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Please read this page as it contains very important information about this printable package.

Fonts and editable text

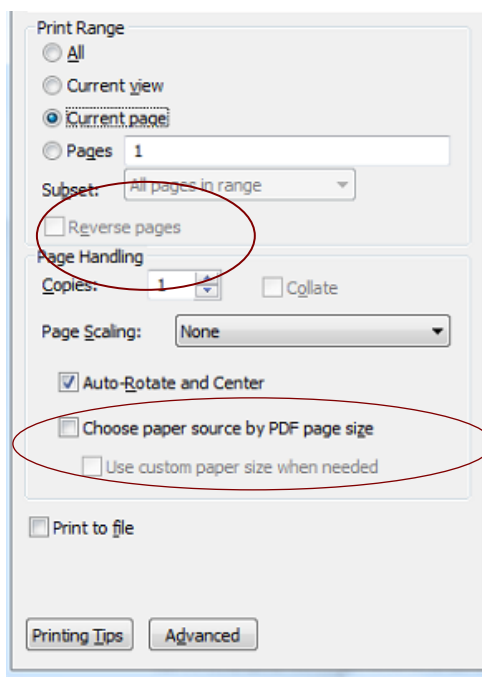
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How to score

Scoring is the act of creating a line or depression in the paper that will help the paper fold. As paper gets heavier it is increasingly harder to fold. It is therefore a good idea to score the paper before folding it and sometimes before cutting it. To score a line use a dull knife or embossing stylus and a ruler. Hold the ruler firmly at the place you want to fold. Then take the knife or stylus and draw a line, staying right next to the ruler. You want to press down firm enough to create a valley in the paper deep enough to allow the paper to fold easily.

Printing

- ❖ Experiment with your printer's print quality. You should get good results printing at Standard Quality. But you may want to print at the highest quality available for your printer.
- ❖ Set your Page Scaling to None in the Printer's dialog box. You may get an error message. Just ignore it.
- ❖ Since this pdf contains several pages, be sure to set your print options to print: Current page.
- ❖ If you are having trouble with parts of the design (not the instructions) not printing around the edges, it means your printer has wide margins. Just adjust the print setting to fit to paper. This is not recommended for cards.



Contact

Please feel free to contact me at: www.partytimemysteries.com with any questions or concerns.

Finger/Stick Puppets

Instructions: Print on card stock. Cut around each puppet and tape or glue to unused popcicle stick. For Finger Puppets cut out backs as well. Glue heads together back to back and tape sides from armpit down to bottom of puppet with clear tape.



Mama Bear



Papa Bear



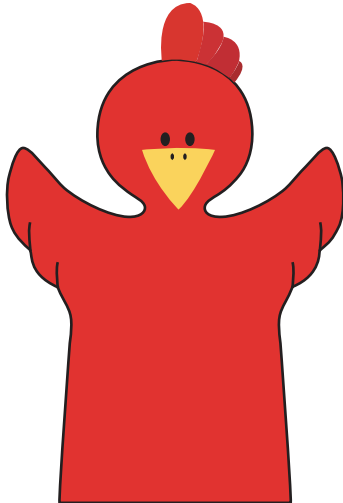
Baby Bear



Goldilocks



The Little Red Hen



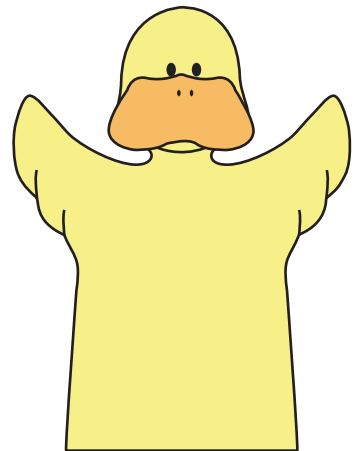
Cat



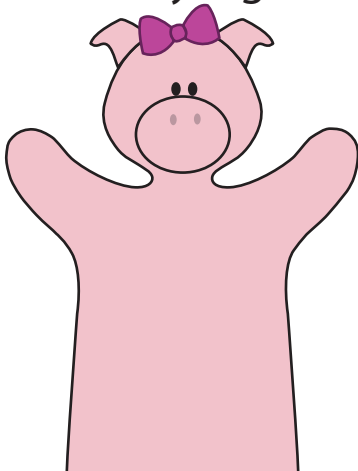
Dog



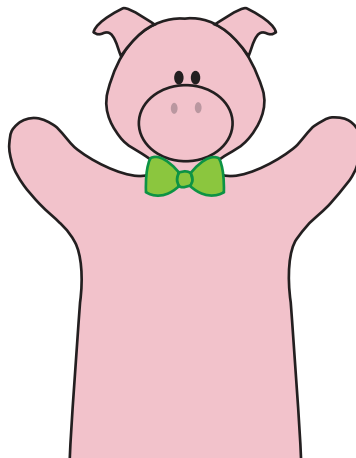
Duck



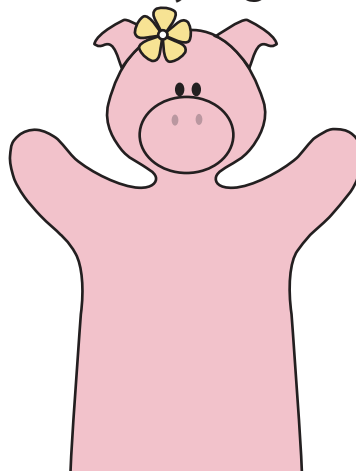
Patty Pig



Peter Pig



Penny Pig



Wolf



Finger/Stick Puppet Backs

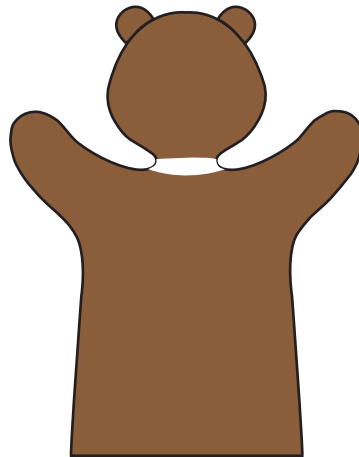
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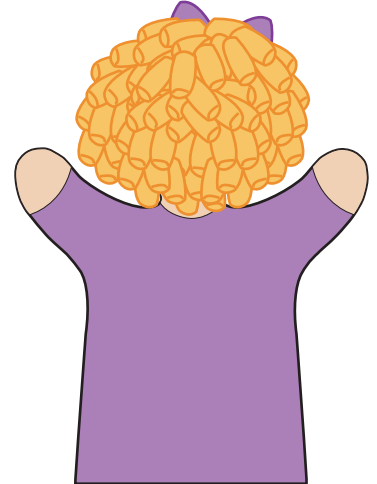
Papa Bear



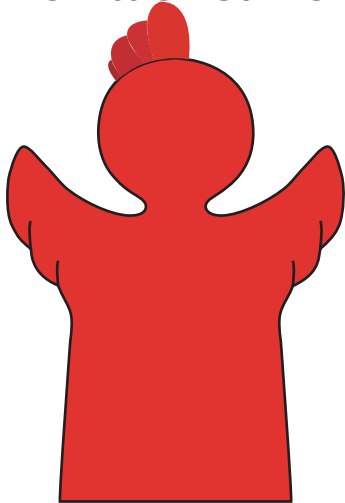
Baby Bear



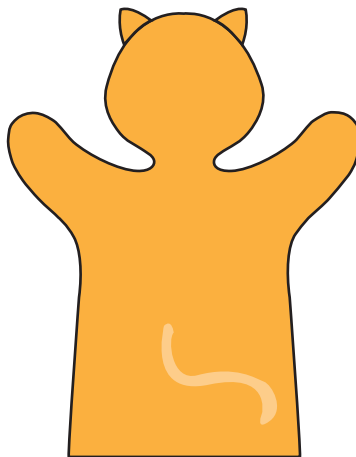
Goldilocks



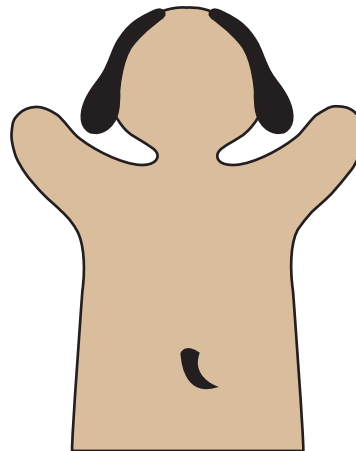
The Little Red Hen



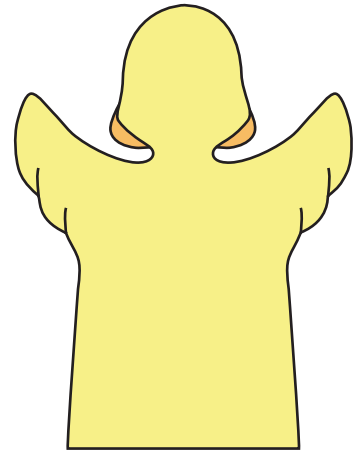
Cat



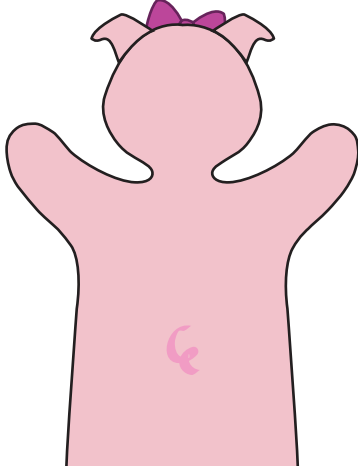
Dog



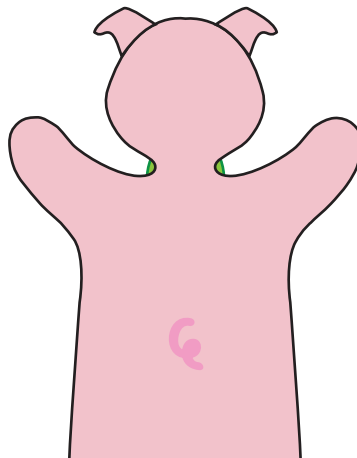
Duck



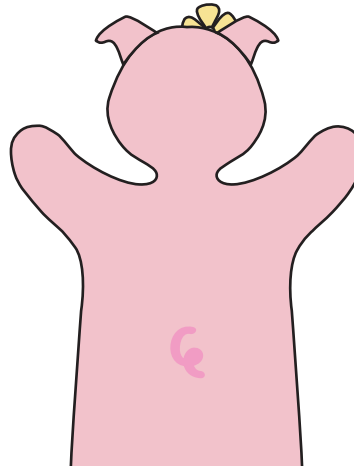
Patty Pig



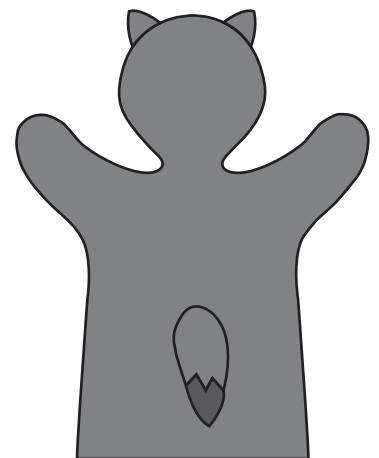
Peter Pig



Penny Pig



Wolf



Finger/Stick Puppets

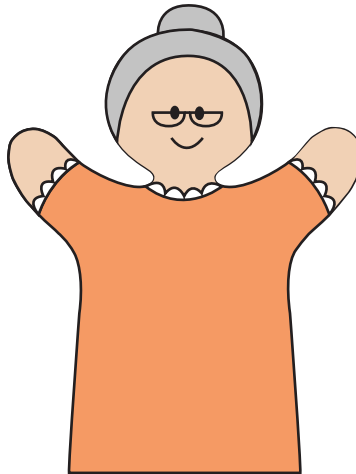
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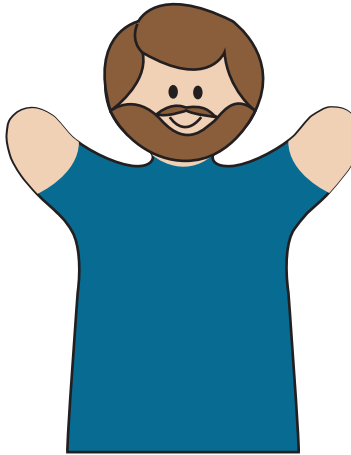
Little Red
Riding Hood



Old Woman/
Grandmother



Woodsman



Wolf



Gingerbread Man



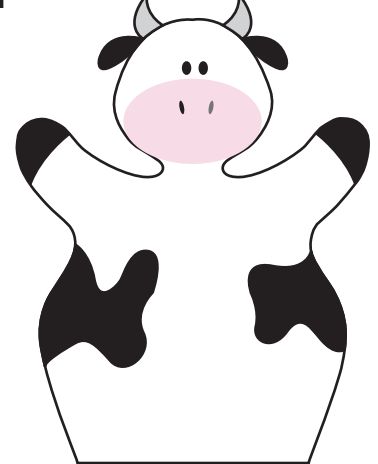
Fox



Old Man/Grandfather



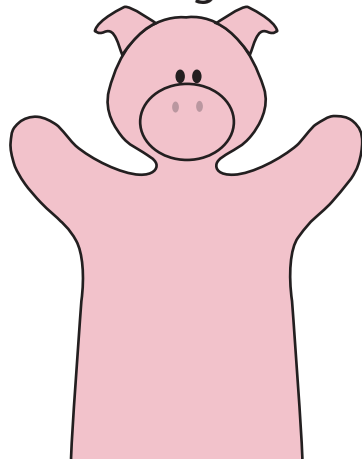
Cow



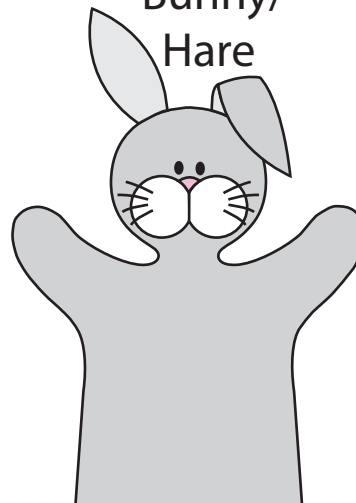
Bear



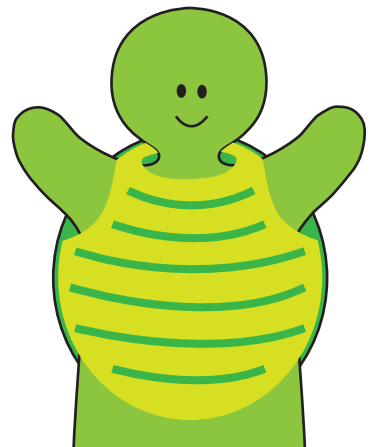
Pig



Bunny/
Hare



Tortoise/Turtle

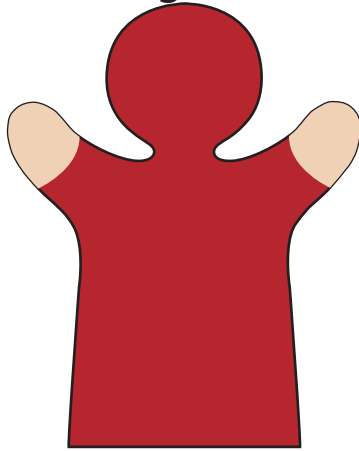


Finger/Stick Puppet Backs

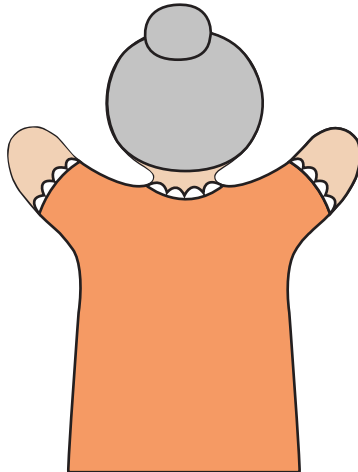
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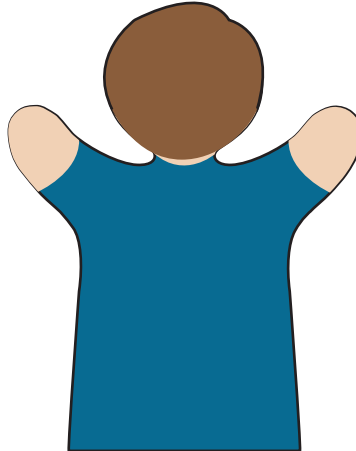
Little Red
Riding Hood



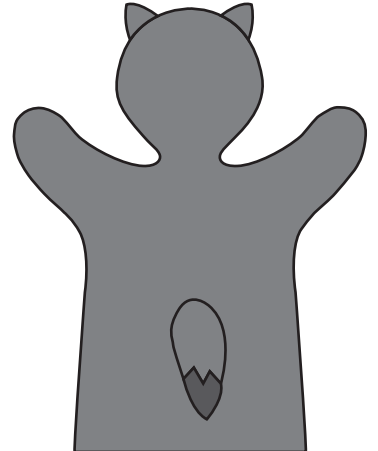
Old Woman/
Grandmother



Woodsman



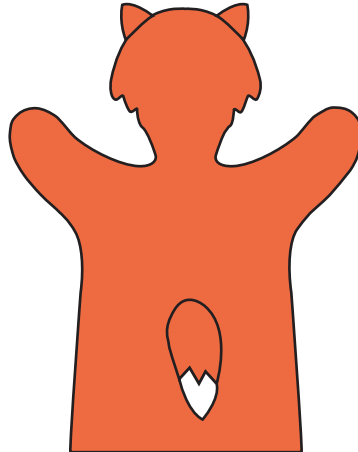
Wolf



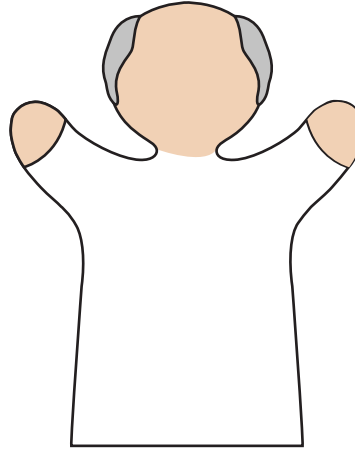
Gingerbread Man



Fox



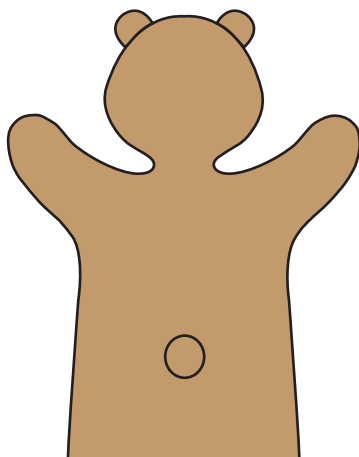
Old Man/Grandfather



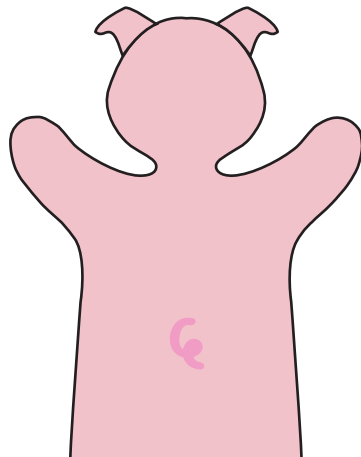
Cow



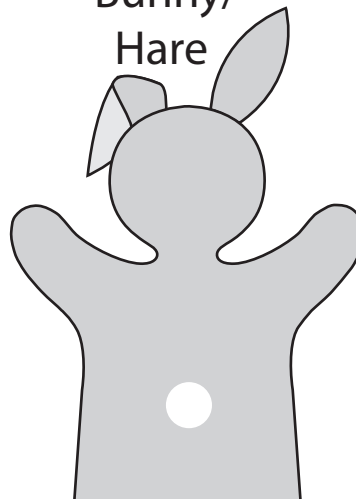
Bear



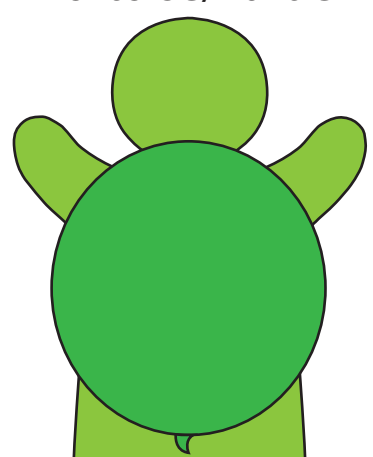
Pig



Bunny/
Hare



Tortoise/Turtle



The Story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Goldilocks. She went for a walk in the forest. Pretty soon, she came upon a house. She knocked and, when no one answered, she walked right in.

At the table in the kitchen, there were three bowls of porridge. Goldilocks was hungry. She tasted the porridge from the first bowl.

"This porridge is too hot!" she exclaimed.

So, she tasted the porridge from the second bowl.

"This porridge is too cold," she said

So, she tasted the last bowl of porridge.

"Ahhh, this porridge is just right," she said happily and she ate it all up.

After she'd eaten the three bears' breakfasts she decided she was feeling a little tired. So, she walked into the living room where she saw three chairs. Goldilocks sat in the first chair to rest her feet.

"This chair is too big!" she exclaimed.

So she sat in the second chair.

"This chair is too big, too!" she whined.

So she tried the last and smallest chair.

"Ahhh, this chair is just right," she sighed. But just as she settled down into the chair to rest, it broke into pieces!

Goldilocks was very tired by this time, so she went upstairs to the bedroom. She lay down in the first bed, but it was too hard. Then she lay in the second bed, but it was too soft. Then she lay down in the third bed and it was just right. Goldilocks fell asleep.

As she was sleeping, the three bears came home.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge and they ate it all up!" cried the Baby bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair and they've broken it all to pieces," cried the Baby bear.

They decided to look around some more and when they got upstairs to the bedroom, Papa bear growled, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed,"

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too" said the Mama bear

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there!" exclaimed Baby bear.

Just then, Goldilocks woke up and saw the three bears. She screamed, "Help!" And she jumped up and ran out of the room. Goldilocks ran down the stairs, opened the door, and ran away into the forest. And she never returned to the home of the three bears.

THE END

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a village near the forest. Whenever she went out, the little girl wore a red riding cloak, so everyone in the village called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning, Little Red Riding Hood asked her mother if she could go to visit her grandmother as it had been awhile since they'd seen each other.

"That's a good idea," her mother said. So they packed a nice basket for Little Red Riding Hood to take to her grandmother.

When the basket was ready, the little girl put on her red cloak and kissed her mother goodbye.

"Remember, go straight to Grandma's house," her mother cautioned. "Don't dawdle along the way and please don't talk to strangers! The woods are dangerous."

"Don't worry, mommy," said Little Red Riding Hood, "I'll be careful."

But when Little Red Riding Hood noticed some lovely flowers in the woods, she forgot her promise to her mother. She picked a few, watched the butterflies flit about for awhile, listened to the frogs croaking and then picked a few more.

Little Red Riding Hood was enjoying the warm summer day so much, that she didn't notice a dark shadow approaching out of the forest behind her...

Suddenly, the wolf appeared beside her.

"What are you doing out here, little girl?" the wolf asked in a voice as friendly as he could muster.

"I'm on my way to see my Grandma who lives through the forest, near the brook," Little Red Riding Hood replied.

Then she realized how late she was and quickly excused herself, rushing down the path to her Grandma's house.

The wolf, in the meantime, took a shortcut...The wolf, a little out of breath from running, arrived at Grandma's and knocked lightly at the door.

"Oh thank goodness dear! Come in, come in! I was worried sick that something had happened to you in the forest," said Grandma thinking that the knock was her granddaughter.

The wolf let himself in. Poor Granny did not have time to say another word, before the wolf gobbled her up! The wolf let out a satisfied burp, and then poked through Granny's wardrobe to

find a nightgown that he liked. He added a frilly sleeping cap, and for good measure, dabbed some of Granny's perfume behind his pointy ears.

A few minutes later, Red Riding Hood knocked on the door. The wolf jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his nose. "Who is it?" he called in a cackly voice.

"It's me, Little Red Riding Hood."

"Oh how lovely! Do come in, my dear," croaked the wolf.

When Little Red Riding Hood entered the little cottage, she could scarcely recognize her Grandmother.

"Grandmother! Your voice sounds so odd. Is something the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, I just have touch of a cold," squeaked the wolf adding a cough at the end to prove the point.

"But Grandmother! What big ears you have," said Little Red Riding Hood as she edged closer to the bed.

"The better to hear you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"But Grandmother! What big eyes you have," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to see you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"But Grandmother! What big teeth you have," said Little Red Riding Hood her voice quivering slightly.

"The better to eat you with, my dear," roared the wolf and he leapt out of the bed and began to chase the little girl.

Almost too late, Little Red Riding Hood realized that the person in the bed was not her Grandmother, but a hungry wolf.

She ran across the room and through the door, shouting, "Help! Wolf!" as loudly as she could.

A woodsman who was chopping logs nearby heard her cry and ran towards the cottage as fast as he could.

He grabbed the wolf and made him spit out the poor Grandmother who was a bit frazzled by the whole experience, but still in one piece.

"Oh Grandma, I was so scared!" sobbed Little Red Riding Hood, "I'll never speak to strangers or dawdle in the forest again."

"There, there, child. You've learned an important lesson. Thank goodness you shouted loud enough for this kind woodsman to hear you!"

The woodsman knocked out the wolf and carried him deep into the forest where he wouldn't bother people any longer.

Little Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother had a nice lunch and a long chat.

THE END

The Three Little Pigs

by Leanne Guenther

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs, named Peter, Patty and Penny, who left their mommy and daddy to see the world.

All summer long, they roamed through the woods and fields, playing games and having fun. None were happier than the three little pigs, and they easily made friends with everyone they met.

Wherever they went, they were given a warm welcome and never had to worry about where they would sleep. But as summer drew to a close, they realized that people were starting to prepare their homes for winter. The three little pigs decided that they too needed a home of their own to keep them safe and warm through the winter.

Peter, the first little pig, was the oldest of the three. He decided to build a straw hut. "It'll only take a day! Then I'll go have fun and play," he sang enthusiastically.

The others disagreed.

"It's too fragile," they said disapprovingly, but Peter refused to listen (after all, he WAS the oldest by 3 whole minutes).

Patty Pig was the second little pig (born 3 minutes after Peter and 4 seconds before Penny). She decided that a house of straw would be too cold during the winter (and that bugs might get in!) So she went off in search of twigs and wood to build her house.

"Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!" It took her two days to nail her house of wood together.

Patty finished, looked at her house and thought to herself, "Well..., it's a little wobbly and maybe it isn't my VERY best job... but it's supposed to be warm this winter so it should do."

Penny quietly voiced her opinion that the house didn't look sturdy enough to stand up to wind, rain, snow (or bugs). Peter teased that Patty had wasted a whole day searching for wood when she could have been having fun playing with him.

Patty turned and sang out, "It only took an extra day. Now I can go have fun and play."

Penny Pig was the youngest of the three and being the youngest loved to play at least as much as Peter and Patty did. But she remembered what her mommy and daddy had taught her growing up.

Her daddy always told her, "We don't expect you to be perfect Penny."

And her mommy always added, "We'll always be proud of you as long as you've done your very best job."

So Penny Pig sighed and thought, "It will take time, patience and hard work to build a safe, warm, comfortable house. I've never done it before and I'm a little nervous, but I'm going to do my very best job!"

Penny went to the library and took out some books about building houses. She spent two whole days reading the books before she decided that a house of bricks would be the best choice.

Penny spent another whole day collecting supplies. A day to lay the foundation. Another to pour the cement. Yet another to stack the bricks and four more to put on the roof and paint. Just to make sure that she'd tried her best, she decided to take a few more days to build some cozy wooden furniture to put in her house of bricks. By the time she was done with her house, two weeks had passed and the leaves outside had taken on their autumn colours.

Penny looked at her little house with pride. Sure, the chimney was a little crooked and the paint had dripped a bit here and there, but Penny knew that she'd done her very best job and was quite proud of what she'd accomplished.

Peter, Patty and Penny spent the next day playing. The two older pigs teased Penny that she'd wasted the whole fall building her house (and Peter couldn't resist pointing out that even after all that work, Penny hadn't even managed to get the chimney on straight!) But Penny was happy with the choices she'd made as she sat in front of her cozy fireplace that night.

Peter wasn't nearly as comfortable in his house of straw. The cold night air crept in quickly. Peter hadn't taken the time to build a bed so he huddled in the corner on a mound of leftover straw. As the sun rose the next morning, Peter was starting to wish that he'd spent a bit more time on his house. As he pondered what he was going to use to cook breakfast with, Peter heard a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" Peter asked... it was awfully early for visitors.

Peter hadn't been the only one wondering about breakfast. A big, bad, hungry wolf had wandered through the forest. He hadn't eaten for awhile and a nice young piggy was just the kind of breakfast he was craving!

"Come out!" ordered the wolf, his mouth watering. "I want to speak to you!"

Peter may have been a bit lazy, but he certainly wasn't dumb. "I'd rather stay where I am," he replied.

"Come out now!" yelled the wolf fiercely.

"Not by the hair on my chin-y chin chin," teased Peter (after all, what could the wolf do about it).

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll bloooooow your house in!" threatened the wolf who blew with all his might, right onto the house. All the straw that Peter had heaped against some thin

poles fell down in the great blast.

Peter dashed as fast as he could to his sister Patty's house. Patty had heard the commotion. She ran to the door, accidentally squishing a beetle that was sitting by her bed. She bravely brushed the two spiders that had built webs inside the doorframe out of her way and pulled the door open for her brother.

The wolf ran after Peter and shouted "Come out and play with me!" just as the door slammed in his face.

"Not by the hair on our chin-y chin chins," replied Patty (almost as upset about all the bugs she had begun to notice scurrying around her floor as she was about the wolf).

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll bloooooow your house in!" yelled the wolf who blew with all his might, right onto the house. The wooden house creaked and squeaked and then collapsed like a pack of cards.

Peter and Patty dashed out and were halfway to Penny's house before the last twig had hit the ground. Penny urged them in, took one last look at the crooked chimney, crossed her fingers and slammed the door.

"Come out here, now! I want my breakfast," growled the wolf, not bothering to pretend anymore.

"Not by the hair on our chin-y chin chins," replied Peter, Patty and Penny (her fingers still crossed tightly).

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll bloooooow your house in!" yelled the wolf who blew with all his might, right onto the house.

Nothing happened.

The wolf drew an even deeper breath and blew again. And again! But Penny Pig's house of bricks with the crooked chimney and drippy paint was her very best job and it would NOT fall down no matter how hard the wolf blew.

After all his huffing and puffing the wolf was even hungrier than he'd been to begin with and he was not about to give up. He climbed carefully up a nearby ladder and scrambled onto the roof. Before Peter, Patty and Penny knew what was happening, the wolf started to slide down the chimney!

"Yikes!" cried Peter.

"We're toast!" sobbed Patty.

"Bacon, actually!" wailed Penny.

But slowly the three little pigs realized that the wolf had somehow gotten stuck before he had made it all the way down. Understanding what had happened, Penny started to giggle nervously. "I think he got caught in the crooked part of my chimney!"

Peter nodded with disbelief, jumped up and threw some wood onto the fireplace. Patty grabbed the matches and started a fire which was soon roaring. It didn't take long for the three little pigs to hear the anguished howl of the wolf as he scrambled back up the chimney. The flames licked his hairy coat and his tail became a flaming torch.

"Never again! Never again will I go down a chimney!" he squealed, as he tried to put out the flames in his tail. Then he ran away as fast as he could.

That very same day, Peter and Patty took out library books on how to build a brick house. Penny did her best to give them some instruction and Peter showed his sisters how to put on paint without it getting drippy (after all, he WAS the oldest by 3 whole minutes).

The wolf did return once to roam in the neighbourhood, but when he caught sight of THREE crooked chimneys, he remembered the terrible pain of a burnt tail and he left for good.

Now safe and happy, Penny sang out to her brother and sister, "No more working for today... Come on let's go out to play!"

THE END

The Little Red Hen

Once upon a time, a dog, a cat, a pig, and a little red hen lived on an old farm on a flowery hill surrounded by fields of golden wheat. One day, the Little Red Hen found some grains of wheat scattered in the barnyard. "Look what I've found!" she said to the other animals. "Who will help me plant these grains of wheat?"

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. She knew that seeds need water to grow tall and strong. "Who will help me water these seeds?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The Little Red Hen watered the soil and waited patiently for the wheat to grow. When the wheat was tall and golden, she knew it was ready to be cut. "Who will help me harvest the wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The Little Red Hen's basket was soon filled with wheat. "Who will help me take the wheat to the mill to be ground into flour?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The kind miller ground the wheat into powdery, velvety flour, and the Little Red Hen carried it home in a rough brown sack. "Who will help me make this flour into bread?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The Little Red Hen mixed the flour into sticky dough and kneaded it into a smooth loaf. "Who will help me put this bread into the oven to bake?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.
"Not I!" said the cat.
"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The kitchen filled with the delicious scent of baking bread, and the other animals came to see what was happening. The Little Red Hen took the warm, crusty loaf out of the oven, and set it on the table. "Who will help me eat this fresh, tasty bread?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"I will!" said the dog.
"I will!" said the cat.
"I will!" said the pig.

"No, you will not," said the Little Red Hen. "You didn't help me plant it, or water it, or harvest it, or mill it, or bake it. I shall eat it myself!" And so she did.

"Oh me!" said the dog.
"Oh my!" said the cat.
"Oh me, oh my!" said the pig.

The next time the Little Red Hen found some grains of wheat, the dog planted it in the rich, brown soil, the cat watered it carefully every day, and the pig harvested the wheat when it had grown tall and strong. When the dough was baked, together the animals made hot chocolate and ate the fresh, warm bread. It was delicious! The animals lived happily ever after, cooperating and helping every day.

THE END

The Hare and the Tortoise

"Nah nah nah boo boo, I'm faster than you!" shouted Harriet Hare as she sped down the road.

Normally, Timothy Tortoise was a very easy going reptile. He was happy roaming through the forest at his own pace. But the nasty taunts of Harriet Hare were starting to make him angry.

Later that day Timothy finally arrived (last as usual) at the playground by the river. Sure enough, as soon as he arrived, Harriet started teasing him again.

"A heavy green shell and short little feet, you're the slowest guy I ever did meet!", Harriet taunted.

Timothy slowly turned his head to look Harriet straight in the eye, "I am too slow or so you say. To find the truth, let's race today!"

All the animals in the playground gasped. A race? Between Harriet Hare, the fastest runner and Timothy Turtle the last to show up? What an odd thing that would be to watch.

"I'll set up a course for you to race on", offered Freddy the Fox.

Harriet Hare laughed out loud, "A race you want? A race you'll see. I know I'm faster than Timothy!"

And so Freddy the Fox set up a race course all the way from the playground by the river to the big oak tree at the edge of the forest. All of the animals met at the starting line early in the afternoon.

"On your mark..." shouted Freddy.

"Just a minute Freddy," giggled Beatrice the Bear, "um, Timothy hasn't quite made it to the starting line yet."

"I'm fine," smiled Timothy, "I always make it to where I'm headed."

"Get set...Go!" chanted the animals all together.

Harriet Hare was off like a shot. She made it around the corner by the meadow before Timothy even had all of his feet across the starting line.

Freddy the Fox groaned and shook his head. He'd been hoping his friend Timothy would somehow manage to beat Harriet -- she was always such a show off. "Oh well, let's head over to the finish line everyone. If we cut across the meadow maybe we'll manage to get there in time to watch Harriet cross the finish line." Off the animals went, leaving Timothy to slowly make his way down the path Freddy had set as the race course.

Meanwhile, Harriet had run so fast that she could actually see the finish line already. She had to sit down, she was laughing so hard, "I can't believe the nerve of him, to think that he might actually win!"

Harriet gazed over to the finish line and realized that none of the spectators were there yet. "Perhaps I'll rest underneath this tree, so when I win the crowds will see. After all that turtle's slow, he'll take all day to catch up I know."

Harriet lay down and promptly fell asleep.

Timothy made his way down the path along the river, across the meadow and right past the snoozing Harriet. He didn't stop and rest anywhere along the race track.

As Timothy approached the finish line all of the animals began to cheer. Harriet awoke from her nap and ran as fast as she could, but she was too late. Timothy picked his last foot up across the line an instant before she made it there.

Harriet pulled her ears and stomped her feet, "No fair, no fair, no fair, I say! I am the fastest any day."

Timothy smiled and nodded slowly, "It's true I have a slower pace, but slow but steady wins the race!"

THE END