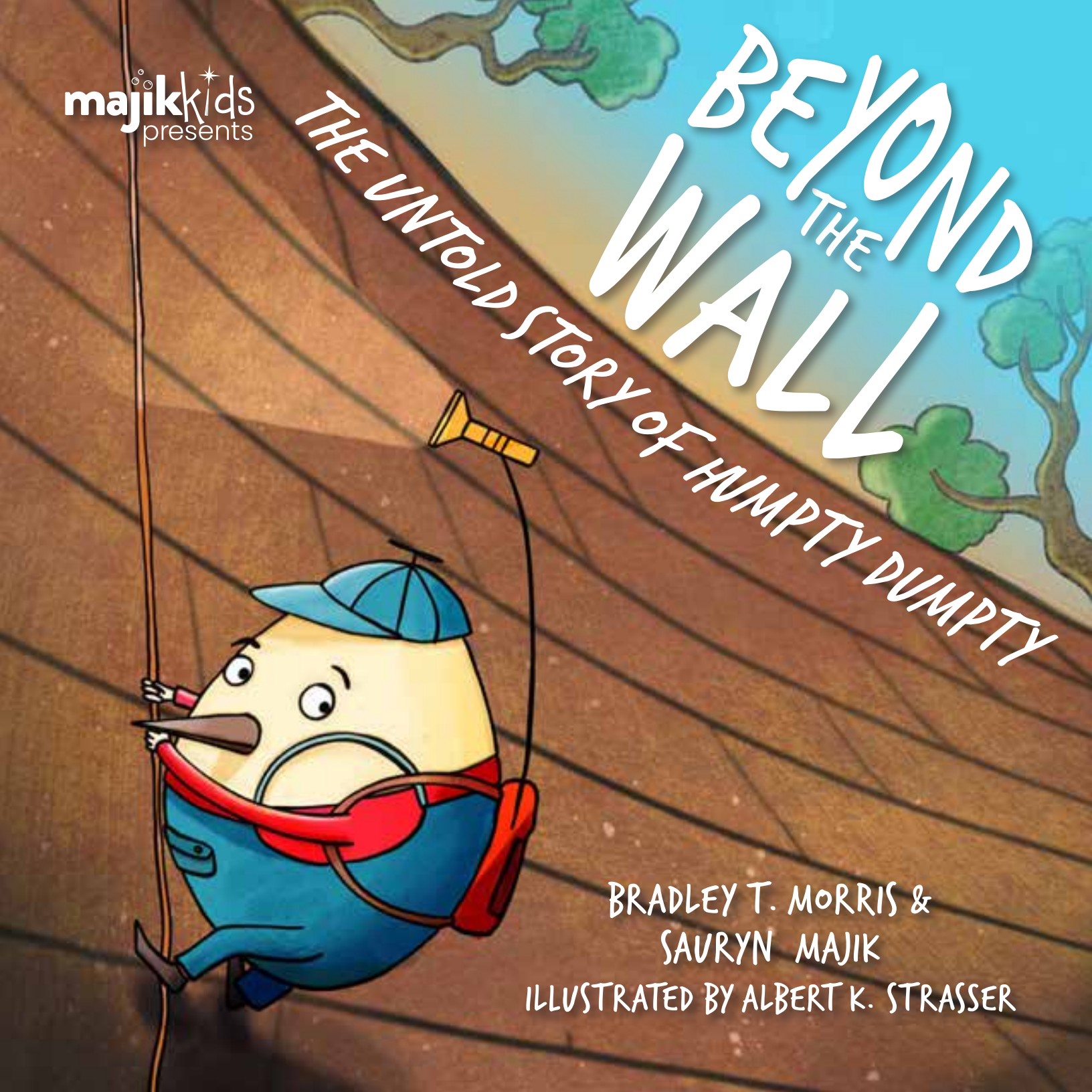
majikkids presents

BEYOND THE WALL

THE UNTOLD STORY OF HUMPTY DUMPTY



BRADLEY T. MORRIS &
SAURYN MAJIK
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT K. STRASSER

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Magical Stories for Magical Kids!

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We are a Fair Trade Publishing company; the first of its kind. Meaning, we value the artists we work with, which is why we pay them 3x more than traditional publishing. When you buy our books & subscription, you support these hard-working, creative humans to inspire your kids. Thank you!

I dedicate this story to anyone and everyone who is ready to break free from their shell and become the you, you were born to be... And also to my mom and dad who always loved and supported me to be myself!

-Bradley

I dedicate this to mama, papa and Amma. I love you.

-Sauryn

For every wall I've ever climbed.

-Albert

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The characters in this book are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. Names, characters, and places are products of the author's imagination.

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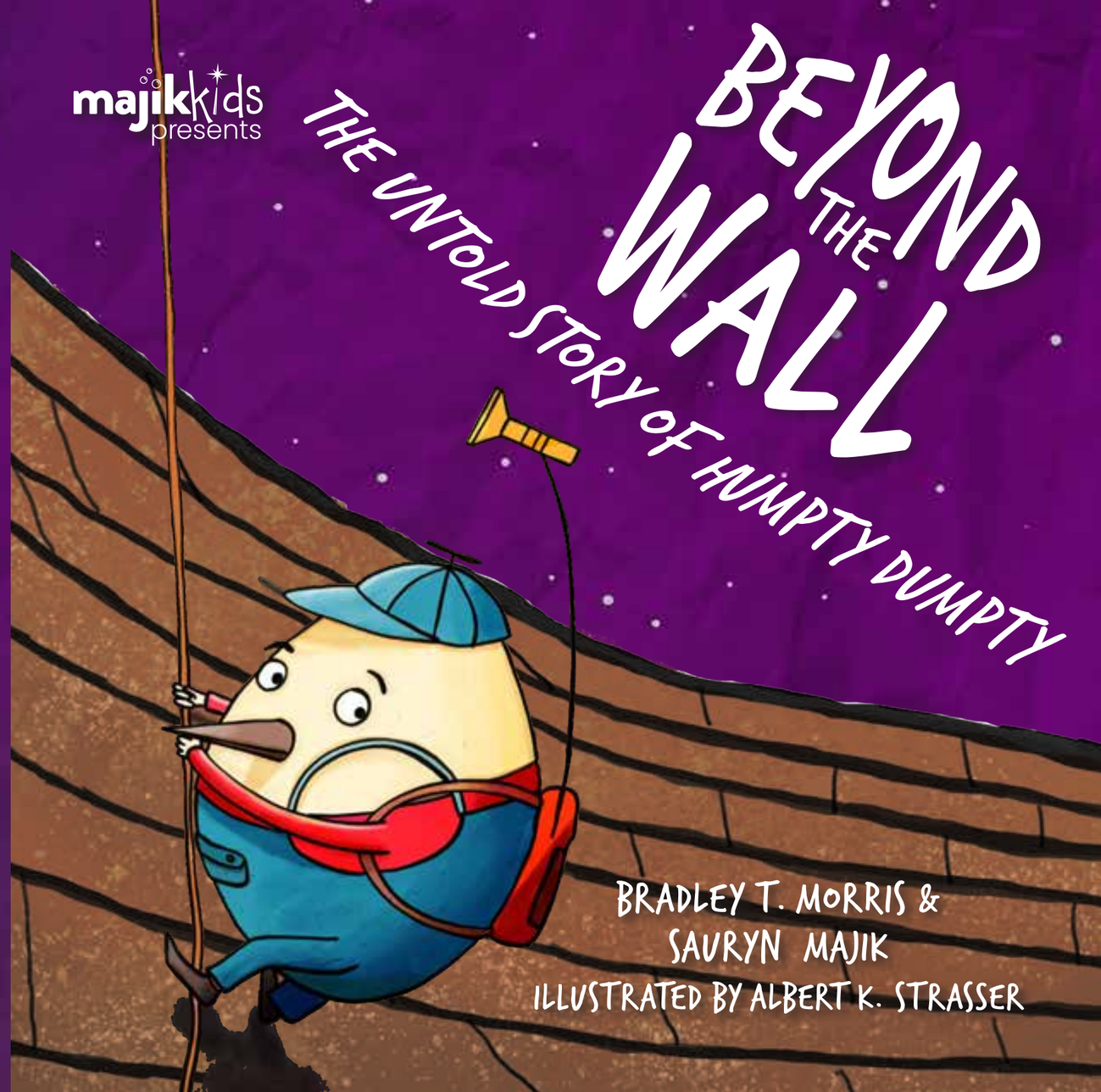

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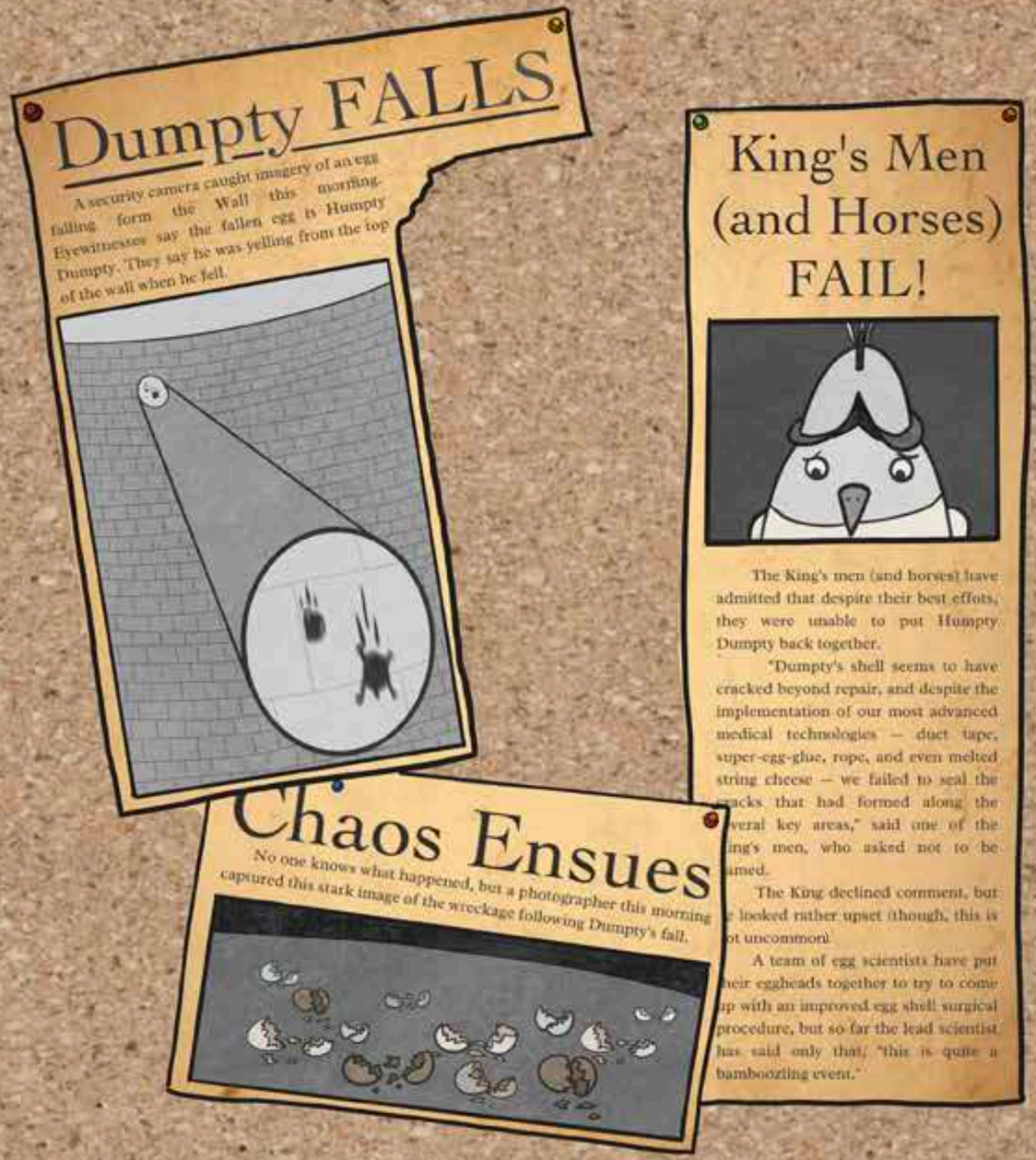
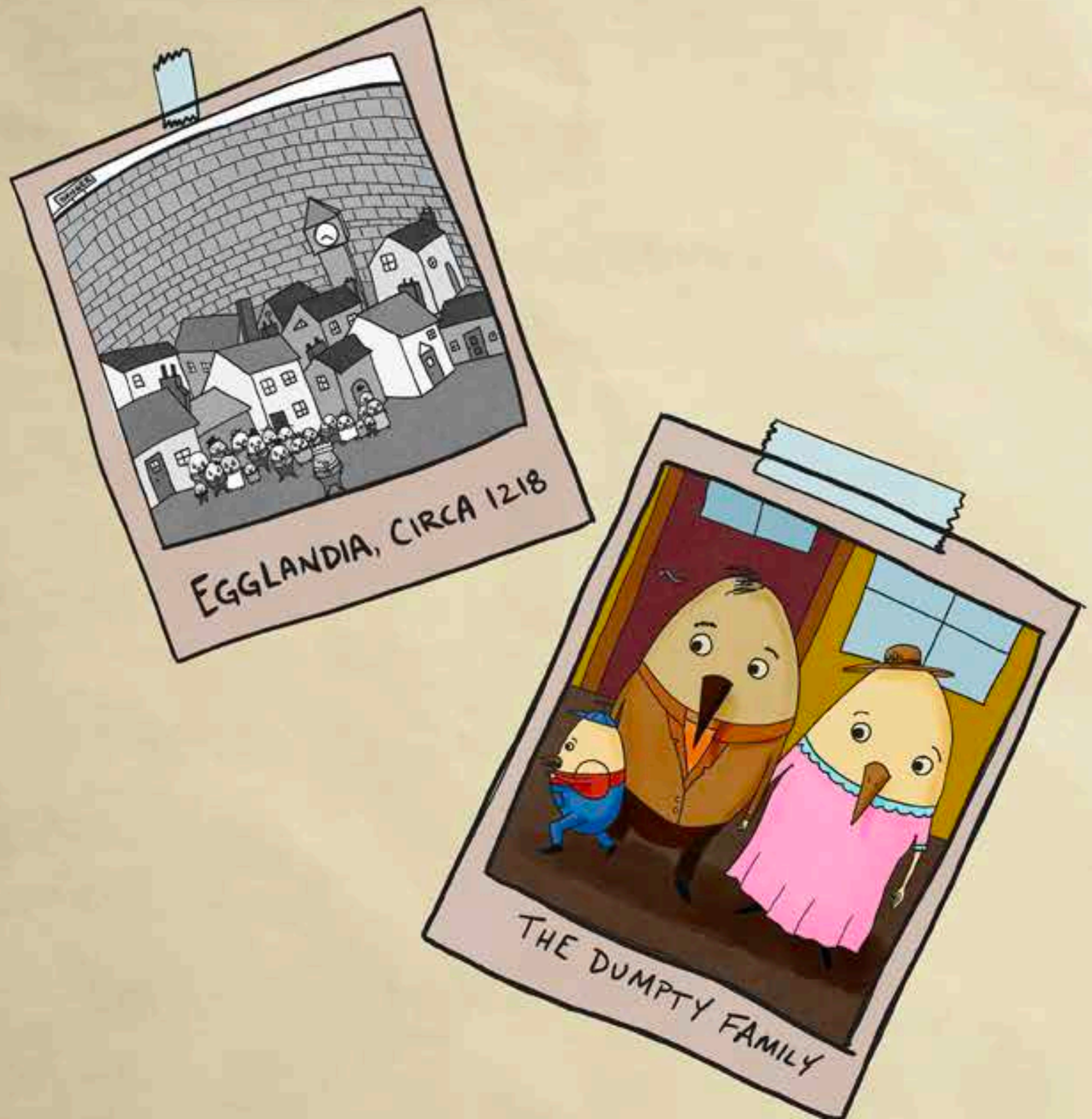


We all know the age-old story of Humpty Dumpty; he sat on a wall, had a big fall, and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty together again. But did you ever stop to wonder, Who was Humpty Dumpty? Why was he on a wall? And what was the wall doing there in the first place? Well, if you're like us and you're interested in knowing what really happened, then you'll appreciate that our team of children's story investigative researchers have dug through the historical records and pieced together the mostly true story of the infamous egg, Humpty Dumpty. Here we go . . .



As we sifted through the archives, one thing became very clear to us: Humpty Dumpty was, indeed, an egg. This didn't surprise us, though. What surprised us was discovering Humpty was an egg in a world full of eggs! That is where things got interesting.

It turns out that in the time and place of Humpty Dumpty, which was called Egglandia, everybody had shells for bodies. So, Humpty wasn't unique in that he was an egg. What made Humpty a bit, well, odd was that he was extremely curious, and being curious was something eggs did NOT do! In fact, curiosity was very much frowned upon in Egglandia, because being curious meant exploring the unknown, which could result in injury or death or even worse . . . embarrassment!

The eggs would do anything to avoid these outcomes. There was simply too much danger involved in being curious, so all good eggs were taught not to ask too many questions, to mind their own business, and most of all, to never do anything new.

But Humpty wasn't like the other eggs. He was interested in everything and couldn't help but ask all sorts of questions. He was curious about the world, so he would ask his mother,

"Why can't I go outside and play? Why is the sky blue? What would happen if I combined milk with lemon juice?"

Mama Dumpty, of course, didn't know the answers to any of these questions, as she'd never thought to ask them. The questions gave her a funny feeling in her shell, which frightened and excited her in a way that was distinctly un-egg-like. So, she would say,

"Things have always been this way, Humpty dear. Please, darling, don't ask questions. It's dangerous."

More than anything, Humpty was curious about the wall. He would ask anyone who would take the time to listen,

"Umm, excuse me, but why is there a giant wall over there? Who put it there? How did it get there in the first place? And what's on the other side?"

The more he asked, the more it seemed that not a single egg knew almost anything about the wall.

Every egg had a different answer, and some of their theories went as deep as a rabbit hole. Some thought the wall was there to keep the bad guys out. Others rumored the egg king had an evil brother beyond it. There was even a theory that the edge of the world was on the other side of the wall, and they built it to keep anyone from falling off.

"Who is 'they?'" Humpty would ask.

Most of the eggs were completely convinced by their version of the story.

"It's there for our safety and protection!"

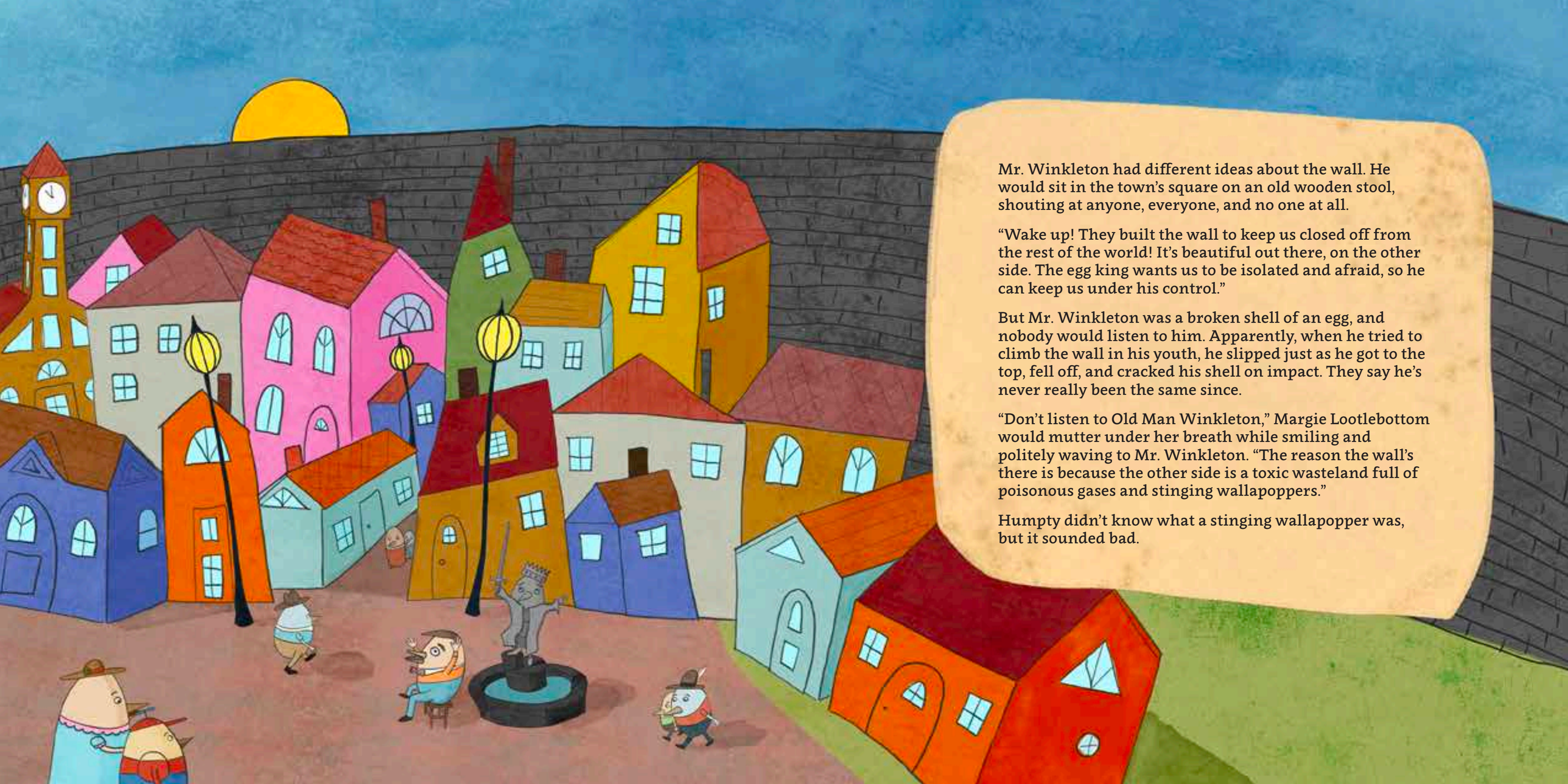
"It's a treacherous world on the other side of that wall!"

"The unknown is dangerous!"

When Humpty asked for more specifics about what was so bad about the other side of the wall, no one seemed able to give him any details, because no one knew any eggs that had ever laid eyes upon the other side of the wall. In fact, no one knew an egg that had even attempted to see what was over the wall . . . except for Mr. Winkleton, of course.

Humpty's conversations would always end with the other eggs saying,

"You wouldn't understand. You're just a young egg with no life experience."



Mr. Winkleton had different ideas about the wall. He would sit in the town's square on an old wooden stool, shouting at anyone, everyone, and no one at all.

"Wake up! They built the wall to keep us closed off from the rest of the world! It's beautiful out there, on the other side. The egg king wants us to be isolated and afraid, so he can keep us under his control."

But Mr. Winkleton was a broken shell of an egg, and nobody would listen to him. Apparently, when he tried to climb the wall in his youth, he slipped just as he got to the top, fell off, and cracked his shell on impact. They say he's never really been the same since.

"Don't listen to Old Man Winkleton," Margie Lootlebottom would mutter under her breath while smiling and politely waving to Mr. Winkleton. "The reason the wall's there is because the other side is a toxic wasteland full of poisonous gases and stinging wallapoppers."

Humpty didn't know what a stinging wallapopper was, but it sounded bad.

Nonetheless, the more Humpty realized that nobody knew anything about why things were the way they were, the more curious he became about the world around him and the mystery beyond the wall. He could no longer allow fear to stop him from discovering the truth. So, Humpty made a plan.

One night, when the clock struck midnight, Humpty crept from his bed and grabbed a bag from his closet. In the bag, he packed a slingshot, which he'd made from a stick and a rubber band. He also added a long, long string tied to a tiny anchor from his toy boat, which weighed about the same amount as a rock; a flashlight; and a cheese sandwich, in case he needed a snack.

Humpty snuck from his house as quietly as a mouse and made his way down Main Street toward the wall. Walking past a sign that read,

"Do not get any closer, or you might get squished like a pancake,"

he arrived at the base of the wall and looked up waaay up. He'd never seen the wall this close before—almost no one had, on account of the fact that they were afraid it would fall over and squash them if they got too close—and he suddenly realized just how tall it was.

As Humpty stood there, staring up with his slingshot in hand, he began doubting his plan. His mind started spiraling and spinning out of control. Maybe this wasn't a good idea.

Maybe I should stop asking so many questions about the wall.

Maybe I should give up on seeing if there are actually stinging wallapoppers on the other side.

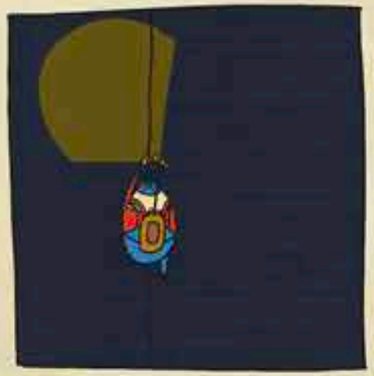
Maybe I should be more like all the other eggs and stay away from the wall, stay in the known, where it's safe!

But a funny feeling inside Humpty's shell told him there was so much more to life than what all the other eggs believed. His curiosity overcame him again, and he managed to shake the voice of doubt from his mind. After all, this was his first big adventure, and he couldn't let his fear of the unknown stop him from having it. Loading the tiny anchor into his slingshot, Humpty took aim.

"One. Two. Three. FIRE!"

he said to himself. He let go, and the little anchor flew into the darkness above him. A moment later he heard a small clank. He gave the rope a gentle tug and knew the anchor had taken hold. It was time to climb.

He climbed, and climbed, and climbed, and then he stopped to eat half of his cheese sandwich, because he got hungry. When he finished, he started climbing again. He climbed and climbed and climbed until . . . he stopped and ate the other half of his cheese sandwich, because he was still hungry.

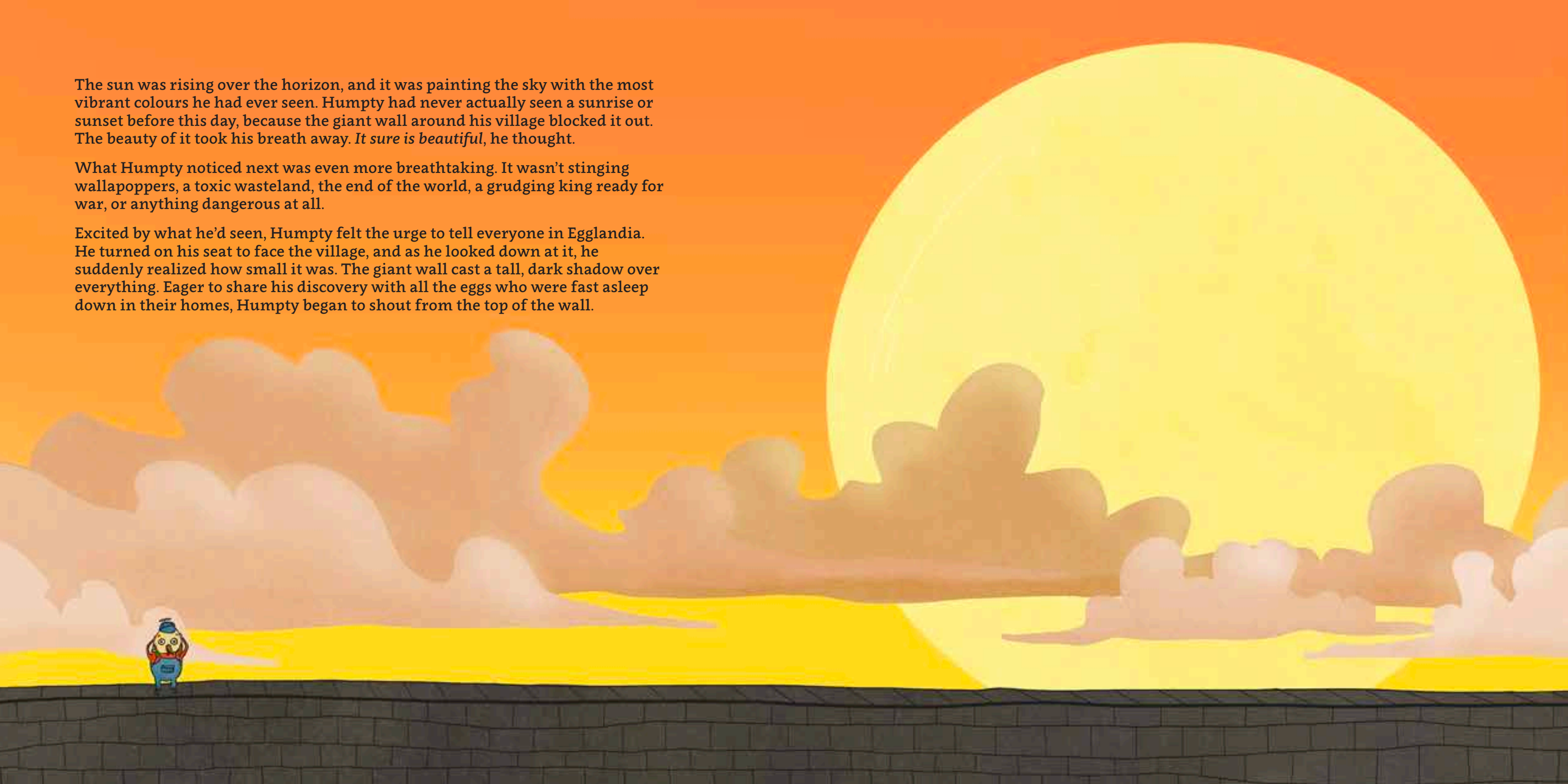


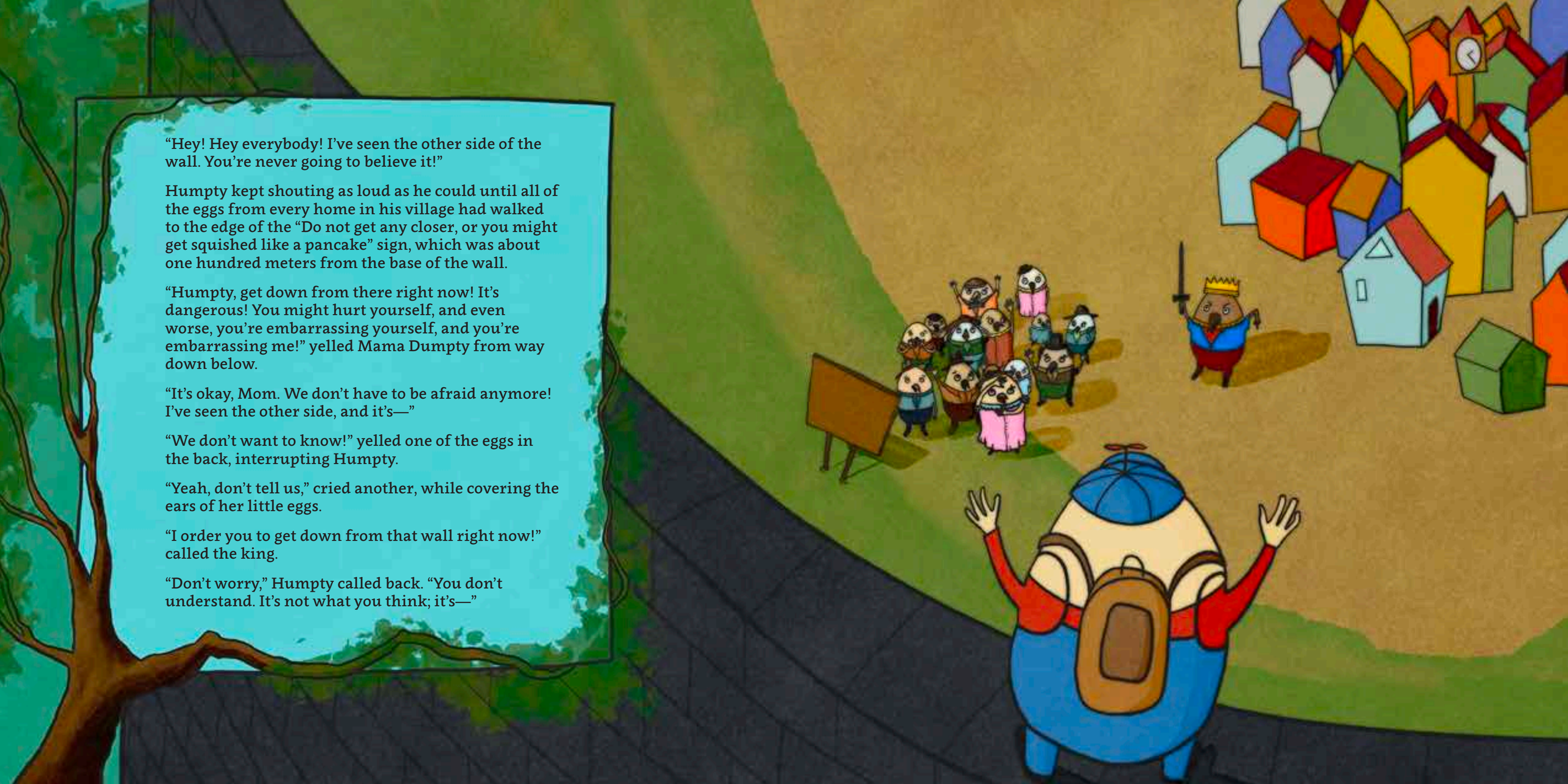
When he finished his sandwich, he climbed some more. Finally, he flung his little egg legs over the top of the wall and came to a seated position on top of the giant wall that surrounded the only world he'd ever known. As his eyes peered out over the other side of the wall, he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

The sun was rising over the horizon, and it was painting the sky with the most vibrant colours he had ever seen. Humpty had never actually seen a sunrise or sunset before this day, because the giant wall around his village blocked it out. The beauty of it took his breath away. *It sure is beautiful*, he thought.

What Humpty noticed next was even more breathtaking. It wasn't stinging wallapoppers, a toxic wasteland, the end of the world, a grudging king ready for war, or anything dangerous at all.

Excited by what he'd seen, Humpty felt the urge to tell everyone in Egglandia. He turned on his seat to face the village, and as he looked down at it, he suddenly realized how small it was. The giant wall cast a tall, dark shadow over everything. Eager to share his discovery with all the eggs who were fast asleep down in their homes, Humpty began to shout from the top of the wall.





"Hey! Hey everybody! I've seen the other side of the wall. You're never going to believe it!"

Humpty kept shouting as loud as he could until all of the eggs from every home in his village had walked to the edge of the "Do not get any closer, or you might get squished like a pancake" sign, which was about one hundred meters from the base of the wall.

"Humpty, get down from there right now! It's dangerous! You might hurt yourself, and even worse, you're embarrassing yourself, and you're embarrassing me!" yelled Mama Dumpty from way down below.

"It's okay, Mom. We don't have to be afraid anymore! I've seen the other side, and it's—"

"We don't want to know!" yelled one of the eggs in the back, interrupting Humpty.

"Yeah, don't tell us," cried another, while covering the ears of her little eggs.

"I order you to get down from that wall right now!" called the king.

"Don't worry," Humpty called back. "You don't understand. It's not what you think; it's—"

Just as Humpty was about to tell everyone what was on the other side of the wall, something flew past his head, causing him to lose his balance. He began wibbling and wobbling, and the next thing he knew, he'd slipped onto to one side his shell, then over to the other, and then he began rolling towards the edge. Closer and closer and closer until . . . he rolled right off the wall!

Humpty fell and fell and fell, all the way down to the ground, where he landed with a SMACK, which cracked his shell open.

"My Humpty!" yelled Mama Dumpty. "Somebody help my baby!"

This part of the story you are familiar with; all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty together again. Reliable, archaeological data suggest that they tried taping him, gluing him, and tying his shell back together. But did you know that, all the while, Humpty was telling them,

"Stop putting my shell back together; I want to be free!"

Of course, the king's horses and men thought Humpty was delirious, and they wouldn't listen to his requests and let him be. Instead, they tried to fix what they deemed to be broken.

Finally, after hours of hard work, the king declared that Humpty's shell could not be repaired and turned to all the eggs in Egglandia, proclaiming, "Let this be a lesson to the rest of you eggs on why we don't go near the wall!"

As the king was finishing his speech, a resounding sound grew from where Humpty laid.

Crack, crack, CRACK

Suddenly, Humpty's shell shattered to pieces, like a piece of glass exploding, and from the debris flew a feathery flying creature who soared up toward the sky and landed on the top of the wall.

"It's a monster!" yelled somebody from the crowd.

But before the king's men could aim their spears up at the flying, feathery monster, they heard a familiar voice shout down at them from the top of the wall.

"It's okay everyone; it's me. It's Humpty Dumpty!"

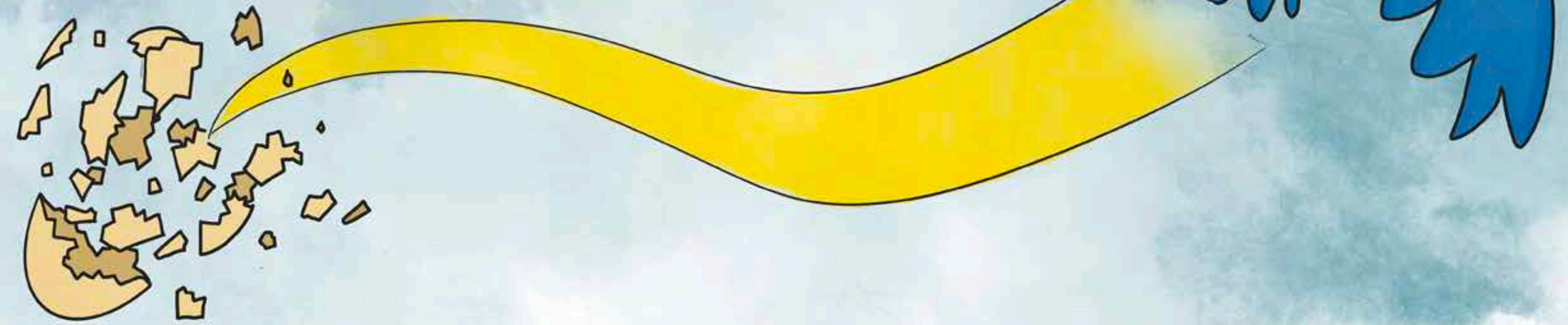
The eggs all gasped.

"That's impossible!" the king shouted. "Humpty is an egg, not a flying, feathery monster."

"I'm not a monster; I'm a bird! And guess what? So are the rest of you! Out of our fear of the unknown, we have all been hiding behind our shells, but underneath them we each have two mighty wings. With those wings, we can soar to the sky!"

"But what if we fall?" asked Margie Lootlebottom, concerned.

"You won't fall. You were born to fly," said Humpty reassuringly as he leapt from the wall, swooping down over the gasping crowd and flying back up over the wall, disappearing out of sight.



Well, that just about did it. The crowd erupted into a panicked frenzy, and the eggs began running every which way, bumping into each other and cracking wide open. As their shells fell to the ground, blue, white, black, brown, and birds of every colour began taking flight. As they did, they shed their fears with their shells.

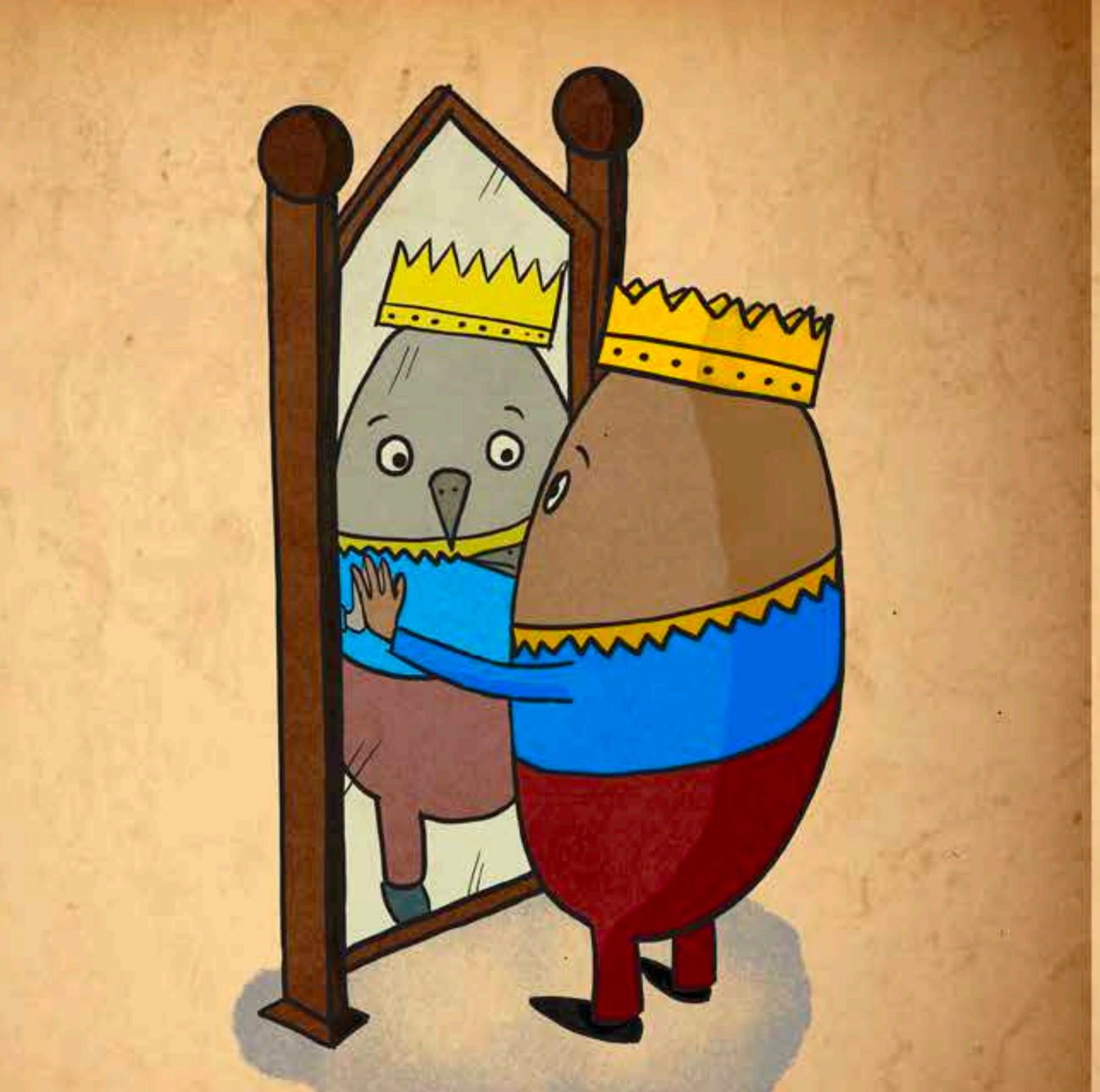
"I feel so free!" Mama Dumpty shouted in delight as she flew over the wall to join her son.

Next to fly over the wall was Mr. Winkleton.

"So long, Eggy," he called back to the egg king as he laughed uncontrollably.

"Get down from there!" the king yelled. "Stop them right now," he demanded as he turned to his knights.

But his knights were now cracking their own shells open against their spears, because they, too, wanted to be free. More and more birds continued to break through their shells and fly to freedom.



Finally, the last egg standing at the base of the wall was the egg king. As he looked around, he was saddened to see that there were no eggs left for him to boss around or control.

He no longer had power over anyone, and when he looked inside his shell of a heart, he realized that he, too, deep down, wanted to be free. But he was so afraid. In fact, the egg king was more afraid than any other egg, which was why he had always needed to keep everybody else afraid. It was his way of protecting himself from the unknown.

“I suppose I have sheltered myself from the outside world long enough,” he said under his breath as he stared up at the tall wall that one of his ancestors had built generations before him. “It is time to let myself be free.” And with that, he burst through his shell and shot up into the clouds.

"Yahoo!" exclaimed the egg king.

As he flew up and over the wall, the brilliant light of the sun momentarily blinded him. When his eyes adjusted, he was amazed at what he saw. Beyond the wall was a vast meadow surrounded by the most beautiful trees he'd ever seen. The landscape seemed to go on forever. Flying freely through the air were birds of every shape, size, and colour all going about their business, chirping happily to one another.

The other side of the wall wasn't scary at all. As it turned out, it was a symphony of delight to all of the egg king's senses. He felt no fear, because each and every one of the birds was being exactly who they were born to be, living exactly how nature intended for them to live.

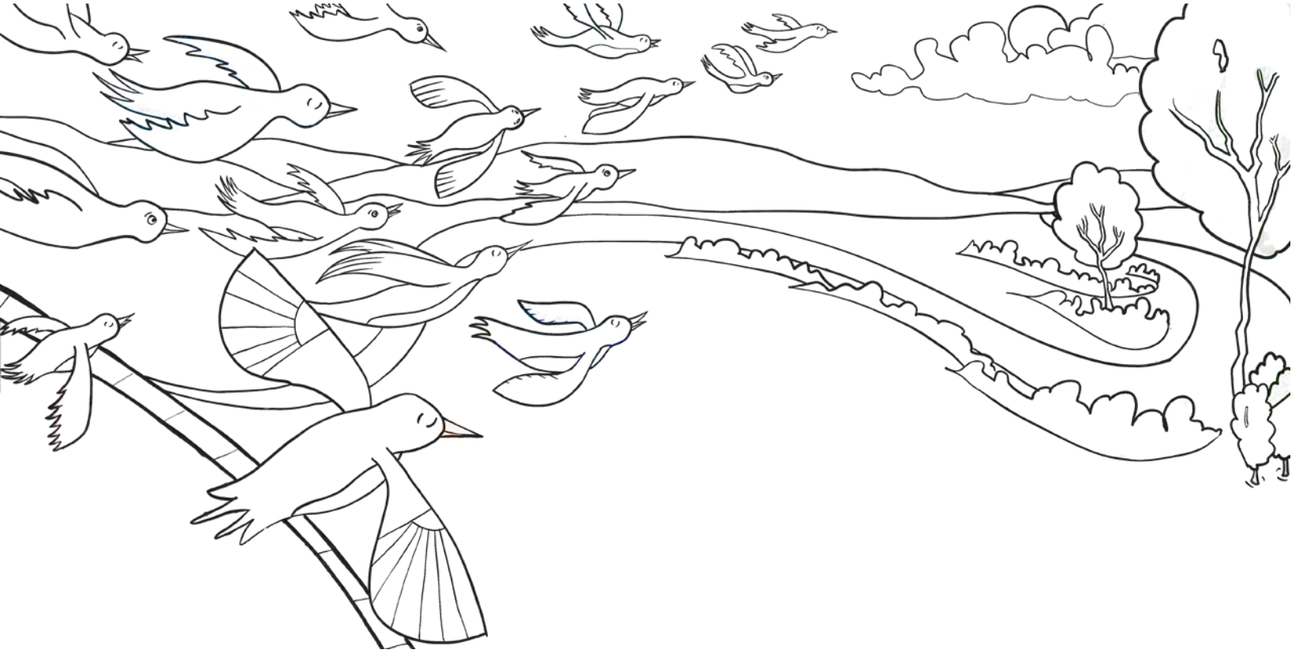
Now the egg king and all the birds of Egglandia could fly freely, feeling the wind beneath their wings, all because Humpty Dumpy had the courage to be curious enough to face the unknown.

So, if ever you feel afraid, unsure, or frightened of what lies in the unknown, may the untold story of Humpty Dumpty inspire you to lean gently into your curiosity, to step bravely into the unknown, and to look toward what is on the other side of the wall. You never know, what you discover might just delight you.

The end... and the beginning.

Join the majikkidsclub !

Be the first to hear our new stories & meditations, access our downloadable colouring books, get games, activities, cool conversation starters, discounts on books and other magical stuff that's fun for the whole family! Enjoy a sample of what's included in the Majik Kids Club in the following pages.



Visit us at majikkids.com !

What are you Curious About?

Either share your answers to the questions with your family, friends or classmates OR write your answers on the lines below.

Humpty Dumpty was a curious egg and curiosity is something most eggs just do not do. But Humpty proved to the rest of Egglandia that curiosity is what set them all free. Being curious and questioning things is what kids do best — So, as the kid you are, we ask you:

What are you curious about?

What would you love to know or learn about?

What questions do you have?

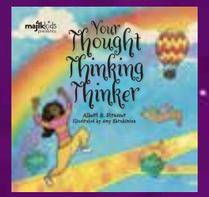
Draw Your Wings

Show off your wings! We would love to see your artwork, once you're done, take a picture and share it in the Majik Kids Club (if you feel comfortable)!

Remember how happy Humpty felt when he broke through his shell & flew over the wall? Draw a picture of YOU as one of those birds breaking through their fear and flying to freedom. What do your wings look like? What kind of freedom bird are you?

Get the full activity book when you join the majikkidsclub !

To listen to an audio version of this story and to find many more magical books, join the Majik Kids Club at majikkids.com/club!



Bradley T. Morris is the creator of Majik Kids, founder of Majik Media. He loves writing stories, making cool media and waking people up to remembering that life is truly awesome and magical. His passion-hobby is playing pro golf.

Sauryn Majik is the co-founder of Majik Kids. He's also five years old. He also loves making up stories, laughing, playing and using his imagination to create worlds. He also thinks adults need to have more fun and lighten up a bit.

Albert Strasser, author of the hit kids book, *Afraid of the Light*, is a pacific northwest based writer and illustrator. A devoted student of life, Albert loves creating stories that inspire, empower, and uplift children and grownups alike. He hopes you enjoy them as much as he enjoyed making them.

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We all know the story about Humpty Dumpty. But have you ever wondered who this infamous egg was, why he was on a wall, what the wall was doing there in the first place or what was on the other side of that wall? This historical true story answers those questions.

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