

Mr Big-Bad tells the truth

Someone had pinned a large notice to the tree outside Storyland School,
and THIS is what it said:

CALLING ALL WOLVES

(And other Storyland baddies)

*Do storybooks say unkind things about you?
Are all the famous fairytales full of fibs?
Then come to our Baddies Strike Back meeting
at dinner time today and tell us your
TRUE STORIES!*

Signed

Mr B-B Wolf.

"What's the time Mr Wolf?" asked a small troll shyly.

"Dinner time, of course," said Mr Big-Bad with a toothy grin. "Follow me." And he led the way into the school hall.

It was already full of big wolves, little wolves, old wolves, young wolves and wolf cubs, all howling the 'Wolves United' song. Owwww-oooh!

The small troll wriggled through the crowd and sat on

the baddies bench. She could see several of her friends.

A green ogre, three wicked witches, two ugly sisters, one enormous bridge troll and a hairy, scary spider.

"Hi," said the spider, wagging a front leg. "Would you like a freshly-wrapped fly?"

"Thanks," said the troll. "My favourite."

"Ssssh!" hissed a grandad wolf. "Mr Big-Bad is waiting to begin."



"Owww-oooh!" began Mr Big-Bad.

"Owww-oooh!" howled the wolves. "We want the truth! We want the truth!"

Paws and claws, boots and pointy shoes stamped on the wooden floor, until Mr Big-Bad swished his tail.

"Friends," he growled. "We have all been treated unfairly by the famous fairytales, so now it is time to tell our TRUE stories." He picked up a fat book with golden edges and began to read...

"This is the story of Little Red Horrid-Hood and the Big Kind Wolf."

"Hooray," cheered the crowd. The small troll sucked her thumb. She loved stories.

"One day," Mr Big-Bad continued, "I was sniffing flowers in the Wild Wood, when Little Red Horrid-Hood biffed me with her basket of cakes.

'Out of my way, Mr Big-Ears,' she shouted rudely.

'What's the hurry?' I asked politely.

'I'm going to see my grandma,' she snapped.

'Because it's Grandma's Day.'

'What happens on Grandma's Day?' I asked politely.

'A picnic of course,' yelled Little Red Horrid-Hood.

'Don't you know ANYTHING, Mr Big-Nose?' She biffed me again with her basket and stamped down the bramble path to her Grandma's cottage.

Well, I'd never heard of Grandma's Day before, but it seemed like a lovely idea, so I scampered away to find my dear old granny wolf.

'Happy Grandma's Day,' I howled happily. Then I took her to the picnic."

"What went wrong?" asked a worried wolf cub.

"Nothing," growled Mr Big-Bad. "Except... my poor old granny felt tired after her long walk down the bramble path, so she borrowed a pink nightie and had a little nap in Grandma Horrid-Hood's bed."

"Oh dear," cackled a wicked witch. "I think I know what happened next."

"Was Little Red Horrid-Hood rude to your granny?" grumbled the green ogre.

"Did she point at her big eyes and her big teeth?"

"Indeed she did," said Mr Big-Bad sadly. "My

granny was very upset. She was wearing her best glasses and her new false teeth. Then, to make matters even worse, Little Red Horrid-Hood ran into the garden shouting, 'Help! Help! The Big, Bad Wolf has eaten my grandma, AND he's hiding in her bed.'

So a passing woodcutter chased my poor old granny down the stairs and very nearly chopped her up with his axe."

All the baddies gasped. The green ogre mopped his eyes with a huge hanky.

"Luckily," finished Mr Big-Bad, "Grandma Horrid-Hood hit the Woodcutter on the head with a cake tin, so it all ended happily."

"Hooray!" cried all the baddies. The green ogre blew his nose.

"Is that story true?" asked the small troll.

"Every word," yowled Granny Wolf. "But children never hear it, do they?"

"No they don't," said Mr Big-Bad. "They all think I bullied the Three Little Pigs. They all think the ogre was horrible to Jack."

"They all think I was mean to the Billy Goats Gruff," groaned the bridge troll, who had a nasty headache.

"They all think we were nasty to Cinderella," sighed the Ugly Sisters.

"They all think I chased Miss Muffet away," said the hairy, scary spider. "But I didn't!"

"And what about us?" cackled the three wicked witches. "EVERYONE thinks we're wicked. IT'S NOT FAIR!"

"In that case," said Mr Big-Bad, "we must write down our own stories, so the children will know the TRUTH at last. Are we all agreed?"

"YES!" yelled the baddies.

"Owww-oooh!" howled the wolves. "Hooray for the baddies striking back!"

So that is how *The Big Book of TRUE TALES for Children* really began.

And that is the TRUTH!



1 April 2008

Storyland News

Three Little Pigs in huff and puff horror!



By our on-the-spot news hound – Spotty Dog

There was horror and shock in Storyland today, as the Big Bad Wolf, disguised as a friendly postman, huffed and puffed and blew TWO new houses down.

"I was horrified," said Little Pig One. "Mr Wolf huffed my house of straw down."

"I was shocked," said Little Pig

Two. "Mr Wolf puffed my house of sticks down."

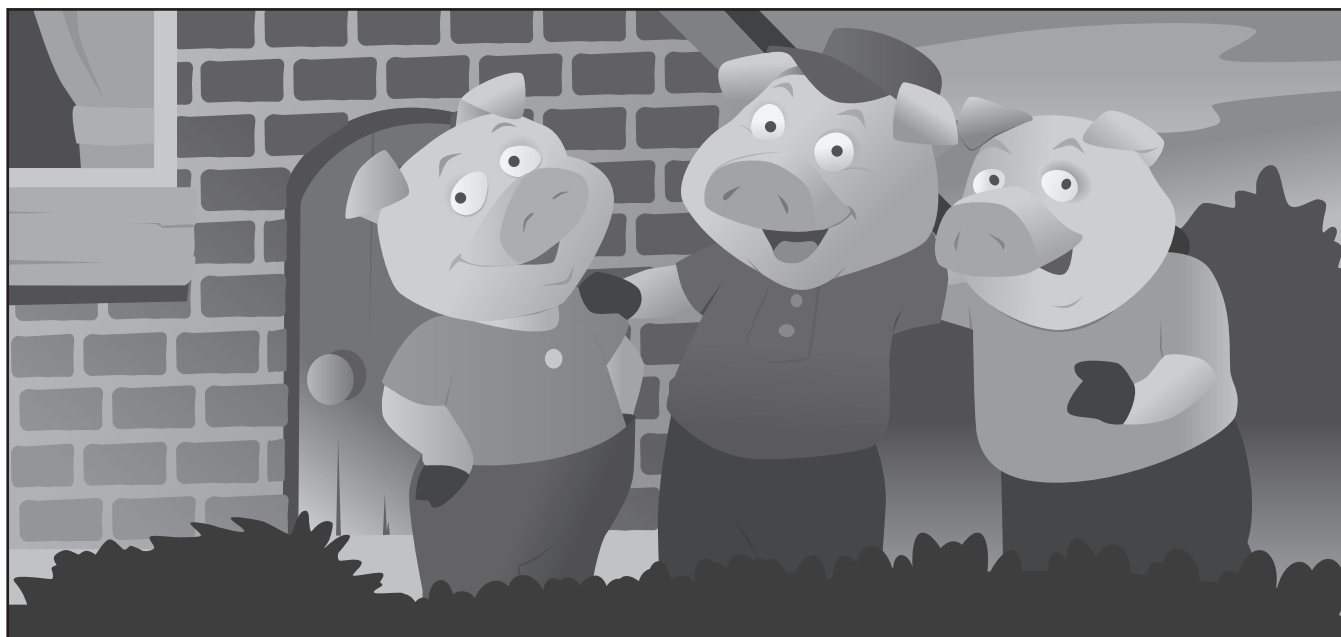
"I was horrified AND shocked," said Little Pig Three. "My two brothers ran inside my house of bricks, and Mr Wolf tried to blow us all away."

Fortunately for the Three Little Pigs, the Big Bad Wolf ran out

of puff – and climbed down the chimney instead!

"We were ready for him," giggled Little Pig Three. "We sizzled his tail in our pot of soup."

The three pig brothers are now living happily ever after, but the Big Bad Wolf's tale has had a very unhappy ending! OUCH!



BY CLARE BEVAN; ILLUSTRATION © RONNIE SAMPSON



Readers' letters

Please address all letters to: 24 Blackbird Street, Storyland

Mr Wolf reveals the truth

Dear Editor,

I am writing to tell you that everything the Three Little Pigs said about me is a BIG FIB. I am not a BAD Wolf at all. In fact, I am a very SAD Wolf now my lovely bushy tail has been sizzled. Let me tell you what really happened...

I am the Storyland postman, while the Jolly Postman is on holiday. I was happily carrying my sack of letters down Crooked Lane, when my nose began to twitch and tickle. "Oh no!" I growled. "I've got hay fever. Aaaa-chooo!"

At that moment, I spotted a house of straw. No wonder I was feeling so sneezy! I quickly knocked on the door to warn Little Pig One.

"Look out!" I called. "I think I'm going to huff and puff."

But it was too late. "AAAA-CHOOO!" I went, and the house of straw blew down. But it wasn't my fault, was it?

I turned the corner with my sack of letters, and my nose began to sniff and snuffle. "Oh no!" I growled. "I can smell smoke. Cough, cough!"

At that moment I spotted a bonfire outside a house of sticks. I quickly knocked on the door to warn Little Pig Two.

"Look out!" I yowled. "I'll try to blow the fire out." Then I huffed and I puffed as hard as I could, and I accidentally blew the house down too. But it wasn't my fault, was it?

I picked up my sack of letters and had just turned another corner when my nose began to snort and splutter. "Someone must be burning their soup," I growled.

At that moment I spotted a house of bricks. Hooray! I had a huge heap of cards for Little Pig Three.

I quickly knocked on his door, because there wasn't a letter box. "Let me in!" I howled. "I can huff on your soup and cool it down for you."

But no one answered, so I did the only sensible thing. I climbed down the chimney to give Little Pig Three his cards. And what was my reward for all my kindness? A sizzled tail and a nasty story!

Yours crossly,
The Big SAD Wolf



The ogre's sad story

This is the story of the ogre who lived at the top of Jack's magic beanstalk

Oh, I am the ogre
Who sang FEE, FIE, FO!
I lived in a castle
On a cloud, you know.

Oh, I am the ogre
Who had THREE FINE THINGS –
My goose and my money
And my sweet harp strings.

Oh, I am the ogre
Who went BOOM, BOOM, BOOM,
Till Jack climbed my beanstalk
And he robbed my room.

Oh, I am the ogre
Who sobbed BOO, HOO, HOO,
When Jack stole my treasures
And my sweet harp too.

Oh, I am the ogre
Who is SAD, SAD, SAD...
They say I'm a bully,
BUT IT'S JACK WHO'S BAD!



Spot the baddies!

Can you guess who they are?

They say I HUFF,
They say I PUFF,
They say I'm BIG and BAD
I'm telling you
It isn't true –
I DON'T make piglets sad.

They say I SNATCH,
They say I CATCH,
They say I MUNCH and CRUNCH.
I'm telling you
It isn't true –
I DON'T grab goats for lunch.

They say I'm MEAN,
They say I'm GREEN,
They say I SMASH and SMACK.
I'm telling you
It isn't true –
I don't squash boys called Jack.

They say we SHOUT,
They say we POUT,
They say we SNEAK and SPY.
We're telling you
It isn't true –
We DON'T make Cinders cry.

(Did you guess? One is The Big Bad Wolf. Two is The Troll. Three is The Ogre. Four is The Ugly Sisters.)



Hooray – Boo!

All these poems follow the same pattern. Can YOU invent any more?

Little Miss Muffet is having a picnic. HOORAY!
She hates sharing her food with anyone else. BOO!
A lovely, fluffy spider says, “Good Morning.” HOORAY!
Miss Muffet throws her spoon at him. BOO!
The spoon lands in a bramble bush. HOORAY!
Miss Muffet blames the spider. BOO!
But *WE* know the truth, don’t we? HOORAY!

Three noisy Billy Goats skip out to play. HOORAY!
They go TRIP-TRAP, TRIP-TRAP, all day long. BOO!
The poor old troll asks them to tiptoe. HOORAY!
They TRIP-TRAP until he has a horrible headache. BOO!
They TRIP-TRAP so hard, the bridge falls down. HOORAY!
The Three Billy Goats blame the poor old troll. BOO!
But *WE* know the truth, don’t we? HOORAY!

Little Pig One builds a house of straw. HOORAY!
Now EVERYONE in Storyland has hay fever. BOO!
Kind Mr Wolf tries to tell the little pig. HOORAY!
But the naughty pig just locks his door. BOO!
Mr Wolf accidentally sneezes the house down. HOORAY!
Little Pig One says Mr Wolf is BIG and BAD. BOO!
But *WE* know the truth, don’t we?



Before and after

Can you wave your magic pencil and change these fairytale baddies into Storyland goodies?

It works like this:

Before: The *wicked* old witch makes *nasty* spells.

After: The *wise* old witch makes *sparkly* spells.

Now try these...

Before: The horrible ogre booms like a thunder storm.

After: The _____ ogre _____ like a _____

(He could speak like a mouse. Or tremble like a jelly!)

Before: The Big, Bad Wolf frightens the sweet old granny.

After: The _____ Wolf _____ the _____ granny.

Before: Naughty Goldilocks upsets the lovely family of Bears.

After: _____ Goldilocks _____ the _____ family of Bears.

Before: The two ugly sisters wear shoes as big as saucepans.

After: The two _____ sisters wear shoes as _____ as _____



Storyland swap shop 1

Have fun swapping your favourite characters around!

We've done one for you:

The Big, Bad Pig blew the Three Little Wolf Cubs into the pond!

Can you play tricks on these characters?

1. Goldilocks and Baby Bear

2. The Big, Bad Wolf and Granny

3. The Ogre and Jack



Storyland swap shop 2

4. The Ugly Sisters and Cinderella

5. The spider and Little Miss Muffet

- Are you ready for some really silly stories?

Baby Bear put on his boxing gloves and chased the Wolf up the beanstalk.




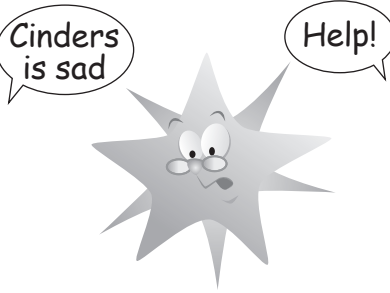

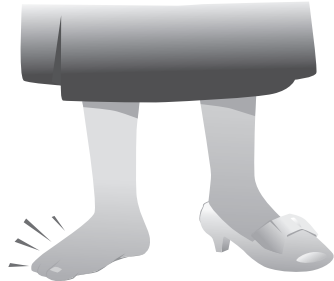


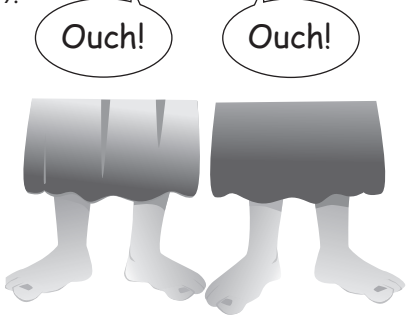
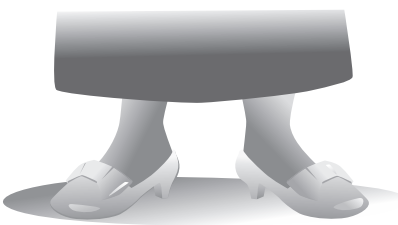

The Wicked Witch turned the spider into a Prince who liked bungee jumping.

- Now try fooling around with these characters: Cinderella, The Ogre and a talking mouse.
- If you enjoyed that – try muddling up some characters of your own!



Cartoon strip

The true story of Cinderella and her sisters

<p>1.</p>  <p>Three tickets for the ball.</p>	<p>2.</p>  <p>Hooray Yippee</p> <p>The Ugly Sisters are excited.</p>	<p>3.</p>  <p>Boo hoo!</p> <p>Cinderella has lost her ticket.</p>
<p>4.</p>  <p>Cinders is sad Help!</p> <p>Her sisters tell the Fairy Godmother.</p>	<p>5.</p>  <p>Cinderella goes to the ball.</p>	<p>6.</p>  <p>Oh no! She has lost her shoe.</p>
<p>7.</p>  <p>I've found a shoe</p> <p>Here comes the Handsome Prince.</p>	<p>8.</p>  <p>Where am I?</p> <p>But Cinderella is lost!</p>	<p>9.</p>  <p>Ouch! Ouch!</p> <p>The sisters make the Prince wait.</p>
<p>10.</p>  <p>The shoe fits. Hooray!</p>	<p>11.</p>  <p>Everyone is happy at the royal wedding!</p>	

Can YOU draw a cartoon story? Add plenty of speech bubbles.



Cartoon stories

Draw your own cartoon story in the boxes below

BY CLARE BEVAN



Astonishingly amazing adverbs 1

When you have chosen your ASTONISHING adverbs,
you can try ACTING them out!

Now – try to fill in the gaps interestingly! Like this...

The BAD ogre chews angrily.

The GOOD ogre shouts happily.

The Big BAD Wolf smiles _____ly. (Hungrily? Naughtily?)

The GOOD Wolf smiles _____ly. (Kindly? Cheerfully?)

The WICKED Witch speaks _____ly. (Croakily? Scarily?)

The WISE Witch speaks _____ly. (Gently? Softly?)



Astonishingly amazing adverbs 2

- Now try these...

If you are stuck, there are some ideas at the bottom of the page.

The BAD troll chews _____ly.

The GOOD troll chews _____ly.

The BAD sister sings _____ly.

The GOOD sister sings _____ly.

The BAD spider runs _____ly.

The GOOD spider runs _____ly.

The BAD wizard laughs _____ly.

The GOOD wizard laughs _____ly.

Quietly, loudly, messily, crookedly, elegantly, daintily, sweetly, softly, squeakily, sharply,
bouncily, horribly, politely, terribly, disgustingly, cheerfully, wickedly, scarily, naughtily,
excitedly, nastily, magically!



Homemade stick puppets 1

Here are some easy stick puppets to cut out and make. You can use them when you read the printed poems, or when you perform your OWN stories.

Have fun!



Homemade stick puppets 2

Here are some easy stick puppets to cut out and make. You can use them when you read the printed poems, or when you perform your OWN stories.

Have fun!

