

goop  tales

SULKIE

AND THE
MOROCCAN SOUK



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CHAPTER 1

Once upon a time there was a friendly little Goop named Sulkie. He was charming and good-natured when everything was going his way but when Sulkie didn't get his way, he would put on a sour face and sulk. His sulking sessions could last for days. He would find a corner in his room, get comfortable and begin to sulk and whimper non-stop. Whenever he did this, all of his Goop friends ignored him because nobody wanted to play with a sulker.

Once he played croquet with Stinjessie and she won because she was an excellent shot at croquet. Sulkie desperately wanted to win at croquet but when he lost, he sulked for two days straight and missed out on two birthday parties and the chocolate cake that was served.

Chocolate cake with chocolate frosting was his



absolute favorite but thanks to his sulking sessions, he missed the parties.

Sulkie carried around a little bag of coins that he tied around his waist and wrapped up in a gold woven cloth. The coins made him feel rich, as if he could just dig into his little pouch and buy anything he wanted. He was a good saver, so he always had plenty of coins in his pouch. He was also a very generous little Goop.

One fine summer evening, Sulkie set off exploring in hopes of finding an enchanted crescent shaped swing. He had read about the swing in one of his story books. It said that there was one in every forest and that if you found it, the swing could take you to the moon and back. Sulkie was enthralled with this idea and thought, *“What great fun it would be to fly across the sky up to the moon and back again.”*

As he walked along towards the forest, he heard a



little voice call out, *“Sulkie, where are you going?”*

He turned around to see Stinjessie waving after him to stop. *“Oh Stinjessie, I’m going to find the crescent shaped swing in the forest. It can fly us to the moon and back. Do you want to come?”*

“Of course I do! Where is this swing?”

“It is somewhere deep in the forest. Come along, we will find it,” said Sulkie.

So off they went in search of the crescent swing. As they approached the forest, they saw two tree trunks pop out of the ground and bend and twist until they formed a circular doorway into the forest that framed the moon high in the sky.

“I think surely we must enter here,” said Sulkie.

“Yes indeed, this must be the way,” agreed Stinjessie.



They set foot through the treeway and as they did, the whole forest lit up. The colors were brighter and deeper and the sounds of the forest animals were magnified. They passed by red glowing mushrooms, hidden forest houses, flying fairies and little firefly lanterns. The forest was full of wizardry. Their eyes grew wide, taking in the magic around them.

“Look over there, I think I see the swing,” said Stinjessie.

And there it was, all alone off in a corner of the forest that was full of autumn colored trees with red leaves. The swing was indeed shaped like a crescent moon. It was made of a tree branch and it hung from two other tree branches that curled over it. It was very inviting. Stinjessie ran over to it and hopped on.

“Give me a push, Sulkie, please!”



Sulkie grabbed hold of the swing, pulled back as hard as he could and let go. The moon swing went flying right towards the moon with Stinjessie.

Although Sulkie helped to push Stinjessie to the moon, he wasn't very happy about the situation, as he had wanted to be the first one on the swing; it was his idea after all. He sat down on the ground and began to sulk. He turned his back to the moon and crossed his legs and arms and closed his eyes.

He sulked and sulked.

He was in the middle of a deep sulking session when he heard Stinjessie cry out, *“Sulkie, that was amazing! The moon is shiny and glowing and makes you feel like you're best friends. It's your turn now.”*

Stinjessie hopped off the swing and held it out for Sulkie but he didn't budge.

“Come on Sulkie, you'll love it,” Stinjessie said as



she tried to **cajole** him onto the swing.

Still, he didn't budge.

“Oh Sulkie, don't sulk, just snap out of it. Get up and get on the swing. I promise it will be worth it.”

Still, Sulkie wouldn't move.

The swing had overheard everything and he wasn't pleased with Sulkie's behavior. Stinjessie just sighed. She felt badly and wasn't sure what to do. She turned and looked at the swing and watched as it suddenly started moving and it swung right over to Sulkie.

It swooped him up before he could even move and off they went. They went high, high into the sky. Sulkie looked toward the moon as he decided to embrace this new adventure but the moon was moving farther and farther away. He wasn't going on a moonride.



CHAPTER 2

Sulkie's eyes turned saucer size as he looked around. He watched as the moon turned from a crescent to a half moon to a full moon and then to a crescent again. He wasn't getting anywhere close to it. He saw colors begin to swirl around him. The sky lit up and turned red and green. It circled Sulkie and sucked him in. He heard it call, *"Sultan of Sulk, Sultan of Sulk, you waste your precious time sulking."*

He wanted to call out and ask the sky, *"Why?"* but he couldn't. He couldn't move his mouth. Sulkie grasped his little bag of coins as he spun around and around. He moved so fast that he couldn't feel anything anymore and so he shut his eyes tight as the world around him went dark.



“*Learn a lesson, Sultan of Sulk,*” said the voice of the sky as it spit Sulkie out from the **vortex**. He landed in a bucket full of fine red powder. Sulkie held up his hands and stared at them in disbelief; he was completely covered in paprika and was red from head to toe. He popped himself out of the paprika, shook himself vigorously and then checked to make sure he had his little bag of coins intact. After assuring himself that all was in place, he took a look around and saw that he was in a foreign land full of colors, smells and sounds he had never experienced before. He felt excited by all the commotion around him. The colors swept him up and led him on a path into a lively marketplace. Sulkie was in a Moroccan **souk**.

He felt a tug on his bag of coins and quickly looked down to see who was there. There was a small mouse nibbling a hole through the cloth. Sulkie snatched up his coins and swatted the mouse away.



“That won’t last for long,” said a bejeweled pair of shoes.

Sulkie looked around and saw rows of rows of soft leather slippers. Each pair was a different color with a beautiful embossed design. There was a blue pair of slippers sitting on the floor and they had long pointy toes that curled up.

“That mouse is already fast in flight to tell the bandits about your coins. They will be in the market soon and they will come for you and your gold coins.”

Sulkie clutched his coin pouch closer.

“Quick, slip me on and I can help you out of this souk. It won’t be easy, but if you do as I say, we can make it out before the bandits arrive.”

Sulkie slid on the slippers and then reached for a long silk scarf hanging nearby. He tied it around



his head and created a little turban as the slippers had instructed him.

“Now you fit in,” said the slippers. *“We need to navigate safely out of this souk before the bandits arrive. Grab a few of those red peppers over there, they may come in handy.”*

Once again, Sulkie did as the slippers requested. Then he glanced around. He was surrounded by colorful lanterns, shoes, baskets, hats and food stalls. There didn't seem to be any entry or exit to the souk.

The slippers began to slide through the market and Sulkie glided along with them. He was enjoying the colorful sounds and smells and he even stopped to buy some dates. He reached into his coin pouch for a few coins and then quickly shut it and held it tight. He looked around and didn't see any bandits so he relaxed a bit. Sulkie was beginning to grow weary and wanted a rest.



He saw a lush red Persian carpet sitting in the sun and sat down on it to enjoy his treat. The slippers tried to keep him moving but Sulkie could not be swayed. Just as he lifted his date to his mouth, a giant black cobra rose right up in front of him.

NOW IT'S UP TO YOU!

Finish the story and tell us how Sulkie gets back to Goop World.

Make sure and submit your story ending to

GoopTales.com/Sulkie

so the rest of the world can read it!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Maria Calanchini lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. Goop Tales are inspired by “The Goops”, which were a childhood favorite of Maria’s.

She uses her travel experiences and grown up imagination to breathe new life into the Goops with the Goop Tales series. She loves integrating world geography, cultures, and music into the Goop Tales.

Her goal is to ignite the imagination of children while introducing them to unknown places all over the world.

To learn more about the author you can visit her at **GoopTales.com/about**

