

NOTTINGHAM
PLAYHOUSE

LITTLE PEOPLE, BIG ADVENTURES



A whimsical illustration of a pink sky with several white, fluffy clouds. In the center, a large, bright yellow starburst shape contains the text. To the left, a girl with black hair and a green headband is shown from the waist up, holding a wand that emits a trail of yellow stars. The overall style is colorful and child-friendly.

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

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THIS STORY BOOK FEATURES THE WORDS, IDEAS AND
BRILLIANCE OF THE CHILDREN AND CARERS WHO ATTENDED
LITTLE PEOPLE, BIG ADVENTURES AT HYSON GREEN
LIBRARY, MARY POTTER CENTRE, JAN - MARCH 2026.

LITTLE PEOPLE, BIG ADVENTURES IS AN EXCITING SERIES OF
SESSIONS FOR UNDER 5S AND THEIR GROWN UPS.
DESIGNED AND DELIVERED BY THE TEAM AT NOTTINGHAM
PLAYHOUSE, THESE FANTASTIC SATURDAY MORNING
SESSIONS ARE FULL OF FUN, ADVENTURE AND LEARNING.

IT IS A UNIQUE AND FUN WAY TO EXPLORE STORIES,
CHARACTERS AND LANGUAGE TOGETHER IN A SAFE AND
WELCOMING ENVIRONMENT.
TO FIND OUT MORE GO TO THE NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE
WEBSITE.



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FAIRY TALE LAND

Let's make our magic mirrors, polish them, shine them... ready! When we look inside, whoosh! We fly to Fairy-tale Land.



We land in the Magic Meadow, where sparkling flowers grow. Take a tiny nibble, mmm! One tastes like strawberry ice cream, another like mint, another like chocolate swirl.



Suddenly, out pops Hoggle, the keeper of the Golden Book of Fairy Tales. He gasps. 'Oh no! The cheeky goblin has erased every story!'

He asks us, very hopefully, 'Will you help me bring them back?'



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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

We're off to Granny's house!!!

We spread out our bright paper and shiny stickers and make the most colourful picnic baskets ever. But what food shall we fill our baskets with?

Now we tiptoe along the winding path into the dark wood. It's a bit shadowy... we'll have to be brave. Can you make a brave face?



Listen, awooo! That must be the wolf far, far away. Quick, let's duck behind a tree and stay out of his way.



Back on the path we go until, look! Granny's House. Give a big knock and a happy wave as we deliver our tasty picnics.



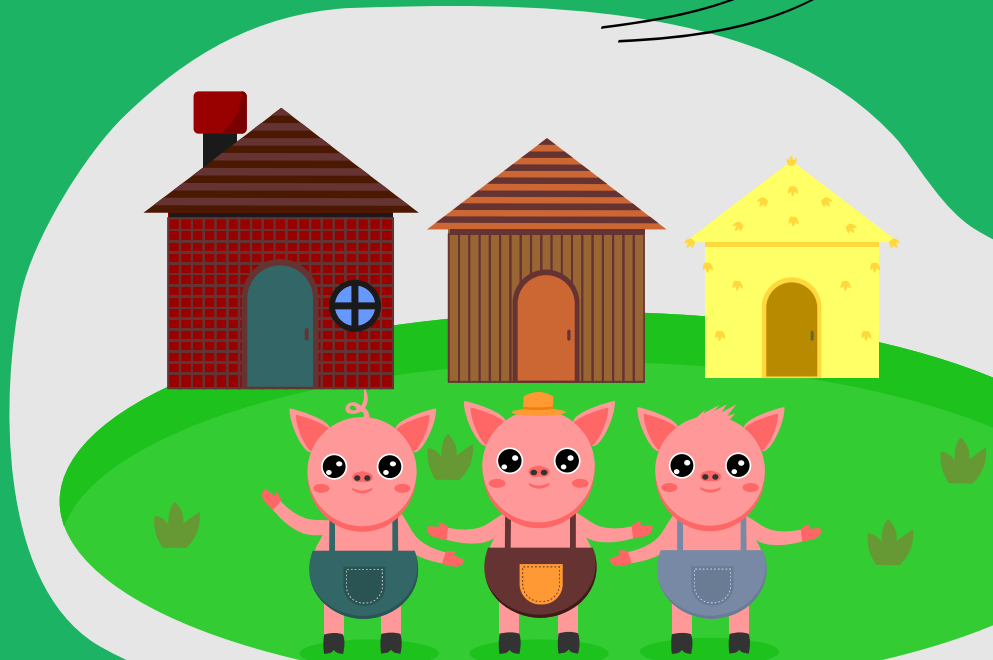
THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

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We made our own little pigs, soft and pink, with curly tails that twirled like tiny ribbons. Together we trotted down the path to visit the Three Little Pigs, oinking as we went.



First, we tucked ourselves inside the straw house, golden and rustling... until the big bad wolf huffed, puffed, and sent it swirling away.



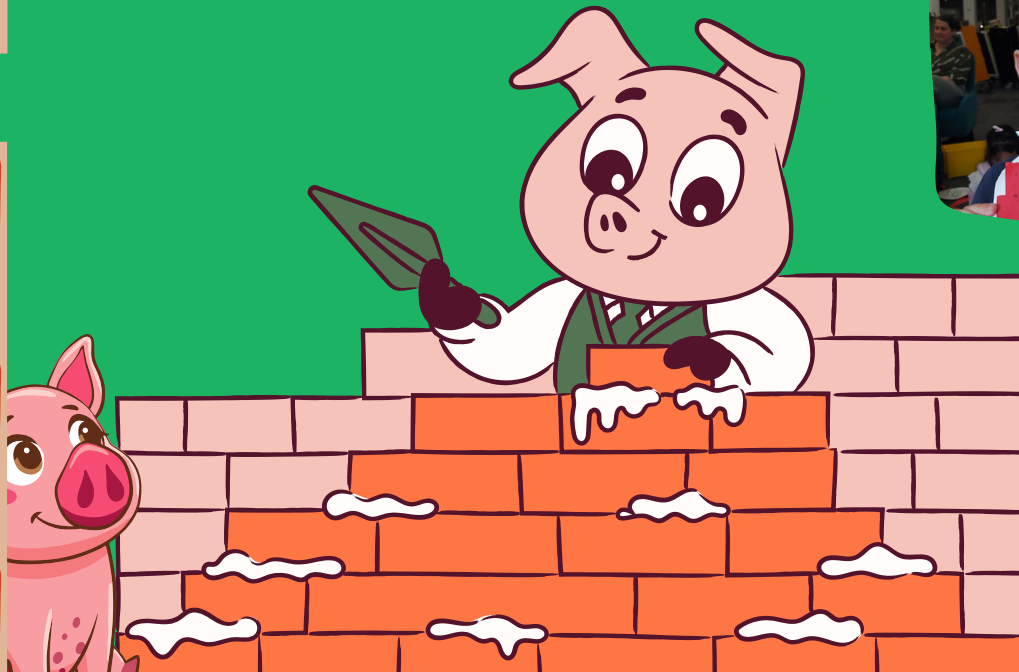
We hurried to the stick house, creaky and crooked... but he blew that one down as well.



Finally, we built a strong brick house, warm and red and sturdy. Brick by careful brick, we made a place where our little pigs could rest.



When the wolf huffed and puffed again, the house stood firm, and we stayed safe and cosy inside.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



Off we went to Jack's Farm, where the sheep went "baaa... baaa..." the pigs snuffled "oink-oink," and the tall giraffes swayed slowly in the sunshine.

Then our beanstalks began to grow, slow, steady, curling higher and higher. We climbed up through soft, sleepy clouds to the land of giants.



We tiptoed... ever... so... quietly... found the golden egg, and hurried back down, down, down the beanstalk.

At home, warm and safe, we whispered about our brave, magical day as we tucked into our picnics.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

We made our magical flowers and
sprinkled them with sparkly magic
dust.

Bright petals bloomed and, whoosh,
we were off to Fairy-Tale Land.

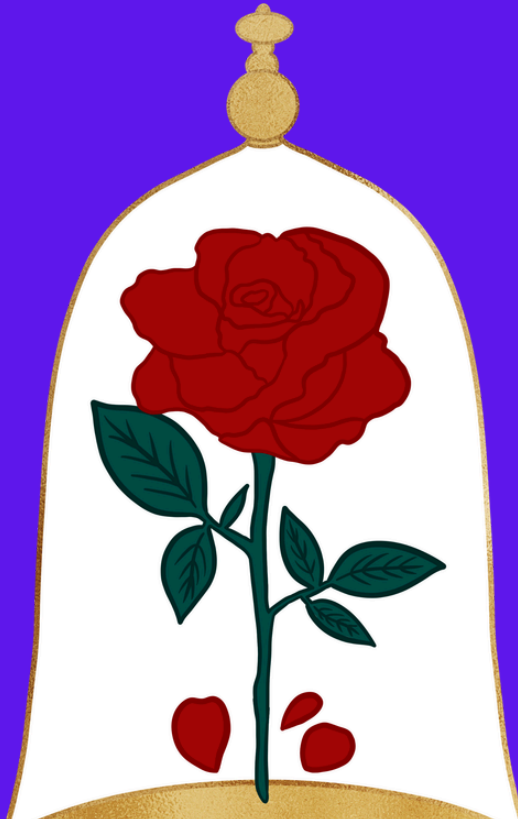
We crept through the dark forest,
tip-toe, tip-toe, until a majestic castle
appeared, with tall towers, a big gate,
and a shimmering moat.



Inside waited a friendly beast, looking terribly sad. "My magic rose is losing its power," he sighed.

We blew our magic dust, swirled our hands, and whispered, "Grow, rose, grow." Before our very eyes, the rose glowed, lifted, and bloomed again.

The Beast beamed. "You brought the magic back Thank you."



HANSEL AND GRETEL

In the deep, green forest we tiptoed like Hansel and Gretel, following the smell of something sweet.

“Maybe there’s a witch’s cottage,” we whispered, our eyes big with excitement. And there it was, a little house covered in jellybeans and chocolate drops.



We knocked very gently. The door creaked open... and out came the loveliest witch you could ever meet.



She wore a sparkly apron and smiled like sunshine. "Come in, my dears," she said. Inside, she baked us rainbow cakes, sprinkled with giggles and magic.

We ate them all up and felt brave, happy, and thankful for meeting such a lovely witch.



THE GOLDEN BIRD



Up, up, up we climbed the shimmering tree, the one the Golden Bird built from all its shiny treasures. The branches sparkled like morning sun on water, and the Golden Bird sang a bright, happy song as we climbed.

Higher and higher we went until at the very top we found a beautiful tiara and a princess waiting patiently for help.

The Golden Bird (also known as Jess) swooped its golden wings, lifted us gently into the sky, and together we flew the princess safely down.



THE TROLL KING

A puff of magic turned us into trolls with bright, spiky hair. We stomped through the forest, grumbling in our biggest, rumbliest troll voices.

When we reached the Troll King's bridge, we showed him how still we could stand, frozen like proper troll statues. The Troll King's eyes sparkled. "Such wonderful trollness!" he boomed.



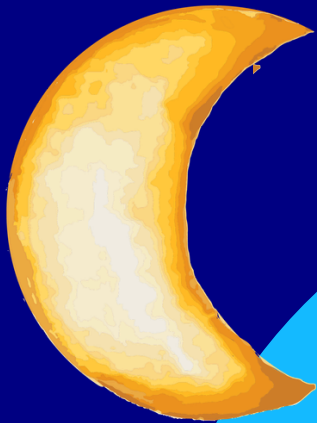


With a happy roar, he lifted his crown and welcomed us across the bridge, where all the friendly trolls cheered our colourful hair and mighty stomps.



Now it's time to return to Fairy Tale Land and share all the wonderful stories we've found.





A HUGE THANK YOU TO
EVERYONE WHO JOINED US
ON OUR BIG ADVENTURES.

SEE YOU NEXT TIME.



**THE STORIES IN THIS BOOK
HAVE EMERGED THROUGH WEEKLY
CREATIVE PLAY SESSIONS LED BY
SIMON SANCHEZ AND ABBEY MARVIN.**