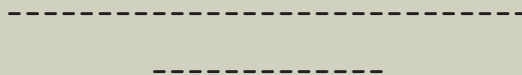


# CREATIVE MIND



ACTIVITY BOOK  
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# THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SUN AND THE MOON

SUMMARY: The monster Zmeu and his family steal the sun and the moon, leaving the Earth in total darkness. Young Gresenu and his brother face them and defeat them. However, just when everything seems to have been resolved, a impostor pops up ready to take advantage from their carelessness.

ORIGINAL TITLE: GREUCEANU

ORIGIN: ROMANIA

KEYWORDS: IRON, MONSTER, SUN, MOON, DARKNESS

GENRE: TALE

AGE: 5–6 YEARS

# THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SUN AND THE MOON

A long time ago, on a day that seemed like any other, the inhabitants of the city of Bucharest heard a strange buzzing sound and then a long, frightening hissing sound, before the sun and the moon disappeared from their sky. "Zzzzzzzzzzz! Schhhhhh!" Horrified, they raised their heads in unison, and saw a huge Zmeu with spinning arms and a rock-like tail, climbing up into the sky.

That huge monster, half-dragon and half-orc, climbed as a snake, slithering and hissing, changing shape.

He first wrapped himself around the moon and, as if it were a mere ball, plucked it out of the sky, then he headed towards the sun and blew with all his breath, as if its rays were candle on a birthday cake. Gloating with joy, Zmeu wrapped himself around it, and covetously took possession of it.

Everything went black, a deep, dense blackness into which one would easily sink and disappear. Darkness fell like a heavy blanket over the inhabitants who could not even see the tip of their noses. Holding hands for courage, they walked with small, uncertain steps, stumbling and crying with fear, until they reached the safety of their homes.



Even the emperor was furious. He had repeatedly slammed his foot against a large cupboard, where he had been forced to store his own crown so as not to damage it in the corners of his abode.

Certainly, he could not tolerate his shining empire being overshadowed by the actions of that monster.

He called all the most valiant knights, but none returned from the mission successfully.

The emperor had almost given up all hope, when Gresenu and his younger brother came forward. The emperor thanked them and hugged them tightly, making sure to touch their faces with gratitude even though he could not see them.

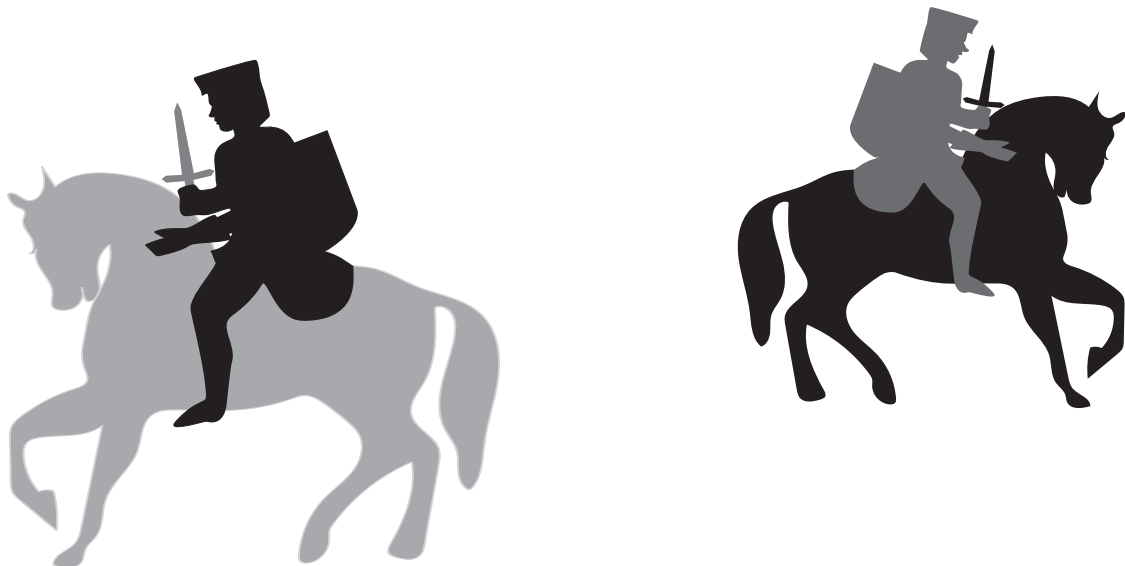
The two young men set off, illuminating the night with two lanterns. When they reached the outskirts of town, they decided to separate in order to have a better chance of finding the Zmeu, who was hidden.

Gresenu took his dagger, which he always kept with him, and gave it to his brother.

“If you see the blade rust or change colour, it means that something has happened to me.”

The brother took the dagger and gave Gresenu his own.

“It will be the same with mine.”



Then silently they said goodbye to each other, heading in opposite directions.

When Gresenu turned around, the night had already engulfed his brother's slender flame. Gresenu continued walking until arriving to the Great Blacksmith of the Earth.

The furnace resounded with the hammer blows from which the Blacksmith forged iron.

"My young boy, I have been waiting for you," said the Blacksmith, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"I have made this mask for you."

"It is my portrait! It looks just like me!" said the boy.

"Yes, it is, and it will be useful to you one day. I have wrapped it in this cloak to keep it warm, but be very careful: the Zmeu is treacherous and he is not alone," said the Blacksmith.

In fact, the whole family of the Zmeu, his children and wife, resided safely in their den, playing with the sun and the moon, as if they were marbles.

After a few days, however, they had had enough of that game and, as if they were useless objects, hid and forgot them in an old tower.



To get there, monsters had walked a long way, so they decided to stay and sleep in the forest. "We will go home tomorrow!" said Zmeu's wife. Right on the tree under which they had sat, stood Gresenu's brother, motionless, barely trying to breathe, watching the three huge monsters talk to each other. "Tomorrow I will look for Gresenu," he thought to himself. "So that together we can surprise them and beat them." Then he slowly opened the sheath of his dagger to get news of his brother and saw that the blade was shining, as always. "My brother is fine," he thought happily. Meanwhile, the monsters made their plans, unaware that they were being spied on. Zmeu's wife suggested: "It will be better to go home separately. Our son will return tomorrow morning, me at midnight and you will arrive the day after tomorrow, Zmeu." "That sounds good to me," Zmeu replied, then turned on his side and began to snore, making the whole forest shake. His wife and son also fell asleep. The young man, taking advantage of the monsters' sleep, slipped down the tree and went to look for his brother. When he reached the bridge where they were separated that morning, he found his brother waiting for him there. Having heard of the monsters' intentions, Gresenu decided to wait for Zmeu's son and kill him. Hidden in the forest and in the darkness, the two brothers waited for the morning, which of course did not come, yet the bells that had never stopped ringing to get the poor inhabitants' bearings rang eight times.

On the eighth last chime, the giant son of Zmeu appeared, with his half-orc, half-dragon gait. In one leap, Gresenu landed on him and cut off his head in one blow. The mother, although far away, knew that her horrid son was dead and immediately set out on the trail of the two young men, without waiting for midnight.

So, as they were still congratulating each other, the ogress loomed over them, her jaws wide open, her rocky tail thrashing furiously on the ground, jolting the two brothers, who immediately started running.

The weeks spent in that darkness had made them experts of moving without seeing anything, and in no time at all, they were in the Blacksmith of the Earth's forge.





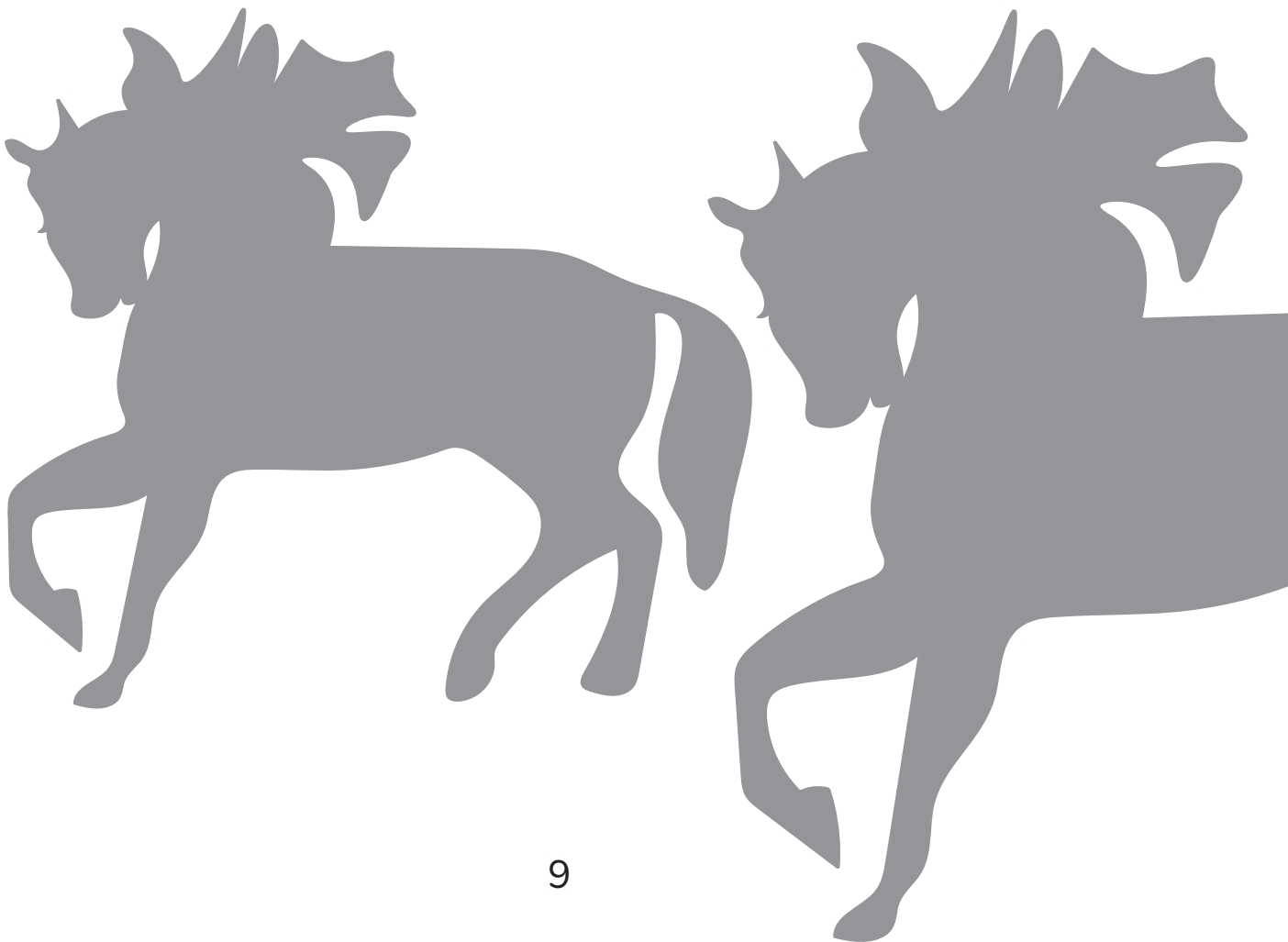
The orcess came nearer, her nostrils flaring with rage and sniffing for traces of the two brothers.

“I know you are here, let me see you!” she growled.

Gresenu then had the idea of showing her the mask made to look like him.. It was so hot to the touch that it looked as if it had just come out of the furnace. Blind with rage, the ogress, seeing that face in the half-light, swallowed it, thinking it was Gresenu, and immediately, melted like butter melted to form a large ferrous mass.

“More material for me!” said the Blacksmith, who made a cart and two horses out of that material. With the bellows, he breathed life into the two huge, fiery steeds.

“You will need these to take back the sun and the moon. Now all that remains is Zmeu! Be very careful.”



After a few steps, however, Gresenu found Zmeu in front of him in all his monstrosity.

Zmeu tried to strike him with his large stone tail, and the young man avoided the tail only by a whisker, which was swinging like a sledgehammer.

Gresenu tried to strike him with his sword, whipping through the air like the blades of a windmill.

A crow, who was watching the scene not far away, wanted to help and flew over Zmeu's eyes. Distracted by that rustling of wings, he did not see Gresenu's sword fall on his head, as if it were a hammer.

It had hit him so hard that the giant's body stuck into the ground as if it were a large nail. The earth closed in around him, trapping him so that he could only move his eyes and try to bite the young hero.

"Tell me where you put the sun and the moon," Gresenu asked.

"They are locked in an abandoned tower, but you will not be able to enter because only I can open the door with my little finger!" sneered the stupid Zmeu.

Gresenu struck the fatal blow. Then with his brother's help, he cut off the monster's little finger and together they ran to realisa the sun and moon.



Once they opened the tower, they loaded them onto the cart and rode to the highest point to launch them into the air. The sun and the moon spun freely again in the sky, and at last the light returned to illuminate the forests, to brighten the mountains, to tint the clouds with colour, to reflect in the seas and oceans, and to warm the inhabitants who had now happily swarmed the cities almost bathing in that new-found light.



“You go ahead, and tell the emperor that I am coming!”  
said Gresenu to his brother.

He detached a horse from the cart, and as his brother rode away as Gresenu stopped to collect pears.

The pears were so beautiful that they looked golden.

Hidden in the tree, however, was the last daughter of Zmeu who had been waiting for the young man to take revenge.

Gresenu was about to pluck one when the crow who had helped him earlier croaked, “Be careful!”

Immediately, the young man unsheathed his sword and struck the tree, causing Zmeu’s monster daughter to come out of it.

With a deft swipe of her tail, she removed his sword and tried to reach a nearby spring, but Gresenu struck her with his brother’s dagger before she could dive in.

While fighting, Gresenu had not noticed a knight who had also attempted the feat of rescuing the sun and the moon from the monsters but had repeatedly failed.

He had been following the two brothers for days, and now he decided he could take advantage of Gresenu being

distracted by the Zmeu’s daughter. Slyly, the knight stole Gresenu’s victory sword and charged towards the castle

where the emperor and the entire town were waiting

for the hero. The impostor knight clasped Gresenu’s sword

tightly in front of everyone and said: “Here I am! I have finally arrived. I am the one who defeated Zmeu, but above all, I am

the one who returned the sun and the moon to the world!”

“That is not true!” shouted Gresenu’s brother, who had seen the dagger stained with rust to indicate danger.

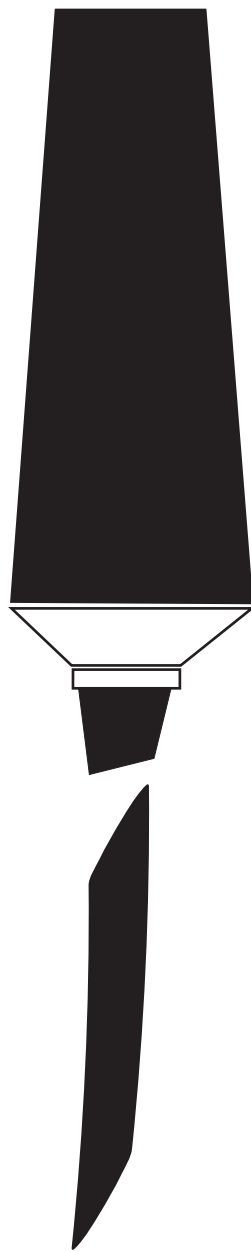
“It is not true, he has only stolen my sword!” Gresenu shouted forcefully as soon as he reached the castle.

The emperor looked at the three men confused.  
The impostor was holding a sword that was stained with blood as if it had just slain monsters, but there was something about him that did not convince the emperor. Suddenly, the emperor had an idea: “Come closer,» he said, closing his eyes and stretching out his hands towards their faces. The emperor stroked the faces of the three men, followed their features and shape. A great smile appeared on his face, which he turned only towards Gresenu. “Here was the man who had accomplished the feat! I would recognise his courage even with my eyes closed.” The impostor was punished and the two brothers became the emperor’s advisors.

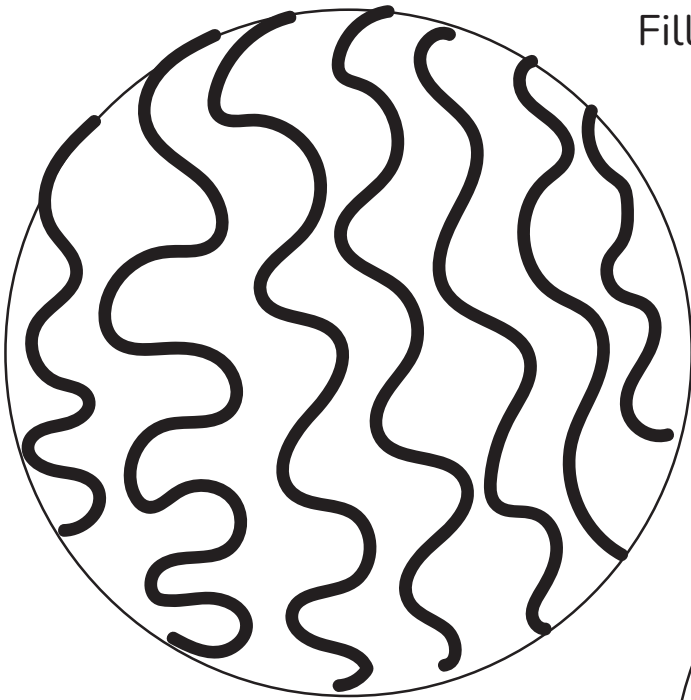


# ACTIVITIES

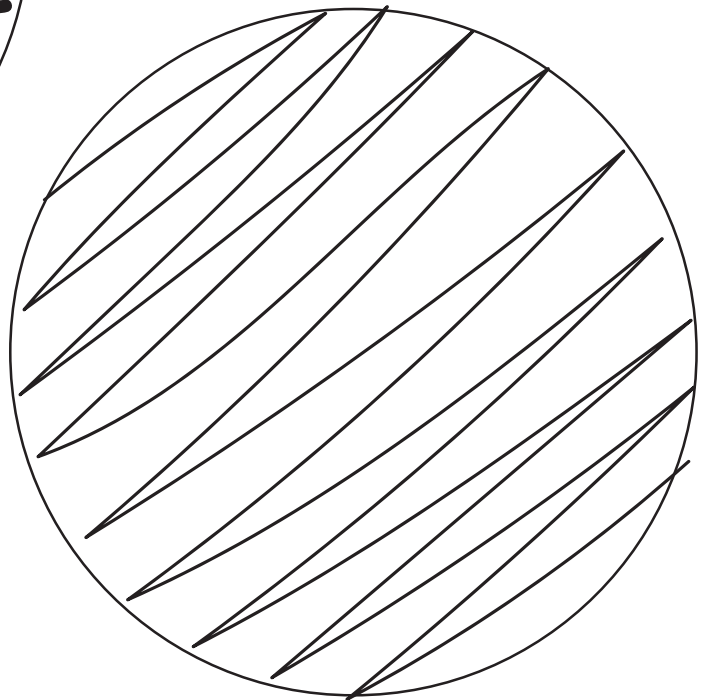
The tools we draw with are important.  
Get markers with different tips:  
flat, round, brush. Also get some brushes  
and tempera paints.  
You can choose black or any other colour  
you like.



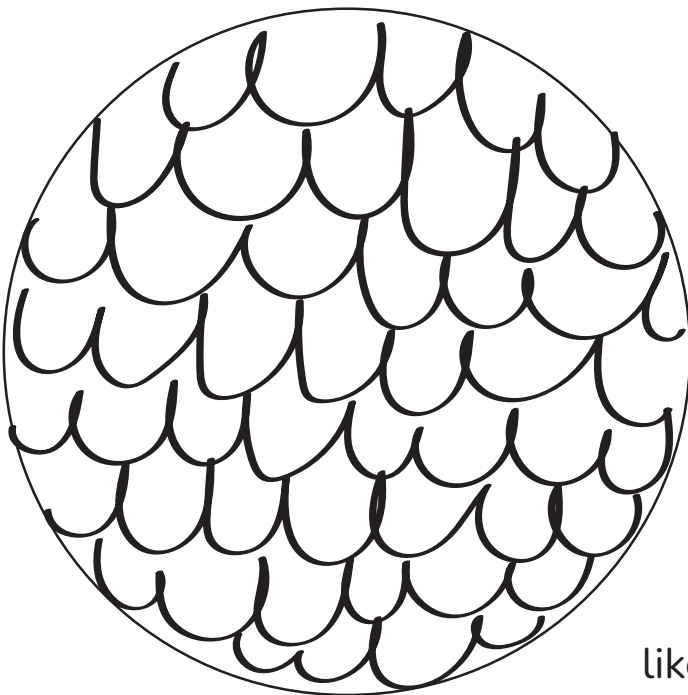
Fill each circle with different lines:



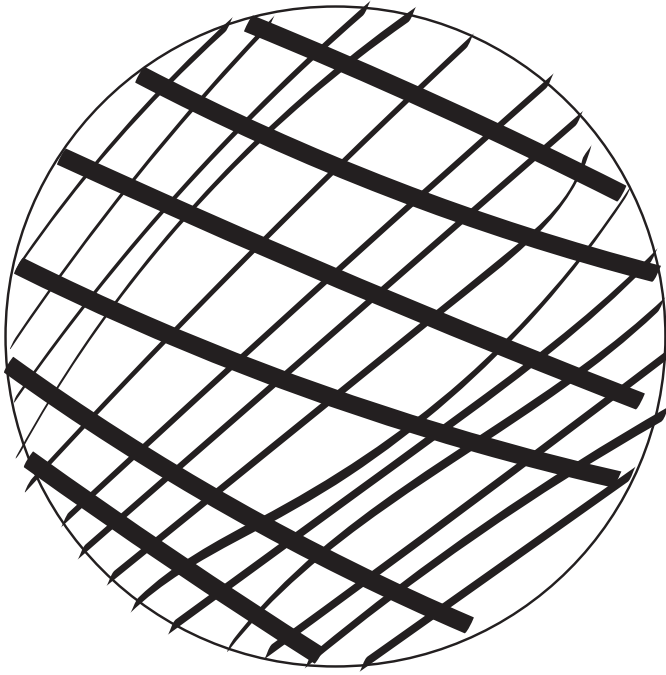
wavy



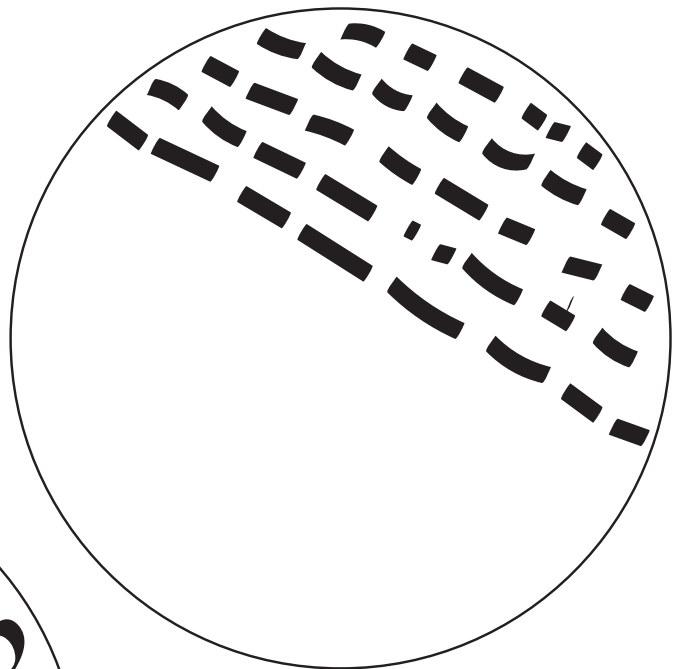
zigzag



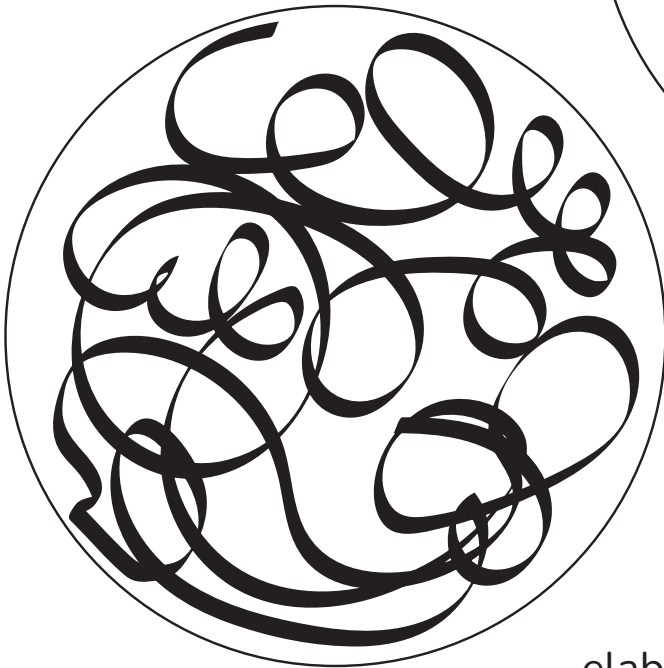
like many continuous "u" letters



crossed



dotted



elaborate lines



# ALPHABET

Cut out from the coloured cardstock, all the capital letters of the alphabet.



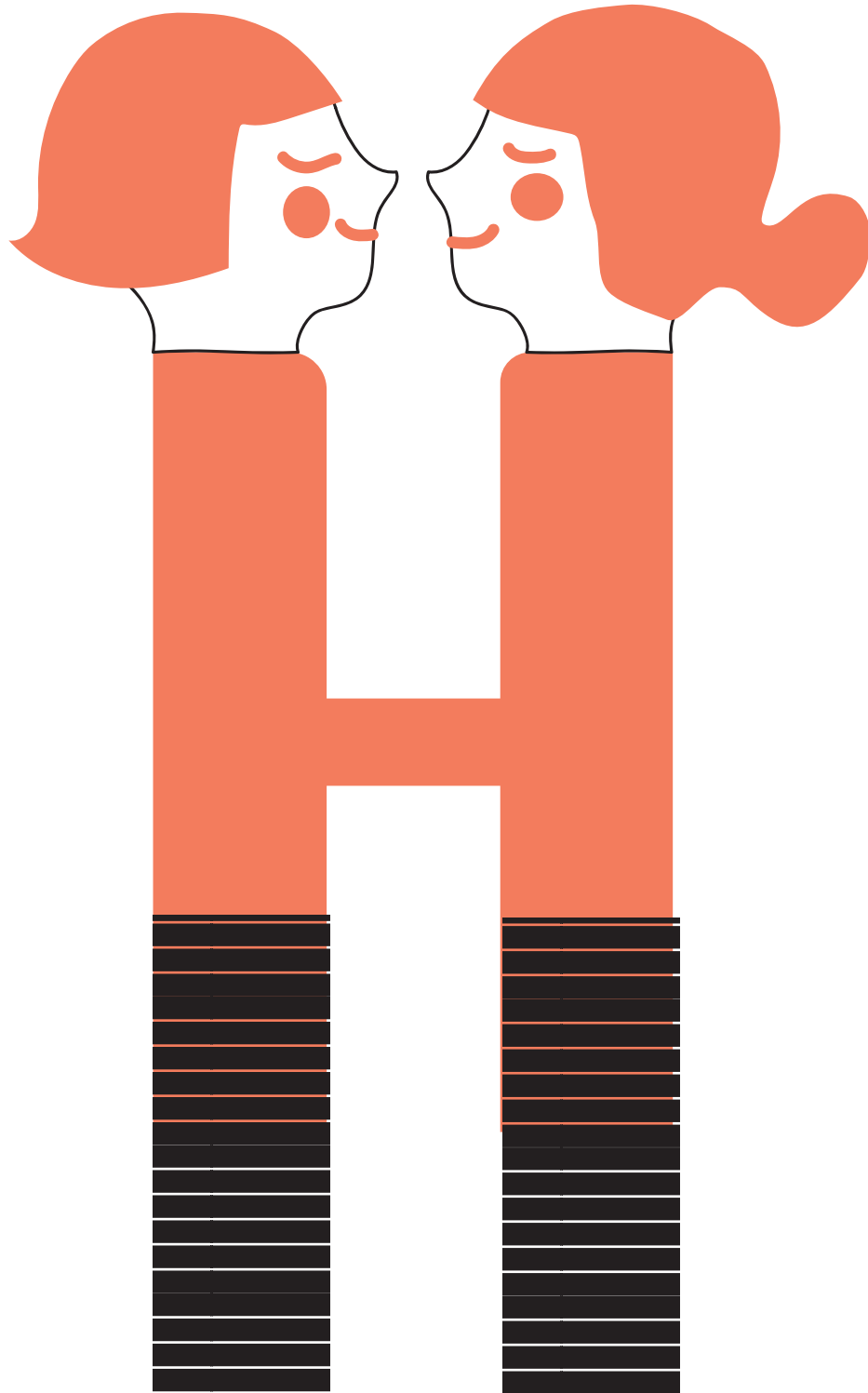
G

R

H

Q

Use letters to create characters: you can use a single letter.  
Glue it onto cardstock, using the tools at your disposal,  
(markers with different tips).  
Draw faces and small patterns inside the letters.







Create funny characters!

Now try looking for words with the initial of the one you drew.



Or you can use several letters to create the body of a character. Alternate the colour of the coloured cards.





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