



# The Wee Yellow Tent

*This is my own story based very loosely on the traditional Russian folktale 'Who lived in the Skull?'*

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*Props to use with the story:*

- *Use wellies for the hiker. Put one wellie on each hand and thump them together when the hiker is outside the tent.*
- *Use flip-flops (or other unsuitable shoes) for the tourist. Bang these together.*
- *Use coconut shells or two plastic cups for the pony. Bang these together to make a 'clip clop' sound.*
- *'Scrabble' your fingers on the fabric of a couch or armchair. This will make the noise of a scurrying mouse! If you have a squeaky toy you could use this instead. Put the toy in a cloth bag. 'Squeak' it inside the bag so that its look is not distracting. (Unless you happen to have a mouse toy that is!)*

*Remember – not all of my props recommendations are toys! The props I suggest should not be used by children unsupervised.*

*Actions to go with the story:*

- *Use your hands and arms to make a tent (hands in a triangle 'roof'), moors (sweep flat hands around) and burn (indicate windy line of the burn).*
- *Use your arm as a 'flap' and make a 'flip the flap' movement. Then mime zipping and unzipping a tent door.*
- *Make a big 'come on in!' gesture.*
- *After each new guest arrives in the tent count them off on your fingers.*
- *Make the rain with your fingers. Some people might enjoy feeling this rain on their hands or even the top of their head.*

- *'March' over the moors at the end, stomping your feet or slapping your knees.*

Susan went up to the attic and brought down her wee yellow tent.

Off she went to the Highlands...

She set up her wee yellow tent, on the moor, by a burn.

Susan got into her sleeping bag.

She was just about asleep, when she heard something...

Stomp, stomp, stomp...

Susan keeked out of the tent.

It was a hiker out for a walk. She was tired.

'Flip the flap

Zip the zip

Let me in

To have a kip'

said the hiker.

'Sure,' said Susan, 'Come on in!'

Susan and the hiker.

In the wee yellow tent, on the moors, by the burn.

They were just about asleep. When...

Flip, flop, flip...

Susan keeked out. It was a tourist. He was lost.

'Flip the flap

Zip the zip

Let me in

To have a kip'

said the tourist.

'Sure,' said Susan, 'Come on in!'

Susan, a hiker and the tourist.

In a wee yellow tent, on the moors, by the burn.

They were just about asleep. When...

Clip, clop, clip...

Susan keeked out. It was a little Highland pony. He was cold.

'Flip the flap

Zip the zip

Let me in

To have a kip'

said the pony.

'Sure,' said Susan, 'Come on in!'

Susan, a hiker, a tourist and the little Highland pony.

In a wee yellow tent, on the moors, by the burn.

They were just about asleep. When...

Squeak, squeak, squeak...

Susan keeked out. It was a teeny tiny little mouse!

'Flip the flap

Zip the zip

Let me in

To have a kip'

said the mouse.

'Sure,' said Susan, 'Come on in!'

Susan, a hiker, a tourist, a Highland pony and the teeny tiny mouse.

In a wee yellow tent, on the moors, by the burn.

Uh-oh! The tent began to stretch, and to creak and....

One, two, three...**POP!**

Went the wee yellow tent!

Susan and the hiker and the tourist and the pony and the teeny tiny mouse were all on the moor, by the burn WITHOUT a wee yellow tent.

And just at that moment it began to rain!

'Come on,' said Susan, 'This way!'

And Susan led everybody over the moors and over the hills and through the glens and all the way...to a hotel (with five stars!)

They all checked into the hotel for the weekend, had a lovely time...and lived happily ever after!

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I would love to hear your feedback or comments on this story – please email me if you get a chance: [info@flotsamandjetsam.co.uk](mailto:info@flotsamandjetsam.co.uk)

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