

CREATIVE MIND



ACTIVITY BOOK
OF



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KARL KATZ

SUMMARY: In the heart of a magical forest, the shepherd Karl Katz gets lost with his flock. On the longest day of his life, he experiences a strange adventure in a mysterious land. On his return, he will find everything changed.

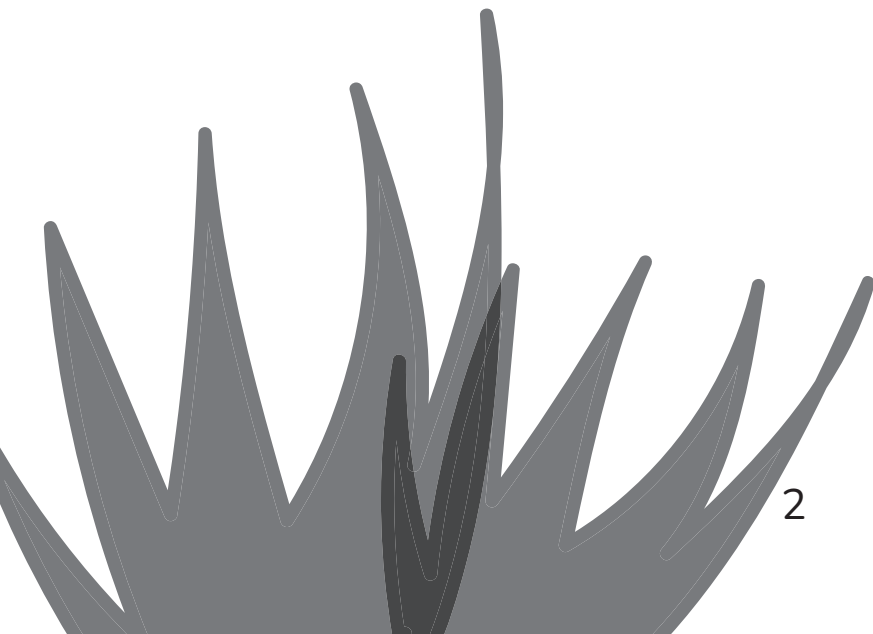
ORIGINAL TITLE: KARL KATZ

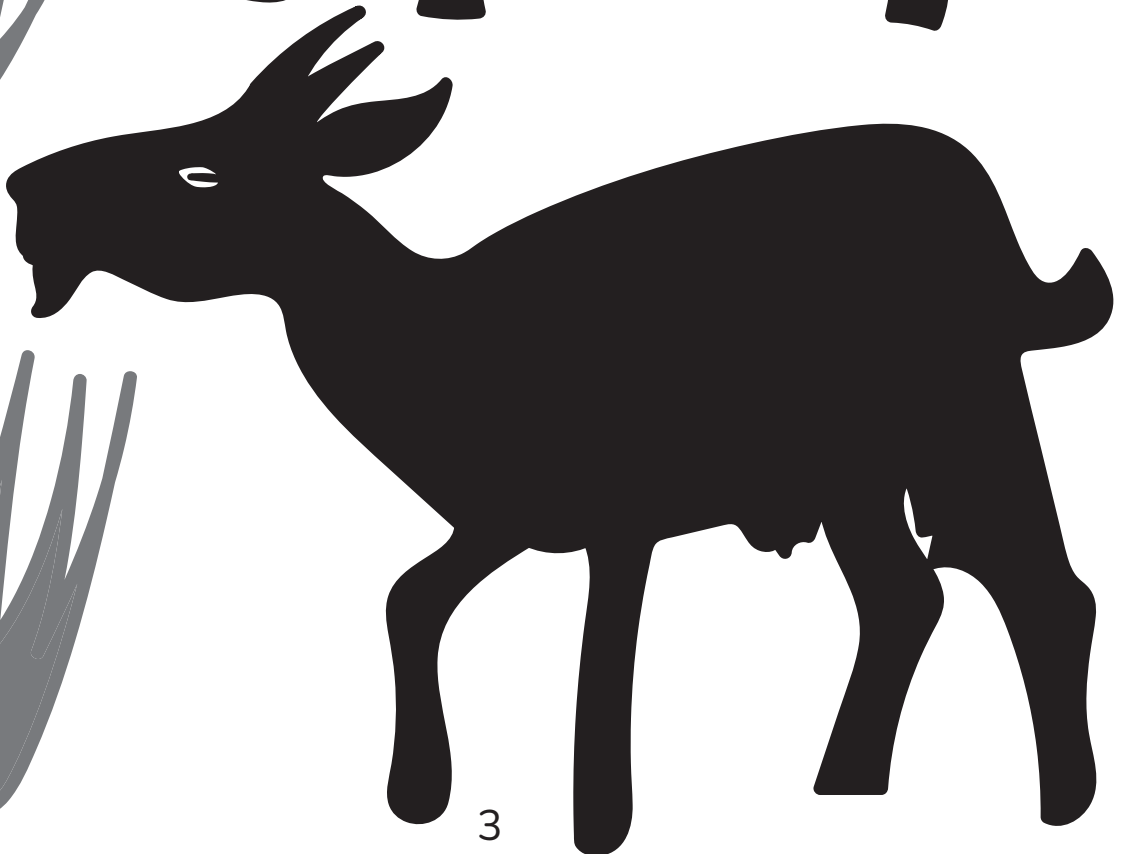
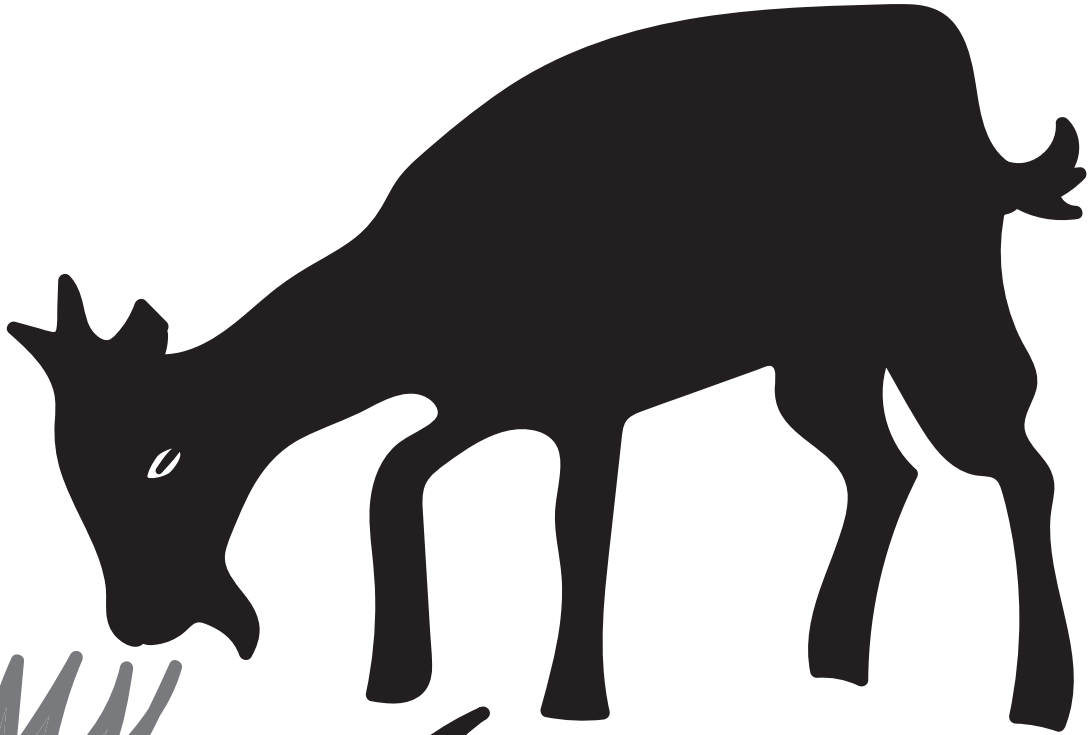
ORIGIN: GERMANY

KEYWORDS: GIANTS, TIME, SHEPHERD, GOAT

GENRE: LEGEND

AGE: 5–6 YEARS





KARL KATZ

Every spring in the thick of the forest, its mysterious and wonderful inhabitants awaken to celebrate the rebirth of nature.

On this night anything can happen and anything is possible.

Long ago, at the foot of the Broken Mountain, there was a small village wrapped in the embrace of magic.

A young goatherd named Karl Katz lived there.

Every day he led his flock in search of the best pastures, climbing as nimbly as his goats up the steep walls to contemplate the deep greenery of the forest.

It seemed like an endless sea, as the treetops swayed like waves in the wind and Karl felt his heart fluttering along with their movements, too.

Karl loved to sit and watch nature, listening to the voices and songs of animals.



He watched the clouds pass by as if they were the mountain's thoughts – he could always tell whether it was angry or happy, whether to expect a light drizzle or a real storm. His goats grazed quietly around him. It often happened that the night surprised them, the goats' heads still in the grass and Karl's in the clouds.



During one of those times, Karl decided to lead his flock to a ruined castle to spend the night safely. The ancient walls were entirely shrouded in vegetation, almost as if the forest was slowly engulfing those remains, encompassing them and building new spaces for itself. Facing what must have once been a monumental entrance, Karl counted his goats. Once the last one had entered, however, he realised that his favourite was not there. Nervously he started counting again, looked around and called out, whistling. There was no sign of the animal, however.

“Maybe a wolf or a bear ate my little goat?” he asked himself, saddened, as he returned to his flock.

In low spirits, he then fell asleep.

Early in the morning, Karl felt light strokes hitting his face and when he opened his eyes, he found the snout of his favourite goat in front of him.

Thinking he was still dreaming, he crinkled his eyes, and the little goat bleated happily.

“Where have you been?” said Karl, hugging her happily.

“What a fright you gave me, you must never do that again!”

The little goat jumped with joy around Karl, who ran to wake up the other little goats and lead them to graze. The day passed quickly, Karl felt euphoric and restless. The trees, the clouds and the mountain were hiding a secret he did not know. Karl questioned the tree trunks, the bushes, the wild rabbits. "What are you hiding from me? What is your secret?" The forest seemed to linger, reluctant to reveal itself.



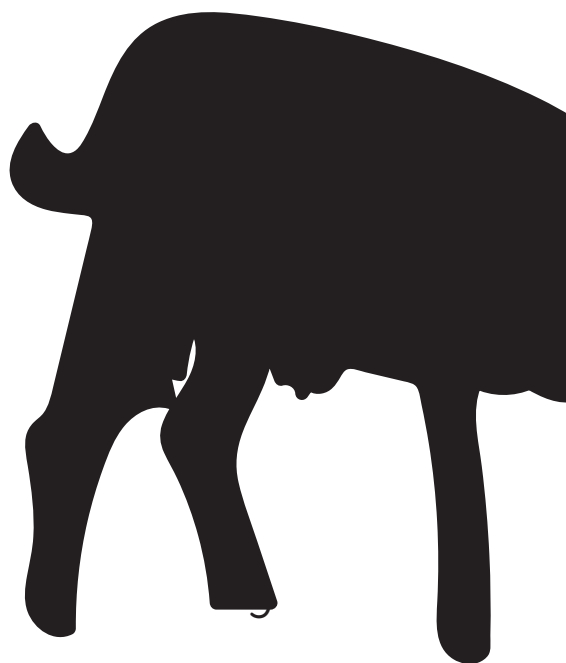
Karl watched the work of two bees, who had lingered to collect nectar, it seemed to him as if they were saying “the sun has set, we must go back”.

Surprised again by the sunset, Karl realised that the evening was coming down, and strange shadows were stretching out and hiding inside the trees, accompanied by a hushed chatter that continued to elude him.

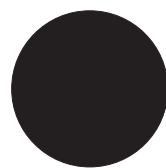
Karl rallied his goats with a whistle and headed back to the castle ruins. Once inside the walls, the shepherd counted the goats and once again noticed that his favourite was missing. More intrigued than worried, he started looking around, moving long shoots of ivy and other climbing plants that were tangled in the walls. In one corner, he found a low, narrow doorway, so small that Karl had to kneel down to enter it. He began to crawl along, turning round from time to time, and already the door appeared to him to be a small shining square, which immediately vanished.

The little goat bleated a little further on as if to invite him to follow it.

Finally, they reached a cave and Karl jumped to his feet. No matter how much he looked around he could not see the end, the walls were so high up that Karl felt dizzy. Suddenly, something like a rain of stones came down. Karl protected himself with his arms, but upon looking closer, he realised that they were oats. Nine large horses, with coats so black and shiny that first he mistook them for darkness, were eating placidly above him. Barley and oats occasionally fell from their mouths. After his initial astonishment, Karl began to feel frightened; who on earth could ride such imposing animals? While he was deep in these thoughts, he found himself facing a small man, so small that he did not reach his knees.



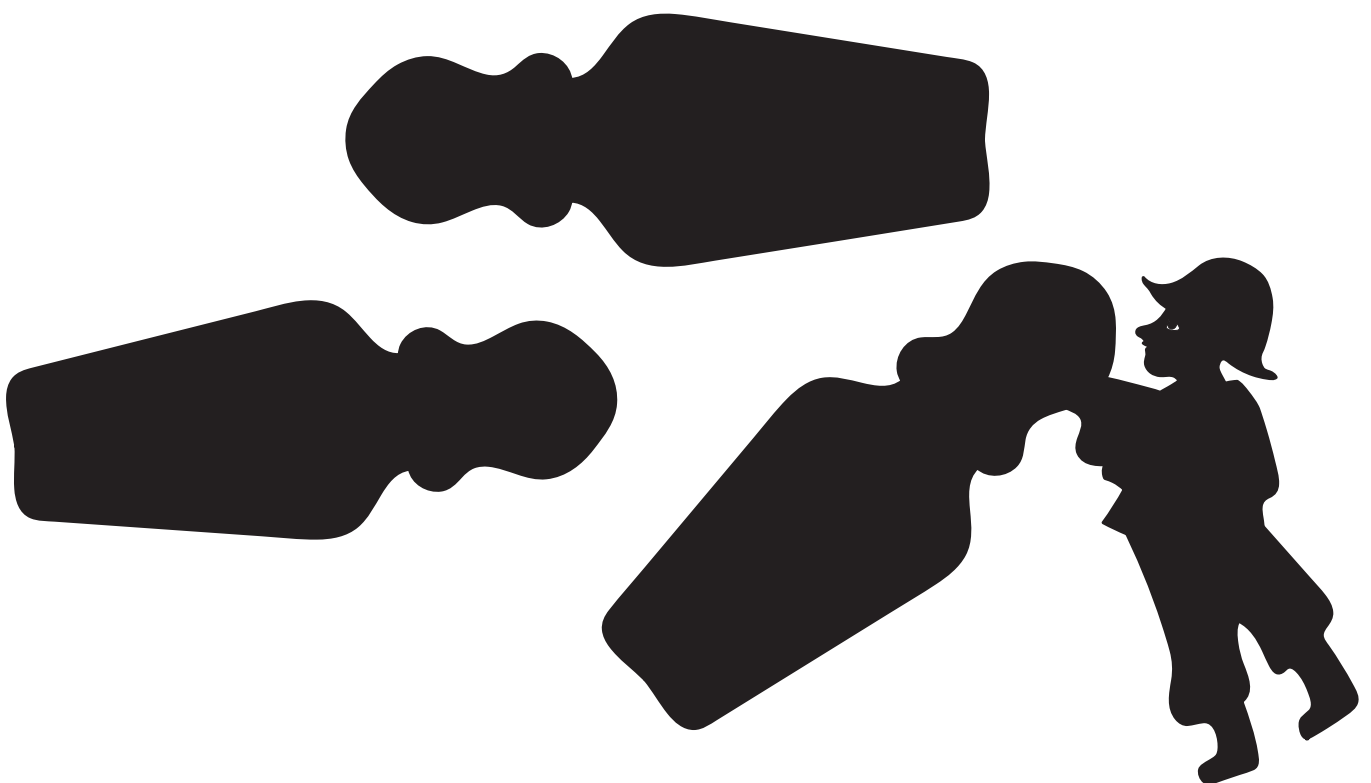
He was dressed in lavish clothes and adorned with a velvet cloak with which he seemed to clean up his tracks. He called him by his name, as if they had always been friends and he was waiting for him: “Karl, Karl Katz! Come here!” These words were not coming out of the little man’s mouth and yet they resounded in Karl’s head all the same. Frightened and curious, Karl began to follow him up a high ledge where he saw his little goat disappear in the distance. As he climbed, he noticed that around him were bushes and small trees that became thicker and larger the higher he climbed. He was no longer inside a cave but in the middle of a thick, lush forest. The canopies of the trees were so compact that they created an endless series of vaults, almost as if it were a great big green cathedral. Suddenly, he heard thunder. “Is it going to rain?” Karl asked, turning to his guide, who turned around smiling and squinting with a grimace resembling a playful and mocking expression, but did not answer and continued walking.



The thunder noises became more frequent and louder, until they reached a boundless valley, where nine giants were throwing a wooden ball towards pins that were as tall as Karl. The giants had long white beards, which they threw over their shoulders so as not to step on them during the game. When Karl arrived, they turned towards him, smiling, as if they were waiting for him.

“Karl put the pins in order!”

Even this phrase was not spoken, but Karl heard it resonate inside him. He rolled up his shirt sleeves and lifted the three pins that had been knocked down by the last shot. They were made of very heavy oak and Karl struggled to lift them. Immediately after, another giant made his throw. The ball rolled, producing the most terrible thunder that Karl had ever heard.

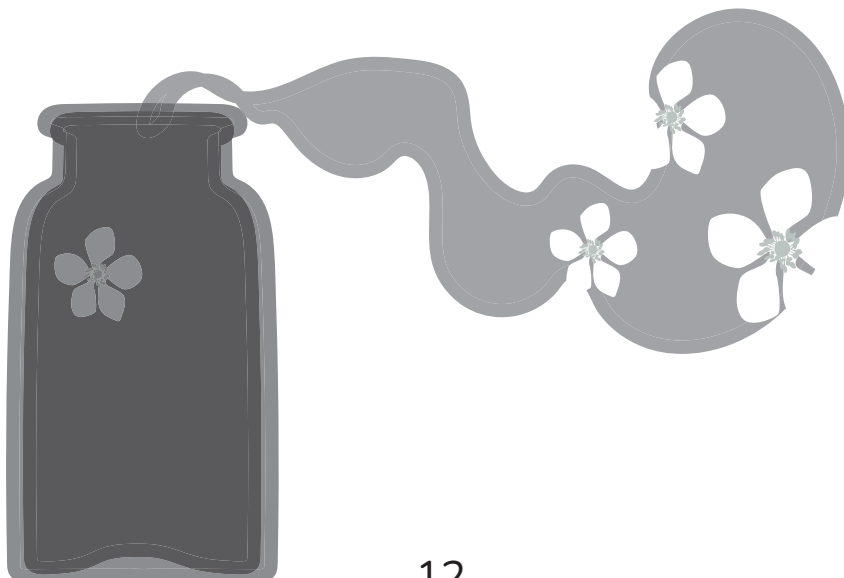


Seven pins fell, one on top of the other with a great clang. Flushed and tired, Karl began to lift the big pins, when the little man handed him a glass bottle decorated with gold.

Karl noticed that the nine giants were drinking it in long gulps and he did the same. It smelled of delicious honey and blackberries and tasted as sweet as anything he had ever tasted before.

But the most extraordinary thing was that his tiredness suddenly disappeared. With renewed vigour he lifted the last few pins and waited for the game to start again.

The pins kept falling and Karl continued putting them back up again...this stretched on like an endless game. He drank from the bottle that delicious nectar that gave him strength, but, all at once, it seemed to stun him and he soon fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.



The morning sun lingered on his face, trying to creep under his heavy eyelids, which Karl tried to keep closed to continue sleeping.

The sun persisted, so Karl opened his eyes and realised he was in the old ruined castle, although it was difficult to recognise.

It seemed the vegetation was thicker and denser and there were not many stones left. He stretched and looked around, there was no sign of his flock. He called and whistled but none of his goats came to greet him.

Worried, Karl decided to return to his village.

As he walked his usual way home, he noticed that there were houses he had never seen before, and tall trees where before there had only been a few bushes.

Perplexed, he stroked his face, realising only then that he had a beard almost as long as that of the giant knights.

He continued walking, faster now, until he reached his village.

At the end of the street was his house, still standing, but in such a state that it looked as if one of the oak pins he had lifted so many times had fallen on it.



The roof had been smashed in, the windows torn out, and neither his wife nor his children were inside. Karl burst into tears – a painful, anguished weeping. Roused by his sobs, the villagers approached him.

The children looked at him curiously. A big man with a long beard was crying his heart out. However, the elders began to look at him more attentively, because they seemed to recognise something familiar in him. Karl wiped away his tears, when from the crowd he saw a young woman appear, with long blond hair and a little girl in her arms.

“What is your name?” asked Karl with a heart full of hope, because in the young woman’s features he seemed to see his wife again.

“Liese,” she answered, smiling.

“And your father?”

“My father’s name was Karl Katz, he has been missing for over thirty years now. He went up to the mountain with his herd of goats and we haven’t heard from him since. The goats and even the dog came back, but not my father,” she said, lowering her head, with a somber voice.

“But I am Karl!” the shepherd said.

The elders came closer to observe him better and recognised in him the same look and the same smile...

“Yes, he really is the good old Karl,” they said in chorus, hugging him and pulling him from side to side, smothering him with questions, in particular:

“Where have you been hiding all these years?”

Karl could never answer, and it was hard to explain the little door, the giants, the pins, all of it.

The memories became hazy and the nostalgia of lost time in a strange and magical place resembled the blackberry and honey nectar he still seemed to smell.



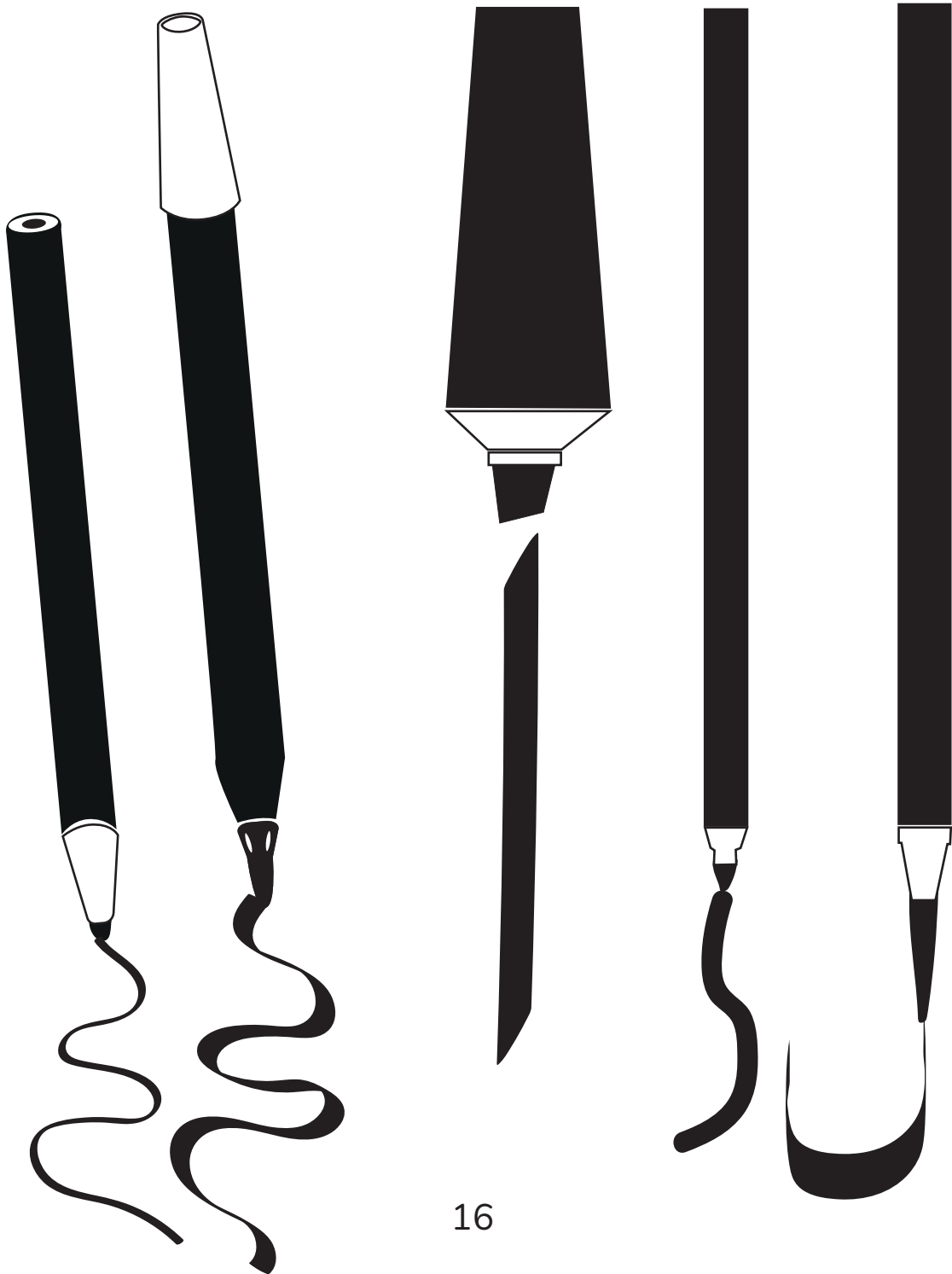
ACTIVITIES

The tools we draw with are important.

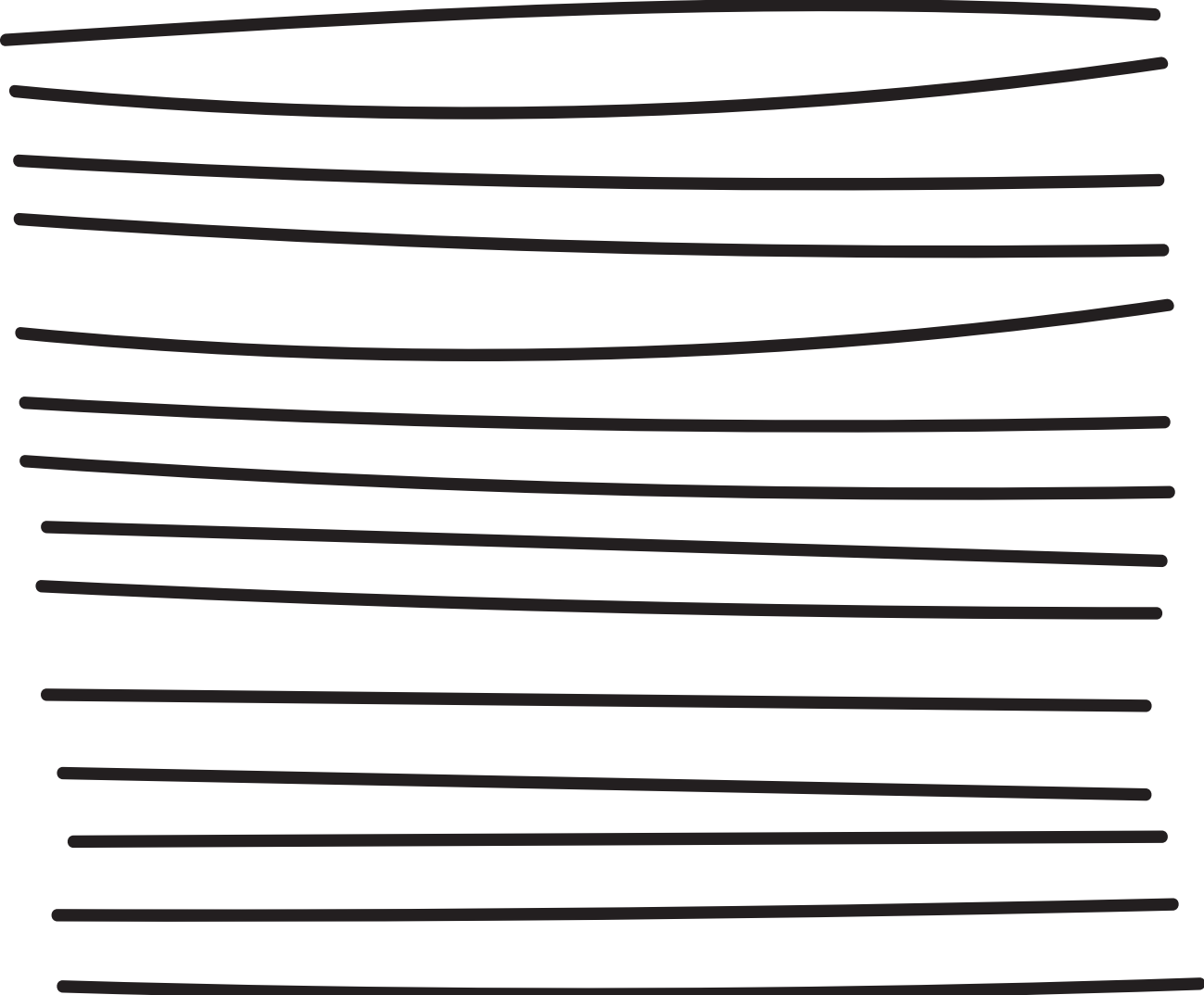
Get markers with different tips: flat, round, brush.

Also get some brushes and tempera paints.

You can choose black or any other colour you like.

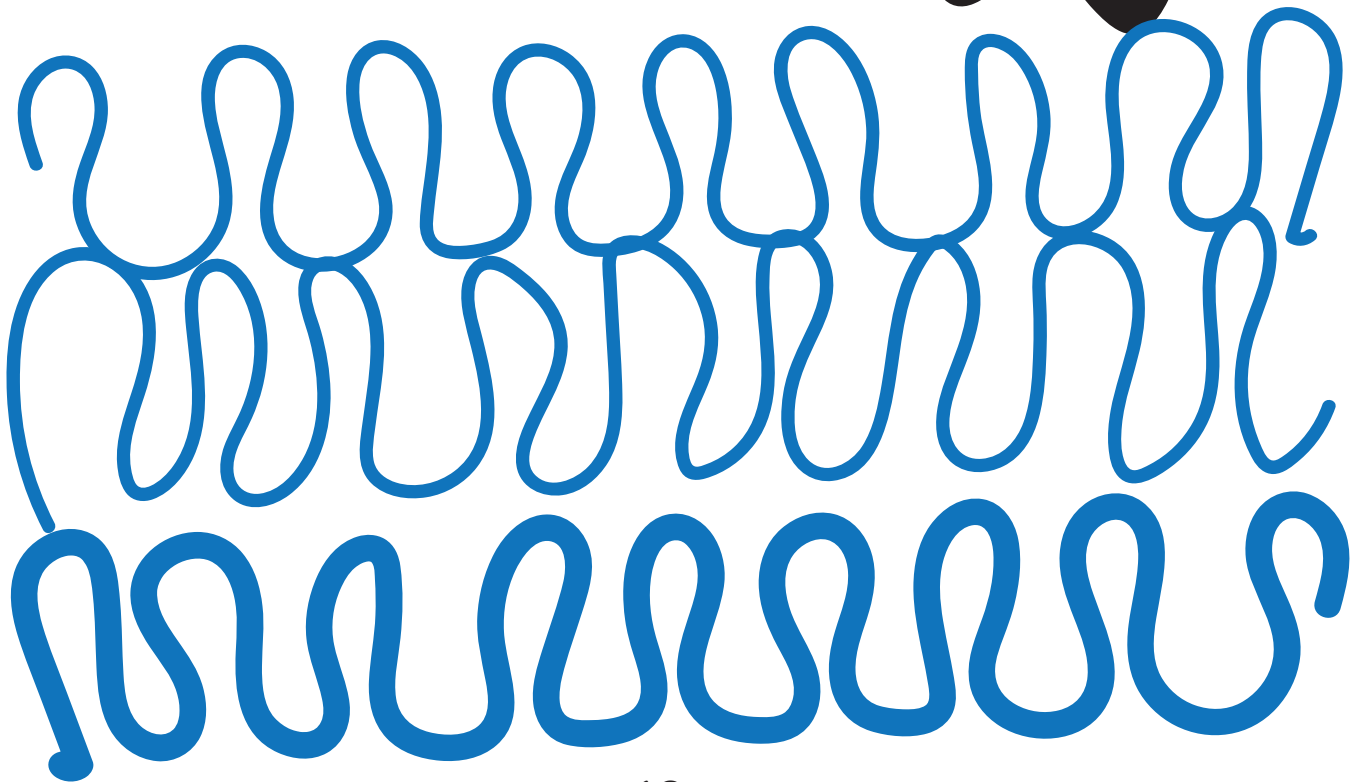
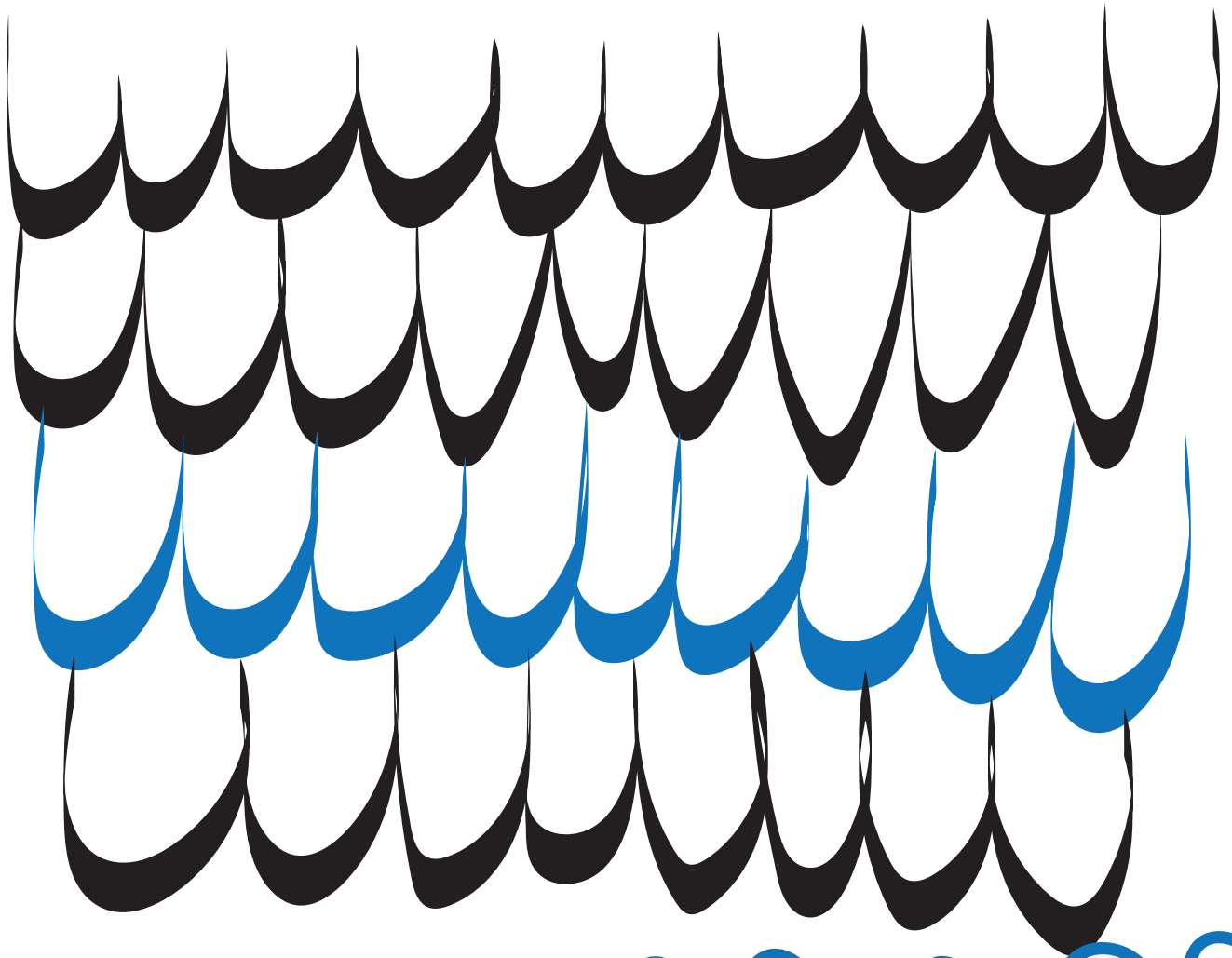


Draw a series of lines on your scrapbook using a pencil or a felt-tip pen or alternating between them. Draw straight lines, crossed lines, wavy, dotted and sinuous lines or zigzag. Follow the examples.



Make a single set of lines on each sheet.

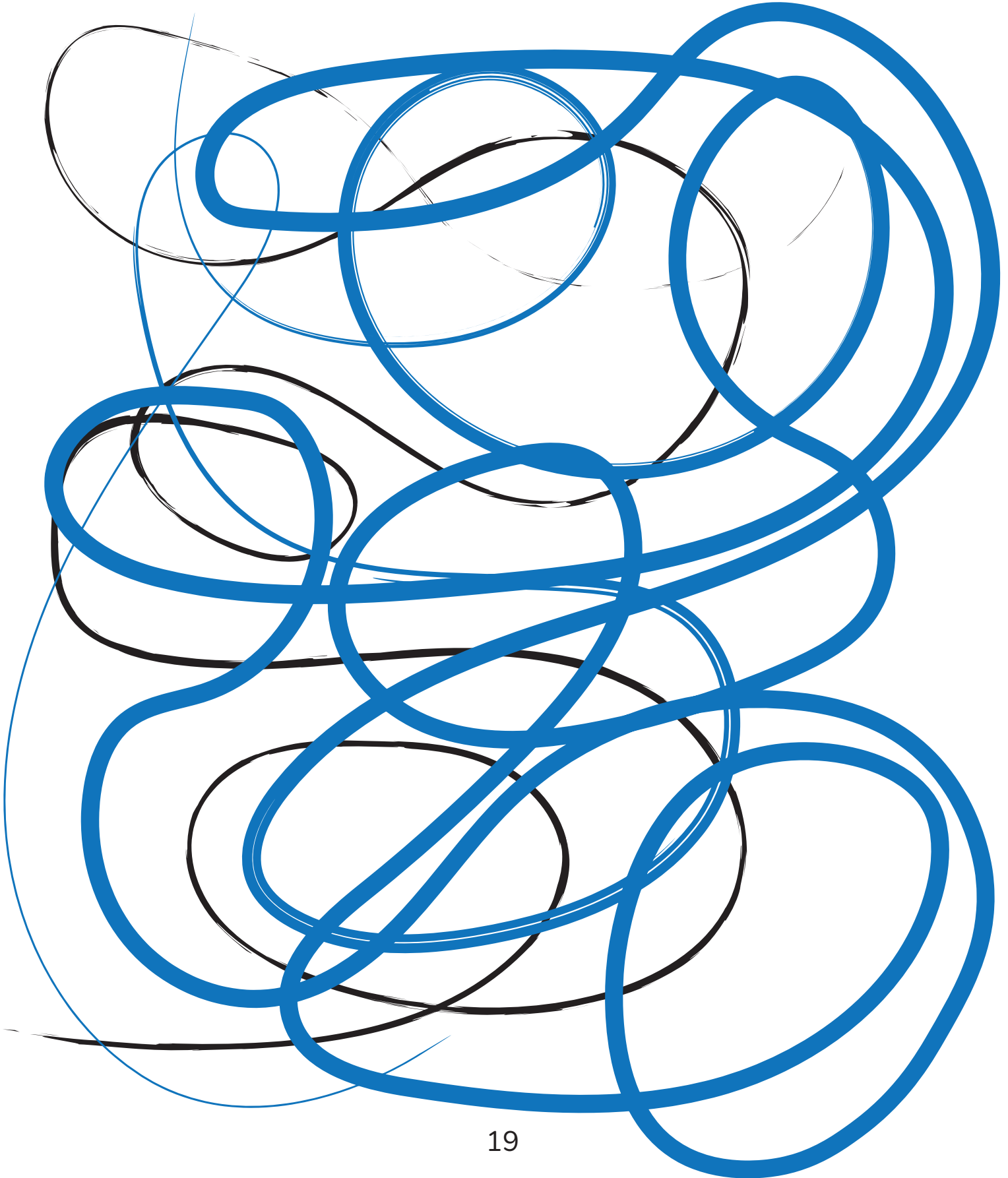
Change the type of tool and alternate colours if you wish.



Draw sinuous lines in your scrapbook,
alternate the tools and colours.

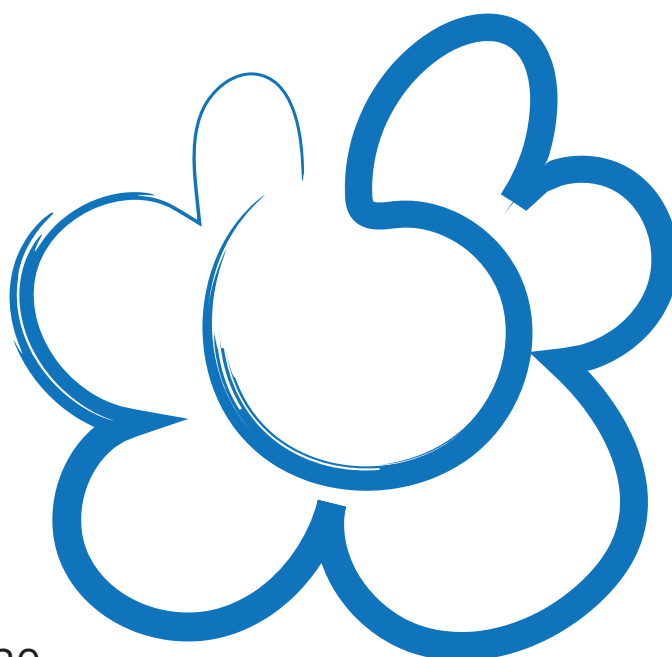
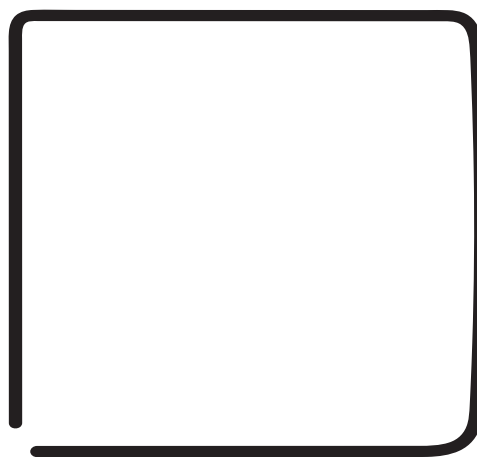
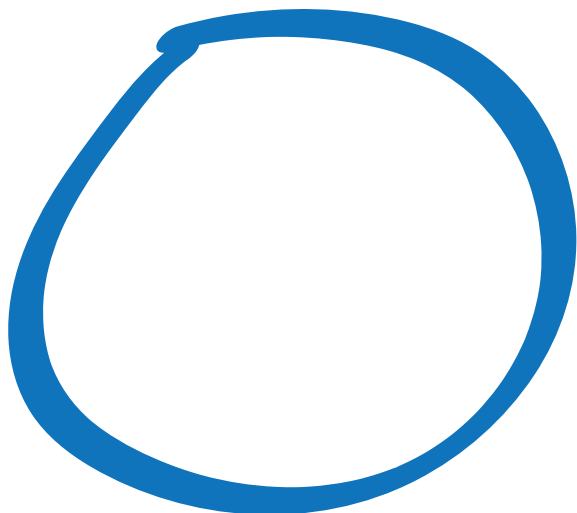
Do it calmly and carefully, without removing your hand
from the paper.

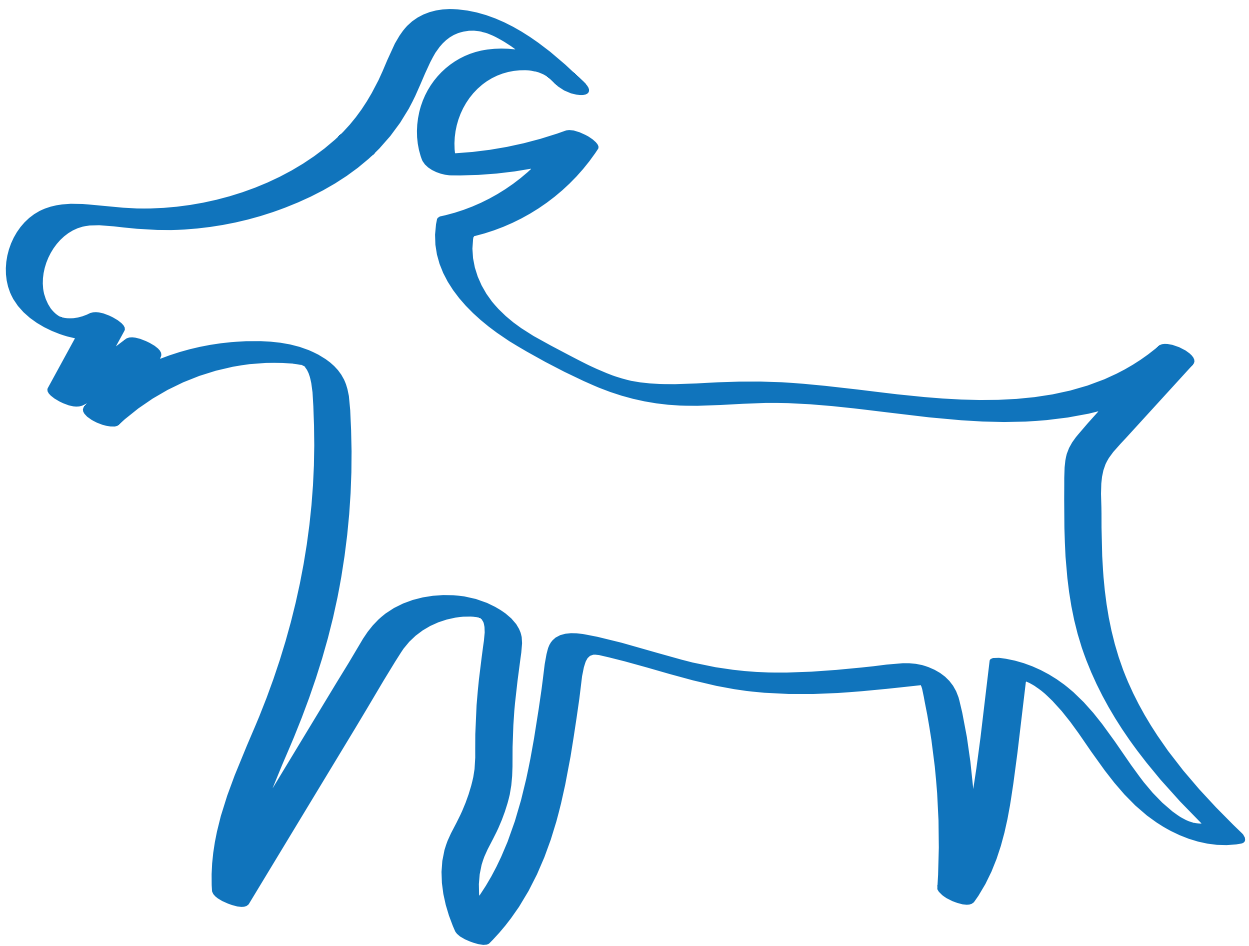
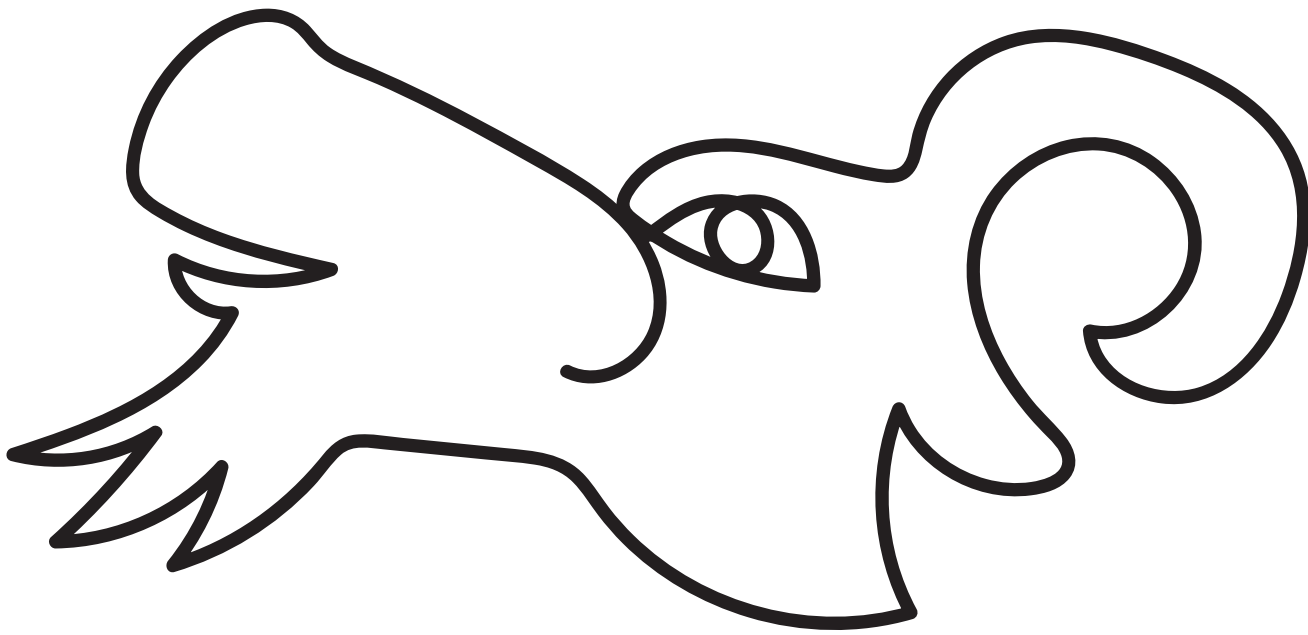
You will need this gesture for the next game.



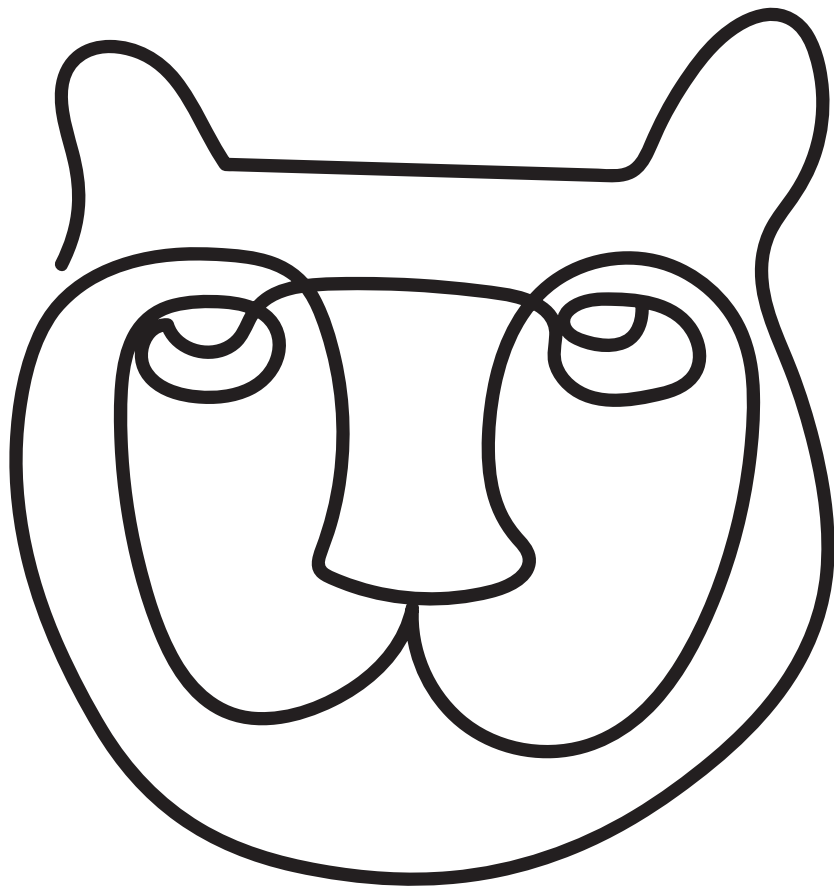
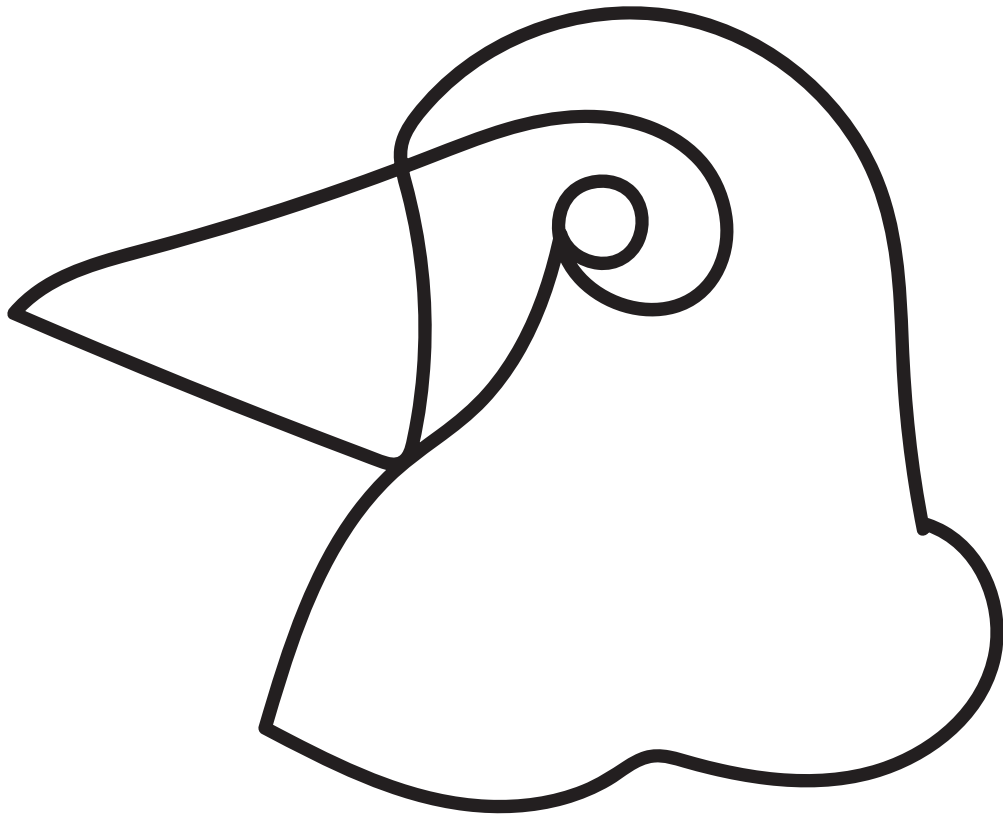
On your album, draw a shape without removing your hand from the paper.

You can start with simple shapes and when you feel confident you can try more complex shapes: flowers, animals or faces.





Practice drawing animals and figures on your sketchbook.
Use a single line, without removing your hand from the paper.



Now it's your turn to continue.

ALPHABET



Using the letters that compose the keyword try to invent characters in your album.

For each letter, look for an object or animal that starts with that letter.

Colour the letters of the key word, alternate colours.
Try to be precise and careful with the edges.





Draw inside the letters without removing your hand.

Goat

Connect the dots.

Goat

With a pencil or felt-tip pen write inside the letters,
without removing your hand from the paper.

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

goat

goat



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