

## The Story of King Midas

Gold, gold, shimmering, glimmering, glinting gold. Every night King Midas went to bed thinking about his gold. He had lots of it, all locked away in chests and hidden in secret places so no-one else could touch it.

The king's daughter, a little princess with shiny black hair, was glad her father had so much gold. She just wished he didn't have to count it every day. Then, perhaps, he could spend some time with her.

One day, the little princess disturbed King Midas in the middle of counting his treasure.

"Father! Father!" she cried, pulling at his arm. "Come and play in the garden with me."

"I'm sorry, my little princess," said the King. "Not just now, I must finish counting all my gold. One golden goblet, two golden cups..."

You see, King Midas was very greedy. He wanted to have more gold than any other king in the world!

When at last all his gold had been counted and safely hidden away again, the king headed for the garden to find his daughter, still thinking of how to get more gold.

"Gold, gold, I need more gold," he was mumbling when he met a satyr, a strange looking creature who was half man and half goat.

"Can I pick an orange from your tree?" asked the satyr.

"Have as many as you like," said King Midas, who was still thinking about his gold.

The satyr helped himself to some fruit.

"Your kindness deserves a reward," he said. "Tell me what you wish for most in the world, and I'll grant it for you."

"Mmmmmm," wondered King Midas. "Now what do I want most?"

There were lots of things he could ask for. A pony for his little princess. A good harvest for his farmers. Peace amongst his people. But finally, his mind was made up.

"I want everything I touch to turn to gold," he said with a big smile on his face.

"Are you sure?" asked the satyr.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Midas assured him. "At last I'll have more gold than any other king!"

"Very well," said the satyr as he trotted off, chewing on an orange. "Your wish is granted."

King Midas looked at the trees and flowers around him.

"Can I really change everything into gold just by touching it?" he wondered.

He picked a flower and - yes! It turned to solid gold. He tapped a snail on its shell and that too, turned to gold! The king ran indoors. He touched bowls and basins. He ran his fingers along curtains and cushions - gold! Gold! Gold! All turned instantly to gold. King Midas could hardly believe it. He called for his servants.

"Bring me some food," he ordered. "And the best wine in the cellar. I want to celebrate!"

Quickly, the servants laid the table and poured the king a goblet of wine. King Midas held it to his lips but... gold! The wine turned to solid gold the moment it touched his lips.

"Meat!" he roared, putting down the goblet. A servant handed him a platter of partridges cooked in honey but... gold!

King Midas threw them to the floor.

"What have I done?" he sighed miserably. "I'll never be able to eat or drink again. I'll starve."

Just then, his little princess came running in from the garden. She was about to give her father a big hug when...

"STOP! Don't touch me," King Midas shouted.

The Princess looked sad. "Papa, why not? What have I done?"

"Oh, my little princess. You haven't done anything," cried the king. "It's me, I'm cursed. Everything I touch t

The little princess couldn't understand.

"But you love gold, father. What could be better?" she said.

King Midas shook his head miserably. "You can't eat or drink gold princess. You can't hug it. What am I going

"If only we could find the person who put the curse on you," said the princess. "Perhaps they could take it a

"That's it!" said King Midas and, quickly, he ran out of the palace, leaving a trail of golden footprints behind

When he caught up with the satyr, he fell to his knees.

"Please, take back your gift," he begged. "I don't want it anymore."

"You mean you don't want everything you touch to turn to gold after all?" asked the satyr.

"No," said King Midas, his head bowed in shame.

"Mmmm," said the satyr thoughtfully, "I think you've learnt your lesson. Go and wash in the river. It will cure you of your curse."

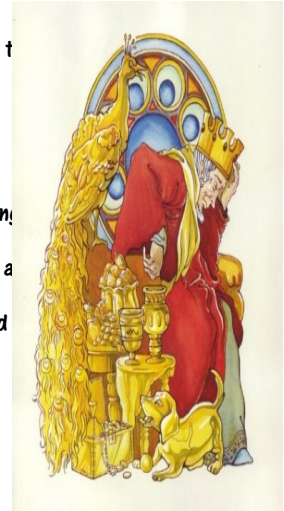
The king ran as fast as he could to the river. He took off his clothes and dived into the water. Beneath him, the sand turned to gold. King Midas scrubbed his hand over and over again. Then he picked up a shell, held it tightly in his hands and... it remained a shell, an ordinary shell. The golden touch had flowed out of him and away on the river.

"Thank the Gods," King Midas whispered.

He dropped the shell and scooped the water up to his dry lips. How good it tasted! Midas drank and drank. Then he put on his clothes and ran back to his palace. There, he gave his little princess the biggest hug ever.

"See, my little princess," said the King, happily.

"Some things are much more precious than gold!"



## Challenge 1

Use the success criteria below to text mark the story of King Midas

<u>Success Criteria</u>		
<u>Working at</u>	Compound sentence using a coordinating conjunction	
	Compound sentence using a semi colon	
	Complex sentence using a relative clause	
	Speech	
<u>Greater Depth</u>	Adventurous language	
	Past Perfect Tense	
	Modal verbs	
	Parenthesis (marked with dashes, commas or brackets)	
	Expanded noun phrases	
	Fronted adverbials of Time Manner Place	

## Challenge 2

Find out what a myth is?

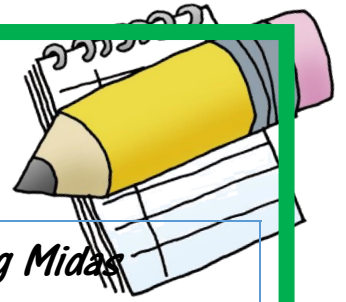
Make a list of any myths you have heard of .

## Challenge 3

Compare the key features of a myth by completing the sheet on the following page.

## Week Commencing 8.6.20

LO: To Identify features of a myth.



<b>Features:</b>	<i>Little Red Riding Hood</i>	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i>	<i>King Midas</i>
A character in danger			
A wicked or dangerous character			
An animal that has human characteristics			
Instructions or orders to follow			
A gift			
Something that a character wants			
Magic			
Woods, forest or wild places			
A hero who saves the day			
A lesson to be learnt			