

michael morpurgo

The White Horse of Zennor



The White Horse of Zennor – The Knocker

'Lying in the corner of the ruined old court-house, propped up against a granite pillar was an old man, but no ordinary man; for he was smaller even than any dwarf but unlike a dwarf his features were in perfect proportion to his size. He was roughly clothed in heavy tweed trousers and a black moleskin jacket. He had wild white hair and eyes as blue as the sea. He lay with one knee clasped to his chest and the children saw that clinging grotesquely to his foot was a rusty gin trap.'

'A Knocker,' Annie whispered, and she stepped back in alarm, dragging Arthur back with her; but Arthur wrenched himself free and stood his ground.

'I know that,' Arthur said, speaking loudly for he felt it was rude to whisper. 'There's nothing wrong with Knockers. They won't hurt you, 'less you hurt them. Isn't that right, sir!'

'Quite right, young fellow,' said the old man crisply...'

(The White Horse of Zennor, The White Horse of Zennor, page 42)

What do you think he looks like? Draw a picture of the Knocker.

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The White Horse of Zennor
and other stories

From the author of **WarHorse** now a major feature film

"Quite right. Wise man, your father", the little Knocker said, brushing off his moleskin jacket and pulling it down straight. "After all, you never know who you might bump into up here. The place is full of spriggans and pixies and nasty little wee folk even," he whispered low, "even the odd Knocker or two." And the three laughed together as old friends might do over a confidential joke. "But before you go, children, I have to thank you properly. One good turn deserves another, tit for tat, you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours, and so on. I want each of you to close your eyes and tell me your one dearest wish. You have to say what you'd most like in all the world."

What would you like most in all the world and why?

[illegible]

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'... Now children, will you all have some tea? I've only one cup so you'll have to have a sip and pass it around. And if you'll find a place to sit down I'll tell you one of my stories. Some people think I talk to myself I know, but I don't – well not often. I tell myself my stories out aloud before I write them down. I haven't yet had time to put this one on paper. It's all about ...'

Working with a partner: Tell your friend a story set on the Cornish Coast, where the seals swim and the Knockers live, about a Giant who wears a necklace made from pink cowrie shells.

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