

Storytelling + young learners + limited vocabulary?

Why not?

Warm-up: **March bunny**
(bunny - eek, hunter - bang, vegetarian - yea, wood God father - ohm!)

In a dark, dark wood (story 7)

In a dark, dark wood there's a dark, dark house.

In the dark, dark house there's a dark, dark room.

In the dark, dark room there's a dark, dark cupboard.

In the dark, dark cupboard there's a dark, dark shelf.

On the dark, dark shelf there's a dark, dark box.

And in the dark, dark box there's a ...**(nut)**

Brainstorming: **What can you see in a wood?**

Story 1 **The House That Jack Built**

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the cheese in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat that ate the cheese in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat that killed the rat that ate the cheese in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog that chased the cat that killed the rat that ate the cheese in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow that kicked the dog that chased the cat that killed the rat that ate the cheese in the house that Jack built.

This is the woman who milked the cow that kicked the dog that chased the cat that killed the rat that ate the cheese in the house that Jack built.

This is the man who married the woman who milked the cow that kicked the dog that chased the cat that killed the rat that ate the cheese in the house that Jack built.

And this is Jack.

Here is the house in the wood



Here is the house in the wood, wood, wood. A mouse is run - ning through the



wood, wood, wood. She stops at the door, she asks at the door.

"Who lives in this house?"

Nobody answers.

The mouse comes in.

Now there is one.

Here is the house in the wood, wood, wood,... frog

"Who lives in this house?"

"I do. I am a mouse. I live in this house. And who are you?"

"I am a frog. May I live in your house, too?"

"Yes, you may. Come in, please!"

Now there are two friends.

Here is the house in the wood, wood, wood,... hare

"Who lives in this house?"

"We do. I am a mouse. And I am a frog. We live in this house. And who are you?"

"I am a hare. May I live in your house, too?"

"Yes, you may. Come in, please!"

Now there are three friends.

Here is the house in the wood, wood, wood,... dog

"Who lives in this house?"

"We do. I am a mouse. I am a frog. And I am a hare. We live in this house. And who are you?"

"I am a dog. May I live in your house, too?"

"Yes, you may. Come in, please!"

Now there are four friends.

Here is the house in the wood, wood, wood,... bear

"Who lives in this house?"

"We do. I am a mouse. I am a frog. I am a hare. And I am a dog. We live in this house.

And who are you?"

"I am a bear. May I live in your house, too?"

"Oh, no! Sorry, you are too big, bear! Go away! We don't want you!"

(The animals drive the bear away and the bear runs.)

Story 3 **Birds And Cats**

Once upon a time there were two old people living in a small house on a hill, in the middle of a wood, behind a meadow.

One day the old man said to the old woman:

„You know what, grandma, I would like some gingerbread. I like it so much,“

But the old woman said:

„I‘m sorry, grandpa but we‘ve ran out of flour. There isn‘t any in our house.“

The old man was very sad for a while but then he had an idea:

„And what about the sack of corn which lies in the loft? I‘m going to take it to the mill and we‘ll have enough flour for all days coming.“

The old woman was very glad and she even helped the old man to put the sack of corn onto a wheelbarrow and waved him goodbye.

The old man set out to the mill.

He is walking down the hill, through the wood, across the meadow. He is walking and he is looking forward to the nice gingerbread. He is walking and he can‘t see a hole in the sack bitten out by mice during winter. He is walking and walking and he doesn‘t see the grains of corn falling on the path.

But there is a little bird that can see them. He flies down and pecks on the grains. And so there is **ONE BIRD** on the path.

After a while another bird joins him. So there are **TWO BIRDS** on the path.

And another one is flying down. There are **THREE BIRDS** on the path and they peck and peck on the grains.

Suddenly there is a different creature coming closer. **A CAT!**

“Miaow!” goes the cat and the birds fly up to the sky. But the cat stays on the path. It is nice and warm. And so there is **ONE CAT**.

Another cat is walking by.

“Hello, Pussy, what are you doing here?”

“You know what Millie,” says Pussy. “Join me and you‘ll see how nice and warm the path is,” Millie joins Pussy and there are **TWO CATS** lying on the path.

Here goes Tabby, the tomcat.

“Hey, girls, what are you doing here? Why aren‘t you catching the mice? Am I to do everything?”

“Well, Tabby, don‘t be silly. Come closer and see how nice it is to lie on the path,”

Tabby doesn‘t have to miss anything so he joins the cats and there are **THREE CATS** lying on the grass.

Spot! **A DOG**. He noses out the cats wherever they are. He jumps up and barks “**WHOOOF!**” And off the cats go!

Birds and Cats

One bird, two birds, three birds, a cat - Miaow!

One cat, two cats, three cats, a dog - Whoof!

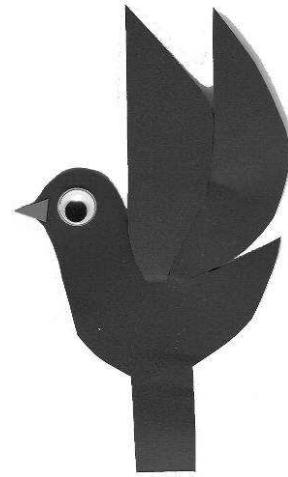
(Get Ready, OUP, 1989)

Story 4

Blackbirds, Making friends

Blackbirds

Two little blackbirds, sitting on a hill.
One named Jack and one named Jill,
Fly away, Jack. Fly away, Jill.
Come back, Jack. Come back, Jill.



Making friends

The two little blackbirds are very adventurous birds. They like hopping for a walk every day. The other day they decided to make friends with a cat! They haven't seen it yet, but they've heard about it a lot!

It's soft!

It's got shiny eyes!

It's got a velvet voice!

We're going to look for a friend,
we're going to look for a friend,
we want to make friends with a cat!

Look! What's that over there? Isn't it a cat?

No, it's some **tall dry grass**. We can't go over it, we can't go around it. We have to go through it.
Swish, swoosh, swish, swoosh

Look! What's that over there? Isn't it a cat?

No, it's some **sticky brown mud**. We can't go over it, we can't go around it. We have to go through it.
Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp

We're going to look for a friend,

Look! What's that over there? Isn't it a cat?

No, it's a **wibbly wobbly bridge**. We can't go under it, we can't go around it. We have to go over it.
Wibbly, wobbly, wibbly, wobbly

We're going to look for a friend,

Look! What's that over there? Isn't it a cat?

No, it's a **deep dark lake**. We can't go over it, we can't go around it. We have to go through it.
Swim, swim, swim, swim

We're going to look for a friend,

Look! What's that over there? Isn't it a cat?

No, it's a **big tall tree**. We can't go over it, we can't go around it. We have to climb.
Up, up, up, up, up, up

Look! What's that up there? It's a **big deep hole**.

I see two big eyes. I see two small ears. I see a pink nose. I see a big mouth. I see some sharp teeth!!
IT'S A CAT!!!! QUICK!!!

Down the tree
through the lake
over the bridge
through the mud
through the grass
open the door
close the door
Home!

Down, down, down, down,
Swim, swim, swim, swim,
Wibbly, wobbly, wibbly, wobbly
Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp
Swish, swoosh, swish, swoosh
Whuiiii
Slam!
Aaaaah!



Story 5

Brave mouse

I am a brave, brave mouse,
I go marching through the house.
I'm not afraid of anything.
For danger I'm prepared,
and I'm never, never scared.
No, I'm not afraid of anything.

What about a cat?

What? A cat?

Yes, a cat ! Big and fat !

Well, except for a cat -
I'm not afraid of anything.

I am a brave, brave mouse, ...

What about an owl?

What? An owl?

Yes . An owl - On the prowl.

Well, except for an owl -
I'm not afraid of anything.

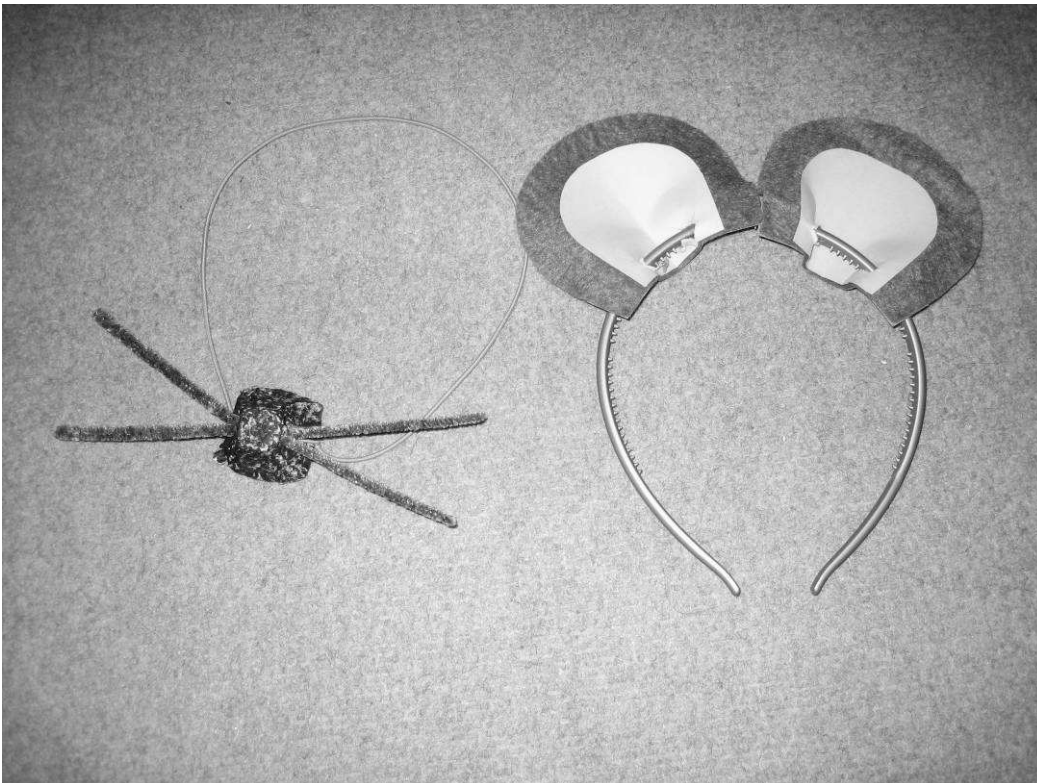
I am a brave, brave mouse, ...

What about a trap?

What? A trap?

Yes, a trap! that goes snap!

Well, except for a trap -
I'm not afraid of anything.



Story 6

Five Little Squirrels

Five little squirrels sitting in a tree.

Says the first little squirrel:

What do you see?

Says the second little squirrel:

A man with a gun.

Says the third little squirrel:

Let's run, let's run !

Says the fourth little squirrel:

Let's hide in a shade.

Says the fifth little squirrel:

I'm not afraid.

BANG ! Goes the gun,
and they run, run, run.

