**Palette Picker**

Change the colour of the words/phrases to different shades of how you would represent the word.

Some examples are done for you.

Bedtime Story by Vanessa Kisuule.

Hey…. hey, hey, hey, hey, come closer, no closer than that

Come right up close, so my breath tickles your earlobe

Let me tell you a secret,

That not many people know.

Magic isn’t just for those with wings or **wands**,

Treasure chests aren’t just found underneath rainbows or **in deep, dark caves.**

Your mind is where all the truly golden secrets lie, twinkling in the light,

Waiting for you to pick them up in your curious little hands.

Magic is not just for those lucky enough to live in palaces with shiny crowns on their heads.

Perhaps you think you’ve never seen fairy dust,

But if you look really, really close, you’ll see it everywhere.

No seriously, it’s true! Why would I ever lie to you?

Tiptoe quietly into the room when your father is cooking,

And you’ll see, it’s in the turmeric he sprinkles in the rice,

Gold dust that makes your tummy glow.

Can you see it sparkle in his fingertips?

Just like the first time you saw snow on your windowsill,

Icing sugar soft and white, like a blank piece of paper,

Begging for a troop of crayons to dance across it.

It’s in the 50p your Aunty gives you to spend in the corner shop.

A piece of silver you can swap for clusters of sweets and sticky, rainbow rocks that crackle on your tongue.

It’s in the day you mummify yourselves in hats, gloves and scarves and get the train to the beach on a cold, windy day.

And the sea sings songs that reminds you of the home you once had,

Where the air was warm and gentle,

And the call to prayer swayed through the breeze,

Blending with the whine of mosquitos,

And the sighs rung out from people tired from running in fear.

And though it’s cold and grey here,

There is a magic in this place too.

Even with no wand and no wings.

All you need is your will and your words.

You are not defined by the fear you once felt,

But the beautiful stories that reside in the well of your mouth,

And I look forward to the day,

When I sit my own child on my lap to read a story,

And we see pictures of a magical child,

Who looks just like you.