

35 Autumn-themed Massage Stories, Poems and Songs with the Story Massage Programme

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(Collage created by Caroline Hill, Making SENSE Creative Services Ltd)

This collection includes massage stories for all ages and abilities. We hope it will also inspire you to adapt these or create your own.

Always remember to ask permission and say 'thank you' at the end. You can also enjoy these massage stories as a self-massage or with your pets.

Chapter 1 (pages 2-10) Nursery Rhymes and Songs

Chapter 2 (pages 11-21) Autumn-themed massage stories created by Story Massage Practitioners


Chapter 3 (pages 22-25) Autumn poems

Chapter 4 (pages 26 - 33) Halloween and Fireworks

Chapter 5 (pages 34 -36) - Educational

Please do not share this booklet on public social media as we are working hard to protect the integrity of the programme.








Five Shiny Conkers
Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	Five shiny conkers on a horse chestnut tree.
	Beautiful and brown, don't you agree?
	Along came the wind, whoosh....
	And down one fell.
	A squirrel came to find it in its spikey green shell.
	Four shiny conkers on a horse chestnut tree.
	<i>Repeat and keep counting down until there are no conkers left.</i>

Five Little Acorns

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Sophie Kidd-Munnery)







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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Five little acorns sitting on a tree.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Along came Mr Squirrel as hungry as could be!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Then the autumn winds blew
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And rustled all the leaves.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Down came an acorn
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And Mr Squirrel was pleased!
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Four little acorns sitting on a tree.
	<i>Repeat and keep counting down until there are no acorns left.</i>










I've got a Basket of Apples
Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Poppy Munnery)

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	I've got a basket of apples.
	Picked from a tree.
	Apples rosy-red for you And shiny green for me.
	Some of them are big, Some of them are small, Some are like a ball.
	Some of them are sour ...ugh!
	Lots of lovely apples For you and me to eat.



The Leaves on the Trees
(To the tune of The Wheels on the Bus)
 Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	<p>The leaves on the trees turn orange and red. Orange and red. Orange and red.</p>
	<p>The leaves on the trees turn orange and red.</p>
	<p>All day long.</p>
	<p>The leaves on trees come tumbling down. Tumbling down, tumbling down.</p>
	<p>The leaves on the trees come tumbling down.</p>
	<p>All day long.</p>
	<p>Let's rake them in a pile and jump right in. Jump right in, jump right in.</p>
	<p>Let's rake them in a pile and jump right in.</p>
	<p>All day long.</p>

Five Little Pumpkins
Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Lily Knight)

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 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	Five little pumpkins sitting on a gate.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	The first one said, "Oh my, it's getting late!"
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	The second one said, "There are witches in the air."
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	The third one said, "But we don't care."
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	The fourth one said, "Let's run and run and run."
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	The fifth one said, "I'm ready for some fun."
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	Ooo ooo went the wind.
 <p>©storymassage.co.uk</p>	And out went the light









I'm a Little Hedgehog
(To the tune of 'I'm a Little Teapot')
 Adapted for the Story Massage Programme
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	<p>I'm a little hedgehog, Brown and small.</p>
	<p>Very prickly, Not that tall.</p>
	<p>When I'm feeling frightened, Away I crawl.</p>
	<p>And curl up, Into a ball!</p>
	<p>I'm a little hedgehog Build my nest,</p>
	<p>When it's autumn Leaves are best.</p>
	<p>If you build a bonfire. Have you guessed?</p>
	<p>Check inside, I might be having a rest!</p>

Owl

Adapted for the Story Massage Programme






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 ©storymassage.co.uk	With a pointed nose.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	He has pointed ears.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And claws for his toes.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	He sits in a tree And looks at you.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Then flaps his wings and says, "Tu-whit, tu-who!"

Witches, Witches

Adapted by Gemma Brown for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Poppy Munnerly)

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	Witches, witches, skeletons and bats.
	Scary ghosts and big black cats.
	Whoooo! Whooo! What a fright!
	It's scary, scary!
	On Halloween night.



Come Little Leaves

Anonymous poem adapted by Sophie Kidd-Munnery for the Story
Massage Programme








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	"Come little leaves" said the wind one day.
	"Come over the meadows with me, and play;
	"Put on your dresses of red and gold
	"Summer is gone and the days grow cold."
	Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
	Down they came fluttering, one and all;
	Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
	Singing the soft little songs they knew.

An Autumn Walk

Written by Laura Kirk for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Maisy Munnery)

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Walk along the path into the autumn breeze.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Watch as the leaves, yellow, brown and red, fall slowly to the ground.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The conkers drop from the branches of the tall trees and...
 ©storymassage.co.uk	... roll along the ground.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Pick the juicy blackberries from the bushes and taste the wonderful fruits.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Autumn is here. The nights are darker, and the breeze is colder.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And the animals are getting ready to sleep.



Our Day in the Autumn Woods

Written by Gemma Brown for the Story Massage Programme













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 ©storymassage.co.uk	We walked under the canopy of trees.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We kicked the leaves that had fallen.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We ran up the steep hill.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We found a tree to climb.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We sheltered from the rain shower.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We ran back down the hill,
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Before we headed home again.

It's Autumn

Written as a group effort for the Story Massage Programme

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	It's not autumn because the snow is falling.
	It's not autumn because I decorated a Christmas tree.
	It's winter!
	It's not autumn because there are buds and shoots on the trees and plants.
	It's not autumn because baby animals are playing in the fields.
	It's spring!
	It's not autumn because my paddling pool is out.
	It's not autumn because my mate is cutting the grass.
	It's summer!
	It's autumn because the evenings are getting darker and darker.
	It's autumn because leaves are blowing across the forest floor.
	It's autumn!

Autumn Time is Near

Written by Nikki Hickmore, Lisa Chappell and Melanie Murphy
for the Story Massage Programme












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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Autumn time is near We will miss the summer days but let's think of all the good things about autumn.
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 ©storymassage.co.uk	The apples and pears are falling from the trees.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Fields are being harvested for their pumpkins and squash.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	I like autumn because
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The leaves turn warm and golden colours.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And the fresh wind blows the leaves all around.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	I like autumn because
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We can enjoy the festivities of Bonfire night watching the fireworks.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And enjoy the dark cosy nights wrapped up warm.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	I'm happy that autumn is near.

The Lonely Leaf

Written by Melanie Murphy, Lisa Chappell and Nikki Hickmore for
the Story Massage Programme







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	One leaf falling, falling, falling ...
	Little lonely leaf fell to the ground.
	It was swept up in the wind and blew across the park. It blew past houses and shops, and cars and bicycles.
	It blew past children jumping in puddles, squealing with delight.
	And finally, it ended up in Lisa's garden.
	Along came Daddy and raked up the lonely leaf with all the other leaves. He made a big mound of leaves.
	What's that? Can you hear a rustling sound?
	Here comes a hedgehog. Snip, snip, snip!
	It rolled into a ball and settled down in the pile of leaves to hibernate for winter.
	The lonely leaf was happy to be useful, helping the hedgehog.
	"Remember not to disturb the leaves," said Daddy, "It's a resting place for hedgehogs."

Autumn Leaves

Written by Adrienne Woods, Angela Brown and Lorraine Leveridge
for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Maisy Munnery)

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	<p>Red, orange, yellow, brown, leaves all around. Falling, falling to the ground.</p>
	<p>Swirling and twirling, leaves all around. Wind whistling across the ground.</p>
	<p>Red, orange, yellow, brown, leaves all around. Falling, falling to the ground.</p>
	<p>Crispy, scrunchy, crackling sound. Now the leaves cover the ground.</p>
	<p>Red, orange, yellow, brown, leaves all around. Falling, falling to the ground.</p>
	<p>Come on let's jump and kick the leaves around. One, two, three ... jump on the ground.</p>








In the Autumn in the Woods

Written by Gemma Brown and Sophie Kidd-Munnery for the Story
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(with illustration by Sophie Kidd-Munnery)

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	In the autumn in the woods, I can see leaves of orange, red and brown.
	In the autumn in the woods, I can hear the rustling of the leaves on the ground.
	In the autumn in the woods, I can smell the dampness of the soil.
	In the autumn in the woods, I can feel the autumn mist on my face.
	In the autumn in the woods, I look forward to the taste of warm pumpkin soup for tea.



Autumn Sunset

Written by Angela Vigus for the Story Massage Programme

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	At the end of the day As the sun begins to set.
	Watch the sky dance With colours making a beautiful sunset.
	Look at the pinks Look at the reds.
	Not forgetting the purples and oranges.
	And as the sunset starts to fade.
	The moon begins to rise Shining brightly in the night sky.
	Now watch the night sky start to sparkle and shine
	As moonbeams begin to dance before your very eyes.
	Everyone becomes sleepy and ready for bed.
	As you drift off to sleep know that all is safe. Good night!

Autumn

Written by and illustrated by Luella Perkins (aged 12)
for the Story Massage Programme

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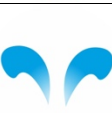




	Red and orange leaves on the ground.
	Jumping in puddles - up and down.
	Little hedgehogs coming out at night.
	It's nearly Halloween!
	A little bit of a fright.
	Bats and pumpkins and skeletons too.
	And some ghosts that will say 'BOO!'
	It's finally autumn, hip-hip hooray
	Let's go outside and have a play!



Harvest Time Again

Written by Karen Horner for the Story Massage Programme

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	As summer turns to autumn It's harvest time again.
	Crops need picking quickly, Before the winter rain.
	It's harvest time again.
	Tractors in the fields Working all the day.
	Collecting every cabbage, And bailing up the hay.
	It's harvest time again.
	Harvest time brings lots of work. But can be great fun too.
	We are grateful for our crops and plants That provide food for me and you.
	It's harvest time again.

Amazing Autumn - Amazing You!

Written by Una Curran for the Story Massage Programme

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





	Autumn is here to share its beautiful box of warm colours with us.
	The leaves say goodbye to their trees as they twirl and dance on the ground.
	Each leaf is a unique colour and shape, just like we are all uniquely different.
	Sometimes we want things to stay the same and not change. But nature shows us how each season must change.
	The leaves are changing to beautiful colours of red, orange, yellow and gold.
	You are changing and growing as a beautiful, talented individual.
	Autumn gives us the chance to collect the harvest and feel grateful for the apple and blackberry crumble we can eat.
	We can thank the sun for shining in the summer and bringing us happy days together with family and friends.
	Each season is important and shows us how clever nature is.
	Let's pause and observe its beauty.
	Autumn doesn't feel sad that summer is over. Autumn enjoys every moment and keeps moving forward.

To Autumn

By John Keats (1795-1821)

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

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	Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
	Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
	Conspiring with him how to load and bless
	With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
	To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
	And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
	To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
	With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
	And still more, later flowers for the bees,
	Until they think warm days will never cease,
	For summer had o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Autumn Fires

By Robert Lewis Stevenson (1850 1894)

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

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	In the other gardens And all up the vale,
	From the autumn bonfires See the smoke trail!
	Pleasant summer over And all the summer flowers,
	The red fire blazes, The grey smoke towers.
	Sing a song of seasons! Something bright in all!
	Flowers in the summer, Fires in the fall.

Autumn

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807- 1882)

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme

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	With what a glory goes and comes the year!
	The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
	Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
	Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
	And when the silver habit of the clouds
	Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
	A sober gladness the old year takes up
	His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
	A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

Late Autumn

By Joseph Horatio Chant (1837 - 1928)

Adapted by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme









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 ©storymassage.co.uk	The fields lie bare before me now,
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The fruit is gathered in,
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Not even seen a grazing cow, Nor heard the blackbird's din.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The heath is brown, and ivy pale, The woodbine berries red,
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And withered leaves borne on the gale Sink down on peaty bed.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	At morn the fence was covered o'er With a pale sheet of rime;
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The earth was like a marble floor, And now is turned to grime.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	For autumn rains are falling fast, And swells the running brook.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The Indian summer, too, is past; For snowfall soon we look.

Kym's Pumpkin

Written by Kym Shepherd for the Story Massage Programme
(Kym is pictured below with her pumpkin)

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	I like to carve my pumpkin
	With (add name)
	We cut the top
	I like to take the seeds out with my hands.
	It smells fresh and feels sticky and gooey.
	I carve eyes, nose and
	A mouth into my pumpkin.
	I put a twinkling candle into my pumpkin.
	I like to relax and look at my pumpkin.



Halloween/Scared Feelings

Written by Una Curran for the Story Massage Programme












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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Our friends and teachers might wear a costume too.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	On Halloween night it will be dark outside, and we might see the stars and moon in the sky.
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 ©storymassage.co.uk	We might feel scared as we see different decorations hanging in the shops and outside people's houses.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We could hear different sounds or loud fireworks that might scare us. It is okay to feel scared.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	You can tell your parents or teachers if you feel scared and they will help you to feel safe. Then we can enjoy the fun of Halloween together.

Trick or Treat

Written by Melanie Kelly for the Story Massage Programme

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	On Halloween night When the moon is full.
	And the stars are shining bright. What will give you the biggest fright?
	Will it be Zombies dragging their feet Oozing and growling, looking for humans to eat.
	Will it be witches with their little black cats
	Flying on broomsticks wearing pointy hats
	Making their potions and casting their spells. Maybe they'll turn you into...
	A big fat slug with a shell.
	Will it be ghosts floating through the air
	Looking for anyone they can scare.
	With vampires and pumpkins, they'll gather to meet
	Knocking at your door and shouting: "Trick or Treat!"

The Haunted Woods

Written by Lisa Lawrence for the Story Massage Programme







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 ©storymassage.co.uk	The trees were rustling in the howling wind.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The ghosts were floating through the trees
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And the moonlight flickered between their leaves.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	The bats were flapping in the moonlit sky
 ©storymassage.co.uk	While spiders scurried in their glistening webs.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Rats were squeaking around their feet
 ©storymassage.co.uk	And raindrops dripped upon their clothes.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We hug each other to keep us safe.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We are together so we are not scared.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	It's not really haunted in the night-time woods!

On Halloween Night

Written by Kim Shepherd, Lisa Sheridan and Astrid Gilmartin
for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Poppy Munnery)

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	On Halloween night we might hear a bat
	And we might hear fireworks too.
	We might see bright colours in the dark sky
	And children dressed as pumpkins or scary ghosts.
	We might play 'trick or treat' for a tasty sweet.
	Before heading home for a good night's sleep.



Fantastic Fireworks

Written by Sophie Kidd-Munnery for the Story Massage Programme








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	It's fireworks night. Red, blue, green.
	Noisy fireworks. Flash, bang scream!
	Orange and yellow. Shooting high.
	Then sprinkling back down from the sky.
	Fantastic flying fireworks.
	Shooting rockets, spinning Catherine Wheels and sparklers.
	Crackle, sparkle, shimmer.
	Gold, blue and silver.
	Whizzing and whirling.
	Crash, zap, boom!
	Fantastic fireworks.
	Zoom, zoom, zoom.

Boom, Boom, Bang!

Written by Leigh Wharton for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Eliza Wharton)

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	Look at the pretty fireworks in the sky. Way, way up high.
	Boom, Boom, Bang!
	Listen to the cracking over there. What can you smell in the air?
	Boom, Boom, Bang!
	What's that cooking over there? What's that smell in the air?
	Boom, Boom, Bang!
	The fireworks have come and gone. We walk home singing a song.



Fireworks

Written by Nicola Donald for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Eliza Wharton)

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	Bang! There goes another one, screaming as it goes.
	It's getting high, up in the sky.
	And fizzle - there she blows!
	Whoosh! Up high above the house,
	Behind a trail of sparks.
	Yellow, orange, red and white.
	Exploding in the dark!



Acorns to Oak Trees

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Sophie Kidd-Munnery)

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	Acorns fall from oak trees in the autumn.
	Some acorns are covered in fallen leaves. Some buried in the ground by squirrels.
	Some of the hidden acorns will grow into new oak trees.
	Inside each acorn is a little seed.
	The seed germinates in the soil. It grows small roots that start to go deep into the ground and absorb water and nutrients.
	Then a green shoot appears. Soon, the shoot has a stem and green leaves.
	The shoot slowly grows taller and taller, and becomes a small tree called a sapling.
	The sapling grows and grows into a mature oak tree.
	After 20-30 years, the oak tree produces acorns.
	And in the autumn, the acorns fall to the ground. And the life cycle begins again.



Guy Fawkes

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme







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	November 5th is known as Fireworks Night or Bonfire Night, or Guy Fawkes night.
	Guy Fawkes was a Catholic. He was part of a small group of English Catholics who plotted to blow up the Houses of Parliament.
	They did not agree with the Protestant faith and wanted to kill King James 1 and his Government so they could have a Catholic King.
	They hid 36 barrels of gunpowder under the Houses of Parliament.
	It was the job of Guy Fawkes to guard the gunpowder. Then he planned to light the fuses to create a huge explosion.
	But November 5 th 1605, he was caught just in time. There was no explosion, and no-one was killed or injured.
	Guy Fawkes was arrested and taken to the Tower of London.
	King James 1 said that everyone should hold celebrations because the Gunpowder Plot had failed.
	So, every year on November 5th, we celebrate with fireworks and bonfires and sparklers. Sometimes, people put a dummy on the fire called a 'Guy' after Guy Fawkes.

Hibernating Hedgehogs

Written by Mary Atkinson for the Story Massage Programme
(with illustration by Sophie Kidd-Munnery)

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 ©storymassage.co.uk	Hedgehogs hibernate in the autumn. This means they stay very still and safe in a warm place, so they don't use up much energy.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	Like all of us, hedgehogs need food for energy so they can grow and move around. They love to eat slugs and snails.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	As winter approaches, it becomes hard for hedgehogs to find food.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	So they build nests using old dry leaves and grass. They build them hedges and roots of trees, under sheds and log piles and other safe places.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	We must always check any bonfires and compost heaps for a hedgehog nest, so we don't disturb them.
 ©storymassage.co.uk	In spring when the weather is warmer, hedgehogs come out of their nests and start to look for food again.



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and online training please visit:

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