

# **STORY TELLING COMPETITION**

**2019 -20**

**STD.4**

## **FOLKTALES OF THE WORLD**

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<https://www.storiestogrowby.org/folktales-for-kids/>

**Story No. 5**  
**Too-Too-Moo and the Giant**  
**A Tale of Indonesia**

Once on the island of Java there was a little girl named Too-Too-Moo. She lived with her mother in a one-room house in a forest. They were poor but they were happy. They *would* have continued to be happy, if not for a terrible giant who came every day.

Each morning, when Too-Too-Moo woke up, she fastened her hair in a knot with her long hairpin. She hurried into the woods to help her mama gather firewood and herbs to sell at the village market.

When that was done, Mama cooked a small pot of plain rice and shared it with Too-too-moo for breakfast. She also cooked a huge pot of sweet porridge. She made it from tasty rice flour, fragrant coconut milk and lots of sugar.

But not even the tiniest bit of the porridge was for Too-too-moo and her Mama. It was all for the giant. Mama knew if the giant came and did not find a full pot of porridge, he would eat Too-Too-Moo instead!

When she returned in the evening, she brought food that she had bought with the money earned at the market. Since they had to feed the giant there was never enough for themselves.

One day, Mama did not sell as much as usual. When she came home, she had only enough food for the giant. She and Too-Too-Moo had to go hungry. The next day was the same. And so was the day after that. Too-Too-Moo and her mama were starving.

On the fourth morning, Too-Too-Moo got up, fastened her hair with her long hairpin, and helped her mama gather firewood and herbs. Later mama cooked the porridge for the giant and left for the market.

The sweet smell of the porridge filled the little house. Too-Too-Moo was so hungry, she couldn't stand it. "I'll eat just one spoonful," she said to herself. "The giant will never know."

Too-Too-Moo uncovered the pot and ate one spoonful. But she was too hungry to stop! Before she knew what she was doing, a quarter of the porridge was gone. Then she heard the giant's terrible footsteps. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The giant took off the cover, picked up the pot, stopped and looked. "This pot is not *full!*" bellowed the giant. He threw it down and called, "Too-Too-Moo! Where are YOU?" Too-Too-Moo did not answer.

With one blow of his fist, the giant knocked down the door. He reached in his long arm and felt all around till he found Too-Too-Moo. He pulled her from the house, tossed her in his mouth and swallowed her in one big gulp.

Too-Too-Moo tumbled into the giant's stomach. "Please let me out!" she shouted. But the giant didn't listen as he turned and stamped back through the forest. Too-Too-Moo cried and shook with fear. All of a sudden, she remembered her long hairpin.

Quickly she pulled it from her hair. With both hands and all her strength, she stuck the giant again and again. The bellowing giant raced through the woods. Mad with pain, he did not look where he was going. He tripped on a root and cracked his head on a rock. The giant was dead!

But Too-Too-Moo was still trapped inside. At that moment, her mama was on her way home. She had been lucky that day and had quickly sold all she had carried to market.

But when she reached the house, she saw the porridge thrown down and the door knocked in. She called, "Too-Too-Moo! Where are *you*?" There was no answer. Mama grabbed a big cooking knife and ran along the trail of the giant's footsteps, calling out her name. She came to where the giant lay dead. But her daughter was nowhere to be seen, so she called one last time, "TOO-TOO-MOO! WHERE ARE YOU?" Too-Too-Moo answered, "IN THE GIANT!" With both hands and all her strength, Mama slit open the giant's side. And out climbed—Too-Too-Moo! From that time on, Too-Too-Moo and her mama were happy. There was no giant to bother them. They always had enough to eat. And they had sweet porridge for breakfast, every single day.

**Story No. 6**  
**Dosas for Demon**  
**( A Tale from India)**

Once upon a time, there lived a poor couple in Yelavathi. Every day they begged for food and managed with meagre offerings from kind people. The husband's favourite dish was dosas. "Oh, how I long for a nice, crisp dosa!" he would constantly say. One day, he got lucky. A kind lady gave him some dosa batter. But there was no firewood to cook it on. "I will fetch some right away," he said and left for the forest. When he reached the forest, he found a tree and started to cut a branch with his axe. The man worked hard, dreaming of delicious dosas.

Suddenly, he heard a loud roar. To his horror, he saw a fierce demon thundering towards him. "I am the lord of this jungle and you did not even ask me!" The terrified man babbled, "Forgive me, sir! I was only cutting firewood for my wife. She is going to make dosas for me!" The demon's face changed. "Dosas, did you say? I love dosas! Will you give me ten dosas? I will let you go!" "Gladly!" promised the relieved man and hurried home with firewood.

His wife was waiting eagerly for him. She lit the stove and made several delicious dosas. The man started to eat heartily. "This is so tasty!" exclaimed the man, chewing happily. Before he knew it, he had polished off all the dosas! "I hope there are ten left for the demon," he said. However there was no batter left.

"Oh My God! What do we do now? He's going to eat us both!" cried the man. Just then he heard the demon approaching. His wife hid inside a basket and he hid behind a pot after locking all the doors. The demon broke down the door and roared, "Where are my dosas?" The couple trembled. The demon searched all the pots for dosas. "Nothing here!" he fumed. In a fit of rage, he kicked a vessel. Unfortunately, it was filled with chilli powder. The powder flew into the air and got into his eyes. "My eyes!" he screamed in agony. With his eyes stinging terribly, the demon rushed out of the house. The relieved couple came out of hiding.

"That's the last time I'll ever want dosas! I'll never make a promise I can't keep!" declared the man.

**Story No. 7**  
**The Lion and the Jackal**  
**(A Tale from Africa)**

One day long ago, Jackal was trotting through a narrow, rocky pass in the mountain. He was sniffing the ground trying to find something juicy to eat when he saw movement ahead of him in the pass.

Jackal stopped in his tracks. The mighty lion was coming straight toward him. Realising that there was no way to escape, he became very frightened. He had played so many tricks on the king of the animals in the past and he was sure that the lion would take this opportunity to get his revenge. Suddenly the jackal thought of a plan. “Help! Help!” he cried. He fell down on the cliff path, looking above at the rocks. The lion stopped in surprise.

“Help!” the jackal howled, “There is no time to lose! See those huge rocks above us? They are about to fall and we shall both be crushed to death! Oh, mighty Lion, please do something! Save us!” He shook with fear keeping his paws over his head.

The lion looked up, most alarmed. Before he even had a chance to think, the jackal persuaded the lion to put his strong shoulder against the rock and heave.

“Oh, thank you, great King!” yelled Jackal. “I will quickly fetch that log over there to hold the rock and we will both be saved!” Saying so, he bounded out of sight.

The lion was left all alone to struggle under the weight of the rock in the hot sunshine. We will never know how long he stayed before he realised that this was another trick but the clever jackal had once again escaped from the mighty lion!



**Story No.8**  
**The Crane and the Crow**  
**(A Tale from Australia)**

The crane was a great fisherman. He used to hunt out the fish with his feet from underneath the logs in the creek and so would catch plenty of fish.

One day when he had a great many on the bank of the creek, a crow who was white at that time came up. He asked the crane to give him some fish.

“Wait a while,” said the crane, “until they are cooked.” But the crow was hungry and impatient. He kept on bothering the crane who kept saying, “Wait. Wait.”

Presently the crane turned his back. The crow sneaked up and was just going to steal a fish. The crane turned round and saw him. He seized a fish and hit the crow right across the eyes with it. The crow felt blinded for a few minutes. He fell on the burnt black grass around the fire and rolled over in his pain. When he got up to go away, his eyes were white and the rest of him black as crows have been ever since.

The crow was determined to pay out the crane for having given him white eyes and a black skin. So he watched his chance. One day when he saw the crane fast asleep, he crept quietly up to him holding a fish-bone. He stuck it right across the root of the crane’s tongue. He went off as quietly as he had come.

The crane woke up at last and when he opened his mouth to yawn he felt like choking. He tried to get the obstruction out of his throat. In the effort he made a queer scraping noise, which was all he could utter. The bone stuck fast.

And to this day the only noise a crane can make is, “gah-rah-gah, gah-rah-gah!”

