

Nguzu Nguzu English

Pupil's Book 4



Standard 6

First Edition 2005

Published in 2005 by the
Curriculum Development Centre

P.O. Box G27
Honiara
Solomon Islands



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ISBN 978-982-371-106-5

The development of this Pupil's Book was funded by the Solomon Islands Government, with assistance from the New Zealand Agency for International Development, the European Union and the U.K. Department for International Development.

Printing and production was completed with assistance from the New Zealand Agency for International Development.

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A Note to the Pupils

This book has been written to help you use the many skills you have developed in English throughout Standard 6.

The activities this term are presented in a different way. Instead of units and daily activities, there are three creative writing projects for you to explore and enjoy as follows:

1. **Enjoying Poetry**

In which you will learn to read and understand poems and write some of your own.

2. **School Magazine or Year Book**

In which you plan and develop a school magazine.

3. **Drama**

In which you explore plays, role plays and drama games to develop your speaking, listening and acting skills.

The purpose is to help you use and develop all the skills you have learnt in English including reading, writing, speaking and listening, in enjoyable and creative ways.

It is hoped that by taking part in these activities you will become more confident with speaking English, and that you will enjoy reading and writing for pleasure.

These activities will also prepare you for moving on to the secondary English curriculum.

The authors hope that you will enjoy these activities and Term 4.

Acknowledgements

The Ministry of Education would like to thank the following people whose work has led to the development of the Standard 6 Nguzu Nguzu English programme.

Curriculum Development Centre Team

Franco Rodi, Director CDC

Jacob Zikuli, PEDP Curriculum Officer

Linda Puia, PEDP Curriculum Officer

David Sokaika, PEDP Curriculum Officer

Ellen Wairiu, PEDP Curriculum Officer

Lionel Damola, PEDP Curriculum Officer

Alison Blaylock, PEDP Project Adviser

Ewa Czernuszcwicz, Consultant Adviser

Illustrators

Jackson Onahikeni, PEDP Graphic Artist

Willson Abana McKabbees

Laura Linda Keyaumi

Brad Pugeve

Funding Agencies

New Zealand Agency for International Development (NZAID)

European Union (EU)

UK Department for International Development (DFID)

Important Note

This Pupil's Book belongs to the school. You must not take it home unless your teacher tells you to and it must always be returned to school.

Nguzu Nguzu English

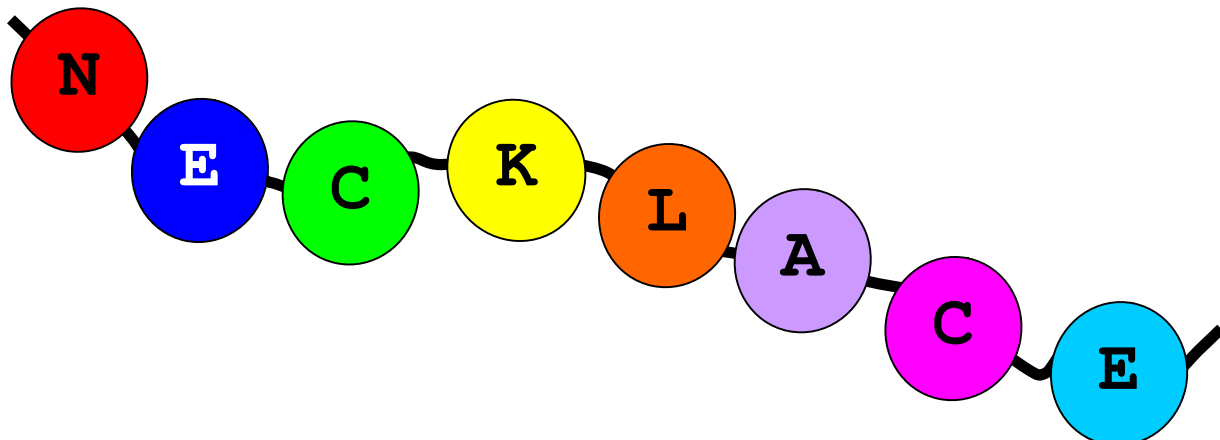
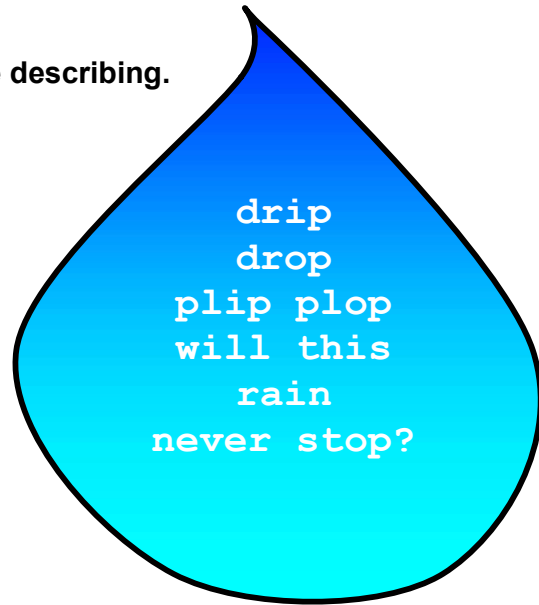
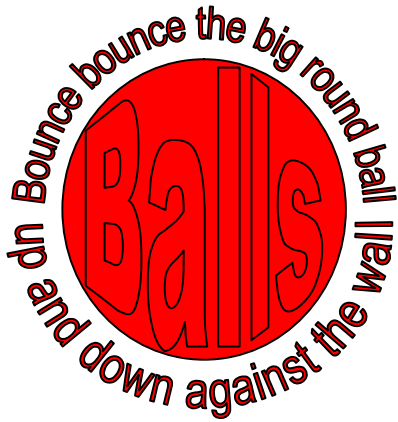
Standard 6

Pupil's Book 4

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Lesson 3: Shape Poems

Shape poems look like the thing they are describing.



Write your Own Shape Poem

You can write about anything you like.

There are some titles suggested in the box on the right but you can think of your own title too.

Your poem may be only one or two words, it might be longer, but don't make it too long.

Remember to make the words fit into the shape of the poem. Make the words part of the picture, and make the picture part of the meaning of the poem.

If you have crayons or coloured pens you can use these to make your poem look more interesting.

My Favourite Tree

Snail

Starfish

The Moon

Cloudy Days

Bananas

Fish

Mountains

Fire

Snakes

Raindrops

Here are some more, simple shape poems for you to enjoy.

I love to climb to the top of the hill and run back down again



Moonlight tickles
everything that it touches
with a silver feather

Lesson 4: Acrostic Poems

Kathrine

Kind,
Attractive,
Thoughtful,
Helpful,
Respectable,
Imaginative,
Neat,
Exceptional.



Flowers

Fresh and
Lovely,
Opening gently,
Watch the petals slowly spread.
Everywhere around the garden
Roses, daisies, giant
Sunflowers, yellow orange, pink and red.



Rubbish

Rotting vegetables,
Unwashed taiyo tins,
Broken beer bottles,
Biscuit wrappers,
Ice lolly packets,
Shoes with holes and
Heaps of plastic bags!
....what a load of **rubbish!**

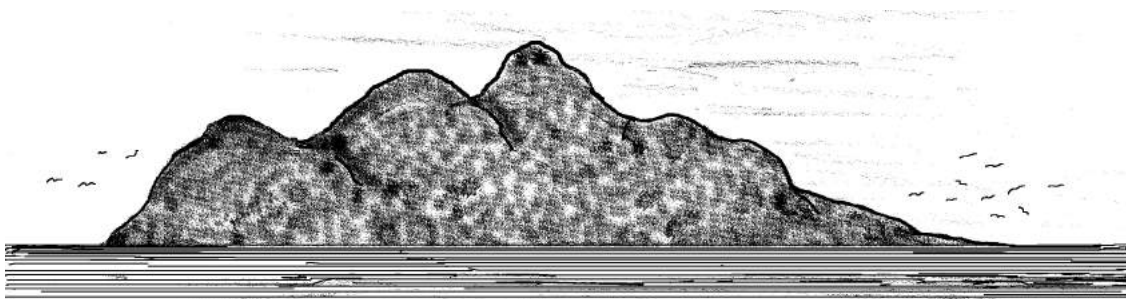


Green

Great tall trees sway in the breeze
Rustling grass shivers as I pass
Early morning, the colour of the ocean,
Everywhere, islands rising from the deep.
Never have I seen so much green.

Savo

Silently waiting.
Active, but asleep
Volcanic, explosive
Over the water, I watch you and wait.



Write Your Own Acrostic

Write your best friend's name down the side of the page with one letter on each line. Next think of some adjectives, phrases or sentences to describe your friend and write these on each line starting with each letter of his or her name. If you prefer you could write about your mother, brother or sister.

You will need to think up some really interesting adjectives to use in your poem. One for each letter of the alphabet has been included in the box on the right to help you, but try to think of your own adjectives too.

We couldn't think of any beginning with X! Can you?

When you have finished your acrostic, write it out on a piece of card to make a book mark. Decorate the book mark with colours and patterns and give it to your friend as a present.



A	active
B	beautiful
C	clever
D	delightful
E	exceptional
F	funny
G	gentle
H	happy
I	irresistible
J	joyful
K	kind
L	loveable
M	mild
N	nice
O	obliging
P	polite
Q	quiet
R	reliable
S	sensitive
T	thoughtful
U	unselfish
V	valuable
W	witty
X	
Y	young
Z	zany

ACROSTICS

by Alison Blaylock

Anybody

Can write acrostics.

Really they're quite simple,

Once you've got the idea.

Start at the beginning,

Think of a new idea for each line

Include some interesting adjectives and

Carry on until you've finished

See? It's easy isn't it?

Lesson 5: Copy Cat Poems

Read these copycat nursery rhymes with your partner. Do you know the original rhymes that they are based on?

See if you can work out which parts have been changed.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
He didn't get bruised and
he didn't get bumped,
'cos Humpty Dumpty bungee jumped!

Mary had a little fly
She kept it as a pet
She took it into school with her
To learn the alphabet.

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
If you see a crocodile,
Don't forget to scream!

Row, row, row your boat
Gently on the tide,
If you see a sea monster
Don't forget to hide.



Row, row, row your boat
gently on the sea,
If you see a hammer head
He'll have you for his tea.

Row, row, row your boat
Gently up the river,
If the weather gets too cold,
Don't forget to shiver.

Pussy cat, pussy cat where have you been?
I've been under the sea in a submarine.
Pussy cat, pussy cat what did you see?
A wobbly jelly fish looking at me.



Pussy cat, pussy cat where have you been?
I've been up in the sky in an aeroplane.
Pussy cat, pussy cat what did you see?
An eagle, a hornbill and a bumble bee.

Pussy cat, pussy cat where have you been?
I've been off to the moon in a rocket machine.
Pussy cat, pussy cat what did you see?
An alien creature, laughing at me.



Now write your own copy cat nursery rhyme

Here are some first lines to start you off, or you can choose your own beginning if you prefer.

Mary had a little snake.....

Twinkle Twinkle little frog

Humpty Dumpty sat on a pin

Remember, your poem does not have to make sense, but you should try to follow the rhythm and the rhyme pattern of the original nursery rhyme. You could use the rhyming words bank below to help you.

Rhyming Word Bank

pink stink think	joke poke awoke	kiss hiss miss	laugh half giraffe	eat treat meat	jump thump lump
mother brother cover	silly Billy hilly	daughter water slaughter	face chase space	ugly snugly smugly	disgusting busting trusting
dance chance prance	pretty city witty	ate bait great	faster master plaster	stop hop chop	wait late mate
school pool fool	might night write	pet sweat get	money funny honey	mice nice twice	wish fish dish

When you have finished, try your rhymes out on some younger children, such as pupils from the Prep Class or Standard 1. Your younger brothers and sisters might enjoy them too. See if they enjoy them better than the originals!

Lesson 6: Looking for Meaning

A Mother's Parrots Advice to her Children (Page 12)

If you enjoyed this poem you might like to try writing one of your own following the same idea and the same pattern.

Use the same line beginnings as in A. K. Nyabongo's poem, but change the ending of each line. You can follow the framework below to set out your poem.

You can try to make the end of each line rhyme if you want to, but you do not have to.

Before you start think of your title which will tell who is giving advice to whom. Here are some suggestions:

**My Mother's
Advice to Me**

**A Mother Snake's
Advice to her Babies**

**A father's Advice to
his Eldest Son**

Now copy the framework below and use it to construct your poem.

Title: _____'s Advice to _____

Verse 1: Never _____
Or _____
And a _____
Will _____

Verse 2: Never _____
For perhaps _____
And never _____
Or _____

Verse 3: Never _____

For this is the pride of the _____ family
That it _____

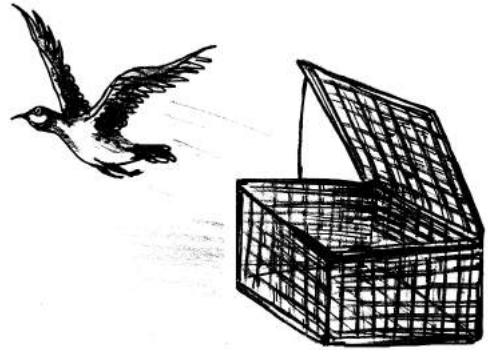
Verse 4: Never _____
But _____
And if you've been good as a _____ should
You will dream that _____

The Baby Bird

This poem is a very emotional poem, which can make the reader both happy and sad at the same time.

1. Why do you think the poet cried when she let the bird go?
2. Go through the poem one verse at a time and write one sentence to say how you think the poet feels in each of the verses.

For example, in the first verse she might feel **sorry** for the bird, and **excited** that she has found a new pet. In the second verse she might feel **confused** because her mum says that the bird is wild, not a pet.



3. Think about how the poem makes you feel. Write a few sentences about how you felt when you read it.

If you enjoyed reading this poem, you might also like the poem by Richard Edwards on page 18 of the reader called **Open all the Cages**.

This poem is also written by somebody who thinks that birds should not be kept in cages, but should be allowed to fly free.

What do you think?

Is it wrong to keep a bird in a cage or on a wire?

You Write a Poem

You might like to try writing a poem about your opinions, or a poem with a message.

You could also try writing a poem as if you are the bird. Think about it from the bird's point of view. Imagine how it would feel to be kept in a cage, then imagine how it would feel to be set free. This idea could make a very good poem.

Lesson 7: Writing Sense Poems

Read the sense poems below. Notice how they are each constructed with five lines, where one line refers to each of the five senses.

These poems contain lots of examples of similes, where something is compared to something else, to help the poet describe it better. See if you can pick out the similes as you read through.

Ice Cream

My eyes take in the creamy, white mountain,
As cold as the snow on a far away peak.
The sweetness reaches my nose before the cone reaches my hand.
The taste is of heaven!
And nobody hears as it silently slips down my throat.



The Wind

Look, though you can't see it,
Feel it tearing through your hair,
Smell the smoke it carries with it,
Hear it howling round the house and
Taste the raindrops of the storm it ushers in.



A Butterfly Passes

Her wings are vivid blue and green
Her touch as light as air.
Her gentle whisper, as she passes close beside you ear,
Speaks of the taste of nectar, from flowers she has sucked,
And their perfume lingers on her wings, of vivid blue and green.

Now set your imagination to work and write your own sense poem following these easy steps:

1. Choose your topic. There are some ideas in the box on the right but you can write about anything you like.
2. Write down the five senses as headings in your book.

A Mango
A Swim in the Sea
Your Favourite Food
Sunshine
A New Born Baby
Ice
Popcorn

3. Under each one, think of as many comparisons or similes as you can to describe the smell, taste, appearance, sound and feel of the thing you have chosen.
4. When you can't think of any more, look through your list again and choose your best ideas to put together to make your five line poem.
5. When you have drafted your poem look at it again to see if you can improve it. You might want to add words or ideas to the images you have chosen. Or you might want to put the five senses in a different order to make your poem sound better.
6. Finally, when you are happy with your poem, write out a neat copy in your exercise book, or on paper.

Remember, this poem does not have to rhyme. Concentrate on the description and make it as lively and interesting as possible.

Lesson 8: Pattern Poems

Alphabet Activities

Allan argues angrily while Betty bakes the bread,
 Carol carries cucumbers while David drops down dead.
 Edward's eating boiled eggs, while Francis fries some fish,
 Graham gathers guavas to put in happy Harry's dish.
 Ian, in his island shirt, dances jigs with jolly Jim,
 Karen keeps kumara hot for Lucy, Len and Lynn.
 Maria married Martin in November 'ninety nine.
 Oliver is getting old, and Peter plans to pine.
 Queenie quickly quenched her thirst with Raewyn's rambutan.
 Sally saw a sailing ship take Tara to Taiwan.
 Unice's uncle lazed about under Vincent's vast veranda,
 Winnie watched a waterfall, while Xavier X-rayed poor Amanda.
 Yuko's yams are yellow and his taro's turning blue
 Zoe's had enough of this and so (I guess) have you!

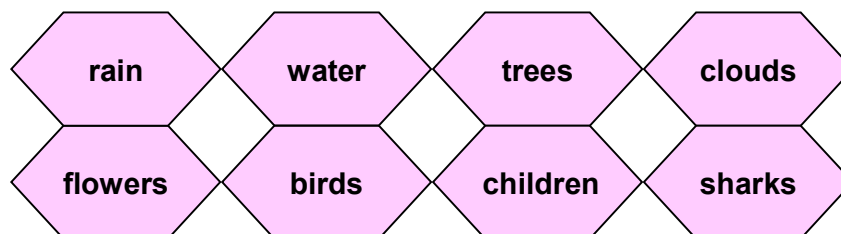
String Poems

A string poem is a descriptive poem, based on a key word, which has a set pattern. It can be easy to write your own poem if you follow a set pattern.

Read the example below and compare it to the pattern on the left. In this poem each line ends with the key word too.

Line 1	The key word written three times.	Fish Fish, Fish, Fish.
Line 2	Describes what the key word looks like.	Silver, gold and purple fish,
Line 3	Describes more about how they look.	Large, small and tiny fish,
Line 4	Description of what they do.	Swimming, gliding, diving fish,
Line 5	Describes something else that they do.	Leaping, twisting, darting fish,
Line 6	The key word again, repeated three times.	Fish, fish, fish.

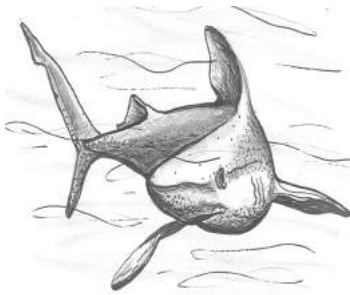
Now try writing your own string poem. Follow the pattern above. You can use one of the titles suggested below, or you can write about anything else that you can think of. Remember to include lots of interesting adjectives and verbs to describe what the thing looks like and what it does.



Here are some more string poems for you to read.

Bees

Bees, bees, bees.
Yellow stripes and black stripes,
Tiny, filmy wings.
Buzzing, humming, hovering,
Flitting lightly from flower to flower.
Bees, bees, bees.



Sharks

Sharks, sharks, sharks.
Slender, grey and white sharks,
Toothy, grinning, sly sharks,
Lurking, watching, waiting sharks,
Pouncing, snapping, grabbing sharks.
Sharks, sharks, sharks.

Syllable Poems

Try writing a five-line poem with one syllable in the first line, two syllables in the second line and so on.

Here are some examples for you to read, before you have a go yourself. You can write about anything you like.

Frog

Hopping,
Squatting low,
Ready to jump,
Leaps high in the air.



Drip

Water
Broken tap
Plip plop, drip, drop,
Won't it ever stop?

Crash!

Falling,
Trees are felled,
Rivers silt up,
Forests disappear.

Wait!

He shouts,
But she's gone.
Now he is alone,
Hold his head, and cries.

You can think of other syllable patterns to follow too. Try one with this pattern:

1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1

Lesson 9: More Pattern Poems

If I Was Rich

If I was rich, I would buy my own canoe.
 If I was rich, I would give everybody rides for free.
 If I was rich, I would build a great, big house with twenty-four rooms.
 If I was rich, I would invite all my wantoks to come and stay for as long as they liked.

If I was rich, I wouldn't keep my money in the bank, I'd spend it.
 If I was rich, I wouldn't keep it all for myself either, I'd share.
 If I was rich, I would make sure everyone in the village had a water tank.
 If I was rich, I would have a huge party on my birthday with cake and pork and fish.

If I was Ruler of the World

If I was ruler of the world
 I'd make some changes fast.
 I'd say "The ruler must go first
 His little brother's last!"

If I was ruler of the world
 I'd change a thing or two.
 I'd say "No little sisters can
 Play out in my canoe."

Now try and write a poem of your own about what you would do if only.....

You can choose one of these titles or you can think of one of your own.

If I was the teacher today...

If I was 2 cm tall...

If I was chief...

If I was invisible...

If I found fifty dollars.....

If I was a snake...

If I didn't have to go to school today...

Here is another example for you to read:

If I was the Teacher Today

If I was the teacher today, I would let everyone go out to play at nine o'clock.

If I was the teacher today, I'd cancel maths.

If I was the teacher today, I would give everyone ten out of ten.

If I was the teacher today, I'd put a ban on homework for the rest of the year.

If I was the teacher today, I would swap science for football.

If I was the teacher today, I'd ban writing.

If I was the teacher today, I would send everyone home early.

If I was the teacher today, I'd tell the class to take tomorrow off.

Wish Poems

What do you wish for? These poems are about different things that people wish for. Read and enjoy them, then try to write your own wish poem.

I Wish.....

I wish I was good at maths.

I wish I understood fractions.

I wish I didn't always come bottom in my maths test.

I wish I hadn't cheated in the exam!



Best Wishes to my Family

I wish my little sister would turn into a frog.

I wish my mum would whip her instead of me sometimes.

I wish my uncle hadn't seen me when I was talking to my girlfriend last week.

I wish he hadn't told my dad!

I wish I hadn't called my big brother 'Pig face'.

I wish my cousin, Harry, would explode.

I wish my granny was still alive.

I wish my family were more like me!

Opposite Poems

Thinking about opposites is a good way to add more ideas to our poetry.

Each of the poems on this page uses opposites to develop the ideas in the poem.

My Friend

I am happy to see you, but I am sad when you leave.

I am happy when I make you laugh, but I am sad when I see you cry.

I am happy when you talk to me, but I am sad when you will not tell me your secrets.

I am happy when we sit in the tree and story for hours and hours.

But I am sad when you spill my secrets all over the school.



Why do I Always Laugh at the Wrong Things?

I laughed when my uncle fell over the cat,

(I should have said "Are you OK?")

I laughed when the teacher dropped her pile of books,

(I should have helped her pick them all up.)

I laughed when my friend told me his dog had died,

(I should have said "I'm terribly sorry.")

I laughed when my dad crashed his canoe into the mangroves,

(I definitely shouldn't have done that!)

Weather! I Love it and I Hate it!

I love the rain when it beats on my house, drumming a furious tune,

But I hate the rain when it soaks me through, when I'm on my way to school.

I love the sun when it warms my face and scares off the morning gloom,

But I hate the sun when it roasts my head, in the heat of the afternoon.

I love the wind when it tickles the trees, rustling and hustling and whistling,

But I hate the furious wind of a cyclone, bringing fear, disaster, destruction.

Why not try to write an opposites poem of your own?

Here are some ideas to start you off:

Food I love, Food I hate

I love sausages, but I hate cabbage
I love pudding, but I hate smashed taro
I love

Boring and Exciting

As boring as a maths lesson,
As exciting as a football match.
As boring as a book with no pictures,
As exciting as

Hello/Goodbye

Hello holidays - goodbye school
Hello lollies - goodbye teeth
Hello homework - goodbye football
Hello ...

Never and Always

Never make faces at your grandmother,
Always wash your dishes after meals,
Never leave your shoes out in the pouring rain,
Always wash your uniform after school.
Never....



**You could try to write a rhyming opposite's poem too:
Here's the first verse, see how many more silly and sensible
things you can think of.**

Silly and Sensible

It is silly to dance with the dog on your head,
It's sensible to always say "please."
It is silly to eat green tomatoes in bed,
It's sensible not to catch fleas.

It is silly to swim near the crocodile's home,
It's sensible to always wear shoes.
It's silly to.....

Diamantes

Children
happy, cheerful
running, jumping, playing
toys, ball, tools, money
working, talking, hurrying
busy, angry
Adults

Rain
wet, heavy
dripping, falling, teeming
storm, thunder, rays, sun
shining, warming, smiling,
bright, hot
Sunshine

Light
sunny, bright
gleaming, shining, waking
sunrise morning, evening sunset
darkening, closing, shrinking
heavy, gloomy
Darkness

Sea
wavy, salty
moving, rolling, swelling
boats, fish, cars, houses
gardening, living, working
solid, firm
Land

Dog
waggy, wild
sleeping, leaping, lolloping
puppy, tongue, whisker, claw
stalking, hunting, purring
careful, sly
Cat

Now
try writing your
own diamante poem.
Use the pattern of the examples
above to plan your writing. Here are some
opposites you might like to try.
Or you could think of
your own title for
your poem.

Night

Day

Sunse

Sunri

Joy

Sorro

War

Peace

Childr

Teache

Food

Water

Work

Play

Lesson 10: Looking for Meaning: Me and My Family

My Grandpa (Page 56)

Look again at this poem by Ian Souter in the reader on page 56. Read the poem through silently and then answer the following questions. You could write your answers down, or you could just discuss them with your partner.

1. Look at the following lines from the poem. Find each one in the poem and read that part of the poem again. Think about the poet's meaning and then write down what you think it means in your own words.

'stories that electrify my brain'

'his crinkled paper bag of a face'

'led about all day by his walking stick'

'as round shouldered as a question mark'

'his memories simmer warmly'

2. Read the poem again and write down some of the things the poet's grandpa does to make other people laugh.
3. Why do you think the last part of the poem is "best of all" Why do you think the poet finds it so pleasing that his Grandpa tells his dad to sit down and behave?
4. Do you like this poem? Write a few sentences to explain your answer.

If you know an old person who is very special, you might like to try writing a poem about them. Use some of Ian Souter's ideas to help you get started.

If you enjoyed this poem you might like to read another poem about a grandparent.

Grannie, by Vernon Scannell on page 55 describes how a man remembers his grandmother from when he was small as a very large woman who was always there ready to comfort and protect him.

Years later, when he sees her again, he is shocked to see how small she seems.

Why do you think this is?

The Picture (Page 57)

This poem is about a photograph of someone who has died.

Is there anyone in your own family who you have never met because they died before you were born? What do you know about them? How do you know what you know? Have you seen photos or have you heard other people talking about them?

You could try to write a poem about someone who has died, or write a poem about an old person in your family who is still alive.

Photos are a good way to remember people who have died. So are poems!

Lesson 11: Looking for Meaning: The World Around Us

In this lesson you will be reading lots of different poems. As you read think carefully about the meaning of each one. In the box below there are some suggestions of things you could do to help you understand the poems better and talk about them.

Choose some of these activities to try as you read new poems too.

Creative ways to respond to a poem

- Make up and perform a dance to describe what happens in the poem.
- Think up a new title for a poem.
- Draw a picture to show what the poem means to you.
- Identify your favourite bit of the poem and explain why you like it.
- Write a letter to the poet to explain why you liked the poem.
- Learn the poem off by heart so that you can recite it.
- Close your eyes and listen while the teacher or your friend reads the poem. Concentrate on imagining the scene it describes.
- In one sentence, write down what you think the main message of the poem is.

The Colours of Destruction (Page 71)

Read this poem by Rachel Britton again. You will find it on page 71 of the reader.

Here are some questions to help you think more about the poem and understand it better. You can discuss these with your partner or write the answers down if you prefer.

Think and talk about how the poem is presented

1. Why do you think the poet uses different colours to write each verse of the poem. Does this make it more meaningful? How?
2. Look at the poem as a whole. What does it remind you of when you look at the colours?

Think and talk about the ideas in the poem

1. What things in the poem make the poet angry?
What things make her sad?
2. What do you think the poet wants to say to the reader in this poem?

Think and talk about how the poem makes you feel

1. Does it make you feel sad and angry too? Why?
2. Which do you think is the saddest line in the poem?
3. Does it also make you feel guilty? Why?

The Sensible Seed (Page 75)

If you like this poem you could try learning it off by heart.

Work with a partner to learn the poem line by line, practice saying it over and over again until you know all of the words.

You could recite it together taking turns to say two lines each.

It would also be effective to act out this poem as you recite it. Try working in a group of three. One person can be the narrator one the shoot and the other the root. The root and the shoot must do the actions as described in the poem while the narrator says the words.

Start by curling up in a tiny ball on the floor as the narrator says the first verse. You could be the root, your partner could be the shoot.

Act out the growth of the seed, and then the death of the seed at the end of the poem. Try to make your movements and actions make the poem more meaningful.

Think about your facial expressions too. When the seed first starts to grow, the shoot and the root might look hopeful and optimistic, but towards the end of the poem they will probably start to cough and choke, before they fall back to the floor and die.



Miracles (Page 80)

If you enjoyed Walt Whitman's poem about miracles you might like to discuss it again with your partner or do some writing about the poem. Here are some questions you could use to help you think more deeply about the poem.

1. What is a miracle?
2. Can you give an example of a miracle? Why do you think it is a miracle?
3. After reading the poem, would you change the way that you define a miracle?
4. Some people say that only God can perform miracles. Do you agree? Why?

Now try to write your own poem about the miracles of every day life.

There are other poems you could read in the reader to help you with some ideas.

Why? by Robert Fisher on page 83, and **I Wonder Why** by Jeannie Kirby, on page 84. Both look at things that the poets do not understand about the world and ask why they are as they are.

If Walt Whitman was to answer the questions in these poems, he would probably explain these things as miracles. Would you agree?

Lesson 12: Free Verse

Can you find
any rhyming
words in the
poem?

Listen to the rhythm
of the poem as it is
read aloud. Does it
remind you of
anything?

What is the
person in the
poem doing?

What is the
mood of the
poem?

How does the
poem make
you feel?

Song of the Street

Steinn Steinarr

In brick grey emptiness
under the moon's sickle
I walk.
No life,
No sound,
Not a withering leaf,
Not a flickering straw.
Nothing
but I
in brick grey emptiness
under the moon's sickle
And nothing exists but me.



Write your own poem in free verse.

Write about something that you see or experience in the world around you.

Remember we write the best poems when we write about things we know about.

Choose from the following three different types of poem.

1. A Descriptive Poem

If you decide to write a descriptive poem, you will need to concentrate on interesting adjectives and on comparisons and similes to make your poem come alive.

Choose a title which will be easy to describe. Think of some good similes for the thing you have chosen to describe. The most important thing in your poem will be the **language** you use.

There are some suggested titles on the right.

My Island

Sunlight

Forests

Full Moon

Cyclone

Possum

Reef Life

Turtle

2. A Recount Poem

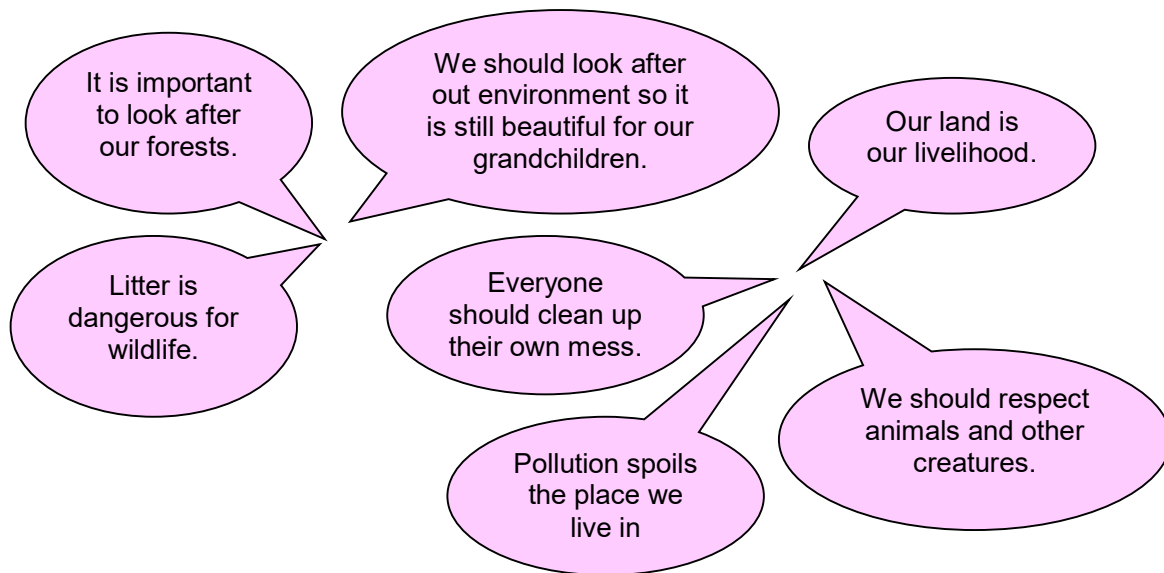
A recount poem tells about something that happened to you. If you choose to write this type of poem, you will focus on the sequence of events, and concentrate on selecting the most important events. Try to make your poem show something important that you learned from what happened.

The most important thing in your poem will be **how you interpret the events** that took place, what you learn from them.

3. A Poem with a Message for the Reader

If you decide to write this kind of poem, focus first on your ideas and opinions. First decide what the message of the poem is going to be and then think about how you are going to present it. This type of poem is a form of exposition.

The most important thing in this poem will be the **message** to the reader. Some ideas for this are suggested below. You could have your own ideas too.



Work with a partner to discuss your ideas for a poem first and then use the guidelines below to plan, draft and edit your poem.

When you have finished your first draft show it to your partner and discuss together how it can be improved. Read it again carefully yourself to see if you can change anything to make it sound better.

Publish the final draft in your neatest handwriting. Illustrate or decorate it in a way that suits the content of the poem.

These poems would be good to publish in the school magazine or yearbook.

Guidelines for Writing Free Verse

1. Decide which type of poem you are going to write.
2. Decide on your topic or subject. Decide on the main idea of your poem.
What do you want your poem to say?
3. Write down as many ideas as you can think of for your poem on a blank piece of paper. Write these in any order and do not try to connect them at this stage.
4. Look at your ideas. Pick out the best ones and arrange them in order to make the first draft of your poem.

Make sure that the poem flows in a logical or meaningful way and that your main idea is clear.

Check that the poem has a strong beginning and a strong ending which makes your main idea stand out.
5. Show your draft to your partner and discuss how it can be improved. You might try any of the following:
 - Add some more descriptive words, choose interesting adjectives and adverbs.
 - Make the language more lively by choosing different verbs, replace ordinary verbs with more interesting ones.
 - Try repeating some words or phrases for emphasis.
 - Change the order of your ideas to make the poem flow better.
 - Look at the length of each line. Can it be changed to add meaning to the poem or create a rhythm that supports your meaning?
 - Study the punctuation. Is it all in the right place to make your poem meaningful?
 - Ask your partner whether the main idea comes across strongly. If not, think of how you can strengthen it.
6. When you have improved your poem as much as you can, write out a final draft and illustrate it.

Lesson 13: Poetic Tools: Rhythm and Rhyme

Limericks

Stuck Up a Tree!

A girl called Jemima McFunky,
Climbed up a tree, like a monkey,
She felt such a clown,
'Cause she couldn't get down,
Now she's been there since 1903!



The Old Man from Ealing

There was an old man from Ealing,
Who went by train to Darjeeling.
It said on the door,
"Don't spit on the floor"
So he carefully spat on the ceiling.

The Young Lady from Niger

There was a young lady from Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

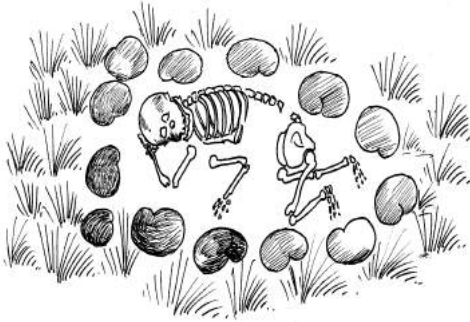
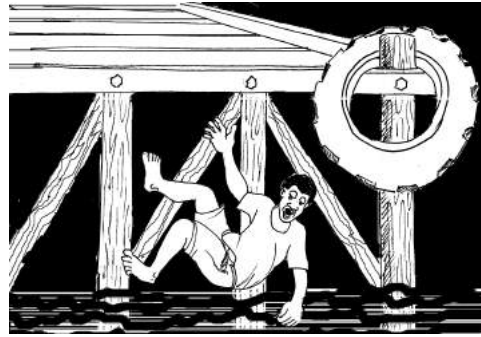


The Sea Monster

A sea monster spotted a tanker,
Bit a hole in the side and he sank her!
He swallowed the crew
In a minute or two,
And then picked his teeth with the anchor.

The Clumsy Young Fellow Called Tim

A clumsy young fellow called Tim,
Had forgotten to learn how to swim.
He fell of the dock,
and sank like a rock,
And that was the end of him!



A Horrible Death

A foolish young boy known as Clyde,
Ate some green mangos and died.
The mangos fermented
Inside the lamented
And made kwaso inside his insides.

Sometimes, Even Parents Win

A girl from Malaita called Rosta
Complained that her parents both bossed her.
She left home in the rain.
Did her parents complain?
Not at all, they were glad to have lost her.



Rat Stew

There was a young boy from Malu'u
Who found a dead rat in his stew.
His mum said "don't shout
And wave it about,
Or your dad will be wanting one too!"

Write your own Limerick

Try following the simple rhyming pattern to write your own, funny limerick.

Remember that it doesn't have to make sense, but it should rhyme.

Here are some suggestions for how you might start:

Write a limerick about yourself. Start like this...

There once was a young girl called Mary (Add your own name here)

Whose dog was all smelly and hairy,

When he....

Write a limerick about someone from your village, island, town or province. Start like this...

There was an old man from Ranadi (add your own place name here)

Who ate nothing but sugar and candy

His teeth ...

Here are some other first lines that you could try using. The box on the right has some rhyming words that might be helpful too:

A man in a bright yellow hat...

A girl from Makira called Sally...

A boy called John from Rendova...

There was a young girl from Ngella...

There once was a man from Malaita...

hat	cat	mat
sat	that	flat
fat	splat	rat

Sally	alley
valley	tally

Rendova	over
clover	rover

Ngella	sailor
bailer	trailer
tailor	whaler
jailer	paler

Malaita	brighter
writer	tighter
fighter	lighter

Lesson 14: Poetic Tools: Alliteration and Onomatopoeia

When a poet uses the same sound several times in the same line of a poem, we call this alliteration. Repeating sounds makes a poem sound more interesting, especially when you read it aloud.

Below are the titles of poems in your poetry reader.

Look up each poem and read it again. See if you can pick out one or more examples of alliteration from the poem. Rewrite the lines in your book and underline the alliterative sounds.

1. **Hurt No Living Thing** by Christina Rossetti. (Page 79)
2. **Pebbles** by John Kitching. (Page 74)
3. **Snake** by Ian Mudie. (Page 85)
4. **Lighting a Fire** by X.J. Kennedy (Page 27)

Write your own Alliterative Poem

Read the poem **Rules Rules Rules!** on page 30 of the reader.

Try to write a copy-cat poem. Your poem should be eight lines long and should follow the same format as this one. Two verses each with four lines, and each starting with the word **Don't...**

Choose a different letter sound for each new line of your poem and try to think of as many words beginning with that letter as you can. Think up some silly rules. It doesn't have to make much sense, but try to make it sound funny.

Here's another verse to help you get started:

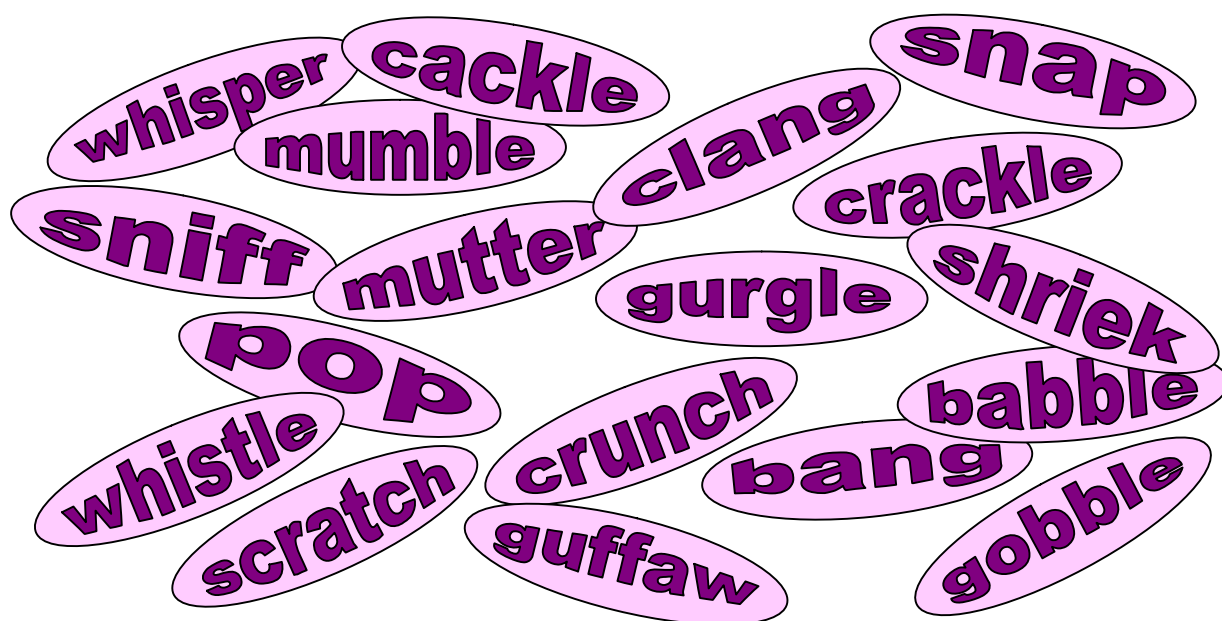
**Don't get grubby in grandma's garden,
Don't stand still on the steep stairs,
Don't let little Laura lie on the ladder,
And don't take too much time to tie your hair.**

Onomatopoeia

Choose one of the poems that you have been reading with your teacher and practice reading it aloud so that you can present it at your class poetry evening.

As you practice think of how the meaning of the words and the sound of the words go together. Pronounce the words carefully so that they sound like the noise or action they are describing.

Choose a blank page in your exercise book and make a collection of English words that make the same sound as their meaning. Here are some to start you off:



Choose the word that you think is best from the above examples to describe the following sounds:

1. The sound of water going down the drain.
2. The sound of a balloon bursting.
3. The sound of somebody biting a green guava.
4. The sound of lots of people talking all at once.
5. The sound of a Twisties packet.
6. The sound of a dead branch falling off a tree.

Look at some of the other words and see if you can think of things they sound like.

Make up Your Own Words

Have a go at making up some words of your own to describe the sound made by each of the following activities. Think hard about the sounds and try to make your words sound like the sound.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. A raging fire. | 6. A football boot making contact with the ball. |
| 2. Sausages cooking in a pan. | 7. A paw paw falling from a tree. |
| 3. A glass breaking when it falls on concrete. | 8. A generator. |
| 4. Someone eating Twisties. | 9. The keys of a typewriter. |
| 5. Cats fighting. | 10. The sound of a canoe paddle. |

Lesson 16: Looking for Meaning: Making Peace

War
Lois Rock

Here is the quarrel
you wouldn't end;
Here is the hate,
That wounds a friend;
Here is anger
Here is spite
Here are the bullets,
That flew all night;
Here are sharp words,
Here are knives;
Here, the remains
Of shattered lives.

Anger
Jean Kenward

I was horrid, I was bad.
Nobody guessed the thoughts I had.
Nobody heard the word I said,
Stiff and furious in bed.
Hatred boiled under my skin,
Why did I ever let it in?
Come the morning, it had gone.
Clean I was, as a salt-licked stone.
Forgiveness touched me like a sea,
And washed the anger out of me.

Read the poems above and answer these questions. You can discuss them with a partner, or write your answers down.

1. Have you ever heard people say 'Peace Begins With Me'? What do you think this means? Explain it in your own words.
2. Do you think it is true?
3. If it is true that peace begins with me, is it also true that **war begins with me**?
4. Use some of the ideas from the poems to explain your answers.

You could try using one of the sayings below as the first line of a poem of your own about peace.

Let there be peace on Earth
and let it begin with me

Choose Peace...

Justice is a great big pot
And we are all its ladle.

Lesson 17: Writing from the Heart

Write a poem in free verse about peace.

Discuss some of the ideas given below with your partner or group and decide what you would like to write about.

Remember that your poem is your own opinion about the topic you choose. Choose something that is important to you so that you will have plenty of ideas to include in your poem.

Follow the process laid out on the right to draft and develop your poem. Discuss it with your partner and try to improve it in as many ways as you can before publishing your final draft.

Write about the ethnic tension in Solomon Islands from 1998 – 2001.

You could write your thoughts about what caused it or about how it affected individuals.

You could write about how it affected the country.

You could write about your own experiences during the ethnic tension.

You could write about your ideas for how the country can move on from the ethnic tension.

You could write about how it makes you feel when you think about your country, at war.

Write about other wars you know about from history.

You could write about the Second World War, and how it affected Solomon Islands.

You could write about the war in Iraq or the war between the Israelis and the Palestinians.

Write about the Causes of War.

You could write about:

Anger and bitterness;

What happens when people will not forgive each other;

Injustice;

Jealousy;

Arguments and disputes that are never resolved.

Write about your ideas for how peace is made.

You could write about what individuals can do to make peace.

You could write about how you try to solve arguments yourself.

You could write about a famous person who has played an important part in making peace.

Write about how conflict makes you feel.

You could write about a time you argued with someone you care about and how it made you feel.

You could write about how it feels to forgive people.

Discuss

Plan

Draft

Discuss

Redraft

Publish

School Magazine or Year Book Project

Task 2 Pupil Profiles

Activity 1

Read Winnie's profile. Notice how many interesting details Winnie has included about her life.



Hi there!

My name is Winnie, My real name is Winston so some of my friends nickname me Churchill after an old Prime Minister of England called Winston Churchill. I'm twelve years old and my teacher is Mrs Tahu. (She's very nice.) My birthday is on the 5th November.

My favourite subjects at school are maths, art and science. After school, I usually spend time practicing netball with my best friends, Katie and Michelle.

I am the eldest in my family. I have 2 small brothers and a baby

sister. I usually help my brothers to have their baths and I always feed my baby sister.

I was born in Honiara. My mum told me that I was born on a very rainy night. My parents both work in Honiara but every Christmas, we go to our beautiful home on Santa Catalina.

When I go home, I collect shells with the girls from my village. Everyday, I go with my grandmother to her garden. My grandmother is very old. I love her very much. She teaches me a lot of things that I cannot learn in school such as weaving baskets, learning custom songs and dances.

My hobbies are reading and listening to music. I like pop music and I want to be a singer one day. I like reading ghost stories. Sometimes I feel a little scared when I read them at night, but it's fun! That is all I can tell you about myself. Bye for now.

A Good Profile

Here are some things that make Winnie's profile a good one:

- There is a lot of interesting information.
- The layout of her portrait with her information looks attractive.

- There is a good arrangement of paragraphs so her profile flows well.
- There is a good description of what she does and what she likes.
- There is a border around her work, to make it stand out.

Activity 2


While editing, you need to do the following:

- Check that your writing makes sense.
- Make your profile more interesting by changing words to more interesting ones.
- Make your profile more interesting by adding more descriptive words.
- Make your profile more interesting by writing in more information.
- Check your sentences for correct grammar and punctuation.
- Take out sentences that repeat what has already been written.
- Check for spelling mistakes.

Activity 3

If your class is publishing one big class magazine, profiles should be pasted neatly on to chart paper provided. These will be the pages of your magazine. Look at the example below for ideas on how to set them out.

Standard 6 Pupil Profiles



Hi there!

My name is Winnie, My real name is Winston so some of my friends nickname me Churchill after an old Prime Minister of England called Winston Churchill. I'm twelve years old and my teacher is Mrs Tahu (she's very nice). My birthday is on the 5th November.


My favourite subjects at school are maths, art and science. After school, I usually spend the time practicing netball with my best friends, Katie and Michelle.

I am the eldest in my family. I have 2 small brothers and a baby sister. I usually help my brother to have their baths and feed my baby sister.

I was born in Honiara. My mum told me that I was born on a very rainy night. My parents both work in Honiara but every Christmas, we go to our beautiful home, Santa Catalina.

When I go home, I go picking shells with the girls from my village. Everyday, I go with my grandmother to her garden. My grandmother is very old but I love her very much. There are lots of things that I cannot learn in school such as weaving baskets, learning custom songs.

My hobbies are reading and listening to music. I like pop music and I want to be a singer one day. I like reading ghost stories. Sometimes I feel a little scared when I read them at night. But it's fun! That is all I can tell you about myself, bye for now.



Hi, my name is Monica. I am in class 6 and will turn 13 years old on the 23rd of December. I have been at this school since prep class so I have been here for 13 years now. Our class teacher is Mrs Tahu and she is a really cool teacher. I especially like our science lessons because Mrs Tahu gets us to do things like catching butterflies and watching birds while they build their nests. My favorite subjects are art and English.

I love playing with my next door neighbours. They are Erin and Edward. We usually play marbles or hide and seek. Erin is not very good at marbles but she always wins when we have a race. I have a brother and sister who are older than me.

My hobbies are singing, dancing, swimming and playing with my friends. On rainy days, Erin, Edward and I often sing and dance to music. Sometimes we just sit and talk about school and what we would like to do when we grow up.

I'm very excited because I will be going with my family to our home in Malaita. I have not seen my grandparents for 5 years. I hope they will recognize me when I go home. I hope to see all my cousins. Our village is near a river and everyday we go swimming. I can't wait to go home! I hope you have enjoyed reading my profile. Have a nice holiday.

3

School Magazine

Task 3 O
Activity 1

Here is an article by Darcy Jones. He writes about what he would like to change at his school. Read through it carefully and think about whether you agree or disagree with him.

No More Homework

by Darcy Jones

I think that the school should not give out homework to pupils. Everyday I have homework to do and I do not think it is a good thing. I would like the school to change this so that pupils do not have to do extra work after working hard at school.

When I have homework, I do not have enough time to do whatever I want to do with my friends. I think that I should have some free time to do what I feel like doing after school.

There are times when I take homework home and find that I need more information which I cannot find at home. There are times when I need to get more information from the library, my teacher or my class mates. At times like this, I usually do not complete my homework and my teacher gets cross with me. If I do try to do it then I do it wrongly.

I always understand what my teacher explains to me in class. I always complete my work in class and I get most of it right. So I don't see why I need to do this extra work at home.

Sometimes, it is very hard to do my homework at home because I have a sister and a brother. They always fight and disturb me when I am working. Sometimes visitors come to our house and they sit and talk loudly and laugh with my family. I find it hard to concentrate on my work when it is noisy.

I strongly feel that our school should not give out homework because sometimes, we need a break from school work and do whatever we want to do.

I also feel home is not the right place do school work because there are too many disturbances. School work should only be done at school.

Jokes Page

A young man said to his girlfriend's father, "I've come to ask for your daughter's hand," he said. "What nonsense is this?" the father shouted. "Either you take all of her, or just forget it!"

by Fiona Tara

Mr. Monster: I'm hungry.

Mrs. Monster: I've just put dinner in the oven.

Mr. Monster: Oh good. Who is it?

by Sam Kili

Question: What goes through a door but doesn't go in or out of the room?

Answer: A key though a keyhole!

by Loyd Meke

Wife: Husband, are you awake?

I think there is a thief in our living room.

Husband: No, I'm asleep.

by Jane Moli

Two invisible ghosts met on the road one night.

Ghost 1: Nice not to see you again

Ghost 2: Nice not to see you again too.

by Dennis Pali

Question: What kind of ant is good at maths?

Answer: An accountant

by James

Question: How did the football pitch end up as a triangle?

Answer: Somebody took a corner.

by Simeon Nelson

A three-year old boy told his dad that he helped his mum bake a cake. "So what did you do to help mum," dad asked. "I licked the bowl after mum poured out the cake mix," the little boy proudly answered.

by Fred Bara

Question: Which goal keeper can jump higher than a crossbar?

Answer: All of them, a crossbar can't jump.

by Elizabeth

Mele

Patient: Doctor, Doctor I've lost my memory.

Doctor: When did this happen?

Patient: When did what happen?

by

Rachel Aru

Patient: Doctor, Doctor I've broken my arm

in two places.

Doctor: Well don't go back there again.

by

What is the unluckiest kind of cat to have?

Answer: A catastrophe

by

Moli Wu

What did the cat say when he lost all his money?

by Arnold Wasi

Answer: I'm paw.

Activity 2

Read these riddles and see if you can work out the answers. The answers are given at the bottom of the page.

Riddles Page

1. Why do dogs howl up to a full moon?

by Lyon Pugeva

2. Which plants grow with their leaves beneath the surface?

by Janine Tema

3. The more you use it the shorter it becomes.

by Ron Bule

4. Which animal is not a bird but can fly like a bird?

by Tessa Marie

**5. Two legs sat upon three legs
With one leg in a bag;
In comes four legs
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Picks up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.**

6. Why is six afraid of seven?

by Nina Meke

8. What is the largest living ant in the world?

by Salome Wong

7. She is a queen but does not wear a crown.

Who is she?

by Marlon Fera

9. What is it?
The one who makes it sells it.
The one who buys it doesn't use it.
The one who's using it doesn't know he's using it.
What is it?

by Solomon Tara

10. What do you call a man in a pile of leaves?

by Ali Bee

11. A horse is tied to a 15 metre rope and there is a bucket full of his food 25 metres away from him. The horse is able to eat his food. How is this possible?

by Martha Pali

12. What do you call a horse that comes out at night?

by Carl Solo

13. What can go up a drain pipe down, but cannot go down a drainpipe up?

by John Panapio

Answers

1. Because they can't howl down to a full moon.
2. Seaweed
3. A pencil or chalk
4. A flying fox
5. 2-legs is a man, 1-leg is a leg of meat, 3-legs is a stool, 4-legs is a dog
6. Because seven eight nine

7. A queen bee
8. An elephant
9. a coffin
10. Russell (rustle)
11. The rope isn't tied up to anything at the other end. The horse is free to go where he wants to.
12. A nightmare.
13. An umbrella

Task 6 Recipes and Procedures**Activity 1****Witch Pudding**Ingredients

3 kg of cement-mix
2 litres of shark's blood
4 kg chicken feather
2 rotten pawpaws

Method

1. Put the cement-mix in an old drum.
2. Pour the shark's blood in with the cement-mix and stir well.
3. Pour the mixture of cement-mix and shark's blood on to an old copra bag.
4. Chop up the chicken feathers into tiny pieces.
5. Cut up the rotten pawpaw into cubes.
6. Mix the feather pieces with the rotten pawpaw.
7. Sprinkle the feather and pawpaw on the cement and shark's blood mixture and wrap it up in the old copra bag.
8. Cook in a hot oven for 25 hours.
9. Serve the pudding with chicken feet.

How to Make a Rain Gauge

Materials

a one litre clear plastic bottle

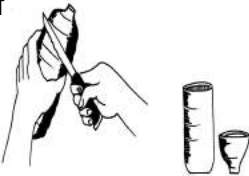
an empty basin

a knife or pair of scissors

What to do

1. Carefully cut off the top of the plastic bottle.

Keep the top to make a funnel.

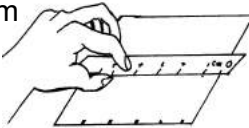


4. Pour some sand into the basin. Make a hole in the middle of the sand in which to stand the plastic bottle.



2. Use a ruler to measure out a 5 cm strip on the paper.

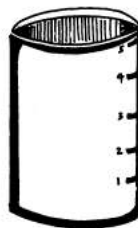
Use the ruler to mark 1 cm and 1 cm lines on the strip.



5. Put the funnel upside down into the plastic bottle. Stand up the bottle in the basin of sand.



3. Cut out the strip and stick it to the outside of the bottle.



6. Find a safe place for your rain gauge, well away from trees and buildings.

Measure the amount of rain that you have collected in your rain gauge every day.



Task 8 Country Profile

Activity 1

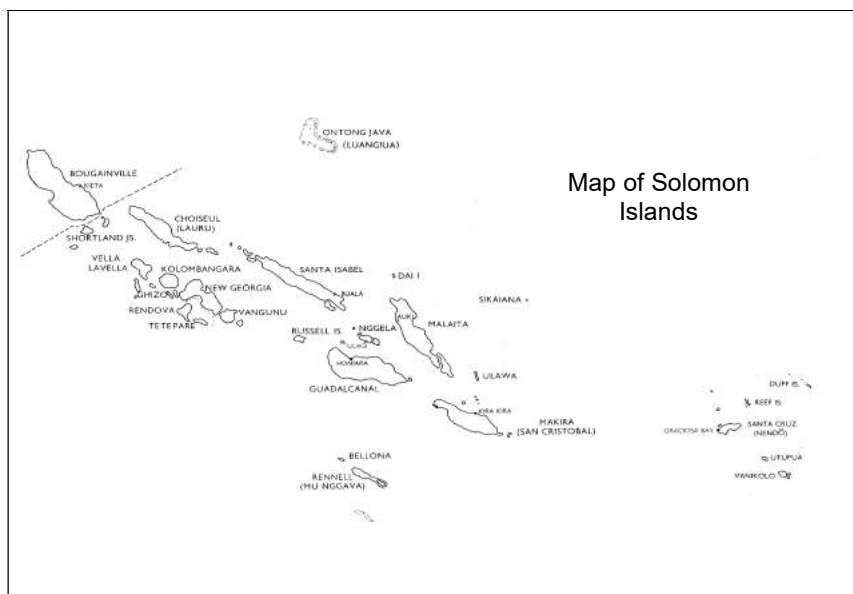
Introduction

Solomon Islands, in the South Pacific, is made up of many islands. It is near Papua New Guinea and Vanuatu. There are 3 races in Solomon Islands. They are Melanesians, Polynesians and Micronesians.

Solomon Islands became a British Protectorate in 1890 and was looked after by the British government. In 1978, it became an independent country.

Geography

Solomon Islands is made up of about 900 islands and atolls. Melanesians live on the big islands, the Polynesians live on the smaller islands and atolls and the Micronesians from Kiribati live on small islands in the Western Province and Choiseul Province. In the early 1950's Kiribati migrants were brought to the Solomon Islands because of over-population in the small country of Kiribati.



Climate

Solomon Islands is a tropical country, not far from the equator. The climate in the Solomons is hot, humid and wet. There are two seasons – the dry season and the wet season. The wet season is from November to March. This is also the cyclone season. The rest of the year is dry.

Special Features

- Solomon Islands is famous for some of the fiercest fighting during World War II.
- The largest freshwater lake in the South Pacific is Lake Tegano on Rennell Island.
- The largest double barrier lagoon in the world is Marovo Lagoon in Western Province.
- The East Rennell World Heritage site is in Solomon Islands.

Task 10 School Profile

Activity 1

Class:	Standard 2 Blue
Name of Teacher:	Mrs. Tevala
Number of Children:	24 pupils
Boys:	16
Girls:	8

Look at the information about Standard 2 Blue. Here are some ideas for more things you could find out about the class.

1. Find out all the pupils' birthdays and display them as a bar graph.
2. Draw the lay-out of their classroom as a bird's eye view map or draw an accurate plan by taking measurements and drawing it to scale.
3. Work on a **Favourites Survey** of food or animals. Present this as a bar graph, a pictograph or a column graph after gathering the data using a tally.
4. Interview Mrs. Tevala. Write a profile about her.

Activity 2

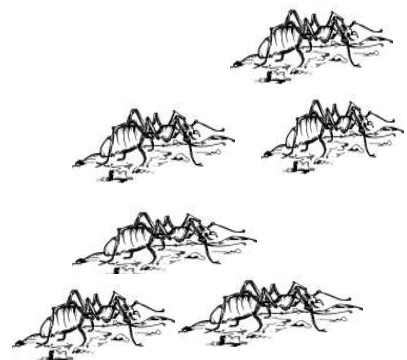
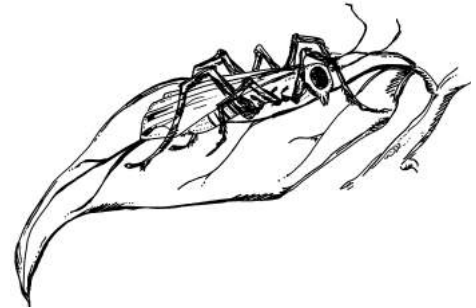
Here are some suggestions for your group to use when you are working with another class to collect information.

1. When you have been allocated a class to work with, go and see the class teacher and explain that you would like permission to come into the class to conduct a survey as part of your work for your magazine.
2. If you get permission, decide with your group what you are going to find out. Remember to consider the age of the pupils you will be working with. The survey you do with Class 2 might be very different to the one you do with Class 5.
3. Prepare everything you need before your session in the class. Have all questionnaires and tables ready to fill in.
4. Decide what role each member of the group will have.
5. Go back to the teacher who you are going to work with and tell them that you are ready and what you are going to do.
6. Ask them for a convenient time to come and collect the data.
7. Make sure you are there on time and that you are well prepared.
8. After the data collection look at what you have found out with your group and decide on the best way to present your findings.

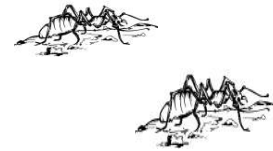
Drama Project

The Grasshopper and the Ants

Cast:	Narrator 10 Solo Readers Small group of Ants Grasshopper Chorus of 'All'
Reader 1:	There once was a grasshopper
Reader 2:	Who was in a party mood
Reader 3:	She sang away the summer days
Readers 1 2 & 3:	And ate up all her food!
Grasshopper:	Oh, yes I did it, yes I did I ate up all my food!
All:	Hey grasshopper Girl! Hate to burst your bubble. There's a moral to this tale You're heading straight for trouble!
Narrator:	When winter came she realised She'd made a big mistake. She hadn't saved a thing to eat And how her tummy ached.
Grasshopper:	I haven't saved a thing to eat And now my tummy aches!
All:	Hey grasshopper Girl! Hate to burst your bubble. There's a moral to this tale You're heading straight for trouble!
Reader 4:	The ants who lived next door to her
Reader 5:	Had planned ahead, in fact
Reader 6:	Had worked throughout the summer heat
Reader 4, 5 & 6:	To store up food out back.
Group of Ants:	Did you ever, did you ever Meet a group of ants so clever?



All: Hey grasshopper Girl!
Hate to burst your bubble.
There's a moral to this tale
You're heading straight for trouble!



Narrator: And when our dear grasshopper
Came begging for some bread
The ants just shook their heads and said,

Group of Ants: "You're going to end up dead!!"

All: Hey grasshopper Girl!
Hate to burst your bubble.
There's a moral to this tale
You're heading straight for trouble!



Grasshopper: O.K., O.K., I've heard enough!
So what's the moral? Tell me please!

Reader 7: I bet the moral's full of DON'TS!



Reader 8: Don't sing away the summer?

Reader 9: Don't party 'til you're fed?

Reader 10: Don't waste your days just having fun?



Reader 7, 8, 9 & 10: Don't lounge around in bed?

All: No!

Narrator: The moral of this story is:

All: It's smart to plan ahead!



Choral speaking version by Lois Walker

This choral speaking version of **The Grasshopper and the Ants** includes a variety of speakers and speaking or reciting experiences. As in most choral speaking, chorus speakers speak together or in unison. To make the reading more interesting you could try some of these ideas below:

- solo speakers speak special lines;
- all boys and/or all girls speak in unison together;
- special quartets (groups of four pupils) speak in unison together;
- character speakers (grasshopper and ants) speak character lines.

The Grasshopper and the Ants

Choral speaking version by Lois Walker

1. **Chorus:** There once was a grasshopper
2. **Solo Speaker 1:** Who was in a party mood.
3. **Chorus:** She sang away the summer days
4. **Solo Speaker 2:** and ate up all her food!
5. **Grasshopper:** Yo-hoo, that's me! It's true, it's true.
I ate up all my food!
6. **Chorus:** Hey grasshopper girl!
Hate to burst your bubble.
There's a moral to this tale
You're heading straight for trouble!
7. **Girl's Chorus:** When winter came she realised
She'd made a big mistake.
She hadn't saved a thing to eat
And how her tummy ached!
8. **Grasshopper:** I haven't saved a thing to eat
And now my tummy aches!
9. **Chorus:** Hey grasshopper girl!
Hate to burst your bubble
There's a moral to this tale
You're heading straight for trouble!
10. **Boy's Chorus:** The ants who lived next door to her
Had planned ahead, in fact
Had worked throughout the summer heat
To store up food out back.
11. **Ant quartet:** Did you ever, did you ever
Meet a group of ants so clever?
12. **Chorus:** Hey grasshopper girl!
Hate to burst your bubble.
There's a moral to this tale
You're headed straight for trouble!
13. **Girl's quartet:** And when our dear grasshopper
Came begging for some bread.
14. **Boy's quartet:** The ants just shook their heads and said,



1 Drama

15. **Ant quartet:** "You're going to end up dead!!"
16. **Chorus:** Hey grasshopper girl!
Hate to burst your bubble.
There's a moral to this tale
You're headed straight for trouble!
17. **Grasshopper:** O.K., O.K., I've heard enough!
So what's the moral? Tell me please!
18. **Solo speaker 2:** I bet the moral's full of don'ts!
19. **Solo speaker 3:** Don't sing away the summer?
20. **Solo speaker 4:** Don't party 'til you're fed?
21. **Solo speaker 5:** Don't waste your days just having fun?
22. **Solo speaker 6:** Don't lounge around in bed?
23. **Chorus:** No!
24. **Solo speaker 7:** The moral of this story is:
25. **Chorus:** It's smart to plan ahead!



The Crazy Critters

Lois Walker

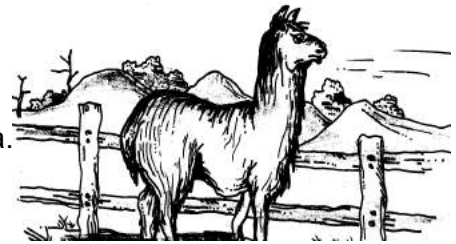
Cast List

Narrator

5 Readers

Chorus (All)

Narrator: Late last Monday it happened, you see,
Reader 1: A funny old man
Reader 2: Shuffled up to me.
Reader 3: He pointed his finger
Reader 4: And scratched his head.
Reader 5: Then this is what the old man said,
All: Ex-Cue-Ooooo Me!
Narrator: Is that your mama with the thick woolly hair,
Looks like a camel but her back is bare?
She's lost her hump!
And I'll tell you, too, that crazy critter looks a lot
All: Like you!
Narrator: As you can well imagine, I was
Reader 5: Surprised!
Narrator: I began to feel thick woolly hair
Sprouting on my body everywhere.
"No, no!" I cried. "That's not my mama.
That crazy critter is just a
All: Llama."



Narrator: Late last Tuesday it happened, you see,
Reader 1: A funny old man
Reader 2: Shuffled up to me.
Reader 3: He pointed his finger
Reader 4: And scratched his head.
Reader 5: Then this is what the old man said,
All: Ex-Cue-Ooooo Me!
Narrator: Is that your papa with the black hairy knees

And short bowed legs,
Swinging through the trees?
He's up to monkey business.
And I'll tell you, too,
That crazy critter looks a lot ...

All:

Like you!

Narrator:

As you can well imagine, I was

Reader 4:

Amazed!

Narrator:

I looked right down, for I wanted to know,
And my short little legs were beginning to bow.
"No, no!" I cried, "It's plain to see.
That crazy critter is a

All:

Chimpanzee."



Narrator:

Late last Wednesday, it happened, you see,

Reader 1:

A funny old man

Reader 2:

Shuffled up to me.

Reader 3:

He pointed his finger

Reader 4:

And scratched his head.

Reader 5:

Then this is what the old man said,

All:

Ex-Cue-Ooooo Me!

Narrator:

Is that your brother with his nose held high,
Spotted feet on the ground, head in the sky?
He's got a long neck!
And I'll tell you, too,
That crazy critter looks a lot ...

All:

Like you!

Narrator:

As you can well imagine, I was

Reader 2:

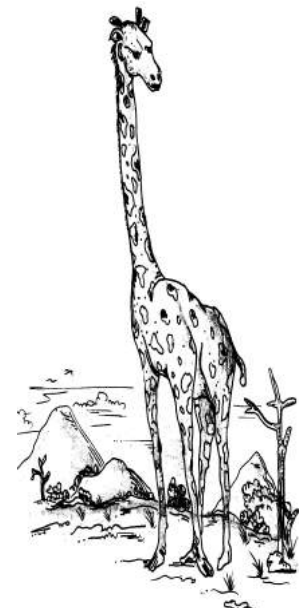
Dumbfounded.

Narrator:

I felt my neck and what do you know?
The whole darn thing was beginning to grow!
"No, no!" I cried, and I tried to laugh.
"That crazy critter is a tall

All:

Giraffe."



Narrator:

Late last Thursday it happened, you see,

Reader 1:

A funny old man

Reader 2: Shuffled up to me.
Reader 3: He pointed his finger
Reader 4: And scratched his head.
Reader 5: Then this is what the old man said,
All: Ex-Cue-Oooooz Me!
Narrator: Is that your sister with the built-in pouch,
Hopping on her hind legs, acting like a grouch?
She's got a little joey.
And I'll tell you, too,
That crazy critter looks a lot ...

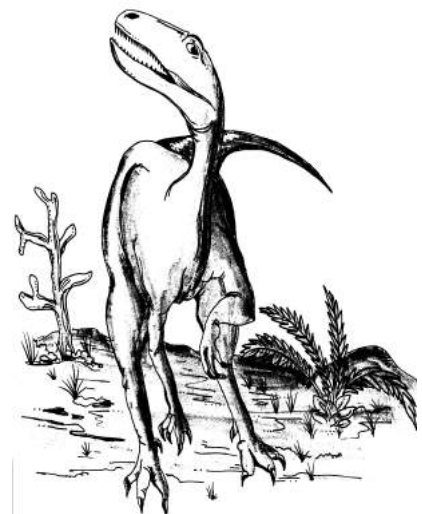
All: Like you!
Narrator: As you can well imagine, I was
Reader 3: Bewildered.

Narrator: I didn't have a sister who acted like a grouch.
But for some strange reason, I did have a pouch.
"No, no!" I cried, "I know what's true.
That crazy critter is a
All: Kangaroo."



Narrator: Late last Friday it happened, you see,
Reader 1: A funny old man
Reader 2: Shuffled up to me.
Reader 3: He pointed his finger
Reader 4: And scratched his head.
Reader 5: Then this is what the old man said,
All: Ex-Cue-Oooooz Me!
Narrator: Is that your uncle with the powerful jaws,
Giant lizard body, and sharp clutching claws?
He's a grand old fossil.
And I'll tell you, too,
That crazy critter looks a lot ...

All: Like you!
Narrator: As you can well imagine, I was
Reader 1: Astonished.
Narrator: My lizard lips began to pout.
My lizard tongue flashed in and out.
"No, no!" I cried. "Please say no more.
That crazy critter is a



All: Dinosaur.”

Narrator: Late this morning I woke in bed,
Thoughts of critters in my head.
Ran to the mirror and what did I see?

Reader 1: No hair from a llama.

Reader 2: No legs from a chimpanzee.

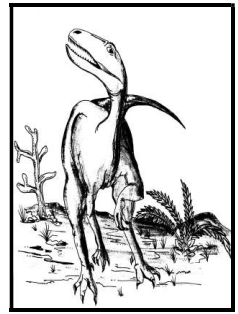
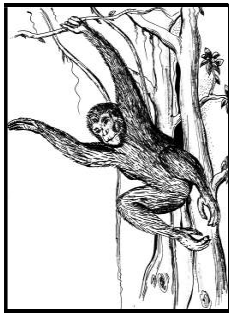
Reader 3: No neck from a giraffe.

Reader 4: No pouch from a kangaroo.

Reader 5: No lips from a dinosaur.

Narrator: I just saw me! And I made myself a promise,
Which I plan to keep:

All: No more eating before I go to sleep!

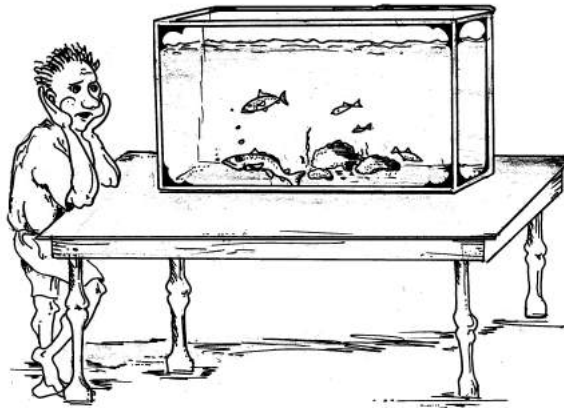


The Fish Tank

Lee Karvonen

Cast in order of appearance

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Father
Mother
Brother
Matthew
Sister



Narrator 1: Matthew lived in a noisy house.

Narrator 2: His father always shouted when he spoke to anyone.

Father: "A noisy house is a busy house!"

Narrator 1: His mother always seemed to be nagging him loudly.

Mother: "Matthew! Have you cleaned up that junk pile you call your room?"

Narrator 2: His brother played his radio so loudly that the wall between their rooms would shake.

Narrator 1: And sometimes his brother would sort of shout along to the music.

Brother: "Ooh, Baby! Ooh, Baby! Ooh, Baby! Ooh!"

Narrator 1: Matthew didn't like all the noise. Often, he retreated to the quiet of his bedroom and spent hours staring at his aquarium. The aquarium stood on a night stand right beside his pillow and was filled with beautiful, multi-coloured tropical fish.

Matthew: "You fish are so lucky. You get to live in a quiet, peaceful world. As long as I feed you, you have no worries at all."

Narrator 1: Sometimes his sister burst into his room.

Sister: "Matthew! Why don't you let those poor fish go?"

Narrator 2: His sister had taken an environmental unit in school and now wanted to free every animal in the world, including the neighbour's dog.

Sister: "Are you as stupid as those poor fish or are you going to answer me?"

Matthew: "They like it in the tank. It's safe for them."

Sister: "How would you like to live in a tank, Matthew?"

Narrator 1: Matthew smiled and thought about that.

Matthew: "I think I'd like it. It would be so peaceful and quiet."

Sister: "You're impossible!"

Narrator 2: Matthew's sister slammed the door as hard as she could.

Narrator 1: Downstairs Matthew's parents were becoming tired of all the shouting, door slamming, and music blaring, so they shouted too.

Father: "That'll be enough of that kind of noise! How about a bit of busy noise?"

Mother: "Matthew! Have you cleaned your room yet?"

Narrator 2: Matthew's brother opened his bedroom door called out,

Brother: "No, mum! He's too busy watching his little fishies!"

Narrator 1: Matthew opened his bedroom door too, but he didn't speak, he just listened.

Father: "I don't know what's wrong with the boy! He just does not have any ambition!"

Mother: "Please, George, lower your voice. He'll hear you!"

Father: "Oh, no, he won't! He'll be too busy staring at those fish to hear a word we say. Why can't he be like a normal boy and play football or go swimming? Now that's normal!"

Mother: "I know, George, but we can't force him."

Father: "Maybe we can! Maybe, without his precious fish, we'd get a little cooperation out of him!"

Narrator 2: Upstairs Matthew felt a chill run through his body. He ran across the room and hugged the tank, pressing his cheek against the cool glass.

Father: "No! Please, no! Not my fish!"

Narrator 1: Matthew gazed at his beautiful fish, gliding carefree among the rocks, shells, and reeds in the tank.

Matthew: "You fish are so lucky! I wish I could be just like you. No worries. No family. Just peace and quiet, always."

Narrator 2: Matthew hugged the tank even harder and just watched his fish. An hour passed,

Narrator 1: and Matthew finally began to relax. Gradually he drifted off to sleep.

Narrator 2: Downstairs the rest of the family were sitting together, telling stories and jokes and enjoying the evening.

Narrator 1: Suddenly, outside, the sky split open with a giant fork of lightning.

Narrator 2: The lights flickered and then the house seemed to tremble with the following explosion of thunder.

Sister: "This storm is going to ruin our evening I'm going to bed!"

Brother: "Scared of a little thunder, aren't you? Going to hide?"

Father: "That'll be enough of that! I think it's time we all went to bed!"

Mother: "Yes, remember, school tomorrow."

Brother/Sister: "Mum! Don't remind us!"

Narrator 1: The house was soon dark, except for the glow from the tank light.

Matthew slept deeply, through the noise of the storm.



Narrator 2: Suddenly lightning flared in the room and Matthew woke with a start.

Narrator 1: He looked at his reflection in the side of the tank and could not believe his eyes.

Narrator 1: His wish had been granted. He had been transformed. He was a fish!

Matthew: "I'm a fish! Wow! I'm really a fish! This is fantastic!"

Narrator 1: Happily, Matthew dove deep into the fish tank, heading toward the large cowrie shells he'd placed there. Then he turned like a dolphin, exploring every corner of his watery paradise at full speed.

Narrator 2: And for the next while, Matthew had the time of his life, diving, swirling, and racing past the other fish in his fish tank.

Narrator 1: Suddenly, Matthew felt his stomach growl. A flash of lightning revealed his bedside clock. It was time to feed his fish.

Matthew: "Wait a minute! How can I feed the fish? I am a fish!"

Narrator 2: Matthew was the only person in the family who ever fed the fish. He was in trouble.

Narrator 1: As the night crept on and the storm slowly ebbed, Matthew began to have second thoughts about being a fish.

Matthew: "I could starve to death! My fish and I are in trouble!"

Narrator 2: Soon morning arrived. Mother was in the kitchen and breakfast was almost ready.

Mother: "George! Children! Come and get it!"

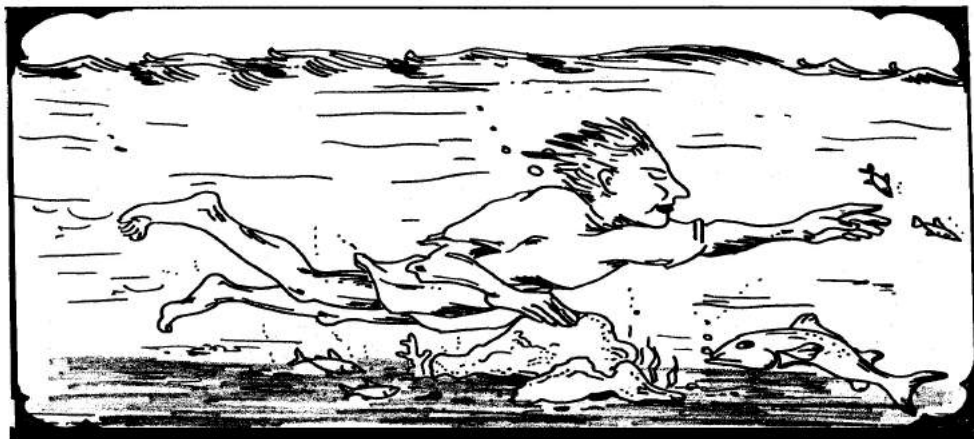
Father: "You don't have to call me twice! I could eat a horse!"

Sister: "Dad! That's awful! We shouldn't eat animals!"

Brother: "Are we having horse for breakfast? I was hoping for a little fried fish!"

Mother: "That's not funny! Now call your brother. The bread and tea is ready."

- Narrator 1:** Matthew's brother went to the door and yelled up to Matthew.
- Brother:** "Hey, fish lips! Breakfast!"
- Narrator 2:** There was no answer.
- Narrator 1:** Matthew's mother went to his room.
- Narrator 1:** She saw the empty bed. A frown spread across her face.
- Mother:** "Matthew? Matthew, where are you? Matthew!"
- Narrator 1:** Now she was worried. She looked under his bed. She rushed outside.
- Mother:** "Matthew? Please answer me! Matthew?"
- Narrator 2:** Everybody ran to Matthew's room. They all looked worried. Matthew watched, not really able to believe that his family was so concerned.
- Matthew:** "I didn't think they cared if I was around or not. They all seemed to hate me and everything I did."
- Narrator 1:** Matthew wished he could tell them where he was, that he was all right.
- Narrator 2:** Then his father suddenly left the room.
- Narrator 1:** He was back in a few minutes, his head hanging.
- Father:** "I phoned the police and the hospital. No one answering Matthew's description is there."
- Narrator 2:** He slumped onto the bed, his head in his hands.
- Sister:** "Mum? Do you think Matthew ran away?"
- Mother:** "He'll be back. I know he'll be back."
- Father:** "Maybe it was me! Maybe I drove him away! I was awfully hard on him!"
- Narrator 1:** Matthew swirled around the tank, trying to get their attention, but They didn't look toward the tank. Even if they had, none of them would have known the silvery fish pressed to the glass was Matthew.



- Narrator 2:** Finally they left and the day dragged on.
- Narrator 1:** Later that night, Matthew's family lay in their beds, restless and unable to sleep. Each one thought about Matthew.
- Father:** "I know why he ran away. It's all my fault."
- Mother:** "I hope he's warm enough and has something to eat."
- Brother:** "He's not such a bad kid. I wish I hadn't been so mean."
- Sister:** "He really did look after those fish. I guess he really cares about animals too."
- Narrator 2:** Matthew swam faster and faster in the fish tank. He tried to think.
- Matthew:** "How did I get into this mess? How do I get out of it? I don't want to be a fish anymore."
- Narrator 1:** At that moment the sky was again shattered by a fierce electrical storm.
- Narrator 2:** The lightning turned the night into day each time it split the sky.
- Narrator 1:** While lightning ripped the sky, the timpani of thunder rattled the glass and shuddered in the air.
- Narrator 2:** Inside the tank, the fish seemed suspended, awestruck, while the storm raged outside the town.
- Narrator 1:** Matthew blinked, feeling the coolness of the tank against his cheek.
- Narrator 2:** He stretched and yawned, then stared at the tank.
- Narrator 1:** His hands flew to his face, stomach, and legs.
- Narrator 2:** He ran to the window, yanked it open, and filled his lungs with rain-sweetened air. He yelled,
- Matthew:** "I'm back! I'm Matthew! I'm really Matthew!"
- Narrator 1:** His father burst through the door, followed almost immediately by everyone else.



- Narrator 2:** His father grabbed Matthew and squeezed him so hard he nearly cried.
- Narrator 1:** His mother's arms were around his neck a moment later.
- Narrator 2:** Soon he felt the arms of his brother and sister.
- Narrator 1:** Then everybody began to talk at once.
- Brother:** "Where were you?"
- Sister:** "What happened?"
- Mother:** "We were worried sick!"
- Father:** "Matthew, we've been scared to death. Where have you been?"
- Narrator 2:** Matthew knew he could never tell them the truth. They'd never believe it. He wasn't even sure he believed what had happened.
- Father:** "Matthew? Matthew, please tell us what happened?"
- Matthew:** "I ran away. I thought nobody would miss me. I didn't think anyone cared."
- Father:** "Nobody miss you? That's crazy, son. You're a big part of this family."
- Narrator 1:** This was music to Matthew's ears.
- Matthew:** "I'm sorry I got you all so worried. I just didn't think anybody really cared."
- Father:** "I hope you know now that we care for you very much."
- Narrator 2:** Then Matthew and his family sat and talked together for a long, long time.
- Narrator 1:** Finally, mother kissed Matthew's forehead and shepherded the others out of his room.
- Narrator 2:** As the door closed behind them, Matthew walked over to the tank and crouched beside it.
- Matthew:** "Well, guys. Time to eat. Is everybody ready?"
- Narrator 1:** He gently shook an extra portion of food onto the water and dozens of tiny lips broke the surface, scrambling for the very late meal.
- Matthew:** "Eat as much as you can, guys. That's what I'm going to do. I hope Mum has made a cake. And I'm so glad to be home, even though it is a noisy house!"

The Bully

Jeremy Moodey

This script is a mime (a play without words) in which a nasty bully tries to stop a little girl by knocking her off her path on the way to school.

There are three characters, the narrator, a little girl and a big bully.

The narrator reads. The little girl and the big bully mime their parts. Their actions are written in purple.

Narrator

Once, there was a little girl.

Little girl walks on stage, smiling sweetly.

She was a good little girl. She never whined, she always went to bed on time, she never left anything on her plate, she always helped her mother and her father round the house and she never asked "are we there yet" on long journeys. She never asked for any lollies or ice cream at the store. Wasn't she a good little girl? In fact, she was a little angel.

Girl polishes imaginary halo.

Now one day, the little girl was walking to school. All she had with her was a little bottle of water to drink along the way.

Girl starts walking on the spot.

Before she left that morning, her mother told her that all she had to do was just keep looking ahead. That way she would always get to school.

Girl faces the front at all times.

All of a sudden, from round the corner came a nasty big bully.

Bully walks on.

He was much bigger than the little girl,

He poses.

much stronger,

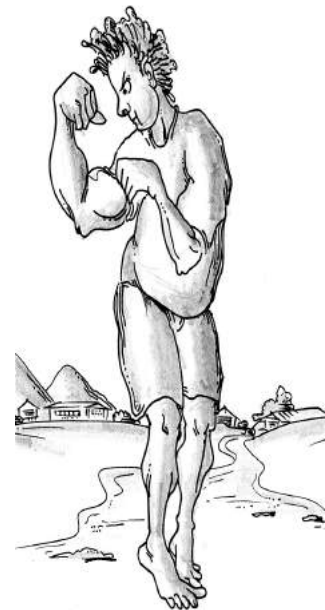
Flexes his muscles.

and also much uglier.

He pulls a face.

Now this bully was so nasty, that his favourite thing was to play horrible tricks on little girls. When he saw this little girl, he thought long and hard about what ghastly, mean trick he could play on her.

Bully begins to think.



Now this bully had to think for a long time, because as well as being very ugly, he was also very stupid. But finally, he had an idea.

Inspiration – perhaps with a ring on a metal pipe or a bell.

He decided that he would make the girl late for school. Wasn't that really nasty thing to do? But how could the bully do it? He had to think long and hard again.

Bully begins to think.

Finally, he had an idea.

Inspiration – plus ring.

He would distract her.

Bully moves in front of little girl and starts pulling funny faces – she ignores him.

But that did not work. So he had to think long and hard again. Bully begins to think. Finally, he had another idea.

Inspiration – plus ring.

He would swerve in front of her.

Bully swerves in front of her several times. On the last time she sticks out a foot and he goes flying.

But that did not work. So he had to think long and hard again.

Bully begins to think.

Finally, he had an idea.

Inspiration – plus ring.

He would block her way.

Bully falls down in front of her – she just walks over him.

But that did not work. So he had to think long and hard again.

Bully begins to think.

Finally, he had an idea.

Inspiration – plus ring.

He would bump into her.

Bully bumps into her four times – on the fourth she moves backwards and he goes flying.

But that did not work. So he had to think long and hard again.

Bully begins to think.

Finally, he had an idea.

Inspiration – plus ring.

He would hold onto her.

Bully holds onto her – she breaks free, sending him flying.

But that did not work. So he had to think long and hard again.

Bully begins to think.

By this time, he had run out of ideas. But finally, it came to him.

Inspiration – plus ring.

He would just pick her up, and go in the opposite direction.

Bully picks her up.

But the little girl, as well as being very good, was also very clever. And she had a nasty surprise for the bully.

She pours the water from her bottle down his shirt – he rushes off stage, soaked.

And with that, the girl turned around and went to school.

And that, my friends, is the end of the story.



A Caterpillar's Voice

A custom story from the Maasai people of East Africa.

Once upon a time a caterpillar crawled inside a hare's house when the hare was away, and set about making himself comfortable. When the hare returned home, he noticed new marks on the ground going into the cave. He called, "Who's in my house?"

The caterpillar boomed out in a loud voice, "It is I! I who crushes rhinos to the earth and tramples elephants into dust!"

The hare hopped about, crying, "What can a small animal like me do with a creature who crushes rhinos and tramples elephants?"



Maasai Women

He soon met a jackal, and asked the jackal to talk to the terrible creature who had taken possession of his home and to ask him to leave. The jackal agreed, and when they reached the place, he barked loudly and said, "Who is in my friend, the hare's, house?"

The caterpillar replied in a voice that rocked the earth, "It is I! Yes, I who crushes rhinos to the earth, and tramples elephants into dust!" On hearing this, the jackal thought, "Certainly I can do nothing against such a creature," and he quickly left.

The hare then fetched a leopard, and he begged the leopard to help him. The leopard assured the hare it would be no trouble at all. On reaching the spot, the leopard bared his claws and growled, "Who is in the house of my friend the hare?" The caterpillar replied in the same manner as he had done before. The leopard was alarmed and thought, "If he crushes rhinos and elephants, I don't even want to think about what he could do to me!"

Next the hare sought out the rhinoceros. "No doubt, I am the most fearsome of beasts," grunted the rhino. The rhino marched to the hare's cave, where he snorted and pawed the ground with his massive feet. But when the rhino asked who was inside and heard the caterpillar's booming reply, he thought, "What, he says he can crush me to the earth?" And the rhino thundered away, crashing through the forest.

Growing frantic, the hare tried the elephant, and asked him to come to his assistance. But like the others, on hearing what the caterpillar had to say, the elephant knew that he had no wish to be trampled underfoot like dust, and stomped off.

In despair by this point, the hare asked a frog passing by if he could possibly make the creature who had frightened all the other animals leave his house. The frog went to the cave door and asked who was inside. He received the same reply as had been given to the others. Then the frog went nearer and shouted, "I, who am the strongest of all, have come at last. I am the one who crushes those who crush the rhinos! I am the one who tramples underfoot those who trample the elephants!"

When the caterpillar inside the hare's cave heard this, he trembled. He sensed the shadow of the frog coming nearer and thought, "After all, I am only a caterpillar!" And the caterpillar inched out of the hare's hut along its edge, trying not to be noticed.

The animals who had collected around the hare's house seized the caterpillar and dragged him out. "What, you?" they all cried in disbelief.

"I would never dream of staying in that hut!" said the caterpillar with his nose in the air. "A place like that is far too common for a refined creature like myself!" As he shuffled away, all the other animals laughed at the trouble he had given them.

A Caterpillar's Voice

Cast in Order of Appearance:

Narrator
Hare
Caterpillar's Voice
Jackal
Leopard
Rhino
Elephant
Frog
Caterpillar



Narrator:

Welcome to "A Caterpillar's Voice". We hope you enjoy today's presentation and we have enjoyed preparing for it. This story comes from the Maasai in East Africa and is a folktale often told near cooking fires after the work of the long day has been done. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you - "A Caterpillar's Voice"...

(Narrator steps out of the way quickly)

[The stage shows a sunny, clearing deep in a forest of trees. A small hut is visible.]

*[A brightly coloured caterpillar appears the edge of the audience, looking very sheepish and sneaky. Looking around the audience, caterpillar darts through the audience and up onto stage. With a fast look around, caterpillar quickly darts into Hare's hut **taking care not to reveal the presence of the other actor in the hut.**]*

[A small, gentle Hare appears at the edge of the audience and skips through the audience, picking up vegetables, which have been left around the auditorium. The vegetables lead up to the stage and the Hare's home.]

Hare:

Oh look! (Drops basket of vegetables and throws hands to face. Looks out to audience with a look of shock on face.) Who has eaten part of my house? Who would have done such a thing? (Hare raises edge of hut wall as if looking at the damage.)

Caterpillar Voice:

(Growls loudly and deeply)

Hare:

(Steps back, puts hands on hips and shouts!) Who is in my house?

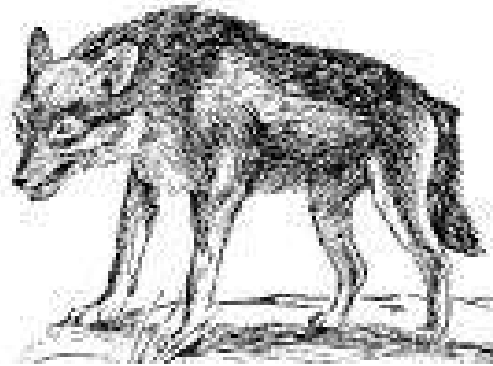
Caterpillar Voice:

It is!! Yes, I who crushes rhinos to the earth and tramples elephants into dust! (Sound as mean and loud as possible. Make the stage shake when you speak these lines.)

Hare:

(Hops up and down, wrings hands, wipes face. Acts very afraid.) What can I do? What can I do? I am such a small animal and what can a small animal do with a creature who crushes rhinos and tramples elephants? I must find help! Who can help me? Who can help me?

[At the edge of the audience, Jackal appears, snarling and growling. He makes his way through the audience and up onto the stage, in a crouching walk, swinging his arms in an imitation of the way a dog might walk and stretch. Once on the stage, Jackal stretches, yawns and turns sideways to face the hare.]



Jackal:

I was having a sleep in the sun, Hare!
What is your problem? (Demanding voice)
You're disturbing half the forest!!

Hare:

OOOOhhhhh, there is a creature inside my house....a terrible creature and I do not know what to do!

Jackal:

(Strides toward the hut and walks around the hut as if looking at an alien from Mars. Act like you have never seen anything like this before in your life.) Well well, little hare...I see you're in trouble.

Caterpillar Voice:

(Hut rocks and shakes. Deep growls are heard from inside.)

Jackal:

(Faces trembling Hare.) We shall see who is inside your home! (Faces hut. Jackal shouts as loudly as he can.) Who is in the home of my new friend the hare?
(Hare cowers and trembles behind the jackal.)

Caterpillar Voice:

It is!! I, who crushes rhinos to the earth and tramples elephants into the dust! You are just a jackal as puny as the hare standing behind you. Get away or I might eat you up!
(Jackal and Hare jump back away from the hut.)

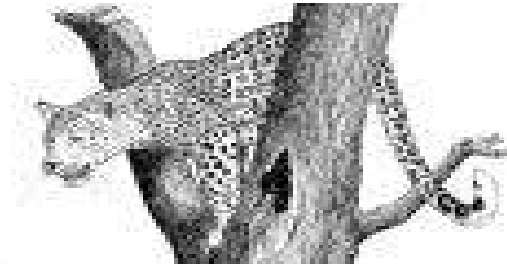
Jackal:

(Faces Hare) Well, OK fur face, you're on your own here. You know what they say, think about moving! Oh yes....keep the noise down! (Jackal slinks off the stage.)

Hare:

(Begins wailing again) OOOOhhhhh, there is a creature inside my house....a terrible creature and I do not know what to do!

*[At the edge of the audience, Leopard appears. Leopard is a "Party animal", very flamboyant and appears upset because she thinks she is missing a party. After all, she is the most lovely animal in the jungle and is quite feared. Why would she not have been invited to **this** party?]*



Leopard:

(Saunters through the audience, complimenting audience members on what they are wearing. Looks to stage, raise a hand and calls out.) Excuse me! Excuse me little Hare! Is this a party? You know, I was not invited, which must have been a mistake.

Hare:

Kind leopard, this is not a party. I am in trouble here! A strange and terrible creature is in my home....

Leopard:

Well, you do have to be careful about who you invite these days.....

Hare:

But I did not invite this creature and now I must get rid of it!

Leopard:

(Clearly disappointed that a party is not happening) Weeeeeeeelllllllll, maybe I could help you. I can be ferocious, you know.

(Hare steps back as Leopard saunters around the hut. Again deep growls are heard and the hut shakes. When Leopard returns to the front of the hut, Hare huddles behind Leopard, gently holding onto Leopard's shoulders and squeezing eyes shut.)

Leopard:

(Whining) Whoever is in the house of my little friend Hare, has a lot of nerve. Who are you anyway?

Caterpillar Voice:

It is I, the meanest creature in the world! Now go away, Leopard, before I crush you!
[Leopard backs away but does not leave.]

[Rhinoceros appears at the edge of the audience. While dialogue continues on the stage, Rhino stomps and snorts his way through the audience and onto the stage.]

Leopard:

Listen, sweetie.....

Caterpillar Voice:

(Roaring) I am not telling you again! Go away!

Leopard:

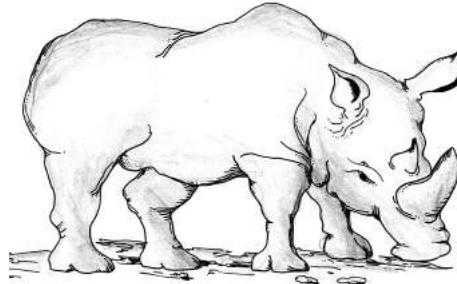
(Jumps back and nearly knocks Hare over. Helps Hare up.) Well, when you get rid of your guest there, you can invite me back for the next party.....Till then.... Bye!

(Leopard skips off through the audience.)

(Rhino leaps toward Hare on stage, further frightening Hare, who cowers behind the hut.)

Rhino:

(In a booming voice) Come now little hare....I have come to save you, not hurt you! Come out from behind that hut! What is the problem? Whatever it is I will solve it for you. I am the champion of all beasts!

**Hare:**

Really? (Peeping from behind hut.) You can save me?

Rhino:

Why, of course. All you need to do is tell me what the problem is! What is it that troubles you? (All of the Rhino's lines are said in a booming voice and he/she stomps around a lot, as if he cannot keep still.)

Caterpillar Voice:

Who is out there, stomping about? (More deep growling and hut shaking.)

Hare:

See? A ferocious animal has invaded my home..... If you could just help me to...

Rhino:

Yes...Yes...I see your problem, little hare. I will simply knock your house over and we shall see what is inside. When the house collapses, whatever is inside will be killed. That is the answer! (Rhino backs up as if to charge the hut.)

Hare:

No! No! No! No! Rhino! You must not destroy my home!

Rhino:

MMMMmmmm, well then,.....(Rhino approaches hut roaring.) Who is in there?

Caterpillar Voice:

It is I, the terrible crusher of rhinos and elephants! Go away before I crush you!

Rhino:

(Say these lines as if the rhino is deep in thought.) Well, I am a rhino and a big one at that. Still only a very ferocious animal would say that. It could be a lion in there and then who would support my family and save the animals of the jungle? Perhaps I have met my match. (Turning to the Hare) I know what we will do, Hare. I'll go and find my friend Elephant. He is bigger than I and no animal of the jungle could stand against both of us!

Hare:

Do youdo you really think Elephant would help? I have known some elephants and ...well...they are not usually....too helpful.....

Rhino:

(Strides with purpose to the edge of the stage and shouts) Elephant! Elephant! Come here at once! A friend is in need of help!

(Elephant strolls slowly to the edge of the audience, raises his great and mighty head and roars.)

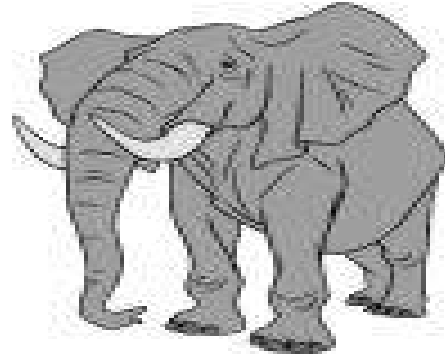
Elephant:

What is it Rhino? Who is in need of help?

Rhino:

(Still at stage edge) A small hare's home has been invaded. We must help him. Come now. There is a terrible animal inside!

[Hare now skips to the stage edge to stand next to Rhino. He watches Elephant intently, clasps his paws together and lifts his head toward the ceiling to pray.]



Elephant:

I suppose I could take a look.... *(Lumbers slowly to stage)*

[Hare, Rhino, and Elephant circle the hut slowly. Deep growls are heard and the hut shakes. The 3 actors join hands and begin to skip around the hut. After a few seconds, they realise they are being silly in a serious situation, abruptly stop and slap at each others hands. They say "I don't know what came over me!" "What was I thinking?"]

Elephant:

(Butts the hut with his trunk)

[Frog appears at the edge of the audience. He uses his hands to snatch imaginary bugs from the air and stuff them into his mouth. He reaches the stage where he stays to the side of Hare, Elephant and Rhino. Throughout the conversations, Frog is very observant, eats a lot of bugs, hops around and blinks his big eyes at the audience.]

Caterpillar Voice:

(A loud, deep growl is heard)

Elephant:

(Turning to Hare, who is huddled behind Rhino) Find a friend to stay with tonight, little hare. When you come back in the morning, this thing may be gone. Best I can do for you. Do you have a place to stay?

Hare:

Well....no....I don't. After all, this is my home. I don't really want to leave.....

(Rhino listens intently to this exchange, but says nothing.)

Elephant:

Do you want to stay at my house?

Hare:

Not really. Can't you help me? Rhino said you would.

Elephant:

I have helped!! I offer you a place to stay for the night, which is more than anyone else has offered. Most problems go away if you ignore them long enough you know. Besides, Rhino wants to be a superhero. I don't! (Elephant leaves.)

Rhino:

Well, I must go too, Hare. I have a family to support you know. A whole bunch of little rhinos at home. I can't take risks like his. Go find somewhere else to live.....at least for now. (Rhino follows Elephant off stage and out of view.)

Hare:

(Truly desperate now, Hare collapses in tears to the floor.) Will no one help me?

Frog:

You've got a real problem there haven't you?

Hare:

(Stands facing audience) Who said that? (Said in a demanding voice) Who said that?

Frog:

(Jumps in front of hare toward audience.) I said it. You've got a big problem, huh?

Hare:

I know that. What kind of animal are you anyway?

Frog:

The name's Frog. What're you going to do?

Hare:

(Wringing hands, lowered head, dragging feet)

Well, maybe they're right. I should find a different place to live.

Frog:

(Hops toward hut. Roars in a surprisingly deep voice) Who is inside Hare's home?

Caterpillar Voice:

Who are you?

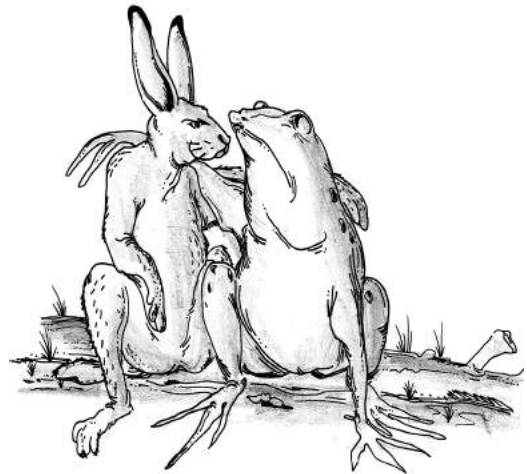
Frog:

(Puffs his chest and shouts) I, who am the strongest of all, have to come throw you out, you bully! I am the one who crushes those who crush rhinos. I am the one who tramples underfoot those who trample elephants!

Caterpillar:

Good gracious, I'd better get out of here! (This is said by Caterpillar; not Caterpillar Voice, so the voice coming from the hut is high, thin and squeaky. Caterpillar crawls out of the hut and tries to inch away, but Frog and Hare grab his/her feet. When all are standing, Caterpillar turns to Hare and says) What a dump!! I wouldn't stay in there if you paid me. You've got to smarten this place up! (Caterpillar skips away out of sight)

(Hare and Frog collapse into each other's arms laughing.)



The White Tiger

A Story from Korea

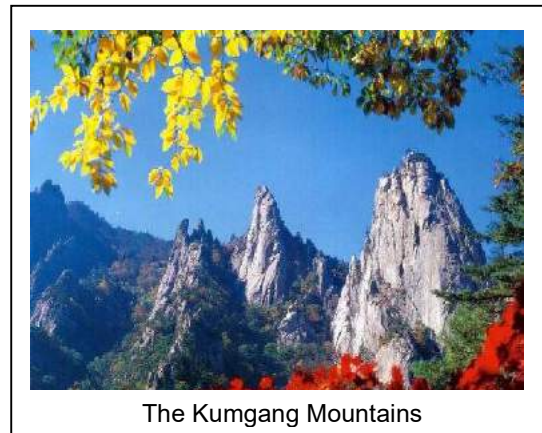
Long ago in a village near the Kumgang Mountains in Korea there lived a young boy. His father had been missing since he was a baby, and the boy knew very well the reason why. An enormous White Tiger still lived in the Kumgang Mountains. This tiger had tormented the village for years, coming down to prey not only on horses and cattle, but even on the human beings who lived there. Years ago, his father, who had been the finest hunter and gunman in the land, ventured into the Kumgang Mountains to shoot the White Tiger and to save the village. He had never returned.

When the boy was still small he decided deep in his heart that when he grew up, he would be the one to shoot the tiger that had overpowered his father. As soon as he was allowed, he trained rigorously with the gun and became almost as good a gunman as his father had been.

When he was fifteen years old, the boy went to his mother and said, "Mother, I'm ready to set out for the Kumgang Mountains to find and defeat the White Tiger. Please, let me go."

The mother did not want to lose her son, too. With tears in her eyes, she said, "Even a famous marksman like your father was lost to the terrible White Tiger. Please, son, stop dreaming about such nonsense and stay safely here at home."

"Don't worry, Mother," the son cried. "I shall find the White Tiger, I know it!"



The Kumgang Mountains

Finally his mother said, "Very well, as you wish. But first let me ask you one thing. Your father used to make me stand with a water jug on my head. Then he would shoot off the handle of the water jug from one kilometre away without spilling any water. Can you do the same thing?"

When he heard this, the young son immediately tried to match his father's skill. He asked his mother to stand one whole kilometre away, with a water jug on top of her head. He took careful aim, but missed. So he gave up his idea of going to the mountains and instead, practiced for three more years with the gun.

After three years, he tried again. This time he succeeded in knocking off the handle of the water jug on his mother's head without spilling a drop of water. His mother then said, "Actually son, your father was able to shoot the eye out of a needle from one kilometre away. Can you do this?"

The son asked his mother to place a needle in a tree trunk. Then he walked back for one kilometre. Taking careful aim, he fired, but missed. Once again, he gave up the idea of going to the Kumgang Mountains and settled down to another three years of practicing even harder. At the end of another three years, he was 21 years old by that time, he again tried the same trick. This time, with the crack of his gun, the eye of the needle fell to the ground.

Now in fact, what the mother had told her son about the amazing feats his father used to be able to do, were all lies. The mother had thought that if she told him about impossible tricks his father could do, then the boy might give up his crazy idea of going to look for the terrible White Tiger. But now that he had actually succeeded in performing each of the feats she told him her husband could do, the mother could not help being impressed with his determination. So she gave permission for him to leave for the Kumgang Mountains.

The son was thrilled. He immediately set out. At the foothills he came across a small inn. An old woman, who was the innkeeper, asked the young man why he had come. He told her that his father had been a victim of the White Tiger years ago and that he had practiced for many years to avenge his death.

The old innkeeper then said, "Ah, yes, I knew your father. He was the greatest gunman in all the land. Why, he stopped here at this very inn, many years ago, before venturing into the Kumgang Mountains. Can you see that tall tree over there in the distance? Why, your father used to turn his back to that tree and then shoot down the highest leaf on the highest branch from over his shoulder. If you can't do the same thing, how can you expect to defeat the White Tiger?"

The hunter's son, when he heard this, said he would try the same trick. He placed his gun over his shoulder and took aim and shot. He missed. He knew then that he still wasn't ready, and he asked the old innkeeper to let him stay with her a while. From that day, he practiced shooting over his shoulder at the tree. After three more years, he was finally able to shoot down the highest leaf on the highest branch.

Then the old innkeeper told the hunter's son, "Just because you can do that, it still doesn't mean you can outshoot your father. Why, your father used to set an ant on the side of a cliff and then, from a distance of three kilometres away, he would shoot that ant off without even scratching the surface of the cliff. No matter what a fine gunman you may be, certainly you can't match that."

So the young man then tried to do what the old innkeeper said his father had done. Again he failed at first and had to practice three more years. Like the young man's mother, it later turned out that all that the old innkeeper had told him had been made up because she, too, only wanted to save his life. But the hunter's son, not questioning her once, had practiced until he could do the tasks she said his father had done. The old innkeeper was filled with amazement.

"With your skill now, surely you will avenge your father's death." So saying, the old innkeeper prepared a bag filled with rice balls for him to eat along the way. The hunter's son thanked her and started out along the path leading into the heart of the Kumgang Mountains.

The young man walked deeper and deeper into the mountains. For days and days he wandered through the wilderness. After all, the Kumgang Mountains have twelve thousand peaks and stretch over a vast area, and he had no means of knowing just where the White Tiger was hidden. So he wandered on through the vast mountain ranges.

One day, while the hunter's son was sitting on a rock nibbling a rice ball, an old woman stumbled up to him and said, "Excuse me, sir. Could you spare a rice ball for me?"

The hunter's son handed the old woman several rice-balls, which she ate ravenously. Then the old woman said, "We don't see many strangers this deep into these mountains. What brings you here?"

When the hunter's son explained, the old woman shook her head vigorously from side to side. "No, good fellow," she said. "Forget about shooting the terrible White Tiger. He is too quick. As soon as the tiger decides to pounce, his next prey is gone. From one day to the next, we never know whether we are going to survive to see tomorrow. You are a young man. You ought to leave these mountains at once and go back home while you're still alive!"



Then the hunter's son replied that no, he would not be persuaded to leave. He described how hard he had practiced for so many years, and that now, with his skill, he knew he could shoot the White Tiger. "Well," sighed the old woman, "if you are so sure, then you should know that the only way to shoot the White Tiger is to shoot him when all you see is a white dot on the horizon. If you wait a single moment too late," here she shook her finger, "or if you miss your first shot, believe me, all will be lost for you."

The old woman left. The hunter's son immediately took to scanning the horizon until he was entirely familiar with every curve and shadow on each mountainside far and wide. He waited for hours, his gun at the ready.

While the sun was setting, a single white dot appeared in a fraction of a moment on a distant mountainside. No dot had been there the moment before, the young man was certain of that. Instantly, he fired at the white dot. His heart pounding, he raced toward the mountainside where he had aimed his shot.

And there he came upon the felled White Tiger, nearly as big as a mountain itself. It had collapsed with its mouth open, ready to swallow its next prey - him! Astonished by its size and thrilled that he had actually defeated the legendary beast, the son stepped into the dead tiger's throat. Inside the tiger's mouth, he followed a black tunnel. Eventually, he came to a vast room as large as a fairground. This was the giant White Tiger's stomach.

Then the young man came upon an unconscious girl who lay huddled in a heap. The young hunter took the girl in his arms and nursed her until she awakened. The girl looked into his face and thanked him with all of her heart. She then revealed that she was the daughter of the king's highest adviser, who was famous in the capital city. The young girl told him how just the night before, the great White Tiger had stolen her away while she was washing her hair outside on the veranda of her home.

Suddenly, the two of them heard what sounded like a human voice. Puzzled, they crept in the dark toward it. Suddenly they realised that the voice belonged to an old man crouched in the corner. It was none other than the boy's father! He had survived all

these years inside the White Tiger's stomach on the prey swallowed by the great beast. The father and son rejoiced in having found one another at last. Then together with the young girl, the three of them escaped through the tiger's mouth and found that they were in the middle of a large field. The young man skinned a portion of the tiger, because he wanted to take home a keepsake of the beautiful white tiger-skin. Taking the young girl by one hand and his father by the other, he proudly returned home, where his mother was waiting for him.

Words cannot describe her joy to see not only her son come safely back home, but her long lost husband, too!

Then the young hunter took the young girl back to her home in the capital city. Her father cried tears of joy to see his daughter returning safe and sound. In gratitude, her father welcomed the young hunter into his family to become his daughter's husband and to be heir to his name and fortune.

The young man's mother and father proudly attended their son's wedding. The young man and his bride lived happily ever after in the palace of the king's highest adviser.

The White Tiger

A Story from Korea

Cast in Order of Appearance:

Narrator	Son
Mother	Innkeeper
Old Woman	Girl
Father	



Narrator:

Once upon a time, a boy lived near the Kumgang mountains in Korea.

A white tiger had killed his father when he was a boy. This tiger lived in the Kumgang Mountains. It terrorized the village by preying on horses, cattle, and also humans.

His father has been the finest hunter and gunman in the village. He had gone to kill the white tiger in the Kumgang Mountains to save the village. He had never returned.

When the boy was young he decided that he was the one to destroy the white tiger, so he decided to practice with a gun to become the finest gunman just like his father.

When the boy was 15 years old he decided he was ready to travel into the mountains and destroy the white tiger.

Son: Mother, I'm ready now to set out for the Kumgang Mountains to find the white tiger that killed my father. I am going to kill him. I want your permission to go.

Mother: Even a famous marksman like your father was killed by that terrible white tiger. Please, son, stop dreaming such nonsense and stay here at home.

Son: Don't worry about me, mother, I shall find the white tiger and I shall kill him I know it!

Mother: Very well, as you wish. But first let me ask you one thing. Your father used to make me stand with a water jug on my head. Then he would shoot off the handle of the water jug from one kilometre away without spilling any water. Can you do that?

Son: Well I could try. I think I can do it. If I do it, I will go!

Narrator: Well the boy missed and so he did not travel to the mountains. Instead he trained for three more years.

Son: Today is the day mother! I shall try the test once again.

Mother: Very well, try again. You must knock off the handle but no water must be spilled from the water jug.

Narrator: The boy walked one kilometre away, took aim and fired. This time he knocked off the handle but spilled not a drop of water.

Mother: That was good, but actually son; your father was also able to shoot the eye out of a needle from one kilometre away. Can you do that?

Son: Well I will try. If I do that, then I will know I am ready and I will go in search of the white tiger.

Narrator: The boy missed. So sadly he gave up the idea of hunting the white tiger. He trained with his gun for three more years. Eventually he managed to shoot the needle to the ground from a distance of one kilometre. He came back delighted to tell his mother.

Mother: My son, I have to admit, I lied to you about all the tasks.

Son: What? You wasted six years of my life and I already could have destroyed the white tiger?

Mother: I did it for your own good, son. I didn't want you to get killed. I was afraid for you. I see now that you are a fine gunman and you are ready to go to the Kumgang Mountains to destroy the white tiger.

Son: Thank you, mother. I will not let you down. I will avenge the death of my father and make this village a safe place to live. I leave at sunrise tomorrow.

Narrator: The son left that morning on his dangerous journey to slay the white tiger. On his way, he stopped at an inn.

Son: My father was a victim of the white tiger years ago, and I have practiced for many years to avenge my father's death.



- Innkeeper:** Ah, yes. I knew your father. He was the greatest gunman in all the land. He stopped here at this inn, many years ago, before going off into the Kumgang Mountains. Do you see that tall tree over there?
- Son:** Yes.
- Innkeeper:** Why, your father could turn his back to that tree and shoot down the highest leaf on the highest branch from over his shoulder. If you can't do the same thing, how can you expect to defeat the white tiger?
- Narrator:** The boy missed. He knew he wasn't ready to go into the mountains, so he stayed with the innkeeper for three years. He practiced every day until he could do this.
- Innkeeper:** Just because you can do that, it doesn't mean you can outshoot your father. Why, your father used to set an ant on the side of the cliff and then, from a distance of three kilometres away, he would shoot that ant off without even scratching the surface of the cliff. No matter how fine a gunman you may be, certainly you can't match that!
- Narrator:** The boy once again failed. He stayed another three years at the inn until he could complete the test. Finally one day he succeeded with the test.
- Innkeeper:** With your skills now, you will surely avenge your father's death. There is one thing I must tell you before you leave. These tests I've been giving you are lies. Your father never did these tests. I did this because I didn't want you to end up like your father.
- Son:** There was no need for this! I thank you for your concern, but I will be fine. I was and still am ready to destroy the white tiger.
- Innkeeper:** Well, here are some rice balls for your journey through the Kumgang Mountains.
- Son:** Thanks for everything. Goodbye.
- Narrator:** The boy travelled through the mountains. One day on his journey he met an old woman.
- Old woman:** Could you spare a rice ball for me?
- Son:** Why, of course I can.
- Old woman:** We don't see many strangers this deep into these mountains. What brings you here?
- Narrator:** The boy explained to the old woman why he was there and how long he had trained for the task.
- Old woman:** Forget about shooting the terrible white tiger. He is too quick! As soon as the white tiger wants to pounce, his next prey is gone. From one day to the next, we never know whether we are going to survive to see the next dawn. You are a young man. You ought to leave these mountains at once and go back home while you're still alive!
- Son:** No, I will not be persuaded to leave! I have practiced for too many years for me to give up now. I will destroy the white tiger!

Old woman: Well, if you are so sure, then you should know that the only way to shoot the white tiger is to shoot him when all you see is a white dot on the horizon. If you wait a single moment longer, or if you miss your first shot, believe me, all will be lost for you.

Narrator: The old woman left. The boy waited for hours and days for the dot to appear over the horizon. One day there was a dot! The son shot the dot and raced toward the other side of the mountain, with his heart pounding, to see if the white tiger was slain. Yes! It was dead!

Son: Finally the white tiger has been killed! All my hard work has paid off!

Narrator: The white tiger was nearly as big as a mountain itself. It had collapsed with its mouth open, ready to swallow its next prey – him!

The boy crawled into the white tiger and into the stomach. He saw people, and other mysterious paths leading off to other mysterious places. He also saw an unconscious girl huddled in a heap. The boy went over to the girl and held her until she awoke.

Girl: I thank you with all my heart. I owe you my life. Last night I was stolen by the white tiger when I was washing my hair on the veranda.

Narrator: The boy and girl heard another voice, which seemed to be an old man's voice. They went over to the old man only to find that it was the boy's father.

Son: Is that you, father?

Father: Why, yes! I have missed you and your mother so much.

Narrator: The father and son hugged each other. They were so happy. The girl, son, and father climbed out of the white tiger. The boy skinned a part of the white tiger to take with him to prove to the people the amazing feat he had accomplished. All three of them returned home to the village.



Mother: Oh my goodness! My husband and son have returned! Thank goodness. I have waited for this for what seems a lifetime.

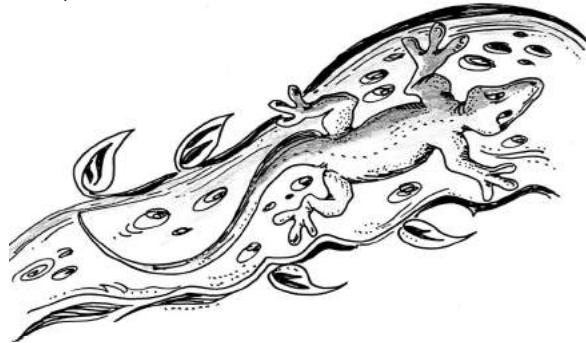
Narrator: The family hugged and talked about what had happened during the years they had been separated. The son took the girl home to where she lived. Her father cried tears of joy to see his daughter return safe and sound. In gratitude, her father welcomed the young man into his family by letting him become his daughter's husband. He was a very wealthy man and made the son heir to his name and fortune. The son's mother and father proudly attended their son's wedding day. The son and his bride lived happily ever after in a grand house as the king's highest adviser.

Cicak and Kancil

A folk tale from Bali, Indonesia.

Characters in Order of Appearance:

Narrator
Kancil
Cicak
Cicak 1
Cicak 2
Cicak 3
Tourist



Narrator: This is a story about Cicak and Kancil. Cicak is a gecko. A gecko is a type of lizard with sticky pads on its toes. Kancil is a small animal like a deer but only the size of a dog. One day, Kancil was resting in his house. He was fast asleep when Cicak, the gecko, tried to catch a spider on the wall. Cicak jumped. Cicak missed the spider and knocked a pot of a shelf. The pot hit Kancil on the head.

Kancil: Ow! You stupid Cicak! Look what you've done!

Cicak: Oh Kancil, I'm sorry to disturb you. If you hadn't been so big and slow you could have moved out of the way in time.

Kancil: Slow! Me! I'll have you know I'm much faster than you, Cicak. Your silly legs couldn't run fast at all.

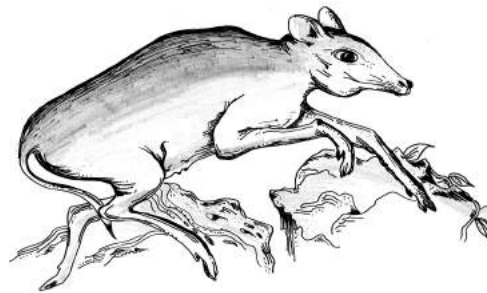
Cicak: I'm not slow! I'm sure I'm much faster than you could ever be.

Kancil: All right then. I challenge you to a race to prove who is the fastest. We will race to the big mango tree and back here at sunrise tomorrow. The winner will have the right to do anything he likes to the loser, even kill him! (drum roll) Do you agree?

Cicak: Oh, oh, um. Yes, yes I do.

Narrator: Kancil went off to rub coconut oil into his legs and to rest for the night. But Cicak started to panic.

Cicak: Oh, dear. What have I done? Kancil is much faster than me. If he wins he will probably kill me. I must think. (He walks up and down.) I've got an idea! I'll get my friends to help me.



Narrator: First Cicak called one friend, then another. (3 more geckos come on stage. Cicaks 1, 2 and 3. They all look the same.) They decided to trick Kancil by hiding along the track of the race, so that instead of one cicak, three cicaks would run parts of the race like a relay. But Kancil would think

it was one gecko. (Geckos leave.) The following morning when the sun rose Kancil and Cicak lined up next to Kancil's house.

Kancil: Are you ready? Are you steady? Go!

Narrator: They both started running and Kancil sped off ahead. (Cicak and the house drop back.)

Kancil: Ha. Ha. I'm going to beat Cicak easily. I don't think I'll kill him, but I'll make him my slave forever. (Several coconut palms go past.)

Narrator: Kancil ran on. He passed a **tourist** who took his picture. (Kancil skids to a halt and there is the click from the camera.) Then he saw Cicak run around a corner ahead of him. It was really Cicak Number Two.

Cicak 2: You'd better hurry if you want to beat me Kancil.

Kancil: I'd better run faster. There goes Cicak. (He runs faster, more coconut palms go past.)

Narrator: Kancil raced faster. He passed a bemo full of people going to the market.

Kancil: I'm going to beat Cicak now.

Narrator: But as Kancil sped up to the mango tree at the half way point in the race he saw Cicak Number Three, running back from the tree.

Cicak 3: You're pretty slow today Kancil. (He runs off.)

Kancil: Cicak is really fast! I'd better speed up.

Narrator: So Kancil raced as fast as he could. (Trees and huts go past.) His little house was in sight!

Kancil: I'll win now for sure! Puff! Puff! Oh no! There's Cicak just running into my house. Oh no! He's won!

Narrator: Kancil did not know that this was not the gecko he had seen earlier.

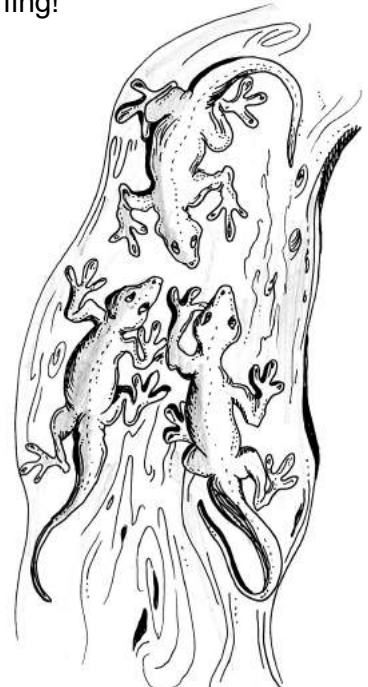
Cicak: Well, Kancil, I have beaten you and I'm not even puffing!

Kancil: You win Cicak. What are you going to do with me?

Narrator: Cicak decided not to be nasty to Kancil, because if anyone found out how they had tricked Kancil they would be in big trouble. So, he said,

Cicak: Kancil, I don't want everybody to know that we cicaks can run so fast or all the animals would be challenging us to races all the time. So my reward for winning will be that you let us cicaks live inside your house to catch insects there, and you mustn't tell anyone about the race.

Narrator: So from that day to this, cicaks live inside houses in Bali and catch insects, while kancils are very shy and don't like to talk much to other animals.



Baba Yaga A Russian Folktale

Characters:

Narrator	Natasha	Baba Yaga's House (optional)
Father	Stepmother	Gate (optional)
Servant	Dog	
Cat	Cattle	

Narrator: This is the story of good and evil, the ever-conflicting forces that tear at men's souls. Our story takes place in the depths of the Russian countryside, a place where the dreaded child-eater, Baba Yaga lives.
(Enter Natasha and Father. They are playing a game like hide and seek.)

Narrator: These two, are a family. . . A small but happy family.
(Father exits, and returns with cups of tea.)

Narrator: During this play, don't ever think that they don't love each other. They do!

Father: Natasha, I have some news about our family.

Natasha: Yes father?

Father: Well, it has been a long time since mother died and we both miss her very much, but there are some things around here that only a mother can do. That is why I have decided to remarry.

Natasha: You mean I'll have a new mother?

Father: Yes, (thoughtful) a new mother.

Narrator: (Enter Stepmother) But Natasha's new stepmother did not love Natasha. She only loved Natasha's father. Natasha's father was so happy with his new wife that he did not notice how neglected his daughter had become.
(Stepmother takes a tea-cup from Natasha. Stepmother and father sit with their backs turned on Natasha.)

Stepmother: Natasha dear, get me more tea, and I'll give you some bread.

Natasha: Yes and

Stepmother: (interrupting) Little children are to be seen, not heard.

Father: Do as she says.

(Natasha exits, and returns in a second with a cup of tea, in exchange she receives a slice of bread.)

Stepmother: Now go and eat it somewhere out of sight.

Natasha: Yes and

Stepmother: (interrupting) Little children are to be seen, not heard!

Narrator: Natasha's Stepmother did not like children at all, and soon devised a plan to get rid of this one. She remembered her sister, Baba Yaga. The dreaded child-eating witch!

Stepmother: Natasha, I need a needle and thread to mend a shirt, could you go to your auntie's house and get it for me.

Natasha: But we have a needle and thread.

Stepmother: Little children are to be seen, not heard!

(Stepmother hands Natasha a piece of calico with food in it. Natasha takes it, and turns. Stepmother exits.)

Natasha: I hope I don't get lost on the way.

[Natasha exits. There is now a new set. It is Baba Yaga's House.]

Narrator: As you can see, Baba Yaga's house is suspended on chicken legs. A walking house is a very unfriendly sight for the eyes of young Natasha.

[There is a gate in front of the house, and a rusted bottle of oil on the ground next to it. Natasha opens the gate a little, but hears it squeak and decides to oil it first. She walks to the house, and knocks on the door. Natasha enters.]



Natasha: Hello, is anybody home?

Servant: Yes, who are you?

Natasha: I'm Natasha, I came to get a needle and thread for my stepmother.

Servant: Of course, go right inside *(sneezes)* the mistress will see you I'm sure.

Natasha: Here, have my handkerchief.

(Natasha takes out her piece of calico, and puts the food into her pockets. She gives the handkerchief to the servant who wipes her nose with it.)

Servant: Thank you.

(Natasha tries to enter the house, but before she gets in, a large dog knocks her down, and starts begging. Natasha gives the dog some bread from her pockets. Servant moves to the side of the stage.)

Dog: Woof!

(The house stops moving, and Natasha goes inside).

[The new scene is inside the house. Baba Yaga is weaving on a loom]

Baba Yaga: *(Crooning)* Hello Dearie, how are you today?

Natasha: I'm fine, Auntie, I just came for a needle and thread. My stepmother needs to mend a shirt.

Baba Yaga: Of course, Dearie. Why don't you take over my weaving while I get you a needle and thread.

Natasha: Yes, Auntie.

(Baba-Yaga walks to the side of the stage, where she meets the Servant.)

Baba Yaga: Prepare a bath for this tasty morsel. I shall make a stew of her!

(Servant walks over to Natasha.)

Servant: My mistress has asked me to prepare a bath for you.

Natasha: That is fine, but please, take your time. Use a sieve to get the water.

(Exit Servant and Baba Yaga, Enter Cat.)

Cat: I haven't had a bite of food in weeks, yet that witch, Baba Yaga, is preparing to feast of you.

(Natasha takes some cheese from her pocket and gives it to the Cat. Baba Yaga shouts from the wings.)

Baba Yaga: Are you weaving?

Natasha: Yes Auntie. I am.

Cat: Meow. . . I will tell you how to escape from here. Pay very close attention, because I only have time to tell you once.

Natasha: I'm listening.

Cat: I will take over the weaving, so you will need to hurry before she realises that I'm not you. First, you will gather the scarf and the comb lying over on that table. When you throw the scarf on the ground it will become a wide river that the witch cannot cross, but that will only buy you a little time, so you must always keep running. If you throw the comb on the ground it will become an enchanted forest, so thick that Baba Yaga won't be able to get through. Now, go!

The Cat takes Natasha's place at the loom. Natasha gathers the scarf and the comb, and exits. Baba Yaga shouts from the wings.

Baba Yaga: Are you still weaving?

Cat: Yes.

(Enter Baba Yaga.)

Baba Yaga: *(To the audience)* That's not Natasha.
(sees the Cat) You!!!

(The Cat runs off the stage. Baba Yaga exits to the other side.)

[The new scene is Baba Yaga's yard. The Dog and the Servant are going about their business. Baba Yaga enters.]

Baba Yaga: Incompetent fools! *(To Dog)* Why didn't you bite her?

Dog: I was hungry and she gave me food, that's more than I get from you!



Baba Yaga: (To Servant) Why didn't you stop her?

Servant: She gave me a beautiful handkerchief, the most you ever give me is a used rag!

Baba Yaga: Gates, why didn't you squeak. (She looks around, exasperated) Oil! Must I do everything myself!

(Baba Yaga runs through the gates, and off stage.)

[The new scene is a clear stage.]

(Natasha enters, drops the scarf, and continues to run off the stage. In the new scene, the scarf has been replaced by a river. Baba Yaga enters from the side opposite the one she exited, but she stops at the river.)

Baba Yaga: An enchanted stream, oh no!

(Baba Yaga exits the same way she entered. She then returns with cattle.)

Baba Yaga: Drink, drink it all away.

(The cattle drink up all of the water and exit. Baba Yaga runs off across where the stream used to be. Natasha enters from the opposite side, looks back, and drops the comb. A forest of trees appears. Baba Yaga enters from the side opposite the side Natasha exited.)

Baba Yaga: Now I'll never catch her.

[The new scene is the front of Natasha's cottage. Father and Stepmother are on stage.]

Father: Natasha! Where are you? Natasha!

(Enter Natasha.)

Father: Natasha! You're here, you're back! Thank goodness!

Natasha: Father, I'm so glad to be back.

Father: Where have you been? I have been so worried.

Natasha: Stepmother sent me to her sister's house, it was terrible!

Father: How bad could it have been?

Natasha: Father, her sister is Baba Yaga!

[Natasha and Father exit. The stage is now clear, except for the Narrator.]

Narrator: As you probably guessed, the ending wasn't good for the stepmother. Natasha's father threw her out of his house, and ended their marriage. As for Natasha, it was just like old times. Natasha and her father played games with each other, and drank tea together. Natasha was allowed to be both seen and heard, and she always ate full meals in the company of her father. Life was back to normal thanks to Natasha and her kindness.

Exit Narrator.

Baba Yaga

A Russian Folktale

Once upon a time an old man, a widower, lived alone in a hut with his daughter Natasha. The two of them were very happy together, and they used to smile at each other over a table piled with good food. They played hide and seek, first peeping from this side of the samovar, and then the other.

Everything went well, until the old man took it into his head to marry again.

So the little girl gained a stepmother. After that everything changed. No more good food on the table, no more playing hide and seek around the samovar as the girl sat with her father at mealtimes. It was even worse than that, because she was never allowed to sit at the table at all anymore. The stepmother said that little girls shouldn't have tea, much less eat bread with jam. She would throw the girl a crust of bread and tell her to get out of the house and go and find another place to eat her crust. Then the stepmother would sit with her husband and tell him that everything that went wrong was the girl's fault. The old man believed his new wife.

So poor Natasha would go by herself into a hut in the yard, wet the dry crust with her tears, and eat it all by herself.

Then she would hear the stepmother yelling at her to come in and wash up the plates, and tidy the house, and sweep the floor, and clean everybody's muddy boots.

One day the stepmother decided she could not bear the sight of Natasha one minute longer. But how could she get rid of her for good? Then she remembered her sister, the terrible witch Baba-Yaga, the 'bony-legged one', who lived in the forest. A wicked plan began to form in her head.

The very next morning, the old man went off to pay a visit to some friends in the next village. As soon as the old man was out of sight the wicked stepmother called for Natasha.

"You are to go today to my sister, your dear little aunt, who lives in the forest," said she, "and ask her for a needle and thread to mend a shirt."

"But here is a needle and thread," said Natasha, trembling, for she knew that her aunt was Baba-Yaga, the witch, and that any child who came near her was never seen again.



"Hold your tongue," snapped her stepmother, and she gnashed her teeth, which made a noise like clattering tongs. "Didn't I tell you that you are to go to your dear little aunt in the forest to ask for a needle and thread to mend a shirt?"

"Well, then," said Natasha, trembling, "how shall I find her?" She had heard that Baba-Yaga chased her victims through the air in a giant cauldron, and that she had iron teeth with which she ate children.

The stepmother took hold of the little girl's nose and pinched it.

"That is your nose," she said. "Can you feel it?"

"Yes," whispered the poor girl.

"You must go along the road into the forest till you come to a fallen tree," said the stepmother, "then you must turn to your left, and follow your nose and you will find your auntie. Now off with you, lazy one!" She put a handkerchief in the girl's hand, into which she had packed a few morsels of stale bread and cheese and some scraps of meat.

Natasha looked back. There stood the stepmother at the door with her arms crossed, glaring at her. So she could do nothing but to go straight on.

She walked along the road through the forest till she came to the fallen tree. Then she turned to the left. Her nose was still hurting where the stepmother had pinched it, so she knew she had to go on straight ahead.

Finally she came to the hut of Baba-Yaga, the 'bony-legged one', the witch. Around the hut was a high fence. When she pushed the gates open they squeaked miserably, as if it hurt them to move. Natasha noticed a rusty oil can on the ground.

"How lucky," she said, noticing that there was some oil left in the can. And she poured the remaining drops of oil into the hinges of the gates.

Inside the gates was Baba-Yaga's hut. It wasn't like any other hut she had ever seen, for it stood on giant hen's legs and walked about the yard. As Natasha approached, the house turned around to face her and it seemed that its front windows were eyes and its front door a mouth. A servant of Baba -Yaga was standing in the yard. She was crying bitterly because of all the work that she had to do, and wiping her eyes on her dress.

"How lucky, I have a handkerchief." said Natasha. She untied her handkerchief, shook it clean, and carefully put the morsels of food in her pockets. She gave the handkerchief to Baba -Yaga's servant, who wiped her eyes on it and smiled through her tears.

By the hut was a huge dog, very thin, gnawing an old bone.

"How lucky," said the girl, "that I have some bread and meat." Reaching into her pocket for her scraps of food, Natasha said to the dog, "I'm afraid it's rather stale, but it's better than nothing, I'm sure." The dog gobbled up the food and licked his lips.



Natasha reached the door to the hut. Trembling, she tapped on the door.

"Come in," squeaked the wicked voice of Baba -Yaga. The little girl stepped in. There sat Baba - Yaga, the bony-legged one, the witch, sitting weaving at a loom. In a corner of the hut was a thin black cat watching a mouse-hole.

"Good day to you, auntie," said Natasha, trying to sound not at all afraid.

"Good day to you, niece," said Baba Yaga. "My stepmother has sent me to you to ask for a needle and thread to mend a shirt."

"Has she now?" smiled Baba Yaga, flashing her iron teeth, for she knew how much her sister hated her stepdaughter. "You sit down here at the loom, and go on with my

weaving, while I go and fetch you the needle and thread." The little girl sat down at the loom and began to weave.

Baba Yaga whispered to her servant, "Listen to me! Make the bath very hot and scrub my niece. Scrub her clean. I'll make a dainty meal of her, I will."

The servant came in for the jug to gather the bathwater. Natasha said, "I beg you, please be not too quick in making the fire, and please carry the water for the bath in a sieve with big holes, so that the water will run through." The servant said nothing, but took a very long time getting the bath ready.

Baba Yaga came to the window and said in her sweetest voice, "Are you weaving, little niece? Are you weaving, my pretty?"

"I am weaving, auntie," said Natasha.

When Baba Yaga went away from the window, the little girl spoke to the thin black cat who was watching the mouse hole.

"What are you doing?"

"Watching for a mouse," said the thin black cat. "I haven't had any dinner in three days."

"How lucky," said Natasha, "that I have some cheese left!" And she gave her cheese to the thin black cat, who gobbled it up. The cat, licking its lips, looked up at Natasha.

"Little girl," he said, "do you want to get out of here?"

"Oh, my dear cat," said Natasha, "how I want to get out of here! I am afraid that Baba Yaga will try to eat me with her iron teeth."

"That is exactly what she intends to do," said the cat, "but I know how to help you."

Just then Baba Yaga came to the window. "Are you weaving, little niece?" she asked.

"Are you weaving, my pretty?"

"I am weaving, auntie," said Natasha, working away, while the loom went clickety clack, clickety clack. Baba Yaga went out again.

The thin black cat whispered to Natasha, "There is a comb on the stool and there is a towel brought for your bath. You must take them both, and run for it while Baba Yaga is still in the bath-house. Baba Yaga will chase after you. When she does, you must throw the towel behind you, and it will turn into a big, wide river. It will take her a little time to get over that. When she gets over the river, you must throw the comb behind you. The comb will sprout up into such a forest that she will never get through it at all."

"But she'll hear the loom stop," said Natasha, "and she'll know I have gone."

"Don't worry, I'll take care of that," said the thin black cat. The cat took Natasha's place at the loom. Clickety clack, clickety clack; the loom never stopped for a moment.

Natasha looked to see that Baba Yaga was still in the bath-house, and then she jumped out of the hut.

The big dog leapt up, ready to tear her to pieces. Just as he was going to spring on her he saw who she was.

"Why, this is the little girl who gave me the bread and meat," said the dog. "A good journey to you, little girl," and he lay down with his head between his paws. She petted his head and scratched his ears.

When she came to the gates they opened quietly, quietly, without making any noise at all, because of the oil she had poured into their hinges before.

Then - how she did run!

Meanwhile the thin black cat sat at the loom. Clickety clack, clickety clack, sang the loom; but you never saw such a tangle of yarn as the tangle made by that thin black cat.



Presently Baba Yaga came to the window. "Are you weaving, little niece?" she asked in a high-pitched voice. "Are you weaving, my pretty?"

"I am weaving, auntie," said the thin black cat, tangling and tangling the yarn, while the loom went clickety clack, clickety clack.

"That's not the voice of my dinner," said Baba Yaga, and she jumped into the hut, gnashing her iron teeth. There at the loom was no little girl, but only the thin black cat, tangling and tangling the threads!

"Grrr!" said Baba Yaga, and she jumped at the cat. "Why didn't you scratch the little girl's eyes out?"

The cat curled up its tail and arched its back. "In all the years that I have served you, you have given me only water and made me hunt for my dinner. The girl gave me real cheese."

Baba Yaga was enraged. She grabbed the cat and shook her. Grabbing the servant girl by her collar, she croaked, "Why did you take so long to prepare the bath?"

"Ah!" trembled the servant, "in all the years that I've served you, you have never given me so much as a rag, but the girl gave me a pretty handkerchief."

Baba Yaga cursed her and dashed out into the yard.

Seeing the gates wide open, she shrieked, "Gates! Why didn't you squeak when she opened you?"

"Ah!" said the gates, "in all the years that we've served you, you never so much as sprinkled a drop of oil on us, and we could hardly stand the sound of our own creaking. But the girl oiled us and we can now swing back and forth without a sound."

Baba Yaga slammed the gates closed. Spinning around, she pointed her long finger at the dog. "You!" she hollered, "Why didn't you tear her to pieces before she ran away?"

"Ah!" said the dog, "in all the years that I've served you, you never threw me anything but an old bone and crusts, but the girl gave me real meat and bread."

Baba Yaga rushed about the yard, cursing and screaming at the top of her voice. Then she jumped into her giant cauldron. Beating the giant cauldron to make it go faster, she flew into the air and quickly closed in on the fleeing Natasha.

There, on the ground far ahead, she soon saw the girl running through the trees, stumbling, and fearfully looking over her shoulder.

"You'll never escape me!" Baba Yaga laughed a terrible laugh and steered her flying cauldron straight downward toward the girl.

Natasha was running faster than she had ever run before. Soon she could hear Baba Yaga's cauldron bumping on the ground behind her. Desperately, she remembered the thin black cat's words and threw the towel behind her on the ground. The towel grew bigger and bigger, and wetter and wetter, and soon a deep, broad river stood between the little girl and Baba Yaga.

Natasha turned and ran on. Oh, how she ran! When Baba Yaga reached the edge of the river, she screamed louder than ever and kicked her cauldron, as she knew she couldn't fly over an enchanted river. In a rage, she flew back to her hut on hen's legs. There she gathered all her cows and drove them to the river.

"Drink, drink!" she screamed at them, and the cows drank up the entire river to the last drop. Then Baba Yaga hopped into her giant cauldron and flew over the dry river bed to pursue her prey.

Natasha had run on quite a distance ahead, and in fact, she thought she might, at last, be free of the terrible Baba Yaga. But her heart froze in terror when she saw the dark figure in the sky speeding toward her again.

"This is the end for me!" she despaired. Then she suddenly remembered what the cat had said about the comb. Natasha threw the comb behind her, and the comb grew bigger and bigger, and its teeth sprouted up into a thick forest, so thick that not even Baba Yaga could force her way through.

So Baba Yaga, the witch, gnashing her teeth and screaming with rage, finally turned round and headed back to her little hut on hen's legs.

The tired, tired, girl finally arrived back home. She was afraid to go inside and see her mean stepmother, so instead she waited outside in a hut. When she saw her father pass by she ran out to him.

"Where have you been?" cried her father. "And why is your face so red?"



A Samovar, a Russian Tea Urn

The stepmother turned yellow when she saw the girl, and her eyes glowed, and her teeth ground together until they broke. But Natasha was not afraid. She went to her father and climbed on his knee and told him everything just as it had happened. When the old man learned that the stepmother had sent his daughter to be eaten by Baba Yaga, the witch, he was so angry that he drove her out of the hut and never let her return.

From then on, he took good care of his daughter himself and never again let a stranger come between them. Over a table piled high with bread and jam and good food, father and daughter would again play hide and seek back and forth from behind the samovar, and the two of them lived happily ever after.

The Girl and the Chenoo

A Native American tale from the Passamaquoddy tribe.

A girl called Little Listener joined her three older brothers on a hunting trip. She was the youngest, so during the day she stayed behind to tend the camp and prepare their evening meal. Each night, her brothers returned with their game, and they would happily spend the evening talking about their adventures.



One evening, the three brothers came home and they were very quiet. During the meal they were also quiet which was very unusual.

At last one brother spoke and he said that he'd seen strange tracks to the north of their camp. The second brother nodded. He, too, had seen strange tracks but he had seen them to the south. Then the third brother added that he had also seen strange tracks but they were west of their camp. The brothers then sat quietly; each one thinking about the Chenoo, the great cannibal monster in the shape of a man. Suddenly the oldest brother said that actually the tracks they had all seen must have been from bears. All the brothers started laugh. They were relieved and believed their oldest brother.

Little Listener was not relieved. She had also seen the tracks and she knew that they were not bear tracks.

The next morning, instead of doing her usual chores, Little Listener prepared a big pot of venison stew, spread out some bearskins at their camp, and waited. Soon, she heard the sound of heavy feet. A big shadow appeared just outside the door.

"Grandfather," said Little Listener. "Won't you come in, rest yourself, and have some venison stew?" The shadow grunted and came towards her. The girl pointed to the pot of venison stew and in one gulp, he swallowed it.

"I was going to eat her," said the Chenoo, "but since we are related, I won't hurt her or anyone living in this camp."

"Grandfather," said Little Listener. "You must be very tired. Would you like to lay down to rest?" The Chenoo looked at her. No one had ever been kind like this to him before so he lay down happy to rest after his good meal.

Later, the three older brothers returned, carrying a few rabbits, a goose, and a deer. "My brothers," said Little Listener. "Our grandfather is in the camp resting. We must be quiet so he is not disturbed. When he comes out, we must be sure to greet him as our relative."

When the Chenoo poked his huge head and shoulders out of the hut where he had been sleeping the brothers were speechless with fear. Their sister urged them to greet their grandfather and at last they managed to whisper a greeting.

The Chenoo noticed the meat they had brought back from hunting. He reached out, grabbed it and swallowed it all in one gulp.

"Grandfather," said Little Listener, "I can see that you are hungry. Would you help us find food for our dinner now?"

So off went the Chenoo and he soon returned with two moose, one in each hand. After they were roasted on a fire everyone had a fantastic feast.

From then on, life was good for Little Listener and her brothers. The Chenoo built a hut of his own close to their camp. There was food to spare and extra skins to trade.

When it was time for Little Listener and her brothers to return to their people, she told the Chenoo that they had to go. Chenoo told Little Listener that more than anything else in the world he would love to go with her but he was afraid. He was afraid that his appearance would frighten her people. The Chenoo asked Little Listener to make a fire in his hut and make it very hot. Then he put in some red-hot stones in the hut to make it even hotter. Three times he called to Little Listener for her to bring more red-hot stones.

"Are you all right," Little Listener shouted. She had become fond of the Chenoo and didn't understand what he was doing in the hut. When he finally emerged, he was no longer the giant Chenoo but a very old man. As he walked over to Little Listener he leant over and coughed out a piece of ice shaped like a man. He told Little Listener that it was his heart. If she wanted him to stay human forever, she must cast it into the fire. Little Listener did not want to leave the Chenoo so she did as he asked. Little Listener and her brothers then travelled together to bring their grandfather back to their people.

It was the kindness of Little Listener that had melted the heart of the giant Chenoo.

Wali Dâd

A folk tale from India

Once upon a time there lived in India a poor old bald headed man whose name was Wali Dâd. He had no family but lived all by himself in a little mud hut far from any town. He made his living by cutting grass in the jungle and selling it as feed for horses. He only earned five rupees a day, but he was a simple old man and needed so little that he saved up one rupee each day and spent the rest on food and clothing. He lived like this for many years.

One night, he thought that he would count the money he had hidden away in the great earthen pot under the floor of his hut. So with much trouble he pulled the bag out onto the floor and sat gazing in astonishment at the heap of coins that tumbled out of it. What should he do with this pile of money? He never thought of spending the money on himself, because he was content to pass the rest of his days as he had been doing, and he had no desire for any greater comfort or luxury.

Finally he came up with a plan. He threw all the money into an old sack, which he pushed under his bed, and fell asleep under his ragged old blanket. Early next morning, he staggered off with his sack of money to the shop of a jeweller. He bartered with him and bought a beautiful gold bracelet.



With the bracelet carefully wrapped up in his cotton waistband, he went to the house of a rich friend. His friend was a travelling merchant and wandered about with his camels and merchandise through many countries.

Wali Dâd was lucky enough to find him at home. After a little talk, he asked the merchant who was the most virtuous and beautiful lady he had ever met. The merchant quickly replied that without a doubt, that would be the Princess of Khaistan, who was known everywhere for her beauty, her kindness and her generosity.

"Then," said Wali Dâd, "next time you go that way, give her this little bracelet, with the respectful compliments of one who admires virtue far more than he desires wealth."

With that he pulled the bracelet from his waistband and handed it to his friend. The merchant was astonished, but he said nothing agreed to carry out his friend's plan.

Some time later, the merchant came to the capital city of Khaistan. He presented himself at the palace and sent the bracelet, neatly packed in a little perfumed box to the princess, giving the message entrusted to him by Wali Dâd.

The princess could not imagine who could have sent her this present, but graciously offered a return gift of a camel-load of rich silks for the merchant to take back. She also gave a present of money for the merchant to say thank you for bringing the gift. With these the merchant left and continued his journey.

Some months later he reached home again and took the princess' present to Wali Dâd.

Wali Dâd couldn't believe his eyes when a camel-load of silk tumbled in a huge heap at his door! What would he do with these valuable things? He begged the merchant to think of some young prince to whom such treasures might be useful.

"Of course," the merchant said, greatly amused. "From Delhi to Baghdad, and from Constantinople to Lucknow, I know them all; and there lives no prince worthier than the gallant and wealthy young Prince of Nekabad."

"Very well, then, take these silks to him with the blessing of an old man," said Wali Dâd, much relieved to be rid of them.

The merchant in due course arrived at Nekabad, where he sought an audience with the prince. There he produced the beautiful gift of silks from Wali Dâd, and he begged the young man to accept them as a tribute to his worth and greatness. The prince was touched, and ordered twelve of the finest horses for which his country was famous to be given in return for Wali Dâd's present. The prince also gave the merchant a large reward for his services.

As before, Wali Dad didn't know what to do with the twelve fine horses. Finally, he gave two to the merchant, and begged him to take the other ten back to the worthy Princess of Khaistan.



True to his old friend's request, the merchant took the horses with him on his next journey and eventually presented them to the princess. This time the princess sent for the merchant and questioned him about the giver of these gifts. Now the merchant was usually a most honest man; but he did not quite like to describe Wali Dâd in his true light as an old man whose income was five rupees a day and who hardly had clothes to cover himself. So he told her that his friend had heard of her beauty and goodness and had longed to lay the best he had at her feet. The princess then went to her father and told him about the splendid gifts she had received. She asked his advice as to what she might return to the man who persisted in giving her these expensive presents.

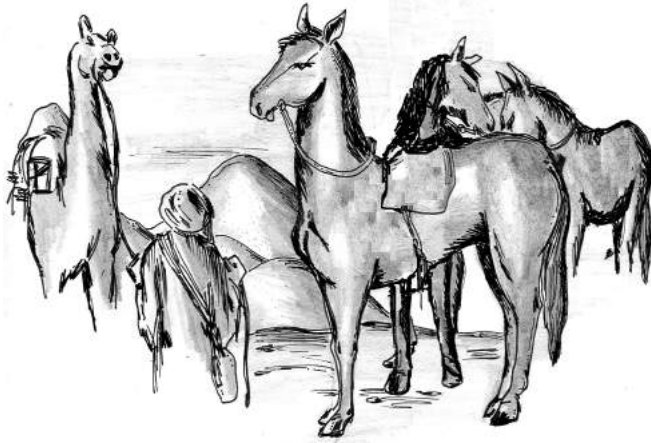
"Well," said the king, "you cannot refuse them. The best thing you can do is to send this unknown friend at once a present so magnificent that he is not likely to be able to send you anything better and so will be ashamed to send anything else at all!"

He then ordered that in return for each of the ten horses, the princess should send back twenty mules laden with silver. In a few hours the merchant found himself in charge of such a splendid caravan that he had to hire a number of armed men to defend it against robbers. He was very pleased when he safely arrived back at Wali Dâd's hut.

"What is this?" Wali Dâd exclaimed as he looked at all the wealth laid at his door, "My friend, kindly accept four mules and their load for your trouble and expense, and take the rest of the mules and the silver straight to that kind Prince of Nekabad."

The merchant felt handsomely rewarded for his trouble. As soon as he could get things ready, he set out to Nekabad with this new and princely gift. This time the prince, too, was embarrassed, and he questioned the merchant closely. The merchant could not

help describing Wali Dâd in such glowing terms that the old man would never have known himself had he heard the words.



The prince, like the King of Khaistan, decided to return a gift that would be truly royal and that would perhaps prevent the unknown giver from sending him anything more. So he made up a caravan of twenty splendid horses decorated in gold-embroidered cloth, with fine saddles and silver bridles and stirrups. He added twenty camels of the very best breed; and twenty elephants with magnificent silver seats and silver canopies covered with silk embroidered with pearls.

It was necessary for the merchant to hire a small army of men to protect these fine animals, and the troop made a great show as it travelled along the roads of India.

"More riches!" cried Wali Dâd when the caravan arrived at his door. "What can an old man like me with one foot in the grave do with riches? That beautiful young princess, now - she'd be the one to enjoy all these fine things! My friend, take some for yourself, and present the rest to her."

The merchant pointed out to Wali Dâd that he was beginning to find these visits a little awkward. Of course he was himself richly repaid, but still he did not like going so often and he was getting nervous. At length, however, he agreed to go once more, but he promised himself never to do anything like this again.

So, after a few days' rest, the caravan started off once more for Khaistan. The King of Khaistan was dumbstruck when he heard that there was another present from the princely Wali Dâd to the princess, his daughter.

He hurried to find his daughter and said, "My dear, this man wants to marry you! That must be the meaning of all these presents! He must be a man of great wealth, and as he is so devoted to you, perhaps you might do worse than marry him! There is nothing for it but to go and pay him a visit in person."

The princess agreed, and she and her father prepared to pay a visit to the great Prince Wali Dâd. The merchant, at the king's command, was to guide the party.

The poor merchant wanted to run away, but he was treated so kindly, as Wali Dâd's representative, that he could not bring himself to do it.

Day after day they moved on, and each day the poor merchant felt more miserable. He wondered what kind of death the king would invent for him when he found out who Wali Dâd really was.

At last they were only one day's march from Wali Dâd's little mud hut. Here a great encampment was made, and the merchant was sent on to tell Wali Dâd that the King and Princess of Khaistan had arrived and were seeking an interview.

The merchant found Wali Dâd eating his evening meal of onions and dry bread, and when he told him of all that had happened, Wali Dâd did not have the heart to be angry with the merchant.

Wali Dâd was overwhelmed with grief and shame for himself as well as for his friend, and for the name and honour of the princess. He sat and wept and pulled at his beard and groaned out aloud. With tears he begged the merchant to detain visitors for one day with any excuse he could think of and to come back the next morning to discuss what they should do.



As soon as the merchant was gone, Wali Dâd went off in the middle of the night. He headed for a place where the river ran at the base of steep, rocky cliffs. He was determined to throw himself over and put an end to his life. At the very edge of that dreadful black gulf, he stopped short. He could not do it!

Gradually he became aware of a gentle light close by. Surely morning had not come already! He took his hands away from his face and saw two lovely fairies.

"Why do you weep, old man?" said one, her voice clear and musical like a nightingale.

"I weep for shame," he replied.

"What are you doing here?" said the other.

"I came here to die," he replied. Then Wali Dâd told the fairies the whole story.

When he had finished, the first fairy put her hand on his shoulder. Now Wali Dâd began to feel that something strange - he did not know what - was happening to him. His old cotton rags had become beautiful linen and embroidered cloth. On his calloused feet he felt warm, soft shoes. On his head was a great jewelled turban. He stood in wonder, like a man in a dream, the other fairy waved her hand and asked him turn his head.

He couldn't believe his eyes. There before him was a majestic gateway opening to an avenue of giant plane trees. The fairies led him up this avenue. At the end of the avenue, on the very spot where his hut had stood, there was a shining palace ablaze with light. Wali Dâd stood in front of the palace, stunned and helpless.

"Fear not," said the fairies. "This is as rich as your generous spirit." Then they vanished.

Wali Dâd walked into the palace, still thinking that he must be dreaming, and lay down to rest in a splendid room, far grander than any he had ever dreamed of. When he woke at dawn he found that the palace and his servants were all real, and that he was not dreaming, after all!

If Wali Dâd was amazed, you can only imagine the surprise of his old friend the merchant, who was ushered into the palace soon after sunrise. The merchant told Wali Dâd that he had been looking for him all night. What a search he had had! The great stretch of wild country the merchant remembered that surrounded his friend's mud hut had changed in the middle of the night to parks and gardens! Had it not been for some of Wali Dâd's new servants, who brought the merchant to the palace, he would have run

away thinking that his troubles had driven him mad, and that what he was seeing was all in his imagination.

Wali Dâd told the merchant what had happened in the night. On the merchant's advice, he sent an invitation to the King and Princess of Khaistan, to visit him in his palace.

For three nights and days a great feast was held in honour of the royal guests. Each evening the king and his nobles were served on golden plates and with golden cups, those of lesser rank on silver plates and silver cups, and each time the guests were requested to keep the plates and cups as a remembrance. Never had anything so splendid been seen. Besides the feasting, there were sports and hunting, dances and amusements of all kinds.

On the fourth day the King of Khaistan took his host aside and asked him whether it was true, as he suspected that Wali Dâd wished to marry his daughter. Wali Dâd, after thanking him very much for the compliment, said that he had never dreamed of so great an honour and that he was far too old and ugly for so fair a lady. But he begged the king to stay with him until he could send for the Prince of Nekabad, who was a most excellent, brave and honourable young man and would surely be delighted to win the hand of the beautiful princess.

The king agreed to this, and Wali Dâd sent the merchant to Nekabad with a number of attendants and with such handsome presents that the prince came at once. As soon as the prince saw the princess he fell in love with her. Much to everyone's joy they were married in Wali Dâd's palace.



As for Wali Dâd, well he lived to a good old age, befriending all who were in trouble. He stayed generous and kind just as he had been before when he was Wali Dâd, the grass cutter.

The Fast Skipping Pot – A Report

A group of Standard 6 pupils in Canada had been studying folk tales from different countries. They decided to perform the story of The Fast Skipping Pot as a staged reading. Here is a report they wrote together after their performance.

Imagine the Scene

Last Sunday, pupils from Standard 6 gathered together to read an adaptation of an old folk tale from Canada called, 'The Fast Skipping Pot.' They had rehearsed the story in small group sessions and were now ready to read it to the rest of the school as a staged reading.

Some sat, some stood at the front of the hall, facing the audience. A Narrator opened a book and began to read,

"Once upon a time when pigs could whistle and pots could talk, there lived a poor hungry husband and his wife. The couple lived in a small leaf house and owned one skinny pig."

Here the husband gave the audience his most hungry look and waved weakly. "I'm the husband," he said. "And I'm the wife," exclaimed the wife. "Oink," added the pig.

The story then continued.

The hungry man and his wife decided to sell their skinny pig so they set off for the market.

The husband moaned all the way there. "Nobody will be interested in buying a pig as skinny as this pig!" he complained.

Anyway, at the market, the pig is finally traded to a dwarf in return for an old black cooking pot. The dwarf decided he wanted the skinny pig because he wanted a pig to teach to whistle. He told the hungry man that the pot was a very special one and it would make sure they were never hungry again.

As the reading progressed it was obvious that all the readers knew their parts very well. They read fluently and were really enjoying the performance. They all read enthusiastically with the scripts in front of them.

The narrator now told the audience that the scene had changed and we were now back at the home of the hungry husband and wife. The wife wasn't very pleased when she saw what her husband had exchanged their pig for! Anyway the wife took their very last potato and started to prepare to cook it in the old black pot.

As soon as she placed the old black pot over the fire, the pot started to make strange noises! The noises grow louder and louder until the pot cried out,

**"I'm a Fast Skipping Pot
That's what I be.
I must skip so
Set me free!"**

All the readers joined in on the phrase "Set me free!" and shouted it loudly. As the words "Set me free!" were repeated over and over again throughout the story both the readers and the audience joined in with the chant each time. The chant got louder and louder!

The story carried on and the Fast Skipping Pot skipped into a giant's cave, an ogre's barn and a witch's shack. It then rewarded its owners with pots full of rice pudding, corn and

finally golden coins. The giant, the ogre and the witch chase the Fast Skipping Pot and end up “smack, splosh, swish” in a vat of soup.

The witch screeches, “You silly skipping pot! You can skip to Alaska for all we care. Just get us out of this soup!”

But, of course, the pot kept on skipping. It skipped right past the dwarf’s house where a pig was whistling, by the side of the road. And nobody has seen the pot since.

That’s not surprising, our readers told us, because, “Alaska is a long way away – even for a fast Skipping Pot!”

The readers stood up and bowed. The audience applauded, everyone was smiling! It had been a great performance.





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Standard 6