

TREASURY

Core Skills in English

SENIOR
INFANTS

Senior Infants – CD Script



Accompanying sound effects on the CD

Page 10: Look at *page 10* of your Activity Book. It's the story of The Greedy Dog. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of The Greedy Dog. You will hear four sounds. Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Greedy Dog

Once there was a very greedy dog.

One day, the farmer gave the dog some meat.

"More! I want more!" barked the greedy dog.



Dog barking

But the farmer didn't give him any more.

The farmer gave the cats some milk.

"I like milk!" growled the greedy dog. "I want your milk, too!"

When the farmer wasn't looking, the greedy dog stole the milk and drank it all up!

The farmer gave the hens some grain.

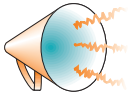


Hens clucking

"I like grain!" growled the greedy dog. "I want your grain, too!"

When the farmer wasn't looking, the greedy dog stole the grain and ate it all up!

The farmer gave the horses some oats.



Horses neighing

"I like oats!" growled the greedy dog. "I want your oats, too!"

When the farmer wasn't looking, the greedy dog stole the oats and ate them all up!

The farmer gave the dog a huge bone. The greedy dog was afraid that somebody would take his bone, so he went to find a nice, quiet place to eat it.

As he walked over a bridge, he looked down into the water. He saw a dog in the water. That dog had a huge bone too.

"I like bones!" growled the greedy dog. "I want your bone, too!"

He opened his mouth to grab the bone from the dog. Out fell his own bone! There was a big splash –



Splash

And it was gone.

The greedy dog looked down into the water. All he could see was a very sad dog with no bone at all.

An old crow was watching from a nearby tree.

"Let that be a lesson to you, silly dog," she said. "When you are greedy, you often end up with nothing!"

Page 16: Look at *page 16* of your Activity Book. It's the story of The Hare and the Tortoise. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of The Hare and the Tortoise. You will hear four sounds.
Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Hare and the Tortoise

There once was a hare who was always boasting.

"I am the fastest runner in the whole forest," he said. "I can run faster than anyone else! No one in the forest can catch me!"

The other animals were tired of the hare's boasting. In fact, they were so tired of it they didn't even listen any more. This didn't stop the hare, though.

One day the hare said he had a fantastic idea.

"Let's have a race to see who is the fastest animal in the forest," he said.

The other animals didn't answer him, because they hadn't been listening.

"Come on, listen to me," said the hare.

The animals slowly turned towards him.

"It will be fun to have a race. We could run through the field and up to the giant oak tree and back."

That was a long way. The other animals really didn't feel like racing against the hare.

"You just don't want to race me because I'm the fastest runner in the forest!" the hare said. He really wasn't going to give up on this one.

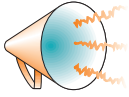
"Fine," said the tortoise. "If you really want a race, I'll race you."

The hare began to laugh. "You'll race me?" he said. "But you're a slow old tortoise!"

"It doesn't matter," said the tortoise. "I'll race you."

The next day, all the animals gathered to watch the race. The birds were chosen to start the race.

"On your marks!" they said. "Get set! Go!"



Birds twittering

The hare sprinted off across the fields.

The tortoise started off much more slowly.

The hare was really enjoying himself. He had left the tortoise far behind. He ran through the field and past the farmer on his tractor.



Tractor

Soon he was in the forest and heading to the giant oak tree.

He reached the giant oak tree and ran around it. He began to run back through the forest again.

On his way back, he met the tortoise.

"You might as well give up now," said the hare. "I'm on my way back already!"

But the tortoise just smiled and kept going.

Soon the hare came to the edge of the forest. He ran through the farmer's field, past the tractor. He could see the finish line already.

At this point he was very hot and quite tired.

"This is a very easy race!" he said to himself. "I could take a nap and still win."

He found a patch of nice, soft grass and curled up for a snooze in the sun.

Meanwhile the tortoise had reached the giant oak tree. She plodded around it and began to head back through the forest again.

She came to the edge of the forest. She plodded through the farmer's field, past the tractor. She could see the finish line. It seemed a long way off.

She saw the hare sleeping in the sun. But she just kept going.

The animals saw the tortoise coming to the finish line. They began to cheer.



Cheering

"Come on, tortoise!" they shouted.

The cheering and shouting woke the hare. He opened his eyes.

"Oh no!" he said.

The tortoise was almost at the finish line!

The hare began to run! He ran faster and faster! He ran as fast as he could! But it was too late. The tortoise crossed the finish line.

"But... but... but... how?" puffed the hare, who was out of breath.



Hare panting

The tortoise smiled.

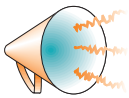
“Slow and steady wins the race,” she said.

Page 22: Look at *page 22* of your Activity Book. It’s the story of The Ant and the Grasshopper. You will need crayons. Have you got some?

Listen to the story of The Ant and the Grasshopper. You will hear four sounds. Colour each sound when you hear it.

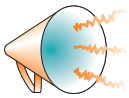
The Ant and the Grasshopper

It was a hot summer’s day. The sun was shining, the bees were buzzing in the flowers and everybody was feeling good.



Bees buzzing

A grasshopper sat in the warm sun. She loved the summer. She was so happy that she chirped and sang all day long.



Grasshopper chirping

Just then, an ant came by. He was dragging a kernel of corn to store in his nest for the winter.

“Hello, Ant,” said the grasshopper. “What are you doing?”

“I’m storing food for the winter,” said the ant.

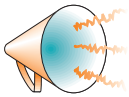
“But it’s summer,” said the grasshopper. “Why don’t you relax and enjoy the summer sun?”

“I don’t have time,” said the ant. “I need to gather food and store it away.”

The grasshopper laughed. “There’s plenty of food!” she said. “You worry too much.”

“We’ll see,” said the ant, and he went on home, dragging his kernel of corn with him.

The months passed. Summer turned to autumn. Autumn turned to winter. It was a bad winter that year. The wind blew and snow lay thick on the ground.



Wind howling

The grasshopper wandered through the fields, cold and hungry. Suddenly, she remembered the ant and went to find him.

The ant was sitting by a huge fire,



Fire crackling

when he heard a knock on the door.

“Hello, Ant,” said the grasshopper. “Can you spare some food for me? I’m so hungry I think I’ll die.”

“Of course,” said the ant. He gave the grasshopper a large kernel of corn that he

had dried during the summer.

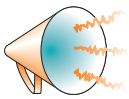
“Thank you,” said the grasshopper. “You were right, you know. I should have worried about the cold winter instead of wasting the summer playing and singing.” And she walked off through the snow, looking for food.

As for the ant, he went back into his nest, where he stayed cosy and warm for the rest of the winter.

Page 26: Look at *page 26* of your Activity Book. It’s the story of The Lion and the Mouse. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of The Lion and the Mouse. You will hear four sounds.
Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Lion and the Mouse

It was a hot, hot day. The lion was taking a nap in the sun.



Snoring

Suddenly, a mouse came running along. He was in a terrible hurry and not really looking where he was going. He ran right over the lion’s paw!

The lion’s eyes popped open.

Quick as a flash, he reached out and trapped the little mouse under his paw.

“How dare you wake the King of the Jungle!” roared the lion.

“Oh,” squeaked the mouse, “I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you! Please don’t eat me!”



Mouse squeaking

The lion realised that the mouse had meant no harm. He decided to let the little mouse go.

“Thank you,” said the mouse as he scrambled out from under the lion’s paw. “If you ever need my help, I will be sure to give it.”

The lion began to laugh. “If I ever need your help?” he asked. “What could you do for me? I’m the King of the Jungle and you’re a tiny mouse! I’ll never need your help.”

“Everybody can be helpful at some time. And I have made you laugh!” said the mouse.

“That’s true,” said the lion, thoughtfully stroking his whiskers. “Thank you for that. Now run along and don’t bother me any more.”

“Goodbye!” said the mouse as he scampered off into the jungle.

A few months later, the lion was walking through the jungle. He was feeling very pleased with himself. He walked along with his head held high. He didn’t notice a rope stretching across the path until he walked into it.

The next thing he knew, he had been caught in a hunter’s net!

The lion roared.



Lion roaring

He bit and scratched at the net. He wriggled and struggled and tried to get out, but he only got more and more tangled up. All the other animals came running up to see what the fuss was about.

“Help me,” roared the lion.

“Why should I?” said the zebra. “You’ll only catch me and eat me for dinner. I’ll not set you free!”

And the zebra went away.

The monkey felt sorry for the lion, so she tried to undo the knots of the net. But they were too tight and she couldn’t get them loose.



Monkey chattering

The elephant tried to snap the rope, but it was a good rope and very strong. She could not break it.

The lion began to think he would never get out of the net!

Just then the mouse arrived.

“Oh, mouse,” said the lion. “I’m stuck in this net and I can’t get out!”

“Hush,” said the mouse. “I’ll get you out. You just keep still and everything will be all right.”

Then he began to nibble at the ropes. He nibbled and gnawed and soon there was a hole in the net big enough for the lion to escape.

“Thank you, mouse,” said the lion. “You were right; I did need your help. Everybody can be helpful at some time.”

Page 30: Look at *page 30* of your Activity Book. It’s the story of *The Crow and the Jug*. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of *The Crow and the Jug*. You will hear four sounds. Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Crow and the Jug

Once upon a time there was a crow. This crow had flown all day and was very, very thirsty.

“I am so thirsty,” said the crow.



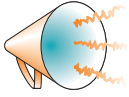
Crow cawing

She searched and searched, but she couldn’t find water anywhere. The poor crow was so tired and thirsty she thought she might die.

Just then, she found an old glass jug. Once, it had been full of cool, fresh water. But now, all that was left was a little bit at the very bottom.

“I am so thirsty,” said the crow.

She pushed her beak down into the jug and sucked, but she could not reach the water.



Crow sucking at water

She pushed and pushed and pushed! She twisted her head and tried again. She scrambled up to stand on the handle of the jug and pushed. But she could not reach the water.

“I am so thirsty,” said the crow.

She tried to tip the jug over so that the water would run out onto the ground.

She pushed and pushed and pushed! The jug didn’t move. It was stuck and the crow wasn’t strong enough to push it over.

“I am so thirsty,” said the crow. “I must have some of that water. What am I going to do?”

There were some stones lying on the ground beside the jug. The crow looked at the stones. Suddenly she had a brilliant idea!

She picked up a stone and dropped it into the jug.



Dropping a stone into the jug

The water rose a little higher.

She picked up a second stone and dropped it into the jug. The water rose higher still.

She dropped another stone into the jug, and another, and another, and another...

The crow knew that she must look really strange, dropping stones into an old jug of water, but she kept on doing it. Finally, the water came right to the top of the jug. The crow stuck her beak into the water and drank and drank and drank.



Crow drinking

“Oh, that’s better,” said the crow. “I was so thirsty! Sometimes all you need to succeed is patience, not strength!”

Page 38: Look at *page 38* of your Activity Book. It’s the story of The Fox and the Crow. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of The Fox and the Crow. You will hear four sounds. Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Fox and the Crow

One day a family decided to have a picnic in a large field.



Family having fun

They laid out the blanket, unpacked the food and poured themselves something to drink.

A crow sat in a tree watching the family. Suddenly, she swooped down and stole a piece of cheese.

The crow flew off with her prize. She landed in a tree and settled down to eat it. She was just about to swallow the cheese, when a hungry fox came by.

“Mrs Crow,” said the fox, “that cheese smells wonderful.”



Fox barking (this is an unusual sound)

The crow nodded. The cheese did smell wonderful. That was why she was going to eat it all up herself!

“Could I have some cheese?” asked the fox.

The crow shook her head. No! She was going to eat it all up herself.

“Only a little bit?” asked the fox.

The crow shook her head again.

“Please?” asked the fox.

The crow shook her head again.

The fox sighed. He could see that the crow was not going to give him any cheese. And he was so hungry!

Just then the fox thought of a plan. He smiled a big, friendly smile.

“Mrs Crow,” he said. “How beautiful you look today!”

“What a nice thing to say,” thought the crow. She shook her head and ruffled up her feathers a bit.

“Your feathers are so glossy and shiny!” said the fox.

“What a kind fox,” thought the crow. She spread her wings a little so that he could see her glossy, black feathers better.

“I have heard that you have a beautiful voice too,” said the fox.

“This fox is so friendly,” thought the crow. “I never knew people thought I sang well before!”

“Would you do me a favour?” asked the fox. “Would you sing one of your lovely songs for me?”

The crow was so happy. No one had ever asked her to sing before!

“Of course I will sing a song for you,” she thought. “You are such a nice fox.”

So she took a deep breath, puffed up her feathers and opened her beak to sing... Plunk!

The cheese fell right out of her mouth! The fox scampered over and gobbled it up! It was all gone in the blink of an eye!



Fox eating cheese

“Thank you, Mrs Crow,” said the fox. “It was the most delicious cheese I have ever tasted.”

“Thief!” squawked the crow.



Crow cawing

The fox laughed. “It’s your own fault,” he said. “Only a fool is taken in by flattery!”

Page 44: Look at *page 44* of your Activity Book. It's the story of The Fox and the Goat. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of The Fox and the Goat. You will hear four sounds. Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Fox and the Goat

Once upon a time, a fox fell into a well.



Spash

"Oh, no!" thought the fox. "I have to get out of this well."

She tried to climb out, but the sides of the well were wet and slippery. Each time she tried to escape, she fell back into the well.

"How am I going to get out of this well?" thought the fox.

A rabbit came to have a drink at the well.

"Oh rabbit!" called the fox. "Dear rabbit! I have fallen into the well. Could you help me to get out, please?"

"No way!" said the rabbit. "You eat other animals for dinner! I'll not help you get out!"

And the rabbit ran away.

After a little while, a cow came to have a drink at the well.

"Oh cow!" called the fox. "Dear cow! I've fallen into the well. Could you help me to get out, please?"

"No way!" said the cow. "You eat other animals for dinner! I'll not help you get out!"



Cow mooing

And the cow walked off.

The fox got very worried. How was she ever going to get out of this well?

Finally, a goat came to have a drink at the well.

"If I tell this goat I am stuck in the well, he will never help me," thought the fox. "He will go away, just like the rabbit and the cow did."

So the fox decided on a different plan.

"Mr Goat," called the fox. "You are just in time. The water in this well is so good! It must be the most delicious water in the land."

"Is it?" said the goat.

"Oh, yes," said the fox. "In fact, it is so nice I was just about to drink the very last drop! But you can have it, I don't mind. Come on down."

So the goat jumped into the well.

"Thank you, Mr Goat!" said the fox.

Then she jumped up onto the goat's back, climbed onto the goat's high horns and jumped out of the well!

"Wait," called the goat. "How am I going to get out of the well?"



Goat bleating

The fox looked at the poor goat, stuck in the well.

"I'll help you get out," said the fox.



Fox barking (this in an unusual sound)

So she lowered the bucket down into the well.

"Climb into the bucket, Mr Goat," she called.

The goat climbed into the bucket and the fox raised it up again.

"That was a mean trick," said the goat, sulking.

"Yes, it was," said the fox, "but let me give you some advice that will help you if people play tricks like that on you again."

"All right," said the goat. After all, the fox had got him out of the well. "What's your advice?"

"Always look before you leap!" said the fox.

Page 50: Look at *page 50* of your Activity Book. It's the story of *The Miller who Tried to Please Everyone*. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of *The Miller who Tried to Please Everyone*. You will hear four sounds. Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Miller Who Tried to Please Everyone

Once there was a miller who lived with his young son out in the country.

The miller had a donkey that was too old and too tired to work any more.



Donkey braying

So the miller and his son decided to sell the donkey at the market in the town.

It was a hot, sunny day as they set out along the dusty road. The miller led the donkey and his son walked beside him.

Soon they met a group of young girls. When the girls saw them, they began to point and laugh.



Girls laughing

"Look at those fools!" the girls said. "Why on earth are they walking along the hot, dusty road when one of them could ride on the donkey?"

"They must be right," thought the miller.

So the miller picked up his young son and sat him on the donkey. Then they continued along the road to town, with the boy on the donkey and the miller walking beside them.

Soon they met a group of old men.

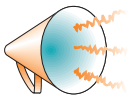
"Look!" said the old men. They looked very shocked. "That poor old man has to walk while his strong young boy gets to ride! That's not fair at all. The old man should ride the donkey while the young boy walks!"

"They must be right," thought the miller.

So the miller lifted his son off the donkey's back and climbed on himself. Then they continued along the road to town, with the miller on the donkey and the boy walking beside them.

Soon they met a group of women.

"Look!" said the women. They looked very shocked. "That cruel old man is riding the donkey while his poor little boy has to walk! That's not fair at all." "They must be right," thought the miller. But he had a problem. The old men had thought that he should ride on the donkey, so he couldn't swap places with his son, and the girls had thought that somebody should ride the donkey, so they couldn't both walk ... There was only one thing to do! The miller reached down and picked up his little boy and sat him down in front of him on the donkey. Then they continued along the road to town, both riding on the donkey.



Donkey's hooves

As they came nearer to the town, they met a farmer going to the market.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked the farmer. "How can you make a tired old donkey carry two people on a hot day like today? That's not fair at all. It would be better if you carried him, rather than making him carry you!"

"He must be right," thought the miller.

So he climbed off the donkey and lifted his son down. Then they tied the donkey's legs together with rope and slung him over a pole. The miller put one end of the pole on his shoulder and his son carried the other end. They began to walk across the bridge that led into the town.

The townspeople saw them coming.

"Look!" they said. "Have you ever seen anything so ridiculous?"

And they all began to laugh.

The donkey was frightened by all the noise. He began to wriggle and kick. The ropes around his legs became loose, and suddenly, the donkey tumbled off the pole and into the river!



Splash

"Oh!" said the miller, looking at the water where the donkey had fallen in.

Then the donkey jumped out of the river onto the bank. He wasn't feeling tired and old any more. He was happy and refreshed by his swim in the cool water. He scrambled up the bank and ran away!

The miller and his son had to turn around and walk all the way home again.

"Well," said the miller as they plodded back along the hot, dusty road, "at least we learned one thing. When you try to please everyone, you end up pleasing no one."

Page 56: Look at page 56 of your Activity Book. It's the story of The Boy who Cried Wolf. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of The Boy who Cried Wolf. You will hear four sounds.
Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Boy who Cried Wolf

Once upon a time there was a shepherd boy. Every day he took the sheep up into the hills above the village to eat the sweet, green grass.



Sheep bleating

All day long he sat there, watching over the sheep. It was really, really boring.

One day, the boy decided to play a trick on the people in the village.

"Help!" he cried. "Wolf! Wolf!"

The villagers stopped as they heard the boy shout. There was a wolf attacking the sheep! They grabbed some big sticks and ran up into the hills to scare off the wolf.

When they got to the pasture, there was no wolf!

The boy laughed and laughed.



Boy laughing

"Where's the wolf?" asked the villagers

"There was no wolf. It was only a joke!" he said.

The villagers didn't think the boy's joke was funny at all. "We were working," they said. "We don't have time to play silly games."

But the boy thought his joke had been a great success.

The next week, the boy was still bored. Nothing had happened in days, just the sheep eating grass and saying 'baa'. He thought about the trick he had played on the villagers. It had been great fun. He decided he would do it again!

"Help!" he cried. "Wolf! Wolf!"

The villagers grabbed their sticks and came running up the hillside.

The boy laughed and laughed.

"There isn't any wolf!" he said.

Now the villagers were very angry. They had been fooled by the boy twice.

"Stop playing stupid jokes," they said. "We have work to do."

The next day the boy was up on the hillside looking after the sheep. Suddenly, he heard a horrible sound. There was a wolf!



Wolf howling

"Help!" he cried. "Wolf! Wolf!"

The villagers heard him shout.

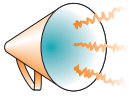
"Does that boy really think we are stupid?" they said. "There isn't any wolf."

"Help!" the boy shouted. "Wolf! It's a real wolf!"

But the villagers just looked at each other and laughed.

“Well, of course he would say that,” they said. “Then, when we get up there, it will all have been another silly joke!”

The boy was really scared. The wolf was going to eat his sheep! He shouted at the wolf and waved his arms around.



Boy shouting

It didn't work. The wolf didn't run away.

The boy threw stones at the wolf, but it just growled at him.

“Please!” he shouted to the people in the village. “There really is a wolf! Please help me!”

The villagers ignored him and went back to work.

Just then, the wolf rushed at one of the sheep, grabbed it in its big, red mouth and ran away.

The boy rounded up the sheep and brought them down from the mountain. He was really, really angry with the villagers.

“Why didn't you come and help me?” he shouted. “I shouted and shouted! Now the wolf has taken one of our sheep and it's all your fault!”

“It's not our fault,” said the villagers. “How were we to know that it wasn't a joke this time? This is your fault. No one believed you when you told the truth because you usually tell lies.”

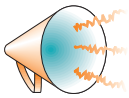
So the boy never told lies again, and the next time there was a wolf, the villagers all rushed up and chased it away!

Page 62: Look at *page 62* of your Activity Book. It's the story of The Farmer and his two Lazy Sons. You will need crayons. Have you got some?
Listen to the story of The Farmer and his two Lazy Sons. You will hear four sounds. Colour each sound when you hear it.

The Farmer and his two Lazy Sons

Once there was a farmer who had two lazy sons.

The farmer got up when the cock crowed in the morning.



Cock crowing

The two lazy sons rolled over and went back to sleep.

The farmer dug the soil in the vineyard all morning.

The two lazy sons slept in the sun.

The farmer raked the soil in the vineyard after lunch.

The two lazy sons went upstairs for a nap.



Boys snoring

The farmer ploughed the soil in the vineyard after dinner.

The two lazy sons snoozed in the living room.

One day the farmer became very sick. He called his sons into his bedroom.

“Boys,” said the farmer. “I am going to die soon.”

“No, father!” said the two sons. They might be lazy, but they loved their father.

“I want to tell you about the treasure!” said the father.

The two sons liked the sound of that. Treasure!

“It is hidden in the vineyard,” the farmer said. “You must find it.”

After the farmer died, his two sons began to look for the treasure in the vineyard.

“We should dig in the soil,” they said. “Then we’ll find the treasure.”

So they dug in the vineyard, but they didn’t find anything. Not a single coin.



Digging

“We should rake the soil,” they said. “Then we’ll find the treasure.”

So they raked the vineyard, but they didn’t find anything. Not a single jewel.



Raking

“We should plough the soil,” they said. “Then we’ll find the treasure.”

So they ploughed the vineyard, but they didn’t find anything. Not a single piece of gold.

“Where is the treasure?” they wondered. “Could our father have been playing a trick on us?”

All this time, the vines were growing bigger and stronger than ever before. All the digging and raking and ploughing had been very good for them.

At harvest time, there were more grapes on the vines than there ever had been before.

The grapes were bigger and juicier than they ever had been before.

The brothers picked the grapes. They had more than they could ever eat or need to sell. They decided to give the grapes to their friends and neighbours. Everybody was very happy.

“This is our father’s treasure!” the boys said. “If you work hard, you will have a good reward. We will work this hard every year, so we can always rejoice like this at harvest time!”