



The Wee Woolly Hat

I have adapted this from the traditional tale The Teeny Tiny Woman. Traditional 'jump' tales like this are told all over the world.

Props to use with the story:

- *A woolly hat!*
- *It can be fun to use a pair of wellies on your hands and hit them together to make the 'stomp, stomp, stomp' noises. (If any wee ones find the skeleton a bit frightening then putting him in wellies can stop him seeming so scary. Alternatively, you could shift the location of the story to a forest and have a troll or animal come looking for their hat in place of the skeleton.)*
- *A blanket to cover yourself with when the old woman puts the blanket over her head.*

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:

- *Copy the actions of the old woman (hands over ears etc.)*

Once an old woman was walking through a graveyard when she found a woolly hat.

She took it home to her cottage on the hill.

She hung it on her bed post.

And she went to sleep.

In the middle of the night a skeleton came stomp, stomp, stomp out of the graveyard.

A skeleton wearing wellies!

'I'm coming to get my wee woolly hat!'

Said the skeleton.

The old woman woke up.

The skeleton came stomp, stomp, stomp up the hill.

'I'm coming to get my wee woolly hat!'

The old woman put her hands over her ears.

The skeleton came stomp, stomp, stomp through the gate and up the path to the cottage.

'I'm coming to get my wee woolly hat!'

The old woman put her hands over her eyes.

The skeleton came stomp, stomp, stomp in through the door.

'I'm coming to get my wee woolly hat!'

The old woman put a blanket over her head.

The skeleton came stomp, stomp, stomp down the hall...

...and stomp, stomp, stomp up the stairs...

...and stomp, stomp, stomp into the bedroom.

I'm coming to get my wee woolly hat!

Oh!' said the old woman, 'why don't you just...**TAKE IT!**

The skeleton grabbed the hat.

Stomped down the stairs.

Stomped out the door.

Down the path.

To the bottom of the hill.

And back to the graveyard... a wee little skeleton in wellies and a hat!

And the old woman never saw him again!

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

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