The Missing Roar

Lion has something very quiet to say.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Missing Roar

Lion opened his mouth to roar.

"Rrr..."

That was all.

Yesterday he had roared at the hills, roared at the clouds and roared for the echo.

Today his voice had gone tiny.

Mouse found him sitting under a tree.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning," whispered Lion.

Mouse climbed onto a stone. "What did you say?"

Lion tried again. Mouse came closer.

"Oh," she said. "Your voice is having a rest."

Lion nodded sadly. He was meant to call everyone to the meadow games.

He could not call a beetle, let alone an elephant.

Mouse thought for a moment. Then she rolled a wide leaf into a cone.

The Missing Roar

Lion whispered into the leaf.

"Games in the meadow."

Mouse heard him clearly. She ran to Rabbit.

"Games in the meadow!"

Rabbit told Antelope. Antelope told Elephant. Elephant told the birds, who were already flying that way.

Soon the meadow filled with friends.

There were jumping games, balancing games and a game of keeping one enormous leaf in the air.

Lion sat nearby with water and watched.

"Will you choose the next game?" asked Mouse.

He whispered his idea into the leaf.

Mouse's eyes shone.

"Everyone," she called, "Lion has chosen the quietest game in the world!"

They crept across the grass without making a sound.

Elephant managed three careful steps. Then his tummy rumbled.

Everyone laughed. Lion laughed quietly too.

When it was time to go home, the animals passed one last message around the meadow.

"Thank you, Lion."

He heard every word.

THE END

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