

The giant
Easter Egg



You can find us at www.edgartheelephant.com.
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Your child as the star!



Why not have us tailor the audio file of one of our stories with the name of your child? See our website for details.

The music in the audio recordings was composed by Rachel Jamieson – find out more at www.racheljamieson.com.



The narrator was Christopher Jamieson – www.christopherjamieson.co.uk.



Some of the pictures were drawn by Samantha Purkis. Find her etsy shop at www.etsy.com/uk/shop/LittlePaperTrails.



The legal bit

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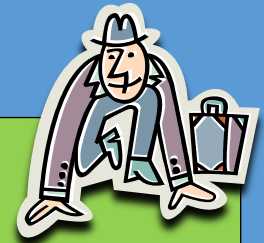
Some colouring-in pictures © Samantha Purkis 2020

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Before you start



These booklets contain ...

The text of the story, in case you'd like to read it to your child yourself.

A sheet for colouring in while listening to the story.

Some simple sentences inspired by the story, for new readers.

Some quiz questions and activities.

You may want to print the colouring-in sheet. In some cases, you may want to print the activity sheet too. These are always in black and white, so they should print on any printer, and won't use much ink.

Do make sure you visit our website – www.edgartheelephant.com – from time to time for the latest stories. You can also pick up the audio book for this story there.

Donations



These stories, audios and pictures are available free of charge. If you'd like to make a donation, though, we won't say no! Please go to our website – www.edgartheelephant.com – and use the link in the page footer.

Picture gallery



We'd love to display your child's own pictures of these stories in our Facebook gallery. Simply send us a photo of the picture along with your child's first name to <mailto:edgartheelephant@critos.co.uk> and get a personalised email from Edgar to your child!

The giant Easter egg

Mr Smith was a very lucky man. He had the nicest job in the whole world – he worked in a chocolate factory.

Every morning, he would get up at seven o'clock and eat his cornflakes. Then he would go to the bus-stop and catch a number 12 bus to the factory. By a quarter to eight, he had his overalls on, and was standing beside his machine, all ready to start work.

One day at the beginning of March, Lady Arkwright, the owner of the factory came to see him. 'Smith,' she said, 'I've got a very important job for you. It'll soon be Easter, so it's time for us to start making all the Easter eggs. You're the best worker I've got, so I'm going to put you in charge of the number one Easter egg machine.'

'Oh thank you, ma'am,' said Mr Smith. 'I promise to make the very best Easter eggs you've ever had.'

'I knew I could rely on you,' said Lady Arkwright. 'Now, I want you to go straight home and pack a suitcase, because I've arranged for you to go to London to visit the people who make the Easter egg machine, so that you can learn how to work it.'

So Mr Smith rushed home, and packed his toothbrush and his slippers, together with a great big notebook and pencil, and then he set off for London. He was very busy over the next two days, watching how to turn the machine on, how to put the chocolate into it, and how to take the eggs out. By the end of the second day, his book was absolutely full of notes and drawings.

The following Monday, Mr Smith was at work again, bright and early. He got a great big bag of chocolate buttons and poured it into the top of the machine. Then he stood back and pressed the button on the side of the machine. There was a 'gloop, slurp, slurp', and a large Easter egg appeared out of a little door in the side of the machine. Mr Smith took the egg and showed it to Lady Arkwright.

'This is the first Easter egg, ma'am,' he said.

Lady Arkwright looked at it very carefully. She got out a tape-measure and measured it. She put it on a pair of scales and weighed it. Then she broke a piece off, put it in her mouth and chewed it very slowly and thoughtfully.

'Perfect,' she said. 'Absolutely perfect. I'm very pleased with you.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' said Mr Smith, and went back to the machine. By the end of the day, there was a row of 100 Easter eggs beside the machine, waiting to be wrapped up and sent to the shops. The same happened the next day, and the next day, and the next day. Mr Smith was really having fun. But then something went wrong.

He put the chocolate buttons into the machine as usual and pressed the button ... but the button got stuck! The machine still went 'gloop, slurp, slurp', but instead of an Easter egg appearing, a message appeared on the computer-screen beside the machine saying, 'Please put in more chocolate.'

Mr Smith wasn't too sure what to do, but he thought that perhaps if he *did* put in more chocolate, the machine might unjam itself. There was another 'gloop, slurp, slurp' ... and the message appeared again.

'Oh dear,' thought Mr Smith. 'What ever shall I do?' He got out his notebook and looked through all the notes that he'd made, but there was nothing about what to do if the button got stuck. He couldn't manage to pull it out again, so he decided that the only thing that he could do was to put more chocolate in and hope that the machine would sort itself out. He'd just put in the tenth bag of chocolate buttons, and the message 'Please put in more chocolate' had appeared for the tenth time, when there was an enormous 'Bang!!' The side dropped off the machine, and there was the biggest chocolate egg Mr Smith had ever seen – almost up to the ceiling.

'Help!' thought Mr Smith. 'What will Lady Arkwright say if she finds out?'

And no sooner had the thought passed through his mind than he looked up and saw Lady

Arkwright walking down the corridor towards him.

‘I’m terribly sorry, ma’am,’ said Mr Smith, ‘but you see the button got stuck and I didn’t know what to do.’

‘Sorry?’ said Lady Arkwright, ‘Why, Smith, there’s nothing to be sorry about. This is the best idea you’ve ever had.’

‘But it wasn’t an idea, ma’am – it was an accident – and I don’t think I quite understand you.’

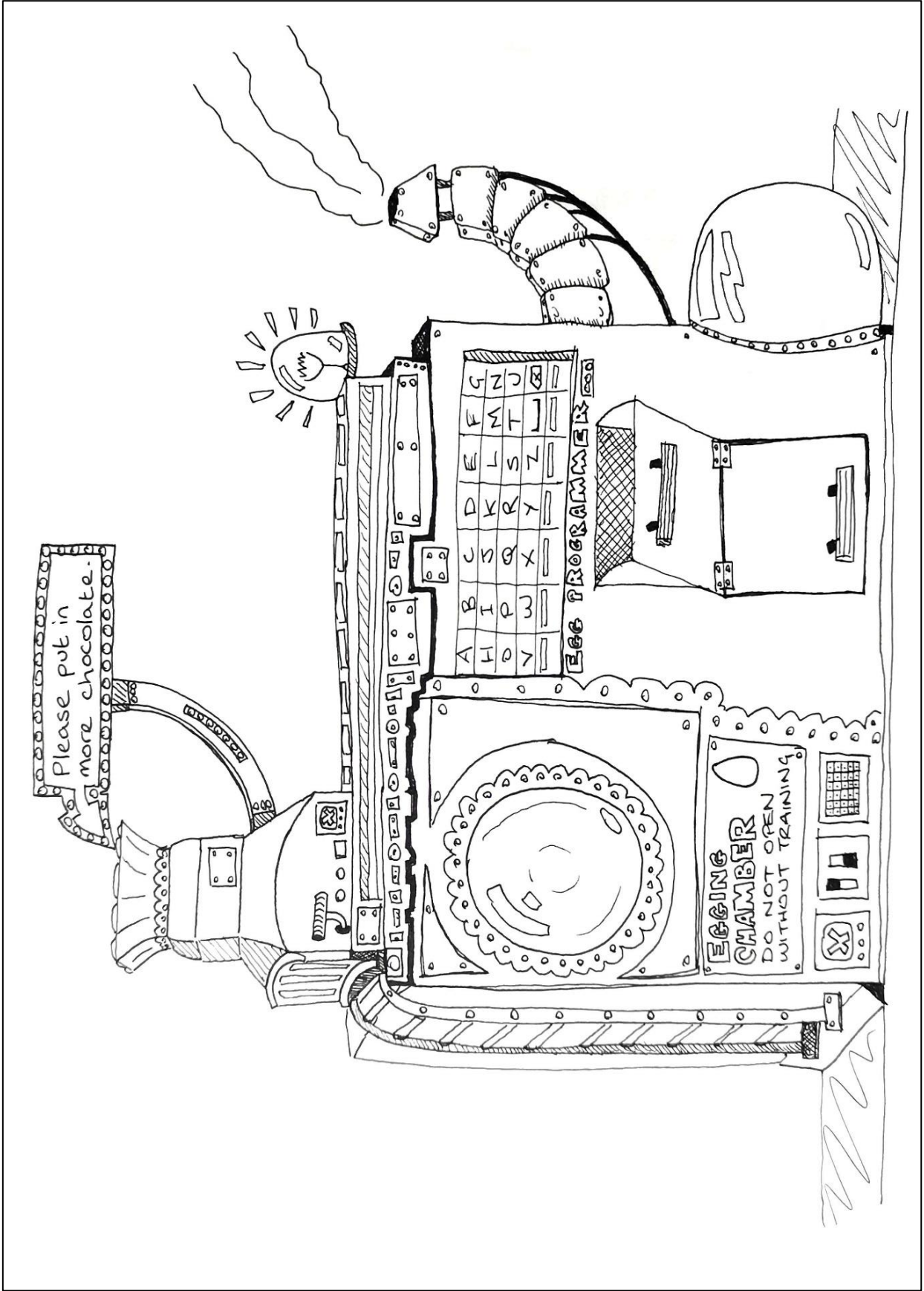
‘Why, don’t you see?’ asked Lady Arkwright. ‘No one’s ever made an Easter egg this big before. We’ll get all the newspapers to come and photograph it, and we’ll be famous. I’ll even call the television news. Everyone in the country will have heard of Arkwright’s Chocolate by tomorrow – and everyone will want to buy our Easter eggs. We’ll be rich!!’

So that’s just what Lady Arkwright did, and before long there were hundreds of photographers and television people in the factory, taking

photographs of Lady Arkwright and Mr Smith beside the Easter egg, and photographs of the Easter egg machine, and all talking at once trying to find out how it had happened. The *Sunday Times* even offered Mr Smith £1000 to tell them his life-story. One person asked Lady Arkwright what she was going to do with the egg. She thought for a moment. ‘I know,’ she said, ‘I’ll send it to the local hospital to cheer up all the children who are in hospital this Easter.’

After all the newspaper and television people had gone, Lady Arkwright turned to Mr Smith. ‘Smith,’ she said, ‘I knew I could rely on you to do a good job. I’m going to give you a pay-rise, and you can have a two-week holiday as soon as the Easter rush is over. Oh – and take some Easter eggs home with you tonight to have after tea.’

That evening, Mr Smith settled himself down in his favourite armchair in front of the television, to watch the main news item of the day – the story of Arkwright’s giant Easter egg. ‘I am glad that button got stuck,’ he said, as he tucked into his fourth piece of Easter egg.

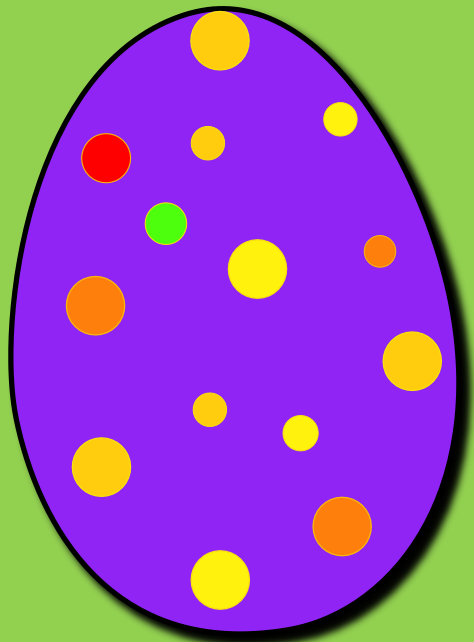


For new readers

Here is an egg.

The egg has spots.

Yum!



Jane has a very big egg.



Tom has a big egg too.

Tom and Jane are glad.



Here are some quiz questions. You get ten points for each answer you get right.

Some questions about the story

Where did Mr Smith work?

What did he have for breakfast?

What did Mr Smith have to put into the machine?

How did he end up making the giant Easter egg?

What did Lady Arkwright say Mr Smith could have after tea as a reward?

Some other questions

What do you find on farms which make eggs for us?

How many things can you think of which you use eggs for?

Where do birds keep their eggs?

Can you think of any words which rhyme with 'egg' ?

Here is Mr Smith's giant Easter egg. Lady Arkwright would like you to decide what colours it should be, before she sends it to the children at the hospital. Colour it in so it's really pretty.

