

Massage Stories with the Story Massage Programme

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We hope you enjoy sharing these massage stories with your family and friends. Always remember to ask permission and say 'thank you' at the end. You can also enjoy these massage stories as a self-massage or with your pets.

Chapter 1 (pages 2-13) Nursery Rhymes and Songs

Chapter 2 (pages 14-29) Books and Films

Chapter 3 (pages 30-38) Educational

Chapter 4 (pages 39-45) For Relaxation and Resilience

And on page 46 there is a special massage story about the Coronavirus and how to stay safe and healthy.

Baa, Baa Black Sheep










Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Baa, baa black sheep
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Have you any wool?
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Yes sir, yes sir!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Three bags full.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	One for the master,
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And one for the dame.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.

Five Currant Buns













Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	<p>Five currant buns in a baker's shop Big and round with a cherry on top.</p>
	<p>Along came a boy with a penny one day.</p>
	<p>Bought a currant bun and took it away.</p>
	<p>Four currant buns in a baker's shop Big and round with a cherry on top.</p>
	<p>Along came a boy with a penny one day.</p>
	<p>Bought a currant bun and took it away.</p>
	<p><i>Continue verses until....</i></p>
	<p>One currant bun in a baker's shop Big and round with a cherry on top.</p>
	<p>Along came a boy with a penny one day.</p>
	<p>Bought a currant bun and took it away.</p>

Five Little Monkeys

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
















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	Five little monkeys jumping on the bed,
	One fell off and bumped his head.
	Mother called the doctor and the doctor said,
	"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!".
	Four little monkeys jumping on the bed,
	One fell off and bumped his head.
	Mother called the doctor and the doctor said,
	"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!".
	<i>Continue verses until...</i>
	One little monkey jumping on the bed,
	One fell off and bumped his head.
	Mother called the doctor and the doctor said,
	"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!".





Five Little Speckled Frogs

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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	Five little speckled frogs
	Sat on a speckled log
	Eating the most delicious bugs
	One jumped into the pool where it was nice and cool
	Then there were four green speckled frogs
	Four little speckled frogs
	Sat on a speckled log
	Eating the most delicious bugs.
	One jumped into the pool where it was nice and cool
	Then there were three green speckled frogs
	<i>Add verses until last verse...</i>
	One little speckled frog
	Sat on a speckled log
	Eating the most delicious bugs
	He jumped into the pool where it was nice and cool
	Then there were no green speckled frogs








Incy Wincy Spider
Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	<p>Incy Wincy Spider Climbed up the waterspout.</p>
	<p>Down came the rain And washed the spider out.</p>
	<p>Out came the sunshine And dried up all the rain.</p>
	<p>So Incy Wincy Spider Climbed up the spout again.</p>

Little Peter Rabbit

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
by Hollie Parsons







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	Little Peter Rabbit has a fly upon his nose Little Peter Rabbit has a fly upon his nose Little Peter Rabbit has a fly upon his nose
	And he flipped it and he flapped it and the fly flew away.
	Powder puffs and curly whiskers Powder puffs and curly whiskers Powder puffs and curly whiskers
	Little Peter Rabbit has a fly upon his paw Little Peter Rabbit has a fly upon his paw Little Peter Rabbit has a fly upon his paw
	And he flipped it and he flapped it and the fly flew away.
	Powder puffs and curly whiskers Powder puffs and curly whiskers Powder puffs and curly whiskers
	And he flipped it and he flapped it and the fly flew away.

Old King Cole

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme









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	Old King Cole Was a merry old soul And a merry old soul was he.
	He called for his pipe And he called for his bowl
	And he called for his fiddlers three.
	Every fiddler, he had a fiddle And a very fine fiddle had he.
	Oh, there's none so rare As can compare
	With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

Old McDonald Had a Farm

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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	Old McDonald Had a Farm E-I-E-I-O
	And on that farm he had a ...
	Lamb E-I-E-I-O With a baa baa here And a baa baa there Here a baa, there a baa Everywhere a baa baa
	Old McDonald Had a Farm E-I-E-I-O
	Old McDonald Had a Farm E-I-E-I-O
	And on that farm he had a ...
	Cow E-I-E-I-O With a moo moo here And a moo moo there Here a moo, there a moo Everywhere a moo moo
	Old McDonald Had a Farm E-I-E-I-O

	IDEAS FOR OTHER ANIMALS
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Pig – Oink, Oink
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Chicken – Cluck, Cluck
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Cat – Meow, Meow
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Dog – Woof, Woof
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Horse – Neigh, Neigh
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Duck – Quack, Quack
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Mouse – Squeak, Squeak

Row, Row Your Boat

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Row, row, row your boat Gently down the stream.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Life is but a dream.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Row, row, row your boat Gently up the creek.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	If you see a little mouse Don't forget to squeak!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Row, row, row your boat Gently down the stream.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	If you see a crocodile Don't forget to scream!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Row, row, row your boat Gently to the shore.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	If you see a lion Don't forget to roar!










Two Little Dickie Birds
Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	Two little dickie birds
	Sitting on a wall.
	One named Peter, One named Paul.
	Fly away Peter!
	Fly away Paul!
	Come back Peter!
	Come back Paul!

Wind the Bobbin Up

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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	Wind the bobbin up Wind the bobbin up.
	Pull, pull.
	Clap, clap, clap.
	Point to the ceiling.
	Point to the floor.
	Point to the window.
	Point to the door.
	Clap your hands together – 1,2,3.
	Put your hands down on your knees.









Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

Based on the book by Roald Dahl

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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	Around the world everyone was searching for Golden Tickets in chocolate bar wrappers.
	Charlie Bucket was very poor but one day he found a coin. He used the coin to buy a chocolate bar. He was so excited when he won the last Golden Ticket.
	Five children went to meet Willy Wonka at his chocolate factory.
	It was a feast of bubble gum and treats and sweets on trees.
	And the Oompa-Loompas sang as they worked.
	Augustus Gloop drank from the forbidden chocolate river and was washed away.
	Voilet Beauregarde was determined to be the first to taste the chewing gum even though it was not ready. Voilet turned into a plum.
	Verucca Salt wanted everything NOW.

 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>She fell down the bad egg shute.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Mike Teavee spent so much time watching TV that he was sucked up and shown on the screen.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Charlie was kind</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>And generous</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>And honest.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>He won the whole factory.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The Bucket family moved into their new home</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>And lived 'chocolately' ever after.</p>

Guess How Much I Love You by Sam Mc Bratney

(to be used alongside the book)











Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Little Nutbrown Hare, who was going to bed, held on tight to Big Nutbrown Hare's very long ears.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	He wanted to be sure that Big Nutbrown Hare was listening.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	"Guess how much I love you," he said. "Oh, I don't think I could guess that," said Big Nutbrown Hare.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	"This much," said Little Nutbrown Hare, stretching out his arms as wide as they could go.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Big Nutbrown Hare had even longer arms. "But I love you this much," he said
 ©storymassage.co.uk	"Hmmm, that is a lot," thought Little Nutbrown Hare.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	"I love you as high as I can reach," said Little Nutbrown Hare.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	"I love you as high as I can reach," said Big Nutbrown Hare.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	"That is quite high," thought Little Nutbrown Hare. "I wish I had arms like that."
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Then Little Nutbrown Hare had a good idea. He tumbled upside down and reached up the tree trunk with his feet.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	"I love you all the way up to my toes," he said.

	<p>“And I love you all the way up to your toes,” said Big Nutbrown Hare, swinging him up over his head.</p>
	<p>“I love you as high as I can hop!” laughed Little Nutbrown Hare, bouncing up and down.</p>
	<p>“But I love you as high as I can hop,” smiled Big Nutbrown Hare – and he hopped so high that his ears touched the branches above.</p>
	<p>“That’s good hopping,” thought Little Nutbrown Hare. “I wish I could hop like that.”</p>
	<p>“I love you all the way down the lane as far as the river,” cried Little Nutbrown Hare.</p>
	<p>“I love you across the river and over the hills,” said Big Nutbrown Hare.</p>
	<p>“That’s very far,” thought Little Nutbrown Hare. He was almost too sleepy to think anymore.</p> <p>Then he looked beyond the thorn bushes, out into the big dark night. Nothing could be further than the sky.</p>
	<p>“I love you right up to the moon,” he said, and closed his eyes.</p> <p>“Oh, that’s far,” said Big Nutbrown Hare</p>
	<p>“That is very, very far.” Big Nutbrown Hare settled Little Nutbrown Hare into his bed of leaves.</p>
	<p>He leaned over and kissed him goodnight.</p>
	<p>Then he lay down close by and whispered with a smile. “I love you right up to the moon – and back.”</p>

Dear Zoo by Rod Campbell
 (to be used alongside the book)
 Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	I wrote to the Zoo to send me a pet.
	So they sent me an... Elephant He was too big, I sent him back.
	So they sent me a... Giraffe He was too tall, I sent him back.
	So they sent me a... Lion He was too fierce, I sent him back.
	So they sent me a...Camel He was too grumpy, I sent him back.
	So they sent me a.....Snake He was too scary, I sent him back.
	So they sent me a.... Monkey He was too naughty, I sent him back.
	So they sent me a... Frog He was too jumpy, I sent him back.
	So they thought very hard, and sent me a.... Puppy.
	He was perfect, I kept him.

Doug the Dinosaur

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme by Holly Elliott

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	In a forgotten land where the grass was always green, and the trees were always tall
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Lived a dinosaur named Doug. Doug had very big and very ticklish feet!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Doug couldn't go anywhere in the forgotten land without his super stretchy shoes. That helped stop his humongous feet from being tickled.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	One day Doug walked down for his morning wash at the lake.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Doug took his super stretchy shoes off and placed them very carefully onto a slippery rock.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	SPLASH! In jumped Doug. He washed quickly as he had a busy day of adventures ahead.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Doug scrambled up onto the slippery rock.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	'OH NO!' he cried as he clumsily knocked his super stretchy shoes into the quick flowing water below.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Doug knew he would have to find his super stretchy shoes, or else he would be stuck having tickly feet forever.

	<p>First, Doug walked carefully around and around and around the crumbling crater.</p>
	<p>Then he marched up a monstrous mountain and down the other side.</p>
	<p>When he reached the bottom, he swam through a smelly, sticky swamp.</p>
	<p>And finally, he clambered up a tree. Doug still couldn't see his super stretchy shoes.</p>
	<p>Doug became very, very sad.</p>
	<p>Just when Doug gave up hope, along hopped a little bird who had seen his super stretchy shoes downstream.</p>
	<p>Doug thanked his new friend and as quick as a flash Doug slid down the tree.</p>
	<p>Doug danced with excitement. He walked very quickly, laughing all the way as the green grass tickled his gigantic toes.</p>
	<p>Eventually Doug found his super stretchy shoes and placed them back on his ginormous feet.</p>
	<p>Doug decided then that he had had enough adventures for one day.</p>

Peppa Pig

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme by Sarah Hall

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	This is Daddy Pig.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	This is Mummy Pig.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And this is Peppa Pig.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And this is George. He likes dinosaurs.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Daddy Pig likes driving his car.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Mummy Pig likes eating cake.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Peppa Pig likes ballet dancing. La..la..la!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And George likes dinosaurs.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Uh oh! It is raining.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The rain has made muddy puddles.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Everyone likes jumping in muddy puddles. Splash.. splash..splash!












The Greatest Showman – This is Me




Adapted for the Story Massage Programme by Gemma Brown







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	When the sharpest words wanna cut me down
	I'm gonna send a flood, gonna drown them out
	I am brave, I am bruised.
	I am who I'm meant to be, this is me.
	Look out 'cause here I come
	And I'm marching on to the beat I drum.
	I'm not scared to be seen
	I make no apologies, this is me.

The Gruffalo by Julia Donaldson
Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	<p>A little mouse was walking through the woods. A fox saw the mouse and felt hungry.</p>
	<p>The fox asked the mouse to come to his underground house. But the mouse said he was going to meet a gruffalo.</p>
	<p>“A gruffalo? What’s a gruffalo?”</p>
	<p>“He has terrible tusks and terrible claws, and terrible teeth in his terrible jaws.... ...and his favourite food is roasted fox.”</p>
	<p>The fox ran away.</p>
	<p>Then an owl saw the mouse and felt hungry. The owl asked the mouse to visit his treetop house. But the mouse said he was going to meet a gruffalo.</p>
	<p>“He has knobbly knees and turned out toes, and a poisonous wart at the end of his nose... and his favourite food is owl ice cream.”</p>
	<p>The owl flew away.</p>
	<p>Then a snake saw the mouse and felt hungry. The snake asked the mouse to visit his logpile house. But the mouse said he was going to meet a gruffalo.</p>
	<p>“His eyes are orange, his tongue is black, He has purple prickles all over his back.... ...and his favourite food is scrambled snake.”</p>
	<p>The snake slide away.</p>









 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>“But who is this creature with terrible claws, And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws? He has knobby knees, and turned-out toes, And a poisonous wart at the end of his nose. His eyes are orange, his tongue is black, He has purple prickles all over his back.”</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>"Oh help! Oh no!" said the mouse. "It's a gruffalo!"</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>The clever mouse told the Gruffalo that all the animals were afraid of him. They walked together through the wood.</p>









 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>They met Snake who slid off quickly to his logpile house.</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>Then they met Owl who flew quickly to his treetop house.</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>Then they met Fox who ran quickly to his underground house.</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>The mouse said that everyone was afraid of him. Then he said his favourite food was Gruffalo crumble.</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>The gruffalo was scared of the mouse and ran away.</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>Everything was quiet in the woods. And the mouse enjoyed eating a tasty nut!</p>

The Three Little Pigs

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Mrs Pig was too tired to look after her three little piglets. So she sent them off to fend for themselves.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The first little pig built a house made of straw.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The second little pig built a house made of sticks.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The third little pig built a house made of bricks. It took a long time.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	His brothers laughed because he was working so hard when their homes were already finished.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Then one night, a wolf knocked on the door of the straw house. "Let me come in," he said. "Or I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And that's exactly what he did.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The next night the wolf knocked on the door of the stick house. "Let me come in," he said, "Or I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."










 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>And that's exactly what he did.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The next night the wolf knocked on the door of the brick house. "Let me come in," he said, "Or I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>And he huffed, and he puffed but he couldn't blow the brick house in.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The wolf was very hungry, and he became very angry.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>He started to come down the chimney but... the third little pig was clever.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>He caught the wolf with a pan of boiling water. And the wolf shot back up the chimney never to be seen again.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The brick house was safe and strong. Not even a wolf could come in.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The three little pigs lived happily in their own brick houses.</p>







The Very Hungry Caterpillar

By Eric Carle

(to be used alongside the book)

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

	In the light of the moon a little egg lay on a leaf.
	One Sunday morning the warm sun came up
	And pop – out of the egg came a tiny and very hungry caterpillar. He started to look for some food.
	On Monday he ate through one apple, but he was still hungry.
	On Tuesday he ate through two pears, but he was still hungry.
	On Wednesday he ate through three plums, but he was still hungry.
	On Thursday he ate through four strawberries, but he was still hungry.
	On Friday he ate through five oranges, but he was still hungry.
	On Saturday he ate through One piece of chocolate cake, One ice-cream cone, One pickle, One piece of Swiss cheese, One slice of Salami, One lollipop, One sausage, One cupcake And one slice of watermelon.











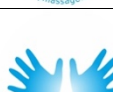
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>That night he had a stomach-ache!</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The next day was Sunday again.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>The caterpillar ate through one nice green leaf and after that he felt much better. Now he wasn't hungry anymore and he wasn't a caterpillar anymore. He was a big fat caterpillar.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>He built a small house, called a cocoon, around himself. He stayed inside for more than two weeks.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Then he nibbled a hole in the cocoon, pushed his way out</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>And he was a beautiful butterfly!</p>

Where the Wild Things Are

By Maurice Sendak

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme by Una Curran











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 ©storymassage.co.uk	One night, Max put on his wolf suit and made mischief.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	His mother called him Wild Thing. Max said, "I will eat you up."
 ©storymassage.co.uk	So, he was sent to bed without any supper.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	That night a forest grew and grew in Max's room. And an ocean appeared.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Max sailed off in a private boat through day and night for almost a year.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Until he came to the place where the wild things are. They roared their terrible roars, gnashed their terrible teeth and rolled their terrible eyes.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Max told them to be still. And they did. And Max became King of all wild things.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	But Max was lonely and wanted to be where someone loved him. Then he smelled good things to eat from around the world.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	He stopped being King of all wild things. But the wild things didn't want him to leave.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Max stepped back into his private boat and sailed back through day and night to his own room.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Supper was waiting for him. And it was still hot.

Blog the Frog











Written for the Story Massage Programme

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	I am a small round blob surrounded by hundreds of other small round blobs.
	Together we are called frog spawn.
	But my name is Blob and I live in a peaceful pond.
	I love to eat and nibble on algae.
	One day, I will be a big grown up hopping frog. Each day I grow a little bigger.
	First, I am a tadpole with a growing, swishing tail.
	Then I eat some more and become a froglet with long back legs. And shorter front legs.
	Eventually I will grow into a fabulous frog ready to hop,
	Catch flies
	And croak. Ribbit... ribbit...

Life Cycle of a Butterfly













Written for the Story Massage Programme
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	<p>A butterfly begins as a tiny egg.</p>
	<p>When the egg hatches, a caterpillar emerges.</p>
	<p>The caterpillar eats and eats and eats.</p>
	<p>When it is full, it forms a chrysalis (or pupa) and stays very still.</p>
	<p>Inside the chrysalis wonderful things are happening.</p>
	<p>The caterpillar is transforming into a butterfly.</p>
	<p>Soon the butterfly breaks free from the chrysalis.</p>
	<p>It rests quietly for a few hours.</p>
	<p>Then it opens its beautiful wings and flies to find a mate.</p>
	<p>The beautiful butterfly lays tiny eggs on a leaf and the cycle begins again.</p>

Dinosaurs

Written for the Story Massage Programme by Sarah Hall

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	Before Xboxes, before electricity, before people...
	...lived the dinosaurs – dum, dum dum. They were many and varied.
	Ichthyosaur swam like a dolphin.
	Pterodactyl flew high in the sky.
	T Rex stomped along.
	Microraptor ran around like a headless chicken.
	Plesiosaur swam like a dolphin.
	Pteranodon flew high in the sky.
	Triceratops stomped along.
	But what did they eat?
	Some ate meat, they were carnivores. Some ate plants, they were herbivores. And some ate both, they were omnivores.
	And some ate each other – aaaaaaaaggghhh!

Planet Roll Call

By Meish Goldish











Adapted for the Story Massage Programme by Sophie Kidd-Munnery










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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Eight planets around the sun. Listen as I call each one:
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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Venus? Here! Number two. Shining bright, just like new!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Earth? Here! Number three. Earth is home to you and me.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Mars? Here! Number four. Red and ready to explore!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Jupiter? Here! Number five. Largest planet, that's no jive.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Saturn? Here! Number six. With rings of dust and ice that mix.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Uranus? Here! Number seven. A planet tilted high in heaven.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Neptune? Here! Number eight. With one dark spot whose size is great.

Seasons on a Magic Carpet

Written for the Story Massage Programme
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 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Let's sit on a magic carpet and go on an adventure together.</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>We can choose wherever we want to go.</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Hold on tight! We are on our way!</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>We are flying over the North Pole. Brrrr ... it's cold.</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Can you see the sparkling snow ...</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>... and the polar bears crunching on the ice?</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>We are on our way again. Hold on tight!</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Now we are flying over Holland.</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Can you hear the wooden clogs going clippety clop...</p>
 <p style="font-size: small; text-align: center;">©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>...and the beautiful tulips growing in the fields?</p>




 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>We are on our way again. Hold on tight!</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>Now we are flying over Australia.</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>Can you see Sydney Bridge ...</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>...and the kangaroos bouncing by?</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>Now we are in England.</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>We are flying over an autumnal forest. Can you see the leaves falling from the trees...</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>...and the squirrels collecting their nuts?</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>Where would you like to go next?</p>
 <small>©storymessage.co.uk</small>	<p>What can you see?</p>

Travelling Through Time

Written for the Story Massage Programme by Heather North

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	A long time ago when the world was young And the story of people had just begun,
 ©storymassage.co.uk	All they could do was walk and to run.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	But as the years went on and the years went past They yearned to travel further and they yearned to travel fast.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	They jumped on some horses and they learnt to ride They galloped away, side by side.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The world was so big, and the seas were so wide They built boats and sailed away on the tide.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	They travelled far, far away to foreign parts To make it easier they invented wheels and carts.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Travelling great distances over fields and plains Chugging along came the first mighty steam trains.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Next came the car which travelled so far Bumping along on roads made of tar.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The armoured tank was a sad mistake A vehicle of war, of sorrow and hate.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	They travelled the land and the sea but wanted to fly. Sure enough, the first aeroplanes began to fly.

 ©storymessage.co.uk	The trains, planes and cars got bigger and faster But there was one more place people had left to master.
 ©storymessage.co.uk	10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2,1....
 ©storymessage.co.uk	The rockets blasted off Our mission into space had just begun!

Weather Story Massage

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme



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	The warm sun rises in the sky
	And the sun rays reach out to touch all parts of the world.
	But look, clouds appear and cover the sun.
	Then comes the wind and it blows harder and harder.
	Then comes the rain and it rains harder and harder.
	And everyone jumps in the puddles. Splish, splash, splosh.
	A rainbow appears in the sky.
	It feels cold and everyone shivers.
	The snow comes and everything is white and beautiful.
	Everything is still and quiet.
	Then the sun shines and melts the snow.
	Everyone feels warm and happy.

Bedtime for Thomas

Written for the Story Massage Programme by Lucy Williams



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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Time to get ready for bed.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	I'll fill the bath with water/turn on the shower.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	You will get in and kick your legs.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	I will wash you clean.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Then I'll get you out and dry you with a towel.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Time to brush your teeth.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Into your pyjamas and some relaxing Story Massage.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Then it will be time for you to sleep in your comfy bed.

Teddy Goes to Bed

Written for the Story Massage Programme
by Alison Baillie, Marian Laing and Mary McConnell









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	The sun is getting sleepy.
	Teddy waves goodnight.
	The stars come out and twinkle.
	Teddy walks up the sleepy stairs.
	Time for a bubbly bath!
	Let's get Teddy dried.
	Now let's brush Teddy's hair
	And clean Teddy's teeth.
	Teddy puts his warm pyjamas on.
	And snuggles into his cosy bed.
	Goodnight sleepy Teddy. Good night.

Worried Feelings (for younger classes)

Written for the Story Massage Programme by Una Curran










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	You have an amazing mind and body that work together to keep you healthy.
	Your mind is always busy having lots of different thoughts every day.
	Some thoughts can make us feel happy and excited.
	Some thoughts can make us feel nervous or worried.
	If you feel worried you could try to take a few deep breaths in and out.
	If you feel worried you could try drawing, playing with your favourite toy or having a run outside. That might help.
	If your worry won't go away you can tell your parents, teacher or SNA or another adult that you trust. They can try to help you.
	Remember you have a strong mind. You are fabulous and amazing just as you are.

Worried Feelings (older classes)











Written for the Story Massage Programme by Una Curran






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 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>You have a unique mind and body that work together to keep you healthy.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Half of the time our thoughts and mind are calm and in the present moment. But in the other half, our minds are jumping to the past or the future.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Some thoughts might be about our schoolwork or what game to play.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Some thoughts will give us a happy feeling.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Some thoughts can make us feel nervous or worried.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>If you feel worried you could try to take a few long deep breaths in and out.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>If you feel worried you could try being creative by writing or drawing your thoughts. Or you might need to move and be active outside.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>If your worried thoughts won't go away you can tell your parents, teachers, SNA or an adult you trust and they can try to help you. Your worried thoughts are not stuck in your mind.</p>
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	<p>Always remember you have an amazing mind. Look in the mirror and say to yourself: I am safe, I am strong, I am confident.</p>

The Smiling Flowers

Written for the Story Massage Programme
www.storymassage.co.uk








 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	The round sun rises in the sky
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	And flowers grow – one, two, three.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	But one little flower is very tired.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	So, the sun brings rays of light and hope.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	And the wind sings songs of courage.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	And the rain sprinkles the little flower with strength.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	Every night the moon watches over the little flower
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	And the stars twinkle brightly in the darkness
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	So the little flowers can sleep very peacefully.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	Slowly the little flower grows taller and taller

	<p>And the little flower grows stronger and stronger.</p>
	<p>Its buds burst into bright colours.</p>
	<p>It grows and grows in a field of colourful flowers.</p>
	<p>And if you stop and look very carefully</p>
	<p>You can see that all the flowers are smiling. Let's all smile with the flowers.</p>

Smiling is Infectious by Spike Milligan


Adapted for the Story Massage Programme

www.storymassage.co.uk

	Smiling is infectious. You catch it like the flu.
	When someone smiled at me today. I started smiling too.
	I walked around the corner And someone saw me grin.
	When he smiled, I realised I had passed it on to him.
	I thought about the smile And then realised its worth.
	A single smile like mine Could travel around the earth.
	So, if you feel a smile begin Don't leave it undetected.
	Start an epidemic And get the world infected.

Staying Safe and Healthy

Written for the Story Massage Programme
www.storymassage.co.uk

	Coronavirus can be called Covid-19. We can try to stop the spread of this virus and keep ourselves safe and healthy.
	Coronavirus will go away. You do not need to feel worried. But if you do have worries then you can talk to an adult.
	We will wash our hands with soap and water lots of times in the day. And then dry them well. We will keep safe with clean hands.
	We will wash our hands for 20 seconds. It can help to sing a song while we are washing our hands.
	We will wash our hands before eating food. And after going to the toilet.
	We will wash our hands after sneezing or blowing our noses or touching our faces.
	If we feel we need to sneeze or cough, we must be careful. We will not use our hands. We will sneeze or cough into our elbows or catch it with a tissue. Then throw the tissue away immediately.
	And we will try hard not to bite our nails or put our hands in our mouths or near our noses or eyes.
	If we are not feeling well, then we will tell someone.
	We will not give our friends hugs or high 5s until everyone is feeling better. We can give a wave, or even a bow, instead.
	Schools and clubs may need to close, and everyone will stay at home. They will only be closed until everyone is feeling better.
	Coronavirus will go away. You do not need to feel worried. But if you do have worries then you can talk to an adult.
	Everyone is working hard to keep us all safe and well.