A PICTURE STORY TO READ ALOUD

Leo and the Very Small Roar

Leo the lion cub can only manage a tiny roar, until a stormy night shows him why a small voice matters.

Ages 5–6 · a fold-up mini-book

PARENT OVEN

★ The End ★

Talk about the story

- What did Leo's friends try, to help him roar?
- Why did Leo use his small roar in the storm?
- When is a quiet voice best, and when is a big voice useful?

PARENT OVEN

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Leo the lion cub wanted to roar like his dad. He took a deep breath, opened his mouth wide and… "mew."

His friends tried not to giggle. "Don't worry," said Mika the monkey. "We'll help you find your roar!"

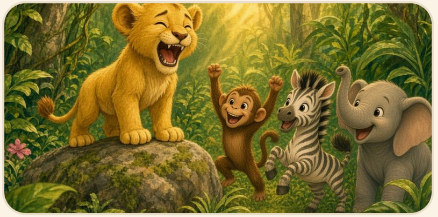
"Swing with me!" said Mika. Leo swung on a vine. "ROOO-WHEEEEI" That wasn't a roar. That was a whee.

"Run with me!" said Zola the zebra. They ran and ran, until Leo was so puffed out that all he could say was "huff… puff…"

"Breathe like me!" said Tembo the baby elephant. Leo breathed in, in, in… and out came "PFFFRRRT!" Everyone rolled about laughing, even Leo.

That night, a big storm rolled across the jungle. CRASH went the thunder. The littlest animals huddled in a cave, shaking.

"Somebody do a big roar to scare the storm away!" said Mika. But Leo looked at the trembling babies. A big roar would only scare them more.



In the morning, the sun came out. Leo stretched, climbed his rock, opened his mouth and… "ROARRRR!" Out came a big, golden roar!

His friends cheered. "You found it!" "I had two all along," smiled Leo. "A big one for sunny days, and a small one for stormy nights."

So Leo curled up beside them and did his small roar, soft and low, again and again: "rrrr… rrrr… rrrr…" It sounded like a purr. It sounded like a lullaby.

One by one, the babies stopped shaking. One by one, their eyes closed. Soon the whole cave was snoring.