

'The Legend of the beast with 1000 teeth'.

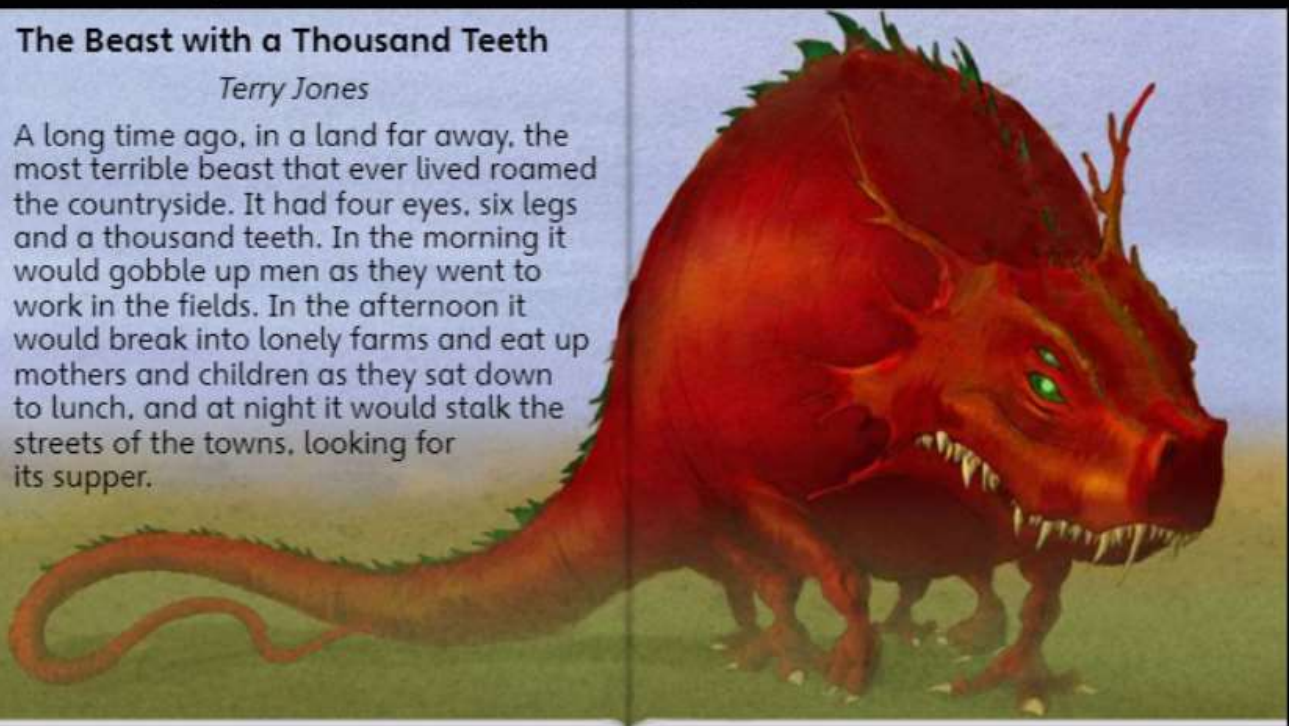
Read the legend and think creatively in order to plan ways to solve problems at the end of the legend – problems and resolutions

Read the story. Find the features of a legend.

The Beast with a Thousand Teeth

Terry Jones

A long time ago, in a land far away, the most terrible beast that ever lived roamed the countryside. It had four eyes, six legs and a thousand teeth. In the morning it would gobble up men as they went to work in the fields. In the afternoon it would break into lonely farms and eat up mothers and children as they sat down to lunch, and at night it would stalk the streets of the towns, looking for its supper.



In the biggest of all the towns, there lived a pastry cook and his wife, and they had a small son whose name was Sam. One morning, as Sam was helping his father to make pastries, he heard that the Mayor had offered a reward of ten bags of gold to anyone who could rid the city of the beast.

'Oh,' said Sam, 'wouldn't I just like to win those ten bags of gold!'

'Nonsense!' said his father. 'Put those pastries in the oven.'

That afternoon, they heard that the King himself had offered a reward of a hundred bags of gold to anyone who could rid the kingdom of the beast.

'Oooh! Wouldn't I just like to win those hundred bags of gold,' said Sam.

'You're too small,' said his father.

'Now run along and take those cakes to the Palace before it gets dark.'

So Sam set off for the Palace with a tray of cakes balanced on his head. But he was so busy thinking of the hundred bags of gold that he lost his way, and soon it began to grow dark.

'Oh dear!' said Sam. 'The beast will be coming soon to look for his supper. I'd better hurry home.'

So he turned and started to hurry home as fast as he could. But he was utterly and completely lost, and he didn't know which way to turn. Soon it grew very dark. The streets were deserted, and everyone was safe inside, and had bolted and barred their doors for fear of the beast.

Poor Sam ran up this street and down the next, but he couldn't find the way home. Then suddenly – in the distance – he heard a sound like thunder, and he knew that the beast with a thousand teeth was approaching the city!

Sam ran up to the nearest house, and started to bang on the door. 'Let me in!' he cried. 'I'm out in the streets, and the beast is approaching the city! Listen!' And he could hear the sound of the beast getting nearer and nearer. The ground shook and the windows rattled in their frames. But the people inside said no – if they opened the door, the beast might get in and eat them too.

So poor Sam ran up to the next house, and banged as hard as he could on their door but the people told him to go away.



Then he heard a roar, and he heard the beast coming down the street, and he ran as hard as he could. But no matter how hard he ran, he could hear the beast getting nearer ... and nearer ... And he glanced over his shoulder – and there it was at the end of the street! Poor Sam in his fright dropped his tray, and hid under some steps. And the beast got nearer and nearer until it was right on top of him, and it bent down and its terrible jaws went SNACK! and it gobbled up the tray of cakes, and then it turned on Sam.

Sam plucked up all his courage and shouted as loud as he could: 'Don't eat me, Beast! Wouldn't you rather have some more cakes?'

The beast stopped and looked at Sam,

and then it looked back at the empty tray, and it said 'Well ... they were very nice cakes .. I liked the pink ones particularly. But there are no more left, so I'll just have to eat you ...' And it reached under the steps where poor Sam was hiding, and pulled him out in its great horny claws.

'Oh ... p-p-please!' cried Sam. 'If you don't eat me, I'll make you some more. I'll make you lots of good things, for I'm the best pastry cook in the land.' 'Will you make me some more of those pink ones?' asked the beast.

'Oh yes! I'll make you as many pink ones as you can eat!' cried Sam.

'Very well,' said the beast, and put poor Sam in his pocket, and carried him home to his lair.

A close-up of a red, skeletal dragon head. The dragon has glowing green eyes and a wide, toothy mouth. Its skin is a deep red, and its bones are visible through the flesh. The dragon is looking towards the right.

- Task** - To plan and write a creative ending for 'The beast with 1000 teeth'.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.