

## The New Myth of the Minotaur

By Cameron Marangoni, Year 5

One hot sunny day, where the Mediterranean Sea was the colour of turquoise, Daedalus and Icarus were doing maze problems from their "Little Book O' Mazes" when King Minos summoned them to his grand palace.

King Minos, knowing they were far better than anyone else at mazes, ordered Daedalus to design a labyrinth where he would put his pet Minotaur called Donald (after his idol).

After a year of hard work, it was ready. Donald loved his new home. The labyrinth was dark, gloomy, cold and nobody could find their way out. Donald was making his way through many people. He crunched, munched and grew fatter and fatter until he got severe indigestion.

The pain in his bulging stomach was too much to bear. He decided not to eat anymore humans. He decided to become a vegan. This surprised and saddened King Minos (who quite liked watching people being eaten) but he loved Donald and decided to get all the people on the island to hand over their vegetables.

Donald consumed crunchy corn, cooked carrots, salty spinach, pureed potatoes and broad beans (but not too many of those). He felt much better, lighter and fitter. News had got around the island about Donald and his non-human-eating ways.

People from all over came to see Donald the Minotaur. He became very popular. Donald also started yoga because it made him feel at peace and in harmony with the world. Everyone started to like him more than they liked King Minos, who was very evil. King Minos became even more evil, furious and jealous, and wanted to eliminate Donald.

He went to see Daedalus for advice. Daedalus made some enormous wings from feathers of all sorts of flying birds held together by wax. King Minos presented Donald with these beautiful wings and told him that he could now fly to the top of a mountain to meditate. Donald was very excited and in a flash put them on. He flapped his muscly arms and soared through the sky.

He fly higher and higher getting closer to the hot sun. Slowly, the wax started to melt but Donald was too excited about getting to the mountain to notice. Feather by feather his wings fell apart and he plummeted into the sea. King Minos was watching happily from the roof of his castle and thought about getting a pet parrot next.

## **Izzy and the Minifant**

**By Sofia Marangoni, Year 6**

One bright and sunny morning, the jolly King, called Gerald, decided to go for a stroll through his gardens. He was a kind and fun fellow and was plump with rosy cheeks. Gerald loved his rockery. There were always so many types of plants and insects to find and record in his journal. Picking up a rotten log, a small scaly creature scurried around desperate to find somewhere to hide. Excited over his new find, he swiftly picked it up, careful not to crush it, and popped it into a glass jar.

Back at the castle, Gerald rushed to his study and enthusiastically looked at the creature under a magnifying glass. He could not believe his luck. He had found a Minifant! It was a rare minibeast, half ant, half walrus, the size of a thumbnail. People would come from far and wide to see his minifant. He would be rich, richer than he already was. He needed a home for it.

The royal engineer, Izzy, was summoned to the King and ordered to make a giant marble run which would house the minifant. Although Izzy didn't believe in animal cruelty, she did as she was told.

Weeks later, the marble run resembled a metal monster. Giddy with excitement, the King dropped his minifant at the start of the marble run. The beast whizzed down vertical pipes, straight into loop the loops, zig zags and the leap of faith. It ended with a soft landing in the King's dirty laundry of stinky socks and capes.

Months of life as a marble left the minifant angry and dizzy. He was desperate to escape. Izzy, knowing the truth about the beast's life, decided to help free it. She had been fiddling around in her lab and had been trying to create two separate potions, one to make things bigger, one to make things smaller. Izzy planned to make the minifant bigger and Gerald smaller.

Finally, her potions were ready. Coincidentally, the palace summer ball was taking place that evening. This would be the perfect time. Stealthily, she put a few drops of the potion into Gerald's glass of wine and waited and watched. Whilst watching, she also added the second potion to the minifant's food bowl which contained old banana skin.

Suddenly, the drunken old King shrunk to the size of a pinball, silencing the party. While nobody was looking, Izzy released the minifant and sat it on the table. The beast suddenly enlarged smashing its seat to splinters, threatening the humans. It was a ferocious monstrous beast with dirty, scaly skin and muscular hairy ant legs. In a flash he was gone. Fleeing with Izzy before the potion wore off.

Meanwhile, back at the castle the King was grumpily sitting by the top of the marble run. Quivering, he edged away. Though the guests were getting bored with not entertainment. So the biggest of them all (a rough bald man with an arm of tattoos) came over to the marble run and flicked the King down. He whizzed down vertical pipes, straight into loop the loops, zig zags and the leap of faith. The King's own dirty socks and capes made him a soft landing. He landed in a pair of pants.

To this day, Izzy and the minifant (who she named Standley) live on minifant island with Standley's family and friends. The King was having a rough time. He never learnt his lesson and is still on the marble run, with only mouldy banana skins to eat.

## **Hannah And The Lovely Shabbat Dress**

**(Based on an Israeli folk story)**

**By Saskia Schulze-Melander, Year 4**

There was once a girl called Hannah who was a bit of a tomboy. She wore shorts and a t-shirt and she loved to play outside. Her home was in Israel where it was often warm and sunny so Hannah would play on the beach and build sandcastles. She also really enjoyed special celebrations. One of her favourite festivals was Shabbat which always began with an outstanding dinner party with scrumptious food and grape juice.

On the morning of her grandma's Shabbat party Hannah received a present. When she opened it she discovered a beautiful white dress with a pretty lace collar and floaty sleeves - Hannah loved it! Her mother admired it, but warned her she should keep it clean!

A few hours past and it was time to put on her lovely new dress and set off to grandma's house for the party. On her way, Hannah ran into some of her friends who noticed her stunning new dress. Zuzu the Dog barked that it was as white as the clouds and Cranky the Cow (whose name did not suit his personality because he was actually rather sweet) mooed, "it's so clean! Which dry cleaner do you use?" Lightening the energetic horse shouted "it is so pouffy!" Lightening could be quite rude sometimes.

The sky was clear and stretched bright and vast and the sun was a scorching orb. Luckily Hannah's dress was white so it reflected the wrath of the sun and kept her cool. Hannah carried on her journey, careful to keep her dress out of the dust. She was getting close to the gates of her Grandma's house when she stumbled into an elderly lady carrying heavy bags. Clearly she was struggling in the heat. Hannah skipped up to the lady. "Would you like any help? Those bags look very heavy." "Yes please" replied the old lady "these are bags of soil for my garden but they are so difficult for me to carry." With that, Hannah got to work carrying some of the bags.

Once she had delivered the bags to the old lady's house, she was ready to go on to grandma's party. Yet when she looked down at her dazzling dress it was filthy. "Oh no! The soil must have stained it!" Hannah thought to herself. She was devastated her dress was completely ruined and worried that she would get into deep trouble. Nevertheless she carried on. By now the sun had set and the moon was in the sky with millions of stars dazzling and twinkling up above. Hannah walked in through the doors of grandma's house with her head hung low. Suddenly, everyone gasped then screamed "WOW!" To Hannah's surprise, she looked down and saw that all the stars from the sky had danced and pranced down onto her dress which was now beautifully white again with shiny points of light all over. Hannah knew the lady she'd helped was magical....

## The Story of Thor and His Hammer

By Sonny Stewart, Year 4

Once upon an age, in the land named Midgard, a young boy about 15 years old lived with his father who was a woodcutter and his mother, a beautiful woman with a smile like the sun; she worked as a weaver. Thor was an only child and very strong for his age, sometimes helping his father with the woodcutting.

One day while Thor was out in the forest helping his dad chop wood, he wandered too far from his father. Thor realised he was lost in the deep dark woods. However, Thor was a tough boy and did not scare easily, so Thor went to task and set off trying to find his way back to his father, who he knew must be getting worried by now. As he trudged down a mossy green path he came face to face with the tallest, ugliest and most terrifying frost giant!

He had been warned as a very young boy of these grotesque creatures from his father. He knew them to possess immense strength but they were also notoriously stupid, and easily fooled. Coming up against this colossus triggered in Thor, for the first time in his life, a wave of panic and raw fear which pulsed through his body. The frost giant glared down at him with a steely gaze for what felt like hours. Then the frost giant spoke. Its booming voice sounded like an earthquake. "Hello mortal", rumbled the giant, "I will now have the pleasure of a meal, I see."

As he opened his mouth to speak, Thor noticed that the giant had brown rotten teeth and he could smell his putrid breath. Thor also observed that his clothes were ragged and war torn. Out of the corner of his eye Thor spotted a beautiful, golden war hammer carved in ancient Viking runes, hanging from his belt. It glinted brightly in the sunlight, temporarily blinding him. There was something about the golden instrument that felt like it was meant for him.

"Wait" Thor yelled, "before you eat me, why don't we see who is actually the stronger of the two of us." The giant looked bemused, of course he was clearly the stronger so he was happy to agree. Beating this puny stranger would be easy. Thor suggested an arm wrestle as the test of strength. "Before we start it's important that we are both at our full strength, so why don't we take a quick nap?" suggested Thor. As it happened the one thing giants like more than fighting and eating was sleeping, and the giant had been wandering for several days, and felt weary.

The giant lay his gargantuan body down on the top of the soft grass and immediately fell into a deep sleep. While he was snoring, Thor carefully unhooked the war hammer from the giant's belt and ran like the wind as far away from the odious creature as he could. Thor never did manage to find his way home instead the enchanted hammer led him to Asgard, the home of the Viking gods. And Odin was happy to adopt him, starting the birth of a legend.