

## The Gnomes and the Dragon - a knitting story

*This story is for introducing and grounding the actual knitting. The verse is built into the story and gives life to the mechanics. It is a bit more complex than some knitting verses, but we have found the increased clarity is helpful. This verse describes one way to actually knit - it is not the only way but we have found it the most manageable for the children. Once they have this down, late in the year or the following one, they can quite easily transfer to faster methods.*

*In through the front door to the back.  
Run right round and grab your sack.  
Slip through the window without a peep.  
Hop on off in one big leap.*

Long ago, deep in the forest, tucked neatly between two high boulders, there stood the ramshackle house of a clan of the gnomes. Season after season, year after year, generation after generation, gnomes had lived in this house. Each morning before the first light of dawn, the gnomes would tighten their little vests, pick up their picks and empty sacks, and head down deep into the earth to mine for crystals and jewels. All day long they would hack and crack, crack and hack, filling their little sacks with all the treasures they found deep in the earth. Then each night, long after stars had filled the sky, the gnomes would head back out and make their way through the dark forest. Guided by the light of their crystals, they would find their way back to their ramshackle hut. Here they would line the shelves with sacks of crystals and jewels they had found, loosen their little vests, eat their stew and lie down for the night.

One day while the gnomes were busy working deep in the earth, a dragon happened to walk through the woods right to the door of the ramshackle hut. "Fe, fi, fo, fum, gnomes for lunch, I'll have me some." Over and over the dragon called this out as he walked in circles around a little hut. "Fe, fi, fo, fum, gnomes for lunch, I'll have me some." "Fe, fi, fo, fum, gnomes for lunch, I'll have me some."

The dragon marched in circles around the little house chanting with every step, sure that the little gnomes would come scampering out to run away from being eaten, and then, with one opening of his mouth he would swallow each and every one and have his fill. But, "Fe, fi, fo, fum, gnomes for lunch, I'll have me some," no matter how many times he went round the house, none of the gnomes came out. After all, none of the gnomes were within. Finally the dragon decided to go inside and eat whatever he could find. Stretching his long neck low to the ground, the dragon wiggled and squeezed until he made his way through the small door and into the house. Much though the dragon might have liked to look around for something to