

Think about the folk tale. Finish the chart on page 3. Fill in what Mr. and Mrs. Hak-Tak put into the pot. Then answer the questions.

1. What happens each time something is put into the magic pot?
2. How does the folk tale "Two of Everything" fit into a unit about trickery?
3. Use your chart. What do you think was the most valuable thing that Mr. and Mrs. Hak-Tak put into the pot? Why do you think so?
4. Use your chart. What things do the Hak-Taks double that are really necessities? Tell how you know that they are necessities.
5. What thing do the Hak-Taks double that is not really a necessity? Tell how you know it is not.
6. What accident makes the pot seem less wonderful to the Hak-Taks? What does this say about the idea that "more is better"?
7. If you discovered a magic pot, how might you want the pot to be different from the one the Hak-Taks found?

Talk about things of yours that you would not want to double. Discuss how having two of something could make it less valuable. Ask questions about what your classmates say. Talk about the answers.



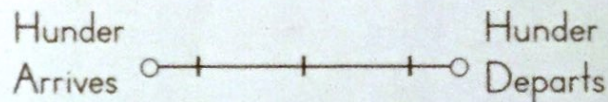
WORK IN
A GROUP

Focusing on "The Great Quillow"

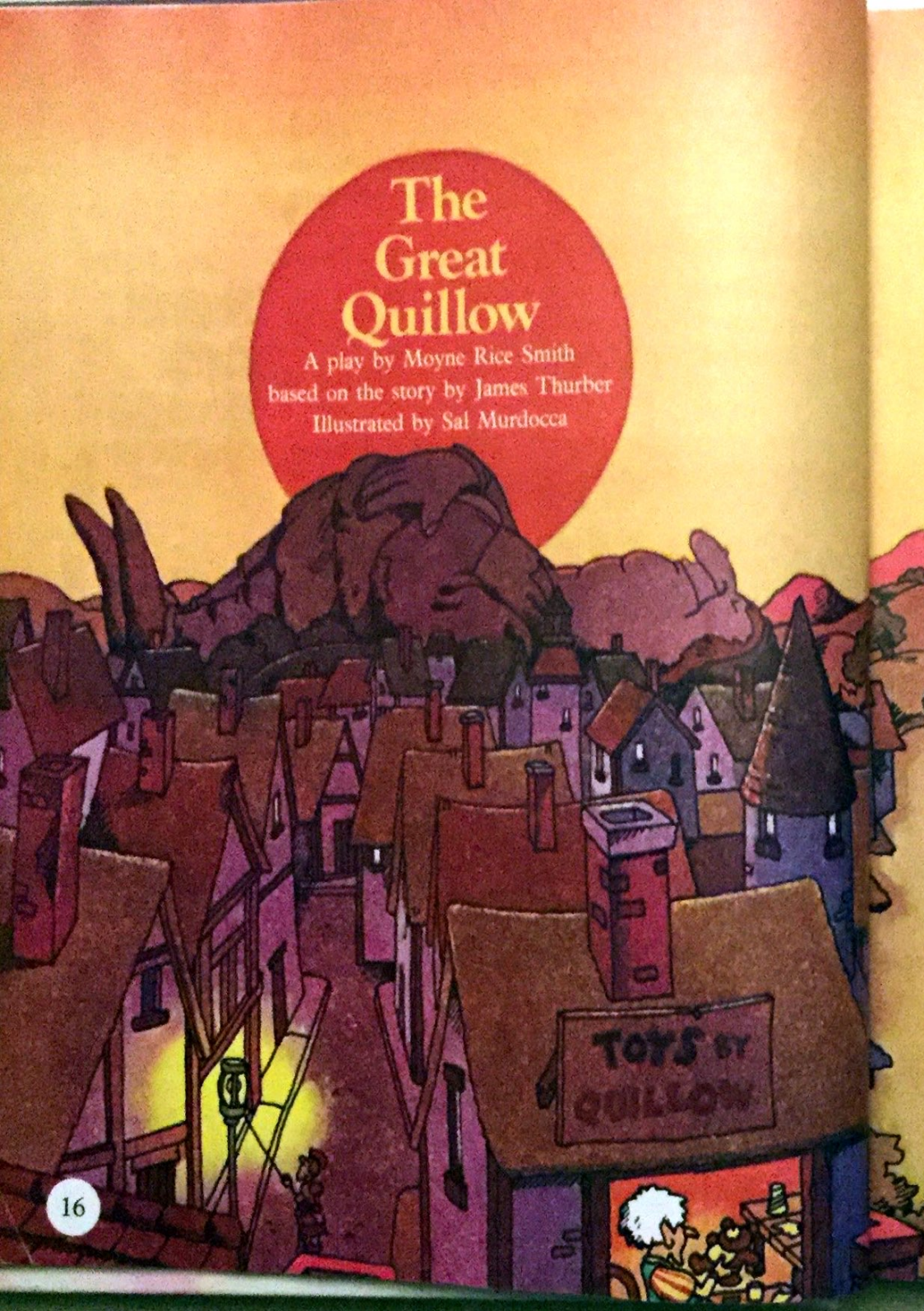
Think and Read

- ▶ Discuss what you know about giants. Include those from stories and legends as well as real-life "giants." Ask your classmates what they know.
- ▶ Look at the title and the picture on page 16. Think about what you know about giants.
 - What word in the title suggests a play about a giant?
 - What in the picture suggests that the giant may not be the main character?
 - What might happen in this play?
- ▶ Get ready to read a play about a town's efforts to get rid of a mean giant. As you read, think about what happens. This time line may help you keep track of events. Think about what you would add to the time line.

What Hunder Does



Now turn the page and read "The Great Quillow." Then you will talk about what happened in the play.



The Great Quillow

A play by Moyne Rice Smith
based on the story by James Thurber
Illustrated by Sal Murdocca

Characters

Lamplighter
Town Crier
Town Clerk
Blacksmith
Tailor
Butcher
Candymaker

Baker
Candlemaker
Cobbler
Carpenter
Locksmith
Quillow, the Toymaker
Hunder, the Giant

Setting: Village square.

Time: Many years ago.

The village clock strikes seven. Lamplighter enters with his long staff and lights the street lamp.

Town Crier (*Ringing his bell and chanting*): Town meeting tonight. Town meeting tonight. Town meeting tonight. . . .

Lamplighter: What good is a town meeting when the Giant

Hunder sits above our village and curses it. What can we do? He has plundered the villages of the far countryside. And today the earth shook when he strode onto our hillside. He pulled up four trees to make room to sit down!

Town Crier: The Town Clerk has gone to hear Hunder's will. We meet now to hear his demands. (*He continues chanting, ringing his bell softly.*) Town

meeting tonight. Town meeting tonight. Town meeting tonight. . . .

(The Lamplighter is joined now by the Villagers, who follow the Town Clerk onto the stage.)

Town Clerk *(As he enters, carrying scroll and quill, and takes his place):* There are ninety-nine other men in the town, but it's the Town Clerk this, and the Town Clerk that, and the Town Clerk everything!

(The Villagers, who are the Town Councilors, mutter and whisper to each other. Quillow has followed them in.)

Town Clerk: Town meeting will come to order! Town meeting will come to order! *(They quiet down.)* I will now call the roll.

Blacksmith: We're all here. You can see that!

Town Clerk *(As each name is called, the Councilors answer impatiently.):* Tailor, Butcher, Candymaker, Blacksmith, Baker, Candlemaker, Lamplighter,

Cobbler, Carpenter, Locksmith, Town Crier. *(He looks over his spectacles at Quillow.)* We have a visitor tonight, as usual. *(All turn and look amusedly at Quillow.)* Quillow, the Toymaker. I will make the proper entry in the minutes.

Blacksmith: Never mind the minutes. Read us the demands of Hunder the Giant. *(Cries of Hear! Hear!)*

Town Clerk *(Writing with a flourish):* Quillow, the Toymaker. Now, I will read the minutes of the last meeting.

Candymaker: Let's dispense with the minutes of the last meeting. *(Cries of Hear! Hear!)*

Town Clerk: It must be properly moved and duly seconded.

Tailor *(Quickly):* I do so properly move.

Butcher: And I duly second.

Blacksmith: Now read the demands of Hunder the Giant! *(Cries of Hear! Hear!)*

Town Clerk *(Unrolling scroll):* We come now to the business of the day. I have here the demands of Hunder the Giant. The document is most irregular.

It does not contain a single "greeting" or "whereas" or "be it known by these presents." *(Reads)* "I, Hunder, must have three sheep every morning."

Villagers *(Together):* Three sheep!

Butcher *(Aghast):* Why that would use up all the sheep in the valley in a week and a fortnight,¹ and there would be no mutton for our own people!

Town Clerk: "I, Hunder, must have a chocolate a day as high and as wide as a spinning wheel."

Candymaker: Why, that would exhaust all the chocolate in my storeroom in three days!

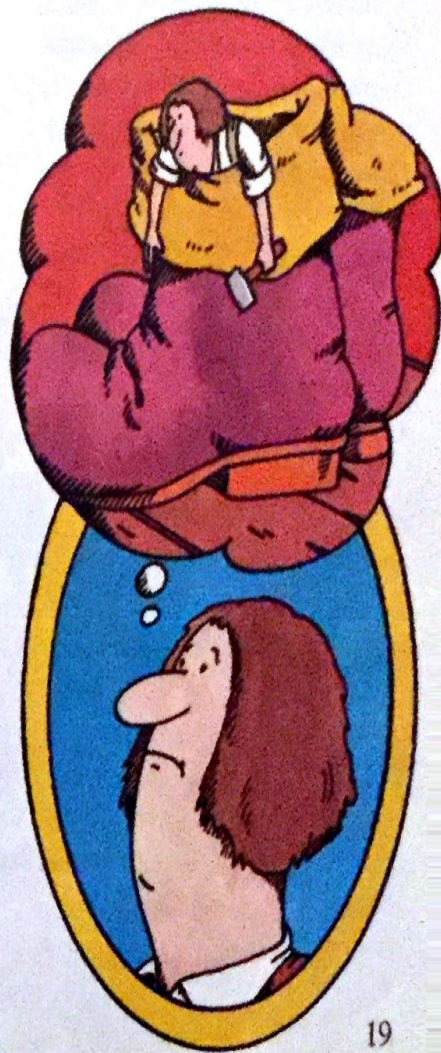
Town Clerk: "I, Hunder, must have a new jerkin² made for me in a week and a fortnight."

Tailor *(Gasps):* Why, I would have to work night and day to make a jerkin in a week and a fortnight for so large a Giant, and it would use up all the cloth on my shelves and in my basement.

Town Clerk: "I, Hunder, must

have a new pair of boots within a week and a fortnight."

Cobbler *(Moans):* Why, I would have to work night and day to make a pair of boots for so large a Giant in a week and a fortnight. And it would use up all the leather in my workshop and in my back room.



1. fortnight: a period of two weeks or fourteen days.
2. jerkin: a close-fitting jacket or vest with no sleeves, popular several hundred years ago.

Town Clerk: "I, Hunder, must have an apple pie each morning made of a thousand apples."

Baker: Why, that would use up all the apples and flour and shortening in town in a week and a fortnight. It would take me night and day to make such a pie, so that I could bake no more pies or cakes or cookies, or blueberry muffins or cinnamon buns or cherry boats or strawberry tarts or plum puddings for the people of the town.

Town Clerk: "I, Hunder, must have a house to live in by the time a week and a fortnight have passed."

Carpenter (Sobs): Why, I would have to work night and day to build a house for so large a Giant in a week and a fortnight. And all my nephews and uncles and cousins would have to help me, and it would use up all the wood and pegs and hinges and glass in my shop and in the countryside.

Locksmith: I will have to work night and day to make a brass key large enough to fit the key-

hole in the front door of the house of so large a Giant. It will use up all the brass in my shop and in the community.

Candlemaker: And I will have to make a candle for his bedside so large it will use up all the wick and tallow in my shop and the world!

Town Clerk: This is the final item. "I, Hunder, must be told a tale each day to keep me amused."

Quillow (*Who has sat all this time with his arms folded and his eyes shut, now opens his eyes and raises his hand*): I will be the teller of tales. I will keep the Giant amused.

Candymaker: Does anyone have any idea of how to destroy the Giant?

(The Councilors think, and then in turn are inspired with a great idea.)

Lamplighter: I could creep up on him in the dark and set fire to him with my lighter.

Quillow: The fire of your lighter would not harm him any more

than a spark struck by a colt-shoe in a meadow.

Blacksmith: Quillow is right. But I could build secretly at night an enormous catapult which would cast a gigantic stone and crush Hunder.

Quillow: He would catch the stone as a child catches a ball, and he would cast it back at the town and squash all our houses.

Tailor: I could put needles in his suit.

Cobbler: I could put nails in his boots.

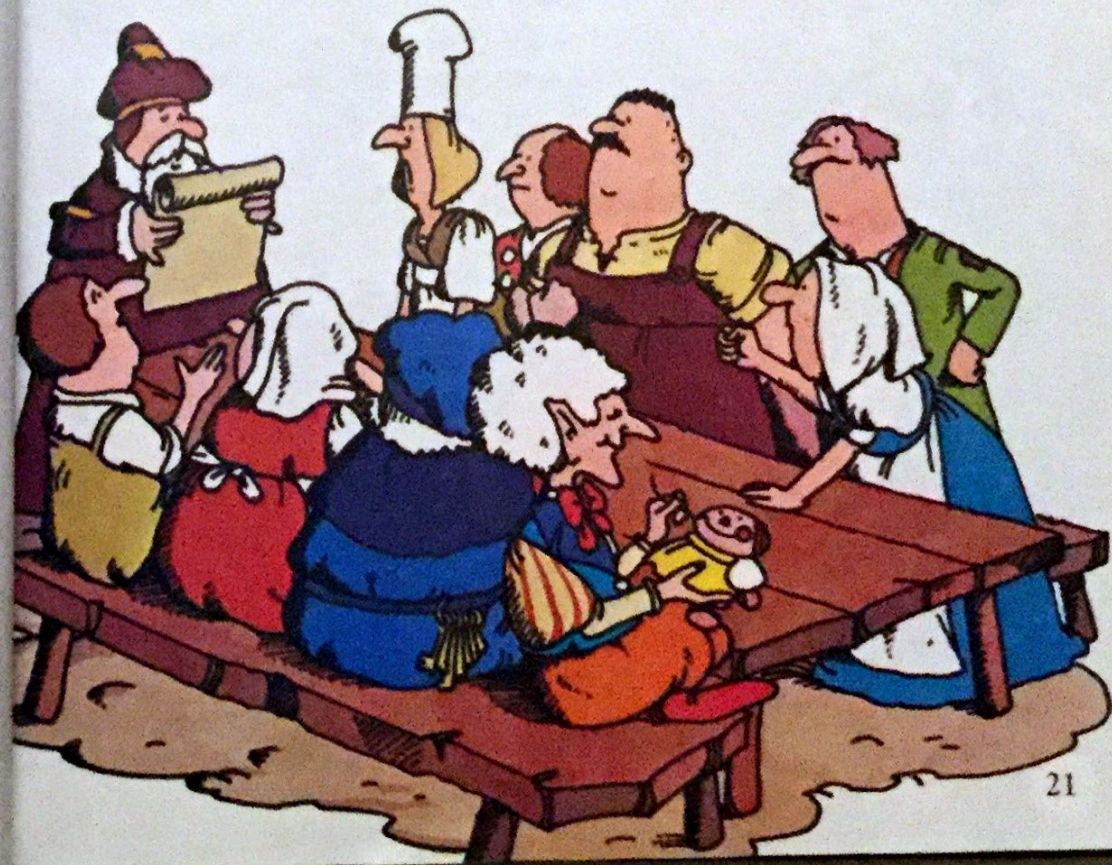
Candlemaker: I could put gunpowder in his candles.

Candymaker: I could put oil in his chocolates.

Butcher: I could put stones in his mutton.

Baker: I could put tacks in his pies.

Locksmith: I could make the handle of his brass key as sharp as a sword.



Carpenter: I could build the roof of his house insecurely so that it would fall on him.

Quillow: The plans you suggest would merely annoy Hunder as the gadfly annoys the horse and the flea annoys the dog.

Blacksmith: Perhaps the Great Quillow has a plan of his own. *(All laugh.)*

Candymaker: Has the Great Quillow a plan? *(He does not answer.)*

(The Councilors go out slowly and sadly, muttering about their heavy tasks of the night. Quillow sits alone thinking. Suddenly his face lightens. He pantomimes the suggestion of the doll he is going to make. He skips off gleefully as the lights dim to off. The town clock strikes five and the Lamplighter enters and puts out the street light.)

Town Crier *(Enters on tiptoe):*

Sh! Don't wake the Giant.

Lamplighter: Sh! His food may not be ready.

Town Crier *(Softly):* Five o'clock, and all's well!

(The Villagers tiptoe on, wearily carrying their foodstuffs. They line up facing the hill with the sleeping Giant.)

Baker: The pie is baked.

Candymaker: The chocolate is made.

Butcher: The sheep are dressed.

Locksmith: I worked all night on the great brass key.

Blacksmith: I helped him with my hammer and anvil.

Candlemaker: I have scarcely begun the enormous candle.

Carpenter: I am weary of sawing and planing.

Tailor: My fingers are already stiff, and I have just started the Giant's jerkin.

Cobbler: My eyes are tired, and I have hardly begun to make his boots.

Town Crier: Where is Quillow? Where is that foolish little fellow?

Lamplighter: He was in his shop at midnight, making toys.

Villagers *(Together):* Toys!

Locksmith: He could have helped with the key.

Baker: The pie.

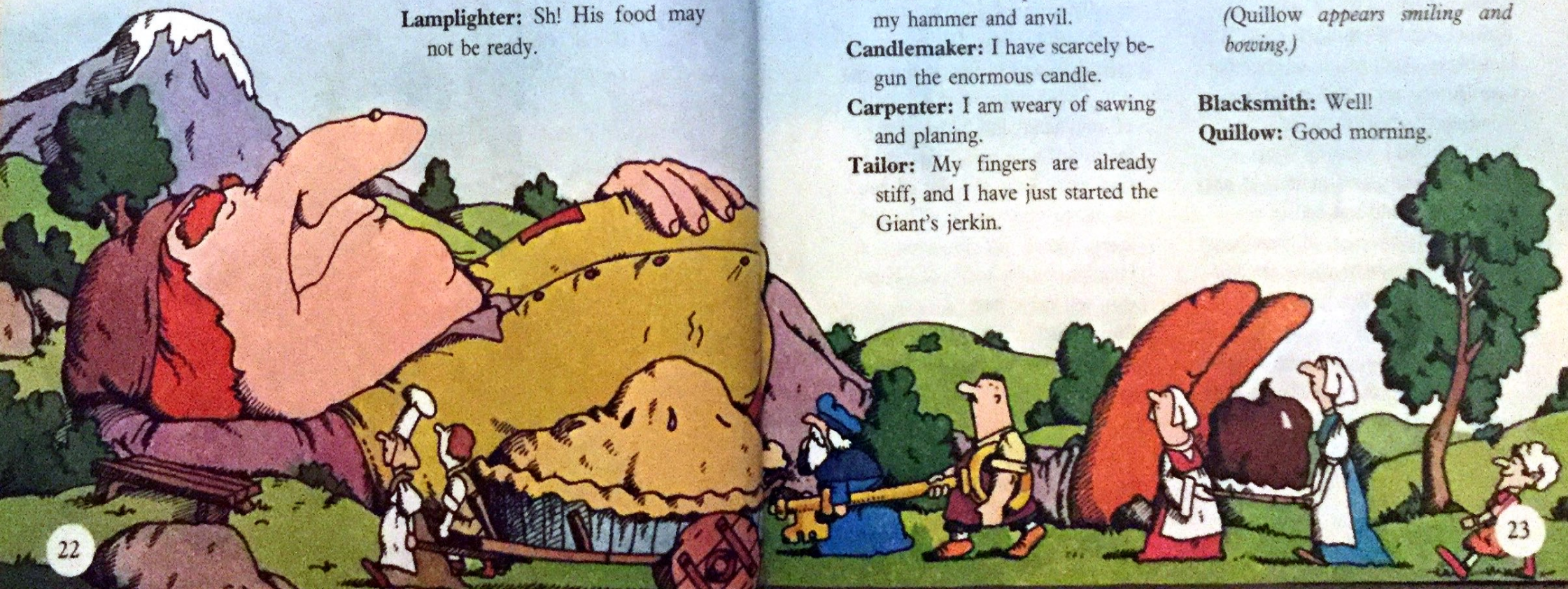
Butcher: The sheep.

Cobbler: The shoes.

(Quillow appears smiling and bowing.)

Blacksmith: Well!

Quillow: Good morning.



Blacksmith: I worked all night with my hammer and anvil helping the locksmith with the great brass key. The Lamp-lighter tells us YOU spent the night making toys!

Quillow (*Cheerily*): Making toys, and thinking up a tale to amuse the Giant Hunder.

Blacksmith: And a hard night you must have spent hammering out your tale.

Locksmith: And twisting it.

Carpenter: And leveling it.

Baker: And rolling it out.

Tailor: And stitching it up.

Cobbler: And fitting it together.

Candlemaker: And building it around a central thread.

Butcher: And dressing it up.

Candymaker: And making it not too bitter and not too sweet.

Hunder (*Awakening, his head and shoulders appear above the hillside.*): HO! HO! (*He claps his hands and the Villagers fall backwards. He roars with laughter.*) Bring me my sheep, my pie, my chocolate! (*The Villagers lug their foodstuffs across the stage, climb on the bench and*

heave them up to the Giant.) Tell me your silly names, and what you do. (*Hunder gnaws greedily at his food as the Villagers quickly tell their trades, each bowing as he speaks.*)

Hunder: You! You with the white hair, who are you?

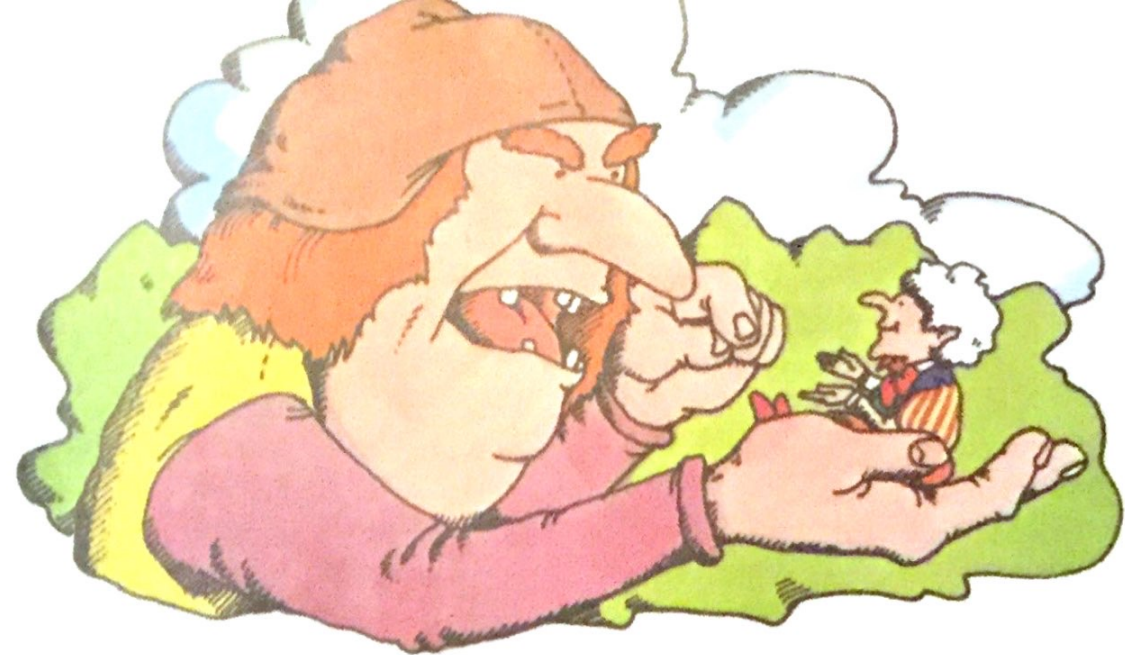
Quillow: I am Quillow, the teller of tales.

Hunder: Bow!

Quillow: Wow! (*The others are aghast at his impudence.*)

Hunder (*Scowls with fury, then suddenly laughs*): You are a fairly droll fellow. Perhaps your tales will amuse me. If they do not, I will put you in the palm of my hand and blow you so far it will take men five days to find you. Now, the rest of you, be off to your work. (*The Villagers sneak off in terror, as Hunder continues to eat.*) Now, you, tell me a tale.

Quillow (*Sits cross-legged*): Once upon a time, a Giant came to our town from a thousand leagues away, stepping over the hills and rivers. He was so mighty a Giant that he could



stamp upon the ground with his foot and cause the cows in the fields to turn flip-flops in the air and land on their feet again.

Hunder: Garf! I can stamp upon the ground with my foot and empty a lake of its water.

Quillow: I have no doubt of that, O Hunder. But the Giant who came over the hills and rivers many and many a year ago was a lesser Giant than Hunder. He was weak. He fell ill of a curious malady.³

Hunder: Rowf! That Giant was a

³ malady (MAL•uh•dee): an illness, usually one lasting a long time

goose, that Giant was a grasshopper. Hunder is never sick. (*He smites his chest.*)

Quillow: This other Giant had no ailment of the chest or the stomach or the mouth or the ears or the eyes or the arms or the legs.

Hunder: Where else can a Giant have an ailment?

Quillow (*Dreamily*): In the mind, for the mind is a strange and intricate thing. In lesser men than Hunder it is subject to mysterious maladies.

Hunder: Wumf! Hunder's mind is strong like the rock! (*He smites his forehead.*)

Quillow: No one to this day knows what brought on this dreadful disease in the mind of the other Giant. He suffered no pain. His symptoms were marvelous and dismaying. First he heard the word. For fifteen minutes one morning, beginning at a quarter of six, he heard the word.

Hunder: Harumph! What was the word the Giant heard for fifteen minutes one day?

Quillow: The word was "woddly." All words were one word to him. All words were "woddly."

Hunder: All words are different to Hunder. And do you call this a tale you have told me? A blithering goose of a Giant hears a word and you call that a tale to amuse Hunder? I hear all words. This is a good chocolate; otherwise I should put you in the palm of my hand and blow you over the housetops.

Quillow (*As the town clock strikes six*): I shall bring you a better tale tomorrow. No one knows to this day what caused the weird illness in the mind of the other Giant. (*Hunder growls,*

yawns, and sinks his great head onto his arms and goes to sleep. Quillow smiles.)

Quillow (*Calling softly*): Town Crier! Town Crier! (*The Town Crier tiptoes on.*) Call the people. Tell them Quillow has a plan to destroy the Giant Hunder. Call them quietly.

Town Crier (*Chanting softly*): Town meeting in the village square. Town meeting in . . .

(*As the lights dim into dusk, the Villagers enter quietly and form a group around Quillow.*)

Blacksmith: What is this clown's whim that brings us here like sheep?

(*Quillow whispers to the group. They nod and whisper to each other conspiratorially.*)

Lamplighter: It will never work.

Candymaker: It is worth trying.

Town Crier: I have a better plan. Let all the women and all the children stand in the streets and gaze sorrowfully at the Giant, and perhaps he will go away.

Candymaker: Let us try Quillow's plan. He has a magic, the little man.

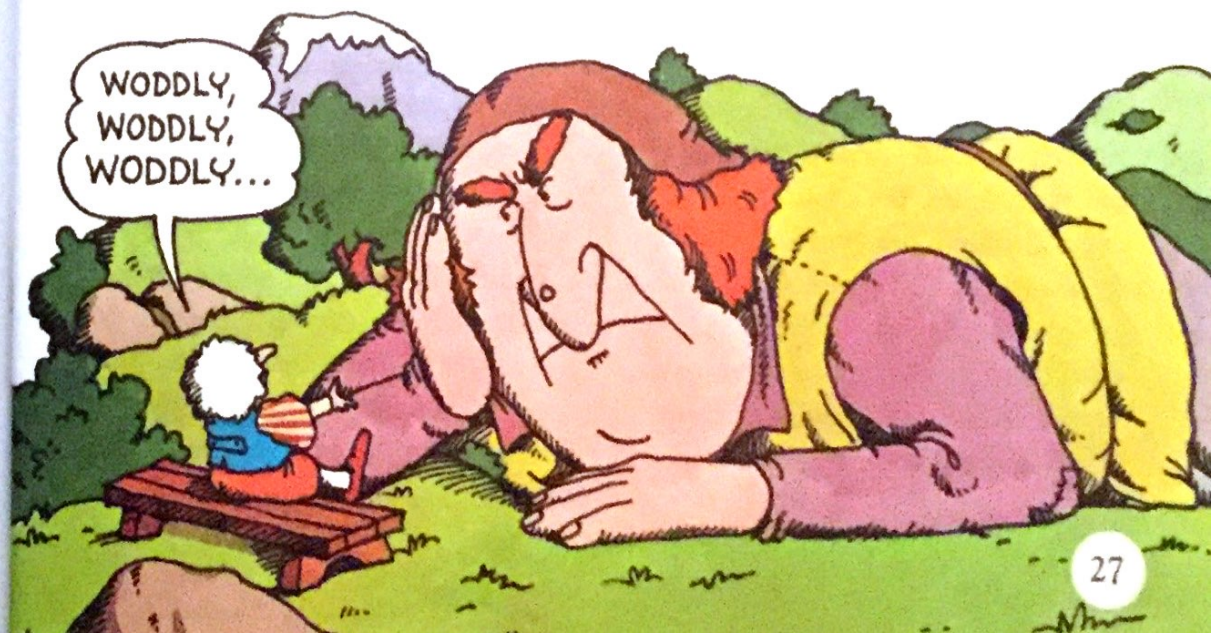
(*The lights dim to off. The Villagers quietly move to either side of the stage and sit. As the lights rise for morning, the Villagers are discovered in their places, with Quillow sitting cross-legged on the bench below the hillside.*)

Hunder (*Awakening with great noises*): Tell me a tale, smallest of men, and see to it that I do not nod, or I shall put you in the palm of my hand and blow you through yonder cloud.

Quillow: Once upon a time, there was a King named Anderblusdaferafan, and he had three sons named Ufabroborobe, Quandelrodolanderay and Tristolcomofarasee.

Hunder: Why did this King and his sons have such long and difficult names?

Quillow: Ah, it was because of the King's mother, whose name was Isoldasadelofandaloo. One day as the King and his sons were riding through the magical forest, they came upon a woddly. Woddly woddly woddly woddly. Woddly, woddly, woddly. . . .



Hunder (*Bellows*): Say it with words! You say naught but woddly!!

Quillow: Woddly woddly woddly woddly. . . .

Hunder (*Roars*): Can this be the malady come upon me? Or do you seek to frighten Hunder?

Quillow: Woddly woddly woddly. Woddly woddly woddly.

Hunder (*In terror, shouts at the Villagers*): You, Blacksmith, tell me your name? (*To another*) What is the time of day? . . . Where are you going? . . . How are you feeling? . . . All talk! All talk! Say words!

(The Villagers carry on conversations with each other using only the word Woddly.)

Hunder (*Silencing them with his roaring*): It is the malady! I have heard the word! It is the malady! What am I to do to cure the malady? (*The town clock strikes six.*)

Quillow: I was telling you how the King and his three sons rode through the magical forest. . . .

Hunder: I heard the word. All men said the word.

Quillow: What word?

Hunder: Woddly.

Quillow: That is but the first symptom, and it has passed. Look at the chimneys of the town. Are they not red?

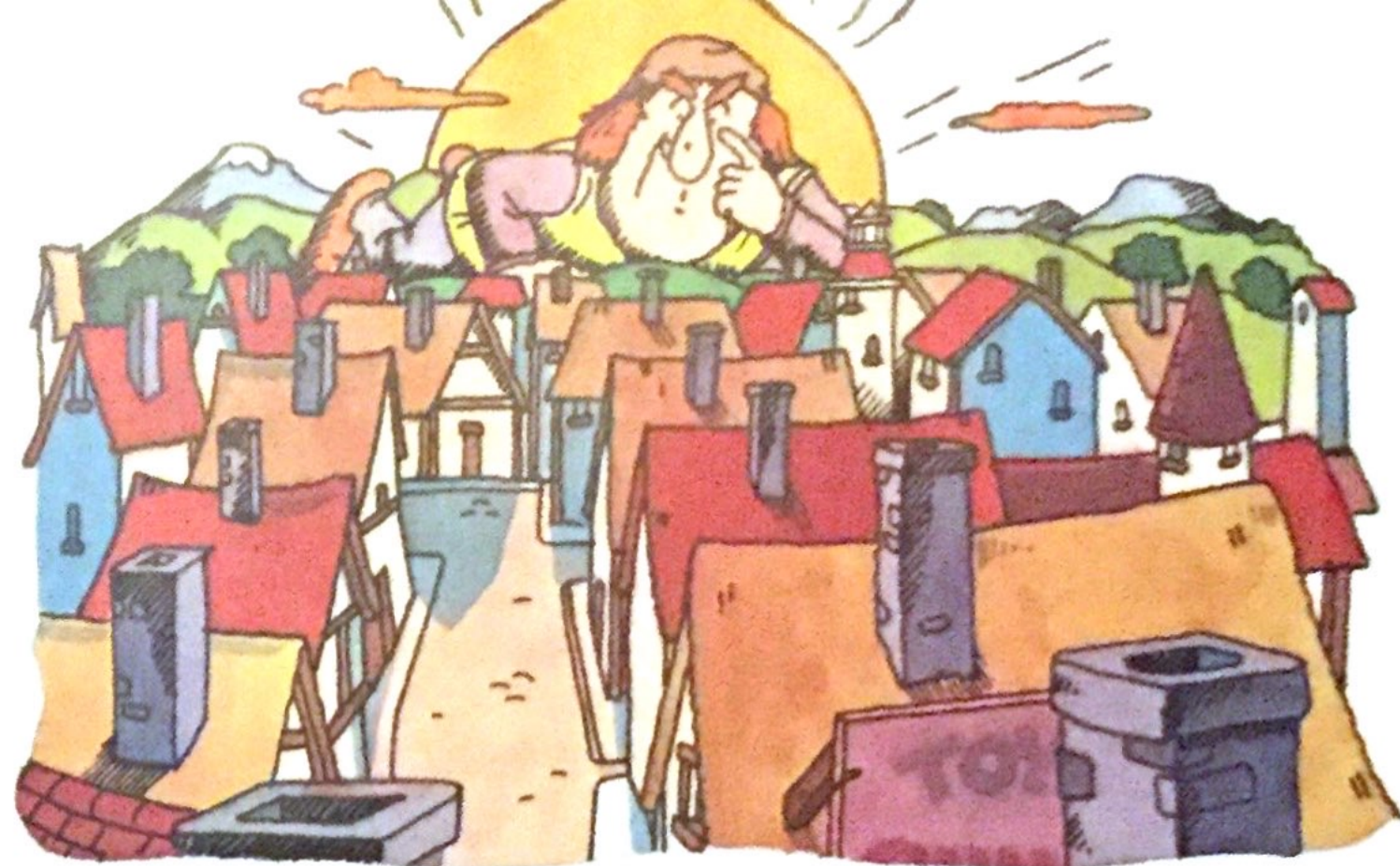
Hunder: Yes, the chimneys are red. Why do you ask if the chimneys are red?

Quillow: So long as the chimneys are red, you have no need to worry, for when the second symptom is upon you, the chimneys of the town turn black.

Hunder: I see only red chimneys, but what could have caused Hunder to hear the word?

Quillow (*As the lights dim*): Rest well. I will tell you another tale tomorrow. (*As Hunder goes to sleep, Quillow signals to the Villagers. They quietly move to the chimneys which they pretend to paint. They remove the red cut-outs and when they have finished and have returned to their places, the lights come up again for morning.*)

Hunder (*Stirs, rubs eyes, yawns,*



stretches, and then stares): The chimneys! The chimneys are black! The malady is upon me again. Teller of tales, tell me what I must do. The chimneys are black! Look, teller of tales, name me fairly the color of yonder chimneys.

Quillow: The chimneys are red, O Hunder. The chimneys are red. See how they outdo the red rays of the sun.

Hunder: The rays of the sun are red, but the chimneys of the town are black.

Quillow: You tremble, and your tongue hangs out, and these are indeed the signs of the second

symptom. But still there is no real danger, for you do not see the blue men. Or do you see the blue men, O Hunder?

Hunder: I see the men of the town staring at me. But their faces are white and they wear clothes of many colors. Why do you ask me if I see blue men?

Quillow: When you see the blue men, it is the third and last symptom of the malady. If that should happen, you must rush to the sea and bathe in the waters or your strength will become the strength of a kitten. Perhaps if you fast for a day and a night, the peril will pass.

Hunder: I will do as you say, teller of tales, for you are wise beyond the manner of men. Bring me no food today, tell me no tale. *(He moans and covers his eyes and sleeps.)*

(The light dims and the Villagers softly steal behind the screens so that when the morning light rises there is no one visible except Quillow, the sleeping Giant, and the Town Crier.)

Quillow *(As the town clock strikes five):* Cry the hour. Cry all's well.

Town Crier: Five o'clock! Five o'clock and all's well!

Hunder *(Awakens and looks cautiously at the village):* The chimneys are still black, but I see no blue men. *(He grins, smites his chest and roars.)* HO, Councilors! Bring me my sheep and my pie and my chocolate, for I have a vast hunger. Behold I am still a whole man! I have heard the word and I have seen the chimneys, but I have not beheld the blue men.

Quillow: That is well, for he who

beholds the blue men must bathe in the yellow waters in the middle of the sea, or else he will dwindle first to the height of the pussy willow, then to the height of the daffodil, then to the height of the violet, until finally he becomes a small voice in the grass, lost in the thundering of the crickets.

Hunder: But I shall remain stronger than the rock and taller than the oak.

Quillow: If you are stronger than the rock and taller than the oak, then stamp on the ground and make yonder cow in the field turn a flip-flop.

Hunder *(Gleefully):* Behold, I will make the cow turn twice in the air. *(He stamps heavily.)*
(The blue men slide over the village walls and dance up and down in the air.)

Hunder *(Cries in anguish):* The blue men! The blue men have come! The world is filled with little blue men!

Quillow: I see no blue men, but you have begun to shrink like the brook in dry weather, and

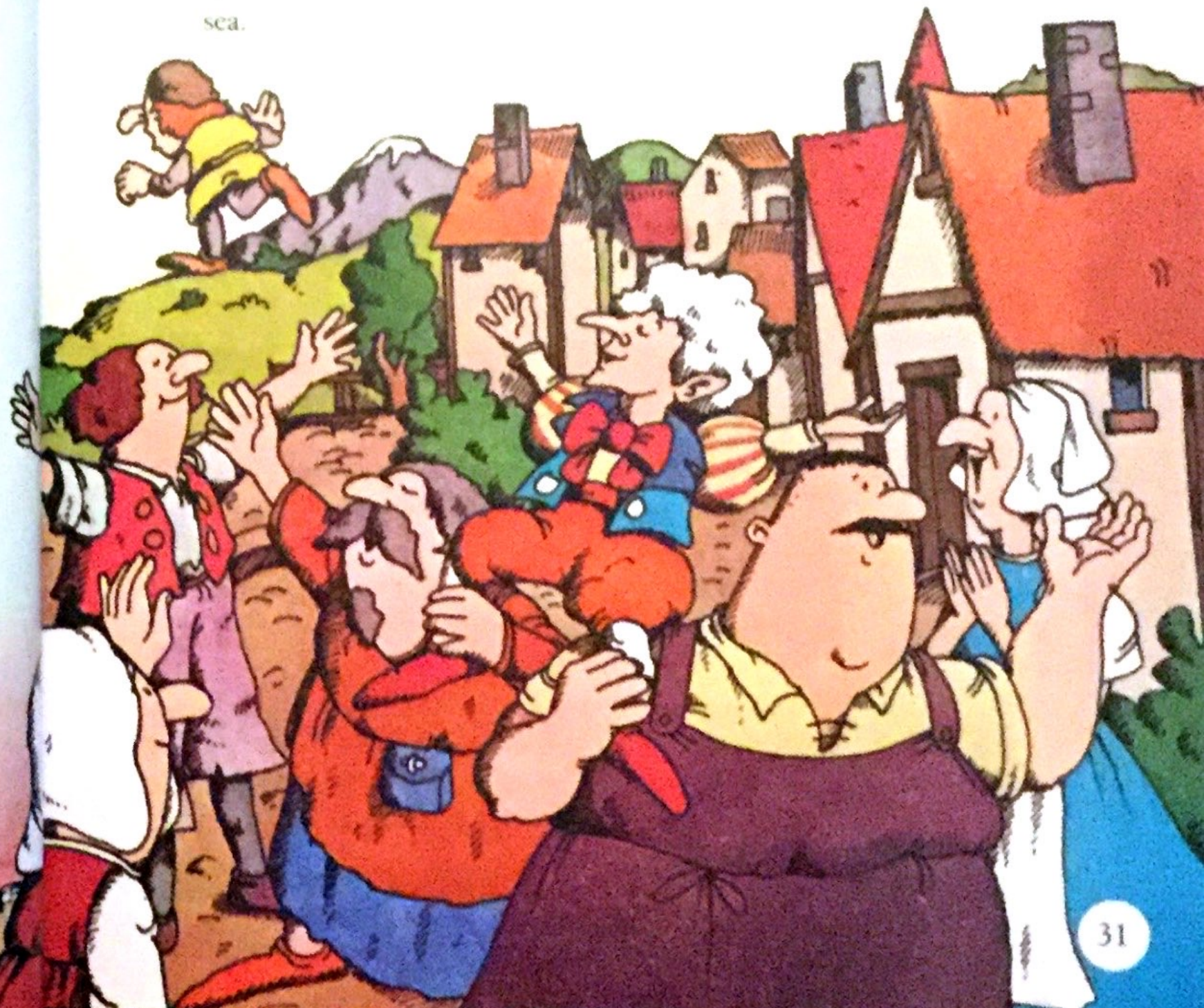
that is the sign of the third symptom.

Hunder *(Shaking with terror):* The sea! The sea! Point me to the sea!

Quillow: It is many leagues to the east. Run quickly toward the rising sun and bathe in the yellow waters in the middle of the sea.

(Bellowing with anguish, Hunder disappears behind his hillside. As his roaring diminishes, the Villagers enter.)

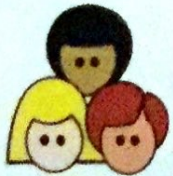
Villagers *(Lifting Quillow to their shoulders):* The Great Quillow!



Think and Discuss

Think about the play. Finish the time line on page 15. Fill in what Hunder does. Then answer the questions.

1. Use your time line. At the beginning of the play, who in town knows all the facts about Hunder's demands?
2. How do the people first react to the demands? What do they do next? Why do you think they react that way?
3. What job does Quillow take? Why do the people believe that the job fits Quillow?
4. How do the people treat Quillow before the night's work? How do they treat him after the work is done?
5. How does Quillow fool the giant?
6. Whom does Quillow need to make his plan work? Why does he need them?
7. Would Hunder agree that this play belongs in a unit about playing tricks? Explain why or why not.
8. How might Quillow's story apply to a situation in your own school?



WORK IN A GROUP

Discuss the who, what, when, and where of Quillow's plan for getting rid of Hunder. Discuss why these facts were so important to the plan. Ask your classmates to explain what they say. Talk about their answers.

Focusing on "Can You Believe Your Eyes?"

Think and Read

- ▶ Talk about a time you thought you saw something, but it turned out to be something else. Ask your classmates about times when their senses were tricked.
- ▶ Look at the title on page 34. Think about things that trick the senses. Then answer the questions that appear under the drawings.
 - What does the title suggest to you? How does it make you feel about your answers?
 - What information will you get from this article?
- ▶ Get ready to read an information article about optical illusions. Copy the chart. As you read, take notes on details that explain how optical illusions work.

| Optical Illusions | |
|-------------------|---------|
| Artificial | Natural |
| | |
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Now turn the page and read "Can You Believe Your Eyes?" Then you will talk about tricking the senses.