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| Imitate | Innovate | Invent |
| **God had a little back garden**. He grew carrots, onions, beans and whatever else he needed for his dinner. **The plants were in neat rows, and a tidy fence kept out the animals.**  **One day,** as he was weeding the carrots, he saw a strange thing between the rows. It was no more than an inch long, and it was black. At one end it had a little root going into the ground. | Piper had a rather large supermarket. She sold can chickpeas, beans, croissants and other exciting things. The food was stacked high and a huge security fence surrounded it.  Before the shop was open, she was stacking the croissants, she heard a strange noise coming towards her. It was a strange, stretchy, veiny reptile. It was slimmer than a penny. |  |
| Next day, as he was gardening, he went to see how the little bean was getting on. He was surprised. During the night, it had doubled in size. Every morning, in fact, it was just twice as long as it had been the morning before. Already it had crushed most of his carrots and pushed over his fence.    Suddenly, as he looked at it, it opened his eye and looked at him.  “You are too big,” he said sternly. “Please stop growing before you push my house down.”  To his surprise, the plant opened a mouth. A long slit of a mouth, which ran back on either side under the eyes.  “I can’t,” said the mouth. “I,” said the thing, “am Whale-wort. | The next morning, as she was sweeping, she saw a cold, shivering reptile. She was saddened. Everyday, he started to got thinner and more sad until his green colour started to fade into a dusty blue.  Just then, the reptile rushed towards her with big sad eyes and tears rolling off his cheeks. “Animals do not belong in supermarkets!” she murmured. “Please don’t make me more sad.”  To her amazement, the reptile opened his beak. A short stump of a beak.  “I am too weak to move!” Cried the reptile, “I just want some rest.” |  |
| The next morning, Whale -wort was as long as the street. God called a meeting with the other creatures. The creatures walked around Whale-wort, looking at him. His skin was so shiny they could see their faces in it.  “I suggest,” said mouse, “that we throw it into the sea.”  “Hey!” cried Whale-wart, “Leave me alone, leave me and let me sleep!”  “Into the sea!” cried all the creatures. And they hauled the ropes with a great groan. At last, they got him to a high cliff and rolled him over the edge into the sea.  “Help! Help!” cried Whale-Wort. “I shall drown! Please let me come back on land where I can sleep.” | That evening, the reptile had turned the same blue as the sky. Piper asked for some help from the other workers. The workers tiptoed around the reptile, looking at it. His skin was so shrivelled they could mistake him for a raisin.  “I suggest,” whispered Joy (the misunderstood worker), “We could take him to the bakery and wrap him in bread dough to warm him up.” |  |
| God bent down from the high cliff and poked Whale-Wort on the top of his head with his finger.  “Now, just start blowing some of yourself out of the hole. When you are as small as a cucumber, you can return to my garden.”  Soon, Whale-wort was down to the size of a bus. But blowing was hard work, and by this time he felt like sleeping. When he awoke, he had grown back to the length of a street. This went on for years. It is still going on. |  |  |