



Game: Noise story

(about 10 minutes)



Once upon a time on a beautiful, hot summer day there were two children hopping along the side of the street. They were singing and whistling a song (*sing, whistle*). They had just visited their grandmother and were now on the long walk back to the village where they lived. They went through high grass (*shshshshsh*), they walked on the street (*stomp*), they walked through a huge, shallow puddle (*splash, splash*). The path became longer and longer, and their legs were more and more tired. Then they met four little dogs who barked at them (*bark*).

“Be quiet!” said the one child. And the dogs were quiet at once. “Why are you barking like that?” – And the dogs started barking again (*bark*). “Quiet! I can’t understand anything. Is something wrong? Show us what’s wrong.” The dogs ran away, panting (*pant*). They led the children to a hunting trap, where a larger dog was trapped and stood there, whining (*whine*). “Oh, I see,” said the one child, “that’s your mum, right? Just wait and I’ll help you.” He looked at the trap from all sides, and the other child pointed out a locked door on the trap (*everyone points*): “That’s where you can open it.” “I can’t do it alone, can you please help me?” Both children pulled and pulled (*everyone pulls*), and finally the trap opened. How happy everyone was! The dogs barked (*bark*) and greeted their mother. “You’d better get away from here. Whoever set the trap will probably come back very soon” The dogs barked (*bark*) in thanks and happily ran away.

The children continued on their way, happy that they helped the dogs. All of a sudden a gigantic giant came stomping towards them (*big stomps*), roaring horribly (*roar*). One of the children looked at him, terrified, and the other said: “Why are you roaring like that?” “Because I’m soooooo angry,” said the giant and started roaring again (*roar, roar*). “Why are you so angry?” asked one of the children. “Because everything hurts,” answered the giant and started roaring again (*roar, roar*). “What hurts?” asked the one child, bravely. “There,” said the giant, and pointed to his hand. “Show us,” said the children and looked closely at his hand. They looked and looked, and looked and looked, and then they saw it: “There’s a splinter! We have to get it out!” “Oh no, that will hurt,” complained the gigantic giant. “Only for a second, then it won’t hurt anymore. Do you want us to help you?” The gigantic giant looked at them, frightened! “Will it hurt a lot?” The child looked up at him: “You can do it! You’re brave!” The giant swallowed and then nodded. The thorn was deep in his skin and only a little piece stuck out. When one of the children tried to pull out the thorn, the giant screamed loudly (*Ahhhhhhhh*). And the child winced in fright. “I know it hurts,” comforted the child, “but trust me, it’ll be better soon.” “It will help if you pinch yourself really hard on the leg, then you won’t notice the pain in your hand so much. My mum once taught me that trick.” The giant sniffed, and a giant tear rolled down his cheek. “If you say so.” And he clenched his teeth together, pinched his leg with all his might and one of the children carefully grabbed the thorn. The other child helped him and together they pulled the thorn out of the giant’s finger. “Oooooowwwwww,” cried the giant, shook his finger and rubbed it. Then he said, “Much better!” “How can I thank you?” he asked. “We were happy to help you,” said the one child. “Can I carry you for some of the way?” asked the giant, and the children nodded enthusiastically.

And in no time at all they were sitting on the giant’s shoulders as he carried them with giant steps through the countryside to their village.

When the grown-ups saw the giant coming, they ran to their houses, locked their doors, and shook in fear. But the children called out: 'Everything's fine. The giant is our friend, you don't need to be afraid.' How happy everyone was when the children arrived home with the giant. Carefully the giant put the children down, smiled at them thankfully, and stomped away. The people who lived in the village were very impressed by the children's courage, and they made the children tell the story over and over.