

Our Stories

11th of April,

2018

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We told our first story without pictures:

## The \$100 Baby



Once there a one year-old toddler.

Everyday his grandmother would give  
him a hundred dollar note.

He would toddle over to his dad and  
hand him the hundred dollars.

And then he would get a hug.



Until one day, his grandmother didn't give him a hundred dollar note. The little boy was very upset. How would he get his hugs now?

He toddled over to every one he knew. His grandmother didn't have any more hundred dollar notes. His grandfather didn't have any hundred dollar notes...

Finally, his mother found a five cent piece and the little boy was happy, because he was still able to get a hug.

Ever since then the family agreed that hugs are priceless.

The End.

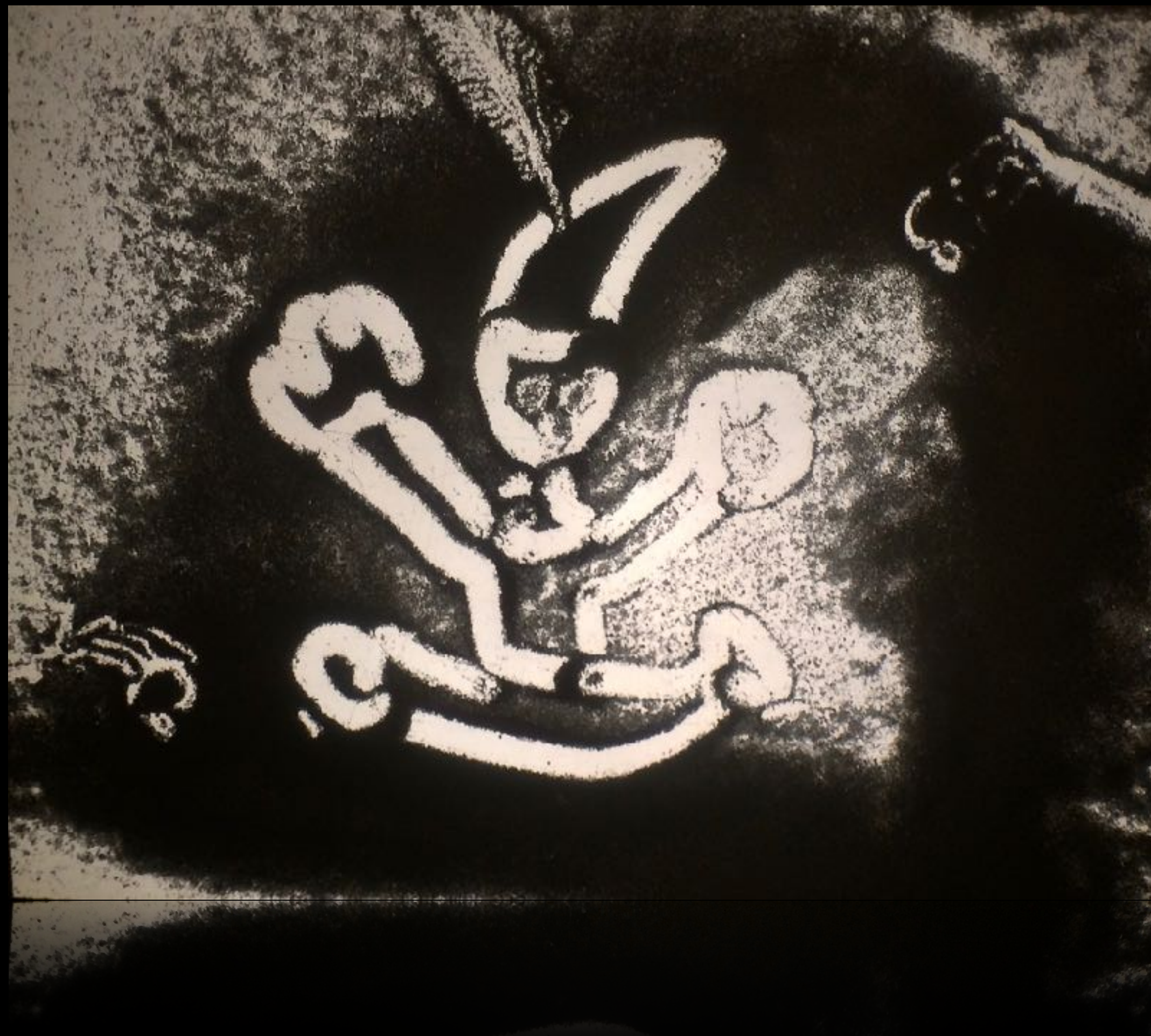


# The Story of the Dancing Elf

(We each took turns drawing the pictures for this story)



Once there was a Little Elf. He stood perhaps as high as a chair. He wore a green jacket and green pants. And on his green hat he wore a big, red, cheerful feather.



Every day, the Little Elf's parents rang  
some silver bells and every day the  
Little Elf would dance in his tap shoes.

Until one day...



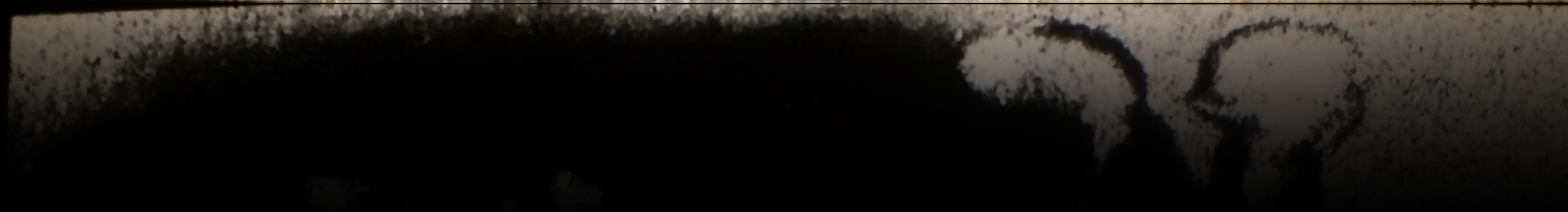


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...to his horror, the Little Elf found  
that his parents had thrown the bells  
into the rubbish bin!

They broke with a clash and a tinkle  
and then the rubbish was taken away  
by a big truck.







His parents told him they were tired of ringing the bells. "We told you to learn to do it yourself." they said. "We told you to put them away neatly."

The Little Elf was very, very sad. So sad that his red feather drooped and his shoulders slumped. "I feel terrible." he said. "I think I need to go to hospital."



His frustrated parents agreed to take  
the Little Elf to the hospital.

He didn't like it much.

They wanted to give him the world's  
biggest injection! It was terrifying!

Instead he ran away to the junkyard to  
look for his bells







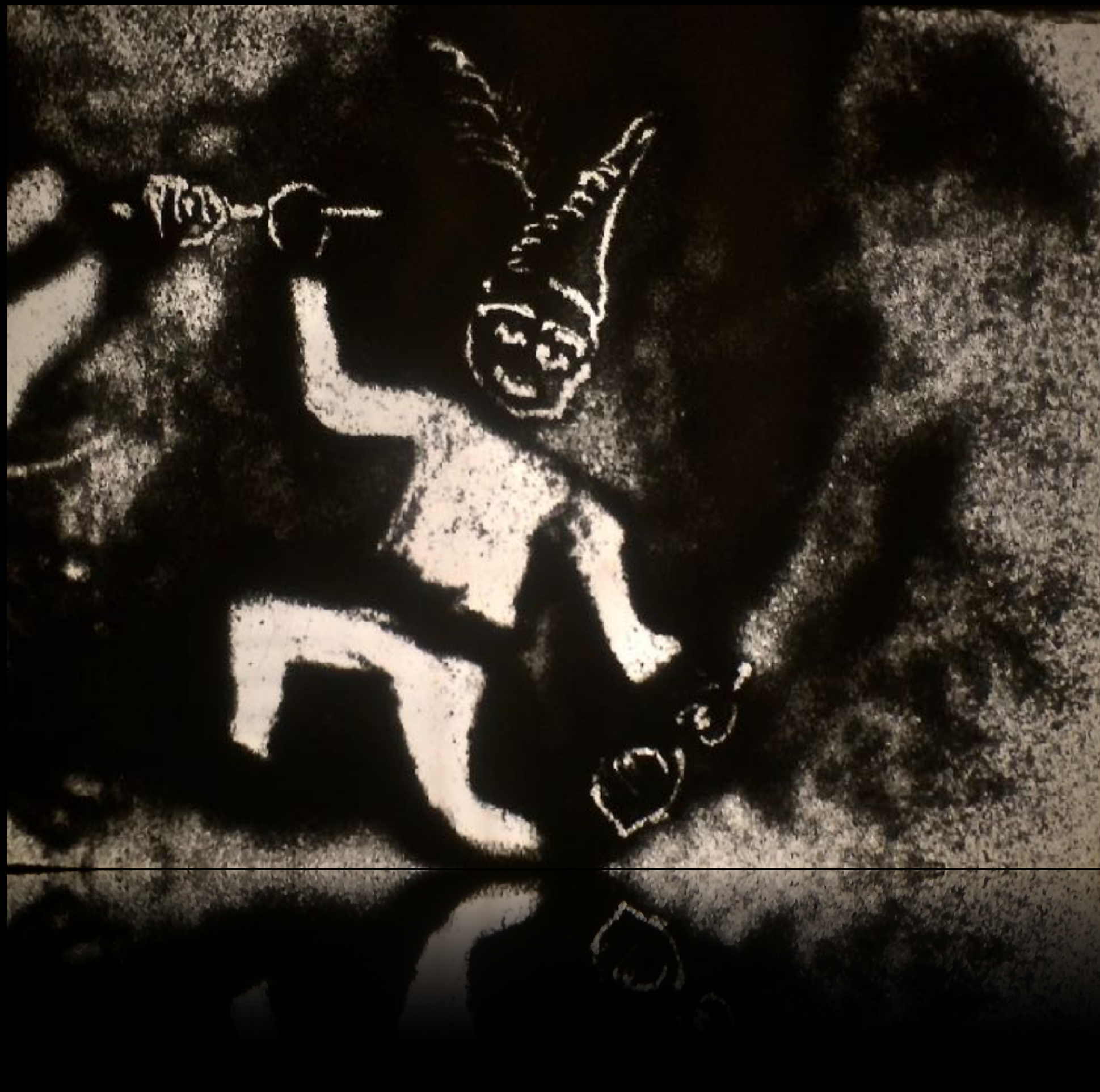
The junkyard was full of different bits of rubbish that people had thrown away. There were bits as small as lolly wrappers. And bits as big as rusty, broken cars. There were lots of things the Little Elf could have turned into musical instruments. There were plumbing-pipe didgeridoos, garbage-can cymbals and wooden-box drums...

But the Little Elf didn't want any of those.

He searched and searched until he found the bright yellow box with his broken bells inside.

He took them home and superglued them back together.



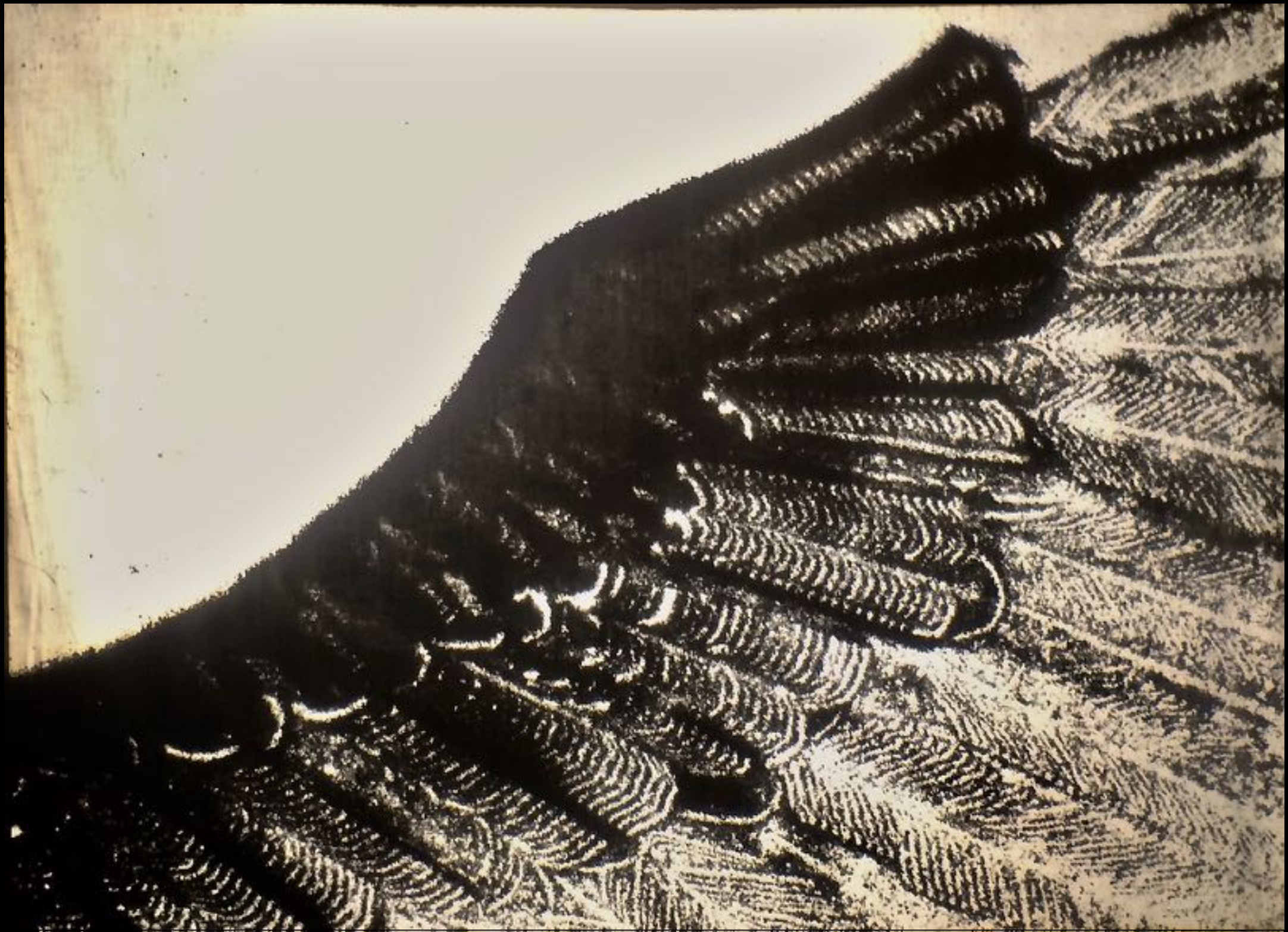


Every since that day, the Little Elf  
dances by himself.

He makes sure that he can ring the  
bells himself. And he always puts them  
away neatly when he is finished.

The End.

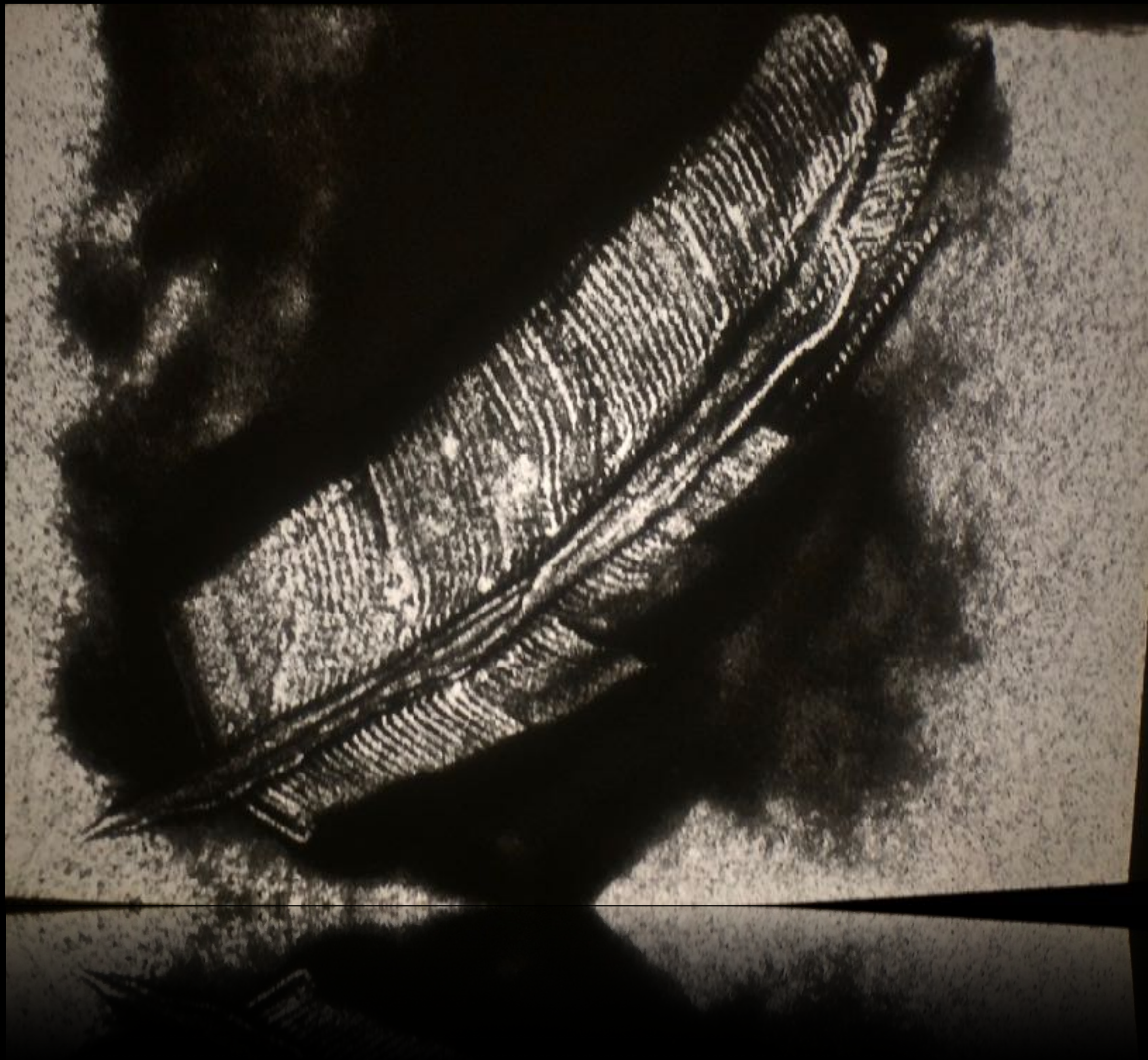




The Story of the Feather and the Wind



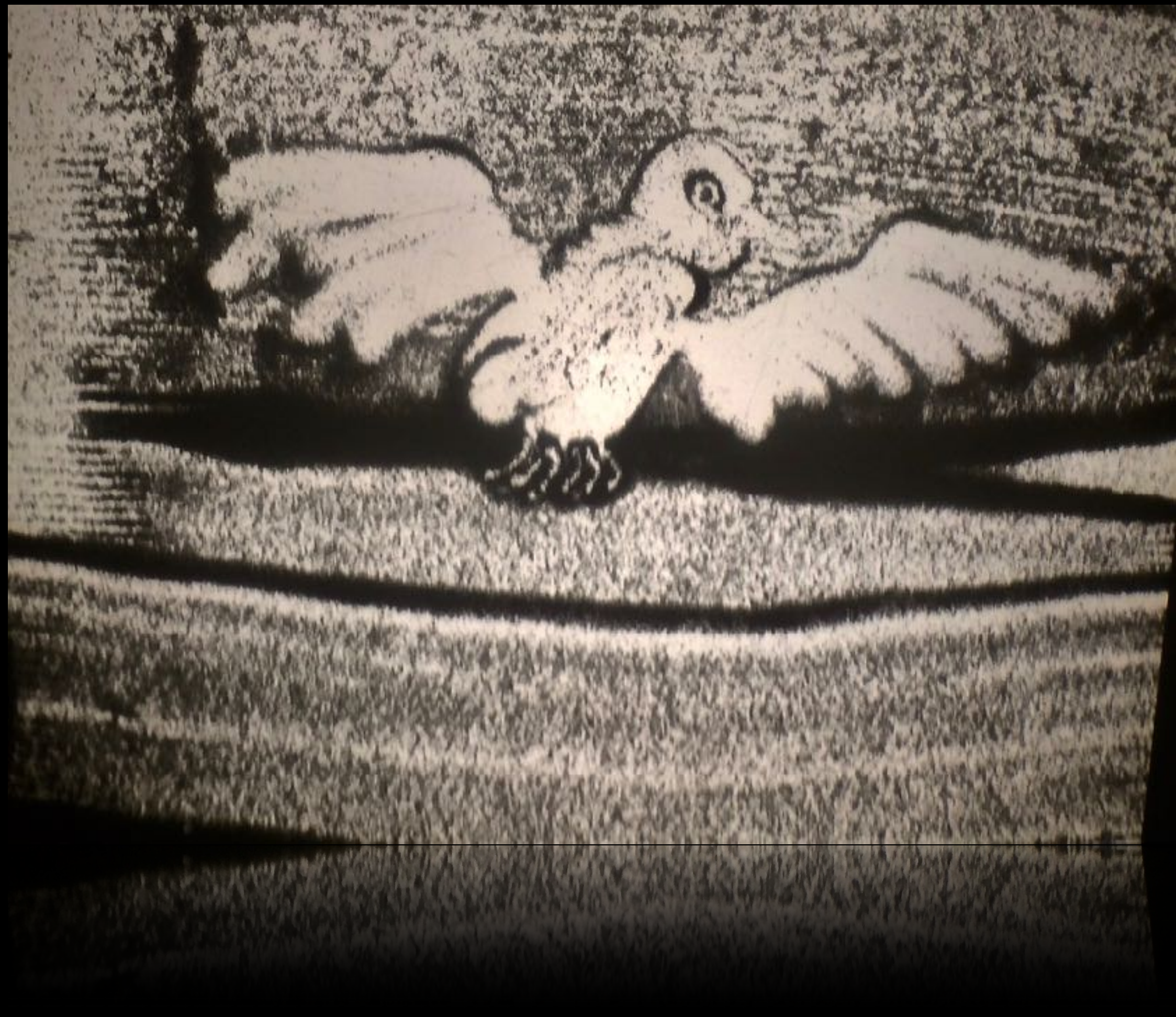
On a bird's wing there was beautiful  
feather. It was green and blue and red  
and strong. Together with all the  
other feathers it helped the bird fly to  
and fro and up and down.



Every day, the bird would fly to a restaurant on the edge of forest.

It would sit on the railing and the people there would feed it.





Unfortunately, food for humans isn't  
very healthy for birds.

Or their feathers.

So one day the feather fell out and  
simple drifted to the forest floor.



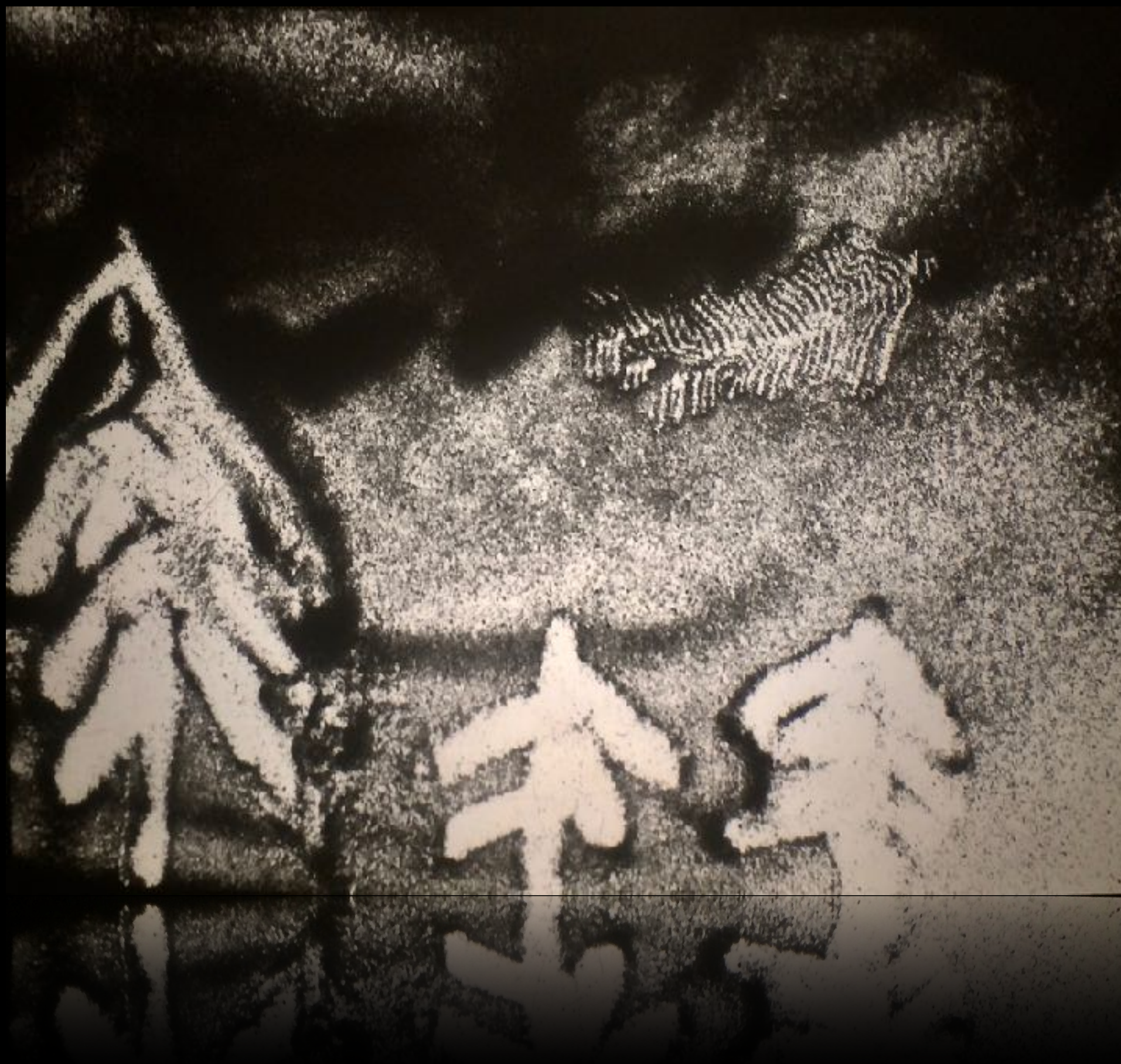




The wind came whistling through forest  
and picked the feather up.

High above the trees, they flew.

Up and over and round about.





Twirling over the farmlands and across the  
dusty desert...

Further and further they flew.





Until finally the feather came to rest in  
the nest of another bird.

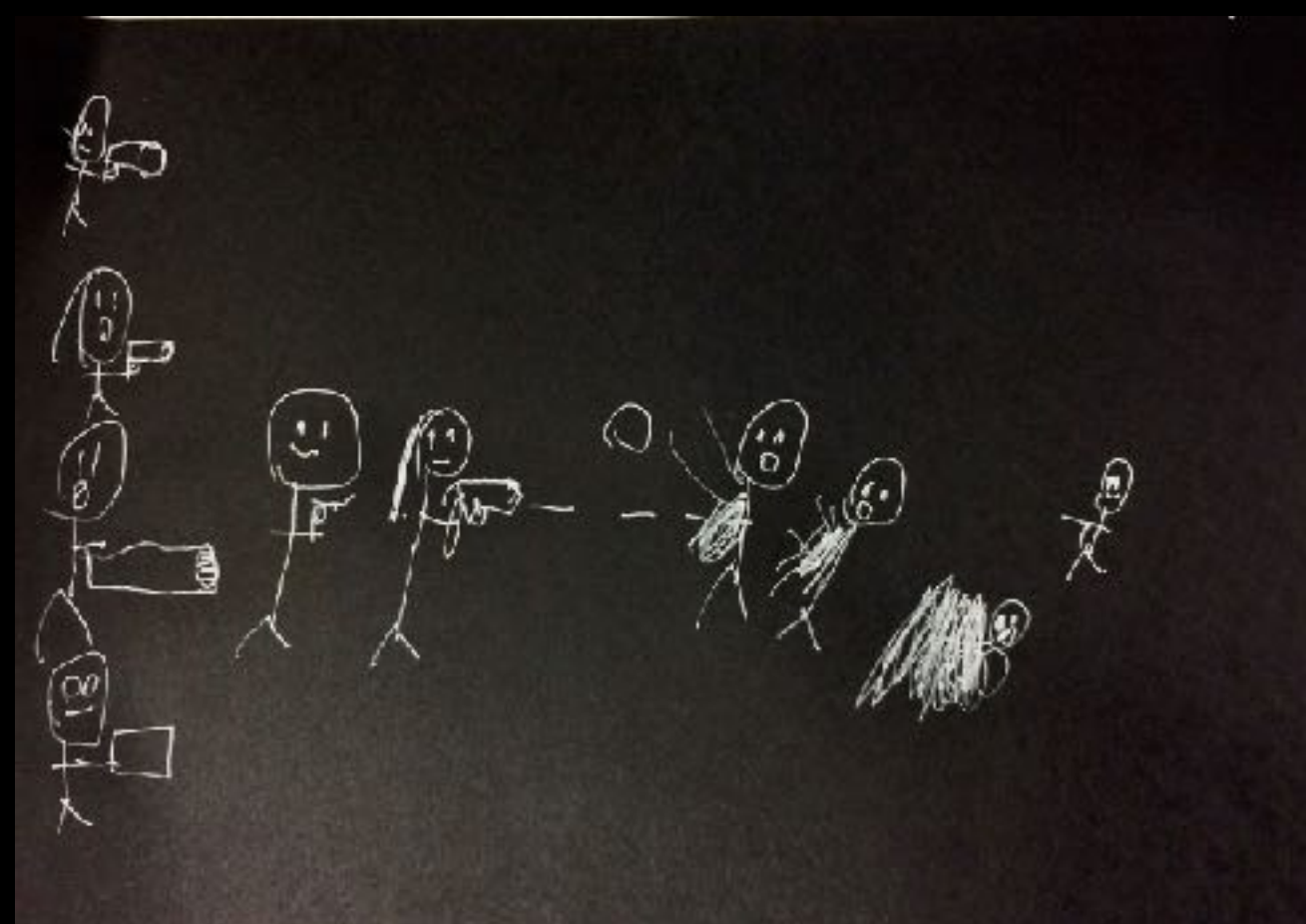
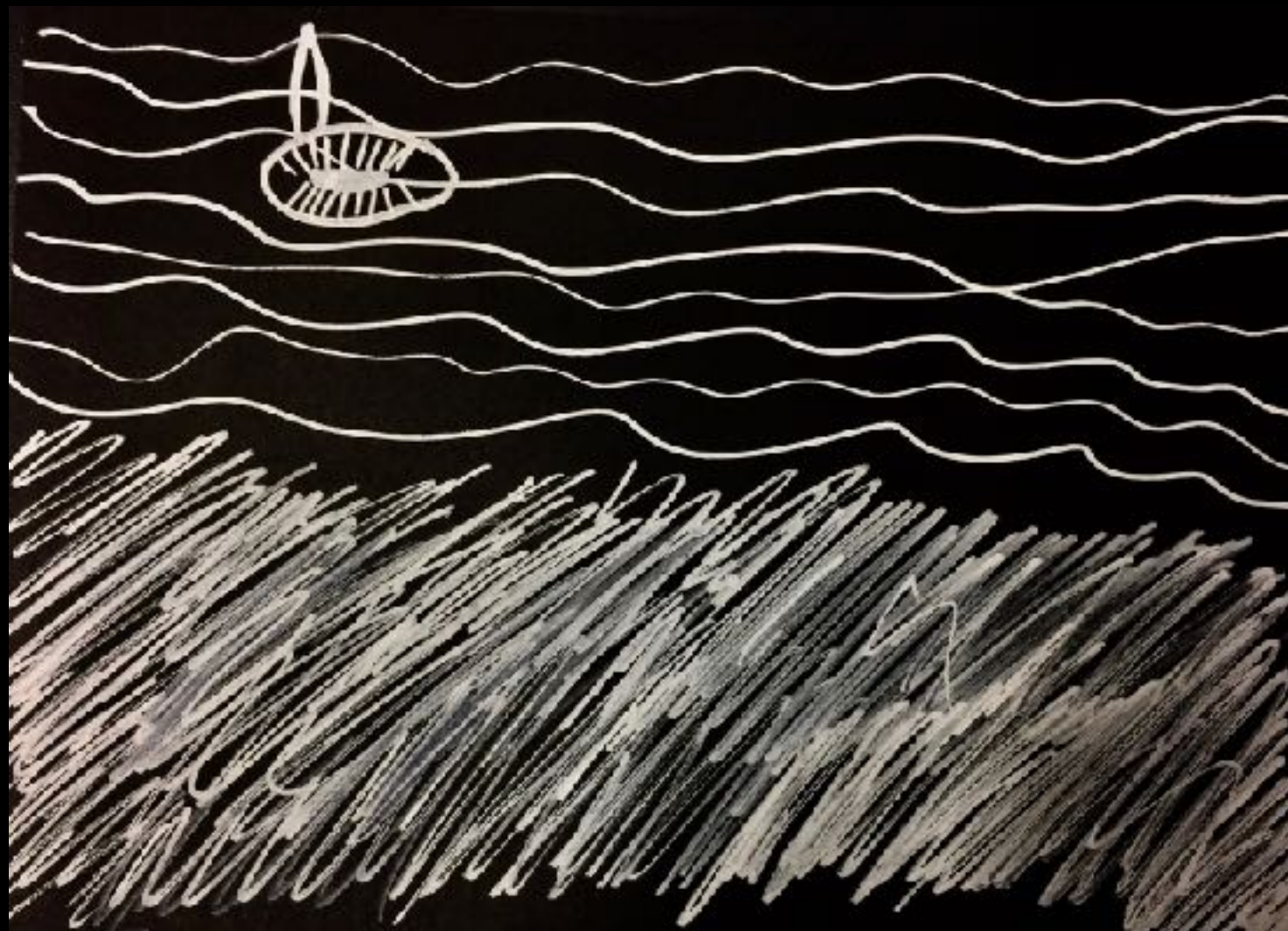
And there it stayed, helping to keep  
the eggs warm  
until they hatched.



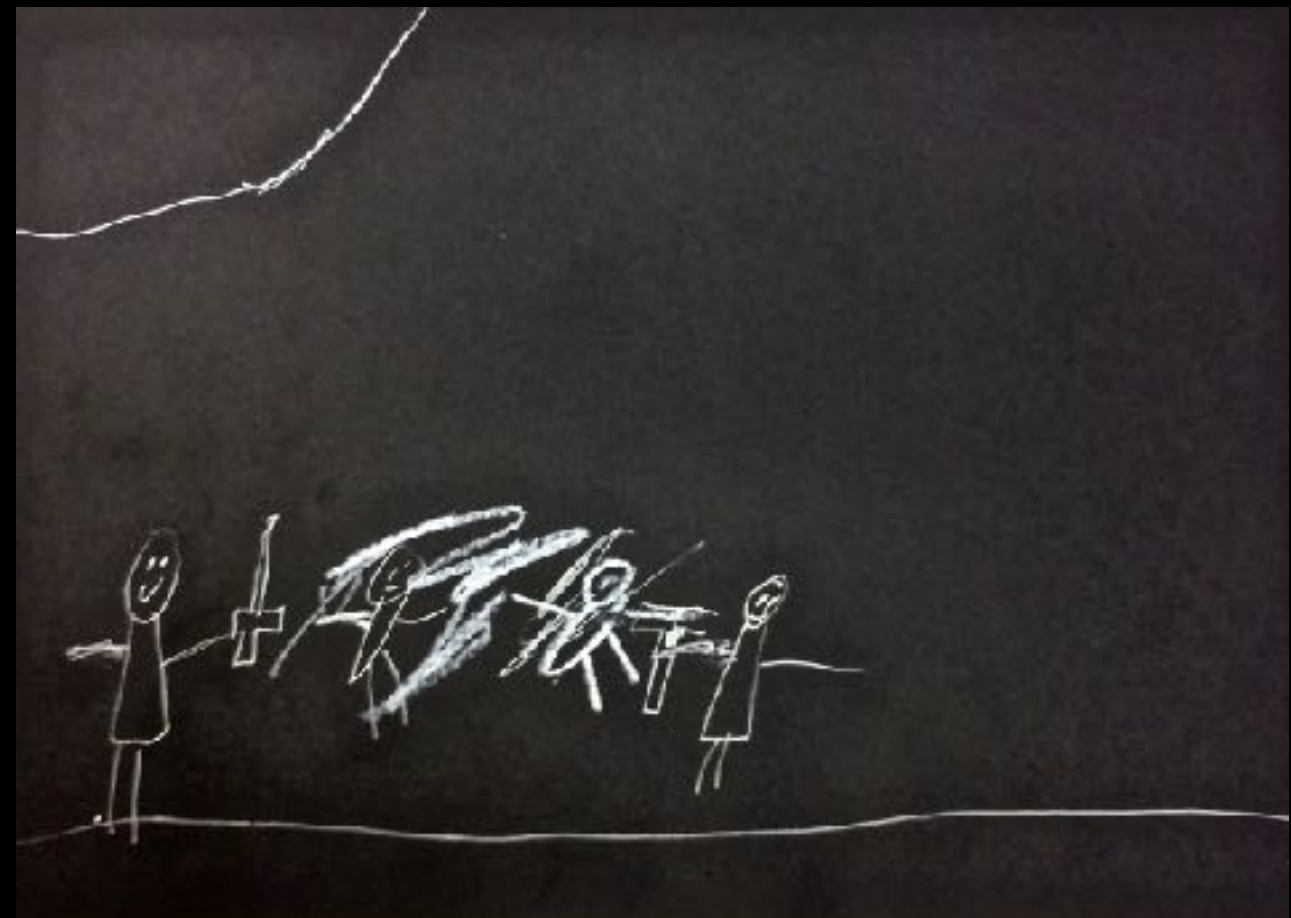
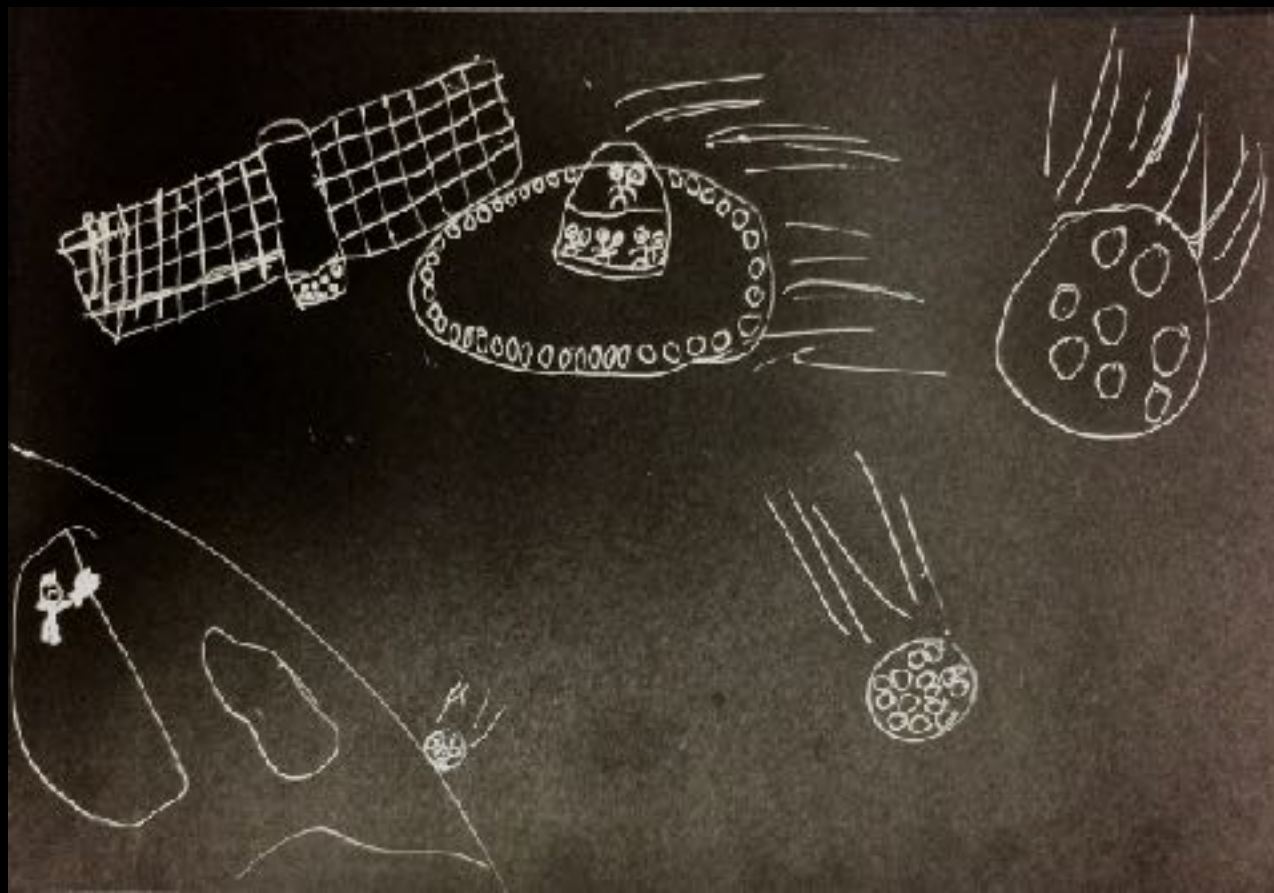
The End



And here are some of our own  
illustrations of our individual stories:







frog.sand.glass