

IT'S GRIMM UP NORTH

Yorkshire. 1148. The darkest hour of the Dark Ages.

The family Grimm were the richest merchants in the north of the country.

Cloth.

Barrels.

Grain.

Sand.

Iron.

Cheese.

You name it, the Grimms knew how to buy it cheap and sell it expensive.

Old Enoch Grimm – the father - ruled over his young 'uns with a rod of iron, which he carried everywhere.

And none displeased him more than his youngest, little Graham Grimm. Instead of doing the chores and working in the shop, Graham liked wandering the moors and the woods and the valleys on the edge of the town. His father tried setting him up with a job in the business, but Graham would sit there daydreaming about worlds made of candy floss with roller-skating elephants.

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I used to love making up imaginary worlds.

I document every new world in my Alternative Atlas.

Can your class create a new world to add to my records?

I have enclosed some prompt questions to help you discover new worlds.

Go to [Imaginary World Creation](#)

Please refer to the Teacher Instructions for extra support guiding the children and young people.

There was a reason why Graham was so drawn to the moors and the valleys and the glens and the dark wooded place. You see, Graham had a magical power: he could see and speak to magical beings. All of them. The Pixies,

the Fairies,

the Witches,

the Ogres,

the Goblins

and the dragons, Graham's eyes were open to them all. And on the day that his father came looking for him in the shop, Graham had been chatting with one of the bogles at Hatherton Tops.

Well as Graham returned home after sundown, he realised he was for it as soon as he saw his father outside the shop looking very grumpy. That was it – Graham was out on his ear. His last chance and he'd blown it. According to Enoch, Graham was no Grimm. He was, from that moment, banished.

Graham moped to the forest and rested in a hollowed-out tree stump. It was raining and as the water poured down on him and then the hail, who should sidle over to him to see what was up but the very bogle he'd been chatting to earlier.

He took little Graham's hand in his claw (bogle's have claws – though not very frightening ones) and led him to the nearby Hatherton Scar. The bogle pursed his purple lips (yes- they have purple lips too) and blew. There followed a sound like a hundred robins taking flight and the tumbling waterfall parted like a curtain of molten glass, revealing a dark doorway beyond.

The door was unlike any door he had ever seen in his life. It looked like it was made out of and it smelled of The most magical thing about the door, however, was that it.....

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This was the most magical moment of my life, and I've seen a lot of magical things.

Do you fancy having a go at designing the door for me?
Help me to remember?

I have enclosed picture evidence of parts of the door. Can you design your own doorway and describe its magic?

Go to **Evidence 2: Magical Doorway Polaroids**

Please refer to the Teacher Instructions for extra support guiding the children and young people.

Graham looked nervous as they passed into the dark cave. Piled up against the black rocks was silver, diamonds, and gold coins. The bogle took in his disbelief. "Oh aye – we've got lots of treasure."

Graham looked nervous as they passed into the dark cave. Piled up against the black rocks was a treasury the like of which Graham could not have conjured in his imagination. The Bogle took in his disbelief. "Oh aye – we've got lots of treasure."

"What do the magical beings do with all this?" asked Graham still trying to take in the mounds of gold and silver pennies. "What do they spend it on - what would

they spend it on – if they were to go to market?”

It was in this cavern that the bogle revealed the biggest, most important secret Graham would ever hear...

Do you want to know the secret...?

Magical beings don't need food and water and oxygen to survive like we do, all magical beings need are stories! The final full stop at the end of a story gives magical beings a burst of energy like a lightning bolt striking the ground!

“What if I was to see you got some of that energy – if I got people to come and make up stories - and you were nearby when it happened? What do you think to that?”
Suggested Graham

“I think that's a grand idea!” said the Bogle.

And what do you know – within the year Graham had set up the most successful shop run by any Grimm.

Well, the Bogarts

and Bogles

and Brownies

and Elves

and Pixies

were soon queuing round the door – any who arrived down-hearted left refreshed with magical energy and a special Grimm potion or two.

The old man couldn't believe it. "Nay son, you've done me proud. You know what? I think you might just be the greatest Grimm of all."

Grimm & Co ensures the survival of magical beings, and what's more, they have created the Magical Being Almanac: a book.....

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I have one page of the almanac left, which I have enclosed as evidence.

If you could create some magical beings for me, I'd really appreciate it. I'm sure you'll be able to discover some in your school grounds. They can live anywhere you know.

Go to Evidence 3: Page from the Almanac

Please refer to the Teacher Instructions for extra support guiding the children and young people.

You see when a great story is told the burst of energy those magical creatures get is quite phenomenal – like a bomb going off. Or a thousand bombs. Or a hundred thousand if it's really good.

If you have written something you are proud of, send them to me, will you? I'd love to read what you've done. Send your writing over to info@grimmandco.co.uk.

Ta!