



Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and all his Friends

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday?

Well little owl had been dreaming, he had been having a lovely dream about all the different colours he had seen and friends he had made. He woke up and poked his head out of his hole just before dawn.

He couldn't believe his eyes!

The sky was a wonderful and warm pink. That made him remember his lovely friend Felisha the flamingo, he wondered if she was still dancing, he hoped she hadn't got her leg stuck again!

Wow!

As the yellow sun shone through the morning mist. Yellow made him remember his friend Delphine the Duck.

I hope she is still bouncing on the lily pads! Bonjour Delphine!

He looked up.

Wow!

Said Little Owl as White fluffy clouds floated across the Bright Blue sky.

Ha Ha! Those White Fluffy Clouds look just like Puja The Polar Bears' Fluffy coat. And the Blue sky reminds me of my friend Piku the Blue Parrot, Namaste! Piku if you are up there!

Then little owl noticed that the Leaves on the tree next to her were green. It was an evergreen fir tree.

Wow! So Green It makes me think of that crazy greedy frog that I met who drank all the water....what was his name?.....Ah yes Fredrico I hope he is not drinking to much! G,day Fredrico!

Then all of a sudden the sky was filled with pretty Red butterflies.

Wow! Carlos is that you? Hola! Carlos! Wow you have so many brothers and sisters now!

He watched them land on the bright orange flowers. Orange always made him think of poor Tabu the Tiger who had a thorn in his foot.

I hope Tabu is well and his foot is better now! Jambo Tabu!

Then up in the sky the clouds suddenly turned to grey and it started to rain...

Pitter Patter, Pitter Patter.

Oh no its raining but the sun is still shining.

Wow! Said Little owl as a beautiful rainbow filled the sky.

Little owl sat happily in her tree thinking of all the friends she had met and how the world was full of all the most amazing colours! She watched as the sun went down and the moon came out and the stars began to twinkle.

She sent a magic wish to Suki the star!

Konnichiwa! Suki I wish one day I could be a Post Owl just like Polly.

He was sure he saw her winking at him and hoped this meant his wish would come true. By now he was very tired indeed.

(Yawns)

Little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday, what do you think? Can Wishes come true? What do you think?

I did find this though! Do you think I should give it to him?

(Reveals a mini post jacket form her pocket)

What would I do without his stories.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Maybe little owl can help me now! Shall we get him out?

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

Look he is so happy to be a post Owl!

Maybe wishes can come true after all!


See you another day I hope!


The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk

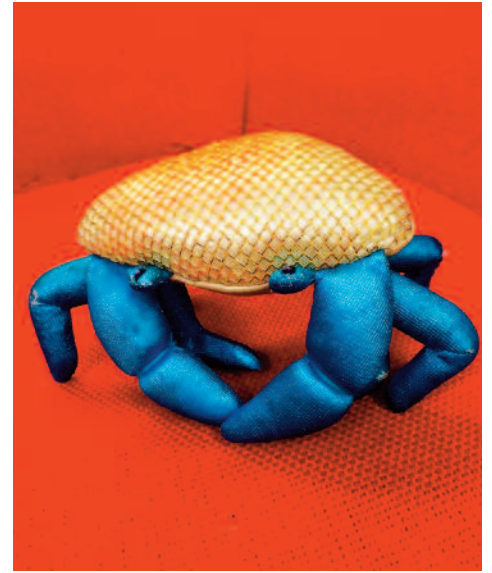
 follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)

 on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Claude the Crab

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Claude the Golden Crab you met!

Well it goes something like this

Little owl decided it was a nice day to go on a fly and see if he could find any of his friends.

He missed his friend Jada the purple Jellyfish maybe he would go to the wide blue ocean again and see if he could see her.

So he flew and flew and flew.

He knew he must be getting close because he passed a big white seagull

Caw! Caw!

Caw! Caw!

But he didn't want to stop and chat he just whizzed past.

Not very friendly thought little owl.

On he flew and there was the big blue sea.

Shhhhhhh!

Shhhhhhh!

The waves were lapping on the sand. It looked like the sea was coming in.

Little Owl ran up and down the beach hoping he might catch a glimpse of Jada.

But no Jada!

By now Little owl was getting quite out of breathe and feeling very disappointed.

He plumped down on the sand.

Humffffff!

He hadn't sat down for long when he was sure he felt something tickling his bottom.

Tee Hee Hee!

Tee Hee Hee!

He must be imagining it.

No there it was again. And this time it was even more tickly!

Tee Hee Hee!

Tee Hee Hee!

He couldn't have imagined it that time surely.

Then it happened again and this time it was so tickly that little Owl could not keep still at all.

Tee Hee Hee!

Tee Hee Hee!

He Jiggled and wiggled and jumped in the air!

Sand was flying all over the place!

And then out of the sand climbed a creature and Little Owl saw what had been tickling him so much.

A crab

But it wasn't just any kind of crab its shell was gold it was a golden crab.

Wow! You're Gold!

Well yes Im Claude the Crab, Bonjour mon ami!

Hello I'm little Owl Pleased to meet you.

Well don't just stand there and look aren't you going to help me!?

Um, Er, Help? How?

By digging of course, we've not got much time left. We've got to find the magical treasure that's buried in the sand.

How do you know it's here?

I've been searching for years and I've tried the whole beach and this is the only spot left. It has to be here.

Wow! Magical Treasure!

Is that all you say, wow! Enough talking now mon ami more action the tide will be coming in soon ans we will run out of time.

Wow! I mean yes, action I'm on it Claude you can count on me!

Little Owl dug away at the sand with his little claws as best he could.

Dig Dig! Dig!

Dig Dig! Dig!

Claude dug away at the sand with his pincers in sideways motion.

Dig Dig! Dig!

Dig Dig! Dig!

But Nothing. No treasure!

Keep digging mon ami.

So they both dug together, working as a team was much better.

Dig Dig! Dig!

Dig Dig! Dig!

The hole was getting much deeper. But still no treasure.

Shhhhhhhhh!

Shhhhhhhhh!

The Sea was getting closer and closer now, very soon it would be touching their toes!

One more try!

Dig Dig! Dig!

Dig Dig! Dig!

Suddenly little owl felt something with his claw.

Whats this?

Treasure you found the treasure! Yipeeee!

The two friends spread the golden coins out and admired them glittering on the sand.

Claude handed a coin to little Owl

This is for you mon ami to say Merci for helping me! It will always bring you luck.

Ahh thank you I will keep it very safe for Polly

My Crab family will be so happy I must go and show them all they thought I would never find it, but thanks to you I did

Wow! Good Bye!

Au revoir Mon Ami!

Good bye

Little Owl watched as he scuttled away dragging his treasure behind him!

Then He flew all the way back to his hole, He was very tired indeed by the time he reached home.

(Yawns)

Little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Claude the Crab, what do you think? A crab that digs for gold, really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I did find this strange gold coin ive never seen one like this before!

(Reveals a gold coin form her pocket)

I am starting to wonder about his stories now, maybe just maybe they do happen!.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Delphine the Duck

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Delphine the Duck?

Little owl was in his favourite spot again, sunbathing. The Yellow sun shone through the morning mist. It was getting warm. He closed his eyes and could see yellow through his eye lids, it was making him dream of big yellow sunflowers, yellow ice lollies and yellow bananas

(mmmmmm)

Little Owl realised he felt quite hungry and rather thirsty for that matter too.

(Parched noise)

So little owl decided to fly up and see what he could see.

He flew over the streets, the houses, past the school with the children playing, past the shops and then something bright and sparkling caught his eyes.

(Bring out blue fabric ask the children to hold the edges)

The big river.

Little owl thought it looked ever so cool and inviting so he flew down to it.

So wide and cool just what he needed: a nice refreshing drink.

He got to the edge and bent his head low to take a lovely big sip of water.

He was just about to sip, when he suddenly became aware someone or something was watching him.

He looked up to see something bright yellow swimming straight towards him.

Bonjour! Bonjour!

Hello, hello, who are you?

Moi je suis Delphine, Delphine La Duck. Do you want to play with me?

Oh Ok yes! What shall we play?

Lets bounce on the lily pads!

Little owl thought that sounded fun but was a bit worried about getting wet or falling in the water.

But I don't think I can swim what if I fall in?

Don't worry you won't its easy I show you, it's so fun, watch me!

(Delphine bounces on the lily pads, Bouncy, bouncy, boing, boing!)

Little Owl was a bit unsure at first but then he had a go.

Bouncy, bouncy, boing, boing!

They had lots of fun bouncing on the lily pads all the way along the river.

After a while little owl said

Hhhh! I'm a bit out of puff can we rest for bit?

Bien sur mon Ami!

The two friends watched the fish swimming underneath them it was fun to see them wiggling and squiggling underneath them.

Then something big stirred underneath them.

Little owl and Delphine shivered.

They looked back, they were along downstream now!

Quest que c'est, What was that?

I don't know

Maybe it's the great big river monster that lives at the bottom of the river, my brothers and sisters told me about it.

Oh No, I'm scared

Me too.....

My mum would know what to do now, but, but Oh no....Where is my mum? She was just over there when I was playing with you. But now she's gone, I've lost my mum!

Oh

Said little owl in a very small voice, he was trying to be brave but he was right in the middle of a very big river and felt really worried.

I wish your mum was here too.

So they couched down very low and huddled up together.

If only maman duck was here...

Shhh....

They could hear something rustling along the river bank

Rustle rustle, (hand out scrunchy paper to the children)

It was getting closer,

And closer,

and closer.

They clutched on to each other and closed their eyes tight.

It was Maman duck!

Oh Maman!

Oh Delphine! There you are.

Delphine and little owl were very pleased to see maman duck.

She soothed their feathers and told them to not worry.

There is no such thing as a river monster!

Together she helped them back along the river and invited owl for a nice drink and snack at their nest.

Little owl was very grateful as he was very hungry now!

After a while little owl realised he was very tired after all the excitement so he said he was going to go home.

Come again and play bouncy with me!

Yes one day soon I will Delphine.

Aurevoir

Good bye Delphine good bye Maman duck!

Then he flew back to his hole, and gave a Big Yawn

Night Night

and little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Delphine the Duck, what do you think?
A river monster really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Can you help me?

Hand out letters

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Falisha Flamingo

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Falisha Flamingo!

Well it goes something like this

Little owl sitting in his tree.

It was a very foggy day, all he could see was grey fog all around him.

It was so foggy he could hardly see his own feet.

Little Owl wondered if it was this foggy everywhere.

He said...

I want to see colours

Bright colour

Not all this grey fog!

So little owl decided to fly off and see if he could get out of this fog and find some colour.

Up, Up, Up he flew.

It was very strange the fog was so thick he really couldn't see where he was going.

He had to go quite slow.

It was hard work flying in the fog.

Just when little owl thought this grey soup was never going to end finally all of a sudden

Pop!

Out of the fog he flew. The grey soup had ended and now he was flying in clear blue skies.

Phewwwweeee! That's better.

Now he could fly on with a bounce in his wings.

His sharp eyes were on the lookout for colour.

Oh hang on a minute what was that down there?

He had spotted a bright colour.

A new colour.

It was Pink he was sure it was.

What could it be?

Little owl was very excited to find out so he flew straight down to see it.

He touched down next to a very tall and graceful creature.

Bright pink feathers.

Long legs

Well actually one leg

It was standing on one leg! How remarkable!

It had a beak like him.

It had wings like him.

But he wasn't sure it was a bird.

Hello

Buenos Dias! Said the creature.

I'm little owl, who are you?

Why I'm Falisha. I am a Flamingo of course, I am very famous!

Oh a Flamingo!

Yes a flamingo we are the most clever and talented of creature all creatures, because we can dance and we can even balance on one leg, don't you know?

Oh yes I can see that, it's quite amazing you do look like a ballet dancer.

Why thank you.

She did a small curtsy and a little flourish, but something didn't look quite right her movements were very stiff and jerky.

Actually I am really glad you've come.

Oh why is that?

Well it's a little bit embarrassing....But.... you see I've got my leg stuck up. I can't move it. I've been standing like this for so long. It's gone all stiff. And now I can't get it down. I really need to change legs. This leg I'm standing on is so tired!

Oh oh dear.

Little owl thought that must be very uncomfortable.

He thought about what he could do to help Falisha get her leg down.

Hmmmmm

Don't worry Falisha I have got an idea.

Oh have you what a relief. Do tell me.

Well you need to close your eyes very tight.

I don't see how that is going to help young owl!

Trust me close your eyes Falisha.

Ok

So Falisha shut her eyes tight and little owl flew a little way back, out of sight.

Then almost silently he crept forwards on his tippy toes.

Tip-toe, Tip-toe, Tip-toe

1,2, 3

Then with his loudest voice he squawked

Boo!, Really loud

Whaaaaaaaa!

Falisha jumped high in the air she was so surprised and as she did, her leg became loose and fluttered and as she came back down to the ground both her legs were firmly on the ground.

Whoopeee I have two legs again!

She did a special pirouette for Little owl.

I'm so happy look I can do this, Pillay (she bends her legs)

And this (She sticks her leg out to the left)

And this (she sticks her leg out to the right)

You've certainly got some impressive moves.

Yes I have. You see I really am a very talented dancer.

Yes, yes you are but maybe you should remember to swap your legs over when you are balancing next time, so you don't get stiff and stuck like that again!

Suddenly Falisha remembered her earlier predicament and her cheeks blushed a brighter shade of pink.

Oh yes, hmm that was a little embarrassing you are right I will remember that wise little owl.

Anyway now you are ok I better go now I don't want to get stuck in the fog again.

Oh Lovely to meet you

Buenos Tardis Little Owl

Good evening to you too Falisha.

Little owl couldn't wait to tell Polly all about the famous dancing Flamingo he had met. He gave a last wave and off he set

He flew all the way back to his hole, luckily there was no fog this time it must have cleared.

He was very tired indeed by the time he reached home.

(Yawns)

Little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Falisha Flamingo, what do you think?
A Flamingo who can pirouette, really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Federico the Frog

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Fredrico the frog?

Little Owl was feeling thirsty again after his big nap so he decided he would go down to the pond.

When he got there he saw a bright green frog had got there first.

Hello said little owl

Ahhh G,day Mate!

What's your Name?

My name is Federico Matey!

Ahh nice to meet you said little owl I was just coming down to the pond for a little drink!

Ahh mate me too! Do you mind if I go first it's just I'm so parched I've been jumping around all morning!

Oh no you go ahead, I can wait.

Little owl watched as Federico started to drink,

and drink

and drink.

He didn't drink a bit of pond water, he didn't drink a lot of pond water he drank the whole of the pond until there was nothing left! He had drank the whole pond.

Oh Federico look you have drank al the pond there is nothing left for me now!

Oh so I have, I'm so sorry mate I didn't mean to do that. Look its ok I know where there is some even nicer, cooler fresher water, the river! Come with me I will show you..

So Federico showed little owl the way to the big river. Federico jumped and little owl flew.

When they got there, Federico was panting.

Ahhh Mate can I just have one little go on the river as I am so parched after all that JUMPING!

Well ok I suppose so

Little owl watched as Federico started to drink,

and drink

and drink.

He didn't drink a bit of river water, he didn't drink a lot of river water he drank the whole of the river until there was nothing left! He had drank the whole river.

Oh Federico look you have drank al the river there is nothing left for me now!

Oh so I have, I'm so sorry mate I didn't mean to do that. It just slid down my throat. Look its ok I know where there is some even nicer, cooler fresher water, the deep loch! Come with me I will show you.

So Federico showed Little owl the way to the deep loch. Federico jumped and little owl flew.

When they got there, Federico was panting again.

Ahhh Mate can I just have one little go on the loch as I am so parched after all that JUMPING it was a further than I thought!

Well ok I suppose so

and little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Federico the frog, what do you think?
A frog who can drink up a whole river, really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Jada the Jellyfish

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Jade the jellyfish?

Little Owl had woken up with one very clear idea in his mind.

He wanted to see the sea.

He wanted to smell the sea.

He wanted to hear the big waves crashing on the shore.

So he gathered himself together, gave his feathers a good ruffle and off he set to find the big wide ocean sea.

He flew up and up, over the woods, past the river winding this way and that, he flew on and on further and further until at last in the very distance he could see the sea glistening.

I can see the sea whoopee, I can see the sea!

He flew closer and now he could hear the waves crashing on the shore.

(Shhhhhhhh)

And he could smell the salty, fishy smells of the sea in the air.

(Shifftttttttt)

He landed softly on the sand. The sand went on for miles.
The beach was fantastic.

He thought perhaps he would look for a shell to take back to Polly.

He wondered up the beach, with his head down looking for the prettiest shell, when he suddenly saw something bright purple lying on the sand and it definitely wasn't a shell.

He wasn't quite sure what it was.

It was shiny and looked like a big pile of blackcurrant jelly.

He went a little closer so he could take a good sniff.

Little owl thought that if it looked like jelly perhaps it was jelly so he opened his beak ready to take a little nibble.

Just then the purple thing wriggled and said:

What are you doing?

Oh I'm so sorry I thought you were Jelly to eat.

I'm not jelly I'm Jada, Jada the Jellyfish.

Hello Jada pleased to meet you I am little owl.

Salaam little owl. I have never see a bird like you before.

I'm quite a long way from my home I just came to see the sea.

Ahh yes the sea is fun but also very dangerous.

Jada had a very small voice and she hardly moved at all

Last night there was a big storm and the waves tossed me this way and then a huge wave threw me right out of the sea onto the beach. Now I am stranded here and I can't get back into the sea. I'm going to be stuck here forever.

She started to cry little salty tears.

Oh no that's awful the sea is strong.

Little owl was very sad that his new friend couldn't get back into the sea.

He thought for a moment then he had a good idea.

I can help you Jada, don't worry its going to be ok, I can get you back into the sea.

Little owl started to dig away at the sand near Jada, just enough so that he could get a bit underneath her.

Do you think you could flop onto my back?

I will try

1, 2, 3 flop.....

Jada was on. She had just enough strength to wrap her tentacles around little owl.

Hold on tight we are going up!

Little owl carefully flapped his wings and up, up they went. It was quite hard work with Jada on his back.

He just managed to reach the sea.

Are you ready?

Yes I think so thank you so much you have saved me.

No worries Jada, take care, Good-byeeee!

And with that she loosened her tentacles and with a

1,2,3 Splosh!

She splashed into the sea.

Kudh-hafiz Little owl (huda hafiz)

Good byeeeee Jada!

Little owl watched as she gracefully spread out in the sea. She looked beautiful, all her tentacles waving in every direction.

He watched until he couldn't see her anymore.

Phew that was close, I'm really glad I could help her. But I'm feeling very tired now.

Little owl couldn't wait to tell Polly all about it.

He took one last deep sniff of the sea air and then flew all the way back to his hole.

He was very tired indeed.

(Yawns)

Little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Jada the Jellyfish, what do you think?
A Jellyfish who can ride on an owls back, really who ever heard of such a thing!?

He did bring me this though!

(Reveals a shell from her pocket)

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Piku the Blue Parrot

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Piku the Parrot?

Little Owl was in his tree.

When suddenly he saw something out of the corner of his eye in the sky, something so bright and blue, what was it? Little owl had never seen anything quite like it before.

Closer and closer and closer it came until it landed gently and gracefully on a branch right by little owl.

Hello said little owl

Namaste! Namaste!

What's your Name?

My name is Piku the Parrot!

Ahh nice to meet you I'm little owl

I live a long way from here, I live in a big, luscious Jungle with so many trees and lots of parrots of every different colour you can imagine.

Wow it sounds amazing.

Well you know I would love to take you there but to be honest I am a bit lost and I miss all my parrot friends.

I can help you.

Little Owl explained that he was very good at looking with his sharp eyes and strong sense of smell, he was sure he could help Piku find her way back to the Jungle.

I can fly next to you and whisper in your ear which way to go!

That would be wonderful.

Up, up, up the two friends flew high in the sky, and little owl whispered which way to go.

A little to your left

A little to your right

Up

Down

In a circle

Backwards

Forwards all the way to the biggest sweetest trees ever.

My Home My home you found my jungle home!

The swooped down and landed in a luscious green creeper.

All little owl could see was green trees all around him, and all he could hear was the most amazing bird song.

Twitter, chirp, chirp, twitter chirp, chirp.

(Ask the children to join in with bird song)

I am so happy to be home!

Then Piku ruffled up his chest and let out the most amazing call

Namesteeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

All of a sudden out of the green trees flew lots of beautiful parrots of many colours.

(Give each child a feather)

My friends, my dearest Friends, It is so good to see you again. This clever little owl helped me find my way back to you.

All the parrots were so grateful to Little owl they decided to perform their great Shukriyaa shook-dee-ah/ Thank you dance for Little owl.

Little owl lay back and watch as they sang and danced.

They waved their wings this way- shook-dee-ah !

They waved their wings that way- shook-dee-ah!

They shook their wings upwards- shook-dee-ah!

They shook their wings downwards – shook-dee-ah!

And finished with a big wave round and round- shook-dee-ah!

It was truly wonderful

Little Owl saw that time had got late and he was starting to feel tired.

I better go now good bye Piku.

See you another day.

Bye Bye

Then he flew back to his hole, and gave a Big Yawn

Night Night

and little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Piku The Blue Parrot, what do you think?

A Blue Parrot who can dance, really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Puja the Polar Bear

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Puja the Polar Bear?

Little owl had woken up and poked his head out of his hole to find a big surprise, something he wasn't expecting, something he had never seen before.....

He couldn't believe what he saw.... For the whole world had changed whilst he slept, everything was covered in a thick white blanket.

Wow! Wow! Wow!

Little owl reached out to touch the white stuff to see if it was real and that he wasn't dreaming.

Wow!

It was very cold and definitely real.

Brrrrrrrrrr!

How strange it was, Little owl wanted to explore some more, It made a very funny noise when you trod on it, he found it was quite tricky walking on it because with each step he took he sunk down,

Frump, frump, frump

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

His feet were freezing!

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Just then little Owl had an idea

Dink!

Little owl wondered if he might be able to roll this white stuff up to make balls that he could play with.

So he started to roll,

Rolly, Rolly, Rolly, Pop!

Rolly, Rolly, Rolly, Pop!

Rolly, Rolly, Rolly, Pop!

Little Owl was very busy rolling the white stuff and soon he had a little pile of balls.

Little Owl picked up the first ball and lifted it as high as he could and threw it this way (left)

Whhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Splat!

It landed in a bush.

Ha, Ha, Ha, that was fun!

Little Owl picked up the second ball and lifted it as high as he could and threw it that way (right).

Whhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Splat!

It landed in a tree.

Ha, Ha, Ha, that was fun!

I wonder where this one will land, I know I won't even look I will throw it backward over my head, Little owl picked up an especially big and fluffy ball, turned around and threw it high over his head.

Whhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Splat!

Owwwwwww! That Hurt!

Little Owl spun around to see who was talking.

Hello is anyone there?

Owww yes I'm here with a sore head!

Where, I can't see you?

There out of the snow climbed a big white fluffy bear.

Here I am, I'm Puja the Polar Bear.

Hello I'm little Owl

Ai little Owl! (Inuit for Hello)

I'm so sorry I hit you Puja I just couldn't see you in all this white stuff.

This White stuff is called Snow you know.

Oh wow Snow! No I've never seen snow before.

I live in the snow.

Brrrrrrrrr. Its freezing don't you get very cold?

That's why I've got this thick furry coat of course.

Oh wow

Said Little Owl stoking Puja's coat,

That is fluffy!

Well of course you know the other way we keep warm?

No How?

We play Slip, Sliding of course!

That sounds fun can I play?

Well we need a big hill first.

I know just where there is a perfect hill follow me Puja....

Little owl flew nice and slowly all the way to Spinney Hill Park so that Puja could follow. He was right there was a great hill at the park. The two friends climbed the big hill together and when they were at the top, Puja told Little Owl to climb on his back.

Are you ready?

Oh wow! Yes I think so

Hold on Tight!

Ready 1, 2, 3

Slip, Slip, Siip

Slideee!

Whheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Down the hill the two friends whizzed, faster and faster until they finally they came to a stop at the bottom!.

Little Owl jumped straight up

That was Brilliant I love Slip sliding can we play again?

One more time!

So The two friends climbed the big hill together once again!

Hummff Hummff this is hard work Little owl!

Finally they were at the top once again, Puja told Little Owl to climb on his back.

Are you ready?

Yes I am

Hold on Tight!

Ready 1, 2, 3

Slip, Slip, Siip

Slideee!

Whheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Down the hill the two friends whizzed, faster and faster until they finally fell in a big snow pile at the bottom!

Splat!

Ha! Ha! Ha! You look funny!

Ha! Ha! Ha! So do you!

They brushed the snow off each other.

Thank you for teaching me how to play in the snow and sorry for hitting you on the head too.

That's ok little guy, thanks for showing me the best hill around!

I'm a bit tired now, it's hard work walking in the snow.

I know I'm cold I better go and get in my warm hole. I can't wait to tell Polly all about you.

Yes I better go too. I have a special snow cave to sleep in.

Atsunai Little owl

Good bye Puja

Little Owl watched as Puja plodded away in the snow.

Then he flew all the way back to his hole, He was very tired indeed by the time he reached home.

(Yawns)

Little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Puja the Polar Bear what do you think? A Polar bear sledging down a hill, really who ever heard of such a thing!?

He did bring me this though!

(Reveals a snow ball form her pocket)

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl and Suki the Star

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Suki the Star you found!

Well it goes something like this

Little owl sitting in his tree.

There was hardly any leaves left now on his tree.

The tree was nearly bare now, all the leaves had fallen off.

Little owl jumped down off his branch

Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

He liked to play in the leaves.

He liked spotting all the different colours of leaves, red, orange, yellow and brown.

He liked the noise they made when he dragged his feet through the leaves:

Scrunch, Scrunch, Scrunch

Scrumple, Scrumple, Scrumple!

Scrunch, Scrunch, Scrunch

Scrumple, Scrumple, Scrumple!

He like to throw them high in the air and wait for them to fall down and cover him.

Wait a minute what was this?

It wasn't Red, nor Orange, nor yellow and it certainly wasn't brown.

Little owl was pretty sure that it wasn't a leaf at all.

There flopped out in the middle of all the leaves was something that little owl had never seen before, glittering and shimmering.

It was silver!

Wow said little owl

He came a little closer and brushed the leaves gently aside.

Hello are you awake in there?

Konnichiwa! Said a very sad little voice

Hello I'm little owl who are you?

I'm Suki and I once was a Star.

Wow a Star! That's amazing, I never thought I'd meet a star. I see you twinkling in the night sky every night from my hole.

Ahhh yes that's what I used to do...

She was whimpering and shaking now

What can I ask are you doing here then, in among the leaves on the ground?

At this, tiny shimmering sliver tears started to fall. Little owl gently stroked her better.

Tell me what happened to you Suki?

She took a deep breath and composed herself.

Well I was twinkling and sparkling with all my friends we were all chatting away as you do,

Chitter, Chatter,

Chitter chatter!

and then all of a sudden I started to feel a bit strange. I don't really know how to describe it. It started with a rumble in my tummy, then my whole body started giddyng and shaking and I couldn't control the quivers at all. Then before I knew what was happening I was whizzing through the sky at the greatest of speed!

Wow!

Well yes Wow, well wow at first it was kind of like being on the fastest fairground roller coaster you have ever been on, it was kind of fun at first. I was calling out to my friends as I went

Look at me....wheeeeeee!

Look at meWheeeeeee!

I could see the planets, and new star constellations, and moon rock all whizzing past. But I was getting further and further way from my friends and I was getting pretty scared I don't mind telling you. I started to scream a bit

Ahhhhhhhhhhh! Hhhhhheeeeee!!!!pppppppp!

Then it got even faster still. Ans I was going upside down, this way and that way and all around. I was so dizzy and I really wanted it to stop. I was feeling sick too and very frightened.

Oh No poor you what happened next?

Well then I did finally slow down and I could see that I was very much lower in the sky because I could see all the trees, and rivers and even a red post box.

Then when I thought it was all over, there was one final big burst and I went shooting I a huge big arch over the trees and

flopp! Whollop, Bash!

I landed head first in this big pile of leaves.

Now I don't think I will ever be able to be a star again in the sky and see all my friends!

My life is over!

Oh don't say that.... I sure I can help you.

Little owl thought very hard for a moment

Hmmmmmmm!

Dink!

I've got it Suki, Can you climb on my back I will fly you up into the sky.

Do you think you can really do it little owl?

Yes Come on let's try.

So Suki slide her shimmering body on to little owl and he started to flap his wings and climb up in the sky. He had to go very slowly and carefully because he didn't want suki to slide off. He got as high the post-box, then he got as high as the houses, then he got as high as the tall trees. But he needed to get higher still he knew that so, he kept flapping his wings to get a little high still and higher they went.

There now we are in the sky Suki, what do you think?

Its no good Little owl I've lost my twinkles, I can't move, I'm too weak.

Oh no Suki well maybe we just need to wait for some wind it will carry off and once you are in the sky your twinkles will come back.

So they waited and waited and they waited and no wind came.

Then just as they were both about to give up

1,2,3

Blowwwwwwwwwww! (Everybody blows)

A big gust of wind as if by magic came from no-where and blew Suki right off into the sky and as it did her twinkles came back and she danced round and leaving a beautiful trail of star dust.

Wow !

You're back Suki your'e a Star!

Thanks to you I am

Every night look up at the sky at me and I will be sending magic wishes to you always.

Go back to your friends now safely. Good bye

Genki-de, Jah neh

Good bye

Little Owl watched as she went further away still twinkling then He flew all the way back to his hole, He was very tired indeed by the time he reached home.

(Yawns)

Little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Suki the Star, what do you think?

A Star that falls out of the sky, really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit



The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl Little Owl and Tabu the Tiger

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know, shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Tabu the Tiger?

Little owl was in his favourite spot, high up in a big tree that was facing the warm September sun.

He was enjoying stretching out his wings and wriggling around and warming up nicely. It was very quiet.

Then little owl heard something in the distance at first it was just a very faint, sad little noise

Meewwwweeee.

He listened there is was again,

Meewwwweeeee

Little owl couldn't tell exactly where it was coming from. But little owl had very good listening ears so he sat absolutely still and listened.

Meewwwweeeee

And he heard the sound again.

This time little owl felt sure he knew which direction the sound was coming from so he followed his nose, he also had a good nose for smelling.

Sniffffff

And off he flew in the direction of the big dark woods.

(Fly around the circle)

And sure enough little owls clever ears and clever nose were right because the sound was getting louder and louder.

Meewwwweeeee!

On he flew until he was right in the middle of the woods, where it was most overgrown until he could see as well as hear where the sound was coming from, The big blackberry bush.

Just at the foot of the bush little owl could see something bright orange poking out.

Little owl landed nearby.

Hello hello there, are you ok?

Jambo, Jambo! Nooooo I am not. Tabu the tiger is not ok!

Little owl watched as a very sad and woeful tiger limped out from the bush.

(Put down little owl and put on tiger puppet)

Oh dear what's the matter?

Well I will tell you. I saw these delicious blackberries and they are so sweet a so delicious, I was having a great time munching them off the bush. Then I saw one right on the top of the, biggest ripest blackberry you ever saw.

(Shows blackberry)

I wanted that blackberry so much, but it was too high I just couldn't reach it. So I ran and did my best flying leap, but I missed and lost my balance and toppled over and fell over and got this sharp thorn stuck right deep in my paw foot.

(Shows foot)

It really hurts and I just can't get it out. It hurts so much I can't walk on it. And if I can't walk I can't get back to my family and they will be missing me.

Meeeeewwwwwweeeeee!

Oh dear how awful.

Shhhhhh, now don't cry. I will help you get the thorn out.

Little owl thought for a moment

Then it came to him

I've got it, I know exactly what to do.

Little owl flew down next to Tabu and got his little beak and started to carefully peck at Tabu's paw.

Tee heee Teee he he!

Tabu started to giggle

Shhh hold still will you.

It tickles! Tee He hee!

Ok ok I'm holding still I'm holding still please don't give up.

So Tabu held his foot as still as he could and little owl used his beak to peck and grab hold of the very end of the sharp thorn and pull it out.

Oh pheewee amazing you did it amazing, amazing, amazing!

Tabu was so happy and relieved little owl watched as he happily danced around.

Then little owl flew up to the top of the bush, flapped his wings very hard so hovered there and then carefully pulled the blackberry off the bush. It was huge!

He flew down to Tabu and offered his the blackberry. Tabu insisted that they both share it together.

The two friends happily munched away on the sweetest, ripest blackberry they had ever tasted.

It tastes of summer

Totally delicious sweet fruit.

As they lay back enjoying the moment Tabu suddenly jumped up he had realised he must get back to his family as they would be worried about where he was.

Tabu has to go my friend

Yes you must off you go and be careful no more flying leaps!

Oh no my friend. I be careful now.

Good Night ! Good night!

Lala Salama! Lala Salama!

Little owl watched as his bright orange friend scampered off into the woods, he stayed watching until he couldn't see any orange at all.

Then he flew back to his hole, and gave a Big Yawn

Night Night

and little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Tabu the Tiger, what do you think? A Tiger eating blackberries really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Can you help me?

(hands out letters to the children)

See you another day I hope!

The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk



follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)



on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**





Imaginative Spaces

Storytelling toolkit



The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl

Little Owl, Carlos the Caterpillar and the Red Butterfly

Hello would you like to meet Polly, she's a post lady?

She wears a special shirt with *(counts as she puts it on)* one, two seven buttons

And a special coat, *(puts it on)*

And a cap *(puts it on)*

Hello there I'm Polly, nice to see you.

I deliver lots of letters, postcards, packages and parcels to all the houses round here.

I have to get up very early in the morning to collect all the letters *(empty's post box)* whilst you are still sleeping.

I have to make sure people get their letters whatever the weather ...come rain, storms, sun, hail and snow.

Whatever the weather I deliver the post.

I have a very important job.

(SINGS)

With my heavy bag on my shoulder,

I walk the streets brave and bolder,

I push the letters through the doors *(Mime pushing letters through doors)*

Sometimes I feel like there's more and more!

But I give a smile

And soon enough my big pile

Gets smaller and smaller

And I can walk taller and taller.

(Whistles)

It's nice to see people like you *(waves)* because most of the time I don't see anyone at all, it's just too early in the morning no-one has woken up yet everyone is still sleeping.

So actually I do get a bit lonely....

That's why I'm especially glad that I do have a special friend who wakes up really early just like me.

Do you want to meet him?

He's a bit shyBut I think if you help me, we might be able to get him to come out of his hole.

This is what I say so that he knows that it's safe to come out...

"Wow, wow

Please come out little owl

Wow, wow

Please come out little owl"

(Softly first then a little louder, getting the children to join in and little owl slowly emerges)

Hello this is little owl, *(owl hides a bit)*

oh now don't be shy little owl they really are very friendly look....can you give little owl a friendly wave?

(Owl waves back)

See I told you.

See I know you are acting a bit shy now but really you are not shy are you?

(Owl shakes head)

No in fact you're actually quite a curious little creature aren't you?

(Owl nods)

Because you don't stay awake all-night like other owls do you?

(Owl shakes).

No you take a long nap and wake up just before the sun comes up at dawn just like me don't you?

(Nods).

You come out of your hole and you tell me the most amazing and incredible stories of all your wild adventures that you have been on, isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

I do love your wild stories little owl I really do.

(Little owl tries to whisper in Polly's ear)

What's that Little Owl?

(Little owl whispers in Polly's ear)

Oh they really happen do they!? Oh come on little owl you really can't expect me to believe that all the wild and wonderful stories you tell me really happen do you?

(Vigorously Nods x3)

Ok ok! Well shall we see what our friends think?

(Nods)

I know shall we tell them the one you told me yesterday about Carlos the caterpillar?

(Nods)

Yesterday whilst I was on my round delivering the letters, I was trying to hurry because it looked like rain was on its way *(Licks finger)* and it was very windy.

Little Owl flew down from his hole into my garden.

You wanted to help me by pulling up the weeds isn't that right little owl?

(Nods)

Well little owl was trying his best but it was so windy he was being blown this way and that way. It was a very difficult job every time his little wings gripped onto a weed a big gust of wind battered him over.

(demonstrate Huumff!)

After a while, he was so exhausted he decided to sit down and shelter from the wind under a nice green leafy plant.

(take off little owl and rest him down)

It was here that little owl met a new friend Carlos the caterpillar.

(Int. fingers)

Carlos was very pleased to see little owl.

Hola! Hola!

Hello there said Little owl.

Shall we play together, Si?

Yes I'd love to said little owl.

They played hide and seek

(demo - count, 1,2,3,4 5 coming ready or not etc... and find)

I wish I could fly like you, you are always so much faster than me. Said Carlos

Oh never mind Carlos you can hide so much better in the green grass, comforted Little owl.

After a while Carlos said he was hungry so little owl showed Carlos all the best leaves to munch in the garden.

(Mmm Yum Yum! So tasty)

Then suddenly little owl looked up at the sky and saw big black rain clouds.

Oh no I think it's going to rain I better go back in my hole.

But before little owl flew off he made sure that he found Carlos a really big bush to crawl under.

You will be safe and dry here and I promise I will be back as soon as the rain has stopped.

Carlos sniffled a bit about going under but crawled under all the same.

Bye Carlos see you soon

Adios Amigo, Adios Amigo!

It seemed to rain forever ... *(ask the children to make rain sounds)*

Little owl could not wait for it to stop.

Finally it stopped raining and little owl flew straight out to find his new friend under the big bush where he had left him.

Carlos! Carlos!

I'm here, where are you? X2
(No reply)....

He wasn't under the bush.

Little Owl called and called and searched and searched, but he could not find his new friend anywhere. He was starting to feel a bit sad and worried, what if the rain had washed him right away?

I'm not playing Hide and seek now Carlos!

Little owl climbed up on to the biggest stone he could find in the garden and with all his might one last time he used his last bit of puff to call:

Carlossssssssssss where areeeeeee youuuuuuuuu? (join in)

Nothing.....

He sat down sadly

Then from out of nowhere flew the biggest, most beautiful bright RED butterfly little owl had ever seen. It flew round and round little owl doing beautiful little twists and turns. Then it sang out:

It's me! Carlos! Amigo it's me Carlos!

Little owl could hardly believe his ears.

Carlos is it really you?

Oh Si Si Si Amigo, My dreams have come true, I can fly like you. I had a big sleep whilst it was raining and when I woke up I had turned into this.

A Butterfly! you are a butterfly wow! said little owl.

Come on and fly with me Amigo.

Amazing. The two friends could now fly together, high, high in the sky they both flew.

Round the streets and over the houses, over the post box, over the children down below, who waved at them.

They had such fun together, then all of a sudden there were more beautiful bright red butterflies

(Hand out scarves encourage children to make them fly)

These are my brothers and sisters

Wow, wow said little owl

It was as if the whole sky was almost turning Red.

They all played and played until it was time for everyone to go to bed.

Night Night, Buenos Noches Amigo!

Little owl gave a Big Yawn

Night Night Carlos Night night brothers and sisters come and see me again.

With that all the butterflies flew away, and little owl climbed back in to his hole.

Shall we help him settle down to sleep?

Night Night

Sleep Tight

Little owl

Go to sleep.

(He goes back into his hole)

So that was the story he told me yesterday about Carlos the caterpillar, what do you think? A sky turning red with Butterflies really who ever heard of such a thing!?

I do like his stories though I really do.

Any way look at me chatting away I really must go I've still got all these letters left to deliver. Do you think you could help me deliver a few?

(Hands out letters to all the children)


See you another day I hope!


The Stories of Polly the Post and Little Owl have been developed by Manya Benenson, Artist in Residence at St Barnabas Library as part of the Spark Arts for Children Imaginative Spaces project.

If you would like to know more about The Spark Arts for Children or our work in libraries please call 0116 261 6893 or email admin@thesparkarts.co.uk



www.thesparkarts.co.uk

 follow us on Facebook at [Facebook/SparkArtsFestival](https://www.facebook.com/SparkArtsFestival)

 on Twitter [@thesparkarts](https://twitter.com/thesparkarts)



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

