

GEOMETRIC HAPPINESS

In a distant kingdom, there was a perfect little slab capable of giving serenity.

The king wanted it brought to him.

The journey was long and perilous, but saying no to the king was impossible.

A young subject was called.

The slab was covered with a precious fabric to protect it; the boy put it in his bag and set off.

As he walked, he admired the landscape of his country, which he had never visited before.

In the distance, he could see a great, tall, perfect mountain, the houses and sumptuous palaces of the many towns.

He reached the river and crossed the rushing waters in a boat. The boy clutched his slab bag tightly, but there was no way he could avoid being enchanted by the trees in the forest.

By now, he had been walking for weeks, and the mountain he had seen from afar was now in front of him.

There was no other way to reach the king's palace than to climb it.

So, he started to rise, searching with his hands and feet for safe handholds.

But suddenly, a small goat appeared from a bush above him, jumping quickly from one rock to another.

A few stones fell on his head, and the boy lost his balance; his hands gripped, and he fell.

He fell, he fell, it seemed as if he could reach no further, and his only thought was the slab.

And only then did he realise that the bag was falling before him.

A large bush cushioned his fall.

Recovering from his fright, he picked up the bag and opened the fabric and, to his horror, saw that the slab had broken into seven pieces of different and perfect shapes. He tried his best to reconstruct the square slab, but each attempt resulted in different forms: a mountain, a boat, and a falling man...

With a smile, he rolled all the pieces back into the fabric and set off again.

When he arrived at the palace, he was welcomed with all honours, the king was eager to get hold of the slab.

The boy's heart trembled, but he showed what remained of it anyway.

The king shouted to have his head cut off while the boy calmly began to play with the pieces, building the mountain.

"...But that is the mountain!" said the king.

The boy made a little goat, and the king stopped shouting and began to watch the boy create wonderful things and objects with the slab pieces.

The king forgave the boy; that toy was infinitely more valuable than the slab and he wanted everyone to have one.



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