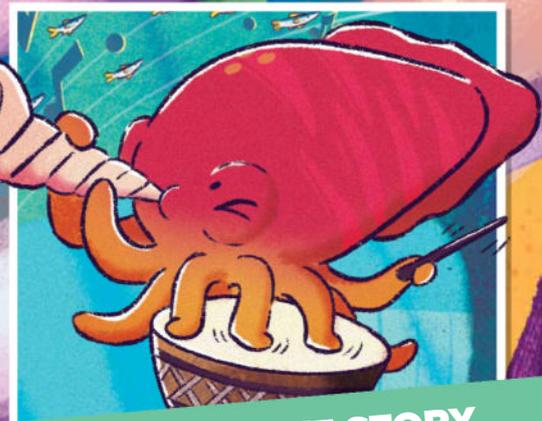


EVERYONE IS A FRIEND!

Storytime



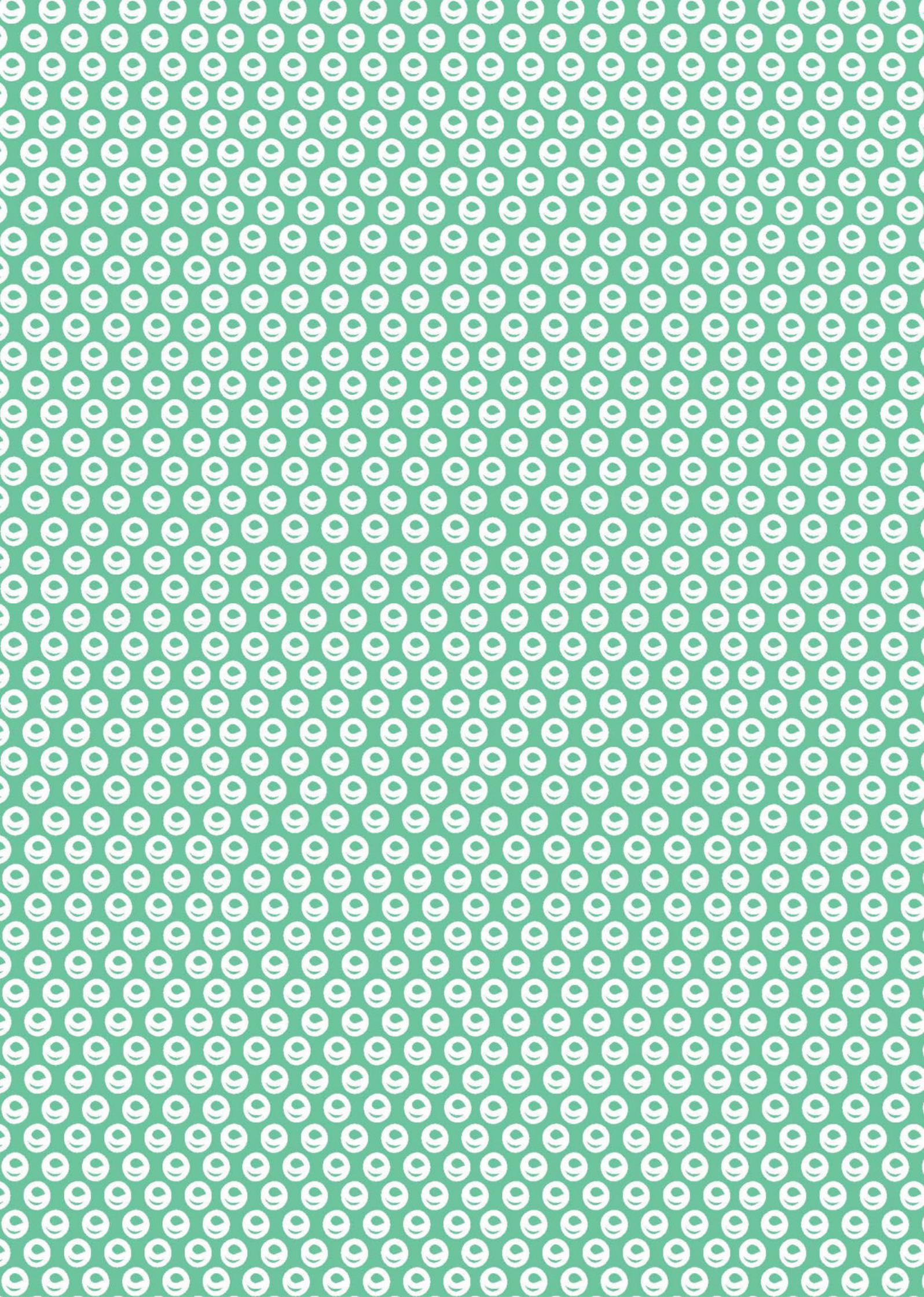
THE GRUFFS MAKE A CASTLE
and the troll wants to help!



THE MUSICAL LOVE STORY
of a cuttlefish and a mermaid!

THE RACER
FROM OUTER SPACE

Anansi Tricks
a Lion, Three
Identical Dolls
PLUS THOR
GOES FISHING!



**WHO COMES FROM SPACE
AND LIKES TO RACE?**

You'll find the answer to
this riddle and many others
inside this fabulous magazine!

THIS ISSUE BELONGS TO:

SPOT IT!

"What would you like to hear?" she asked. "A tale of times long past, or a myth about monsters and heroes?"

Storytime™ magazine is published every month by **Storytime Magazine Ltd**, 3 Endless Street, Salisbury SP1 1DL.

© Storytime Magazine Ltd, 2023. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be used or reproduced without prior written permission of the publisher. Printed by Acorn Web Offset Ltd.

Editorial Director: Lulu Skantze

Editor: Sven Wilson

Commercial Director: Leslie Coathup



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

www.storytimemagazine.com

ILLUSTRATORS:

Sara Gaiaudi *The Cuttlefish's Love Story*

Ani Manzanos *Anansi Gets Hungry!*

Buse Ustaoglu *Building the Future*

Jesga Machado *The Billy Goats' Sandcastle*

Giulia Lutri *Petrosinella*

Carlitos Pinheiro *The Racer from Outer Space*

Rafael Gandine *Thor Goes Fishing*

Blanca Martinez *The Three Dolls*

Join us in an undersea grotto, an Indian palace and a forest in Africa!

READ HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

storyteller's corner

THE CUTTLEFISH'S LOVE STORY

A tentacled sea creature falls for a mermaid and writes a symphony!

6

Around the World Tales

ANANSI GETS HUNGRY!

Anansi the spider catches lots of fish and outwits a lion in this African folk tale!

10

Awesome Adventures

BUILDING THE FUTURE

Discover the story of a boy with an unusual name who changed the world!

15

short stories, Big Dreams

THE BILLY GOATS' SANDCASTLE

Does the troll want to cause trouble at the beach?

20

Favourite Fairy Tales

PETROSINELLA

A fabulous story that features enchantment, parsley and a girl with green hair...

22

Worlds of Wonder

THE RACER FROM OUTER SPACE

This soapbox derby race is out of this world!

30

OUR COVER STORY

Myths and Legends

THOR GOES FISHING

The thunder god has a fishing contest with a giant and hooks the biggest catch of all!

36

Famous Fables

THE THREE DOLLS

Which doll is different? A king learns the answer from an unexpected source!

40

storytime playbox

Find the camouflaged cuttlefish, calculate how to win a soapbox derby race and solve some fishy maths for Anansi!

45

story Magic

Read reviews of books about a little rhino, glowing creatures and a stoat in a boat. Plus, learn how to cope with anxiety!

50

Let's go fishing for sea monsters!

SEE PAGE 48!



READ TOGETHER PACK!

Shared Story Fun for Parents and Grandparents

15 PAGES OF TIPS, IDEAS AND ACTIVITIES PERFECT FOR SHARED STORY TIMES



MAKE A STORY JAR!

Take a story jar with you and collect things that inspire creativity and storytelling!

WHAT YOU WILL NEED...

1 jar to keep jar or vessel. Make sure it is clean and dry before you start using it.

STORY JAR: tub and stick it to your jar.

WHAT TO PUT IN THE STORY JAR...

Things that inspire you to write or draw.

Things that inspire you to think or talk.

Things that inspire you to read.

Things that inspire you to play.

Things that inspire you to learn.

Things that inspire you to dream.

Things that inspire you to create.

Things that inspire you to imagine.

Things that inspire you to explore.

Things that inspire you to discover.

Things that inspire you to learn more.

Things that inspire you to grow.

Things that inspire you to change.

Things that inspire you to be better.

Things that inspire you to be happy.

Things that inspire you to be kind.

Things that inspire you to be brave.

Things that inspire you to be smart.

Things that inspire you to be strong.

Things that inspire you to be fast.

Things that inspire you to be slow.

Things that inspire you to be quiet.

Things that inspire you to be loud.

Things that inspire you to be happy.

Things that inspire you to be kind.

Things that inspire you to be brave.



GET YOUR FREE READ TOGETHER PACK AT www.storytimemagazine.com/readingtogether PLUS 10% OFF A STORYTIME SUBSCRIPTION

THE CUTTLIFISH'S LOVE STORY

Adapted from a tale by Baroness Orczy

When night fell, the mermaid slipped out of the coral palace that belonged to the Sea Queen. She flitted between the sponges and anemones of its grand gardens until she reached the secret spot where her suitor was waiting.

The cuttlefish was so pleased to see her that his googly eyes bulged out even more than usual. He had been looking forward to seeing his dear mermaid for many days!

Hugging her in his tentacles, he said, "My beloved, I missed you!"

The mermaid smiled and replied, "I missed every bit of you, from the tips of your tentacles to the frills on your tail!"





"It's a pity you work on the other side of the reef and have to come so far to see me!"

"I know!" said the cuttlefish. "I will find a job in the Sea Queen's court. Then, we will be able to see each other every day!"

"Well... the queen *does* need a new Royal Musician!" said the mermaid thoughtfully. "The last one was accidentally swallowed by a whale during a concert!"

The cuttlefish was excited – he would do anything to be with his dear mermaid!

Everything was calm beneath the sea the following morning. Sunlight shone through the water, kelp waved in the current, and fish swam by peacefully.

The Sea Queen was enjoying a nice lie-in when a loud noise shook the walls of her coral palace. It sounded like a whale with tummy trouble!

"What can that be?" asked the queen. She was not amused!

Her hermit crab butler scuttled off to investigate. He soon returned, waving his claws in excitement.

"It is the cuttlefish!" he burbled. "He is holding a great concert in the palace gardens in a bid to become your new Royal Musician. That was the sound of his band practising! He begs Your Majesty to come and hear his latest composition..." →



The queen was most intrigued!
She called for her finest seahorse
and rode out into the gardens
with her servants and courtiers.

In a hollow in the reef, the
cuttlefish had gathered an
orchestra of fish and taught
them his new tune. When the
queen and her retinue were
seated on an anemone-covered
rock, the cuttlefish waved a
tentacle to tell the band to start.

First, a choir of shrimps sang a
sweet melody. A squid pounded
out a beat on scallop shells, and
the deep voices of the tuna, the
swordfish and the gurnard sang
a tune that sounded like waves
crashing against a rocky shore.

A shadow fell across them
as a blue whale joined in.
He boomed and squealed along
with the others. And the cuttlefish?
He parped on a seashell trumpet
while banging on a drum and
conducting the concert with a
spare tentacle at the same time!

Some of the fish were out of tune,
but it was still a tremendous show!
The eels twisted and wriggled
along with the music, a school
of silvery herring whirled and
twirled above the performers,
and an elderly octopus poked
his head out of his hole and
waved his arms gleefully.



The music built to a booming crescendo before the cuttlefish signalled for the band to stop.

The audience of sea creatures applauded enthusiastically, clapping their fins, shaking their tentacles and clicking their claws. The cuttlefish bowed modestly.

The Sea Queen stood up, and the crowd fell silent.

“Thank you for the fantastic show! That was the loudest and most impressive performance I have ever heard! I would be honoured if you would become my Royal Musician!”

The cuttlefish’s eyes bulged out, but the queen smiled and waved for him to be quiet.

“That is not all!” she continued. “I know that you and the mermaid are in love. If you agree, I will marry you now!”

So, while her subjects looked on, the Sea Queen declared that the cuttlefish and the mermaid were husband and wife. The crowd cheered as they kissed!

Mr and Mrs Cuttlefish moved into a grotto in the reef, where they lived happily for the rest of their lives. ★

ANANSI GETS HUNGRY!

Anansi the spider felt a rumble in his tummy. It was time for lunch!

“I would like some tasty fish!” he thought. He visited the market and bought a frying pan, a dozen sacks and many pots of fat.

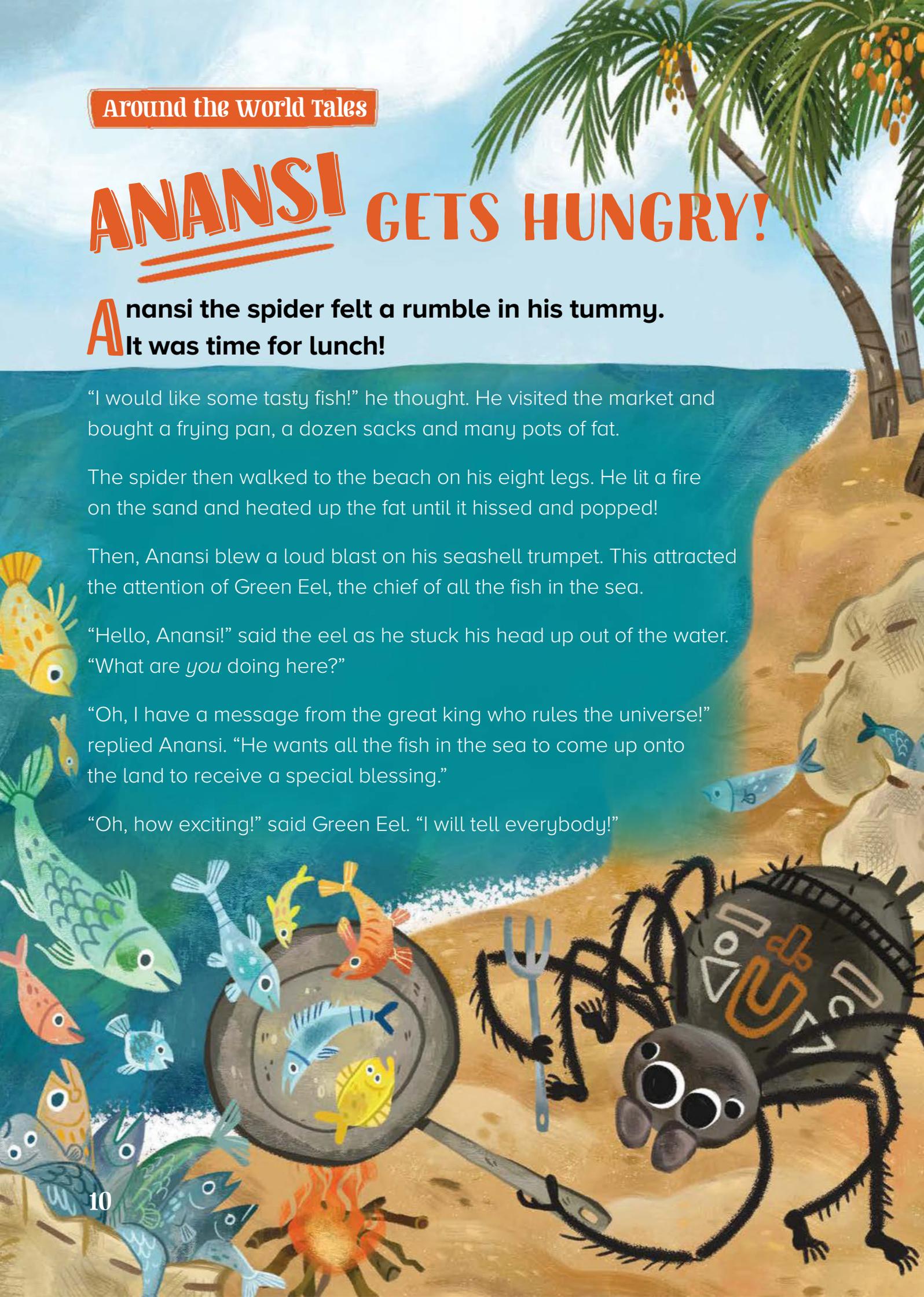
The spider then walked to the beach on his eight legs. He lit a fire on the sand and heated up the fat until it hissed and popped!

Then, Anansi blew a loud blast on his seashell trumpet. This attracted the attention of Green Eel, the chief of all the fish in the sea.

“Hello, Anansi!” said the eel as he stuck his head up out of the water. “What are *you* doing here?”

“Oh, I have a message from the great king who rules the universe!” replied Anansi. “He wants all the fish in the sea to come up onto the land to receive a special blessing.”

“Oh, how exciting!” said Green Eel. “I will tell everybody!”





Before long, all the fish in the sea were flopping up onto the beach. When they did this, Anansi popped them into his pan and fried them up! The only one to escape was Green Eel, who slipped away and wriggled back into the sea.

Anansi gobbled up several of the tasty fish! He put the rest into his twelve sacks and began walking towards the mountains.

As he was crossing a stream, Lion blocked his path.

“Good day, Anansi!” growled Lion. “What do you have in those sacks?”

Anansi did not want to share his food, so he said, “I am carrying the bones of my ancestors – I will bury them in the mountains!”

The lion did not believe him! He decided to spy on the spider.

When evening fell, Anansi camped in a forest. He was about to eat some fish when a fly buzzed past him.

“Hmm, someone is nearby!” thought Anansi. “I’ll eat later..”

The next day, the spider reached the foothills. He was hungry, so he sat down on a rock and gobbled up six fish from the sacks.

That was when Lion popped up from behind a rock. “So, you were fibbing about carrying your ancestors’ bones! How dare you lie to me!”

Anansi laughed. “Oh, I was only making a joke!” he said. “Please sit down and help yourself!” →

Lion had a mighty appetite and a huge mouth. He ate a dozen fish before Anansi could blink!

“What a greedy fellow!” Anansi muttered to himself.

“What did you say?” growled Lion, picking a bone from between his teeth with one of his claws.

Anansi did not want to anger Lion. “Oh,” he replied, “I said that you should have seconds!”

While Lion gobbled a dozen more fish, the spider came up with a cunning plan.

“You look very brave!” Anansi told the beast casually. “It’s a shame you’re not as mighty as me!”

Lion laughed. “Ha! Everyone knows that I am stronger than you!”

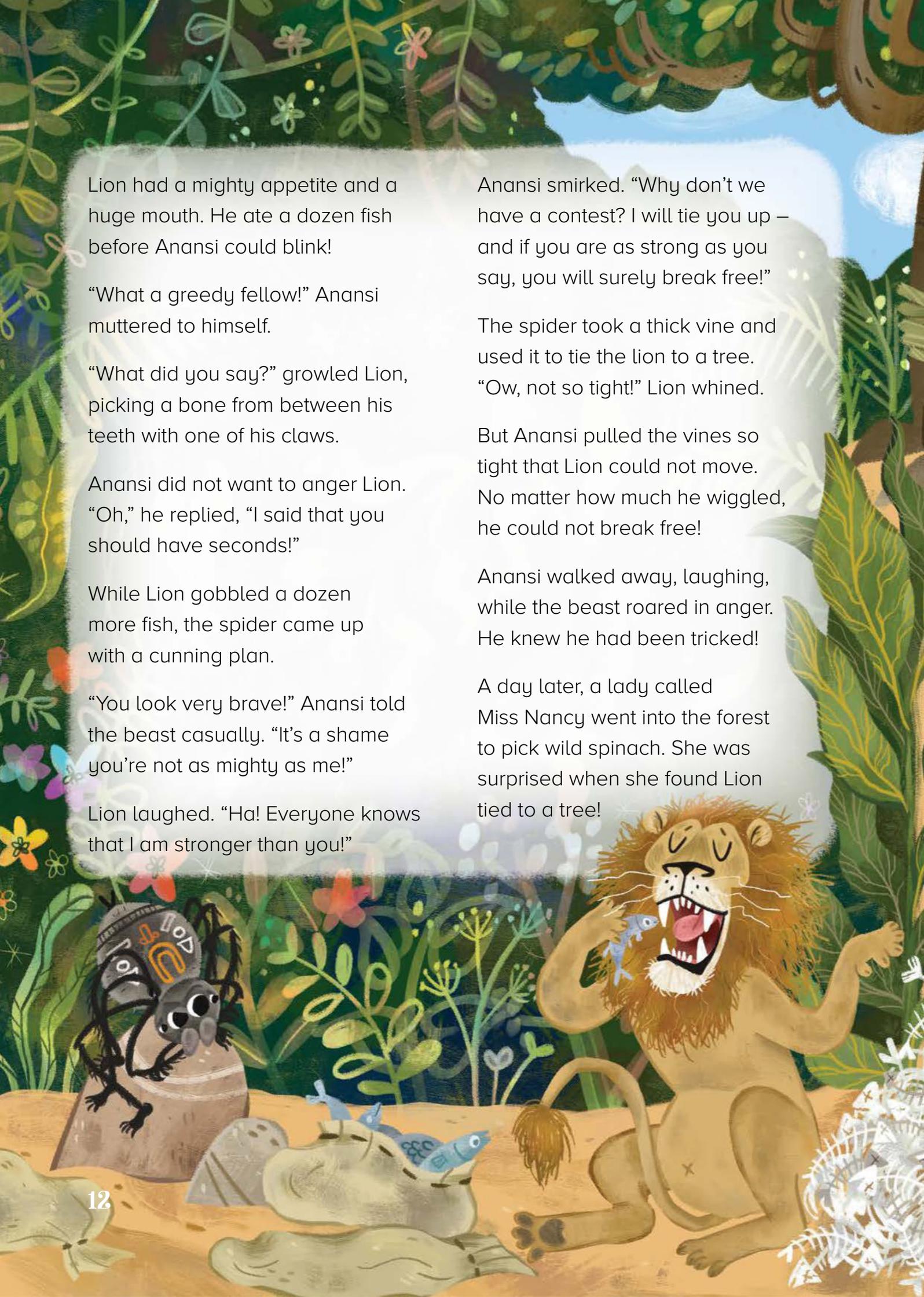
Anansi smirked. “Why don’t we have a contest? I will tie you up – and if you are as strong as you say, you will surely break free!”

The spider took a thick vine and used it to tie the lion to a tree. “Ow, not so tight!” Lion whined.

But Anansi pulled the vines so tight that Lion could not move. No matter how much he wiggled, he could not break free!

Anansi walked away, laughing, while the beast roared in anger. He knew he had been tricked!

A day later, a lady called Miss Nancy went into the forest to pick wild spinach. She was surprised when she found Lion tied to a tree!





“Please untie me!” whined Lion. I have been stuck here for hours, and I am so hungry!”

Miss Nancy felt sorry for the creature, but she was also scared. “If I let you go, you might eat me!” she replied in a quavering voice.

“I promise I won’t!” Lion replied.

Miss Nancy was very kind, so she set Lion free. He was so hungry that he considered gobbling her up, but then he decided not to.

“If I did not keep my promise, then I would be no better than that trickster Anansi!” he thought. Instead, he bowed and said, “Thank you so much! Would you do me the honour of having dinner with me and my family tomorrow night?”

Miss Nancy was surprised, but she said that she would!

When Lion left, Anansi lowered himself down from the tree where he had been hiding. “I heard that Lion invited you to dinner!” he said. “I would love to come along!”



The next day, Miss Nancy arrived at Lion’s den. In her arms was Anansi, who was bundled up in a blanket.

Mr and Mrs Lion greeted Miss Nancy politely. They sat her in the place of honour and fed her the finest food they had.

“And what can I get for your baby, Miss Nancy?” asked Mrs Lion.

“Some corn gruel, perhaps?” →



“Oh no, I want to eat the same food as the grown-ups!” said Anansi in a high-pitched voice.

Lion thought it was strange for a baby to talk! He yanked the blanket away – and saw Anansi’s furry body and eight spindly legs.

“How dare you come to my home after tricking me!?” he roared.

The mischievous spider scuttled away with the lion in pursuit. Anansi managed to escape, but he never got to enjoy the evening – or Mrs Lion’s delicious dinner! ★



DELICIOUS DRAWING!
Are you hungry? Then download
and colour in the table from
storytimemagazine.com/free.
Draw a feast that you
would want to eat on it!

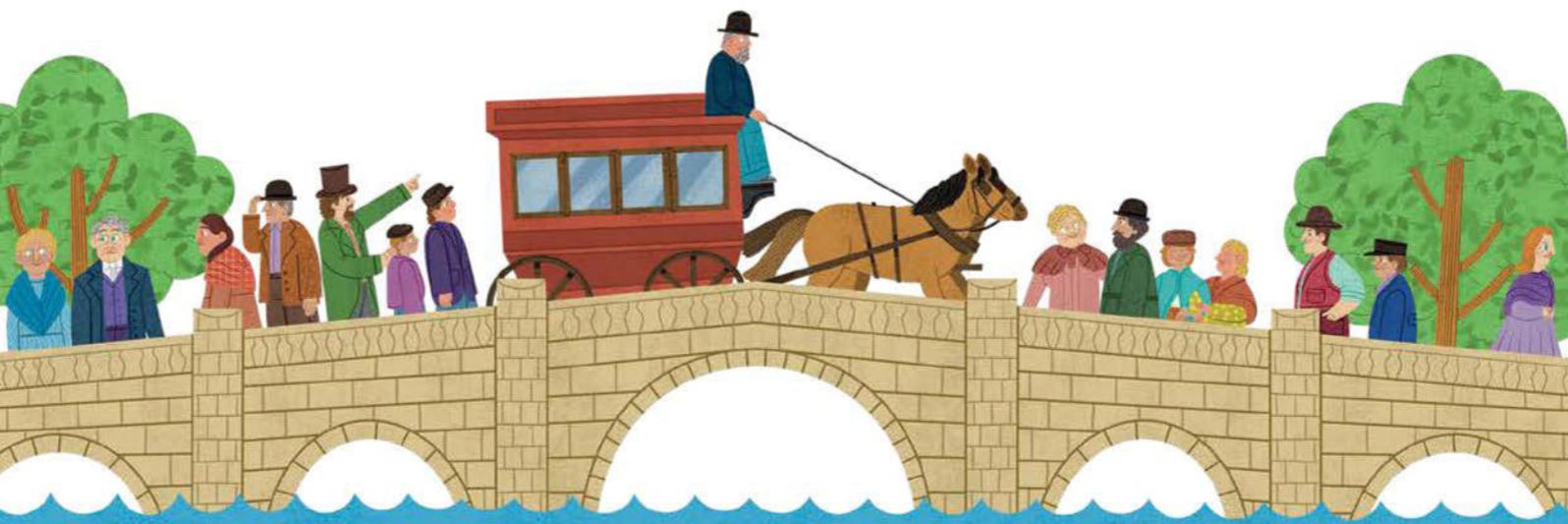
BUILDING THE FUTURE

This is the story of a little boy with an impressive name: **Isambard Kingdom Brunel**. You might expect him to be prince or king, but he wasn't.

His mother was an English lady called Sophia, and his father was a French engineer called Marc.

Marc and Sophia met in France in 1793 and fell in love. After many adventures, they settled in London, where they got married and had three children. Isambard was the youngest, and he had a happy childhood. He played with his friends, swam in the river and went for long walks in the park with his mother.

But Isambard's favourite thing was going to the dockyard where his father worked! Marc was good at maths, drawing and inventing things. He had created clever machines for making parts of ships, and the Royal Navy paid him to build his devices for them. ➡



Marc would take little Isambard on boat trips down the River Thames to the royal dockyards. The vessel took them right through the middle of London! In the nineteenth century, the city was a very busy place. Millions of people had moved there to work, and new houses and factories were being built all over the place!

Marc encouraged Isambard to draw the buildings they saw on their travels and showed him how to get all the details right. He also taught his son about maths, especially geometry. "It's very useful for designing machines and buildings!" he said. "You can work out a lot of things by using the right equations!"

Marc and Isambard sailed under the bridges that carried people and wagons between north and south London. These bridges were very crowded and creaked under the weight

of the traffic on them. Isambard thought they looked very unsafe.

"Why do we need bridges to go across the river?" Isambard asked one day. "There must be a better way to do it!"

Marc smiled and patted his son on the head. "You are absolutely right, my boy. I have been thinking about that too!" Isambard's dad pulled out a piece of wood that had a hole eaten into it.

"This hole was made by a shipworm, a most peculiar creature!" He pointed at a jar with a strange shellfish floating in it. "See, at the front he has these two little shells, which he uses to grind away at the wood!"

The boy looked at the creature with curiosity. "And then what happens?" he asked.



“He eats the sawdust and uses his sawdust-poop to strengthen the walls of the tunnel behind him. It is most clever – and I wonder if we could do something similar to dig a tunnel under a river!”

Isambard thought this sounded like an amazing idea and never forgot about their chat! “When I grow up, I want to design clever things like my dad does!” he decided.



When he was old enough, Isambard was sent to a boarding school in the town of Hove. He learned Latin and poetry, but preferred drawing and maths! He sketched the buildings in the town, and then decided to draw an accurate plan of it.

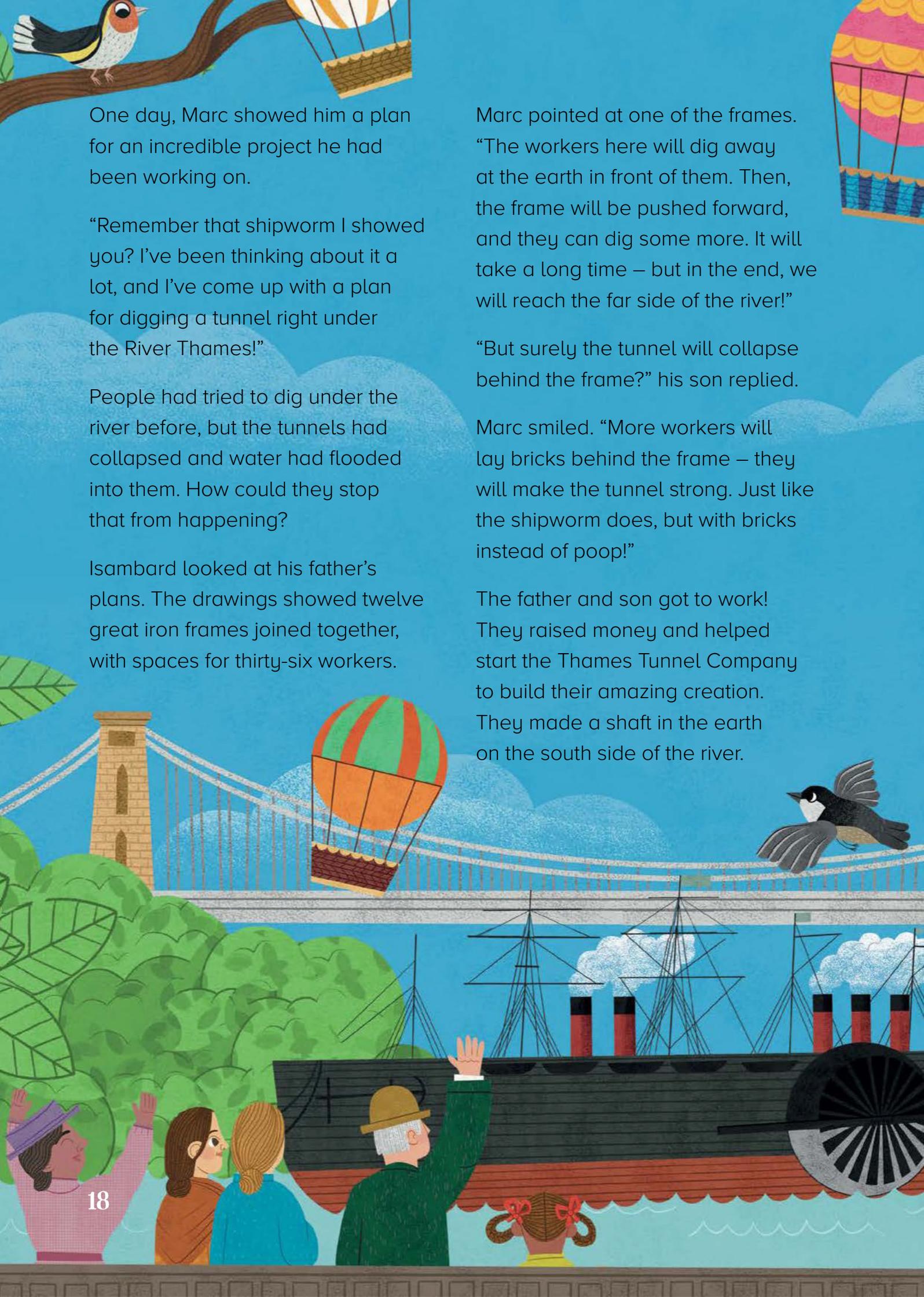
It was a challenging project, so he wrote a letter to his mother. *‘I have also taken a plan of Hove, which is a very amusing job,’* it read. *‘I should be much obliged if you would ask Papa... whether he would lend me his long measure, the long eighty-foot tape; he will know what I mean. I will take care of it, for I need it to make a more exact plan...’*

After a lot of work, Isambard completed his accurate map of Hove.

Marc was very impressed by his son’s achievement! When Isambard turned 16, his dad hired him to help design new projects and inventions.

They created all kinds of things together: a machine for drilling cannon barrels, a newspaper-printing press, a sawmill, a boot-making machine, paddleboats, an experimental gas engine and some impressive bridges. Isambard certainly learned a lot from working with his father! ➡





One day, Marc showed him a plan for an incredible project he had been working on.

“Remember that shipworm I showed you? I’ve been thinking about it a lot, and I’ve come up with a plan for digging a tunnel right under the River Thames!”

People had tried to dig under the river before, but the tunnels had collapsed and water had flooded into them. How could they stop that from happening?

Isambard looked at his father’s plans. The drawings showed twelve great iron frames joined together, with spaces for thirty-six workers.

Marc pointed at one of the frames. “The workers here will dig away at the earth in front of them. Then, the frame will be pushed forward, and they can dig some more. It will take a long time – but in the end, we will reach the far side of the river!”

“But surely the tunnel will collapse behind the frame?” his son replied.

Marc smiled. “More workers will lay bricks behind the frame – they will make the tunnel strong. Just like the shipworm does, but with bricks instead of poop!”

The father and son got to work! They raised money and helped start the Thames Tunnel Company to build their amazing creation. They made a shaft in the earth on the south side of the river.



Then, their workers began digging a tunnel northwards.

It was dark, dirty and dangerous work! The diggers had to cope with stale air and sewage that dripped through the roof of the tunnel. The unhealthy environment soon made Marc ill.

“I can’t work down there any more!” he told Isambard. “You have to take charge now!”

Isambard took over the project and had to deal with lots of problems – from floods and tunnel collapses to running out of money! But the young man worked hard and used his cleverness to overcome the obstacles in his way. He would later use the things he learned to create ground-breaking projects of his own! ★

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT...

Isambard Kingdom Brunel became one of the greatest engineers of the nineteenth century, and his brilliant ideas helped to transform Britain.

Brunel was hired to build the Great Western Railway. This railway line included Box Tunnel, which was the longest railway tunnel in the world at that time.

He also designed the Clifton Suspension Bridge in Bristol and many others across the United Kingdom.

Isambard transformed sea travel as well! In 1843 he launched the *SS Great Britain*, which was the first iron steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean. His next ship, the *SS Great Eastern*, was over 210 metres long and could go all the way around the world from the UK to Australia without refuelling.

His achievements brought him great fame. In a BBC poll in 2001, Brunel was voted the second-greatest Briton of all time!



THE BILLY GOATS' SANDCASTLE

“Hurry up, you guys!” bleated Big Billy Goat Gruff as he and his two brothers trip-trapped to the bus stop.

After a hot and bumpy bus ride, the three goats finally arrived at the seaside. It was lovely and sunny, with not a cloud in the sky!

“Remember to put on your sunscreen!” said Big Billy Goat Gruff. Once they were all protected, he grabbed his bucket and spade and said, “Let’s build a sandcastle!”

His brothers cheered! They piled up bucketloads of wet sand on the beach and packed it together to make strong walls.

The littlest goat carved out cool turrets and battlements that you could stand on! The middle goat built a big square keep inside the walls, while Big Billy Goat Gruff dug a moat and built a drawbridge of driftwood.





But then the littlest goat spotted a familiar figure coming towards them.

It was the troll that lived under the bridge – it was funny to see him in his bathing costume!

Big Billy Goat Gruff stomped his hoof on the drawbridge.

“What do you want?” he growled.

The troll smiled in a friendly way. “Do you need any help building your castle?” he asked.

The troll was big and strong! With his help, the castle grew until it was almost the size of a real house...

“WOW! This is the best castle ever!” said the littlest goat as he stood back and admired their handiwork.

But then they heard a rumble and a roar. “Oh no, it’s the tide!” bleated the middle goat. “It’s coming in!”

He was right – in no time, the incoming waves had filled up the moat and were slamming against the walls of their castle.

“Quick, pile up more sand! Make the moat deeper!” yelled Big Billy Goat Gruff. The goats and the troll worked as hard as they could, but they could not hold back the sea. They had to flee as their sandcastle collapsed around them!

“Oh no, we worked so hard on that!” bleated the littlest billy goat.

The troll patted him on the head. “Don’t worry – we can build an even bigger one tomorrow!”



PETROSINELLA

In a narrow room in a narrow building in a narrow country called Italy, there once lived a lady named Pascadozzia. She was about to give birth to a baby – and this made her very hungry indeed!

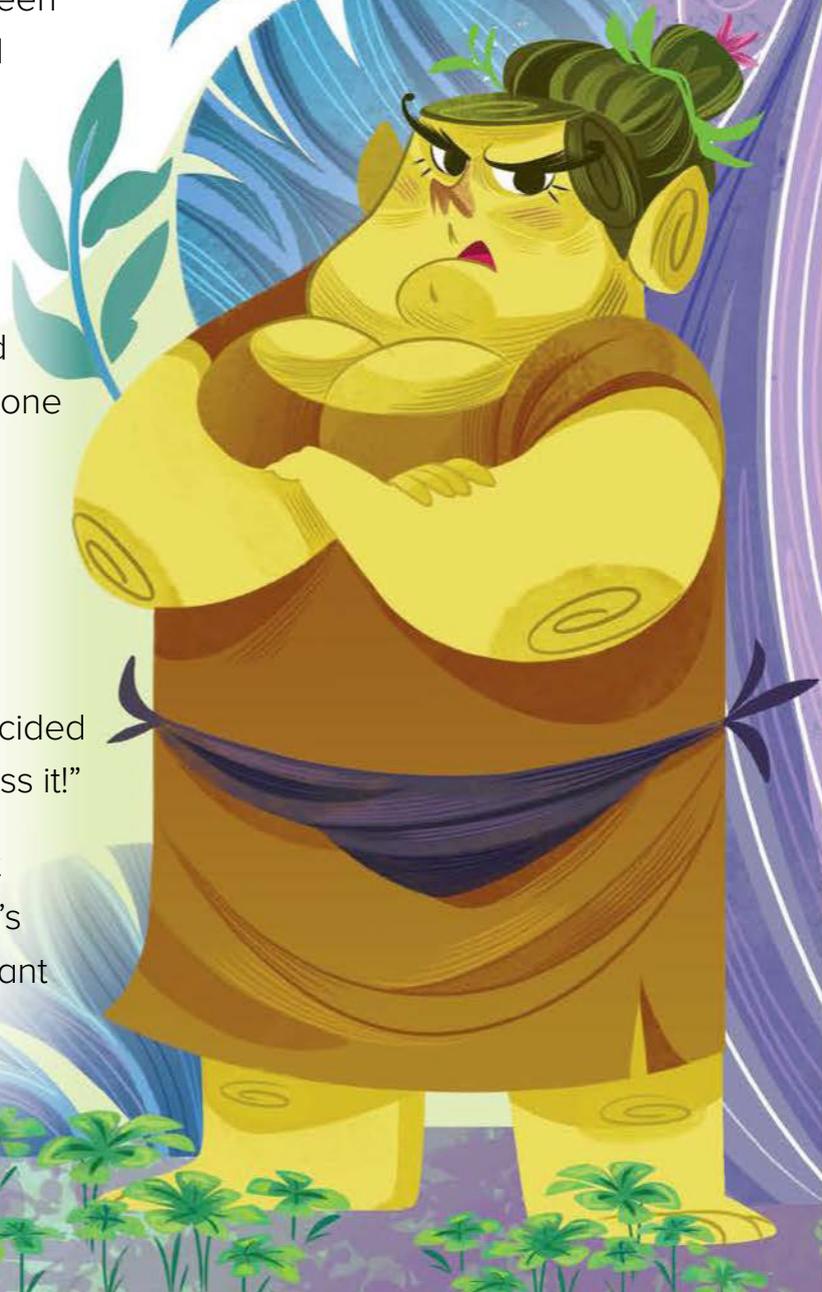
The narrow window of her room looked over a wonderful garden. It was lush and green and full of herbs of all sorts – basil and oregano and sage and marjoram. But the most delicious of all was the parsley. Pascadozzia could smell it from her window, and she craved it!

Unfortunately, the property was owned by a grumpy ogress who never let anyone into her garden.

The smell of the parsley haunted Pascadozzia day and night, and she finally gave in.

“I will sneak in and take some!” she decided one evening. “The ogress will never miss it!”

When darkness fell, Pascadozzia crept downstairs and slipped into the ogress’s garden. She snipped some of the fragrant parsley before escaping back home.





Pascadozzia made the parsley into a salad. It was so tasty that she wanted more of it the next night!

So, she sneaked down into the garden and snipped some sprigs of parsley with her scissors.

As she did so, the ogress stepped out of the shadows. She was so tall, she towered over Pascadozzia!

“HOW DARE YOU STEAL FROM ME!” roared the ogress in a voice like thunder. “You must pay for what you have done, thief!”

Pascadozzia was terrified.

“I beg for your pardon – and your mercy!” she replied. “I am about to have a child, and I was so hungry for delicious parsley that I could not control myself!”

The ogress snorted. “That is no excuse! In payment for what you have stolen, you must give me your child if I ask for it!”

Pascadozzia was so scared that she would have said anything to get away. “Yes, of course!” she squeaked as she fled through the garden gate.



A week later, Pascadozzia gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. She had ten little fingers and ten little toes and bright green hair the colour of parsley! Pascadozzia named her Petrosinella, which means ‘Little Parsley’ in Italian.

Petrosinella was a happy child, always dancing and singing. She brought great joy to Pascadozzia, who forgot all about her promise to the ogress. ➔





When Petrosinella turned six, she had to go to school for the first time. She left their narrow home and skipped merrily off to class.

When she got back, her mother gave her a big hug and said, "How was your first day, darling?"

"Oh, it was fun," Petrosinella replied, "but something strange happened on the way home. As I was walking down a narrow street, a tall lady in expensive clothes whispered to me. She said, 'Tell your mother to remember her promise!' What did she mean?"

Pascadozzia felt a chill run down her spine when she remembered her promise to the ogress, but she didn't think that the monstrous lady would *really* take her daughter. She just replied, "Don't worry about it, dear! She will never dare to do anything!"

The next day, the ogress saw Petrosinella in the street and whispered, "Did you tell your mother what I said?"

"I did!" said Petrosinella. "She said you will never dare to do anything!"

"Your mother is wrong!" chuckled the ogress wickedly. She pulled the girl into her carriage and drove away.

The ogress took Petrosinella to a tall tower in the woods, which had only one room at the top and no stairs.

"This will be your home from now on!" the ogress told the poor girl.

"You cannot leave, for I have placed a spell on this tower that will stop you from escaping!"



The ogress carried Petrosinella to the top of the tower on a ladder. She then took the ladder away, leaving the girl trapped inside.

Petrosinella lived there for many years. The ogress would bring her food and water, but she had no other company.

The girl had a kind heart and a brave spirit, so she stayed cheerful. She passed the time by singing songs and brushing her green hair. It grew longer as the years passed, until it went out of the window of the tower and touched the ground.



A prince was out hunting in the wilderness when he heard Petrosinella singing. He followed the sound and soon came to the tower in the woods. The young man was surprised to see a girl with long green hair at the tower window!

“That was the loveliest song I have ever heard!” the prince shouted. “May I climb up and visit you?”

Petrosinella said that he could, for he was the first new person she had seen for many years! He climbed up her green tresses, and she sang her songs for him.

When evening came, the prince climbed back down and promised to return the next day.

Petrosinella did not know that a wandering pedlar had seen her with the prince. When the ogress arrived at the tower that night, the pedlar told her this... ➡



"Your young lady had a visitor."



SPOT IT!

Tick off all these things when you find them!

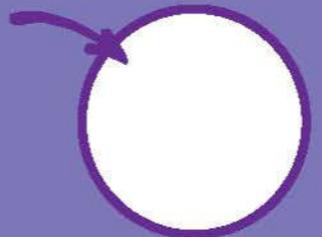


Answer: There are 5 plant pots!

She might be planning to escape!"



How many plant pots are there in this scene? Write your answer here!



“That will never happen!” laughed the ogress. “I have placed an enchantment on the tower. There are three magic acorns hidden on its roof – and Petrosinella cannot leave unless she is holding them!”

Petrosinella heard what the ogress said from her window. “Now I know how to get away!” she thought.

When the prince returned the next day, Petrosinella said, “Could you do me a favour and get the three acorns hidden on the roof?”

The prince quickly found the nuts and handed them to her.

“Wonderful!” smiled Petrosinella. “Now, please cut off my hair!”

With the prince’s help, she lopped off her long locks and wove them into a green rope that they used to climb down from the tower.

Just as their feet touched the ground, they heard a shriek of fury. The ogress was nearby, and she had spotted them!

The pair ran through the woods as fast as they could, but they heard the thumping of the ogress’s footsteps as she chased them.

Petrosinella took one of the magic acorns and threw it behind her. It turned into a fierce Corsican bulldog, which growled menacingly.

The ogress just laughed and took a tasty sausage from her pocket. She gave it to the bulldog, who stopped to gobble it up!

Petrosinella then threw down the second acorn, and it turned into a ferocious lion.



But the ogress knew what lions feared above all else! She turned herself into a jackass with a magic spell and brayed so loudly that the lion fled with its tail between its legs!

The ogress turned back into her usual form and kept chasing the youngsters. She had almost caught them when Petrosinella threw down her final acorn.

It turned into a wolf, which howled and pounced at the ogress. She yelled in panic and fled – with the wolf chasing close behind.

“That was very clever!” the prince said, staring at Petrosinella.

“Where will you go now?”

“There is someone I miss very much!” smiled the girl. “I have to go and see my mother!”

She went to the little narrow building where her mother lived. Many parsley plants had been planted outside, and more herbs grew on the windowsill of her mother’s narrow room.

Pascadozzia saw her daughter from the window and ran down to hug her.

“My darling, I’m so glad you have returned! I have grown this parsley in memory of you – and I give it freely to anyone who wants it!”

Petrosinella kissed her mother, and they danced together, like they had many years before.

It was wonderful to be reunited! ★



THE RACER FROM OUTER SPACE

“Why are you painting it purple? That’s silly – whoever heard of a purple submarine?”

“It’s NOT a submarine, it’s a Star Chariot! That’s why I put stars on it!”

“Who said you could do that?”

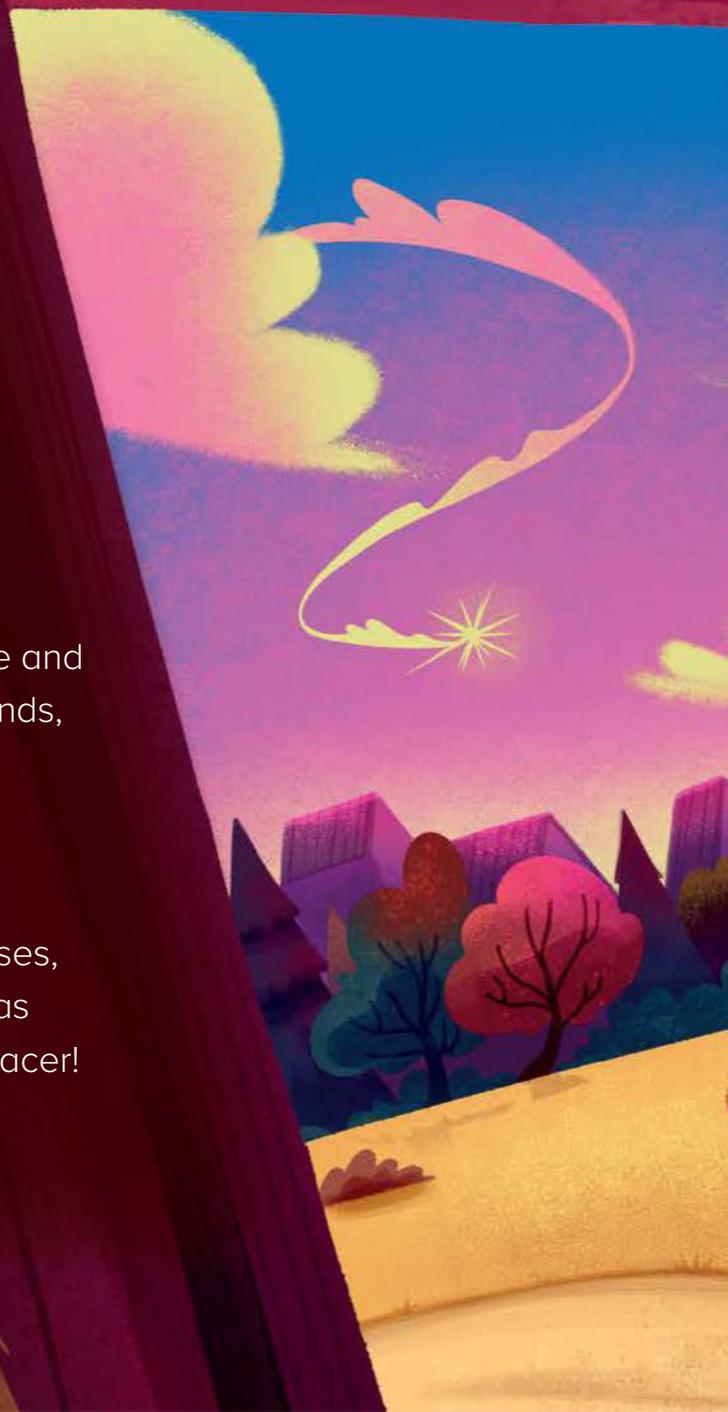
“I did! It was MY idea to enter this soapbox derby race, anyway!”

“NO IT WASN’T!”

Emani wandered out of the barn while Archie and Kevon kept arguing. The boys were best friends, but they could never agree about anything. Sometimes Emani thought they were friends because they *liked* arguing with each other!

The barn was out in the fields near their houses, and it was hidden by bushes and trees. It was the perfect place to work on their soapbox racer!

Emani stared at the flyer nailed to the wall of the barn...



PUDDLETHORPE DOWNHILL SOAPBOX CHALLENGE!

Saturday 14th June at 2pm!
Winners and best-decorated racers win BIG PRIZES!

Archie and Kevon had agreed for once: they HAD to enter! Kevon's big brother had built the frame, and Emani got wheels from a broken pushchair and her old bike.

But now the sun was going down. The race was TOMORROW, and the two boys still hadn't agreed on how to decorate their racer. It would never be finished in time!

A flash of light in the sky attracted Emani's attention. Something was plummeting towards the Earth...

"GUYS!" she shouted. "Shut up and look at this!"

The boys stopped squabbling and came outside. Emani pointed up at the sky.

"It's a plane!" said Kevon.

"Nah, it's *obviously* one of those drone things!" said Archie.

The object was getting bigger!

"Do you think it's heading this way?" Emani asked nervously.

The three kids threw themselves on the ground as the thing hit the barn with an almighty crash. Splinters flew everywhere!

Kevon was the first one to get up.

"Is everyone all right?"

Emani rolled over and groaned.

"I think so!"

"I'm OK..." said Archie in a muffled voice, "...but I can't see!" ➡





“That’s because you have your helmet over your eyes!” said Emani. She straightened it up for him.

“Look over here!” said Kevon. He was peering into the barn.

The roof had collapsed – and in the wreckage was a silvery dome-shaped machine. It was covered with multi-coloured lights that flicked on and off at random.

“What is THAT?” breathed Emani.

“Who cares?” yelled Archie
“Look what it did to our cart!”

Emani felt her heart sink. The machine had crushed their racer!

Just then, there was a hissing sound as a porthole opened on the side of the silvery thing. Out popped a little blue creature with big eyes. He blinked at them curiously.

Archie stepped towards him and waved in a friendly way.

“Hi!” he said. “Um... welcome to Earth, I guess!”

It wasn’t the best speech ever. The creature blinked again.

Emani tugged on Archie’s sleeve and whispered, “I don’t think he understands our language!”

She pointed at the alien, waved her hands as if beckoning to him, and then made a big circle with her arms. Hmmmm, that wasn’t very clear!

Just then, she saw a picture in her mind – as if the creature was sending her a message. She saw a planet where purple seaweedlike plants grew beneath a pink sky. Dozens of creatures that looked like the visitor roamed across its hills. That must be his homeworld!

She thought of pictures of Earth – its forests and oceans and cities full of people. The alien blinked twice, as if he understood!



The blue fellow peered at the wreckage of their racer.

Emani wanted to tell the creature about how they were making the soapbox racer for a contest, but couldn't enter now that it was wrecked. She concentrated and made some pictures in her mind...

A crowd on the big hill in town.
Carts zooming down the hill.
Their wrecked racer!

The creature blinked and raised his hands. The silver ship and the bits of soapbox racer started glowing and floated up into the air...

The next afternoon, nearly everyone in Puddlethorpe

had gathered on the big hill to watch the soapbox racer challenge. Big bales of hay marked the course, which had lots of bumps, curves and sharp corners.

Emani, Kevon, Archie and their new friend waited nervously for the race to begin. They were wearing jumpsuits that were decorated to look like astronaut gear!

The announcer's voice came over the speakers. "Next up is the spaceship racer! The drivers are Archie, Kevon, Emani and... who is this in the alien costume?"

Emani quickly said, "His name is, um, Hugh Effo!" ➡



She pulled the cover off their repaired cart – and the crowd cheered! Their new alien friend had added spaceship parts to their boxcar racer. It now had a sleek metal body, pulsing lights and a cockpit big enough to hold all four of them!

The contestants piled into their vehicles and lined up on the start line. Archie was driving the spaceship racer, while Kevon handled the brakes. The hill looked VERY steep now that they were on top of it! Was it too late to pull out?

Then a horn blew, and their racer began rolling downhill. It started slowly, but soon picked up speed. Archie steered around corners as hay bales and cheering spectators whizzed past on either side.

The other carts began overtaking them. The fire engine raced past, but crashed when its front wheels fell off! Archie skidded around it, but they were knocked to one side like a dodgem when a cart that looked like a shark banged into them.

Their ‘spaceship’ went up on two wheels and began to wobble. “I can’t control it!” yelled Archie.

They swerved towards a wall of hay bales. Kevon pushed on the brakes, but they didn’t seem to do anything! Emani put her hands over her eyes and braced herself for the crash...

That was when Hugh pushed a glowing blue button. The cart began to hum, and its lights flashed more brightly. Their racer hit the hay bales – and bounced off as if it was protected by an invisible shield!

“Our cart has a force field!”
Emani shrieked excitedly.

They bounced down the track like a pinball, knocking other carts out of the way as they went. It was frightening and terribly exciting at the same time!

There was silence as they zoomed across the finish line and skidded to a stop. The crowd was speechless! Nobody had ever seen a soapbox racer do THAT before...

Finally, the announcer’s voice boomed out again.

“The award for the fastest AND coolest racer goes to... the amazing spaceship!”

Archie, Kevon, Emani and Hugh lifted up their trophy as the crowd cheered loudly.

Kevon put his arms around Archie and Emani. “Well done, team! But now we have to find a way to get Hugh home!”

Their friend blinked at them – blinking must mean ‘yes, please’ in the alien’s language! They laughed and headed back to the barn. ★

WORKING TOGETHER!

In this tale, Hugh and the kids got together to build a winning racer. Sometimes you have to compromise to get something done, but it can be worth it! Think of times when you worked with others to achieve something. Was it easy or difficult? What is the best thing about teamwork?



THOR GOES FISHING

The Norse gods were awakened by a terrifying banging noise. It echoed through the towering halls of Asgard, their great fortress in the sky.

“What’s that?” grumbled one-eyed Odin, the ruler of the gods.

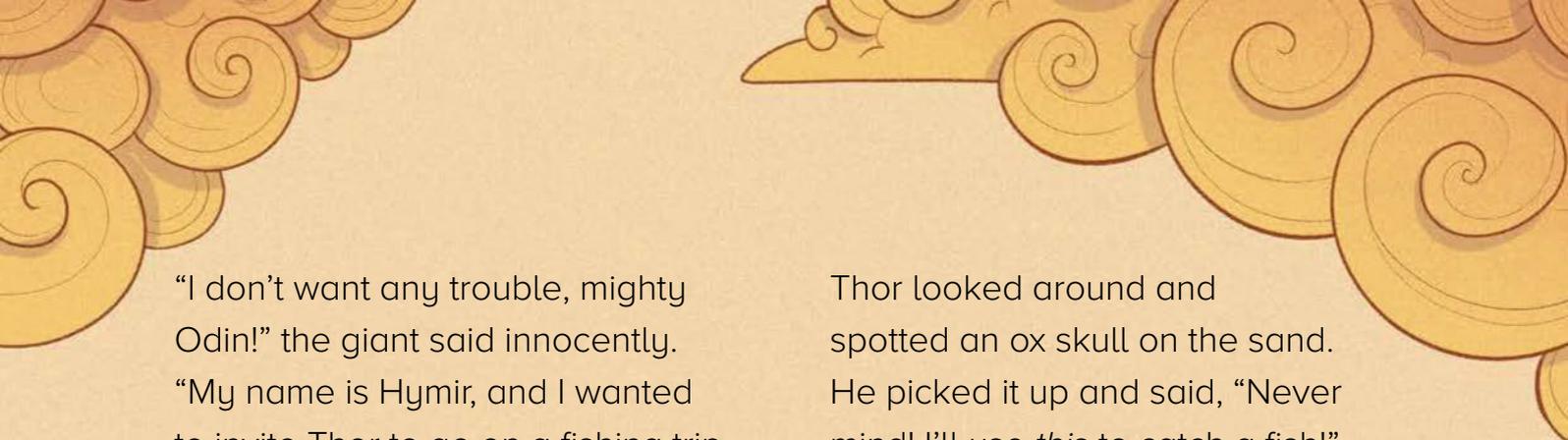
“It must be Thor making that racket!” giggled Loki, the god of mischief. “He *is* the god of thunder, after all!”

“It wasn’t me!” fumed hot-headed Thor. “I think somebody is knocking on the door!”

Odin opened the heavy front door and saw a giant standing outside.

“What do you want?” he asked suspiciously. The giants and the gods of Asgard were old enemies and had fought many wars against each other!





“I don’t want any trouble, mighty Odin!” the giant said innocently. “My name is Hymir, and I wanted to invite Thor to go on a fishing trip. I hear he is a mighty fisherman!”

“Sorry, Thor can’t come...” Odin said, but Thor pushed past him.

“I LOVE FISHING!” he boomed. “Hurry up, let’s go!”

Hymir led Thor to the coast, where a rowing boat was pulled up on the beach.

“Get in!” the giant said.

“Wait a minute!” said Thor. “I have my fishing rod, but I don’t have any bait. Can I have some of yours?”

Hymir shook his head. “Sorry, I don’t have any to spare!”

Thor looked around and spotted an ox skull on the sand. He picked it up and said, “Never mind! I’ll use *this* to catch a fish!”

The god and the giant climbed into the boat, and Hymir paddled them out to his favourite fishing spot.

“Let’s have a contest!” grinned the giant. “The one who catches the biggest fish wins!”

They threw their lines into the water – Hymir had a big worm on his hook, and Thor used the ox skull as bait.



After an hour or so, Hymir felt his line twitch. “I got a nibble!” he chuckled. In a trice, the giant pulled up a fish that was a dozen feet long. ➔





“Beat that!” the giant said proudly.

Thor just rolled his eyes. With a heave, he pulled up a scaly fish that was twice as big!

Hymir caught an even bigger fish an hour later. “It looks like I have won!” he said as he slapped Thor on the shoulder.

The thunder god snorted. “I’m bored with catching tiddlers close to shore. Let’s go to where the *really* big fish can be found!” He pointed at the deep, dark sea on the horizon.

Hymir went pale. “But that’s the great ocean that encircles the world. Who knows what lives in its depths?”

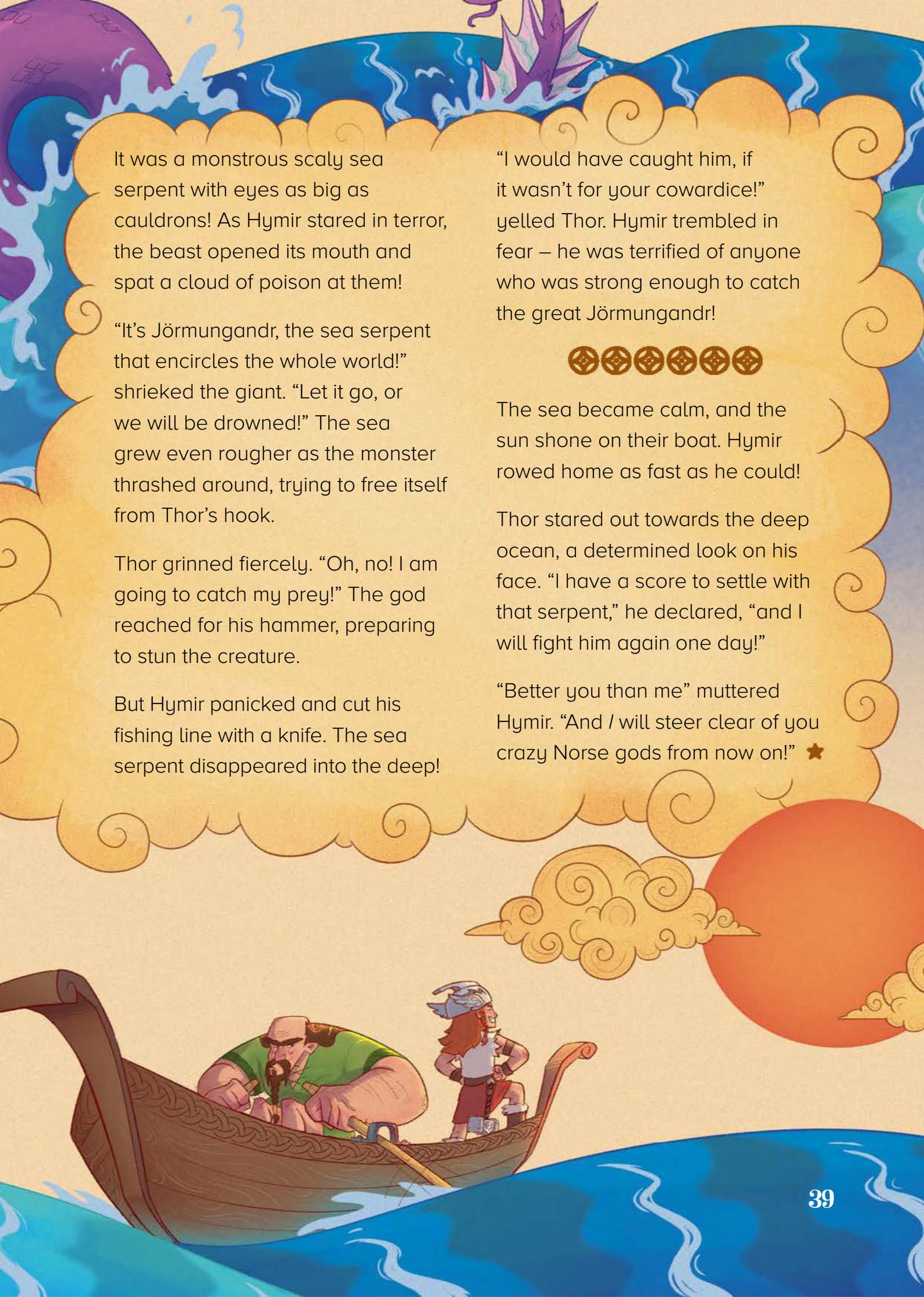
Thor ignored the cowardly giant and rowed into the middle of the ocean. Huge waves threw their little craft around like a walnut shell!

Hymir turned green. “I’m feeling seasick!” he complained. “Can we go home now?”

But Thor threw his fishhook into the water, baited with the ox’s skull.

Something grabbed it, and Thor grunted as he gripped his rod.

“I’ve hooked something HUGE!” he yelled. The god pulled the line in, his muscles straining. After a long struggle, Thor finally hauled his catch to the surface.



It was a monstrous scaly sea serpent with eyes as big as cauldrons! As Hymir stared in terror, the beast opened its mouth and spat a cloud of poison at them!

“It’s Jörmungandr, the sea serpent that encircles the whole world!” shrieked the giant. “Let it go, or we will be drowned!” The sea grew even rougher as the monster thrashed around, trying to free itself from Thor’s hook.

Thor grinned fiercely. “Oh, no! I am going to catch my prey!” The god reached for his hammer, preparing to stun the creature.

But Hymir panicked and cut his fishing line with a knife. The sea serpent disappeared into the deep!

“I would have caught him, if it wasn’t for your cowardice!” yelled Thor. Hymir trembled in fear – he was terrified of anyone who was strong enough to catch the great Jörmungandr!



The sea became calm, and the sun shone on their boat. Hymir rowed home as fast as he could!

Thor stared out towards the deep ocean, a determined look on his face. “I have a score to settle with that serpent,” he declared, “and I will fight him again one day!”

“Better you than me” muttered Hymir. “And I will steer clear of you crazy Norse gods from now on!” ★



THE THREE DOLLS

“There’s a present here for you, Your Majesty. A mysterious present!” The servant bowed as she handed the ruler a box wrapped in fancy paper.

“How positively thrilling!” the king said. The only thing he liked more than a present was a mystery! “Who sent it?”

“Nobody knows, Your Majesty!” the servant replied. “I found it outside the palace gate this morning...”

The king undid the ribbon and tore away the wrapping paper. Inside, he found a note and three wooden dolls dressed in fine clothing.

He read the note.

‘Your Majesty, prove how wise you are! Can you tell the difference between these three dolls?’



The king picked up the dolls.
They all seemed identical!

“This is a pretty little mystery!”
he muttered. He spent all day
examining the toys, but he could
see no difference between them.

“I am stumped!” he grumbled.
“Send for my wise man. Perhaps
he will know the answer!”

The wise man bustled into the
room and started examining the
three dolls. He weighed them and
measured them with all kinds of
ingenious instruments. After many
hours of work, he bowed the king
and cleared his throat.

“I have tested these dolls in every
way I know. In colour, weight, size

and density, they are all exactly
the same! Only a fool would say
differently, Your Majesty!”

“Is that so?” said the king. “Then
I will ask a fool for the answer!”

“Did somebody say my name?”
giggled the king’s fool as he
poked his head through the
doorway. His job was to amuse
the court by doing acrobatics
and telling silly jokes.

“Yes, fool!” the king said. “The wise
man cannot tell the difference
between these dolls. Can *you*?”

The fool picked up the dolls.
He shook them and rapped them
against his head before juggling
them in the air. ➔

COLOUR IN A DOLL!

How would you make *your* doll different? What features would you add? Read the story and then download our colouring-in sheet from storytimemagazine.com/free. Add things that would make your doll unique – only *you* will know its secrets!



“Oh my golly, it is a folly to say that one is a different dolly!” he sang. “Which is to say, in this fool’s opinion, each of these dolls is more identical than the last!”

This left the king completely flummoxed. Who could tell the difference between these dolls?

Just then, a servant rushed in.

“There is a storyteller outside, Your Majesty!” she said. “She has offered to amuse you with a tall tale or a wise fable!”

“I have no time for that nonsense!” the king replied. “I am busy!”

The fool interrupted. “Pardon me, Your Majesty, but when the fool and the wise man fail – you may find truth in a teller’s tale!”



The king agreed and welcomed the storyteller into his court. She was an eccentric lady in a multi-coloured shawl, and the king noticed that she had a cheeky smile.

“What would you like to hear?” she asked. “A tale of times long past, or a myth about monsters and heroes?”

“Neither!” said the king. “I only want to know what the difference is between these three dolls!”

The lady picked up the dolls and rattled them before peering into their ears and mouths. She smiled and looked at the king.

“Your Majesty, I need something that is on your head!”

The king looked suspicious. “Are you after my crown?” he asked.

The lady snorted. “Why would I want a big uncomfortable hat? No, give me three of your hairs!”

She tweaked three bristles from the king’s big, bushy moustache.

“Now, I will tell you a story. Listen patiently, and you will find out how each of these dolls is different!

“There are three kinds of people in this world!” said the storyteller.

She held up a doll and poked a hair into one of its ears, where it disappeared and didn’t come out.

“This is the doll of a wise person!” she said. “They listen carefully and keep what they learn in their head!”

She then picked up the second doll.

“This doll is a fool!” she said as she poked a hair through one of its ears. “See how the hair goes in one ear and out the other? A fool hears many things, but does not keep them in their mind!”

Finally, she picked up the last doll. →



“This is the storyteller!” she said as she threaded a hair in through its ear and out through its mouth. “This doll passes on what it learns to others!”

The storyteller smiled. “Now you know what the difference is between these three dolls!”

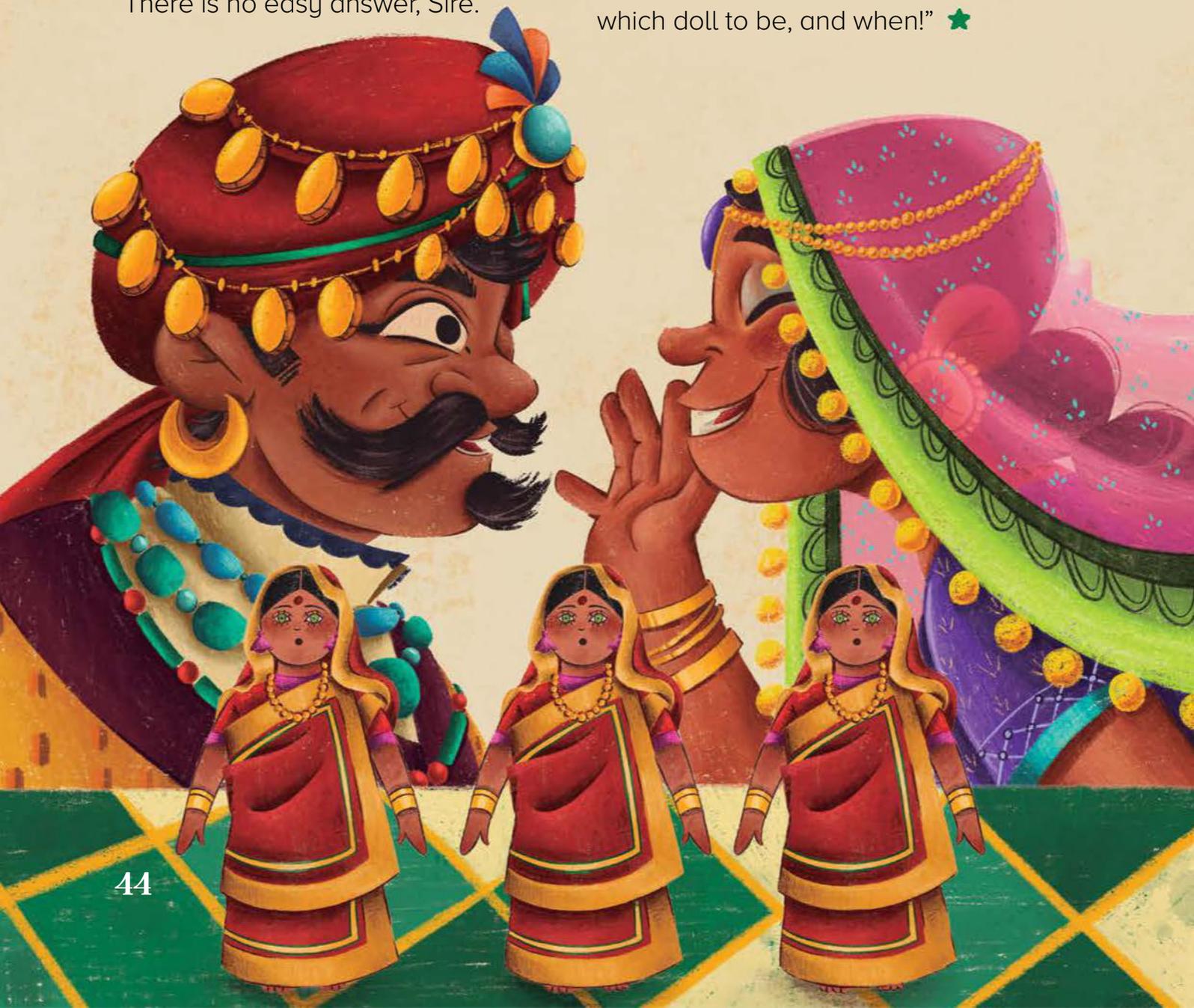
The king was most impressed. “Thank you!” he said. “But which of them is the best?”

The storyteller blinked at him. “There is no easy answer, Sire.

“Sometimes, a person should be like the wise man. When they hear secrets, they should not repeat them!

“At other times, we hear things that are not worth remembering – then, it is wise to forget them! And there are some tales that should be passed on – then, it is best to be a storyteller and share what you have heard.”

She held up the dolls. “Your Majesty, true wisdom is knowing which doll to be, and when!” ★



STORYTIME PLAYBOX

Go fishing for monsters, make a cardboard castle, win a soapbox race and solve some fishy maths problems!

1 COUNT THE CUTTLIFISH

Cuttlefish are incredible creatures that change colour to match their surroundings! Can you spot them hiding in this picture? **Write how many you found in the circle on the right!**



2 TWO OF A KIND!

The king has mixed up two of the identical dolls with the other ones in his collection. **Which two dolls here are the same?**



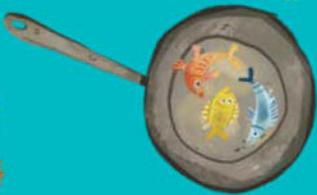
3 FISHY MATHS

Lion and his friends Tiger and Cheetah have come to Anansi's house – and they are hungry! **Answer these questions to work out how many fish Anansi will need to feed them!**

A Lion wants **three servings of three fish each**. How many fish will he eat in total?

B Cheetah can only eat **two-thirds as much** as the lion. How many fish should he be given?

C Tiger eats **four times as much** as Cheetah. How many fish will he eat?

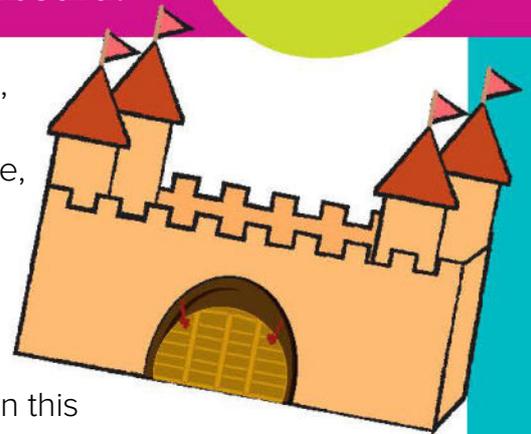


4 MAKE A CRAFTY CASTLE!

The Billy Goats Gruff made a great castle out of sand – and now you can make one of cardboard!

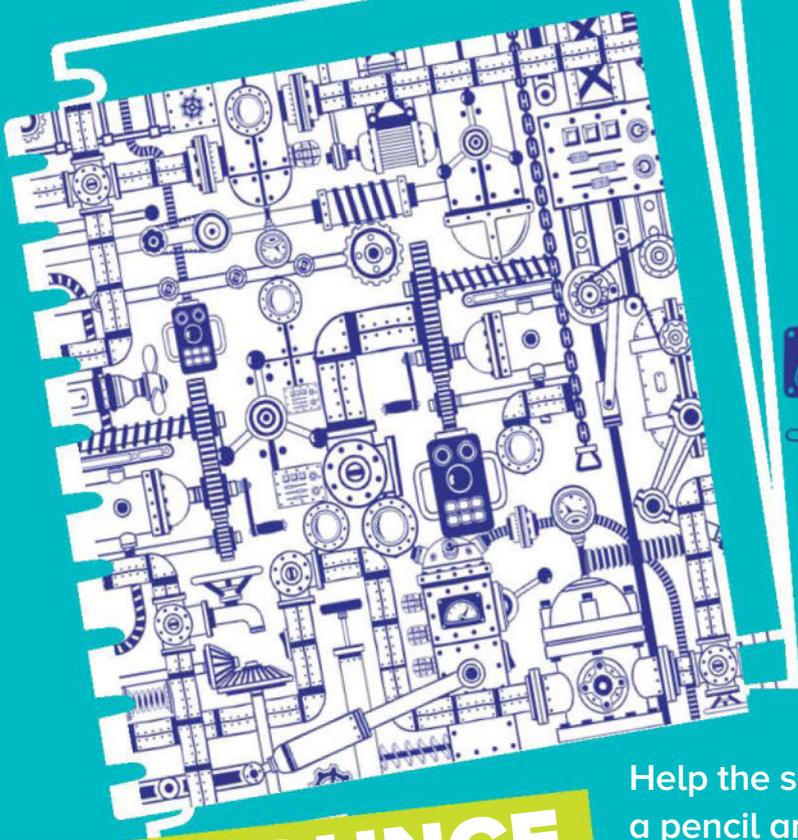
ASK A GROWN-UP!

- You will need a cardboard shoebox, four toilet roll tubes, scissors, paint and a paintbrush, a glue stick and sticky tape, toothpicks, a pencil, wool thread for the drawbridge, and the template from storytimemagazine.com/free.
- Paint the shoebox and tubes a sandy colour.
- Print the template sheet. Cut out the tower roofs, drawbridge, flags and crenellations and paint them.
- Roll up the roofs into cones and use tape to hold them in this shape. Attach the flags to the toothpicks with glue. Push the toothpicks into the holes at the top of the roofs and secure them with a dab of glue.
- Glue the crenellations onto the edges of the box. Mark the drawbridge shape on the front of the box with a pencil and cut it out – except for the bottom part, which should stay attached to the box.
- Ask a grown-up to make two holes in the drawbridge and in the box and attach the wool thread on each side of the door as shown in the picture above.
- Place the four cardboard rolls in the corners of the box. Put the cone-shaped roofs on top of these four 'towers' and your castle is finished!

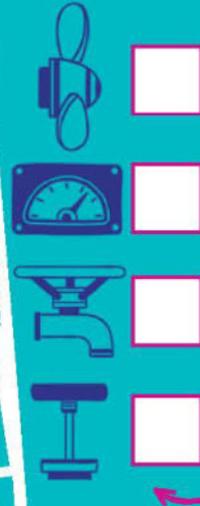


TIP!

You can also use kitchen paper rolls to create towers of different heights, making your castle even bigger!



5 MISSING PARTS!



Isambard Kingdom Brunel has invented an amazing machine!
Can you find all four of these parts on the plan? Tick them off when you find them!

6 BOUNCE TO VICTORY

Help the soapbox racer get to the finish, using a pencil and ruler! Draw a straight line from the START box, going down the track until it hits an obstacle. Then, draw another line from that point until it hits another obstacle. **How many lines do you need to draw to reach the finish line?**

7 QUICK QUIZ!

Petrosinella was named after a certain herb. **Do you remember which one it is?**

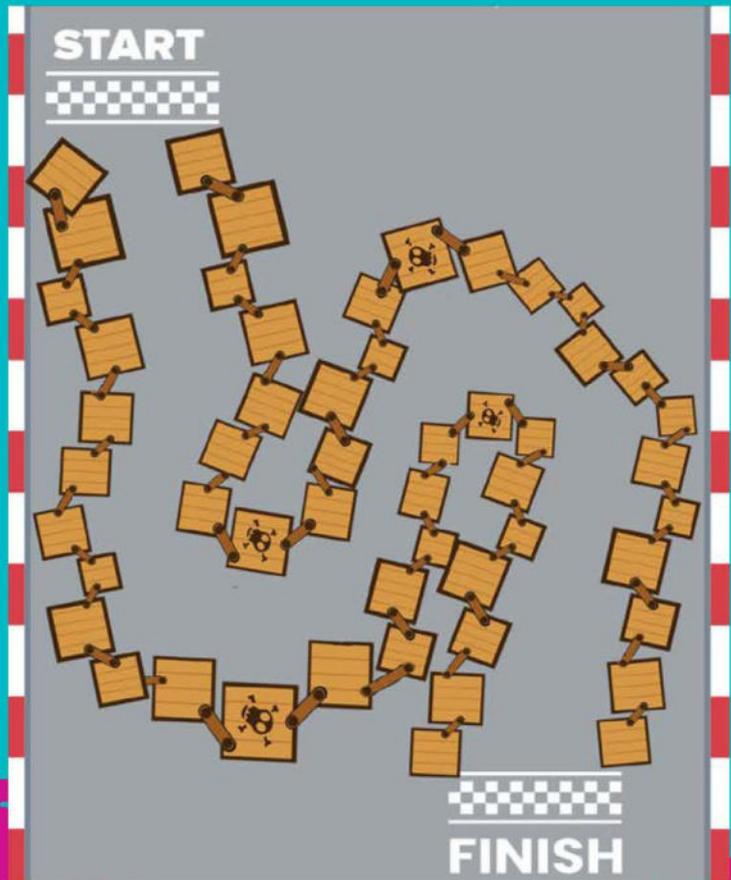
A. Mint



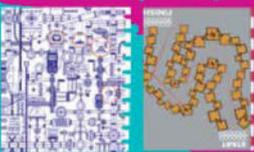
B. Basil



C. Parsley



ANSWERS: 1. Count the Cuttlefish – there are 7 cuttlefish! 2. Two of a Kind! – A and C. 3. Fishy Maths – Lion will eat 9 fish, Cheetah will eat 6 fish, and Tiger will eat 24 fish. 5. Missing Parts! – see right. 6. Bounce to Victory – see right. 7. Quick Quiz! – C.



FISH LIKE A VIKING

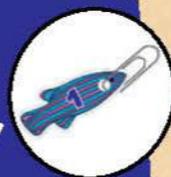
Would you like to fish for sea monsters like Thor did? Ask a giant to play too, if you know one!

How to Play

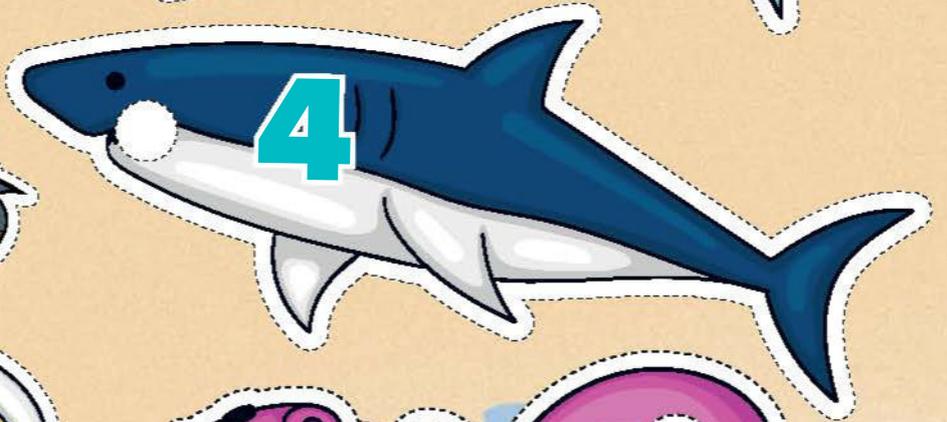
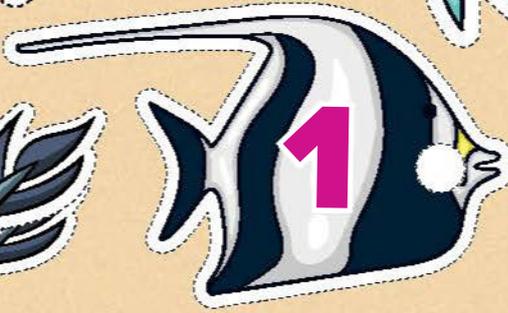
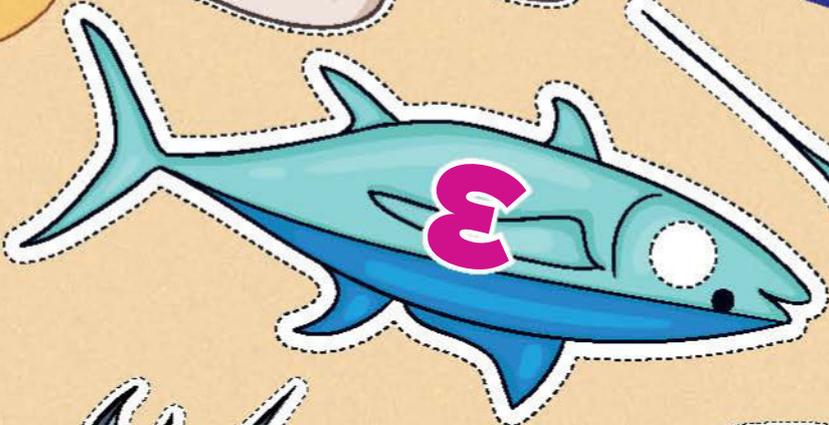
You will need two or more players, scissors, the sea creature counters cut out from these pages or downloaded from storytimemagazine.com/free, a hole punch, paperclips, a strong stick about 50cm long, a piece of string about 60cm long, a circular magnet* and a bath mat or small rug to be the 'ocean'...

- ★ Cut out the counters and use the hole punch to make a hole in each of them where indicated.
- ★ Attach a paper clip through the hole in each counter and place them on the mat or rug.
- ★ Make your fishing rod! Tie one end of the string to the stick and the other end to the magnet. Ask an adult to make sure the knots are tight!
- ★ Players take turns using the rod to gently swing the magnet onto the 'ocean' – the oldest player goes first. If you manage to 'catch' a counter with the magnet and drag it off the mat or rug, you get to keep it!
- ★ When all the counters have been caught, add up the numbers on the ones you have collected. The player with the highest score is the **Mightiest Viking Fisherman!**

SPECIAL RULE: Jörmungandr and the giant octopus are hungry monsters! If you catch them, they will eat the lowest-value counter you have collected – don't count the point value of this counter when adding up your score!



***WARNING!** Do not use small, powerful rare earth magnets, as they can be dangerous. Use a large circular magnet instead – it is safer and easier to tie onto the fishing rod!



STORY MAGIC

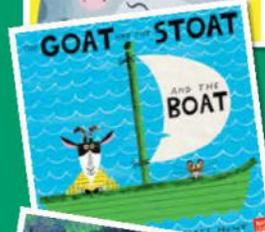
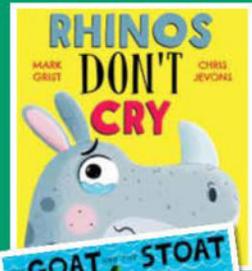
BRILLIANT BOOKS ARE FOREVER!

★ **RHINOS DON'T CRY** by Mark Grist, illustrated by Chris Jevons (Bloomsbury) is about Milo, a little rhino who idolizes Spike-O the movie star. When Spike-O says that rhinos don't cry, Milo is determined to hide his feelings, just like his hero! This charmingly illustrated book teaches a sweet lesson about expressing our emotions!

★ **THE GOAT AND THE STOAT AND THE BOAT** by Em Lynas, illustrated by Matt Hunt (Nosy Crow) is chock-full of fun rhymes – as you might have guessed from the title! A stoat and a goat squabble over who should be in

the boat, and all sorts of rhyming and alliterative mayhem ensues. The art is rendered in a cool collage-and-pencil style, and the text is fun to read out loud. Sure to be a bedtime favourite!

★ **GLOW** by Jennifer N R Smith (Thames & Hudson) is a unique book about living things that glow. (This phenomenon is also known as *bioluminescence*.) You will find out about all different kinds of glowing creatures, and the gorgeous art has a special magic of its own: thanks to UV printing, *it glows too!*



* 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.

WIN!

Tell us which story the sentence on page 3 is from, and you could win the three books reviewed above! You can enter by going to storytimemagazine.com/win and following the instructions...



LET'S TALK ABOUT... SOCIAL ANXIETY

SHINE LIKE A STAR (THAT YOU ARE!)

Sometimes we feel anxious about what other people think of us. This might stop us from wanting to speak in class or join in with groups. It might help you to know that you are not alone in having these anxious feelings, and you can do something about it! Remember, there is only one *you* in the whole world, and you make life better for others just by being yourself!

THINK DEEPER! Talk about your anxiety with someone you trust. They might be able to help you look at your situation from another point of view!

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

TRY THIS!

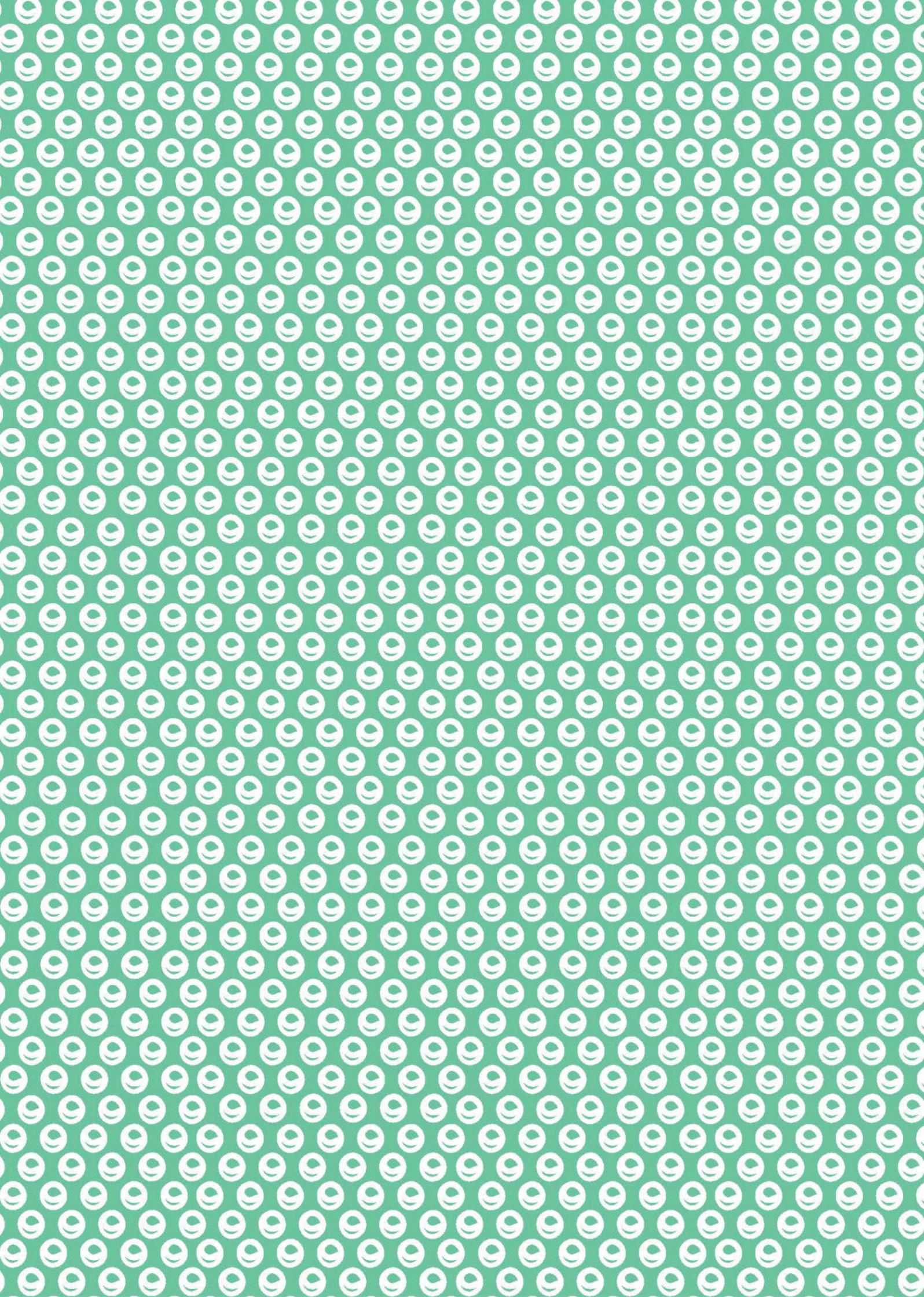
Remember the **'ABCs for anxiety'** technique from issue 95? Here is another way to use it!

A for action! Shake out those big feelings from your body and then focus on one person in the group who you feel safe with, rather than thinking about the group as a whole.

B for breathing! Take it one step at a time and concentrate on breathing in and out. This should help calm you.

C for communication! Say an affirmation to yourself (like 'I am safe and I am loved!') before joining in.





✓ READING ✓ COMPREHENSION ✓ WRITING SUPPORTS THE ENGLISH NATIONAL CURRICULUM

A WORLD OF STORIES IS THE BEST PLACE TO BE!

WIN
Brilliant
Books!



FIND NEVER-ENDING FUN HERE:
www.storytimemagazine.com/free

A Bright Star
is Coming
in July!

