





“It was an exhilarating journey.”



# Stories for the brilliant, the bold and the brave!

Facing snappy crocs, dreadful dragons,  
big bad wolves and shape-shifting giants,  
the heroes and heroines in this issue  
are almost as brave as you!

**This issue belongs to:**



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WITH TALES FROM AFRICA, ROMANIA,  
ECUADOR, NORWAY & STORYLAND!



MEET ME ON  
PAGE 22!

# Read happily ever after...

## Storyland Adventures

### Little Red and the Wolf

Little Red has a special delivery for her granny, but can she make it safely through the woods?

6

## poems and Rhymes

### A Musical Week

We've given the classic rhyme Monday's Child a toe-tapping, tuneful update for music fans!

10

## Storyteller's corner

### How the Elephant Got Its Trunk

Adapted from Rudyard Kipling. A curious elephant looking for answers gets more than he bargained for.

12

## Famous Fables

### Cat Trouble

A troublesome cat is terrorising the mice, but who will be brave enough to stand up to it?

18

## Favourite Fairy Tales

### Stan and the Dragon

In this Romanian tale, a busy dad attempts to outwit two dragons and win their gold.

21

OUR COVER STORY

## Tales from Today

### Squirrel Spy School

The birds gang up on Dash the squirrel when he keeps beating them to the tastiest treats.

30

## Around the World Tales

### The Magic Lake

Sami uses a magic fan to reach a lake with healing waters in this Incan tale from Ecuador.

34

## Myths and Legends

### Idun's Golden Apples

Loki's causing yet more mischief in this Norse myth – and this time all the gods are angry with him.

40

## storytime playbox

Play our trunk-growing board game, make a bongo, design a super spy mask, and sizzle your brain cells with our puzzles.

45

## Story Magic

Discover three of our favourite new books and have a go at our latest challenge.

50

CAN YOU DRAW  
A DRAGON?





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# Little Red and the Wolf

**L**ittle Red Riding Hood had been busy making Grandma a cape for her birthday. It was the colour of plums, with embroidery all around the hood.

Today, she was going to deliver it, but Grandma lived on the other side of Bramble Woods, so Little Red had to walk past Big Bad Wolf's den to get there. As she folded up the cape, she shuddered at the thought of what had happened last time she met the wolf.





Just then her mum walked in. “Hello, dear. I got Grandma a birthday cake from Ginger’s Bakery. Can you take it? Are you sure you’ll be okay?”

“Of course,” said Little Red.

“And you promise you won’t stray from the path?”

“I promise, Mum!”


“Because we all remember what happened last time...”

“Please, don’t remind me. Besides, I got some good advice from my friends as well as you. This time, I’m going to make sure I follow it.”

Little Red tucked a mysterious extra package in her basket and filled her pockets with something from the drawer. “Don’t worry, Mum. I’ve got it all planned out. See you later!”



Little Red set off across Storyland’s town square and into Bramble Woods. She hadn’t been on the path for long when the wily old wolf picked up the scent of Little Red and yummy birthday cake mingling in the air. He licked his lips and lay in waiting.

Off the path, deep in the woods, Little Red spotted some flowers. “Grandma will love them!” she thought. 





She was just about to stray from the path to pick the flowers when she remembered the good advice Hansel and Gretel had given her: *“Always remember to leave a trail.”*

She pulled handfuls of white pebbles out of her pockets and dropped them behind her, then she picked a big bouquet. Thanks to the pebbles, she found the path again easily.

Soon she saw Big Bad Wolf’s den up ahead. Little Red’s knees began to tremble, but then she remembered her second piece of good advice – this time from Tom Thumb: *“Don’t be afraid of how big he is. You might be small, but you’re smart too.”*

As Little Red strode boldly towards the Big Bad Wolf’s den, he pounced.

He looked even bigger and badder than she recalled.

“What a lovely bouquet. Visiting dear old Granny again? You must be tired. Care for a cup of tea in my den?” he asked in his most charming voice.

Little Red knew better than to be charmed by a wolf. She remembered her third piece of good advice, which came from the Three Little Pigs: *“Never give in to your enemy!”*

So she answered, “No, not by the freckles on my chinny chin chin!”

The wolf looked shocked. Before he could work out what to do, Little Red used her fourth piece of good advice, which had helped Puss in Boots when he faced an ogre: *“Distract him by getting him to show off.”*



She took the mysterious extra package out of her basket. It was a gigantic cake she had baked herself. “My, what big teeth you have, Mr Wolf. I bet you can’t fit them around this cake. It will go perfectly with your tea.”

Of course, the greedy wolf couldn’t resist food or a challenge. He took a huge bite of the cake, but it was so rubbery, it glued his teeth together – and when he finally swallowed it, it was so heavy in his stomach, he couldn’t move.

Little Red smiled at her gooey, gluey cake trick and remembered her fifth and final piece of good advice from the Gingerbread Man. “Time for me to run, run as fast as I can!” she said. She sprinted all the way to Grandma’s cottage while the wolf chewed and grumbled and tried to unstuck his teeth.

Grandma was delighted to see her. “Thank goodness you got here safely.”

Little Red smiled. “That’s because, this time, I listened to everyone’s good advice.” She gave Grandma her bouquet of wild flowers and her plum cape, and they both enjoyed a scrumptious slice of birthday cake. ★



*Next time: Beast is hot on the trail of a Storyland thief!*



# A Musical Week

Monday's child is a guitar ace,  
Tuesday's child plucks the double bass,  
Wednesday's child beats on the bongo,  
Thursday's child plays the piano,  
Friday's child bangs hard on the drum,  
Saturday's child makes the saxophone hum,  
But the child who is born on a Sunday,  
Moves and grooves and jumps and jives  
and grabs the mic to sing, "LET'S PLAY!"







## LEARN IT!

Can you learn this poem off by heart and the old version too? Download the original Monday's Child poem from [storytimemagazine.com/free](http://storytimemagazine.com/free)



# How the Elephant Got Its Trunk

Adapted from Rudyard Kipling

**I**n far-off times, the elephant had no trunk. It had a bulgy nose, about as big as a boot, that it could wriggle from side to side, but it couldn't pick things up with it.

There was one elephant, an elephant child, who was insatiably curious about the world and always asking questions. He asked the ostrich why her feathers grew so fluffy, he asked the giraffe why his neck was long, and he asked his parents why his nose was so bulgy, but nobody could answer his questions.





One day, he asked the kolokolo bird,  
“What do crocodiles eat for dinner?”

“Don’t ask me! Go to the banks of  
the great, green Limpopo River and  
you’ll find your answer.”



The next morning, the elephant said  
goodbye to his family and set off for  
the Limpopo River.

When he reached the river, he met  
a python curled up on a rock. Now,  
the elephant’s child had never seen  
a crocodile and didn’t know what  
one looked like, so he asked the  
python, “Excuse me, but have you  
seen a crocodile in these parts?”

“Have I seen a crocodile?” sneered  
the snake. “What a question!”

“Well, could you tell me what it eats  
for dinner?” asked the elephant.

But the snake just shook her head  
and flicked her tail and curled up to  
bask in the sunshine.

The elephant said goodbye and  
walked along the riverbank. Soon  
he trod on a big greenish-brown log.  
The log wiggled and wobbled and  
winked one eye, because it wasn’t  
a log at all – it was a crocodile, but  
the elephant didn’t know that!

“I’m so sorry,” said the elephant,  
quickly stepping off. “Do you know  
where I might find a crocodile in  
these parts?” →



## DRAW IT!

There’s no such thing as a  
kolokolo bird. Rudyard Kipling  
invented it for this story. What  
do you think it looks like? Get  
creative and draw your own  
imaginary kolokolo bird.



The crocodile winked its other eye.  
“Come closer, little one,” he said,  
swishing his long tail in the mud.

“I’ll stay where I am, thank you,” said  
the elephant, unsure about the log  
creature’s sharp teeth.

“Well, I am a crocodile,” said the log,  
shedding a crocodile tear to prove it.

The little elephant was thrilled. “You’re  
the very person I’ve been looking for.  
Please will you tell me what you eat  
for dinner?”

“Come closer, little one,” said the sly  
crocodile, “and I’ll whisper it to you.”

So the elephant leant forward and the  
crocodile quickly snapped his teeth,  
catching the elephant by the end of  
his big bulgy nose.

Gripping the elephant’s nose tightly  
between his jaws, the crocodile said,

“Today, I think my dinner is going to  
be elephant’s child!”

The elephant squealed through his  
clamped-down nose, “*Led go! Led go!  
You’re hurdig be!*”

His desperate cries alerted the lazy  
python, who uncurled herself and  
slithered to the riverbank. When she  
saw the elephant’s predicament, she  
hissed, “Pull as hard as you can, little  
one, or he’ll drag you into the river!”

So the elephant sat as far back as  
he could and pulled and pulled until  
his nose began to stretch.

Meanwhile, the crocodile dug his  
claws deep into the mud and pulled  
and pulled with all his mighty strength.



With each tug and pull, the elephant's nose grew longer. Oh, how it hurt! But the little elephant didn't give up. He hurled himself backwards and pulled as hard as he could until, at last, the crocodile lost his grip and was forced to swim away.

The elephant's nose – which was now a long trunk – splashed so loudly into the water, you could hear it all the way across the Limpopo River! But the cool water felt so soothing on his sore nose, the elephant stayed there.

“What are you doing that for?” asked the python.

“Perhaps my nose will shrink to its normal size again,” said the elephant.

“Some animals just don't know what's good for them,” said the python.



The elephant sat by the Limpopo River for three days, but his nose didn't get any shorter – it just got wrinklier. At the end of the third day, a mosquito landed on his shoulder and stung him. Before he knew what he was doing, the elephant lifted his trunk and swatted the mosquito.

“Advantage number one!” cried the python, who had been watching the elephant. “You couldn't have done that with your small, bulgy nose! Now try to eat something.” ➡





Without thinking, the elephant used his trunk to pluck a bundle of fresh green grass and pop it in his mouth.

“Advantage number two!” cried the python. “You couldn’t have done that with your small, bulgy nose! Now, don’t you think it’s too hot here?”

“It is,” agreed the elephant, and he schlooped up some mud with his trunk and slapped it on his head to make a cooling mud cap.

“Advantage number three!” cried the python. “You couldn’t have done that with your small, bulgy nose! So, what will you do if you meet a crocodile?”

“I’ll spank them with my new trunk!” said the elephant. “Thank you for your help. I think it’s time I went home.”

So the elephant plodded all the way across Africa, waving his new trunk at every animal he met.

When he was hungry, he used his trunk to pull fruit from the trees. When flies landed on him, he used his trunk to swat them away. When he felt hot, he used his trunk to make a cooling mud cap. And when he felt lonely, he used his trunk to sing to himself.

At last, he reached his family and they cried, “Little elephant, what’s happened to your nose?”

“I got it from a crocodile on the banks of the Limpopo River,” he said proudly, and he showed them the amazing things he could do with it.

The elephant herd was so impressed that, one by one, they set off for the great, green Limpopo River so they could get new noses too. And that is how the elephant got its trunk – all thanks to the elephant child’s courage and insatiable curiosity! ★









# Cat Trouble

**O**ne day, tired of being terrorised by the fat cat who had just moved into their house, the mice decided to call a meeting.

An old mouse called for the other mice to be quiet. “Life was peaceful before this new family moved in,” he said. “We could run around as we pleased, but now we can barely scurry across the kitchen to grab a crumb before the cat pounces on us or swipes at us with its sharp claws.”

The other mice squeaked loudly in agreement and several shed tears as they remembered the friends and family members they had lost to the cruel cat.

“This cat is our sworn enemy. We cannot carry on living in constant fear, hiding in our mouse holes day and night. Together we must be able to think up a way to get the better of this brute!”





Spurred on by the rousing speech, the mice started to chatter among themselves, scheming and plotting and trying to hatch clever plans.

Several mice nervously put forward ideas for getting rid of the cat, but they weren't very good. One mouse piped up, "Perhaps we should just move house?" But nobody wanted to do that. They loved their home.

Finally, when every idea seemed to have been exhausted, a bold young mouse stepped forward and said, "Your ideas are no good at all. Instead of trying to get rid of the cat, we need to come up with a plan to avoid it."

The other mice pricked up their ears, so she carried on. "I propose that we find a way to warn us when the sly old cat is coming. Let's use this small bell I found. We can attach it to the cat's collar and, when we hear it jingling, we know the cat is close by. We can scurry away before it has a chance to do us any harm."

The mice thought using the bell was an excellent idea and gave the young mouse a huge round of applause. She grinned as they shook her paw and patted her on the back. "So clever," they cried, as she took a bow. "Why didn't we think of that? Genius!" →





The old mouse stood up and called for order. “Very well,” he said, peering round the room. “So we are all sure that this is the best plan. Does everyone agree?”

The mice nodded eagerly and cheered.

“Excellent. So who is going to volunteer to attach the bell to the cat’s collar?”

Suddenly the room fell silent. Everyone pointed at the bold young mouse who had presented the idea in the first place.

“Me!” said the mouse, looking horrified. “Going right up to that cat? No chance!” She knew that to volunteer for such a dangerous job was madness.

“You see,” said the old mouse, “it’s easy to come up with bold ideas, but not so easy to carry them out, is it?”

He ended the meeting and the mice scampered to their homes, hoping they didn’t bump into the troublesome cat along the way. ★

## THINK ABOUT IT!

Can you think up a plan to help the mice avoid the cat? Is it an idea they can carry out easily? Can you explain how to do it in simple steps?





# Stan and the Dragon

**O**nce upon a time, a farmer called Stan Bolovan lived with his wife, Alina. She cried all day long, but wouldn't tell her husband why she was weeping.

One day, Stan said, "Dear wife, I can't stand it any longer. We have the best cow in the village, a hive full of bees, and an orchard full of trees. Why are you crying?"

"We have all that, but we don't have children!" sobbed Alina.

Now Stan felt sad too. The next morning, he set off to see the sorcerer who lived on the hill, and he begged, "Please, wise sorcerer, give my wife and me some children!"

"Are you sure you can feed and clothe them?" asked the sorcerer.

"Yes," said Stan, "and love and care for them too!"

The sorcerer nodded and Stan journeyed home with hope in his heart. ➡





As he neared his farm, Stan was surprised to hear a great deal of noise. He soon saw that there were children everywhere – in his garden, in the barnyard and in his house.

Stan realised that these were the children he had wished for. “There are so many of them!” he cried.

But his wife just smiled and said, “I counted one hundred in all!”



In the coming weeks, Stan and Alina were happy, but it was hard to feed so many hungry mouths. The cow ran out of milk, the hive was empty of honey and the fruit trees were bare, but the children still cried, “I’m hungry!”

“It’s no good, dear wife. I have to find us some food or money.”

So Stan said farewell to his family. He walked across the valley and over the mountain. When it grew dark, in a field full of sheep, he curled up under a tree to sleep. But at midnight, he was woken by an odd noise. A big dragon swooped down and flew away with twenty of the plumpest sheep.

The next morning, Stan reported what had happened to the shepherd, who was very cross. Thinking of his family, Stan said, “What will you give me if I can get rid of the dragon for you?”

“A third of my herd,” answered the shepherd, and they made a deal.





That night, when the dragon swooped down again, Stan leapt out and cried, “Stop where you are, dragon! I am Stan Bolovan and I can crush rocks with my bare hands. If you take any more sheep, I’ll crush you too!”

The dragon cowered and said nervously, “Do we have to fight?”

“Fight!” said Stan, laughing. “Why bother? I’ll slay you with one breath.”

The dragon began to tremble.

“Now,” said Stan, “how will you repay me for the stolen sheep?”

“Work for my mother for three days,” said the dragon, “and she will pay you seven sacks of gold every day.”

This was a much better offer than a third of a sheep herd, so Stan followed the dragon to his lair.



The dragon’s mother was waiting for them when they arrived. She was as old as time itself and her eyes shone like lamps. When she saw Stan, angry flames shot out of her nostrils.

Stan tried not to show his fear as the dragon told his mother about their deal. Luckily, she liked the idea of having a servant, so she agreed.

The next day, the dragon’s mother said to Stan and her son, “Let’s see how strong you both are. How far can you throw this club?” She passed a heavy iron club to her son. ➡





The dragon lifted it like a feather, whirled it round his head and flung it.



## HIDDEN TREASURES

How many sacks of coins are hiding in this picture? Write your answer in the box.





Can you spot these details too? Tick the boxes when you find them.



Answer: There are 14 sacks of coins.



The club landed three miles away!  
“Beat that,” said the dragon to Stan.

Stan’s heart sank – even he and all his children couldn’t lift such a huge club. He walked with the dragon to fetch the club and, once there, Stan stopped and stood thinking.

“Why have you stopped?” asked the dragon. “It’s your turn to throw.”

“I was thinking it’s a pity that this club will cause you so much trouble.”

“Why?” asked the dragon.

“Because I am so incredibly strong! When I throw it, you will lose and your mother will be angry with you. I say we enjoy one last feast first,” said Stan, so they sat and dined together.

By the time they had finished, the moon had risen.

“Ready to throw?” asked the dragon.

“No, I’m waiting for the moon to move.”

“Why?” asked the dragon.

“The moon is in my way. If I throw the club now, it might land on it or hit it.”

The dragon felt uneasy. He didn’t want to lose his mother’s favourite club. “I tell you what, I’ll throw the club instead of you, but don’t let my mother know,” he said.

Stan protested, but the dragon offered Stan seven extra sacks of gold to leave the club alone. So the dragon threw it and they walked home.





The next day, the dragon's mother handed each of them six enormously heavy jugs. "I'm thirsty. Take it in turns to fill all twelve of these jugs at the brook and bring them back to me."

Stan and the dragon set off for the brook. The dragon easily filled all twelve jugs, but Stan had barely coped with carrying six empty jugs. There was no way he could carry twelve full ones, so he took out his knife and started to dig by the brook.

"What are you doing?" asked the dragon. "It's your turn to fill the jugs."

"I thought I'd just dig up the whole brook and carry it back to your lair," said Stan. "It's easier."

The dragon panicked. "But you'll flood us! I tell you what, if you stop digging, I'll fill and carry the jugs."

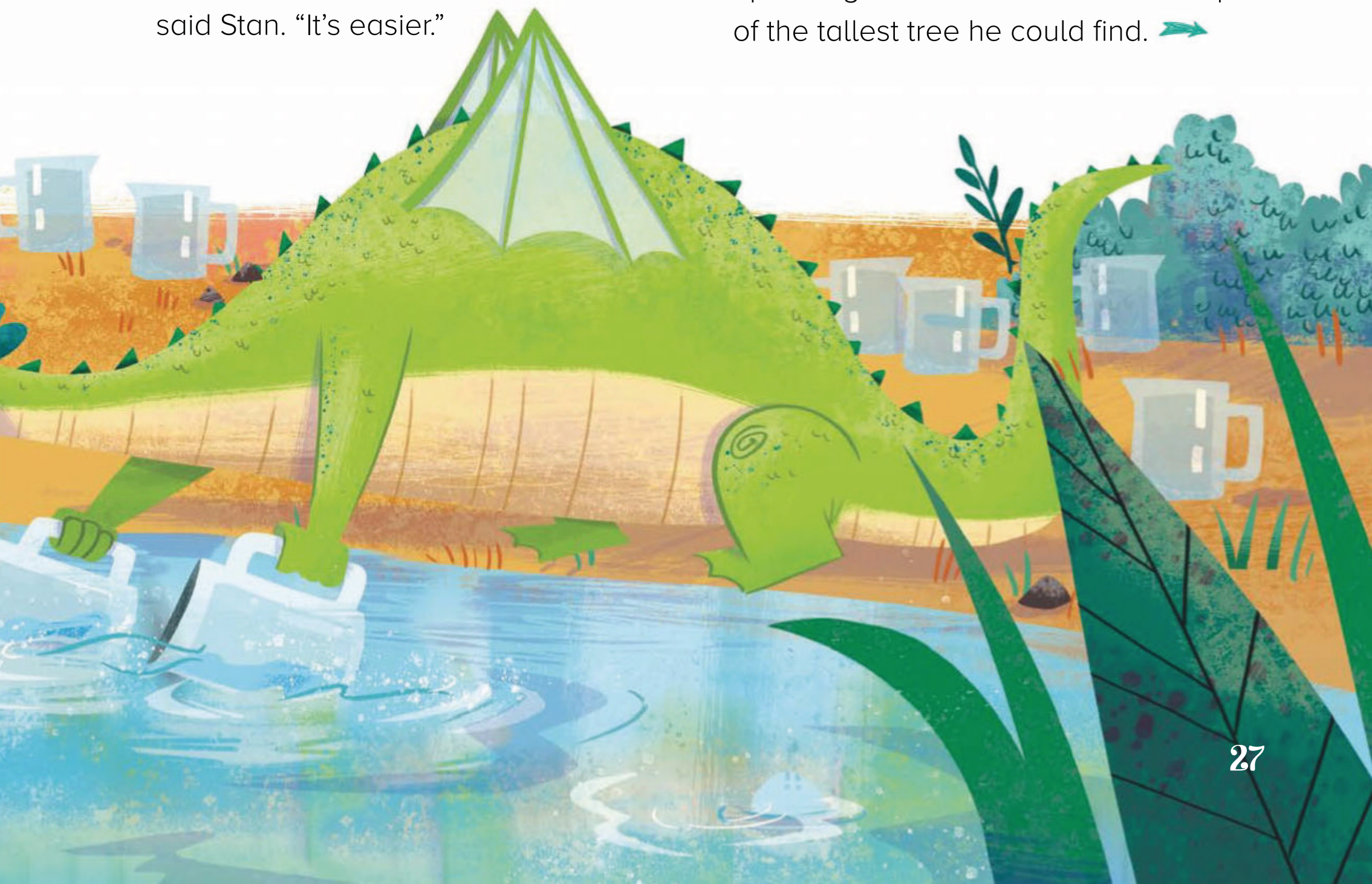
But Stan carried on digging and didn't stop until the dragon bribed him with another seven sacks of gold coins.



On the third day, the dragon's mother said, "Go into the forest and bring me some trees for firewood."

Stan and the dragon set off and, in no time, the dragon had pulled up more trees than Stan could ever manage.

Stan came up with a plan. He picked up a long vine and climbed to the top of the tallest tree he could find. ➡





He tied the vine around it and the surrounding treetops too.

“What are you doing?” asked the dragon. “It’s your turn to pull up trees.”

“Why pull up one tree, when I can pull up the whole forest at the same time?”

“You can’t pull up the whole forest!” cried the dragon. “I tell you what, come down and I’ll pull up the trees and carry them all home for you.”

But Stan carried on tying the trees until the dragon offered him another seven sacks of gold to stop.



That night, lying in bed, Stan heard the dragon and his mother whispering to each other.

“I don’t care how strong he is,” hissed the mother, “he’s not getting my gold. While he’s sleeping, strike him over the head with the iron club.”

Quick as a flash, Stan sneaked out of the lair and dragged a pig’s trough under his bed covers, then he crawled under the bed to hide.

In the middle of the night, the dragon crept in and struck what he thought was Stan’s head with the club. Stan gave a groan from under the bed and the dragon tiptoed out again.

In the morning, the dragon and his mother were shocked to see Stan was alive. He rubbed his head. “I think a gnat bit me. I feel a bit sore,” he said.

The dragons looked at each other in alarm. They were terrified by Stan’s strength and wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible. They piled up





sack after sack of gold beside him, but Stan had a problem – there was no way he could carry them!

“What are you doing?” asked the dragons. “Just take the gold! Go!”

“I was thinking how embarrassed I’ll be when people see me carrying so little,” said Stan. “They’ll think I’m as weak as a dragon! Perhaps I should stay longer and earn more gold.”

“No!” shrieked the dragons. “We’ll give you seven more sacks to leave now and one more to never return.”

“Very well,” said Stan. “I’ll leave now if you agree to carry the sacks for me and leave the shepherd’s field alone.”

The dragons made a promise and the dragon’s son hoisted Stan and all the heavy sacks onto his back. He soared into the sky and flew over the

mountain and across the valley. As they neared Stan’s home, Stan heard his children playing in the distance.

He didn’t want the dragon to see where his home was, so he said, “I must warn you, I have one hundred children, each as strong as I am. I fear they might try to fight you.”

The dragon’s jaw dropped in horror. One hundred children like Stan! He landed, flung the sacks down and took flight again as fast as he could.

That was the last Stan Bolovan ever saw of the dragon. Thanks to Stan’s cunning, his family had full bellies for the rest of their lives. ★





# Squirrel Spy School

**“I’m sure that squirrel is spying on us,”** said Kit. **“You only just threw out those crusts and it’s already eating them.”**

Sure enough, Dash the squirrel was nibbling the bread crusts Kit’s mum had thrown out. It was Dash’s fifth breakfast.

No animal could match his sneaky food spying skills – not even the birds, who spent too much time flapping and squawking. Dash had it down to a fine art. Tummy low, claws gripping tightly, he’d scurry along the branches and blend into the tree bark to keep a look-out. He was Spy Squirrel – always on a mission for the next tasty bite!

“It’s not fair,” peeped the robin one day. “He always gets there first and barely leaves a crumb for anyone else. He even eats the food from our bird feeders.”



The other birds chirped in agreement. “My chicks went hungry the other day because Dash scooped all the seeds!” tweeted a greenfinch.

“Well, birds of a feather should flock together,” said the robin, “and I have a plan.” The birds huddled together to find out more.



The next day, just after the dawn chorus, the birds hid in the old oak tree at the end of Kit’s garden.

“No feather flapping and absolutely no squawking!” warned the robin.

The lights flicked on in Kit’s kitchen and the birds watched him sit down at the breakfast table and yawn.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the garden, Dash was tightrope-walking along the washing line. He leapt onto the apple tree and stood statue-still.

Back in the kitchen, Kit was finishing his second slice of peanut butter on toast – and leaving his crusts, as usual. Dash watched him greedily.

Moments later, Mum threw out Kit’s crusts and the animals sprang to life. Hundreds of birds flew down from one side of the garden, and Dash darted across from the other side. →





As Dash sped towards the crusts, he became aware of a whirlwind of flapping wings and flying feathers. By the time he reached the crusts, they were surrounded by a barrier of birds, who looked angry.

“Don’t come any closer, Spy Squirrel! These crusts are ours,” said the robin.

“But I always have breakfast here,” cried Dash.

“You have breakfast *everywhere!*” said the robin, despairing. “And lunch

and dinner – and you steal it from our feeders. Our chicks are starving!”

“It’s not my fault I’m a super food spy!”

“But it will be your fault when there are no birds left and the humans stop putting out food for us!”

Dash hadn’t thought of that. “So what do you want me to do?” he asked.

“Stop being so greedy!” squawked the birds. “Learn to share!”



**SPY IT!**

Tick off the creatures as you spot them.





Dash realised they had a point. He wasn't even hungry. He'd just got in the habit of grabbing food whenever he could. The problem was, he was too good at it.

"Okay." He nodded guiltily. "I promise I'll share, but why don't I train you to be spies, like me? Then you can reach food before the other neighbourhood squirrels get to it. You might even get there before me!"

The robin liked this idea and the other birds agreed. "Why not?" they chirped, eager to improve their food spy skills.

Dash started Squirrel Spy School that very day, helping undercover animals track down tasty treats. Pretty soon, the birds were expert food spies too.

"I wonder what happened to that squirrel," Kit said one day, as the robin appeared out of nowhere to peck at his leftover crusts. "Hang on, is that robin wearing a mask?" But before Kit could check, the robin had vanished into thin air! ★





# The Magic Lake

Long ago in Ecuador, the ruler of the Incas had sad news. His son was seriously ill and the only cure was to sip water from a legendary magical lake at the end of the earth.

The ruler announced that whoever could bring his son water from the lake would have their dearest wishes granted and a place in the royal family.

On a small, poor farm not far from the royal palace a girl named Sami lived with her parents and two brothers, Anku and Chuki. When her brothers heard the news, they leapt at the chance of adventure and a better life. Sami begged them to let her come too. "I can help you!" she said, but her parents refused to let her go.





So the brothers went in search of the magic lake. They wandered for many months, but couldn't find it. There always seemed to be another steep mountain range ahead.

Aware that it was almost time to return home and help their parents with the harvest, Anku came up with an idea. "Let's just take water from this lake here. Perhaps this is the magic lake?"

The brothers filled their flasks and made their way to the palace. They told everyone the water came from the magic lake, but when the prince sipped it, he was just as ill as before. The king was so angry, he threw the brothers in prison.

Sami and her family were heartbroken when they heard what had happened. But Sami was more determined than ever to go in search of the magic lake.

"No!" cried her parents. "We can't lose you as well as your brothers."

"But if I find the magic lake, I can ask the king to set Anku and Chuki free," argued Sami. At last, she managed to convince her parents.



The next day, Sami set off to find the magic lake with her llama. They walked for many miles until Sami was so exhausted, she snuggled against her llama to go to sleep. ➔







However, Sami was woken in the dead of night by a prowling puma hunting for food. She scared it off but the next morning she sent her llama home, fearing they would be in constant danger if it stayed.

To be safe, the following night, Sami climbed up a tree and slept there. In the morning, she was woken by the squawks of several great green macaws. Sami loved birds so she shared her breakfast with them.

To her surprise, one of the macaws spoke. “What is a young girl like you doing out here in the wilderness?”

Sami told them about her search for the magic lake to save the sick prince and free her brothers.

“You’ve been kind to us, so we’ll help you,” cawed the macaws. “Pluck some magic feathers from our tails and tie them together in a fan. They’ll fly you to the lake in no time and, if you hold them in front of your face, they will protect you from the dangerous beasts that guard the lake.”

Sami plucked several feathers and tied them together in a fan. Thanking the birds with all her heart, she wafted the fan and soared into the air.



Sami flew over the same steep mountain ranges her brothers had seen until she reached the highest mountain of all at the end of the earth. There she found the magic lake, glittering like gold.

She landed gently and pulled the stopper out of her flask. But as she ventured towards the lake to fill it, she heard a loud clicking sound. She swung round to see a giant scorpion scuttling towards her. It had raised its sharp tail and was swinging it from side to side.

Sami was terrified, but she lifted the fan to shield herself. The clicking stopped and, when she lowered the fan, the scorpion was fast asleep.

Her heart still racing, Sami walked towards the lake again just as a great hulking figure emerged. It was a big red crab. It snapped its powerful claws at her menacingly.

With trembling hands, Sami lifted the fan and the snapping stopped. She peeped out and saw that the crab was also fast asleep. ➡





As Sami knelt by the lake to scoop water into her flask, a venomous snake wriggled towards her. It was baring its fangs and hissing wildly.

Sami leapt up and shielded herself with the fan once more. The hissing stopped. When Sami dared to look, she saw that the snake had fallen into a deep sleep too.

She hastily filled the flask with the magic lake's sparkling waters then asked the fan to transport her to the royal palace. On the way, she swooped through the sky and over snowy peaks. It was exhilarating.



When Sami reached the palace, she presented the flask of magic water, but the royal advisers didn't believe her. "How could a young girl like you reach the magic lake when our finest soldiers have failed?" they muttered. But the king was desperate and he welcomed Sami into the prince's chamber.

The prince was weak, but when he took a sip of the water, the colour returned to his cheeks almost immediately. He sat up and gulped down the whole flask.







Next he surprised everyone by leaping out of bed. “I feel amazing. I’m cured!” he cried, spinning around happily.

The king embraced Sami and thanked her. “How can I reward you?”

Of course, Sami asked for her brothers Anku and Chuki to be freed. She also asked for a larger house and a farm with more llamas, so that her family would never be poor again.

The king agreed, but asked, “Wouldn’t you like to live here in the palace as a royal princess?”

“No, thank you,” said Sami. “I would miss my family too much.”

As she left the palace with her brothers, Sami told the magic feathers in her fan to fly home to the macaws. They glided out of her hands and up into the blue sky. Sami smiled as she watched them soar away – and she never forgot her journey to the magic lake. ★

## MAKE IT!

Use colourful craft feathers to make a magic fan like the one in the story. Waft it around and pretend you’re flying to the magic lake. Act out the parts with the beasts too.



# Idun's Golden Apples

**I**n Asgard, home of the Norse gods, there was a beautiful tree that grew only golden apples. The goddess Idun tended the tree and she was the only person allowed to harvest the apples.

That's because the apples had magical powers – anyone who ate them never grew old, and so the gods and goddesses looked forever young and healthy.

One day, Odin and Loki were travelling through the realms when they decided to set up camp and roast an ox over the fire. However, no matter how long they cooked the meat, it stayed raw.

“It must be enchanted,” said Odin. Loki kicked the fire with frustration.

Just then, a huge eagle landed by their camp. “Give me a share and I will cook the meat for you.”

The gods were so hungry, they agreed.







The eagle circled over the fire and flapped its wings to make the flames roar fiercely. The meat sizzled and, within seconds, it was cooked.

“I’ll take my share now!” cried the eagle. It flew down and tore off such great hunks of meat that only a tiny morsel was left for Loki and Odin.

Furious, Loki threw a log at the eagle but, somehow, the log stuck to Loki’s hand. The eagle caught it and Loki was dragged away. Odin watched helplessly as Loki disappeared over the mountains and into Jotunheim – the realm of the giants.

At last the eagle landed on a craggy rock in the middle of nowhere. Icy winds whistled through Loki’s bones.

The eagle left Loki alone there all night with no way to escape.



The next day, the eagle returned and transformed himself into a giant. “Now you see who I truly am. I am Thiassi and if you want your freedom, bring me Idun and her golden apples.”

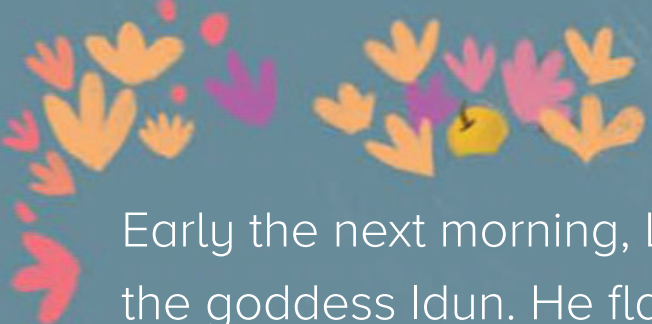
Loki gasped. “I can’t do that!”

“Then you will spend your life here.”

Loki couldn’t stand to spend another moment on that miserable rock. “Okay, I will lure Idun out of Asgard for you.”

“Excellent,” sneered Thiassi, and he changed into an eagle and returned Loki to Asgard. ➡





Early the next morning, Loki visited the goddess Idun. He flattered her, remarking on how well she tended their special tree. “However, your apples aren’t as magnificent as the ones I saw on my recent travels.”

Idun was surprised. “I doubt it, Loki. My golden apples are the best and most powerful in all nine realms.”

“Not so,” said Loki. “I can show you if you don’t believe me. Bring your apples and we’ll compare them.”

Idun was reluctant. She rarely left her garden unattended.

“It isn’t far,” Loki reassured her.

So Idun filled her basket with golden apples and went with the trickster Loki beyond the gates of Asgard.

Meanwhile, Thiassi had been circling overhead as an eagle. He plunged down with his talons outstretched. He clutched the goddess tightly and flew Idun and her golden apples to his mountain stronghold.

Loki sloped back to Asgard worrying about how long he had before the other gods noticed she was missing.



A week passed, and several of the gods spotted grey hairs and wrinkles.



## SPOT IT!

Five golden apples fell out of Idun’s basket. Can you spot them?

**Tick the box when you find them.**





Their bones creaked and ached like never before. Without Idun's magical apples, they were aging quickly, but nobody had seen her for days. The gods searched and couldn't find her.

Odin demanded a special council. Everybody turned up except for Loki. Of course, they all knew what that meant – Loki was to blame.

“Thor, bring Loki to me immediately,” bellowed Odin, infuriated that Loki was, yet again, causing trouble.

Loki looked sheepish when he came before the council. “Thiassi the giant forced me to do it!” he whined.

But Odin's wrath was great – he hated feeling old. “I should banish you or ask Thor to hit you with his hammer!”

Loki pleaded for forgiveness. “I promise I'll put everything right. I'll save Idun and I'll bring back her golden apples.”

“You certainly will,” fumed Odin.

Wearing a cape of falcon feathers, Loki transformed into a bird and flew to Jotunheim, where he tracked down Thiassi's stronghold. Deep in a dark cave, he found Idun and her basket.

“I'm sorry, Idun,” said Loki. “I have come to take you back to Asgard.” ➔





Idun was furious with Loki but she was also overjoyed at the thought of her freedom. Loki turned Idun into a nut and, gripping her in one claw and the basket of apples in another, he took off.


When Thiassi spotted a bird flying away with the precious basket, he guessed it must be Loki. He quickly changed into an eagle and pursued him. With his wide wings, Thiassi soon caught up and, as they approached Asgard, he was almost on top of Loki.

Odin conjured a wall of flames around Asgard with a gap just big enough for Loki to fly through.

Just in time, Loki dived through the gap as it closed. Thiassi followed, but his wings were so wide, they burst into flame. He hurtled through the air like a ball of fire and, in seconds, was reduced to a pile of ashes.

Loki transformed Idun into her true form and she handed each god a golden apple.

Everyone was elated to feel young and healthy again, and Loki was forgiven. That night, the whole of Asgard celebrated with a feast. ★

An illustration depicting a scene from Norse mythology. In the foreground, a woman with long brown hair, wearing a purple and white striped dress and a gold headband, holds a silver basket filled with golden apples. She is looking towards a man with dark hair and a white horned helmet, who is wearing a green tunic and a brown feathered cloak. They are standing in front of a large, golden, winged figure, likely the eagle Thiassi, which is partially obscured by flames. The background is a dark purple night sky with stars and a large, glowing orange and yellow flame. The overall style is whimsical and colorful.

Unlike many other gods in myths, the Norse gods weren't immortal (which means to live forever). They couldn't survive without Idun's magical golden apples to keep them young – that's why Idun's job was the most important in Asgard!

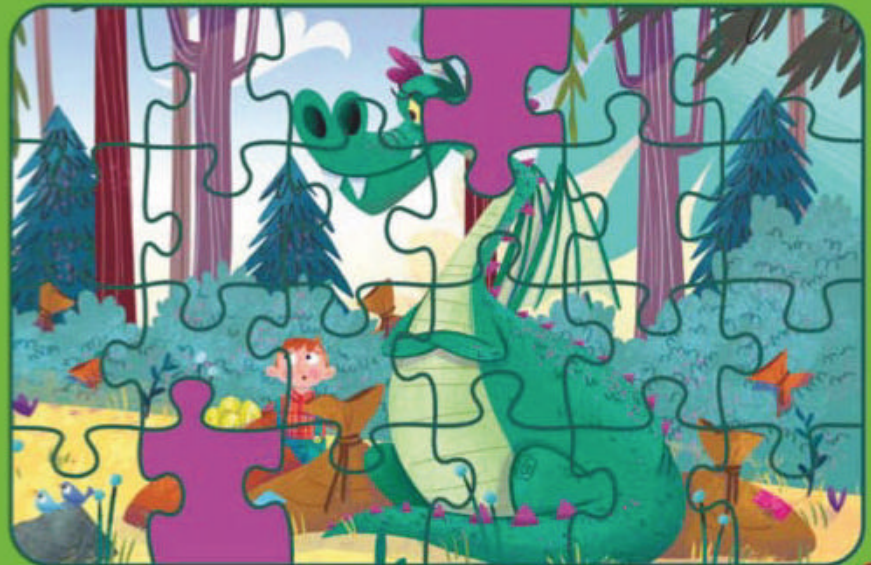


# Storytime playbox

Join our musical week band, help a little elephant grow its trunk, design a spy mask and solve our brain-boggling story puzzles!

## 1 DRAGON DESTROYER

The dragon has smashed this picture with his iron club. **Which two jigsaw puzzle pieces complete it?**



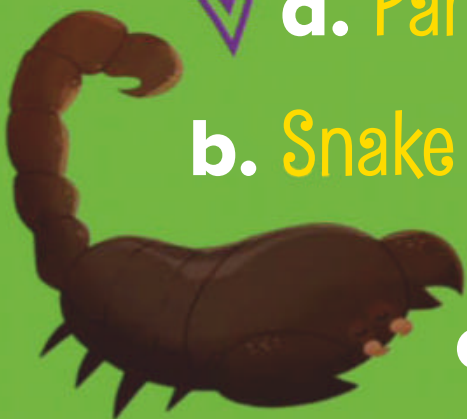
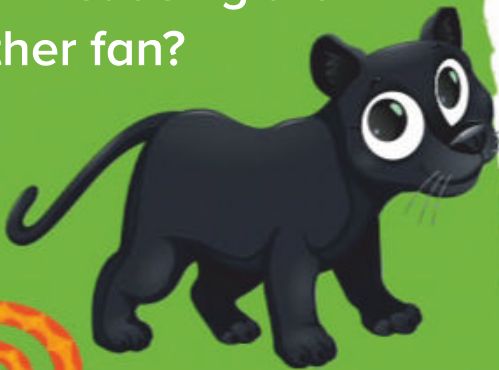
## 2 Quick Quiz

In The Magic Lake, **which creature** does Sami protect herself from first using the feather fan?

a. Panther

b. Snake

c. Scorpion



## 3 SPOT IT!

A brave mouse tried to put a bell collar on the cat, but dropped it. Can you find it among our puzzles? **Tick the box when you spot it.**





# 4 HOOD ADVICE

Little Red's good advice has got jumbled up. Starting with the letter D, move clockwise around the circle skipping every other letter. Go round a second time starting with the letter R and you'll see what her advice is!




# 5 MAKE A MUSICAL BONGO

Join in with our Musical Week band and make your own bongo!

- Start with a clean tin with no sharp edges, a bucket or a tub.
- Cut a piece of coloured paper to wrap around the side of your bongo. Decorate it, then wrap it around and stick it in place.
- To make the top of your drum, snip off the blowing-up end of a balloon, open out the rest of the balloon and stretch it over the top of your tin.
- For a sturdier bongo, stretch a second balloon over the top.
- Secure them with an elastic band or colourful sticky tape.
- Alternatively, you can top your bongo with an old paper bag, provided the paper is sturdy, or use baking paper, wax paper or any thick paper.
- If using paper, secure it in the same way with an elastic band or colourful tape.
- Now beat out the rhythm on your homemade bongo.

ASK A  
GROWN-UP!



**TIP!**

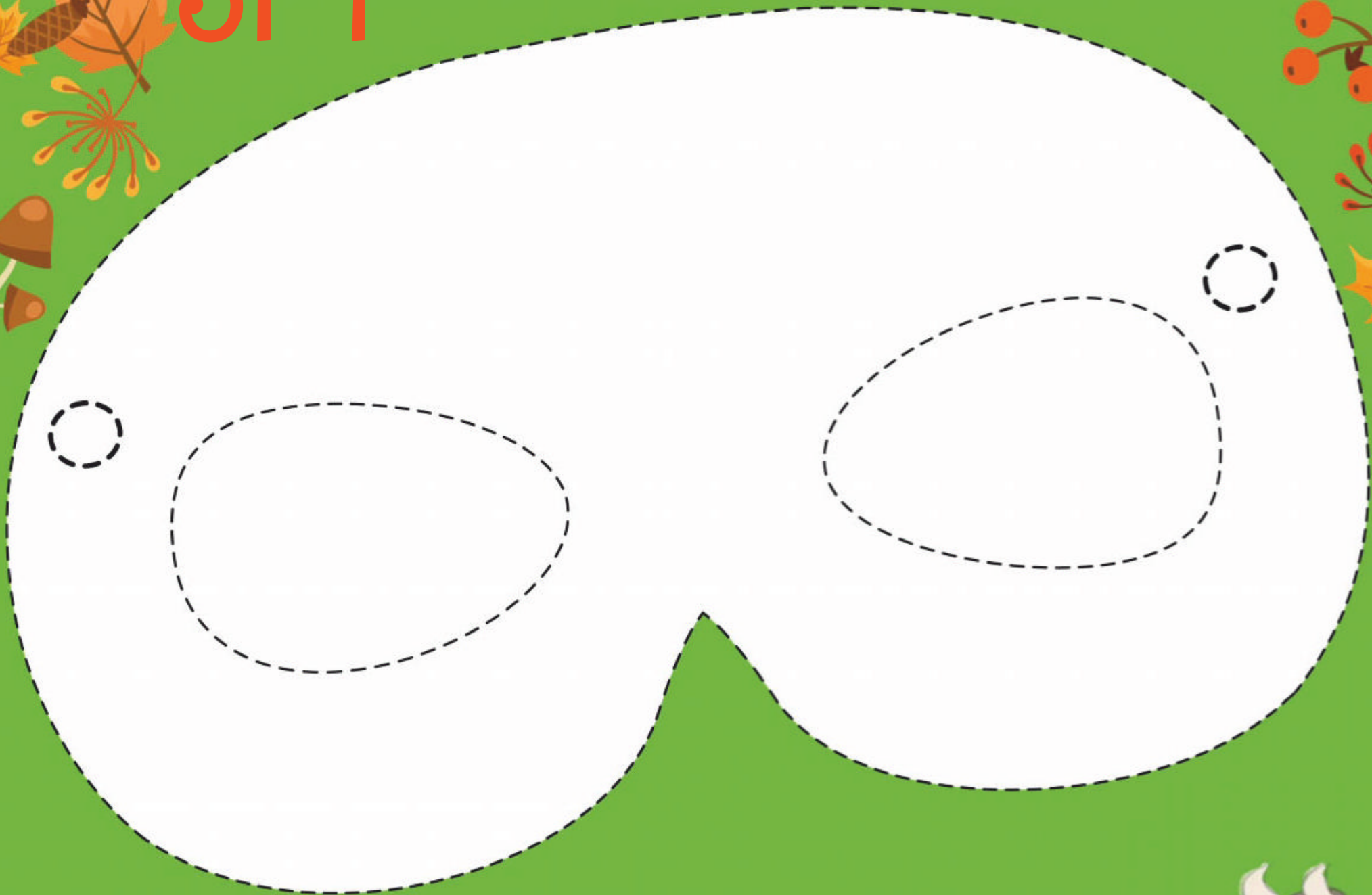
**Make two or more bongos in various sizes. When you tap on them, they will make different sounds. Create your own bongo orchestra!**



6

# SUPER SPY

Your mission is to **decorate this undercover spy mask** so you can blend in with the natural world. Can you make Dash proud?



7

# AGING APPLES

If eating just one of Idun's golden apples makes you look 20 years younger, **how old would these Norse gods look?**

1. ODIN IS **538** YEARS OLD.



3. LOKI IS **301** YEARS OLD.



2. THOR IS **363** YEARS OLD.



4. IDUN IS **112** YEARS OLD.



ANSWERS: 1. Drag on Destroyer - A and D; 2. Quick Quiz - C; 4. Hood Advice - The message is 'Don't stray from the path'; 7. Aging Apples - 1. 518, 2. 343, 3. 281, 4. 92.



# GROW A TRUNK!

Elephant's trunk has shrunk again! Can you help him grow it?  
For each question you get right, his trunk gets a little longer.

**See how long you can make it grow!**

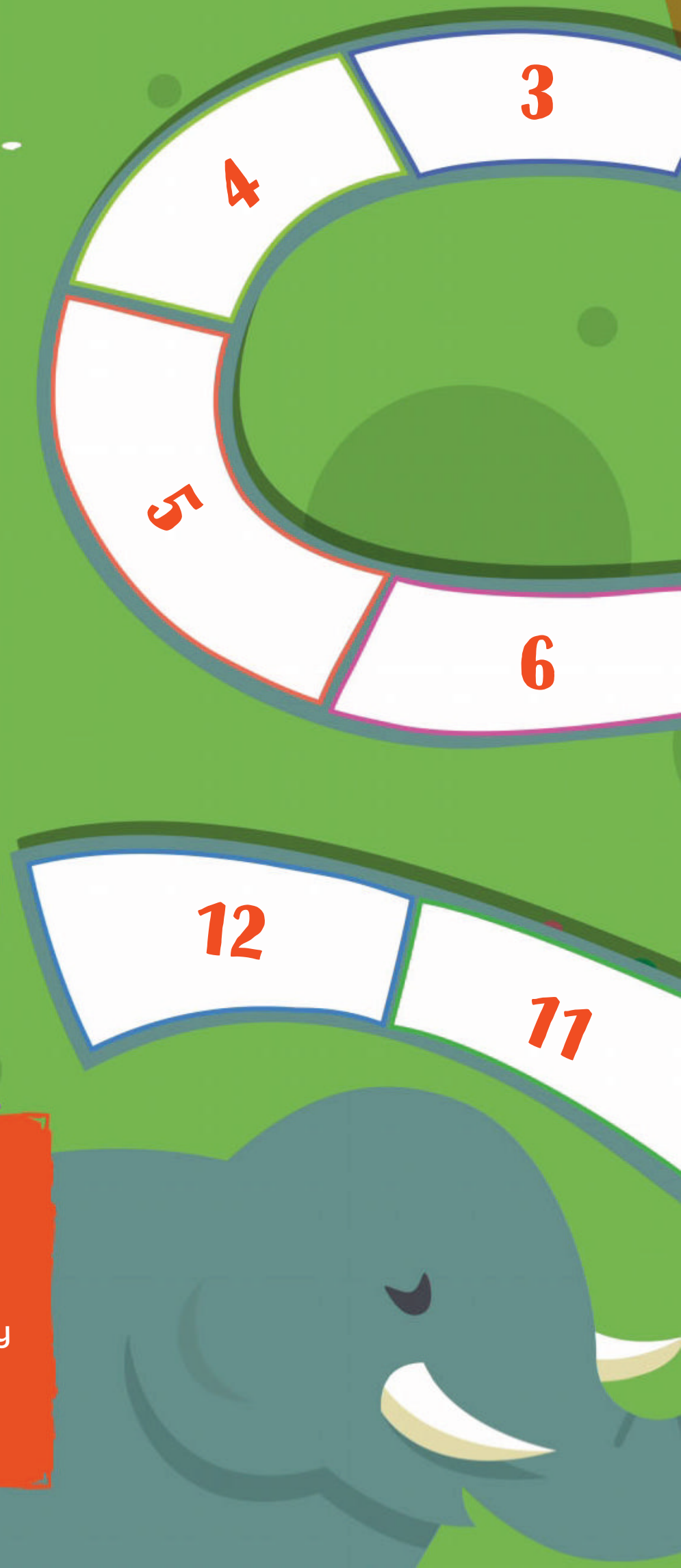
## How to Play

You need two or more players and our **Storytime Elephant Trunk Counters** to play this game. Download them from [storytimemagazine.com/free](http://storytimemagazine.com/free)

- ★ Choose which player will answer first and who will be the Question Master.
- ★ The Question Master asks Player 1 the first question.
- ★ If the player gets the correct answer, he or she takes a Trunk Counter from the pile and puts it on square 1.
- ★ If the player gets it wrong, he or she completes a task in the Forfeit box. The number of the forfeit should be the same number as the question you got wrong.
- ★ Players take it in turns to answer the questions. Look at the story for help!
- ★ Players work together to get as many questions right as they can and to make the elephant's trunk as long as possible.

## IF YOU SCORE:

- 1 to 4** That's one stubby trunk! Try reading our story again.
- 5 to 8** Way to grow! But why not read the story one more time?
- 9 to 12** Trunktastic! You're an elephant expert.





# FORFEITS

1. Miss your next turn.
2. Pretend to be an elephant.
3. Name three bird species.
4. Stand on one leg until your next turn.
5. Find the Limpopo River on a map.
6. Pretend to be a crocodile.
7. Hiss like a python.

8. The last player goes again.
9. Name an animal that lives in Africa and isn't in the story.
10. Sing 'Nelly the Elephant'.
11. Make up a reason why elephants have big ears.
12. Name three of your favourite books that feature animals.

# QUESTIONS

1. What did the elephant have before its trunk?
2. What did the elephant ask the giraffe?
3. What did he ask the kolokolo bird?
4. Where did the bird send the elephant?
5. What did the elephant think the crocodile was at first?
6. How did the crocodile prove he was a crocodile?
7. What did the python tell the elephant to do to save himself?
8. Why did the elephant decide to soak his new trunk in the river?
9. What happened to his trunk after three days in the river?
10. What did the elephant do with his trunk when he felt lonely?
11. According to the end of the story, why did the elephant get its trunk?
12. Which famous author wrote the original version of this story?



# STORY MAGIC

Fancy yourself as an illustrator? Why not have a go at our dragon drawing challenge? Plus fantastic new picture books to inspire you!

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH!

**THE LOST BOOK** by Margarita Surnaite (Andersen Press) features Henry, the only rabbit in Rabbit Town who doesn't like reading. Then he finds a lost book, which leads him on an adventure to the human world. Sadly, everybody's far too busy staring at handheld devices to notice a rabbit with a lost book – everybody except one special little girl.

**IN THE SWAMP BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON** by Frann Preston-Gannon (Templar Books) brings a whole menagerie of animals together in a moonlit chorus that lights up the night. It's a beautifully illustrated tale with a simple message – every voice counts.

**WISH** by Chris Saunders (words & pictures) is an adorable tale about a rabbit who's lucky enough to get three wishes. Unsure what to do with them, he asks his friends for advice, and ends up giving his precious wishes away. Fortunately, Rabbit is rewarded in the best possible way.

## DRAW A DRAGON!

Draw your own version of Stan's dragon! You could win a new book of Storytime stories, and we'll print the winning entry here.

1. Download and print out our **Draw a Dragon Template** from [storytimemagazine.com/free](http://storytimemagazine.com/free)
2. Draw and colour in a dragon!
3. Post it to **Storytime, Studio 2B18, Southbank Technopark, 90 London Road, London, SE1 6LN** by 9 April 2019, or email [editor@storytimemagazine.com](mailto:editor@storytimemagazine.com)
4. Include your name, age, address or an email address so we can contact you if you win!

IF YOU LIKE BUNNY STORIES, THEN YOU'LL LOVE THE NEXT ISSUE!

WIN!

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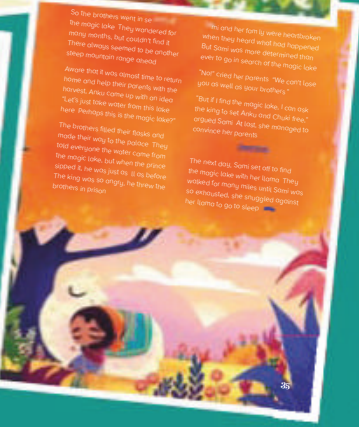
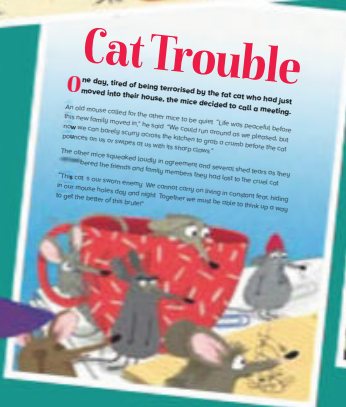
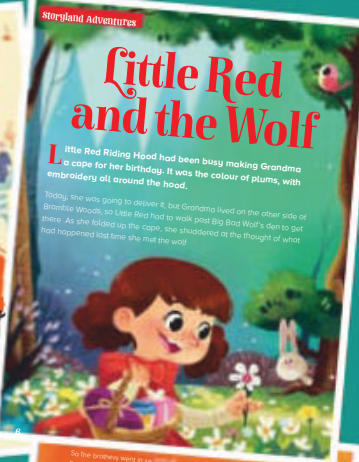






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