

Day 19

Balthazar and Wayne the camel were waiting at the edge of the market. Wayne was laden with rolls of smart wrapping paper (the kind with a grid printed on the back to help you cut it in straight lines), packs of sparkly tissue paper, 3D snowflake gift tags and even gold coloured sticky tape, so that every aspect of the gifts' wrapping could be decorative.

Balthazar sighed, and glanced at the nearest sundial. He had been expecting Caspar and Melchior to arrive a while ago- he hoped that Caspar hadn't started one of his lectures. Sometimes it was quite impossible to get him to shift when he was mid-monologue.

Just then, he heard two camels bellowing at each other in the distance. Balthazar turned to see his fellow magi. Wayne was instantly able to tell that Gary and Kevin the camels were giggling about something, however to human ears, camel giggling sounds rather more like groaning, so Balthazar asked in a concerned voice-

"Is everything quite alright with the camels?"

"No, everything is not alright- they are horrid, gluttonous and selfish beasts. Why couldn't we have donkeys instead?" wailed Caspar.

"The camels are fine" said Melchior firmly. "We just got a little held up when it came to leaving because Caspar wasn't quite tidy enough with his things".

Caspar was about to retort to this but was interrupted by more camel-bellowing. Gary and Kevin had just recounted the tale of the munched up letter to Wayne, and he found it simply hilarious. Balthazar, mistaking Wayne's mirth for irritation, said-

"Gosh, the camels are getting rather anxious to be off. We'd better make a move!"

The magi travelled in a rather strained silence for a few hours. After a while though, Caspar couldn't keep quiet any longer, and so began, out loud, a sustained examination of the advantages of donkeys over camels as a mode of transport.

"Don't listen to him" whispered Balthazar in the ear of Wayne the camel. "Soon we'll be at the next inn- that's where we ordered the bag of camel treats to be sent".

"I think I heard some mournful-sounding bleating just then" said Melchior suddenly.

"Really, Melchior, I know Caspar can be annoying but that is really no way to talk about his speeches..."

"No, *listen!*" insisted Melchior.

Melchior and Balthazar shushed Caspar then listening intently. They heard rustling in a nearby bush, then suddenly on the path in front of them appeared a mildly sorrowful looking sheep. It baaaa-ed at the magi, then looked around in a bewildered fashion.

"I think it's lost! We have to rescue it" declared Melchior. Of all the wise men, he was the fondest of animals, and thought the sheep looked rather cute.

“Rescue it how, exactly?” said Balthazar. “We can’t really take it back to the East with us. I think we should take it to the nearest place on the map. Hopefully, we can reunite it with the rest of its flock there”.

Melchior hopped down from his camel and set about trying to attach a rope to the sheep to lead it with. Caspar continued muttering about how disruptive animals are to the pursuit of wisdom, while Balthazar consulted the map in an attempt to work out just how badly lost the sheep was.

The scale on the map was 1:74,000.

The magi had travelled **3.7km** when they neared the next town, and were met by an anxious looking shepherd boy exclaiming “My sheep! Thank goodness you’ve found her!”

How many centimetres on the map had they moved?

Answer: _____