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**THE SHARK** Don't be fooled by that smile – he's hungry!

## The Friendly Lion

**Storyland Sports Day, The Monkey Mother,  
Jack Makes the Princess Laugh and PIZZA!**

**“They jigged and jumped all over town.”**

# Pizza-powered stories for reading superheroes!

In this issue, we bring you kindness,  
bravery, cunning, speed, humour,  
intelligence, mischief, heroism  
and rodent sidekicks!

This issue belongs to:

**SPOT IT!**

Twit-twoo, I see  
you! Can you find  
me, though?



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WITH STORIES FROM ANCIENT ROME,  
ARMENIA, IRELAND AND DENMARK!

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# The Friendly Lion

**I**n Ancient Rome there was once a young slave called Androcles who served a cruel master. His master was so unkind to him that Androcles decided to escape.

At that time, masters owned their slaves, so running away was a serious crime – there were even slave-catchers who hunted runaway slaves. The poor slave was so miserable he thought, “I’d rather take my chances in the forest than be bullied and beaten here.”



One morning, when his master had left their villa, Androcles fled to the forest where he hid in dense undergrowth and slept huddled against fallen tree trunks. It felt good to be free, but Androcles soon became hungry. He didn't know which berries and mushrooms were safe to eat and he felt himself growing weak. One cold evening, famished and exhausted, he crawled inside a cave to sleep.

In the middle of the night, a thunderous roar disturbed his dreams. Androcles was startled to find a great hulking lion stalking towards him. He had fallen asleep in a lion's den! He leapt to his feet to look for a weapon, but the lion surprised him by slumping to the ground. It let out an agonised growl and licked its paw.

Androcles spotted a large thorn sticking out of the soft flesh below the lion's claws. The lion whined and looked at Androcles sorrowfully.

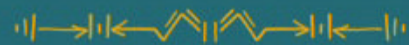
“You're in pain, poor lion. If I help you now, perhaps you will spare my life.” ➔





Androcles carefully ventured towards the lion. As he knelt by the lion's paw, his hands began to tremble. He steadied himself and tugged the thorn hard. The lion groaned, but in one swift move, the thorn came out.

Androcles tore off the end of his tunic and made a bandage around the lion's paw. The lion purred softly, then Androcles and the lion fell asleep side by side.



That was the beginning of an unusual but wonderful friendship. From that day, the loyal lion didn't leave Androcles' side. It even shared its food with Androcles. Meanwhile, Androcles nursed the lion's paw back to full health.

One day, while the lion was hunting, Androcles went to fetch some water.



Suddenly, slave-catchers crashed through the bushes and arrested him. They dragged him to Rome, where his master decreed that Androcles should face the most frightening punishment of all – fighting a wild animal in an arena, just like the gladiators did.

Androcles was imprisoned for several weeks until, one morning, the guards came for him. “I hope you’re feeling brave today, slave,” said one. “I hear the beast you’re about to fight hasn’t eaten for some time. The emperor is looking forward to his entertainment.”

Androcles felt weak at the knees. He knew he was about to face his doom. As he stepped into the huge arena, the crowd roared with excitement, but the noise was nothing compared to the deafening roars of the beast he was about to face.

The guards opened a cage on the far side of the arena and a majestic lion leapt out, snarling with rage. It raced towards Androcles, who readied his sword but as the lion got closer, he realised this was no enemy at all. “It’s you, my old friend!” he cried.



The lion stopped in its tracks, then it nuzzled Androcles playfully and licked him. Androcles threw his arms around the lion's mane. "I'm so glad to see you again," he said joyfully.

The crowd sat in stunned silence – they had never seen a man tame a lion before. "Free the slave!" cried someone, and the emperor was so intrigued, he asked Androcles to come forward and speak.

"Why didn't this lion attack you?" asked the puzzled emperor.

"Because we know each other," said Androcles, and he explained how he had helped the lion when it had been injured.

The emperor was so impressed, he decided to pardon Androcles for running away from his master and he set him free, along with the lion.

Afterwards, Androcles and the friendly lion were often seen walking through the streets of Rome – and wherever they went, they were showered with money, food and gifts. ★

Watching gladiators fight wild animals (or each other) was popular entertainment in Ancient Rome. Some gladiators volunteered, but most were slaves. Gladiators lived and trained in special schools and were always preparing for the next fight. The most successful gladiator who ever lived fought 150 times, but nobody knows his name.

# The Fox's Tail



**P**erhaps this story is true, perhaps it isn't. Once in Armenia, an old woman had just filled up a jug with fresh goat's milk when a fox came along and drank the whole lot.

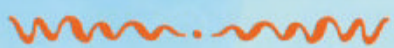
"I turned my back for one second and look what you did, you greedy fox!" cried the old woman. She grabbed the fox's bushy tail and gave it a sharp yank – and it came right off in her hand!

The fox spun round looking for her tail and, when she realised it was gone, she whimpered, "Grandma, please give me back my tail. The other foxes will make fun of me!" ➔



“I’ll give it back,” said the old woman,  
“when you give me back my milk.”

So the fox stalked away, feeling odd  
without her tail swishing behind her.



Soon she came to a wild goat and  
asked politely, “Goat, dear goat,  
please give me some milk. If you do,  
I can give it to the old woman and  
she will give me back my tail – and  
my friends won’t make fun of me.”

“Sure,” said the goat. “Get me some  
grass and I’ll give you some milk.”

So the fox stalked away and came  
to a lush meadow, where she asked,  
“Meadow, sweet meadow, please give  
me some grass. If you do, I can

give it to the goat. Then the goat  
will give me some milk for the  
old woman and she will give  
me back my tail – and my  
friends won’t make fun of me.”

“Okay,” said the meadow.  
“Get me some water and I’ll  
give you some grass.”

So the fox stalked away and,  
after a while, she met a girl carrying  
a pail of water. “Girl, kind girl, please  
give me that pail of water. If you do,  
I can give it to the meadow. Then the  
meadow will give me some grass for  
the goat, the goat will give me some  
milk for the old woman and she will  
give me back my tail – and my  
friends won’t make fun of me.”



“Very well,” said the girl. “Get me some new shoes and I’ll give you my pail of water.”

So the fox stalked away and, in the nearest town, found a shoemaker. “Shoemaker, clever shoemaker, please give me some shoes. If you do, I can give them to the girl. Then the girl will give me her pail of water for the meadow, the meadow will give me some grass for the goat, the goat will give me some milk for the old woman and she will give me back my tail – and my friends won’t make fun of me.”

“Gladly,” said the shoemaker. “Get me some fresh eggs and I’ll give you a pair of shoes.” →

## COUNT IT!

How many little mice can you find in the picture? Write it in this box.

Answer: There are 4 mice.



So the fox stalked away and, on a farm, she found a red hen. “Hen, lovely hen, please give me some fresh eggs. If you do, I can give them to the shoemaker. Then the shoemaker will give me some shoes for the girl, the girl will give me her pail of water for the meadow, the meadow will give me some grass for the goat, the goat will give me some milk for the old woman and she will give me back my tail – and my friends won’t make fun of me.”

“Of course,” said the hen. “Get me some grain and I’ll give you some fresh eggs.”

So the fox stalked away into the barn, where she met the farmer. “Farmer, wise farmer, please give me some grain. If you do, I can give it to the hen. Then the hen will give me some fresh eggs for the shoemaker, the shoemaker will give me some shoes for the girl, the girl will give me her pail of water for the meadow, the meadow will give me some grass for the goat, the goat will give me some milk for the old woman and she will give me back my tail – and my friends won’t make fun of me.”

The farmer looked at the tired, tailless fox and felt sorry for her. “Very well, here you go,” he said, handing her a small sack of grain.



The fox was so happy, she dashed to the hen and gave her the grain. In return, the hen laid her some fresh eggs. She gave the eggs to the shoemaker in exchange for new shoes. She delivered the shoes to the girl, who gave her a pail of water. She poured water on the meadow, which gave her some grass. She carried the grass to the goat, who gave her a pail of milk. Finally, she took the milk to the old woman, who returned her swishy tail.

Then the fox ran back to her den, where none of her friends made fun of her! ★

## Write It

Have a go at writing an extra paragraph for this story. Who else could the fox ask for help and what will they want in return? What would a horse or a duck ask for?





# Storyland Sports Day

**I**t was Storyland's first ever sports day, and everyone was at Far, Far Away Fields ready to take part. They were all excited, except for Prince Frederick, who hated sport.

"I've always been terrible at it," he confessed to Princess Elinor. "Apart from footie, I hated sport at school. I've got two left feet."

"If I could kiss you and turn you into an athlete I would, but I already changed you from a frog into a human. It's just for fun!" said Princess Elinor.

Prince Frederick sighed. He didn't think the words 'sport' and 'fun' belonged together.

Just then, Daddy Bear's booming voice cried, "All competitors for the beanbag race to the start line, please!"



“I’ll give this one a miss,” said Prince Frederick, sighing.

A group of runners gathered at the start line, all balancing beanbags on their heads. There were the Hare and the Tortoise, Wee Willie Winkie, the White Rabbit – who kept checking his watch anxiously – and Cinderella.

“Surely Cinderella isn’t racing in glass slippers and a tiara!” gasped Prince Frederick. Princess Elinor nodded and gave a knowing smile.

“On your marks, get set, go!” shouted Daddy Bear, and the runners sprinted away at full pelt.

The Hare and the White Rabbit kept dropping their beanbags with every bounce and had to pick them up, but Cinderella charged ahead. Moments later, she crossed the finish line in first place. Everyone clapped.

“Running away from the ball in high heels is excellent training for a race like this,” explained Princess Elinor.

Next it was the obstacle course.

“Not for me,” said Prince Frederick, while Gingerbread Man, Tom Thumb, Goldilocks, a dancing princess and Old Mother Hubbard’s dog prepared for the race. ➔



“On your marks, get set, go!” boomed Daddy Bear, and off they went.

They had to hop through hula hoops, skip with ropes, jump over hurdles, crawl under benches and dribble footballs. The dancing princess pirouetted gracefully, but nobody could catch Gingerbread Man.

“Being chased by hungry animals is a good warm-up for an obstacle course,” observed Princess Elinor as she and Prince Frederick applauded him.



Prince Frederick ducked out of the next few races too. It was close, but Jack and Jill beat Pinocchio in the ‘fill the water bucket’ challenge. Henny Penny flew into the lead in the egg and spoon race, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee won the three-legged race by a long way.



“Everybody’s so good,” said Prince Frederick, feeling hopeless.

“It’s because they’ve practised,” said Princess Elinor. “Let me show you.”

In the throwing competition, Princess Elinor wowed the crowd by lobbing a ball the furthest. After she’d got her medal, she said, “All those years of throwing my golden ball prepared me for it. Do you see? I’ve put your name down for the sack race, by the way.”

“What?” said Frederick. “I can’t! I’ll be useless at it.”

“I think you might surprise yourself. Come on, it starts soon.”

Prince Frederick lined up next to a dwarf, Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots and Prince Randolph – who everyone knew was the strongest, sportiest prince in Storyland.





Prince Frederick's heart sank, but before he could back out, Daddy Bear boomed, "On your marks, get set, go!"

The prince quickly pulled up his sack and gripped tightly, but everyone was already way ahead. Frederick leapt forward and was astonished by how far he moved. Something strange was happening – something amazing. His legs were extra springy!

**Boing!** He overtook Puss in Boots.

**Boing!** He bounded past the dwarf.

**Boing!** He passed Sleeping Beauty, who was taking a nap in her sack.

**Boing!** He was now neck and neck with Prince Randolph.

Frederick took one last almighty leap and **BOING!** He crossed the finish line in first place! The crowd went wild.

Princess Elinor rushed over and gave him his gold medal. "I knew all those years of being a frog would help," she said proudly.

Prince Frederick beamed. It turned out that sport could be fun after all. ★



*Next time: Tom Thumb takes a teeny tiny holiday!*

Poems and Rhymes

# The Shark

By Lord Alfred Douglas



A treacherous monster is the shark  
He never makes the least remark.  
And when he sees you on the sand,  
He doesn't seem to want to land.

He watches you take off your clothes,  
And not the least excitement shows.  
His eyes do not grow bright or roll,  
He has astonishing self-control.



He waits till you are quite undressed,  
And seems to take no interest.  
And when towards the sea you leap,  
He looks as if he were asleep.

But when you once get in his range,  
His whole demeanour seems to change.  
He throws his body right about,  
And his true character comes out.

It's no use crying or appealing,  
He seems to lose all decent feeling.  
After this warning you will wish  
To keep clear of this treacherous fish.



His back is black, his stomach white,  
He has a very dangerous **BITE!**



# Jack Makes the Princess Laugh

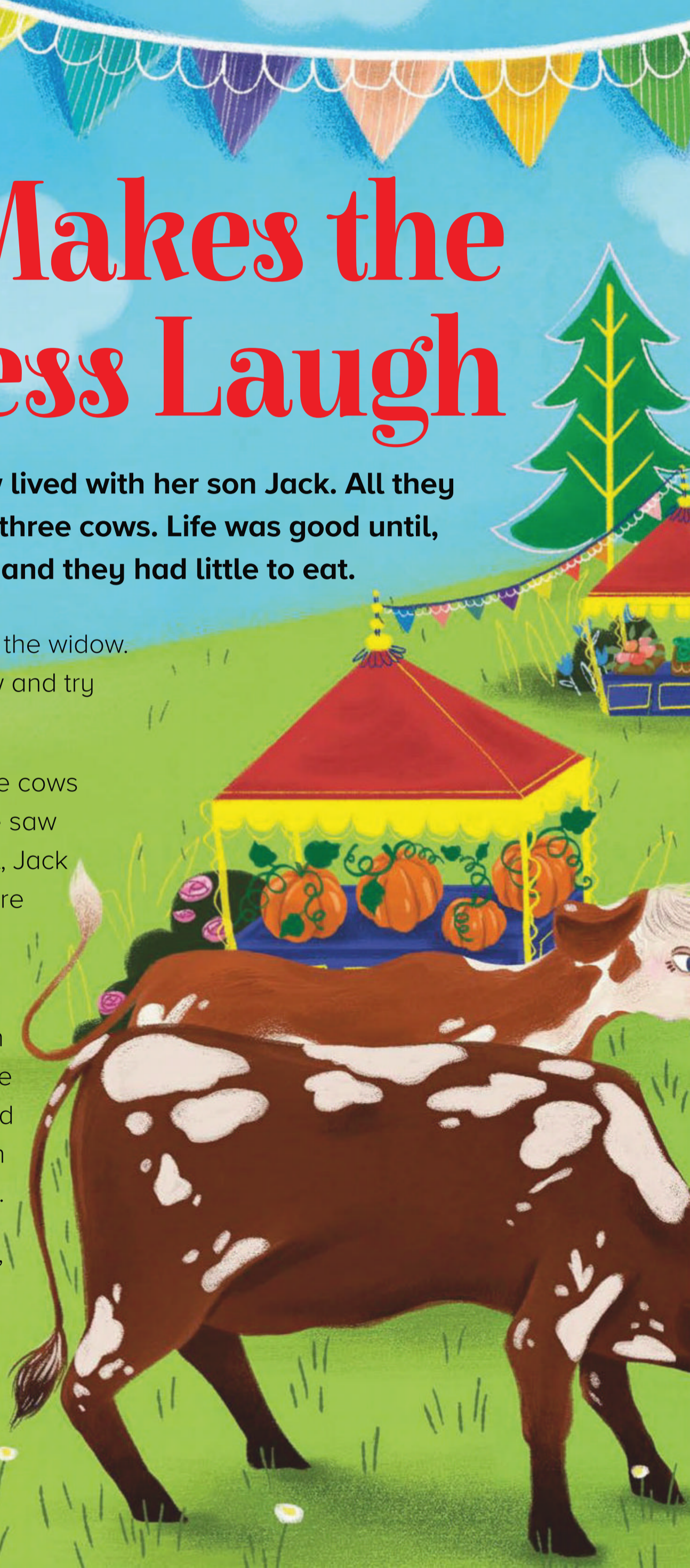
**O**nce upon a time, a widow lived with her son Jack. All they owned in the world were three cows. Life was good until, one summer, their crops died and they had little to eat.

“Jack, we must sell our cows,” said the widow.  
“Take them to the market tomorrow and try to get good money for them.”

So the next day Jack took the three cows to the market. When he arrived, he saw a huge crowd. Being a curious soul, Jack squeezed his way to the front where he saw a wee man holding a bee, a harp, a mouse and a beetle.

The man placed the menagerie on the ground and whistled. All at once the bee began to play the harp, and the mouse and the beetle stood on their hind legs and danced a waltz.

As soon as they began, every man, woman and animal at the market started dancing too. They jigged and jumped all over town, and so did Jack and his three cows!



After a while, the man picked up the bee, harp, mouse and beetle and put them in his pocket – and the whole town came to a halt. Everyone burst into laughter. Then the wee man turned to Jack and said, “How would you like to own these wonders, Jack?”

“I’d like them very much, but I have no money,” said Jack.

“I’ll take your cows in return for them,” said the man.

“I can’t. My mother is sad because we’re poor and hungry. If I sell the cows and take home some money today, it will lift her heart.”

“But when she sees the bee playing the harp and the mouse and the beetle waltzing, she’ll laugh like she’s never laughed before,” said the man.

“That’s true!” said Jack. So he swapped his cows for the bee, harp, mouse and beetle and took them home. ➔





“I see you have sold the cows,” said his mother, looking pleased. “How much did you get for them?”

“I sold them for something better than money,” said Jack. “Wait until you see.”

Jack took the bee and the harp out of his pocket and set them on the ground. Then he took out the mouse and beetle and he whistled. As before, the bee began to play the harp and the mouse and beetle started to waltz.

Instantly, Jack and his mother leapt up and started to dance too. The pots and pans joined in, and so did the table and chairs. Soon, the whole house was jigging and jumping.

At last, Jack picked up the harp and the animals and put them away. Everything became still, but he and his mother laughed for a long time.

However, when his mother stopped chuckling, she became angry. “What good is dancing when we have no food, you foolish lad? What will we eat for supper?” She sat down in a heap and began to cry.

Realising what a fool he had been, Jack ran outside and wept.

Just then, a wee woman passed by and said, “Why is a handsome lad like you crying when you should be trying to impress the king’s daughter?”



“What do you mean?” asked Jack.

“Haven’t you heard? The king will give half his kingdom to the person who can make his daughter laugh three times. She hasn’t laughed for seven years.”

“Then that’s what I’ll do!” cried Jack, and he set off immediately.



When Jack arrived, he was shown into the castle, where the king, queen and princess were waiting on gold and silver thrones. Jack took out the bee, the mouse and the beetle and he tied a string between them all.

Next, he held one end of the string and paraded before the king. It was a strange sight and when the royal family saw Jack followed by his unusual procession, they chuckled. Even the princess sniggered.

Jack bowed and said, “That’s one laugh I’ve won from you, princess.”

Next, he untied the string and put the mouse and beetle back in his pocket. He whistled to the bee and, instantly, it began to play the harp. Everybody in the room started to wriggle in their thrones and they soon began to dance merrily. ➔



Jack, the guards, the king, the queen, the princess



**SPOT IT!** Can you spot these items in the scene:



and even the thrones were jigging and jumping!



How many candles can you count in this busy scene?



Answer: There are 9 candles.

The princess squealed with delight and laughed even louder than before – especially when she spotted the candlesticks dancing too.

In the middle of the fun, Jack bowed and said, “Thank you. That’s two laughs I’ve won from you, princess.”

While everyone was still dancing, Jack pulled out the mouse and the beetle and he whistled again. Now they began to waltz too, leading everyone around the room. They

were swirling and twirling and even the castle walls jiggled and jumped to the music. Before everyone got dizzy, Jack picked up the animals and put them back in his pocket.

Everybody fell to the floor and roared with laughter. The princess was the loudest of all. She had the loveliest, happiest laugh Jack had ever heard!

Jack bowed and said, “Thank you. That’s three laughs I’ve won from you now, princess.”



Overjoyed, the king whisked Jack off to his chambers, where Jack was cleaned and tidied and dressed in smart new clothes. When he appeared before the princess again, he looked so fine, she asked him to marry her.

“It would be an honour,” said Jack, and he sent for his mother to join them.

Their wedding celebrations lasted for nine days and nights, and each day was better than the last. Of course, that was all thanks to the bee, the harp, the mouse and the beetle, who made sure everyone in the castle was jigging and jumping! ★

## MOVE IT!

Can you waltz and whirl and jig and jump like Jack in the story? Try a different dance move every time the characters in this story dance.



# The Monkey Mother

**L**ong ago Zeus, the king of the Greek gods, decided to hold a contest to see who had the most beautiful baby in the world. He sent his son Hermes to spread the news far and wide.

Hermes took flight in his winged sandals and travelled the world. He announced to every human and animal he met, "Come to Mount Olympus! Zeus is offering a prize to the parent with the most beautiful child!"

The next day, proud parents began to gather outside Zeus's palace on Mount Olympus. Soon, the queue snaked all the way around the mountain.



Humans brought along their beautiful bouncing babies. Among the animals, there were big cats, foxes and bears with adorable cubs. Birds snuggled up with fluffy chicks, dogs had playful puppies, cats came with cute kittens and deer brought along doe-eyed fawns. There were little lambs, downy ducklings and frolicking foals – every baby animal you could imagine!

When the goddess Hera heard the commotion, she cried, “Zeus! Dear husband, what have you been up to?”

But Zeus had already opened the doors. Parents and children streamed into the great hall. They were excited.

When he spotted his wife looking stunned, Zeus called, “Hera, help me judge this competition! I’m giving a prize to the most beautiful baby in the world. Gather the other gods too.”

So Zeus, Hera and the other gods of Olympus stood before the crowded hall as, one by one, parents brought forward their babies to be judged. The gods were dewy-eyed and each baby seemed more angelic than the last.

“How can we possibly choose? They’re all so beautiful!” cried Hera, while Zeus stroked a particularly charming bull calf. ➔





Just then, eyes shining with pride, a monkey mother came to the front to present her baby. It had big eyes, a tiny nose, and tufts of hair sticking out in every direction. When the gods saw it they burst into laughter.

Offended, the monkey mother hugged her child tightly to her chest and said, "I don't need your judgement or your prize. In my eyes, my child is the most beautiful in the world – and I'm sure every parent here agrees."

The monkey mother's speech was met with shouts, roars, neighs, barks, chirps and howls of approval.


A wombat cuddled her naked wrinkly baby and cried, "She's right!" And the mother of a scruffy baby robin, tweeted, "Let's get out of here!"

One by one, the humans and animals left. Zeus was forced to call off his contest and admit that every child is the most beautiful in its parents' eyes. ★

## DRAW IT!

Which baby animal do you think is the most beautiful? Draw it on our Beautiful Baby Drawing Sheet. Download it from [storytimemagazine.com/free](http://storytimemagazine.com/free)

# The Troll Hat



**A**fter a long day at work,  
a young milkmaid was resting  
on a hill on the way home and wishing  
she could go to the village feast that night.

The feast happened once a year and all the finest country folk were invited. They wore fancy frocks and hats and dined on delicious food all night. Her mouth watered just thinking about it.

She was daydreaming about dancing and eating when she heard a strange noise coming from inside the hill then someone called out, "Where is my hat? Where is my hat?" There was a great commotion and the voice cried out again, "I ask you, where is my hat?" ➔

Without thinking about it, the girl leapt to her feet and shouted, “What about my hat? Is there one for me?”

“You can have Father’s old hat,” said a voice, and suddenly a strange purple hat popped out of the hill.

The girl inspected the hat and put it on. She could see a procession of hill trolls – all wearing hats too – hurrying towards the village hall.

“Oh, it must be a magic hat,” she said. “It lets me see trolls, but what good is that? Seeing trolls won’t fill my empty tummy.” She set off for home, looking forward to her dinner.

However, on the way there, everyone she passed either stepped on her

feet or walked straight into her. And when she said “Good evening” or “Excuse me”, they jumped in surprise and didn’t answer.

The milkmaid soon realised that the hat didn’t just let her see trolls – it made her invisible too! “Now I can go to the feast and be among the fine people,” she said. She headed for the village hall with a spring in her step.

*see see*

It was a wonderful sight. The hall was decorated with streamers, bunting and flower garlands – and gold stars were hanging from the ceiling.



The ladies wore beautiful dresses and roses in their hair, while the gentlemen wore smart suits and tall hats. The milkmaid walked happily among them, admiring their clothes and listening to their conversations. Nobody had any idea she was there.

When they all sat down to eat, the milkmaid laughed when she saw the trolls squeeze between them and sit on the tables, helping themselves to food and drink.

The guests were so busy chatting, they didn't notice their meals quickly disappearing from their plates!

"Well, why not?" thought the milkmaid. "I haven't eaten for hours and I am sure Mother would be happy to try some of these delicacies too."

So the milkmaid sat at the end of a table and made a fine meal of the dishes before her. When she had no room for more, she filled her pockets with cakes and piled up as many plates as she could in her arms, then she carried home to her mother.

"What luck!" cried her mother, after the milkmaid removed the hat and explained where she had been. ➔



Tucking into her treats, her mother said, “Perhaps you could use the troll hat to get us more food for the week ahead.”



So the milkmaid returned to the feast and filled up her pockets again. She grabbed all the bowls and plates she could. She even stuffed some food under her hat! Between her and the trolls, the platters were soon empty and the guests were starting to wonder where all their delicious food had gone.

Before they could complain, the music began and everyone started to dance – even the trolls! The milkmaid squeezed herself into a corner and delighted in watching the guests spin merrily around the room. She was enjoying herself so much, her feet began to tap and she stepped onto the dance floor to join in. But, just at that moment, someone whirled by and knocked off her hat.



All of a sudden, she was visible to the whole room! When everyone saw her loaded with roasts and bread and cakes and pies, they were stunned.

“So that’s why our food disappeared so quickly!” cried one of the organisers.

“It wasn’t just me, the trolls were eating it too!” cried the milkmaid. “Put my hat on and you’ll see.”

But her hat had got kicked and trampled around the dance floor, and a canny troll had picked it up and run away with it.

“What hat? What trolls?” said the merry-makers, laughing. “You’re making it up!”

Without the hat, the milkmaid couldn’t prove a thing, so she was scolded and forced to return every scrap of food she was carrying.

That night, thanks to her greed, the milkmaid went home with nothing but her memories of a grand feast and a magic troll hat. ★

## IMAGINE IT!

Where would you go and what would you do if you owned a magic troll hat? Can you describe your adventure to someone?

# Pizza Boy

**P**ablo loved pizza. He loved it so much he wouldn't eat anything else. He claimed it gave him superpowers, but his mum and dad didn't believe him.

Pablo's love for pizza drove his parents crazy. "Pablo, please try some rice. It's nice!" they begged. But Pablo folded his arms, shook his head and clamped his lips shut. He would only open them again for pizza. It was the same every day.

"You don't understand," said Pablo, as they tempted him with a tasty pie. "If I don't have pizza, my superpowers don't work and then who'll keep the school playground in order?"

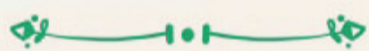
"Don't you have teachers for that?" asked Mum.

"What about the local neighbourhood? You should see what those cats get up to when nobody's looking," cried Pablo matter-of-factly. "There's no way Margarita and Pepe Roni can handle it on their own."





Margarita and Pepe Roni were Pablo's two pet rats, but he claimed they were his faithful sidekicks.



One day, Pablo's parents decided enough was enough – their son needed more variety in his diet. “No more pizza!” they said. “We're not buying it, we're not making it. We never want to see pizza again.”

When Pablo opened his lunchbox, he found hummus and carrot sticks. “Urgh,” he groaned. “I can feel my superpowers draining away.”

That night, Pablo had baked potato with tuna and sweetcorn for dinner.

He grimaced with each bite. “There's going to be trouble around here without a superhero to save the day,” he told his parents. “Just you wait and see.” Mum and Dad rolled their eyes.

That night, Pablo was tired so he went to bed earlier than usual. Mum heard him say to his pet rats, “Put your masks and capes away, my friends. There'll be no defending the streets tonight. I'm all out of pizza power.”

When Dad opened the curtains the next morning, he gasped. “Look at the state of the street! The bins are turned over. There's litter everywhere. And are those Mrs Norman's tights hanging from our tree?” →





“Told you so!” said Pablo. “If you’d let me have pizza, I could have made those cats behave themselves.”

At school, lunchtime was complete chaos. Pablo was sitting quietly on a bench when he spotted Josh drop a banana skin on the ground. Ayesha skidded on it, knocking over a whole queue of children who were lining up for hopscotch. They toppled sideways, crashing into the headteacher, Mrs Mohan, who was carrying a tower of books. The books went flying through the air and landed on Mr Phillip’s head – and he was supposed to be in charge of the school concert that evening. Instead, the school nurse sent him home as he had a nasty headache.

“If I’d had pizza power, I could have reached that banana skin before anything happened,” Pablo muttered.

When Mum and Dad got a message that the concert had been cancelled ‘due to an unfortunate incident and several injuries in the playground’, they began to wonder whether Pablo might be telling the truth.

Then they spotted a gang of wild alley cats in their back garden.



## COOK IT!

Make a **Healthy Homemade Pizza** and see if it gives you superpowers, just like Pablo! Download our recipe from [storytimemagazine.com/free](http://storytimemagazine.com/free)

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When they saw them catapulting dead mice and rotten fish through open windows, they were convinced.

“Your mum and I have been talking,” said Dad, when he picked up Pablo from school. “Perhaps pizza isn’t so bad, after all – but not every day and not for lunch AND dinner. And you have to eat vegetables too! Deal?”

“Deal!” said Pablo grinning. “So now do you believe in my superpowers?”

“Perhaps,” said Dad. “Do you have a superhero name?”

“Of course,” said Pablo. “They call me... Pizza Boy.” And his brain went into overdrive, working out how he, Margarita and Pepe Roni could finally defeat their wicked arch-enemies – the alley cats. ★

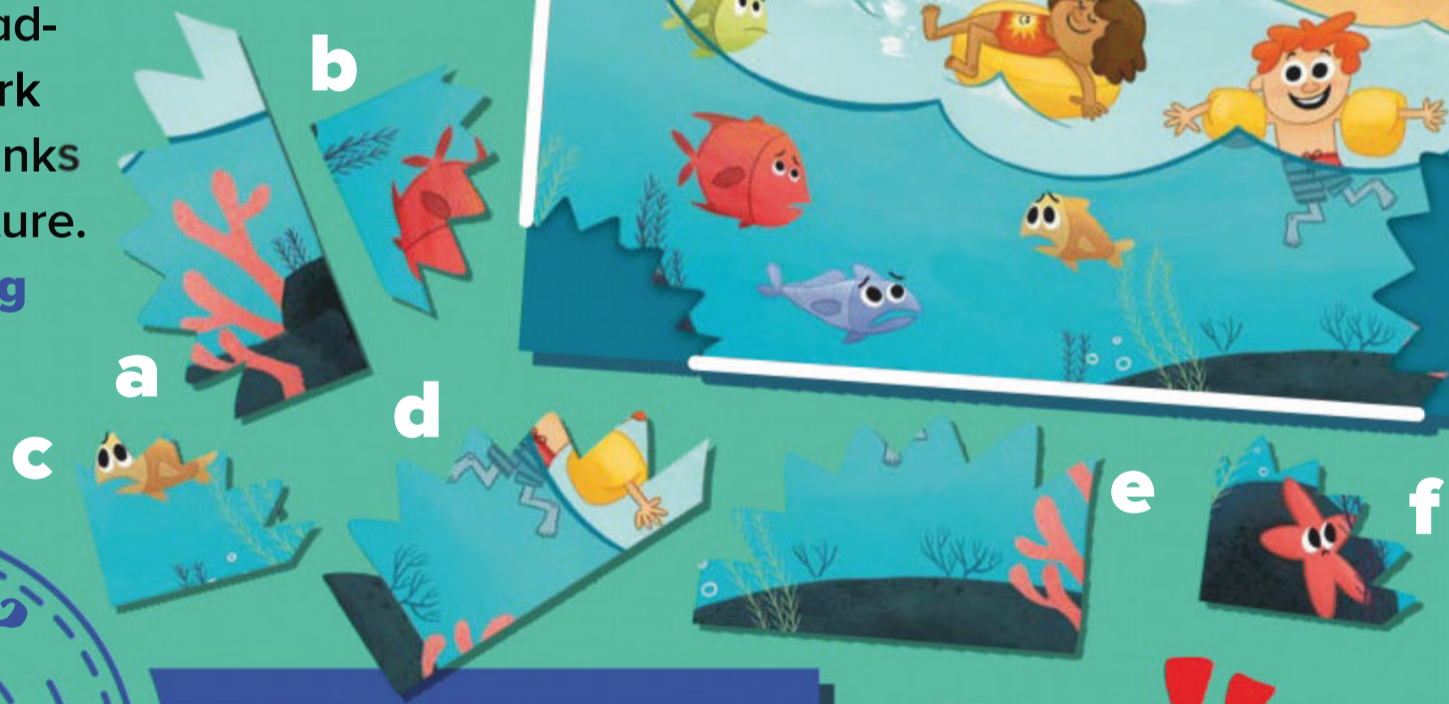


# Storytime playbox

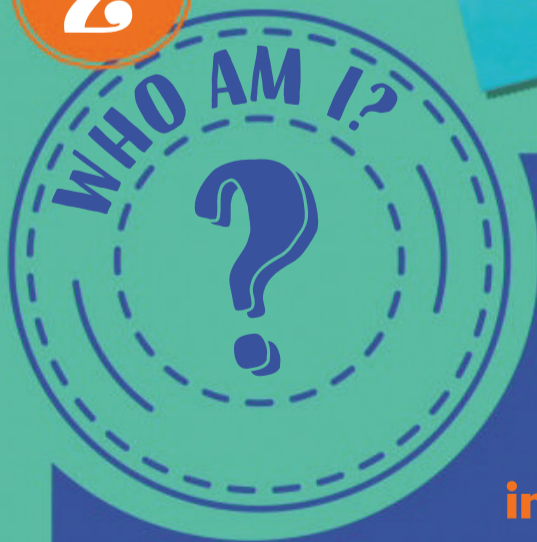
Make a musical harp, take part in our fairy-tale sports day and give our latest Big Quiz a go. Plus puzzles galore!

## 1 SHARP SHARK

Our poem's bad-tempered shark has bitten chunks out of this picture. Which missing pieces fit?



## 2



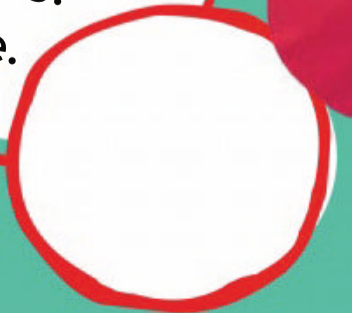
Can you work out which story character this is from our clues? **Bonus points if you can get it in just one clue.**

1. In my story, I lived in ancient times
2. I like animals
3. My best friend is a lion

## COUNT IT!

## 3

How many funny troll hats are hiding on these pages?  
Write it here.



# 4 BEAUTIFUL BABIES

These animals are queuing up to see Zeus. Can you work out **which animal comes next** in each line?

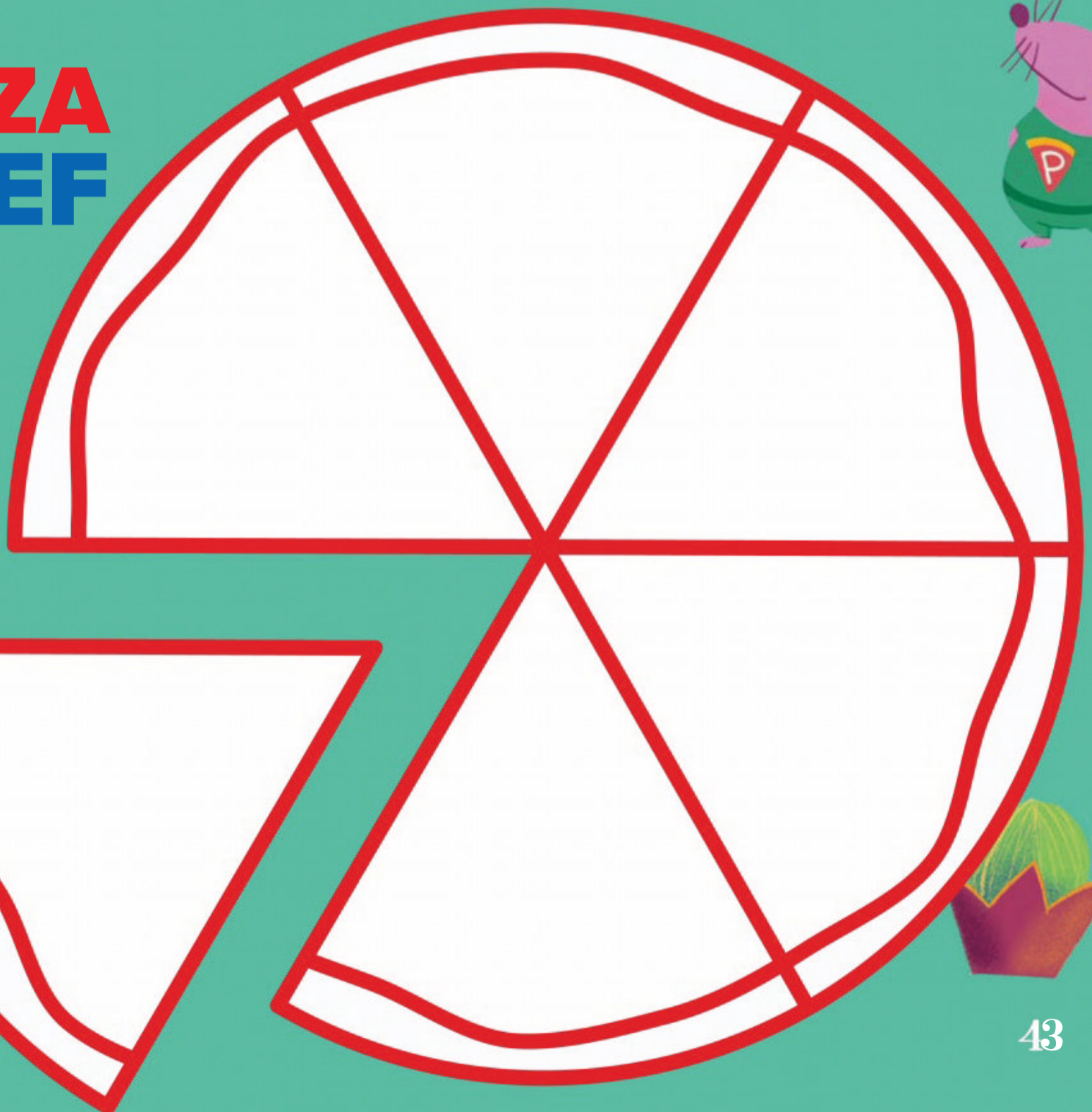
**A** 

**B** 

**C** 

# 5 PIZZA CHEF

**Decorate your dream pizza!** Use your favourite foods to get superpowers like Pablo.





6

# INVISIBLE LETTERS

The troll's hat has made some of the letters below disappear. **Complete the words** to see what the milkmaid ate.

A. C \_ K \_

D. \_ R \_ AD

B. \_ IE \_

E. F \_ UI \_

C. \_ HI \_ KE \_

F. CH \_ ES \_

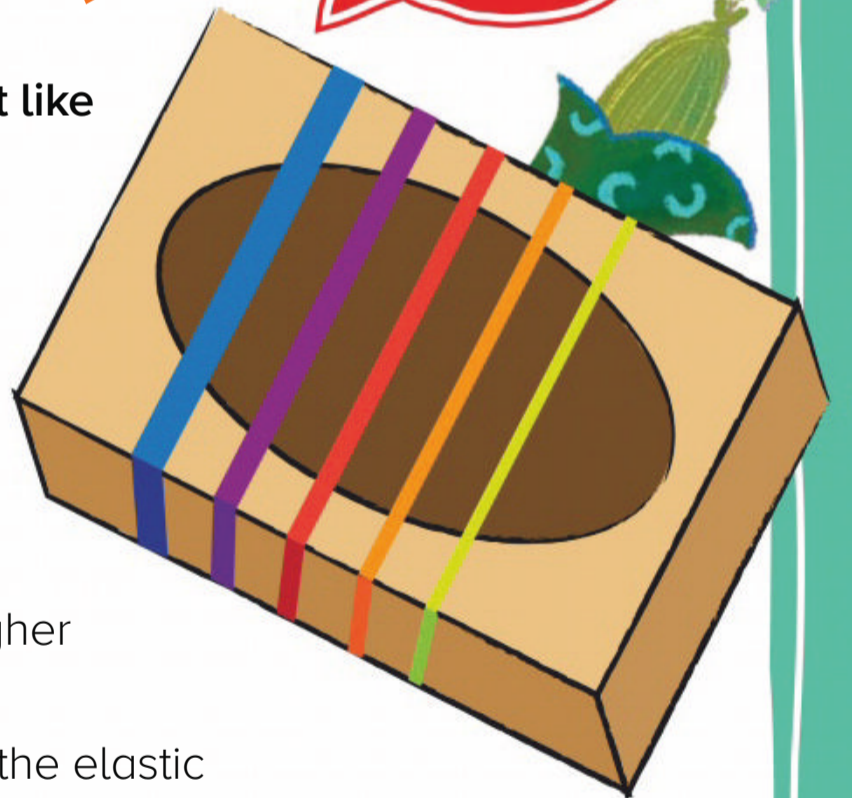


7

# MAKE AN EASY HARP

Make your own harp and get everybody dancing, just like Jack and the bee! This craft can be made in minutes.

- All you need is a set of elastic bands and an old shoebox. Alternatively, use a tissue box, a plastic tub without the lid or a magazine tidy box (empty out your Storytime collection and use one of ours!).
- For a more interesting sound from your harp, use elastic bands in different thicknesses and sizes. Thin small elastic bands stretch taut and make a higher twang than thick loose ones.
- Now take your shoebox, tub or tidy box and stretch the elastic bands over the top. Put thin ones together and thick ones together, so you can make sounds that go from high to low and vice versa.
- Decorate your homemade harp with pens or stickers – and then pluck, twang and dance away!

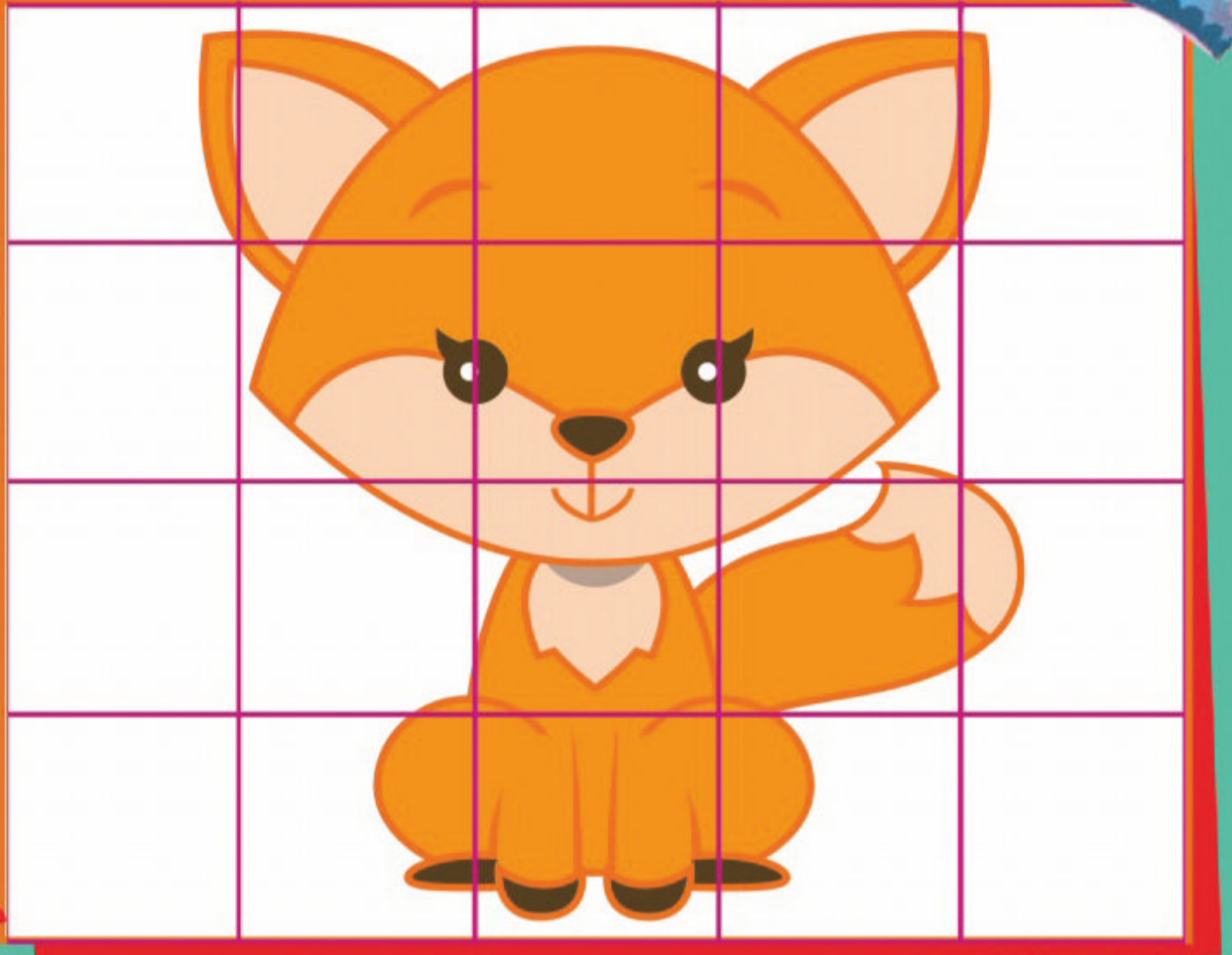


**Why not make two or three harps and form your own fairy-tale band? Can you get everyone jigging and jumping, like the characters in our story?**

8

# DRAW A FOX!

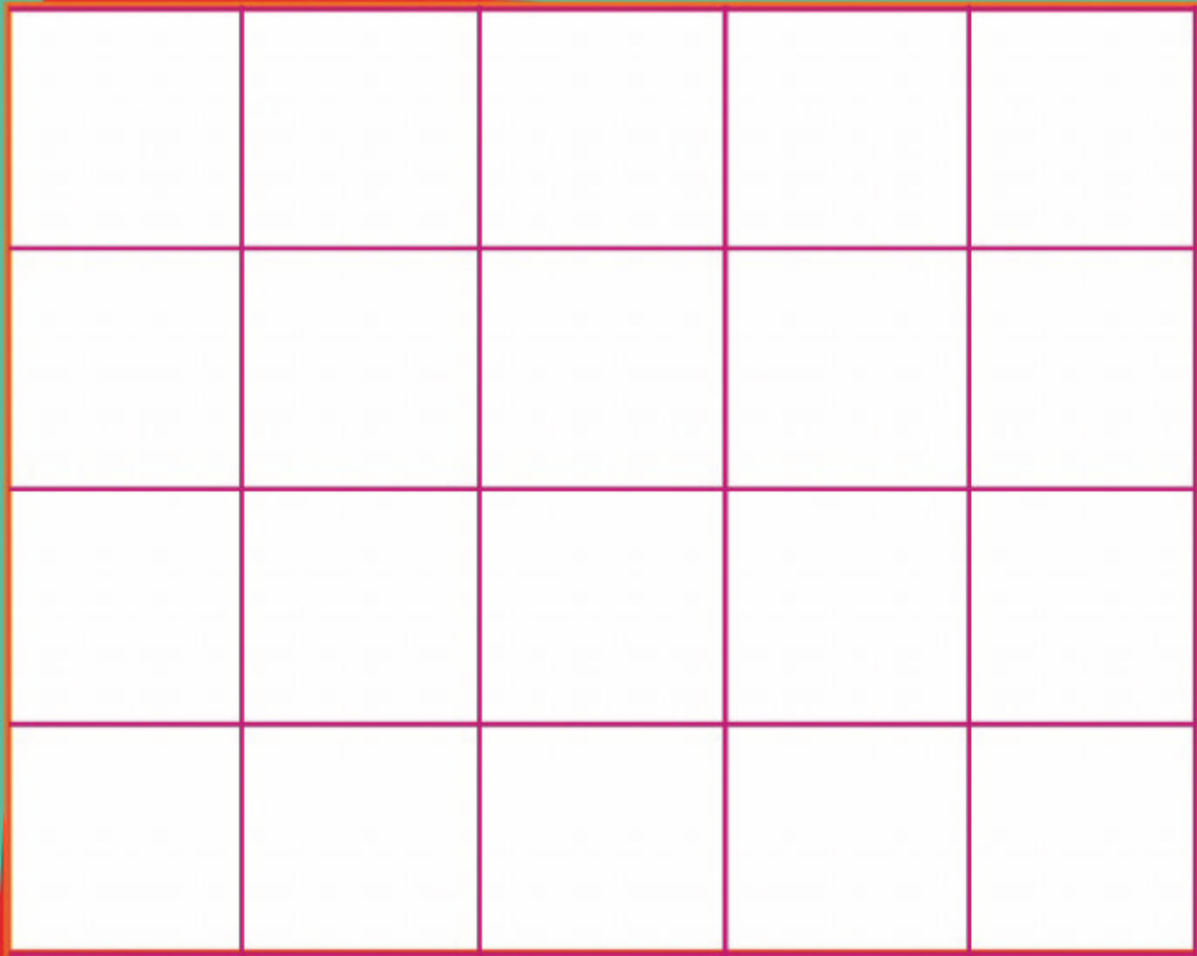
Use our grid to help you draw the perfect fox – and don't forget to add her tail!



TEE HEE!

**Q.** What is a fox's favourite dance?

**A.** The foxtrot!



HA HA!

**Q.** Where did the fox keep her socks?

**A.** In a fox socks box, of course!

**DID YOU KNOW?**

Foxes are part of the dog family, but they can retract their claws and have vertical pupils, just like cats!

**ANSWERS:** 1. Sharp Shark – a and f; 2. Who Am I? – Androcles; 3. Count Letters – A. Cake, B. Pies, C. Chicken, D. Bread, E. Fruit, F. Cheese. It – 7 hats; 4. Beautiful Babies – A. Cat, B. Monkey, C. Bird; 6. Invisible



# Storytime



Did you know that lion fossils have been found all over Europe?

# BIG QUIZ

Which details can you remember from our stories? Find out in our quiz. Read our stories again if you get stuck!

1

In **The Friendly Lion**, what was Androcles' job?

- a. Gladiator
- b. Slave-catcher
- c. Slave

What colour are my eyes?  
Can you remember without looking at the pictures?



2

What did the girl ask for in the Armenian story, **The Fox's Tail**?

- a. New shoes
- b. Milk
- c. Fresh eggs



Who came first in the three-legged race in **Storyland Sports Day**?

3

- a. Hansel and Gretel
- b. Jack and Jill
- c. Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Pretend you're Zeus and choose the cutest baby from our Famous Fable.

What colour are the armbands in our poem **The Shark**?

4

- a. Yellow
- b. Red
- c. Grey



5

Which story mentions flying winged sandals?

- a. Storyland Sports Day
- b. Pizza Boy
- c. The Monkey Mother



6

In **Jack Makes the Princess Laugh**, which of these objects didn't dance?

- a. Knives and forks
- b. Tables and chairs
- c. Pots and pans

7

In our fable, **The Monkey Mother**, where do the gods live?

- a. On a hill in Rome
- b. On Mount Olympus in Greece
- c. In a hall in Asgard



8

How many trolls can you spot in **The Troll Hat**?

- a. 5
- b. 6
- c. 7

How many bananas does my troll friend run away with?



10

What race do I win in **Storyland Sports Day**?

- a. Sack race
- b. Obstacle race
- c. Egg and spoon race



9

In **Pizza Boy**, what were the children playing when everything went wrong?

- a. Hide and seek
- b. Tag
- c. Hopscotch



ANSWERS: 1c, 2a, 3c, 4a, 5c, 6a, 7b, 8b, 9c, 10b.

# SPORTS DAY!

Your favourite fairy-tale characters in Storyland Adventures are holding another sports day. Who will win?

## How to Play

To play, you need a dice, two to five players, and you can use coins or our Storyland Character Counters from [storytimemagazine.com/free](http://storytimemagazine.com/free)

- ★ Line up your chosen character on the start line and choose a player to roll first.
- ★ Player 1 rolls the dice and moves forward the correct number of spaces.
- ★ If you land on a square with an instruction, make sure you follow it.
- ★ Players take it in turns to roll the dice.
- ★ The first character to reach the finish line is the champ! Why not design a gold medal and enter it into our competition on page 50?

### TIP!

Why not have a sack race, a beanbag race, an egg and spoon race then finish with a relay? For a relay, see who's the fastest at going up and down the track three times.

SHOELACES  
COME UNDONE.  
MISS A TURN.

SLIP ON A  
CRACKED EGG!  
BACK ONE SPACE.

MAGIC SHOES.  
ROLL AGAIN!

START





CHASED BY THE BIG  
BAD WOLF! FORWARD  
TWO SPACES.

FALL FLAT ON  
YOUR FACE! JOIN  
THE PLAYER IN  
LAST POSITION.

GINGERBREAD  
ENERGY BOOST!  
ROLL AGAIN.

INSTANT WIN  
IF YOU ROLL  
A 6!

CURSED BY THE  
WICKED WITCH!  
BACK TWO  
SPACES.

CATCH UP WITH  
PLAYER IN 1ST  
POSITION.

TRIP OVER A  
HURDLE. MISS  
A TURN.



# STORY MAGIC

Books to make you think, smile and learn – all out this month.  
Plus a new creative challenge for budding illustrators!

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH!

**NO LONGER ALONE** by Joseph Coelho and Robyn Wilson-Owen (Egmont) is a beautiful, thoughtful balm for the soul of any child or family who has lost someone important in their lives. It tackles difficult emotions in a calm, measured way and ultimately delivers a message of hope.

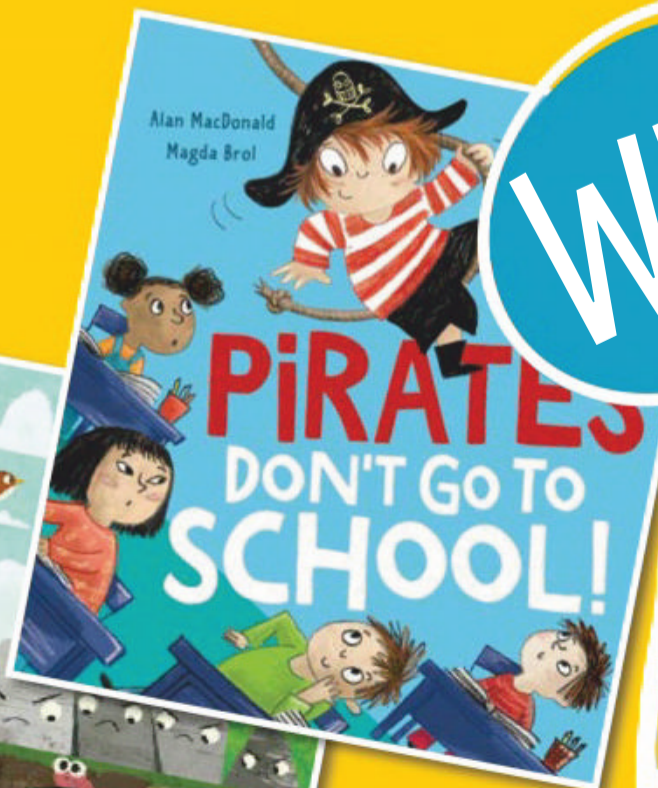
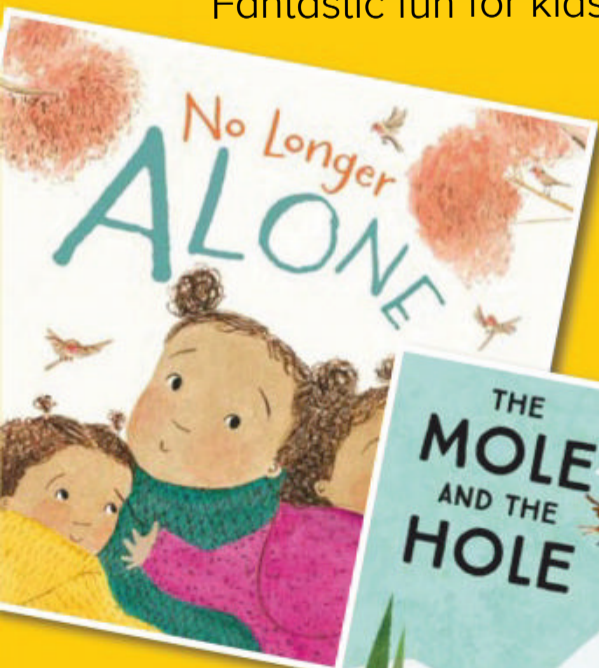
**THE MOLE AND THE HOLE** by Brayden Kowalczyk (First Editions) follows poor old Mole as he tries to dig his way out for a spot of fresh air. The trouble is, the rocks keep blocking him. Surely Mole has done nothing to offend them – or has he? A hilarious story about being a good neighbour.

**PIRATES DON'T GO TO SCHOOL** is by Alan MacDonald and Magda Brol (Little Tiger Press). Much to his family's horror, pirate Jake wants to go to school! Filled with worries about rotten rules and monstrous teachers, Jake sets off for his first day – quite forgetting the parrot under his hat. Fantastic fun for kids starting school this year.

## MAKE US A MEDAL!

Can you design an awesome medal for our Storyland Sports Day winners – something special for our fairy-tale characters? Send in your design and we'll print the winning entry here. Plus you'll win a set of Storytime art prints!

1. Print out our **Make a Medal Sheet** from [storytimemagazine.com/free](http://storytimemagazine.com/free)
2. Get creative and colour it in.
3. Post it to **Storytime, Studio 2B18, Southbank Technopark, 90 London Road, London, SE1 6LN** or email [editor@storytimemagazine.com](mailto:editor@storytimemagazine.com) by 7 August 2019.
4. Include your name, age, address and email address so we can contact you if you win!



WIN!



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For a chance to win these brilliant new books, answer our question at: [storytimemagazine.com/win](http://storytimemagazine.com/win)

