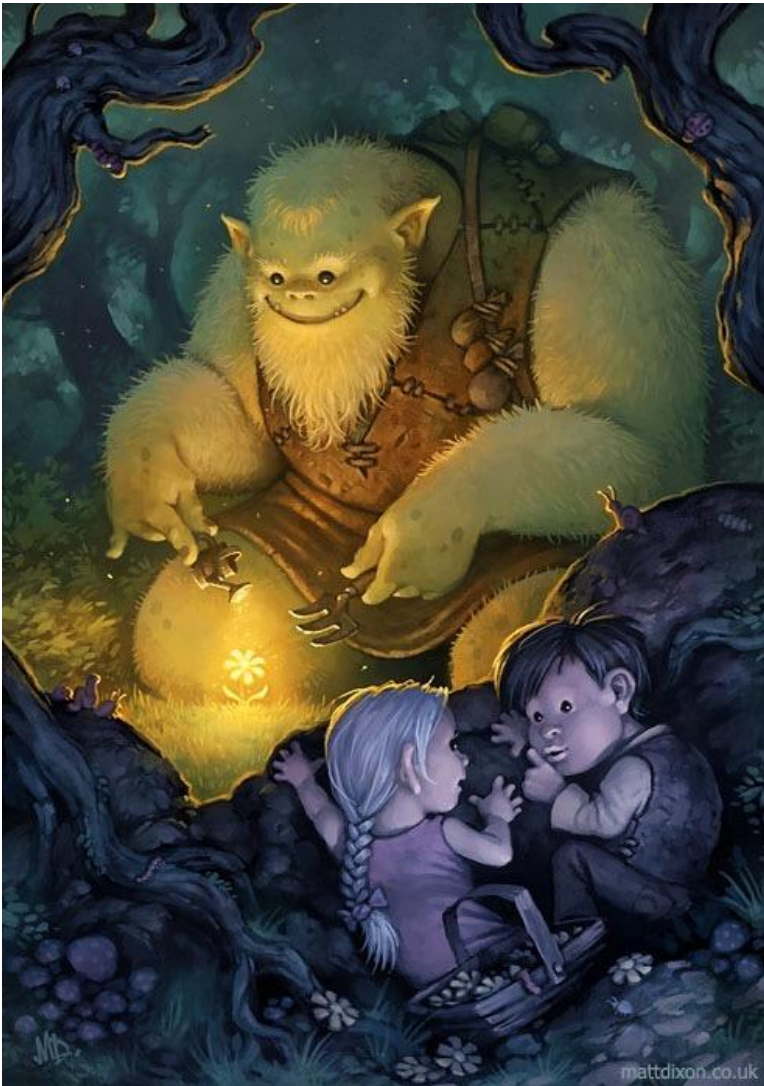


OLD MAN OF THE WOODS



- What is the ogre doing? Why?
- Why is there a glowing light over the flower? Where is it coming from?
- What do you think is in the pouches on the ogre's bag strap?
- Why were the children in the woods?
- Does he know that they are watching him?
- Do the children want him to know that they're there?
- Does this remind you of any other stories you know? Why? What's similar and what's different?
- Write this story in the style of a fairytale. Who will be your main character/protagonist(s)?
- Are ogres normally good or bad characters? Find as many examples as possible before you draw any conclusions.

Credit: Matt Dixon
Amy Hatton 6 Oak

One day, a little girl called Heather and her brother(Jake) went off exploring. They couldn't decide where to go. Heather suggested a forest. "No. People say there is a hideous ogre in there," Jake warned.

"That's just a rumour," Heather retorted.

Jake was convinced, so off they went into the enormous, gloomy forest, despite the rumours about it. They came up to a huge rock that looked like black paint had been flicked on it. There was a rumble and a sigh. "I wish I wasn't this big. Everyone is scared of me," huffed a mysterious voice.

The two peeked over the rock and saw something shocking. The rumours were true! In front of them, was an ogre who was staring at a golden, glowing flower. He had tufts of mint green, fluffy hair poking out from behind his point, elf-like ears. His eyes were tiny, black pools that glistened from the golden aura emitted by a magical flower. He was wearing a ragged, filthy toga that looked like he had made it himself; lying on top of the toga was a sash. Attached to the sash were little sacks, inside of the sacks were the ingredients needed for his transformation potion.

The ogre was watering the flower with a child sized watering can. "If this flower grows, I will be able to transform into a human!" the ogre exclaimed.

"Ugh," Jake groaned.

"Shhh," Heather snapped back. Crack! Where Jake had been fidgeting, he stood on a twig. "Oh no!" they said in unison.

The ogre lifted his head and peered into the darkness. "Who is there? Come out now. I am very friendly, there's no need to be scared," he whispered comfortingly.

Heather's head slowly emerged from behind the boulders that had been hiding them. She then replied with, "Hello, my name is Heather and this is my brother Jake. We are lost."

"OK, I can help you," the ogre responded.

"Yes please," Heather agreed.

And so off they went, the Ogre leading them through the narrow, twisted pathways until they came across a fork in the trail. A sign was in the middle of the two possible ways. The sign read, "Be careful which path you choose. One will lead you out of the forest. The other will lead you to certain death, death, death, death!" The ogre was unsure which way to take. "It's been months since I journeyed out of my area. But, I have an idea." Silently, the ogre got out all of his supplies and started making something. Finally, he finished. "I have made a light potion. Once I throw this, wherever it lands it will make light."

He through the potion into the blackness. Smash! Both of the ways lit up. One of the paths had a sign saying, "Well done. You survived." The other way had an enormous, circular hole that contained poisonous, jumping worms.

The children thanked the ogre and said goodbye with a hug. "Can I ask you a favour? Will you tell everyone that you know that I'm not as bad as they think I am?" "Yes of course," said Heather. "We'll make sure everyone knows how kind you are." Off they went home.

A day passed and the ogre had a visitor. It was a lady. She asked if the ogre would show her around the forest. And so he did. As the days went on, more and more visitors came and wanted a tour of the forest. So, the ogre started up a business. He was the only tour guide in the forest. "Maybe it's not so bad being an ogre after all!" he exclaimed.

The end...