

### Day 3

The road from the East towards Yemen was dusty and long, and Kevin, Gary and Wayne the camels were mildly fed up by the time they arrived. The three wise men found an inn to stay in.

“Are you sure you want to carry on to Bethlehem?” said the inn-keeper. “I hear their inns are completely booked up for weeks!”.

Thanking the innkeeper politely for this advice, they tied up their camels, and got out their Christmas shopping list.

“Gold, frankincense, and myrrh... Are you sure these are the presents we’re supposed to buy?” said Melchior.

“Absolutely certain” said Balthazar. “Anyway, I looked them all up on Wikipedia to find out where they came from, then planned the route to make sure we went to those places. It would be silly not to get them now... Do either of you actually know what myrrh is?”

Caspar cleared his throat imperiously, and stated “Myrrh is the aromatic resin of a small tree, native to Yemen, Somalia and Eritrea. Haven’t you heard of Google?” (all the wise men were somewhat sore from sitting on Kevin, Gary and Wayne the camels for so long, and as a result were feeling rather tetchy).

At this point, Kevin the camel yawned loudly, then spat at Caspar’s feet. The inn-keeper came out and said “Looks like your camel has got the hump- AHAHAHHAHA!”.

“Hilarious” said Melchior, drily. “I don’t suppose you know where we can buy some myrrh around here, do you?”

“As a matter of fact, I do” said the inn-keeper. “You need to visit the wise old sage- he knows where you can find some. You chaps should get along famously”.

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The next day, the three magi set off on foot to visit the wise old sage, leaving Kevin, Gary and Wayne the camels at the inn. After all, they were wonderful pet owners, and knew that their camels were naturally inclined to idleness, so thought they might appreciate the time off.

They approached the isolated dwelling of the wise old sage with trepidation. They had heard tell of his deep philosophical musings, and were a little afraid that he might be wiser than them.

“Morning!” said the wise old sage. “You’re here about the myrrh then, are you?”

Balthazar gasped “How could you possibly know that?”

“The inn-keeper told me you’d be coming” said the sage. “You could have asked me when I was in the inn last night if you hadn’t been so busy feeding treats to those chubby, indolent camels. Never mind, you’re here now. But, I don’t go around giving out the directions to the myrrh-shop to just anyone. You have to prove your worth by solving a puzzle”.

The sage whipped out an ancient-looking scroll, and unfurled it before the wise men with a flourish.

On the scroll was written:

*Take one word from the first set of brackets and add it to a word the second set of brackets to make one new, correctly spelt, word.*

“...are you sure this is the right scroll? I was expecting something a little more mystical” said Caspar sulkily. He had been hoping for a chance to show off how clever he was.

“Do you want to know where to get the myrrh or not, beardy?” quipped the sage. “Get on with the puzzle! And remember this most profound of maxims- the word from the first set of brackets always comes first.”

1- (press an wise) (gel dome sent)

2- (snow fore fly) (told wing tune)

3- (be main are) (wear hold jar)

4- (fur décor travel) (tree ration led)

5- (descend ice fest) (cycle if ant)

6- (ship a were) (ship herd round)