



THE GWOLLUMPS' TALE STORY WHOOSH SCRIPT

A Story Whoosh is a way of acting out a story with the whole class allowing you to see the narrative line, the action and the characters in broad brushstrokes. Going around the circle, with each child taking part in turn, makes it an inclusive and accessible activity in which all the children contribute to telling the story. The teacher takes an active role as narrator/director and supports the children in the creation of the images.

RUNNING A STORY WHOOSH

Organise the class into a circle and explain that you are going to act out the whole story as a Story Whoosh.

Read each moment of the Story Whoosh out and ask children in sequence around the circle to come into the middle and make an image showing what is happening. Each time a character is needed we have highlighted this in **bold**.

When you say '**Whoosh!**', that group of story actors is whooshed back into their places in the circle, and the next children in turn will be invited to act out the next episode in the story.

Where there are lines of dialogue you can read them out first and ask the children to repeat them as their characters, alternatively you could prepare them in advance on slips of paper and give them to the children when they have taken up the image.

We would recommend that you read the Whoosh out loud before running it with your class so that you are familiar with the characters, the moments of the story and the through line.

THE GWOLLUMPS STORY WHOOSH SCRIPT

Once upon a time, far, far away, there lived a herd of breath-taking creatures called:
Gwollumps

These creatures looked like what would happen if you crossed a mighty Wildebeest with a Zebra. An incredible mixture of black and white stripes and pure brawn.

Now the Gwollumps had journeyed a long time looking for a new home when finally, exhausted from their travels, they came across a great plain of luscious neon pink grass which stretched as far as the eye could see.

The grass had a wonderful aroma of juicy, sweet, strawberries. When the ravenous Gwollumps crunched into it for the first time it was immediately nourishing and it

reinvigorated their tired aching bodies. They crunched, munched and gobbled til their bellies were full to bursting.

WHOOSH

The **herd of Gwollumps** would assemble every morning at sunrise in a vast brawny line and eat and eat and eat the delicious grass, and as they ate their mantra – or saying – became:

Head down.
Eyes down.
Munch! Munch! Munch.

The **young Gwollumps** obediently lined up beside the adult Gwollumps, munching contentedly on the grass learning the same mantra.

Head down.
Eyes down.
Munch! Munch! Munch.

WHOOSH

One scorching summer's evening, **one young Gwollump** took a large mouthful of neon pink grass and said:

'Hey do you think this grass tastes a bit... bleurgh?'

To which her **best friend** replied:

'Yeah! And it smells a bit bleurgh too?'

The **grown up Gwollumps** paid no attention to the young and instead just carried on eating repeating the mantra:

Head down.
Eyes down.
Munch! Munch! Munch.

But the young Gwollumps couldn't get rid of the bleurghy taste in their mouths and the funny feeling that they had deep in their stomachs. Something just wasn't right.

WHOOSH

So the **young Gwollumps** set off to take their worries to the one member of the herd who always had time for them: Grandma Gwollump.

Grandma Gwollump lived on the outskirts of the plain with her friend the **Golden Feathered Nitpick Bird**.

The young Gwollumps rushed up to her and told her what had happened.

Grandma Gwollump said: “It reminds me of a long, long time ago when I was young myself. We used to listen to the soil. When the neon pink grass became dry and inedible, we’d gather together as a herd and mooove on to new pastures so that the soil could regenerate and the grass would grow neon pink and tasty again. Our mantra – or saying- was...

“Before the grass is gone, the herd moooves on.”

The young Gwollumps repeated:

Before the grass is gone, the herd moooves on.

Before the grass is gone, the herd moooves on.

WHOOSH

The **young Gwollumps**, bursting with excitement, darted back to **their parents** and told them what Grandma Gwollump had shared with them.

One adult Gwollump said “Oh no no no no no! – Calves, look in front of you! The neon pink grass goes on as far as the eye can see. Listen to us. And repeat the mantra.”

Heads down.

Eyes down.

Munch! Munch! Munch.

But the funny feeling in their stomachs didn’t go away. And for the first time, the young noticed something strange about the faces of their munching parents.

Their noses were dry, their eyes were red and weepy, and their lips were cracked and parched.

And that’s when they looked up into the sky, and saw... **the Golden Feathered Nitpick Bird** flying towards them.

WHOOSH

But when the **Golden Feathered Nitpick Bird** landed the **young gwollumps** saw she wasn’t golden any more, her feathers were grey, dull and thick with dust.

The **Golden Feathered Nitpick Bird** said:

“I’m getting out of here. It’s a bit dry, a bit dusty, I’m moving onto fresh pastures.”

The young gwollumps panicked:

What / do we do?

What do we do?

Where do / we go?

Who do we follow?

The Golden Feathered Nitpick Bird said

“Alright calm down. I’m going past Showyoffy mountain, follow me, there’s a path that I know, and from there you’ll gain a new perspective with a bird’s eye view.”

WHOOSH

So, with the **Nitpick Bird** leading them, the **young Gwollumps** climbed Showyoffy mountain.

The path was steep and treacherous, and the clouds of dust stung their eyes. They wound back and forth, up and up until they rose above the dust and reached the tippity top.

They caught their breath and brushed the dust from their hides, they peered over the cliff-edge and into the valley.

From way up there they could see a giant plume of dust, kicked up from the dry ground by the hooves of their parents.

And through the dust they saw something truly terrifying... down below on the plain.

WHOOSH

What the young Gwollumps had seen was that the **adult Gwollumps** weren’t in a great line, munching across the plains that stretched as far as the eye could see. They were in an ever shrinking circle munching relentlessly towards the very last precious, tiny patch of luscious neon pink grass at the centre.

WHOOSH

The **young gwollumps** hurtled down the mountain, turning right, then left, then right again. Once they reached the bottom they dashed across the plain towards their **blinkered bloated parents**

STOOOOOPPPPP!!!!

Silence descended on the herd.

And for the first time in as long as anyone could remember, their parents lifted their eyes and instead of the endless plain of neon pink grass, they saw each other. A small circle, the entire herd clustered around the last... patch... of... grass.

Silence

Nobody said a word. Until:

The young began to say:

Listen to Grandma. / Listen to Grandma. Listen to Grandma.

Listen to Grandma. / Listen to Grandma.

The herd parted like a sea as **Grandma Gwollump** took her rightful space in the centre of the herd.

WHOOSH

Grandma Gwollump stood at the centre of the **young and old Gwollumps** and said:

“You have forgotten the mantra.”

The adult Gwollumps said **‘No’**

‘No we haven’t! The mantra is / head down, eyes down, Munch! Munch! Munch.’

Grandma Gwollump said:

“No, no! Not that rubbish. Have you not noticed your eyes are stinging, you’re struggling to breathe and your hide is dry and itchy?

Can you not see that you’ve munched your way through almost all the grass in the valley? I’m talking about the old mantra, the true mantra...

Before the grass is gone, the herd moooves on.”

And all the young joined in: **Before the grass is gone, the herd moooves on.**

Before the grass is gone, the herd moves on.

Before the grass is gone, the herd moves on!

And so as the sun began to set over the great plain, repeating Grandma Gwollump’s ancient mantra, the herd slowly moved towards the horizon, in search of pastures new.