THE GRUFFALO

By: Julia Doanldson

N: A mouse took a stroll through the deep dark wood. A fox saw the mouse and the mouse looked good.

 “Where are you going, to little brown mouse?

 Come and have lunch in my underground house.”

”It’s terribly kind of you, Fox, but no-

 I’m going to have lunch with a gruffalo.”

” A gruffalo, Mouse? What’s a gruffulo?”

”A gruffalo, Fox? I’m surprised you don’t know!

 He has terrible tusks,  and terrible claws 

 And terrible teeth and terrible jaws .”

 “Where are you meeting him?”

 ”Here by these rocks… and his favorite food is roasted fox.”

 “Roasted what? Oh, my!” Fox said. “Good-bye little mouse,”

N: And away he sped.

”Silly old fox! Doesn’t he know? There’s no such thing as a gruffalo!”

N: On went the mouse though the deep dark wood. An owl say the mouse and the mouse looked good.

”Where are you going to, little brown mouse? Join me for tea in my treetop house.”

”It’s frightfully nice of you, Owl, but no. I’m having tea with a gruffalo.”

”A gruffalo, Mouse? What’s a gruffalo?

 “A gruffalo, Owl I’m surprised you don’t know! He has knobbly knees, 

and turned-out toes,  and a poisonous wart at the end of his nose . ”

 “Where are you meeting him?”

 “Here, by this stream…. And his favorite food is owl ice cream.”

 “Owl ice cream? Too-whit! Too-whoo! Good-bye, little mouse,.”

N: And away Owl flew.

”Silly old Owl! Doesn’t he know? There’s no such thing as a gruffalo!”

N: On went the mouse through the deep dark wood. A snake saw the mouse and the mouse looked good.”

”Where are you going to, little brown mouse? Come for a feast in my log-pile house.”

”It’s wonderfully good of you, Snake, but no. I’m having a feast with a gruffalo?”

”A gruffalo, Mouse? What’s a gruffalo?”

 “A gruffalo, Owl I’m surprised you don’t know! His eyes are orange .

 His tongue is black . Sharp purple prickles cover his back .”

 “Where are you meeting him?”

”Here by this lake. And his favorite food is scrambled snake.”

”Scrambled snake? It’s time I hid! Good-bye, little mouse”

N: And away snake slid

”Silly old Snake! Doesn’t he know? There’s no such thing as a gruffal… Oh!

N: But what is this creature with terrible claws and terrible teeth in its terrible jaws? Are those knobby knees and turned out toes? Is that a poisonous wart on the end of his nose?” Are those eye orange ? Is that tongue black ? Do sharp prickles cover its back ?

 “Oh, yes! Oh, no! A GRUFFALO!”

 “My favorite food!”

N: The gruffalo said

 “You’ll taste good on a slice of bread!”

”Good? Don’t call me good! I’m the scariest thing in the deep dark wood. Just walk behind me and soon you’ll see, Everyone for miles is afraid of me.”

 “Oh, sure!

N: said the gruffalo bursting with laughter.

”You lead the way and I’ll follow after.”

N: They hadn’t walked far then the gruffalo said

”I hear a slither in the grass ahead.”

 “It’s Snake. Why snake, hello!”

N: Snake stared hard at the gruffalo.

 “Oh, Shivers! Good bye, little mouse,”

N: And slid right into his log-pile house.

 “You see. I told you so.”

”Hard to believe”

N: Said the gruffalo. They walked some more till the gruffalo said.

”I hear hooting in the trees ahead.”

”It’s Owl. Why, Owl, hello!”

N: Owl stared hard at the gruffalo.

 “Boo-whoo! Good-bye, little mouse,”

N: And flew right up to his treetop house.

 “You see. I told you so.”

 “You may be right”

N: said the gruffalo. They walked some more till the gruffalo said

 “I hear paws on the path ahead.”

”It’s Fox. Why, Fox, hello!”

N: Fox stared hard at the gruffalo.

 “Oh, help. Good-bye, little mouse,”

N: And scampered into his underground house.

 “Well, don’t you agree? Everyone in the wood is afraid of me!

But now my tummy is beginning to rumble, and my favorite food is …… gruffalo crumble!”

” Gruffalo crumble!

N: the gruffalo said, and quick as the wind he turned and fled.

 Then all was quiet in the deep dark wood. The mouse found a nut and the nut was good.

THE GRUFFALO’S CHILD

By: Julia Donaldson

 “No Gruffalo should, ever set foot in the deep dark wood. “

 “Why not? Why not?

”Because if you do The Big Bad Mouse will be after you. I met him once”

N: Said the Gruffalo.

”I met him a long, long time ago.”

 “What does he look like, Tell us, Dad. Is he terribly big and terrible bad?”

 “I can’t quite remember”

N: the Gruffalo said. Then he thought for a minute and scratched his head.

 “The Big Bad Mouse is terrible strong and his scaly tail is terrible long. His eyes are like pools of terrible fire And his terrible whiskers are tougher than wire.”

N: One snowy night when the Gruffalo snored. The Gruffalo’s Child was feeling bored.

The Gruffalo’s child was feeling brave so she tiptoed out of the gruffalo cave. The snow fell fast and the wind blew wild. Into the wood went the Gruffalo Child.

Aha! Oho! A trail in the snow! Whose is this trail and where does it go? A tail poked out of a logpile house. Could this be the tail of the Big Bad Mouse? Out slid the creature. His eyes were small And he din’t have whiskers – no, none at all.

 “You’re not the Mouse.”

 “Not, I”

N: said the Snake.

”He’s down by the lake … eating gruffalo cake.”

N: The snow fell fast and the wind blew wild.

 “I’m not scared”

N: said the Gruffalo’s Child.

Aha! Oho! Marks in the snow! Whose are these claw marks? Where do they go? Two eyes gleamed out of a treetop house. Could these be the eyes of the Big Bad Mouse?

Down flew the creature. This tail was short And he didn’t have whiskers of any sort.

 “You’re not the Mouse.”

 “Toowhoo, not I, But somewhere nearby, eating gruffalo pie.”

N: The snow fell fast and the wind blew wild.

 “I’m not scared”

N: said the Gruffalo’s Child.

Aha! Oho! Tracks in the snow! Whose is this track and where does it go? Whiskers at last! And an underground house! Could this be the home of the Big Bad Mouse?

Out slunk the creature. His eyes weren’t fiery. His tail wasn’t scaly. His whiskers weren’t wiry.

 “You’re not the Mouse.”

 “Oh no, not me. He’s under a tree – drinking gruffalo tea.”

 “It’s all a trick!”

N: Said the Gruffalo’s Child. As she sat on a stump where the snow lay piled.

 “I don’t believe in the Big Bad Mouse… But here comes a little one, out of his house. Not Big, not bad, but a mouse at least- You’ll taste good as a midnight feast.”

 “Wait, before you eat. There’s a friend of mine that you ought to meet. If You’ll let me hop onto a hazel twig I’ll beckon my friend so bad and so big.”

N: The Gruffalo’s Child unclenched her fist.

 “The Big Bad Mouse – so he does exist!”

N: The mouse hoped into the hazel tree. He beckoned, then said

 “Just wait and see.”

N: Out came the moon. It was bright and round. A terrible shadow fell onto the ground.

Who is this creature so bid, bad and strong? His tail and his whiskers are terribly long. His ears are enormous and over his shoulder he carries a nut as big as a boulder!”

 “The big Bad Mouse”

N: Yelled the Gruffalo’s Child. The mouse jumped down from the twig and smiled.

Aha! Oho! Prints in the snow. Whose are these footprints? Here do they go?

The footprints led to the Gruffalo cave. Where the Gruffalo’s Child was a bit less brave. The Gruffalo’s and Child was a bit less bored. And the Gruffalo’s Child snored, and snored, and snored.