

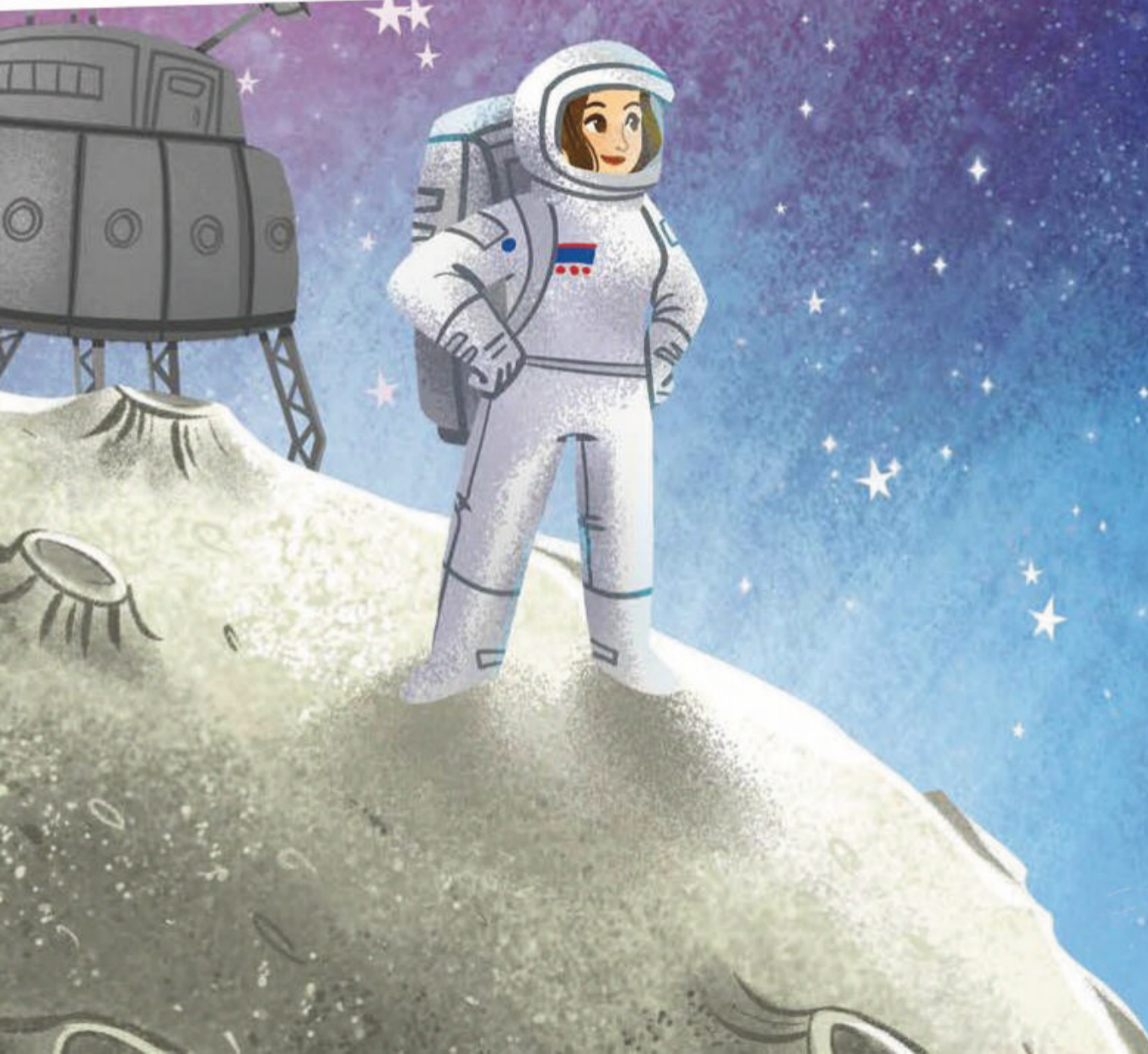
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THIS ISSUE BELONGS TO:

SPOT IT!

Find me hanging out
somewhere in your
magazine.



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Chiara Nocentini *The Happy Prince*

Alex Herrarias *The Queen of Everything*

Adventures from Wales, the Czech Republic & Ancient Mesopotamia!

READ HAPPILY EVER AFTER...



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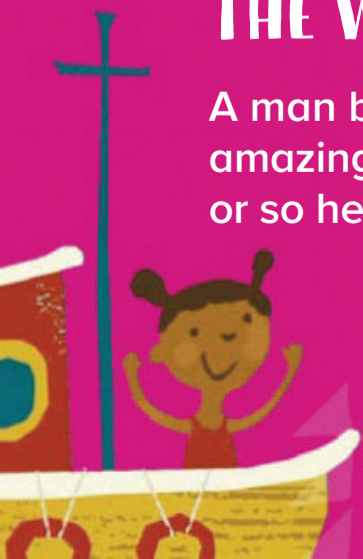
A man buys a parrot with an amazing talent for finding gold – or so he thinks!

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THE SLEEPY GIANT

By Charles Edward Carryl

My age is three hundred and seventy-two,
And I think, with the deepest regret,
How I used to pick up and voraciously chew
The dear little boys whom I met.

I've eaten them raw in their holiday suits,
I've eaten them curried with rice,
I've eaten them baked in their jackets and boots,
And found them exceedingly nice.



But now that my jaws are too weak for such fare,
I think it exceedingly rude
To do such a thing, when I'm quite well aware
Little boys do not like to be chewed.

And so I contentedly live upon eels,
And try to do nothing amiss.

And I pass all the time I can spare from my meals
In innocent slumber like this.





THE FOX AND THE WHITE RABBIT

“Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it’s getting!” White Rabbit was running late for a meeting in Wonderland and he had to reach his rabbit hole as quickly as possible.

“Oh, my dear paws!” cried the rabbit, checking his golden pocket watch for the umpteenth time. He popped it back in his waistcoat and frowned. “I’ll never get to Wonderland on time if I have to go over Troll Bridge.”



Troll Bridge was White Rabbit's usual route across the river. In fact, it was the route every animal in Storyland took when they wanted to reach the Magic Meadows – even if it did take longer to reach their destination. That's because it was much safer to bump into the troll than the sly fox who operated the ferry.

“Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be so late. What shall I do?”

White Rabbit knew he couldn't risk upsetting the Queen of Hearts. He took a deep breath, hopped up to Fox's Ferry Hire and rang the bell.

The fox stuck a curious nose out of the door. His eyes lit up when he saw White Rabbit. “How can I help you, my friend?” he asked, licking his lips.

“I need to reach the other side of the river as soon as possible or I shall be terribly late,” said White Rabbit, twitching his nose nervously.

“Of course, I can take you straight away,” said the fox. He placed a paw in the water and, with a crafty look in his eyes, he said, “My boat has sprung a leak but jump onto my tail and I'll ferry you across.”

White Rabbit was certain the fox was lying about his boat. He hesitated for a moment. His fur trembled, but he knew he had no choice. ➔





“Come on,” said the cunning fox. “You don’t want to be late, do you?”

White Rabbit timidly stepped onto the fox’s bushy tail. The fox began paddling across the river.

They hadn’t gone far when the fox shouted over his shoulder, “You’re far too heavy for my tail, Mr Rabbit. Can you jump onto my back instead?”

So White Rabbit jumped onto the fox’s back, wishing he’d never agreed to the ride in the first place.

The fox swam a little further and then shouted over his shoulder, “I’m sorry,

Mr Rabbit – you’re heavier than I thought. Can you jump onto my shoulders instead?”

So White Rabbit jumped onto the fox’s shoulders, muttering, “Oh dear! Oh dear! What have I done?”

The fox swam on and then shouted over his shoulder, “It’s no good, Mr Rabbit – you’re too heavy and the current is getting stronger. Can you jump onto my nose instead?”

The other side of the river was too far away for White Rabbit to leap off. So, with his heart pounding, he jumped onto the fox’s nose.

The fox swam on for a little longer. As they neared the other side of the river, he suddenly jerked his head up in an attempt to knock White Rabbit over. Then he opened his jaws wide to gobble up his passenger.

But White Rabbit was prepared! He swiftly pulled a tiny bottle out of his waistcoat pocket. It had the words 'Drink Me' written on the label. White Rabbit uncorked it and poured the contents into the fox's gaping mouth.

The fox coughed and spluttered and suddenly began to grow larger and larger. Soon his paws reached each

side of the riverbank and his body stretched the whole way across the water like a big foxy bridge.

"What's happening?" cried the fox as White Rabbit bounded across his huge back, along his extra-long leg, and hopped onto the riverbank.

The clever rabbit took one last look at his pocket watch and bolted towards his hole, shouting, "Thank you for the ride, Mr Fox! The potion should wear off in an hour or two."

And that was the first time anyone in Storyland outfoxed the fox! ★



NEXT TIME: A small but mighty hero braves Storyland's secret cave!

THE TWELVE MONTHS

Once in the Czech Republic there was a widow with two daughters – her own child, Helena, whom she loved dearly, and her stepdaughter, Maruska, whom she disliked.

The widow was so jealous of Maruska's beauty and kindness, she gave her all the housework to do and hardly anything to eat. Meanwhile, lazy Helena bullied Maruska and ate cakes all day. She wished she could get rid of her.

One bleak January day, the widow was talking about how she longed to smell sweet spring violets again. This gave Helena an idea. Smiling slyly, she said, "Maruska, go into the forest and pick some violets for Mother."

"But, dear sister, violets can't grow under the snow," said Maruska.

"How dare you question me? Do as I say or my mother and I will throw you out!" shrieked Helena.

Helena and the widow pushed Maruska out of the door and slammed it shut.

Maruska shivered as she trudged through the snow. She knew she had no hope of finding violets in the forest.

After a while, she saw a glowing light. It was a roaring fire in the middle of a clearing and twelve men were sitting around it. Three of them were very old and had long white hair, three were not quite as old and had red hair, and three had long golden hair and were younger still. The three youngest had glowing skin and shining eyes.

They were the Twelve Months of the year. Great January, with his snow-white hair, was sitting on a throne holding a heavy club.

Maruska plucked up her courage to speak to them. "Please, kind sirs, may I warm my hands at your fire?"

January nodded. "Why are you all alone in the snowy forest, little girl?"

"I'm looking for violets," she answered.

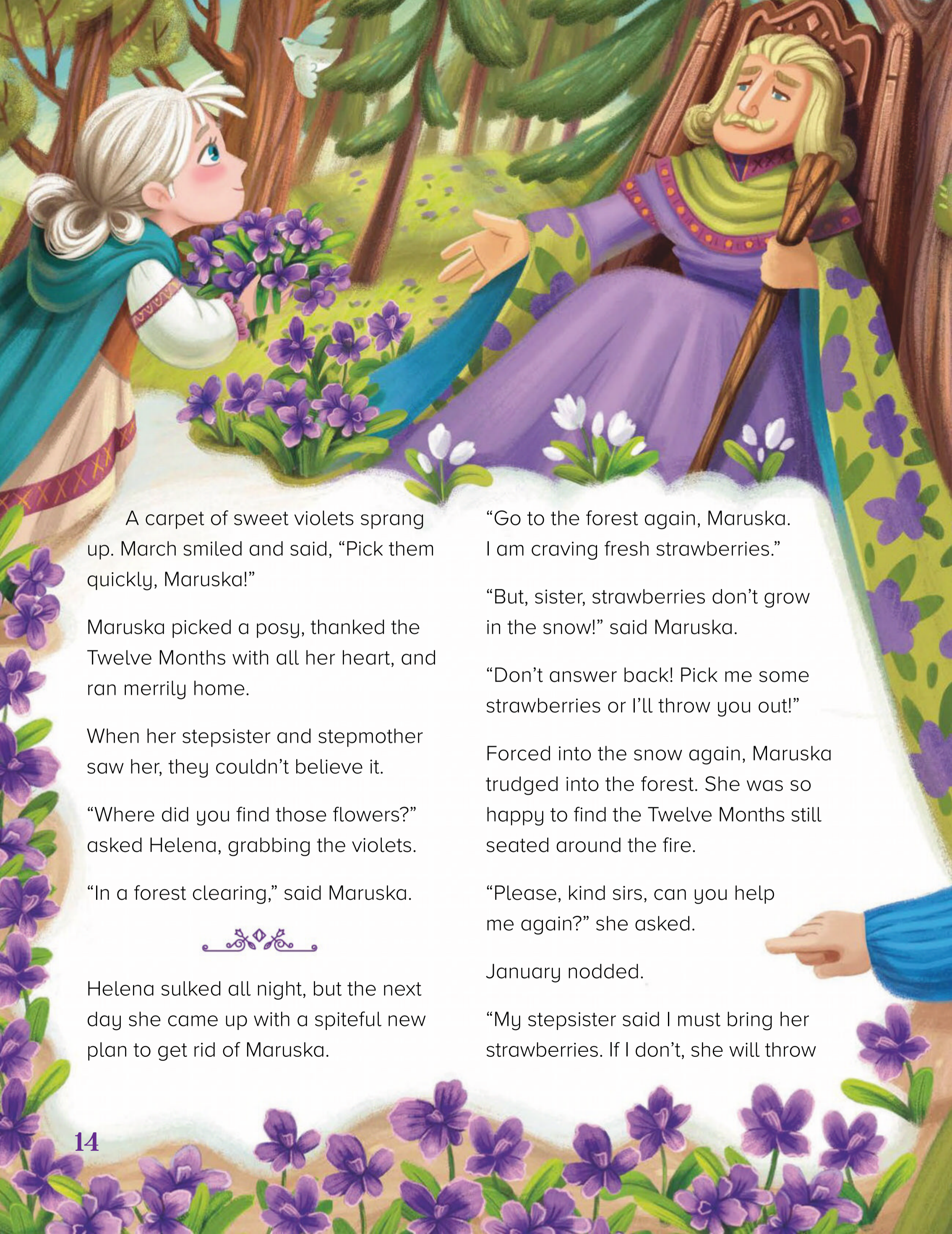
"But violets don't grow in winter," said January.

"I know, but my stepsister said I must pick some. If I don't, she will throw me out of our home. Please, do you know where I might find some?" begged Maruska.

January stood up and handed his club to the younger month, March. "Take my seat, brother," he said.

March sat down and waved the club over the fire. It blazed brightly. Suddenly, the snow melted, trees began to bud and daisies peeped through the grass. It was spring! ➔





A carpet of sweet violets sprang up. March smiled and said, "Pick them quickly, Maruska!"

Maruska picked a posy, thanked the Twelve Months with all her heart, and ran merrily home.

When her stepsister and stepmother saw her, they couldn't believe it.

"Where did you find those flowers?" asked Helena, grabbing the violets.

"In a forest clearing," said Maruska.



Helena sulked all night, but the next day she came up with a spiteful new plan to get rid of Maruska.

"Go to the forest again, Maruska. I am craving fresh strawberries."

"But, sister, strawberries don't grow in the snow!" said Maruska.

"Don't answer back! Pick me some strawberries or I'll throw you out!"

Forced into the snow again, Maruska trudged into the forest. She was so happy to find the Twelve Months still seated around the fire.

"Please, kind sirs, can you help me again?" she asked.

January nodded.

"My stepsister said I must bring her strawberries. If I don't, she will throw

me out of our home,” said Maruska, wiping a tear from her eye.

January rose and handed his club to young June. “Take my seat, brother.”

June sat on the throne and swung the club over the fire. The flames roared and melted the snow. Instantly, the trees were covered with leaves and the forest was filled with beautiful wild flowers. It was summer!

Hundreds of ripe red strawberries dotted the forest floor. June said, “Pick them quickly, Maruska!”

Maruska filled her apron, thanked the Twelve Months, and ran merrily home.

Her stepsister and stepmother were shocked to see Maruska return.

“Where did you find these juicy strawberries?” asked Helena, grasping them greedily.

“In a forest clearing,” said Maruska.

Without any thanks, the stepsister and stepmother wolfed them down.



The next morning, scheming Helena said, “Maruska, go to the forest and fetch me some red apples.”

“But, sister, how can I pick apples in winter?” protested Maruska.

“Don’t argue! Pick me some apples or it’s the end of you!”

She shoved Maruska outside. Once more, she fought her way through the snow into the forest. ➔



This time, Maruska went straight to the Twelve Months.

“Please, kind sirs, my stepsister has threatened my life if I don’t bring her some red apples. Can you help me?”

January nodded and handed his club to September. “Take my seat, brother.”

September sat down and raised the club over the fire. The flames flickered wildly and the snow began to melt. Suddenly, the leaves turned golden and ivy scrambled up the tree trunks.

A nearby tree became heavy with ripe apples. “Shake the tree quickly, Maruska!” said September, smiling.

Maruska shook the tree, and two ripe apples fell down. She picked

them up, thanked the Twelve Months for their help, and ran merrily home.

Her stepsister and stepmother were amazed to see Maruska again.

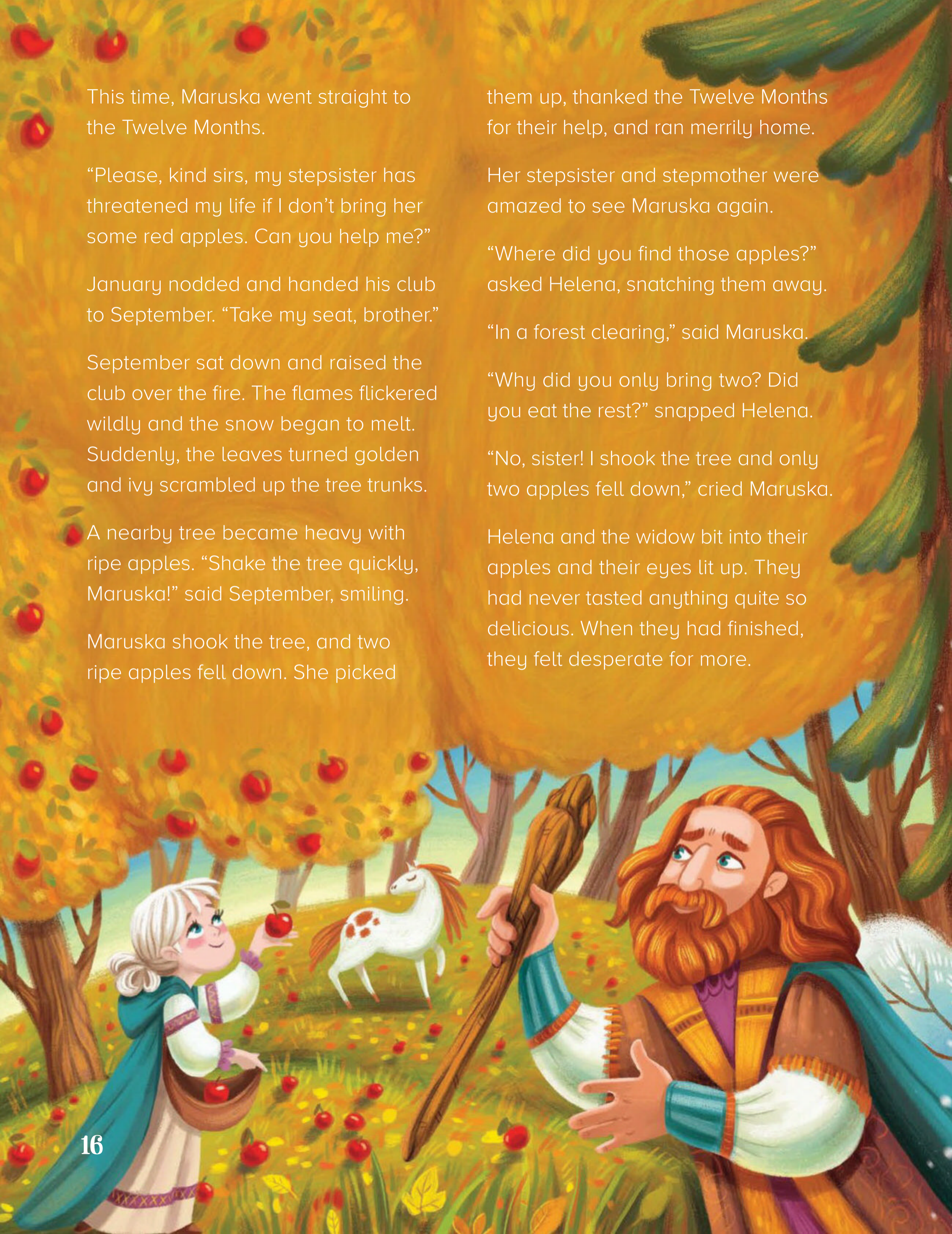
“Where did you find those apples?” asked Helena, snatching them away.


“In a forest clearing,” said Maruska.

“Why did you only bring two? Did you eat the rest?” snapped Helena.

“No, sister! I shook the tree and only two apples fell down,” cried Maruska.

Helena and the widow bit into their apples and their eyes lit up. They had never tasted anything quite so delicious. When they had finished, they felt desperate for more.





Greedy Helena grabbed her coat.
“Mother, we can’t trust this little thief.
I’ll fetch us some more apples.”

Helena walked into the forest. The snow was deep and the way was hard, but she eventually found the clearing where the Twelve Months sat. She pushed her way through them to warm her hands on the fire.

“Why are you all alone in the snowy forest, little girl?” asked January.

“Mind your own business, you fool!” Helena scowled and marched off.

January realised who she was and swung his club around. Immediately, thick grey clouds gathered in the sky and heavy snow began to fall.

Helena soon lost her way, tumbling into one thick snowdrift after another. After many hours, her body grew stiff and she began to freeze.

The greedy stepmother waited for a long time for Helena. At last she said, “I bet she’s keeping the apples all to herself.” So she put on her coat and went out to get her share.

Maruska waited and waited while the storm raged on, but she never saw her stepsister or stepmother again. January had given them icy bodies to match their hearts.

At last, Maruska was free of her bullies and she lived happily ever after. ★

DRAW IT! Draw the woodland clearing where Maruska found snow, violets, strawberries and apples on our **Four Seasons Drawing Sheet**. Download it from storytimemagazine.com/free

THE FAIRY BORROWING

Carys Williams was the best baker in Wales. The aroma of her freshly baked bread wafted from her kitchen and made mouths water for miles around.

As Carys loved baking, she had every piece of equipment you could ever wish for – every tin, pan, mould and bowl in every shape and size. She was proud of her skills and her well-stocked kitchen, but she soon came to regret them.



You see, her cottage was by the hill where the fairy folk lived and they were constantly troubling her for one thing or another. “Can we borrow a tray?” “Can we use a pan?” “Can we borrow a tin?” “We’ll bring them back!”

It got so confusing that Carys barely knew whether her precious baking equipment was coming or going.

As time went by, her patience wore thin and her temper grew worse.

One day she wanted to bake her favourite fruit cake, but she couldn’t – the fairies had her cake tin.

She went to chop some wood for her fire, hoping the tin would be returned by the time she came home, but

instead she found a fairy waiting on her doorstep. “Can I borrow your baking stone, please?” asked the little fairy.

This put Carys in a terrible mood. “Very well!” she snapped. “But on one condition – you must grant me two wishes. The first thing I touch when I leave the house in the morning will break in two and the first thing I touch when I go back inside will double in length.”

It was an odd request, but the wee fairy agreed. She twitched her nose, muttered a spell and sprinkled some fairy dust. ➡



Carys was pleased. There was a big boulder by her front door, which had always been in her way. If it broke in half, she could move it easily. She also had some fabric that was too short to be useful. If she had double the length, she could make a smart new coat or dress with it.

The next morning, Carys stepped out to touch the boulder but, on the way, she tripped over the edge of her doormat and stubbed her big toe.

“Ouch!” she yelled. Her hand shot towards her toe to rub it better and, as soon as she touched it, it broke.

As Carys limped back inside, her foot gave way. She fell forward and bumped her nose on the floor.

“Ouch!” she cried and stroked her injured nose. Straight away, it shot out and doubled in length!

Poor Carys! That’s how she learnt that you should always be careful what you wish for. ★

WRITE IT!

Write down one wish you’d ask the fairies for. Remember to be specific!

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THE WISE PARROT

Once a young lady bought a fine red parrot so she could teach him how to speak. The first thing she taught the bird to say was, “No doubt about it”.

One night, while her neighbours were sleeping, the young lady sneaked out of her house and buried money all over the village.

The next morning, she paraded through the streets with her parrot perched on her arm, boasting, “My parrot is so wise, he can show me where to dig for money.”

Whenever she reached a place where she had buried some coins, she said, “Wise parrot, if I dig here, will I find some coins?” ➔



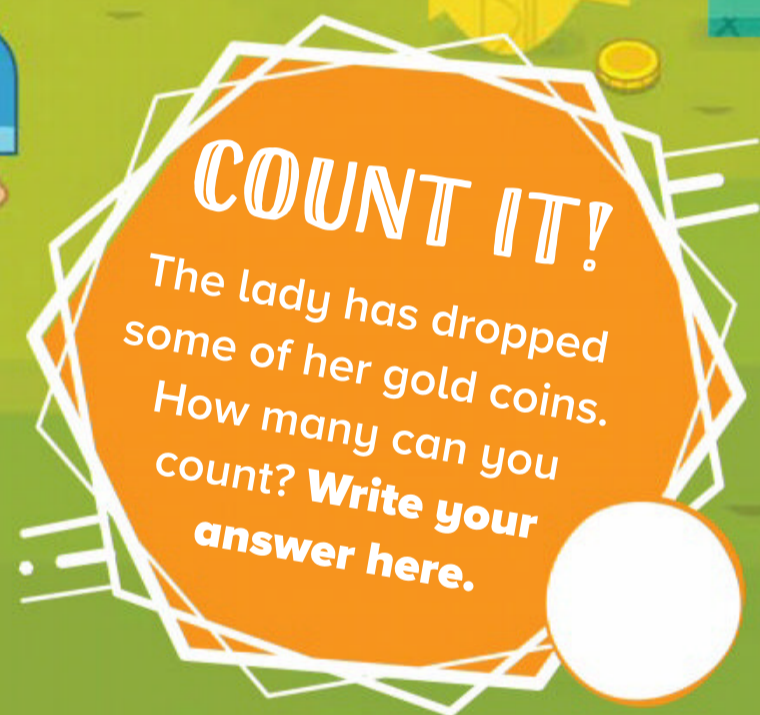


Without hesitation, the parrot bobbed his head up and down and said, “No doubt about it.”

Then the lady dug up the money and showed it to anyone who was watching. A crowd soon began to gather around her.

A man saw the display and thought, “Wow! If I had that parrot, I would be rich.” So he asked the owner, “Is your parrot for sale?”

“He’s very precious to me, but I would be willing to sell him for one thousand gold pieces,” said the young lady.



“That’s a lot of money!” cried the man.

“But look what he can do! You’re worth every penny, aren’t you, my feathered friend?” asked the young lady.

“No doubt about it,” squawked the parrot loudly.

The man was convinced. He gave the lady one thousand gold pieces and left with the parrot on his shoulder.

The next day, he took the parrot out to search for money. Every few minutes, he asked, “If I dig here, will I find gold?”

Every time, the parrot bobbed his head and said, “No doubt about it.”

But even though the man dug as deep as he could, he didn’t find any gold. After hours of digging, he realised he had been tricked.

“Oh, what a fool I was to pay a thousand pieces of gold for you,” he said to the parrot.

The parrot bobbed his head and answered, “No doubt about it.”

The man couldn’t help laughing. “Well, at least you told the truth that time. If I want to make money, I guess I’ll have to do it through good honest work.”

“No doubt about it,” agreed the parrot – and for the second time that day he told the truth! ★



Answer: There are 6 gold coins.

MISSION TO THE MOON

Connor grinned all the way home from the Space Centre. He'd seen actual rockets and a lunar lander. He'd stepped inside a space module and he'd mined through moon rock.

He'd even taken the trainee astronaut challenge – and he did so well, the man at the museum gave him a special badge with 'NASA' printed on it!

As a treat, when they got home, Dad dished up freeze-dried ice cream in a packet, just like real astronauts eat! "Delicious!" said Connor.

They were finishing it off when there was a knock at the door. It was a serious-looking woman wearing a dark suit.

"Can I come in, please, Mr Bennett?"

"Who are you?" asked Dad.

"Commander Morgan. I'm with the European Space Agency. I have an urgent matter to discuss with you." She flashed an ID badge and Dad let her in.

Connor gulped. He wished he hadn't touched that moon buggy control panel next to the 'Do Not Touch' sign.



“Pleased to meet you, Connor,” said Commander Morgan. “Did you have a good time at the Space Centre today?”

“How did you know we were there and how did you find us?” asked Dad.

“I’m afraid we planted a small tracking device on you,” said Commander Morgan, pointing at Connor’s new NASA badge.

Connor looked at it, amazed. “I only touched the control panel for a few seconds. I didn’t press any buttons, I promise!” he cried.

Dad looked baffled and Commander Morgan laughed. “I’m not here about that, Connor. I’m here because you aced the trainee astronaut challenge. You got the highest score we’ve ever seen, in fact. We’re in urgent need of someone smart like you for our next moon mission.”

Connor looked at Dad suspiciously. “Is this a prank?”

“No!” said Dad, gawping at Commander Morgan. “He’s eight. Eight-year-old boys can’t go to space!”

“Why not?” asked Commander Morgan. “Most eight-year-olds know more about space than adults do, Mr Bennett. ➡



Plus Connor's the perfect size. Part of a space probe fell off and it's lodged in a rocky moon crevice. Adults can't access it. We'll give him world-class training and he'll be back in a week. What do you say?"

"Yes!" cried Connor, but Dad looked horrified. "Please, Dad," he begged. "I'll be an astronaut – it's my dream!"

"We've been doing this for many years," added the commander. "A clever boy like Connor will be fine."

Dad was dumbfounded, but Connor looked so excited, he couldn't refuse. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but okay. When does he leave?"

"A month from now," said Commander Morgan. So it was all agreed.

The next four weeks whizzed past. Connor had zero gravity training and space walk training in a deep pool. He learnt how to operate a robotic arm and drive a lunar buggy. It was hard work, but so much fun.



On the day of the launch, Connor's dad came to wish him luck.

"I'll be okay," said Connor, already in his space suit. "I'll be with Commander Morgan. This is her tenth mission."

A few hours later Connor's shuttle rumbled, growled and launched into the sky. For the first time, he felt anxious. He took deep breaths to calm himself down.



“Don’t worry, Connor. Every astronaut gets nervous before a mission. Even me,” said Commander Morgan.

He couldn’t believe how loud it was in the shuttle and how bumpy! He heard loud bangs as parts of the module detached, and then they accelerated so fast he felt like he had an elephant sitting on his lap, crushing him. “I wish I’d stayed at home!” he thought.

Suddenly, the engines stopped and they were in space. Connor’s arms floated upwards. He was weightless!

Through the window, against the jet-black sky, he could see the amazing blue and green planet he called home.

“Wow!” said Connor in awe. It was the best day of his life.

“It looks even better from the moon,” said Commander Morgan, winking.

She was right. A few days later, they docked on the moon. As Connor emerged from the crevice gripping the crucial missing part of the space probe, he saw the Earth suspended in the sky. It looked like a brilliant blue and green marble.

His heart skipped a beat with excitement and... ➔

LEARN IT!

For lots of fun facts, challenges and classroom resources to use at home or in school, check out the European Space Agency’s website: www.esa.int/kids

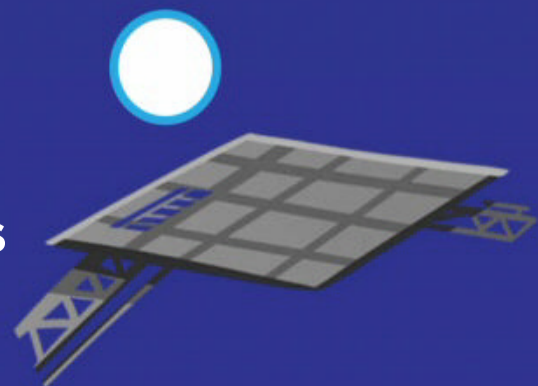
He took one giant leap across the



Answer: There are 10 footsteps.

SPOT IT!

Can you spot these five details in the picture?



moon's surface and waved to his dad!



How many
footsteps can
you count?
Write it here.



THE HAPPY PRINCE

By Oscar Wilde

High above the city, on a column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was covered with fine gold leaves, had two bright sapphires for his eyes, and a large red ruby on his sword hilt. He was very much admired.

“He is beautiful,” said a town councillor.

“Why can’t you be like the Happy Prince? He never cries,” a mother asked her little boy.

“He looks like an angel,” said the school children.

One night, a little swallow flew over the city on its way to Egypt. “Where shall I sleep?” he wondered. Then he saw the statue. “I’ll stay here,” he cried. “It is a fine position. I will have a golden bedroom.”

He landed between the feet of the Happy Prince, but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. “How curious!” he cried. “There are no clouds in the sky.”

Then another drop fell. He decided to fly away, but before he opened his wings, a third drop fell. He looked up and saw that the Happy Prince’s eyes were filled with tears. They were running down his golden cheeks.



“Who are you?” asked the swallow.

“I am the Happy Prince.”

“Why are you weeping, then?”

“When I was alive, I didn’t know what tears were. By day, I played with my friends, and in the evening I danced in the Great Hall. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy I was. Now that I am dead they have put me so high I can see all the misery of my city, and I cannot help but weep.

“In a little street,” he continued, “I see a poor woman. Her face is thin and she has red hands, pricked by a needle. She is a seamstress. Her little boy is ill. He has a fever and his mother has

nothing to give him, so he is crying. Swallow, little Swallow, will you take her the ruby out of my sword, please? I cannot move.”

“But I am flying to Egypt,” said the swallow. “I am flying up the Nile.”

“Swallow, little Swallow,” begged the Prince, “will you stay with me for one night and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty and the mother is so sad.”

“I don’t think I like boys,” answered the swallow. “Last summer, the miller’s sons threw stones at me.”

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little swallow felt sorry. “It is very cold here,” he said. “But I will stay with you for one night.” →



The swallow pecked the ruby from the Prince's sword and flew to the boy. He was tossing feverishly and his mother had fallen asleep. He laid the ruby beside her, then fanned the boy's forehead with his wings.

"How cool I feel," said the boy. "I must be getting better."

Then the swallow flew back to the Happy Prince. "It is curious," he said, "but I feel quite warm now."

"That's because you have done a good deed," said the Prince.

When day broke, the swallow flew to the river and had a bath. "Tonight I will fly to Egypt," he said, but when

the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"My friends are waiting for me in Egypt," answered the Swallow.

"Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "across the city I see a young man leaning over a desk. He is trying to finish a play, but he is too cold to write and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him a ruby?"



“Alas! I have no more rubies,” said the Prince.
“My eyes are all that I have left. They are made of sapphires. Pluck one and take it to him. He will sell it and buy food and firewood, and finish writing his play.”

“Dear Prince,” said the swallow, “I cannot do that.”

“Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “please do as I ask.”

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince’s eye and flew to the young man. It was easy to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. The young man was asleep with his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird’s wings or the sapphire being dropped by his side.



The next day, when the moon rose, the swallow flew back to the Happy Prince. “I have come to say goodbye,” he cried.

“Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you stay with me one night longer?”

“It is winter,” said the Swallow. “The chill snow will soon be here. Dear Prince, I must leave.”

“In the square below,” said the Happy Prince, “is a little match-girl. She has lost her matches. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, so she is crying. She has no coat or hat. Pluck out my other eye and give it to her.” →



“I cannot pluck out your eye. You will be blind,” said the swallow.

“Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “please do as I ask.”

So he plucked out the Prince’s other eye and swooped past the match-girl. He slipped the jewel into her hand and she ran home laughing.

Then the swallow flew back to the Prince. “You are blind now,” he said, “so I will stay with you.” That night, he slept at the Prince’s feet.

The next day he sat on the Prince’s shoulder and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands.

“Dear little Swallow,” said the Prince, “you tell me of marvellous things, but please fly over my city and tell me what you see there.”

So the Swallow flew over the city and saw rich people making merry in their beautiful houses, while the homeless went hungry and cold. He flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.



“I am covered with gold,” said the Prince. “You must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to the poor.”

So the swallow picked off leaf after leaf of gold, until the Happy Prince looked dull and grey. He gave the gold to the poor, who laughed and said, “We can buy bread now!”



After that the snow came and then the frost. The streets looked as if

they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening. Long icicles hung down from the eaves, everyone was wrapped up warmly and little children skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince because he loved him so much. He picked up crumbs outside the bakery and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings. But at last he knew he was going to die. ➔



He had just enough strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder and murmur, "Goodbye, dear Prince!"

"I am glad you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince. "You have stayed here for too long. I love you, dear friend."

The swallow kissed the Happy Prince goodbye and fell down at his feet.

Just then, a curious crack sounded inside the statue. The prince's leaden heart had broken in two.

Early the next morning, the Mayor passed the column. He looked at

the statue and said, "Dear me! How shabby the Happy Prince looks! The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he's no longer golden. He's no better than a beggar!"

He arranged for the statue to be pulled down and melted. However, to everyone's surprise, the Happy Prince's heart would not melt, so they left it in a rubbish pile, where it lay beside the little swallow.

They were the two kindest and most precious things in the city, but the Mayor was too foolish to realise it. ★





COLOUR IT!
Make the Happy Prince shine again! Download our **Happy Prince Colouring Sheet** and colour him in. Don't forget his sapphire eyes too. Visit storytimemagazine.com/free

THE QUEEN OF EVERYTHING

In ancient Mesopotamia, the goddess Inanna was angry with her father, Enki. He had given powers to everyone – except her.

One day, she came up with a plan to convince Enki to give her some powers of her own. She left the city of Uruk, which she ruled, and set off for her father's temple in the great city of Eridu. She sailed there in her special ship, the 'boat of heaven', with her loyal friend, the female warrior Ninshubur.

When they reached Eridu, Ninshubur stayed to guard the boat, while Inanna made her way to her father's temple.

Enki's messenger, Isimud, greeted her warmly. "Take a seat at Enki's table," said Isimud, offering her cake and a bronze goblet filled with the finest wine. "He will be here soon."

But Inanna didn't sip the wine. Instead she drank water and, when Enki joined her, she filled his goblet hastily.

"Daughter! It is a pleasure to see you. Why have you come?" asked Enki, sipping the wine. It tasted so good, he took a big gulp.

“Just to see you, dear Father. It has been such a long time.”

“How are things?” asked Enki.

“They are good, but they could be better if I had more powers. I could teach people so many things.”

“But I have already given you a whole city,” said Enki, taking another sip.

“True,” said Inanna. “Let’s eat and drink and catch up on our news.” Inanna sneakily filled Enki’s goblet again, but carried on sipping water.

All evening, Enki quaffed goblets of wine while Inanna sipped water and kept her wits about her.

Over the course of the night, Enki grew quite merry and began to heap praise on Inanna. “You are such a wonderful daughter!” he cried. “Those powers you mentioned earlier – of course you may have them!”

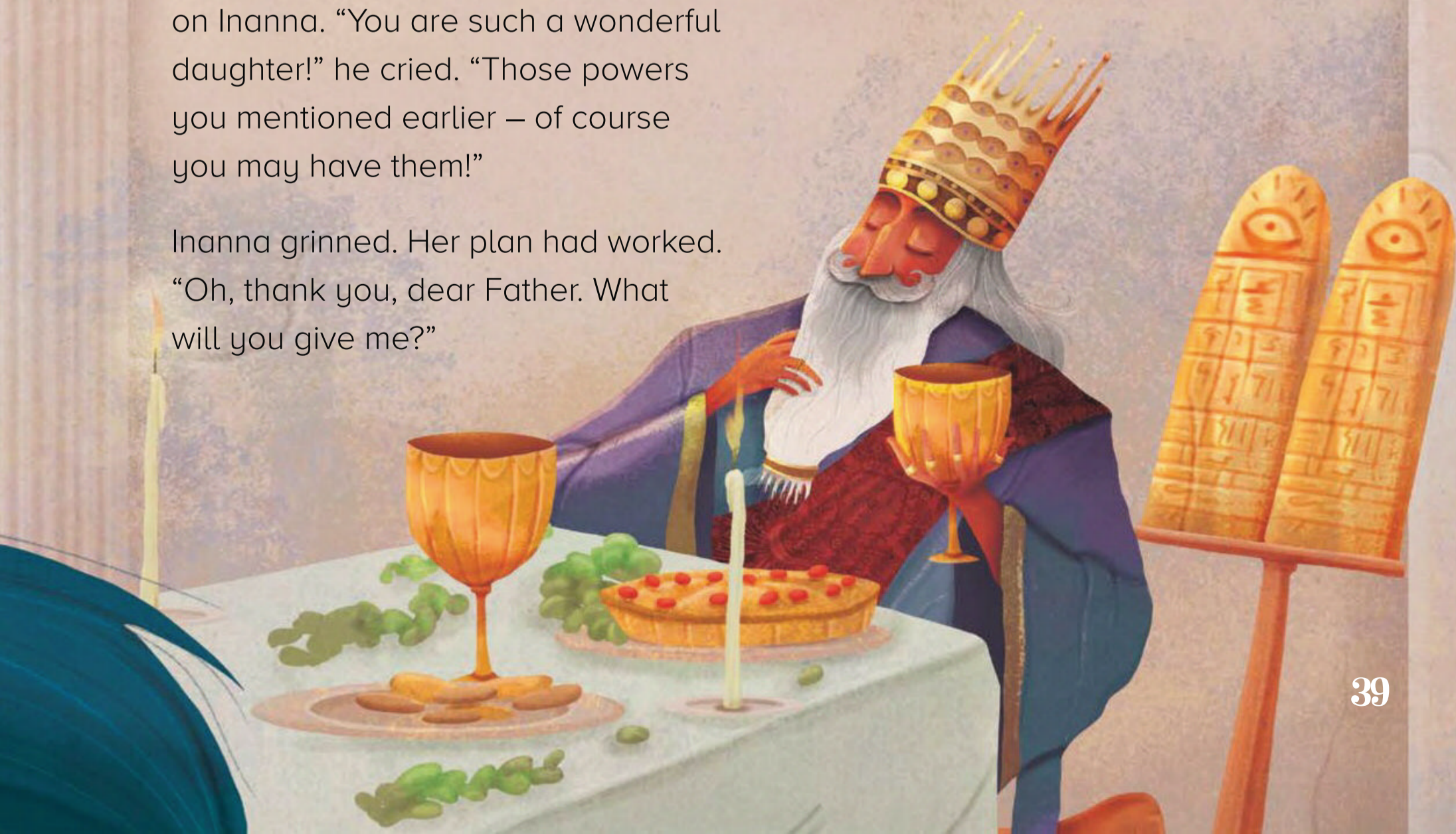
Inanna grinned. Her plan had worked. “Oh, thank you, dear Father. What will you give me?”

“Oh, wonderful daughter, I’ll give you the power of heroism... hic... happiness, kindness, movement and relaxation.” Enki pushed the carved tablets that held these special powers towards his daughter.

Inanna was stunned. She had hoped to win just one or two powers, but Enki had guzzled so much wine, he was no longer thinking straight.

“Thank you, Father!”

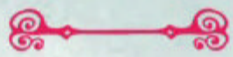
“Wait, I haven’t finished yet... hic... I’ll give you the power of carpentry, building, writing, basket-weaving and blacksmithing.” Enki took another big gulp of wine. “I’ll also give you the power of wisdom... hic... art and fire-making... hic!” ➔



And so Enki went on until he had given Inanna every precious power in his possession, including his own kingship of Mesopotamia. He left himself without a single power.

When his list came to an end, he slumped onto the table and began to snore. Inanna grabbed the tablets of power and loaded them onto her boat before her father could wake up and change his mind.

“Ninshubur, we must leave now!” she cried, and they set sail for Uruk without delay.



Enki woke the following morning with a sore head and a horrible feeling he had done something silly.

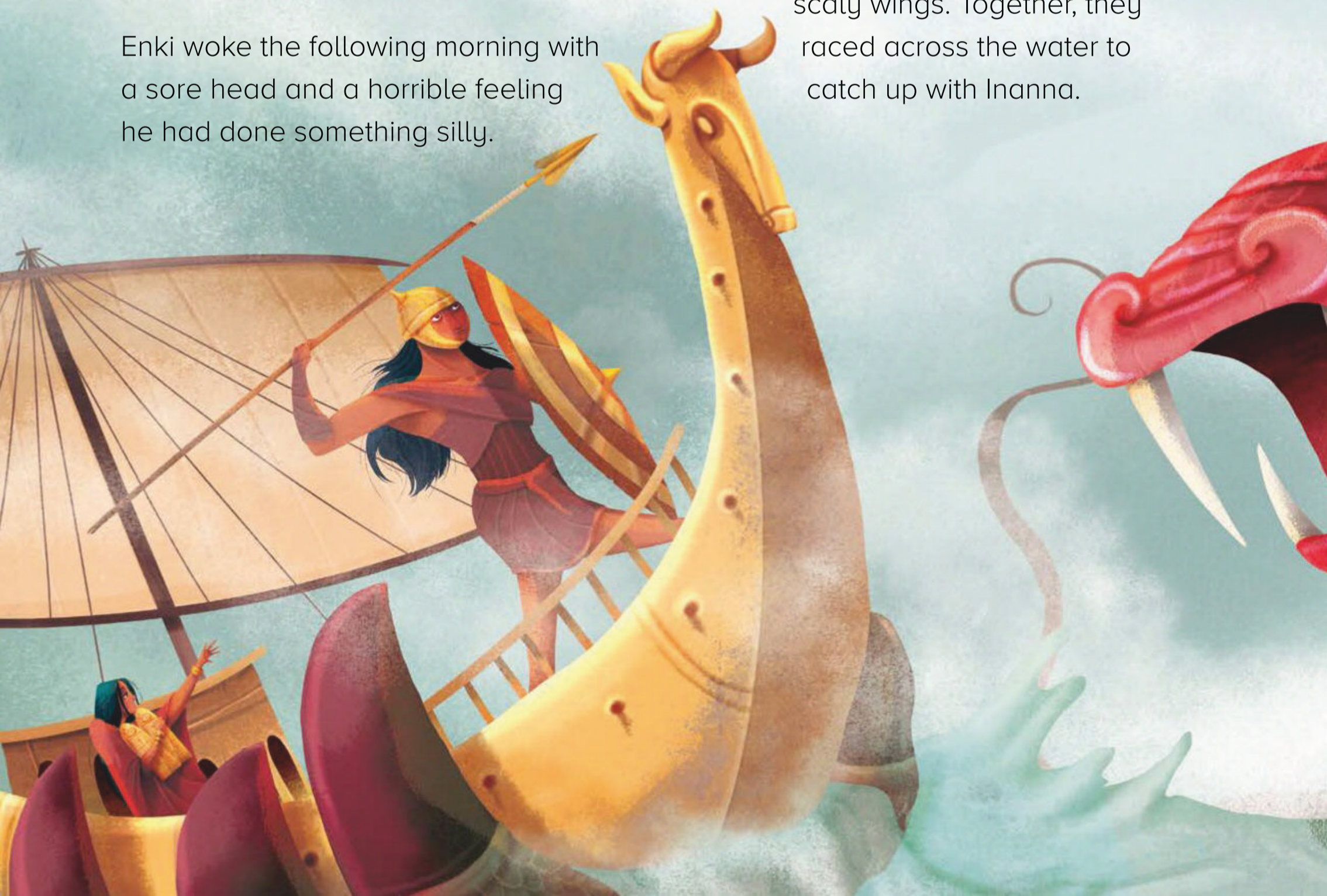
When he found the tablets missing, memories of the night before came flooding back to him.

“What have I done?” he cried, calling for Isimud. “Where is Inanna? Has she left already?”

“She left last night, Master.”

“We must get my powers back from her before she reaches Uruk. Take the sea monsters and find her. Let Inanna go unharmed, but seize her boat and bring it back to me with my powers!”

So Isimud summoned seven sea monsters with serpent heads and scaly wings. Together, they raced across the water to catch up with Inanna.



When they found her, the sea monsters surrounded the boat of heaven, splashing their tails and snarling.

Isimud said, “My Queen, your father sent me here. I must bring him the boat of heaven and its contents, but he will allow you to travel safely to Uruk on foot.”

“So my father wants to take back the powers he gave me,” said Inanna. “But he can’t – I rule Mesopotamia now!”

As soon as she said these words, the seven sea monsters surged forward and surrounded the boat. They gripped it in their claws and tried to force it to turn round.

“Ninshubur, my warrior!” cried Inanna. “Save the boat and my powers before we capsize!” ➔



Ninshubur sprang towards a sea monster and plunged her spear into its claws. The sea monster howled and loosened its grip. She thrashed at it wildly until it dived into the water to escape. One by one, Ninshubur scared away the monsters until only Isimud was left. Terrified, he dived off the boat and swam all the way back to King Enki in Eridu.

Victorious, Inanna and Ninshubur sailed home to Uruk. As they passed through the gates to their city, Inanna held the many tablets of power up high so that everyone could see them. People ran out onto the streets and cheered.

Inanna ordered a great festival to celebrate the exciting times that lay ahead for her people. Thanks to her cunning, she was now the Queen of Everything – and there was nothing Enki could do about it. ★



DID YOU KNOW?

Ancient carvings of the goddess Inanna show her with a bow and arrow and a lion by her side. She was worshipped from 4000 BC onwards, which makes this story over 6000 years old!

STORYTIME


PLAYBOX

Pick your way through our puzzles, mini quizzes and word search. Plus take our parrot drawing challenge and feed a hungry giant!

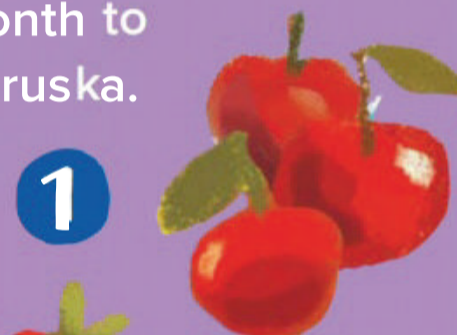
1 MONTH MATCH!

Draw lines to match the month to the harvest it brings for Maruska.

What does January bring in The Twelve Months?
Circle the correct answer.

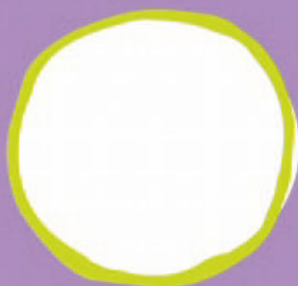


- A MARCH
- B JUNE
- C SEPTEMBER



2 SPOT IT!

The swallow has dropped the Happy Prince's ruby and his sapphire eyes on our puzzle pages. **Tick this box when you find them.**



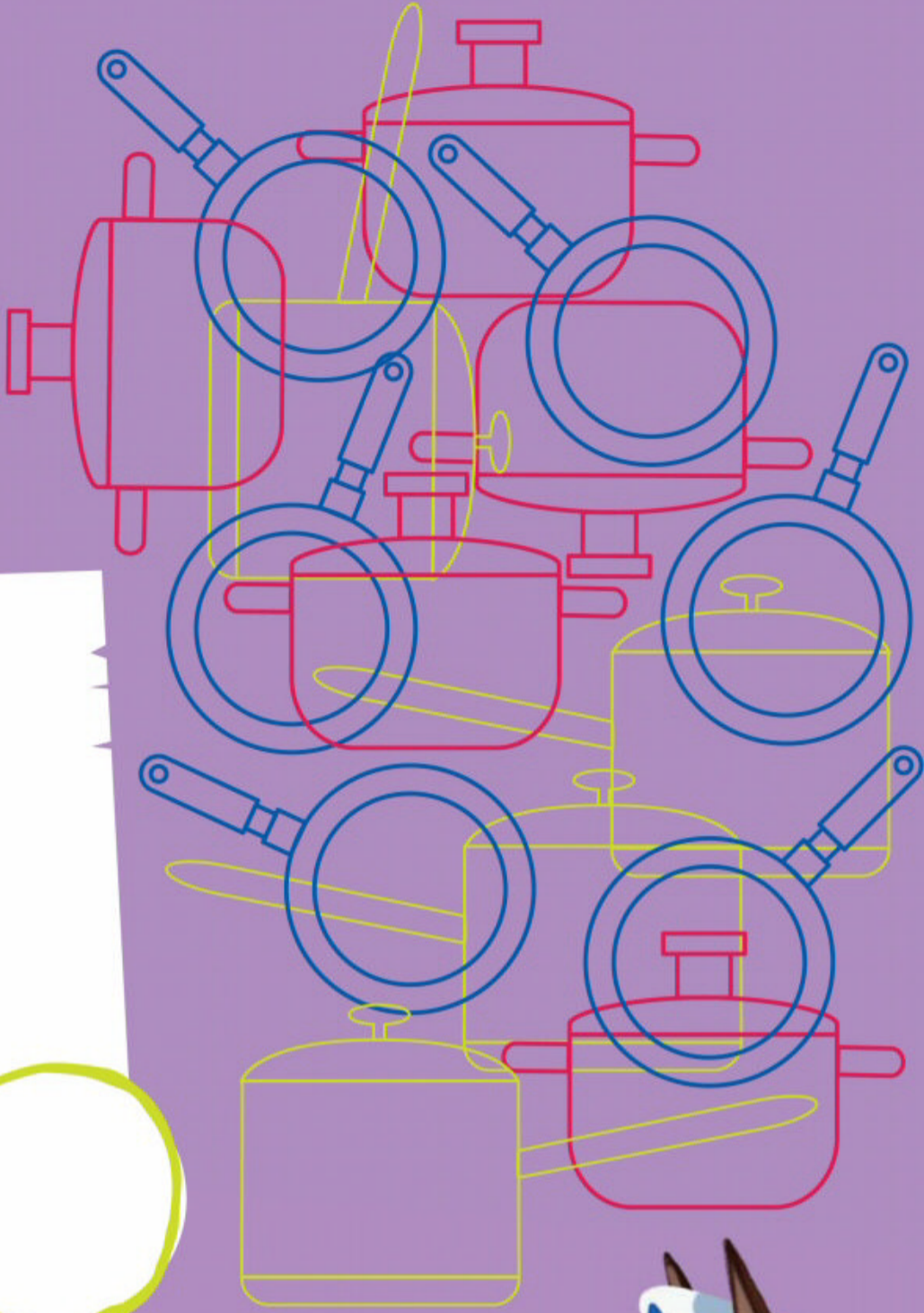
3

Which Storytime character is this?

- 1. I am female
- 2. I leave my home to go on an adventure
- 3. I find help in the forest

4 LOTS OF POTS

How many pots and pans have the fairies borrowed from Carys the baker?
Write your answer in the box.

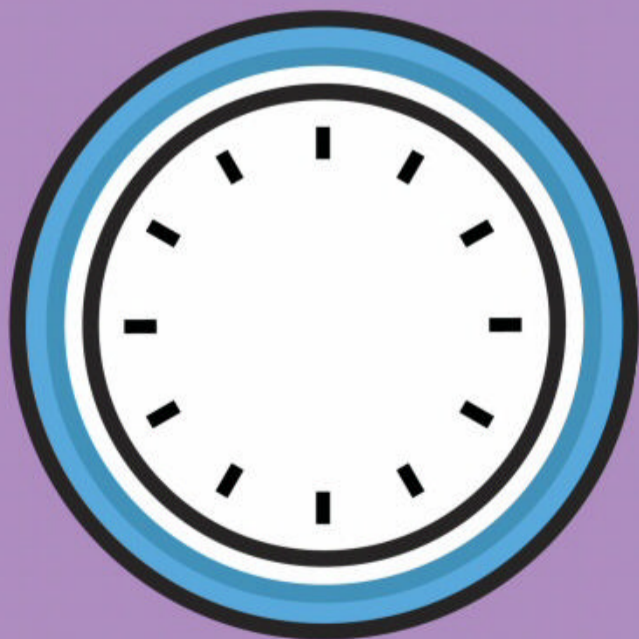


Draw your favourite cake here.

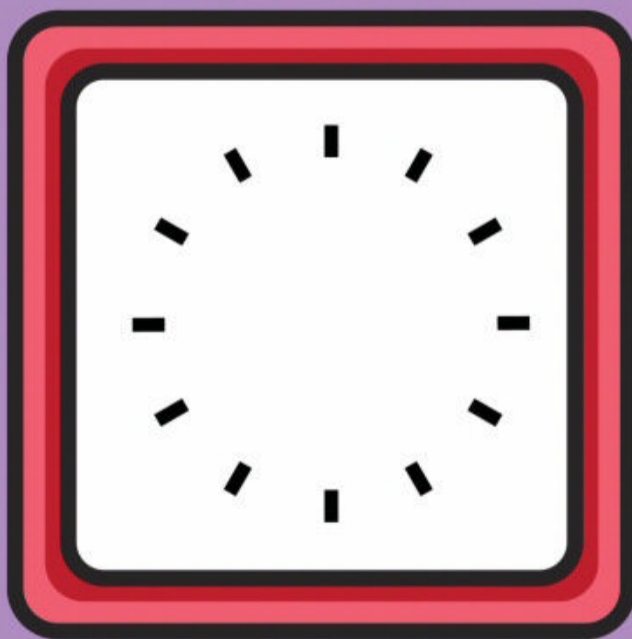


5 TELL THE TIME

The White Rabbit's pocket watch is broken. Fill in the missing hands so he can reach Wonderland on time.



7:45



1:30



10:15

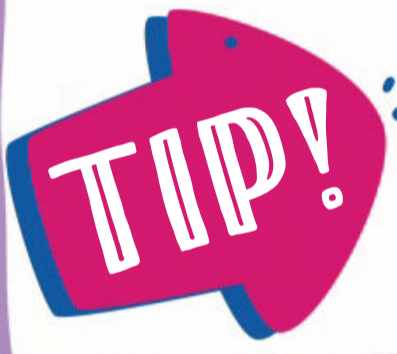


6 BE AN ASTRONAUT!

ASK A GROWN-UP!

Follow our easy craft and go on a mission to the moon with Connor.

- Print out our **Astronaut Template** from storytimemagazine.com/free
- Colour it in or collage it using foil or silver sweet wrappers.
- Find a picture of your face and cut it out to fit inside the helmet. Glue it on and cut around the whole astronaut shape.
- Stick it to a large piece of black paper or card. Make sure it's at an angle, so you look as if you're floating in space.
- Draw a half circle on a piece of white paper. Draw around a small plate or drinking glass to help you, then cut out the half circle.
- Scrunch up some foil or paper towel, dip it in grey or yellow paint and then dab it all over the half circle for a textured effect.
- When it's dry, stick the half-moon to the edge of your picture, so it looks as if you're in space with the moon in the foreground.



Why not cut out a smaller circle and colour it in green and blue? Stick it in the background to look like Earth.

7 PUZZLING POWERS

Inanna's new powers got muddled up on the way home. **Unscramble the letters to work out what they are.**

- A. TAR
- B. TRIGWIN
- C. MOWSID

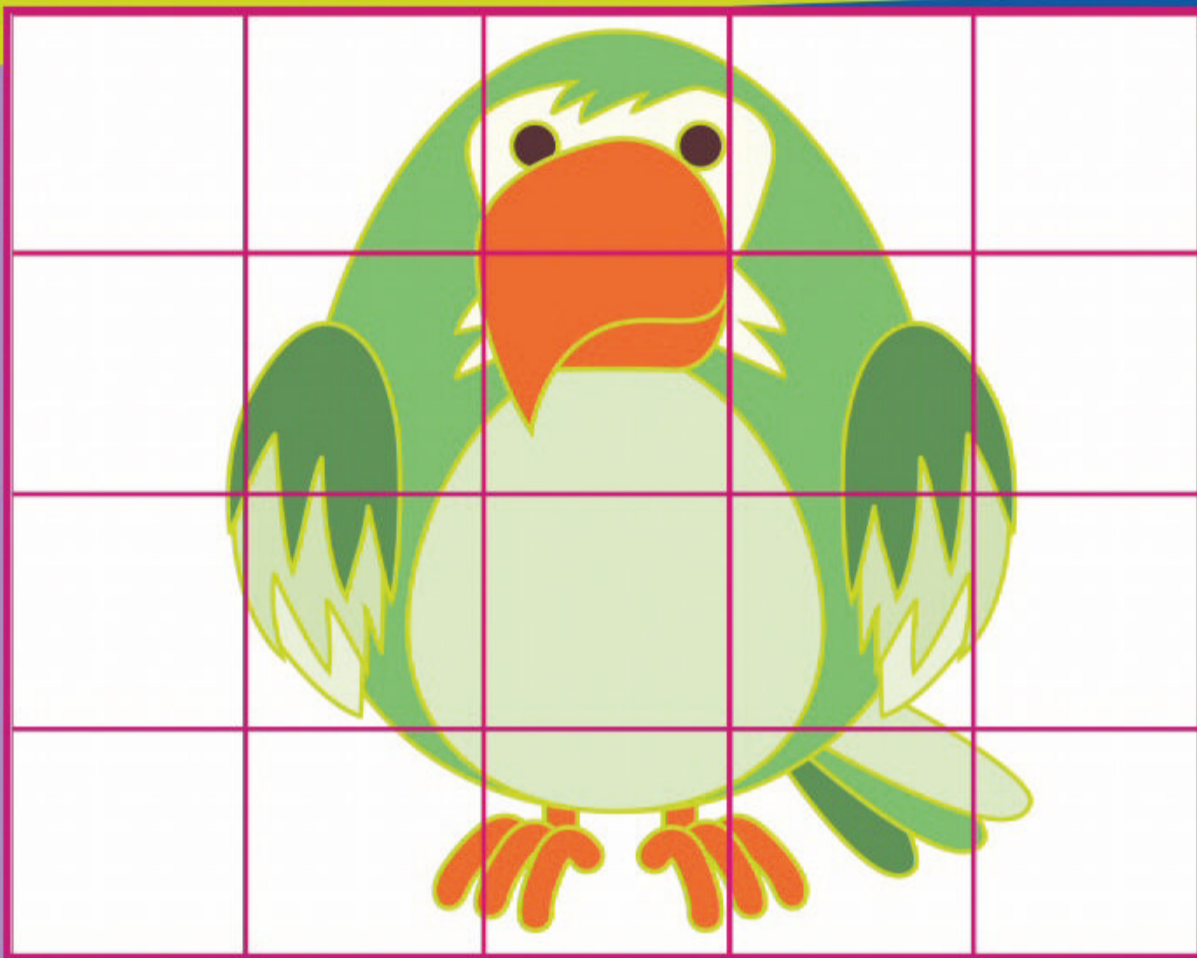
Which power do you think is most useful?
Write it here.

ANSWERS: 1. Month Match! – A3, B2, C1, January brings 3 – snow;
3. Who Am I? – Maruska from The Twelve Months; 4. Lots of Pots – 15;
5. Tell the Time – see right; 7. Puzzling Powers – A. Art,
B. Writing, C. Wisdom.



8

COPY THE PARROT!



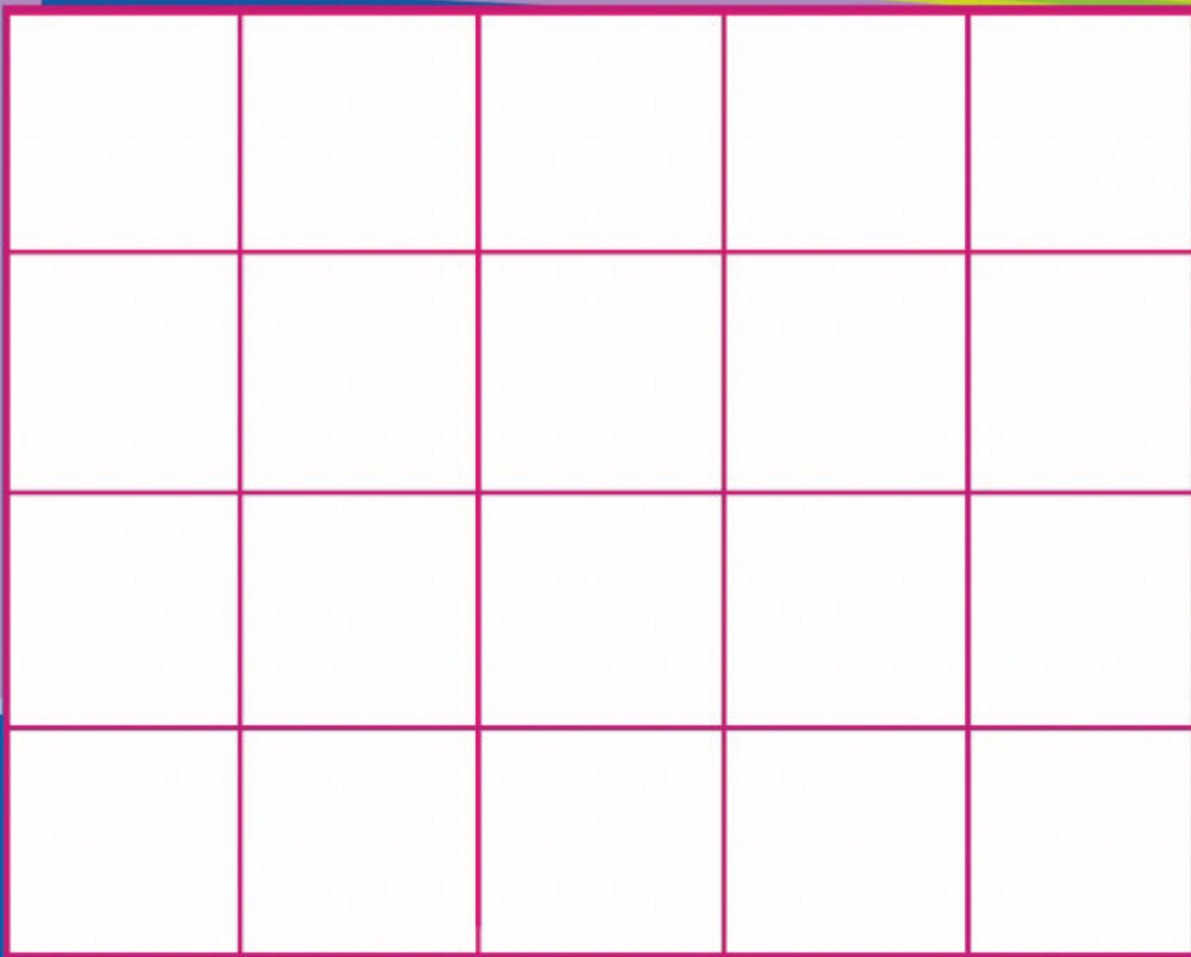
Using our grid below for guidance, draw a parrot like the one in our fable.

Fun Fact!
Parrots are super-intelligent. They can remember words and song lyrics and have even been trained to roll over, ride skateboards and play mini basketball.

HA HA!

Q. What's orange and sounds like a parrot?

A. A carrot!



DID YOU KNOW?

Parrots can live as long as humans. Cookie the cockatoo lived in a US zoo until he was over 82 years old!

What colour will your parrot be?





Storytime WORD SEARCH

Find the **characters from our stories** hidden in this grid. Words run up, down, backwards, forwards and diagonally.



C	U	R	I	C	A	N	E	L	E	H	H	X	C	I
I	O	N	U	N	I	O	J	M	U	A	O	C	A	W
K	P	M	Y	B	U	R	B	T	P	F	O	M	R	O
N	I	T	M	E	U	A	R	P	N	N	I	N	Y	L
E	J	B	Z	A	K	H	Y	O	N	P	G	O	S	L
Q	Z	A	V	S	N	P	S	O	T	H	I	Y	W	A
P	A	G	U	T	R	D	R	N	N	L	N	G	I	W
I	J	R	E	I	G	C	E	W	I	R	A	X	L	S
X	A	N	N	O	Z	R	I	R	E	N	N	M	L	L
M	P	C	S	V	N	D	I	U	M	P	N	E	I	L
A	E	J	A	N	U	A	R	Y	N	O	A	A	A	M
T	I	B	B	A	R	E	T	I	H	W	R	H	M	S
R	U	S	O	V	Q	O	J	A	S	R	Z	G	S	C
T	A	S	X	L	Q	C	T	N	A	I	G	C	A	V
P	A	R	R	O	T	B	N	G	J	C	X	X	I	N



ANSWER:

Carys Williams
Commander
Morgan
Connor

Enki
Fox
Giant
Happy Prince

Helena
Inanna
January
Maruska

Ninshubur
Parrot
Swallow
White Rabbit



FEED THE GIANT!

Your mission is to feed the giant and fill up his tummy as quickly as you can before he gets hungry!

How to Play

To get started, you need two or more players, a pen and paper to keep your scores, and our Giant Food Counters from storytimemagazine.com/free. Cut them out, then follow our instructions.

- ★ Place the Giant Food Counters face down on a flat surface and mix them up.
- ★ Each player takes it in turns to pick up a counter and place it in the giant's mouth.
 - If you pick up a Sweet Treats counter, you score 1
 - If you pick up a Healthy Snacks counter, score 2
 - If you pick up a Brussels Sprouts counter, the giant spits it out: score 0. Place it face down and mix up the counters again
 - If you pick up an Eels counter, the giant is happy; score 5
- ★ The first player to score 20 wins the game. Well done!

GIANT GAME IDEA!

Why not make your own Giant Food Counters with funny foods? Make up your own scores for them too.





STORY MAGIC

Two imaginative books to kick off a new reading decade!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH!

Funny books are a fantastic way to engage reluctant readers, so give these two a try.

THIS BOOK CAN READ YOUR MIND by Susannah Lloyd and Jacob Grant (First Editions) features a wacky inventor and his incredible creation – a mind-reading book. The very book you're reading, in fact. Kids will love that the story addresses them directly and they'll laugh out loud as they flip through its pages of ever-increasing silliness. Whatever you do, don't think of a pink elephant! A real gem for kids and parents.

There are more laughs to be had in **HOW TO LIGHT YOUR DRAGON** by Didier Lévy and Fred Benaglia (Thames & Hudson). When a little boy's dragon friend stops breathing fire, he sets out to reignite its flame. His attempts range from ingenious to downright madcap and will spark some interesting conversations about how your child would tackle the same problem. A bold, brilliant read.

READING RESOLUTIONS

January is the perfect time to set reading goals for you and your child for the year ahead. Here are 5 ideas to get you started:

1. We will read together for at least 10 minutes every day.
2. We will visit our local library once a month.
3. We will choose an author we really like and read all of his or her books.
4. We will choose a different animal each month and read one story or picture book featuring that animal.
5. We will learn one poem or rhyme off by heart every month.

THIS BOOK CAN READ YOUR MIND



WIN!

Enter our competition to win these picture books! Visit:

storytimemagazine.com/win

Check out our next issue for a classic Greek myth!

HOW TO LIGHT your dragon

Didier Lévy Fred Benaglia

Thames & Hudson



