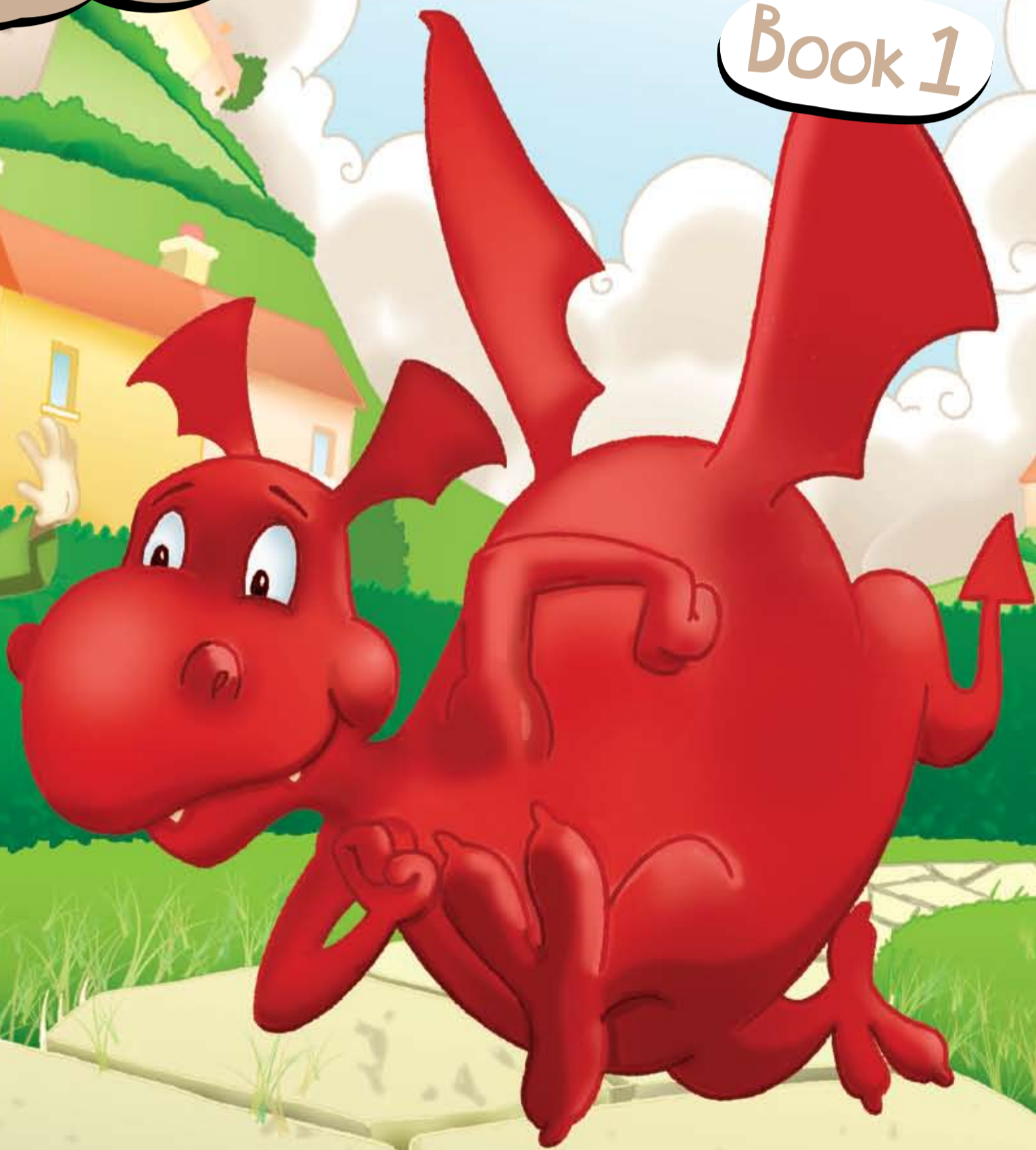


Megan and The Baby Dragon

Book 1



This book is part of the 'Play to Learn' resource which has been written to support the delivery of Physical Development and Creative Movement within the Foundation Phase.

The aim of the series of books is to motivate children to be physically active and become more skilful. A range of physical skills are highlighted throughout the stories to ensure continuity and progression.



Book 1 – Megan and The Baby Dragon develops:

Locomotor

Crawling, Walking, Running, Jumping and Landing, Leaping

Body Management

Balance (one foot), Climbing, Pushing an Object, Log Roll, Pulling an Object

Manipulative

Catching an Object

Once you have read this book we hope you will help children explore the movement potential in other stories.

Acknowledgements

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Megan and The Baby Dragon

Book 1



Megan was helping her dad tidy up the garage. She was **crawling** in and out of the boxes when she found a large, dusty, blue egg. “Wow! What’s this?” thought Megan and she popped it in her pocket.





Later at bedtime, as Megan was brushing her teeth, she heard a loud tapping noise. It was coming from the egg. Tap... tap... tap. The egg rolled and wobbled and it wobbled and rolled. Megan **ran and caught** it.

Megan bent down and gently placed the egg on the floor. Suddenly, she heard a loud crack and a tiny, red hand punched through the shell. It shook and stretched and it stretched and shook. It was a baby dragon!



Enchanted, Megan lifted her hand to touch the dragon. The dragon lifted its hand too. Megan poked her tongue out and the baby dragon copied. Everything Megan did, the dragon did.



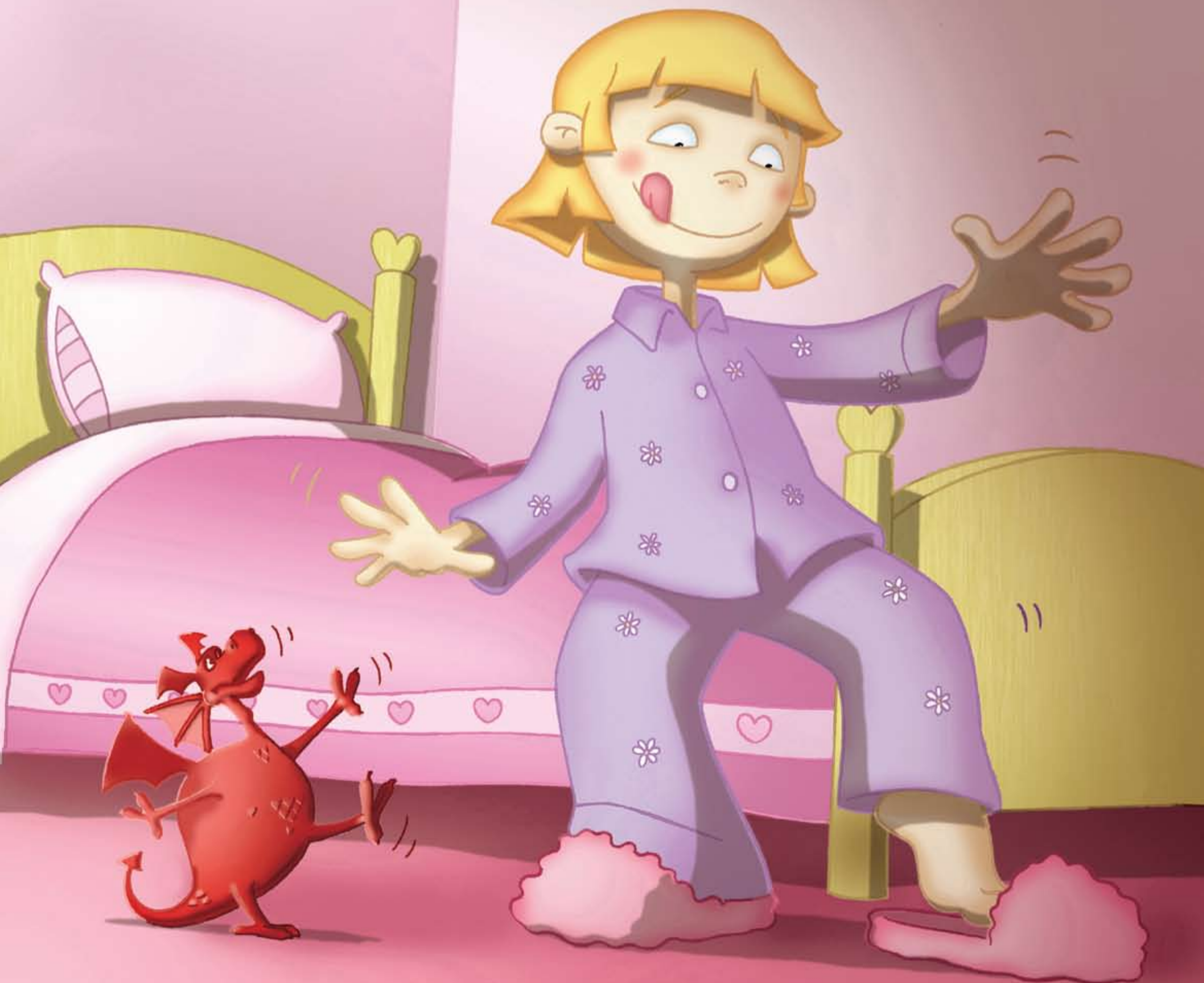
By now it was late and Megan felt tired. She yawned and stretched. The dragon stretched and yawned. She curled up and closed her eyes to show the dragon it was bedtime. “Goodnight,” she whispered. The dragon curled up and closed its eyes too.



Megan took one last peek at the baby dragon. She fell asleep wondering what her new friend would eat for breakfast and what Mum would say about having a dragon living in the house.



Next morning, Megan **jumped** out of bed. “Where’s my dragon?” she wondered. It was already awake and exploring her slippers. Megan slid him out of her slippers and put them on. The dragon copied as she **balanced on one foot** and then the other. It lost its balance and fell over. Giggling, Megan scooped it up and put it in her pocket for safekeeping.



The dragon wriggled and wiggled and wiggled and wriggled all through breakfast. Megan sat very straight and very still hoping Mum would not discover her friend.



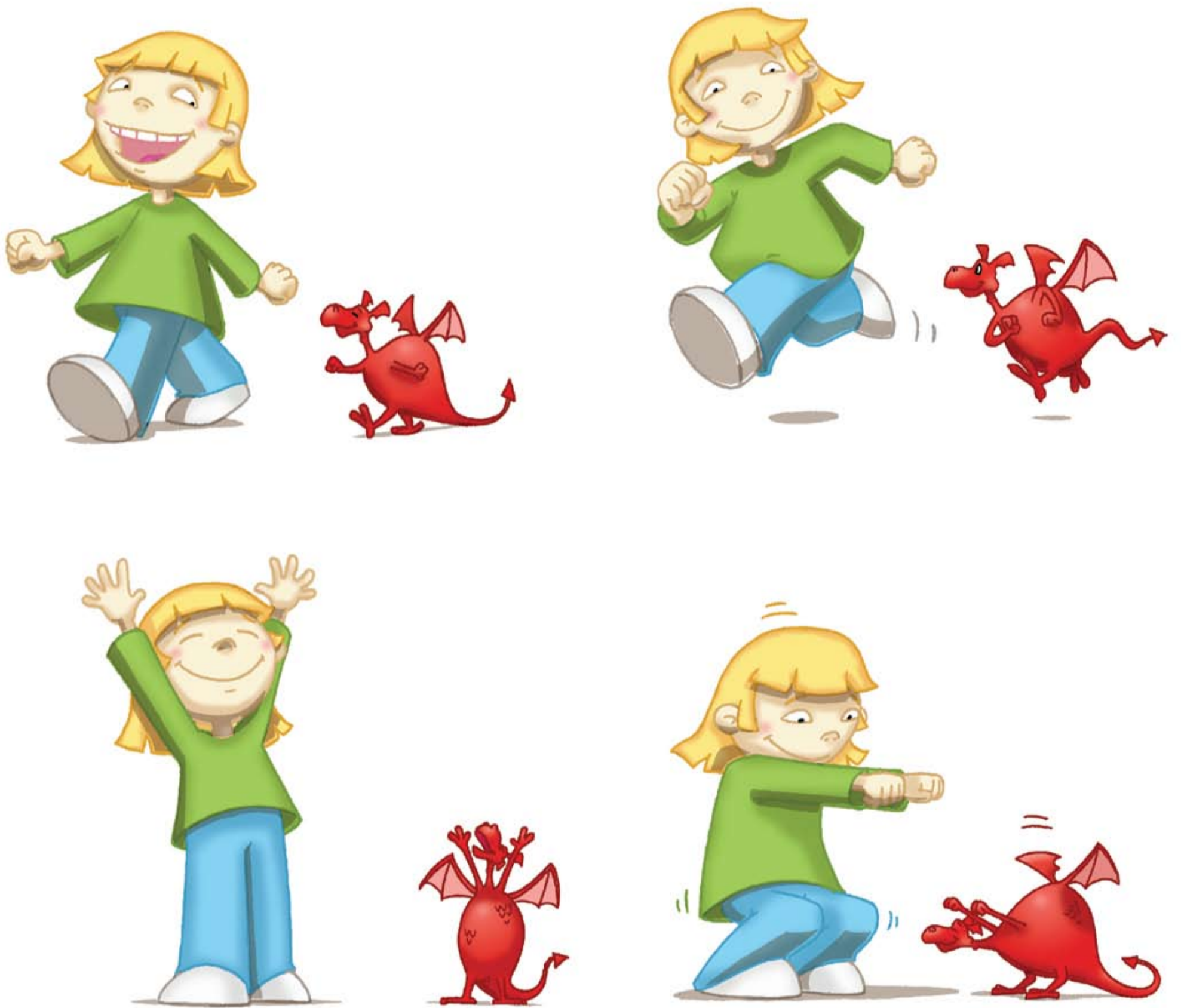


After breakfast, they went out to play. Megan put the dragon in her doll's pram and **pushed** it to the bottom of the garden. Then she picked the dragon up and placed it on the lawn. The dragon **jumped** in fright as its feet touched the cold, wet grass.

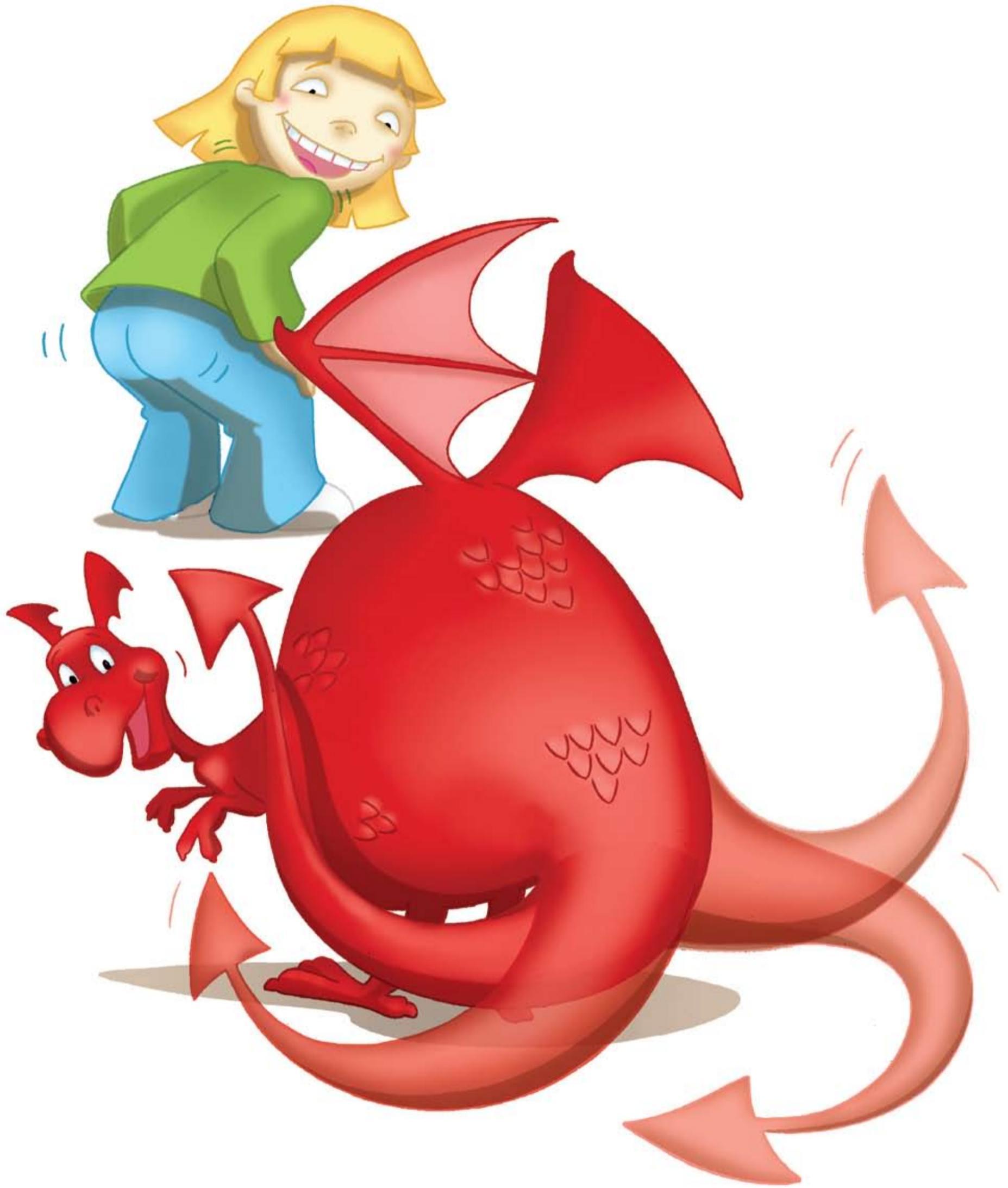
It fell as it landed, **rolling** like a log down the slope towards the compost heap. Megan gently **pulled** the dragon back onto its feet.

“Mrs Jones says you should always bend your knees when you land so you don’t hurt yourself,” said Megan smiling.





Megan and the dragon played happily together. The dragon copied Megan and Megan copied the dragon. **Walking, running, stretching, bending, moving forwards, backwards and sideways, quickly and slowly. When they jumped, the dragon always remembered to bend its knees as it landed.**



The dragon began to swish and swoosh, swoosh and swish its tail. Megan looked behind her, shrugged her shoulders, and wiggled her bottom. They both laughed.



Megan noticed that they were so very different! The dragon had a long, strong tail, a scaly back and... WINGS!

“I wonder...” thought Megan to herself.

Megan ran around flapping her arms, hoping the dragon would copy her. It did! The dragon flapped slowly at first and then faster and faster and faster and, taking a giant leap, it was flying.



Megan ran as fast as she could to the garden wall. Climbing up carefully, she watched in amazement as the dragon circled and swooped and swooped and circled.



The dragon was heading towards the mountains. It waved and Megan waved back but, by now, it was just a dot in the distance.





Feeling sad, Megan **walked** slowly back to the house. She did not know if she would see the dragon again.



That night, just as Megan was curling up in bed, there was a tap... tap... tap on the window.

“Wow! You’re back!” exclaimed Megan. They hugged and danced and danced and hugged.

As they fell asleep, Megan wondered what adventures they would have tomorrow.





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