

MYTH MASH



Are you a medieval Hero?



Take our quick quiz to **FIND OUT!!!**

INSTRUCTIONS

Add up the numbers from your answers to see
if you are a Medieval Hero!



If you were a knight, you'd call yourself:

- a. The Black Knight (6)
- b. Sir Boris the Destroyer (8)
- c. Sir Fluffy Cuddle Pops (2)
- d. Bob (4)



In your spare time you like to:



- a. Hunt dragons (8)
- b. Make pink slime
- c. Sharpen your sword
Stare into space

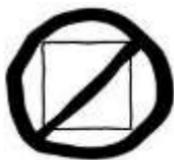
To get to school you:

- a. Get shot from a catapult (6)
- c. Catch the bus (2)
- b. Fly on a magical unicorn (8)
- d. Ride your scooter (4)



**To see if you're a real
Medieval Hero add up your
score!**

6 - 12: You are a cupcake
with strawberry frosting



13 - 17: You are a squire
(not a square) which is a
trainee knight.

18 - 24: You are possibly the greatest knight
who ever lived! From now on everyone has
to bow before you and call you Sir
Smellybottom Stupidhead. You are
100 percent a MEDIEVAL HERO!



gotcha books

At Gotcha Books we think the best books are those that are fun to read. That's why we invented MASHED MYTHS, because they're full of laughs and make reading fun.

Our first book series, MASHED MYTHS, was created to get kids laughing, giggling, and reading.

What people are saying about MASHED MYTHS||

"MASHED MYTHS are definitely better than mashed potatoes

I like mashed potatoes a LOT! A great mix of fun, information, grossness and the fact



files are hilarious!" Adam

Wallace, New York Times Bestselling Author, How to Catch a Leprechaun.

"I loved it! A hilarious new reading of the classic myths. MASHED MYTHS is the perfect book for a child who love heroes and tadventure...

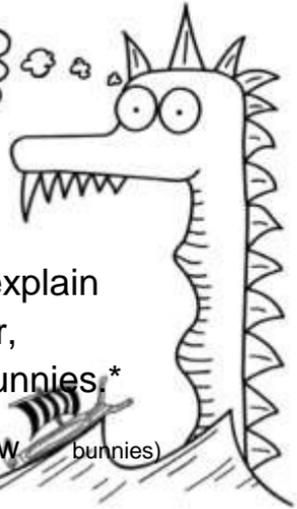
the biggest plus of this book is the fact that the authors know how to write for kids."

Jeanette Nikolova, Reedsy Discovery

"I wish Robin Hood would give me my pants back!" **Prince John - Evil Villain**



MASHED MYTHS

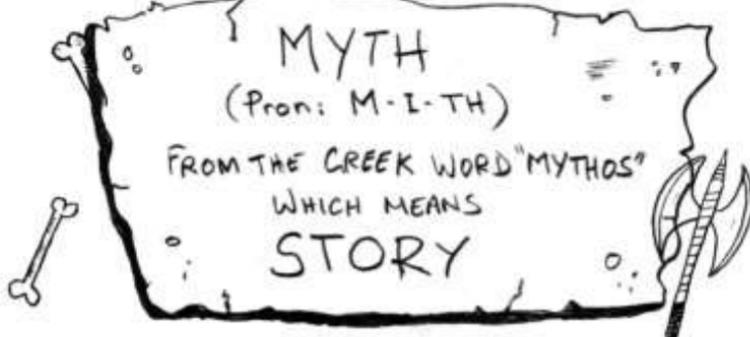


Myths are magical stories that explain special things like gods, thunder, volcanoes, and marshmallow bunnies.*

(*probably not marshmallow bunnies)



Since ancient times, people have been telling these stories to help them make sense of the world.



BUT WHO WANTS TO DO THAT?!? Here at Mashed Myths we have mashed, mangled, and messed up these tales for laughs. And hey, if you really want to read the original stories - go do your own research !



WARNING!
This myth has been
MASHED

WANTED =
= Dead or Alive



ROBIN HOOD
100 cupcake
REWARD

Tale the First

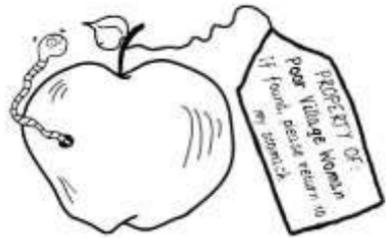
Robin Hood & his Merry Men

PART I



“Help!” screamed the poor village woman. “The king is stealing my apples!”

Prince John, the evil King of England, smirked as he snatched the apple out of the old woman’s hands.



“I’m the king, peasant,” he said. “And you’re a peasant, peasant. No one’s going to help a poor peasant like you!”



Suddenly, from out of the forest, leapt a man in a green hooded cape, carrying a long bow. A group of armed and smiling men stood behind him.



HELP WANTED - Contact: The Poor
Dynamic & hardworking helper required. Long hours, no pay, but great exposure! If this sounds like you, please don't call as phones haven't been invented, but just come round and start whenever.

"Then my name must be no one!" said the man.

"And these are my band of merry no ones! For we shall stop you! Now give this old woman her apple back, you fiend!"

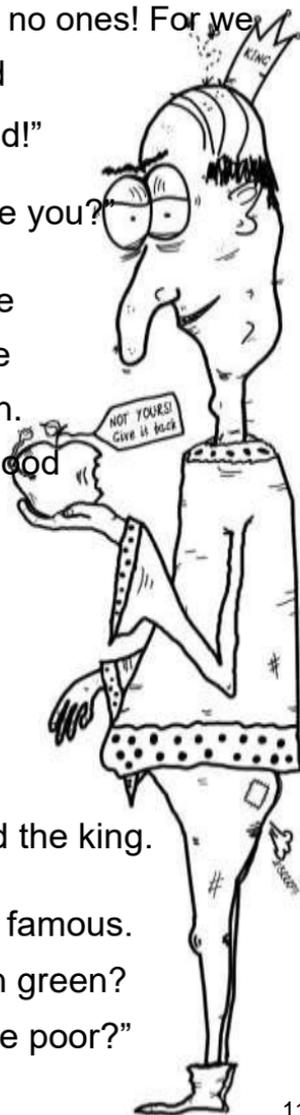
"No," said Prince John. "Who are you?"

"First name Robin, second name Hood," said the man. "And these smiling chaps are my merry men. That's right, you heard. Robin Hood and his Merry Men! Tah dah!"

The king stared at him blankly. He looked at his guards. They shrugged. He looked at the old woman. She shrugged too.

"Nope, never heard of you," said the king.

"Really?" said Robin. "I'm pretty famous. Robin Hood, outlaw? Dresses in green? Steals from the rich to give to the poor?"



“You look like a brussel sprout,” said the king. “And of course you steal from the rich. You can’t steal from the poor, they don’t have anything to steal – DUH! Now go away, Robert.”



*Robin Hood
Prince of Leaves*

“It’s Robin,” said Robin.”

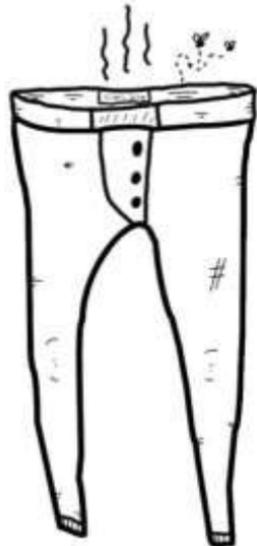
“Whatever,” snapped the king. “I’m Prince John and I’m the king.”

“Shouldn’t you be ‘King’ John then?” said Robin.

Prince John thought about it for a moment.

“Firstly,” he said. “Shut up. Secondly, Guards! Arrest them!”

But Robin and the Merry Men had already slipped back into Sherwood Forest, taking the old woman and all the king’s gold. And his pants. Who knows why they took the king’s pants, but they did.



LATER THAT DAY...

“HE TOOK MY PANTS!” screamed Prince John at his deputy, the Sheriff of Nottingham. “He’s probably given



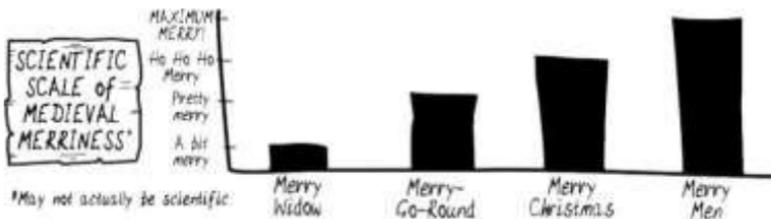
them to some *poor* person who’s farting in them right now! That’s what he does, you know? Gives to the poor.”

“Imagine helping the poor,” said the sheriff, wrinkling his nose in disgust. “They’re just so... poor.”

“Exactly, and his men are so... merry.”

“Yes, they are so merry,” sighed the sheriff.

“How does he keep them so merry?” asked the prince.



“I WISH I KNEW!” screamed the sheriff, slamming his fist on the table. “It’s making me look bad! My men are always miserable. They never help around the castle, or ask me how my day is going, or tidy their rooms, and they’re ALWAYS complaining.”



“We must get rid of him,”
said Prince John.

“But how?” said the sheriff.

“He’s clever, you know.”

“We’ll set a trap,” replied John.

“I tried that,” answered the
sheriff, “I put a cupcake under
a tree and a net over the top,
but all I caught was two
angry squirrels.”

“We need the right bait,” said the
king. “What does Robin Hood
really, really like?”

“The poor,” said the sheriff.

“Yes, yes, we all know that,”
snapped the king. “What else?”

“Cupcakes,” said the sheriff.

“Who doesn’t?” said the king.



“Oh, oh I know,” said the sheriff. “He loves shooting arrows.”

“You mean archery!” said the prince.



Archery

“Yes, yes, archery,” said the sheriff.

“That’s it!” shouted Prince John. “We’ll have an archery competition. He won’t be able to resist. When he shows up, we’ll grab him.”



Not Archery

And the king and the sheriff snickered, and chortled, and rubbed their hands



Also Not Archery

with wicked glee, because that’s what evil people do.

BACK IN SHERWOOD FOREST...

Robin gathered his merry men together.

“All right men, tomorrow we’re making cupcakes in the morning, then it’s hunting, then off to the zoo, but no hunting at the zoo, then pizza night followed by ice cream and a bedtime story.”



“Hooray!” they all shouted.

“You’re the best, Robby,” said Little John (who was actually very tall). “No wonder we’re all so merry. Cupcakes! Brilliant!”



Medieval Cupcake



Friar Tuck

Just then Friar Tuck burst in.

“Robin! Robin! Big news! Your cupcake cookbook has just arrived! Oh, and Prince John is holding an archery competition to

find the best archer in all of England, and first prize is a silver arrow!” spluttered Friar Tuck.

“Oooh, a silver arrow,” cried all the merry men excitedly.



Fryer Tuck



“I love an archery competition,” said Robin Hood in delight. “I’m going!”

“But, Robin,” said Friar Tuck. “It could be a trap. Remember that cupcake under the tree? Those were some angry squirrels.”



“Then,” said Robin. “I shall wear a cunning disguise...”

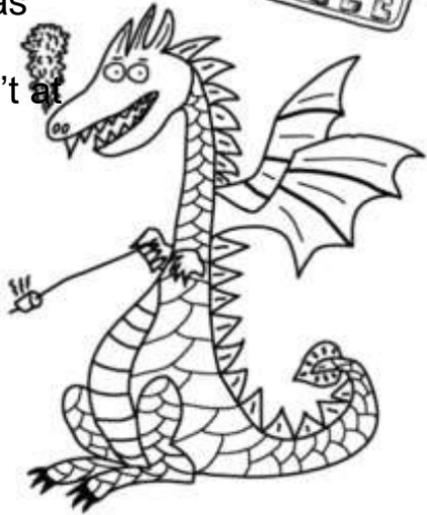


END OF PART I



Medieval times

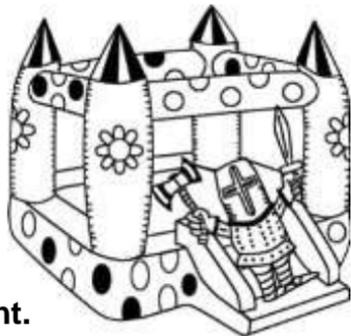
The medieval times was also called the Middle Ages, because it wasn't at the beginning or the end. It was in the middle. It lasted for about 1000 years from 500 CE to 1500 CE.



Medieval Rabbit

People also call it the Dark Ages, because there were so many knights - HAAAAAH! But also because there was so much fighting. Mostly it was the fighting bit.

This was a time of kings, queens, knights, swords, quests, dragons, and jumping castles.*



*One of those is not right.

Robin Hood & His Merry Men

PART II



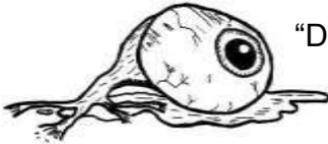
On the edge of a huge field, Prince John and the Sheriff of Nottingham stuffed their mouths with cupcakes and watched as all the archers arrived.

“Mmm, these are delicious,” said the king, chomping down on another cupcake. “Is Robin Hood here yet?”



“I can’t see him,” said the sheriff through a mouthful of blueberry banana swirl. “Although, there is a fellow over there wearing a sign that says ‘Definitely NOT Robin Hood’, so that can’t be him.”

“Darn it,” said John. “Well, keep an eye out.”



“Don’t worry my lord,” said the sheriff. “Robin Hood can’t resist an archery competition or

a good cupcake,” said the sheriff stuffing two cupcakes in his mouth at once. “He’ll be here.”



“He’d better be, or I’m going to chop your head off,” chuckled Prince John.

The sheriff stopped chewing and went very pale. “I think I’ve eaten too many cupcakes, my lord. I’m not feeling well.”

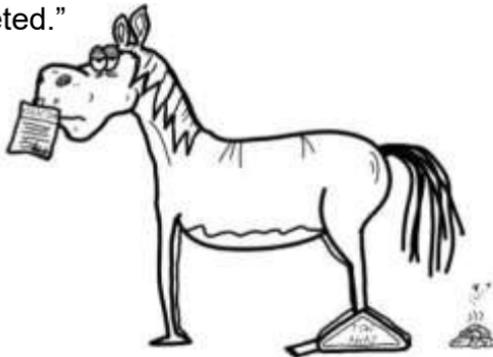


OUT ON THE ARCHERY FIELD...

Robin Hood (wearing a large sign that said “Definitely NOT Robin Hood”) looked about.



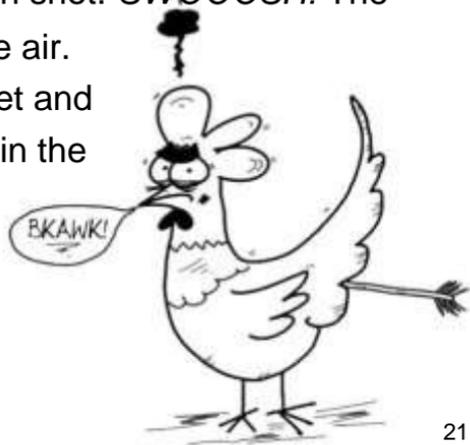
“There must be a hundred archers here,” he said. “This is going to take hours. Quick, Little John, go back and put some coins in the parking meter. We don’t want our horses to get ticketed.”



The afternoon stretched on as all the archers tried to outdo one another. Finally, there were only three left: Half-Wit Harold from Hampshire, Sir Walter Smellybottom (whose wife invented the gas mask), and Robin Hood. The target was moved farther and farther away until it was almost impossible to see.



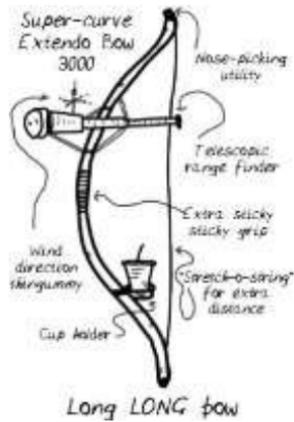
Half-Wit Harold went first. He did a little hop, stroked his lucky teddy bear, threw some salt over his shoulder, then shot. *SWOOOSH!* The arrow flew through the air. But it missed the target and hit a passing chicken in the bottom. It squawked and immediately ran across the road.*



*solved at last!

Next up stepped Smellybottom. He stretched back the bowstring, checked his aim, and fired. The arrow whistled through the air and struck the target RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BULLSEYE!

Smellybottom smirked at Robin. "Beat that," he said, and farted.



Robin just smiled back at Smellybottom. He pulled a hankie from his pocket and blindfolded himself with it.

Then he picked up his bow and arrow, (which was a bit difficult because he was blindfolded) and aimed — but his aim was a long way off the target. Smellybottom laughed, and farted again. Robin let go of the arrow...



PTWAANGG!!!

Smellybottom snickered (and farted). "What a terrible shot!

It's going to miss everythi—"

DONK!

Robin's arrow ricocheted off a tent pole!

Rebounded from a suit of armour.

SPLING!

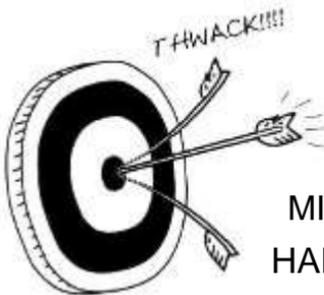


BOINGGG!

Bounced off a shield and...



THWACKKK- BUDUMPPFF!!!



Hit the bullseye and SPLIT SIR WALTER SMELLYBOTTOM'S ARROW RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE! WHAT A SHOT! ROBIN HAD WON!

Robin and his men strolled over to Prince John to receive the prize: the solid silver arrow.

“Ooh, cupcakes!” said Robin, spying what was left of the



cupcakes. “I do love cupcakes! And archery. And trees.”

“Really?” said Prince John. “Tell me, is your first name Robin?

Second name Hood?”

“Robin pointed to the sign around his neck.

“Nope, not me. See?”

“Hmmm,” said the king, not quite convinced. “And these men, they all look very merry. They’re not ‘Merry Men’ are they?”



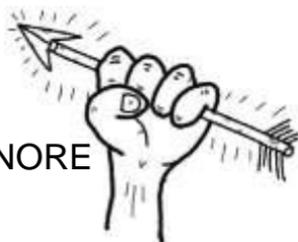
Robin looked around at Little John and the others. “I’d say they’re more jolly than merry, so, nope.”



Prince John stared at Robin for a long time. Finally, he asked, "Do you steal from the rich and give to the poor?"

And with that Robin snatched the silver arrow out of the king's hands and shouted, "Ha ha! Yes I do!"

"Quick, guards," screamed the sheriff. "Arrest these villains, it's Robin Hood! Ignore the sign! IGNORE THE SIGN!"



But the sheriff's men didn't budge an inch.



"What's the matter?" shouted the Sheriff.

"I command you to arrest them!"

"Nah, not today," said the captain of the guard.

"We're sick of being yelled at by you, Sheriff.

It's always 'do this, do that.' You never give us ice cream, or take us to the zoo, or EVEN READ US BEDTIME STORIES!"

"No bedtime stories?" said

Robin, shocked. "What about ping-pong nights?"



“We don’t even have a ping-pong table,” said the guard captain.

The Merry Men gasped in horror.



“No wonder you’re so miserable,” said Friar Tuck.

“You know,” said Robin. “I could use a few more Merry Men. Wednesday night is karaoke.”



“Karaoke!?” shouted the guards.

“We’re in! And instead of arresting you, we’ll arrest that horrible King Prince John

Medieval Karaoke Machine

and the Sheriff of ‘Snottingham’.”

But Prince John and the sheriff, realizing things were turning against them, had quickly and quietly slipped away. So Robin and his Merry Men, old and new, went back to Sherwood Forest and stayed up all night making cupcakes, playing ping-pong and singing karaoke.



WHAT'S YOUR DRAGON NAME?



LOVE DRAGONS?
Use the
MASHED MYTHS
Dragon Name Generator
to discover your
dragon name!



Use the first letter of your first name.

A = JOKING
B = FIREY
C = GIANT
D = TINY
E = SCARY
F = LORD
G = MAD
H = SCALEY

I = KING/QUEEN
J = HAIRY
K = CRAZY
L = SMOKEY
M = FARTING
N = MAGIC
O = HAPPY
P = SNOTTY

Q = SPOTTED
R = SMELLY
S = LAUGHING
T = SNORING
U-Z = BOTTOM
W = STRIPED
X-Z = SILLY

Use the first letter of your last name.

A = THUNDER
B = TCKLER
C = BOTTOM
D = WOBBLER
E = BOOGER
F = SLAYER
G = NIBBLER
H = CREAMPUFF

I = SNUFFLER
J = FIRE EATER
K = WEDGIE
L = BURPER
M = BUTT
N = BUMFUZZLE
O = JOBBYHEAD
P = SNORER

Q = BLASTER
R = BELCHER
S = POOPER
T = ROARER
U-Z = GLOOPER
W = GUZZLER
X-Z = BELLY

Now say "I am The Mighty, ancient (name you just made up)!" _____ ROAAARRRR!!!