

Reading 2 — The Storyteller

There once was a travelling storyteller who wore a long cloak and a big pointed hat that covered half his head. He went from village to village on his faithful steed, Donkey, telling his mystical tales of wild adventures. He spoke of brave knights and fair damsels, of wicked witches and warlocks. He spoke of dungeons with zombies, and lairs with dragons. He was never without an exciting tale to tell.

Everywhere the storyteller went, the children and people would flock to him. They showered him with food and drink in the hope that he would stay for a little while longer and tell his stories, but he never stayed more than three days in any village. When he was asked where he got his stories from, he would just smile and say nothing.

One day, a young child not older than ten years old opened the storyteller's backpack while he was having a meal. Inside, the child found an old, bound book. The child undid the bindings and opened the book. Images and drawings came to life before the child's eyes. They leapt, bounded and roared to life. The child screamed in shock and dropped the book. This roused the storyteller from his meal, and he came over. In an instant, he snatched up his book and bound it up once more. The storyteller flashed an angry look at the child and the other onlookers. Ripping off his hat, he threw it to the ground in a rage. The storyteller's ears were long and pointed.

The storyteller packed up his things and got on his steed. He rode off into the wilderness and was never seen again.