

# MOVE, <sup>MR</sup> MOUNTAIN!

A tall tale of friendship and  
the wonder of the world

Francesca Sanna



A TEMPLAR BOOK

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"I am Lily," answered the little girl. "And I meant what I said. You see, the window of my room faces your rocky sides. Every morning I wake up with the same view. If you move, I can finally see what is behind you."



Mr Mountain was confused. "I cannot move. You have legs, you can climb over me. There is no need to disturb a big mountain with your little problems."

Lily was furious. "I want to see what's behind you!" she shouted. "I cannot climb and even if I could, it would take me a very long time. I need you to move . . . **NOW!**"



Enough was enough. The age-old patience of the mountain vanished. As quick as a flash, Mr Mountain collected the clouds around his head . . .



Mr Mountain was beginning to lose his temper. He inhaled all the air he possibly could, and then blew it out across the land as a strong, freezing wind.



Every tree bent in the storm. But Lily was having too much fun. "I like this breeze, Mr Mountain. How very nice of you!" she teased. "But can you move out of the way now, please?"

Mr Mountain was exhausted. What else could he try? This small girl was not going to change her mind. "Please?" she insisted. Then he had an idea. He reached out his rocky hand, and scooped Lily up from the ground.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"You will see," he answered. Carefully, Mr Mountain stretched his arm up and put Lily down on the top of his head. "Here you are. Are you happy now?" he groaned.

Lily blinked . . .



. . . and then she saw it - the other side of the mountain. She saw every tree and every hill, every city and every house, and behind that, the sea. It was better than anything she could have imagined. "How wonderful!" she gasped.