

# LEARNING SUPPORT WORKSHEETS THAT REQUIRE KNOWLEDGE OF THE STORY

## ANSWERS FOR TEACHERS

### MYTHS & LEGENDS

If a worksheet does not appear in the list below, it is 'generic' in its requirements, calling on children's general basic skills, without specific reference to the story. In other words, a teacher will know what the correct answer is without having read the story at all.

#### MEDUSA

1. Long long ago lived a great hero named Perseus. He was raised on a small Greek island in the middle of the sea. His only companion was his mother, a beautiful woman called Dana. All was well for them until one day, the king of that island happened to see Dana. Dana didn't like the king. She knew he was an evil man and rejected him. Perseus told him to go away. The king grew angry and thought to himself "If I get rid of this man, I can have Dana for myself." He said to Perseus "How dare you tell me what to do. You are a child – a baby, a weakling." "I am more of a man than you – to make a woman miserable," replied Perseus. "More of a man, eh. Prove it, bring me the head of Medusa." Far off in those parts lived three terrifying monsters. They were sisters. People called them Gorgons. They were hideous, but Medusa was the worst. She had hair made of live snakes. Her skin was green, her eyes were yellow and her skin was covered in scales like a lizard. Her teeth were tusks like that of a boar. All who looked at her were turned instantly into stone. No one had ever looked at the Medusa and lived. Perseus accepted the test, though he had no idea how he could succeed. He bowed low to the king and made his way off. He prayed to the gods, and in a flash the goddess Athena and the god Hermes appeared before him. "You are brave indeed Perseus," said Athena, "But you need magic to help you on your way. Take this." She handed him a special shield made of bronze, polished so brightly that it was like a mirror. "You deserve to succeed," said Hermes. "Here is something to help you in your mighty task." He handed him a sword so powerful that it would cut anything. "Why thank you," said Perseus. "Please, may I ask a favour? Where should I find the Medusa?" "Go to the three grey witches," said Hermes as he pointed out to sea. After a long journey he came to the island where the grey witches lived. Summoning his courage, he went into their hut. "Who is this?" said one. She peered at him out of one big hideous eye. The three sisters only had one eye between them. "I am Perseus, I have come to slay the Medusa. The gods told me to ask you for help." "Ha, ha," screeched the witch, and she passed the eye onto her sister. "As if we could help a weakling like you." And she threw the eye to the third witch. Perseus leapt forward at that moment and grabbed the eye as it flew through the air. The witches stumbled around blindly, moaning and grinding their teeth. "Give us our eye back." "First tell me where I should find Medusa" Said Perseus. Shortly after, he left and made his way to the beautiful ladies of the north. He told them he had come from the grey witches and explained his quest to them. "We will help you, you are sent by the gods," said the ladies. "Here are magic sandals, put them on and fly," said the first lady. "Here is a magic bag, put anything you like into it," said the second lady. "Here is a magic hat, put it on and it will make you invisible," said the third lady. Perseus thanked the beautiful ladies and set off. He put on the sandals and flew. Now he was ready for Medusa. He came to the cave where she lived. Scattered around were skeletons of men

who had tried to overcome her. A lesser person would have turned back, but Perseus thought only of his mother. He slowly made his way into the cave. He knew that if he looked into Medusa's eyes he would die. He drew his sword before he turned the corner, held up his shield and looked into it. He walked backwards into the den of the Gorgons. He saw them reflected in his shield. They were sound asleep. Two were hideous; the third was so awful she took his breath away. At that moment Medusa heard something and woke up. Perseus swung his magic sword with all his might. He cut off the head of Medusa, then grabbed it and threw it into the magic bag. Hearing the noise, the Gorgons woke. Perseus put on the hat of invisibility. He leapt into the air and flew away from that terrible place. Medusa's blood dripped from the bag, and each drop that fell on the earth turned into a snake. When Perseus returned home a great open air banquet was in progress. The king, thinking Perseus was long dead had taken Dana prisoner. The wedding ceremony was about to begin. The king sat among his friend laughing, thinking he had won. When Perseus saw that Dana was out of the way, he went to the centre of the banquet and held up his shield which shone like the sun. All eyes turned toward him. "King you asked for the head of Medusa. I have fulfilled my promise, here it is." He pulled the head out of the bag for all to see. The king and his friends were turned to stone. Perseus won. He freed his mother, and they all lived happily ever after.

2. 3, 2, 4, 6, 1, 5

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## **THE MINOTAUR AND THE MAZE**

Once in ancient times, on the island of Minos there was a huge terrible beast of a monster. It had the body of a man and the head of a bull. It was called a Minotaur (which means the bull of Minos). The king of Minos had a maze built to cage the minotaur. It was designed by the greatest engineer of all time. It was so complex that no one who entered it would ever find his way out again. The Minotaur was trapped forever. There was a terrible price for keeping him in his maze prison, he ate people, raw. Every so often the king would order seven girls and seven boys from his kingdom into the maze. One by one the Minotaur would find them, pierce them with his horns and eat them alive. There was a brave young man in the kingdom named Theseus. He couldn't stand to see the young people being sent to their death, and wanted to do something to stop it from happening. "What can we do?" Said people around him. "The monster is huge and has horns as long as a mans arms. It is stronger than ten

men. Nothing can kill it.” “I’ll find a way.” Said Theseus as he set off across the sea to the island of Minos. He bowed low before the king of Minos and told him he had come to kill the Minotaur. The king laughed at him “You? How can you succeed where every other has failed?” Theseus was brave and strong. He was not afraid of the monster, but knew that finding his way out again would be a much greater challenge. A beautiful young girl Ariadne approached him, she was the king’s daughter. She offered to help him. She told him what to do. Theseus thanked her and went off. That night he went into the maze. As he stepped inside the gate he took out his ball of thread. He threw it into the maze and it rolled out of sight. With sword drawn he tiptoed after it. Further and further he went; he could see nothing. He kept going even though he didn’t know if the monster was waiting for him around every corner. He came to the centre of the maze and tried to see where the creature may be. Suddenly, with a terrible roar the minotaur charged. Theseus saw it coming, how big it was, its red eyes glowing, and the shine of its mighty horns. He stood still. Just when it seemed he was going to be pierced by one of those awful horns he jumped to one side. The Minotaur rushed past and Theseus grabbed it by the horn. He twisted and there was a loud crack. He had ripped the horn from the monster’s head. With a bellow of anger the Minotaur turned and came back. Theseus stood his ground and as the creature neared him, he used his horn like a spear. The beast gave a cry and crashed to the ground. It was dead, killed with its own horn. Theseus left the dead monster where it lay. He picked up the thread and followed it all the way out again. At the doorway of the maze Ariadne waited for him. And so, Theseus defeated the monster, and ended the sacrifices, and also won the heart of the king’s daughter.

2. man, bull, vast, seven, brave, thread, roar, jumped, past, killed

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### **THE PEARL DRAGON**

1. Once there was a poor Chinese woman. She and her only son, Chang farmed a small patch of land, but the ground was so poor, no matter how hard they worked there was still barely enough to eat. Chang decided to ask for some help. He had heard that the Great God knew everything. He kissed his mother goodbye and set off. He journeyed many days and nights. The temple was in a far off place high in the mountains. He had to walk all the way. He came to a farm where there lived an old woman. He asked to stay the night and she agreed. Chang came in and saw the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life. The girl had never talked in her life. The next day as he was leaving the old woman asked him a favour, “When you see the Great God, could you find out why my daughter cannot speak?” Chang was grateful for her kindness and said he would. He travelled more days and nights, over hills and plains. Still the temple of the god was a long way off. He came to a poor

farm. The old man who lived there offered him a bed for the night. Chang accepted. The next day as he was leaving the old man asked him a favour, "When you see the Great God, can you ask him why my trees bear no fruit?" Chang said that he would. Eventually, he came to the mountains where the temple of the god was. Between him and the temple was a giant river, too wide, deep and fast to cross. Chang sat down and thought, surely he had not come so far only to be stopped here. Suddenly, a dragon appeared in the river and asked Chang in a deep voice "Why so sad?" Chang explained his mission, and that he was unable to cross the river. "You have good reasons in wanting to cross. Climb on my back and I will take you," boomed the dragon. Chang hopped up on the dragon which walked across the raging river. "How can I thank you?" asked Chang. "When you see the Great God, could you ask him why I cannot fly?" Chang agreed. At last he came to the temple, and timidly knocked on the gates. He explained his mission and was let in. There, in a huge room, on a giant throne, sat an old, old man dressed like an emperor. He called Chang forward. "You may ask three questions, any more and I cannot reply. Think carefully." Chang thought. If he kept his promises he would not be able to ask his own question, yet he had given his word. He asked the god why the old woman's daughter could not speak, why the old man's trees would not bear, and why the dragon could not fly. The god answered all three. The next day Chang set off back down the mountain. He came to the river. The dragon was waiting for him. "The god says that you must do a good deed, then you will have the power to fly," said Chang. Without a word, the dragon took Chang across the river and put him gently on the riverbank. "You are a good man. You have nothing, so I want to give you something." And so saying, the dragon unfolded his mighty claw. In it was a giant pearl. Chang humbly accepted the pearl. At that very moment, the dragon rose up into the air and flew away, with wild cries of delight, "I can fly!" Chang came to the farm of the old man and said, "The god says that you are to dig under the lemon tree." The old man did as he was told and water burst forth. The trees burst into bloom. "Hooray! Oh thank you!" cried the old man. Chang came to the house of the old woman, and said to the girl, "The god says that only your husband can make you speak. What does he mean?" "He means it is you!" said the beautiful girl, and she kissed Chang. There were great celebrations and they were married the next day. Chang set out again with his new wife. Finally, he came home. His poor old mother had thought him dead. She had cried so much that she was blind. How could he tell her he had gone so far and not even asked her question? What could he give her? Then he remembered the pearl. He took it out, and put it in his mother's hand. Instantly a bright and beautiful light shone out of it, and his mother could see. The magic pearl also made the land fertile, and put fish in the lake, and made everything good. For it was the pearl of generosity. They all lived happily ever after, and each year the dragon came to visit them all.

2. 1, 6, 4, 2, 3, 5

6. There, in a huge room, on a giant throne, sat an old, old man dressed like an emperor. He called Chang forward. "You may ask three questions, any more and I cannot reply. Think carefully." Chang thought. If he kept his promises he would not be able to ask his own question, yet he had given his word. He asked the god why the old woman's daughter could not speak, why the old man's trees would not bear, and why the dragon could not fly. The god answered all three.

### **THE RAINBOW SERPENT**

1. (b) (c) (c) (b) (a)

6. One rainy night, when the serpent was sound asleep, it felt something in its mouth. It had been dreaming of food, so it closed its great mouth and swallowed. Alas, two boys who had been looking for shelter had mistaken the snake's mouth for a cave. It had swallowed its kin.

## **THE MERMAID**

Once there was a fisherman named Joseph. He lived by the sea. He spent a long time on the water and did not trust it. He knew how cruel the sea could be, and how many poor souls had gone down into its cold depths. One day whilst walking along the seashore, he heard a cry. "Help me! Help me!" He followed the cries and climbed into rock pools by the sea. There, in one pool he saw a beautiful girl. Her hair was long, and her eyes were wide. Then, he saw that she was naked. He blushed and turned away. "Don't go! The tide has left me here. Please, kind sir, carry me back to sea or I will surely die." Joseph came close to her, and as she reached out to him, he saw her long shiny fish tail and fin. "Oh no. I've heard of you mermaids. You try to trick a man into going with you down into your sea world, and there he drowns." "That's not true," she replied, "Please help me, if I stay here I will die." Joseph was a good man, and could not stand to see any creature suffer. Besides, she was far too beautiful to lose. He did what she asked. "Oh thank you!" She cried, and laughed happily as she swam around him. "Why don't you come with me? My father is the king of the sea, and has much treasure. He will reward you for your kindness. And you could live with me and be my husband." "No I'm staying on dry land. Thank you very much." He cried. "Then at least take this. She pulled a pearl comb out of her hair. I owe you now. If ever you should need my help pass this comb through the water, and I will come to you." She waved and disappeared beneath the waves. Joseph looked out at the empty sea. Had it all been a dream? Everyday after that he walked along the seashore and hoped that he might see the mermaid, but there was no sign of her at all. Time passed and Joseph went on fishing. He told one or two people about the mermaid and they just laughed at him. "Been too long at sea? Starting to see things?" they winked. Joseph stopped talking about his mermaid. He did not want people to think he was crazy, but he could not forget her. He looked at the comb of pearl everyday. He missed her. He regretted what he had said. He wondered if he would ever see her again. One night there was a great storm. Boats in the harbour were crushed against the rocks. Worse still, there was a light from a boat trying to get into the harbour, but the wind was too strong. The boat was picked up on a wave and dashed against a rock. The people of the fishing village stood on the shore and looked out to sea helplessly. They could hear the screams of the sailors, but there was nothing they could do. To go out in the storm was to risk death. "Help me," said a voice. It was Joseph. He was pulling his boat out into the waves. The villagers told him not to go but he took no notice. He rowed his tiny boat, getting closer to the drowning sailors. In a flash of lightning, they saw a woman in the water. She was helping Joseph. They looked again, she was not a woman. Every so often, they would see a fish tail. Joseph rowed to shore with the sailors he rescued. The villagers took them and wrapped them up, and watched as Joseph headed back out to sea. He went back and forth until all the men were safe on the land. "Hooray! You're a hero! But was that a mermaid we...." Joseph did not hear them. He rowed back out to sea once more. "You called me, Joseph, and I came, as I promised." Said the mermaid swimming round his boat. "Thankyou my dear. What of your other promise? Is that still good?" he called out above the noise of the wind and waves. Joseph dived off his boat and into the sea and was never seen again. But in the kingdom of the sea, a mermaid now has her merman. And they lived happily ever after.

2. 4, 6, 1, 3, 2, 5

4. true, false, false, true, true, false, true

5. "Please help me, if I stay here I will die." Joseph was a good man, and could not stand to see any creature suffer. Besides, she was far too beautiful to lose. He did what she asked. "Oh thank you!" She cried, and laughed happily as she swam around him. "Why don't you come with me? My father is the king of the sea, and has much treasure. He will reward you for your kindness. And you could live with me and be my husband. "No I'm staying on dry land. Thank you very much." He cried. "Then at least take this. She pulled a pearl comb out of her hair. I owe you now. If ever you should need my help pass this comb through the water, and I will come to you."

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### **THE PIED PIPER**

1. A long time ago in the town of Hamelin, there was a rat plague. They were everywhere, running through the streets. They lived in peoples kitchens and ate their food. They nibbled house walls; popped out of clothing and shoes; and scurried across the faces of sleeping citizens at night. They tried everything to get rid of the rats. They put down poison, set traps, brought in cats, prayed, but nothing helped. The more rats they killed, the more came. One morning the mayor of Hamelin's wife went to wake her baby. Rats leapt out of the cradle. At the council chamber, the mayor discussed the problem. Around the same time a strange young man arrived in Hamelin. He wore an odd colourful costume, like that of a jester, with a silly hat on his head. He played a pipe, and the music was lovely, but the town elders did not like the look of him. "Begone," they said, "Our town is too good for such as you." "Perhaps I can be of service. I am a rat catcher. They call me the Pied Piper." They laughed at him. "Really? Can you get rid of all the rats? How much would that cost us?" Laughed the mayor, as he turned and winked at the town elders. "A penny a head," said the Pied Piper. "That would be a fortune," spluttered the mayor. "Let's just say one hundred gold pieces. Take it or leave it," said the Piper. "Very well you shall have your money, but only if you remove every last rat from the town," said the mayor. The pied Piper went out into the town square, put the pipe to his lips, and started playing. To the town's people there was nothing special about the Pier's music, but the rats loved it. They came out from everywhere. The Piper turned to walk out of town. A stream of rats, like a dark flood filling every street, poured out of Hamelin, led by the Piper. He led them to an icy river nearby, and they dropped in one by one, hundreds by hundreds, thousands by thousands. Before long, every single one of them was gone. The everlasting squeak of rats was gone. The townspeople could not believe it, they ran around the streets laughing and crying with happiness. The next day the pied Piper appeared before mayor and council "I did as I promised my lord, now it is your turn to honour your end of the agreement. "Agreement? Can you show me this agreement? I'm terribly sorry but without something in writing..." he laughed aloud. "We're rid of the rats, and it didn't cost us a penny," chuckled the elders. "One way or another you will have to pay," said the Piper. He set off into the town square, set the pipe to his lips, and played. There was nothing special about his new tune, but the

children loved it. They came from everywhere. He turned and began to walk out of town. The children followed him. A stream of children poured out of Hamelin, led by the piper. Not far from town, they came to a mountain. The Piper played and the mountain opened. Into the mountain he went, followed by all the children. The townspeople realised too late what was happening. The mountain closed up again before their very eyes. The Piper had taken payment far more valuable than any gold, and nothing could bring the children back. The mayor and the elders were thrown out of town. What happened to those children? Who knows? One legend says that they came out the other side, found new homes, and grew up happy after all. The Pied Piper was a magician who could do whatever he wanted. Or did they just vanish forever? The people of Hamelin mourned its lost children, and they learnt very hard about justice. They learnt that cheating does not work, and that sooner or later someone has to pay the Piper.

2. strange, pieces, money, heard, would, new, mountain

### **RIP VAN WINKLE**

1. Long ago in a small village in the Katskill mountains in America, lived a man called Rip Van Winkle. He was a farmer, but according to the people all around not a good farmer. They said he was careless and let his farm go to seed. He was a husband, but not a good one according to his wife. Saying he did nothing to help, spending all his time sitting outside the local inn talking nonsense and drinking with his friends. His only son loved him. He loved to play with the boy and read him stories. His dog wolf thought he was a fine fellow. Often they would go hunting in the woods together. Rip never shot anything but it was a good excuse to get away from his nagging wife. One day when he and his dog were walking in the woods, he heard something strange. "Dang blast it! Curses! Oh fliminy bosh!" The voice came from a little person (a dwarf), who was trying to roll a barrel in the valley just below. The barrel kept rolling back and he would have to start again. The hill was too steep. Rip offered to help. The little person looked at him in fright. When he saw that Rip was a kindly man he wondered if he would carry it for him just a little way. Rip picked up the barrel, which was small for a full-grown man, and put it on his shoulder, and set off after the little man. The climbed up into the mountains, following the river higher and higher. Eventually they came to a waterfall. The little man stepped across stones below the waterfall and ducked under the water. Rip was too polite to object. He put down his trusty gun, told wolf to watch it while he was gone, and followed the dwarf. Wolf lay down on the bank to wait for his master's return. Behind the waterfall was a little door, behind the door appeared to be an inn. It was full of men, just like the one Rip had followed, all drinking and laughing. "Welcome, come and play with us!" Said the leader of the dwarfs. They were playing at skittles. The cave was full of the sound of rolling balls and the crash of wooden pins. Rip joined in. He may not have been a good farmer, or a good husband, but he was very good at skittles. His team won! Rip took a drink out of one of the tiny ale cups. It was delicious. He drank some more. The cave began to swim around him. "What's the problem? Oh yes, human, that's the problem, not used to fairy beer," the voices said. In an instant, he was fast asleep. For the first time in his life, he slept the deep, contented sleep of a happy. He woke up lying by the waterfall with his trusty gun beside him. It was hardly recognisable, all rusty and dusty. Rip thought the dwarfs had tricked him, by getting him drunk and replacing his

good gun with an old piece of rubbish. He looked around. Everything seemed the same, but there was no sign of his dog. “WOLF! WOLF!” he cried. Probably got tired of waiting and headed home for his food, thought Rip. “How long have I slept? I’d better get home too!” He made his way back down the mountains and into the village at last. It looked different. A new sign hung on the inn, a new flag flew by the courthouse. He recognised no one, and no one recognised Rip. His house was empty, and there was no sign of Wolf. He went to the inn, but no one he knew was there. “Who are you sir?” Asked a stranger. “I’m Rip van Winkle,” “Nonsense,” said the man, pointing out the window, “that’s Rip van Winkle!” Am I mad? Thought Rip. He looked out and saw a young man. He looked familiar. He went outside and approached him. A young woman came up, carrying a baby. “Hush Rip, the stranger won’t hurt you,” she shushed the baby. I am crazy, thought Rip. A third Rip. She was Judith, wife of Rip van Winkle. The baby was also called Rip van Winkle. Rip sat down on the ground, it was more than he could bear. The young man told him that the baby was named after his father, who left home twenty years ago, and went off into the mountains. And has never been seen since. “Some say some fairies took him,” said the wife, “and some that he just never wanted to return.” His wife Mrs van Winkle had died years ago. Rip felt a burden lift off his shoulders. He stood up and embraced the young man, woman and child. “I am Rip van Winkle!” he declared “your father, and your grandfather – returned from the...” What could he tell them? They would never believe him. “Welcome home father,” said the son. “Thankyou son, it’s good to be back.” And so Rip van Winkle and his family lived happily ever after.

2. 5, 2, 4, 1, 6, 3

7. “Welcome, come and play with us!” Said the leader of the dwarfs. They were playing at skittles. The cave was full of the sound of rolling balls and the crash of wooden pins. Rip joined in. He may not have been a good farmer, or a good husband, but he was very good at skittles. His team won!

### **WHY DO DOGS SNIFF TAILS?**

1. Long, long ago dogs were always fighting. The Dog Chief, who lived on a nearby island was worried. He planned to find out why his dogs fought so much. He sent a message saying, “All dogs! Come to a meeting on the island.” The dogs were pleased about a trip to the island. They could tell him their problems and he could help them. The Dog Chief sent his largest canoe to bring the dogs across the water. Even on the voyage, they couldn’t stop arguing among themselves. As they walked to the Meeting House, they continued fighting. A dog steward met them. “Quiet!” he shouted. “See that big hut nearby,” they nodded, “take off your tails and put them inside the hut. This will show your respect for the Chief.” The dogs were surprised. The dogs had to do as they were told. They took off their tails, put them inside the hut and went into the Meeting House where the Dog Chief sat before them on a tall chair. “Good morning, dogs, sit down,” said the Dog Chief. “Good morning, Chief,” the dogs bowed and sat. “I have heard that you fight a great deal, this makes me sad. I’d like to see you living peacefully. Please tell me your problems.” They all began to speak together in their loud voices. “My neighbour...” “It’s not fair...” “When I go...” “My family has to...” “Quiet! Please speak one at a time, and don’t interrupt.” They started to go through their problems, one at a time. The dogs continued for several hours. The Dog Chief listened to all their complaints and gave advice. Suddenly, there was a strong smell of burning wood. The dogs sniffed the air and rushed outside. “On no! The hut is on fire.” Shouted the Dog Steward. “Fire, fire! Our tails, our tails!” shouted the dogs. They dashed



through the smoke into the hut grabbing the first tail they could find. But some were too late to find a tail before the hut burnt down. Next day a sad group of dogs returned home in the canoe. Few of them had their own tails. And today, if you watch carefully, you will still see all the dogs in the world looking for their own tails. When one dog meets another, the first thing they do is sniff each other's tails to see if it was the one he lost in that fire long, long ago.

2. fighting, Chief, island, complaints, fire, tail.

4. Long, long ago, dogs were always fighting.

They took off their tails and put them inside the hut.

The dogs began to speak together in loud voices.

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6. As they walked to the Meeting House, they continued fighting. A dog steward met them. "Quiet!" he shouted. "See that big hut nearby," they nodded, "take off your tails and put them inside the hut. This will show your respect for the Chief." The dogs were surprised. The dogs had to do as they were told. They took off their tails, put them inside the hut and went into the Meeting House.

### **THE MAGIC STATUE**

In ancient times, there lived a great sculptor called Pygmalion. Some said the greatest in the world. His works were on display in fine temples and important homes. He was very talented, but also very hard of heart. He said little to other people and lived alone. A great lord asked him why he wouldn't marry. "Women! Who needs them? They're silly creatures." He replied. "I would never fall in love, love is for fools." As he said these words Aphrodite - goddess of love overheard him. "So proud eh? So sure that no woman could ever steal your hard heart. We shall see..." The next day a stranger arrived at his studio to inform him of the great competition. "The King has offered a prize to the greatest sculptor in the world." "Why, that's me," said Pygmalion. "He must prove himself by carving a perfect statue of a perfect woman." "Surely not," said the sculptor, for he would rather not bother. "A pity, they say you are the best. But never mind..." said the stranger. "Stop I will do it and prove my worth." He chose the finest marble, sharpened his tools and thought long and hard about what the perfect woman would be like. He began to carve; the cold marble began to take shape. The figure of a woman slowly appeared. She was tall with long flowing hair, had a lovely figure and tender eyes. As Pygmalion chipped away, he hummed with pride. He did all he could to make it truly the most perfect of creatures. When finished, he stood back and considered his work. "My word, she is beautiful," he murmured, "I mean it is beautiful," he corrected himself. His servant began to prepare a crate for the statue so it could be shipped to the King for the competition. But when the box was sealed, he felt suddenly odd. He thought there might be something not quite perfect about the statue. Pygmalion opened the crate and gazed again at the statue. "Beautiful, she is a masterpiece. I will call her Galatea." Pygmalion kept stopping the servant, each time he went to seal the crate for shipping. He did not start another statue; he simply gazed at his "Galatea." The stranger reappeared and said it was time to send the statue to the King. "I cannot," whispered Pygmalion "I do not want to let her out of my sight." "You mean 'It', surely? But what of the competition?" said the stranger. "I don't care about the competition, I only care about Galatea." The stranger chuckled, and left. Pygmalion spent his days gazing at the statue. He

did not eat or sleep. Finally, realising his condition, he rushed out and took himself to the temple of the goddess Aphrodite. “Oh mighty goddess. Release me from my pain. I am half mad with love. What am I to do? I will do anything for you. I will carve your likeness. I will never speak ill of women again. I will unlock my heart and be kind to everyone, please help.” There was silence. He had no choice but to go back home. The statue was gone. “Oh no, goddess. I did not mean you take her away. Galatea, where are you?” moaned the wretched man. “Don’t upset yourself,” said a voice from behind. The sculptor turned. He saw a beautiful woman. “Galatea!” said Pygmalion. “Strange, I can’t remember much, but I can remember you,” she said. “My darling, I love you! Will you be my wife and live with me forever?” Galatea smiled and nodded. Far off, up in the clouds, Aphrodite smiled too. The sculptor was a new man. And two more people had learnt about the greatest force in the world – love.

2. sculptor, heart, painted, statue, love, Galatea

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