

STORY TELLING COMPETITION

2019 -20

STD.4

FOLKTALES OF THE WORLD

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

Story No. 1
Why the sun and the moon live in the sky
African Folktale

Many years ago, the sun and water were great friends, and they both lived on the earth together. The sun very often used to visit the water but the water never returned the visits.

At last the sun asked the water why he never visited. The water replied that the sun's house was not big enough and that if he came with all his people, he would drive the sun out of his home.

The water then said, "If you want me to visit you, you will have to build a very large house. But I warn you that it will have to be very large as my people are numerous and take up a lot of room".

The sun promised to build a very large house, and soon afterwards, he returned home to his wife, the moon, who greeted him with a broad smile.

The sun told the moon what he had promised the water and the next day they began building a large house to entertain the water and all his people.

When it was completed, the sun asked the water to come and visit him.

When the water arrived, one of his people called out to the sun and asked him whether it would be safe for the water to enter, and the sun answered, "Yes, tell my friend to come in."

The water began to flow in, followed by the fish and all the other water animals.

Very soon, the water was knee-deep in the house, so he asked the sun if it was still safe, and the sun again said, "Yes," so more of them came in.

When the water was at the level of a man's head, the water said to the sun, "Do you want more of my people to come?"

Not knowing any better, the sun and the moon both said, "Yes". More and more of the water's people came in, until the sun and the moon had to sit on top of the roof.

The water once again asked the sun if it was still okay to keep coming in. The sun and moon answered "Yes" so more and more of the water's people came in.

The water soon overflowed the top of the roof and the sun and the moon were forced to go up into the sky.

...and they have been there ever since.

Story No. 2
Stone Soup
European Folktale

Once upon a time, a wise old man decided to go on a journey. He travelled all day without meeting anyone. When it was evening, he came to a small village. “I think I’ll stop here for the night,” he said to himself.

Near the centre of the village, he met a group of people. So he introduced himself. “I’m a simple traveller,” he said, “looking for a safe place to sleep and a hot meal.” “We’d be glad to offer you a place to sleep,” the villagers told him, “but we have very little food”. “I’m sorry to hear that,” the old man said. “But you needn’t worry about feeding me. I already have everything I need. In fact, I was thinking of making some stone soup to share with all of you.”

“Stone soup?” the villagers asked. “What’s that? We’ve never heard of stone soup.”

“Oh, it’s wonderful,” said the old man. “Best soup I’ve ever tasted. If you bring me a soup pot and some water, I’ll make some for all of us.”

And so the villagers rushed back to their homes. When they returned, one was carrying a large soup pot, another had wood for a fire and others brought water.

When the fire was going and the water had begun to boil, the old man took out a small silk pouch. With great ceremony, he reached in and pulled out a smooth, round stone. He carefully dropped the stone into the boiling water. The villagers watched eagerly. The old man began to slowly stir the pot, sniffing the aroma and licking his lips in anticipation. “I do like a tasty stone soup,” he said. “Of course, stone soup with cabbage—now that’s really special.”

“I might be able to find a bit of cabbage,” one villager said. And off she went to her house, returning with a small cabbage she had stored away in her pantry. “Wonderful!” said the old man, as he added the cabbage to the pot. “This reminds me of the time I had stone soup with cabbage and a bit of salted beef. It was unbelievably good.”

After a moment of silence, the village butcher spoke up. “I know where there’s a bit of salted beef,” he said. And off he went to his shop to get it. When he returned, the old man added the beef to the soup pot and continued to stir.

“Can you imagine what this soup would taste like if we had a bit of onion...and perhaps a few potatoes...and a carrot or two...and some mushrooms. Oh, this would be a meal fit for royalty.”

And before he knew it, the soup pot was filled to the brim with vegetables of all kinds— carrots and potatoes, mushrooms and onions, turnips and green beans, beets and celery—all brought by the men and women and children of the village. Not only that but the village baker came out with some fresh bread and butter.

And as the soup simmered slowly over the fire, the wonderful aroma began to waft over the villagers. And they began to relax and talk together, sharing songs and stories and jokes.

When the soup was finally done, the old man ladled it out into bowls and they all shared a delicious meal together. There was more than enough for everyone to eat their fill. Afterwards they all declared that it was the best soup they had ever tasted. The mayor of the village pulled the old man aside and quietly offered him a great deal of money for the magic stone but the old man refused to sell it.

The next morning, he woke early and packed up his belongings. As he was leaving the village, he passed by a group of children playing at the side of the road. He handed the youngest one the silk pouch containing the stone, and he whispered, “It was not the stone that performed the magic. It was all of us together.”

Story No.3
Mouse Deer and Crocodile
A Tale from South- East Asia

(Mouse Deer is an animal about the size of a cat. It lives in the jungles of Africa, Asia and many Pacific islands. It has the legs and the tail of a deer, and the face and the body of a mouse—but it is not really a mouse or a deer.)

One day, Mouse Deer went down to the river. He wanted to take a drink. But he knew Crocodile might be waiting underwater to eat him.

Mouse Deer had an idea. He said out loud, “I wonder if the water’s warm. I’ll put in my leg and find out.”

But Mouse Deer didn’t put in his leg. Instead, he picked up a stick with his mouth and put in one end.

Chomp! Crocodile grabbed the stick and pulled it underwater.

Mouse Deer laughed. “Silly Crocodile! Don’t you know a stick from a leg?”

And he ran off to drink somewhere else!

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Another day, Mouse Deer went back to the river. All he saw there was a floating log. But he knew Crocodile looked like a log when he floated.

Mouse Deer had an idea. He said out loud, “If that log is really Crocodile, it won’t talk. But if it’s really just a log, it will tell me.”

He listened. A rough voice said, "I'm really just a log."
Mouse Deer laughed. "Silly Crocodile! Do you think a log can talk?"
And off he ran again!

* * *

Another day, Mouse Deer wanted to cross the river. He wanted to eat tasty fruits and roots and shoots on the other side. But he didn't want Crocodile to eat him first!

Mouse Deer had an idea. He called out, "Crocodile!"

Crocodile rose from the water. "Hello, Mouse Deer. Have you come to be my breakfast?"

"Not today, Crocodile. I have orders from the King. He wants me to count all the crocodiles."

"The King!" said Crocodile. "Tell us what to do."

"You must line up from this side of the river to the other side."

Crocodile got all his friends and family. They lined up across the river.

Mouse Deer jumped onto Crocodile's back. "One."

He jumped onto the next crocodile. "Two."

And the next. "Three."

Mouse Deer kept jumping till he jumped off on the other side of the river.

"How many are there?" called Crocodile.

"Just enough!" said Mouse Deer. "And all silly!"

**I'm quick and smart as I can be.
Try and try**

but you can't catch me!

Then he went off singing his song.

Story No. 4

The Boy Who Drew Cats A Tale from Japan

Once there was a boy who loved to draw. His name was Joji. Joji grew up on a farm. He did nothing for hours but draw in the dirt with a stick. And what Joji drew was just one thing.....Cats!!!Cats, cats, and more cats. Small cats, big cats, thin cats, fat cats. Cats, cats, cats, cats, cats.

"Joji's father was very sad as Joji was not interested in farming. The farmer brought Joji to the priest at the village temple. The priest said, "I will gladly teach him." From then on, Joji lived at the temple. The priest gave him lessons in reading and writing. Joji had his own box of writing tools, with a brush, an ink stick and a stone.

