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THE MOST POWERFUL WIZARD

SUMMARY: In the city of Krakow, the young wizard Twardowski sells his soul to the devil to increase his power and help people in need. Feeling tricked, the devil lures him into a trap from which he's able to escape finding shelter on the Moon.

ORIGINAL TITLE: JAN TWARDOWSKI

ORIGIN: POLAND

KEYWORDS: WIZARD, DEVIL, DECEIT

GENRE: LEGEND

AGE: 7–8 YEARS





THE MOST POWERFUL WIZARD

In the ancient city of Krakow, a city so ancient that it witnessed the beginning of Earth's, there lived a young boy named Jan.

Jan Twardowski wanted to be a wizard, so he made sure to study all there was to learn about sorcery.

He knew every book on spells and alchemy textbook, and he knew all of nature's laws and nature itself.

At night, he used to go into the woods with his trusty rooster where the spirit of the nature around him seemed even truer.

As if the Earth was his mother's womb, every night he would be reborn in its depths and his energy and strength became stronger.

As time passed, however, he realized that it was not enough and it was necessary to go further in his pursuit of discovering and understanding magic.

And so, he took a difficult and dangerous step that would have given him all the power in the world.

He decided to knock on the dark doors of night, where darkness was so thick that it seemed like a dusky cloak. In the depths of the Earth, he pronounced his prohibited books' words and called upon the one who shouldn't be named.

An intense cold wrapped Jan like an omen of doom.

Slowly, he then saw a long and black shadow appearing in front of his eyes, shapeless and misshapen.

His eyes struggled to look at it as if the intense darkness was absorbing his energy.

Suddenly, two little, flame-like red eyes kindled in the thick dark. Jan felt a furious and vehement glance from the eyes pierce his soul and he got scared.

The creature was massaging his gaunt fingers with long twisted claws, forming a weird tangle that aroused repulsion and wonder.

Jan was looking astonished and bewitched by this movement, so constant and slow it seemed perpetual, like a spiral that was dragging him into unknown abysses.

A long tail was swinging from under the jacket stroking the sturdy goat legs. Jan stood still as the devil was getting closer with small jumps, just like a goat, and in an instant, he was in front of him, so close that Jan thought he felt the fire crackle in his darting gaze.

“What do you desire Mr. Twardowski?” asked the demon, Czart.

“Czart, morning star, I need your help to become the most powerful wizard,” answered young Jan, gaining confidence.



“Young boy, I will make you the strongest wizard on Earth, so that you’ll be able to fulfill all of your desires. In return, you just have to sign this contract, giving me your soul as payment,” said Czart, still rubbing his hands and flashing a smile full of sharp teeth, resembling small daggers ready to shred the unfortunate boy’s soul. “I will not only sign it, but you can also add a clause that as soon as I reach Rome, my soul will be yours,” said Jan as he was signing the contract with a steady and confident hand. The demon ground his teeth, making this shrill sound that made Jan shudder, as if he could feel the bite on his skin. Czart disappeared with a mocking grin, certain that he would soon be able to get a hold of young Twardowski’s soul. A smile appeared on Jan’s face as well, a conscious and calm smile, bright and clear as only the sky can be. The devil was deceived about the wizard’s true intentions to help the others.

Jan Twardowski

“I need to move faster and to have a means of transport;” he said looking at his rooster. As soon as he had this thought, the rooster started to grow and turn big enough to carry the wizard on its back. The tail’s long iridescent feathers stretched until they became a sumptuous cloak, while the head was adorned with a lion-like hair.

With a jump, Jan mounted on its back and the rooster set off with its enormous wings, so big they could obscure the moon’s light.

Jan and his rooster flew in the sky above Krakow, listening to the inhabitant’s voices. Jan’s heart echoed with the sounds of their requests. They spoke of incurable diseases and pain of all kinds. And, so Jan hurried, swooping down on houses, like a kind angel.



He only had to wish for it and the ill were cured of their sufferings, and the elderly were made young again. Even King Sigismund II Augustus called for Jan to help him one day.

His beloved wife Barbara had been dead for some time now; however, the pain in the king's heart had only gotten deeper and more intolerable as the days went by.

The king was consumed by his nostalgia and for his desire to talk to her one more time. He desperately looked for her in the reflections of the fountains and among the flowers in his garden. He summoned wizards and sorcerers, doctors and astrologers, that came from all over the world, but no one could help him, until Jan arrived on his rooster. He brought his mirror that had a white surface and black frame. "Leave us alone," he said while closing the throne room's door.



As soon as everyone had left the room, Jan put his hands on the king's heart and eyes, observing the great sadness and limitless love that the sovereign had inside himself for his wife. Without leaving his hand from the sovereign's eyes, he brought him in front of the mirror and said: "Majesty, as soon as I remove my hand, please look in front of you".



The king slowly opened his eyes, trembling with emotion. The mirror now seemed like a door that opens into a long corridor, and into it the king saw his beloved wife's figure approaching him, with her long blond hair and sweet smile. For a moment that seemed like forever the two of them were able to talk to each other again and say goodbye. This incredible prodigy made Jan even more famous and rich, the king wanted to reward him greatly. Years went by and the devil could not bear to be fooled like this anymore. In fact, in his evil mind, he thought that Jan had wanted that power to hurt others, but, instead, saw that the boy had used the magic he had been given to help people in need, especially the poor and the ill.

Deep in his thoughts, Czart came to the conclusion that Jan would never go to Rome on his own will, so he needed to use his trickery to make it happen.

"Since you are so concerned with helping those in need, young Twardowski, I'll give you one more case to help". And so, he transformed himself into a young farmer with a sick mother, his eyes already filling up with tears to make Jan pity him.

"Most powerful wizard, only you can save my dying mother," the fake man in need whimpered. "She's in an inn not far from here, please come!"

Twardowski did not need to hear this twice, nothing could move him more than a son's love for his mother, so he went to the inn. He was so taken by the young farmer's tears that he did not realise the inn's name was Rome.

As soon as he crossed the threshold, Czart resumed his true form, a sulfur stinking smoke surrounded him.

The wizard coughed, frightened, aware of having been caught in a trap. Clutching his long claws around him, the devil laughed mockingly, and flew towards the underworld with his prey.

When the rooster saw his friend being taken away, he began to sing a melody so loud and powerful that it sounded like the trumpets of Heaven!! The devil let go of him to plug his ears, as he thought they really were the celestial trumpets.

Jan started to fall but his friend caught him with a flutter of wings and put him on its back.

They flew above their beloved city one last time.

"It's never looked as beautiful as it has tonight" said Jan, as the rooster flew higher and higher, ascending towards the moon.

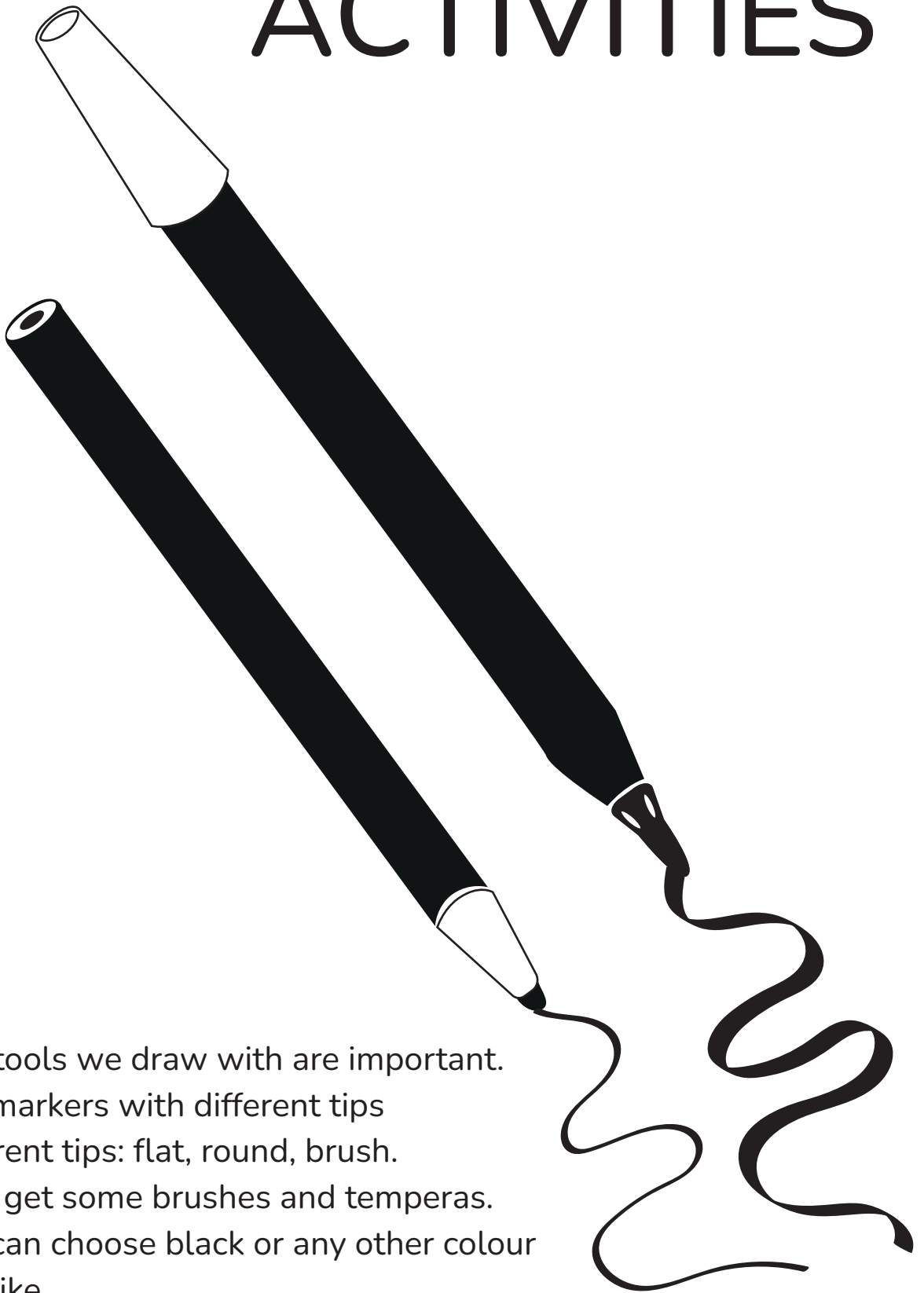
Jan, turned his head back a final time, and saw Krakow getting smaller and smaller until it disappeared behind the clouds.

Since that fateful day, the boy and his rooster made a home on the moon.

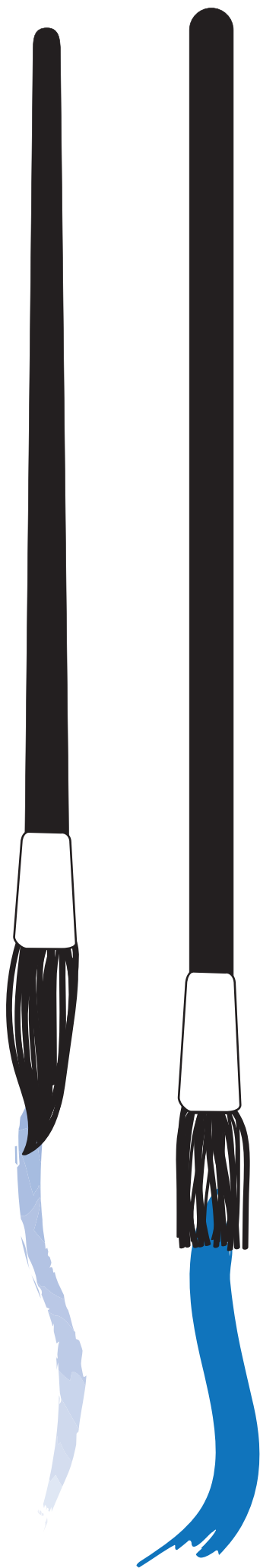
Still, when the weight of Jan's nostalgia and the distance from his city gets too unbearable, he transforms his friend rooster into a small spider to lower him down to the houses, just so can listen to the secrets and voices of his beloved Krakow.



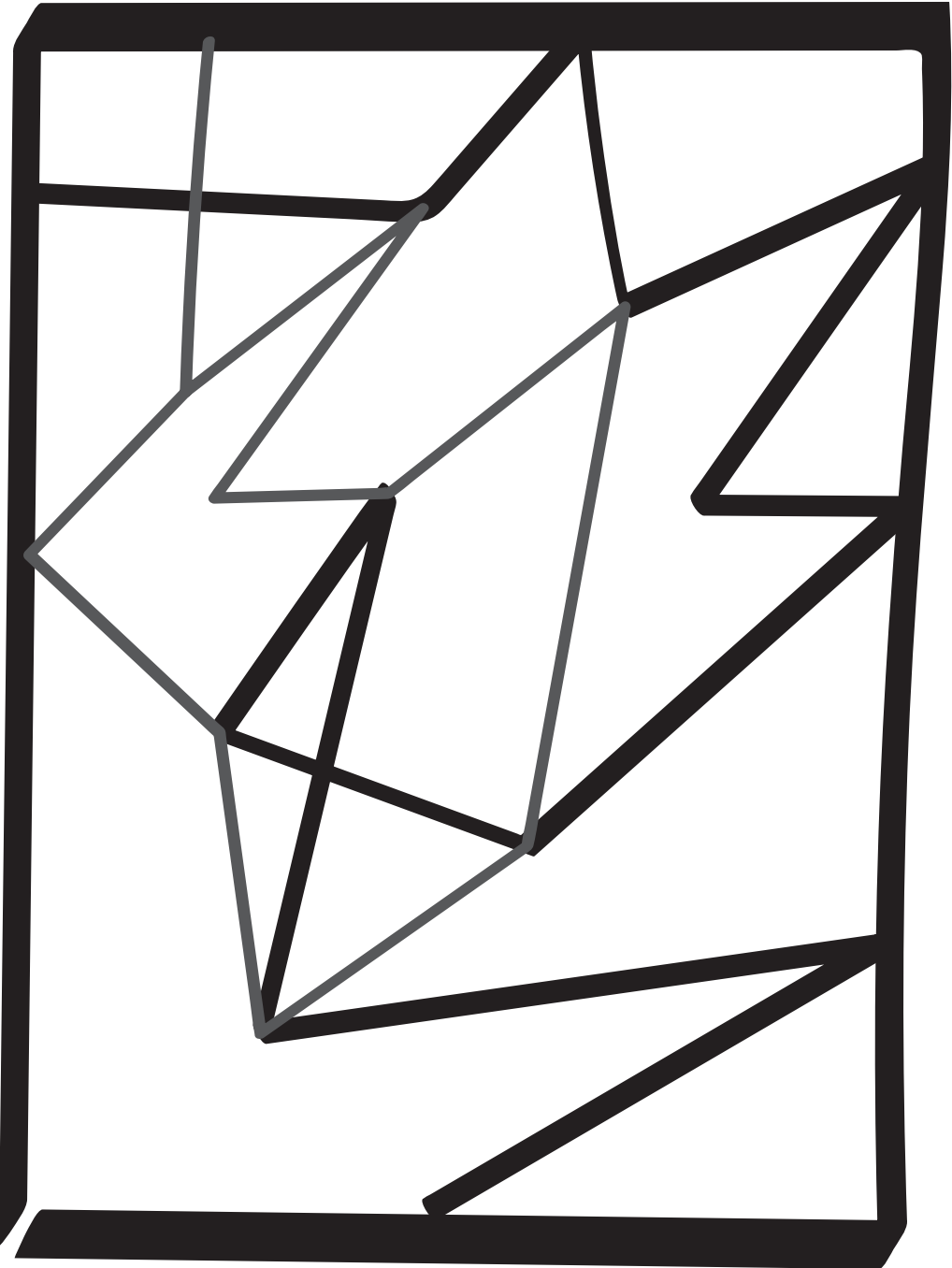
ACTIVITIES



The tools we draw with are important.
Get markers with different tips
different tips: flat, round, brush.
Also get some brushes and temperas.
You can choose black or any other colour
you like.



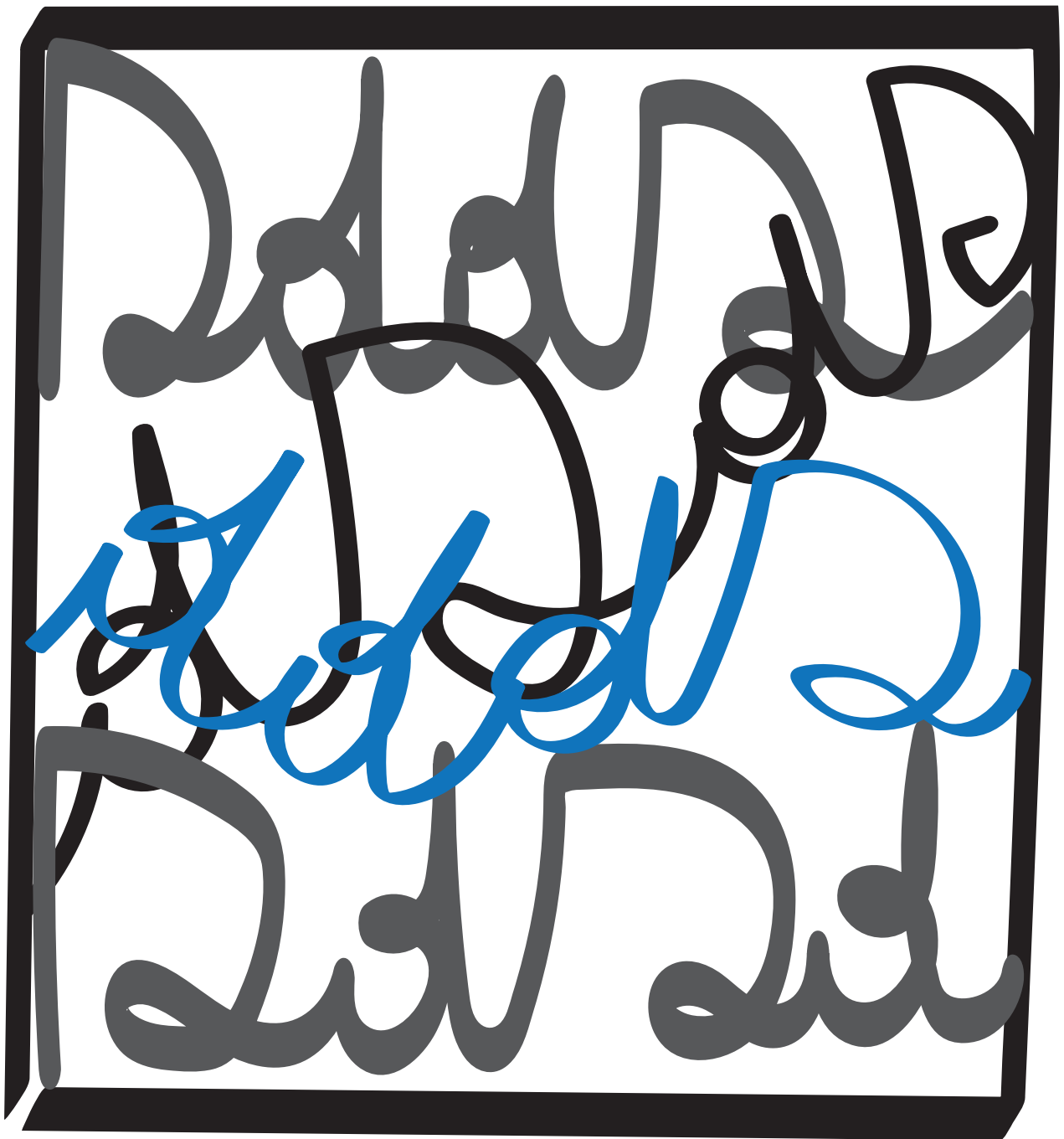
Use your scrapbook: draw a frame and then, alternating between the various tools, draw continuous lines trying to go as straight as you can. Imagine that you are a spider building his web in the story. With the second tool, draw lines trying to connect the created corners. Draw each line without removing your hand from the paper. Continue with other tools and lines. If you want, alternate between two colours.



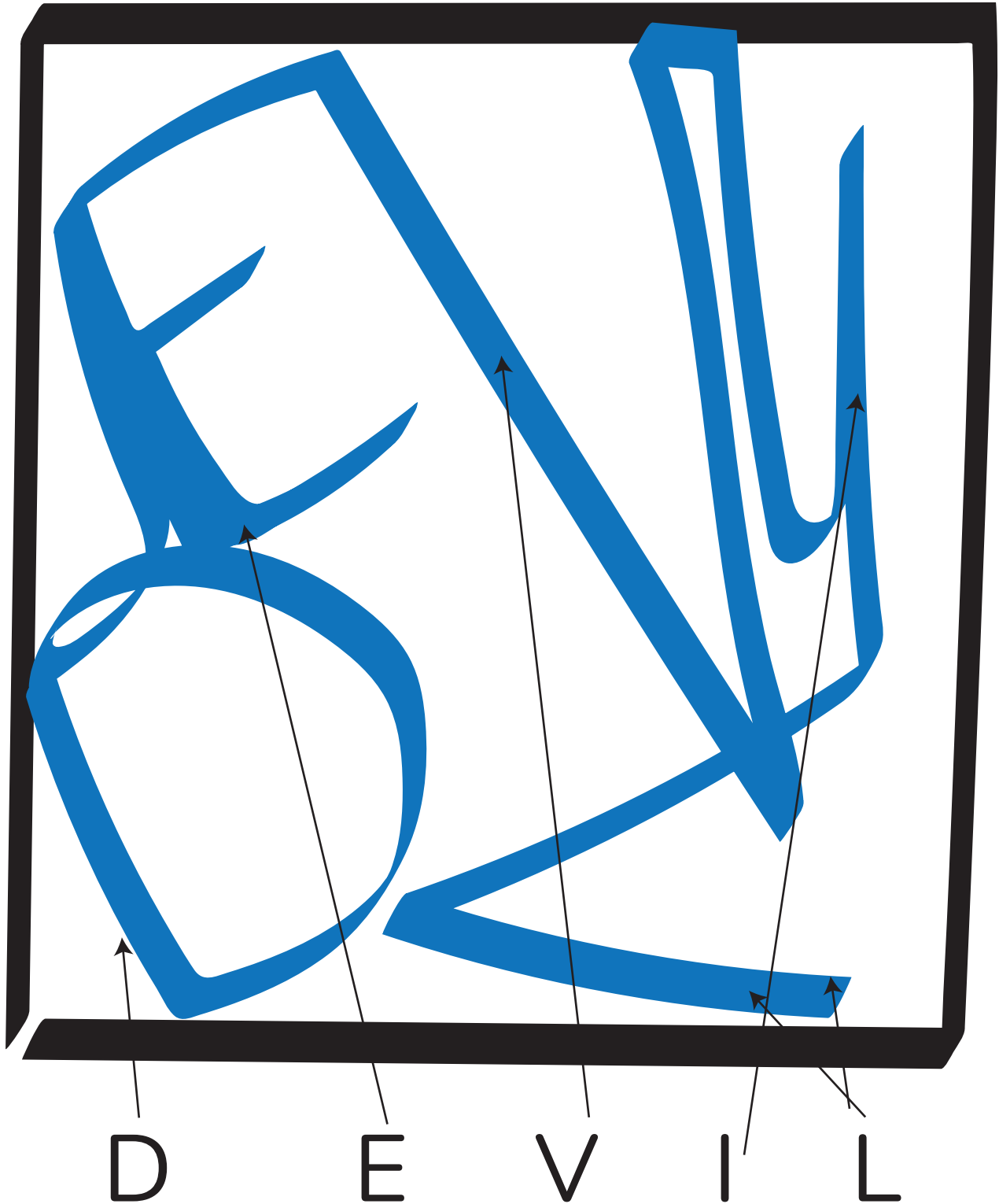
Draw another frame.

Try to draw the same letter many times, making a single line, without removing your hand from the paper.

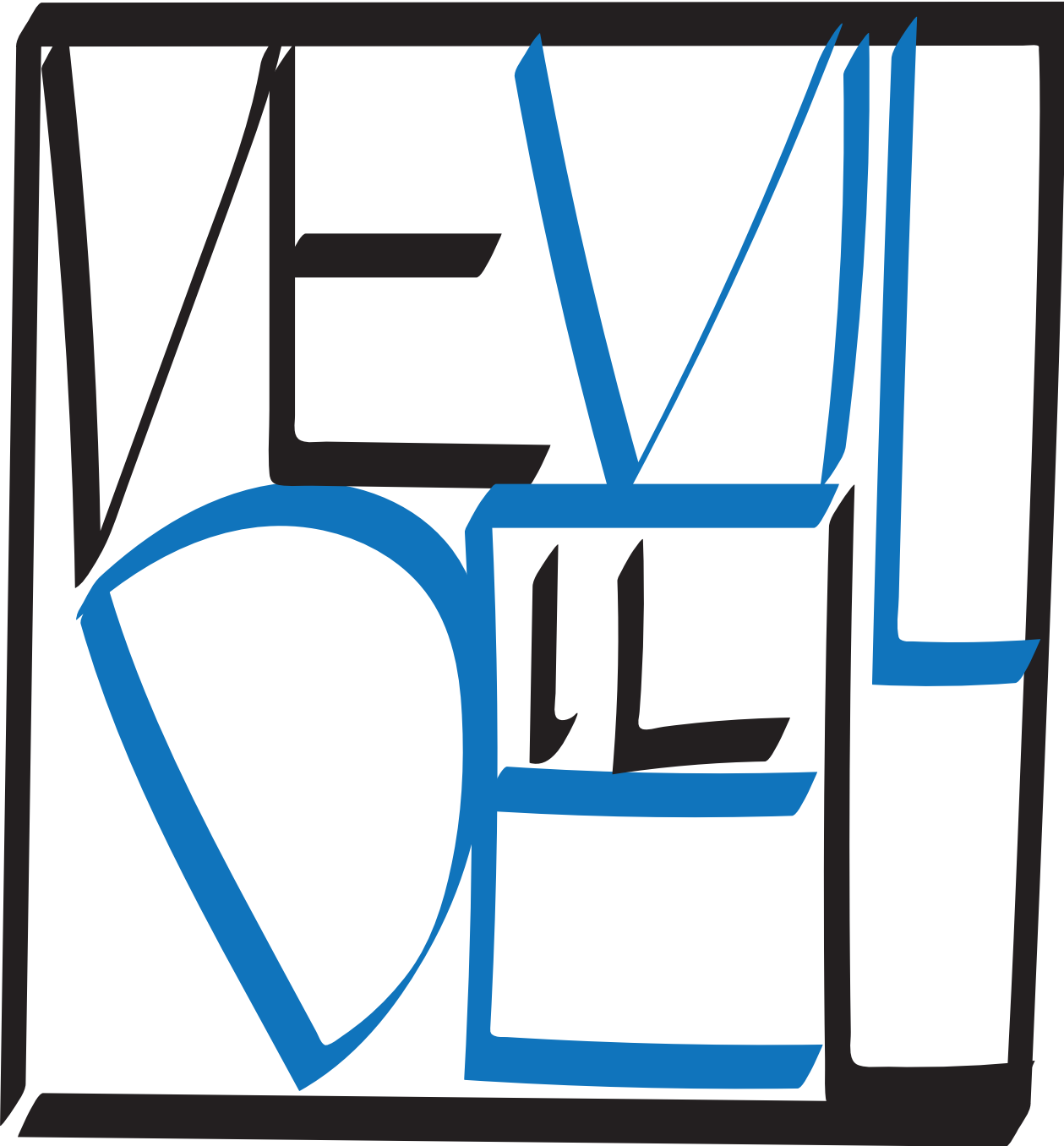
Alternate capital and lowercase letters. Do this several times, choosing different tools and colours. Try, as in the previous drawing, to match the letters in certain points.



Draw another frame. Try drawing the key word: **devil**.
Use block letters. Never take your hand off the paper.
Don't worry if it is not readable, that is not the purpose
of this game. Create your own way of drawing this word.



Try writing the key word in another frame, by using two different colours. Draw each letter legibly. With the second colour, write the letters in the remaining empty spaces, creating a pleasing and harmonious composition.



In another frame, try writing the key word legibly several times.

With the second colour, fill in the inside of the letters, creating a pleasing and harmonious composition.



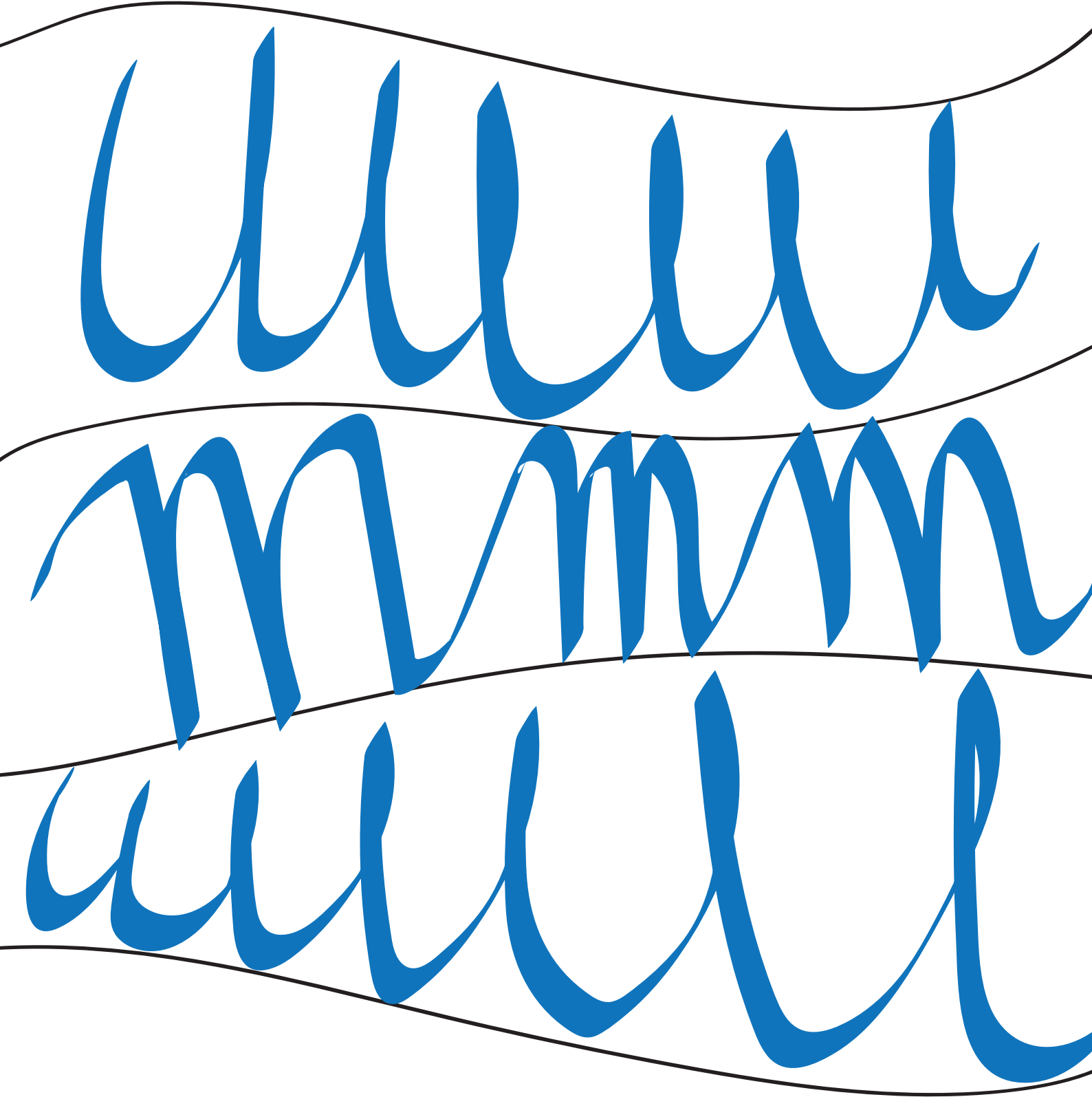


Draw on your album examples of the letter “d” all attached.
Alternate between small and big sizes.

Draw examples of the letter “d” around the sheet on your scrapbook.

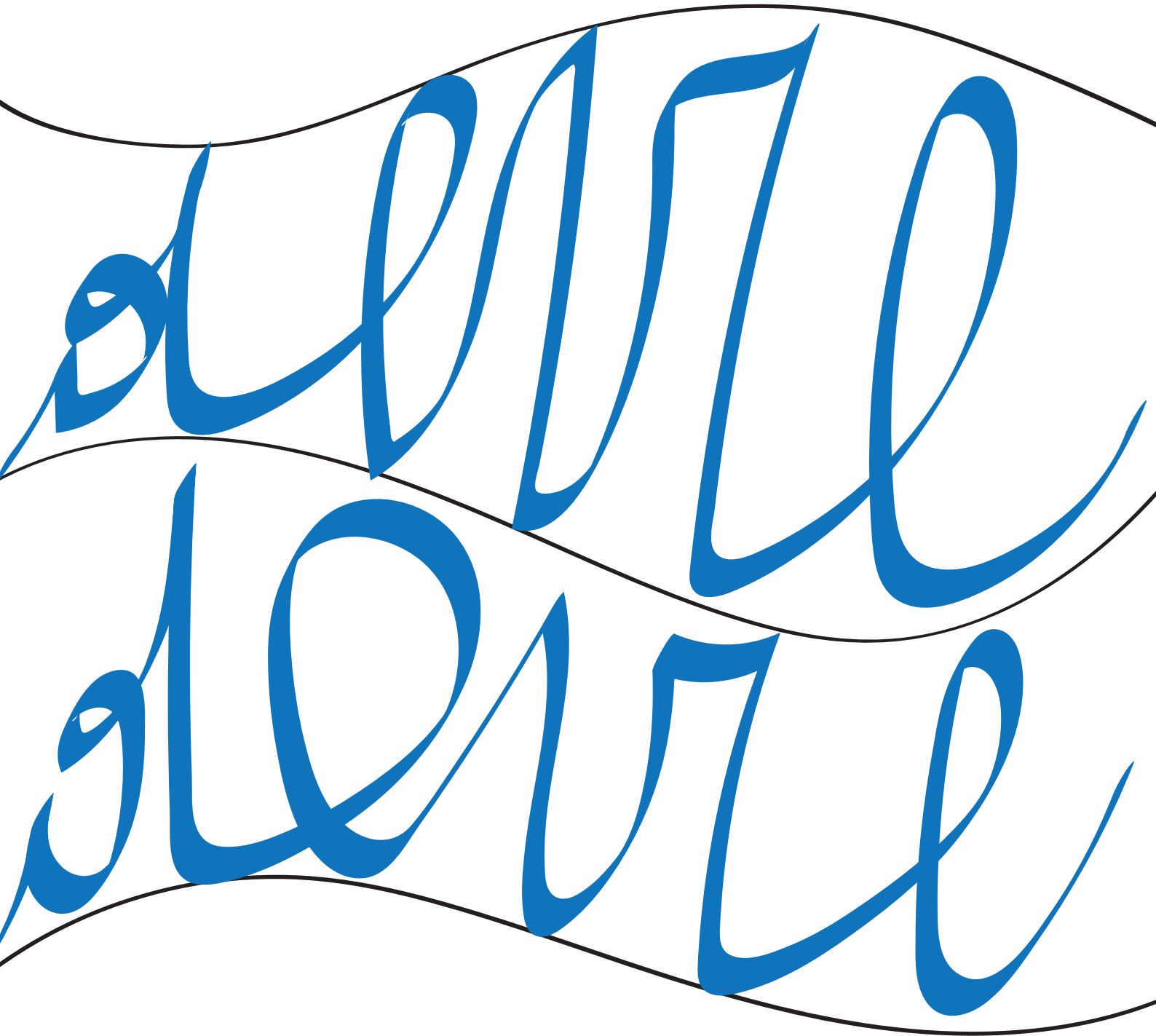


Draw black lines on your album like the ones you see here.
Do this on several pages. Draw the letters within the spaces,
adjusting them for height and movement.



Draw black lines on your album like the ones you see here.
Do this on several pages.

Now draw the word within the spaces by adapting the letters.





Write the word on your album by stretching out the letters without ever removing your hand from the paper. Do this many times, alternating the tools, the colours, the position of the letters.

de fure
de fure
de fure
de vil

Write the word on your album by using various tools,
and also different colours.

dervil

dervil

dervil

dervil



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