

Warning Tale- The Myth of Pandora's Box

Are you nosy? Do you like secrets? Have you ever done something that you've been warned not to? One person who was warned not to do something was Pandora. Her story is from Ancient Greece, where her nosiness changed the world forever!

Many, many thousands of years ago, in Ancient Greece, lived two brothers called Epimetheus and Prometheus. Although they lived in a world where the gods were in charge, they liked nothing more than to annoy the gods. One day, Zeus, a particularly powerful god, wanted to teach them a lesson. He ordered the gods to create a beautiful woman. Her name was Pandora and she was to marry Epimetheus. As a wedding present, Zeus gave Pandora a beautiful box, but there was one special condition; she was never to open it!


Everyday Pandora's husband was out working. All she could think about was what was in the box from Zeus. Bored and fed-up, she stared at it. Why could she not open it? Her curiosity became unbearable. Pandora searched for the key to open the box. "I know it's here somewhere," she muttered to herself as she opened cupboards and drawers. With shaking hands, Pandora slid the key into the lock and turned it.




She took a deep breath, closed her eyes and slowly, with trembling hands, opened the box. She was imagining what could be inside: rubies as red as the blazing sunset, jewel encrusted gowns and piles of gold coins. There were no coins, jewellery, gowns or gems. Shockingly, every evil and spite, every sadness and misery flew out. Like a swarm of insects, they fled the house and infested the earth with heartache and sorrow. Pandora slammed the lid shut and turned the key. "What have I done?" she sobbed, holding her head in her hands.



Sometime later, Pandora noticed a fluttering sound coming from the box, as if something was trapped inside. Terrified, she pressed her ear to the box. "Let me out," a small voice pleaded gently. Once again, with shaking hands, Pandora unlocked the box. A beautiful butterfly of hope fluttered out of the box. Immediately, hope started to spread all over the world.











Sad and miserable Pandora, had to live with the world's suffering she had created. However, she had also allowed hope to follow them.






Some of you learn the story well by using a story map. I have drawn one if this helps you. You can always draw your own. Keep it simple if you do.










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












R U 2? shh?  X ? 1 person → P. Her 
 is Ancient Greece,  4 ever!











Many 1000 y → Ancient G, 2   → Ep + Pro.









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, wanted → . He   → .




Her name → P +  Ep. As a  , Z → P a
, but 1 sp; .

Everyday, P's  ↑ w. .  B+F-U, . Her
 curiosity . P → . "I know" muttered  + E
 + 

She  deep,  + -ly, "Mz" .    .
 . There were  or .  -ly, E + S,  + 

Like    .  →   + . P slammed
 "What?" she sobbed, .

Sometime, P  , as if ? trapped .
 T,  → . "let me..." a small voice pleaded. A
 b.   fluttered ↑. I -ly, hope .

 + , P had to . However, she
 also → 