfather Thunder has taught Pretty Face the secret of predicting the weather! Fill in the missing letters of these weather-related words to find out what it will be like!

A    U  Y

B T   N   R Y

C  I   Y

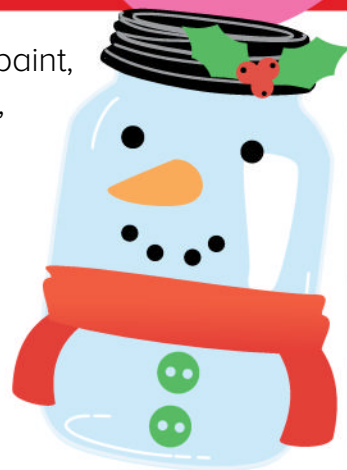


## 4 MAKE A GLOWING SNOWMAN

Follow these steps to create a cheerful little fellow who will light up your life!

ASK A GROWN-UP!

- You will need an empty glass jar, a paintbrush, black and white paint, a newspaper to paint on, coloured markers, cardboard, scissors, old buttons, superglue (for use by adults only!), a strip of brightly coloured cloth and an LED tea light.
- First, peel the label off your jar, then wash it inside and out and let it dry. Paint the lid of the jar black and set it aside to dry on some newspaper. You can give it a couple of coats to make it darker and more even.
- Next, paint the outside of the jar with a thin layer of white paint – don't worry about the bottom! When the paint is dry, draw black dots for the snowman's eyes and mouth.
- Tie the strip of cloth around the middle of the jar as a scarf and trim off any extra length you don't need.
- Cut out a small, pointy triangle of cardboard and colour it orange with a marker. When it's dry, ask an adult to superglue it to the snowman's face under his eyes. They should then superglue on the buttons in a line, underneath his scarf.
- Cut out 2 holly leaf shapes and 3 small circles. Colour the leaves green and the round 'berries' red and glue them to the lid in a cluster to add a festive touch!
- When the glue is dry, it's time to add the magic! Turn on the LED tea light and place it inside the jar before putting on the lid.

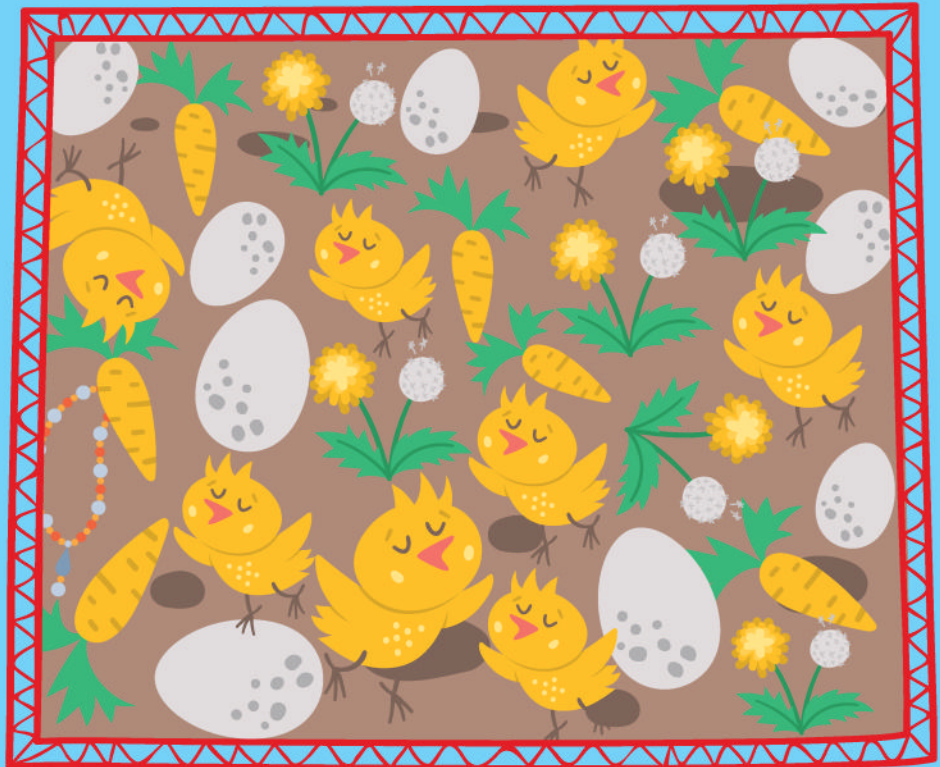
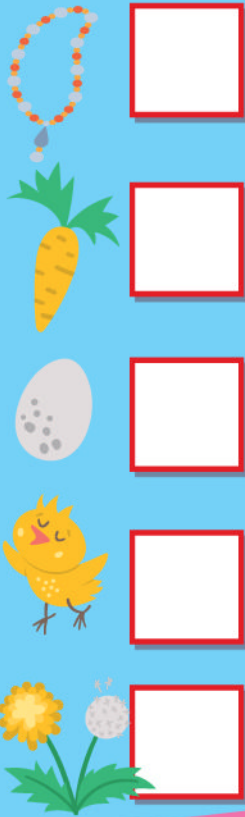


TIP!

This lovely little snowman makes a great night light to keep on your desk, shelf or bedside table!

# 5 I SPY JEWELS!

The hen is still hunting for the crow's necklace... but it's lost among a lot of other things! **Can you count all the items in this picture?**



# 6 MAX'S MAGIC WORDS

Max has discovered the magic of combining two words to make something new! He has finished the first rebus word puzzle below to show you how it's done, but **can you work out the other three?**

A series of four rebus puzzles, each with a letter label in a pink circle, an illustration of two items, a plus sign, an equals sign, and an empty box for the answer.

- A** =
- B** =
- C** =
- D** =

# 7 CLIFF CHASE

Nimblehoof can get to the top in  minutes!

Nimblehoof is racing Rockhorn to the top of the mountain, but which path is shortest? The number of minutes it takes to go along each section of path is shown below, so work out the quickest way for the little goat to go!



Goats are fabulous climbers! They can scramble up and down steep mountain cliffs with ease!

## 8 QUICK QUIZ!

Sometimes it can be difficult for us to admit something – but being honest is usually best.

**Cross out a word in these sentences to change their meaning!**

- A. I DON'T CARE!**
- B. I DID NOT DO IT!**
- C. IT'S NOT MY FAULT!**



9

## DESIGN MY HOODIE!

Goldilocks wants to freshen up her look by decorating her favourite hoodie! **What do you think would look good on it?** Draw in the details, add some badges and colour it all in!



**ANSWERS: 1. Calf Arti** – see right. **3. What's the Weather?** – A. CLOUDY, B. THUNDERY, C. WINDY. **5. I Spy Jewels!** – 1 necklace, 7 carrots, 9 eggs, 8 chicks and 6 dandelions. **6. Max's Magic Words** – A. ROLLER SKATE, B. BASKETBALL, C. MOUNTAIN BIKE, D. STARFISH. **7. Cliff Chase** – the quickest path is from goat to cow to snake to mountain, which would take 8 minutes. **8. Quick Quiz!** A. I CARE, B. I DID DO IT, C. IT'S MY FAULT.

# STORY MAGIC

## BRILLIANT BOOKS TO READ!

➔ **THE SPECTACULAR SUIT** by Kat Patrick, illustrated by Hayley Wells (Scribble) features eye-catching art that uses a limited colour palette to stunning effect! The sweet story is about Frankie, who is preparing for a party but can't find the perfect outfit to express her identity...

➔ **PABLO AND SPLASH** by Sheena Dempsey (Bloomsbury) might be the best story ever written about time-travelling penguins! This vibrantly illustrated comic book tells the tale of two birds who are thrown into the past – it features witty dialogue, big surprises and pulse-pounding encounters with dinosaurs!

➔ **DICTIONARY OF DINOSAURS** edited by Dr. Matthew G. Baron, illustrated by Dieter Braun (Wide Eyed) Is essential reading for any budding palaeontologist! It's a complete A-to-Z of every dinosaur ever discovered, and each entry provides key facts, a size guide and even information on how to pronounce their names correctly. The dinosaurs are illustrated in a colourful and stylised way that really brings them to life!



\* All books given as prizes are provided by the publishers. If a book is not available, they might send an alternative title to the winner.

# STORY CLUB

## MAKE MEETINGS EXTRA-SPECIAL!

We're sure you're having fun getting together with your friends to share stories – but what would make your meetings more memorable? You could choose a cool theme for your next Club!

### PLAN AHEAD!

To do this, it's best to decide which stories you will be reading *before* the meeting – that way, there's plenty of time to get ready! Make a list of tales and get everyone to vote for the ones they'd like to read next. You could choose a theme based on a season, setting, character or story genre...

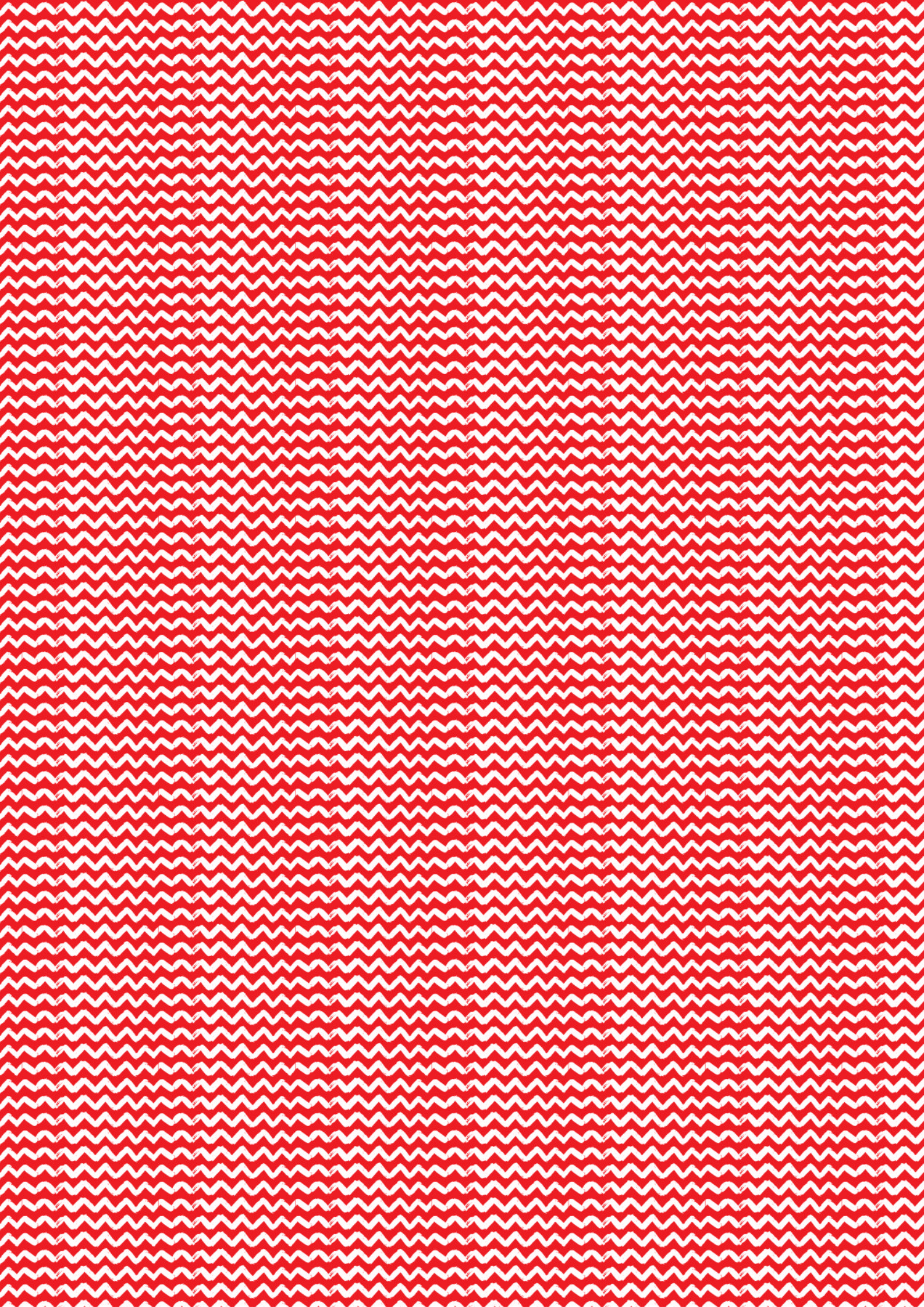
## WHAT WILL YOU DO?

When you know what you'll be reading, it's time to decide how to spice up your Story Club! If you're reading a Christmas-themed tale, for example, you could wear festive jumpers, and if your story is about animals, ask everyone to bring an animal soft toy. If you're reading a Sinbad the Sailor tale, serve Middle Eastern snacks like hummus and pitta bread!

You could also play music that fits the theme, put up bunting and posters, or come up with a list of more stories to read on a similar theme.

**NEXT MONTH:**  
**Special story activities!**





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