

Deepening Understanding

YR 2 Narrative Text

The Magic Carpet by Hannah Raven



Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, lived a little boy named Hamza. He lived in a small village on the edge of a desert. Hamza lived in a stony hut with his Mother. Every day after school, Hamza would always help his Mother with the washing, cooking and cleaning.

One warm Saturday morning, Hamza walked down the dusty track to the morning markets. Crowds of people were shuffling along by the market tents, pushing and shoving to see all of the goods on the market sellers' stalls.

Colourful, ripe fruit sat in brown baskets, silver jewellery hung from little hooks, bright clay pots of all shapes and sizes were neatly lined up and beautiful, soft rugs hung from the tent roof.

Hamza squeezed through the small gaps in the crowd peering at all of the stalls, wishing he had some bronze coins to buy some refreshing lemonade or a new coil pot for his Mother.

As Hamza went past the rug stall, a hand stretched out and grabbed his arm, pulling him into the tent where patterned rugs draped down from the ceiling.

"Hello Hamza," said the old market seller "I have something you might like."

"What do you have?" asked Hamza curiously.

The old man reached behind a box and pulled out a dark purple rug with golden, silk tassels on each corner. Carefully, he handed it to Hamza.

"I don't have any money for this amazing rug," said Hamza sadly. "My mother would have loved it though." Hamza put the rug down and turned away glumly.

"Hamza," the old man said gently. "You are always helping your Mother and for being so kind, I would like you to have this special gift."

Hamza picked up the rug and a smile spread across his face.

"Thank you very much!" replied Hamza as he walked away.

As Hamza made his way back home, he wondered what was so special about the rug the old man wanted him to have.

All of a sudden the tassels on the rug started twirling around. Hamza dropped the rug on the dusty track. As quick as a flash, the rug stretched out and flew up in to the air, flying in loops above his head. Hamza's jaw dropped and he stared at the moving rug in amazement.

As the rug flew back down, it took Hamza off his feet and flipped him onto the middle of the rug. At top speed, the rug took off and sped towards Hamza's house. Gripping tightly on to the sides of the magic carpet, Hamza watched the desert whizz by. He wondered what adventures he could have now.

