



## THE KING'S TOWER

A long time ago, in a faraway land, there lived and ruled a king. One day, the king took it into his head that if he could only touch the moon he would become famous and admired all over the world. He was so consumed by the idea he couldn't think about anything else and forgot to rule altogether. All he did every day was rack his brain to try to figure out how he could get high enough in the sky to touch the moon. When he slept, all he ever dreamed about was reaching up towards it and missing it by just an inch.

The king spent many long days and nights thinking about nothing else but the moon, and one day he finally came up with an idea. He would build a tower, he decided, and he would make it so high that if he stood at the top he could reach the moon.

He immediately sent for the royal carpenter and ordered him to build the tower just as he had imagined it. But the carpenter knew in his heart that he had no idea how to build a tower that high. He spent the next few days pacing back and forth, thinking, measuring, calculating, and drawing, but he ripped up every draft as soon as he had finished it. He didn't sleep, and after a few days, he still hadn't come up with a plan. After a week had passed, the impatient king could no longer bear to watch the carpenter calculating and measuring silly

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drawings instead of just building his tower, and so he decided to pay him a visit. He was very angry, and threatened,

“You have three days to build me my tower, or I’ll have your head!”

The poor carpenter’s heart sank even lower. He consulted his assistants, but nobody knew what to do. A day had passed, then another, but still nothing. On the morning of the third day, the desperate carpenter woke up with an idea. He ran to the royal chambers and explained his plan to the king. The king was overjoyed and immediately ordered everyone in the kingdom to bring all their wooden boxes and wicker baskets to the palace. People from all over the country gathered and brought every box and every basket they could find to the carpenter. One by one, he put them next to each other and hammered them together.

A day later, he ran out of all the boxes and baskets. But the tower still wasn’t high enough!

The king ordered that every tree in the kingdom be cut down and made into even more crates and boxes. Finally, the tower seemed high enough. All the citizens of the country gathered to watch as the king began his climb up to the top. He climbed and climbed all the way to the sky, and when he got to the top he stretched his hand up. He was only the tiniest bit from finally touching the moon, so he shouted down at the carpenter to bring him one last crate. But there wasn’t a single wooden box left in the whole kingdom and all the trees had already been cut down.

The king, spitting with rage, cursed angrily. He couldn’t accept that even after all his struggle, he wouldn’t be able to touch the moon, and he shouted:

“If there’s really no crate left in the whole country, then pull out the lowest box and bring it up to me.”

Everyone looked at the carpenter in horror.

“Sir, is that a good idea?” he called up.

But the king would not change his mind. An order was an order, so the king’s subjects had no choice but to listen. They pulled out the lowest crate just as the king had instructed them... and that is how the king learned what it feels like to fly!