

Teddy & Stanley's Tall Tale

A Bedtime Story For Dogs

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Introduction: A guide to reading the bedtime story for dogs

The tone throughout should be as if you are talking to a two-year-old child, and the child is rather shy. Known as 'parentese' – never talking down to them, just adapting your normal style to sound 'interested', whispery, and as if you really like them, perhaps speaking with a smile.

Although changes in individual cadences are marked to maintain the dog's interest and draw attention to certain sounds, the overall story could have a falling and softer cadence, deceleration and diminished emphasis on syllables as the dog becomes more relaxed towards the close of the story.

Female readers should ensure they lower the tone of their voice during reading, whilst male readers should do the opposite and raise the tone of their voice slightly.

Key To Reading:

Italicised: draw out the words

Bold: give more emphasis

Green: rising cadence

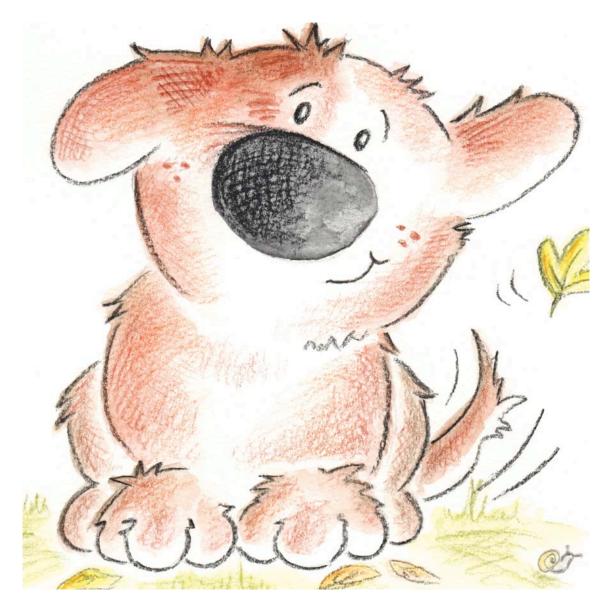
Blue: falling cadence

Underline: Slow down speech

Hyphen: Speed-up speech

He-llo, dog! Are you ready for a sto-ry? This story is all about a very, very good dog, just like you.

Once-upon-a-time, there was a dog called **Sssstanl**ey. He was a *very ssss*pecial dog, as brave-as-a-lion, loyal and kind, with a *smooth*, shiny coat and velvety ears that **pricked up** when they heard their person's voice. **Not only** was Stanley as *brave* as a lion, he-was-as-*big*-as-a-lion-too. His size made Stanley **different**, and



sssspecial, and his person loved him for it. When Stanley was first brought home, he was just a little ball of dark fur, with <u>huge floppy paws</u>. Now, he towered over the dogs on his street, and sssslept with his long legs flopping out of his bed.

Stanley looked *so enormous*, that when his person took-him-to-the-field at the bottom-of-the-lane for his **walk**, the other dogs who were playing there would-hurry-away. They thought Stanley was *far too* big to play chase with them, or *sniff and snuffle* around in the autumn leavesses.

Stanley loved his person, very much, but he felt looonely. He loonged for other doggy friends to-run-and-play-with, and sh*hh*are adventures. He would **pad** dow*ww*n to the gate at the bottom of his gar*rrr*den, look out at the street with his *big dark* eyes, and wishhhh for a frien*nn*d.

One afternooon, as the autumn leaves were steadily fall llling, Stanley strode down-to-the-garden-gate againnnn. It was the last day before winter, and Stanley could smell it in the air. As he watched, a scruffy little **pup** came <u>bounding</u> dowwwwn the ssstreet. He had curly, toffee-coloured fur, caramel eyes, and a little-pink-tongue. Stanley had never seen him before.



'Tedd-yyyy' called his owner, from further down the street, but Teddy had caught Stanley's scent in the chilly air and decided to follow it. He bounced playfully along, then **stopped**, and spotted Stanley's *long* dark face through the slatted gate. Teddy didn't-feel-frightened, and he didn't hurry away, because, as every good dog knows, they're wonderful at playing, and ssssniffing, and buryingbones, but what dogs are very best at is being *extremely good* friends.

Before his person could-catch-up-with-him, Teddy had sat down by the gate. He slid onto his *tummy*, *pushed* his little face through the wooden slats and <u>gently</u> touched Stanley's *great black* nose with his. Stanley's *huge* tail began to wag in big gleeful *sweeps*, he knew he'd found his frien*nnn*d.

From then on, every evening, when Teddy was taken out for his *walk* and passed by Stanley's gate, he would <u>pushhhh</u> his nose through to say **hello**. The other dogs began to noticcce, and soon Stanley had many more noses pushing through the gate, <u>and friennnnds</u> to play chase with in the fiel*lll*d.

On winters nights, when Stanley fell into <u>a</u> <u>lonnng, deep doggy</u> sleep, he dreamt of all of his favourite things: of <u>wintery walksss</u> <u>in the woodsss</u>; of <u>curling</u> up by a crackling fire, of <u>biscuits</u> for being a <u>good boy</u>, and



meeting his new friends to play in the fields; but Teddy would always be his first friend, and his bessst friennnnd. And your special person will never find a better friennnnd than you.

The End



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