

Friday

Writing -This is linked to last Friday's work

Have another read of the story:

The Myth of Pandora's Box

Are you nosy? Do you like secrets? Have you ever done something that you've been warned not to, just to find out a secret? All through time there have been stories about people being told not to open doors, cupboards, gates and all sorts of other things, and in many of the stories the people just didn't listen. One person who did not listen is Pandora. Her story is from Ancient Greece, where her nosiness changed the world forever!

Not hundreds but thousands of years ago, in ancient Greece, there lived two brothers called Epimetheus and Prometheus. Although they lived in a world where the gods were in charge, they liked nothing more than to annoy the gods. One day, Zeus, a particularly powerful god decided to teach them a lesson.

Zeus ordered the gods to create a beautiful woman. Her name was Pandora and she was to marry Epimetheus. As a wedding present, Zeus gave Pandora a beautiful box but there was one special condition; she was never to open it!

All day Pandora's husband Epimetheus was out working. All day all she could think about was what was in the box. Pandora could not understand why Zeus would give her a box that she could not open. It made no sense to her. Pandora was bored and lonely and her curiosity became unbearable.

One day, when she was sure that Epimetheus was out annoying the gods, Pandora searched for the key to open the box.

"I know it's here somewhere," she muttered to herself as she opened cupboards and drawers. There it was, high on a shelf in their bedroom! With shaking hands, Pandora slid the key into the lock and turned it.

She took a deep breath, closed her eyes and slowly, with trembling hands, opened the lid of the box, imagining what could be inside: rubies as red as the blazing sunset, jewel encrusted gowns, piles of gold coins. But there were no coins or jewellery, no gowns or gems, for all at once every evil and spite, every sadness and misery flew out. Like a swarm of insects, they fled the house and infested the earth with heartache and sorrow.

Pandora slammed the lid shut and turned the key. "What have I done?" she sobbed, holding her head in her hands. Sometime later, Pandora noticed a fluttering sound

coming from the box, as if something was trapped inside. Terrified, she pressed her ear to the box. "Let me out," a small voice pleaded gently, "I mean you no harm."

Once again, with shaking hands, Pandora unlocked the box and opened the lid. A beautiful butterfly of hope fluttered out of the box, for although Pandora had released pain and suffering into the world, she had also allowed hope to follow them.



The title of this myth has a special punctuation mark in it, called an apostrophe. Can you circle the apostrophe?

★ Circle the apostrophe: Pandora's box

An apostrophe looks like this ' and it is used to show that something belongs to someone. Pandora's box = the box belonging

★ Read these examples and then write down your own examples. Don't forget the apostrophes!

	Whose is it?
the dog's ball	The ball belonging to the dog
the man's hat	The hat belonging to the man
the car's wheel	The wheel belonging to the car

★ Apollo was also a Greek god of poetry. Let's do some poetry activities together! Start by sharing this poem with someone at home.

The Magic Box

I will put in the box

the swish of a silk sari on a summer night,
fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,
the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly
a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene,
a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put in the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,
the last joke of an ancient uncle,
and the first smile of a baby.

I will put in the box

a fifth season and a black sun,
a cowboy on a broomstick
and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,
with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.
Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box

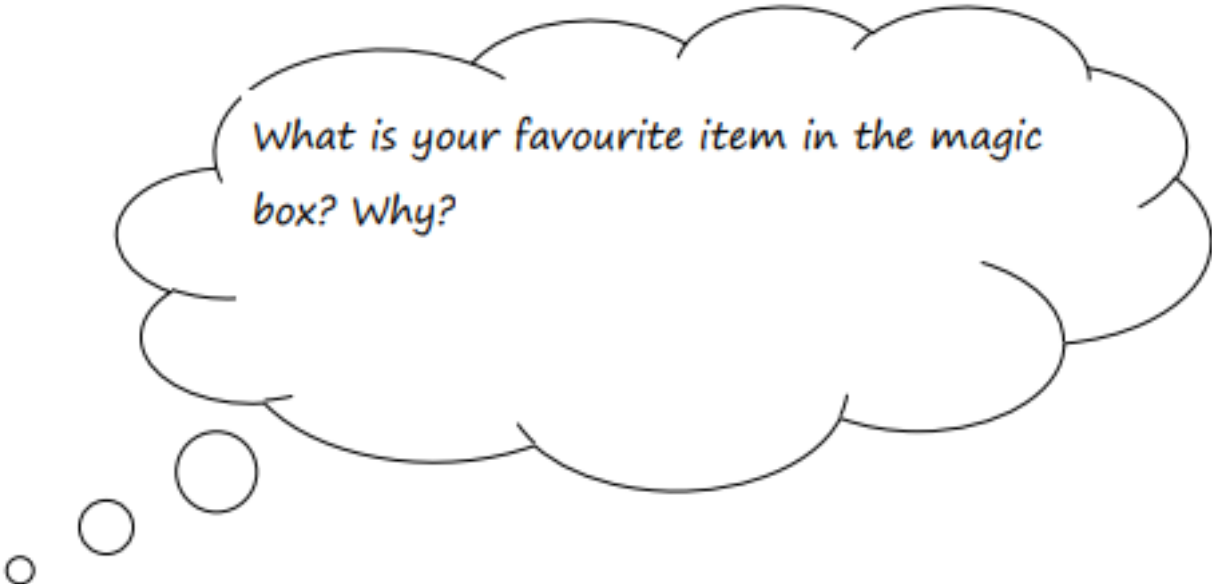
on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,
then wash ashore on a yellow beach
the colour of the sun.

by Kit Wright

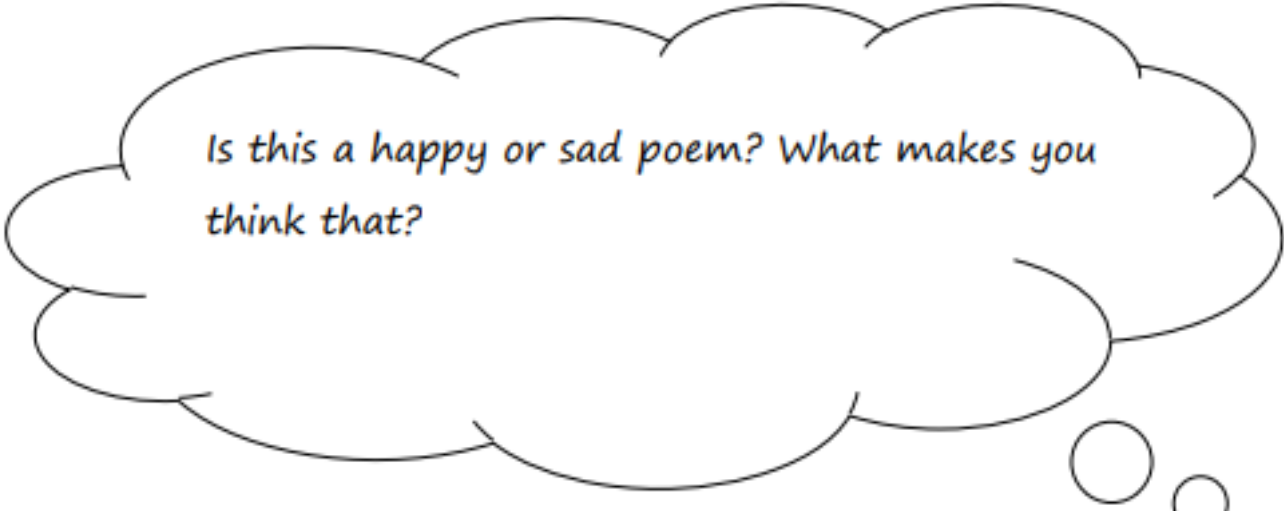
If you have a computer, you can listen to Kit reading his poem by putting this address into the internet:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/clips/zkpmhyc>

★ Talk about the poem and then write your ideas here:



What is your favourite item in the magic box? Why?



Is this a happy or sad poem? What makes you think that?

