

Teddy & Stanley's

Tall Tale

Narrated by Simon Callow



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 **Sssstanley**. He was a *very sssspecial* 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 *huge floppy paws*. Now, he towered over the dogs on his street, and ssslept 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 leavessss**.

Stanley loved his person, very much, but **he felt looonely**. He *loonged* for other doggy friends to-run-and-play-with, and

shhhhare adventures. He would **pad**
dowwn to the gate at the bottom of his
garrrrden, look out at the street with his
big dark eyes, and wishhhh for a
friennnd.

One afternooon, as the autumn leaves
were steadily falllling, 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 *bounding*
dowwwn the sstreet. 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 burying-bones, 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 gently 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** **friennnnd**.

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

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



meeting his new friends to play in the fields; but Teddy would always be his first friend, and [his besst friennnd](#). And your special person will never find a better [friennnd than you](#).

The End

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