

- It's our Bumper 5th Birthday Celebration!

We can hardly believe it – Storytime is five years old! Here's to another five years. Thank you for being part of our team!

This issue belongs to:

SPOT ITI

Shhh... I'm hiding! Can you find me?

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Barbara Bongini The Three Presents

David Navarro Arenas Oisin and the Land

of the Young



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FEATURING STORIES FROM RUSSIA, CANADA, GERMANY AND IRELAND

Read happily ever after... Tales from Today Famous Fables Paper Round with the Queen The Fox and the Grapes Find out where the phrase 'sour By Eszter Molnar. When Bobby meets the Queen in a hat shop, it marks the grapes' comes from in this classic

beginning of a special friendship.

Around the world Tales

Raven Steals the Sun

In a tale from Canada's Haida people, learn how the sun, moon, stars, water and fire came to be.

Storyland Adventures

Beauty's Magic Mirror

Taking the school register proves tricky when a new class member refuses to reveal his name.

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Poems and Rhymes

The Pirate Poodle

By Carolyn Wells. Life on the ocean wave can be tough – even for the most fearsome canine captains.

Favourite Fairy Tales

Swan Lake

A magical story about good and evil, adapted from Tchaikovsky's worldfamous ballet.



Aesop fable.

storyteller's corner

The Three Presents

Adapted from Ludwig Bechstein. A weaver discovers what happens when you don't take care of gifts.

Myths and Legends

Oisin and the Land of the Young

A legendary Irish warrior and poet gives up everything when he falls in love with a fairy.

Storytime playbox

Untangle our trail, whizz through our word search, complete the Queen's paper round and make a swan puppet. PLUS see page 48 for our amazing new competition!

Story Magic

Our round-up of this month's new picture books. Win them too!

ENTER OUR 5TH BIRTHDAY COMPETITION TO CREATE A SUPERHERO!

SEE **PAGE 48!**

GET INTO THE SCHOOL GROOVE! SHALF-PRICE BACK-TO-SCHOOL OFFER!



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Paper Round with the Queen

met the Queen in a hat shop. "I'm Bobby Miller," I said to her. "Can I ask you something very important?"

"Yes, of course." She smiled.

"Is it true that you have your very own helicopter?"

"That's right," she replied.
"Would you like to see it?"

"Can I? Really? That'd be brilliant!" I cried.

"I'll pick you up after breakfast," the Queen promised, so I gave her our address.

The helicopter landed in our front garden. It was gigantic and really noisy! I hopped in.

"Where would you like to go, Bobby?" the Queen asked.





Soon everybody knew that this paper round was special.

Mr Patel was mowing his lawn.
The Queen asked if she could
help. She kept tripping over her
dress, but she didn't mind one bit.
She'd never mown a lawn before!

Mrs Hammett was painting her fence. The Queen asked if she could help. She splashed paint all over her dress and crown, but she didn't mind one bit. She'd never painted a fence before!

The Watts children were washing their car. The Queen asked if she could help. Little Sophie handed her a soapy sponge. The Queen's dress and shoes were soon soaked, but she didn't mind one bit. She'd never washed a car before!

"I wish I could go on a paper round every day, but I have to fly home," said the Queen.

That made me sad. I liked spending time with her and I didn't want her to leave.

"Cheer up, Bobby!" she said. "I'll come back next summer!"

In the following months, the Queen sent me colourful postcards from all over the world, and I made cards for her with my family and neighbours.

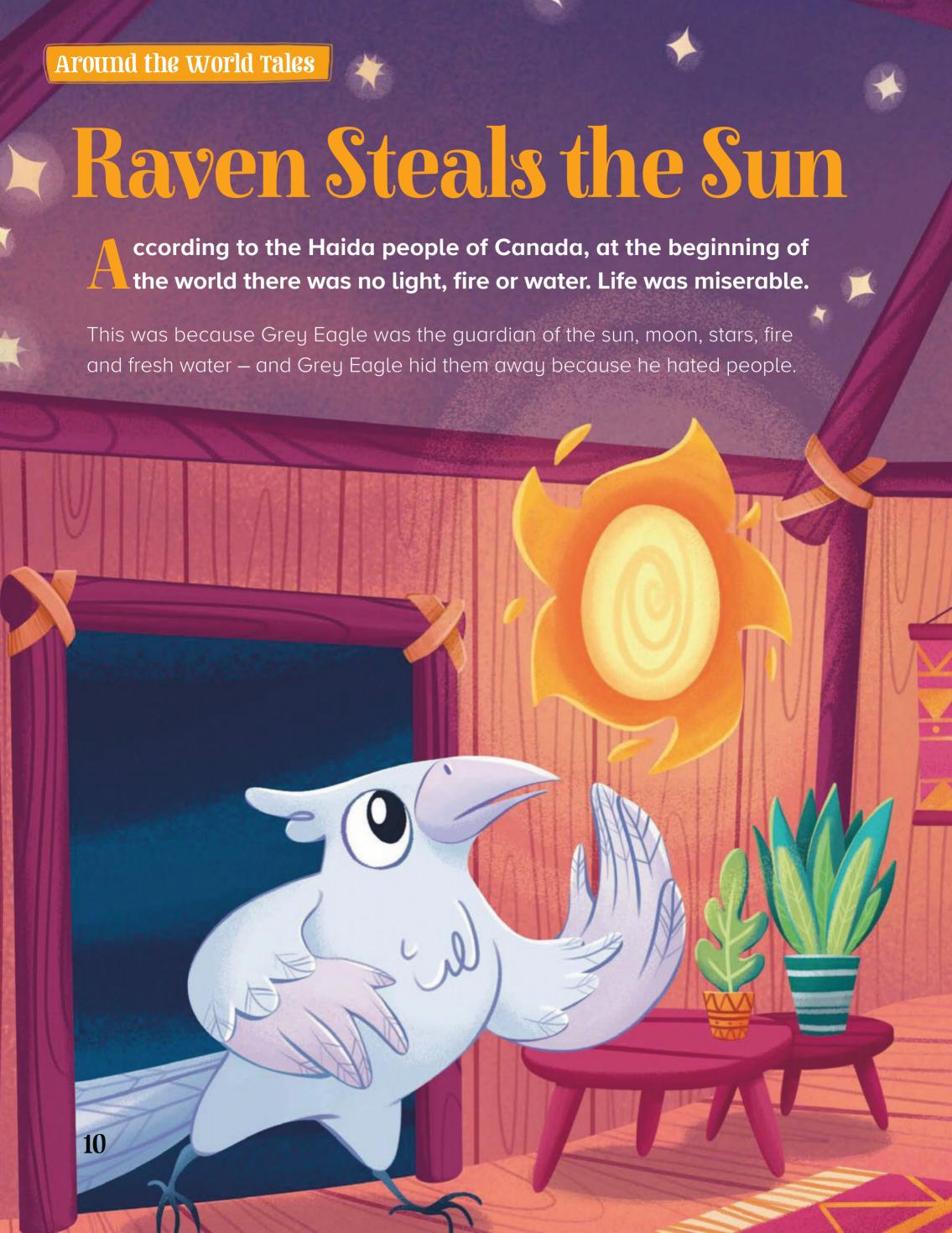


Then, one summer morning, I was woken by a loud noise. I looked outside. It was the Queen's helicopter!

I ran to the crooked tree. She was already there, waiting for me. And she had a surprise for me too. It was a bicycle. But it wasn't just any old bicycle — it was the Royal Tandem!

"Hop on, Bobby!" cried the Queen. "We've got newspapers to deliver! And lawns to mow, and fences to paint, and cars to wash — and who knows what else?"

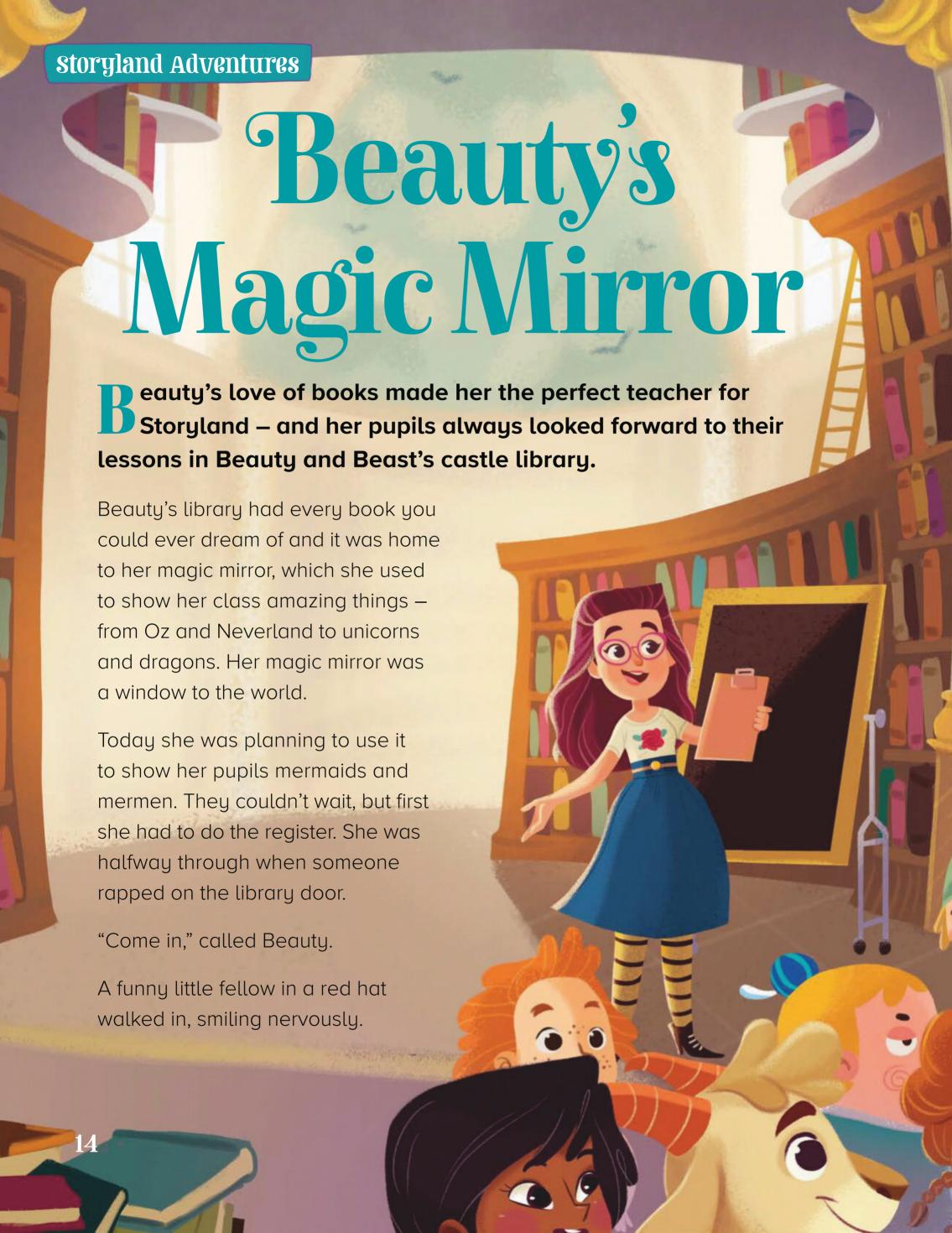












Beauty had never seen him before. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I've heard you're a good teacher and I want to learn new things. I only know how to spin straw into gold, and it gets boring. Can I join your class, please?"

"Yes, you're very welcome here," said Beauty. "Take a seat while I finish the register. Tweedledee... Tweedledum... Wee Willie Winkie. Now, what's your name?" Beauty asked her new pupil.

"Oh, I can't tell you that," he said.

"Why not?" asked Beauty. "How can I teach you if I don't know your name?"

"I can't. You'll have to guess it."

Beauty tutted. "Is this a prank? If you don't want to learn, you can leave."

"But I do want to learn!" said the little fellow. "I honestly can't tell anyone my name — I can only say it to myself. A wicked witch cursed my family. The only way you can find out is to guess it. People always think I'm causing trouble, but I'm not."

Beauty, who always tried to see the good in everyone, realised the little fellow was telling the truth.

"Okay, everyone, we're going to have a different class today. We're going to investigate names. Did you know that everybody's name means something? Let's find out what our names mean and see if we can guess our new friend's name too."

"I know what my name means," piped up Pinocchio. "It's from the word 'pine tree', because I'm made from wood!"



"Very good," said Beauty. "Yes, some names come from how you look or how you are, like Pinocchio."

"Or Beauty – just like you!" said Tweedledum.

Beauty blushed. "Yes, and some names come from objects, animals or colours. Gretel, did you know that your name means 'pearl'?"

The whole class looked up the meanings of their names. When they had finished, Beauty said, "Now, let's see if we can name our friend here. Do you always wear red?"

"Yes, it's my favourite colour!" said the little fellow.

The class looked up names meaning 'red' and began to shout out ideas. "Clancy... Jasper... Phoenix... Rohan... Rory... Rufus... Redpants?"

"No." The little fellow shook his head.

"Maybe his name has something to do with being small?" said Rose Red.

"Good idea," said Beauty, so the class looked up more names and shouted, "Annu... Bassett... Chitti... Gilligan... Lorcan... Sullivan... Shorty?"

The stranger sighed glumly. "No."

Beauty's class tried all afternoon to guess his name, but they failed.

The little fellow was so downhearted, Beauty felt sorry for him. "Where do you live?" she asked.

"The Enchanted Forest," he answered.

"That's not far. Come back tomorrow and we'll try again," she suggested.

"There's no point. You'll never guess my name. It's too silly. I should never have come here."



"True learners never give up," said Beauty. "I'm sure I'll find something in my library. Please come back."

After some persuasion, the little fellow agreed to return the next day.



That evening, Beauty trawled through her bookshelves, looking for ways to lift name curses cast by witches, but she had no luck. She also made a long list of strange names to try, but had a nagging feeling they weren't right. "It's like looking for a needle in a haystack," she thought.

She was about to give up when she had a flash of inspiration. "You said you can't tell anyone your name, but you can say it to yourself! Let's see... Magic mirror, please reveal to me the little fellow who visited my class today. I want to see him in his home in the Enchanted Forest."

The mirror misted over and purple clouds swirled across the glass.

When they cleared, Beauty could see the little fellow eating his supper. A tear trickled down his cheek.

"Oh, it's no good. It's no good at all," he muttered. "Why did the witch curse me? And why did my parents give me such a ridiculous name? Who's ever going to work out it's Rumpelstiltskin? Ridiculous Rumpelstiltskin, that's me. Beauty will never be able to guess it. I'll never be able to go to school."

Beauty clapped her hands excitedly and smiled. "Thank you, magic mirror, that's quite enough."



The next morning, everyone arrived bright and early – even the little fellow in his red hat.

"Now before we begin, I have to do the register."

The little fellow felt upset again as
Beauty called out everyone's names.
But right at the end, she surprised him
and said, "Now let's all give a special
welcome to our newest member of
the class — Rumpelstiltskin!"

Rumpelstiltskin leapt out of his chair and cheered and jumped for joy.

When the other pupils turned and said, "Good morning, Rumpelstiltskin!" he even did a merry jig.

"How did you guess it?" he asked, skipping from foot to foot.

"Oh, I had some magical help," she said. "Now let's take a dive into the ocean and see how our friends the mermaids and mermen survive!"

Thanks to Beauty's brains and the magic mirror, Rumpelstiltskin was able to learn more than spinning straw into gold – and he had made some good friends too.

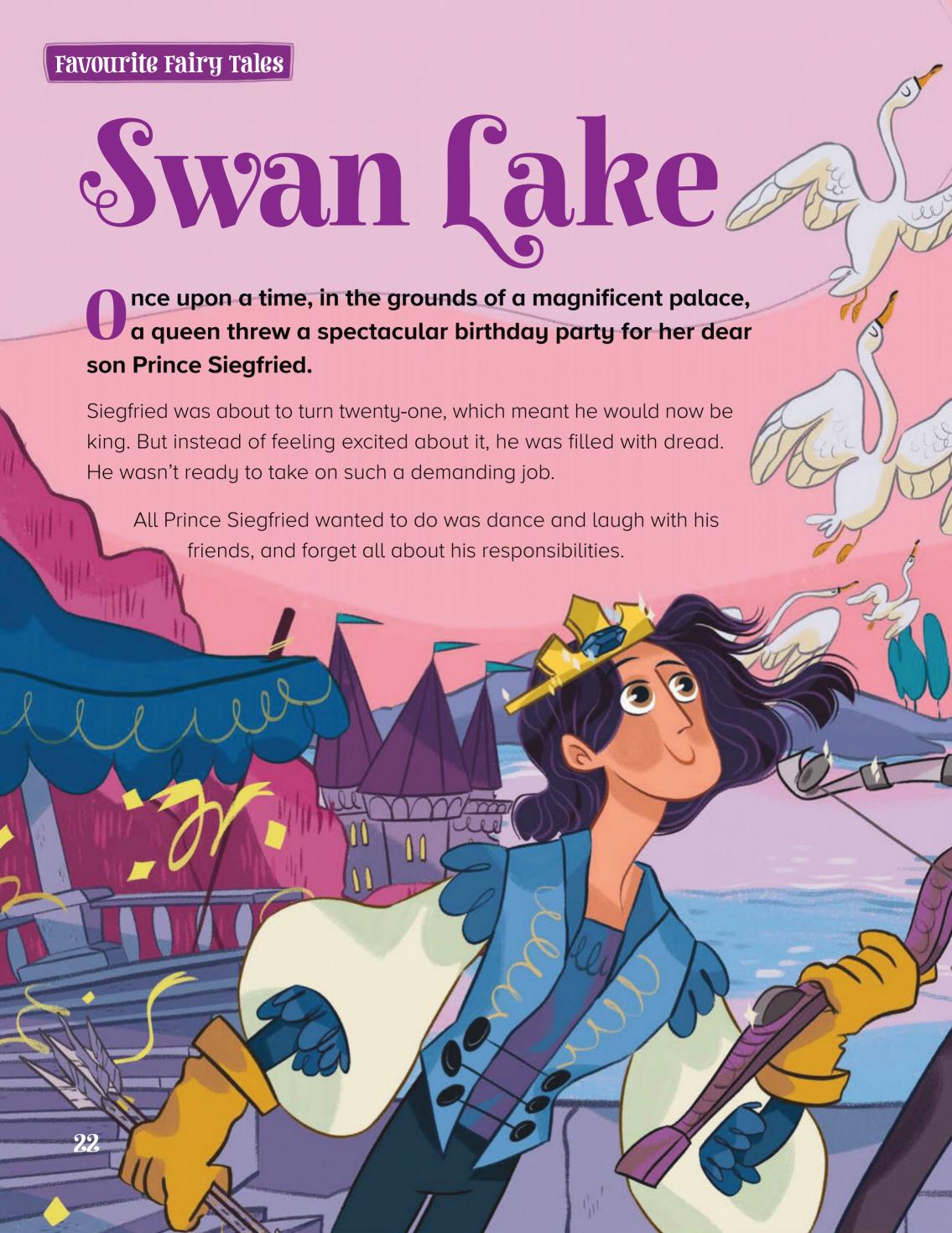














As they raced through the woods,
Prince Siegfried got separated from
his friends, so he wandered to a quiet
spot at the edge of the lake to watch
the sun setting over the rippling water.

·X·X·X·X·

As dusk began to fall, a swan glided across the lake towards him. Prince Siegfried was surprised to see that it was wearing a crown. But when the first beam of moonlight touched the water, the swan transformed into a beautiful young woman.

When the swan maiden saw Siegfried's crossbow, she shrank back in fright.

Siegfried gasped. "I won't harm you.
Who are you?" he asked.

"I was Princess Odette," said the swan maiden in a melancholy voice, "until a scheming sorcerer called Rothbart cursed my maids and me when I was just a child. The lake you see here is filled with the tears of my parents — and I can only appear as a human for a few moonlit hours each night."

Siegfried was so moved by Odette's story, he asked, "How can I help you break the curse?"

"The only way is if someone pure of heart swears his love for me."

"Why did Rothbart curse you?" asked

Prince Siegfried.

"He is a cruel and jealous man who is greedy for power. Rothbart stole my parents' throne and he will never give it up willingly," said Odette sadly.

Siegfried felt sorry for Odette and was so enchanted by her elegance and beauty, he fell in love with her at once. He took her hand and was about to declare his undying love for her when there was a loud crack.

The evil sorcerer Rothbart suddenly appeared. His cold eyes and angry face made even Siegfried cower.

The sorcerer grabbed Odette roughly by the wrists and dragged her away from the prince. "Let her go!" shouted Siegfried, raising his crossbow to shoot Rothbart.

Odette cried, "No! Don't hurt him. If he dies, this curse will never be broken."

Siegfried felt hopeless as Rothbart called out in a chilling voice, "Swan maidens, I summon you!"

Several swans flew down to the shore where Odette stood prisoner, and transformed into young women. They were Odette's faithful maids.

"Dance for me!" demanded Rothbart.
He waved his wand and sneered as
the swan maidens began to dance.





Siegfried tried to follow Odette, but he was soon up to his thighs in icy water, and the dancers were in the distance.

"Set them free!" he pleaded, but Rothbart just laughed cruelly and disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

Siegfried called out, "I will love you forever, Odette," but she didn't hear him. He watched her dancing until dawn's first light and then she turned into a swan again.

·X·X·X·X·

The next day, Siegfried could only think of how to save Odette.

When it was time for the costume ball, he was too distracted to pay attention to the princesses who had come to meet him.

The queen pestered him to choose a bride, but he couldn't.

Later that night, as the queen was starting to despair, Rothbart arrived disguised in a cloak and mask. He was accompanied by his daughter, Odile, who he had bewitched to look like Odette. She looked exactly the same, except her dress was black.

Overjoyed, Prince Siegfried ran to her and whisked her into his arms to dance. The queen was delighted.

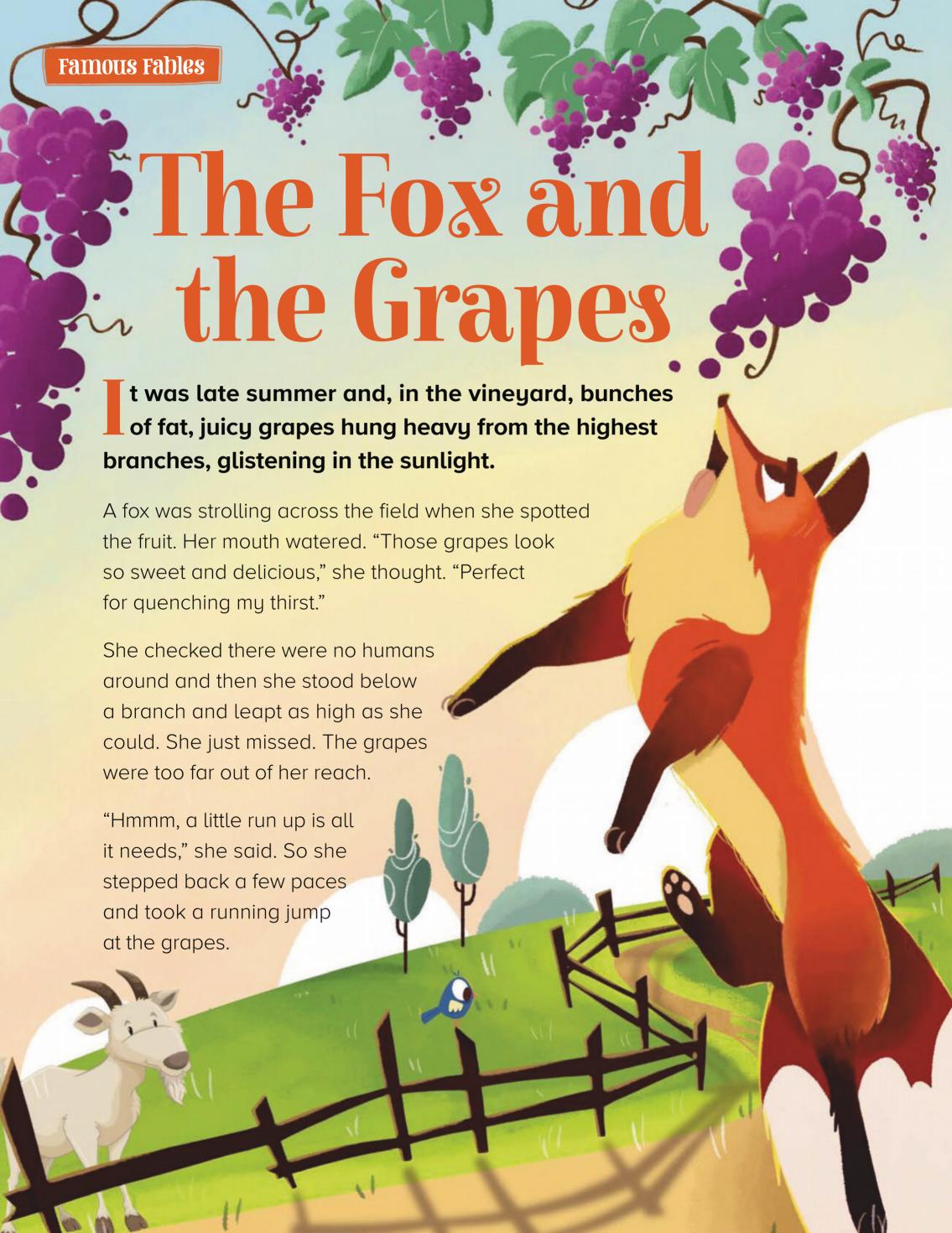
Prince Siegfried was so happy, he said to Odile, "Odette, I promise to love you forever. Will you marry me?"

Odile agreed and Prince Siegfried, confident he had broken the curse, announced their marriage.

As his guests cheered, the prince caught a glimpse of someone who looked exactly like Odette weeping at the palace window. "How can that be Odette if she is here?" he wondered.



Just then, Rothbart removed his mask "A prince cannot go back on such and cackled, "Come here, daughter." a vow. I'll have you locked up!" Siegfried knew he had been tricked. "I would rather that than marry your Before the sorcerer could stop him, daughter. I love Odette and I will love her forever," said Prince Siegfried. Prince Siegfried fled the palace and ran to the lake to find the real Odette. In an instant, Rothbart's curse was He found her with her maidens. broken and Odette and her maidens "Please believe me, Odette, Rothbart were freed at last. deceived me," said Siegfried. "It was a They surrounded Rothbart and Odile, wicked enchantment." forcing them into the lake - but, before Odette could see that Siegfried was they could drown, Rothbart said a spell and he and his daughter telling the truth. "I believe you," she said, and they embraced. vanished, never to be seen again. Prince Siegfried and Odette returned Once more, as Siegfried was about to to the palace and were married that swear his love, Rothbart appeared. This time he was with his daughter, very night. Odette and her loyal who looked as menacing as her father. maidens wore gowns made from white swan feathers. At last, the "You asked my daughter to marry you. queen was happy. 🖈 You said you would love her forever," said Rothbart in a threatening tone.





She couldn't wait to tell her husband about the bargain she had made. But when he came home and heard what had happened, he wrung his hands in despair. "Please, never sell anything to the rag-dealer again!"



A year later, the rich lady came by again, hoping to see that the weaver had prospered. Instead, she found him even poorer than before. He was ashamed to tell her how he had lost the money but the rich lady was kind and understood it was a mistake.

"Here's another hundred gold coins," she said. "Please be more careful with them this time."

The weaver's wife was out again and he didn't know what to do with his generous gift, so he hid the coins in a bowl of ashes by the fireplace. "Nobody ever looks there," thought the weaver, and he went off to find some reeds to weave.

While he was away, his wife came home. Moments later, a gardener rode by. He was calling, "Any old ashes?"

The wife looked at the ashes by the fireplace and said, "What good are they to us?" So she gave them to the gardener in exchange for two bars of lavender soap.



When the weaver came home and heard what she had done, he went bright red and howled, "Please don't sell anything to anyone who passes by ever again!"

200

Another year went by and the rich lady visited again, hoping to see the weaver living a good life. When she found him still in rags and heard what had happened, she was angry.

"What is the point of giving you money if you can't look after it?" She was so annoyed, she threw a lump of lead at his feet and rode off.

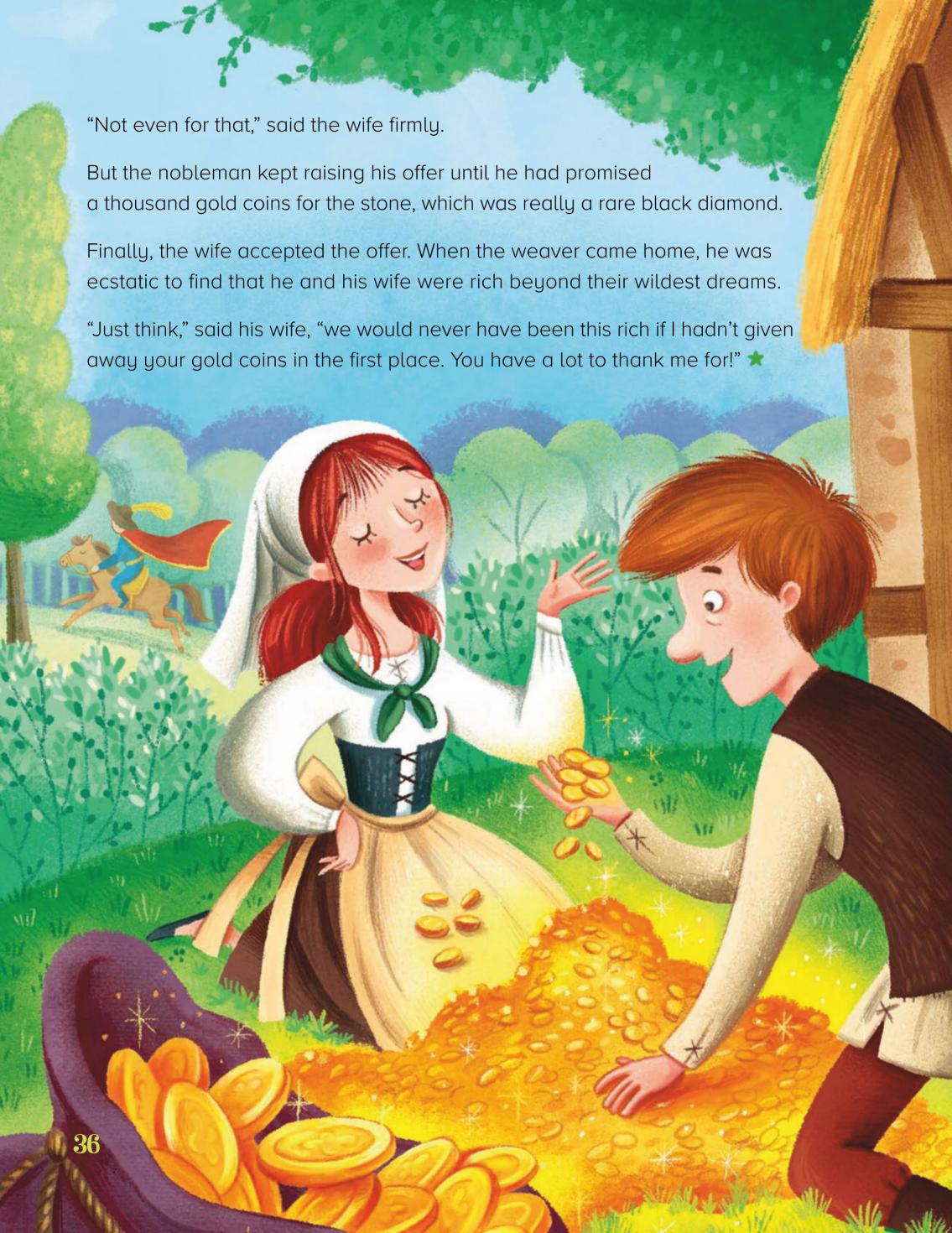
Soon after a fisherman came by and asked the weaver if he had anything heavy to weigh down his fishing nets.

"You might as well take this," said the weaver, handing him the lead. "It's no good to me."

THINK ABOUT IT!

This is a good story to get you thinking about recycling – the rag man recycles the rags, the gardener uses the ashes (as fertiliser) and the fisherman uses the lead as a weight. What 'useless' objects could you recycle?





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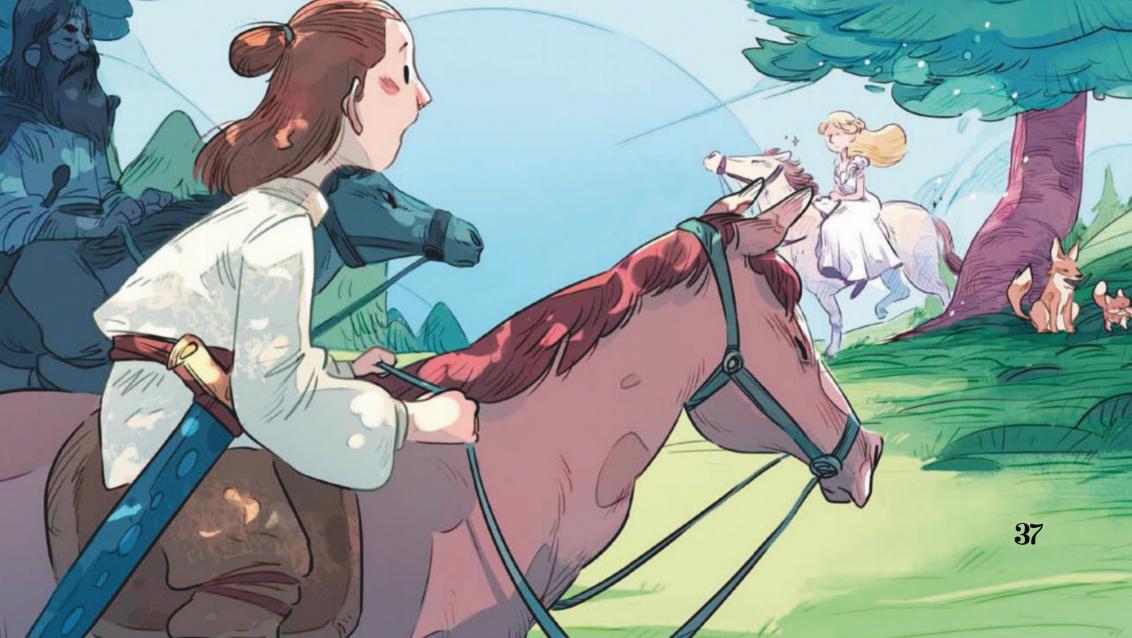
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Oisin and the Land of the Young

There are many tales about the Irish giant Finn MacCool, but his son Oisin was just as impressive.

Along with his father Finn, Oisin was part of a legendary group of warriors known as the Fianna. Oisin had immense strength, but he was also a great poet. He had many admirers in the land of people and fairies.

One day, Oisin was out hunting with his father and friends. They were riding across the hills by Lough Leane in Killarney when a young lady appeared from nowhere. She was riding a horse with a coat so white it seemed to glow.



The lady was dressed in robes fit for a princess and her blonde hair fell in flowing waves down to her waist.

Oisin couldn't take his eyes off her.

His heart pounded.

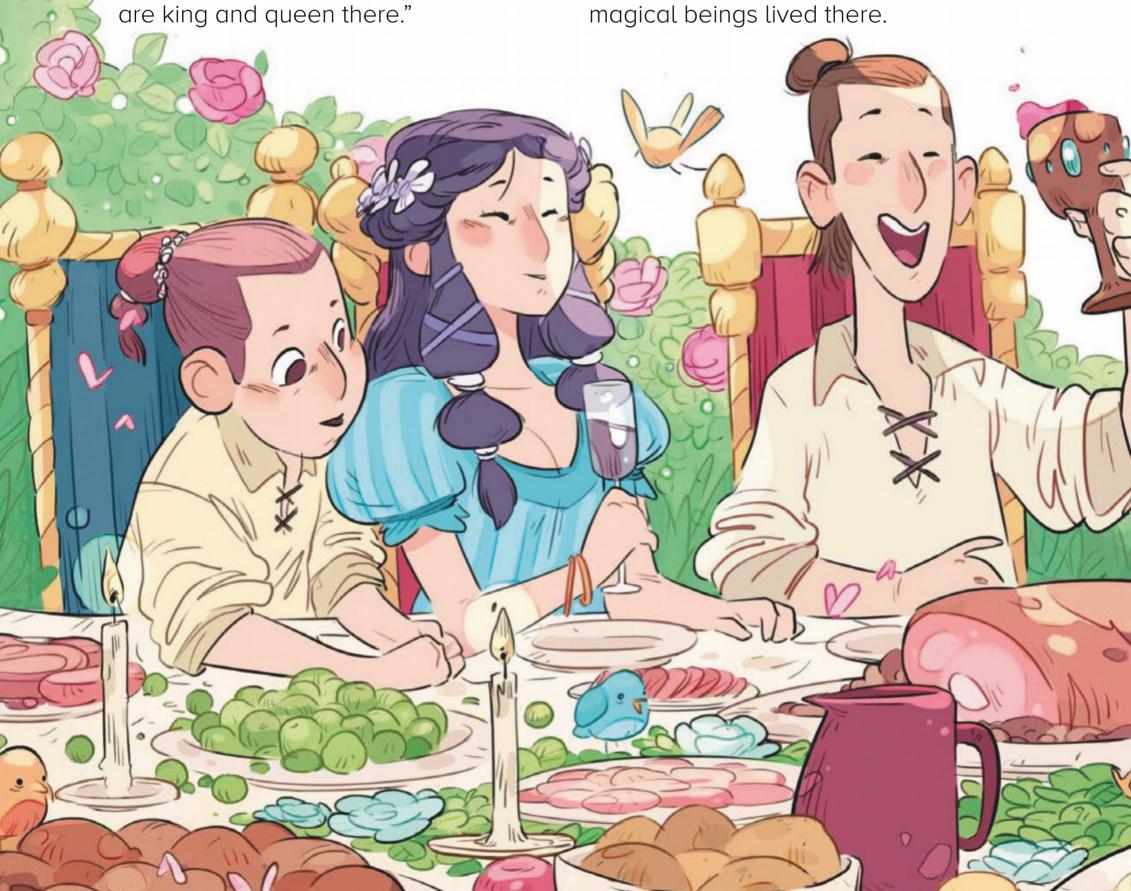
Finn MacCool knew that this was no ordinary woman. "Who are you and where do you come from?" he asked.

In a tinkling voice, the lady answered, "I am Niamh of the Golden Hair and I have travelled from Tír Na Nog — the Land of the Young. My parents

"What brings you here today?" asked Finn, looking at his son nervously.

"I have heard of the great poet and warrior Oisin and I would like him to join me in Tír Na Nog. Our land is hidden beneath the waters of Lough Leane and he will live well there."

Finn and Oisin knew of Tír Na Nog. It was a place where time didn't exist and where everything was beautiful. Nobody ever grew old and flowers bloomed forever. Only gods and magical beings lived there.



Finn felt worried – he was sure that if Oisin joined Niamh, he would never see his son again.

However, Oisin accepted Niamh's offer eagerly. He was already deeply in love with her – perhaps he was even under an enchantment.

"Goodbye, Father! I'll see you again soon," Oisin called out. He climbed onto Niamh's horse and they rode into the water, galloping towards the shining shores of Tír Na Nog.

Niamh's parents gave Oisin a warm welcome and organised a huge feast to celebrate his arrival. It lasted a week! Oisin had never eaten so well or felt so at home. He spent his days in great happiness with Niamh, sometimes hunting as he had done with the Fianna, and sometimes delighting the fairy folk with his poems.

Before he knew it, Oisin had

lived in Tír Na Nog for three hundred years, but it felt like three.

One morning, Oisin was overwhelmed by the desire to see his home again — he missed his father and friends. No matter how hard he tried to shake it, he couldn't stop feeling homesick.

At last, he said, "Niamh, I need to go home. I can't stop thinking about it."

Niamh didn't want Oisin to leave but she could see how sad he was. "Very well, I'll ask my white horse to take you, but be warned — you mustn't set foot on Ireland's soil or you will never be able to come back to me."

€

The next day, Oisin said goodbye to Niamh. Excited to see his family and

friends, he rode faster than the wind to the shores of Lough Leane. When he got home, Oisin was truly shocked to see how much everything had changed in his absence — people were dressed differently, the houses looked odd, and even the landscape didn't seem the same.

Oisin asked everyone he met how to find his father and the Fianna, but nobody had any idea what he was talking about. He slowly began to realise that he had been away for a lot longer than he thought.

As he rode through a narrow valley pass, he met some men who were struggling to move a heavy boulder that was blocking the path.

"I'll help you," said Oisin, and he leaned down from his saddle and gripped the edge of the boulder with one hand.

WORD WIDL

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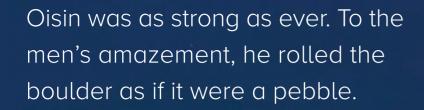
before you read it! Oisin

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and Niamh is 'Neev'.

and Niamh is 'Neev'.



Unfortunately, as he pushed it, his saddle slipped and Oisin plunged to the ground.

The moment his feet touched Irish soil again, the white fairy horse bolted.
Oisin was instantly transformed from a powerful young warrior into a frail, white-haired old man.

Oisin was never able to find a way to return to Niamh of the Golden Hair,

so he lived out the rest of his days in Ireland, telling poems and stories about his time in the magical land of Tír Na Nog.

Some Irish myths say
Tir Na Nog is in the sea and
the only way to reach it is
across the golden path the
sun makes when it sets on the
horizon. In another story, Oisin
wins the throne to Tir Na Nog
from Niamh's father and
becomes the king!









AHOY, ME 'ARTIES!

Draw Pirate Poodle a pirate hat and eye patch and give him a speech bubble with a piratey saying. Make sure you colour him in too!





Which character is this from our stories? Can you work it out it in under three clues?

- 1. A lake is my home
- 2. I am magical
- 3. I live in Ireland

6 MAGIC MIRROR!

The magic mirror is showing the names of some famous fairy-tale **characters.** Use a mirror to work out who they are.



Download our Magic Mirror Sheet and draw your favourite fictional place on it. Visit storytimemagazine.com/free





MAKE AN EASY SWAN

Act out our fairy tale, Swan Lake, using homemade swan puppets.

Take the cardboard tube from the centre of a toilet roll, flatten it and, cutting both sides at the same time, make a deep curvy V shape – see right for guidance. From the side, it should look like a long slim swan's neck and an arched body.

Fold the swan's neck over to create a head. Roll the cardboard around a pencil for a neat, gentle curve.

Now you have the basic shape, paint your swan black or white.

When the paint is dry, paint the tip of the beak orange or yellow and dot on two eyes and eyelashes using a black marker.

Give your swan wings by glueing white craft feathers to each side of the body or cutting feather shapes out of the cardboard you discarded. Paint them white and glue them on.

Cut out a small crown from the leftover cardboard, paint it yellow, then fold it along the bottom edge and glue it to the swan's head.



Make a whole flock of swans and paint them in different colours. Now use them like puppets to perform a dance.









Storytime WORD, SEARCH

Can you **find the words** in our **Swan Lake**-themed word search? They run forwards, backwards, up, down and diagonally. Good luck!

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BALLET COSTUME CURSE ODILE ODILE

PALACE PARTY PRINCE PRINCESS ROTHBART SIEGFRIED SORCERER SWAN

ANSWERS: 1. Munch Bunch – A; 2. Quick Quiz – c; 3. Counting Stars – 12; 5. Who Am I? – Niamh of the Golden Hair; 6. Magic Mirror! – Beauty, Gretel, Pinocchio; Storytime Word Search – **see right**.

PAPER ROUND

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Pretend you're a reporter for The Story Times. Make up an eye-catching headline about the Queen visiting your local town. Fill it in below.

The story times HAPPY NEWS





ALTRAICT.

Can you help the Queen deliver these newspapers to the correct houses? Follow the clues to help you – and tick the boxes when you've worked out who gets what paper.

One household takes a paper that starts with the same letters as his or her surname.

The doctor likes to read the only paper that comes every day.

The youngest readers like to read a funny newspaper.

The lady does not like weekly newspapers.

Which of these newspapers would you like to read? Make up a newspaper title for your school. Write it here...

	THE STORY TIMES	THE DAILY FABLE	THE WEEKLY HERO	THE LOCAL LEGEND	THE COMICAL CHRONICLE
MR LEE					
MRS THOMPSON					
DR PATEL					
MR AND MRS HAMMETT					
THE WILLIAMS CHILDREN					

ANSWERS: Mr Lee reads The Local Legend; Mrs Thompson reads The Story Times; Dr Patel reads The Daily Fable; Mr and Mrs Hammett read The Weekly Hero; and the Williams children read The Comical Chronicle.



BE A HERO!

an amazing new competition for you! We're asking you to draw and describe your dream superhero. The winner will see his or her creation brought to life in a Storytime story next year! PLUS you'll win an awesome bundle of books!

How to Enter

Are you feeling heroic enough to take on the challenge? Here's how to enter.

Draw your hero on the sheet opposite or download it from storytimemagazine.com/free

Write a short character description so we know why your hero is special. See our Top 5 ANYONE CAN **Hero Tips** for inspiration first.



737 Post your entry to:

Hero Competition,

Storytime Magazine, Studio 2B18, Southbank Technopark, 90 London Road, London, SE1 6LN

Alternatively, you can email it to: editor@storytimemagazine.com



The deadline is **5 November 2019**.



Entrants must be aged 3 to 9.

For the rules, visit storytimemagazine.com/herocompetition

- 1. Make sure your hero is original and hasn't appeared in a story before.
- 2. Don't just think about looks – what can he or she do? What are his or her powers? What makes your hero heroic?
- 3. Create a hero you'd be excited to read about.
- 4. Heroes don't have to be adults, or even human!
- 5. Heroes don't even have to save the world. Some of the best heroes help in small ways.

Your hero in a special Storytime story! A bundle of books! A cool winner's certificate!



NOW DESCRIBE YOUR HERO HERE!

NAME ______AGE______ADDRESS _____

PARENT OR GUARDIAN EMAIL ___



Dinosaurs, monsters, wolves and stars! Find out more about our favourite new picture books and enter our competition to win them.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH!

THE WONDER MACHINE by Barry Timms and Laura Brenlla (Little Tiger Press) is an inspirational tale about a talented wolf who decides to build a machine that makes dreams come true. It's her 'greatest invention ever', but will it work? Find out in this fantastic lift-the-flap tale for wannabe engineers.

THE COLOUR MONSTER GOES TO SCHOOL

by Anna Llenas (Templar Publishing) sees the friendly Colour Monster get ready for his first day at school. There's music, stories, painting, playground antics — and lots of colour-changing too! You can even draw your own Colour Monster at the end. THE GIRL AND THE DINOSAUR by Hollie Hughes and Sarah Massini (Bloomsbury) stars Marianne – a modern Mary Anning who loves digging up dino bones on the beach. When she wishes for Bony the dino to come to life, she begins a moonlit adventure that leads her to a secret land.

THE STAR IN THE FOREST by Helen Kellock (Thames & Hudson) follows Maisie and Pip as they journey into the dark forest to investigate a mysterious bright light. Will it be aliens? A space jewel? A UFO? If only Maisie could stop racing ahead, she might enjoy some other sparkly wonders too.



Want to add these wonderful new picture books to your collection?

Answer our easy question to be in with a chance:

storytimemagazine.com/win

