

Flat Stanley - Chapter 1

The Big Bulletin Board

Reading focus - information we find on the front cover of a book and at the back of a book, comprehension

Throughout the reading of this chapter, the children answer questions about the text.

After the story the children have the option to either

1. Draw a story map for Chapter 1.
2. Write some of their own questions for Chapter 1. Remember to include a question mark.
3. Draw and label a picture of Mrs Lambchop, Mr Lambchop, Arthur and Stanley.

This week we will be reading Flat Stanley.
The author is Jeff Brown.
The illustrator is Scott Nash.

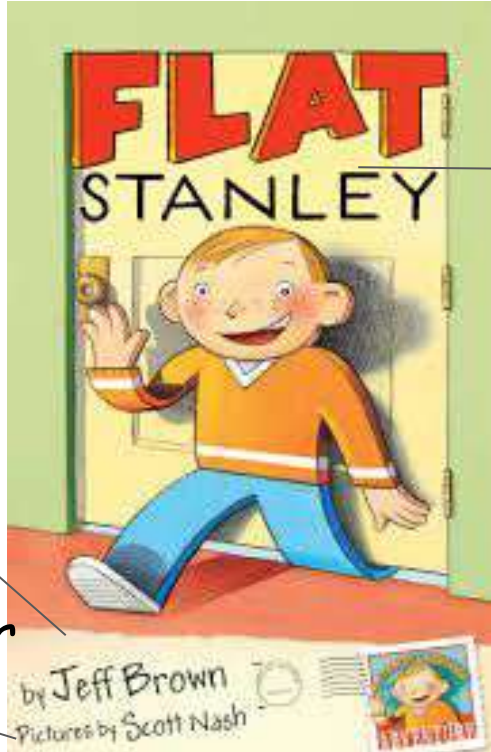
Press play
to see Mrs
MacMillan!



Author

Title

Illustrator



Amazing things can happen when you are flat!

Stanley Lambchop is just a normal healthy boy, but ever since a large notice board fell on him, he's only been half an inch thick. Stanley gets rolled up, sent in the post, flown like a kite, and helps catch two dangerous art thieves. He may be flat, but he's a hero!



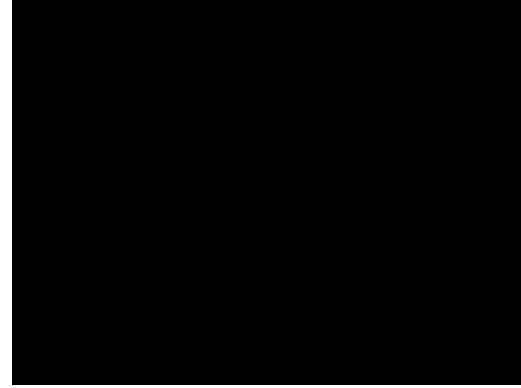
The Big Bulletin Board



What time of the day is it?

Who do you think the people in the picture are?

What are the names of the main characters?

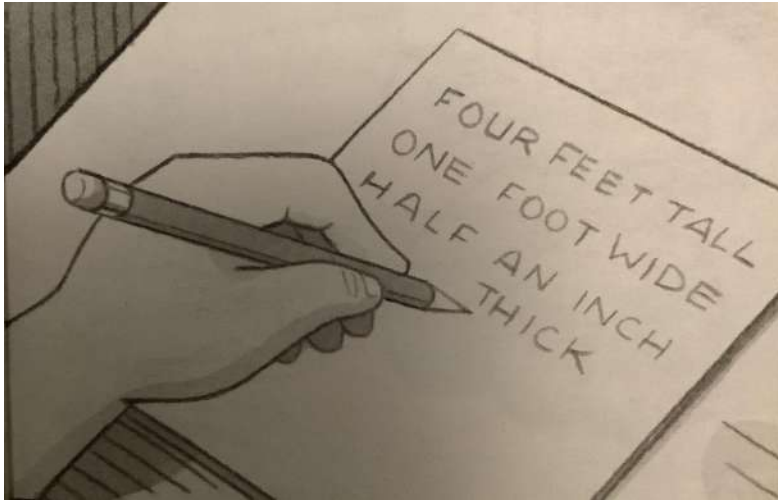


What has happened to Stanley?

Is Stanley feeling happy or sad?

What does Mr Lambchop say Stanley is as flat as?

Where does Mrs Lambchop say she will take Stanley?

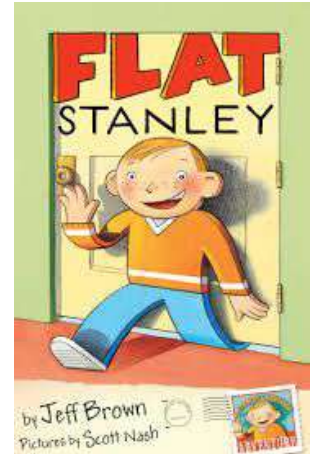


Who did Doctor Dan ask to take Stanley's measurements?

Who will alter Stanley's clothes?

Optional Activities

1. Draw a story map for Chapter 1.
2. Write some of your own questions for Chapter 1. Remember to include a question mark.
3. Draw and label a picture of Mrs Lambchop, Mr Lambchop, Arthur and Stanley.



Flat Stanley - Chapter 2

Being Flat

Reading focus - reading suffixes, listen to and discuss a text.

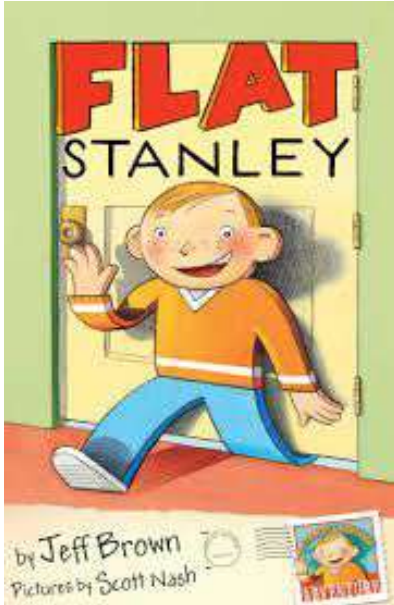
Throughout the reading of this chapter the children are to put their thumbs up when they hear a suffix. There is an extra challenge to listen out for conjunctions and also an expanded noun phrase.

After hearing Chapter 2, the children can choose which task to complete. There are 2 options.

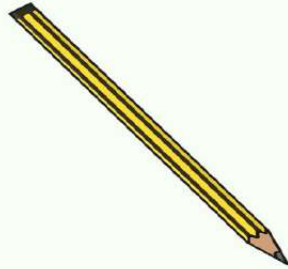
1. Be a Suffix Detective and read a book and write down all the words with suffixes that you spot.
2. If they were flat, what would they do? Draw and write about the fun you would have!

Flat Stanley Chapter 2

Reading words with suffixes



What is a **suffix**?



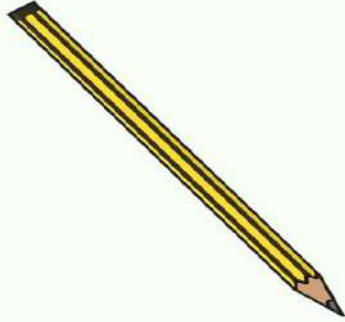
A suffix is something
that we add to the
end of a word that
changes its meaning.

Do you recognise any of these suffixes?

-ed
-ness
-er
-ment
-less

-ful
-est
-ing
-ly

What is a **suffix**?



A suffix is something that we add to the **end** of a word that changes its meaning.

If you would like to carry out more learning about suffixes, click on these links.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/z8mxrwx/articles/zwgbcwx>

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/z8mxrwx/articles/zqgghtyc>

Let's recap

Chapter 1 - The Big Bulletin Board

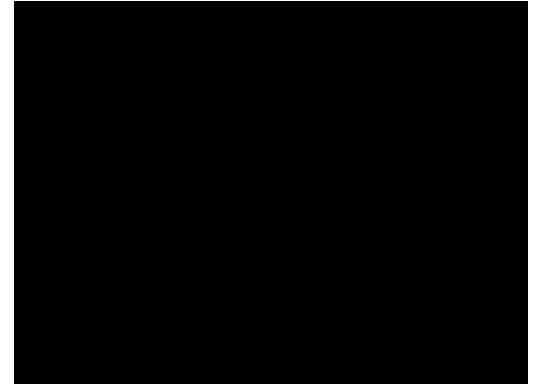
Read these questions and think about the answers. When you have thought about them, press play to hear the answers!

Who is the main character in our story?

What happened to him?

Where did his mum take him?

Can you remember what they said he was as flat as?





Being Flat

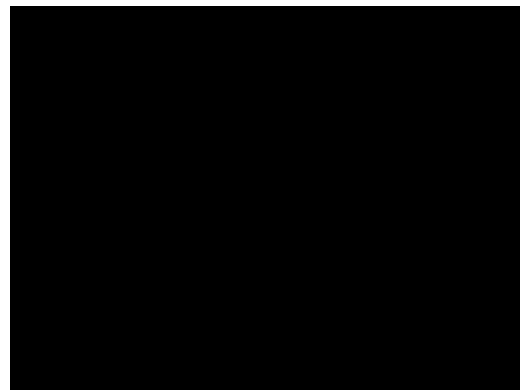
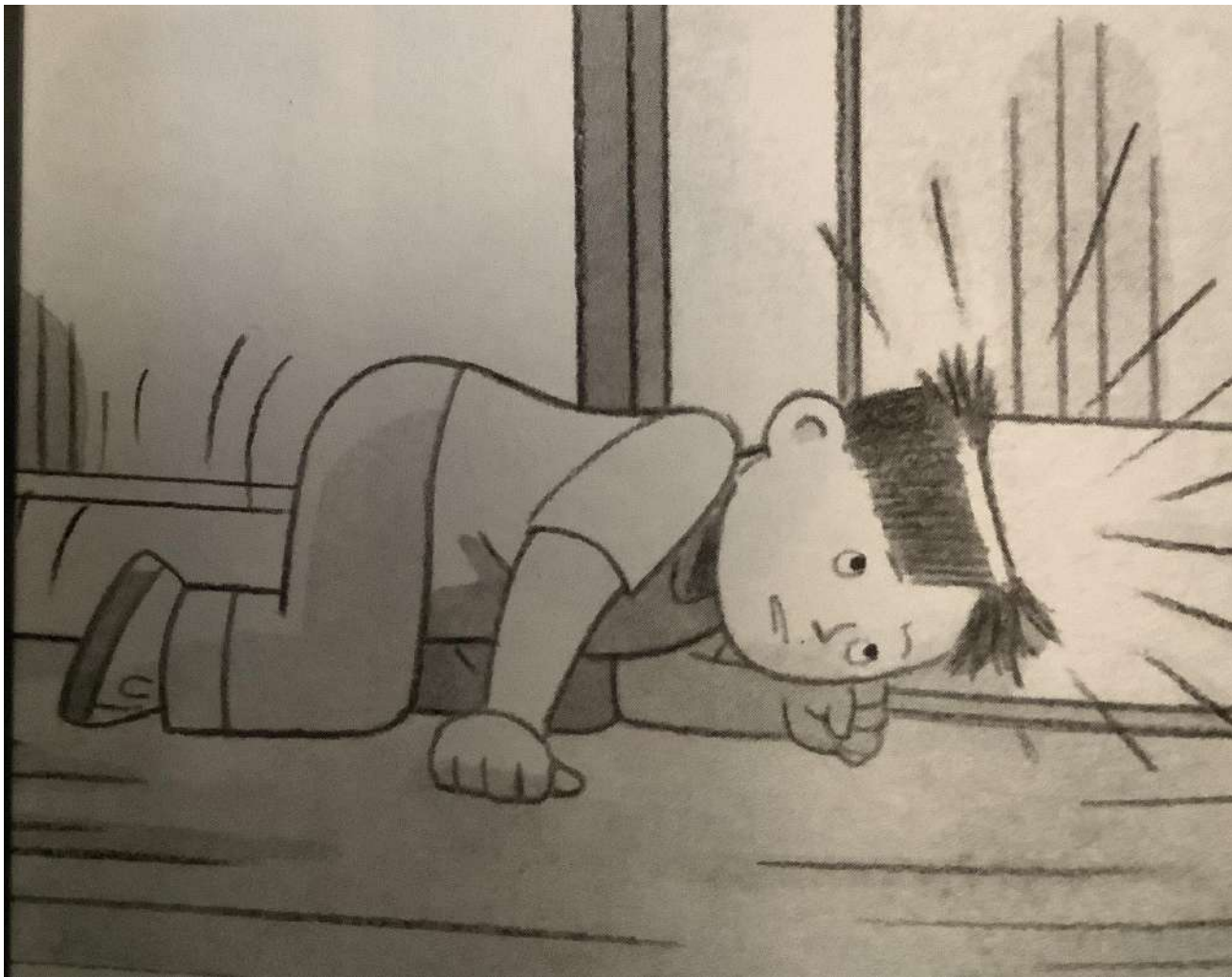


enjoyed
closed

lying
slideng

Challenge: Listen out for the conjunction 'but'

Mr and Mrs Lambchop said it was silly, but they were quite proud of him.



tried
banged

Challenge: Listen
out for the
conjunction 'but'

Arthur got jealous
and tried to slide
under a door, but
he just banged his
head.



'What's the matter, lady?' the first policeman asked. 'Is your yo-yo stuck?'

'I am not playing with a yo-yo!' Mrs Lambchop said sharply. 'My son is at the other end of this lace, if you must know.'

'Get the net, Harry,' said the second policeman. 'We have caught a cuckoo!'

Just then, down in the shaft, Stanley cried out, 'Hooray!'

Mrs Lambchop pulled him up and saw that he had the ring.



taking
holding
playing

rolled
covered
lowered
stared
pretended
asked
cried

sharply

helpful

carefully



angrily

apologised
realised

making

Challenge: Listen out for the conjunction 'and'

The policemen realised that it was a good rule and they would try to remember it next time.



inviteded
sigheded
fitteded
discovereded
filleded

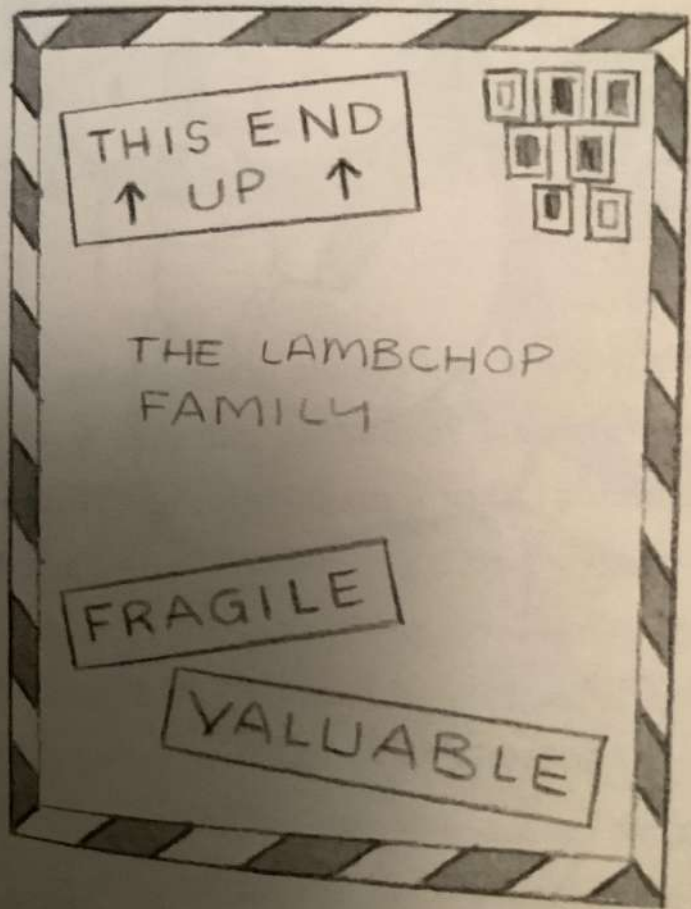
cheaperer



mailed
folded
straightened
rapped
called

Challenge: Listen out for the conjunction 'because'

Mrs Lambchop was nervous because Stanley had never been away from home alone before.



proveded

clearly

overheateded

crieded

returneded

beautifully

wonderfully

carefully

You have the option of 2 activities to complete.

Activity 1

Be a Suffix Detective! Read a book and see if you can spot any words with suffixes. You could write them onto a piece of paper and use them the next time you take part in a writing task.

-ed

-ful

-ness

-est

-ing

-ment

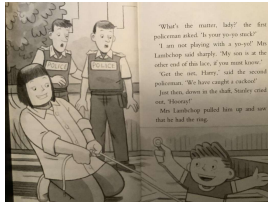
-ly

-less

-er



Activity 2: If you were flat, what would you do? Draw and write about the fun you would have!



Flat Stanley - Chapter 3

Stanley the Kite

Writing focus - conjunctions

Throughout the reading of this chapter the children can listen out for conjunctions. There are 3 challenges throughout the chapter.

1. Choose a coordinating conjunction from the box to complete the sentences: and, but, or, so
2. Copy these sentences into your book 1 at a time. For each sentence extend it using the conjunction **because** to explain how or why something might be the case.

Mr Lambchop rolled Stanley up

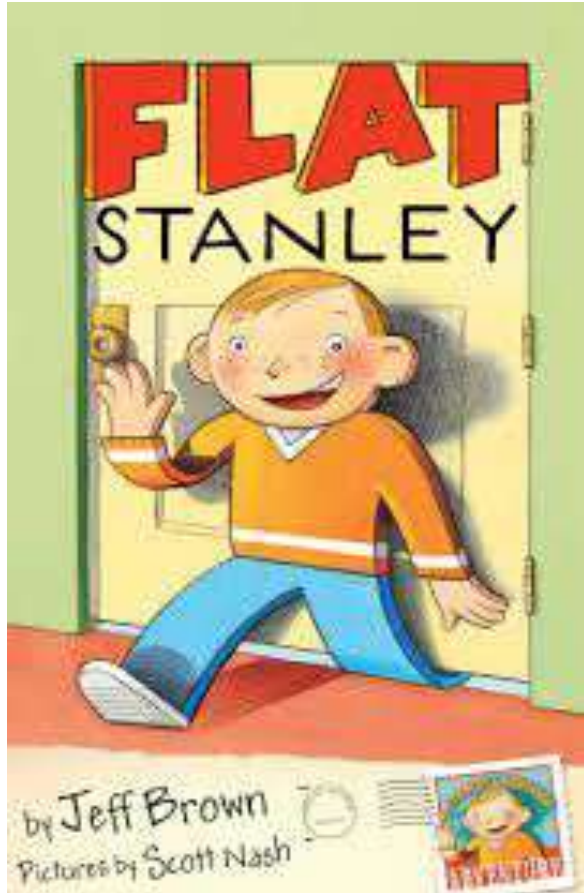
Arthur was mad

Stanley is flat

The man thought Mr Lambchop had bought wallpaper

3. Write some speech bubbles of comments from people watching Arthur fly Stanley like a kite. Challenge yourself to write sentences using conjunctions like and, but, because. Don't forget your capital letters, finger spaces and punctuation (?!). How will this punctuation affect how the reader will read the people's comments? Read your speech bubbles back with expression.

Flat Stanley Chapter 3



Press play to
see Miss
Holmes!

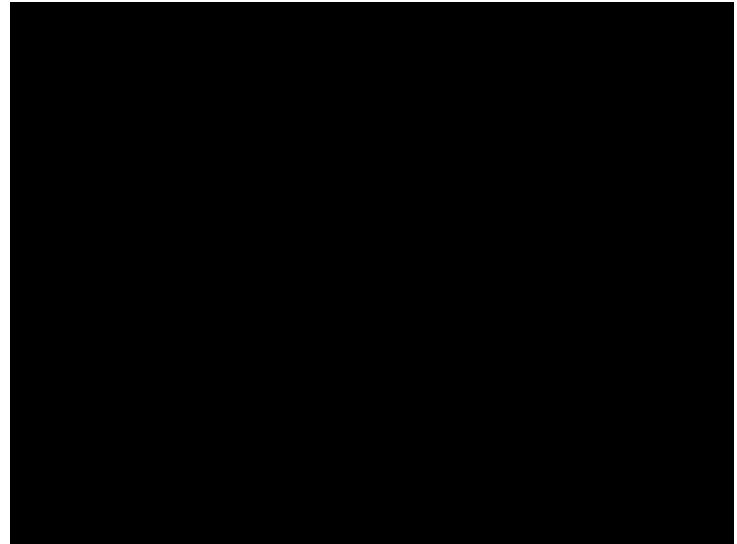




The main character in this story is Flat Stanley who lives with his mum and dad Mr and Mrs lambchop and his brother arthur.

one night Stanley had a bulletin board fall on him! He wasn't hurt but he was flattened!

From that dayon Stanley got up to all kinds of adventures?





Stanley the Kite

Mr Lambchop had always liked to take the boys off with him on Sunday afternoons to a museum or roller-skating in the park but it was difficult when they were crossing streets or moving about in crowds. Stanley and Arthur would often be jostled from his side and Mr Lambchop worried about speeding taxis or that hurrying people might accidentally knock them down.

Activity:

How would you join these sentences?

Choose a **coordinating conjunction** from the box to complete these sentences.

and

but

or

so

1. I went to bed very late _____ I am tired today.
2. I listened to the weather forecast _____ put an umbrella in my bag.
3. I enjoy playing hockey _____ it's not my favourite sport.
4. We could go to the park _____ to the cinema.

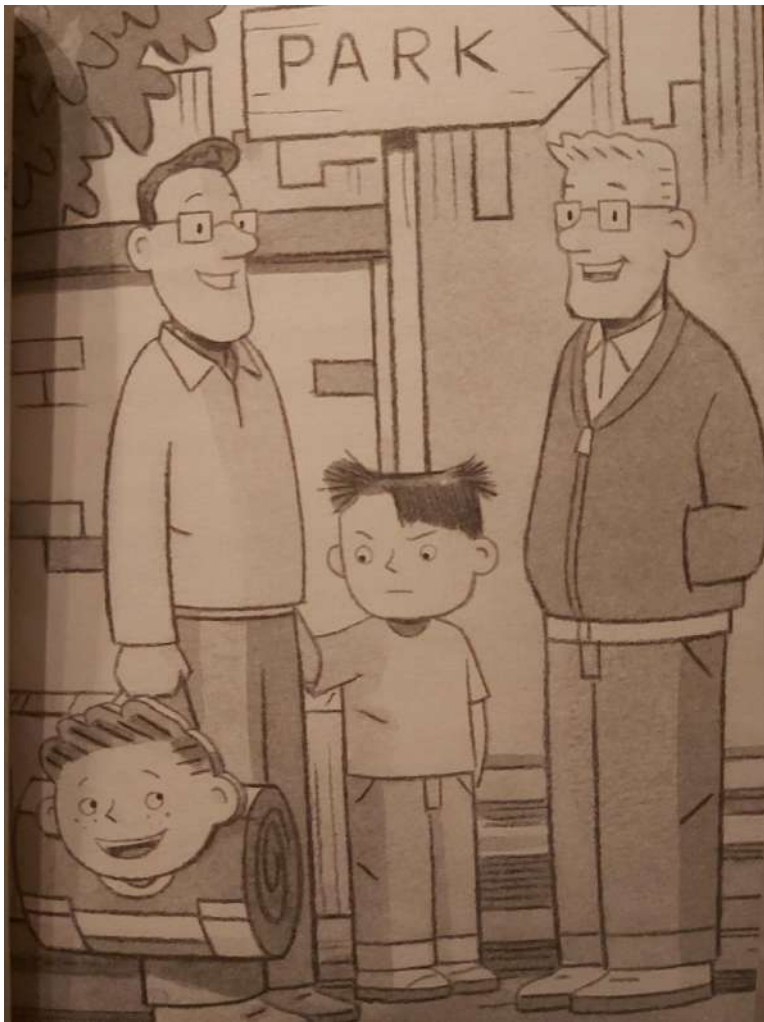
It was easier after Stanley got flat.
Mr Lambchop discovered that he could roll Stanley up without hurting him at all. He would tie a piece of string around Stanley to keep him from unrolling and make a little loop in the string for himself. It was as simple as carrying a parcel, and he could hold on to Arthur with the other hand.

Stanley did not mind being carried **because** he had never much liked to walk. Arthur didn't like walking either, but he had to. It made him mad.

One Sunday afternoon, in the street, they met an old college friend of Mr Lambchop's, a man he had not seen for years.

'Well, George, I see you have bought some wallpaper,' the man said. 'Going to decorate your house, I suppose?'

Stanley did not mind being carried **because** he had never much liked to walk.



Activity

Copy these sentences into your book 1 at a time. For each sentence extend it using the conjunction **because** to explain how or why something might be the case.

Mr Lambchop rolled Stanley up

Arthur was mad

Stanley is flat

The man thought Mr Lambchop had bought wallpaper

'Wallpaper?' said Mr Lambchop. 'Oh, no. This is my son Stanley.'

He undid the string and Stanley unrolled.

'How do you do?' Stanley said.

'Nice to meet you, young feller,' the man said. He said to Mr Lambchop, 'George, that boy is flat.'

'Smart, too,' Mr Lambchop said. 'Stanley is third from the top in his class at school.'

'Phooey!' said Arthur.

'This is my younger son, Arthur,' Mr Lambchop said. 'And he will apologise for his rudeness.'

Arthur could only blush and apologise.

Mr Lambchop rolled Stanley up again and they set out for home. It rained quite hard while they were on the way. Stanley, of course, hardly got wet at all, just around the

edges, but Arthur got soaked.

Late that night Mr and Mrs Lambchop heard a noise out in the living room. They found Arthur lying on the floor near the bookcase. He had piled a great many volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on top of himself.



'Put some more on me,' Arthur said when he saw them. 'Don't just stand there. Help me.'

Mr and Mrs Lambchop sent him back to bed, but the next morning they spoke to Stanley. 'Arthur can't help being jealous,' they said. 'Be nice to him. You're his big brother, after all.'

Stanley and Arthur were in the park. The day was sunny, but windy too, and many older boys were flying beautiful, enormous kites with long tails, made in all the colours of the rainbow.

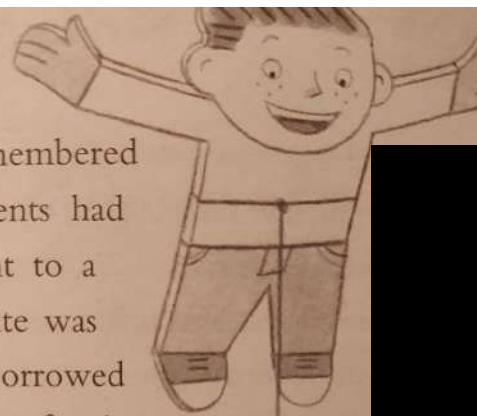
Arthur sighed. 'Some day,' he said, 'I will have a big kite and I will win a kite-flying contest and be famous like everyone else. Nobody knows who I am these days.'

Stanley remembered what his parents had said. He went to a boy whose kite was broken and borrowed a large spool of string.

'You can fly me, Arthur,' he said. 'Come on.'

He attached the string to himself and gave Arthur the spool to hold. He ran lightly across the grass, sideways to get up speed, and then he turned to meet the breeze.

Up, up, up . . . UP!
went Stanley, being
a kite.



He knew just how to manage on the gusts of wind. He faced full into the wind if he wanted to rise, and let it take him from behind when he wanted speed. He had only to turn his thin edge to the wind, carefully, a little at a time, so that it did not hold him, and then he would slip gracefully down towards the earth again.

Arthur let out all the string and Stanley soared high above the trees, a beautiful sight in his pale sweater and bright brown trousers, against the pale-blue sky.

Everyone in the park stood still to watch.

Stanley swooped right and then left in long, matched swoops. He held his arms by his sides and zoomed at the ground like a rocket and curved up again towards the sun. He sideslipped and circled, and made figure



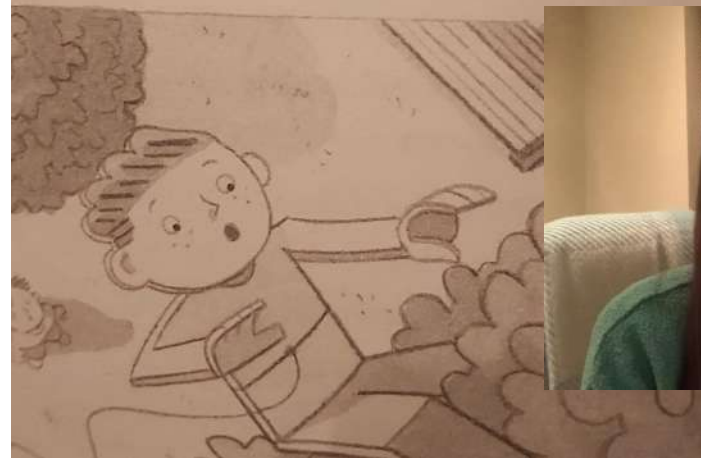
eights and crosses and a star.

Nobody has ever flown the way Stanley Lambchop flew that day. Probably no one ever will again.

After a while, of course, people grew tired of watching and Arthur got tired of running about with the empty spool. Stanley went right on though, showing off.

Three boys came up to Arthur and invited him to join them for a hot dog and some soda pop. Arthur left the spool wedged in the fork of a tree. He did not notice, while he was eating the hot dog, that the wind was blowing the string and tangling it about the tree.

The string got shorter and shorter, but Stanley did not realise how low he was until



leaves brushed his feet, and then it was too late. He got stuck in the branches. Fifteen minutes passed before Arthur and the other boys heard his cries and climbed up to set him free.

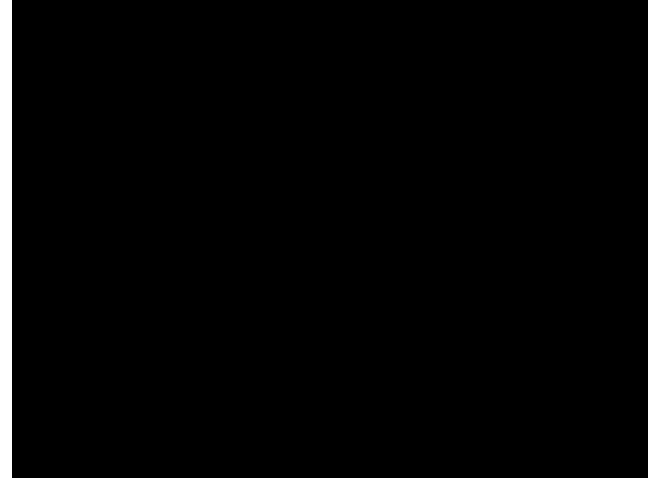
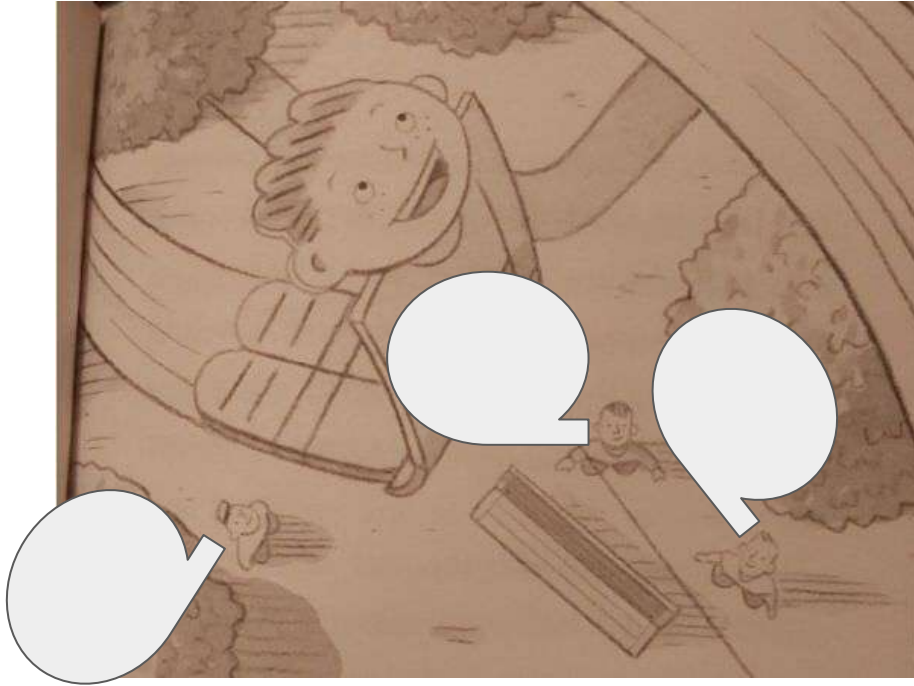
Stanley would not speak to his brother that evening, and at bedtime, even though Arthur had apologised, he was still cross.

Alone with Mr Lambchop in the living room, Mrs Lambchop sighed and shook her head. 'You're at the office all day, having fun,' she said. 'You don't realise what I go through with the boys. They're very difficult.'

'Kids are like that,' Mr Lambchop said. 'Phases. Be patient, dear.'

Activity:

Write some speech bubbles of comments from people watching Arthur fly Stanley like a kite. Challenge yourself to write sentences using conjunctions like **and**, **but**, **because**. Don't forget your capital letters, finger spaces and punctuation (.?!). How will this punctuation affect how the reader will read the people's comments? Read your speech bubbles back with expression.



Flat Stanley - Chapter 4

The Museum Thieves

In this chapter, there are questions for you to think about for each part. You do not need to write the answers down.

After we have read the chapter together, there is an activity to complete. We need you to design a WANTED poster to help catch the museum thieves.



The Museum Thieves

Mr and Mrs O. J. Dart lived in the flat just above the Lambchops. Mr Dart was an important man, the director of a Famous Museum of Art in the city.

Stanley Lambchop had noticed in the lift that Mr Dart, who was ordinarily a cheerful man, had become quite gloomy, but he had no idea what the reason was. And then at breakfast one morning he heard Mr and

Mrs Lambchop talking about Mr Dart.

'I see,' said Mr Lambchop, reading the paper over his coffee cup, 'that still another painting has been stolen from the Famous Museum. It says here that Mr O.J. Dart, the director, is at his wits' end.'



Press play to see
Mrs Stebbings!



Q. What does *at his wits' end* mean?

'Oh, dear! Are the police no help?' Mrs Lambchop asked.

'It seems not,' said Mr Lambchop. 'Listen to what the Chief of Police told the newspaper. "We suspect a gang of sneak thieves. These are the worst kind. They work by sneakery, which makes them very difficult to catch. However, my men and I will keep trying. Meanwhile, I hope people will buy tickets for the Policemen's Ball and not park their cars where signs say don't."'

The next morning Stanley Lambchop heard Mr Dart talking to his wife in the lift.

'These sneak thieves work at night,' Mr Dart said. 'It is very hard for our guards to stay awake when they have been on duty all day. And the Famous Museum

Q. Who do the police suspect has taken the paintings?



Q. What do you think Stanley's plan could be?

is so big we cannot guard every picture at the same time. I fear it is hopeless, hopeless, hopeless!

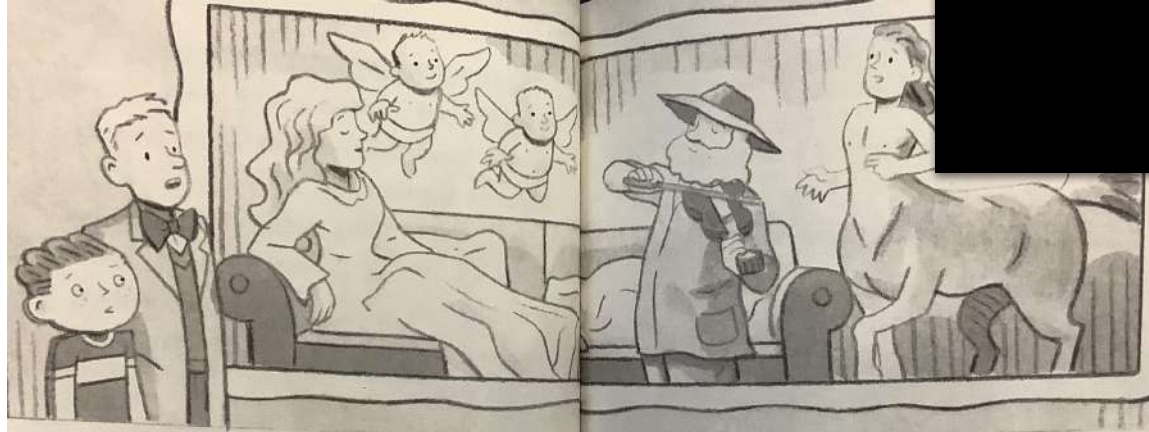
Suddenly, as if an electric light bulb had lit up in the air above his head, giving out little shooting lines of excitement, Stanley Lambchop had an idea. He told it to Mr Dart.

'Stanley,' Mr Dart said, 'if your mother will give her permission, I will put you and your plan to work this very night!'

Mrs Lambchop gave her permission. 'But you will have to take a long nap this afternoon,' she said. 'I won't have you up till all hours unless you do.'

That evening, after a long nap, Stanley went with Mr Dart to the Famous Museum. Mr Dart took him into the main hall, where

Q. Can you spot an expanded noun phrase
in this part of the story?
E.g. long, curly hair



the biggest and most important paintings were hung. He pointed to a huge painting that showed a bearded man, wearing a floppy velvet hat, playing a violin for a lady who lay on a couch. There was a half-man, half-horse person standing behind them, and three fat children with wings were flying around above. That, Mr Dart explained, was

the most expensive painting in the world!

There was an empty picture frame on the opposite wall. We shall hear more about that later on.

Mr Dart took Stanley into his office and said, 'It is time for you to put on a disguise.'

'I had already thought of that,' Stanley Lambchop said, 'and I brought one. My



Q. What disguise did Stanley plan to wear?

Q. What word did Mr Dart use to describe how Stanley looked?

a) happy b) fierce c) clever

cowboy suit. It has a red bandanna that I can tie over my face. Nobody will recognise me in a million years.'

'No,' Mr Dart said. 'You will have to wear the disguise I have chosen.'

From a closet he took a white dress with a blue sash, a pair of shiny little pointed shoes, a wide straw hat with a blue band that matched the sash, and a wig and a stick.

The wig was made of blonde hair, long and done in ringlets. The stick was curved at the top and it, too, had a blue ribbon on it.

'In this shepherdess disguise,' Mr Dart said, 'you will look like a painting that belongs in the main hall. We do not have cowboy pictures in the main hall.'

Stanley was so disgusted that he could

hardly speak. 'I shall look like a girl, that's what I shall look like,' he said. 'I wish I had never had my idea.'

But he was a good sport, so he put on the disguise.

Back in the main hall Mr Dart helped Stanley climb up into the empty picture frame. Stanley was able to stay in place because Mr Dart had cleverly put four small spikes in the wall, one for each hand and foot.

The frame was a perfect fit. Against the wall, Stanley looked just like a picture.

'Except for one thing,' Mr Dart said. 'Shepherdesses are supposed to look happy. They smile at their sheep and at the sky. You look fierce, not happy, Stanley.'

Stanley tried hard to get a faraway look in



his eyes and even to smile a little bit.

Mr Dart stood back a few feet and stared at him for a moment. 'Well,' he said, 'it may not be art, but I know what I like.'

He went off to make sure that certain other parts of Stanley's plan were being

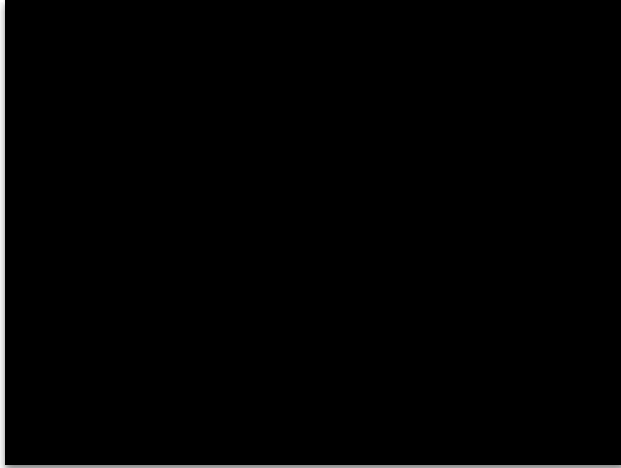
taken care of, and Stanley was left alone. It was very dark in the main hall. A little bit of moonlight came through the windows, and Stanley could just make out the world's most expensive painting on the opposite wall. He felt as though the bearded man with the violin and the lady on the couch and the half-horse person and the winged children were all waiting, as he was, for something to happen.

Time passed and he got tired and tired. Anyone would be tired this late at night, especially if he had to stand in a picture frame balancing on little spikes.

Maybe they won't come, Stanley thought. Maybe the sneak thieves won't come at all.

The moon went behind a cloud and then the main hall was pitch dark. It seemed to

get quieter, too, with the darkness. There was absolutely no sound at all. Stanley felt the hair on the back of his neck prickle beneath the golden curls of the wig.



In this next part of the story, think about how Stanley must have felt all on his own in the dark hall.

Imagine what he could see before the moon went behind the cloud.

Close your eyes and imagine you are in the pitch black hall...

Q. What do you think Stanley might have...

heard?



smelt?



felt?

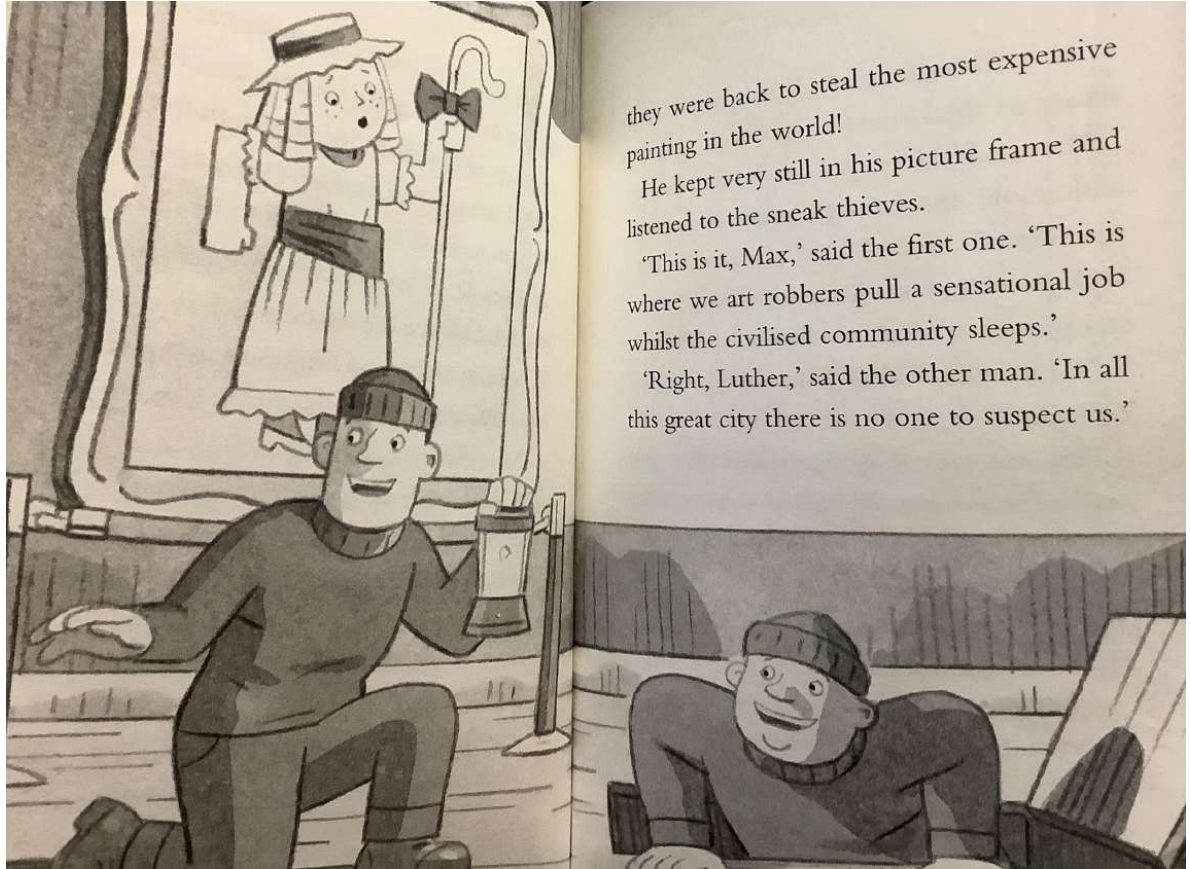


Cr-eee-eee-k . . .

The creaking sound came from right out in the middle of the main hall and even as he heard it Stanley saw, in the same place, a tiny yellow glow of light!

The creaking came again and the glow got bigger. A trap door had opened in the floor and two men came up through it into the hall!

Stanley understood everything all at once. These must be the sneak thieves! They had a secret trap door entrance into the museum from outside. That was why they had never been caught. And now, tonight,



they were back to steal the most expensive painting in the world!

He kept very still in his picture frame and listened to the sneak thieves.

'This is it, Max,' said the first one. 'This is where we art robbers pull a sensational job whilst the civilised community sleeps.'

'Right, Luther,' said the other man. 'In all this great city there is no one to suspect us.'

Q. What are the names of the two sneak thieves?

they were
painting in the world!

He kept very still in his picture frame and listened to the sneak thieves.

'This is it, Max,' said the first one. 'This is where we art robbers pull a sensational job whilst the civilised community sleeps.'

'Right, Luther,' said the other man. 'In all this great city there is no one to suspect us.'

Ha, ha! thought Stanley Lambchop. That's what you think!

The sneak thieves put down their lantern and took the world's most expensive painting off the wall.

'What would we do to anyone who tried to capture us, Max?' the first man asked.

'We would kill him. What else?' his friend replied.

That was enough to frighten Stanley, and he was even more frightened when Luther came over and stared at him.

'This sheep girl,' Luther said. 'I thought sheep girls were supposed to smile, Max. This one looks scared.'

Just in time, Stanley managed to get a faraway look in his eyes again and to smile, sort of.

'You're crazy, Luther,' Max said. 'She's smiling. And what a pretty little thing she is, too.'

That made Stanley furious. He waited until the sneak thieves had turned back to the world's most expensive painting, and then he shouted in his loudest, most terrifying voice: 'POLICE! POLICE! MR DART! THE SNEAK THIEVES ARE HERE!'

The sneak thieves looked at each other. 'Max,' said the first one, very quietly, 'I think I heard the sheep girl yell.'

'I think I did too,' said Max in a quivery voice. 'Oh, boy! Yelling pictures. We both need a rest.'

'You'll get a rest, all right!' shouted Mr Dart, rushing in with the Chief of Police



and lots of guards and policemen behind him. 'You'll get *arrested*, that's what! Ha, ha, ha!'

The sneak thieves were too mixed up by Mr Dart's joke and too frightened by the policemen to put up a fight. Before they knew it, they had been handcuffed and led away to jail.

The next morning in the office of the Chief of Police Stanley Lambchop got a medal. The day after that his picture was in all the newspapers.

Q. What was Mr Dart's joke and why was it funny?

Activity - Design and create a WANTED poster for the two Sneak Thieves!



WANTED:

NAME: _____

DESCRIPTION: _____

WANTED FOR: _____

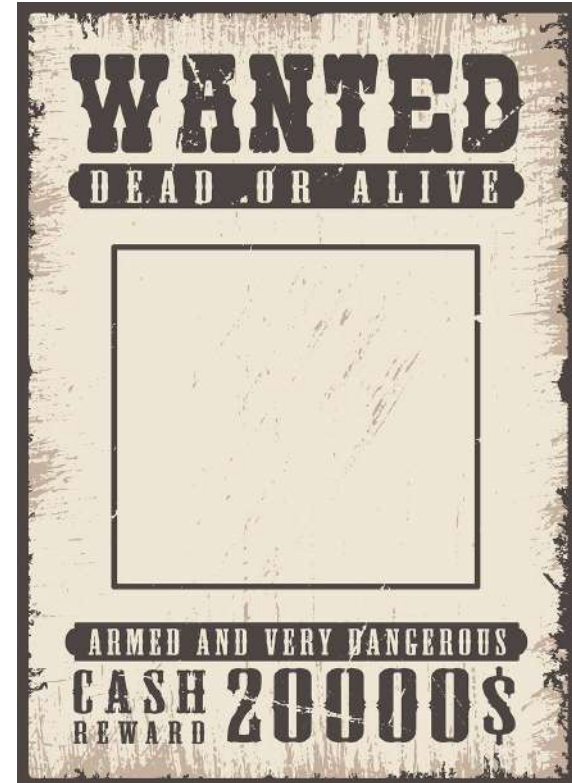
LAST SEEN: _____

REWARD: _____

What does a WANTED poster need to include?

- How many thieves are there?
- What are their names?
- Are they male or female?
- What are they wanted for?
- Will you offer a reward?

Use the illustrations to help you draw and describe what the thieves look like.



Flat Stanley - Chapter 5

Wow, what an exciting book so far! You've done some great work already, I loved seeing your speech bubbles and suffix detective work.

In this lesson we're going to do things a bit different. We're going to do our activity first, and then finish off the last chapter.

Mr Johnson has predicted that at the end of the story Stanley will turn back to normal.

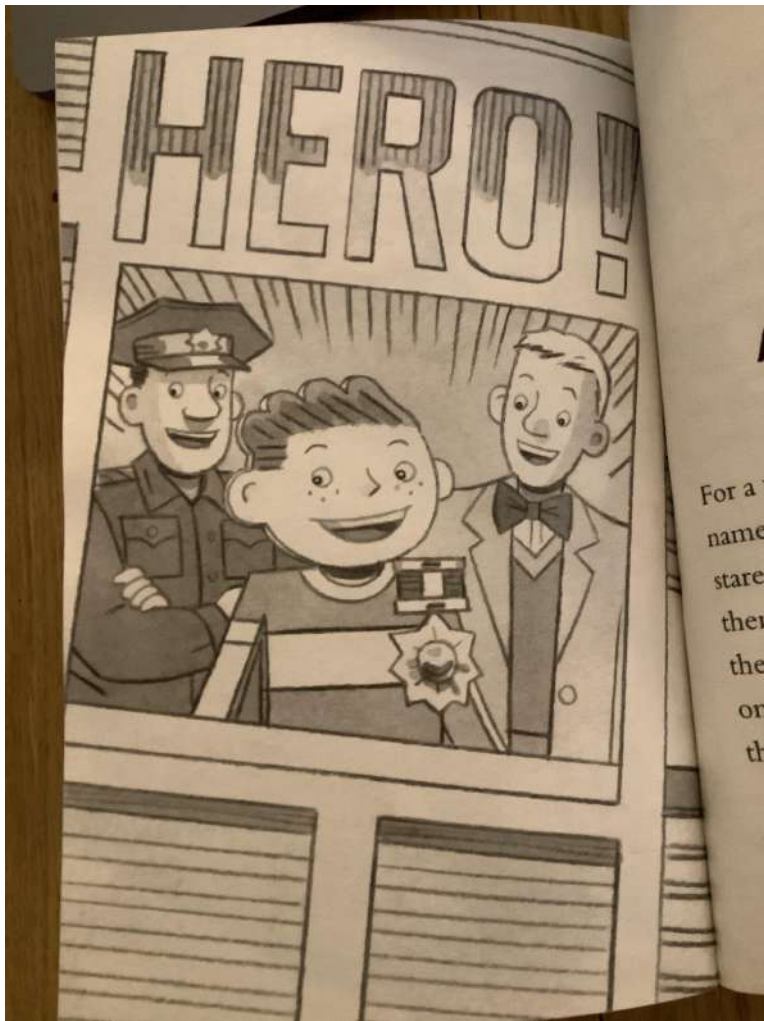
How do you think he might have got back to normal?

You could draw some pictures to help you!

Activity:

Write an ending for the story for how Stanley is turned into a normal boy again.





Recap:

What can you remember about what has happened so far in the story?

Who is your favourite character?

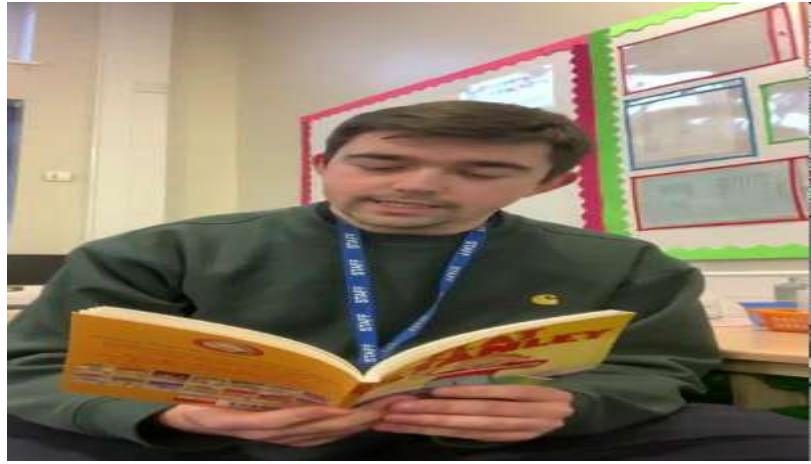
What has your favourite part of the story been?



Arthur's Good Idea

For a while Stanley Lambchop was a famous name. Everywhere that Stanley went, people stared and pointed at him. He could hear them whisper, 'Over there, Harriet, over there! That must be Stanley Lambchop, the one who caught the sneak thieves . . .' and things like that.

But after a few weeks the whispering and the staring stopped. People had other



Why is Stanley famous?

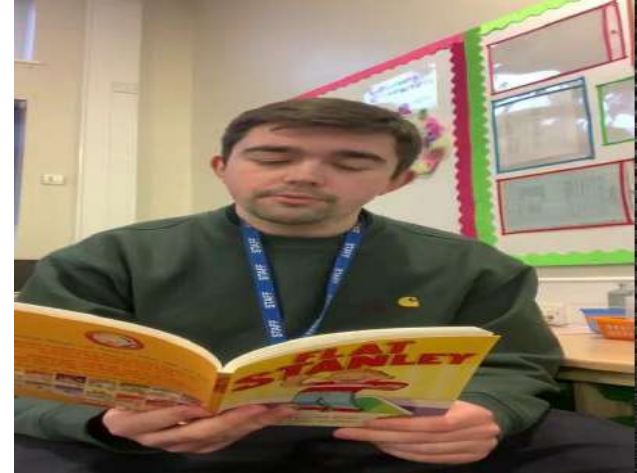
things to think about. Stanley did not mind. Being famous had been fun, but enough was enough.

And then came a further change, and it was not a pleasant one. People began to laugh and make fun of him as he passed by. 'Hello, Super-Skinny!' they would shout, and even ruder things, about the way he looked.

Stanley told his parents how he felt. 'It's the other kids I mostly mind,' he said. 'They don't like me any more because I'm different. Flat.'

'Shame on them,' Mrs Lambchop said. 'It is wrong to dislike people for their shapes. Or their religion, for that matter, or the colour of their skin.'

'I know,' Stanley said. 'Only maybe it's



How is Stanley feeling now?

Can you make a prediction about what might happen next?

impossible for everybody to like *everybody*.'

'Perhaps,' said Mrs Lambchop. 'But they can try.'

Later that night Arthur Lambchop was woken by the sound of crying. In the darkness he crept across the room and knelt by Stanley's bed.

'Are you okay?' he said.

'Go away,' Stanley said.

'Don't be mad at me,' Arthur said. 'You're still mad because I let you get tangled the day you were my kite, I guess.'

'Skip it, will you?' Stanley said. 'I'm not mad. Go away.'

'Please let's be friends . . .' Arthur couldn't help crying a little, too. 'Oh, Stanley,' he said.

'Please tell me what's wrong?'

Stanley waited for a long time before he



spoke. 'The thing is,' he said, 'I'm just not happy any more. I'm tired of being flat. I want to be a proper shape again, like other people. But I'll have to go on being flat for ever. It makes me sick.'

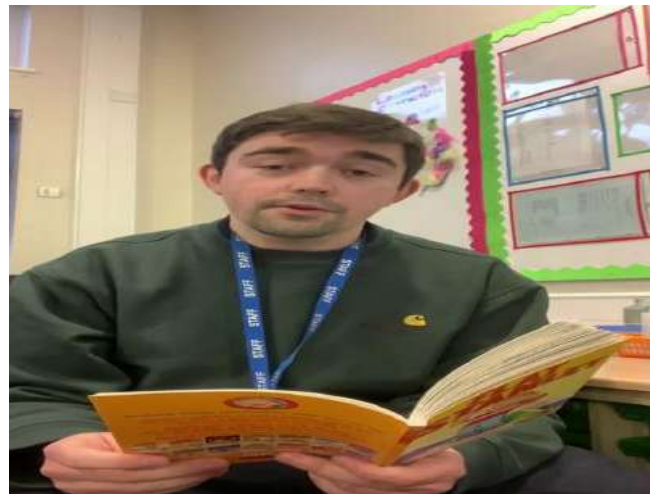
'Oh, Stanley,' Arthur said. He dried his tears on a corner of Stanley's sheet and could think of nothing more to say.

'Don't talk about what I just said,' Stanley told him. 'I don't want the folks to worry. That would only make it worse.'

'You're brave,' Arthur said. 'You really are.'

He took hold of Stanley's hand. The two brothers sat together in the darkness, being friends. They were both still sad, but each one felt a *little* better than he had before.

And then, suddenly, though he was not even trying to think, Arthur had an idea.



What do you think
Arthur's idea might be?



He jumped up and turned on the light and ran to the big storage box where toys and things were kept. He began to rummage in the box.

Stanley sat up in bed to watch.

Arthur flung aside a football and some lead soldiers and aeroplane models and lots of wooden blocks, and then he said, 'Aha!' He had found what he wanted – an old bicycle pump. He held it up, and Stanley and he looked at each other.

'Okay,' Stanley said at last. 'But take it easy.' He put the end of the long pump hose in his mouth and clamped his lips tightly about it so that no air could escape.

'I'll go slowly,' Arthur said. 'If it hurts or anything, wiggle your hand at me.'

He began to pump. At first nothing

What do you think he's looking for in the box?

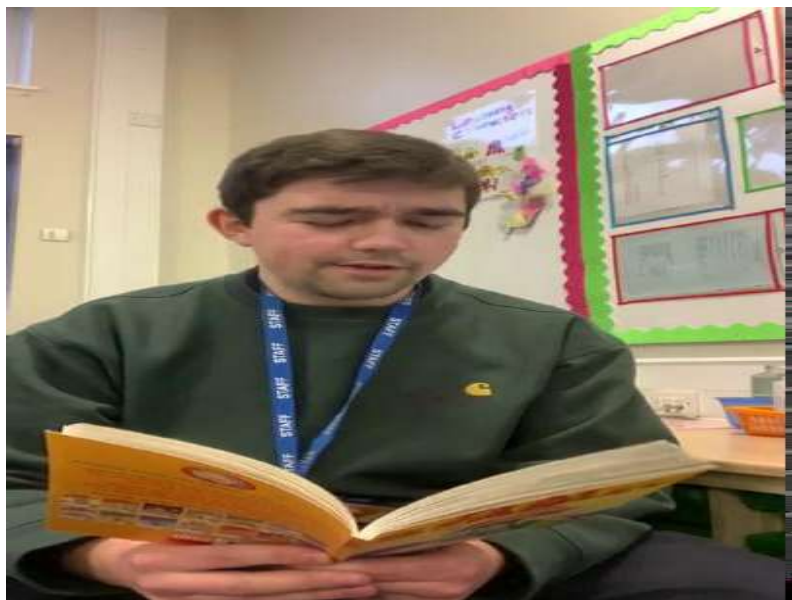
happened except that Stanley's cheeks bulged a bit. Arthur watched his hand, but there was no wiggle signal, so he pumped on. Then, suddenly, Stanley's top half began to swell.

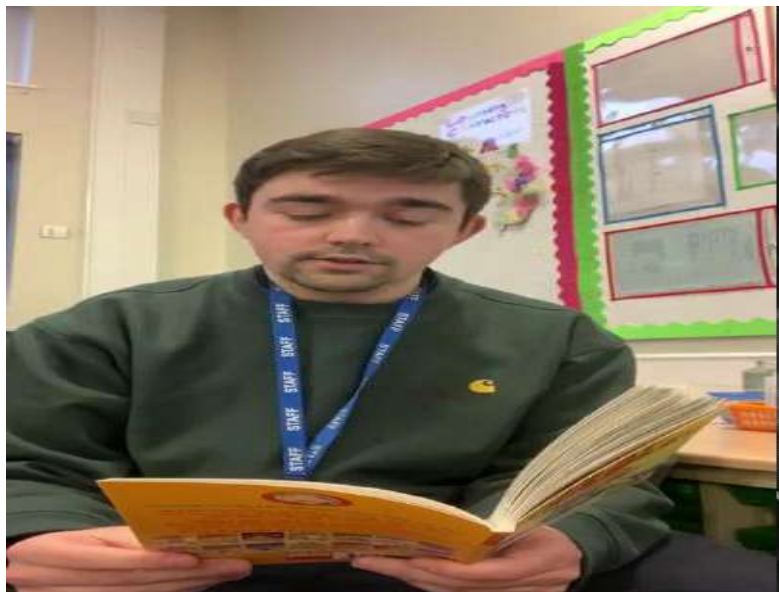
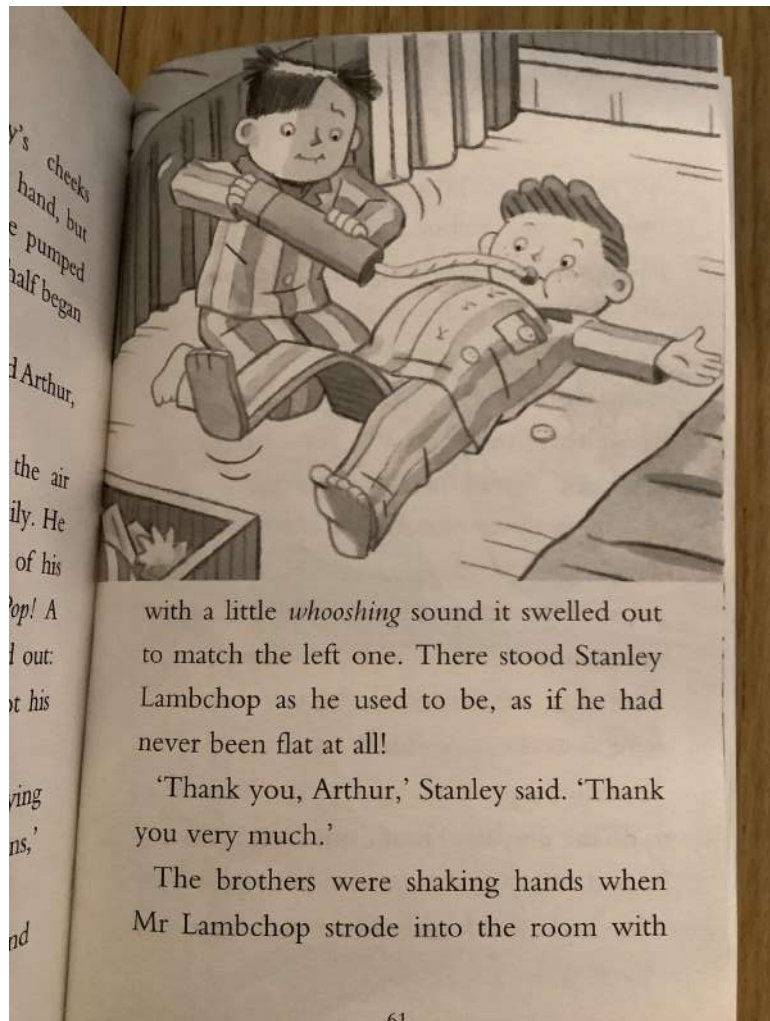
'It's working! It's working!' shouted Arthur, pumping away.

Stanley spread his arms so that the air could get round inside him more easily. He got bigger and bigger. The buttons of his pyjama top burst off – *Pop! Pop! Pop!* A moment more and he was all rounded out: head and body, arms and legs. But not his right foot. That foot stayed flat.

Arthur stopped pumping. 'It's like trying to do the very last bit of those long balloons,' he said. 'Maybe a shake would help.'

Stanley shook his right foot twice, and





Mrs Lambchop right behind him. 'We heard you!' said Mr Lambchop. 'Up and talking when you ought to be asleep, eh? Shame on -'

'GEORGE!' said Mrs Lambchop. 'Stanley's round again!'

'You're right!' said Mr Lambchop, noticing. 'Good for you, Stanley!'

'I'm the one who did it,' Arthur said. 'I blew him up.'

Everyone was terribly excited and happy, of course. Mrs Lambchop made hot chocolate to celebrate the occasion, and several toasts were drunk to Arthur for his cleverness.

When the little party was over, Mr and Mrs Lambchop tucked the boys back into their beds and kissed them, and then they



turned out the light. 'Goodnight,' they said. 'Goodnight,' said Stanley and Arthur.

It had been a long and tiring day. Very soon all the Lambchops were asleep.

