Ten Apples for Number Grove



A read-aloud story with 5 colouring pages

An empty basket

It was a bright morning in Number Grove, the orchard island of Cloudy Isle. Hoot the owl stood under the tallest apple tree, holding a big empty basket.

"Today is picnic day," said Hoot. "And for a picnic, we need an apple pie. For an apple pie, we need... ten apples!" He held up his wings and counted his feathers: *one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.* "Ten apples. But the apples are so high up!"

Bun shakes the branch

Hop, hop, hop! Along came Bun the bunny. "I can help!" she said. She jumped up, caught a low branch and gave it a gentle shake. *Shake, shake, shake.*

Down fell the apples. *Plop! Plop! Plop!*

Let's count them together: one, two, three. Three apples! Bun put them in the basket. "Three apples," said Hoot. "We need ten. Can you show three fingers?"

Miso looks under the leaves

Miso the cat was curious, as always. She crept to a big pile of crunchy leaves. *Rustle, rustle.* "What's this?" she said, and held up her paws.

How many apples has Miso found? One, two. Two apples!

Into the basket they went. "We had three," said Hoot, "and two more makes… let's count them all: one, two, three, four, five. Five apples!" Five is a whole hand. Can you show me five fingers?

The number train arrives

Choo-choo! Down the curving track came the little number train, puffing round, white clouds. It had five wagons, and in each wagon sat one shiny apple.

Let's count the wagons: one, two, three, four, five. Five apples from the train!

Hoot waved and the train stopped. Bun and Miso carried the apples, one by one, to the basket. "We had five," said Hoot, "and five more. Let's count from six: six, seven, eight, nine… ten!" Two whole hands. Ten apples, exactly what we needed!

The apple picnic

That afternoon, the three friends spread a checked blanket under the apple tree. In the middle sat a warm, round apple pie, and next to it the basket, still full of shiny apples for later.

"Thank you, Bun, for three apples," said Hoot. "Thank you, Miso, for two. Thank you, little train, for five. Together we found ten."

Bun cut the pie, Miso poured the juice, and everyone had a slice. And you know what? The pie was perfectly delicious, down to the very last crumb.

How many apples can you count in the basket?



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