

Tu Meke Tamariki!

This is a tale of magic and mystery. A story so old it's forgotten in history!

A long time ago in a forest far away. A little bell bird went outside to play.

The bird, called Billy, loved the outdoors. He wandered for hours (to avoid doing chores).

ONE DAY...

Billy wandered so far, he forgot the way home. he threw a tantrum, he screamed and he moaned.

BUT...

The forest was home to so many creatures. insects and bugs with ghastly features

Suddenly a rustle was heard nearby. Billy was scared and wanted to cry.

"Who's there??" Billy stuttered and tip toed ahead. "It is I," said a voice that filled Billy with dread.

A green spotted gecko scuttled onto the path. Billy was shook but stayed, steadfast.

"I need to get home", little Billy confessed. "I'm lost, alone and feeling quite stressed"

The gecko piped up, "this is not a big deal, there's someone who can help and their skills are unreal".

"A hairy black spider lives down that well, that can undo forgetting by casting a spell."

But the spider was scary and hiding from sight. How would poor Billy get help with his plight?

Little Billy was smart, and had an idea. He'd trick the scary spider and face his worst fear.

YOU SEE...

The spider loved dancing and getting on down. So little Billy began making all sorts of sounds.

He bopped and he booped, he whistled and yelled and the song coaxed black spider out of the well.

They danced in a circle for beat after bop. They were laughing so much they both had to stop.

"You're not scary at all" The little bird beamed. "You're having fun, at least so it seems"

The spider just smiled, and turned back to the well. "Wait!" shouted Billy "I need your help with a spell"

The spider looked up and said with a grin. "What kind of trouble have you got yourself in?"

"I'm lost" peeped Billy "I was out all alone" Can you cast a spell, to help me get home?

"You don't need my magic" The spider smirked. Just retrace your steps, they're marked in the dirt!

And when Billy looked down, low and behold. The footprints from Billy, what a story they told.

The dancing, the stomping, and obviously. They led him back home. just in time for tea.