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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

The Land of Cockaigne

Have you ever heard of the Land of Cockaigne? It's a delightful land! And if people knew where to find it, there would be lots of slackers and gastronomers.

Because for such people it is the perfect land.

The cobble stones are made of the finest cheese. The houses of gingerbread, the doors of chocolate, the windows of sugar and the roofs of ginger and egg cookies. The late sleepers among us, won't come short in this land. You can just lie in bed with your mouth open and roasted chicken will fly into your mouth. All you have to do is take the knife and fork that the chickens have on their backs and use it to eat them.

If you feel like eating pork chops, a roasted pig will walk right up to you. And in the centre of market square there's a fountain made of chocolate with a little hare that kindly greets you. From this fountain the best wine flows without end. There's also trays with delicious tea and cookies. And on the trees, unlike with us, don't grow leaves, but sausages, hams, cookies and muffins!

On the trees also grow beach umbrellas, beautiful ribbons, gorgeous dresses, shoes and hats. The children will stand under the trees and shake it hard. Whatever they want will fall into their pockets or mouths. And if someone is too lazy to walk, you can call out and you will fly gently to the desired place.

The rivers, creeks and oceans are made out of lemonde or milk and the mountains are made of peanut rocks. Nobody has to reap or sow. Everything grows lavishly in the wild and you can directly eat it. On the river banks there's always delicious cakes with a knife next to them so you can cut them into pieces.

In other creeks swim trout, perch, salmon and all kinds of other fish for you to eat. And if you are too lazy to grab them yourself, you just have to call and the fish will jump into your hands.

The weather is also very different from where we live. When it rains, it rains honey, when it hails, it hails almonds, raisins and dates, when it snows, it snows cream and when it freezes, there's vanilla ice cream.

The people there enjoy playing games. For example racing. The person to cross the finish last, wins. It's the same with shooting, if you miss the target, you win. People don't get old and frail. If somebody starts to feel a bit weak, they go to rejuvenation spring. They take a bath and exit young and clean. Yes, this is an amazing land for slowpokes, but for pudding heads it's even better. Those get the best jobs and the dumbest will be king.



They have everything their hearts desire. Nothing is missing. If you ever find your way to this land, please come find me and show me the way. We will go together.

But before you go, it's important to remember that you need a big stomach and lots of hunger. Because to get into the land of Cockaigne you have to eat through a big, huge wall of marzipan!