**A Selection of 50 Massage Stories**

**from the Story Massage Programme**

For more information about the Story Massage Programme

online training and resources visit [www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

This collection of 50 of our most popular massage stories is designed to give you an idea of the wide variety of possibilities for stories, songs and rhymes for different ages and abilities - and maybe inspire to create your own!

Remember to ask permission and say ‘thank you’ at the end. You can also enjoy these massage stories as a self-massage or with your pets.

A close-up of a basketball

Description automatically generated

***Please do not share this booklet on public social media as we are working hard to protect the integrity of the programme. The booklet is a gesture of support for those who know the Story Massage strokes through our training.***

**Content**

(Massage stories marked with an asterick are recorded as follow-along videos on our You Tube Channel)

**Nursery Rhymes**

* Five Little Monkeys
* Five Little Speckled Frogs \*
* Horsey, Horsey
* Miss Polly Had a Dolly \*
* Old King Cole \*
* Old MacDonald Had a Farm \*
* Row, Row Your Boat
* The Grand Old Duke of York
* The Wheels on the Bus \*
* Wind the Bobbin Up \*

**Traditional Tales**

* Goldilocks and the Three Bears
* Jack and the Beanstalk \*
* Little Red Riding Hood
* Robert Bruce and the Spider
* The Gingerbread Man
* The Hare and the Tortoise
* Three Little Pigs \*

**Sensory Stories**

* Baking Disaster \*
* Bedtime with the Animals \*
* Camping Adventure \*
* Finding the Moon
* Maisy’s Musical Adventure \*
* Pizza Party \*
* Sensory Fruit Salad \*
* Sensory Walk \*
* Sitting by My Window \* (Weather Massage)
* Trip to the Seaside \*
* Where Will Your Dreams Take You?

**Curriculum Based**

* ‘Twas the Night before Christmas (poem by Clement Clarke Moore)
* Animal Habitats
* Baby Hedgehog Wakes Up
* Chocolate
* Christmas Robin \*
* Dinosaurs
* Friendship Poem
* Growing Sunflowers \*
* Guy Fawkes
* Life Cycle of a Butterfly
* Lolli Ladybird’s Got Spots \*
* Minibeasts
* Seeing Through a Telescope
* Spring Walk \*
* To Autumn (poem by John Keats)
* Trick or Treat
* Preparing for Exams
* Travel and Transport \*
* Twelve Days of Christmas
* Under the Ocean \*
* Winter Walk
* World Bee Day \*

**Five Little Monkeys**

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Five little monkeys jumping on the bed, |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | One fell off and bumped his head. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Mother called the doctor and the doctor said, |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | "No more monkeys jumping on the bed!'. |
|  |  |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Four little monkeys jumping on the bed, |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | One fell off and bumped his head. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Mother called the doctor and the doctor said, |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | "No more monkeys jumping on the bed!'. |
|  | *Continue verses until…* |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | One little monkey jumping on the bed, |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | One fell off and bumped his head. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Mother called the doctor and the doctor said, |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | "No more monkeys jumping on the bed!'. |

**Five Little Speckled Frogs \***

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Five little speckled frogs |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Sat on a speckled log |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Eating the most delicious bugs |
| A picture containing logo  Description automatically generated | One jumped into the pool where it was nice and cool |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Then there were four green speckled frogs |
|  |  |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Four little speckled frogs |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Sat on a speckled log |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Eating the most delicious bugs. |
| A picture containing logo  Description automatically generated | One jumped into the pool where it was nice and cool |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Then there were three green speckled frogs |
|  | *Add verses until last verse…* |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | One little speckled frog |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Sat on a speckled log |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Eating the most delicious bugs |
| A picture containing logo  Description automatically generated | He jumped into the pool where it was nice and cool |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Then there were no green speckled frogs |

**Horsey Horsey**

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Horsey, Horsey don’t you stop |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Just let your feet go clippety-clop. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Your tail goes swish and the wheels go round. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Giddy-up, we’re homeward bound. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | We’re not in a hurry. We’re not in a flurry. And we don’t have a heavy load. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Horsey, Horsey, don’t you stop. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Just let your feet go clippety-clop. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Your tail goes swish and the wheels go round. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Giddy-up, we’re homeward bound. |

**Miss Polly had a Dolly \***

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Miss Polly had a dolly who was sick, sick, sick |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | So, she phoned for the doctor to come quick, quick, quick. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | The doctor came with his bag and his hat, |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | And he knocked on the door with a rat-a-tat-tat. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | He looked at the dolly and he shook his head. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | And said, “Miss Polly, put her straight to bed!” |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | He wrote on a paper for a pill, pill, pill. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | “I'll be back in the morning with my bill, bill, bill.” |

**Old King Cole \***

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Logo, icon, company name  Description automatically generated | Old King Cole  Was a merry old soul  And a merry old soul was he. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | He called for his pipe  And he called for his bowl |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And he called for his fiddlers three. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Every fiddler, he had a fiddle  And a very fine fiddle had he. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Oh, there’s none so rare  As can compare |
| Logo, icon, company name  Description automatically generated | With King Cole and his fiddlers three. |

**Old McDonald Had a Farm \***

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Old McDonald Had a Farm  E-I-E-I-O |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | And on that farm he had a … |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | **Lamb**  E-I-E-I-O  With a baa baa here  And a baa baa there  Here a baa, there a baa  Everywhere a baa baa |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Old McDonald Had a Farm  E-I-E-I-O |
|  |  |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Old McDonald Had a Farm  E-I-E-I-O |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | And on that farm he had a … |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | **Cow**  E-I-E-I-O  With a moo moo here  And a moo moo there  Here a moo, there a moo  Everywhere a moo moo |
| Logo, icon, company name  Description automatically generated | Old McDonald Had a Farm  E-I-E-I-O |
|  | **IDEAS FOR OTHER ANIMALS** |
| A blue logo with a white background  Description automatically generated with low confidence | Pig – Oink, Oink |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Chicken – Cluck, Cluck |
| Logo  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Cat – Meow, Meow |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Dog – Woof, Woof |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Horse – Neigh, Neigh |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Duck – Quack, Quack |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Mouse – Squeak, Squeak |

**Row, Row Your Boat**

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Row, row, row your boat  Gently down the stream. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Life is but a dream. |
|  |  |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Row, row, row your boat  Gently up the creek. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | If you see a little mouse  Don’t forget to squeak! |
|  |  |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Row, row, row your boat  Gently down the stream. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | If you see a crocodile  Don’t forget to scream! |
|  |  |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Row, row, row your boat  Gently to the shore. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | If you see a lion  Don’t forget to roar! |

**The Grand Old Duke of York \***

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Oh, the Grand Old Duke of York |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | He had ten thousand men. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | He marched them up to the top of the hill |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And he marched them down again. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And when they were up, they were up. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And when they were down, they were down. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And when they were only halfway up, they were neither up nor down. |

**The Wheels on the Bus \***

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | The wheels on the bus go round and round.  Round and round,  Round and round |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | The wheels on the bus go round and round |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | All day long. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish,  Swish, swish, swish  Swish, swish, swish |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | All day long. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep  Beep, beep, beep,  Beep, beep, beep |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | All day long. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | The doors on the bus go open and closed  Open and closed  Open and closed |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The doors on the bus go open and closed |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | All day long. |

**Wind the Bobbin Up \***

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Wind the bobbin up  Wind the bobbin up. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Pull, pull. Clap, clap, clap. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Wind it back again  Wind it back again |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Pull, pull. Clap, clap, clap |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Point to the ceiling. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Point to the floor. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Point to the window. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Point to the door. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Clap your hands together – 1,2,3. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Put your hands down on your knees. |

**Goldilocks and the Three Bears**

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Once upon a time there was a little girl called Goldilocks. She was walking in the woods, and she came to a house. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | It belonged to three bears. Papa Bear, Mama Bear and Baby Bear. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | She knocked on the door but there was no answer. So, she went inside. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | She found three bowls of porridge on the kitchen table. It looked delicious and she was very hungry. The porridge in the first bowl was too hot. The porridge in the second bowl was too cold. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | ‘This porridge is just right,’ said Goldilocks when she tasted the porridge in the third and smallest bowl. She ate it all up. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | She felt very sorry. She decided to sit down. She could see three chairs. The first and second chairs were too big for her. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | ‘This chair is just right,’ said Goldilocks as she sat on the third and smallest chair. But the chair broke into little pieces. Goldilocks felt very sorry for breaking the chair. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | She felt very tired, so she went upstairs for a rest. She found three beds. The first bed was too hard. The second bed was too soft. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | ‘This bed is just right,’ said Goldilocks and she lay down on the third and smallest bed. She fell fast asleep. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The three bears came home. ‘Someone’s been eating our porridge’ growled Papa and Mama Bear. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | ‘Someone’s been eating my porridge and they have eaten it all up!’ cried Baby Bear. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | ‘Someone’s been sitting on our chairs,’ growled Papa and Mama Bear. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | ‘Someone’s been sitting in my chair’ cried Baby Bear ‘And they’ve broken it’ |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | ‘Someone’s been sleeping in our beds,’ growled Papa and Mama Bear. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | ‘Someone’s been sleeping in my bed and she’s still there!” exclaimed Baby Bear. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Goldilocks woke up and saw the three bears. ‘I am really sorry,’ she said, ‘I will tidy your house and mend your chair and make breakfast.’ |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Baby Bear smiled and said, ‘I hope that we can be friends.’ |

**Jack and the Beanstalk \***

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Jack lived with his Mum and his cow. They were very poor. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | One day Jack’s Mum told him to sell the cow. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Jack sold the cow for some magic beans. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | His Mum threw them out of the window. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The next day, a huge beanstalk grew in the garden. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Jack climbed the beanstalk to see what was at the top. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | A horrible giant lived there in a castle. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The giant had stolen many things from Jack’s family. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Jack took back the hen that laid golden eggs. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | “Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum” roared the angry giant. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Jack took back the bag of gold. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | “Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum” roared the angry giant. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Jack took back the magic harp that could play and sing by itself. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | “Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum” roared the angry giant. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Jack chopped down the beanstalk. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Jack and his Mum lived happily ever after. |

**Little Red Riding Hood\***

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Little Red Riding Hood walked through the forest to visit her sick Granny. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | She took some delicious chocolate cake in a basket. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | On the way she was stopped by the wicked wolf who asked where she was going. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | ‘I’m taking the winding path that leads to my Granny’s little cottage,’ she said. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The wicked wolf was hungry, so he decided to run to Granny’s cottage. And he ate her all up. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Then the wolf put on Granny’s cap and her shawl and pretended to be Granny. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Little Red Riding Hood tiptoed quietly into Granny’s bedroom. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | ‘Granny, what big ears you have!’ she said. And the wolf replied: ‘All the better to see you with.’ |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | ‘Granny, what big eyes you have!’ said Little Red Riding Hood. And the wolf replied: ‘All the better to see you with.’ |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | ‘Granny, what big teeth you have!’ said Little Red Riding Hood. And the wolf replied: ‘Grrrr… all the better to eat you with.’ |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Then the wolf swallowed Little Red Riding Hood down in one gulp. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | ‘Help, let us out,’ cried Granny and Little Red Riding Hood from the wolf’s tummy. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | A woodsman heard their cries and cut the wolf open with his axe. Out jumped Granny and Little Red Riding Hood. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And they all sat down to enjoy chocolate cake for tea. |

**Robert the Bruce and the Spider**

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | There is a legend about a brave king of Scotland called Robert Bruce. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | In his first year as king, Robert the Bruce was defeated in battle by the English and forced to run away. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | According to the legend, Robert the Bruce hid in a small, dark cave. He felt very low in confidence and did not know what to do. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | But then he saw a little spider trying to spin a web on the wall of cave. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The spider kept falling again and again. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Each time it fell, the spider rose to begin trying again. It refused to give up. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Finally, the spider succeeded in weaving a web. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Robert the Bruce was inspired by this little spider. He was full of courage and determination. |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | He left the cave and continued to fight the English with a victory at the famous battle of Bannockburn. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We can all learn from the little spider. If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again. |

**The Gingerbread Man**

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Once upon a time, an old lady made a man from gingerbread. She put him in the oven to bake. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | When she opened the oven door, the gingerbread man jumped out and run out of the door shouting: |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | “Run, run as fast as you can. You can’t catch me. I’m the Gingerbread Man!” |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | A chicken saw the gingerbread man and thought he looked like a tasty treat to eat. So, the chicken chased after him. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | The gingerbread man shouted: “Run, run as fast as you can. You can’t catch me. I’m the Gingerbread Man!” |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | A cow saw the gingerbread man and thought he looked like a tasty treat to eat. So, the cow chased after him. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | The Gingerbread man shouted: “Run, run as fast as you can. You can’t catch me. I’m the Gingerbread Man!” |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | A horse saw the gingerbread man and thought he looked like a treat to eat. So, the horse chased after him. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | The gingerbread man shouted: “Run, run as fast as you can. You can’t catch me. I’m the Gingerbread Man!” |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The gingerbread man was proud that he could run so fast. ‘No-one can catch me,” he thought. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | He kept on running until he met a fox by the riverbank. “No-one can catch me,” he boasted, “I am faster than everyone! You can’t eat me.” |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | “But I don’t want to eat you. You don’t look very tasty.” said the crafty fox. “If you climb on my back, I will swim you across the river.” |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The gingerbread man believed the sly fox. And he climbed on his back. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | He reached the other side, safe and dry. And he was just about to jump off the fox’s back to have a little rest when ….. |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | The fox swished his tail making the gingerbread man fly into the air. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The fox opened his mouth and swallowed the gingerbread man in one gulp. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | “Hmmm, he was very tasty after all!” said the fox. |

**The Hare and the Tortoise**

Adapted by Danielle Foster for the Story Massage Programme

www.storymassage.co.uk

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing ax, vector graphics  Description automatically generated | A long, long time ago, there lived a hare in the forest |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | who always boasted of his running speed. He would often tease the tortoise for being the slowest animal around |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | One fine day, he dared the tortoise to a race in order to exhibit his skills in front of other animals in the forest. |
| A blue logo with a white background  Description automatically generated with low confidence | Fed up with the hare’s bragging, the tortoise finally accepted the challenge and decided to compete him in a race. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the day of the race, all the animals of the forest gathered to watch the competition between the hare and the tortoise. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Just as they were about to begin the race, the hare mocked the tortoise for accepting the challenge. He also mentioned that soon after he wins the race, the tortoise would be ridiculed by other animals for accepting the dare. |
| A blue logo with a white background  Description automatically generated with low confidence | The tortoise kept silent and didn’t pay heed to the hare’s words. |
| A blue logo with a white background  Description automatically generated with low confidence | The race began at the count of one, two and three! |
| A picture containing shape  Description automatically generated | The hare immediately started running and the tortoise started at its usual slow pace. Soon the hare reached a long way ahead, almost at the finish line. He looked back to check if the tortoise was anywhere nearby. However, the tortoise was left far behind. |
| A blue logo with a white background  Description automatically generated with low confidence | The hare decided to pause and take some rest on the way before he completed the race. He looked around and to his left, he noticed a field of cabbages and carrots |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | He decided to snack on cabbage and take a short nap so that he would quickly run past the finish line in a fresh mood. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Soon the hare fell into a deep sleep and dreamt of winning the competition. Time passed and the sun was already setting when he suddenly woke up. |
| A picture containing ax, vector graphics  Description automatically generated | He quickly jumped to check if the tortoise was around. To his dismay, the tortoise was just a few steps away from the finish line. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Seeing the tortoise close to the finish line, the hare rushed towards it as fast as he could. |
| A picture containing ax, vector graphics  Description automatically generated | However, it was too late and the tortoise finally crossed the finish line, winning the competition. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | All the animals were laughed at him for losing the race to the tortoise. |
| A picture containing ax, vector graphics  Description automatically generated | That day, he learnt a lesson that bragging about something doesn’t win you awards, you should never mock others for their own pace. |

**The Three Little Pigs \***

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Mrs Pig was too tired to look after her three little piglets. So she sent them off to fend for themselves. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The first little pig built a house made of straw. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The second little pig built a house made of sticks. |
| Logo, icon, company name  Description automatically generated | The third little pig built a house made of bricks. It took a long time. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | His brothers laughed because he was working so hard when their homes were already finished. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Then one night, a wolf knocked on the door of the straw house. “Let me come in,” he said. “Or I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.” |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And that’s exactly what he did. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | The next night the wolf knocked on the door of the stick house. “Let me come in,” he said, “Or I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.” |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And that’s exactly what he did. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | The next night the wolf knocked on the door of the brick house. “Let me come in,” he said, “Or I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | And he huffed, and he puffed but he couldn’t blow the brick house in. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The wolf was very hungry and he became very angry. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | He started to come down the chimney but… the third little pig was clever. He caught the wolf with a pan of boiling water. |
| Logo, icon, company name  Description automatically generated | The brick house was safe and strong. Not even a wolf could come in. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The three little pigs lived happily in their own brick houses. |

**Baking Disaster! \***

Written by Dr Nicola Groves (<https://www.survivingthroughstory.com>)

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme (www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | It was snacktime. My tummy was rumbling. ‘Let’s bake some cakes!’ said Mum.  Yes please! We looked in the kitchen cupboard. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | Hmmm. Flour? No.  Hmmm. Sugar? No.  Hmmm. Butter? No.  Hmmm. Eggs? No. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | We don't have ANY cake ingredients! |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We decided to make banana flapjacks.  That only needs: |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | 2 bananas. |
| A picture containing company name  Description automatically generated | 2 cups of oats. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | A sprinkle of cinnamon. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Then it was time to get mixing.  In went the bananas .. plop!  In went the oats… plop! |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | And a sprinkle of cinnamon. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Oh no!  Mum dropped the cinnamon and it ALL FELL IN!  She scooped out as much as she could. |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | We all laughed and said “Let’s call them cinnamon….surprise.” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We mixed, mixed, mixed |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Poured the mixture into a tray and spread, spread, spread. |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | Next we needed to pat, pat, pat.  And put it in the oven. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | We put on the timer and we waited… |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Wait, wait, wait  Wait, wait, wait. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | After 15 minutes, we heard ping! They were ready. Mmm, lovely smell. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Mum took them out and let them cool. I wanted to try one, but she said “No! too hot!” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | At last it was snacktime and we tried our Cinnamon Surprises! Well…  We all said YUK! And spat them out.  Too much cinnamon. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Suddenly our dog came and stuffed one in his mouth.  Oooh, YUM! They said – and ate the whole lot! |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We will make some more tomorrow – but no cinnamon! |

**Bedtime with the Animals \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | How do you sleep? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Do you sleep flying through the air like a bird? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Do you sleep standing like a giraffe or an elephant or a horse? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Do you sleep swimming in the sea like a dolphin? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Do you sleep upside down like a bat? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Do you sleep circled up in a circle like a dog or a hedgehog? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Wherever you sleep, be warm and cosy and comfortable. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Night, night, sleep tight. We love you. We will see you in the morning. |

**Camping Adventure \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Emmanuel and his Mum went on a camping adventure. First, they put up their tent. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | And then they hammered in the tent pegs. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | They rolled out their beds and their sleeping bags, so it all looked cosy. “This is going to be the best camping trip ever,” said Mum. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | They went searching for kindling wood for the campfire. They gathered up lots of little twigs and sticks. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | They enjoyed watching the colourful, flickering flames of the campfire. And they sang their favourite songs. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Then Mum and Emmanuel toasted some marshmallows over the fire. They smelt so good and tasted …mmm… delicious! |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | But oh no! The clouds started building up and it began to rain. They ran inside their tent. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | They listened to the pitter-patter sound of raindrops falling on their tent. And they snuggled up happily together. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Finally, the rain stopped, and they went outside. They looked up to the sky…. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | …and saw lots and lots of beautiful, twinkling stars. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | “This is the best camping trip ever,” said Emmanuel. |

**Colours of the Rainbow \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Let’s paint an adventure with the colours of the rainbow. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Hold on tight and we’ll travel through the seven different colours. Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | All aboard for the colour Red. We’re sitting on a red London bus. Can you see Buckingham Palace? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Snuggle up for the colour Orange. Feel the warmth of the orange flames as we huddle around a campfire. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | It’s a bumpy ride along the colour Yellow. We’re high up on a camel trekking across the yellow sands in the desert. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Walk gently on the colour Green. We’re in a beautiful forest with tall green trees and wildflowers. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Dive deeply into the colour Blue. We’re swimming with fish and dolphins in the warm blue sea. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Climb up high into the night sky for the colour Indigo. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | With twinkling stars to guide us on our way. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Tiptoe into the magical, sparkling world of the colour Violet. Would you like to make a wish? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And now, let’s travel back along the rainbow to arrive safely home after our colourful adventure. |

**Finding the Moon \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Bobby Blackbird looked up at the dark night sky and saw twinkling stars and…. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | …a silvery, crescent shaped moon. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | “Tomorrow I will fly to the moon,” he said. as he went to sleep. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | But the next morning he looked up to the blue sky and he saw a round yellow sun and dark clouds. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But no moon. Where was the moon? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | He flew towards the dark clouds to see if they were hiding the moon. He flew past birds and planes and even a hot air balloon. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But no moon. Where was the moon? |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | And then he felt raindrops falling from the sky |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | He looked up and saw a beautiful rainbow with seven colours….red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But no moon. Where was the moon? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | All day long, Bobby tried to find the moon until it was time to go to sleep. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Bobby looked up at the dark night sky. And do you know what he saw? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | A silvery, crescent shaped moon! |

**Maisy’s Musical Journey \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Maisy loves to listen to music. All kinds of music. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Classical and Pop. Jazz and Rock. She enjoys them all. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Music takes Maisy on a magical mystery journey. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The happy strumming of the ukulele takes her to a sunny beach with golden sands. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And now she is dancing to the jingle-jangle of the tambourine at a colourful festival. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | With the soothing sound of the harmonica she is relaxing on a boat trip along the river. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And now she is marching to the steady beat of the drum. Right foot, left foot… |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Next she is on a train with the shrill blast of the whistle signalling the start of an exciting ride. Hold on tight to Poppy’s hand! |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But it is the shakers that make Maisy laugh. Her whole body moves to the rhythm. What will it be today? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Soft and slow or loud and fast. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Maisy smiles and sings along with the music. |

**Pizza Party \***

Written by Verna Adderley for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Pizza, pizza, delicious pizza. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | First, we knead the dough to make is soft and squidgy. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Next, we roll out the pizza dough. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Now, we spread on some tomato sauce. But what shall we put on our pizza today? |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Let’s sprinkle on some grated cheese. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Then we can add some red pepper slices. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Onions, mushrooms and sweetcorn taste good too. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And maybe some pepperoni or ham? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Open the oven door and slide our pizza in. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Waiting, waiting for our pizza to cook. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Oh, hurry up pizza! We are very hungry. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Open the oven door. Mmm.. it smells good. Slide our pizza out and … |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Yes! Our pizza is ready to eat. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Let’s sit down and have a pizza party! |

**Sensory Fruit Salad \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | We’re making a sensory fruit salad. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We take a round, red apple. |
| *Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence* | *Chop, Chop, Chop* |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | And a ripe, yellow banana. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | *Slice, slice, slice.* |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We take a fresh, spikey pineapple. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | *Chop, chop, chop*. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | And some soft, sweet grapes. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | *Slice, slice, slice.* |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We take a big, juicy orange. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | *Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze.* |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | We add our favourite fruit juice. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | *Pour, pour, pour.* |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | And mix it all together. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | *Stir, stir, stir.* |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Our sensory fruit salad is delicious! |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Yum, yum, yum. |

**Sensory Walk \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | When you go for a walk, what can you see? |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Pretty patterns on the leaves of every tree, |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Fluffy clouds in the sky above, |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And rainbows in windows, made with love. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | When you go for a walk, what can you hear? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The singsong of birds, both far and near. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Chatter of people, and a cheery hello. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The clatter of footsteps on the ground below. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Feel the gentle breeze and warmth of the sun. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Smell the colourful flowers, one by one. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Take time to find joy everywhere |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | In this sensory world that we all share. |

**Sitting By My Window \***

A multi-sensory story written by Gill White for PAMIS

and adapted for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | I’m not feeling very happy today |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | I’m not allowed to go out and play. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Sitting by my window bored, I sigh |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | And watch the dark clouds passing by. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The wind picks up, I feel a chill |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | As rain lashes down on the windowsill  But it doesn’t last long and then |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | I smile as the sun comes out again. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The wind is now a gentle breeze |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Birds start to sing high up in the trees. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | The rain makes everything fresh and new  I smell the damp grass and flowers too. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | With sun’s orange glow shining on my face |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | I remember that home is my very favourite place. |

**Trip to the Seaside \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

www.storymassage.co.uk

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | It is a bright, sunny day and Emmanuel and his friends are enjoying a day at the seaside. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | There’s so much to see and do at the seaside. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But first, Emmanuel sits down in the warm sun. It makes him feel calm and happy inside. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Then maybe he could watch the seagulls as they swoop in and out of the waves. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Or he could go down to the sea and breathe in the salty sea air. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Or he could collect some pretty shells of different shapes and sizes. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Or search for crabs in the rock pools. They look so funny as they walk sideways! |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But for now, he sits and relaxes in the warm sun. It makes him feel calm and happy inside. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Then maybe he could have his picnic. There are lots of tasty things to eat and drink. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Maybe he could play with the sand and feel it gently trickling through his fingers. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Or he could watch the colourful kites as they weave their way through the sky. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | There’s so much to see and do at the seaside. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But for now, Emmanuel sits and relaxes in the warm sun. It makes him feel calm and happy inside. |

**Where Will Your Dreams Take You?**

Written by Pete Wells, The Special Storyteller

<https://sensorystoriespodcast.com>

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Good night my sweet, It's time to sleep!  So close your eyes and drift away, to the land of dreams where children play. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Where will you go? What will you see?  What adventures wait for you and me? |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Perhaps we will have a trip to space? Tropical fish to lead the way! As mermaids sing and pirates Aaaargh!” Sunbathing on the bay. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Or an adventure in the jungle? With lions and monkeys too.  Where we find an ancient temple. Traps and treasure wait for you! |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Or to a field of toasted marshmallows? By a churning chocolate stream!  And mountains made of gingerbread, topped with rich ice cream! |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Will you climb a magic beanstalk? And meet a giant who lives there? Or find a witch’s home of lemon drops? Go hunting for a bear? |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | Or will you ride a unicorn? So fast you’ll never stop?  Through lush, enchanted forests, Clip Clop! Clip clop! Clop Clop! |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Then when your dreams are over, and the sun begins to rise,  We will talk of your adventures and wipe the sleep from your eyes. |

**‘Twas the Night before Christmas**

poem by Clement Clarke Moore

Adapted by Clare Perry for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Calm.jpg | ‘Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,  Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Downward Fan.jpg | The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Squeeze.jpg | The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.  And Mama in her ‘kerchief and I in my cap,  Had just settled our brains for a long winter’s nap. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Drum.jpg | When out on the roof there arose such a clatter,  I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Fan.jpg | Away to the window I flew like a flash,  Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash, |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Circle.jpg | The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  Gave the lustre of midday to objects below. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Bounce.jpg | When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer  *(count to 8 with the bounce action)* |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Drum.jpg | With a little old driver, so lively and quick  I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.  More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name! |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Walk jpg.jpg | “Now Dasher!, now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!  On, Comet! On, Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen! |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Fan.jpg | To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!  Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!” |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Fan.jpg | As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.  So up to the house-top the coursers they flew  With the sleigh full of toys, and St Nicolas too. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Claw.jpg | And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,  The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Downward Fan.jpg | As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  Down the chimney St Nicolas came with a bound. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Downward Fan.jpg | He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Bounce.jpg | A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Sprinkle.jpg | His eyes – how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!  His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Half-Circle down.jpg | His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Circle.jpg | And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  And the smoke – it encircled his head like a wreath.  He had a broad face and a round little belly,  That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly! |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Bounce.jpg | He was chubby and plump, a right jolly elf,  And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!  A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Squeeze.jpg | He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Fan.jpg | And laying his finger aside of his nose  And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Wave - sideways.jpg | He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Calm.jpg | But I heard him exclaim, ‘ere he drove out of sight,  “Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!” |

**Animal Habitats**

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Jamie was feeling bored at home. He wanted to live somewhere else. So, he visited his animal friends in their homes. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Rabbit lived in a hole underground called a burrow. Rabbit had to dig it with his own paws. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Jamie didn’t want to live there. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Camel lived in the dessert where it was very, very hot. Camel went to sleep standing up. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Jamie didn’t want to live there. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Polar Bear lived in the Artic where it was very, very cold. Polar Bear had to wear a coat of very thick fur to stay warm. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Jamie didn’t want to live there. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Frog lived near a pond to keep his skin wet. Frog ate insects like flies and moths. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Jamie didn’t want to live there. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Koala lived at the top of a Eucalyptus tree in a forest. Koala’s favourite food was leaves from the tree. She ate lots and lots of leaves. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Jamie didn’t want to live there. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | ‘I like my home best,’ said Jamie. “I don't want to live anywhere else.” |

**Baby Hedgehog Wakes Up**

Written by Tamsin Fessey for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Baby Hedgehog woke up after a very long hibernation. He stretched and stuck his little nose out through the leaves. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | The moon was big and round and bright in the sky casting a lovely soft glow all around. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | The air smelt fresh and delicious and springy. It smelt of new leaves and flowers and things bursting into life. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Baby Hedgehog pushed himself our through the leaves and had another stretch and a wiggle. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | He walked, slowly at first because his little legs were stiff but then he got quicker. He felt strong after his lovely, long sleep. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Suddenly he remembered his Mummy and Daddy and brothers and sisters. He couldn’t see them anywhere. |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | He began to feel nervous, and he ran around the edge of the garden looking for them. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | He scrabbled through leaves, snuffling, and sniffing and scratching. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Then out popped a nose, and another, and another – and there they all were, all his family waking up. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Before long they were all up and about hunting for worms and grubs and insects to eat to fill their hungry tummies. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | With a full tummy, well rested and surrounded by his family, Baby Hedgehog thought how amazing it felt to be alive. |

**Chocolate**

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | We love chocolate, yummy chocolate, that melts in our mouths. But where does it come from and how is it made? |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Circle.jpg | Chocolate is made from cocoa beans that are the seeds of the cocoa tree. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | This small evergreen tree grows in humid, tropical climates in South America, Africa and Asia. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The cocoa beans are picked between October and December every year. They are dried in the hot sun. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Then the beans are taken to a special chocolate factory where they are turned into yummy chocolate. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The beans are heated, and the shells are removed. The centres of the beans are turned into a thick brown liquid. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The liquid is mixed with milk and sugar. Milk chocolate has more milk and sugar than dark chocolate. |
| C:\Users\clareperry\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\The Sprinkle.jpg | And then the liquid chocolate is dried again so it looks like crumbs. And it is rolled through a huge roller. |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | The chocolate goes through lots of special heating and cooling processes until it is just perfect. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Finally, it is poured into moulds to make chocolates and chocolate bars for us to eat. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | It is a complex process that starts a long way from home and involves many people. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | So next time you enjoy a chocolate bar, say ‘thank you’ to everyone who helps to make chocolate, yummy chocolate. |

**Christmas Robin \***

Written and adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Robin Red Breast was feeling full of good cheer  A family had fed him well all through the year. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | He wanted to thank them with a Christmas song  But every time he tried, the tune went wrong |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | When he asked his friends, what should he do?  They said, “Don’t worry, we’ll come with you.” |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | So, they flew to the house with its lights aglow  And tapped on the window with a chirpy ‘hello’. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The family were thrilled to hear the merry sound  Even Grandpa stopped snoring to gather around. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | “Our robin has come to see us,’ they happily cried  The curtains opened wide, and the birds peeked inside. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The tree was all decorated to make it look jolly  With tinsel and baubles, cards, and holly. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | And the table was full of tasty food to eat  Even the birds were given a special treat. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | They feasted on nuts and seeds and a suet ball. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Then everyone cheered and sang – Merry Christmas to All. |

**Dinosaurs**

Written by Sarah Hall for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Before Xboxes, before electricity, before people… |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | …lived the dinosaurs – dum, dum dum.  They were many and varied. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Ichthyosaur swam like a dolphin. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Pterodactyl flew high in the sky. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | T Rex stomped along. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Microraptor ran around like a headless chicken. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Plesiosaur swam like a dolphin. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Pteranadon flew high in the sky. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Triceratops stomped along. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But …. what did they eat? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Some ate meat, they were carnivores.  Some ate plants, they were herbivores.  And some ate both, they were omnivores. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | And some ate each other – aaaaaaaaaggghhh! |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Friendship Poem \***  Written by Sarah Duncan and adapted for the Story Massage Programme  [www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk) | |
|  |  |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Friendship is the kind of thing |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | That ripples far and wide |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | One friendly act, much joy can bring |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And fills you up inside. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | So, what can you do today |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | To be a special friend? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Smile and find kind words to say |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Or write a little note to send? |
| *A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated* | Be a friend and show you care |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | And like ripples in a lake |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Your friendship will spread everywhere |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | What a difference you can make! |

**Growing Sunflowers \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | We prepare the soil for our sunflowers to grow tall and healthy. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Then we sprinkle in the seeds. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And we wait patiently. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Soon little green shoots will start to appear. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Sunflowers need sun to grow. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Sunflowers need water to grow. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Sunflowers need air and space to grow. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Now we watch the sunflowers grow taller and taller towards the sky. Which one will be tallest? |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | What bright and happy flowers they are. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Let’s stop for a moment and enjoy the beautiful colours. |

**Guy Fawkes \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | November 5th is known as Fireworks Night or Bonfire Night, or Guy Fawkes night. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Guy Fawkes was a Catholic. He was part of a small group of English Catholics who plotted to blow up the Houses of Parliament. |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | They did not agree with the Protestant faith and wanted to kill King James 1 and his Government so they could have a Catholic King. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | They hid 36 barrels of gunpowder under the Houses of Parliament. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | It was the job of Guy Fawkes to guard the gunpowder. Then he planned to light the fuses to create a huge explosion. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | But November 5th 1605, he was caught just in time. There was no explosion, and no-one was killed or injured. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Guy Fawkes was arrested and taken to the Tower of London. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | King James 1 said that everyone should hold celebrations because the Gunpowder Plot had failed. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | So, every year on November 5th, we celebrate with fireworks and bonfires and sparklers. |

**Life Cycle of a Butterfly \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | A butterfly begins as a tiny egg. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | When the egg hatches, a caterpillar emerges. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The caterpillar eats and eats and eats. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | When it is full, it forms a chrysalis (or pupa) and stays very still. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Inside the chrysalis wonderful things are happening. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The caterpillar is transforming into a butterfly. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Soon the butterfly breaks free from the chrysalis. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | It rests quietly for a few hours. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Then it opens its beautiful wings and flies to find a mate. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The beautiful butterfly lays tiny eggs on a leaf and the cycle begins again. |

**Lolli Ladybird’s Got Spots \***

Written by Pete Wells <https://sensorystoriespodcast.com>

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme www.storymassage.co.uk

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | Lolli Ladybird’s scarlet shell is covered in big black spots  So, she’s off to see Dr Roach, she’s worrying lots and lots. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Sitting nervously in the waiting room, there are mini-beasts big and small!  Of every shape and colour, oh, they don't look well at all! |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | She sits next to a troubled snail, who has got no get up and go!  He moans, “I’m going to see the doctor, to see why I’m so slow?” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Next sat a hungry caterpillar who was nervous about his meeting.  He said, “I have to see the doctor, about my never-ending eating!” |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | By the plant, a sad stick insect who sobbed “It’s just not fair!  Everyone ignores me, it’s like I’m not even there!” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | And whizzing round the waiting room, Woody Woodlouse cries to all!  “Each time that I get frightened, I turn into a ball!” |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | No one sat next to the yellow wasp, who looked angry (and a little sad!)  She said, “If you get close to me, I can’t help getting mad!” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Next a tired looking cricket, who sobbed “There must be something wrong!  Instead of sleeping when it’s night-time, I make noises all night long.” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | There was a rather worried firefly, whose face was filled with fright!  “Quick someone tell the doctor! My bottom is alight!” |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | Dr Roach called all into her surgery, she said, “There’s nothing wrong with you!  Your features make you who are! They’re all a part of YOU!” |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | So, if YOU’RE a little different, you’re not poorly, nor bizarre.  It’s just the way that you’ve been made,  you’re great the way you are! |

**Minibeasts**

Written by Lisa Reynolds for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Let’s go out to the garden. What can we hear and see? |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | The buzzing of a bumble bee, |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Ants running all around, |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Wiggly worms underground. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | A ladybird with spots on her back |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Snails leaving a sticky track. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Pretty butterflies flying overhead, |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Spiders weaving a silky web. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Finding minibeasts is so much fun! |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Time to go inside, the day is done. |

**Seeing through a Telescope**

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

www.storymassage.co.uk

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | One, two, three  What can we see? |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Things in the distance become very near  Faraway objects look crisp and clear. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | One, two, three  What can we see? |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | Twinkling stars in the sky at night  Comets and planets, the moon shining bright. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | One, two, three  What can we see? |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The secret world of wildlife, roaming free  Birds flying high or nesting in a tree. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | One, two, three  What can we see? |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | Ships on the high seas, are they friend or foe?  Is that land ahead? Which way shall we go? |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | One, two, three  What can we see? |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Things in the distance become very near  Faraway objects look crisp and clear. |

**Spring Walk \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Let’s take a walk… one, two three  And find five things that we can see. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Lambs frolicking in fields, having so much fun |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Then cuddling up to their Mums when playtime is done. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Butterflies opening their wings with a wonderful display  Of colour and pattern that will make your day. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Blackbirds building nests to raise their chicks  Swinging sweetly as they gather leaves, grass and sticks. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Fruit blossom and wildflowers making a beautiful scene  With snowdrops and daffodils on a backdrop of green. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Tiny tadpoles swimming in ponds with a swish and sway  They’ll soon become frogs and hop away. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Now we’ve taken a walk … one, two, three |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Let’s remember some of the things that we could see…. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Lambs and butterflies,  Blackbirds, tadpoles and flowers … |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | And let's not forget those pesky April showers! |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **To Autumn**  **By John Keats (1795-1821)**  Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme  [www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk) | |
|  |  |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun; |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Conspiring with him how to load and bless |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run; |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | To bend with apples the moss’d cottage-trees, |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | With a sweet kernel; to set budding more, |
| *Icon  Description automatically generated with low confidence* | And still more, later flowers for the bees, |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Until they think warm days will never cease, |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | For summer had o’er-brimmed their clammy cells. |

**Trick or Treat**

Written by Melanie Kelly for the Story Massage Programme

www.storymassage.co.uk

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On Halloween night  When the moon is full. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | And the stars are shining bright.  What will give you the biggest fright? |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Will it be Zombies dragging their feet  Oozing and growling, looking for humans to eat. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Will it be witches with their little black cats |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | Flying on broomsticks wearing pointy hats |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | Making their potions and casting their spells.  Maybe they’ll turn you into… |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | A big fat slug with a shell. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Will it be ghosts floating through the air |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Looking for anyone they can scare. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | With vampires and pumpkins, they’ll gather to meet |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | Knocking at your door and shouting:  “Trick or Treat!” |

**Preparing for Exams**

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

www.storymassage.co.uk

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A blue logo with a white background  Description automatically generated with low confidence | It’s the exam (name?) next week/today. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Time to show how much you know |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Take a breath, stay calm and concentrate. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Remember to read the questions very carefully. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Underline the key words to help you do your best. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Take a breath, stay calm and concentrate. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Watch the clock so there’s time to check your answers. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Try hard to remember all you’ve learnt this year |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Time to show how much you know. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Take a breath, stay calm and concentrate.  *Good luck!* |

**Travel and Transport \***

Written By Heather North for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | A long time ago when the world was young  And the story of people had just begun, |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | All they could do was walk and to run. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | But as the years went on and the years went past  They yearned to travel further and they yearned to travel fast. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | They jumped on some horses and they learnt to ride  They galloped away, side by side. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The world was so big, and the seas were so wide  They built boats and sailed away on the tide. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | They travelled far, far away to foreign parts  To make it easier they invented wheels and carts. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Travelling great distances over fields and plains  Chugging along came the first mighty steam trains. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Next came the car which travelled so far  Bumping along on roads made of tar. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | The armoured tank was a sad mistake  A vehicle of war, of sorrow and hate. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | They travelled the land and the sea but wanted to fly.  Sure enough, the first aeroplanes began to fly. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | The trains, planes and cars got bigger and faster  But there was one more place people had left to master. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2,1…. |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | The rockets blasted off  Our mission into space had just begun! |

**Twelve Days of Christmas**

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the first day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | A partridge in a pear tree. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the second day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Two turtle doves. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the third day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Three French hens. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the fourth day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Four calling birds. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the fifth day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Five golds rings. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the sixth day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| A picture containing icon  Description automatically generated | Six geese a’ laying. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the seventh day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | Seven swans a’ swimming. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the eighth day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Eight maids a’ milking. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the ninth day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Nine ladies dancing. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the tenth day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Ten Lords a’ leaping. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the eleventh day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Eleven pipers piping. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | On the twelfth day of Christmas,  my true love sent to me |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | Twelve drummers drumming. |

**Under the Ocean \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Deep in the ocean lived little Freddie Fish. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | He was darting and diving and dashing around looking for a quiet place to relax in the busy ocean. But it was difficult. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | He had to zip past Ollie Octopus with eight swirling, curling tentacles searching for food. |
| A picture containing transport, wheel  Description automatically generated | Then Sammy Sea Turtle whizzed and weaved through the water with her super-strong flippers. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | While the twisting, twirling, whirling of Spanish Dancer made him feel quite giddy. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Charlie Crab scooted and scuttled sideways across the ocean floor, in a hurry with a flurry of legs. Little Freddie Fish didn’t feel very relaxed. |
| A picture containing drawing  Description automatically generated | Then he was whisked away on the current of the flip-flap-flop of Ruby Ray’s amazing wings. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | That’s when he spotted wibbly-wobbly Jimmy Jellyfish floating calmly in the water. That looked very soothing. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Little Freddie Fish realised he could do the same. So, he let his whole body relax, breathing in and out, in and out. |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | And he forgot all about the frenzy of his sea-friends and felt calm inside. |

**Winter Walk \***

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

www.storymassage.co.uk

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | Brr… it’s cold and frosty out there.  But we are going for walk to get some fresh air.… |
| Shape, icon  Description automatically generated | “Put on your gloves,’” says Mum, “and a hat on your head.  “It’s slippery today. Let’s be careful where we tread.” |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | Look at the dogs in cosy coats to keep them dry  They make us smile as we walk by. |
| A picture containing food  Description automatically generated | When we get to the park, it’s a magical sight  The frost covers everything with twinkles of light. |
| Shape  Description automatically generated | The pond is frozen, but the ducks don’t mind  We watch as they dive to see what food they can find. |
| Logo  Description automatically generated | The cold wind gives our cheeks a rosy glow  And we feel the first fluttering of soft, white snow. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated with medium confidence | As we walk home, I ask if the snow will settle  But Mum just says: “Time to put on the kettle! |
| A close up of a logo  Description automatically generated | She makes hot chocolate in my favourite mug  And we sit on the sofa, all warm and snug. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Our winter walk was fun, we’ll do it again  And maybe tomorrow we can build snowmen. |

**World Bee Day \***

Written by Verna Adderley for the Story Massage Programme

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Let’s go out to the garden to see what we can see and hear |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | Can you hear the gentle buzzing as a bee goes bumbling by? |
| Logo, company name  Description automatically generated | “Hello little flower, how are you?” said the bee.  “Hello little bee what are you doing? “said the flower. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | And the bee said: “All flowers need pollen so they can grow seeds. I’m sharing it around, so every flower has what it needs. |
| Logo, icon, company name  Description automatically generated | “I’m also eating the sweet nectar to store in my honey tummy. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | “Then I will fly miles and miles taking all the nectar home to my beehive to turn into delicious honey.” |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Let’s spare a thought for the bees |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Who have to fly further and further |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | Just to find flowers as they are all disappearing to make way for new buildings. |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | We can help save the bees by planting more flowers, herbs and trees. Or even building a bee hotel |
| Icon  Description automatically generated | To give bees a place to rest on their way home. |
| Logo, icon, company name  Description automatically generated | Please, please save the bees so they can help supply you and me with food. |

For more information about the Story Massage book, resources and online training please visit:

[www.storymassage.co.uk](http://www.storymassage.co.uk)