

The Ice Magician

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Dear Colleagues,

Dear Parents,

Through this story, the children will be aware of disturbances that global warming brings to the Polar Regions inhabitant's lives.

They'll discover that in addition to CO₂ produced in part by our energizing behavior, there is another greenhouse gas that is also noxious for global warming. Methane, which has a warming potential 25 times greater than CO₂ and which is produced in part by bacteria and buried in large quantities in the frozen soil of polar regions.

This story's imaginary characters will bring the children to understand the urgency to change life's habits and to save on energy.

- *What desolation! Makkak thought sadly and stopping the engine of his small fishing boat for a few moments, he listened to the silence.*

Suddenly, with a deafening sound of thunder, the tip of a nearby iceberg broke loose and plunged into the sea with such force that dangerous waves rocked the boat.

But with the astonishing speed of those who know the unforeseen dangers of the Far North, Makkak got the engine running and moved away.

- *This is not normal, he thought. In this season, I should be able to go fishing on a sled or on foot. The sea ice is expected to cover and block the iceberg.*

Makkak felt sad ... he slowed down and gently, among the few thin sheets of ice, still unfolded in water very long fishing line which he had hung many hooks. He hoped to at least bring the fish to feed his dogs.

Seals, they were left ...

At the same time, Angulak felt quite alone in her white wooden house isolated at the foot of the heart-shaped rock overlooking the village.

A few weeks ago, devoured by the sea, another large iceberg had also returned causing a huge wave. The boat that was taking his family on the nearby island was not so lucky ... No survivors in the icy water ...

- *Get to work! She shook herself. Nothing like work to drive the sad thoughts away! I'll sew kamik (slippers made with seal skin) and I'll sell them.*

She put on her coat and walked to the small hut near the sea where her father used to pile up his treasures for hunting. The house leaned comically, sinking partly into the ground it looked weird, but Angulak being too moved by her memories took no notice and went inside.

- *The ground has moved! She realized finally after choosing the most beautiful skins.*

Paralyzed by fear, she dared not make any movement ... the cabin, as if being carried away down a slide into the sea nearby.

Energetically, a nearby fisherman grabbed Angulak, preventing her from drowning in icy water

Anguish seized the entire village. What was happening?

No ice, more seals, and now the soil usually so hard collapses ...

Angulak was very shocked and went inside and locked her door... She had lost everything she loved ... and hanging sadly on the wall was the ulu of her mother which would never be used again, she sobbed.

(Ulu is a women's knife with a curved blade used by Inuit women to cut skin)

A few days later the sun disappeared, too, plunging the village into the total darkness of the long polar night for three months.

Without the white ice to reflect its light, the moon usually so lovely seemed pale. The aurora borealis, which also seemed so magical, was all at once frightening in the dark depths and the dogs, deprived of their races on the frozen sea, howled mournfully.

Everyone in the village sank into melancholy.

But on a very dark night, while everyone was sleeping, something strange happened.

A violent solar wind swept to earth as particles instead of forming together to make a beautiful aurora borealis, strangely, some of them landed on an iceberg all sculpted by the sea. By magic, it began to sway.

- *Ah! Ah! Ah! If he thinks he'll sleep longer one, thought the moon had seen and understood the above message that the sun sent.*

Indeed, the magician who lived in this iceberg and called it his "Ice Palace" gently opened one eye then the other. He looked at the magical calendar hanging near him.

- *Oh! 50 years is not enough! Another siesta of 10 years, he said, closing his eyes.*

But the moon and the sun that have the power to manage tides encouraged the wind to unleash a wave, like a bucket of cold water that got him out of his Mussel shell that he used as a bed.

- *How hot it is here! he sighed. A barbecue lunch will do!*

So he thawed from his reserve a piece of ice krill, a kind of shrimp that whales swallow by the thousands. It was a sumptuous feast for him because he is so small!

Then, as every time that he woke up after a long sleep, he found his palace very shabby and grumbled against the sea and the sun that had damaged his home.

As always, too, he hesitated a long time between tasks using his magical powers to move.

And, as always, he finally settled into his shell mold which also served as a flying carpet and flew away in search of a new iceberg, worthy in his eyes, to be called "Ice Palace" .

His quest for beauty took him to the beautiful shimmering turquoise iceberg that Angulak saw from her kitchen. Without hesitation, he settled his belongings in a comfortable opening and then climbed to the summit to admire the surroundings.

- *How horrible! Everything is black, there's no ice! The colorful houses are pretty, but they would be prettier if there was snow, he thought. I'll look later.*

Exhausted by his move, he moved into his shell mold and fell asleep.

- *Ah! No! How lazy! He exaggerates! The sun and moon said in chorus begging the wind to send a new icy wave shower.*

In a very bad mood against the sea that dared disturb his rest, the ice magician jumped and shouted her protest with authority:

- *Ici, Ica, sea ice you will become!*

... But nothing happened.

Three times, he began his incantations ... without success.

Worried, he used a different formula:

- *Snowi, snowa, sea ice you will become!*

... But still nothing!

Distraught, he flew on his flying shell to test its powers elsewhere ... but in vain, the sea refused to freeze.

A killer whale swam near him. Furious and convinced he had lost his powers, he chanted:

- *Colorfully, colorful, color your dress like snow!*

At that moment, the killer whale changed color and became white as snow.

Then he spotting a bear, the ice magician murmured

- *Earthi, eartha by the color of the earth your hair will be stained!*

Immediately the bear became all spotted with brown.

Then came a bearded seal across the road to the magician who hastened to say:

- *Beardi, bearda like Santa Claus you will look!*

At the same time he grew a thick white beard.

- *Someone is stealing some of my powers! Seriously, thought the magician taking the path to his palace.*

Turning, he saw a bear spotted brown, a white killer whale and a seal disguised, next. They seemed so absurd that he burst out laughing and had an idea.

From his shell, he cast a new spell:

- *Solutioni, solutiona you will return to normal when the ice will once again obey me!*
- *Discover who steals my powers, he cried and your disguises will disappear!*

Distraught, the three detectives had no choice but to get under way.

The white orca dived deep to escape the ridicule of those she met. The spotted bear hid behind the icebergs to avoid being seen. As for the bearded seal, on the contrary, his weird beard brought him the respect of the entire family of " the bearded" and everyone wanted to help.

Thousands of miles were traveled in search of the thief.

- *Nothing! reported the bearded seals. My family and I just noticed that fish of warmer seas swim with us and do not seem to be cold.*
- *Nobody! said the white orca. Only huge tankers that are moving because the ice this year does not block the vessels.*
- *Bizarre! The ice wizard thought aloud. And you spotted bear, what have you discovered?*
- *I, "said the bear proudly, I found him and did not eat him! On the sea ice, a man walks alone, pulling a sled. Sometimes he slips on wooden slats and is carried away by a large sail inflated by the wind. He ...*

Not listening, the magician flew away to think.

- *Boats, an explorer, is it the man who steals my power? If he did, the bear had lost its spots and the killer whale her white dress, he worried.*

... and he went home very upset.

During the polar night, there were small candles shining in the windows of the houses in the village of Angulak. Seeing them glittering from his ice palace, the magician thinks to himself that he should go and listen to the conversations of men a little closer.

- Maybe they will teach me something! he thought while flying.

What he heard grieved him so much that he became melancholy, too. His palace suddenly seemed so sad without all that white around him that he preferred not to go home and settled for the night on the windowsill of a white house attached to the heart-shaped rock ...

Before falling asleep, he looked up and said:

- You two up there, sun and moon, you woke me up! So help me find my powers or let me sleep in peace this time!

Then he closed his eyes and sank into a deep sleep.

But that night, Angulak sobbed so loudly that he woke with a start. Troubled by such grief, barely awake, he was made a mistake in his magic words to fly. Instead of saying:

- *Mouli, Moula, take me to the sea ice!*

he said:

- *Uli, Ula, take me to the sea ice!*

The carpet started anyway. She was so accustomed to flying that two letters did not change that, but an ulu, a small knife with a curved blade, detached itself from the wall where Angulak had hung it and, bewitched, began to follow the carpet toward the sea ice.

He holds a knife; he will kill the ice thief! said those who saw this strange convoy.

- *He goes to the Kratouna (= white man) who walks alone on the sea ice. He is the thief, added others and rumors grew.*
- *Phew! thought the spotted bear who finally ventured out of hiding. I'll help ... human flesh, what a delight!*

With rage, the bear went in search of its prey, safe after his feast, his spots disappear ...

But the sea ice is great and the magician who had the power to pierce the thoughts of those that had bewitched him cast a new spell:

- *Beari, beara in the ice and the tundra you will be lost.*

Only the magician discovered Kratouna from the height of his flying carpet.

Suddenly it began to swirl.

- *Help! It is going to crash! Land! he ordered.*

But he could do nothing, and he found himself upside down.

Pressed against his shell, he saw a red helicopter arrive swinging a large thread. Kratouna carried a bag and shouted:

- *Take care! These samples are valuable for the scientists who fight against global warming.*

So stunned, the magician let go ... It was the first crash of a flying shell on the ice!

- *Because it's hot the ice does not obey me. So global warming is stealing my powers and the explorer and his scientists friends seek to help me. Kratouna absolutely must see the desolation of the village, he thought when he had recovered his senses, and sat on the ice.*

But the magician had no power over men. He had to use tricks to divert Kratouna from his course and bring him close to his palace.

The sun and the moon helped him in his task.

Several nights in a row, the sun displayed a superb aurora attracting Kratouna out of his tent in amazement. The magician then carefully placed the ulu (= knife) that had followed him away, but visibly, in the direction of his palace and the moon shone to attract the attention of the solitary walker.

Intrigued, because on the ice there is never anything, Kratouna left in search of what he thought he had seen and, magically, it always seemed farther away.

Mission accomplished for the magician, because after a few days of wind surfing and navigation on the sea ice, floating where the sea ice had disappeared, the Kratouna finally ended up at the foot of a hut by the sea, not far from the palace of the magician ...

- *A strange place, "thought Kratouna while pushing the door that read" Summer residence of Father Christmas. "*

And he stopped there.

- *He is too thin to be Santa Claus, said some in the village, seeing the stranger.*
- *No reindeer, but a sled that floats, so it's not him, said others.*
- *It's winter, Santa has too much work, he would not come on holiday now, still others whispered.*

They were curious and ventured out and soon the whole village came to meet this Kratouna, each giving him a welcome gift.

Kratouna told them about the ice, global warming and all that the researchers already knew and each fisherman explained to Kratouna the related changes in climate that made their work and village life difficult.

- *The seals are gone, "groaned Makkak.*
- *Large tankers are now moving closer to our shores, because the ice has disappeared. We risk an oil spill because of dangerous icebergs, said another.*

...

Thanks to the fishermen, the explorer had sent so much valuable information for the scientists that they sent back an alarming message: "State of Emergency! Obligation to act and to change our lifestyles!"

- *Father Christmas only comes here for the summer to rest and he does not come every year ... Stay here, "said Makkak, help us change our habits.*

Without hesitation because the challenge was formidable, he had a very special house, and also because a lonely girl named Angulak intrigued him, Kratouna accepted. She seemed so scared.

The summer home of Santa Claus was soon filled with people. Kratouna explained how to save energy to reduce greenhouse gas emissions in the atmosphere because they are responsible for the warming that prevents ice from forming.

The tiny ice magician, perched on the chimney did not lose a crumb of what was said.

- *A gas stealing my powers! Where is it that bewitches me? I do not see it! he gasped.*

Immediately in all directions and with great agitation, he cried:

- *Gasi, gasa my enemy, show yourself!*

But nothing ...

- *This is an invisible thief, he worried.*

Anxious, he listened to the rest of the conversation:

- *In order not to produce greenhouse gas emissions, we should use cars, helicopters, planes etc . less.... Kratouna said. Walking is good for our health. For long distances, the sled dogs are perfect. In my country you can use bicycles, because there is not enough snow for sleds.*
- *We could turn down our heat and put on layers, proposed Makkak ... and if we insulate our homes, the blizzard will not be too cold.*

The word "blizzard" made Kratouna think about renewable energy and he told how the wind and the sun could be a source of clean energy.

In the summer, because the sun didn't sleep and shone all the time on Angulak's village, solar panels would be useful. In winter, the blizzard would turn windmills. If we are well informed, we can cook and heat properly...

The magician suddenly felt so helpless. Only men were able to fight this gas, the thief of his powers, not him!

Sadly he decided to return to his palace to go to sleep forever and forget everything, but on the way he saw Kratouna and Angulak and followed them.

With every step, Angulak was more terrified and the energetic Kratouna took her by the arm and led her on the way home.

- The floor collapses at times, she whispered, as if to apologize.

Astonished, Kratouna asked so many questions that she wanted to continue over a cup of polar tea (= slush poured over a syrup made of berries harvested in summer) the magician would have gladly tasted the strange tea, sitting discreetly on the window sill all ears.

Kratouna soon realized that the soil of the village was thawing due to global warming.

Like a protective big brother, he roamed the tundra every day probing the ground with strange instruments and when the moon shone sufficiently on large areas, he took Angulak by hand, more and more away from her home, reassuring her, and placing stones to mark the safe roads.

- *He is wasting his time! He will not return my powers like this! Fortunately, the village is starting to change their habits! grumbled the magician.*

Angulak, meanwhile, began to smile, but her heart told her that as soon as the first ray of sun appeared again after three months away, the desire to escape and explore would affect everyone and Kratouna also would go towards new horizons. She felt this ... and it was not long.

Also, despite the cold, to show him she was less afraid, she decided to go along on his soil survey work, the one she called to herself "big brother poles".

Every two hours, as he did when he walked alone on the sea ice, Kratouna stopped for a cup of hot tea which warmed him and a chocolate crunch which gave him energy.

- *With us, dried whale gives us energy and warms us, "said Angulak and brought out small black squares that smelled strong but Kratouna dared not refuse.*

That day for the first time, Angulak tasted chocolate!

- *Mmm! she said in a soft voice and she closed her eyes to enjoy this delightful square.*

Kratouna took the opportunity to quickly spit out a piece of whale that he could not swallow.

- *A white killer whale, she cried suddenly, opening her eyes and pointing a finger toward the iceberg where the magician had taken up residence.*
- *A white killer whale, it does not exist! Kratouna smiled and offered her another piece of chocolate tasting it the same way.*
- *A seal with a beard like Santa Claus! She yelled, opening her eyes again.*

Kratouna who did not look as closely as Angulak thought that was her way of asking for another piece of chocolate. He smiled and gave her a third chunk it was greatly appreciated.

- *A ... a ... a spotted bear, she came painfully to say, this time completely petrified.*

Flying his shell, the magician laughed good heartedly, but Angulak who, like everyone in her village, was very superstitious panicked and ran.

When Kratouna saw she was heading to an area where the soil was likely to slip, he bolted using big steps, stumbled against something, but did not stop, because ... Angulak ran really fast.

- The chocolate bewitched me, "she sobbed when he caught her. I saw ...

But Kratouna pressed her tightly in his arms, forcing her to be quiet.

She cried along, long time ... until a pungent smell of smoke reaches her nostrils.

- Fire! she shouted suddenly.

They turned and saw the Kratouna stove had spilled and all around the flames spread into the tundra.

As a firefighter of the ice, the magician immediately intervened with authority:

- *Windi, winda somewhere else you will blow!*

And the wind began to rise and went in another direction.

The magician continued:

- *Flami, flama nothing else will burn!*

But the flames did not listen.

- *Flami, flama your race will end! he tried.*

But the flames were advancing beautifully.

- *Flami, flama off you will now turn! He got mad.*

But the flames did not obey him at all. He has lost this power, too. He was completely flabbergasted.

While rushing everywhere, the villagers frightened by this rare fire in this region began a harrowing struggle for several days against the flames that seemed to come out of the ground.

- *There is no wind, no trees! The fire spreads so weird, thought Kratouna exhausted.*

He then contacted his scientific friends who, by helicopter, sent him a huge package. With only a terse label "Equipment for analyzing soil in depth"

It took time to assemble and for Kratouna to understand the operation of this sophisticated equipment, and during that time, the advancing flames destroyed everything in their path. The isolated home of Angulak did not stop them, they burnt it completely. Then, their path blocked by the heart-shaped rock overlooking the village, they finally stopped.

Angulak, shocked agreed to go live in the summer home of Santa Claus. Besides, Kratouna preferred to sleep in his tent.

During the days, exhausted Kratouna analyzed soil sending the scores to scientists.

Suddenly, the magician panicked. Kratouna reread it aloud, as if to convince himself of the message received on his computer.

- *"Soil inhabited by thousands of bacteria through which everything is dead in the ground (leaves, animals) is broken and does not accumulate. Decomposing slowly, they emit a greenhouse gas called methane, which remains locked in the frozen ground. This gas is easily ignited, but is especially dangerous for global warming. It absolutely must remain underground and the soil should stay frozen! And so we must stop global warming "*
- *Gasi, Gasa ... "began the magician, but he stopped.*

Two powerful greenhouse gas emissions to fight ... he was no match. Only men could do it ... if they really wanted.

Sadly, he returned to his palace and went to sleep ... neither the moon nor the sun had the heart to wake him up.

Then a first ray of sun came to hunt the polar night, the skyline was dyed pink, giving the village the signal that life is reborn.

This magic sky also bewitched Kratouna.

He had to leave and alert the world about the danger of this gas "methane" and explain to everyone the necessary actions to save energy and thus keep it trapped forever in the frozen ground in polar regions (permafrost =) this invisible enemy.

The task seemed so overwhelming that his heart was very heavy. He may never see Angulak again ...

Faced with this sadness, the weak sun awakened the magician who at once says, seeing the old knife used to attract Kratouna:

- Uli, Ula, into jewelry now transform yourself!

At the same time, the sun was shining the ulu shrunk and changed into gold. Kratouna picked it up ... he knew who to give it.

Hanging the jewel around her neck, Angulak watches as her brother by heart goes away, and she sheds a tear.

Without turning around, while continuing his journey, Kratouna murmured:

- I'll miss you, little sister of the snow.

The magician's heart sank too.

Yet he did not cast any spells, because the future of the village of Angulak and many others around the world depended on the attitude of men to save or waste energy and not his powers. Kratouna had to prevent these things.

And since then, spotted roaming in their white country are a bear, a white killer whale and a seal in disguise ...In the hollow of his palace, well protected in his flying carpet a magician was asleep, dreaming that one day he would regain his lost powers.

Teaching note

Following the story we suggest that you write on the board the following sentence: "If I had magical powers, I ..."

Tell students: "What would you do to help the magician finds his powers and the men save energy?"

Let the children speak and let them invent things, even far-fetched, because the magical powers open the doors of the imagination of children.

Gathering Table phrases each in the form of a poem where each line begins with the same song "If I had magical powers, I ..."

Then back in reality, write on the blackboard: "But I'm just a kid who just ..."

Give each child a piece of paper to write an individual thing he can do himself today to fight against global warming.

Share ideas and feedback on each poem written on the board and complete.

Then imagine a title and why not send creations to professor.sneeze @ contespedagogiques.be

You will find educational resources on the topic on www.educapoles.org