

story time

with Jill Haywood

breeze - brisa
pride - group of lions
thirsty - tener sed
caught - atrapat
net - red
follow - seguir
branch - rama
thick - gruixut
jaw - mandibula
sore - feia mal



Avui en story time coneixerem una lleona petita que es diu Lilibelle i sabrem de les seves aventures.

Lilibelle the lion!

In the savanah it was a hot day. There was a gentle breeze. Lilibelle had been exploring new territory. Moving through the long grass slowly and silently, the young lion had walked further and further away from the pride.

The sun grew hotter and hotter. Lilibelle wished she could find some water to bathe her feet and to drink. Lilibelle tried to roar so that her pride would hear her and roar, then she would know which direction they were in. Unfortunately she was so thirsty and dry that she couldn't roar.

She saw a small animal running through the tall grass and as she was bored, she decided to follow it. Perhaps it was thirsty too. Lilibelle moved quietly as if she was hunting the tiny animal, although of course it was far too small for her to hunt. Lilibelle and her pride only hunted large animals which they all shared.

They were near some trees and as Lilibelle came closer, she was suddenly caught in a net and was hanging from a tree. She was frightened. Perhaps the human hunters she had heard about had put the net here. How was she

going to get free? Would her pride realise she was missing and look for her? It was early afternoon and her pride would be sleeping through the heat of the day. She had to find a way to get free from the net.

She twisted in the net so that she could see the ground. The mouse was nearby, sitting in the grass and watching her. Lilibelle tried to talk to it.

“Hello, small animal. How are you?”

Lilibet was delighted when the animal replied.

“Are you dangerous?” the animal asked timidly.

“No,” answered Lilibelle. “I would never hurt a tiny thing like you! I’m very thirsty though. Do you know if there is water near here?”

“Yes,” replied the little mouse. “I’m going there now.”

The little mouse turned to leave.

“Wait please!” cried Lilibelle. “My name is Lilibelle. Will you help me and show me where the water is?”

The mouse considered and then agreed. “My name is Molly.”

Molly looked at the ropes holding the net and at the tree. She thought that she could climb the tree and help to free Lilibelle.

The small mouse ran to the tree trunk and quickly climbed to the branch above Lilibelle’s net. She ran along the branch then down the rope to the net. Carefully examining the different ropes, she found the one which would free the lion if she ate through it. Molly lay down and started to bite the rope. It would take a long time as the rope was very thick.

Molly bit ... and she bit... and she bit.

Then she pulled and she bit again.

She bit ... and she bit. Her jaw was sore!

She sighed and she bit again. Suddenly the rope started to fray and Molly ran up the the branch. Two seconds later the whole net fell to the ground and Lilibelle shook herself free of the net.

Molly smiled and ran down the tree trunk. She stopped in front of Lilibelle, still a little nervous to get too close now that the lion was free.

Lilibelle lay down in the grass so that she could look Molly in the eye and said, “Thank you. You have been very kind to me today. I would like to be

your friend and if I can help you at any time, you only need to tell me. Would you like to ride my back while we go to find the water?"

Molly smiled and climbed onto the lion's back. She directed Molly to the small pond past the trees and they both drank.

Now that Lilibelle had drunk water, she was able to roar again. She stood up, opened her mouth and roared loudly. A lion's roar can be heard from 8 kilometres away! Moments later she heard an answering roar of her pride. She turned to Molly.

"We shall meet again Molly."

Lilibelle ran towards her pride, very happy that she had made a new friend.