



Write Your Own Story Instructions

Read the story, then do a portrait page of how you see the character, and write your own story.

Story Prompt for The Little Toy Maker:

What would you do with the Little Toy Maker if you had received him as a gift?

ONCE UPON A TIME...

there was a Little Toy Maker who loved to make toys. Outside of town in a small mill house, The Little Toy Maker carved his favorite toys. Every morning he would open the doors of his big old barn and set up his shop for the day.

All the children would pass by on their way to school. The Little Toy Maker would pretend he was a puppet on strings and begin to dance. He would become a silly clown and make faces. He would begin to purr like a kitten or march around in circles like a tin soldier. Every morning he would play with the children. Every afternoon the children would stop to choose the one toy they hoped to get for Christmas.

The Little Toy Maker loved to play with the children. During the night, he would stay up late carving little racing cars, long trains, tiny soldiers, delicate dolls, and magical castles. The Little Toy Maker was able to make the most wonderful toys, but this didn't make him happy.

During the days, he'd wander out searching in the forest for wood sticks to use. He'd also wonder what was making him so sad. The only way to cheer up was to pretend to be a toy.

He'd stop by the lake and look at his own reflection. Just for the fish in the pond or the birds in the trees, he'd pretend to be a toy.

To be a speeding train, he'd become a steam engine and choo-choo his way along the forest path. He'd curl up like a bright red ball and roll down the hill. Then, he'd jump up and dance like a ballerina.

Holding a play popgun, he'd hide behind a tree. To fight with a fiery dragon, he'd draw his wooden sword and charge up the hill again. He wanted to be a knight in shining armor. He wanted to be a dancing doll. He wanted to be a cuddly bear. When he was done pretending, he would go back to the lake to look at his reflection. He was still The Little Toy Maker.

One night, when The Little Toy Maker fell asleep he had a dream. He dreamt he was a toy, a little wooden toy maker sitting on a shelf. His pants were painted blue, just like the ones he wore. His shirt was painted red. His yellow cap was on top of his head. But that was the end of the dream.

When The Little Toy Maker woke up, he was very excited. He'd dreamt he was a little toy, toy maker. But that wasn't good enough. Every day, The Little Toy Maker wished he could dream about being a toy, any toy. Maybe because he made all the children happy and because he wished it with all his heart, The Little Toy Maker got his wish.

One night, The Little Toy Maker dreamt he was a toy. Once again, he dreamt that he was a little toy, toy maker. There he was sitting on the shelf. This time there was light and there were people.

As the little toy, The Little Toy Maker tried with his tiny little ears to hear. He turned his stiff wooden neck from one side to the other. He wanted to hop down off his shelf.

But he woke up. Now, he was feeling very sad. Someone was in the dream with him and he didn't know who it was.

So, The Little Toy Maker wished very hard to go back to his dream. Because The Little Toy Maker had made everyone so happy at Christmas, one cold winter night his wish came true.

There he was the little wooden toy maker. Only this time he was not on a shelf. This time he was in a straw basket wrapped in bright green paper with a big red bow.

Someone was carrying him. But before he knew where he was going, he woke up.

It was early Spring. The Little Toy Maker was walking through the forest. He went down to the lake.

First, he looked in the pond. But there was no one there. There was no Little Toy Maker reflected in the water. He looked again. But there was no one staring back at him.

This scared The Little Toy Maker. He dropped all the sticks he'd found and ran back home.

Upset, The Little Toy Maker made a fire in the stove to keep warm. He fell asleep.

And while he slept, he had a dream.

This time, The Little Toy Maker became the little toy maker doll. This time he wasn't alone on a shelf. He wasn't in a straw basket.

This time, the little toy maker toy was being held in the arms of a small child. He could feel the child's arms around him. He could hear the child singing.

The Little Toy Maker had found a home. He had become what he loved the most. He was a toy and he knew he was loved in return.