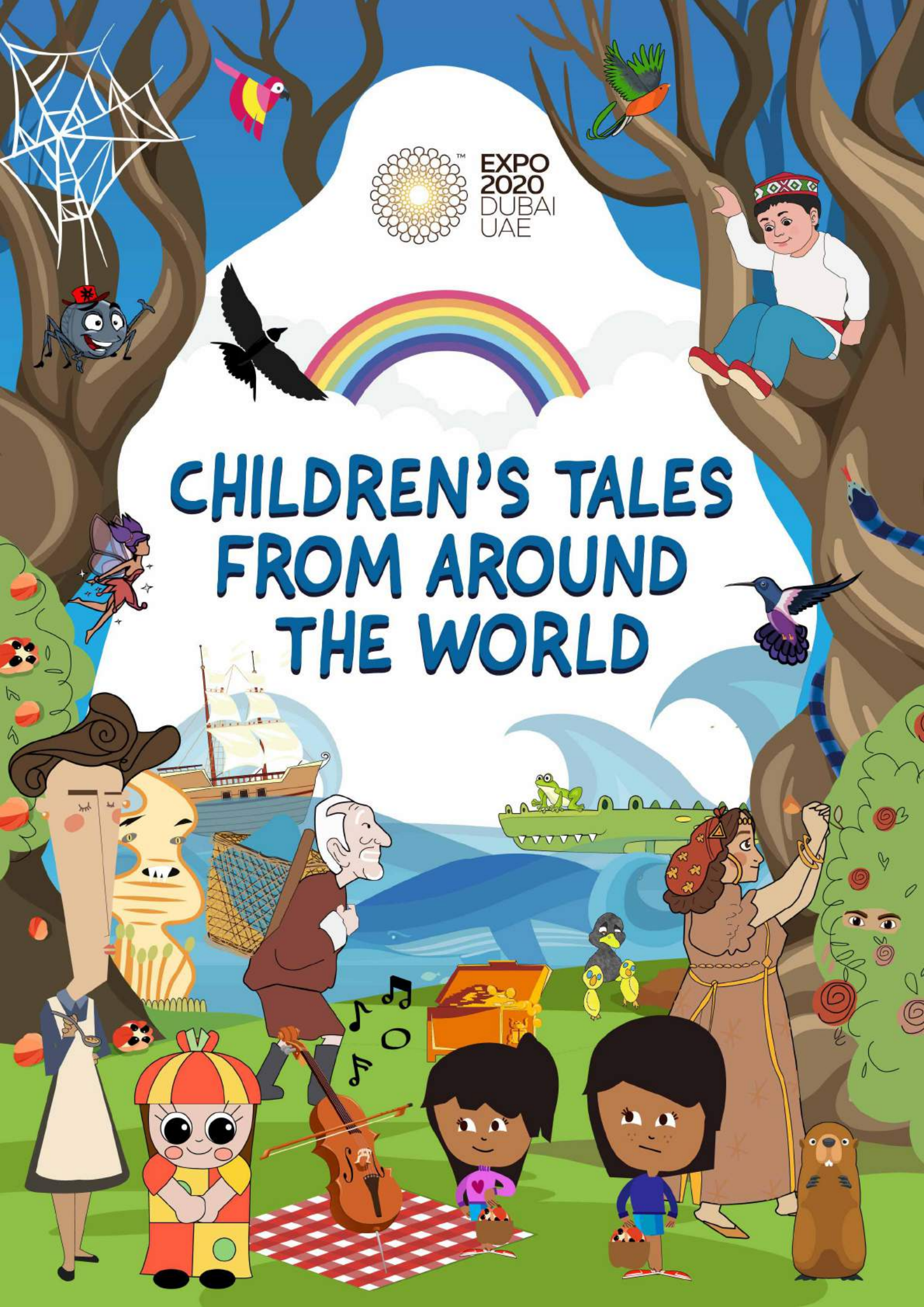




EXPO
2020
DUBAI
UAE

CHILDREN'S TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD



Dear Reader

It is my pleasure to be able to welcome you to our pages. I hope that you find them full of interesting characters and exciting adventures. That you laugh and learn valuable lessons. That your imagination takes you to countries and continents near and far.

This book is for you, our precious Little Explorers, and is inspired by your endless creativity and curiosity.

Thank you. Travel well.

Reem





CHILDREN'S TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Stories brighten our world. They teach us about our planet and its inhabitants. By sharing stories, we can discover some of the world's greatest treasures and pleasures. These tales, and their illustrators, come from all over the globe, just like our readers!

Eager to read a particular story? Click on its title, and we'll take you right there!

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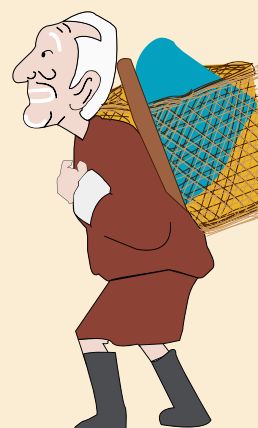


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Wisdom and Knowledge



A spider web holds secrets to the art of weaving, and an eager young navigator finds his journey is mapped in the stars.

But while our natural world yields knowledge aplenty, we should also heed the wisdom of those around us – especially our elders.

◆ *If only Yévi Golotoé had listened to the old woman in the cave...*

◆ **8** *How the Nightingale Taught the Man Wisdom (Ukraine)*

13 *How the Mouse Got His Year (Kazakhstan)*

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UKRAINE

How the Nightingale Taught the Man Wisdom

Illustrated by Kristi Goshovska

Once upon a time, a greedy man caught a beautiful **Соловейко** (“**soloveyko**”, which means “nightingale”) with his bare hands, in the hopes of eating him for his **Вечеря** (“**vecherya**”, which means “dinner”).





Fluttering his wings frantically in the man's hands, the nightingale pleaded, "No! Please, dear man, kindly spare me. If you let me go, I will teach you three lessons that will help you for the rest of your life."

Intrigued, the man asked the soloveyko to teach him the three lessons.

"First, do not eat what is not good. Second, do not regret losing things that can no longer be returned. Finally, never believe in nonsensical stories," the nightingale offered.

Hearing this, the man loosened his merciless grip and set the nightingale free.

Before he flew away, however, the soloveyko wanted to let the man know that he had foolishly ignored his advice. He flew up and said to him, "Oh dear, I'm afraid you made a mistake by letting me go. If you knew what great treasure I held inside of me, you would never have set me free. You see, I have a grand, expensive pearl inside of me. This treasure could have made you a very rich man."

The man was greatly disappointed and jumped desperately in an effort to grasp the nightingale back into his clutches.

Then the soloveyko said, "Now I know you're a foolish man. Everything I taught you was in vain. First of all, you regret losing me when I can no longer be returned to you. Second, you believed in my nonsensical story. Have you seen my tiny size? How on earth do you think a giant pearl could fit inside my stomach?"

With that, the nightingale flew away. ■



What do you think?

If you could give someone three pieces of advice or wisdom, what would you tell them?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

W G J H U H C O N W W D W I F
 I T Z D H H X D I Y Y A U X Z
 S K V I F D V N G J H Y J A C
 D Q C N K W Q H H R R L S I P
 O C F N S E T R T N F F X F E
 M G I E F T M S I R M K V K Y
 Y E O R R I L U N B Y B N N H
 F J D O V B X L G L E G L C G
 U B B C Z Q C D A F X S K M N
 B B N C G R Z V L A V K M G O
 M K A S N C L A E F W B Y P S
 A C G W I F Z W P K M O W E V
 E K X V N I M C Z D L F T A T
 A J W B Q V E G I Y K Z L R B
 Y I L E S S O N S N K E V L N

Can you find these words from the story?

Nightingale Dinner Wisdom
 Lesson Pearl

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

This folk story existed before people learned to write, and was therefore passed down by word of mouth. It doesn't have a single author or storyteller, as each person that has told this story has added his or her own details and crafted it into the legend we know today.

Guess what?

Often in literature, the nightingale and its song is portrayed as a symbol of love, beauty and poetry. While many of these references refer to the female nightingale, it is actually the male nightingale that sings.

MEMORY CHALLENGE

In this story, the nightingale teaches the man three lessons of wisdom. What are they?



ANSWERS & Solutions



How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words did you find?

FIND THE WORD

W	G	J	H	U	H	C	O	N	W	W	D	W	I	F
I	T	Z	D	H	H	X	D	I	Y	Y	A	U	X	Z
S	K	V	I	F	D	V	N	G	J	H	Y	J	A	C
D	Q	C	N	K	W	Q	H	H	R	R	L	S	I	P
O	C	F	N	S	E	T	R	T	N	F	F	X	F	E
M	G	I	E	F	T	M	S	I	R	M	K	V	K	Y
Y	E	O	R	R	I	L	U	N	B	Y	B	N	N	H
F	J	D	O	V	B	X	L	G	L	E	G	L	C	G
U	B	B	C	Z	Q	C	D	A	F	X	S	K	M	N
B	B	N	C	G	R	Z	V	L	A	V	K	M	G	O
M	K	A	S	N	C	L	A	E	F	W	B	Y	P	S
A	C	G	W	I	F	Z	W	P	K	M	O	W	E	V
E	K	X	V	N	I	M	C	Z	D	L	F	T	A	T
A	J	W	B	Q	V	E	G	I	Y	K	Z	L	R	B
Y	I	L	E	S	S	O	N	S	N	K	E	V	L	N

Nightingale Dinner Wisdom

Lesson Pearl



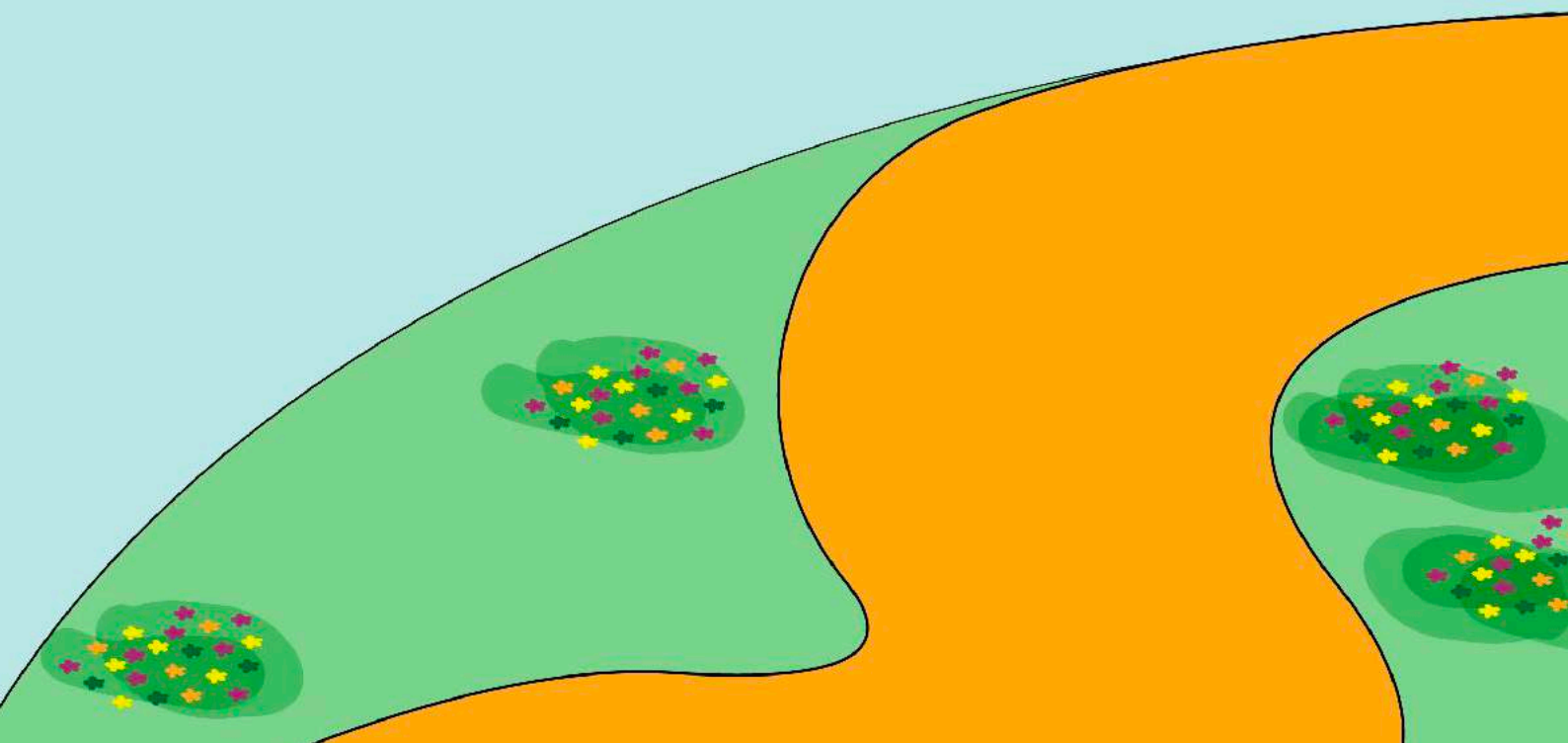
KAZAKHSTAN

How the Mouse Got His Year

Illustrated by Amina Khassenova

The Year of the Sheep is the simplest for people, bringing the most happiness and the least burden. The Year of the Cow often brings difficult winters with merciless blizzards and snowstorms. A man who is born in the Year of the Dog is destined for an unforgiving life that will forever test his patience. Years of the Sheep, Horse, Cow, Snake, Snow Leopard, Chicken, Snail and Boar have their own signs and meanings too. But the first year belongs to the Mouse. Let us tell you the story of how the little Mouse got his year.

For an endless amount of time, the animals found themselves fighting and arguing constantly over who should get the first year of the Eastern calendar named after them.



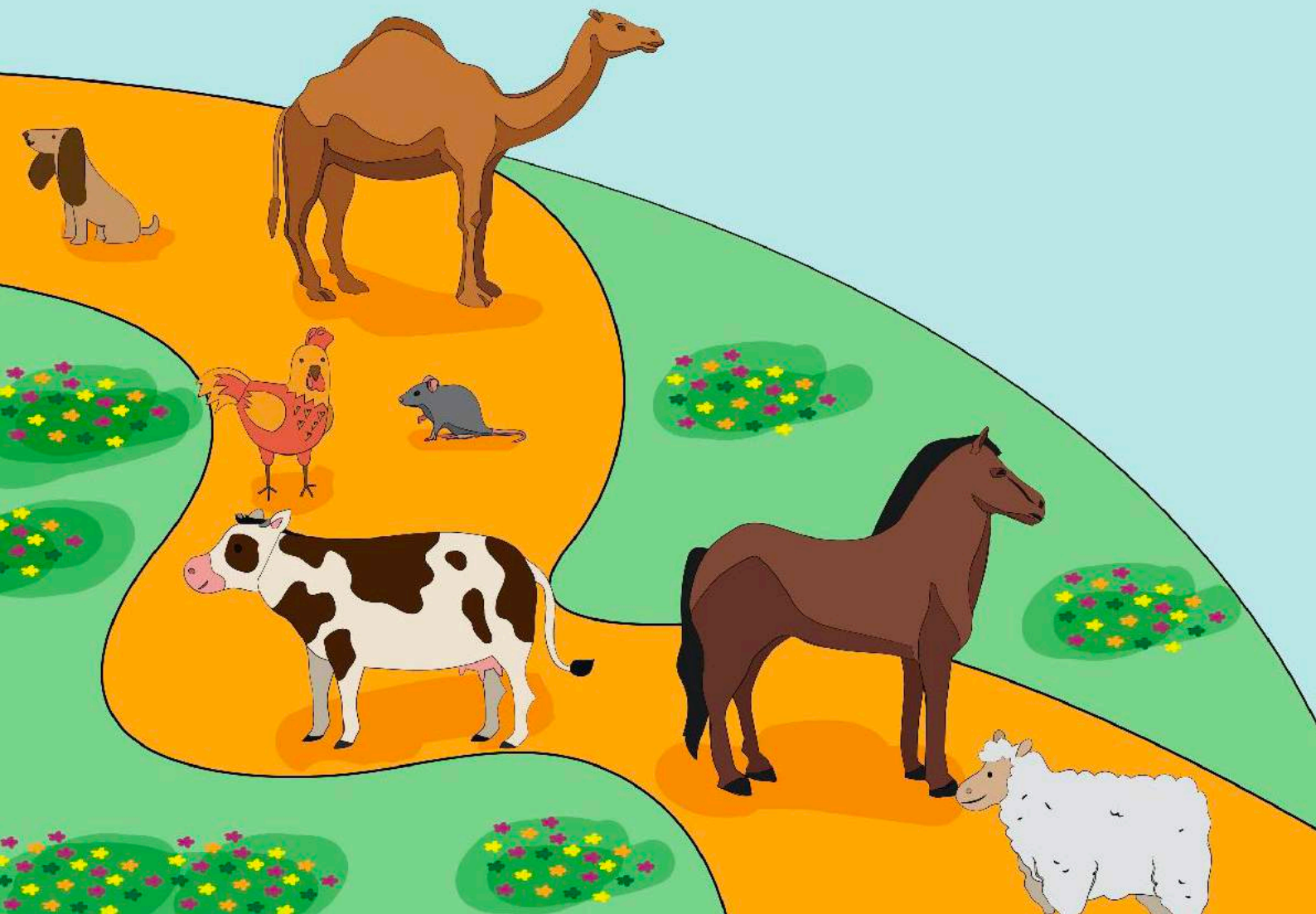
Cow said, "I provide men with milk to drink, food to eat and pelt to keep warm. The first year rightfully belongs to me."

"Well, not only do I provide men with everything that you do, but I can carry men to faraway lands on my back," replied Horse.

"Poor Horse, you are so fragile," challenged Camel. "How can your strength be compared to mine? Put half of my load on you, and you will fall and groan. You also live in idleness, when you are blessed with plenty of food. Your appetite is fed with good hay and oats, and your thirst quenched with spring water. Yet, I eat mere thorns and can survive without a single drop of water for several days on end. My milk is also very tasty, my meat is edible and my pelt is sturdy."

Pushing everyone aside, Sheep ran to the middle and declared, "From what wool would a Kazakh man make a felted cloth to cover their yurt? Why, a sheep's wool of course! My wool can grace any man with a wonderful sheepskin coat. Take a hunk of a lamb and you have the best meal for yourself. The milk and cheese that comes from me is unique from any of yours. The first year should be mine."

For once, the animals couldn't argue or deny what Sheep had said. Could he be right?

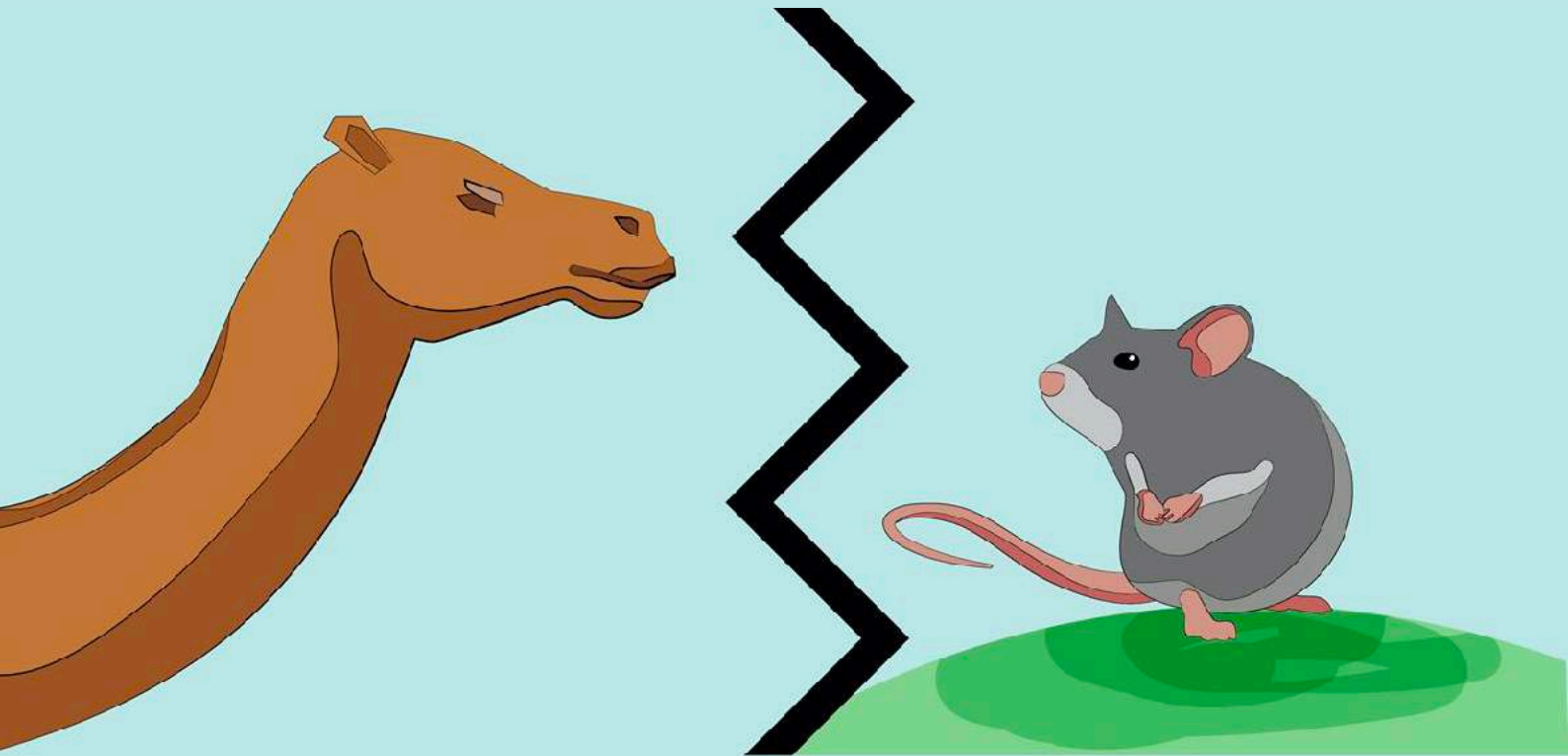


Suddenly, Dog jumped into the middle of the animals' huddle.

"Nonsense!" Dog exclaimed. "If it weren't for me, your precious wool would have been gobbled up by the wolves."

And in this futile fashion, the animals argued until the last rays of sunshine sank behind the mountains and the purple skies grew dark and filled with stars.

As Cow, Horse, Camel, Sheep, Dog and even Rooster argued, Mouse did not make a single peep.



Once the animals grew tired and silent, Mouse spoke up.

"Whoever sees the sunrise first, shall get the first year of the Eastern calendar."

The animals were delighted, each one thinking they were guaranteed to be the first to see the sun.

Camel had no doubt that his height would promise him victory in seeing the sunrise first.

Mouse stood next to Camel as the animals gathered to face the East. Camel laughed.

"Poor little foolish Mouse, you can't possibly think you will be the first to see the sun," Camel grinned.

"Waiting one hour in the morning is better than waiting two hours in the evening," Mouse responded.

“Oh please,” Camel huffed. “I am the tallest of all and will be the absolute first to see the sunrise.”

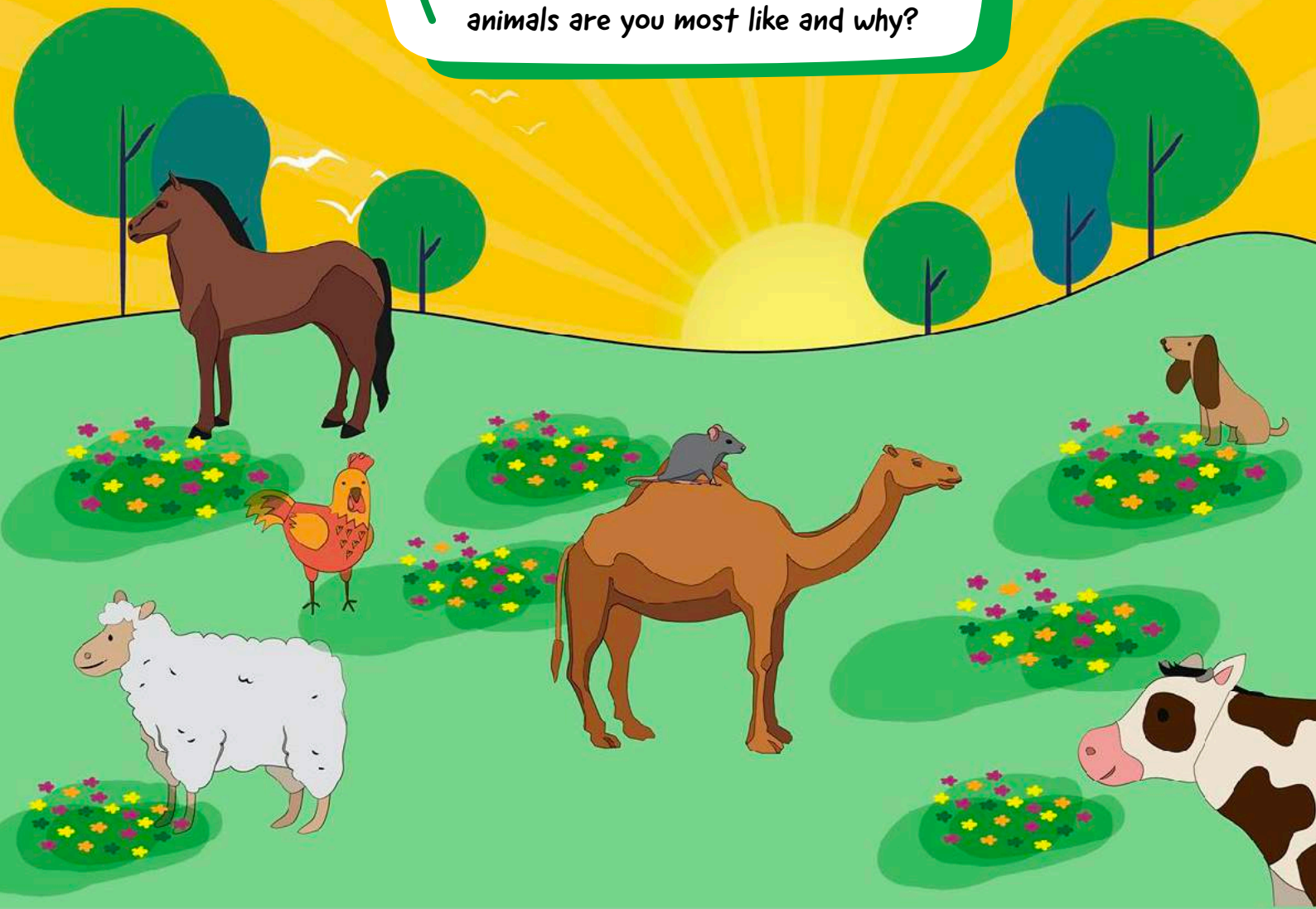
Before the dawn, the animals began looking into the distance. Camel could feel something tickling the top of his hump.

“The sun! The sun!” Mouse shouted, pointing and jumping with excitement.

Only then did Camel realise that Mouse had quietly climbed up his long hair to stand on his hump. Angry, Camel threw Mouse off his hump and squished him with his foot. Sly little Mouse escaped and slipped into a nearby pile of ashes. Mouse claimed the first year and Camel’s arrogant thoughtlessness lost him a year in the Eastern calendar. To this day, Camel continues rolling around in that same pile of ashes, hoping to trample over Mouse and get his year back. ■

What do you think?

Which of the Eastern zodiac animals are you most like and why?





STORYTIME Extra



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?

Did you know?

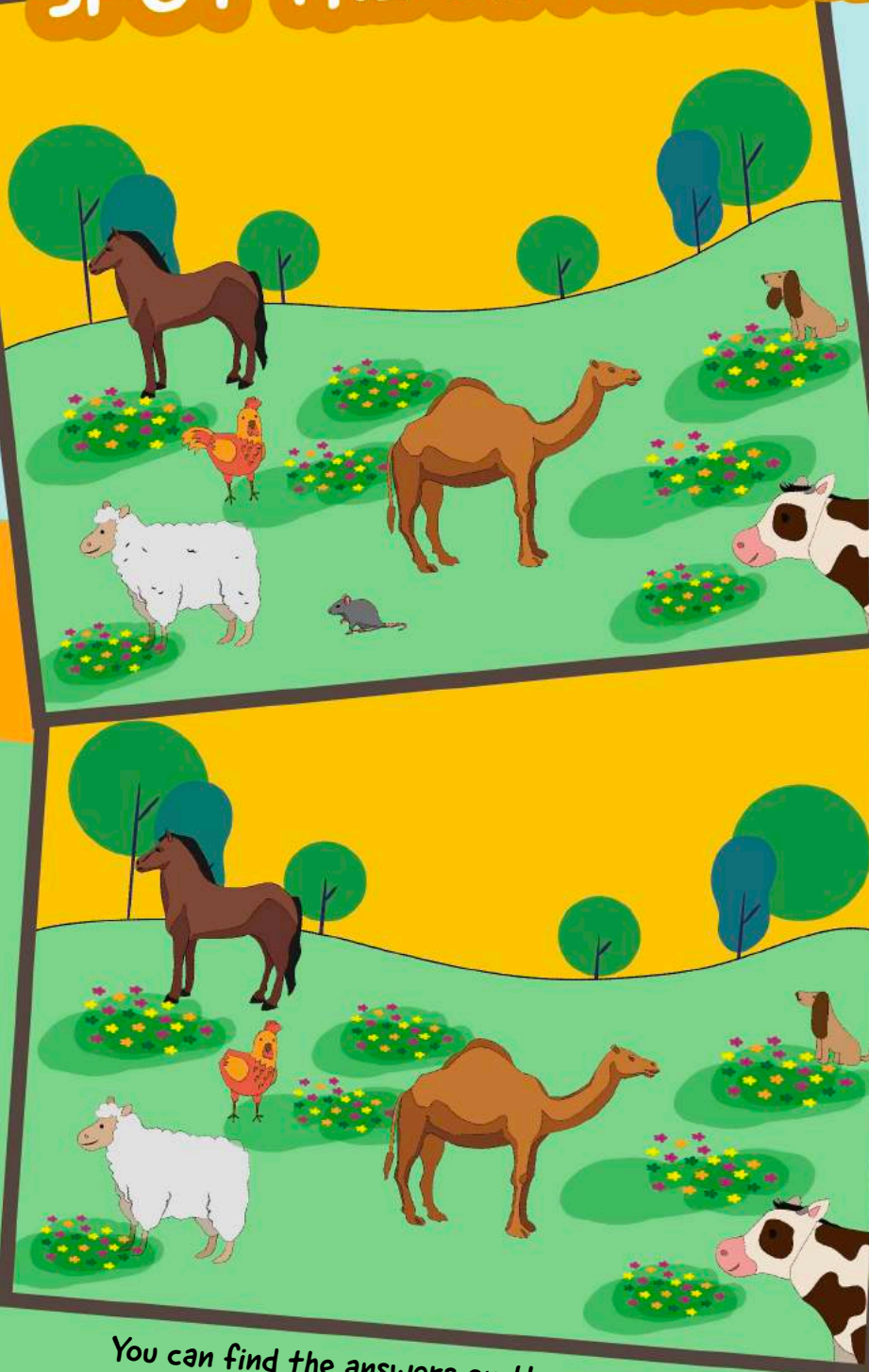
• Kazakhstan has a rich oral tradition which largely consists of epic poems, ballads and verse tales performed in songs called **kyui** by travelling storytellers called **ahyrsy**, and improvisational poets and musicians called **akyns**.

• Recitals and contests known as **aitys** performed by akyn were popular forms of entertainment in the olden days and are featured at many festivals and gatherings today.

Think about it

• Many Eastern countries follow a zodiac calendar. Which animals do they share and which animals are different?

• If you could create your own zodiac, which animals would you include and what characteristics would each be known for?



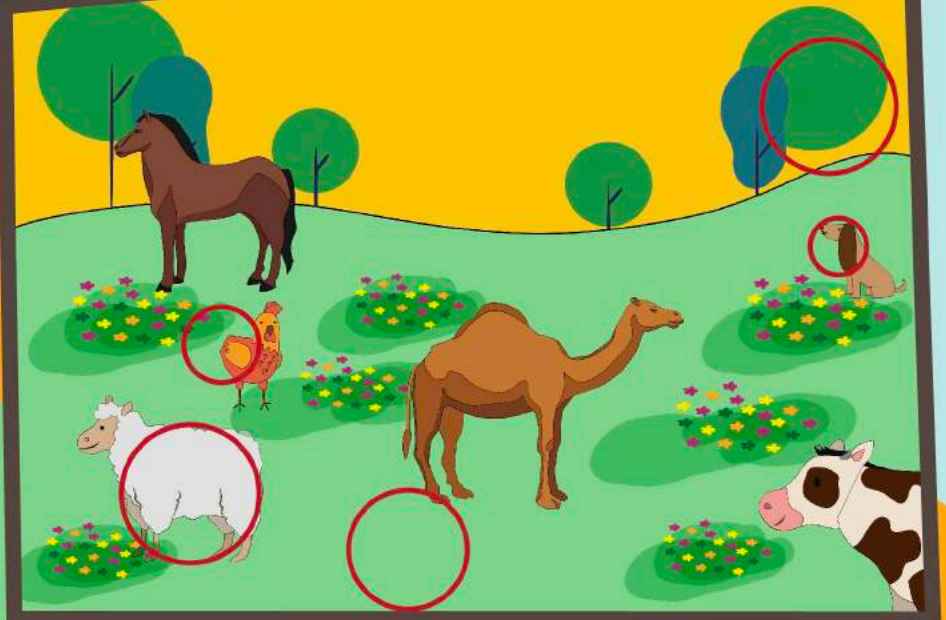
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





NAMIBIA

Nekwa and the Baobab Tree

As told by Helvi Itenge

Illustrated by Rincarinn

Nekwa lived in a village with lots of baobab trees, and just like many of the other children in the village, she loved playing around their huge thick trunks.

Baobab trees often have giant holes in their trunks, so the adults of the village had warned the children to be very careful around them. And the children were told to never, ever pass wind near the tree, or it would swallow them up.



One day, Nekwa and her two friends, Niilonga and Nuusiku, went to play under the baobab tree. While they were playing, Nuusiku passed wind. Suddenly, a big hole opened up and before they could run away, the hole pulled them in and closed from inside.



A few days later, an old woman came to look for firewood. As she was hitting the baobab tree roots to get her firewood, she heard singing.

“Woman hitting the roots of the baobab tree – pum pum.”



“Go speak to our family – pum, pum.”

“Tell them the baobab tree has swallowed us up – pum, pum.”

“It has swallowed Nekwa – pum, pum.”

“It has swallowed Niilonga – pum, pum.”

“And Nuusiku – pum, pum.”

The old lady ran quickly to tell the other villagers about the voices she had heard singing from the baobab tree. The old woman and the villagers returned to the tree, bringing carpenters who could cut it open and free the children.



The carpenters tried with their big axes and sharp knives. They used all the tools they could find, but none of them could open the tree.

“What can we do?” the villagers asked each other. “There must be a way to free the children.”

“I know,” said a very wise person. “Let’s ask the birds for their help.”



First, they called **Kathithi**, the blue waxbill. Kathithi started hitting the baobab tree with his beak. He looked proud as he did it, and he was singing "I'm Kathithi, I'm Kathithi." After a while, though, Kathithi bent his beak.



The second bird that came was **Kola**, the crow. He also acted very proud, singing "I'm Kola, I'm Kola, I'm fearless and I'm proud." But before long, the crow bent his beak too.



Next, **Ekodhi**, the hawk, came and sang "Ekodhi is here to save you, Ekodhi is here to save you." But the hawk also bent his beak.



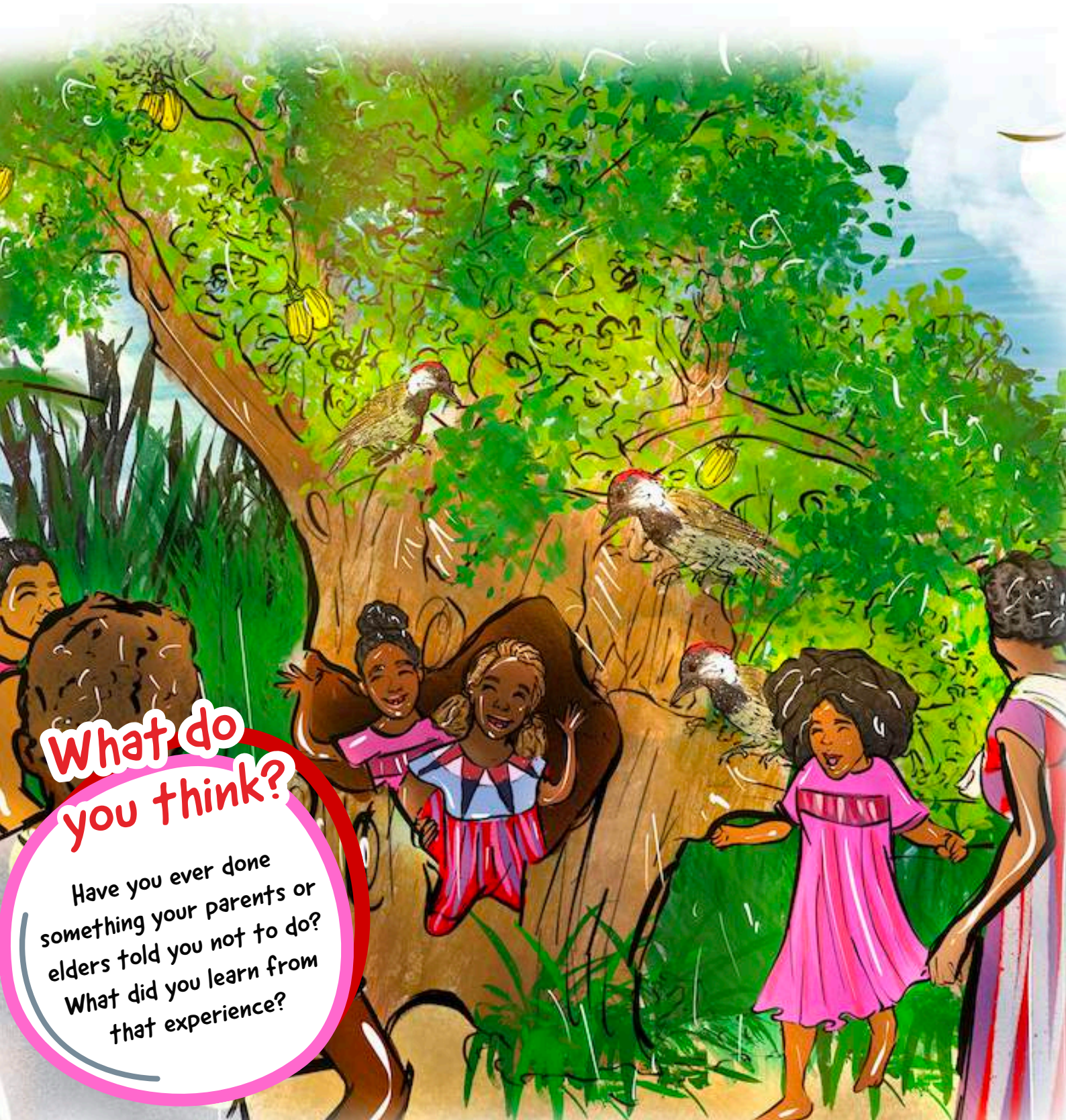
They decided to call yet another bird, **Mbangula**, the woodpecker. Mbangula came and sang, "When you're eating you never call Mbangula, but when you have work to do you're quick to call Mbangula. Dig, dig, dig." Mbangula started digging through the baobab tree using his beak, singing while he was doing it.

Once there was a small hole, Mbangula sang: "When you're eating you never call Mbangula, but when you have work you're quick to call Mbangula. Hit, hit, hit."



Soon enough the hole was big enough for the children to reach their hands out. Then it was big enough for people to see the children's faces. Eventually the hole was big enough for the children to crawl through.

The villagers cooked food and served drinks to thank Mbangula and the other birds for saving their children. And the children learned their lesson, and never played too close to the baobab tree again. ■



What do you think?

Have you ever done something your parents or elders told you not to do? What did you learn from that experience?



STORYTIME Extra



CAN YOU MATCH THE BIRD?

Kathithi



Ekodhi



Kola



Mbangula



You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

Namibia has a strong tradition of *omahokolo* (which means "oral storytelling" in Namibia's Oshiwambo language).

Different ethnic communities have their own traditions of storytelling, however the messages and lessons all have a purpose – to educate, entertain and inform.

Imagine

If you could sing like a bird, what would be your song?

Guess what?

The baobab tree has an incredible lifespan and can survive for 1,500 years or more. It is often called the "upside-down tree" because its branches look like roots.



ANSWERS & Solutions

The birds in this story are pretty unforgettable.
Could you remember which one was which?

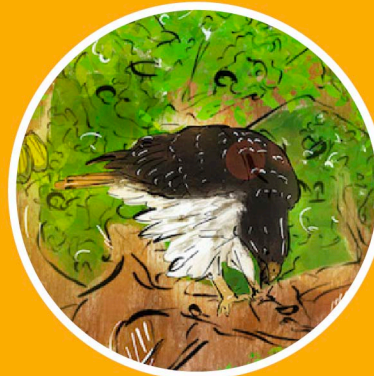
CAN YOU MATCH THE BIRD?

Mbangula



Kathithi

Kola



Ekodhi



BRAZIL

The History of Inventions – The Airplane

(A Tale of the Yellow Woodpecker Ranch)

Based on the works of José Bento Renato Monteiro Lobato

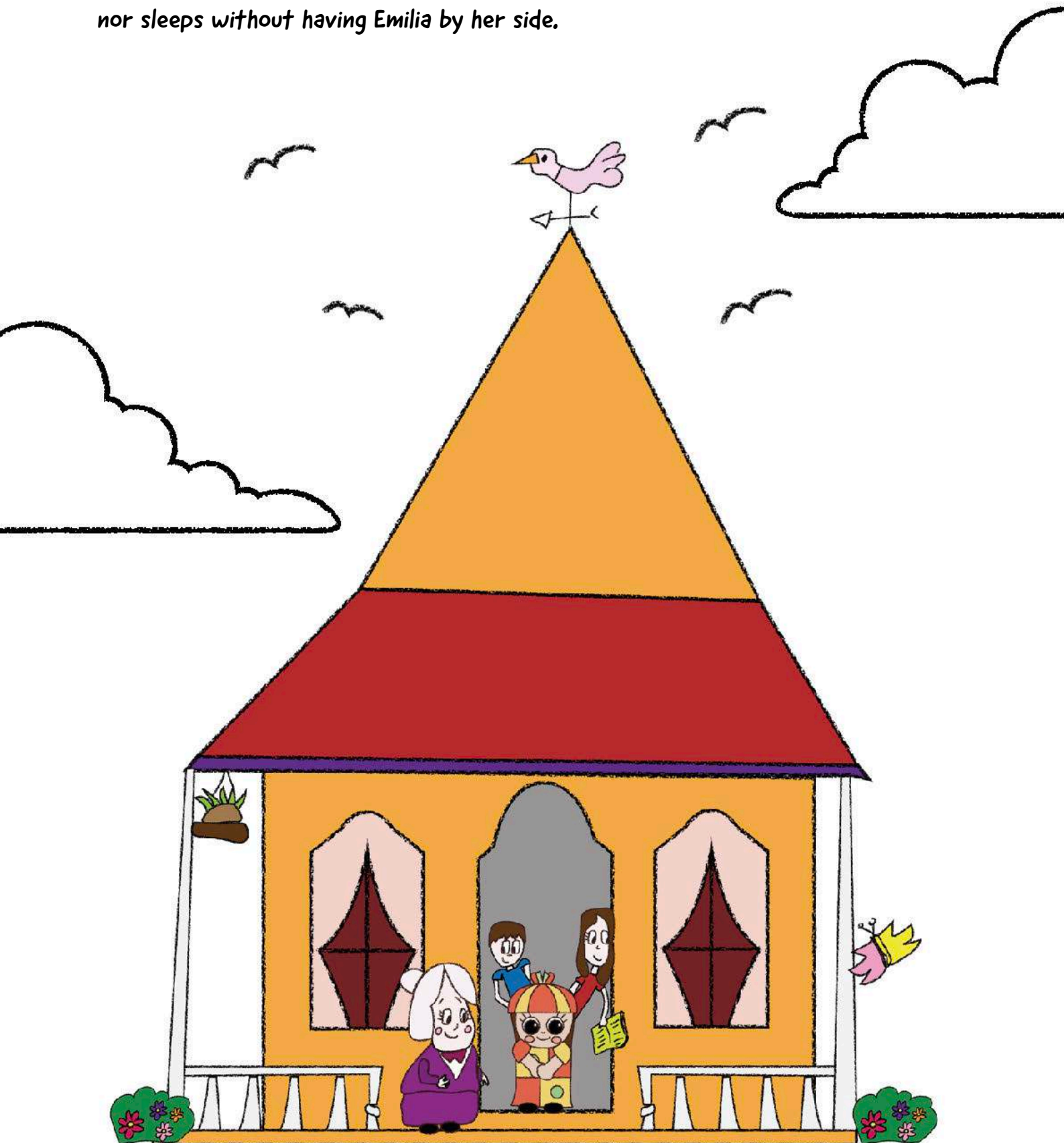
Illustrated by Darah Eduarda de Paula, Gael Givisiez Ribeiro, Agatha Emanueli Nascimento Silva, Fernanda Lana Padilla Costa, Vinicius Medeiros dos Santos and Roberta Oliveira Garcia Queiroz

In a tiny white cottage at the Yellow Woodpecker Ranch lives an elderly woman called Grandma Benta. Those who pass by the road and see her sitting on her porch might think, “My, it must be sad to live alone in this place.”

But make no mistake, Grandma Benta is the happiest of grandmas, for she lives in the company of the loveliest of granddaughters, Lucia, the girl with the upturned nose, or simply Narizinho, as everyone calls her.



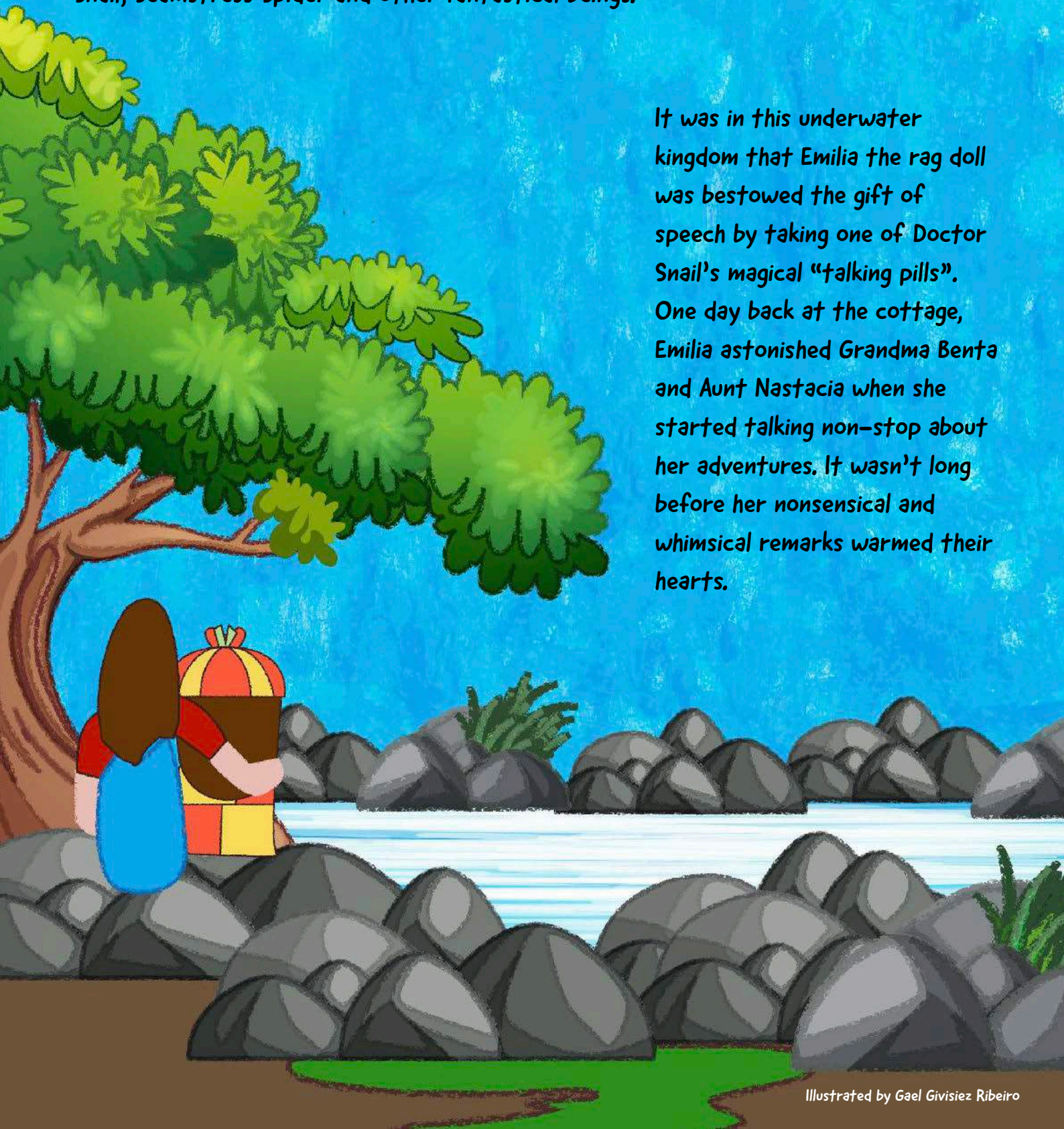
Lucia and her grandmother share their roof with Aunt Nastacia, who is the best cook this and other worlds have ever seen and who nursed Lucia as a baby. Emilia, a clumsy rag doll hand sewn by Aunt Nastacia herself, is also part of the family. Narizinho neither eats nor sleeps without having Emilia by her side.



Every afternoon, Narzinho takes Emilia for a stroll along the creek running through the back of the orchard. They sit idly by the water on the roots of an old Ingã tree and feed breadcrumbs to the fish.

But this creek is no ordinary creek. It is the gateway to the Clear Water Kingdom, home to Fish Charming and his royal court of talking underwater creatures: Major Frog, Doctor Snail, Seamstress Spider and other fantastical beings.

It was in this underwater kingdom that Emilia the rag doll was bestowed the gift of speech by taking one of Doctor Snail's magical "talking pills". One day back at the cottage, Emilia astonished Grandma Benta and Aunt Nastacia when she started talking non-stop about her adventures. It wasn't long before her nonsensical and whimsical remarks warmed their hearts.



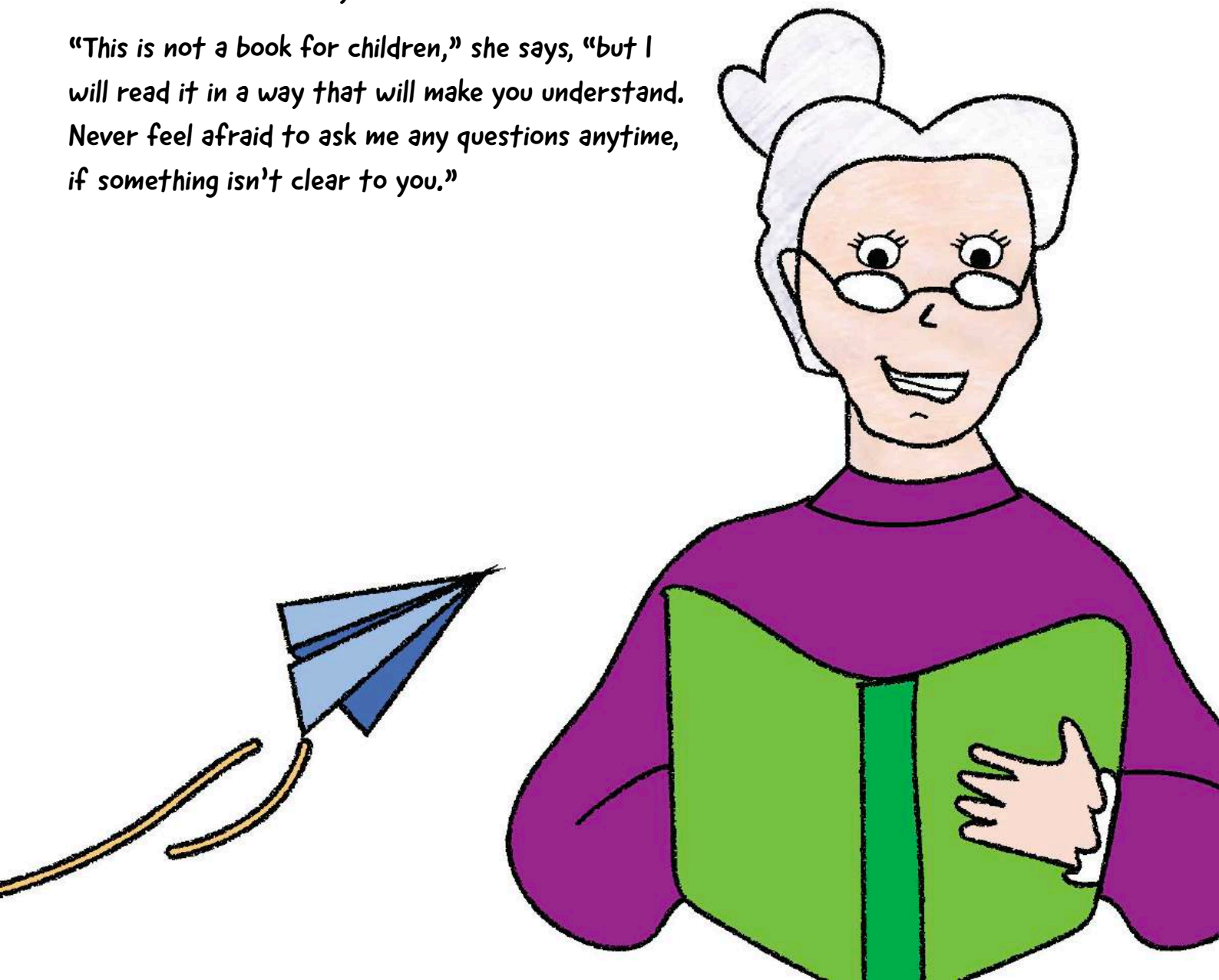
Peter lives in the big city and spends every holiday at the Yellow Woodpecker Ranch, where he joins his cousin Narizinho and Emilia on great adventures in the Clear Water Kingdom, in Grammarland and in the Land of Mathematics.

At the Yellow Woodpecker Ranch kids must only worry about two things: *brincar e aprender*, (“playing and learning” in Portuguese).

Blessed with an endless library of hundreds of books, Grandma Benta would often get the newest releases from a bookseller in the big city.

At seven o’ clock on the dot, we find Grandma Benta telling Narizinho, Peter and Emilia a story based on a new book by Hendrik Van Loon.

“This is not a book for children,” she says, “but I will read it in a way that will make you understand. Never feel afraid to ask me any questions anytime, if something isn’t clear to you.”



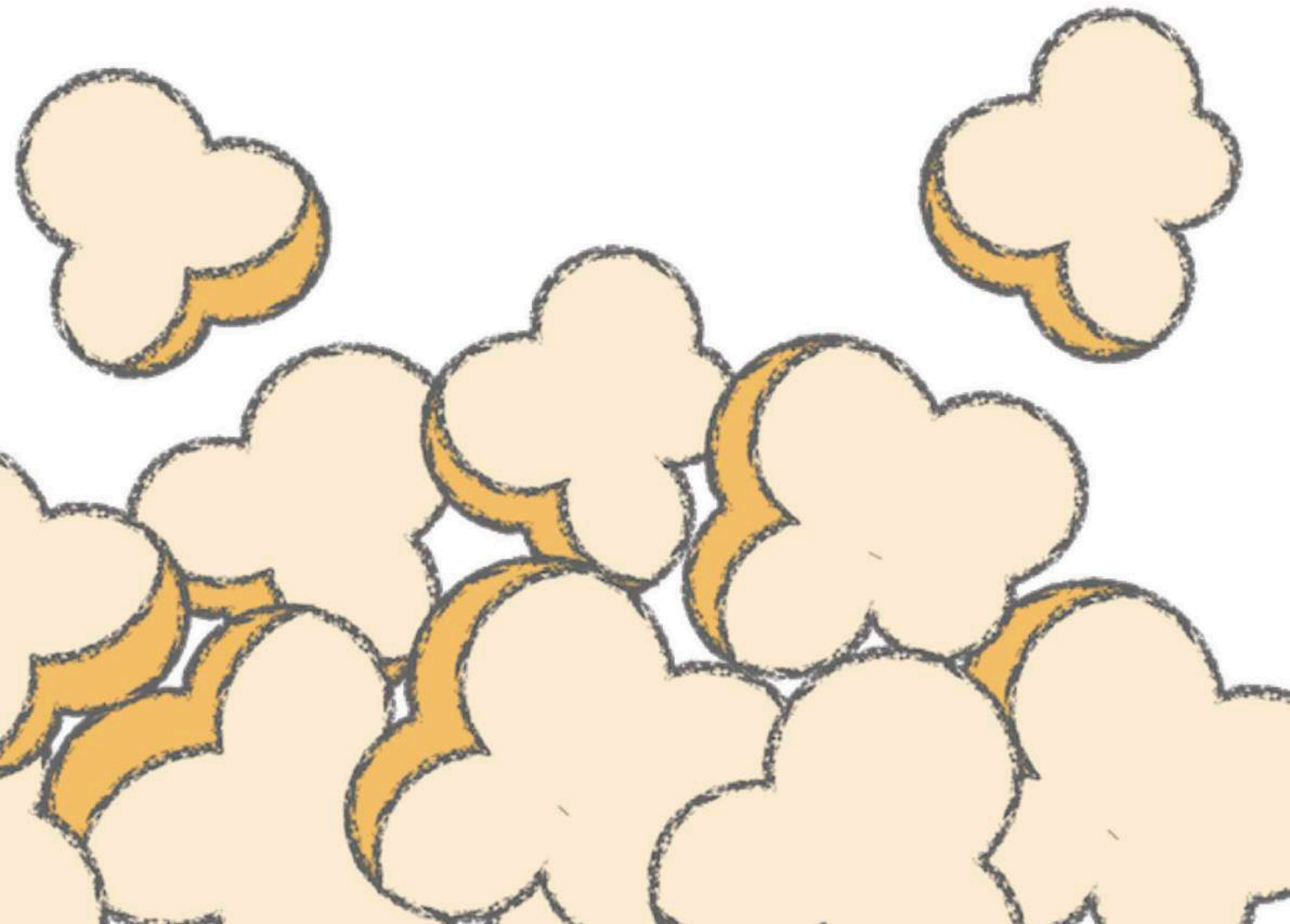
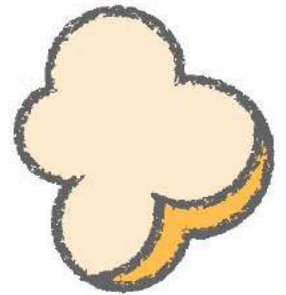
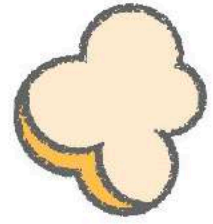
“Mr. Van Loon describes how creatures called human beings, who were once very hairy and walked on all fours, came to develop their brains to measure how far the stars were from each other, and how big atoms were.”

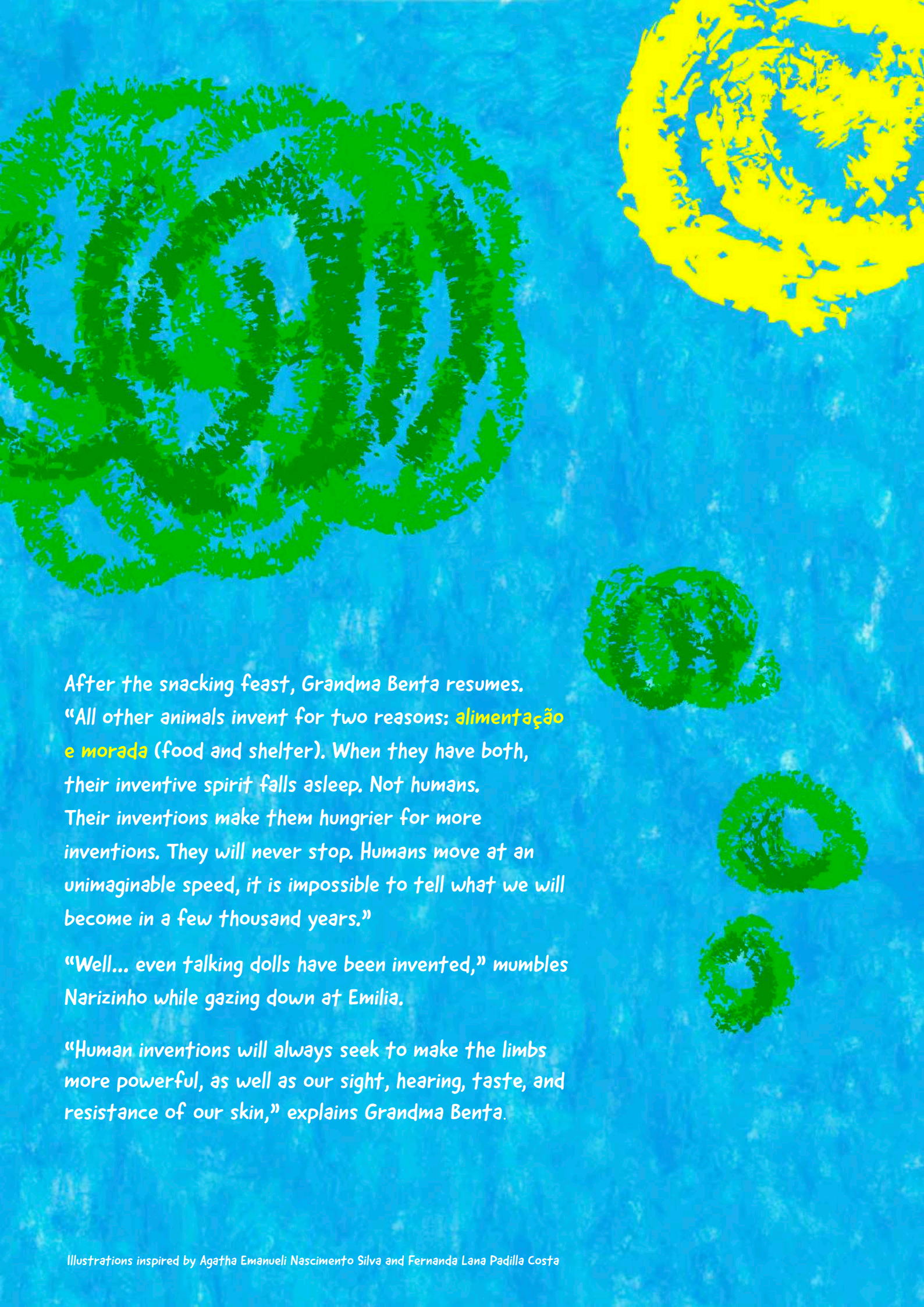
“And how did they do that?” asks Peter.

“Inventions,” explains Grandma Benta. “Human beings are great inventors of things, and the history of humanity on Earth is charted by these inventions, and the impact they have had on human lives. Let’s look at Chapter One.”

“Only when we have popcorn, Grandma,” cries Narizinho while sniffing the air.

From the kitchen comes the delicious smell of popping kernels. Nighttime popcorn is always plentiful at Grandma Benta’s ranch.

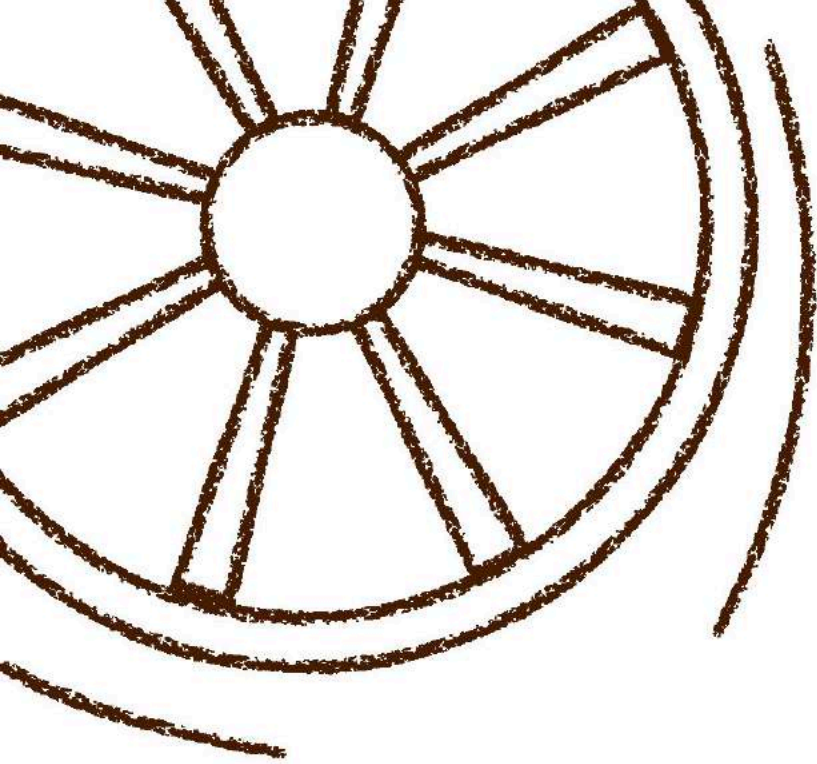




After the snacking feast, Grandma Benta resumes.
“All other animals invent for two reasons: **alimentação**
e morada (food and shelter). When they have both,
their inventive spirit falls asleep. Not humans.
Their inventions make them hungrier for more
inventions. They will never stop. Humans move at an
unimaginable speed, it is impossible to tell what we will
become in a few thousand years.”

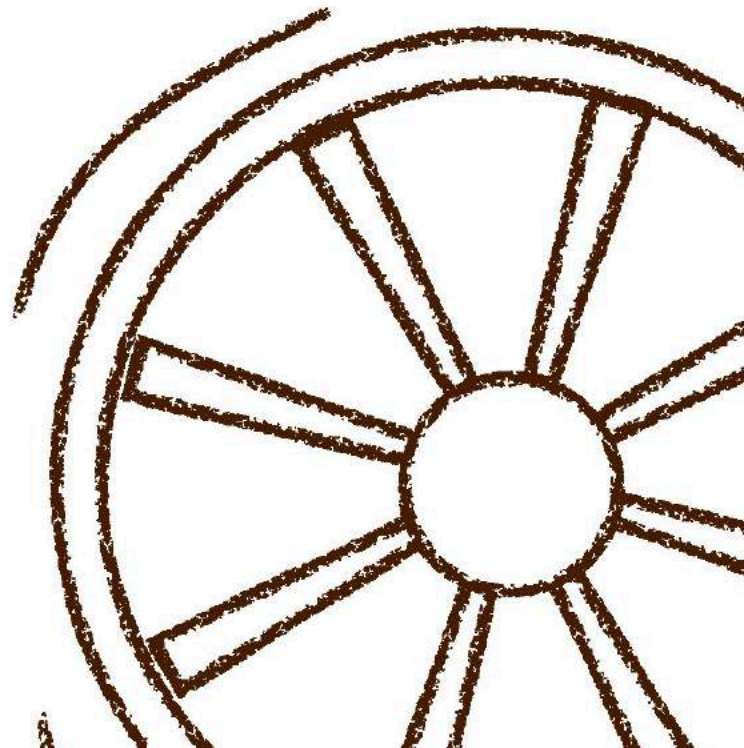
“Well... even talking dolls have been invented,” mumbles
Narzinho while gazing down at Emilia.

“Human inventions will always seek to make the limbs
more powerful, as well as our sight, hearing, taste, and
resistance of our skin,” explains Grandma Benta.



“The feet have always carried the greatest burden... travel, migration to remote lands. The feet that toiled were rescued by the hairy four-legged creature’s brain. The brain brought horses, the sled and the wheel to let the feet finally rest.”

“The wheel started rough, raw, heavy – ugly, really – but it started nonetheless,” continues Grandma Benta. “What starts, doesn’t stop. It continues to perfect itself. The wheel multiplied the power of the feet. Without it, we wouldn’t have cars, trains or airplanes.”



“What has the plane got to do with the wheel?” asks Peter.

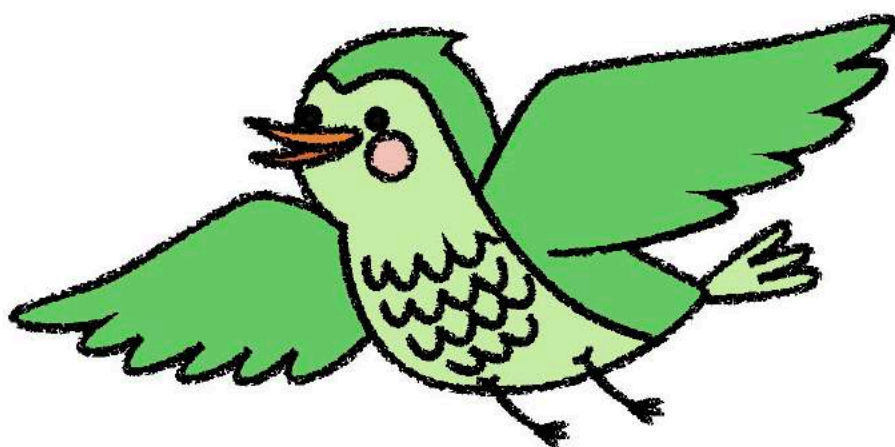
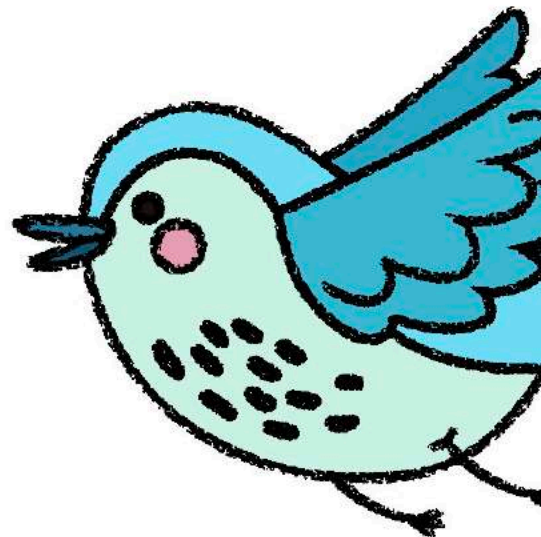
“Everything. With each invention comes countless smaller ones, like branches from a tree”, Grandma Benta explains.

A single train has countless tiny inventions, in the car it pulls and the tracks it runs on. The same goes for ships. As rulers of land and sea, human beings hadn't yet taken to the skies. So they had to conquer the air too.



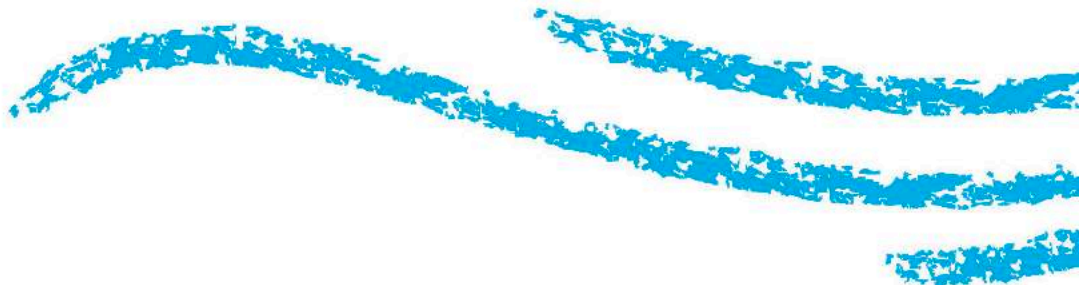
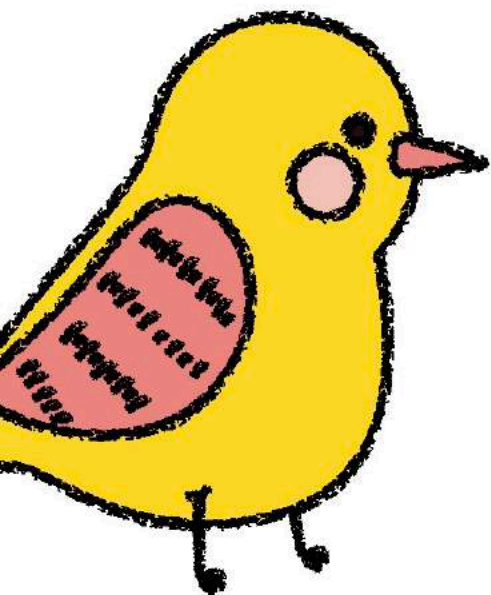
"The skies once seemed unreachable, except to eagles. 'If eagles can fly, why shouldn't we fly as well, as we are smarter than eagles?' they thought. With that, they made a hot air balloon. With it, they concluded that warm air was lighter than cold air.

"What about a device that was heavier than air? Birds are heavier than air and they can fly. This 'crazy' idea was infectious among the people.



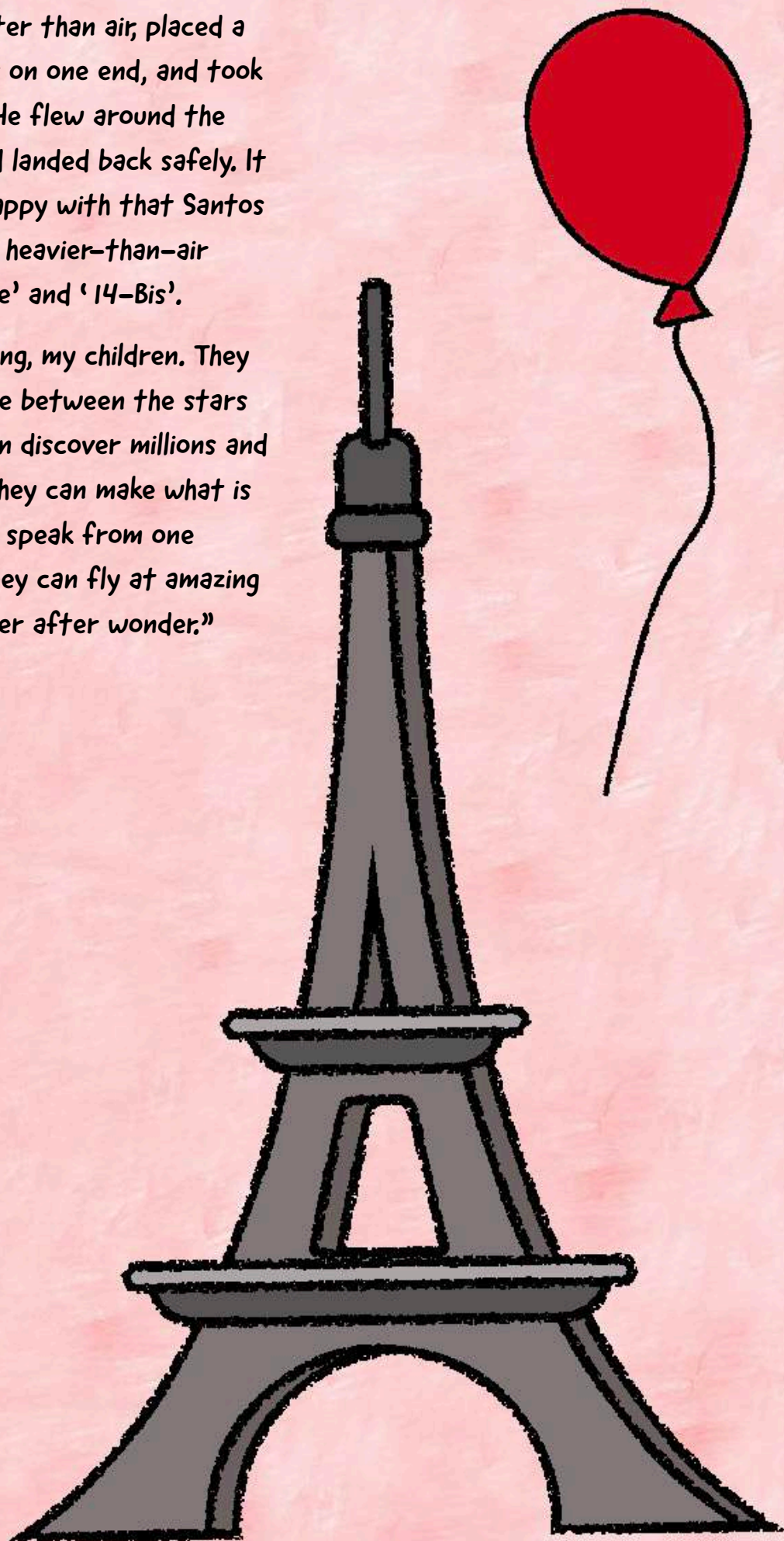
"The 'official wisemen' laughed and doubted the idea. Governments really paid attention to the opinions of such 'wisemen', and those with the 'crazy' ideas about human flight never had the slightest support. No longer were they considered 'crazy'. They were simply 'lunatics'.

"Yet those lunatics believed in their ideas. They insisted, experimented and persisted. They would not give in to the 'wisemen'.



"Then came a Brazilian man named Alberto Santos Dumont. He took a balloon, filled it with a gas that was lighter than air, placed a gasoline engine propeller on one end, and took flight. He actually flew. He flew around the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and landed back safely. It was stunning. And not happy with that Santos Dumont later flew in his heavier-than-air planes named 'Demoiselle' and '14-Bis'.

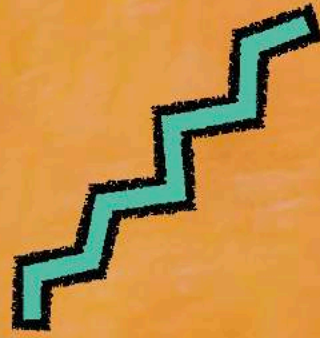
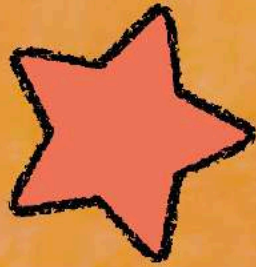
"Human beings are amazing, my children. They can measure the distance between the stars and weigh them. They can discover millions and millions of Milky Ways. They can make what is invisible visible. They can speak from one continent to another. They can fly at amazing speeds and create wonder after wonder."



“Well,” said Emilia. “I will invent something much better than a wheel or a plane... A-ha! An invention-making machine! You put the idea inside, turn on the switch and that’s it – you have any invention you want.”



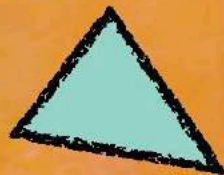
Illustrated by Roberta Oliveira Garcia Queiroz



Grandma Benta, Narizinho and Peter giggled, each realising that their laughter could make them one of the “wisemen”. They vowed that they would never underestimate their own ideas, let alone those of others. Who knows where they may lead... ■

What do you think?

If you could invent anything at all,
what would it be and why?





STORYTIME Extra



Did you know?

- This story is an adaptation of several children's stories written by Jose Bento Monteiro Lobato, a famous Brazilian author who lived from 1882 to 1948.
- National Children's Book Day is celebrated in Brazil on 18 April, the date of Monteiro Lobato's birthday.



Word search

Find the Portuguese words in this story. What do they mean? Do you know these words in any other languages?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



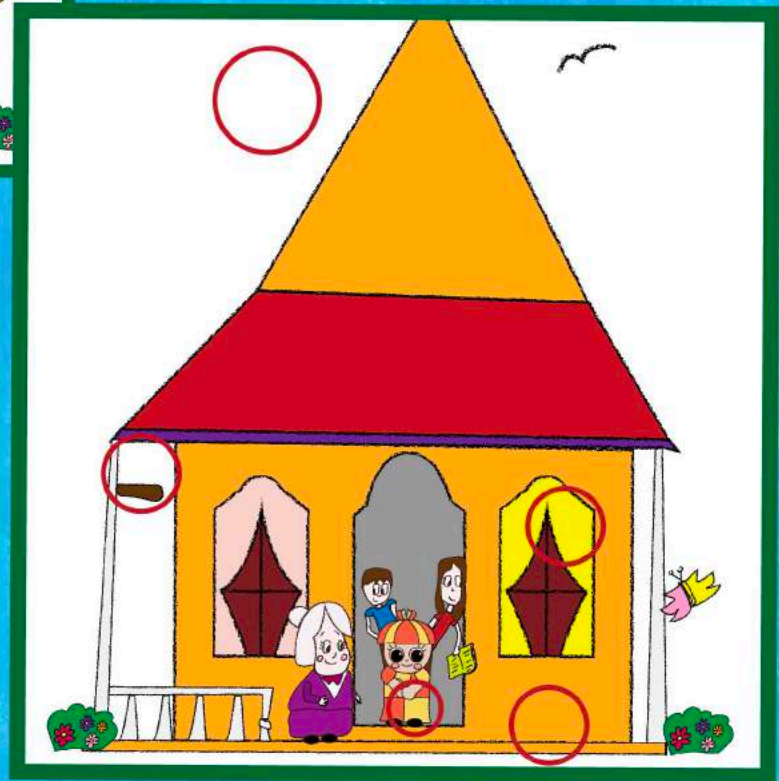
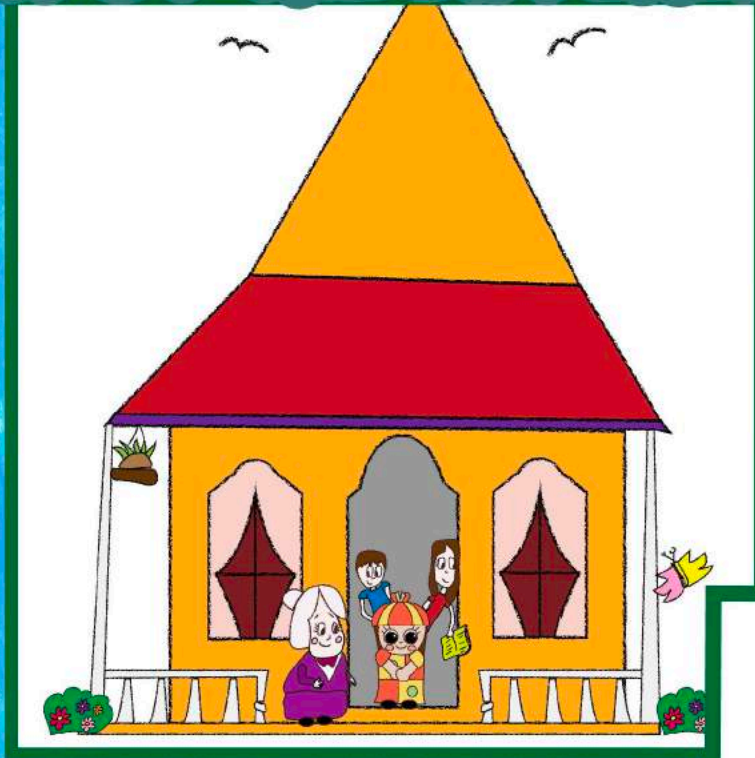
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





GHANA

Ananse and the Kente Cloth

Illustrated by Parables Studios

Hundreds of years ago, the land we now know as Ghana was blanketed in lush and verdant rainforests. Part of these forests was home to the Ashanti people, ruled by Oti Akenten – and also Ananse, a clever and cunning spider. Although full of mischief, Ananse was loved for his sharp wit, lively imagination and endless creativity.



One day, two brothers – Nana Kragu and Nana Ameyaw – went hunting for food in the rainforest. Their search lasted all day, without success. Suddenly, just as they were starting to despair, they spotted a herd of impala grazing in a clearing. Breathless with excitement, the brothers crept closer to the herd. But then, from the corners of their eyes, they noticed a shimmering shape that hovered above the impala. Droplets from the evening mist decorated this mysterious object, causing it to glow with a bright, white light.



“What is this strange yet delicate object, and what is the creature tangled in it?” asked one brother.

“I am Ananse the spider, and this object you speak of is my **ntintan** (web),” replied the spindly creature. “And if you do my bidding, I will teach you how to weave a beautiful ntintan just like mine.”



Entranced, the brothers eagerly completed all the tasks that Ananse set them. In turn, Ananse kept his word and taught them not only how to weave, but also the intricate arts of spinning and dyeing.

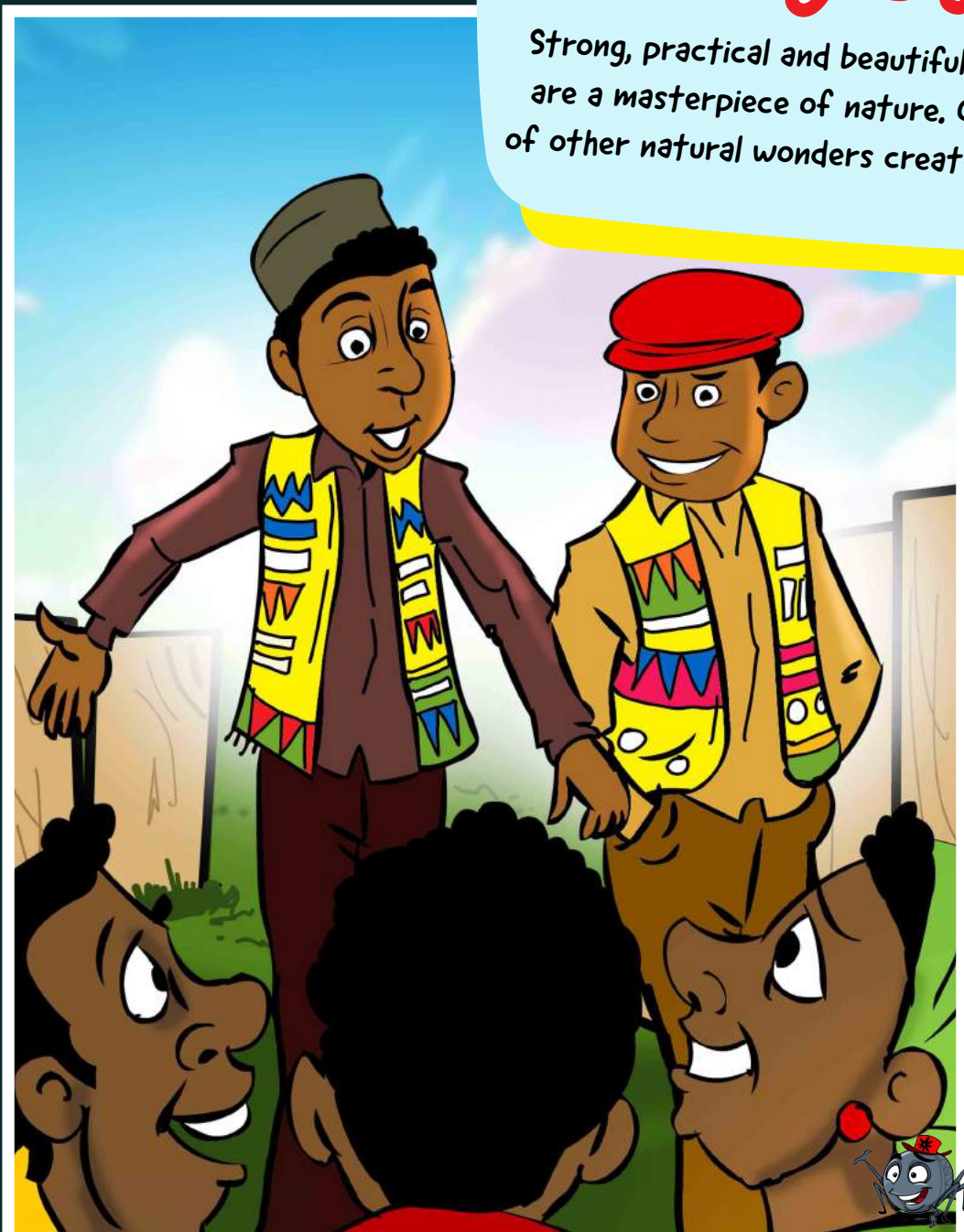


On returning to their village, the brothers showed everyone their magnificent woven fabrics. Captivated by the vibrant colours and rich dyes, the villagers were eager to know how they made such perfect cloth. Nana Kragu and Nana Ameyaw told everyone about the threads they had spun and the dyes they had mixed. And, of course, about Ananse's gift – **Nkonyaa Asaawa Akyede**, the Gift of the Magic Thread. The villagers were also amazed that the loom Ananse built was such a simple one – light but sturdy, and made from tree boughs and branches.

Of course, the Ashanti people were eternally grateful to Ananse for teaching them the art of silk weaving. And today, the strip-weaving loom, as it is known, continues to be used to make Ghana's famously beautiful Kente cloth. ■

What do you think?

Strong, practical and beautiful, spider webs are a masterpiece of nature. Can you think of other natural wonders created by animals?





STORYTIME Extra



NUMBER CRUNCH

Can you do the following spidery sums?

1.  +  = _____

2.  -  = _____

3.  +  -  = _____

You can find the answers on the next page

GUESS WHAT?

In Ghana, there are many Ananse stories and they are called "Anansesem" meaning "spider tales".

Catch the spiders!

There are some spiders crawling around the pages of this story. Can you catch them all?



CHECK THIS OUT

Kente cloth, woven from silk and cotton, is worn on special occasions. Many different colours are used, and each has a different meaning. Some common colours are yellow for wealth, green for the harvest, and blue for harmony.

Did you know?

Ananse, sometimes spelled Anansi, is a shapeshifting trickster who also occasionally features in human form.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Did you get tangled up in these spidery sums?
Let's see how well you crunched the numbers.

NUMBER CRUNCH

1.  +  = 7

2.  -  = 4

3.  +  -  = 3

Catch the spiders!

Do you love spiders enough to look for them?
There are seven spiders crawling around in
this story. How many did you find?





KIRIBATI

Nei Mwanganibuka the Navigator

Illustrated by Karawa Areieta

A long time ago in the northern part of Kiribati, there lived a young woman on the island of Makin. Her name was Nei Mwanganibuka and she was the most skilled navigator in Kiribati. She mastered navigating and sailing the seas for many miles. She was brave enough to attempt even the roughest of seas. Despite being bound to her household duties and chores, she would always show interest and make time to learn about every star in the sky, every peak and trough of a wave, and every species of fish.





Nei Mwangani buka had three older brothers and a sister who would play among themselves. While her older siblings were busy having fun, Nei Mwangani buka would spend each evening with her parents and older relatives, reading the stars and listening to the winds. Nei Mwangani buka's brothers and sister had no interest in spending time with their elders; they thought they had all the time in the world to learn about navigating the seas. Yet Nei Mwangani buka embraced the opportunities to improve her knowledge of navigation. They were as endless as the seas and the skies that stretched before her. As the years went by, Nei Mwangani buka realised how eternally grateful she was for the time she had spent with her elders.

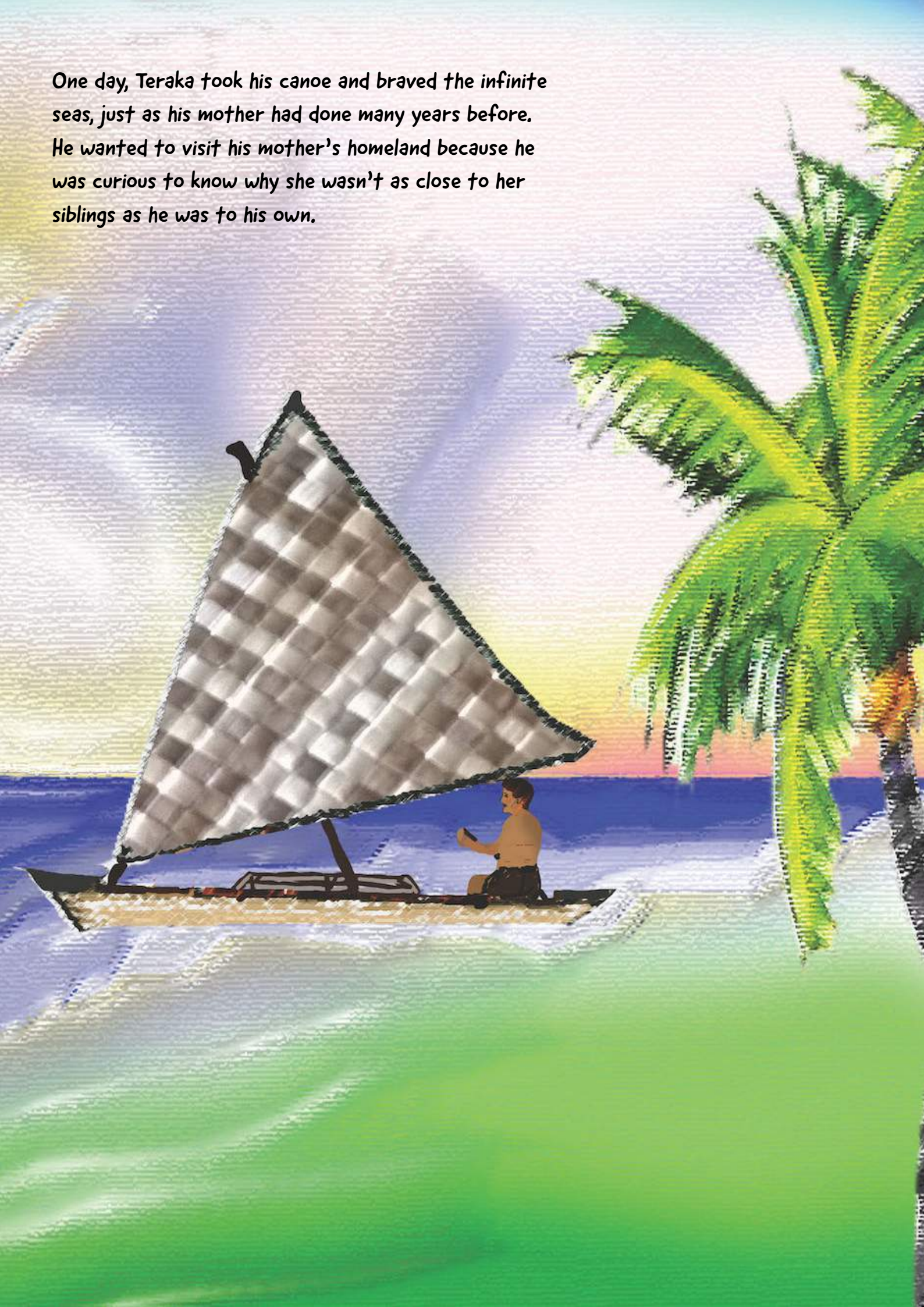
After her parents passed away, Nei Mwangani buka left the comfort of her home in Makin. On a broken branch of te buka tree she set forth, onward to the island of Nikunau at the southern end of Kiribati. The distance between the two islands was huge and required sophisticated navigation knowledge and skills, but Nei Mwangani buka was up for the challenge. On the lone branch of te buka tree, she sailed through perilous waves under the scorching sun for hundreds of kilometres. When the dark and stormy seas seemed insurmountable, the stars lit her way and the wind whispered, guiding her to safety. She could master any wave the universe threw at her.



After many nights under the stars, she finally reached the shores of Nikunau. There she met a man named Namataimoa, who was charmed by her endless curiosity and thirst for navigation knowledge. Realising his strong feelings for Nei Mwanganihuka, he asked her to be his wife. She accepted and together they had three children. Nei Mwanganihuka decided to name her youngest son Teraka, after her brother. She made a promise to herself that she would pass down to her children the great wealth of knowledge her ancestors had once passed down to her. Nei Mwanganihuka loved Teraka the most because of his similar zest for knowledge, and she taught him well. Just like her, Teraka knew every star, wave and fish.



One day, Teraka took his canoe and braved the infinite seas, just as his mother had done many years before. He wanted to visit his mother's homeland because he was curious to know why she wasn't as close to her siblings as he was to his own.



After many days and nights at sea he reached Makin. Teraka paid a visit to what used to be his mother's home, a local hut where his mother grew up and spent her childhood memories with her siblings, parents and elders. An old man greeted and welcomed him to his humble home. Teraka introduced himself as the older man's nephew and met the rest of Nei Mwanganibuka's siblings, his uncles and aunty.



The old man was impressed with his namesake's successful journey from Nikunau to Makin. Fetching his canoe, the older man brought his relatives to Nikunau where they were reunited with their younger sister. Witnessing the sweet reunion and the tears of happiness in his mother's eyes, Teraka realised that he was thankful for his mother sharing her wisdom and knowledge with him. Otherwise he would never have been able to conquer large distances and obstacles, and use his curiosity to return the favour to his mother. ■



What do you think?

What marine life would you expect to see if you sailed the seas of Kiribati?



STORYTIME Extra



LET'S GO STARGAZING!

Can you match these constellations with their names?

You can find the answers on the next page



Did you know?

The Republic of Kiribati is an island nation in the Pacific Ocean. To protect marine life, people there are only allowed to do certain types of fishing – for example, for food.

Guess what?

Nei Mwananibuka is an important figure in Gilbertese mythology. She taught the people of the Gilbert Islands, a previous name for Kiribati, the art of long-distance canoe navigation.

Think about it

What constellations can you see in the night sky in your country?



ANSWERS & Solutions

Could you tell Ursa Minor from Ursa Major?
Or was your head in the stars? Let's find out.

LET'S GO STARGAZING!





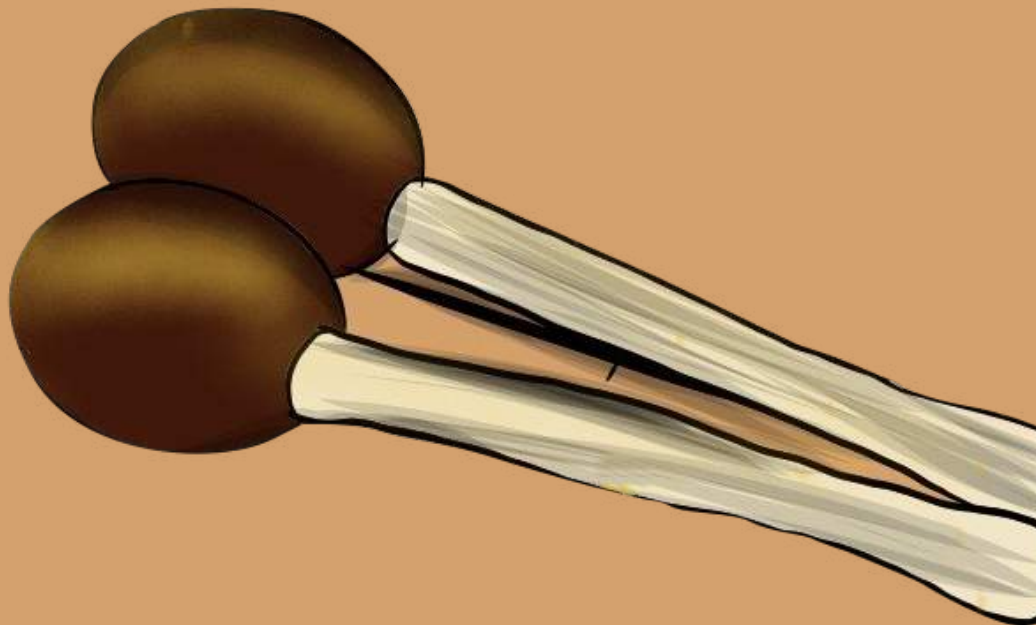
REPUBLIC OF GUINEA

Sosso Bala the Magical Balafon

Illustrated by Lincoln Soumah

Eight hundred years ago, in a land located today in Upper Guinea, there was a sorcerer named Soumaoro Kanté. He ruled as absolute King over the Sosso, a group of the Mandé people.

Soumaoro Kanté made a deal with Jinna Maghan, the King of the Jinns, who are supernatural spirits. Jinna Maghan fulfilled his end of the deal and gave Soumaoro the jinns' most sacred treasure: the Sosso Bala.







This wooden instrument, a xylophone, wielded supernatural powers beyond imagination.

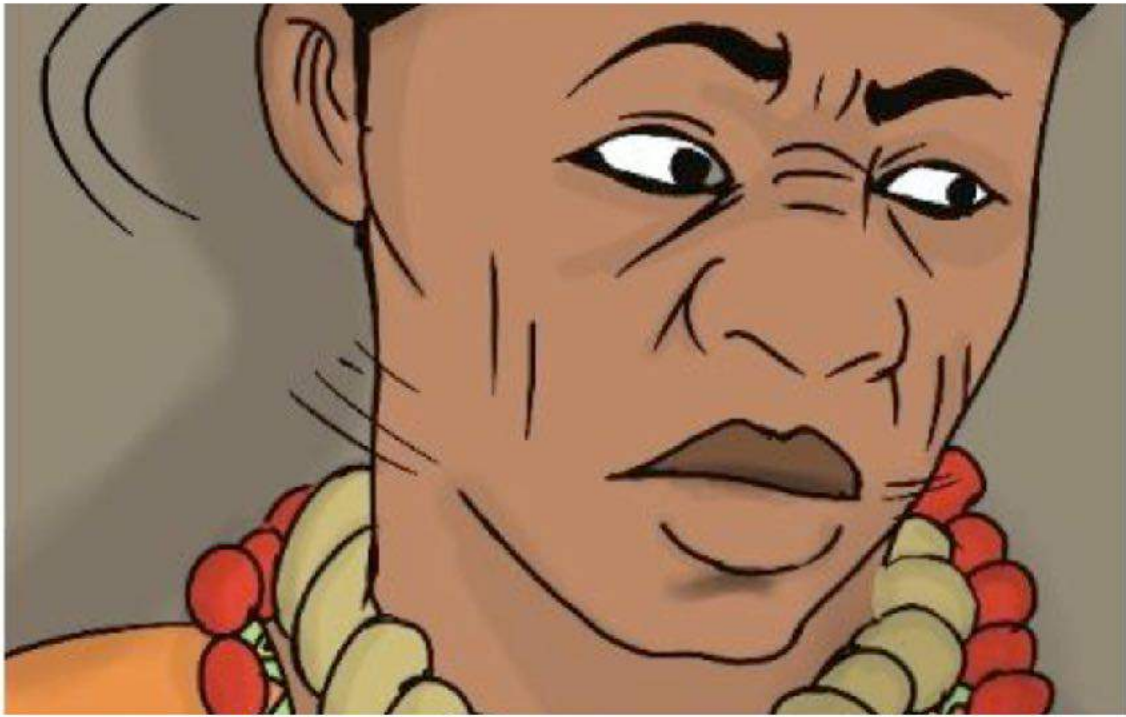
One of these powers included the ability to see the future.

The sorcerer would use his new knowledge from the magical instrument to his advantage in battle to win wars. Each victory brought greater arrogance to the King, and each moment with the magical xylophone made him crueler and more selfish, as the King refused to share the magical instrument's powers with another being.

One day a **jeli** (a traditional singer, musician and oral historian) by the name of Balafaseke Kouyaté came to King Soumaoro's palace. Balafaseke was in the service of Sundiata Keita, a king from another group of the Mandé people.

Balafaseke sneaked into Soumaoro's palace and found himself immediately drawn to the Sosso Bala and started to play the beautiful instrument.

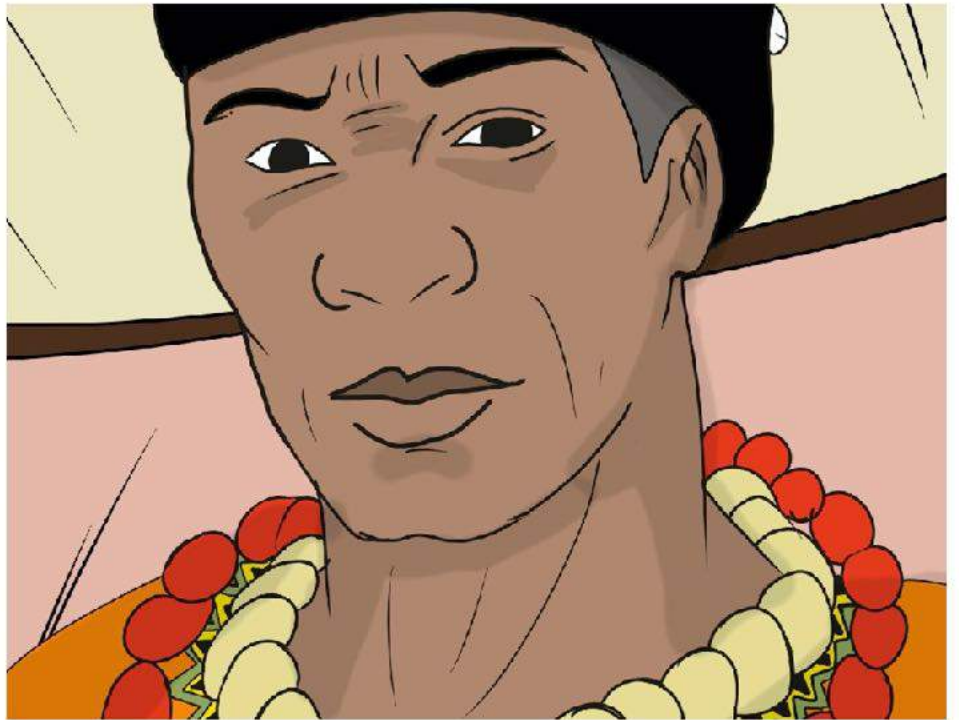




King Soumaoro, sensing that his Sosso Bala had been touched, ran to check. "Who goes there?" he barked, as he entered his chambers and saw Balafaseke playing with the precious instrument.

Thinking quickly, Balafaseke began to sing the King's praises. With each verse, the King's angry eyes grew warmer and softer.

Pleased by Balafaseke's praise, the King spared his life and kept him in his service. From then on, Balafaseke was the only person allowed to enjoy the powers of the sacred Sosso Bala, in exchange for continuing to sing the praises of the King's accomplishments.

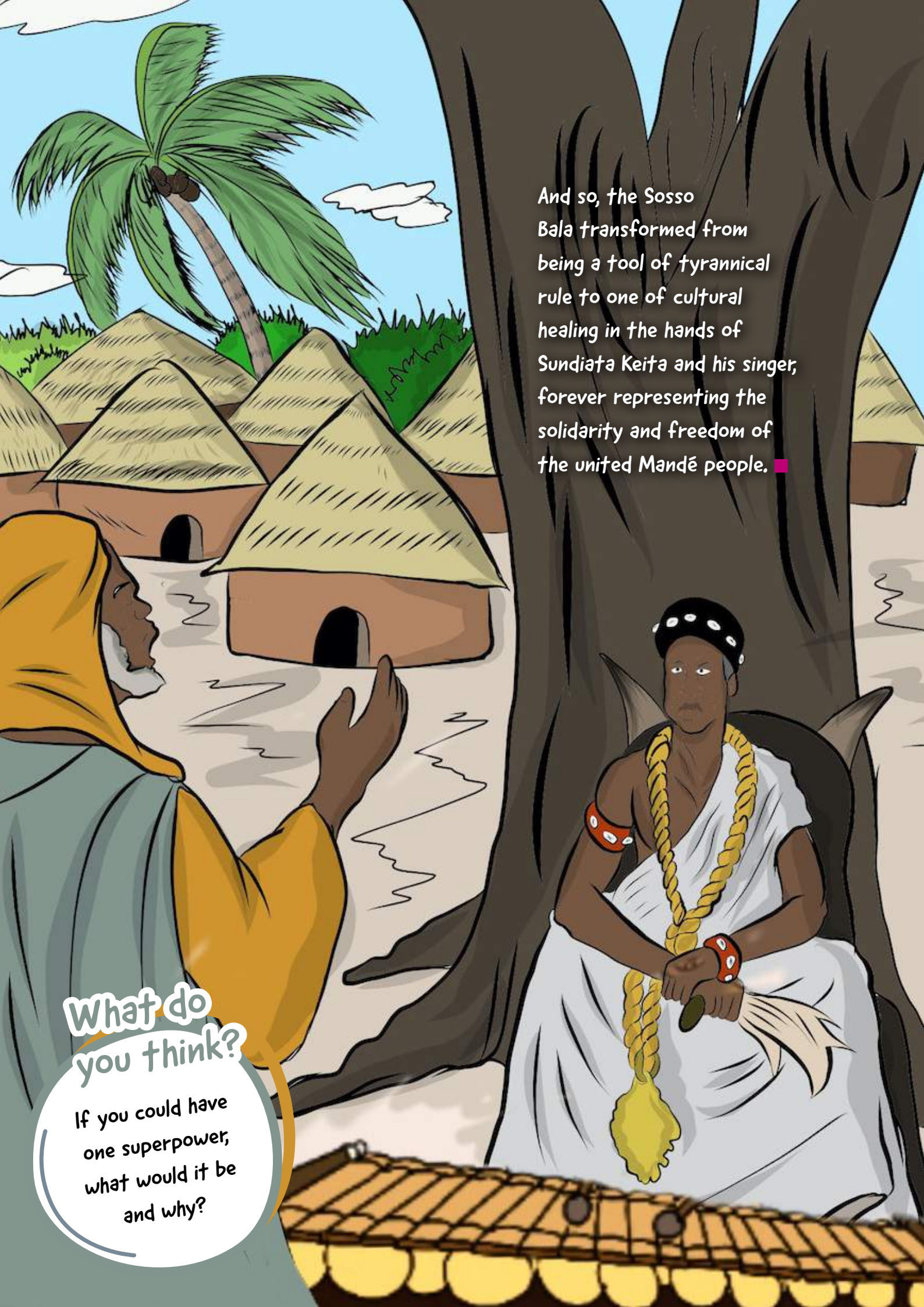


What Soumaoro Kanté didn't know was that since Balafaseke started using the Sosso Bala he too was granted supernatural powers by the xylophone.

The jeli used his new powers to help his true master, Sundiata Keita, defeat King Soumaoro Kanté with his own army.

He then created the great Mali Empire and unified all the Mandé groups of people.

Sundiata Keita claimed the Sosso Bala as a war trophy and Balafaseke Kouyaté continued to serve him as his personal jeli. From then on, he appointed the Kouyaté family as the sole guardians of the Sosso Bala for the rest of time.



And so, the Sosso Bala transformed from being a tool of tyrannical rule to one of cultural healing in the hands of Sundiata Keita and his singer, forever representing the solidarity and freedom of the united Mandé people. ■

What do you think?

If you could have one superpower, what would it be and why?



STORYTIME

Extra



Did you know?

- The Sosso Bala is a national treasure in Guinea. The original instrument is preserved in the village of Nyagassola (Northern Guinea) under the care of the Dökala family, the Kouyaté jelis (or griots) of Nyagassola.
- The word "jeli" derives from the Mandinka language, and refers to the storytellers, musicians and performers who keep the Mandé people's culture and traditions alive all across West Africa.

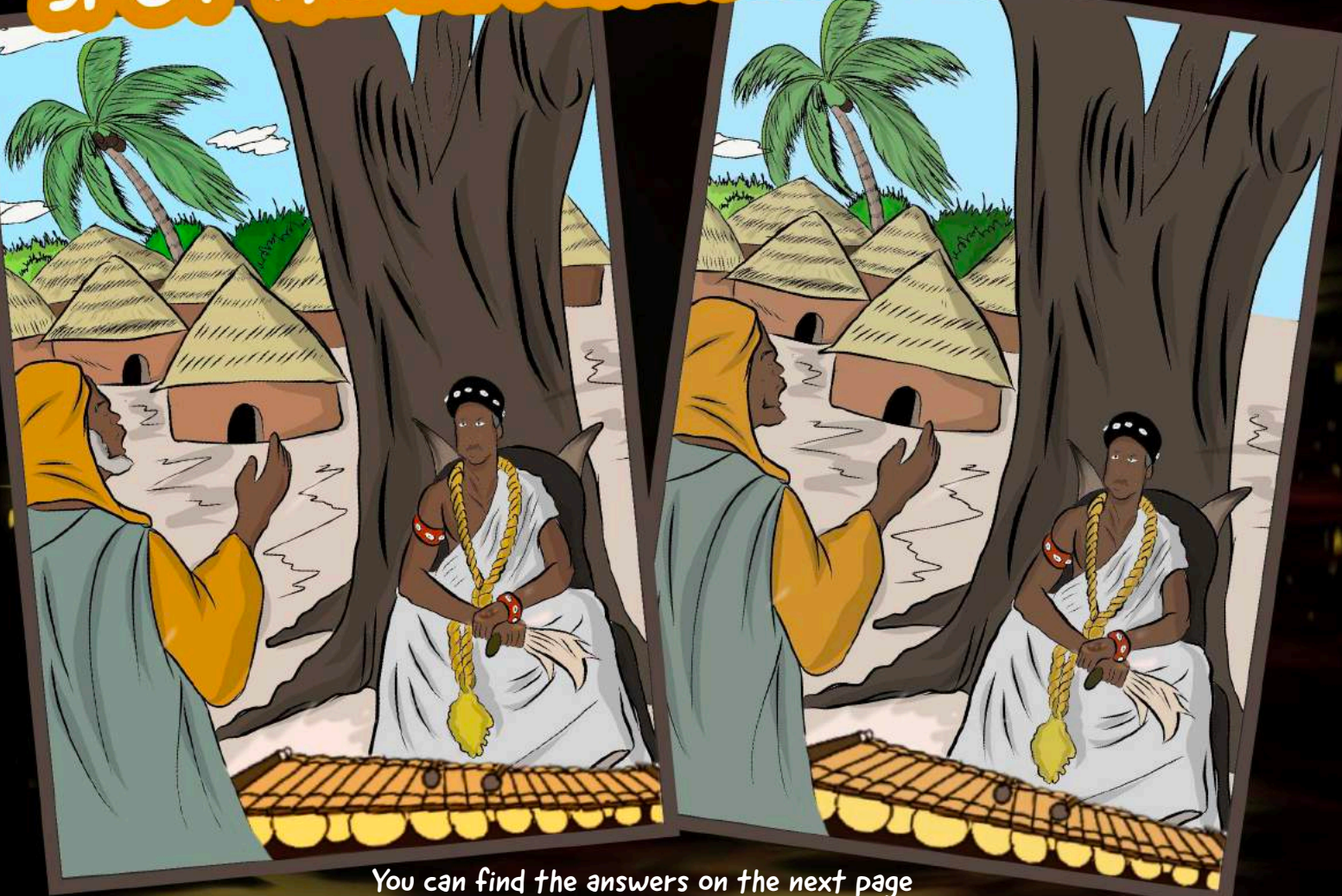
Imagine

One of the Sosso Bala's superpowers is the ability to see into the future. What would you do if you could see into the future?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?

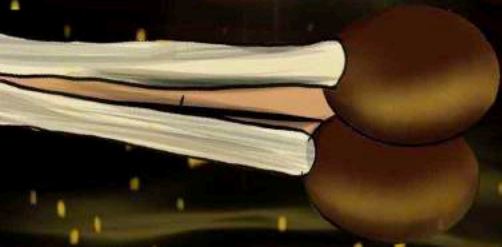


You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





OMAN

Build Your Hirab to Earn Your Living

As told by Abdullah Al Wahaibi

Illustrated by Maryam Al Hosni

The wide open seas have always promised opportunity for Omani sailors. Many have braved the elements for long periods of time away from their families, sailing between the trading hubs of Oman and India, through the Bay of Bengal, along the coast of Africa, across the Arabian Gulf, and beyond.





One day a proud ship's captain from Sur, a city on the eastern coast of Oman, set sail with his **dhow**, a traditional sailing ship, laden with goods to trade. However, on his return he encountered a fierce and merciless storm, which destroyed his vessel and drowned some of his crew.

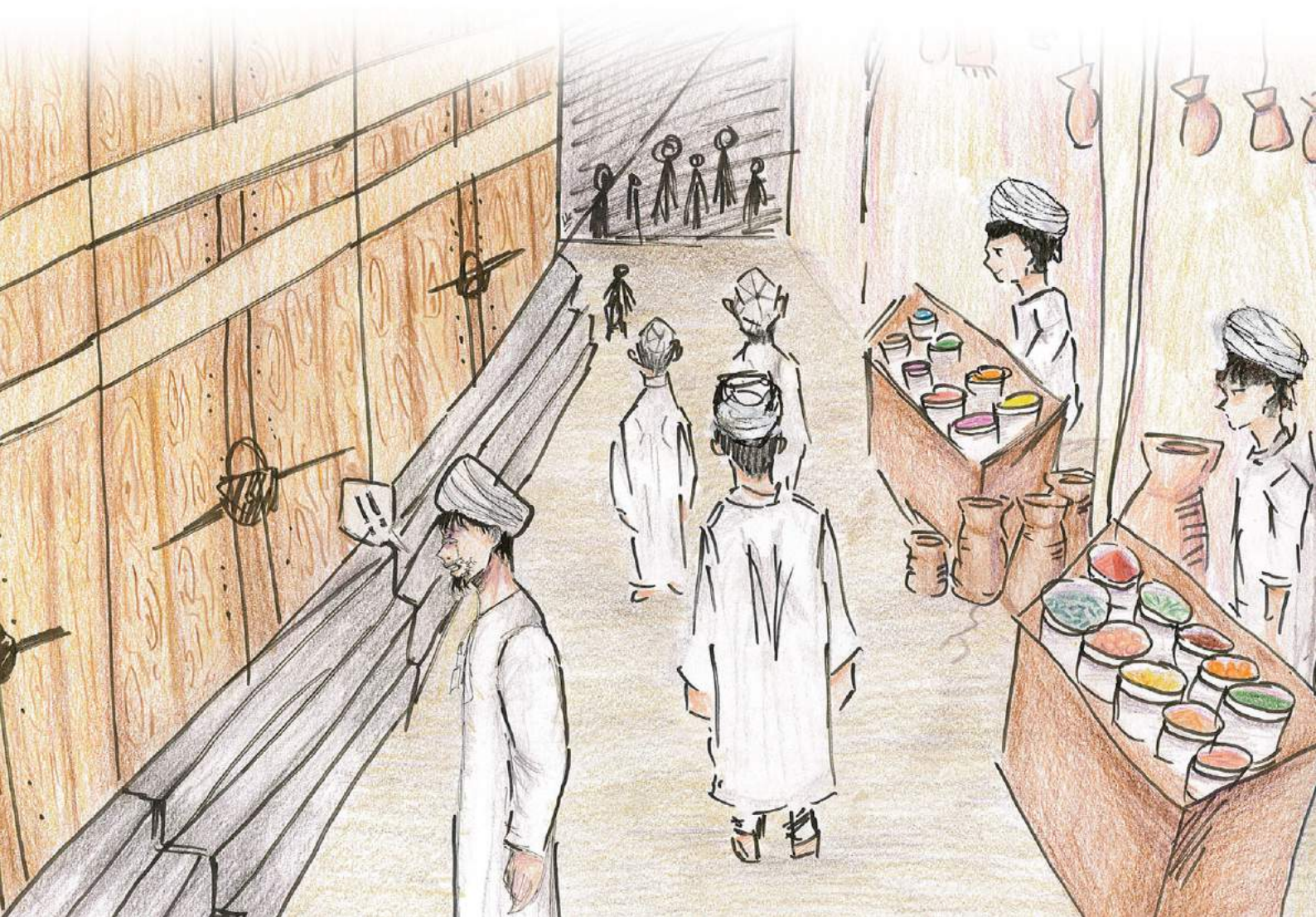


After this tragedy, the captain needed to build a new dhow to replace the one he had lost. Unfortunately, there was one major problem: because business was quiet, he did not have enough money to build his new vessel. He decided to ask his tribesmen for assistance.

The tribesmen offered support in the form of a **kisrah**, or fundraising. "Through this kisrah," they said, "we will collect money from the tribe to help you through this hardship so you can build your new sailing boat.

"There is one condition, however. Because you are a captain, this money is a loan and we expect you to return it to the tribesmen after three years."

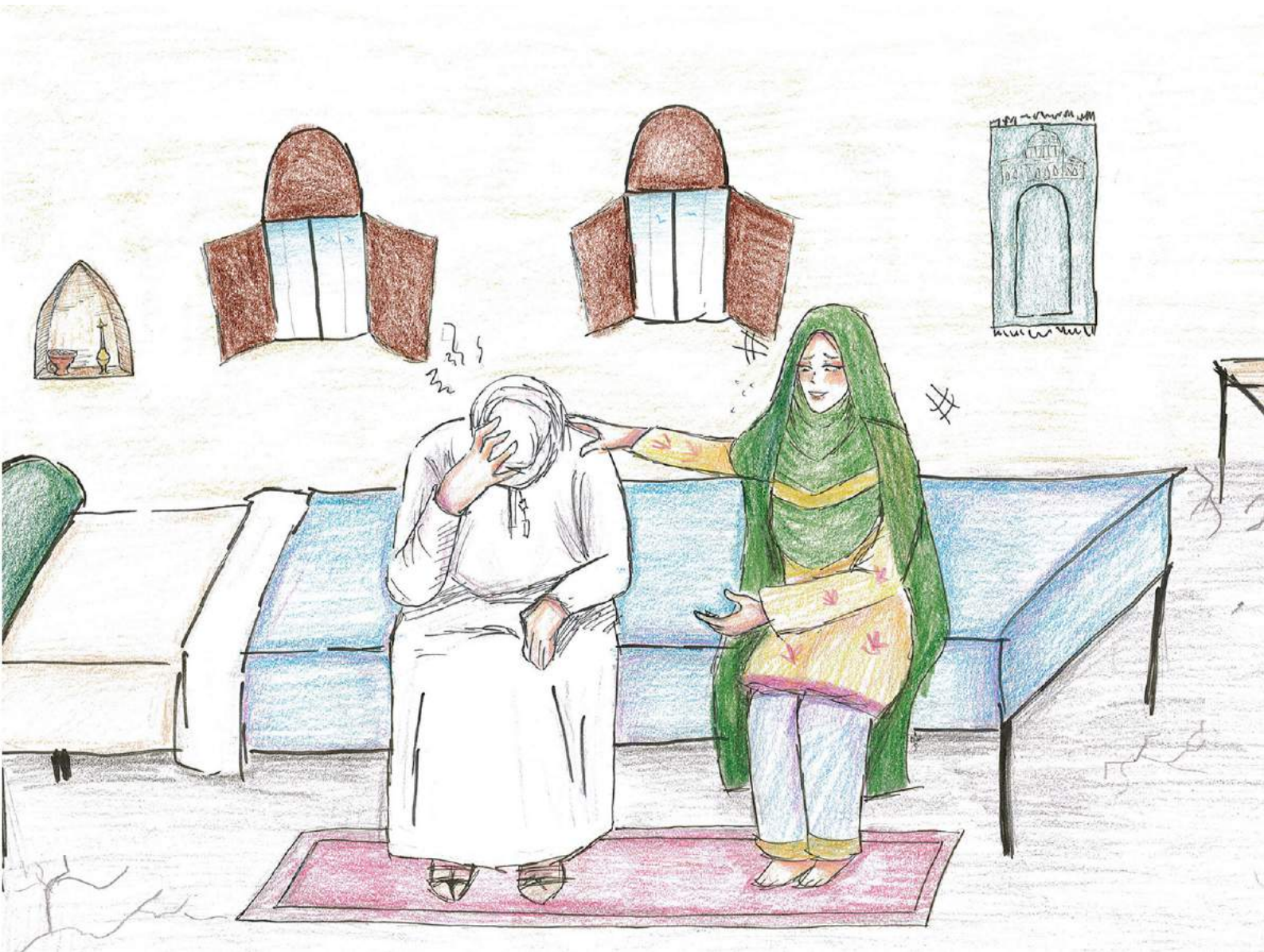
The captain was hesitant. Being an honourable man, he was concerned he would not be able to collect and return the kisrah money within three years, and that this would lead to further losses due to his vessel's exposure to the dangers of the sea.



He thought long and hard until his wife, known for her wisdom and good judgment, came to him and said, "You have to build the ship so you can do business better than you used to."

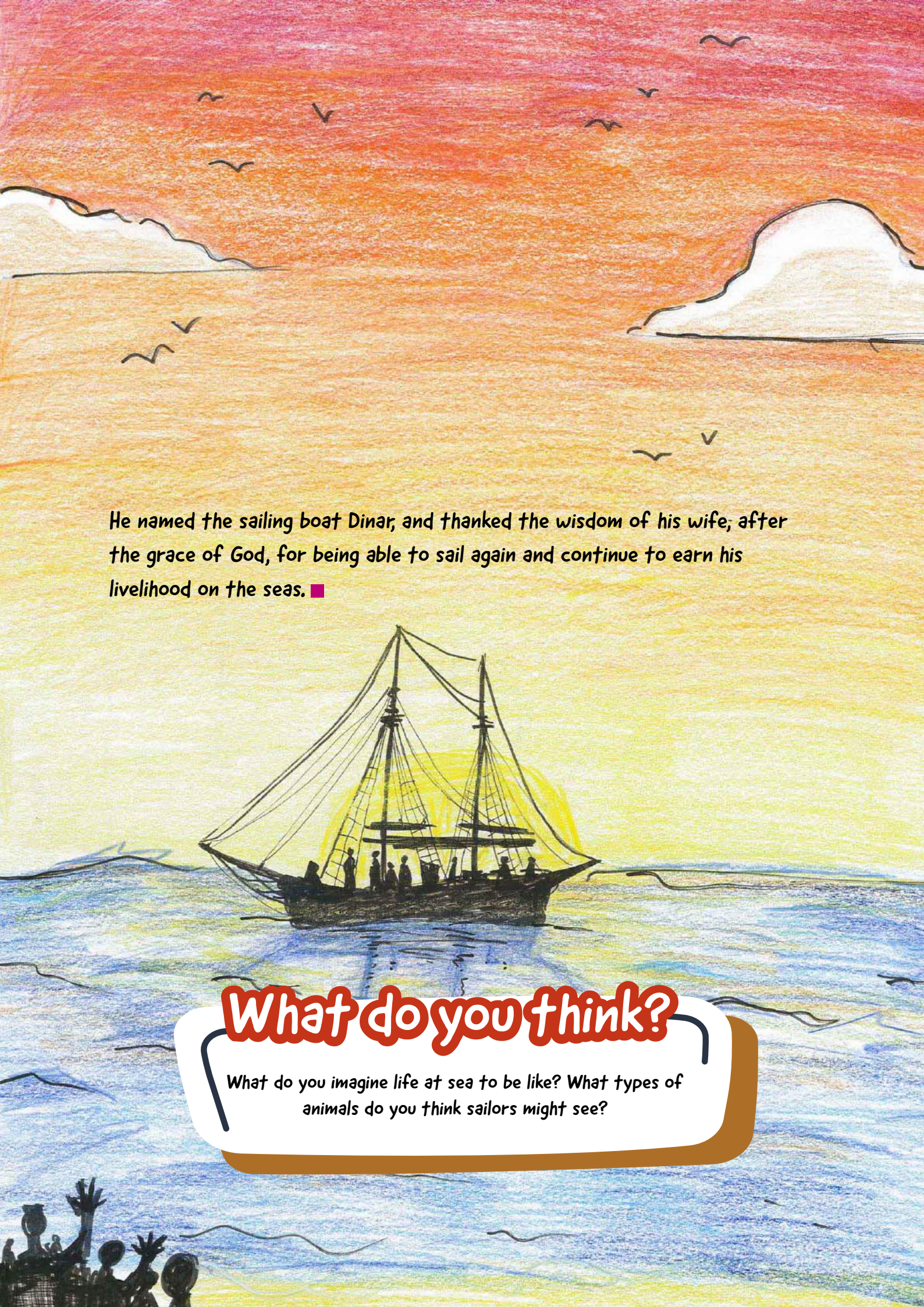
"But I am concerned about the kisrah money," the captain replied. "Will I be able to return it to the donors within three years? As you know, that money is not a gift, but rather a debt that I have to settle."

"**مد هيرابك تلقى جرابك** Medd heraabek talqaa jarabek. You must build your hirab to earn your living," his wife responded.



And so, with the help of some craftsmen, the captain started to build his ship. The first task was to lay down the plates of the **hirab**, or hull, and when they did, they discovered to their surprise a pottery jar buried in the sand. It was filled with **dinars** (gold coins). The captain rejoiced and remembered what his wife had told him. He took the dinars and repaid the kisrah money before he had even finished the ship.





He named the sailing boat Dinar, and thanked the wisdom of his wife, after the grace of God, for being able to sail again and continue to earn his livelihood on the seas. ■

What do you think?

What do you imagine life at sea to be like? What types of animals do you think sailors might see?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

Can you find these Arabic words?

V K G S V R W V N A
 N X I R H N X U O V
 T M N S I U E H R M
 O D K D R H K D L H
 M Z P X V A I R Z T
 C A Y T K D H R A O
 E V J K G H D G A N
 F C Y L L O R O O B
 S E L T I W T Z G C
 U F L X J S V K U W

Hirab Dhow Majlis
 Kisrah Shukran

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

This story was the basis of the proverb "Build your hirab to earn your living". Its translation from Arabic to English means "When you build your ship's hull, you will find your money pouch".

Guess what?

Omani folktales are still told at majlises and other gatherings.

Think about it

- What other sayings might have similar meanings to "Build your hirab to earn your living"?
- What Arabic words can you find in this story? What do they mean?



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many Arabic words did you find?

FIND THE WORD

V	K	G	S	V	R	W	V	N	A
N	X	I	R	H	N	X	U	O	V
T	M	N	S	I	U	E	H	R	M
O	D	K	D	R	H	K	D	L	H
M	Z	P	X	V	A	I	R	Z	T
C	A	Y	T	K	D	H	R	A	O
E	V	J	K	G	H	D	G	A	N
F	C	Y	L	L	O	R	O	O	B
S	E	L	T	I	W	T	Z	G	C
U	F	L	X	J	S	V	K	U	W

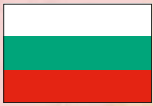
Hirab

Dhow

Majlis

Kisrah

Shukran



BULGARIA

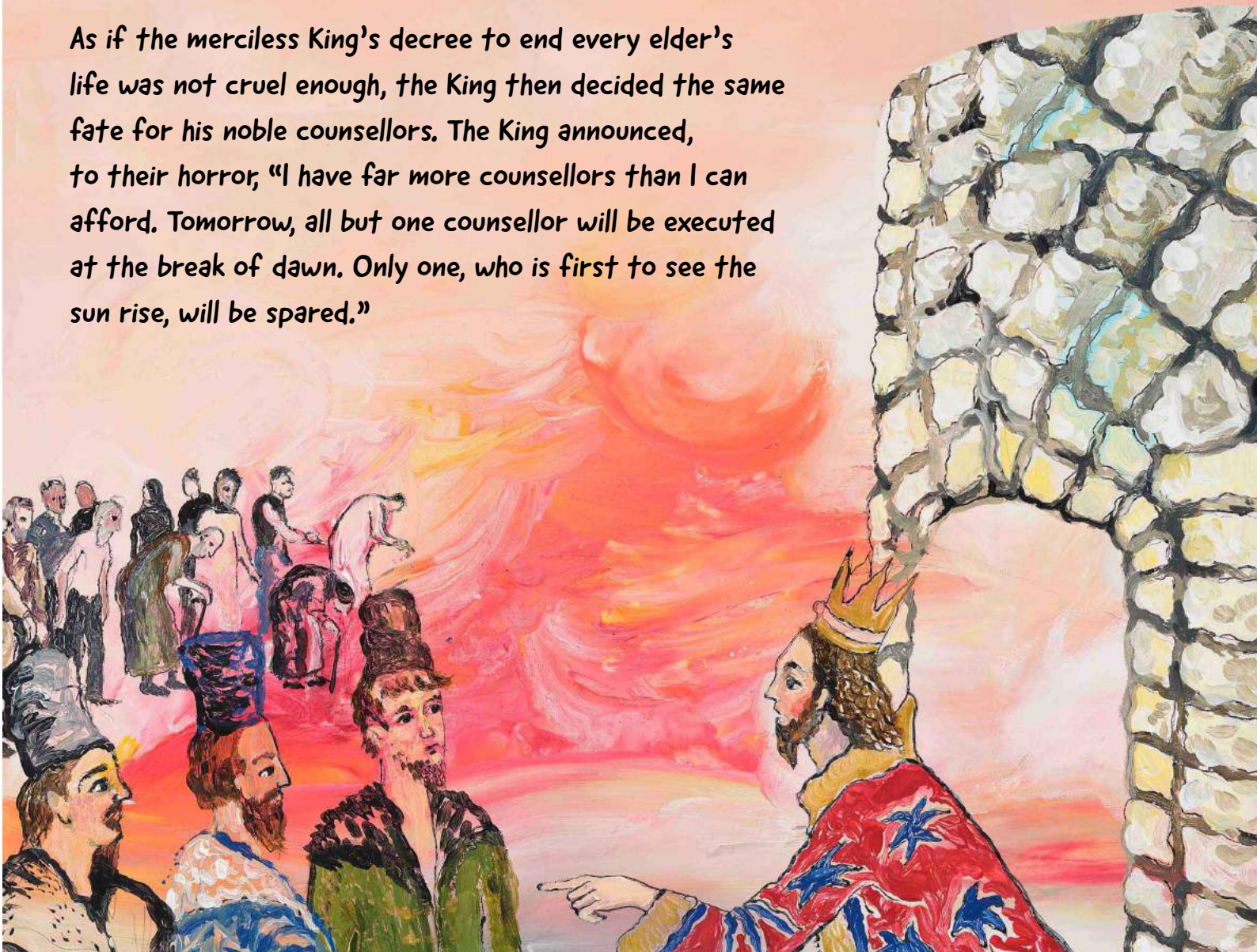
A Father's Advice

As told by Diana Nikolova

Illustrated by Tsvetelina Spiridonova

There once lived a young and powerful king, who had no respect for the elders in his kingdom. One day, he summoned his loyal counsellors, and decreed that all elderly folk be sentenced to death. Torn between loyalty to his king and his immeasurable love for his ageing **Баща** (“**bashtà**”, which means “father”), one counsellor decided not to obey the King. Instead, he kept his dear **bashtà** hidden in a small room in his house.

As if the merciless King's decree to end every elder's life was not cruel enough, the King then decided the same fate for his noble counsellors. The King announced, to their horror, “I have far more counsellors than I can afford. Tomorrow, all but one counsellor will be executed at the break of dawn. Only one, who is first to see the sun rise, will be spared.”



Wondering about his cruel fate, the counsellor returned home to his *bashtë*.

“**СИНЕ МОЙ** *Sine moi* (my son), you are as pale as a ghost. What troubles you?”

“**ТАТКО** *Tatko* (Papa), tomorrow morning may be the last time we see each other. So, I came to bid you farewell.”

The tearful young man told his *bashtë* about the King's decree.

“*Sine moi*, your life does not have to end so soon. Heed my **СЪВЕТ** *savèt* (advice). Tomorrow morning, when you go to the field before the dawn breaks, quietly instruct your fellow men to face the mountain, for the sun will rise above it first. Then, just as the sun appears above the mountain's ridge, tell everyone to yell and point at the rising sun all at once. The King will not know who saw it first, so he will not end anyone's life.”

Overwhelmed with gratitude, the son kissed his *bashtë*'s hand and went to sleep.



Early next morning, before the skies grew light, the young man told his fellow counsellors about the plan to spare their lives. They then lined up in the field, facing the mountain. Just as the sun began to appear over the mountain's ridge they all began pointing and shouting, "There's the sun, there's the sun!"

Utterly confused, the King did not know who to kill. Just as the young man's wise bashtë had promised, the counsellors' lives were saved.

After some time, a severe drought devastated the kingdom. Finding there was barely any grain for sowing, the King realised that his kingdom might soon vanish from the face of the earth.

Summoning his counsellors, the King announced, "You must help me find wheat grain to sow wheat crops. Those who prove themselves useless shall no longer live."

The young counsellor returned home to his bashtë.

"Why son, you look pale. Share your burden with me."

"Tatko, we have very little grain to sow and help us through this drought. If we do not offer a solution to our king tomorrow, we will lose our lives."

"Son, your precious life is meant for living. Heed my savèt. Tell the King to dig out all anthills. There, he will find all the wheat grain he needs for the kingdom to survive the drought."



The next day, all the King's counsellors gathered in the throne hall, fearing the worst.

"Well?" asked the King. "How do we find more grain?"

Following his dear father's savèt, the counsellor stepped forward.

"Your Majesty, if we dig out all the anthills in the kingdom, perhaps we shall then find the grain we need so much."

Intrigued, the King sent all his people to dig out every single anthill and, lo and behold, they found a wealth of grain to sow new crops of wheat.

Relieved, the King summoned the clever counsellor to his castle.

"You are indeed my sharpest counsellor. Allow me to reward you."

The humble and noble counsellor said, "Your Majesty, I must tell you the truth, even if it puts my life at risk. I would not have known what to do if it were not for my wise father's savèt. He was the one who told me about the anthills, and saved my life as well as those of my fellow men. In turn, I counsel you to spare the lives of the old. They have a wealth of experience that will guide you in times of trouble."

Humbled by his counsellor's honesty, the King then decreed that all people of his kingdom shall respect and cherish the lives of their elders. ■



What do you think?

What is one memorable piece of advice you might have received from a parent or older relative? What did it teach you?



STORYTIME

Extra

MATCH THE WORD

GRAINS OF ADVICE

Lots of sayings from around the world sum up the lesson of this story. A central-African proverb says that, "A youth that does not cultivate friendship with the elderly is like a tree without roots." And a Chinese saying describes how "An elderly person at home is like a living golden treasure." Can you think of any other sayings that celebrate the wisdom of elderly people like grandparents?

Love and respect for a father is universal in all cultures. Can you guess how to say "father" in each language?

- | | | | |
|--------|---|---|---------|
| Athair | ● | ● | Samoan |
| Bapa | ● | ● | Irish |
| Otec | ● | ● | Danish |
| Far | ● | ● | Malay |
| Tama | ● | ● | Sesotho |
| Ntate | ● | ● | Catalan |
| Pare | ● | ● | Czech |



Did you know?

Wheat is one of the most common crops in Bulgaria, along with corn (maize) and barley.

You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?

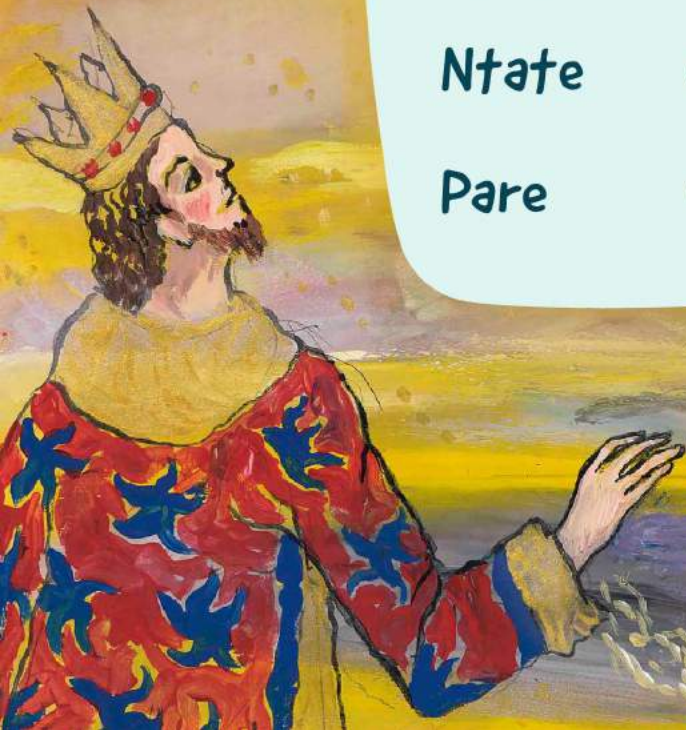
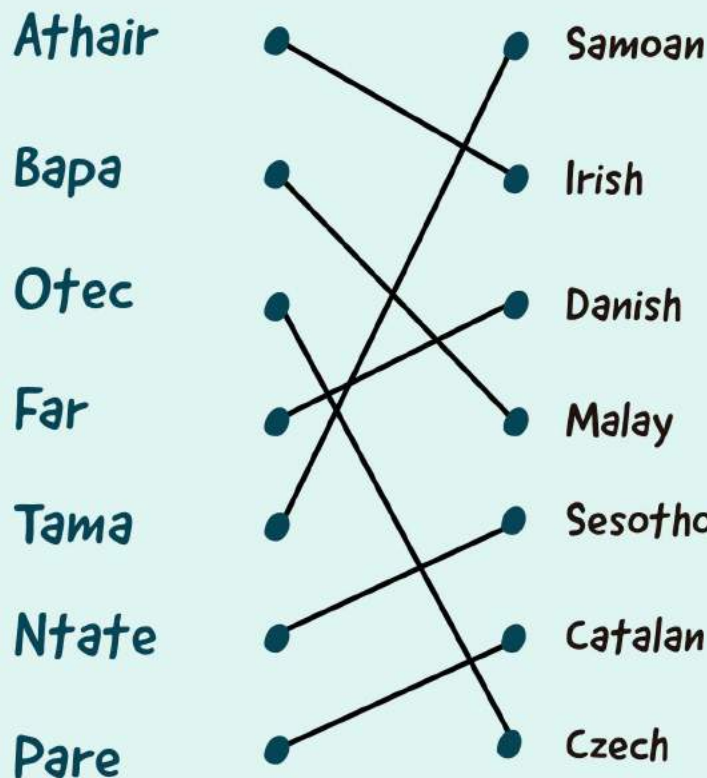
A tale as old as time, this beloved story about family, love and respect has been passed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next, and is also featured in lots of children's books.



ANSWERS & Solutions

How multilingual are you? Let's find out if you could correctly say "father" in these different languages.

MATCH THE WORD





TOGO

Yévi Golotoé and His Magic Tam-tam

As told by Abdou Rafiou Berekou

Illustrated by Téyi Enyonam Lawson

Mi sé gli loo! Listen to my tale!

Egli nè va... Let it come...

Egli tso kakaaaaaaaa... My tale flies...

My tale rises and lands in a majestic West African country named Togo. A land of mighty spirit, abundant generosity and remarkable hospitality. Famous for the beauty of its green forests, colossal mountains, and magnificent rivers. The land of Nana Benz, the textile princesses. And of the Asrafo – tireless warriors, whose arrows never miss their target. A land rich in culture.



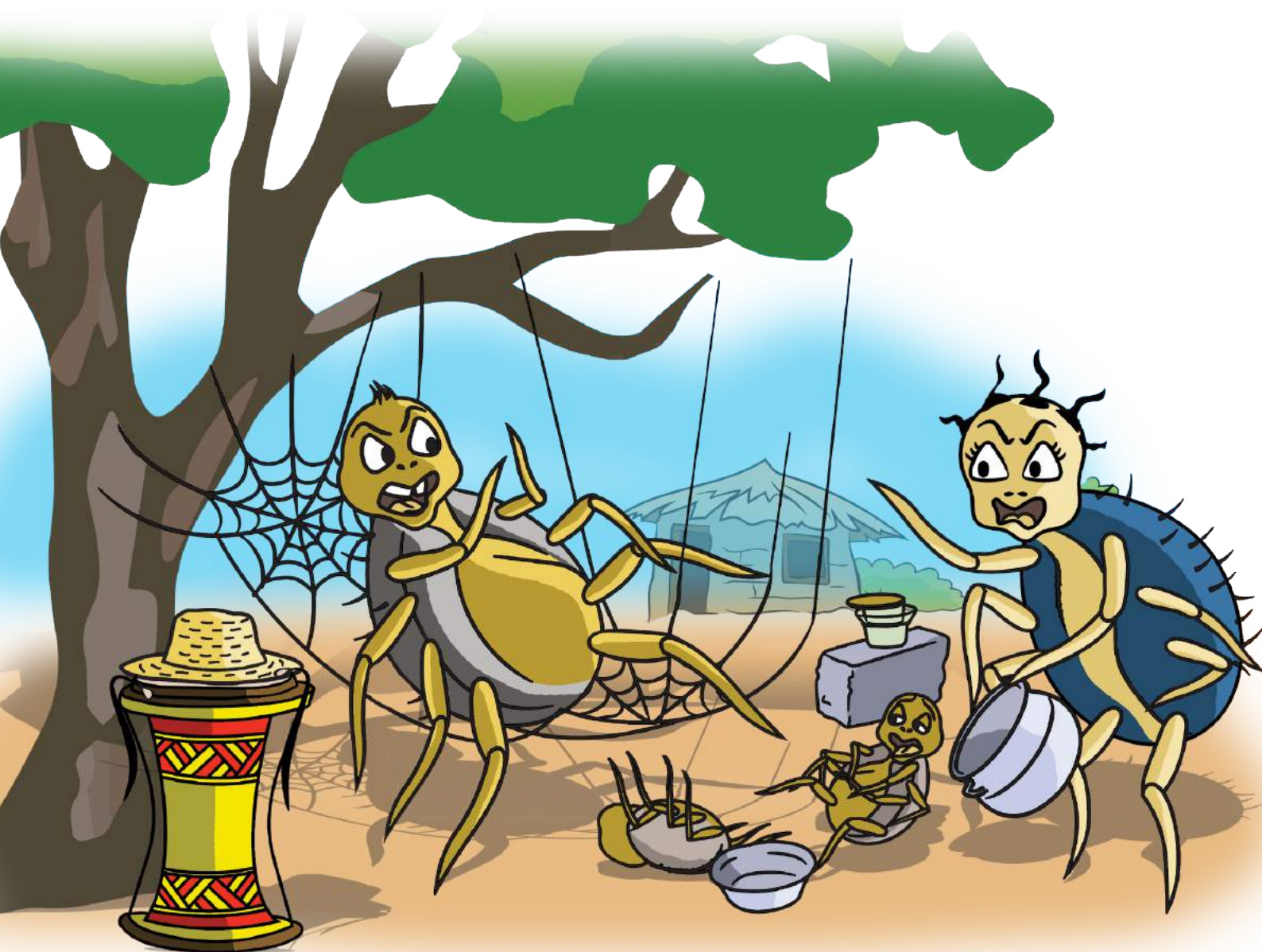
This country of abundant wealth welcomes you to the court of the king of the village of Togodo, where you will learn the tale of Yévi Golotoé and his magical **tam-tam** (drum), which wielded the power to make villages dance.

A long time ago, when animals spoke in languages only they knew, there was a great famine. Food was so scarce that the cost of a millet seed was one gold **cauris** (cowrie shell).

A spider named Yévi Golotoé and his wife lived in a village two moons away from Togodo. The famine was so terrible that Yévi Golotoé no longer had a single seed in his attic. His children were starving.

One day, while Yévi Golotoé was resting under a tree, his wife, frantic with worry, told him, "Go out and get some food for your children instead of sleeping all day. Otherwise they will perish!"

Oh dear, what was Yévi Golotoé to do? He picked up his **tam-tam** and set off from the village.



He crawled for days through nearby villages, hoping that he could use his tam-tam's magical gift of music in exchange for food. But there was no one to be found. Crestfallen, he hid behind a large baobab tree that grew by a mountain.

Suddenly, he saw from afar a great cloud of dust approaching at high speed. When the dust cloud stopped beside the mountain, he saw it was actually hundreds of men with horses carrying corn, millet, sorghum (a kind of cereal) and meat. "But where did they come from with all this food in these times of famine?", wondered Yévi Golotoé.

Suddenly, the group's leader stepped forward, banged his chest and proclaimed:

"Mia togbuiwo fe agbo mawu mawu!

"Mia mama wo fe agbo ma wu mawu!

"Adelan wu la me duna ela fe akla o,

"Ne le dui la, na bu!"



“Mysterious door of our great-grandfathers!

“Mysterious door of our great-grandmothers!

“A great hunter must not eat the liver of his prey,

“Otherwise he will be lost!”

At that moment, the mountain opened and the men entered with their goods. The cave door shut as quickly as it had opened. Stunned, Yévi Golotoé watched from his hiding place and, soon after, saw the men coming out again – but this time, their goods and treasures were not with them.

As soon as the men had left, Yévi Golotoé approached the mountain and repeated the magic spell.

“**Mia togbuiwo fe agbo mawu mawu!** Mysterious door of our great-grandfathers!”...

And the immense door creaked open.





Yévi Golotoé crept into the cave, where, to his delight, he discovered great stores of food. The happy spider began to play his tam-tam and dance. Suddenly, he heard an old woman's voice out of nowhere.

"Where are you from, stranger?"

"There is a terrible famine in my village," Yévi Golotoé replied. *"I crawled for a long time and saw people with food. I heard them say the magic words to open the secret door in the mountain. I have to bring food back to my family, or my dear children will perish."*

"Fear not," said the old lady. *"Here, you may eat as much as you like."*

"However," she admonished, *"You must never eat the liver of a hunted beast. If you do, you will never get out of this mountain."*

But, overwhelmed by his good fortune, the hungry spider forgot to heed the old woman's warning and ate a tasty morsel of liver he found in the food store.

After feasting endlessly, he gathered up a large package of food to bring back to his family.

“Mia togbuiwo fe agbo mawu mawu! Mysterious door of our great-grandfathers!” But his chant was in vain. The cave refused to open.

Soon, on the other side of the cave door, he heard the spell being chanted by the leader of the group:

“Mia togbuiwo fe agbo mawu mawu! Mysterious door of our great-grandfathers!”

Yet still, the cave door did not budge.

Then Yévi Golotoé prayed and humbly asked the mountain for mercy.

“Mysterious door of our great-grandfathers!

“Mysterious door of our great-grandmothers!

“I know that a great hunter must not eat

“The liver of his prey, otherwise he will be lost.

“But I humbly ask for forgiveness. Have mercy and set me free.”



And just like that, the mountain opened!

The men rushed to the old woman for explanations. "It was this stranger who ate a liver," she accused, pointing at Yévi Golotoé.

The men captured Yévi Golotoé and beat him soundly. He begged them to spare him. In return, he would share the secrets of his tam-tam which, he insisted, had magical powers. "It plays itself and no one can resist its rhythm," he declared.

"Prove it," they challenged.

And with that, Yévi Golotoé began to play. As the spider had promised, the sound of the tam-tam was so beguiling that the men danced uncontrollably. As they lost themselves in the spellbinding rhythms, Yévi Golotoé seized the moment, making a hasty escape by scuttling along the wall.

And that is why, to this day, spiders scurry along walls to hide. ■

What do
you think?

The men in the tale stored food so there would be plenty in times of need. Can you think of other situations when it might be sensible to plan for the future?





STORYTIME

Extra

FUNNY MONEY

In the story, the price of a seed of millet is one gold cowrie shell. Hundreds of years ago, cowrie shells were used as money in parts of West Africa. Can you guess which of these items has also been used as currency in the past?

- Salt
- Parmigiano cheese
- Cocoa beans

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

A tam-tam is a type of West African drum. In countries such as Togo, Benin and Nigeria, tam-tams are played at traditional dances held to celebrate the end of the harvest.

Guess what?

This tale has been passed down by word of mouth through generations. The story's life lessons include heeding the advice of elders, and being sure to have a plan in case things go wrong!

Imagine

If you had a magic drum, what would you choose for its special power?

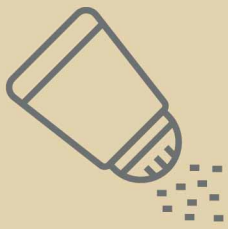




ANSWERS & Solutions

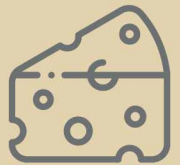
Could you figure out which of these unlikely items was used as money in the past? Was it salt, Parmigiano cheese, or cocoa beans?

Actually, it was all of them!



Salt: Throughout history, many parts of the world have used salt as currency. In fact the word “salary”, the money you are paid for doing a job, comes from the Latin word “salarium”. In Ancient Roman times this was the money used to buy salt.

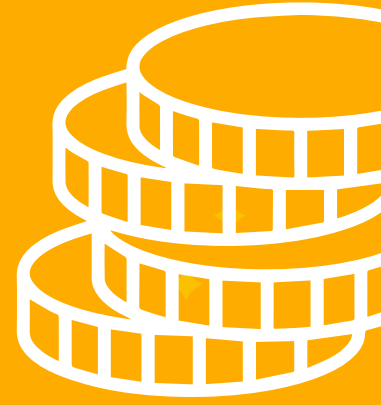
Parmigiano cheese: In medieval Europe, over 500 years ago, what you might be more used today to sprinkling on top of pasta was actually accepted by banks for people who couldn't pay back money they had borrowed.



Cocoa beans: The Aztecs considered cocoa beans to be more valuable than gold. Not only did this Mesoamerican civilisation, who lived in central Mexico from the 1300s to 1500s, enjoy delicious spiced hot chocolate, they also used the beans to buy food and other goods.



Pride and Honour



A hyrax's pride is burst when laziness condemns him to life without a tail. And an honourable man escapes hardship by outsmarting a wealthy king and his greedy advisers.

Pride comes before a fall, but humility may leave you standing tall...

92 F'Saichrah (Bahrain)

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115 Fantaghirò, Beautiful Person (Italy)

128 The Hyrax and a Tail (Eswatini)

135 The Three Groschen (Slovak Republic)

141 The Longest Folktale (Botswana)

148 The Mousedeer, the Buffalo and the Crocodile (Malaysia)

155 The Stone Men of Soutilé (Ivory Coast)

160 Why the Wood Dove Cannot Build a Proper Nest (Barbados)

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BAHRAIN

F'saichrah

As told by Mariam Hisham Al Khalifa

Illustrated by May Ahmed Hejiri

Once upon a time there was a fisherman who sailed the open seas, leaving daily at dawn and returning at sunset. Out on the water he took pleasure in every wave and ripple, yet his favourite part of the day was the evening return home to his wife and daughter, Hamda, beaming from ear to ear as he displayed the fish caught that day.





Hamda's twinkling eyes and beautiful smile reflected her joyful home. Their life was humble and happy, but destiny had other plans.

Her mother fell sick and passed away. Time went on and the fisherman saw his daughter filled with sadness. Her bright eyes dimmed and her smile was no more. The fisherman thought of ways to bring back his daughter's joy.

"She must be lonely," he thought, "and so am I."

It was not long until he asked his widowed neighbour for her hand in marriage. She gleefully accepted and moved into the fisherman's home with her own daughter. The sweetness of their married life soon turned sour. The wife grew bitter and cruel, while Hamda's stepsister grew lazy, leaving all the housework to Hamda.



One day, Hamda was given a new task.

“Clean these fish by the **سيف** *seef* (shoreline), ordered the stepmother, forcefully handing Hamda three small fish. Hamda hurried to the seef to descale and gut the fish.

“**هيديني و بغنيج** Hideeny w baghneecheh.”

Hamda startled and jumped back. Did one of the fish just speak?

“Hideeny w baghneecheh,” pleaded the faskar fish, promising Hamda a reward in return for her release.

“Please, don’t let that cruel woman eat me. Please, Hamda. Spare me.”

Hamda hesitated as her heart filled with fear. “I’m afraid of my stepmother,” she said.

“Hideeny w baghneecheh,” repeated the fish. “I will fulfill your every wish if you set me free.”

Hamda considered the faskar fish in front of her and with shaking hands, set the fish back into the sea. The fish zipped around under the water with delight, then rose back to the surface and turned to Hamda. “My name is F’saichrah. Call my name in your time of need and you’ll find me.”

Dazed and full of dread, a weary Hamda returned home with only two fish to face the wrath of her stepmother, claiming that the third fell into the sea. This, of course, angered her stepmother, who punished Hamda by denying her food.



Once her family had gone to sleep, a hungry Hamda snuck out to the seef.

“فسيجرة يا يمه F'saichrah, ya Yuma (my dear),” she cried as she rinsed empty cooking pots. “They ate without me.” Hamda wept and wept.

A bright glow appeared floating under the water, and before Hamda knew it, F'saichrah emerged, saying:

“لبيج و سعديج Labaaich w saa'daich...

“خدامتك بين ايديج Khademtch bain yedaich...

“آمري, تدللي.” Aamry, tedalely.”

“Tell me your heart's desire, dear Hamda.”

And Hamda did.



In the blink of an eye, a delicious dinner from the depths of the sea was laid before her. That night, Hamda feasted on her favourite foods. Happy and content, she went to sleep with a full belly. From then on, Hamda looked to F'saichrah for food and companionship. Time passed and Hamda grew into a vibrant young woman, despite her stepmother's attempts to starve her.



One day, the son of the **نوخدة Nukhida** (Dhow Captain) announced a grand party. All were invited. Women applied their finest oud perfumes and adorned themselves with their most precious gold and pearls in anticipation of an eventful night.

“A party? I never dreamed I’d attend a party in the Nukhida’s house,” said Hamda.

Hamda’s stepmother laughed at her hopes. “You silly girl. You thought you could escape your housework for one night? The only thing you will attend to are your chores,” she said with a sneer as she dumped bags of rice, lentils and wheat into one large pot.

“Separate these before my return,” she ordered.



Knowing that the son of the Nukhida was seeking a wife of his own, the cruel stepmother plotted to keep Hamda away. That night, once her stepmother and stepsister left, Hamda sprinted to the shoreline and called out for her friend.

“ F’saichrah, ya Yuma.”

“Tell me your heart’s desire, Hamda. Why do you look so sad?”

“F’saichrah, my stepmother banned me from the party. They’ve gone without me and I have to separate the grain before their return.”

In the blink of an eye, Hamda found herself in the most exquisite **ثوب thoub** (dress) and golden shoes. Her hair flowed around her shoulders, under a glowing golden **قبقب gub-gub** (headdress).

“Go, Hamda. But remember the Nukhida’s son will love you for your heart more than your beauty. I will handle the grain. Be sure to be back home before your stepmother. This spell won’t last.”



Hamda hurried to the Nukhida’s house. The party was exuberant and elegant with sumptuous food and lively music. Hamda searched through the crowds, eager to see the Nukhida’s son, yet mindful of the time. As she moved through the party, heads turned to ask about the beautiful girl who looked so familiar.

But no one was as captivated by Hamda as the Nukhida’s son. He caught a glimpse of her and then – suddenly – lost her in the crowd. In her haste to return, Hamda raced out of the house, losing her golden gub-gub along the way. She returned to find the grain separated and sighed with relief, she had arrived in time. She was safe.

The Nukhida's son was desperate to find the girl he had laid eyes on and bid his companions to help with the search. The lost gub-gub was recovered and the Nukhida's son was elated to have an excuse that would expand his pursuit. The search went from door to door, asking after the girl who had caught his eye.

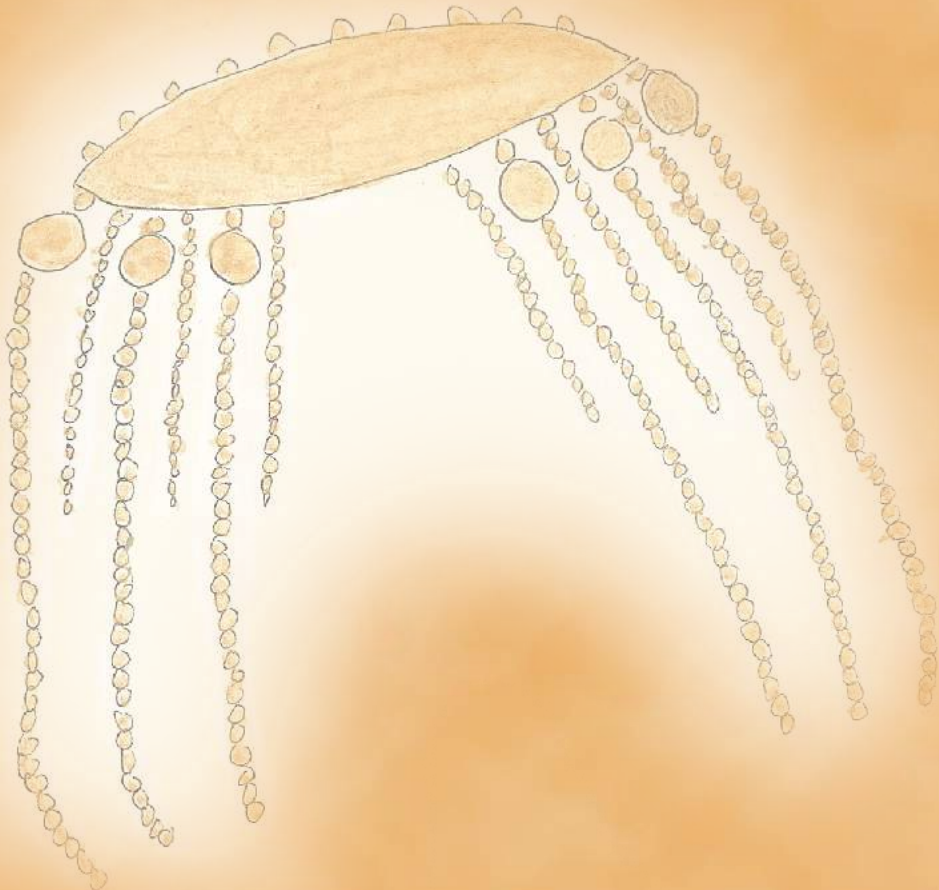
Eventually, the group arrived at the fisherman's door.

Upon learning that the Nukhida's son was looking to reunite the lost gold with its owner and asking to meet the family, the stepmother rushed to conceal Hamda.

"Hamda!" ordered the stepmother. "Go hide behind the **تنور tanoor** (stove). Quickly." Her voice carried a hidden threat.

Confused, Hamda left the birds she was tending to and complied. The stepmother covered Hamda with a **سفرة sofa** (mat) and dumped the grain on top before returning to the door.

She introduced her daughter, answering that the only girl who lived here was her own.



The Nukhida's son despaired. This was the last house in the village. It wasn't her. Would he ever find the girl who won his heart? And just as he was about to depart, he heard a strange noise.

"Cuckoo," cried the rooster.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo. Hamda is behind the tanoor," he crowed, revealing Hamda to the Nukhida's son.

Finally, they were reunited. Hamda married the Nukhida's son and they spent the rest of their lives together happily. Hamda found love and fortune through grace, compassion and humility in the face of adversity. Never one to use her fortune for greed, Hamda remained kind and continued to spend her evenings with F'saichrah by the seef. ■



What do you think?

If you met F'saichrah the magical fish,
what would you wish for?



STORYTIME

Extra



Let's learn Arabic!

1. What do you think "Hiddeeny w baghneech" means?
2. What is "seef"?
3. The "gub-gub" is named after a sea creature that it resembles in shape. Can you guess what that sea creature might be?

You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?

Bahrain's waters are home to more than 200 species of fish. The faskar fish, locally known as Bint Al-Nukhida - the Captain's Daughter - is native to Bahrain and known for its delicious flavour and bright orange fins.

Think about it

This story is similar to another well-known fairy tale. What is that fairy tale and in what ways are they similar?

Did you know?

Hazawi is an oral folklore tradition in the Arabian Gulf that uses storytelling to entertain, inform and deliver important lessons.





ANSWERS & Solutions

How are your linguistic skills?
Could you guess the meaning of the Arabic words
and phrases?

Let's learn Arabic!

1. What do you think "Hideeny w baghneech" means?

When F'saichrah says "Hideeny w baghneech", the fish means "I will fulfill your every wish if you set me free."

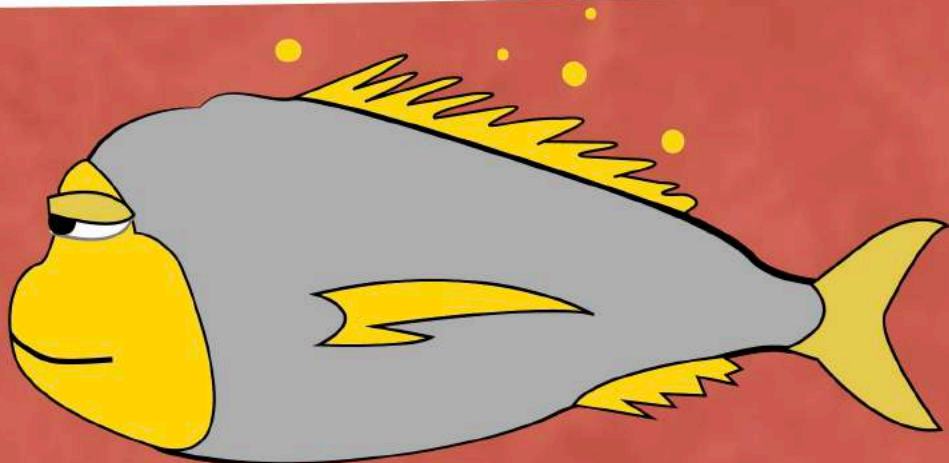
2. What is "seef"?

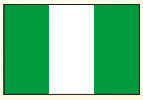
"Seef" means "shoreline"

3. The "gub-gub" is named after a sea creature that it resembles in shape.

Can you guess what that sea creature might be?

The "gub-gub" is actually named after the sea crab.





NIGERIA

The Tortoise and the Drum

As told by Solange Adeogun-Phillips

Illustrated by Adedunni Olowoniyi

Our characters

Tortoise is **Ijapa** (in Yoruba)

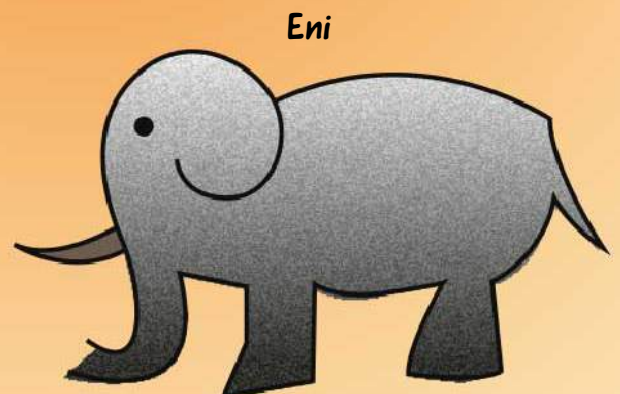
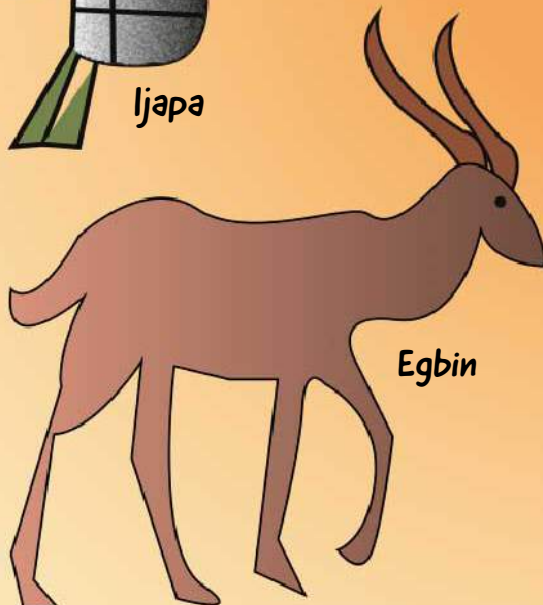
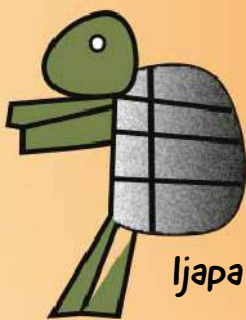
Lion is **Zaki** (in Hausa)

Elephant is **Eni** (in Bini)

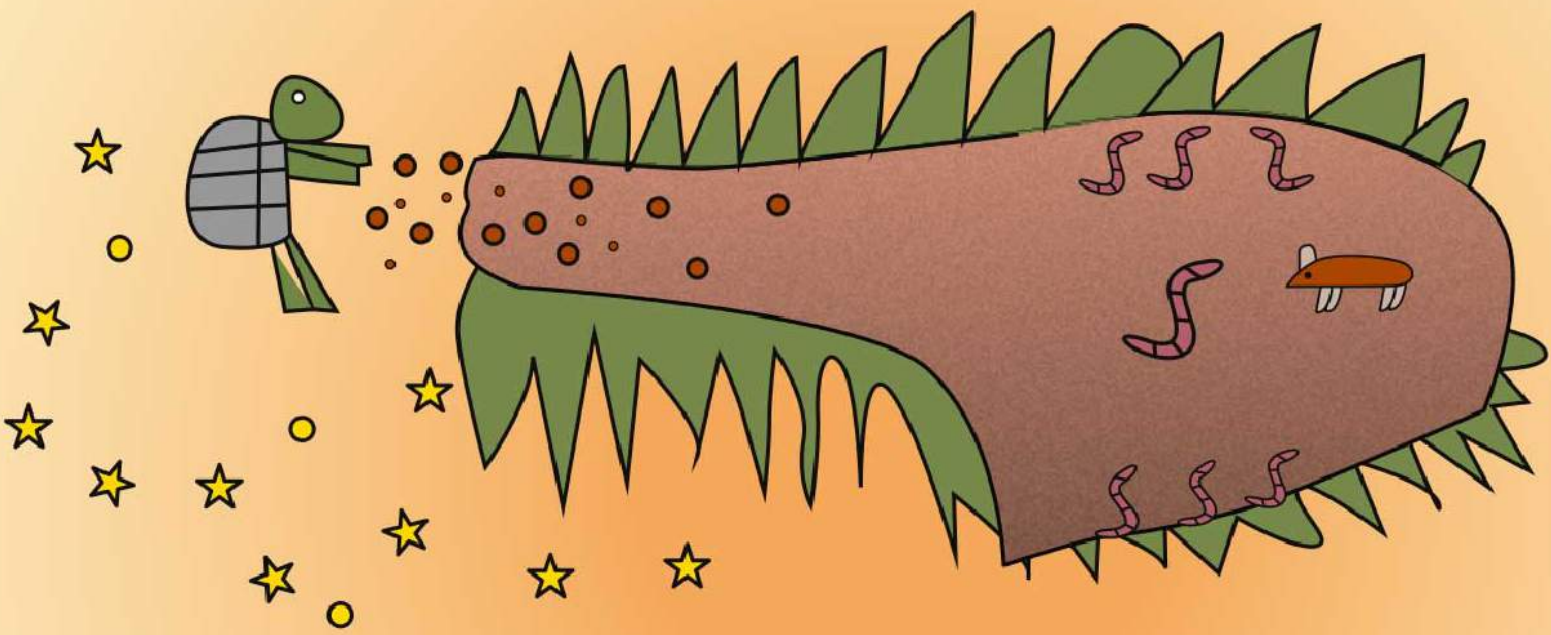
Rabbit is **Ehoro** (in Yoruba)

Monkey is **Ewe** (in Igbo)

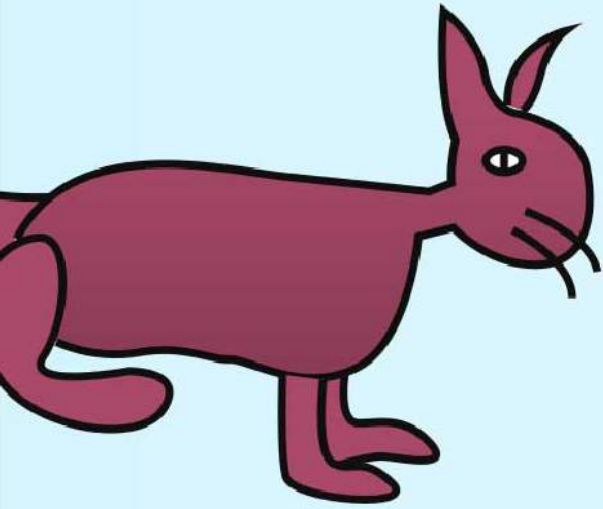
Gazelle is **Egbin** (in Yoruba)



Food and water were rare and the dry heat was abundant in the Animal Kingdom. Protected under his shell from the strong rays of the sun, Ijapa the tortoise spotted a fruit hidden in a lone palm tree. "Omo, see food," he exclaimed. Eager to claim it for himself, Ijapa began to slowly climb the tree. Just as he reached out to grab the delicious fruit, it tumbled down into a hole by the palm tree. The hungry Ijapa didn't hesitate to follow his meal into the endless hole.



He slid down the long, winding tunnel and found himself in the home of the underground animals. “**Wey dis hole dey carry me go o?**” he wondered. One caught sight of Ijapa and recognised the hunger in his eyes.



“Ijapa, what brings you into our humble abode?” asked Elder Ehoró.

“I was chasing my dinner. It escaped my grasp on the palm tree and is somewhere down here,” replied Ijapa.

“Oh dear Ijapa, you don’t mean that lone, juicy fruit, do you? We gobbled it up in a second,” said Elder Ehoró.

“Oh no, that was the only thing I had to eat,” Ijapa whined.

“Look Ijapa, we didn’t know you caught the fruit first. Otherwise we wouldn’t have taken it ourselves. Let us make it up to you.” Elder Ehoró went into his tunnel and emerged with a drum.

“Here,” he said, giving Ijapa the little drum.

“I came here to fill my stomach and quench my dry throat. Do you think this is funny?” asked Ijapa, staring at the drum, wondering if the animals were playing a cruel joke on him.



“Ijapa, this is no ordinary drum. Beat it seven times and you could have all the food you desire.”

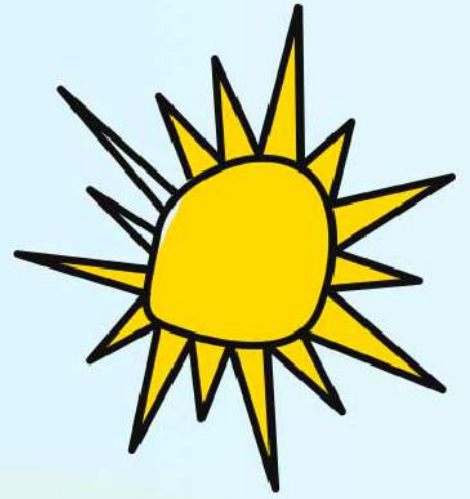
“**Shuo, na awoof?** Really?” asked Ijapa.

“On one condition. Don’t ever let any dirt touch the drum,” said the Elder.



With the drum strapped on his back, Ijapa crawled as fast as his little legs could carry him, home to show his wife what he had found.

With seven beats of his drum, the tortoise summoned a feast for himself and his wife, to her amazement. They ate like they had never eaten before, until their stomachs were filled to the brim. Seeing that they still had plenty to spare, Ijapa invited his fellow animals to join him in his incredible feast.

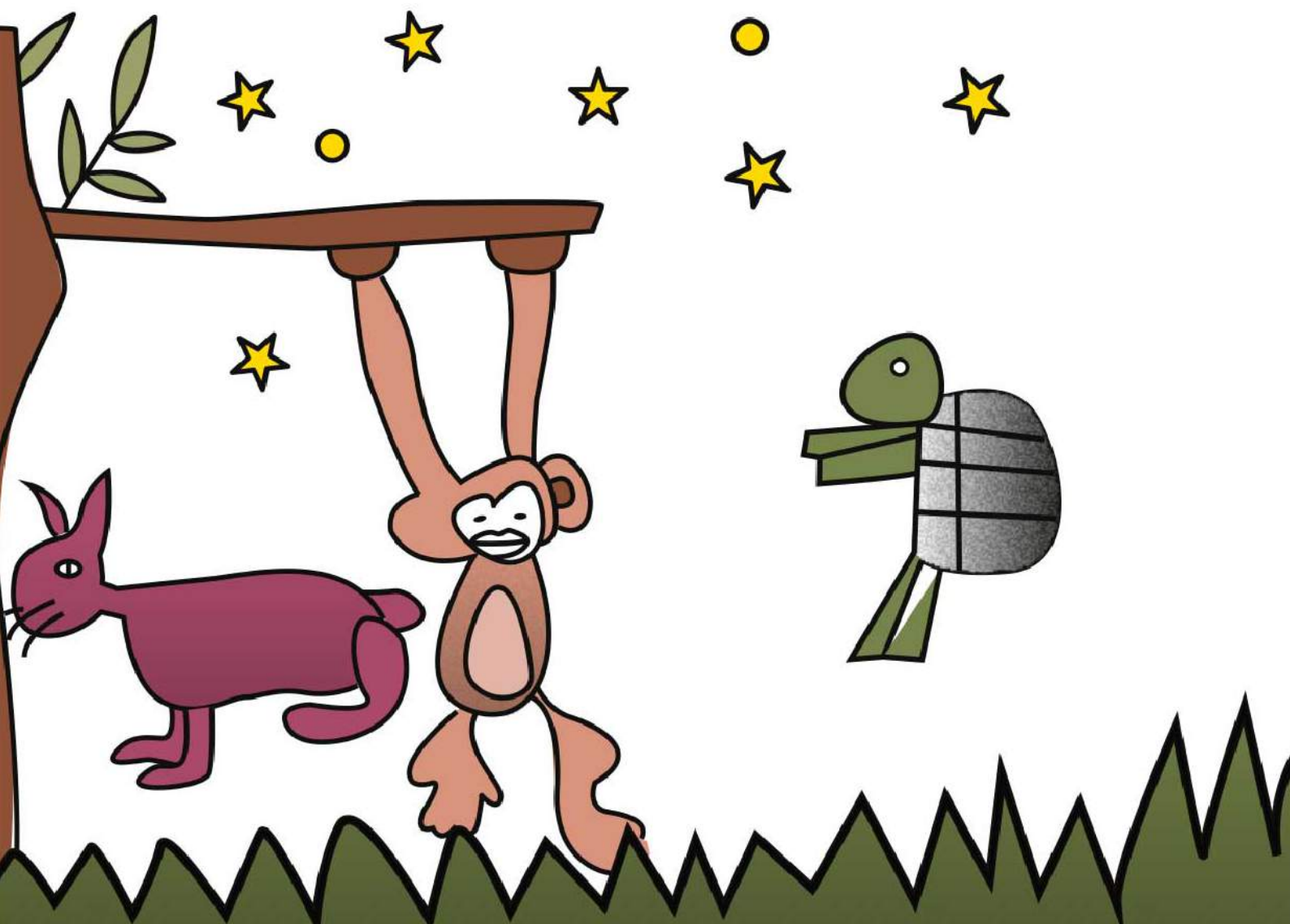



“Yowa, abinchie! Ezigbo nri! Obe tó dun! Come one, come all, to enjoy a feast for your eyes and your stomach!” called Ijapa.



However, neither Egbin the gazelle, nor Eni the elephant, nor Ewe the monkey, thought Ijapa spoke the truth. "Biko nu, good old Tortoise must be up to his old tricks again," remarked Ewe.

However, when they saw the feast at Ijapa's home with their own eyes, they ate until they could eat no more and sang Ijapa's praises. As the days passed, animals from far and wide were welcomed into Ijapa's home and to his endless supply of delicious food.



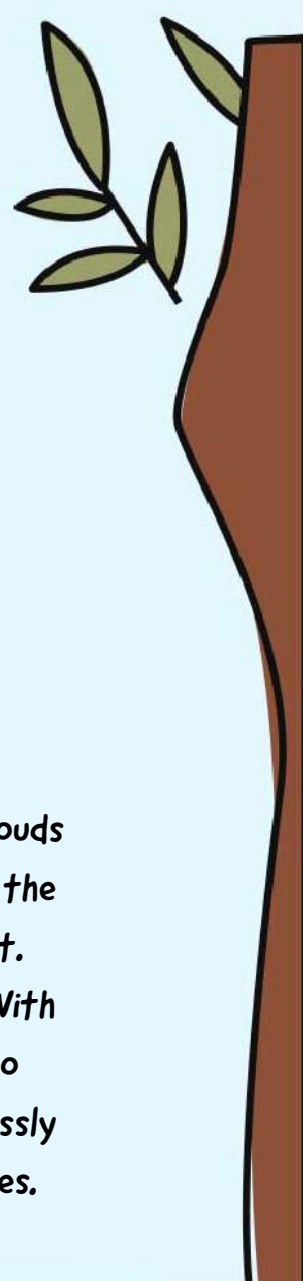
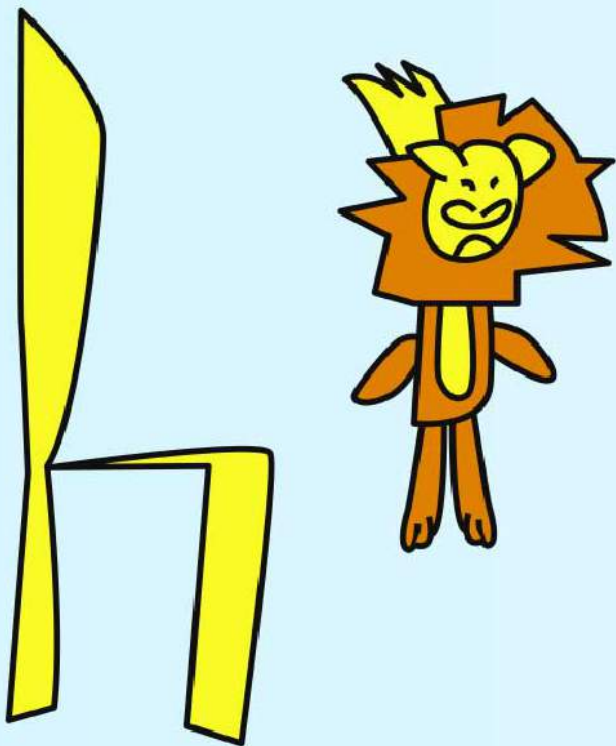


ljapa became loved and admired by all, except one: the King of the Wild himself, Zaki the lion. As the animals' chorus of praise for ljapa grew louder and louder, Zaki grew more and more jealous of ljapa's new-found popularity and fame. How could anyone be the sole protector and saviour of the Animal Kingdom, but the King himself? thought Zaki. **Lailai, I no go 'gree!**

The next day, Zaki was on a mission to find out how ljapa got all his food. He kept his watchful eyes on ljapa's home and watched his little foe leave his house. Zaki approached the house only to find that ljapa's wife was still inside.

ljapa's wife startled, seeing the King outside their home. "**Ranka Dede**, Your Highness! What brings you here? Is everything alright?"

Just when he thought his plan was ruined, Zaki thought of a little white lie.



"Well, as the King, I felt it was my duty to keep the fortunate source of your delicious food safe. Your husband has agreed and we decided I should keep it safe in the palace."

ljapa's wife was hesitant, but she couldn't question the King. "As you wish, Your Highness." ljapa's wife gave Zaki the magical drum.

Kia Kia, maza maza, Zaki sprinted back to his palace with the drum, raising clouds of dust and mud in his trail. In his rush, he didn't notice the dirt falling onto the drum. He summoned the entire Animal Kingdom to his palace for a lavish feast. As he saw the animals walking to his palace, he passionately beat the drum. With seven beats, his palace was filled with food. Zaki's excitement soon turned to disgust, when he discovered that the food was rotten and smelly. Zaki helplessly watched his subjects recoil at the pungent stench, and retreat to their homes.

Talk of Zaki's miserable feast was carried on the wind and eventually made it to Ijapa. Ijapa grew furious, realising that his magical drum had been stolen. He did however, find joy at the idea of Zaki kicking dirt onto the drum, against Elder Ehoró's warning, and ruining his own feast.

Ijapa needed to get another drum from the underground animals. He decided that he would feed the animals that had chosen to make him King.

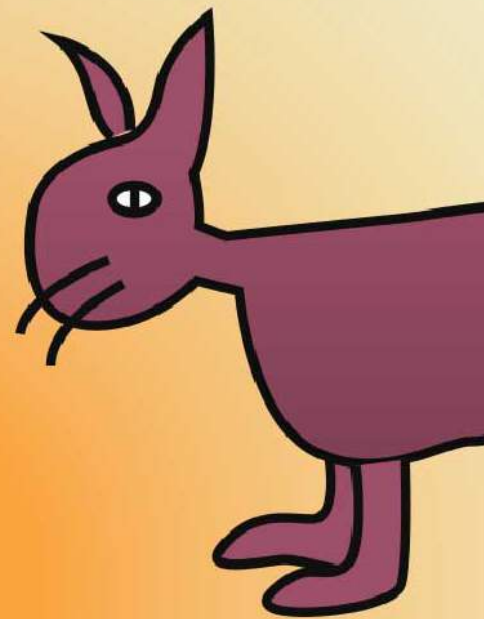


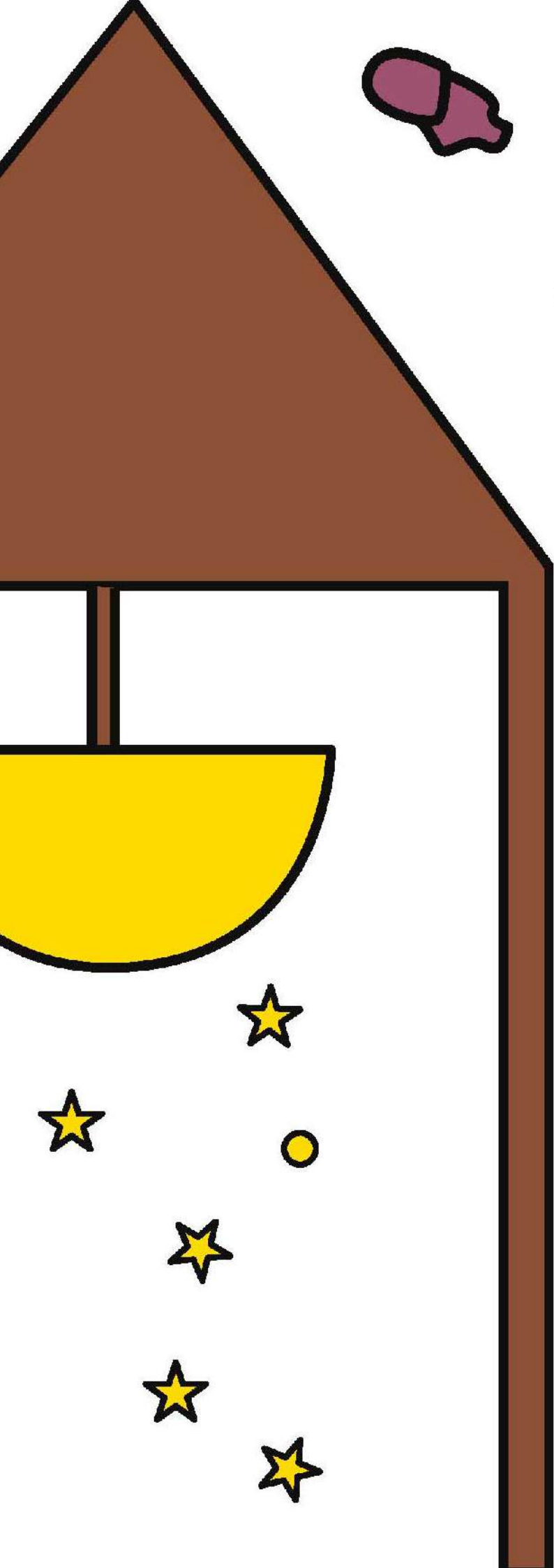
Finding a lone groundnut, Ijapa teetered on the edge of the hole and dropped the groundnut down the burrow, baiting the underground animals. Down Ijapa jumped, all the way to the bottom.

"Oh Ijapa, don't tell me that was your groundnut we just ate," said Elder Ehoró.

"My luck is surely poor today, Elder Ehoró. First, my drum gets stolen and then my dinner," sighed Ijapa.

Feeling sorry for Ijapa, the underground animals once again gifted him with another magical drum.





ljapa gleefully accepted it and rushed back home. “Come one, come all, to enjoy a feast for the eyes, the nose and the stomach – not like Zaki’s!”

announced ljapa to his fellow animals. All the animals gathered outside ljapa’s home, and even Zaki came as well, and apologised to ljapa and his wife for stealing the drum.

Seeing an opportunity, ljapa presented the ruler of the Animal Kingdom with an ultimatum.

“Your Highness, I’m afraid I am unable to forgive you.” Seeing the sadness in Zaki’s eyes, ljapa pressed his advantage.

“Unless, of course, you make me King. As I have the power to feed the entire Kingdom, it is only fitting that I have the power to rule,” said the cunning Tortoise. *Na my chance bi dis, abegi!* This is my opportunity.

The furious Zaki challenged ljapa. “And if I didn’t?”

“Well, then it looks like the rest of you will starve,” said ljapa.



The animals erupted, debating and arguing among themselves. They eventually agreed to crown Ijapa as their King in exchange for food.

Ijapa beat his drum seven times, but to his surprise, no food appeared in front of the new King nor his hungry subjects. Instead, a swarm of bees emerged from the drum and chased him far out of the kingdom. Even with the fortune of a delicious meal and the respect of his King, Ijapa had still been hungry for more power – and it was this greed that eventually cost him everything. ■

What do you think?

If you encountered the magical, wish-granting drum, what favourite meal would you ask for?



STORYTIME Extra



GUESS THE ANIMAL

Can you finish spelling the names of the animals from the story?

T_RT_ISE

GA_E_LE

LIO_

M_NK_Y

ELE_HAN_

RA__IT

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

Trickster tales are very common in West, East and Central African storytelling culture. Ananse the Spider, Sounboula the Monkey and Ijapa the Tortoise are a few of the beloved trickster heroes.

Guess what?

Ijapa the Tortoise is a popular hero among the Yoruba ethnic group in West Africa. In times of scarcity of food, he relies on trickery and the reluctant generosity of friends to obtain food.

Think about it

Nigeria, like many countries, is home to multiple languages and dialects. What languages or dialects are widely spoken in your country?



ANSWERS & Solutions

Could you guess the animals by filling in the blanks?
Let's see how you did.

GUESS THE ANIMAL

TORTOISE

GAZELLE

LION

MONKEY

ELEPHANT

RABBIT





ITALY

Fantaghirò, Beautiful Person



Fantaghirò

Assuntina

Carolino

In times of old, there was a king who had three beautiful daughters. His eldest daughter was called Carolina, his middle daughter Assuntina and his youngest daughter Fantaghirò, beautiful person, because she was the most beautiful of them all.

The King was ill and spent his days shut in a room in which there were three chairs – a blue one, a black one and a red one. When his daughters came to see him in the morning, they always looked to see which chair he was sitting on. The blue chair meant cheerfulness, the black chair symbolised death and the red chair stood for war.

One day the girls came into his bedroom and saw that the King was sitting on the red chair, an open letter in his hand. His eldest daughter asked, “Lord Father, what has happened?”

“Our neighbouring King has declared war upon me,” he said. “I am sick and cannot guide our army alone. I will have to find a good general.”

The eldest daughter, Carolina, replied. “If you let me, I will be the general.”

“Absolutely not. This is no job for a woman,” said the irritable King.

“Put me to the test, please,” his eldest daughter pleaded. “I want to talk to our neighbour first and see if there is anything to be done. We might manage to avoid a war.”

“Alright then,” the King sighed. “But if you start acting like a girl, you are coming straight back.” His daughter accepted these terms, so the King ordered his most trusted squire, Tonino, to accompany the Princess to war. “If my daughter starts to talk about women’s things, you must bring her straight back to the palace,” the King added.

The Princess and the trusted Tonino left for the neighbouring kingdom, followed by an entire army. Eventually they came across a thicket of reeds. “Such beautiful reeds,” exclaimed the Princess. “If we had them at home, imagine how many nice distaffs we could make on which to spin our wool.”

“Back home with you,” shrieked Tonino. “You have let a woman’s thought slip into your head.” They returned home with their army of 1,000 soldiers.

The next day, the middle daughter, Assuntina, begged the King to let her lead their army into battle. The King made the same agreement with her and put the faithful Tonino on her tail. As they rode past the thicket of reeds, the Princess kept her mouth shut, but as they made their way through a forest of tall straight poles, she forgot her promise to her father.






“Tonino, look at those beautiful smooth upright poles. Perhaps we could take some with us. I wonder how many spindles we could make for spinning wool.”

“Back home with you too,” bellowed Tonino. “You have welcomed womanly thoughts into your mind.” Dejected, they returned to the palace with the soldiers close on their heels.

The King didn’t know how to right this tricky situation and thought that all was lost. Then, his youngest, Fantaghirò, tried to persuade him into sending her into battle.



“Neither of your big sisters managed, how could I trust you with this task?” the King responded.

“I understand,” replied Fantaghirò with a smile, “but what would it cost you to let me try? You have nothing to lose.” The King caved. He called upon the trusted Tonino and gave him the same instructions as before.

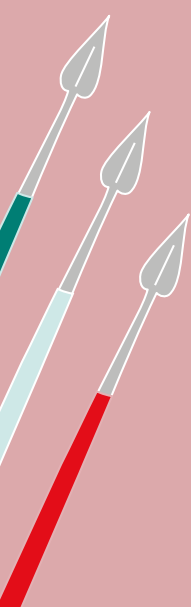
Fantaghirò was disguised as a warrior. Armed with a sword and pistols, she looked like a valiant dragoon. She and Tonino left with the army in their wake. They rode past the thicket of reeds and then the forest of poles, but the young Fantaghirò stayed as quiet as a mouse.

When they reached the border, she ordered the soldiers to stop. “You stay here with our men. I want to talk to our enemy face to face,” she told her trusted Tonino.

Their enemy was a young and handsome king called Romualdo. He took one look at Fantaghirò and thought to himself, “This Prince is not like other men. I bet he is a girl.” But all he said was, “Come with me, your Grace. I want to have you as a guest at my palace.”

When they reached the palace, Romualdo ran to his mother and told her about the warrior in charge of the opposing army. “*Fantaghirò, persona bella, Ha occhi neri e parole dolci, O mamma mia, mi pare una donzella.* Fantaghirò, beautiful person. With those black eyes and sweet voice, Mother, she looks just like a damsel.”

“Bring her to the arms room,” his mother said. “If she really is a woman, she won’t look at them and she certainly won’t touch them.”





Romualdo followed this wise advice, but not much came of it. Fantaghirò took the swords off the wall and started to try one after another, handling them deftly. She even took the pistols and the muskets, and tried them too.

Romualdo went back to his mother, captivated. “He swung every sword like a man. But I still believe what I said before: **Fantaghirò, persona bella, Ha occhi neri e parole dolci, O mamma mia, mi pare una donzella.** Fantaghirò, beautiful person. With those black eyes and sweet voice, Mother, she looks just like a damsel.”

His mother thought hard. Moved by her son’s desperation, she said, “Invite our guest to lunch. If she takes the bread and holds it against her chest to cut it, one simply can’t doubt she is a woman. However, if he cuts the bread holding it up in the air, he is definitely a man.”

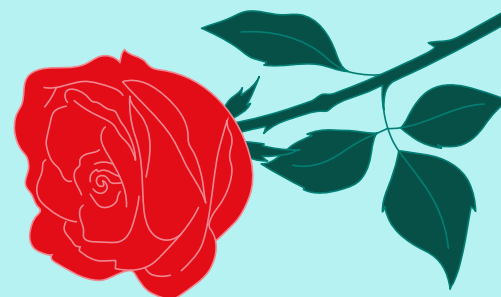


But Fantaghirò passed that test with flying colours. Romualdo couldn't accept it. He went back to his mother looking dejected and said, "He cut the bread while holding it high up in the air, like any true warrior. But I still believe what I said before: **Fantaghirò, persona bella, Ha occhi neri e parole dolci, O mamma mia, mi pare una donzella.** Fantaghirò, beautiful person. With those black eyes and sweet voice, Mother, she looks just like a damsel."

"You are acting like a fool," his mother replied. "But if you really can't convince yourself otherwise, you had better try for a third time. Ask our guest to spend the night at our palace and try to catch a glimpse of Fantaghirò in his or her bedclothes." Romualdo went to Fantaghirò and invited her to stay at the palace. "I would love to, Your Majesty," she replied.

Before they went to bed that evening, they had supper. Romualdo put a powerful sleeping potion in her drink, but Fantaghirò wasn't to be fooled and didn't drink one drop. After their meal, she proposed a toast and Romualdo took a sip, not realising he drank from the bottle with the sleeping potion. By the time he reached his bedchamber, he was so groggy that he threw himself onto the bed and started snoring. Romualdo woke the next morning and saw Fantaghirò up and dressed in her uniform. He was still unable to say whether she was a man or a woman.

He went back to his mother who berated him for his behaviour. But the love-struck Romualdo insisted, saying, "**Fantaghirò, persona bella, Ha occhi neri e parole dolci, O mamma mia, mi pare una donzella.** Fantaghirò, beautiful person. With those black eyes and sweet voice, Mother, she looks just like a damsel."



"I will give you one last chance," his mother said. "Invite Fantaghirò to swim with you in the garden fish pond. If she is a woman, she will refuse. And if she or he does come, the secret will be revealed."



And so, Romualdo invited Fantaghirò, who agreed on one condition – that they swim the next day instead. Romualdo left brimming with joy, while Fantaghirò called the loyal Tonino and gave him a letter to deliver to her father. In the letter, Fantaghirò asked her father to send a soldier early in the morning with a message saying that he was on his deathbed and wanted to see his beloved son before he passed away.

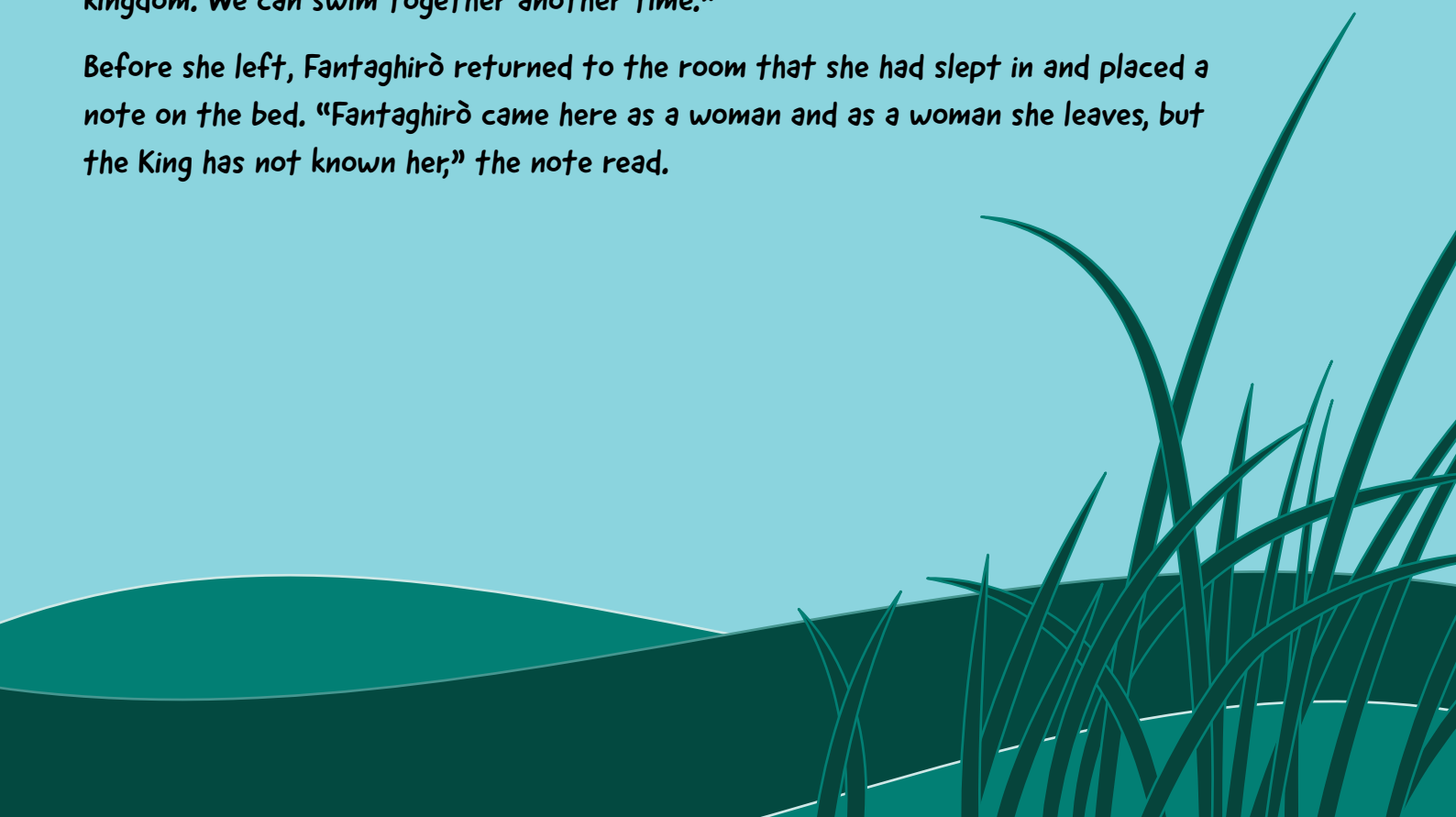
The following morning, Fantaghirò and Romualdo met in front of the garden fish pond. He jumped into the water, shouting, “Join me. It is very hot out there and the water is so refreshing.”

But Fantaghirò was stalling while waiting for her father’s messenger. “I am too hot to get in,” she said. “Before I get into the water, I need to cool down a little, otherwise I may fall ill.”

Romualdo kept asking, but Fantaghirò would not budge. “I can't do it. My legs and shoulders are shaking. It is not a good sign. Something is wrong.”

A soldier appeared suddenly and gave her a letter from her father. After Fantaghirò read it, she said to Romualdo, “I am sorry, your Majesty, but I have just received some very bad news. My father is on his deathbed and he wants to see me before he passes away. I told you those shivers were a bad sign. I have to rush home. If you want, we can make peace now. Then, whenever you are ready, you can come and visit me in my kingdom. We can swim together another time.”

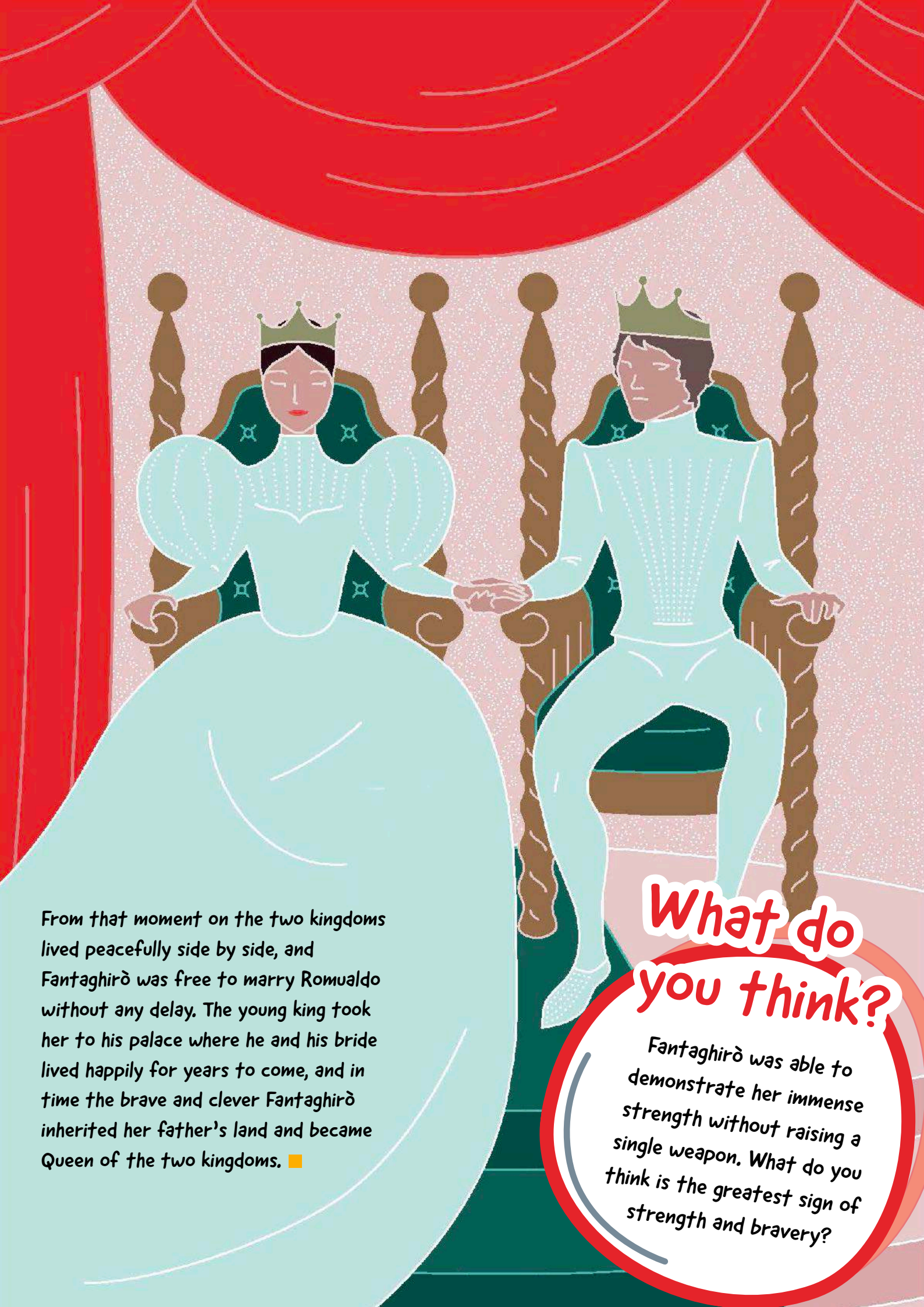
Before she left, Fantaghirò returned to the room that she had slept in and placed a note on the bed. “Fantaghirò came here as a woman and as a woman she leaves, but the King has not known her,” the note read.



The next morning Romualdo went into the room to see where his mysterious guest had slept, and found her note. He ran immediately to his mother. "I was right! Fantaghirò is a woman," he exclaimed. Without waiting for his mother to answer, he stormed out to his carriage and sped off on her trail.

In the meantime, Fantaghirò was with her father, telling him how she had made peace with the enemy without waging a single battle. A loud noise in the courtyard interrupted Fantaghirò's story. It was Romualdo, who declared his feelings for his true love.





From that moment on the two kingdoms lived peacefully side by side, and Fantaghirò was free to marry Romualdo without any delay. The young king took her to his palace where he and his bride lived happily for years to come, and in time the brave and clever Fantaghirò inherited her father's land and became Queen of the two kingdoms. ■

What do you think?

Fantaghirò was able to demonstrate her immense strength without raising a single weapon. What do you think is the greatest sign of strength and bravery?



STORYTIME

Extra



Did you know?

- This Italian *favola* (fable) was passed orally from generation to generation. It was first published in 1880 by Gherardo Nerucci in his collection of stories from the oral tradition of the Montale area in the Pistoia district of Tuscany.
- During the Middle Ages, there were many "spreaders of popular stories", including intrepid pilgrims who travelled on foot across the Italian peninsula.

Think about it

Italy is famous for its cuisine. What food might Fantaghirò have eaten when she had lunch with Romualdo?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



You can find the answers on the next page

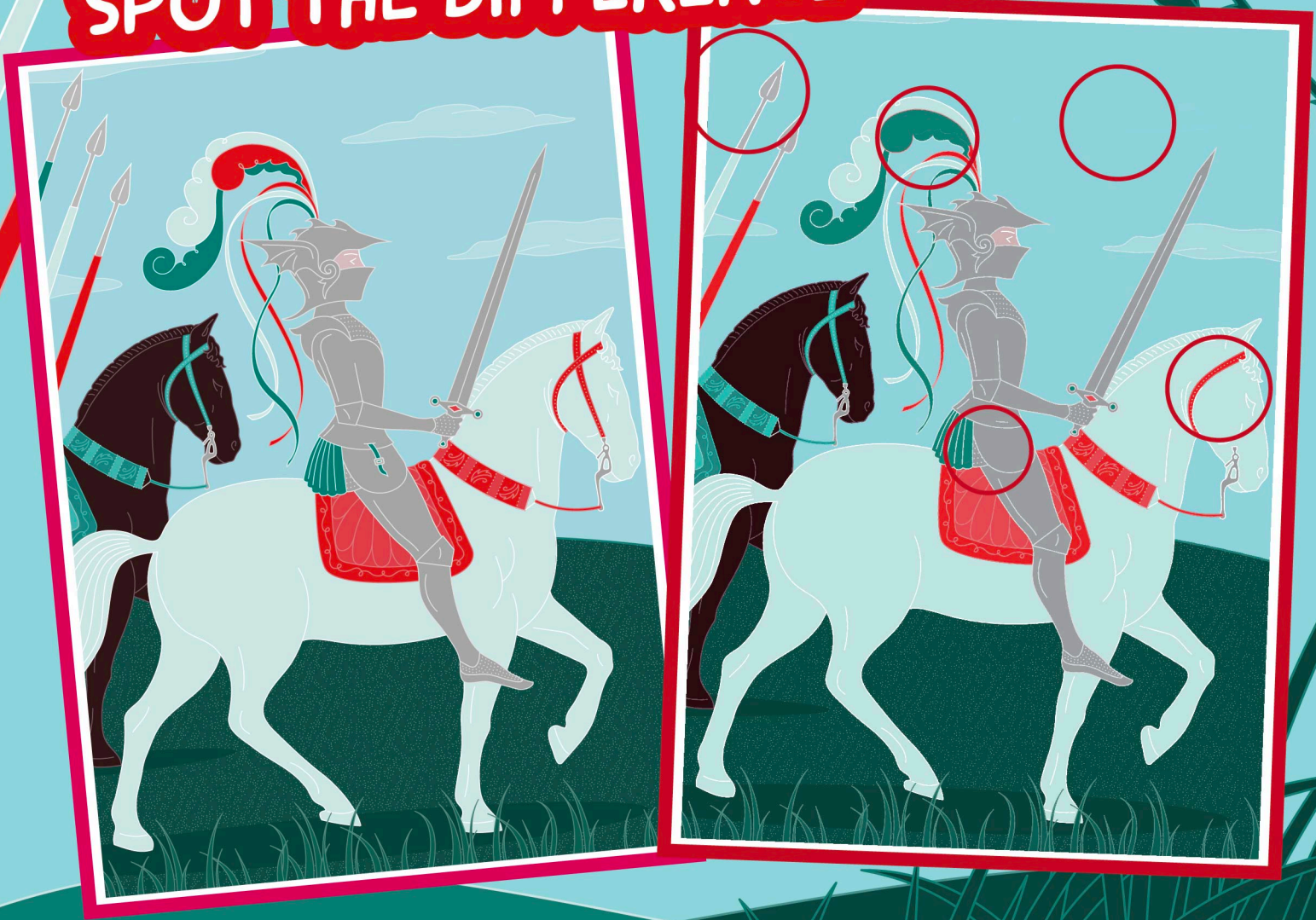


ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





ESWATINI

The Hyrax and a Tail

Illustrated by Wandile Brema Masuku

In the time of Creation, all animals were made without tails and they all lived together in a forest. One of the animals was Imbila the Hyrax. Loved by all, Imbila relied on the admiration of his animal friends and often took them for granted.

While it was effortless for him to be appreciated by others, the rest of the animals were desperate for his affection. All the attention and devotion from other animals truly spoiled Imbila, making him lazy and unappreciative.



One day, the Creator decided to give the animals beautiful tails. Different shapes, sizes, colours, patterns and textures, the Creator kept these tails in a sacred place, far, far away.

An announcement was made in the forest about these magical new tails and the animals began preparing for their voyage in search of their tails. Well, all animals, except for – can you guess who? Well, Imbila the Hyrax of course.

The lazy and complacent Imbila asked his friends Imbolwane the Squirrel, Logwaja the Rabbit, and Ingulube the Pig to each bring a tail home for him.

The smug Imbila lay next to the road and laughed at the animals as they travelled in droves.



Lihhashi the Horse and Inyatsi the Buffalo, being the first to arrive, were gifted with long, elegant and feathery tails that swished gracefully from side to side.

Imbuti the Goat and Ingulube the Pig, being the last to arrive, counted their lucky stars because they got the last two tails that were left. Imbuti's tail was short and fluffy, while Ingulube's tail was curly and bouncy like a spring.

They trotted happily back to the forest with their shiny new tails.

Imbila watched the parade of animals as they wagged, swished, swayed and thumped their new tails with pride.

"Ha, all these animals get only one tail. Well, my friends are bringing me three," thought Imbila with glee.

Logwaja was the first to arrive. "My friend, you have been hopping like mad. You must be thirsty, drink this honey," said Imbila. Logwaja drank the honey.

"Where is my tail?" asked Imbila.

"I am sorry my friend, I forgot it," said Logwaja, "but look! Isn't my tail just beautiful?" He turned around and showed off his cotton-ball tail.



Imbila's face fell. "Oh well, let us wait for Imbolwane. He must have remembered."

A few minutes later Imbolwane came leaping happily, showing his friend his new tail. Imbila also gave him honey to drink. "My, how tall and bushy. Now, where is my tail?"

"Oh dear! I'm terribly sorry Imbila, I must have forgotten it in all my excitement."

Again, Imbila was really sad. "Never mind, let's wait for Ingulube. I'm sure he'll bring it."



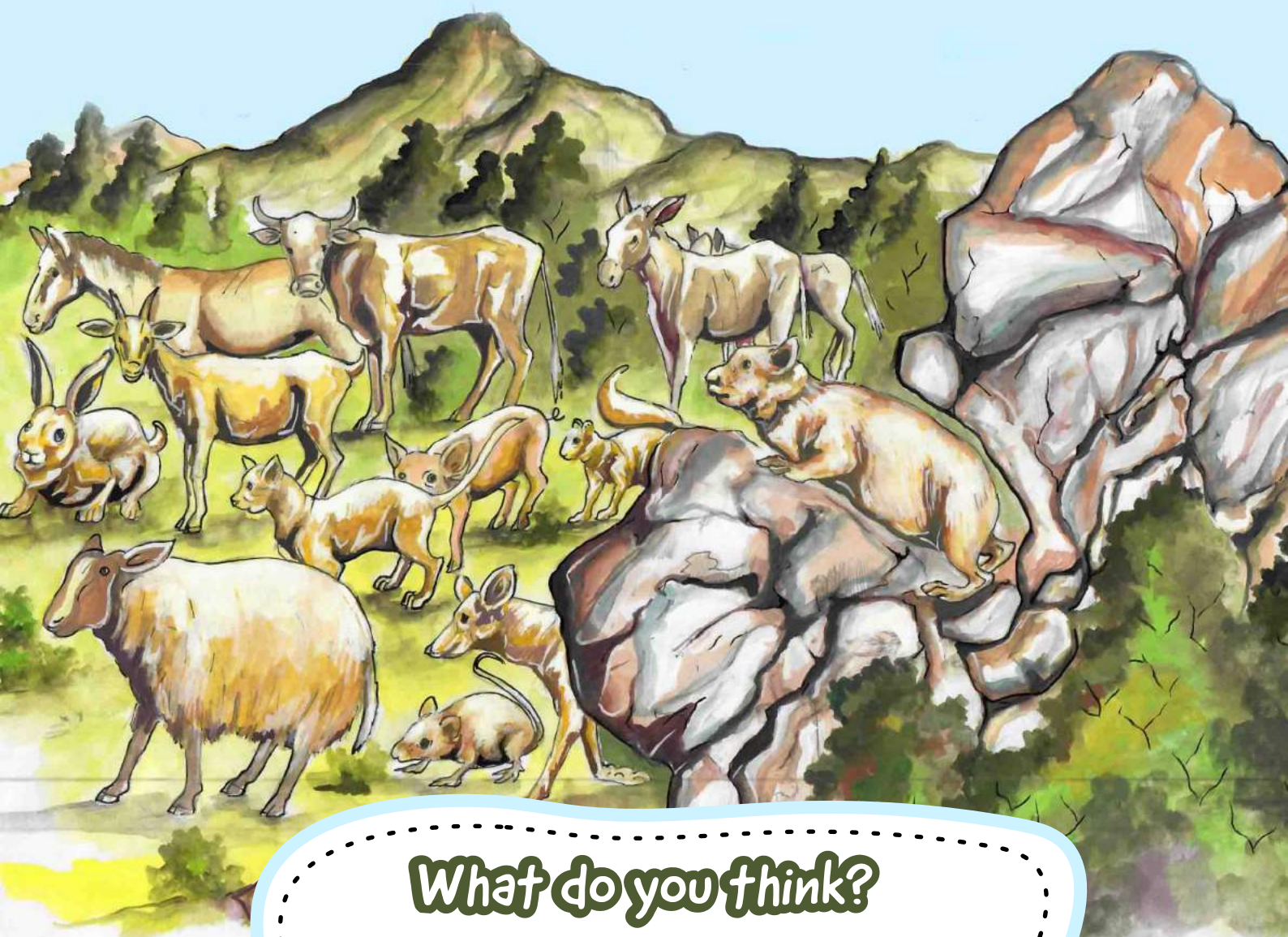
When Ingulube arrived, Imbila gave him the honey to drink. "Friends, would you look at my tail. It's pink and curly!" Ingulube danced around, swaying his tail from side to side. "Don't you think so too, Imbila?"

"Of course I do," said Imbila, "but my dear friend, where is mine?"

Ingulube said, "My tail is perfectly splendid, but alas it is too short. Because I arrived late and didn't have time to remember yours, Imbila."

Feeling disappointed and ashamed, Imbila the Hyrax ran away from his friends and hid under the rocks. Being the only one without a magnificent tail, he was convinced he would be a laughing stock among the other forest creatures.

Even to this day, he is still ashamed of not having a tail and lives in the rocks, avoiding all other animals. ■



What do you think?

Is it fair that Imbila the Hyrax missed out on having a tail? Why or why not?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

W	R	C	P	C	J	N	T	Q	X
S	Q	U	I	R	R	E	L	I	W
A	K	T	G	H	N	M	K	A	F
R	J	Q	D	F	Y	F	M	K	L
S	A	G	P	X	N	R	S	N	H
M	K	B	I	U	C	O	A	T	O
O	B	V	B	Y	H	Z	O	X	R
A	G	Y	H	I	G	F	L	B	S
P	L	B	S	P	T	L	H	D	E
U	X	U	I	V	L	W	U	Y	Z

Did you know?
 A hyrax, also called a rock rabbit or dassie, is a small, furry, herbivorous mammal that looks like a large guinea pig or rabbit with rounded ears and no tail.

Can you find the animals from the story?

Hyrax Squirrel Horse
 Pig Rabbit

You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?
 Hyraxes suffer from habitat loss and are experiencing great difficulty in finding food, shelter and mates due to growth in the human population and expansion of roads and settlements into wildlife's living spaces.

Imagine

If you were gifted your own tail, what would it look like?
 What would you use it for?





ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many animals did you find?

FIND THE WORD

W	R	C	P	C	J	N	T	Q	X
S	Q	U	I	R	R	E	L	I	W
A	K	T	G	H	N	M	K	A	F
R	J	Q	D	F	Y	F	M	K	L
S	A	G	P	X	N	R	S	N	H
M	K	B	I	U	C	O	A	T	O
O	B	V	B	Y	H	Z	O	X	R
A	G	Y	H	I	G	F	L	B	S
P	L	B	S	P	T	L	H	D	E
U	X	U	I	V	L	W	U	Y	Z

Hyrax

Squirrel

Horse

Pig

Rabbit



SLOVAK REPUBLIC

The Three Groschen

As told by Pavol Dobšinský

Illustrated by Peter Uchnár

Once upon a time, a king stumbled upon a poor man digging a ditch beside the road. "Tell me, dear man," said the King, "How much are you paid for such hard work?" "Ha, Your Majesty, I'm paid three groschen a day."

"Three groschen? How can you live on such a meagre reward?" asked the King.

"Oh, Your Majesty, if all I had to do was live on it, that would be easy! Alas, I have to pay back the first, lend the second and live on the third."



The King wiped his forehead and pondered how that could be. "Young man, I must confess that I don't understand how it is possible to pay back, lend, and live on three groschen."

"Well, Your Majesty," said the poor man, "I pay my first groschen to help my old father, who is sick. I am indebted to him because he raised me. I lend my second groschen to my young son, and hope that he will look after me when I grow old. And, of course, I need the third coin to live on."

"Well, that's wonderful," said the King with delight.



"You see, my dear man, I have twelve advisers at home. The more I pay them, the more they complain that they have nothing to live on. Now I'll tell them the riddle you shared with me and let them guess the answer. But if they should seek you out for the answer, do not give it away until you see my face."

As a parting gift, the King gave the poor man a handful of gold coins.

Upon returning to his castle, the King summoned his twelve advisers.

"Gentlemen, since you do not realise the value of your money, listen to me. In this country lives a man who earns only three groschen a day; he pays back the first, lends the second and lives only on the third. If you are so wise, tell me how that is possible. If you don't tell me by the day after tomorrow, I'll have you all driven out of the country. I won't have you eating my bread for nothing."

The twelve advisers made their way home, their heads hanging. They discussed and debated, each one wanting to seem wiser than the others. But none had the humble man's common sense. A day passed, and then another; on the third morning they were to appear before their king, but they had no idea how to solve the riddle. On the second night, one of the advisers had a bright idea.

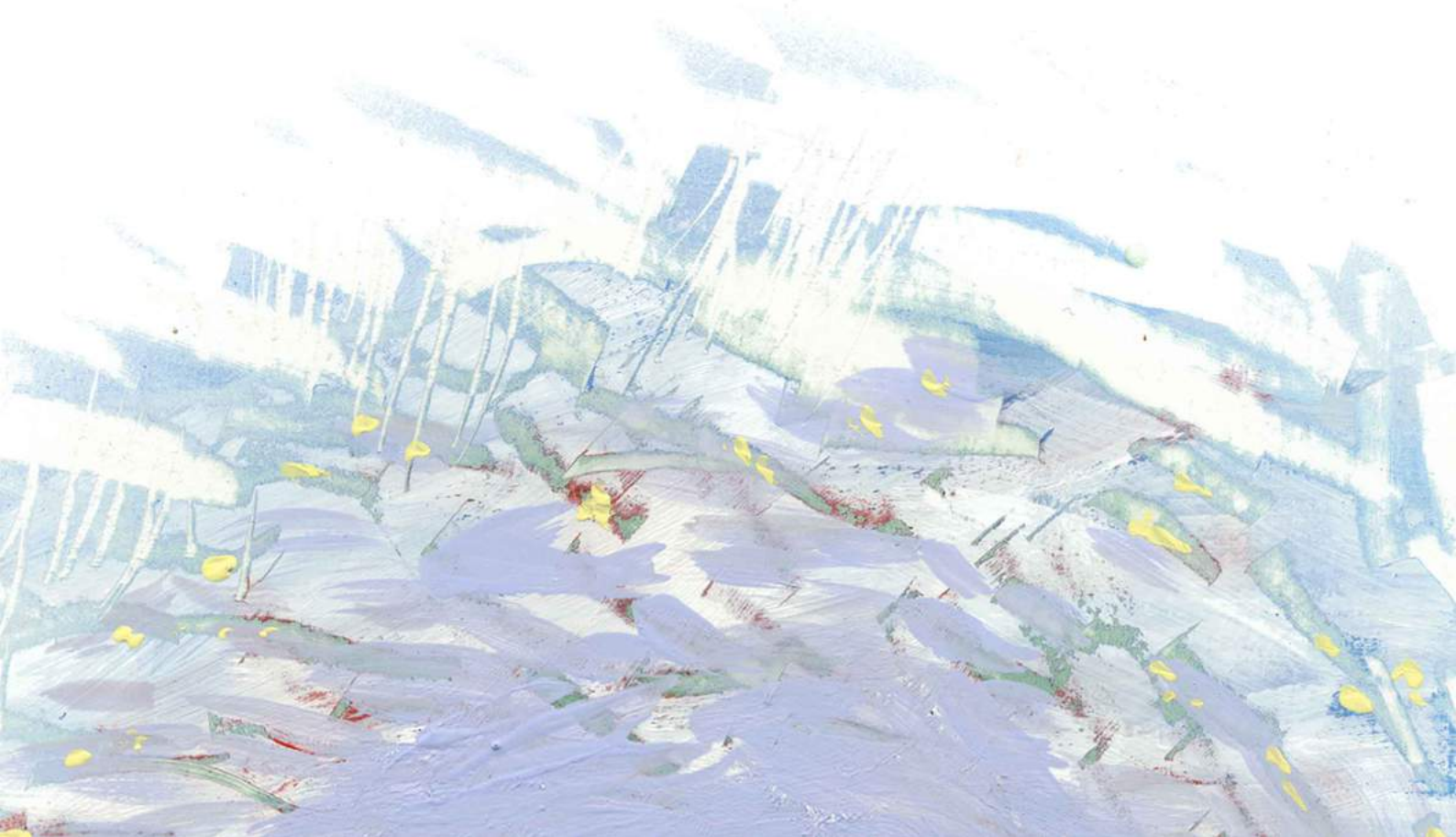
"Let us seek out the poor man himself. Surely he can help us out of this situation."

In agreement, the twelve advisers sought out the poor man. Using pleas and threats, they pestered him to tell them how he lived on his three groschen. Yet, the poor and humble man was not intimidated. He would not let them into the secret, he insisted, until they showed him the King's face.

"How can we show you the King's face?" wailed the advisers. "Why, the King won't come to see you just because we ask him to, and you're not allowed to appear before him! Please just tell us the answer!"

When they offered him a huge pile of money, the humble man couldn't help but laugh at the sight of wise men at such a loss. Only then, did he pull from his pocket one of the gold coins given to him by the King.

"You see, here is the King's face. He gave it to me himself. Now I have no reason to fear that I may be going against the King's orders. I can say whatever I like." And with that, he explained the riddle to them.



But the King grew suspicious when his advisers came back to him with the answer to his riddle. He summoned the poor man to his court. "Tell me how you, an otherwise honest man, dare disobey my royal command?"

"I haven't disobeyed, Your Majesty, because I held my tongue until I saw your just face. After all, it is here in my pocket." With that, he pulled out the gold coin, engraved with the King's image.

"Well," said the King, "if you are so wise that you have more good sense than my twelve advisers, you will no longer dig ditches, but will instead live like a lord at my court, and sit next to me at council."

"And you?" he turned to his advisers. "Are you not ashamed of yourselves? Not only will I not raise your salaries, but I shall take away from you what you already have!"

And the humbled advisers never again troubled the King for higher wages. ■

Translated by Heather Trebatickā



What do you think?

In this story, the poor man teaches us that more can be achieved with less. If you had all the money in the world, what would you do with it?



STORYTIME Extra



Currencies of the world

Can you match each country with its correct currency?

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| Denmark ● | ● Ringgit |
| India ● | ● Rial |
| Lesotho ● | ● Rupee |
| Malaysia ● | ● Loti |
| Oman ● | ● Peso |
| Argentina ● | ● Manat |
| Azerbaijan ● | ● Krone |
| Belarus ● | ● Yen |
| Japan ● | ● Ruble |

Did you know?

A groschen was a silver coin that was used in many states of the historical Holy Roman Empire, which was made up of countries in Central and Western Europe between 800 and 1806.

Penny for your thoughts?

Nothing like a riddle to flex your brain cells. Give these a go!

What belongs to you, but is used more frequently by other people?

Where can you find cities, towns, shops and streets, but no people?

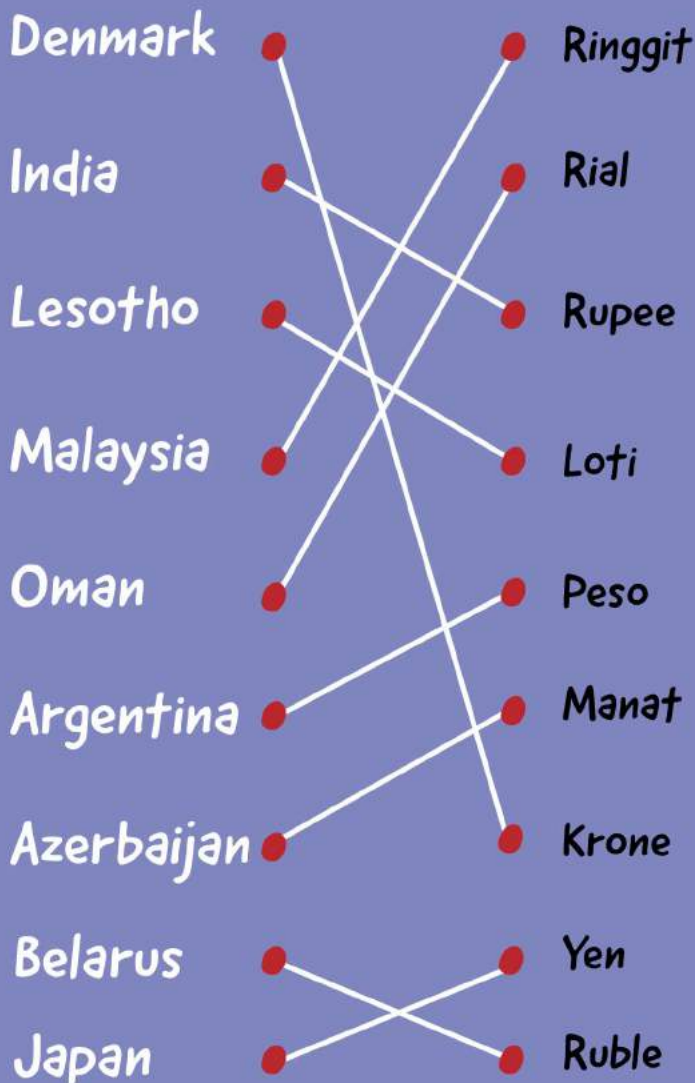
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

Currencies of the world

Do you know your global currencies?
Let's see how you did.



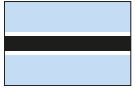
Penny for your thoughts?

How sharp is your wit? Let's
see if you could outsmart
these riddles.

*What belongs to you, but is
used more frequently by
other people?
Your name!*

*Where can you find cities,
towns, shops and streets,
but no people?
A map!*





BOTSWANA

The Longest Folktale

As told by Emmanuel Boefelo and Edwin Moroka
Illustrated by Goabaone Mogwe



Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, there lived a poor herdsman named Makgaola. One day he ventured out into the marketplace, and saw that it was alive with whispers about a challenge decreed by none other than the King.

The challenge was that any man who could recite the longest folktale to entertain the King would be awarded the Princess as his wife.

Men from all walks of life came from far and wide to line up outside the King's castle and vie for the beloved Princess's attention. Makgaola was no exception.

On foot, he traversed the vast kingdom and finally caught a glimpse of the long line of suitors wrapped around the King's castle.

Makgaola's arrival to the back of the line brought about hundreds of gasps, and bursts of endless laughter from the men. Not a single one considered Makgaola a worthy opponent, given his shabby and meagre appearance.



Silent to the ridicule, Makgaola stood in line until it was his rightful turn. As he stepped in front of the King, the King raised his hand to silence him. Before Makgaola could begin his tale, the King waved him off.



"Please, this man needs to be escorted away from my chamber," he said. "He clearly thinks my challenge is some kind of joke, he is not worthy of my daughter's attention and affection."

Just as he was being dragged outside of the chamber and the King turned his back to him, Makgaola raised his voice and began his folktale. Verse upon verse, rhyme upon rhyme, Makgaola stunned and entranced the King. His eyes were fastened on the humble yet masterful herdsman.



While he may have appeared a poor man, his mind and heart were anything but.

Pleasantly surprised and satisfied, the King named Makgaola the winner of the challenge. He rightfully married the most beloved and beautiful Princess in all the land, and they went on to live happily ever after. ■



What do you think?

Is it fair to judge people based on the clothes they wear? Why or why not?



STORYTIME Extra



Did you know?

- This story is one of many in the Setswana culture, which grandparents would tell to younger children gathered together around the fire in the evenings.
- Folk singing, traditional dances and praise poetry are just a few of the art forms that exist in Botswana's diverse and rich culture, narrated creatively through **mainane** (which means "traditional stories" in the Setswana language in Botswana).

Think about it

- What lessons did you learn from this story?
- Makgaola found his happily ever after. What is your "happily ever after" dream?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



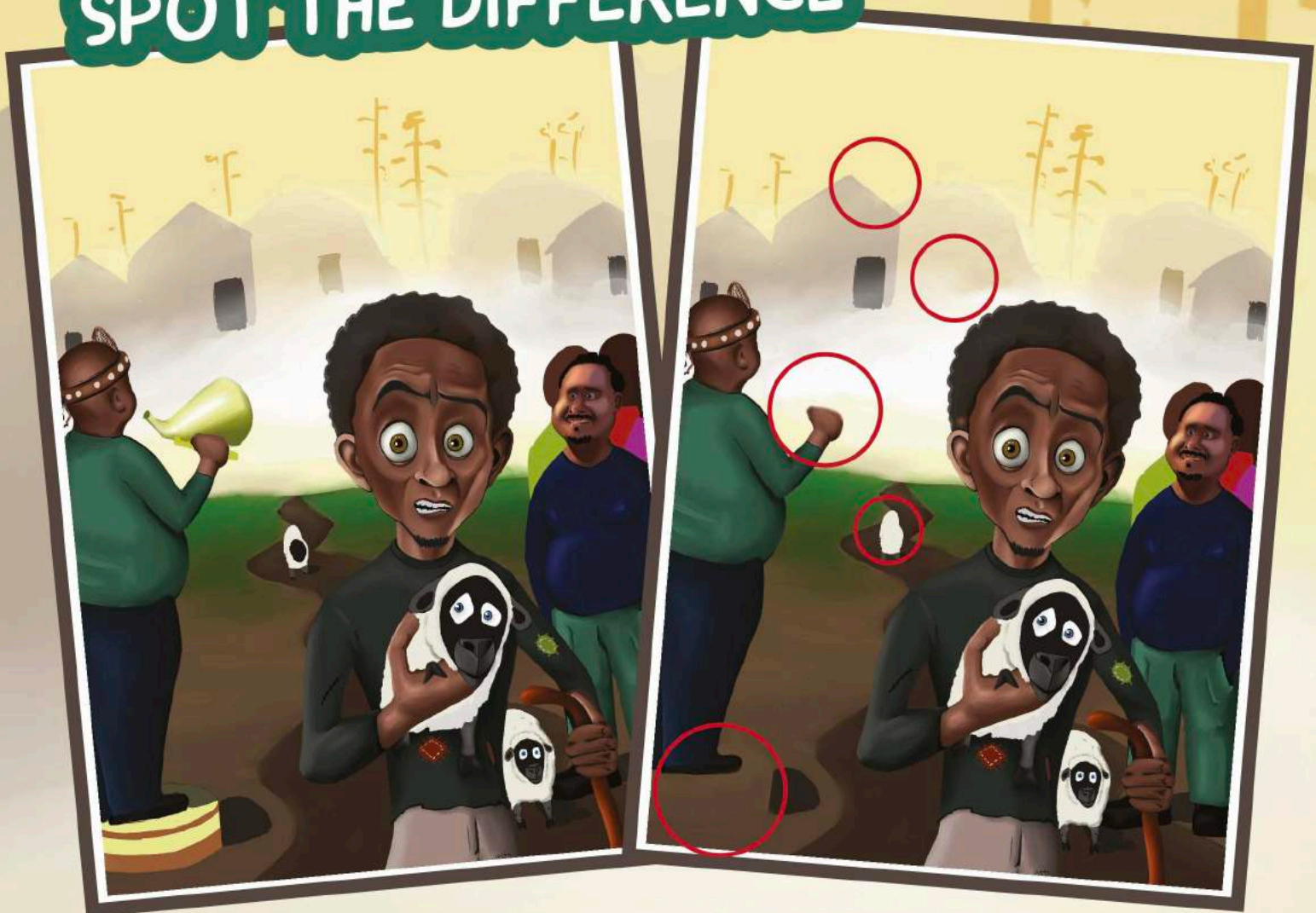
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





MALAYSIA

The Mousedeer, the Buffalo and the Crocodile

Illustrated by Noa Sophie Tan and Steffi Rose Tan

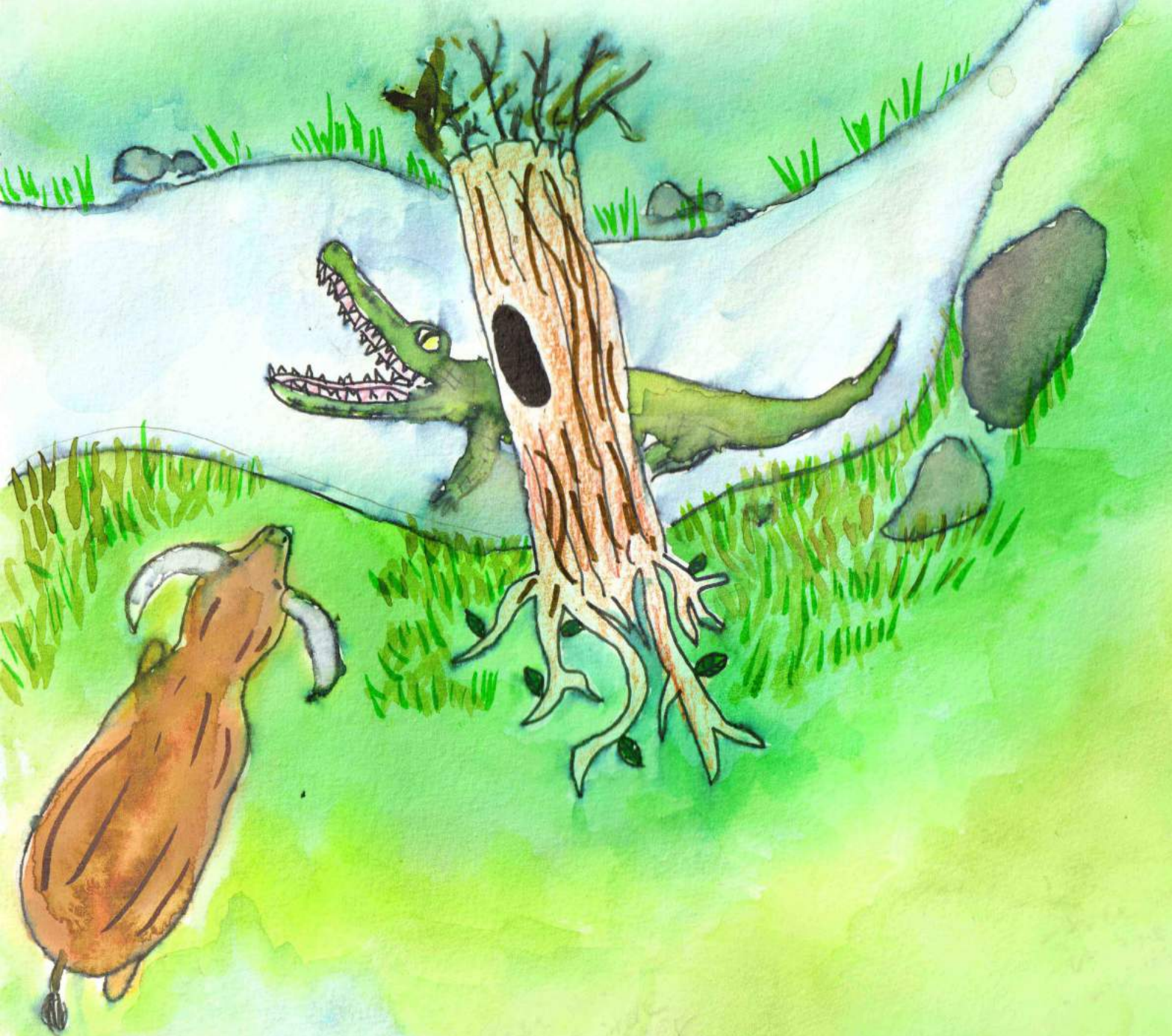


On a dewy morning, Sang Kerbau the Buffalo was mindfully grazing on his grass near a quiet river. His peaceful morning feast was suddenly interrupted by a distant cry.

“*Tolong...tolong... help...heeeeeeeelp!*”

Sang Kerbau’s head snapped up.

“Somebody! Please help!” Goodness, now who could that be? What danger is near?



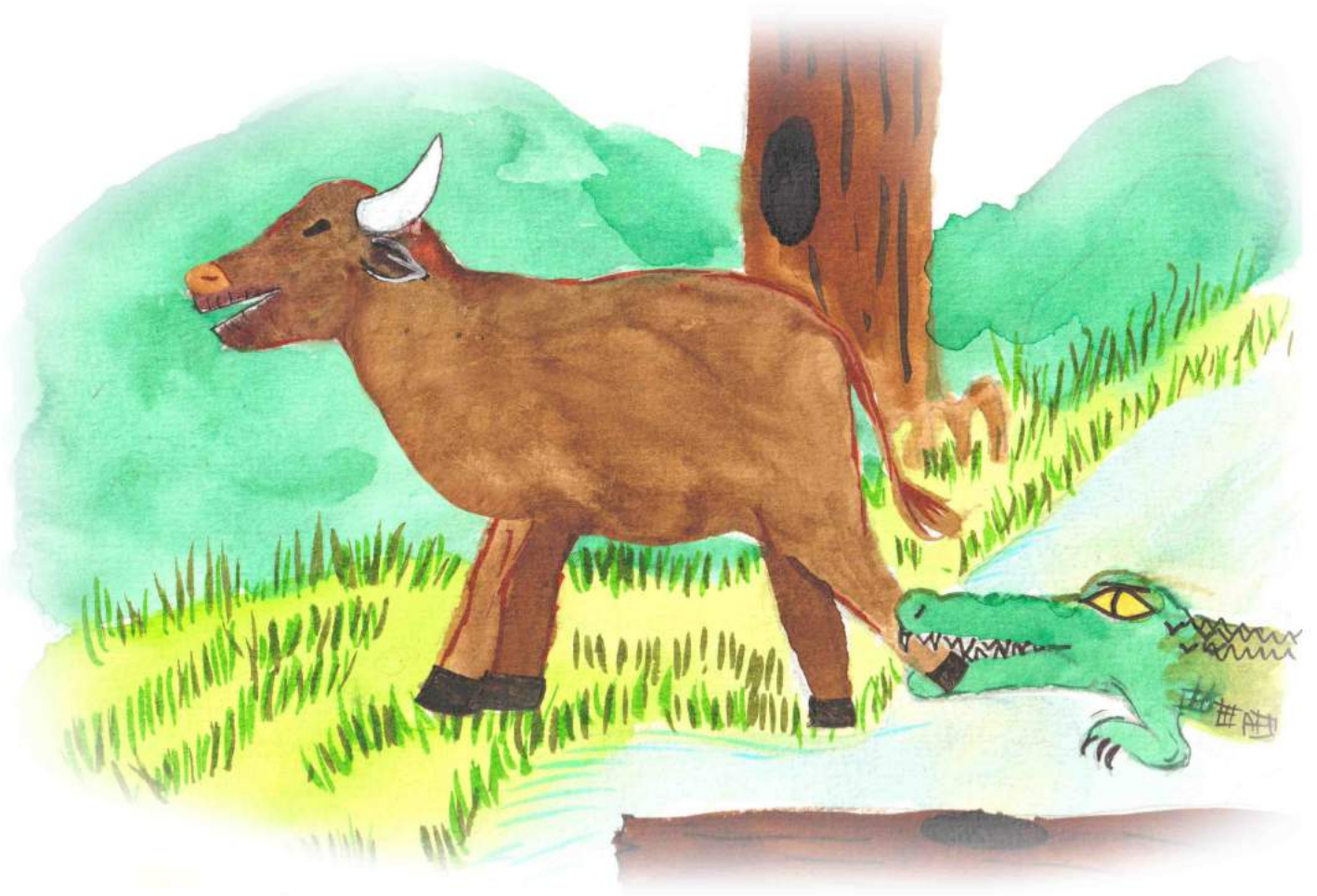
Following the desperate cries, Sang Kerbau stumbled upon Sang Buaya the Crocodile, trapped beneath a fallen tree trunk. "Sang Buaya! You must be in so much pain. Let me help you." With his strong tusks, Sang Kerbau the Buffalo skillfully lifted the tree trunk off the Crocodile.

Sang Buaya turned to Sang Kerbau. "You saved me and I am eternally grateful to you, my loyal friend."

The Buffalo bowed his head. "May you spend the rest of your day in peace." Sang Kerbau turned to head back to his grassy patch when he felt a sharp set of teeth bite into his leg. He cried out in pain.

“Not so fast,” sneered the crafty Crocodile. “I must make a meal out of you first. I haven’t eaten all day.”

As Sang Buaya’s sharp teeth sank further into his leg, Sang Kerbau realised it was his turn to cry for help.



In a stroke of good luck, Sang Kancil the Mousedeer heard Sang Kerbau’s cries and rushed to the scene. He asked what had happened.

“Why, Sang Kancil, Sang Kerbau was kind enough to save me from this fallen tree trunk,” answered Sang Buaya the Crocodile, with his sharp teeth still piercing the Buffalo’s leg.



“Tunggu! Wait!” yelled Sang Kerbau the Buffalo. **“The crafty Crocodile tried to eat me afterwards.”**

“Did he now?” asked Sang Kancil the Mousedeer. **“Sang Kerbau, what a heroic and loyal act. Would you be so kind as to show me how you did it? But first, Sang Buaya, please release him.”**

Oblivious to Sang Kancil's charade, Sang Buaya released the Buffalo. The Mousedeer then instructed the Buffalo to place the heavy tree trunk back on the Crocodile's back.

"Ahhh!" yelled Sang Buaya in pain. "Now that the demonstration is over, please take this heavy thing off me."

"Actually, you can stay right there," said Sang Kancil the Mousedeer.

"You don't recognise and appreciate a good deed when you see it. You tried to eat your friend Sang Kerbau after he saved you from harm's way. For that, you will remain exactly where you are."

Sang Buaya was left all alone under the heavy tree trunk to think about the importance of friendship and returning good deeds. ■



What do you think?

Even if Sang Buaya the Crocodile was hungry, do you agree with his actions? Why or why not?



STORYTIME Extra



Did you know?

This story is one of many in a series of Malay traditional classic folktales about Sang Kancil, the clever Mousedeer. This story has been passed down from generation to generation, and was even featured as a TV cartoon.

Memory challenge

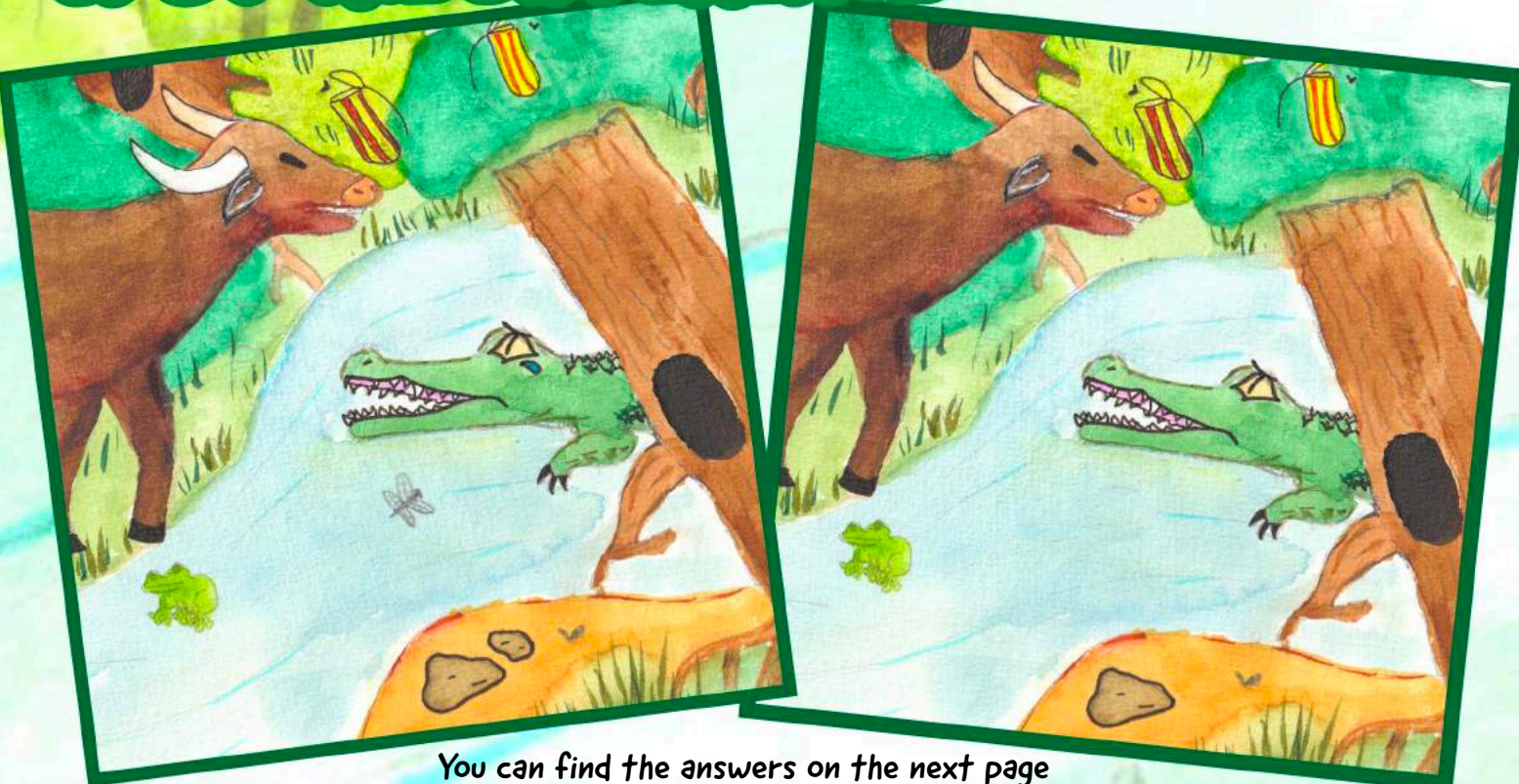
Why was Sang Buaya the Crocodile ultimately left alone under the fallen tree branch?

Guess what?

In Malaysia the mousedeer is regarded as a symbol of intelligence and humility, and is held in high esteem due to its ability to overcome large obstacles despite its small size.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



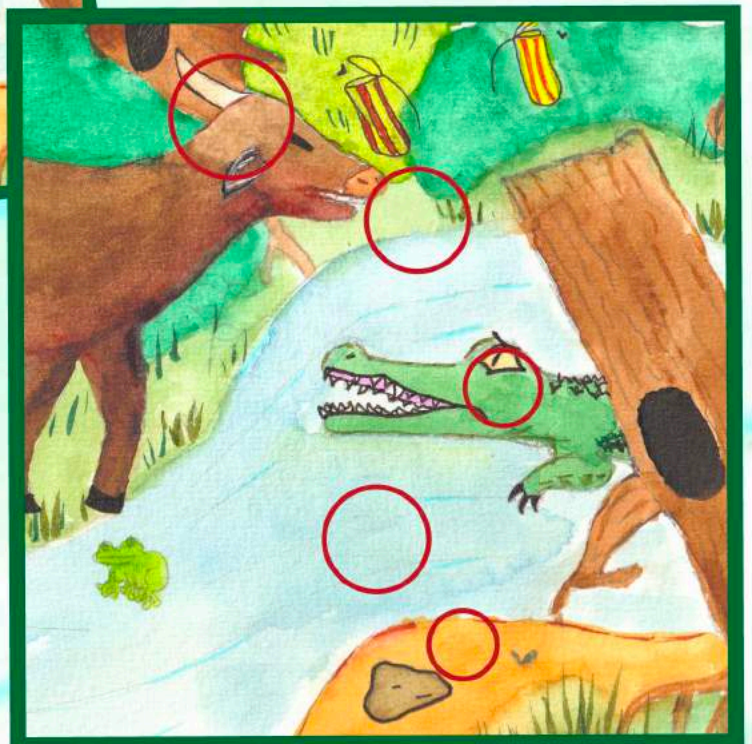
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





IVORY COAST

The Stone Men of Soutilé

Illustrated by Global View Africa

Soutilé was a very wealthy village near a sacred forest in the west of the Ivory Coast. Sadly, the men and women of Soutilé were mean and treated their visitors poorly.

One day, a poor stranger arrived. He was a young man in dirty, torn clothes, who smelled so bad that people blocked their noses as he walked by. When he went from house to house begging for water to drink or something to eat, the people threw stones at him. They laughed at him and shouted at him to go away.

“How bad you smell! Go far away and don’t bother us anymore,” the women bellowed.



"Go back to where you came from. We don't want your misfortunes with us," threatened the men.

"He's naughty and dirty," mocked the children.

He knocked on the door of the last house, where Gohi the potter and his family lived. When he saw the poor man, Gohi took pity on him. He called the members of his household and together they agreed to feed the man and give him new clothes and some soap so he could take a bath. They took good care of the beggar.

Shortly before nightfall, the visitor had regained his strength. He got up and against all odds refused to stay the night. As he left, he said, "I have to leave and I am going to ask you for a great sacrifice. You must leave the village this very night. Do not wait for the rooster to crow."

Gohi the potter then realised that extraordinary things were about to happen. As he had a good heart, he toured the village, begging his neighbours to abandon Soutilé before the rooster crowed. But the inhabitants of Soutilé had ears as hard as their hearts, and everyone laughed at the potter.

"Gohi, tu es un voleur, Gohi, you are a thief," cried the women. "You want to seize our property when we are far away."

"Gohi, tu es un plaisantin, Gohi, you are a joker," the men laughed. "Can't you see how well we live here?" they continued showing their enormous bellies with pride.

"Gohi, tu es fou, Gohi, you are crazy," said the children. "This beggar gave you his illness." And they fled at his approach.

At midnight, while Soutilé was sleeping soundly, Gohi the potter and his family left – alone – for the bush.

They were sad, but there were many countries in the world other than Soutilé and, anyway, they were no longer happy at home.



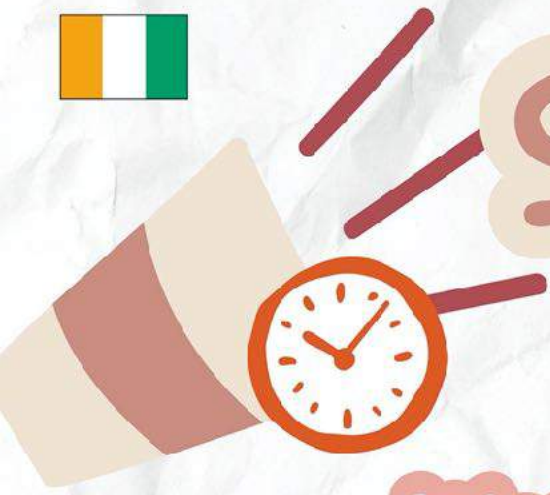
The next day, when the first rays of the sun appeared, the village fell silent. Still asleep, or busy in their work, the inhabitants of Soutilé had been turned to stone. Women in front of their stoves, blowing on the flames to revive them; men with their cattle or their **dabas** (hoes) ready to leave for the fields; children playing with dogs, all petrified forever by the beggar's curse. Everyone, including the animals, turned into statues.

Since that day, no one has ever seen or been to Soutilé, because it is a bewitched village. Soutilé, the joyful, has become Soutilé, the cursed. ■



What do you think?

Would you have done as Gohi did and welcomed the beggar into your home for food and fresh clothing? Why or why not?



STORYTIME

Extra

Words of wisdom

There are several sayings that sum up the lesson of this story, including "Politeness costs little and yields much", "Never apologise for being too sensitive" and "Kindness begets kindness".

Can you think of any other sayings that apply?

WORD SCRAMBLE

Can you unscramble these words to match the words from the story?

You can find the answers on the next page

1. TOUSLIÉ

2. LIAVGLE

3. HOGI

4. OTPTER

5. NOTES

Did you know?

Oral storytelling is a strong tradition in West Africa where tales are told to entertain, inform and reinforce social values.

Guess what?

- Usually accompanied by music and dance, Ivorian stories are often about people, animals or spirits, both good and bad.
- While some Ivorian tales can be found in books, many parents still prefer to pass on their stories directly.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Could you successfully decode the scrambled words from the story? Let's see how you did.

WORD SCRAMBLE

1. SOUTILÉ
2. VILLAGE
3. GOHI
4. POTTER
5. STONE



Why the Wood Dove Cannot Build a Proper Nest

As told by Zoanne Evans

Illustrated by Alisha Smith

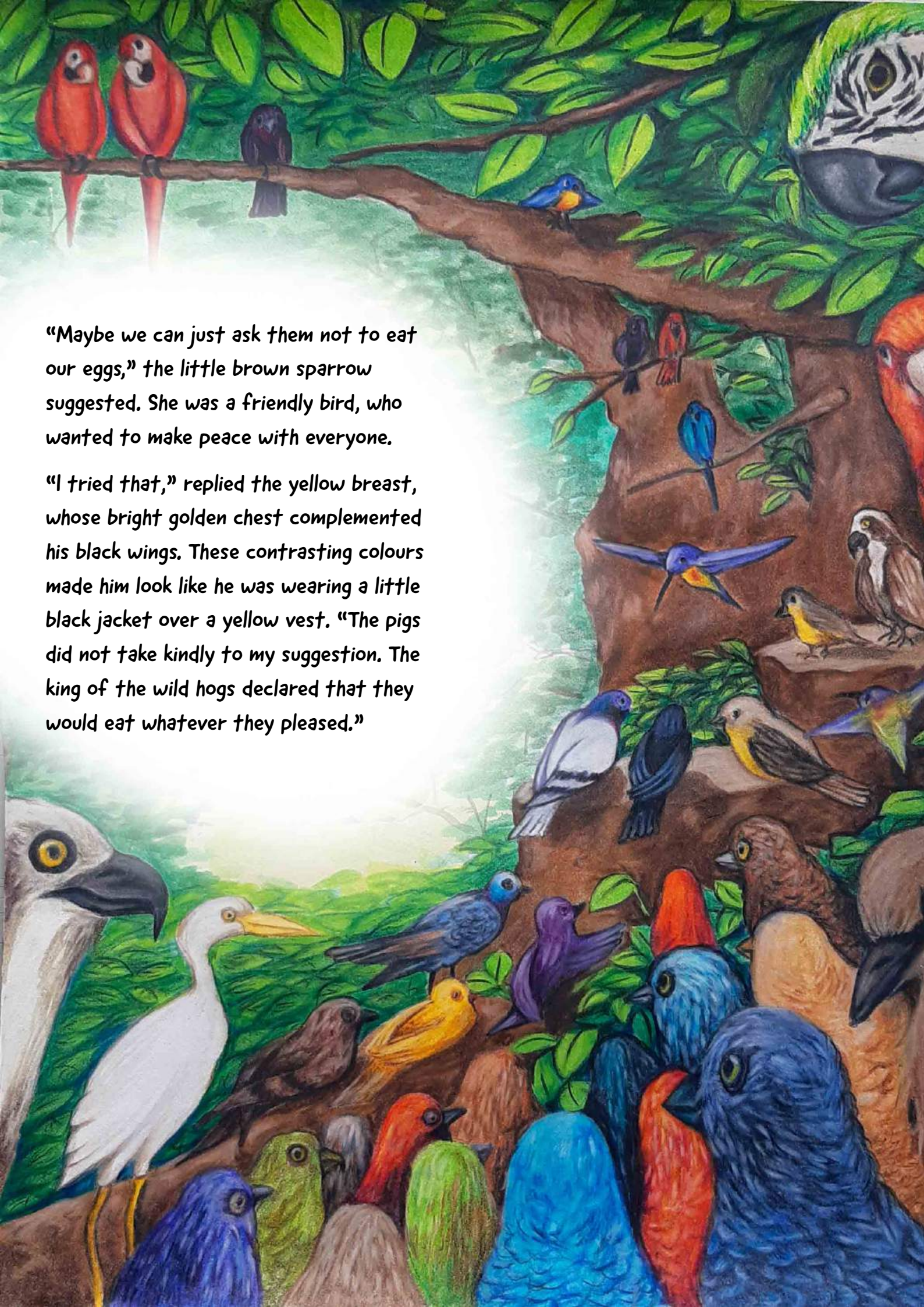
Many years ago, long after the **Taino** (Arawak people) and **Kalinago** (Carib people) had vanished from the little island of Barbados, all the birds gathered for a grand meeting in the bearded fig tree at the centre of the island. It was a large and noisy affair filled with the blackbird's endless chatter, the sparrow's shrill chirps, the wood dove's plaintive coo and the sea hawk's raucous caw. Also present were the graceful cattle egrets, the colourful hummingbirds and the little yellow breasts.

Birds from far and wide flocked together to decide what could be done about the pesky wild pigs that had wreaked havoc since they had been released onto the island by explorers passing through the region.

The birds were used to building their nests very low in the trees, where no man or beast had interfered for a long time. In fact, this generation of birds knew nothing about such disturbance. In times gone by, the raccoons and snakes that once dwelled on the island made a pact with the birds' predecessors that they would never bother them or their eggs. And they never went back on their word.

However, nowadays, the newcomers, the wild pigs, were quite unruly. When they came upon the birds' nests they ate all the eggs before they could hatch.

On the day of the big meeting, the birds decided that Dr. Boobi the Hummingbird would take the lead. For although he was small in stature, he was very well respected. After all, he earned the title of 'Doctor' by pollinating all the island's wildflowers, creating a beautiful array across the landscape.



"Maybe we can just ask them not to eat our eggs," the little brown sparrow suggested. She was a friendly bird, who wanted to make peace with everyone.

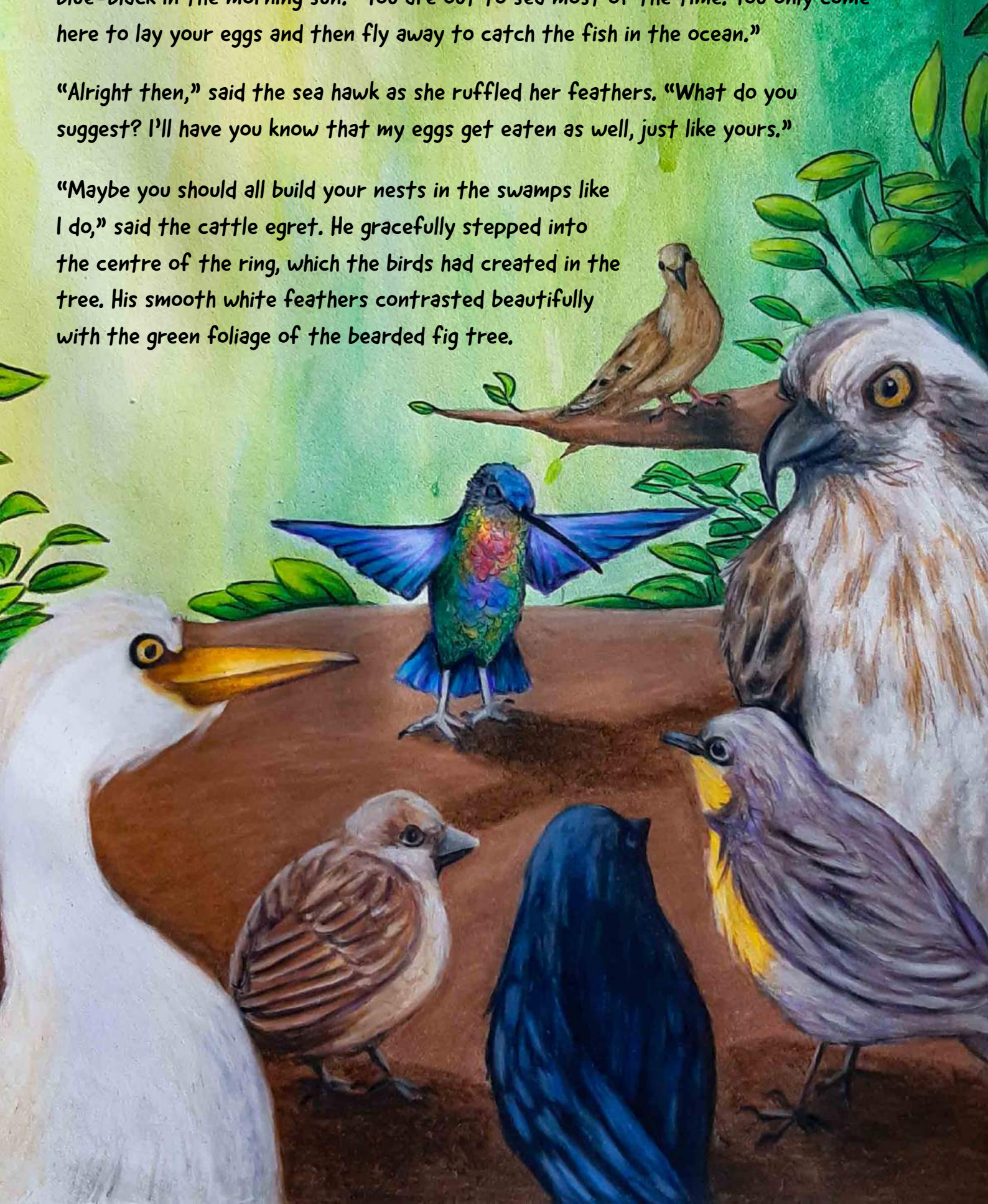
"I tried that," replied the yellow breast, whose bright golden chest complemented his black wings. These contrasting colours made him look like he was wearing a little black jacket over a yellow vest. "The pigs did not take kindly to my suggestion. The king of the wild hogs declared that they would eat whatever they pleased."

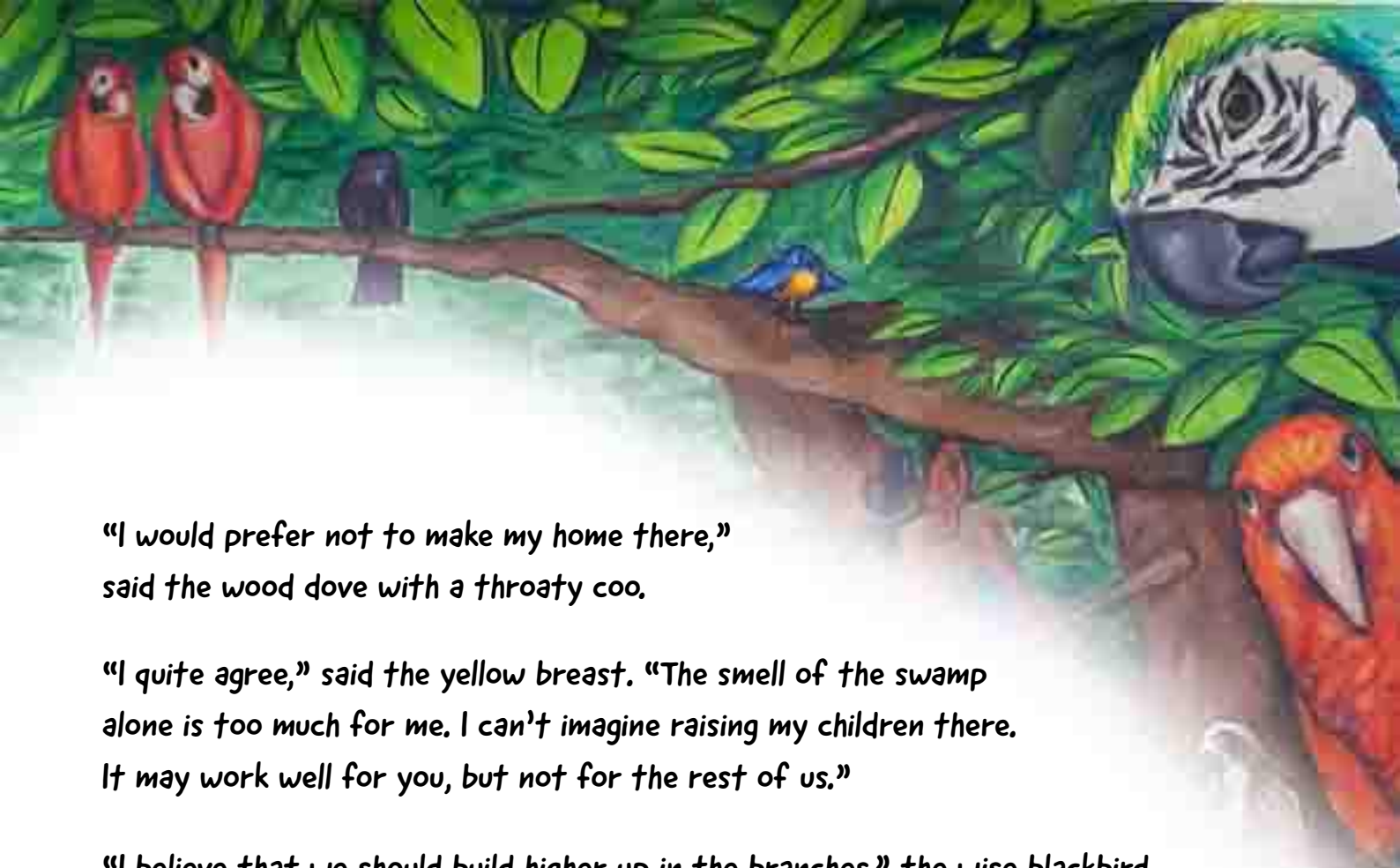
"If you let me, I could just peck them with my sharp beak," said the sea hawk with a vicious twinkle in her eye.

"You are a fine one to talk," retorted the blackbird, whose shiny dark coat gleamed blue-black in the morning sun. "You are out to sea most of the time. You only come here to lay your eggs and then fly away to catch the fish in the ocean."

"Alright then," said the sea hawk as she ruffled her feathers. "What do you suggest? I'll have you know that my eggs get eaten as well, just like yours."

"Maybe you should all build your nests in the swamps like I do," said the cattle egret. He gracefully stepped into the centre of the ring, which the birds had created in the tree. His smooth white feathers contrasted beautifully with the green foliage of the bearded fig tree.





*"I would prefer not to make my home there,"
said the wood dove with a throaty coo.*

*"I quite agree," said the yellow breast. "The smell of the swamp
alone is too much for me. I can't imagine raising my children there.
It may work well for you, but not for the rest of us."*

*"I believe that we should build higher up in the branches," the wise blackbird
said. "These pigs are eating all of our eggs. Soon, there will be none of us left
if we carry on like this."*

The birds sang and beat their wings in agreement.

*"However," said the blackbird, "If we are going to build higher, we need to make
sure that the wind does not blow our nests away on her journey."*

*"Yes! Yes!" cawed the sea hawk. "Brilliant idea Mr. Blackbird. Will you show us
how to?"*

"I would be happy to," said the blackbird. "We can start this afternoon."

*"I already know how to build a sturdy nest," retorted the wood dove. "I know!
I know!"*

*"I think that we would all profit from any expertise Mr. Blackbird has to
offer," said Dr. Boobi the Hummingbird. "Mr. Egret here is not even required to
attend because he makes his nest in the swamp, yet he is still coming to see
what he can learn."*

*"That is true," said the sea hawk. "I agree with you, it is always good to learn
from others. I will come to your nest-building class, Mr. Blackbird."*

“Me too,” said the little yellow breast with glee.

“I will be there,” said little Miss Sparrow.

When afternoon came, all the birds were present except the wood dove who decided instead to spend her time looking for food among the bearded fig trees that covered the island.

After a few weeks had passed, the wild pigs discovered they could no longer get at any of the birds' nests, except for the wood dove's. Although made of dried grass, her nest was not tightly woven together and was in the least safe place. While the birds admired each other's improved nest-building skills and particularly praised the hummingbird for her lovely little cup-shaped nest, the wood dove's nest left a lot to be desired. It was an untidy affair of grass and feathers and apart from the pigs raiding it, Mother Wind often blew it to pieces when she breezed by. All this happened because the wood dove thought too highly of herself. And that is why, to this day, the wood dove cannot build a proper nest. ■





STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

T	B	M	V	A	J	I	G	B	P
T	L	F	Q	W	E	R	S	O	G
E	A	S	P	A	R	R	O	W	E
Y	C	K	V	P	H	Z	V	N	G
D	K	I	Z	F	W	Z	I	P	R
O	B	J	N	H	N	E	T	H	E
V	I	S	E	A	H	A	W	K	T
E	R	X	M	A	F	U	N	X	A
L	D	U	Z	V	F	U	H	N	H
J	K	E	B	O	Q	Z	H	O	S

Can you find the following species of birds?

- Dove
- Sparrow
- Blackbird
- Egret
- Sea Hawk

You can find the answers on the next page

What do you think?

What would your ideal nest look like? What materials would you use to build a secure nest for birds' eggs?

Did you know?

Taino objects and treasures were found in abundance in Barbados and are now preserved in the local museum. The Taino were a peaceful people, while the Kalinago were known as warriors.

Guess what?

- Barbados is home to many local birds, including doves, pigeons, egrets, hummingbirds and finches.
- The wood dove is among the most commonly seen birds in Barbados, alongside the blackbird and sparrow.

Think about it

There are thousands of different species of birds in our world. How many can you name?



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many bird species did you find?

FIND THE WORD

T	B	M	V	A	J	I	G	B	P
T	L	F	Q	W	E	R	S	O	G
E	A	S	P	A	R	R	O	W	E
Y	C	K	V	P	H	Z	V	N	G
D	K	I	Z	F	W	Z	I	P	R
O	B	J	N	H	N	E	T	H	E
V	I	S	E	A	H	A	W	K	T
E	R	X	M	A	F	U	N	X	A
L	D	U	Z	V	F	U	H	N	H
J	K	E	B	O	Q	Z	H	O	S

Dove

Sparrow

Blackbird

Egret

Sea Hawk





ALGERIA

The Shepherd and the Monkey

As told by Saïd Hashmi

Illustrated by Jamil Al Wardi

On a warm summer day, a shepherd and his two friends ventured out of their قرية (“qarya”, which means “village”) to nearby pastures with their flock of sheep. As the day wore on, food and supplies began to run out and the three men grew hungry. The shepherd volunteered to return to their qarya to bring back more food for them. On his way back, he spotted a snow-capped mountain in the near distance.

“If I can make my dear friends happy with all this food, why not surprise them with some **ثلج** (snow) too?” the shepherd thought.



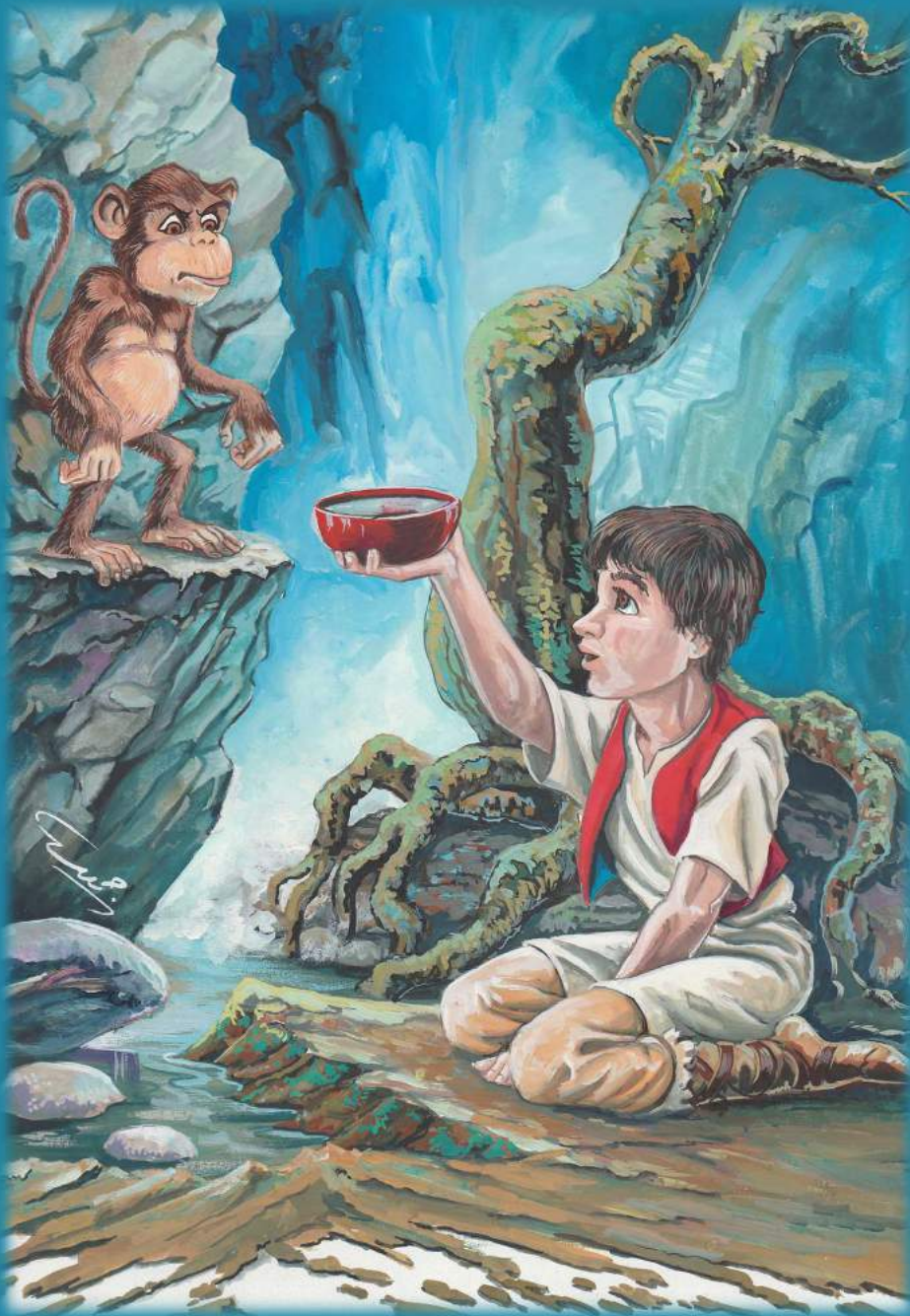
He eagerly climbed the mountain, but before he could reach the top, he slipped and tumbled down into a deep **مغارة** *maḡāra* (cave)!

Oh dear, how was the poor man to escape this *maḡāra*? Surely, there was no easy way out. The only thing he could see was a small blue lake glistening in the darkness.



Moments later, he heard an annoying sound. He instinctively raised his stick and cautiously approached the noise, only to find a **قرد qird** (monkey) trapped in a tree. The shepherd gently reached out to the qird, hoping to free his tail from one of the branches. Seeing the unfamiliar man, the animal shrieked louder and began to grind his teeth. "Poor qird," thought the shepherd. "How can I calm him down?"

Remembering the glistening blue lake, he walked to it and filled his hat with water, which he gave to the qird. Once the qird grew quiet, the shepherd freed him from the tree.



Meanwhile, the shepherd's friends began to worry that he had been away far too long. They both returned to their qarya to find him, only to discover that he had left a long time ago. The two men desperately looked everywhere for their friend, including the forest. Alas, their search was in vain.

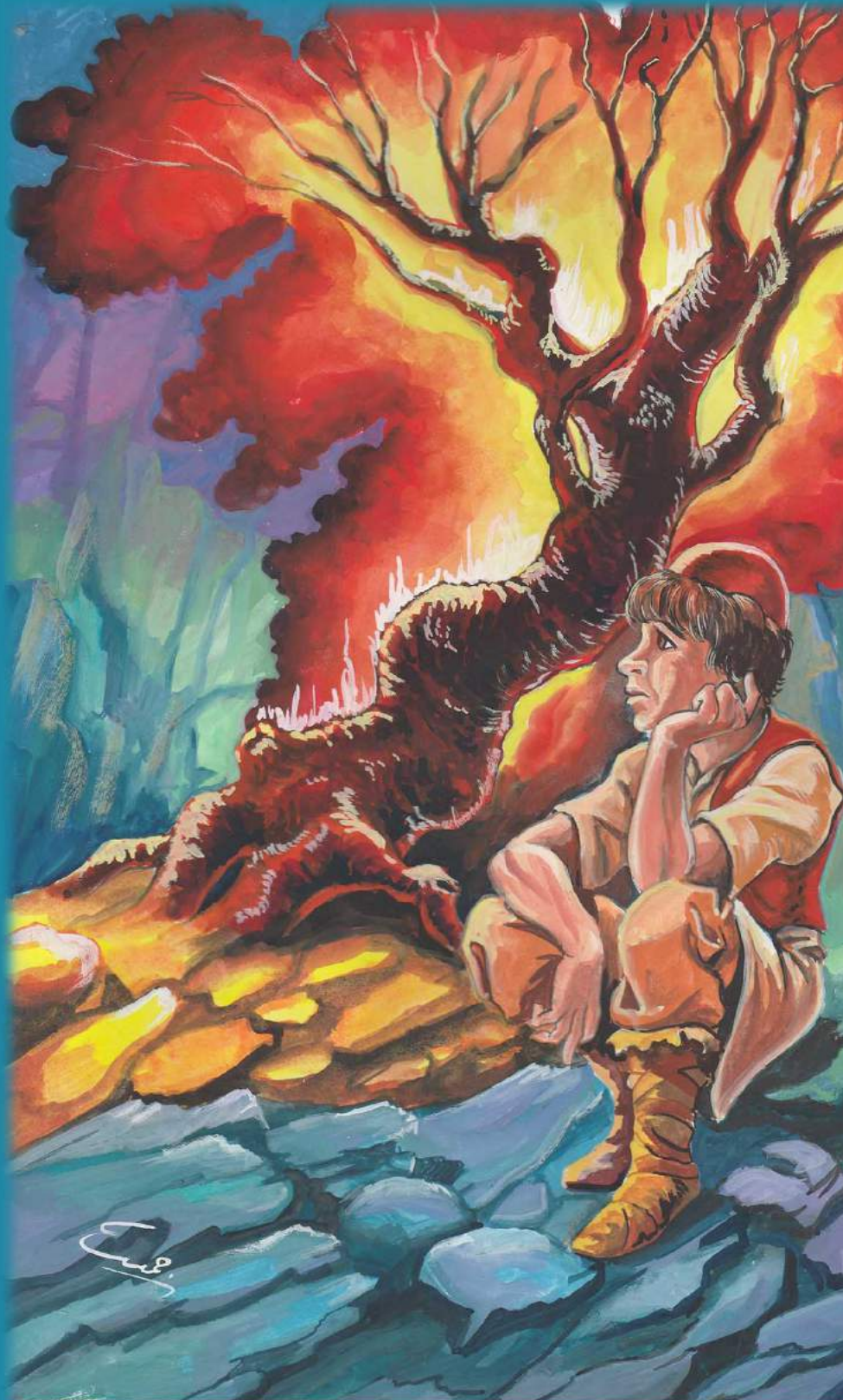
The two friends walked back to the qarya with their heads hung low, worried about how the shepherd's family would take the unfortunate news.

The news left everyone in shock, and the shepherd's father heartbroken. Some even claimed the young shepherd ran away, because he did not want to marry the girl to whom he was betrothed. Everyone searched night and day, but the shepherd seemed to have vanished. "How dare you be so careless towards my son!" the father yelled at the two men. "He did nothing but help you, and this is how you repay him? You must be punished!"

Somewhere in the deserted mountainous maḡāra, the poor shepherd spent two days without food. His hope was waning.

Suddenly, something hard hit his head. He turned and saw the qird pelting nuts at him. Ravenous, the shepherd ate until there were no nuts left on the tree. Then, his energy restored, the shepherd broke off the tree's small branches and used them to start a fire. He sat in comfortable silence with his companion.

But while the qird was able to find meagre sources of food each day, the shepherd's supply of firewood dwindled as time went by. At the mercy of the harshest of winters, the shepherd set fire to the lone tree in the maḡāra. But the fire lasted no more than a few hours.



The leftover stump of the tree fell to the ground with a loud thud, revealing a spot of bright light. The tree was hiding a hole in the maḡāra!

Feeling the happiest he had felt in days, the shepherd quickly crawled through the hole and out of the maḡāra, the qird trailing behind him.

As the shepherd's friends awaited their punishment, they heard whispers echo through the qarya.

“إِنَّهُ عَادَ... إِنَّهُ عَادَ... inahou ‘āda... inahou ‘āda... He's back... He's back!”

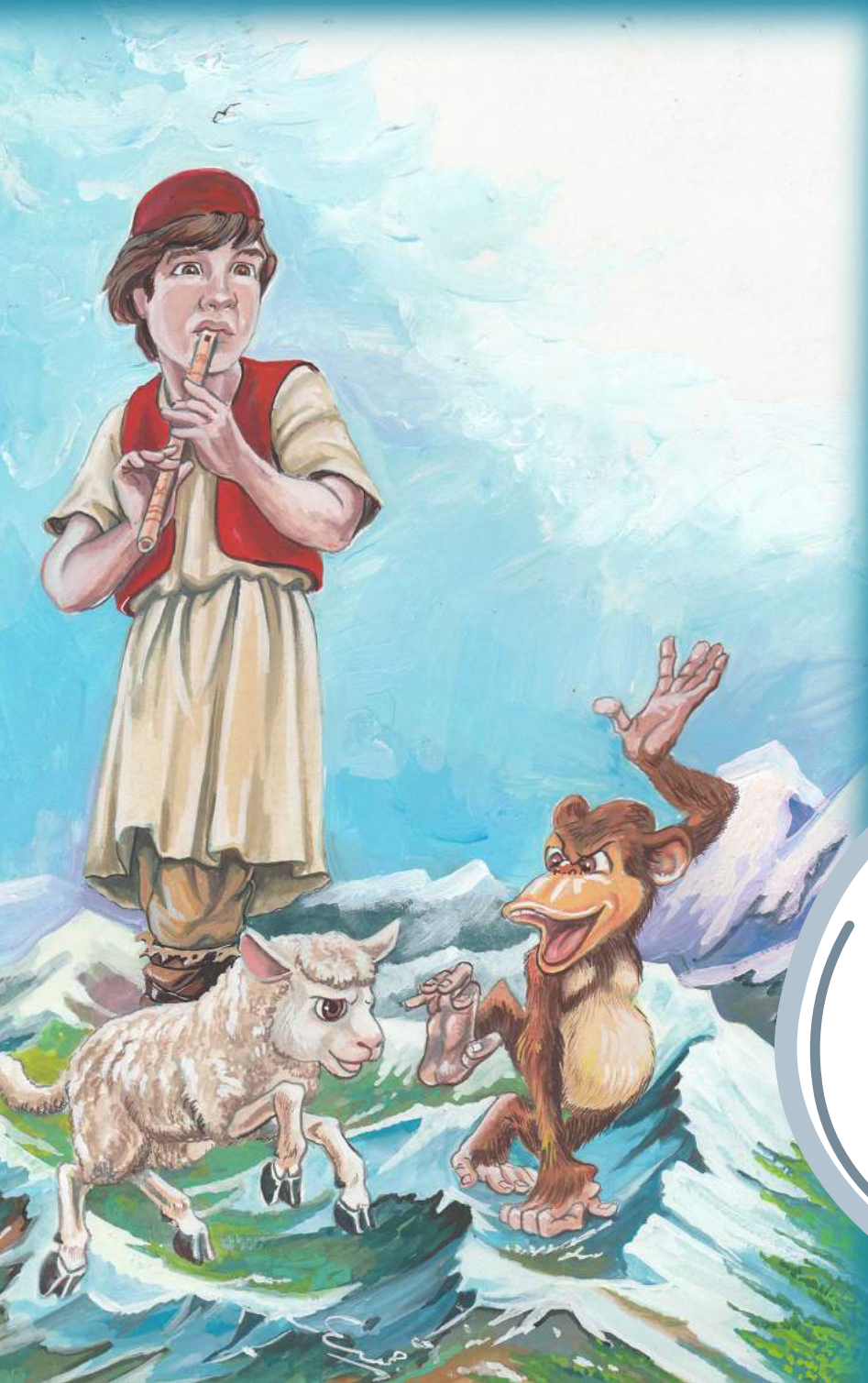
Running towards the commotion, the two men could not believe their eyes when they saw their friend with a long beard, messy clothes, and a qird on his shoulder.

The shepherd told the people of his ordeal, and the father embraced his son, and begged for the forgiveness of his dear friends.

The shepherd lived happily with his qird, and was respected by all for his courage, faith and patience. ■

What do you think?

Rewards often come to those who persevere, and refuse to give up. Can you remember a time when you had to work hard to achieve something? How did it make you feel?





STORYTIME

Extra

GUESS WHAT?

One of the most well-known Old World monkey species is the Barbary macaque or Barbary ape, which is native to the Atlas Mountains that span Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia.

Did you know?

Like many folk tales, this traditional story has been preserved and passed orally from generation to generation. In fact, similar tales can be found across Algeria, with each containing important life lessons for young children.

FIND THE WORD

Can you find these different species of monkey?

I	M	X	E	E	N	Z	B	L	S
Y	A	C	F	T	L	H	L	K	B
Q	R	C	A	P	U	C	H	I	N
S	M	V	D	W	I	L	L	O	P
O	O	H	A	M	U	M	A	C	B
R	S	F	T	D	D	D	S	V	D
L	E	C	W	Q	J	T	P	W	W
A	T	I	X	H	S	S	H	P	D
N	F	D	K	Z	H	Y	B	D	S
G	R	T	F	D	J	G	P	H	M
U	Y	W	C	W	H	A	R	J	W
R	T	A	M	A	R	I	N	E	Z
M	Q	M	A	C	A	Q	U	E	V

Langur Tamarin Macaque
Capuchin Marmoset

You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many species of monkey did you find?

FIND THE WORD

I	M	X	E	E	N	Z	B	L	S
Y	A	C	F	T	L	H	L	K	B
Q	R	C	A	P	U	C	H	I	N
S	M	V	D	W	I	L	L	O	P
O	O	H	A	M	U	M	A	C	B
R	S	F	T	D	D	D	S	V	D
L	E	C	W	Q	J	T	P	W	W
A	T	I	X	H	S	S	H	P	D
N	F	D	K	Z	H	Y	B	D	S
G	R	T	F	D	J	G	P	H	M
U	Y	W	C	W	H	A	R	J	W
R	T	A	M	A	R	I	N	E	Z
M	Q	M	A	C	A	Q	U	E	V

Langur Tamarin Macaque
Capuchin Marmoset


Happiness and Harmony



Happiness is...fragrant coffee and a welcoming smile.
Friendship with strangers. A rainbow on a special day.

Yet you can't have a rainbow without a spot of rain, can you?

Sometimes happiness shines out from the most
unexpected of circumstances!



175 Sun, Rain and a Fox Wedding
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SRI LANKA

Sun, Rain and a Fox Wedding

As told by Sybil Wettasinghe

Illustrated by Kusala Wettasinghe and Paramee Wettasinghe

Once there was a great hustle bustle in the woods. All the animals were excited about the wedding of Big Fox's son, Little Fox. In honour of the happy occasion, Elephant called all the animals to a meeting.

"It is true that Big Fox is an awful trickster. We have all been victims of his mean pranks. Forget all that now, and let us together organise a grand feast for his son's wedding. A son or daughter's wedding is a special day. We will make this a happy occasion for Big Fox and his family." All the animals heartily applauded.



Hearing this, the trees too were eager to join in. They decided to adorn themselves with new blooms for the celebration.

Wind blew away speedily, spreading the news far and wide that Big Fox's son was getting married.

Rain too heard the news. "Big Fox is not my favourite. I don't approve of his mean tricks, so I shall pour down heavily and drench the wedding party."

Sun smiled warmly and said, "The answer to meanness is goodness. If you give back love and friendship instead of anger and hatred, you too will be happier."



Rain gathered dark clouds and frowned at Sun.

Still smiling, Sun said, "As for me, I shall glow brilliantly with my golden rays to make the wedding celebration a big success."

Finally, the wedding day arrived. It was a cheery day, with enchantment in the air. Birds flew about singing in joy. Deer and Rabbit hopped playfully. Sweet-scented flowers blossomed on trees, while forest animals arrived with wedding gifts.

Big Fox, his wife, their son and their guests went in a procession to bring home the bride.

Sun sent down golden rays, dancing in splashes big and small and setting the countryside aglow.

Then came Rain, pouring down to dampen the gaiety. Wind refused to allow this and blew hard to dispel Rain, scattering him in all directions. Yet, Rain was determined to spoil the merrymaking and returned once more, pouring down even stronger.



“Oh no!” said Sun to Wind, “Quick! We have to stop Rain from ruining the festivities.” Together they quickly set to work. Sun dazzled as bright as possible, while Wind huffed and puffed and blew, in an attempt to scatter the downpour.

At last, Rain was reduced to a soft, gentle drizzle. Mixing with the golden rays of Sun, raindrops appeared like many-coloured confetti, a fitting tribute on a wedding day.

Under this charming flowery, showery glow, the newly-weds made their way to the home of Big Fox. All the animals danced merrily and the trees and plants joined in, swaying happily. Such a joyful sight!

When all was calm once more, Sun spoke softly to Rain. “Rain, my friend, what a wonderful wedding gift you gave the bridal pair. Your gentle raindrops showering through my golden rays were like many-coloured gems falling from the heavens. See how your meanness became a blessing! Aren’t you happy about that?”



Rain looked around and saw how happy everyone was. "Yes indeed, you are right. The answer to meanness is truly goodness."

Wind was delighted to hear this and sang away, curling and swirling among the trees and blowing over hills and up among the clouds:

"Goodness of heart

is a costly gem

Blessed are those

who have it in them..."

And that is how the folk saying came to be, "Awwai, wessai, nariyage magulai" – "Sun and Rain, a fox wedding make."



To this day, people are happy when they see Sun and Rain together on a wedding day. They consider it to be a good omen:

Sunbeams and raindrops

bring good luck for newly weds.

Together we dance to enjoy the fun.

Thank you Sun, thank you Rain. ■



What do you think?

If you felt hurt by another's words or actions, would you be tempted to do something mean, like Rain? Or would you follow Sun's example, and respond with kindness?



STORYTIME

Extra

Nature in harmony

Just as the sun and rain team up to create a beautiful sight, so too do they work together to keep water moving through our atmosphere and nourishing our environment. Can you correctly match the stages of the water cycle with their definitions?

1. Evaporation

- The fallen water droplets return to either the plants or bodies of water in their environment, and the entire cycle starts again.

2. Condensation

- With the energy of the sun, water from rivers, lakes and oceans rises into the air and turns into vapour (a gas).

3. Precipitation

- Water falls onto the earth from the clouds in the form of rain, hail, sleet or snow.

4. Collection

- Water vapour rises high in the sky, cools, and forms into clouds.

Brainteaser

In the story, the colourful effect caused by Rain showering through Sun has a special name. Can you guess what it is?

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

Traditional Sri Lankan weddings may take place on a decorated stage. This low stage, usually beautifully adorned with flowers, is called "Poruwa" in Sinhala Buddhist weddings and "Manavarai" in Tamil Hindu weddings.

GUESS WHAT?

The Blue Water Lily (Nil Manel), Sacred Lotus (Nelum), Queen of the Night (Kadupul) and Allamanda (Kaha Mal) are a few flowers that are native to Sri Lanka.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Nature in harmony

Do you know how the sun and water work together to help our environment thrive? Let's find out.

1. Evaporation

The fallen water droplets return to either the plants or bodies of water in their environment, and the entire cycle starts again.

2. Condensation

With the energy of the sun, water from rivers, lakes and oceans rises into the air and turns into vapour (a gas).

3. Precipitation

Water falls onto the earth from the clouds in the form of rain, hail, sleet or snow.

4. Collection

Water vapour rises high in the sky, cools, and forms into clouds.

Brainteaser

When rain showers through the sun, the beautiful sight it creates is a

rainbow!

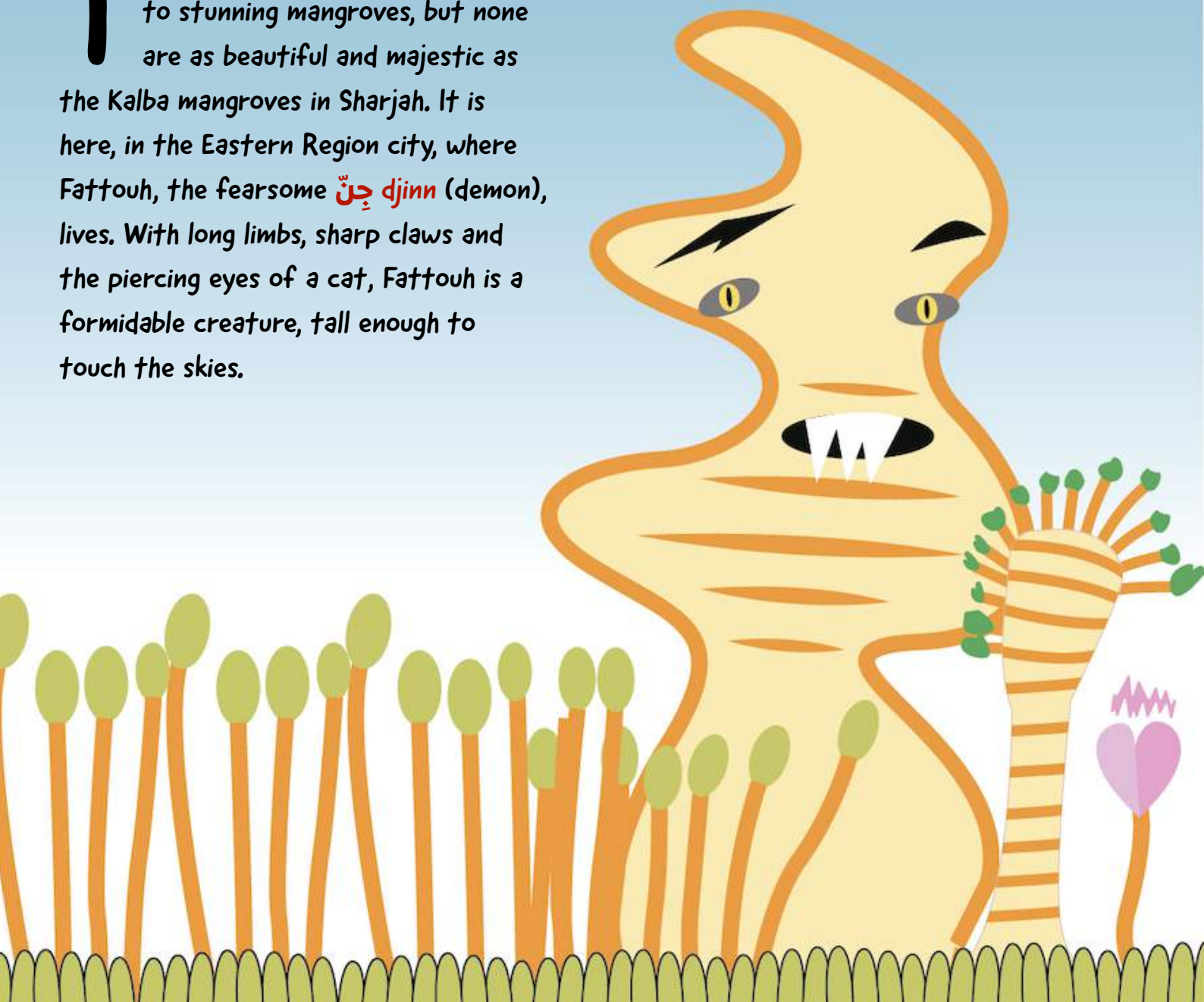



UNITED ARAB EMIRATES

Fattouh the Mangrove Demon

Illustrated by Hazza and Zayed

The United Arab Emirates is home to stunning mangroves, but none are as beautiful and majestic as the Kalba mangroves in Sharjah. It is here, in the Eastern Region city, where Fattouh, the fearsome **جِنّ djinn** (demon), lives. With long limbs, sharp claws and the piercing eyes of a cat, Fattouh is a formidable creature, tall enough to touch the skies.

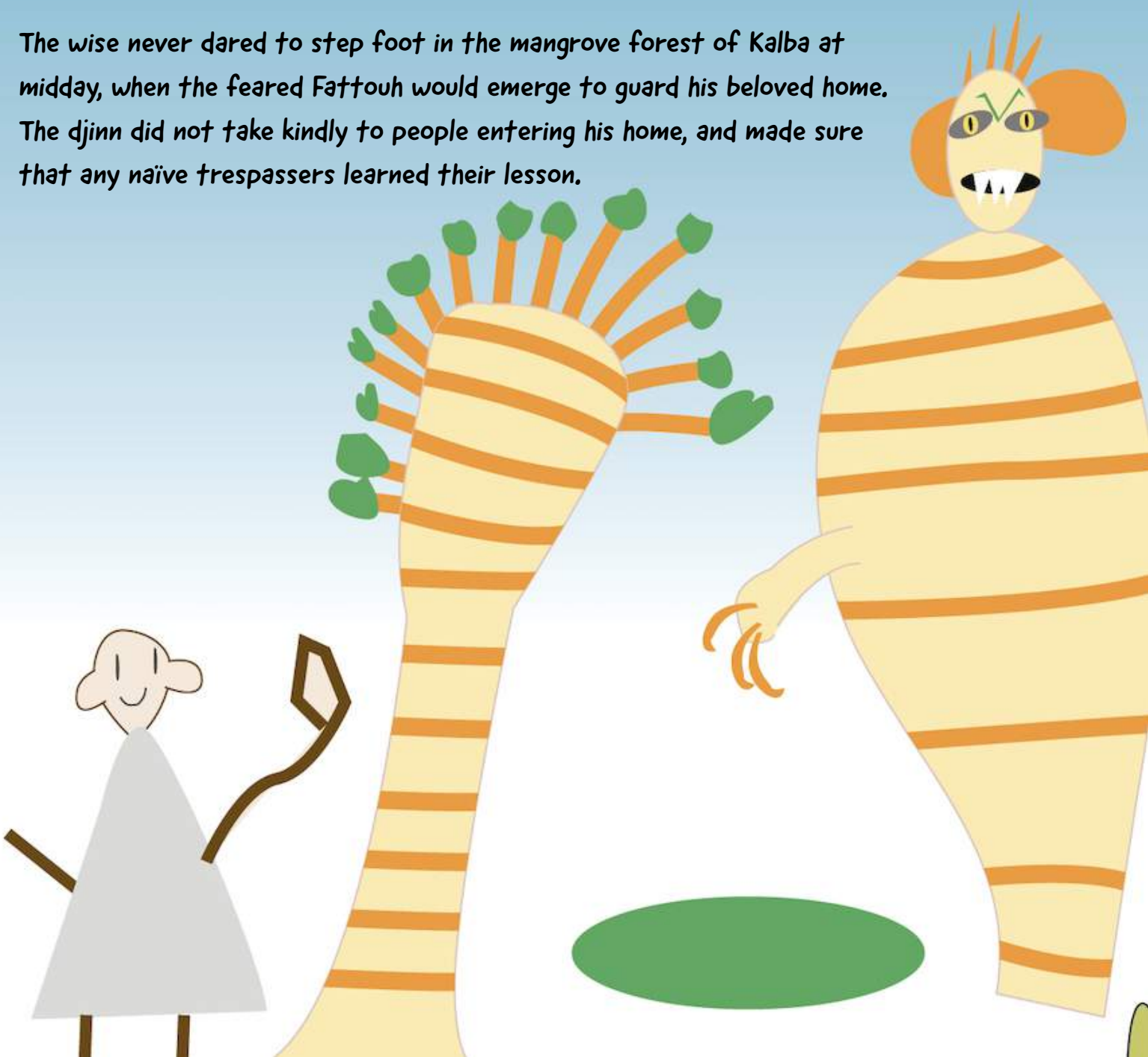


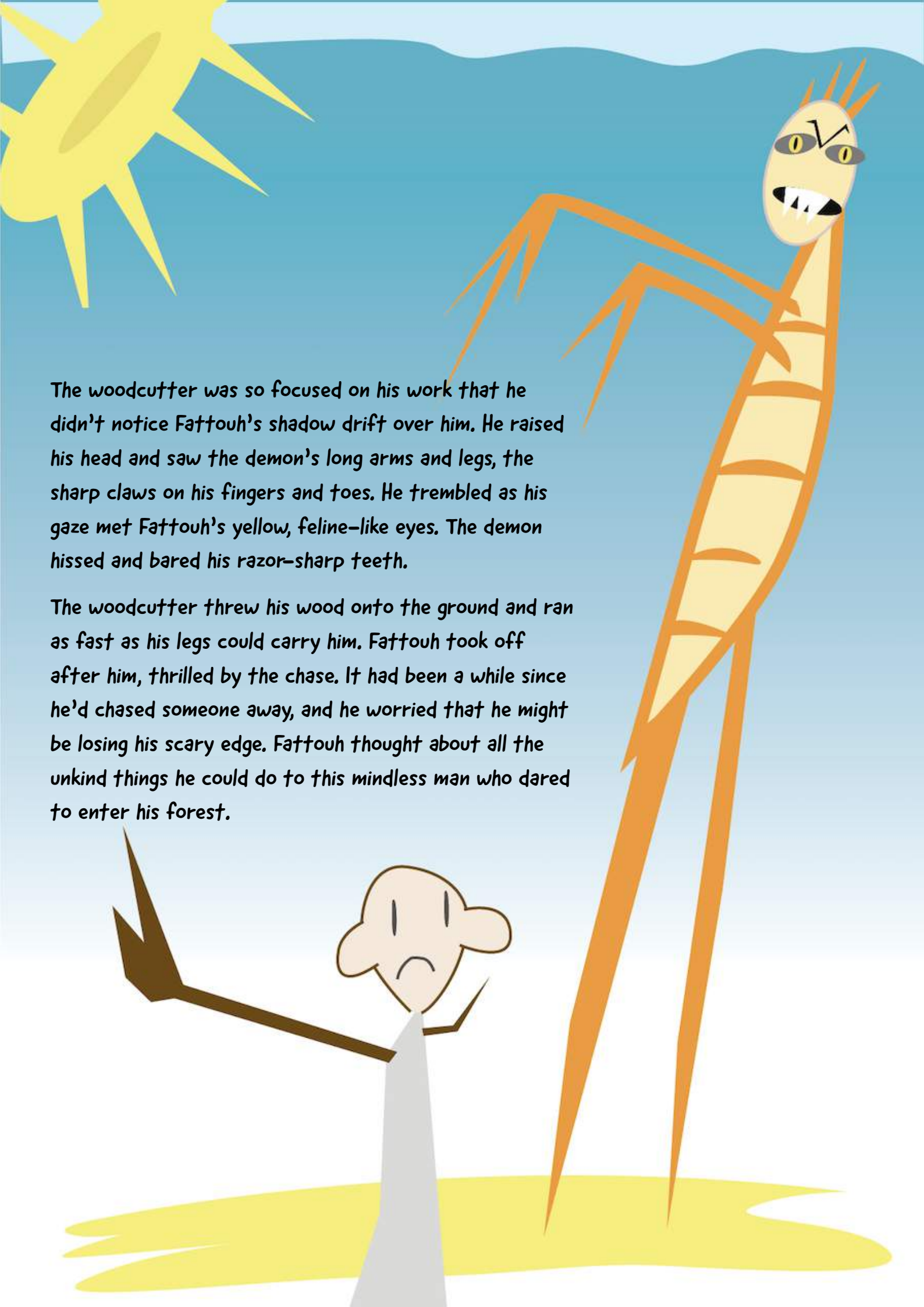


Fattouh doesn't like to leave his home in the mangroves, nor does he welcome visitors. You see, people have been unkind to Fattouh because of his appearance. The countless screams and moments of ridicule have hardened him, draining him of every drop of kindness and warmth.

One day, a woodcutter ventured into the mangrove forest to fetch some dry wood to sell. He arrived early in the morning and started counting his blessings when he chanced upon a large amount of good-quality wood. He set to work and worked very hard indeed, until the midday heat bore into his back. My, how the time got away from him!

The wise never dared to step foot in the mangrove forest of Kalba at midday, when the feared Fattouh would emerge to guard his beloved home. The djinn did not take kindly to people entering his home, and made sure that any naïve trespassers learned their lesson.





The woodcutter was so focused on his work that he didn't notice Fattouh's shadow drift over him. He raised his head and saw the demon's long arms and legs, the sharp claws on his fingers and toes. He trembled as his gaze met Fattouh's yellow, feline-like eyes. The demon hissed and bared his razor-sharp teeth.

The woodcutter threw his wood onto the ground and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Fattouh took off after him, thrilled by the chase. It had been a while since he'd chased someone away, and he worried that he might be losing his scary edge. Fattouh thought about all the unkind things he could do to this mindless man who dared to enter his forest.

“Maybe I could tickle him,” he thought while running, his feet sinking into the mud one after the other. “Or, ooh! Maybe I could blow raspberries in his face. I could call him a goat. Oh! What if I tripped him? Ha! I could hang him from the branches by the sleeves of his كندورة kandoora.

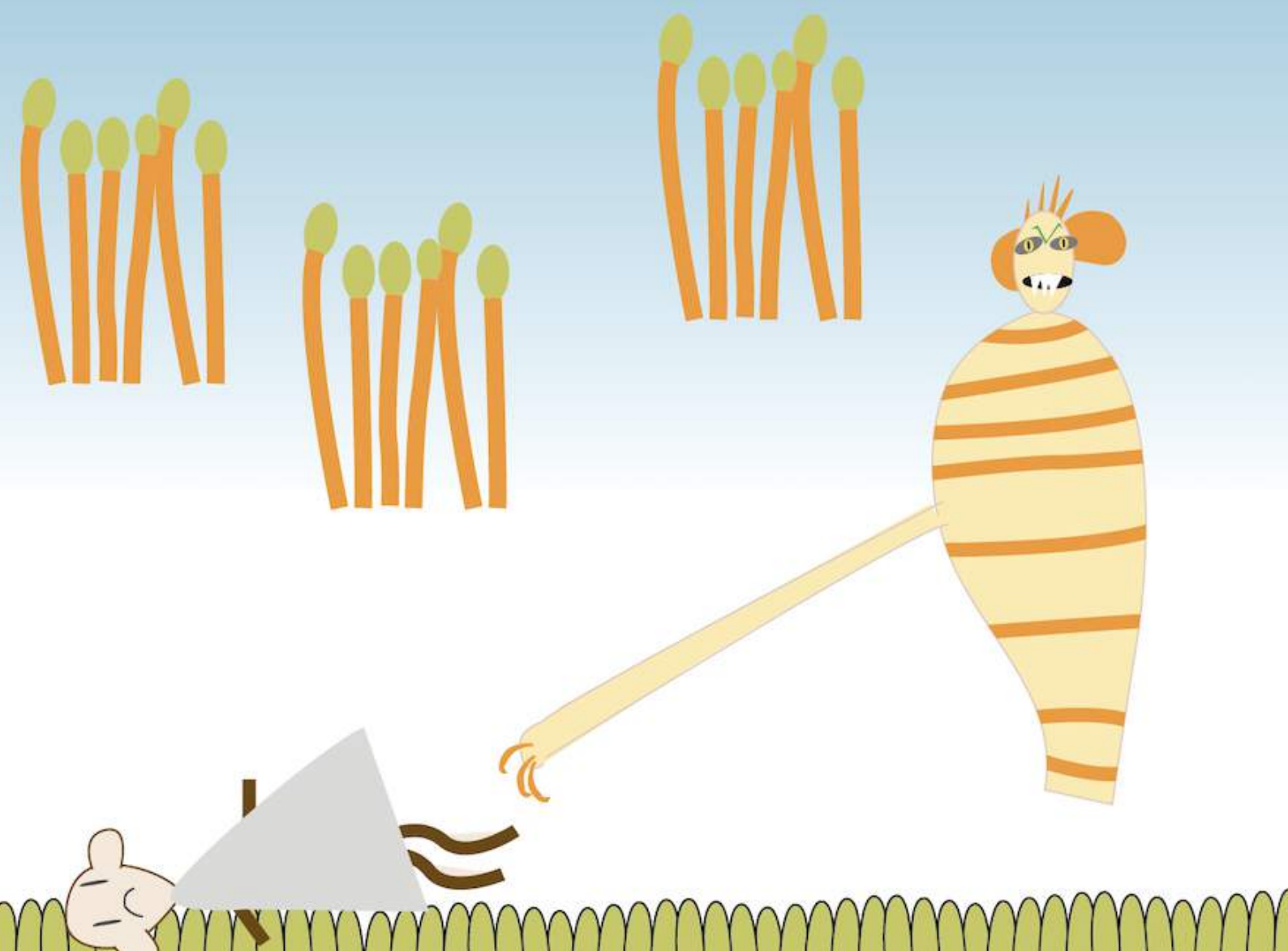
The man ran fast, as fast as his نعال naal (sandals) would allow, but he was no match for Fattouh. After a while, the man slowed to catch his breath and Fattouh seized his weakness as an opportunity to pounce. He leapt on him, knocking him to the ground. The woodcutter fought hard but Fattouh was not going to back down. At first, he enjoyed the tussle, but the excitement quickly faded into boredom. Normally his opponents had given up by this time, leaving Fattouh basking in the glory of victory.

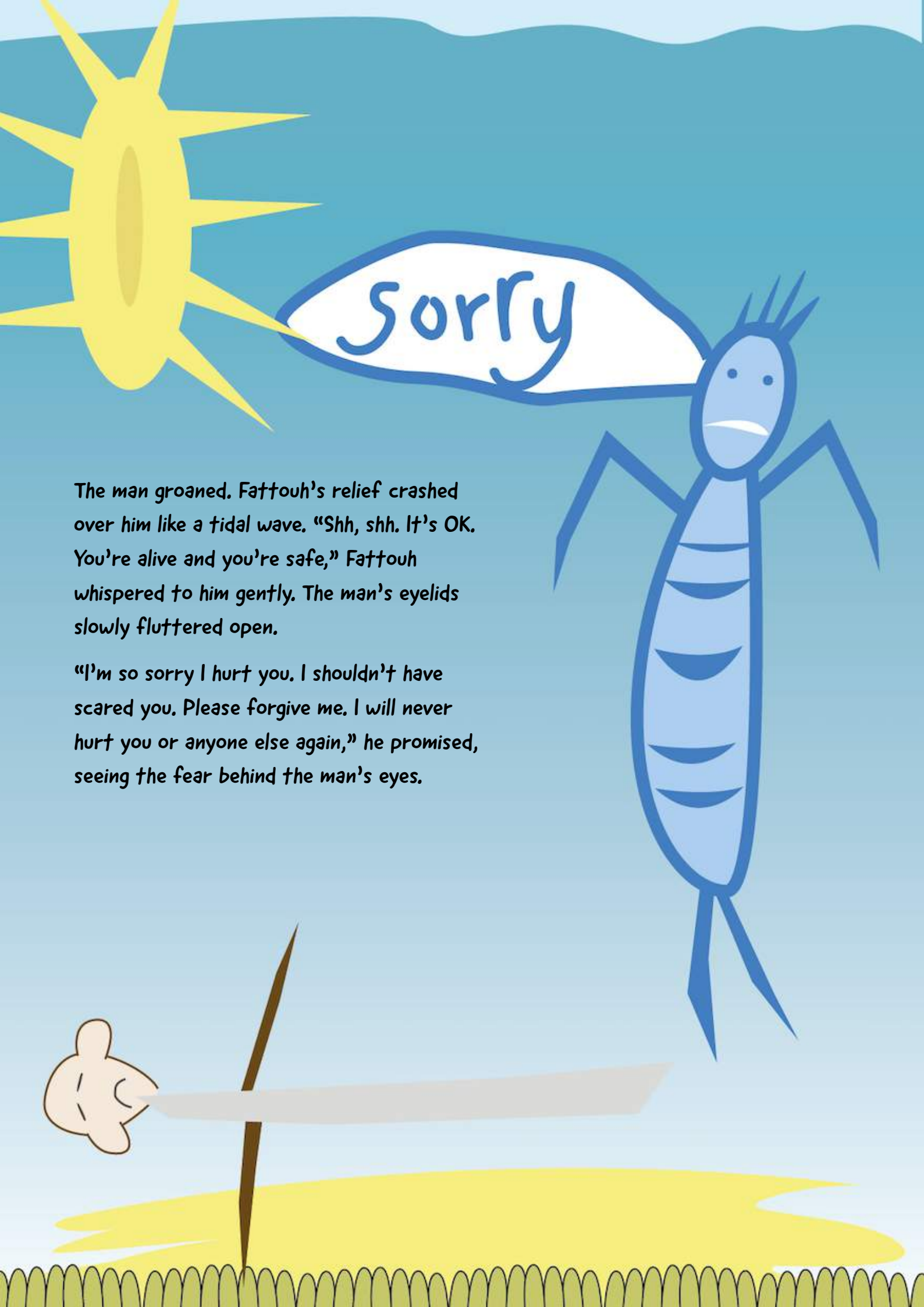
“Arrgghh!” Fattouh roared in frustration, his eyes rolling back to reveal the whites beneath. Terrified by the ferocity of the demon’s cry, the woodcutter fell to the ground unconscious.



Fattouh stared at the still man, dumbfounded. "Uh oh! That wasn't supposed to happen," Fattouh mumbled, scratching the back of his head. He poked the man. Nothing. He shouted at him, but his piercing cries did not jolt the man's senses. Did he just take this man's life? His confusion quickly turned into regret and sadness.

He held the man's body in his arms and, for the first time in a long time, he wept. He wept because he had been foolish. He wept because he hurt a man who had done nothing to deserve this treatment. He wept because of the unfriendly attention his appearance attracted. He wept because he always tried to hurt people before they could hurt him first.






Sorry

The man groaned. Fattouh's relief crashed over him like a tidal wave. "Shh, shh. It's OK. You're alive and you're safe," Fattouh whispered to him gently. The man's eyelids slowly fluttered open.

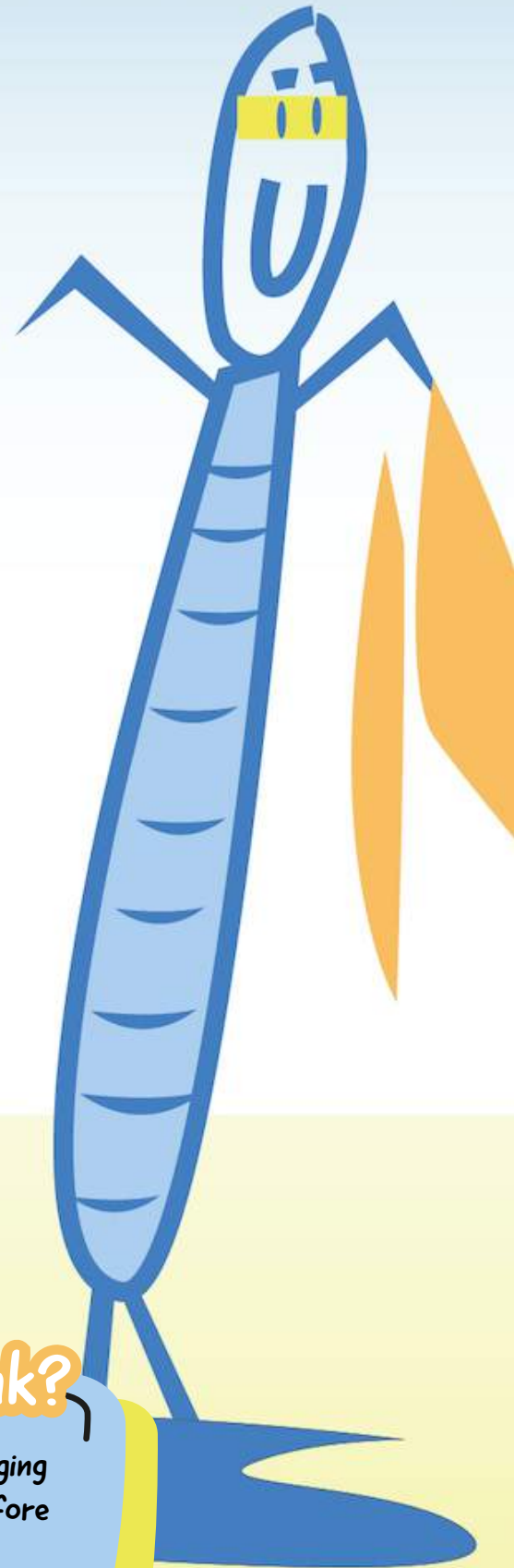
"I'm so sorry I hurt you. I shouldn't have scared you. Please forgive me. I will never hurt you or anyone else again," he promised, seeing the fear behind the man's eyes.



The man nodded, still dazed. A weak smile crept over his face, showing he was no longer scared.

“You are known to be fearsome, Fattouh. Why do you let people believe that?” he asked the djinn.

Fattouh was caught off guard. Nobody had ever cared enough to ask him that. In the warm company of the woodcutter, Fattouh began to realise that acts of kindness and forgiveness produced far more pleasure than those of fear and revenge. It was in the mangrove forest of Kalba where Fattouh pledged never to hurt anyone again. To make up for his behaviour, he invited the woodcutter back to his home with the offer, not just of firewood, but friendship as well. The woodcutter gratefully accepted, acknowledging that friends can come in all shapes and sizes. ■



What do you think?

Have you ever found yourself judging someone by their appearance, before getting to know them?



STORYTIME Extra



FILL IN THE BLANKS

Can you fill in the missing letters of the UAE's seven emirates?

A _ U D _ A B _

D _ B _ I

_ H A _ J A _

A J _ A N

_ M M A L _ U W A I _

R _ S A L _ _ A I _ A H

F U _ _ _ R A H

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

Fattouh is one of the best-known and most-feared characters of the UAE's fables. Stories about the mangrove demon have been passed down through generations as cautionary tales and, like many of the UAE's folktales, are told to warn children against dangerous places or activities.

Looking for adventure?

Kayaking and paddle-boarding are just a couple of the things you can do when visiting the Mangroves.

Guess what?

A kandoora is a traditional man's robe, which is typically white. Kandooras are worn throughout the Arabian peninsula, with each country having its own unique flourishes.

Check this out

Mangroves are essential to the environment, as they help maintain the quality of the water around them, and protect coastal communities from floods and other natural disasters.





ANSWERS & Solutions

How well do you know the UAE's seven emirates?
How many could you name?

FILL IN THE BLANKS

ABU DHABI

DUBAI

SHARJAH

AJMAN

UMM AL QUWAIN

RAS AL KHAIMAH

FUJAIRAH





DENMARK

The Ugly Duckling

Original story by Hans Christian Andersen

Illustrated by Lucca Holk Johannesen, Christopher Buch Jensen,
Emil Gadeberg Rosenkilde and Aida Vedel Soelling



On a farm long ago, a Mama Duck sat on her nest. “How long must I wait for my babies to hatch?” she asked. “I have to sit here all alone and no one comes to visit me.” But what could she do? A Mama Duck must keep her eggs warm until they hatch.

At last, the eggs began to crack. One by one, yellow **ællinger** (ducklings) stepped out of their shells. They shook their wings and said, “Quack, quack!”

“Look at all of you!” beamed Mama Duck with joy. “You are all so cute.”

“Quack, quack!” they replied.

Mama Duck said, “Come and line up. We will go down to the lake for your very first swim.” She counted – **en, to, tre, fire, fem...** one, two, three, four, five. “Oh dear!” she said. “I should have six ducklings.”

But one large egg was still in the nest. “Well,” said Mama Duck, “it looks like that big egg will take more time.” So she had to go sit on her nest again and wait some more.

The next day, the big egg started to hatch. Out came a baby boy bird. But if one may say so, it was an odd-looking thing. This bird was much bigger than others. He was not yellow at all – he was dark grey from his head to his feet. And he walked with a funny wobble.

One of the yellow ducklings pointed. “What is that? He cannot be one of us.”

“I have never seen such an ugly duckling,” said another.

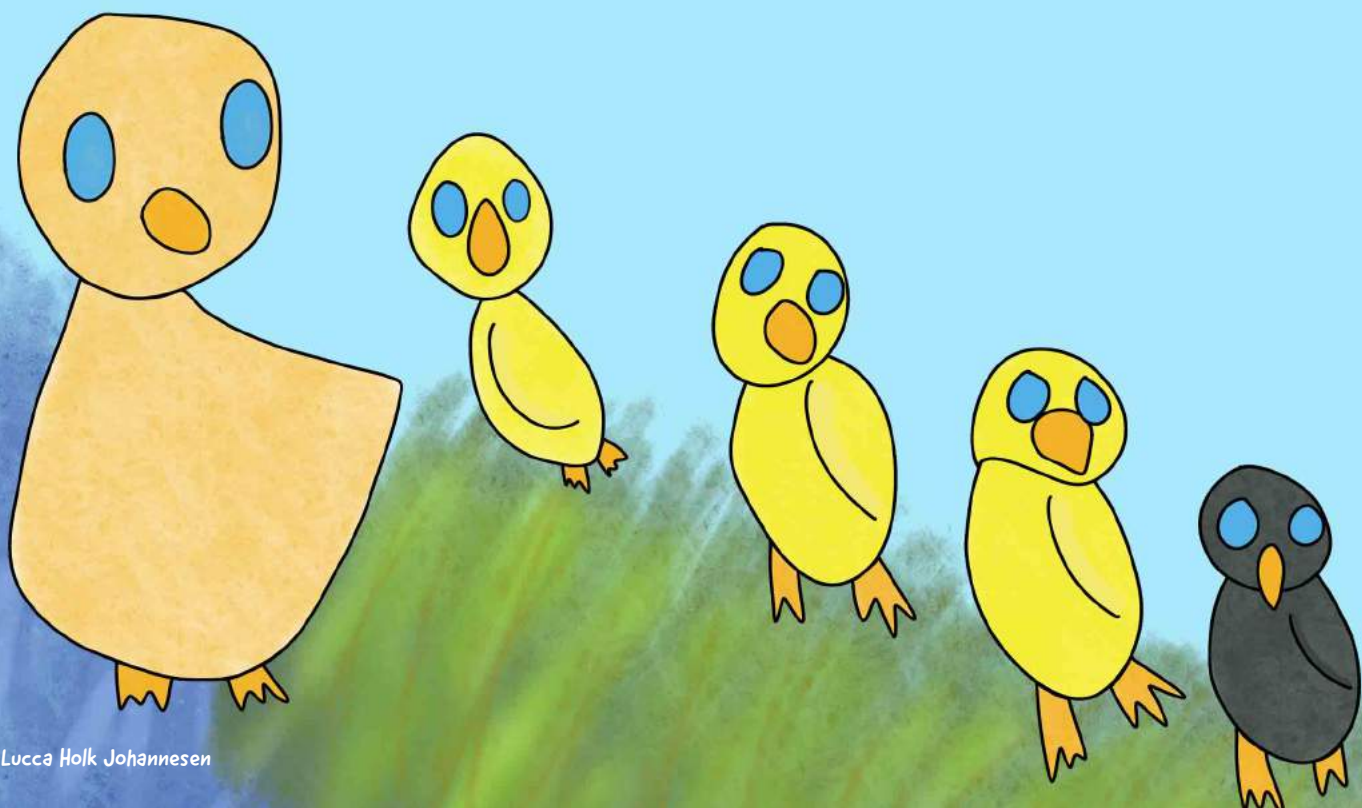
“How can you say such a thing?” said Mama Duck in a stern voice. “You are only one day old! Your brother hatched from the very same nest as you did. Now line up. We will go to the lake for your very first swim.”

Yet the other ællinger quacked, “Ugly! Ugly! Ugly!” *Den grimme ælling* (The Ugly Duckling) did not know why the other ducklings were yelling at him. He took the last spot in the line.

Each yellow duck jumped in the river and swam behind Mama Duck. When it was his turn, the Ugly Duckling jumped in and started to paddle, too. “At least he can swim,” Mama Duck said to herself.

When they left the water and started to play, the Ugly Duckling tried to play with his brothers and sisters, too. They yelled, “Go away! We will not play with you. You are ugly. And you walk weird, too.”

When Mama Duck was close by, she would not let them talk in this way. “Be nice!” she would scold. But she was not always close by.



One day, one of the yellow ællinger said to the Ugly Duckling, "You know what? You would do us a big favour if you just went away!" All of them started to quack, "Get out! Get out! Get out!"

"Why won't they let me stay here?" said the Ugly Duckling to himself. He hung his head down low. "Ah, they are right. I should go."

That night, den grimme ælling flew over the farmyard fence. He flew until he landed on the other side of the lake. There he met two grown-up ducks.

"Can I please stay here for a while?" asked the Ugly Duckling. "I have nowhere else to be."

"What do we care?" said one of the ducks. "Just don't get in our way."

"Woof! Woof!" Suddenly a big hungry dog came tearing by, chasing the two ducks. They quickly flew up in the air, and their feathers fell down on the ground. The poor Ugly Duckling froze in fear. The dog sniffed and sniffed at the Ugly Duckling, then turned away. "I am too ugly even for the big hungry dog," said the Ugly Duckling, sadly, with his head hung low.



The sky turned dark. Crack! A bolt of lightning. Then came a big storm, with heavy rains pouring down from the sky. In moments, the Ugly Duckling was soaked through and through. Then a cold wind started to blow.

“Brrr,” he said with both wings held close to his chest. “If only there was a place I could get dry.”

All at once, a tiny light blinked far off in the woods. “Could it be someone’s hut?”

He flew to the door. “Quack?” said den grimme ælling. The door of the hut creaked open.

“What is all this noise?” said an old woman, looking right and left. Her eyes were not that good. Then she looked down. “Ah, look at that, it’s a duck.” She picked up the Ugly Duckling and dropped him inside her hut. “You can stay here, but only if you lay eggs,” she said.

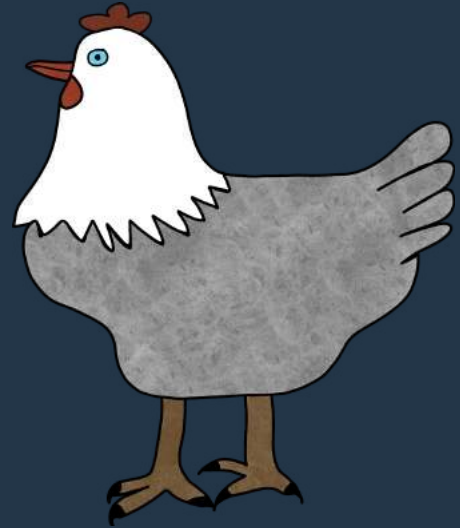
Illustrated by Emil Gadeberg Rosenkilde





A tomcat and hen crept up to the Ugly Duckling. "Who do you think you are, coming in here and taking up room by the fire?" muttered the tomcat.

"Squawk!" said the hen. "I do not need anyone else in this hut laying eggs."



"Do not worry about that," said den grimme ælling. "I am a boy duck."

"Then why are you still here?" asked the tomcat. "Did you not hear what the old woman said?"

The door was still a bit open, so the poor Ugly Duckling slipped out the door, and went back into the storm.

"No one wants me," said den grimme ælling with a tear in his eye.



The storm ended. Soon he found a new lake. Looking into the water, the Ugly Duckling saw the reflection of a flock of large white birds flying. He looked overhead and could not believe what he saw. There, above him, were the most beautiful birds he had ever seen. Their long white bodies and slender necks seemed to glide through the sky. He watched until the very last bird had winged its way out of view.

He stayed at that lake all by himself, and time passed. The leaves of the trees turned deep red and gold, and then the leaves fell to the ground. Winter came, setting a blanket of white snow all over. The cold wind and the dark clouds made the Ugly Duckling feel even more sad.

He had to go into the cold, cold lake to fish, but it was getting harder to swim. The lake was turning to ice. One day, all he could do was paddle the water to keep it from freezing around him and trapping him in the lake.

"I am so tired," he said, paddling with all his might. The ice got thicker and drew closer to him. In a moment, two giant hands swept him up. "You poor thing," said a farmer. He held the Ugly Duckling close to his thick wool jacket and took the bird to his home.

Never was a warm fireplace more welcome. For the rest of the winter, the farmer cared for the Ugly Duckling.

Then spring came. Tips of green covered the trees. Short, bright flowers popped up from the ground.



"It is time for you to go to the lake to swim again, as you were born to do," said the farmer. He took the duckling back to the lake where he had found him and set him with care on the water.

"Gosh, I feel strong," said the young bird, flapping his wings. "I've never felt as strong as I do right now."

He heard quiet splashing sounds behind him and turned around. A flock of those same beautiful birds he had seen in the sky before landed behind him on the water.



"Do not worry," he said to them, holding out one wing.

"I will go now. I will not make trouble for you." A tear rolled down his cheek. He turned to go away. When he opened his eyes, he saw a reflection in the water of one of those beautiful white birds. Why was it so close to him? He jumped back. And the reflection jumped back, too.

"What is this?" he wondered. He stretched his neck and the reflection of the beautiful bird stretched its neck, too.

"Why are you going so soon?" asked one of the beautiful birds.

"Stay here, with us," said another. "We'll be great friends."

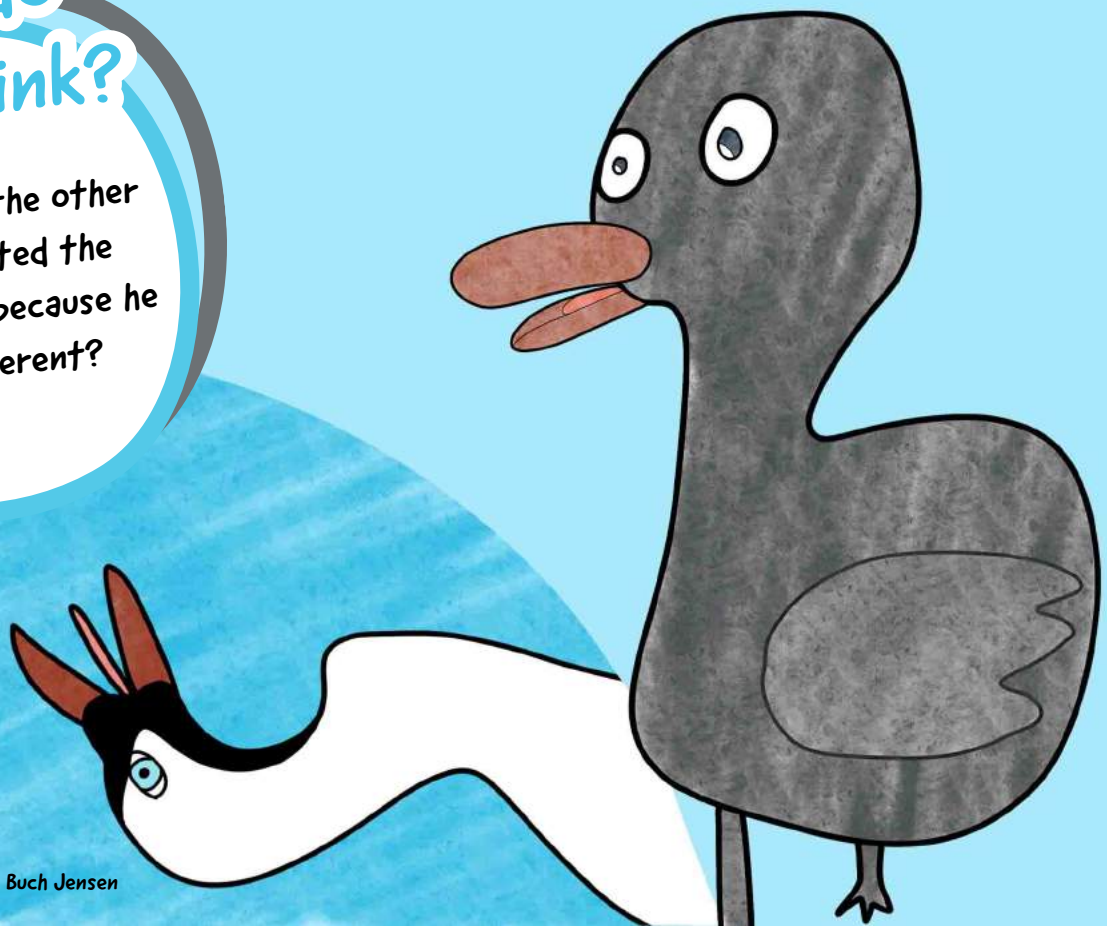
Then, the bird who used to be the Ugly Duckling knew what had happened. He was no longer an ugly grey bird that wobbled when it walked.

The **svaner** (swans) flapped their wings and took off into the sky. "Come with us," one called back. "Take the lead." So he flapped his wings fast and took his place in front of the whole flock. All his new friends flapped their wings behind him.

"Say," he said, gliding and dipping through the sky as he sped on. "Who's an ugly duckling now? Surely, not I." ■

What do you think?

Is it fair that the other animals treated the duckling badly because he looked different?





STORYTIME Extra

Did you know?

Hans Christian Andersen is one of Denmark's most famous authors. His best-known works are fairy tales, including *The Emperor's New Clothes*, *Thumbelina*, *The Little Mermaid* and *The Snow Queen*. Many of his stories have been turned into films.

Guess what?

- Andersen wrote more than 160 fairy tales and it is said that many were influenced and inspired by his own life experiences.
- Denmark's national animal is the mute swan, which is famous for its white feathers.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?

You can find the answers on the next page



Think about it

- What lessons can you learn from this story?
- What makes something, or someone, beautiful?





ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



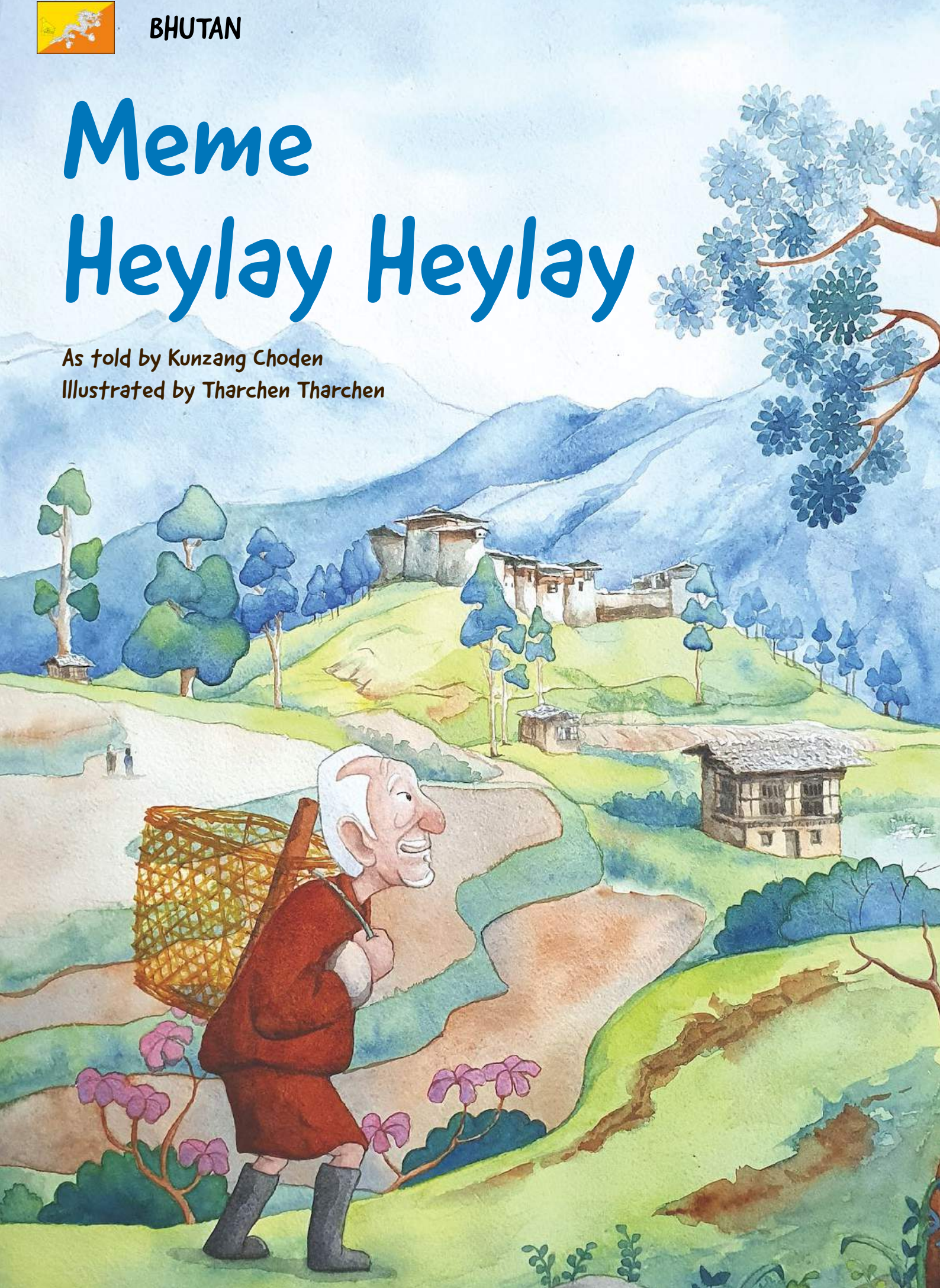


BHUTAN

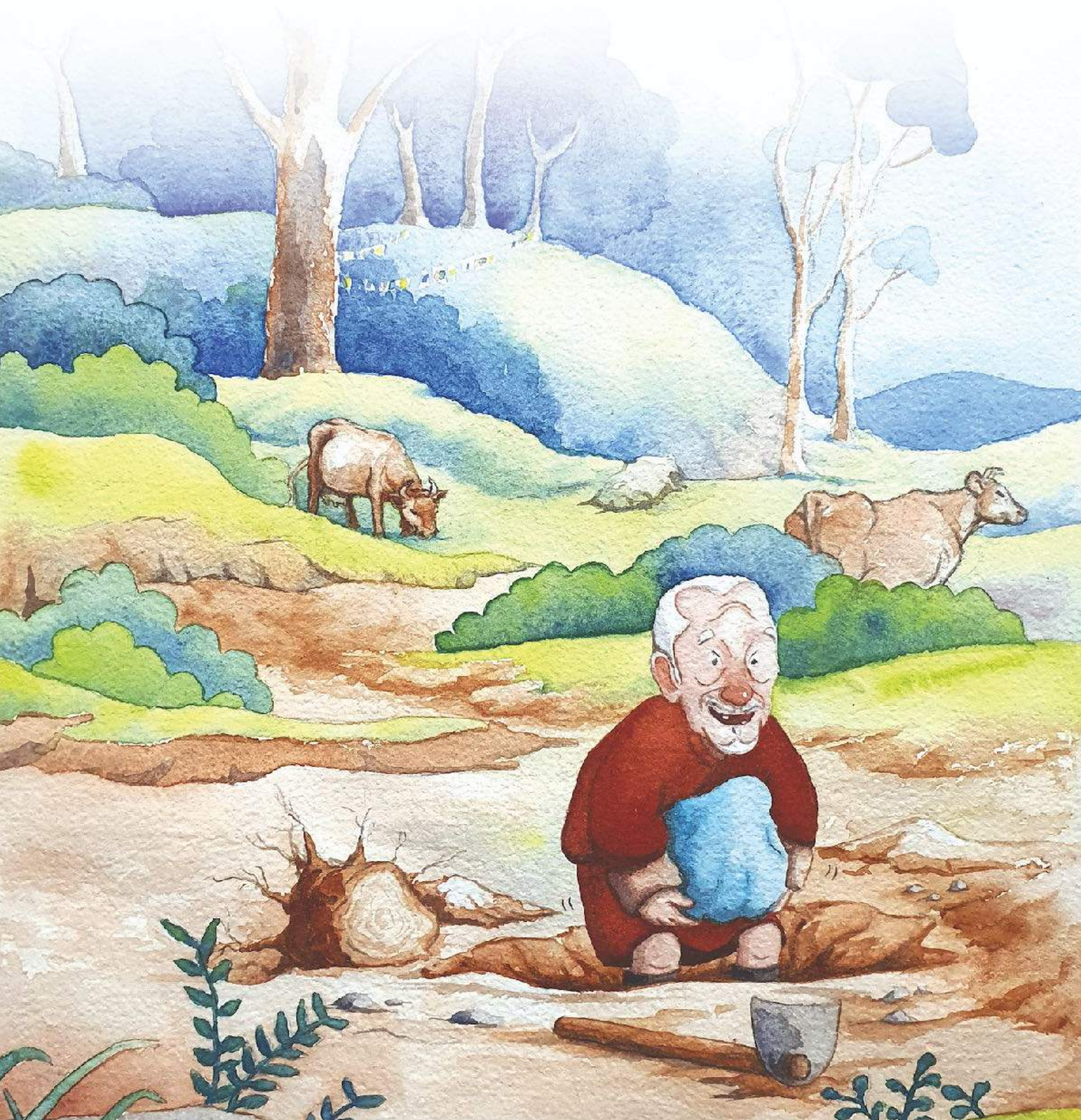
Meme Heylay Heylay

As told by Kunzang Choden

Illustrated by Tharchen Tharchen



Meme Heylay Heylay was an elderly man who lived with the support and goodwill of his fellow villagers. One day he decided to dig a plot of land so he could plant some buckwheat. He dug and he dug until he came across a huge stump of a tree, but rather than going around the tree stump, Meme Heylay Heylay decided to dig it out. After a tremendous effort lasting the whole day, he finally uprooted the stump. To his great surprise and delight, he found a giant piece of turquoise beneath the stump.



Meme Heylay Heylay decided to sell the turquoise, in the hope of finding an even greater treasure. First, he accepted a horse in exchange for the precious stone, despite the greater value of the turquoise.



Next, he swapped his horse for a goat. With each exchange, he accepted something smaller in value than what he gave away. Yet he grew happier and more joyful, even though people saw him as a fool.

On his way home, carrying the rooster he received in exchange for the goat, the old man heard someone singing in the distance. The closer he walked to the singer, and the louder the song became, the more joyous he felt. With tears in his eyes he thought, "I am content hearing this song. How much happier I would be if I knew how to sing it myself."





He told the singer of his discovery of turquoise and his many exchanges, saying that no exchange would be as precious as that for the singer's song. After much discussion, the singer was convinced that the old man was serious and he taught Meme Heylay Heylay the song. The old man departed, singing merrily.

Meme Heylay Heylay felt like the most successful trader in the village, the richest man in Bhutan and, most importantly, the happiest person in the world. Even though he had in the end swapped the valuable turquoise stone for a simple song, it was this that brought him the greatest pleasure. ■

What do you think?

What does it mean to be happy? What makes you happy?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

What other words mean "happy"?
Can you find them in here?

Q	P	E	S	M	X	M	C	Z	B
E	D	E	L	I	G	H	T	E	D
M	C	X	D	X	Y	E	K	C	C
C	J	S	P	P	N	N	X	E	H
O	O	O	T	T	J	C	A	B	E
N	Y	S	Y	A	S	V	P	U	E
T	F	T	A	O	T	C	D	X	R
E	U	N	P	O	N	I	Q	G	F
N	L	C	L	Q	U	L	C	T	U
T	X	C	P	H	M	N	D	C	L

Did you know?

The story of Meme Heylay Heylay is a well-known and well-loved folk tale in Bhutan. Although it is set in a rural village, its messages of contentment and happiness are for people everywhere.

Guess what?

In Bhutan, success is measured in different ways to many other countries. Happiness and contentment are very important, as is the well-being of the environment.

Joyful Content Ecstatic
Delighted Cheerful

You can find the answers on the next page



Think about it

Why would happiness be a good measure of success?



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words for "happy" did you find?

FIND THE WORD

Q	P	E	S	M	X	M	C	Z	B
E	D	E	L	I	G	H	T	E	D
M	C	X	D	X	Y	E	K	C	C
C	J	S	P	P	N	N	X	E	H
O	O	O	T	T	J	C	A	B	E
N	Y	S	Y	A	S	V	P	U	E
T	F	T	A	O	T	C	D	X	R
E	U	N	P	O	N	I	Q	G	F
N	L	C	L	Q	U	L	C	T	U
T	X	C	P	H	M	N	D	C	L

Joyful Content Ecstatic
Delighted Cheerful



KINGDOM OF JORDAN

The Bedouins' Generosity

A poem

Illustrated by Awn Muhammad Qasymeh and Yomnah Murad Wahbeh

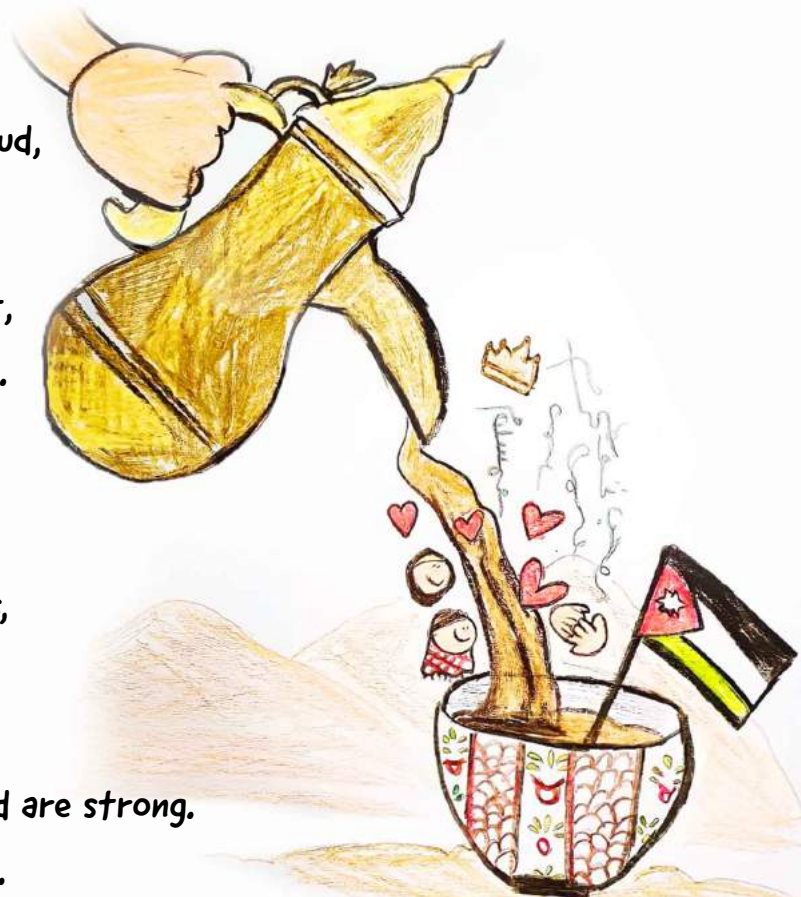
We Jordanians say that in a dignified life,
Goodness and honour come first.
For sure, we never fear change.

At **سهر وسهر Sahar, Samar**, we stay up, we talk.
We play on **الربابه وندق العود rababah** and **oud**,
And on the coffee cup,
Shining in our midst, we can always depend.
And the coffee kettle calls out to dear Abboud,
"Time to pour!"

Generosity and hospitality is our guiding light,
And for our guests we promise only the best.
It is with joy that we welcome you among us.

And while those in lands far away,
May turn their backs and keep to themselves,
That is not our way.

As the world is our witness,
We take pride in our land, raise our heads and are strong.
After all, we have been here for so very long.



Illustrated by Awn Muhammad Qasymeh

Generosity and hospitality are important customs among the Bedouin – nomadic people, who traditionally live in the deserts of Jordan and in many other Arab countries. Bedouin elders teach their children and grandchildren to be generous and kind during special celebrations called “Sahar, Samar”. At these gatherings, stories are told and poetry is recited, accompanied by traditional musical instruments called “rababah” and “oud”. Bedouin coffee – steaming-hot, spiced with delicious cardamom and poured from a shiny brass coffee pot – is served. And children are encouraged to join in the performances.

This traditional Bedouin poem celebrates these occasions and reminds listeners of the importance of always welcoming friends and strangers alike. ■

Illustrated by Yomnah Murad Wahbeh



What do you think?

What customs in your country exist to make people feel welcome?



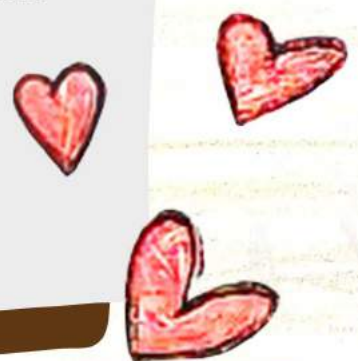
STORYTIME Extra



Coffee quiz

Can you guess which country is known for each type of coffee?

- | | | |
|--------------|---|----------------|
| Espresso | • | • Ethiopia |
| Qahwa | • | • Senegal |
| Café de Olla | • | • Italy |
| Buna | • | • Mexico |
| Egg coffee | • | • Saudi Arabia |
| Café Touba | • | • Vietnam |
| Cafezinho | • | • India |
| Kaapi | • | • Brazil |



You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

Symbolising hospitality and generosity, coffee plays an important role in the social life of the Bedouin, with people solving problems and disputes over cups of coffee. When a guest arrives in a Jordanian home, the first thing they will be offered is a cup of coffee, followed by a meal made from the very best ingredients the host has.

GUESS WHAT?

In Jordanian culture, coffee even has its own language. For example, shaking your coffee cup back and forth means that you have had enough and don't want your host to pour you any more.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Do you speak the language of coffee?
Let's find out.

Coffee quiz



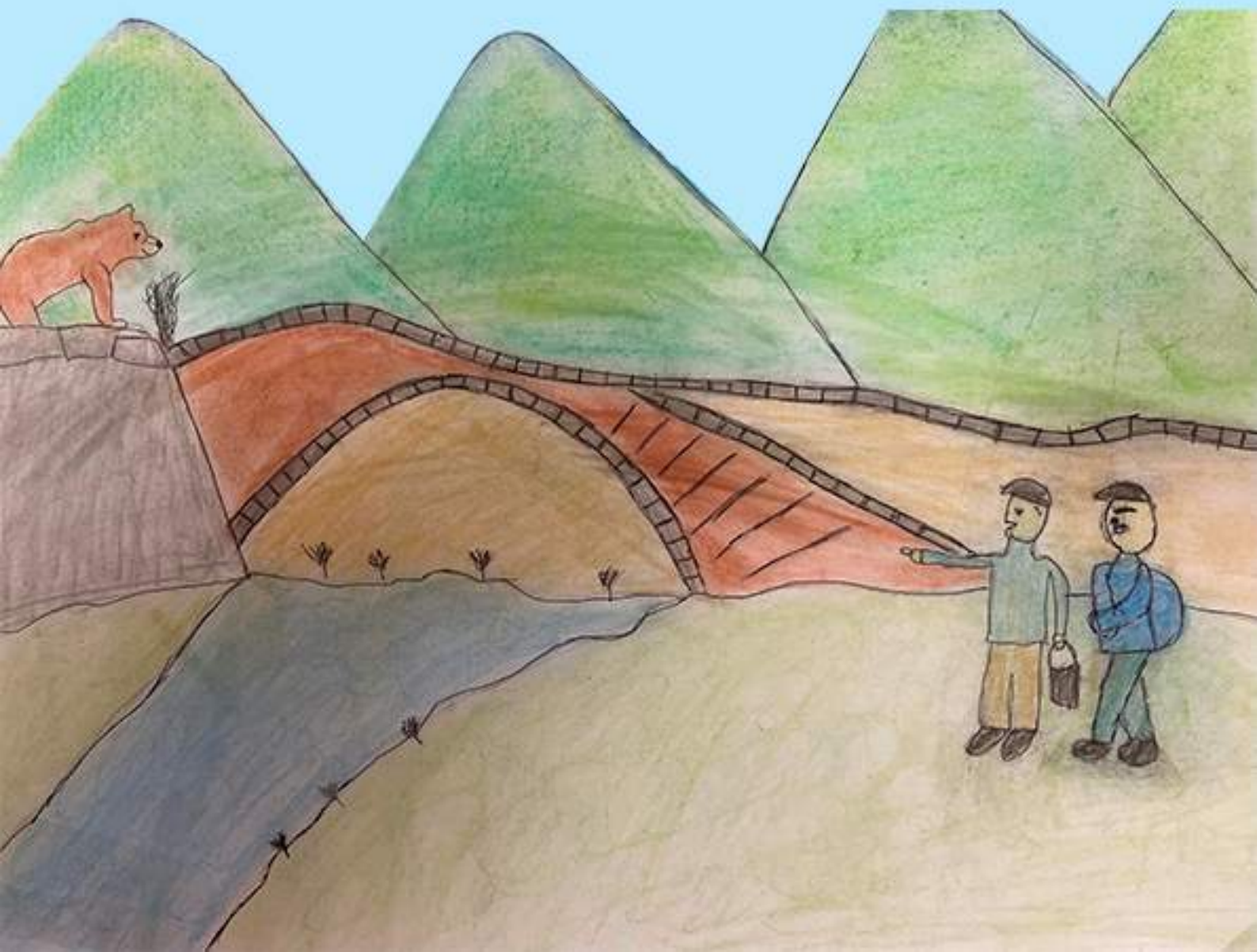


ANDORRA

The Bear of Cal Moles

Illustrated by students of Escola Andorrana
d'Encamp de Maternal i la Ensenyança

Do you know the legend of the **Ball de l'Ossa** (which means “bear dance” in Catalan)? One cold morning, many, many years ago, landowners of Cal Moles in the capital city of Andorra la Vella set off for the vast meadows that stretched along the plain of the great Valira river.



They were enjoying the lush scenery and nature on their peaceful journey until their morning stroll was interrupted by unexpected company.

To their surprise, the landowners came face to face with an enormous **ossa** (female bear). Down she came from the forest of La Comella, lumbering towards them. She stopped mere feet away from them, and let out a rumbling roar that shook the trees that surrounded them and the ground that lay beneath them. She stood tall on her back legs and flashed her razor-sharp claws, ready to pounce.

One of the landowners felt his heart leap up to his throat. "What are we to do?" he thought. "How could we possibly chase away such a fearsome creature?" With his heart still beating violently in his throat, he took slow, small steps until he stood right in front of the bear. He stared directly into her piercing eyes, filled with hunger. Finally, he spoke.



“Dear Ossa, what are we to gain by destroying each other?”

The hunger in the bear’s eyes was replaced by confusion.

He went on. “I propose an agreement between your kind and ours. From now on, we agree to respect each other and live in harmony.”

The bear slowly lowered her claws and began to slouch, relaxing her stance slightly. The landowner felt his heart slowly return to his chest. “Your home is in the middle of the forest and ours is in the towns and fields. We will never trespass and take your precious home away from you.”



The bewildered Ossa turned her head back to the forest of La Comella, just as the landowner had an idea. "Ah! To celebrate our peaceful agreement, we shall hold a celebration once a year in all of Andorra."

The bear stood still as she considered the man's proposal. "Will the fearsome bear agree to let us live in peace, if we let her do the same?" thought the landowner. After what felt like an eternity of uncertainty, the bear began to slowly walk back to her forest on all fours.

And that is how the legend of the Ball de l'Ossa began. Since that encounter between man and beast, all the towns and villages of Andorra celebrate the renowned **El Ball de l'Ossa** (bear festival), and the odyssey of the valiant owners of Cal Moles. ■

What do you think?

Imagine what the legendary bear dance looks and sounds like. If you were to visit Andorra and witness this celebration, what sounds and sights do you think you would experience?





STORYTIME Extra

Did you know?

Brown bears have traditionally been found in Andorra and the Pyrenees mountains, but today few remain in the wild.

Think about it

How many species of bear can you name?

Guess what?

There are many folk dances in Andorra, including the contrapàs in Andorra la Vella, the Saint Anne's dance in Escaldes-Engordany or the Marratxa dance in Sant Julià de Lòria, which are accompanied by traditional folk music.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



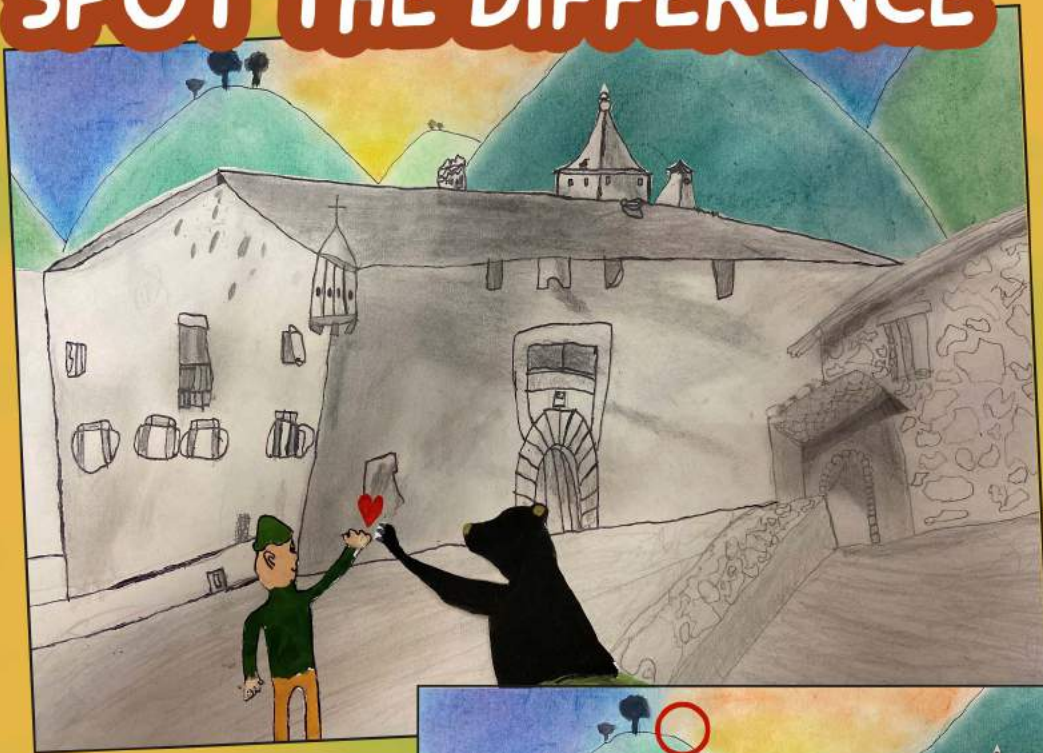
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





TONGA

The Worm and the Whale

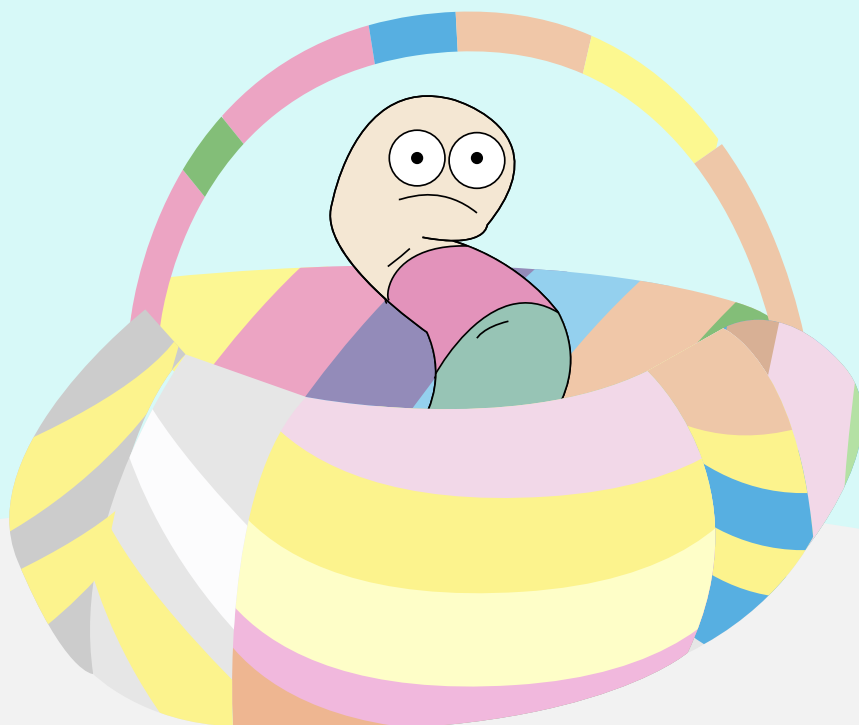
As told by Lisala Halapua

Illustrations inspired by young artists from Vava'u Public Library's art workshop

It was a winter's day and Worm was wriggling around in his underground home. It was nice and warm down there, with an earthy smell and just the right amount of moisture in the soil.

All of a sudden, the peace and tranquility was interrupted by something sharp and cold crashing through the ceiling of Worm's home. It was a *huo-sipeiti* – a gardening spear. Worm fled as fast as his long, squishy body would allow and didn't stop until he reached the seashore.

Once he'd caught his breath, Worm looked out to sea and saw a *Vaka La* (which means "sailing boat" in Tongan) getting ready to leave. Fearful of the spear being on his tail, he wriggled his way into a nearby basket and took cover.

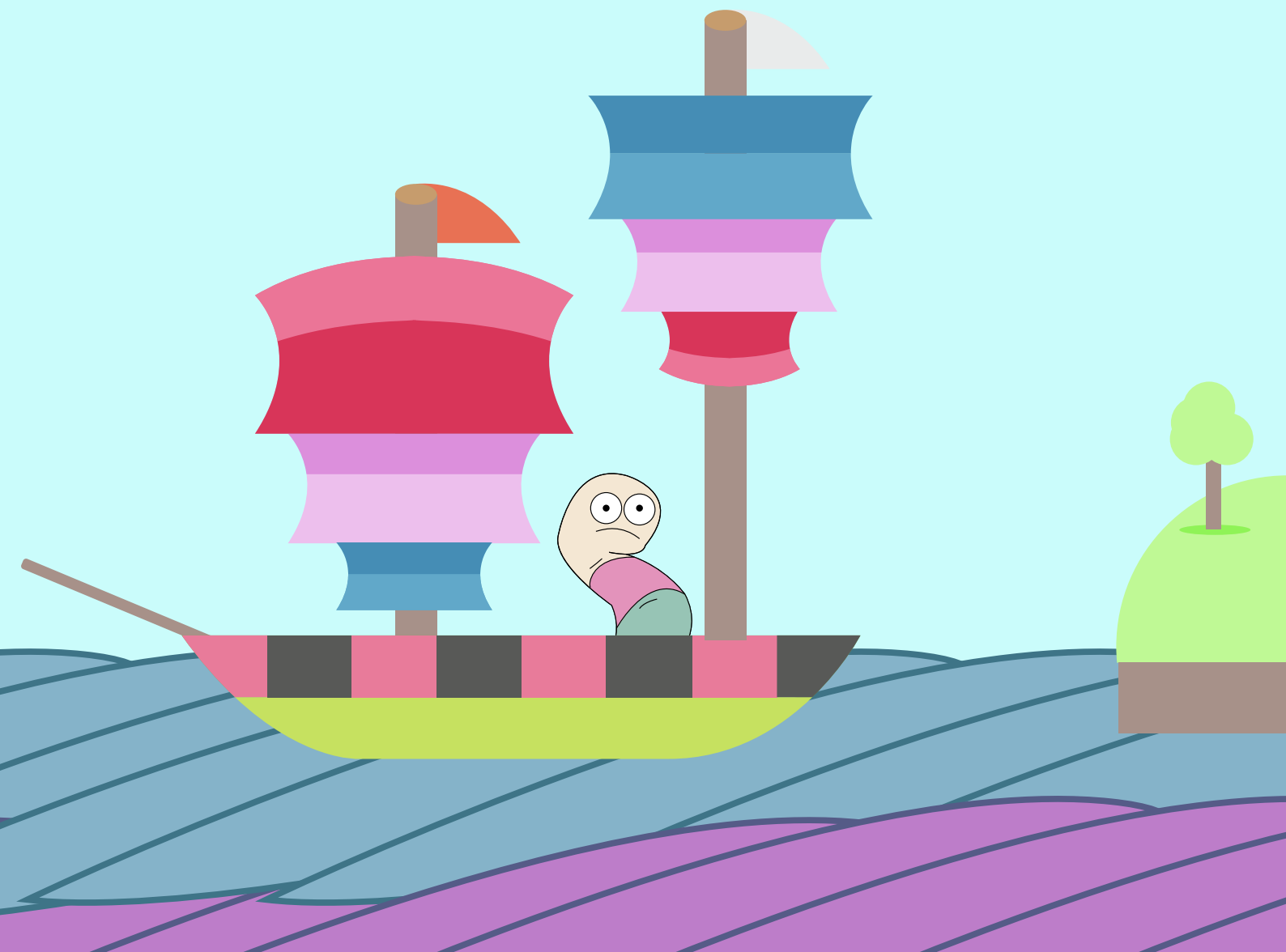


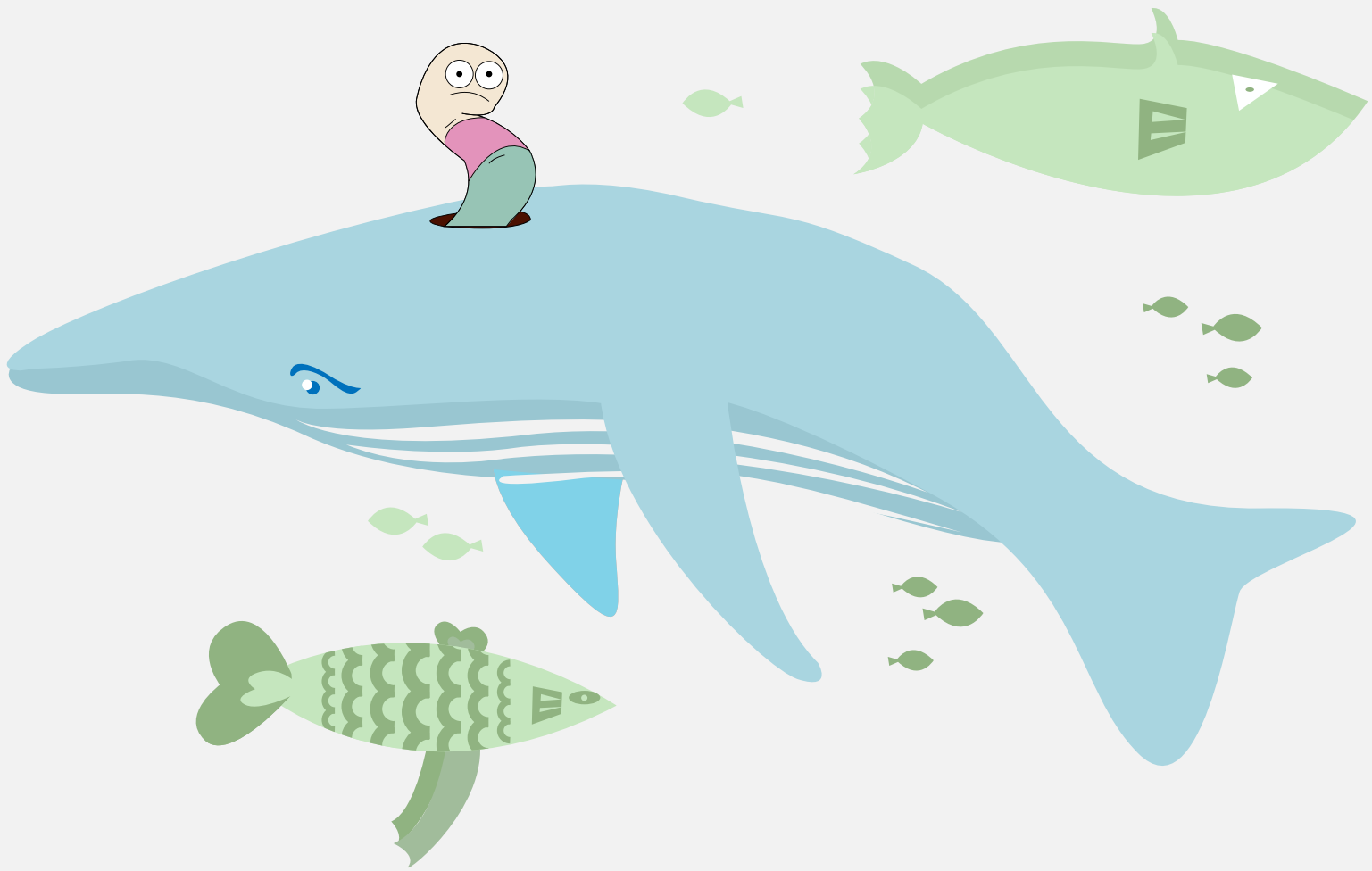
He felt the woven basket move and peered out through a gap. Uh oh! The basket had been picked up and taken onto the sailing boat. Away Worm went, out to sea in a woven basket on a sailing boat.

Worm looked around. He saw spears and harpoons, and realised with horror that he was on a whaling boat and the men on board were whalers. They had their eyes focused on a sleeping whale and began to close in for the kill.

Worm thought hard. What could he do to save this beautiful creature of the sea? An idea popped into his head. He screamed, louder than he'd ever screamed before, to wake the whale. "Whale, wake up! Wake up Whale!" he roared.

Luckily whales have very good hearing and pick up sounds and frequencies that humans otherwise can't register, such as worms using their loudest voices. Whale woke with a startle, realising the imminent danger. In his haste to escape, he flipped the boat, sending Worm tumbling into the sea.





Worm was scared. He didn't know how to swim. But Whale knew he could not let Worm drown after Worm had saved his life. Whale took a deep breath and plunged beneath the surface. Worm wriggled onto Whale's smooth, rubbery skin and held on for the journey back to land. Upon his safe return, Worm was so grateful that this journey, although life-threatening, gave him a new **Kaume'a** (friend). From that day on, Worm and Whale promised to be there for each other in times of joy and trouble.

Since then, in the months of June and July when humans prepare the soil for yam planting by digging the earth with the *huo-sipeiti*, Whale, mindful of his scared little friend, will appear close to the shore to offer comfort. And Worm closely watches the horizon, making sure that the only boats that go near Whale are those carrying humans with cameras and not harpoons. ■

What do you think?

What makes you a good friend to others? What are the qualities you would hope to find in a good friend?





STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

Can you find these different species of whale?

Y E H T X S O V U G
 M W U W T P X K U E
 O Q M C G Q B P G E
 R S P I Z W G Z A S
 C B B N N S P E R M
 A L A M N K O I K E
 M U C S J H E V A J
 J E K G Z F K P A T
 J U D Z C J A C Q O
 A B D Q C M D C I Y

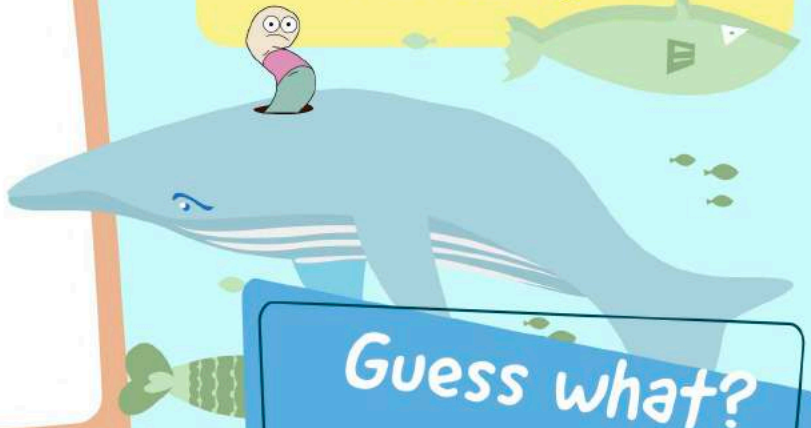
Blue Humpback Orca
 Sperm Minke

You can find the answers on the next page



Did you know?

There are many popular myths and fables (*Talafupu'a moe Fepale* in Tongan) across the Kingdom of Tonga, however The Worm and the Whale is best known in the most northern island groups.



Guess what?

In 1978, Tonga became the world's first *Tofua'a* (whale) sanctuary. Since the ban on hunting and killing whales in Tongan waters, the whale breeding population has grown from fewer than 50 whales to more than 2,000.

Imagine

If you were sailing on the wide open sea, what kinds of creatures would you hope to see?



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many whale species did you find?

FIND THE WORD

Y	E	H	T	X	S	O	V	U	G
M	W	U	W	T	P	X	K	U	E
O	Q	M	C	G	Q	B	P	G	E
R	S	P	I	Z	W	G	Z	A	S
C	B	B	N	N	S	P	E	R	M
A	L	A	M	N	K	O	I	K	E
M	U	C	S	J	H	E	V	A	J
J	E	K	G	Z	F	K	P	A	T
J	U	D	Z	C	J	A	C	Q	O
A	B	D	Q	C	M	D	C	I	Y

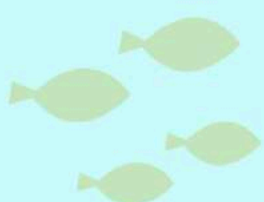
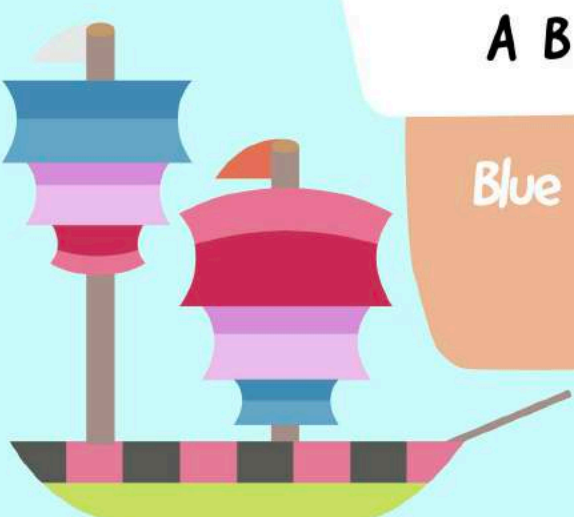
Blue

Humpback

Orca

Sperm

Minke





GRENADA

Anansi Plays Fancy Mas

As told by Alyssa Bierzynski, Kamille John and Neila Ettienne

Illustrated by Danielle Joseph

One Carnival Sunday night, Granny shouted, “**Tim Tim**” and all the children gathered around the fireside, shouting back, “**Bwa sec!** We ready to listen!”

- “Granny, what story you telling us tonight?”
- “Let me tell you about Anansi, a mischievous little spider who came to Grenada all the way from Africa. Everyone knew him because of the tricks he had up his eight sleeves...”

A long, long time ago in Grenada, the animals had their own carnival, filled with food, dancing, music and competitions. Just like us, they also had calypso and steel pan. They even had their own costume parades and **J’ouvert**, the early-morning procession.

Anansi loved everything about Carnival, especially playing the **Jab Jab** masquerade during J’ouvert, when he would wake up **foreday** (early morning) covered in old oil, dragging chains and chanting through the streets. One year, Anansi wanted to try something different. He wanted to play in the colourful **Fancy Mas** parade, joining up with the peacocks, macaws and parrots in their **Mas band**.

That morning he was excited. He left home with his Jab Jab helmet, long chain and bucket of old oil.

When he entered the **Mas camp**, where the bands prepare for Carnival, all the animals stopped and looked to Anansi with wide eyes. "Morning, I come to sign up!" Anansi said.

They laughed. "Spiders don't play Fancy Mas, Anansi," Mrs. Peacock explained.

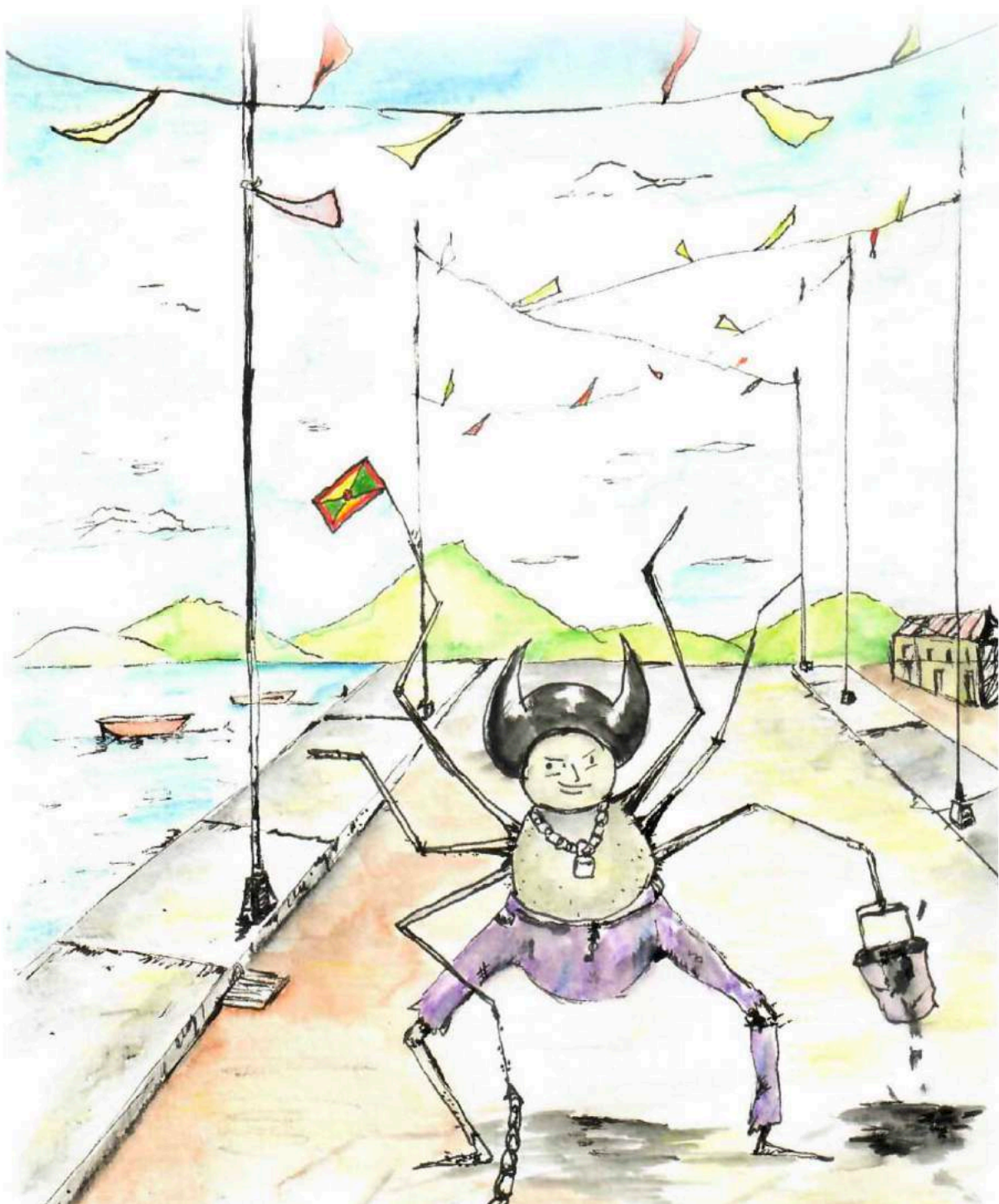
"I come to sign up!" he repeated.

Everyone laughed and pointed at him.

"Y'all play Jab Jab! Or **Shortknee**. Or **Vieux Corps**. But never Fancy Mas."

- "You see children, spiders had never played Fancy Mas before."

- "Really, Granny? So what he do?"

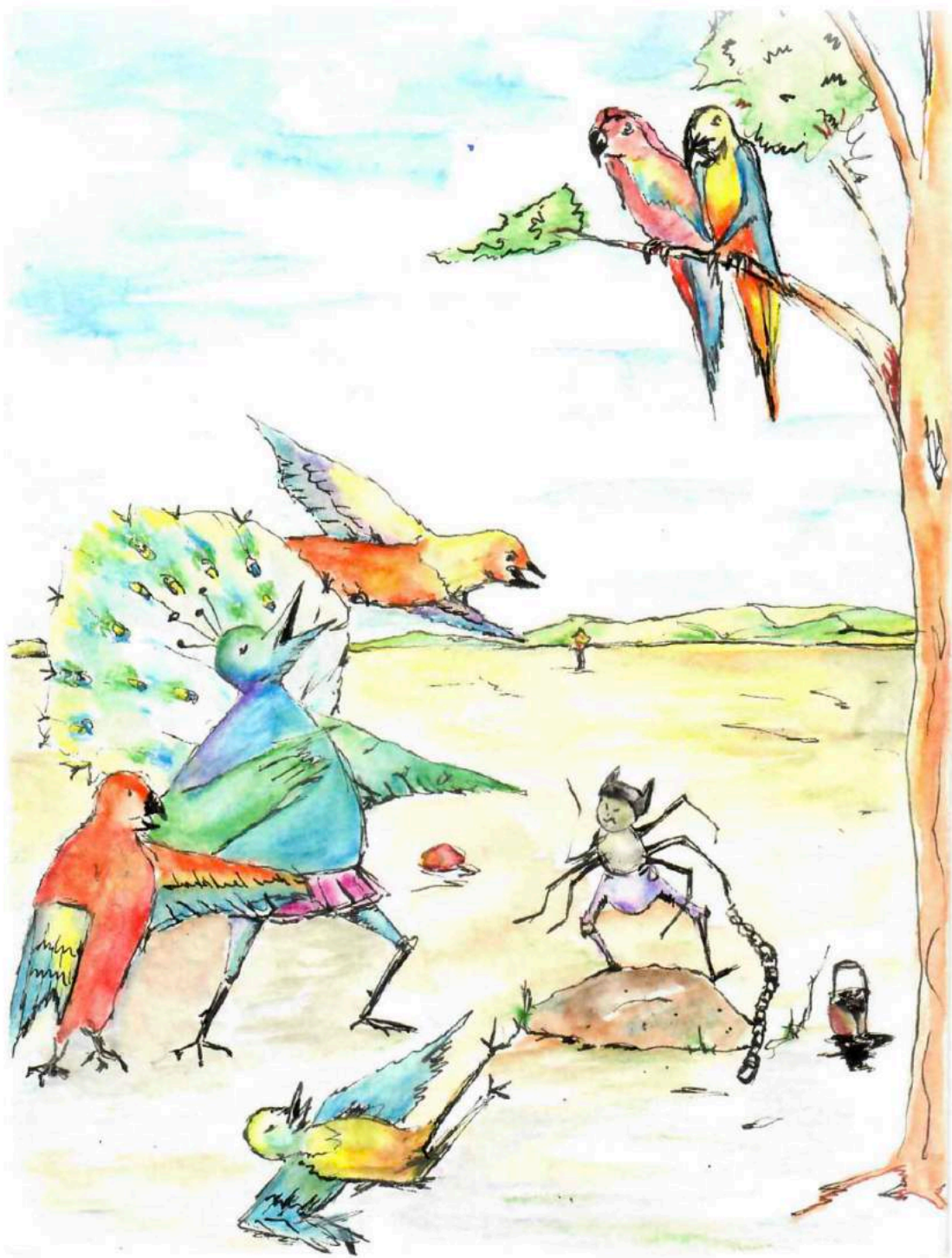


Angry, Anansi scuttled out. He stomped his way to the market square, the old oil sloshing about. Capturing everyone's attention, he shouted, "Don't worry, they feel they better than me. I go start my OWN Mas band!"

Grenada Dove, Agouti the Rodent, **Cribeau** the Serpent and Iggy the Iguana offered their help. "Thank you," he replied to everyone, "we go organise."

Over the next few weeks Anansi worked night and day to prepare for Carnival. He was proud of his spider web designs. When he needed strings, Anansi secretly plucked hair from Horse's tail. He stole branches from Mr. Bull's coconut tree, and followed the birds around, gathering up their fallen feathers.

Anansi then remembered that he needed music for his Mas band. The Mona Monkey steel pan players would be perfect, but they always played for the birds. If only he could figure out how to convince their leader to leave them. He had an idea!



Later that evening, Anansi went to the Pan house where the monkeys were practising. "All you sounding real good!" he exclaimed.

"Thanks Anansi," Mona the Monkey replied. "What brings you here tonight?" Anansi told Mona all about his new Fancy Mas band and how excited everyone was. Then, he asked the monkeys to play the steel pans in his Mas band, since they were not playing for the birds that year.

Anansi saw the confusion on Mona's face. "Well, I was passing by the market, and I hear somebody telling somebody else that them birds getting a big steel pan band from Trinidad to play for them." Mona was angry. "Those Peacocks always think they better than us," she fumed. "So you go play for me?" Anansi asked innocently, trying to hide his grin. Mona agreed and Anansi danced all the way back home.

Finally, the big day arrived. All the animals lined up outside Anansi's Mas camp, excited to collect their costumes.

- "But Granny, I don't think Anansi finish them costumes!"
- "Well, after three hours waiting, everybody was **vex** (annoyed)!"



"Anansi, *wey mi costume?*" Hen asked. "It coming, it coming," he said. "Hold this headpiece still. Pig, this back piece is yours! Iggy, this should fit you!"

"But where is mine and the rest of the pan players'?" Mona asked.

"Slowlow have it!" Anansi responded.

"Slowlow? The turtle?" Mona asked, confused. "Anansi, Carnival is TOMORROW!"

The animals were enraged, arguing about whose costume was too big, too small or whose would even fit at all. Grenada Dove and Agouti addressed Anansi with concern on their faces. "Why didn't you call us for help?" Anansi looked down, too embarrassed to respond.

Just then, Mr. Peacock entered Anansi's Mas camp. "Mona, I was looking for you. Your costumes are ready."



Mona sneered at Anansi, and shook her head. "Anansi, you're the same, old trickster spider," she said, following Mr. Peacock out. The other animals left too, except Grenada Dove, Agouti, Cribeau, Iggy and Pig.

"I just wanted to play a different Mas this year," Anansi grumbled.

"Anansi! Anansi! I have the costumes!" Slowlow shouted.

Anansi grinned. "You see, I tell all you Slowlow have the costumes."

— And that is how Anansi the Spider played Fancy Mas for the first time. ■



What do you think?

Was it fair of the other animals to discourage Anansi from joining their Mas bands?



STORYTIME Extra

Festivals of the world

Just as many Caribbean islands have unique festivals such as J'ouvert, so too do other countries around the world. Can you guess which country is known for each of these festivals?

Día de Los Muertos ●

Carnival of Basel ●

Yi Peng Lantern Festival ●

Carnevale ●

Holi ●

Carnival ●

● Italy

● Brazil

● Mexico

● Thailand

● Switzerland

● India



You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

• Shortknee Mas is a Grenadian masquerade in which participants dress up in brightly coloured pantaloons, knee-high socks, masks, long-sleeved shirts and collars decorated with tiny mirrors. They also wear "woolos" – foot bracelets with bells that jingle as they walk.

• The Vieux Corps is a traditional Grenadian masquerade character who dresses up like a priest in a black gown, hat and studded clogs.

GUESS WHAT?

Traditional storytellers in Grenada announce their tale by shouting, "Tim Tim", to which their audience respond, "Bwa sec" to signify that they are ready to listen.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Are you a festival fan? Let's see if you were able to guess where in the world each cultural festival takes place.

Festivals of the world

Día de Los Muertos

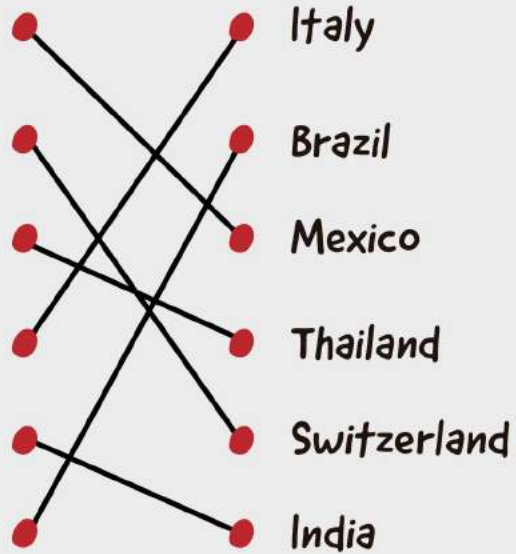
Carnival of Basel

Yi Peng Lantern Festival

Carnevale

Holi

Carnival





GERMANY



Hans in Luck



Illustrated by Linnea Höpfner



Hans had spent many years away from his home. He worked and studied tirelessly to become a master craftsman, putting in many hours, day and night, to hone his skills. After seven years, he was finally given permission to return home to his mother, who he loved dearly and had missed terribly during his time away. Hans was overjoyed.

“You have been a hard worker, Hans,” his mentor said as he was about to set off on his journey home.

"I would like to reward you for your years of dedicated service with this gold nugget." Hans gratefully accepted the large and very heavy lump of precious metal. It was beautiful and shiny, but so, so heavy.

After expressing his gratitude and bidding his mentor a fond goodbye, Hans began his long journey home on foot. Before long, the gold nugget started to slow him down. It was becoming heavier with each step and Hans was growing weary of its weight. He sat down to rest under the shade of a tree and closed his eyes.





Clip clop, clip clop, sounded the hooves of an approaching horse. Hans opened his eyes just as the horse's rider dismounted and called out a greeting.

"Why are you taking a nap under this tree?" the rider asked.

"I am on my way home to see my mother. I have been working away from home for seven years and have not seen her this whole time. I am so eager to return, but this heavy lump of gold is slowing me down," Hans replied.



The horseman had an idea. "Why don't I swap you my horse for your gold? The horse is very quick, so you will arrive home much faster, and you won't be weighed down by that big lump of gold."

Hans agreed that it was indeed a very clever idea and eagerly swapped his heavy nugget for the speedy horse. After a quick horse-riding lesson, Hans was on his way once again, grateful that the horseman had come along at such an opportune time.

The horse walked comfortably at first and as Hans settled into his new ride, he decided to give it a kick to make it go faster. "Heeyah, faster horse, faster," Hans commanded as he nudged the horse in its sides. The horse bolted at such a speed that Hans lost his grip and fell off.

Assessing his body for damage, Hans slowly got to his feet and started to look for his horse. A farmer with a cow came along and offered to help the limping Hans find his horse. As they searched, Hans told the farmer about his journey so far and his desire to get home to see his mother.

The farmer had an idea. "Why don't I swap you my cow for your horse? Your horse is wild and has given you nothing but trouble, but my cow is gentle and can provide you with **Milch, Butter und Käse** (milk, butter and cheese)."





Hans agreed that this was indeed a very clever idea and once they had caught the horse, he eagerly handed over the reins and set off again, walking with the cow by his side and counting his blessings that the farmer had come along at such an opportune time.

After some time, Hans grew hungry and stopped to have some lunch. He was so hungry that he ate all of his bread and butter, and drank all of his water. He wasn't worried though. He would be able to get fresh milk from his cow to quench his thirst and quell his hunger.

Although he didn't have a bucket to catch the milk, he knelt down beside the cow and tried to squeeze some milk into his hat. Nothing came out. Hans tried again and again, to no avail. His cow was dry. The cow was irritated by Hans's persistence and kicked him hard in the head, sending him tumbling to the ground.

When Hans awoke, a butcher with a pig in a wheelbarrow had stopped to check on him. Hans told him the story of how he was trying to get home to his mother and had swapped his heavy gold nugget for a horse, which had thrown him off, so he swapped it for this cow, which unfortunately produced no milk.



"This cow is good for nothing but the plough or the butcher," the man replied as he passed Hans a drink to satisfy his thirst.

"But I don't like beef," Hans said. "It is not juicy enough for me."

The butcher had an idea. "Why don't I swap you my pig for your cow? You can make some nice sausages."

Hans agreed that this was indeed a very clever idea and fetched the pig from the wheelbarrow and handed the cow's rope to the butcher. He set off again, walking alongside the pig to get home to his mother and thinking how lucky he was to meet the butcher at such an opportune time.

A man carrying a white goose joined Hans as he walked and Hans shared the story of his journey. The man's goose was fat and heavy, and was destined for a christening feast.

"This is a fine goose," the man said. "It has been fattened up for eight weeks."

"My pig is also a fine fat one," Hans replied cheerfully.

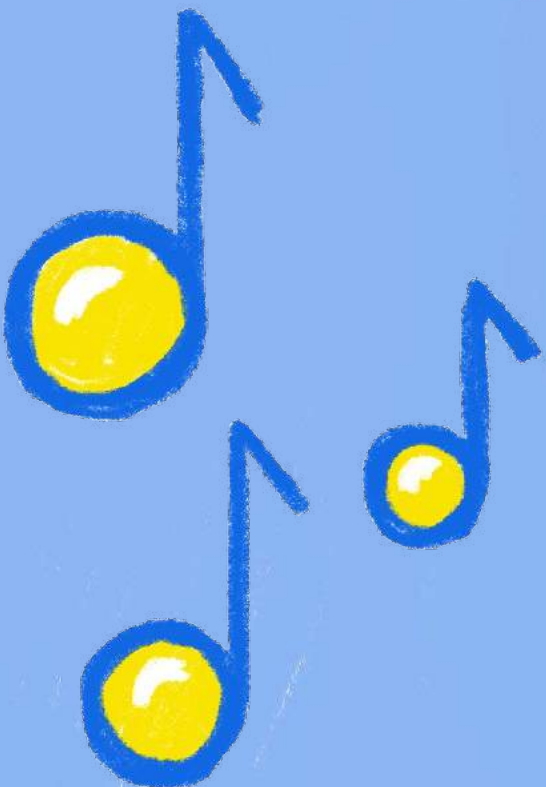


The man agreed as he eyed the pig suspiciously from all angles. "I don't mean to alarm you, but the mayor's pig was stolen recently and there is a search party looking for it. Your pig looks a lot like the one that's missing," the man warned.

Hans started to get nervous. If this was the stolen pig and he was caught with it, he would not get home to see his mother.

The man had an idea. "Why don't I swap you my fat goose for your pig? I know this area well and I can hide the pig."

Hans agreed that this was indeed a very clever idea and eagerly exchanged the pig for the fine white goose. He set off again, thinking about the meal the goose would provide and how its soft feathers would plump up his pillow. He was grateful that the man with the goose appeared at such an opportune time.



As Hans passed through the final village before his home he came across a scissor-grinder merrily singing a song as he worked. Hans stopped to listen to his tune and ask why he was so happy.





"I have the best trade in the world," the scissor-grinder explained. "Each time I put my hand in my pocket, I find money."

The grinder admired Hans's goose, so Hans told him the story of his journey and his good fortune as he swapped a heavy lump of gold for a wild horse, which was exchanged for a dry cow, which was swapped for a stolen pig, which was exchanged for this fine fat goose.

"Yes, that is a lovely goose, but it won't make you money and after you eat it, it will be gone. If you were a grinder you would have enough money to buy several geese."

Hans thought about this. The man was right.

But how could he become a scissor-grinder?

The scissor-grinder had an idea. "All you need is a grindstone. Why don't I swap you a grindstone for your goose? Then you will have the right tool to earn a good living."

Hans agreed that this was indeed a very clever idea and handed over the fat white goose for the grindstone.

It was heavy, but Hans could not believe his luck at this exchange. He had met the scissor-grinder at such an opportune time.



With a spring in his step, Hans set off on the final leg of his journey home. Before long however, he was tired and thirsty.

The grindstone was very heavy and he longed to be free of it.

He stopped at a well to get some water to drink and placed his grindstone down beside him. As he reached into the well, Hans slipped and fell on the grindstone.

The grindstone fell into the well and slid deep beneath the water's surface, never to be seen again.

Hans could not believe this fortunate turn of events. He was now free of the heavy grindstone and the final steps of his journey would be quick and easy with nothing weighing him down. He ran home to his mother and told her he was surely the luckiest man in the world. ■

What do
you think?

Why might Hans feel lucky even though he started with a gold nugget and ended up with nothing?





STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

What other objects might bring you luck?
Can you find them in here?

C	K	Z	Y	X	X	A	S	H	C
S	L	E	E	M	R	B	H	H	
H	Z	O	B	U	X	B	W	C	I
L	O	Z	V	S	L	H	G	M	M
A	G	R	P	E	U	R	Z	P	N
D	Q	L	S	S	R	P	J	T	E
Y	B	Q	W	E	O	V	Y	H	Y
B	U	G	B	D	S	O	N	L	S
U	Q	Y	C	E	H	H	J	E	W
G	I	Y	B	C	I	J	O	F	E
I	S	D	M	J	N	I	K	E	E
F	L	Y	A	G	A	R	I	C	P

Clover Horseshoe Fly agaric
Ladybug Chimneysweep

You can find the answers on the next page



Did you know?

This German folk tale is an adaptation of Hans im Glück, which was recorded by the famous Brothers Grimm and published in Grimm's Fairy Tales in 1812.

Check this out

A Fly agaric, also known as a toadstool, is a red mushroom with white gills and white spots. Even though it is poisonous, Germans consider it lucky.

Guess what?

The Grimm Brothers were among the best known collectors of European folktales and popularised traditional oral stories such as Cinderella (*Aschenputtel*), Sleeping Beauty (*Dornröschen*) and Snow White (*Schneewittchen*).

Think about it

What has happened to you in the past to make you feel lucky?



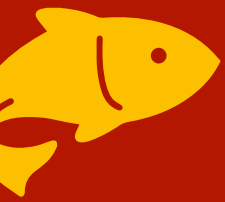
ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many lucky charms did you find?

FIND THE WORD

C	K	Z	Y	X	X	A	S	H	C
S	L	E	E	E	M	R	B	H	H
H	Z	O	B	U	X	B	W	C	I
L	O	Z	V	S	L	H	G	M	M
A	G	R	P	E	U	R	Z	P	N
D	Q	L	S	S	R	P	J	T	E
Y	B	Q	W	E	O	V	Y	H	Y
B	U	G	B	D	S	O	N	L	S
U	Q	Y	C	E	H	H	J	E	W
G	I	Y	B	C	I	J	O	F	E
I	S	D	M	J	N	I	K	E	E
F	L	Y	A	G	A	R	I	C	P

Clover Horseshoe Fly agaric
 Ladybug Chimneysweep



Mischief and Menace



Friendships aren't always what they seem. A greedy hare, a hungry tiger and a sneaky rat will remind you to keep your friends close and your enemies closer still.

Nor does the trickery end there. Beware the charms of a crafty condor and a scholarly monkey – who knows what ruses these mischief-makers have up their sleeves?

You have been warned!

247 [The Monkey and the Turtle](#)
(ASEAN)

256 [Cockadoodle the Rooster and the Little Worm](#) (Spain)

271 [Who Ate Papa Tig's Children?](#)
(Seychelles)

282 [Ber Rabby's Free Lunch](#)
(The Bahamas)

294 [Shasha and Tumbu the Giant Maggot](#) (Sierra Leone)

305 [Chao Ying Phikun Thong, the Princess of Golden Flowers](#) (Thailand)

312 [A Cannibal and Tselane](#) (Lesotho)

319 [Apricot Seed](#) (Tajikistan)

326 [Master Po and the Tiger](#)
(ASEAN)

334 [The Hare and the Baboon](#)
(Zimbabwe)

344 [The Three Sisters and the Fig Tree](#) (Malta)





ASEAN

The Monkey and the Turtle

A story from the Philippines, contributed by the ASEAN Secretariat
Illustrated by Jomike Tejido, in collaboration with Fundacion Sanso

Monkey and Turtle were once dear friends. While on a stroll by the river, they saw a banana plant floating on the water. Turtle decided to swim against the strong current with the tree, while Monkey stood at the edge of the stream and watched.

“Oh, Monkey, I have caught the banana tree. Will you help me drag it to the clearing and plant it? It will grow and there will be sweet bananas for all of us.”







Turtle pulled the tree by its heavy end – the roots and the trunk – across the ground. Monkey carried just a couple of green leaves from the top end of the tree.

**“Share the tree,”
said Monkey.**

**“Very well,”
said Turtle.**





Monkey climbed halfway up the tree, just below where the green leaves grew, and with his strong hands he broke off the top of the tree and ran away with it.

Monkey thought the top part was better, so he planted it and watched in dismay as it died. Meanwhile, Turtle planted the roots and was rewarded with a fine tree with fruits.

Since Turtle could not climb to get the bananas himself, he asked Monkey to get one for him.





Monkey then climbed the banana tree, took one yellow banana and ate it, tossing the skin down upon the shell of Turtle. Monkey ate one banana, then another, and another, burying Turtle under empty banana peels.



An angry Turtle went and fetched thorns and placed them around the trunk of the banana tree. When Monkey found himself full after eating all of the bananas, he jumped down from the tree, only to land on the sharp thorns. Monkey ran, the thorns pushing further into the bottom of his feet with each stride. Full of pain and anger, he sat down to pull the thorns from his feet.

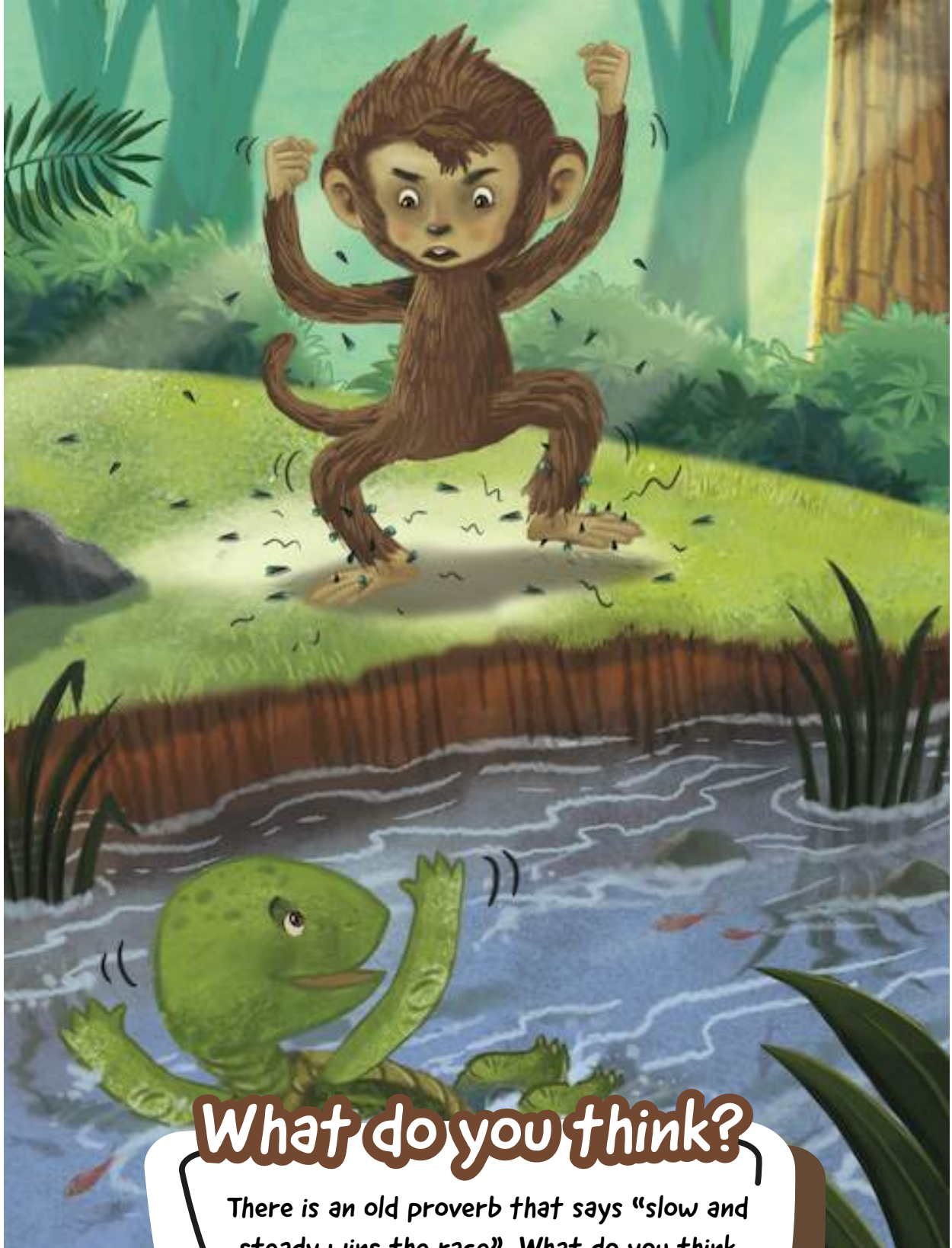
When he was done, he ran and quickly caught Turtle.

"I am going to carry you to the cliffs and dash you down upon the rocks so your shell breaks! I'm going to take you to the top of the mountain of fire and throw you into the flames!"

"Yes, yes," said Turtle. "**Ihagis mo ako sa apoy!** Throw me into the flames!

O kaya'y itulak mo ako sa bangin nang mahulog ako sa batuhan! Yes, dash me from the cliff onto the rocks! **Pero kahit ano pa gawin mo Matsing, huwag na huwag mo lang akong ihahagis sa malakas na agos ng ilog!** But whatever you do, Monkey, don't throw me into the torrent of the river!"

“Ah, that’s what you’re afraid of,” said Monkey. Monkey ran, carrying Turtle to the edge of the river, and tossed him high into the air. Turtle landed with a splash in the deep waters and sank down... and rose to the surface with a bright smile. “Oh, Monkey, don’t you know that turtles love to swim in the river?” And with that, he escaped and left Monkey alone on the riverbank. ■



What do you think?

There is an old proverb that says “slow and steady wins the race”. What do you think it means? Does it apply to this story?



STORYTIME

Extra



NUMBER CRUNCH

Can you do the following sums?

1. - + = ___

2. - = ___

3. - = ___

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

The Philippines' body of myths, tales and belief systems attempts to explain the nature of the world through the lives and actions of gods, heroes and mythological creatures.

Guess what?

Kuwentuhan, in the Philippines' Tagalog language, is associated with the act of sharing and preserving stories.




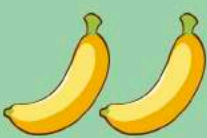




ANSWERS & Solutions

Do you know your addition and subtraction?
Let's see how well you crunched these numbers.

NUMBER CRUNCH

1.  -  +  = 3

2.  -  = 1

3.  -  = 9





SPAIN

Cockadoodle the Rooster and the Little Worm

As told by Antonio Rodríguez Almodóvar

Illustrated by Cristina Erre

A rooster named Cockadoodle was invited to the wedding of his Uncle Cockatiel. On the morning of the big day, Cockadoodle fluffed and tidied his feathers, and left his coop looking smart and stylish.



As he walked and walked, the rooster
came across a worm in the muddy path.
Realising that he had missed his breakfast
that morning, a hungry Cockadoodle said
to himself,

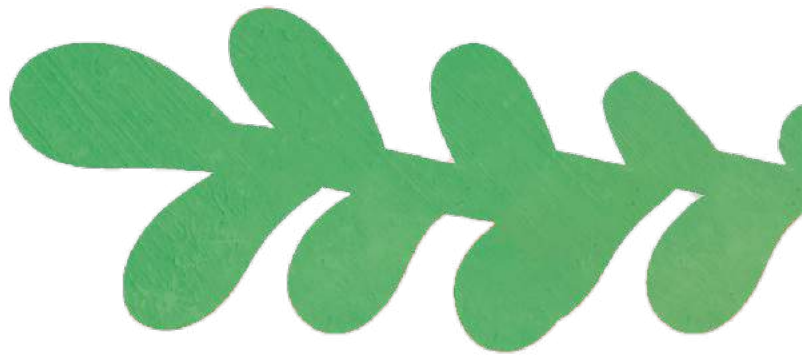
“To peck or not to peck? If I peck at this
worm in the mud, my beak will get dirty
and I won’t be allowed into Uncle
Cockatiel’s wedding.”



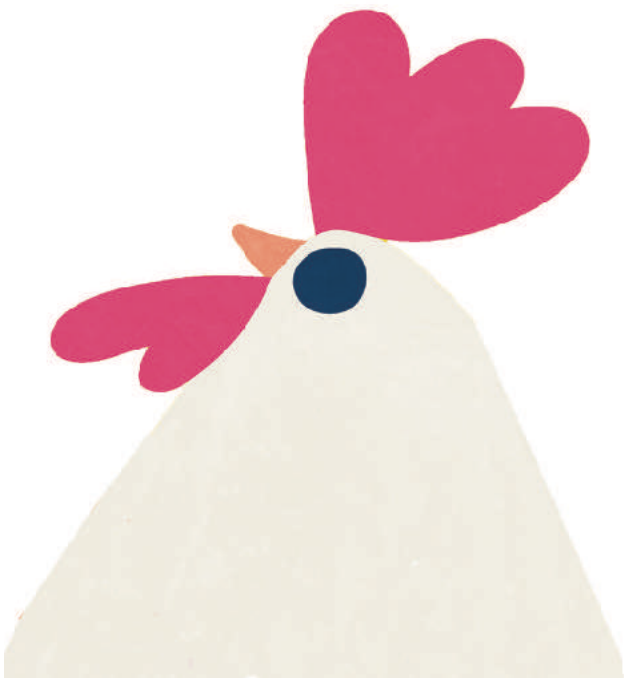


He was still thinking when the worm asked, "Where are you going, Cockadoodle the Rooster?"

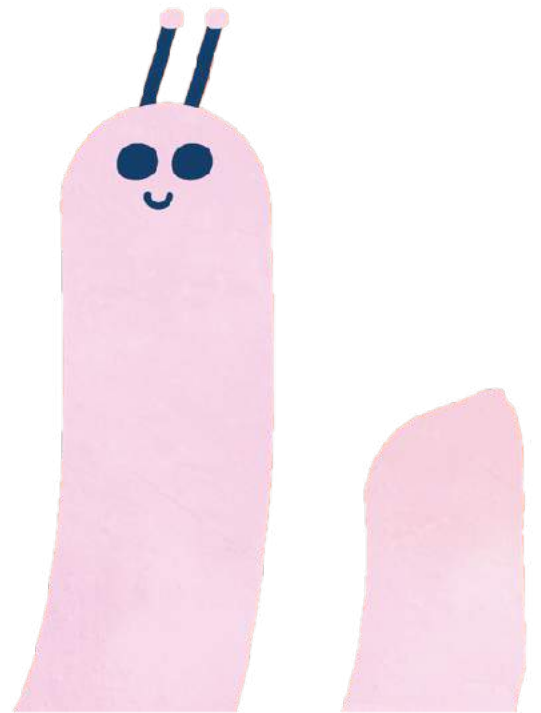
"It's none of your business, so I'm not going to tell you."




"Can I come along?"



"Certainly not," the rooster barked. "You don't have feet and can't even walk."





Cockadoodle saw how big and fat the worm was, and thought about how hungry he was. "Fine, I'll take you with me," Cockadoodle relented. In one big peck, he swallowed the worm whole, but since the worm was in the mud, Cockadoodle dirtied his beak.

"What should I do now? They won't let me go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding with a dirty beak."

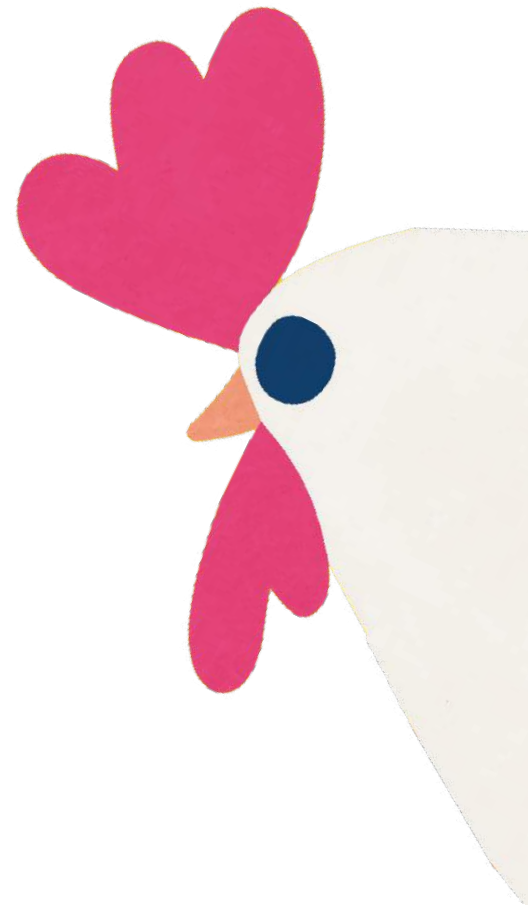
A very worried Cockadoodle continued down the path. He walked and walked, tramped and trekked, until he came across a violet. "Violet, dear violet, clean my beak so I can go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding."

“Okay, but first tell me:
where is the little worm?”



“How should I know? I don’t know
and I don’t care to find out.”

Then, from inside the rooster’s
belly, the worm shouted, “*iAunque
no lo diga, me lleva en la barriga!*
He’s telling lies, I’m here inside!”



“Tricky rooster!” the violet said. “You
lied to me, so I say be on your way and
clean your own beak.”

So a very angry Cockadoodle carried on down the path. Walking and walking, he came across a sheep. "Sheep, dear sheep, eat up the violet that wouldn't clean my beak so that I can go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding."

"Okay, but first tell me: where is the little worm?"



"I don't know and I don't care to find out," said the rooster.

"¡Aunque no lo diga, me lleva en la barriga! He's telling lies, I'm here inside!" said the worm from the rooster's belly.



"Tricky rooster! You lied to me, so I say be on your way."



And Cockadoodle went on, walking faster and faster. He didn't want to be late for Uncle Cockatiel's wedding. He walked and walked, and came across a wolf. "Wolf, dear wolf, eat up the sheep that wouldn't eat the violet that wouldn't clean my beak so that I can go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding."

"Okay, but first tell me:
where is the little worm?"

"I don't know and I don't care to
find out."

Again from the rooster's belly,
the worm shouted, "¡Aunque no lo
diga, me lleva en la barriga! He's
telling lies, I'm here inside!"

"Tricky rooster!" said the wolf. "You lied
to me, so I say be on your way. Or you'll
be guzzled by my muzzle."



A very frightened Cockadoodle ran and ran on his way. Running and running, he came across a stick. "Stick, dear stick, hit the wolf that wouldn't eat the sheep that wouldn't eat the violet that wouldn't clean my beak so I can go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding."

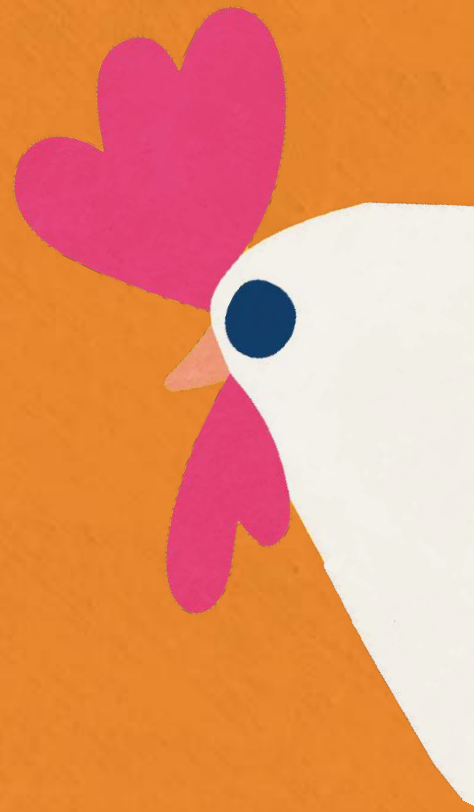
"Okay, but first tell me: where is the little worm?"

Deep in the rooster's belly, the worm bellowed once again, "*iAunque no lo diga, me lleva en la barriga!* He's telling lies, I'm here inside!"

"I don't know and I don't care to find out."



"Tricky rooster! You lied to me, so I say be on your way and clean your own beak."



Cockadoodle hurried away. He ran and ran and came across a fire. "Fire, dear fire, burn the stick that wouldn't hit the wolf that wouldn't eat the sheep that wouldn't eat the violet that wouldn't clean my beak so that I can go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding."

"Okay, but first tell me: where is the a worm?"

"I don't know and I don't care to find out."

"¡Aunque no lo diga, me lleva en la barriga! He's telling lies, I'm here inside!" the worm shouted once more.



"Tricky rooster! You lied to me, so I say be on your way and clean your own beak."

A very angry Cockadoodle ran and kept running until he reached a river. "River water, river water, put out the fire that wouldn't burn the stick that wouldn't hit the wolf that wouldn't eat the sheep that wouldn't eat the violet that wouldn't clean my beak so that I can go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding."



"Okay, but first tell me:
where is the little worm?"

"I don't know and I don't
care to find out."

"¡Aunque no lo diga, me lleva en la
barriga! He's telling lies, I'm here inside!"

"Tricky rooster!" said the
river water. "You lied to me,
so I say be on your way and
clean your own beak."





Cockadoodle, in ever more of a hurry, came across a donkey. "Donkey, dear donkey, drink the water that wouldn't put out the fire that wouldn't burn the stick that wouldn't hit the wolf that wouldn't eat the sheep that wouldn't eat the violet that wouldn't clean my beak so that I can go to Uncle Cockatiel's wedding."

"Okay, but what about the little worm?"

"I don't know and I don't care to find out."

One last time, the little worm cried from the rooster's belly,

"¡Aunque no lo diga, me lleva en la barriga! He's telling lies, I'm here inside!"



“Tricky rooster! You lied to me. Let’s see if I can lighten that load you carry. Take that!”

And the donkey gave the rooster a kick that sent him flying through the air. Cockadoodle was scared, so terribly scared, that he ejected the worm, still in one piece, right out of his you-know-what.



And that's how the little worm was saved at last and Cockadoodle the Rooster finally arrived at his Uncle Cockatiel's wedding. But it turned out there were so many guests that they had run out of food.

And since it was very late, all the shops were closed and there was nowhere to buy more. So the cook, who saw Cockadoodle the Rooster come flying in, do you know what he said? Well...

"This goose is cooked!"

He grabbed Cockadoodle and stuck him in the pot.

And that is the end of this true story. ■

What do you think?

How might the story have ended if Cockadoodle the Rooster had told the truth?



STORYTIME Extra



MATCH THE WORD

Can you match the animal with its Spanish name?

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| Rooster • | • Oveja |
| Worm • | • Gallo |
| Sheep • | • Lobo |
| Wolf • | • Burro |
| Donkey • | • Gusano |

You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?

Antonio Rodríguez Almodóvar is a specialist in Spanish tales of oral tradition. The novelist, poet, playwright and former professor of literature at the University of Seville was awarded the Spanish National Children's and Young Adult Literature Prize in 2005.

Think about it

Do you think it is okay to tell a lie?
Why, or why not?

Did you know?

There are many versions of Cockadoodle the Rooster and the Little Worm. This version was written by one of the best-known Spanish contemporary tale writers, Antonio Rodríguez Almodóvar, and translated by Kate Whittemore.

¿Habla Español?

What does "¡Aunque no lo diga, me lleva en la barriga!" mean?





ANSWERS & Solutions

Did you figure out the Spanish words for our animal friends? Let's find out.

MATCH THE WORD

- | | | | |
|---------|---|---|--------|
| Rooster | • | • | Oveja |
| Worm | • | • | Gallo |
| Sheep | • | • | Lobo |
| Wolf | • | • | Burro |
| Donkey | • | • | Gusano |





SEYCHELLES



Who Ate Papa Tig's Children?

As told by Penda Choppy

Illustrated by Frances Chang-Him

“Sirondann!”

“Zanbaget!”

The South East Monsoon was blowing and there was very little food to put in the stomach. The fish had disappeared to the bottom of the sea. People had padlocked their chicken coops and Medor the dog stood sentry protecting the flock. Everybody knew that in these times, Soungoula did his foraging in their chicken coops and vegetable gardens to fill that deep belly of his.

Papa Tig, on the other hand, was quite fat. Papa Tig was a strong fellow who could forage deep into the forest. He was not lazy like Soungoula. Papa Tig had recently become father to seven little baby tigers and he had to make sure they ate well, monsoon or not.

It was not the same story for Soungoula. Hunger was hard for him. Every morning, Soungoula observed Papa Tig as he and his seven little ones strolled past. Soungoula's eyes lingered on their fat, full little bellies and he started thinking.



One morning, when Papa Tig was out with his children, he was surprised to see a fellow with a long tail pass by with six pens in his jacket pocket. He held a huge book beneath his arm. Papa Tig said to himself, "That must be a really clever guy."

"Good morning, good morning, Papa Tig. See how well-fed your children look." Papa Tig did not take long to fall into the trap. "Brer Sounoula, is that you? But where did you get all these pens?"

"My brother, things have changed in this life. Education before all. I am about to open a school for young children. We must teach our children," Sounoula replied.



The next day, when Papa Tig passed Sougoula's house with his children, he heard reciting. "A, B, C, D! A, B, C, D!"

Papa Tig was curious. He tried to peer in, but all the windows were closed and he couldn't see anything. When he next met Sougoula, he asked, "Brer Sougoula, how is your school going? When I pass by your house, all I hear is A, B, C, D!"

"Oh Papa Tig, my school is almost full. There aren't many places left. You know how I love to teach young children. I don't like to see them growing up ignorant."

Not wanting his seven children to grow up ignorant, he immediately enrolled them in Sougoula's school. But, there were conditions.

"When children are learning," Sougoula said, "it is not good to interrupt them. All the children who learn at my school stay there until they have completed everything. But their parents can come to see them every day."

Papa Tig was a little wary. Sougoula explained that every evening, he would show the children to him through the window, but Papa Tig could not come too close in case it distracted the children and stopped them from learning.

On the first day that the little tigers were at Sougoula's house, he ate one. In the evening, when Papa Tig came to see them, Sougoula went to the window and lifted them one by one, counting as he went.

"One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six!"





But there was one missing. What do you think Sougoula did? He hurried and changed the first little tiger into the clothes of the one he had eaten. Then he lifted him up and declared, "Seven!"

Papa Tig was satisfied. He had seen seven little tigers. The distance from the house that Sougoula had imposed did not allow him to tell the children apart. So he left, to return the next day.

The next day, Sougoula ate the second tiger, then he continued teaching the others.

"A, B, C, D! A, B, C, D!"

Papa Tig heard the recital and swelled up with pride, happy that his little children were learning. In the evening, he hurried to see them, and Sougoula repeated the same drama as before.

"Enn! De! Trwa! Kat! Senk! One! Two! Three! Four! Five!"



Six and seven took a little while, but at last Sougoula lifted them up for Papa Tig to see. Papa Tig saw seven children because they were dressed in seven different sets of clothes. With each passing day, Sougoula ate a little tiger, then dressed the rest in clothes of the missing ones, until one day he had eaten them all. What to do now? There were no more children to show to Papa Tig. Papa Tig would know something was wrong. That was when Sougoula started to think of Papa Tig's fury. He thought of Papa Tig's big claws. Oh, that was certain death.

The Elders say that cats have seven lives. Sougoula has more than that. After a good rest to digest the seventh little tiger, he got up and formulated a plan. In the evening, when Papa Tig came, Sougoula was ready. What was strange was that on this day, Papa Tig could come closer. He did not hear "A, B, C, D!" at all. There was barely a sound.

However, Papa Tig could hear groaning. Oh yes, that was Sougoula's voice. What could have happened? True enough, when Papa Tig got near him, Sougoula was sitting with his hand supporting his jaw, tears streaming down his face.

"Sougoula, what has happened? Where are the children?"

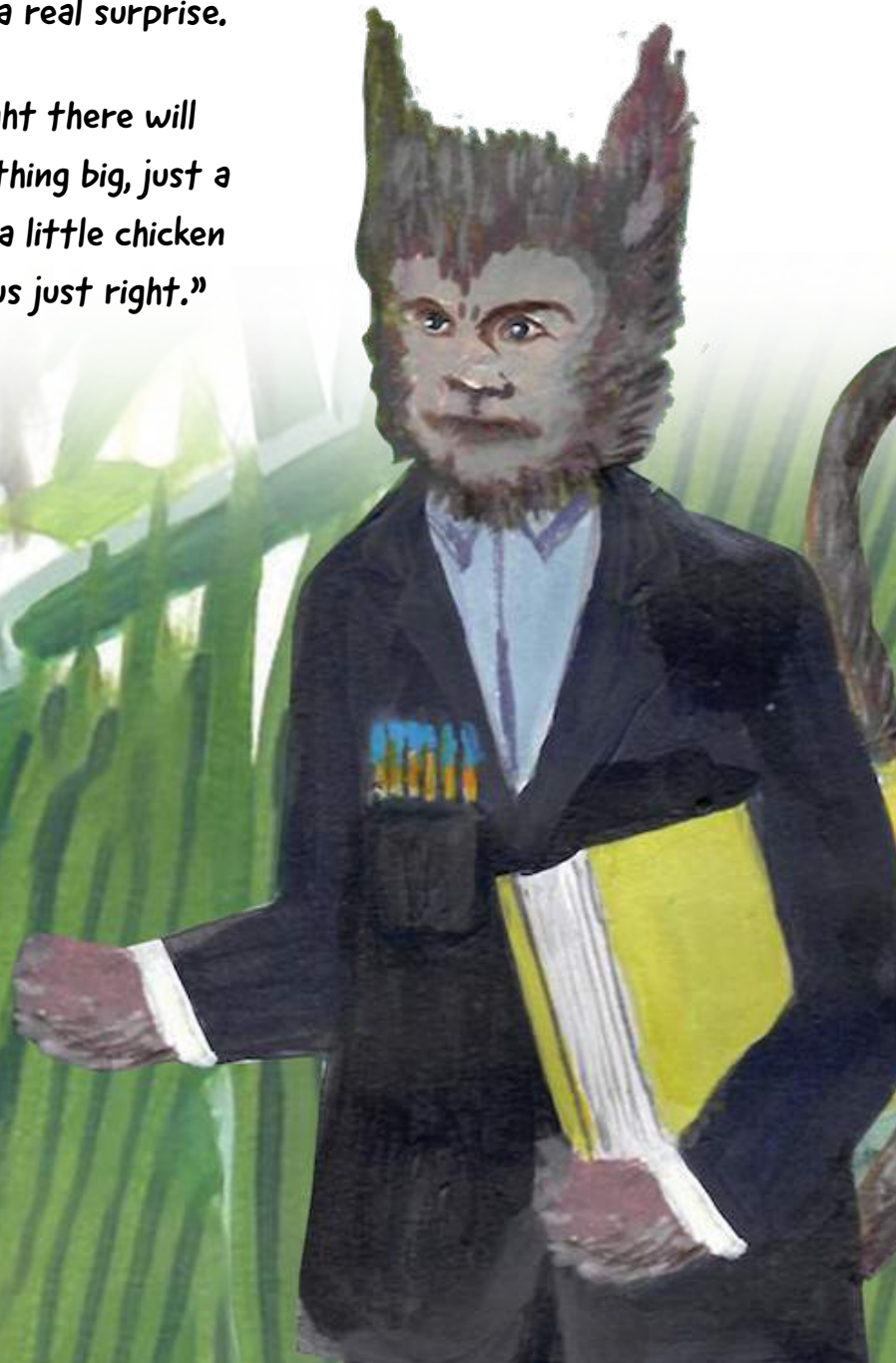
"Oh dear, Papa Tig. Last night a thief came and stole all the children. Now I don't know what to do."



Papa Tig saw lightning. He did not want to accept what he had heard. "What's that, Sounjoula? My children are not here? You have until tonight to bring them all back. All seven of them, you hear? If I come back tonight and you haven't brought them back, you will know who I am."

Sounjoula was terrified. How was he going to escape from this situation? That very night, Papa Tig was going to eat him. Oh, no! Not this Sounjoula. He settled in his armchair to think of a good trick. Before long, he was seen going towards Brer Monkey's house. Brer Monkey was next door trying to boil some banana flowers. These days, farmers cut down their bananas before they were ripe enough for monkeys to eat. What could one do? Only the flowers were left on the ground. When Brer Monkey saw Sounjoula coming, he hurriedly hid his boiled banana flowers in the bushes because he did not want to share it with him, even though they were supposed to be good friends. When there was hunger, nobody was a friend. However, what Sounjoula had to tell him was a real surprise.

"Brer Monkey, my good friend. Tonight there will be a small occasion at my house. Nothing big, just a little dance among friends. I've got a little chicken to put in the pot, I think it will fix us just right."





A chicken in the pot! Brer Monkey could not remember the last time he had had chicken. He jumped to accept Sougoula's invitation. However, Sougoula was not done yet. As usual, there were conditions.

"Brer Monkey, I will sing a new song which I've just composed. I will sing out, you will answer."

Brer Monkey was happy to accept any conditions. So, Sougoula taught him the song.

"Brer Monkey, I will sing: **Lekel ki'n manz piti Papa Tig?** Who ate Papa Tig's children? You will answer: **Mwan sa, Mwan sa, Mwan sa! Pour ganny lapo pour fer beleke ek beleko!** It's me! It's me! It's me! To get the skin, to make beleke and beleko!"

Har ya! Brer Monkey was careful to learn the song very well so he could sing later tonight. Before six o'clock, he was at Sougoula's house. When he got there, he saw a boiling pot. A little steam and some bubbles escaped from under the lid from time to time. Ahh! Dinner was ready. Tonight he would eat chicken. Sougoula had an old broken violin over his shoulder and was trying to tune it.



“Brer Monkey, the food is not ready yet, so what do you say? Shall we tune up?”

“Of course, Brer Sougoula. I am ready when you are.”

It wasn't long before the ball was in full swing.

“Lekel ki'n manz piti Papa Tig? Who ate Papa Tig's children?”

“Mwan sa, Mwan sa, Mwan sa! Pour ganny lapo pour fer beleke ek beleko! It's me! It's me! It's me! To get the skin, to make beleke and beleko!”

Brer Monkey was so happy at the prospect of having some chicken to eat that he jumped as he sang, until he was almost reaching the ceiling. Sougoula gave that violin everything he had. He thought Papa Tig must almost be there. He played louder and louder, and Brer Monkey jumped higher and higher, and sang louder and louder. True enough, Papa Tig was not far. As he approached, he was thinking about what he would do to Sougoula if he did not get his children back. When he heard the din, he stood back a little and listened. That was Sougoula's voice. He listened harder. It was then that he understood the song.

“Lekel ki'n manz piti Papa Tig? Who ate Papa Tig's children?”

“Mwan sa, Mwan sa, Mwan sa! Pour ganny lapo pour fer beleke ek beleko! It's me! It's me! It's me! To get the skin, to make beleke and beleko!”



Papa Tig looked through the window and saw Brer Monkey responding to Soungoula's chorus. He burst inside and went for Brer Monkey. Brer Monkey only had time to see Papa Tig's claws coming for him. He told his feet to carry him, his tail stuck to his back as he went. It was a good thing the Great Master had given him long arms so he could swing up into the tree branches, otherwise that would have been the end of him. Soungoula almost died with laughter.

And that is why the Elders always say, as long as there are fools, the clever will always live. ■

What do you think?

Why is it important to go to school and get an education?



STORYTIME

Extra



NUMBER CRUNCH

Can you do the following sums?

1.  +  = _____

2.  -  = _____

3.  +  -  = _____

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

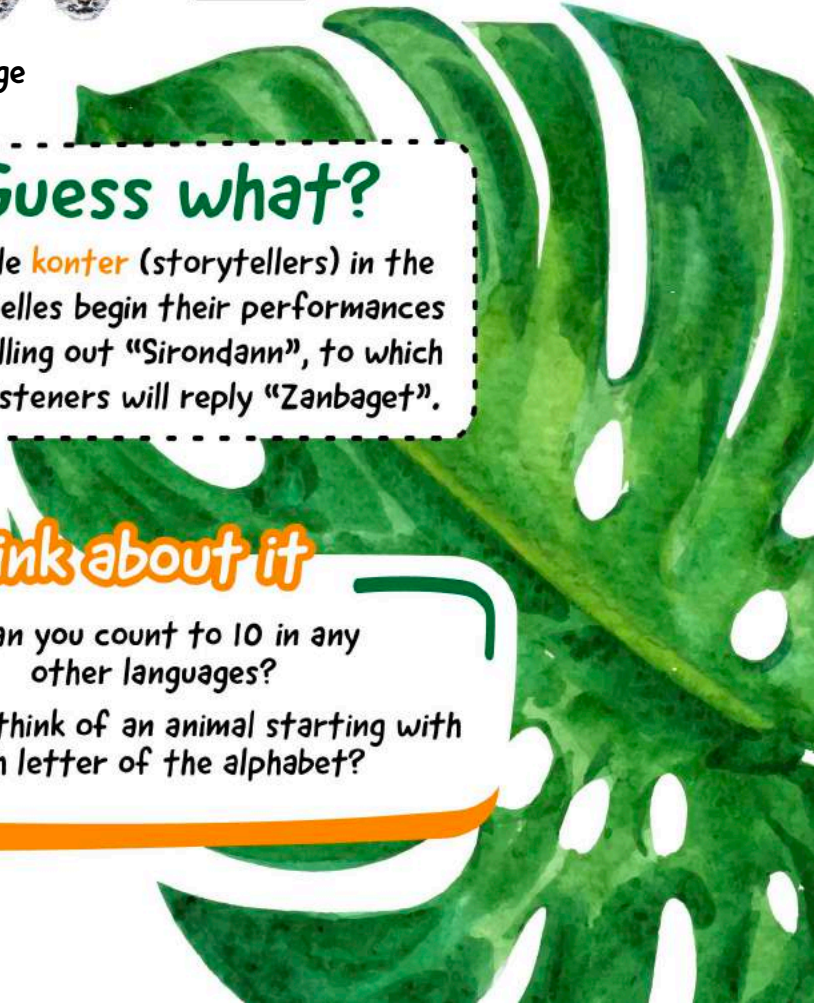
Rakont zistwar (storytelling) is a treasured part of Seychellois heritage, and storytellers and singers pass on culture and social customs through folk tales, stories and songs.

Guess what?

Creole **konter** (storytellers) in the Seychelles begin their performances by calling out "Sirondann", to which the listeners will reply "Zanbaget".

Think about it

- Can you count to 10 in any other languages?
- Can you think of an animal starting with each letter of the alphabet?





ANSWERS & Solutions

Do you know your addition and subtraction?
Let's see how well you crunched these numbers.

NUMBER CRUNCH

1.  +  = 5

2.  -  = 5

3.  +  -  = 3





THE BAHAMAS

Ber Rabby's Free Lunch

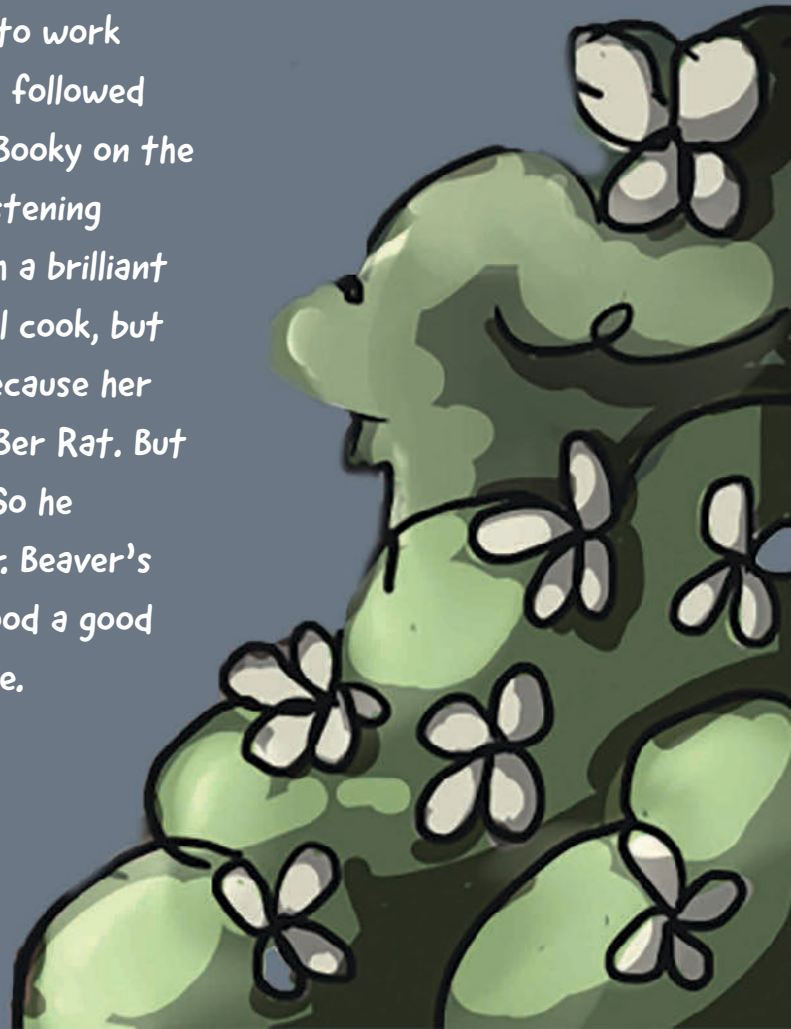
As told by Heather L. Thompson

Illustrated by V'ajha Clarke

Ber Booky the Goat and Ber Rabby the Rabbit were the best of friends. Most people marveled at their uncommon friendship. What do you think was the secret to their special bond?

Well, Ber Booky's slow wit complemented Ber Rabby's quick wit, and often caused much amusement to Ber Rabby. However, both friends loved to play the fiddle and could often be found jamming together.

One early morning, Ber Rat was on his way to work when he heard a lively tune. He stopped and followed the sound to Ber Booky's hut, and saw Ber Booky on the step playing the fiddle with great gusto. Listening intently to the music, Ber Rat came up with a brilliant idea. His sister, Mrs. Beaver, was a wonderful cook, but Ber Rat was rarely invited to their home because her husband, Mr. Beaver, was not at all fond of Ber Rat. But Ber Rat knew that Mr. Beaver loved music. So he thought that if he brought Ber Booky to Mr. Beaver's house to give a musical performance, he stood a good chance of enjoying a fine meal at their home.



Ber Rat said to Ber Booky, "Ber Booky, I know things have been hard lately and you are looking very thin. My brother in law, Mr. Beaver, has done very well for himself. Why don't you come with me for lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Beaver?" Ber Booky's eyes opened wide like saucers and he agreed immediately. Ber Rat said, "Okay Ber Booky, I'll come for you at **day-clean** tomorrow, as Mr. Beaver lives a long way off. However, you will have to bring your fiddle so you can sing for your supper, as they say."

Ber Booky was so excited, he could hardly sleep that night. He tossed and turned, and when he did sleep he dreamt of the splendid meal he would have. Stewed conch, peas and grits, steamed okra, sweet potatoes and corn with guava duff for dessert were on top of his list.





The next morning, Ber Rat arrived promptly. Ber Booky could hardly contain his excitement, he bounded out of his hut and began to urge Ber Rat to move quickly. "Ber Rat, make haste, make haste. I am so hungry I could eat a cow, we don't have time to waste." Ber Rat was not in a hurry though, and after a mile they came to a watermelon field. "Ber Booky, I'm a little thirsty. Let's have one of these watermelons to quench our thirst and whet our appetite. Fetch me one of those watermelons, I'm tired and I need to rest a while." Ber Booky obliged. Ber Rat told Ber Booky to split the watermelon and peel it. Lo and behold, he then told Ber Booky to give him the succulent red fruit and to take the rind. Although annoyed, Ber Booky did as he was told because visions of stewed conch were dancing in his head.

They left the watermelon field and soon came to a very narrow lane, filled with wet sand and bordered by rocks. Ber Booky started to climb up the rocks but Ber Rat told Ber Booky to come down and go on the sand. It was quite a struggle for Ber Booky to walk in the sand but knowing that he would eat Mrs. Beaver's delicious meal soon, he did as he was told. Ber Rat managed the rocks quite easily and was waiting for Ber Booky at the end of the lane. Ber Booky's feet became very dirty from the sand. Ber Rat said, "Ber Booky, I thought goats could walk anywhere. That's why I told you to walk in the sand. You don't make a very good goat." Ber Booky took a long, deep breath and continued following Ber Rat in silence.

After another hour or so, Ber Booky asked, "Ber Rat, how much longer? I am getting really tired."

"Oh not too much longer now. We can rest under that tree for a few minutes, I really thought goats had more stamina," said Ber Rat.



Ber Booky hung his head in shame and headed for the tree. Ber Rat said, "Because you are so big, you can massage your aching muscles by rubbing up against the tree and I will roll in the shepherd needle bush nearby. Ber Booky rubbed just one shoulder against the tree and immediately drew back, "Ber Rat, I am itching. I think something is wrong with this tree." In the middle of his wonderful roll in the bush, Ber Rat looked up. "Oh, I'm so sorry Ber Booky, that's a poison wood tree. You must be allergic. I'm so sorry, I didn't look at it closely enough." Ber Booky was furious, but since they had come all this way he thought he had better bite his tongue.



With dirty feet and itchy fur, Ber Booky trudged after Ber Rat until finally, they had reached their destination. Ber Booky cheered up immediately when he saw the house and the surrounding fields. He thought to himself, "This is so much nicer than my hut. Just look at all the guavas, mangos, watermelons, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, tomatoes and okras. Every fruit and vegetable you could imagine, they have in abundance. I shall ask them if I can have some to take home with me." Ber Rat told Ber Booky, "Now to ensure we get a meal, please start playing before we reach inside and when they do open the door and let us in, I will say ' Good afternoon, lady and gentleman, how do you do today?' Then you will say, ' Good afternoon you hogs, I only came for the food.' Mr. Beaver has a strange sense of humour and will find this very funny."



Ber Booky began to play, and he thought to himself that his fiddle had never sounded sweeter. Mr. Beaver must have thought so too because he opened the door and beckoned them inside. When they stepped into the house Ber Rat said, "Good afternoon, lady and gentleman, how do you do today?" Ber Booky couldn't wait to say his piece. "Good afternoon you hogs, I only came for the food." Shocked and hurt, Mr. Beaver rushed up to Ber Booky and kicked him out of the door. "How dare you offend my wife like this. Go away and don't ever come back," yelled Mr. Beaver. Ber Booky was most upset to see that instead of defending him, Ber Rat was laughing so hard that his sides could burst.

Poor Ber Booky was hungry, tired and dirty. He trudged back home, but stopped at Ber Rabby's hut to tell him how disgusted he was with Ber Rat and Mr. Beaver. Ber Rabby gave Ber Booky a glass of water and paid special attention to Ber Booky's description of the fields of fruit and vegetables. That evening, Ber Rabby took his own fiddle and made his way to Ber Rat's home. He pretended to be lost in thought and started playing his fiddle. Soon enough, Ber Rat approached and asked if he would like to have a free meal at his sister's house.

"All you need to do is play your fiddle," said Ber Rat.

"Yes, I would be delighted," said Ber Rabby. They set off early the next morning.

Ber Rat took the same route as he had with Ber Booky. Ber Rat asked Ber Rabby to fetch a watermelon, just as he had asked Ber Booky. Ber Rabby did so but did not eat the rind. He told Ber Rat that his dentist advised him not to eat anything too hard as he had a gum infection. Despite his irritation, Ber Rat shared his juicy red fruit with Ber Rabby. He wanted Mr. Beaver to hear Ber Rabby play the fiddle, so he shrugged his shoulders and the two of them clambered over the rocks together.



When Ber Rat asked Ber Rabby to walk in the sand, Ber Rabby told Ber Rat that he had not brought the right shoes, so he clambered onto the rocks with Ber Rat.

This time, it was Ber Rat who was fuming. When they reached the poison wood tree, Ber Rat urged Ber Rabby to take a massage, but Ber Rabby said that he would like to keep Ber Rat company even though the tree looked very inviting. They rolled in the shepherd needle bush together.



Ber Rat was quite frustrated that Ber Rabby had not fallen for any of his tricks. He asked Ber Rabby to play the fiddle before they entered the house, but Ber Rabby said that he could not play on an empty stomach. Ber Rat was almost resigned to Ber Rabby's presence at lunch, but he had one more trick up his sleeve. He said, "I will tell our hosts, 'Good afternoon, lady and gentleman, how do you do today?' Then you will say, 'Good afternoon you hogs, I only came for the food.' Mr. Beaver has a strange sense of humour and will find this very funny." Ber Rabby nodded.

As they entered the house Ber Rat said, "Good afternoon, lady and gentleman, how do you do today?" His mouth watered as he smelled the fried jacks, peas and rice. He waited impatiently for Ber Rabby to say something but Ber Rabby looked at him with doleful eyes, scratched his head and whispered that he could not remember what he should say. Ber Rat shouted, "Good afternoon you hogs, I only came for the food."



Mr. Beaver was incensed and kicked Ber Rat out the door. In the meantime, Ber Rabby started fiddling and Mr. and Mrs. Beaver were thrilled with his performance. They sat down to a three-course meal and when Ber Rabby had his fill of conch fritters, fried fish, peas, rice, fried plantain, potato salad and coconut tart, he picked up his fiddle and started playing again. It was the best lunch Ber Rabby had eaten in a very long time. ■

What do you think?

If you could play any musical instrument, which would you choose? What song would you play?





STORYTIME

Extra

WORLD MUSIC



Can you match the musical instrument with its country of origin?

Sheng •

(a mouth-blown instrument consisting of vertical pipes, which produces many different sounds at once)

Didgeridoo •

(a long wooden tube carved from a hollow branch, known for its deep, resonant sound)

Steelpan •

(a percussion instrument used for playing Calypso music)

Vuvuzela •

(a long plastic horn, often heard at football matches)

Tabla •

(a pair of twin drums, often played using the pressure of the heel of the hand to vary the pitch)

• South Africa

• China

• Australia

• India

• Trinidad and Tobago



You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?

Ber Rabby is recognised as a trickster in many Bahamian folk tales, and can be compared to Sounoula the Monkey and Ijapa the Tortoise, featured in other stories within this book.

Did you know?

In Caribbean and West African nations, the term "day-clean" refers to time after the first dawn, when the sun begins to shine. So, when Ber Rat told Ber Booky that he would pick him up at "day-clean", he meant that he would arrive at daybreak.

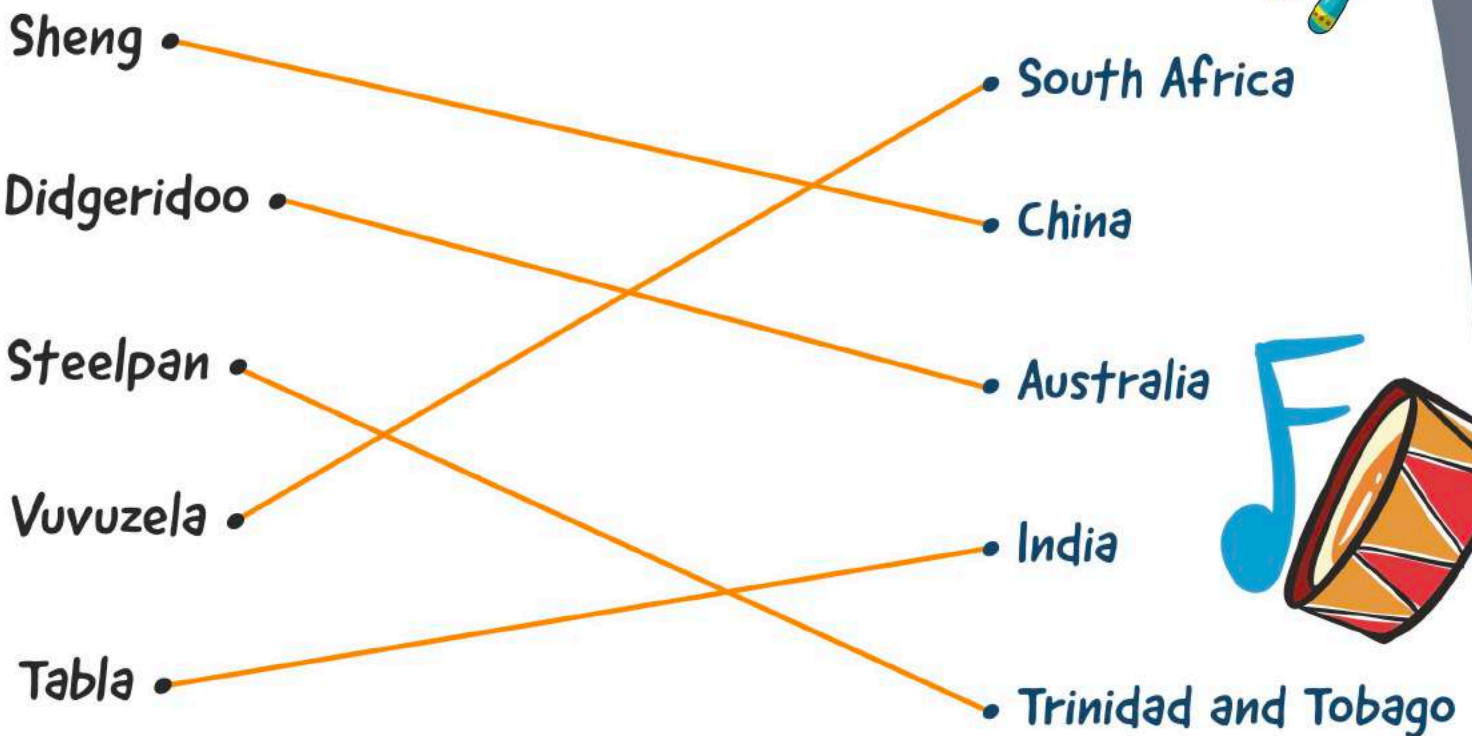


ANSWERS & Solutions

Let's see if you struck the right note when matching these musical instruments with their countries of origin.



WORLD MUSIC





SIERRA LEONE

Shasha and Tumbu the Giant Maggot

As told by Mohamed Sheriff
Illustrated by Julius Parker

This is our story...

Once there was a smart little girl named Shasha. Curious and brave, she wanted to know everything. She lived with her family in the village of Wondi, which was surrounded by a beautiful forest.



In this forest lived a creature called Tumbu, who looked exactly like a maggot. But Tumbu was a giant maggot. Smaller than a grown-up elephant yet far bigger than a cow, he was a wonderful sight to see.

People loved to watch Tumbu while he was sleeping, but nobody dared venture close enough to disturb him. Tumbu became very angry when woken up. He slept most of the day and moved around at night looking for food. Tumbu was a quiet and peaceful creature, but could attack when angry or hungry. The villagers believed he could swallow a whole child if he became very hungry.



In Wondi, animals were protected by law. People killed only animals that were hunted for food, or those that wounded or killed people. All other animals were left alone. So, Tumbu was left alone to live peacefully and happily in the forest. He too left the people alone, letting them watch him from afar.

Children were warned not to go close to Tumbu. They were not even allowed to watch him by themselves. But Shasha was curious. She wanted to know everything about Tumbu.

"Is Tumbu's skin tough or soft?" she asked one day during supper.

"We don't know," Mama and Papa answered.

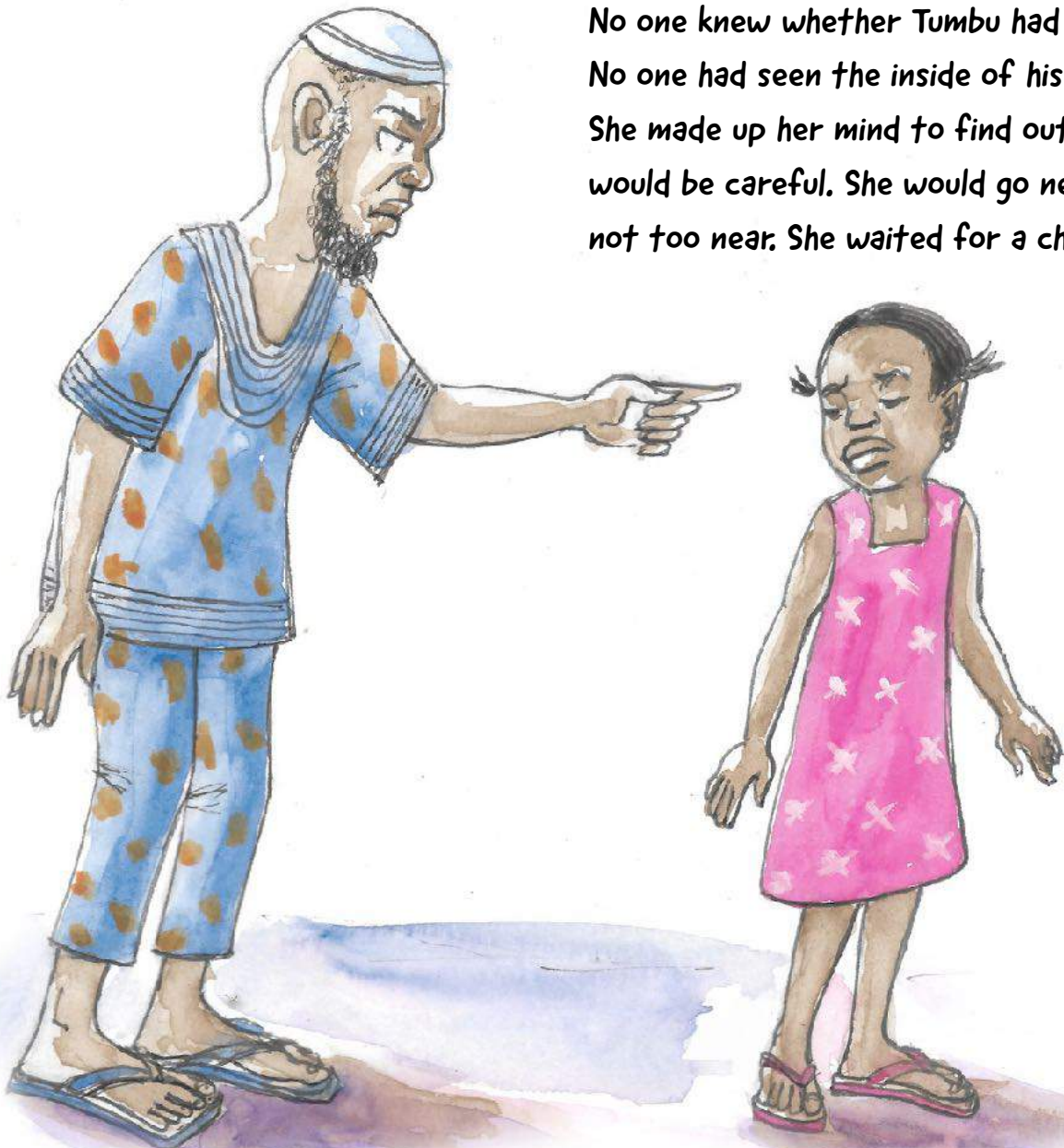
"I will find out more about Tumbu for myself," Shasha told Bukari, her older brother. Bukari told their parents.

"You know you must not go near Tumbu," Mama said.

"*Ar di se i lakunon na ni konko ka mida.* He will swallow you whole if he is hungry," Papa warned, and made Shasha promise not to go near Tumbu.

Shasha felt sad. She wanted to know many things about Tumbu.

No one knew whether Tumbu had teeth. No one had seen the inside of his mouth. She made up her mind to find out, but she would be careful. She would go near, but not too near. She waited for a chance.





One day Bukari took Shasha and the other children in their compound to go and pick mangoes in the nearby forest.

Half a mile inside the forest, they saw Tumbu sleeping under a tree far away from them. They stopped for a while to watch him and they all admired the great size of this giant maggot. They continued their journey holding their empty baskets and soon came to a place where there were lots of mangoes.

Bukari asked them to fill their baskets. He climbed from tree to tree, plucking mangoes, while the other children gathered them in their baskets.

Shasha coaxed four of her friends to join her to go back and watch Tumbu. They went quietly. The others did not notice.

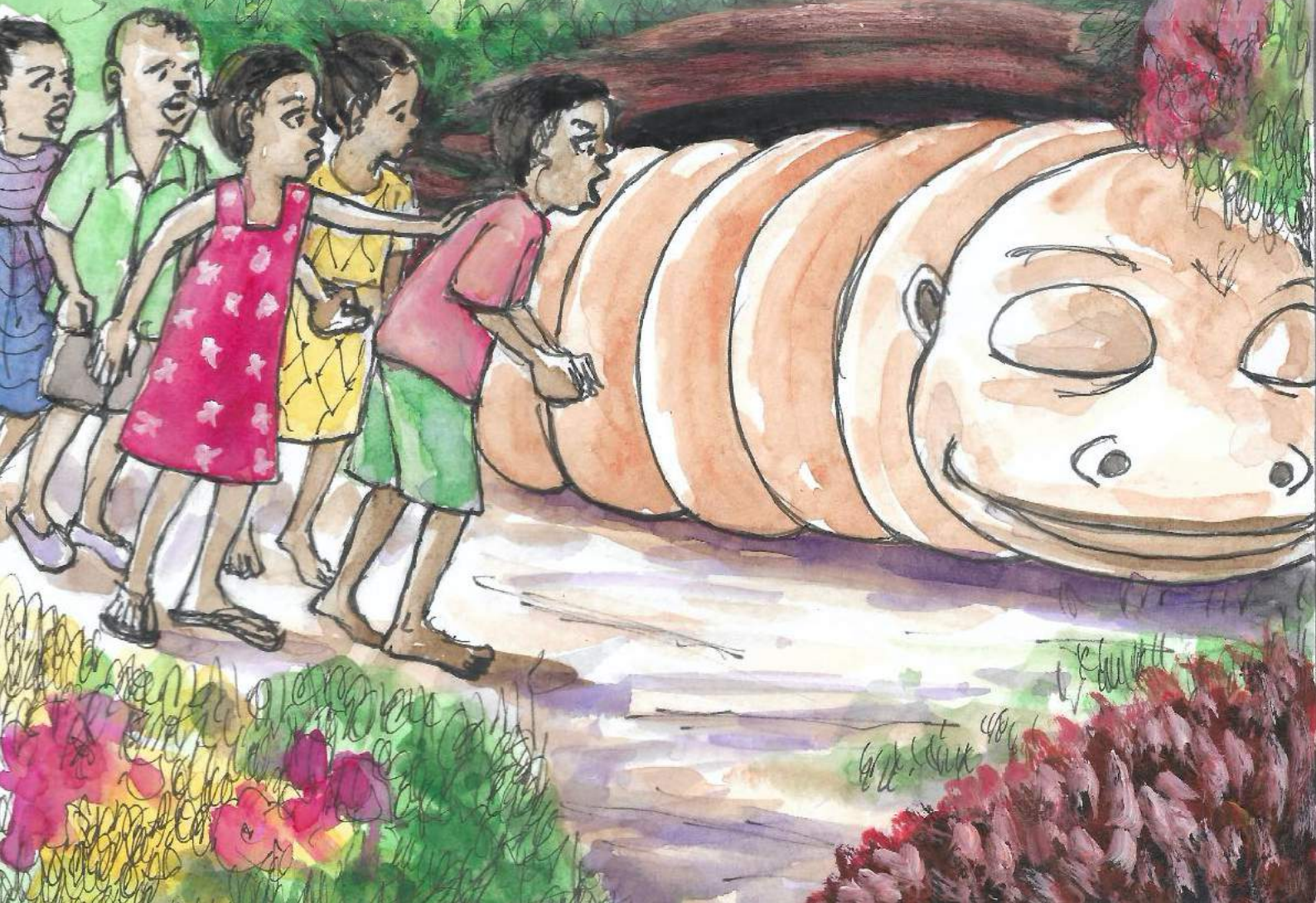
Tumbu was fast asleep. They could hear him snoring. "We will take turns to go near and watch. Tamba you go first," Shasha said. Tamba went forward but did not go very close.

"You go next, Makalay," Shasha said. Makalay went forward. She went closer than Tamba, but not very close.

"You go next, Khalifa," Shasha said. Khalifa went forward, watched and returned quickly.

"Your turn now, Jenebu," Shasha said. Jenebu too watched and returned quickly.

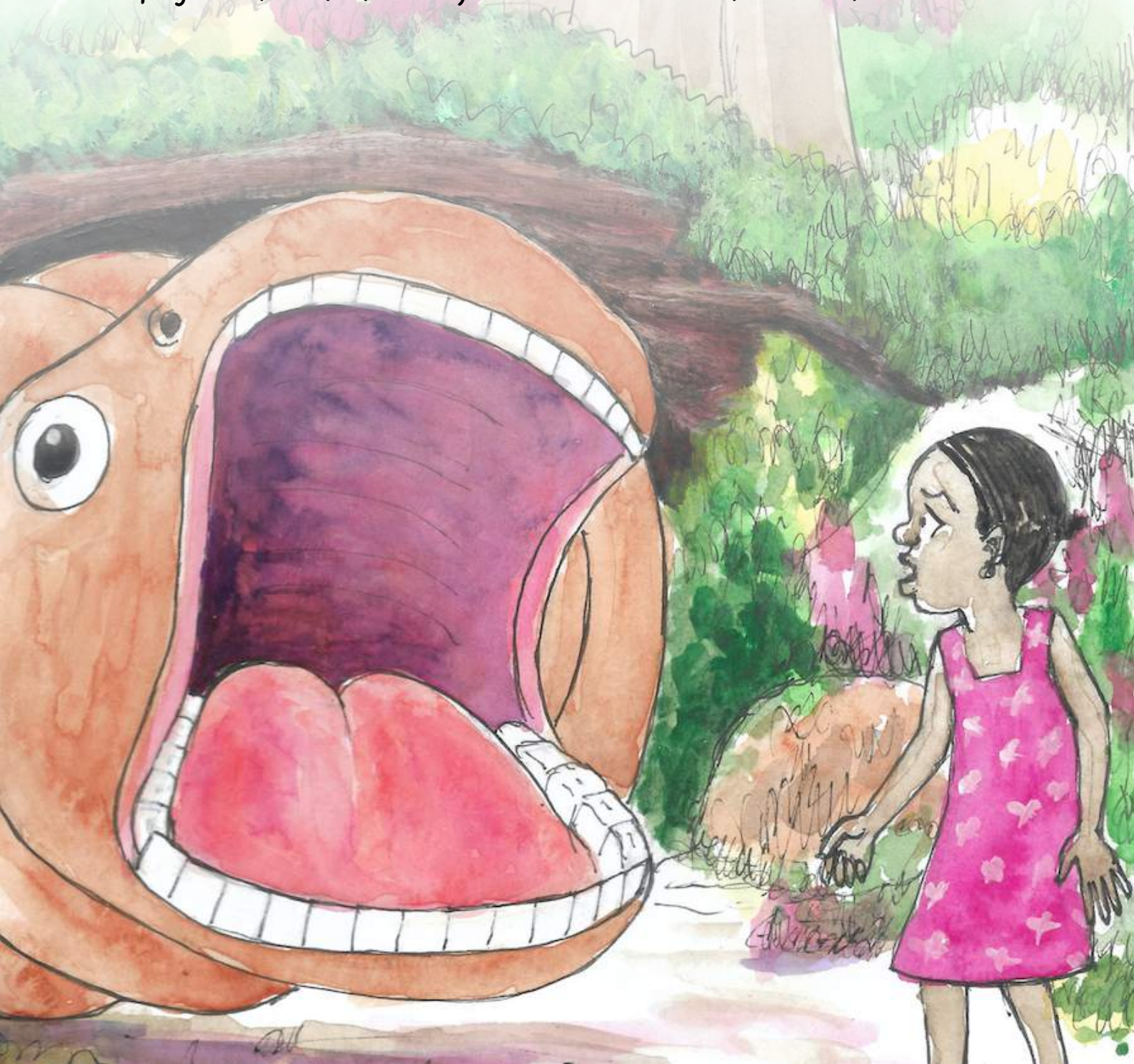
"Now it's my turn," Shasha said and went forward.

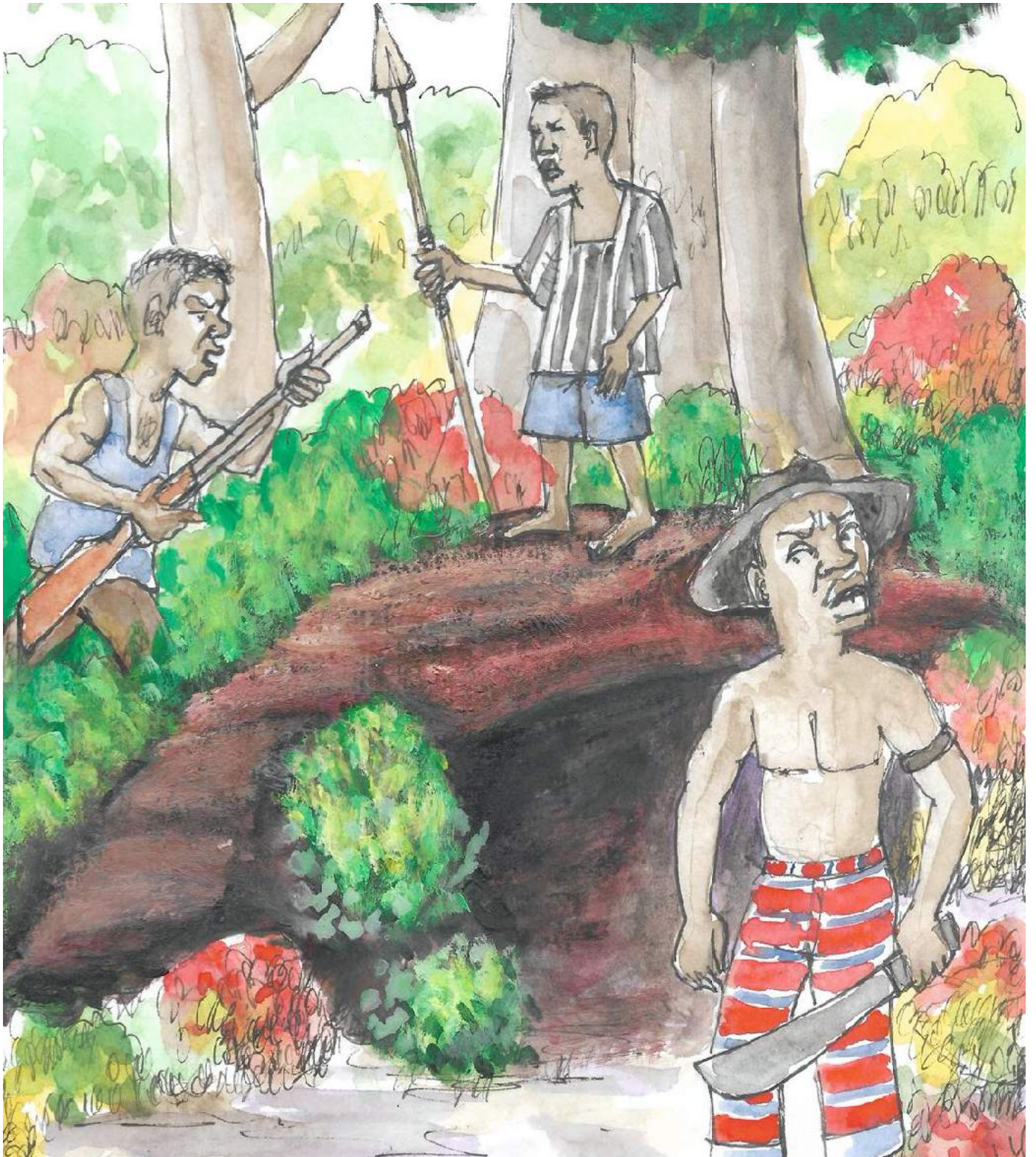


She went closer than Jenebu. Too close. She stood and watched. Then she sat and watched. Then she jumped up and down and watched. Then she went even closer and watched. Her friends told her to be careful, but she did not hear them. They became very afraid. They ran back to tell Bukari and the others.

Shasha continued to watch Tumbu. She laid down and watched him. Then she stood on her head and watched him. And, finally, she stood right in front of Tumbu's mouth and watched him.

At that moment, Tumbu opened his mouth wide and swallowed the young girl in one gulp. As she was being swallowed, Shasha noticed that Tumbu's very large mouth was lined with very small teeth. Bukari and the others rushed back. They found Tumbu fast asleep again and saw that his belly was swollen. Tumbu had swallowed Shasha whole!





The children ran to the village to tell the grown-ups. The chief and the elders had a meeting. The chief told the hunters to capture Tumbu and save Shasha. Everyone felt sorry for Tumbu. He was such a wonderful creature.

But the hunters did not catch Tumbu. Their footsteps woke him up and he escaped into the thick forest beyond Wondi. The hunters chased him and searched everywhere. Days turned into months, which turned into years spent searching. Finally, they stopped. They believed they would never find Tumbu again.

Three years after Tumbu disappeared with Shasha, he returned to Wondi Forest. It was another mango season and Bukari and the other children were out again picking the sweet juicy fruit. They were greatly surprised to see Tumbu back in the forest, sleeping in the same spot where they saw him three years prior when he swallowed poor Shasha.

The children ran to the village to tell the grown-ups. The chief sent the hunters to go after Tumbu. "Make sure he doesn't escape this time. Bring him to the village centre alive."

This time the hunters were very careful. They captured Tumbu and took him to the village centre. The chief, the elders and all the villagers were waiting. The chief ordered the chief hunter to open Tumbu's belly. Nobody knew what they would find inside. Would Shasha still be there? If she was there, would she be alive?

The chief hunter took out his knife. The people held their breath. But before the hunter could cut him, Tumbu opened his mouth wide. For the first time people saw the inside of Tumbu's mouth. He had a fine set of teeth.

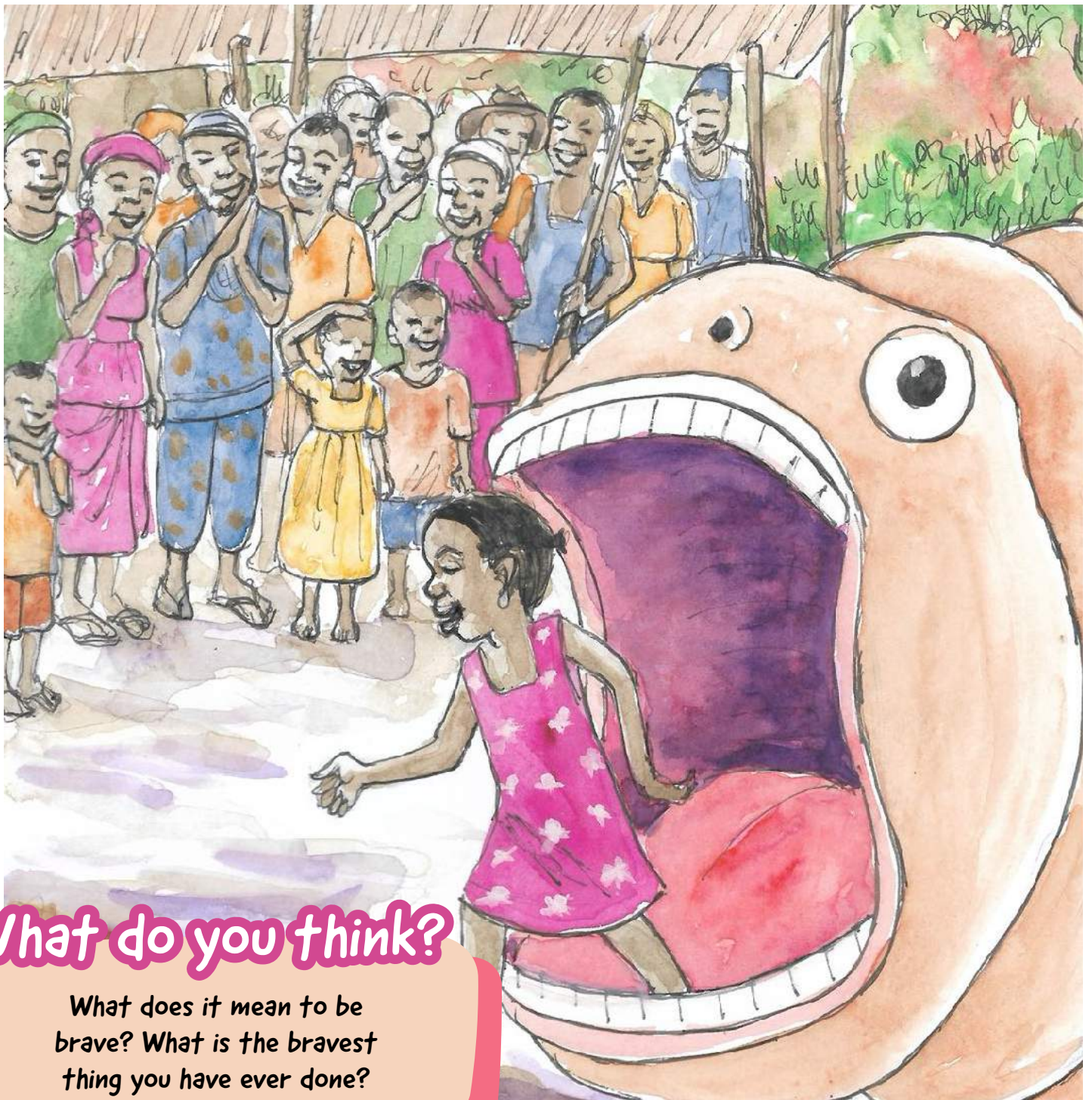


As they watched, out came Shasha.

Crying from happiness, she embraced her mother and father. She embraced her brother Bukari. She embraced her friends, Tamba, Makalay, Khalifa and Jenebu. Everyone in the village rejoiced. Shasha's father slaughtered two goats. The women went to work preparing food and drinks. The musicians were invited. They had a great feast celebrating the return of Shasha. The feasting continued until late in the night.

Tumbu was taken back to the forest where he lived happily ever after next to the people of Wondi.

And Shasha never disobeyed her parents again. ■



What do you think?

What does it mean to be brave? What is the bravest thing you have ever done?



STORYTIME

Extra



Did you know?

- Storytelling is a lively tradition in Sierra Leone, incorporating dance, drumming and singing to enhance the story and provide entertainment.
- Shasha and Tumbu the Giant Maggot is a version of a Mandingo folktale handed down through several generations. The theme and moral lesson of the story are as relevant today as they were centuries ago.

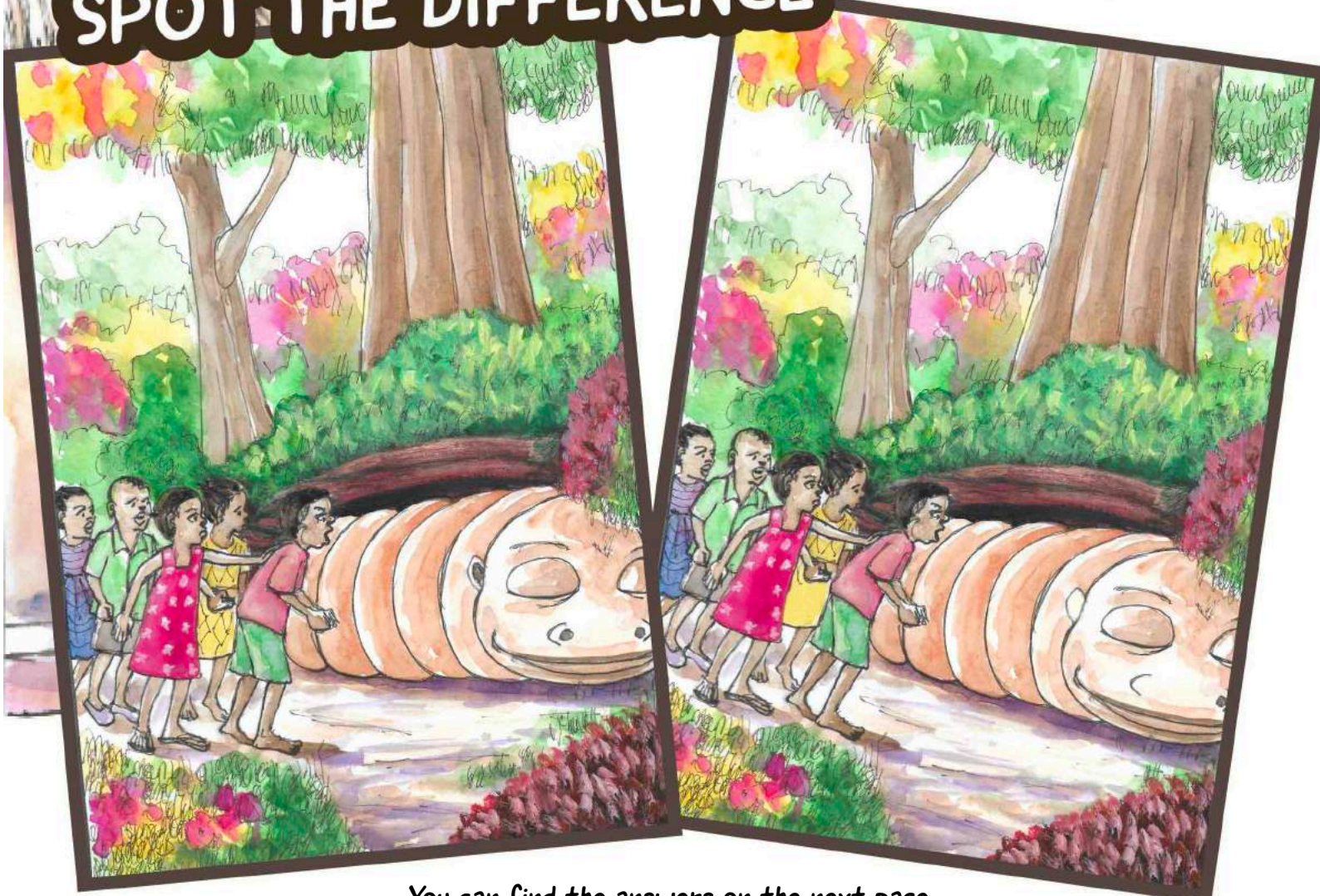


Imagine

If you were to stumble across a creature like Tumbu, what would you do?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





THAILAND



Chao Ying Phikun Thong, the Princess of Golden Flowers

Illustrated by Kiattisak Suwannaphong, Wiriya Chopkatanyoo, Yongyut Srinintin
and Nattapong Kunsonti

Named after the golden flowers that adorned her long, beautiful hair, **Chao Ying** (Princess) Phikun was the precious jewel of her **aa-naa-jäk** (kingdom). While she was enjoying a stroll by the river, Princess Phikun heard desperate yelps in the distance. Running towards the noise, she saw a condor attacking a dog with its sharp beak and merciless wings.



“Shoo, evil bird! Leave the poor dog alone!” yelled the Princess.

She picked up a nearby stone and swung her arm back, ready to pelt the ruthless bird. “The universe will sentence you to a punishment far worse than death. Mark my words!”

Fearing the wrath of the noble Princess, the condor flew away before our heroine could even blink.

“How dare that Princess even think to condemn me? I’ll show her,” muttered the condor.

Deep in the jungle, the crafty condor plotted to turn himself into a human and trick Princess Phikun into marrying him.

“Mighty magic, do what you can to make me a wealthy and dashing young man,” chanted the condor.



Suddenly, his wings turned into long arms, his claws into feet, and his beak into a smile.

Armed with his disguise, the condor walked up to the palace gates, for an audience with the King and Queen.

“Your Highnesses, I have come to humbly ask for the Princess’s hand in marriage. I promise to make her happy every day of her life.”

“Is that so?” asked the King, not at all ready to let go of the apple of his eye. “If you wish to marry my only daughter, you will need to build a golden bridge from your house to the palace. If you don’t succeed in the next three days, you will be punished.”

That night, the man commanded an army of condors to be at his beck and call. Miraculously, his army built the golden bridge. The King and Queen witnessed, to their shock, the Princess’s suitor proudly walking across the bridge to their gates. Left with no choice, they gave their blessings for the wedding.



For five years after their marriage, the crafty condor remained in his human form, waiting for the perfect moment to exact his revenge against Princess Phikun.

“Dear wife, would you join me in visiting my family? I would love for you to meet them.”

The Princess generously accepted, not knowing the danger that awaited her.

As they journeyed on the river, an army of condors clouded the sky above them. While rowing the boat, the Princess saw the wicked flock fly towards them. They began to crowd her and peck her with their razor sharp beaks.

Quickly losing her ability to fight the condors, the Princess suddenly heard a tinkling voice out of nowhere.

“Princess, your rightful Prince will come to save you.” Before the Princess’s eyes, a magical fairy rose above her.

“Have faith. Write about your ordeal, and set it afloat. He who finds and reads your letter is destined for you.”

The kind fairy distracted the condors long enough for the Princess to write her letter, place it in a **pà òp** (casket) hidden in the boat, and set it afloat on the river.



As a handsome prince named Pichai lingered near the shore of the river, he saw the casket float in the distance.

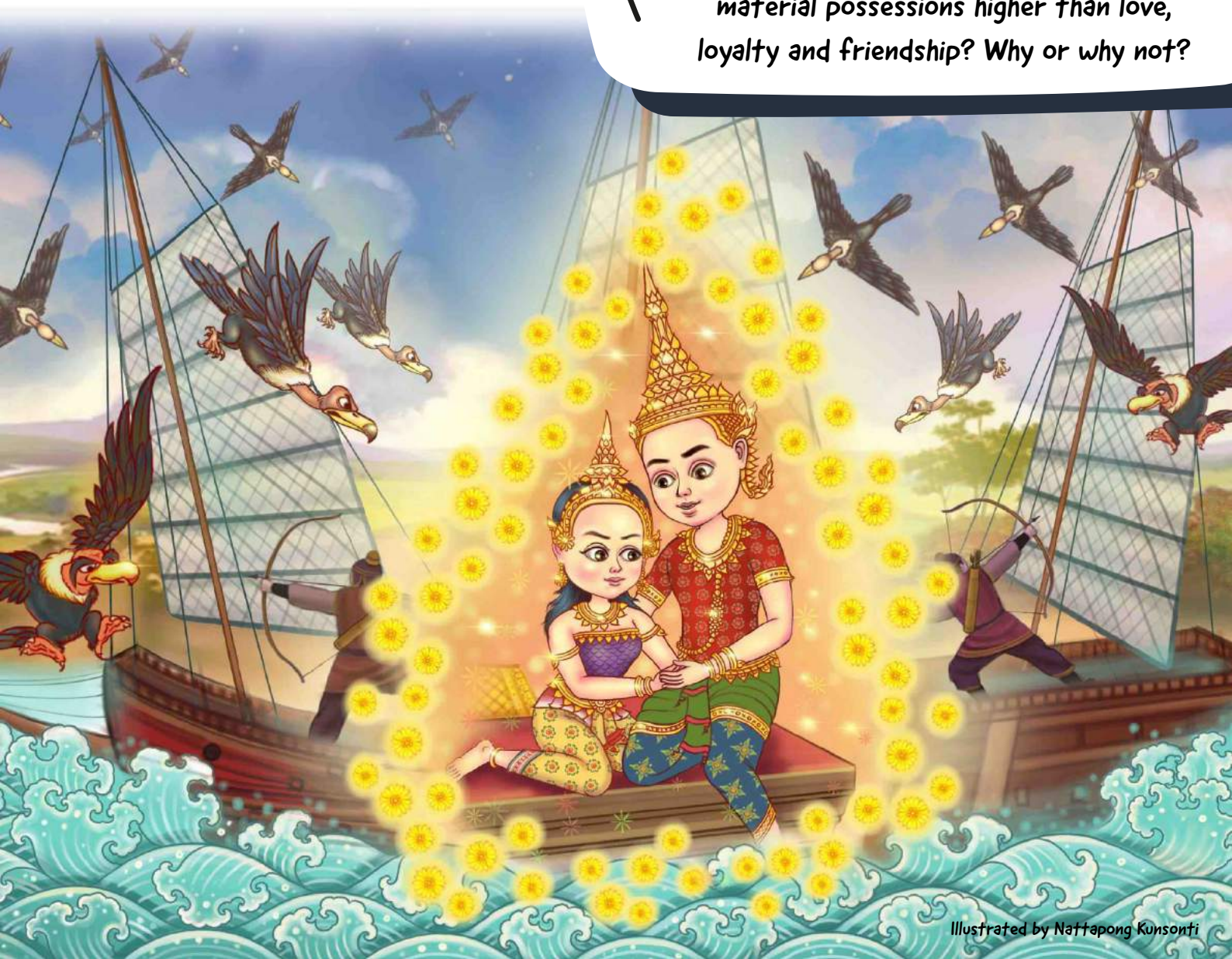
“What precious items does this hold?” wondered Prince Pichai, as he reached for the mysterious box.

As he read the letter, he realised the Princess was in grave danger. He set sail for many miles, until he laid eyes on the Princess. As he approached her, he gently lifted her from the boat while the fairy kept the evil suitor and his army of condors under her spell.

Once the spell wore off, the conniving condor found that he returned to his bird form. His thirst for revenge made him lose not only his handsome appearance, but also his wealth and good fortune. Meanwhile, even in the darkest of times, the Princess never lost faith and lived happily with Prince Pichai. ■

What do you think?

Like the crafty condor, would you value material possessions higher than love, loyalty and friendship? Why or why not?





STORYTIME

Extra



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



Did you know?

The frangipani, bat flower, and torch ginger are just a few flowers that are native to Thailand. You might even be lucky if you spot a rare udumbara on your travels, as it is said to bloom once every 3,000 years!

Guess what?

While condors are actually less common in Thailand, you are more than likely to encounter a Siamese Fireback. Considered Thailand's national bird, it is found right across Southeast Asia, particularly Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam. With its scarlet face and legs, the male Fireback is a sight to behold!

You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





LESOTHO

A Cannibal and Tselane

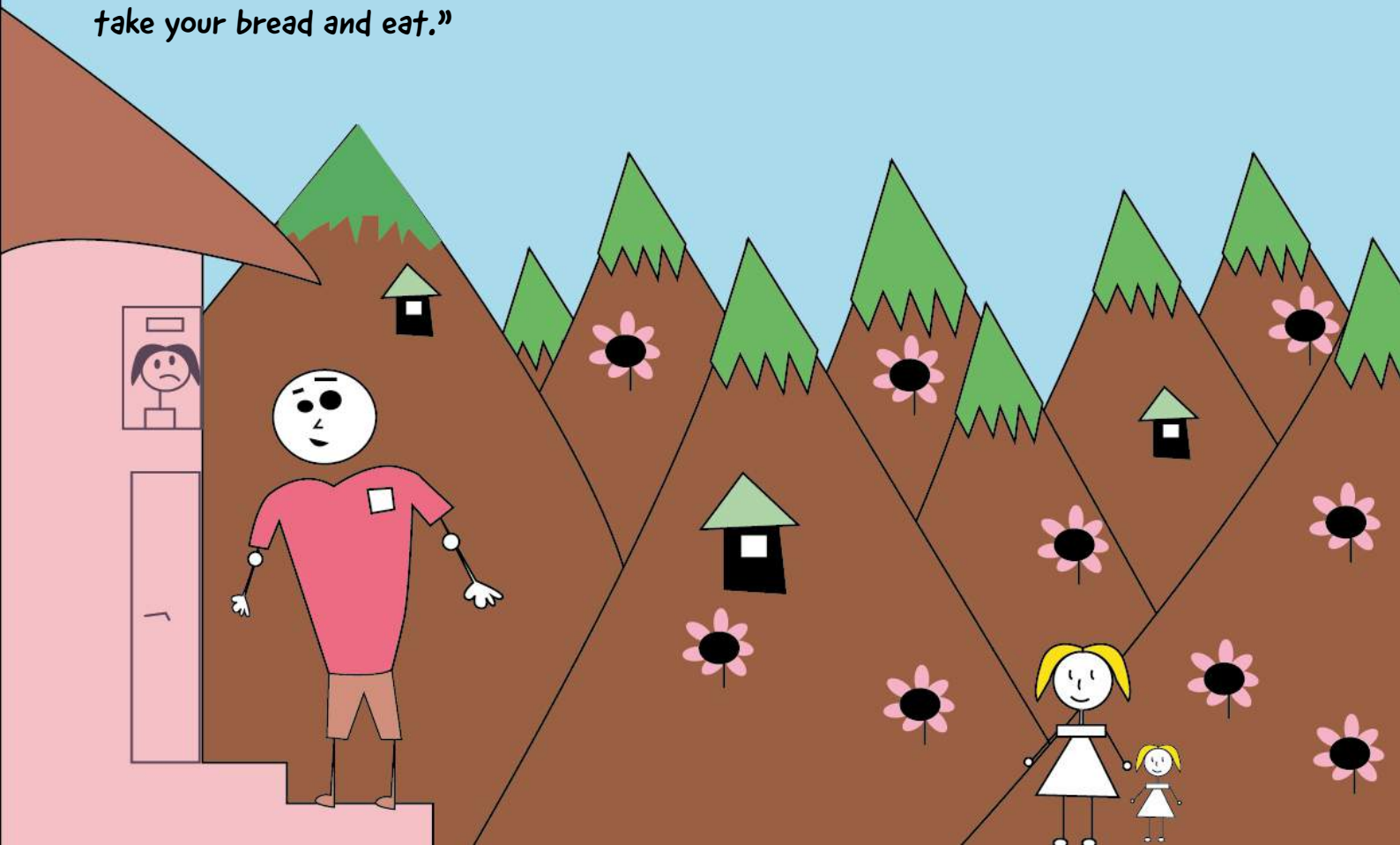


Illustrated by Hiba Ameen, Tumelo Khoanyane,
Ndabeezitha Malise, Ngolohelo Matsepe and Kananelo Pelesa

Once upon a time, a cannibal went to Tselane's house carrying a big bag, and knocked on the door. Tselane opened the door and saw that it was not her mother calling her, but was in fact Limo. She yelled and slammed the door.

Limo (which means "cannibal" in Sesotho) went around the house several times, but found no opening through which he could enter, so he went away.

A moment later, Tselane's mother came in and began to sing. "Tselane my child, take your bread and eat."



Tselane answered her, "Look, 'm'e'! My mother, you speak in a soft voice like that of a passerine bird. Like that of the goldfinch, which arises in the fields."

Tselane's 'm'e' (mother) gave her food and tried to make her leave the house, saying, "We had built a house much more beautiful than this one." But Tselane flatly refused to leave.

Limo returned several times, always without success. One day, however, he executed a cunning plan. He took the iron from a pickaxe and heated it in fire. Then he grabbed it with pliers and swallowed it. He went to Tselane's house and started singing. "Tselane my child, take your bread and eat." This time his voice resembled that of Tselane's mother.

Tselane, thinking it was her mother, appeared at the door. Limo grabbed her immediately and stuffed her into his bag. He threw the bag on his back and left. After a while he became hungry and tired. He arrived at a village and put his bag in front of a *lapa* (hut). Little did he know that Tselane's uncle lived in the same village.



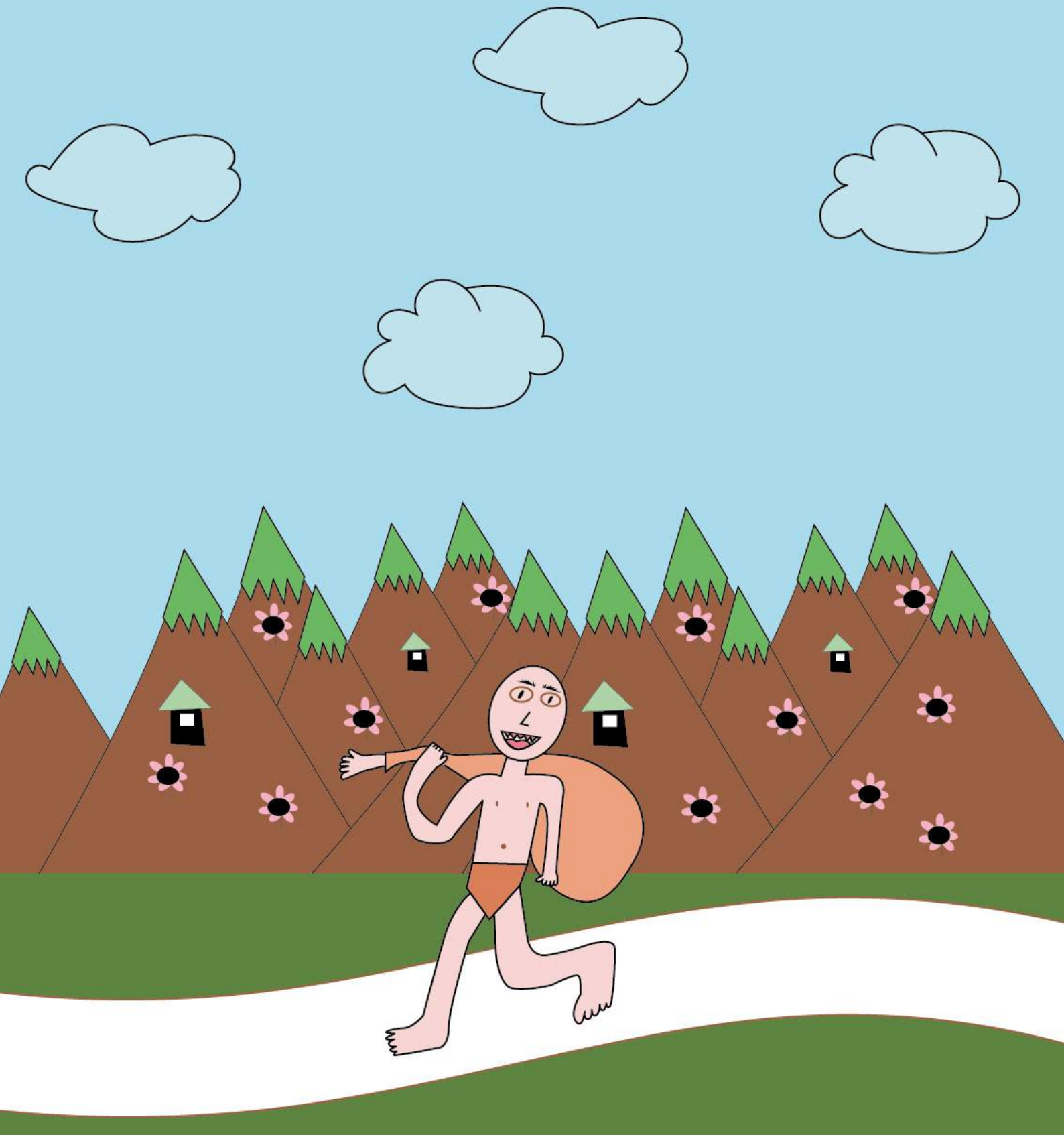
A little girl came out of the hut and saw a finger poking out through a hole in the bag. She raced back into their hut and said to her mother, "Come here! There is a finger which resembles Tselane's." Her mother went out to the bag and asked, "Who are you?"

From inside the bag, a voice spoke. "It's me, Tselane. A cannibal took me." The woman returned to their hut and told her husband, Tselane's uncle. They helped Tselane out of the bag and found a dog to replace her with. They also added some large poisonous ants, then tied the bag closed and put it back in its place.

Limo came out through the lapa, took his bag, threw it over his shoulders and continued on his way. A little further on, he stopped, put his bag on the ground and shook it to see if Tselane was still there. The cannibal began to sing, "Limo's bag, speak, speak I am listening."



The dog replied, copying Tselane's voice. "What do you want me to say, Limo? My father's cattle are as numerous as the stars." The cannibal threw the bag on his shoulders and continued on his way. Soon he arrived home. He said to his wife and children, "This target that I could not take, I managed to get rid of it today. Take this bag and carry it inside the hut." The children took the bag and put it in a corner of the hut. "Tomorrow when we prepare breakfast, we will untie the bag," the cannibal said.

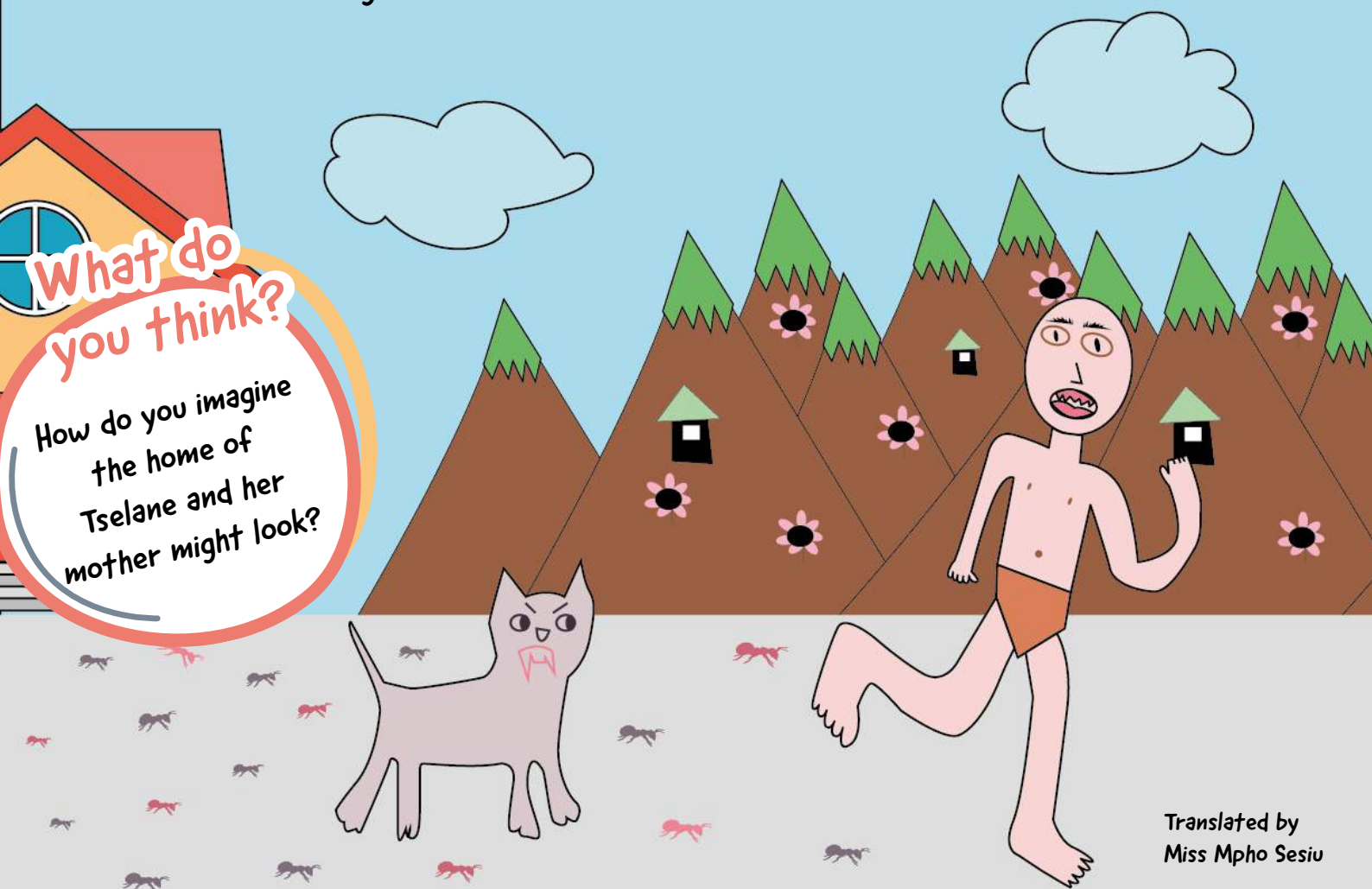


The next morning, the cannibal instructed his wife to take the bag and cook its contents. When the wife grabbed the bag, the dog bit her. She raced out of the hut and said to her husband, "Limo, your bag is biting, come and see." But the cannibal got angry instead. "Today you will not eat my hunt. I have always given you so much, but you will not touch it today," he exclaimed.

Then he said to his eldest daughter, "Go and untie my bag. Your mother will have nothing." The cannibal's daughter entered their hut, but when she tried to touch the bag, the dog bit her. She went out and said, "Father, your dog is biting."

"None of you will have any," Limo yelled angrily. He entered the hut and took his bag. The dog bit him too. He tried to grab it from the other end, but was bitten by ants. He asked his wife and children to close the door and barricade it with large stones. As the cannibal opened the bag, the dog leaped out and pierced the cannibal with its fangs. The ants also crawled out and started biting him. The cannibal yelped and shouted, "Help me please!" But his family replied, "We told you the bag was biting, but you didn't want to believe us."

Limo burst through the door and ran out. The dog and the ants rushed after him and he was never seen again. ■



What do you think?

How do you imagine the home of Tselane and her mother might look?



STORYTIME Extra

Did you know?

A lapa is a semi-open structure with a thatched roof that is mostly used for entertaining or family or community gatherings.

Imagine

What furniture and objects would you include in your own lapa?
How would you decorate it?

Guess what?

- Lesotho is an enclaved country. That means it is completely surrounded by another country - in this case, South Africa.
- The illustrations for this story were drawn by students of the Montessori International School of Maseru.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



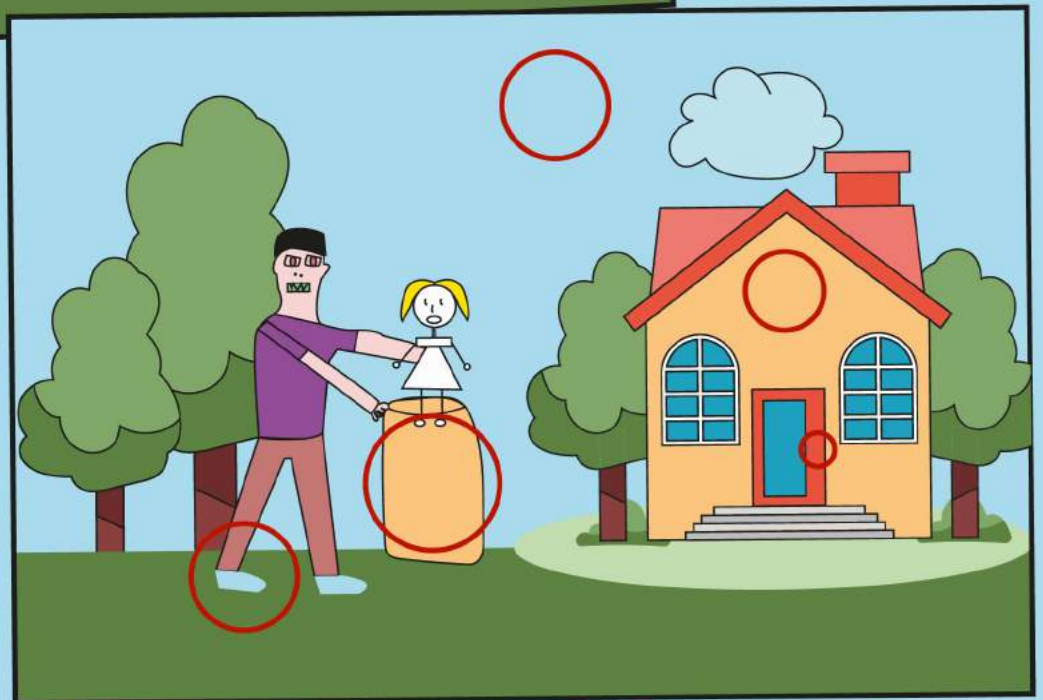
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





TAJIKISTAN

Apricot Seed

Illustrated by Daler Mehtojov and Sayera Imodinova

There once lived a young boy, named Bahrom. One day, he found an apricot seed while playing on the street. He brought the seed home.

“Mother, I will split this **Донаи зардолу donai zardolu** (apricot seed) to eat the grain,” said Bahrom.

“Don't eat it!” his mother warned him. “Instead, if you plant the donai zardolu in the ground and water it, a tree will grow bearing delicious **Зардолуho zardoluhho** (apricots) for you to eat and enjoy.”

Bahrom went back outside and planted the donai zardolu, as his mother told him to do. “Donai zardolu, if you don't become a tree by the time I return, I shall dig you back out and eat you.”



The next day, Bahrom went back to where he had planted the seed, and saw a little tree. When he saw that the tree barely had leaves and bore no fruit, he ran back to his mother.

“Mother, a tree has grown but I don’t see any zardoloho. I wish to break off one of its branches, and make a stick for myself to play with.”

“Don’t break the tree,” his mother warned him. “Continue to give it love and tender care, and it will reward you with delicious fruit.”

Bahrom returned to the tree to water it and clean its surrounding soil and roots, as his mother told him to do.

“Little tree, if you don’t grow big and give me delicious zardoloho to eat by the time I return, I will uproot you.”





Days later, Bahrom returned to the tree. What was once a twiggly little tree, now towered above him with a large canopy of leaves and long, thick branches.

“Tree, you are fully grown but still don’t bear a single fruit. If you don’t shower me with zardoluhos by the time I return, my mother and I will use you for firewood.”

The next morning, Bahrom went back to the tree. To his delight, he saw the tree laden with zardoluhos. Bahrom climbed the tree, sat on one of its strong branches and bit into a juicy, ripe **Зардолу** (“zardolu”, which means “apricot”).

What Bahrom didn’t know was that while he was enjoying his fruit, a wicked witch was watching him from behind the giant **Даракт** (“darakht”, which means “tree”).

“Not only will I eat this boy, but I will also gobble up his delicious zardoluhos and steal his darakht,” plotted the evil crone.

“But, how to distract the boy without scaring him?” she thought. “Aha!”

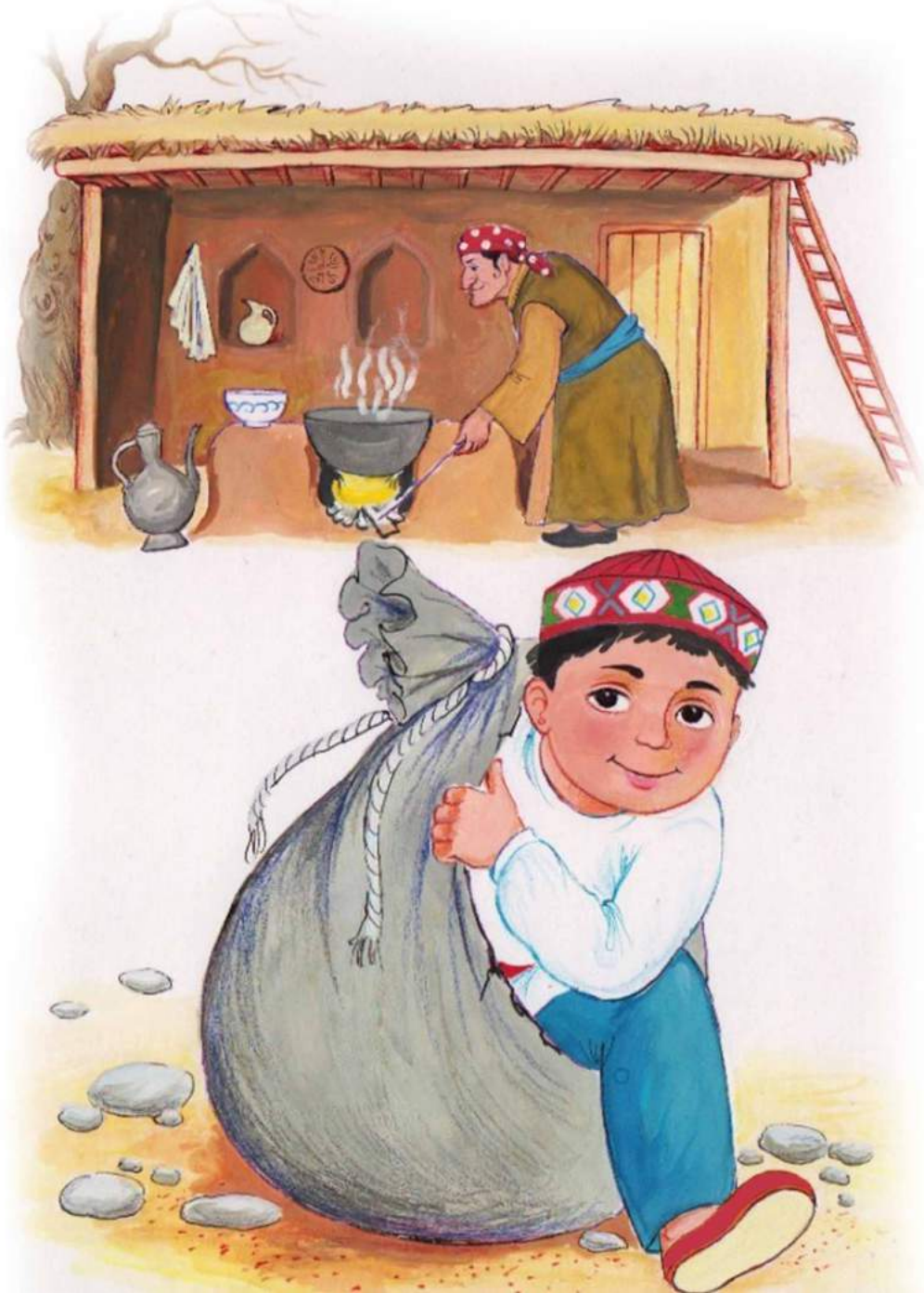
The wicked witch transformed herself into a blind old woman, and approached Bahrom with a staff in her hand and a bag over her shoulders.

“Boy, I came from afar, and my throat is painfully dry. Would you be so kind as to give me something to eat?”

“Okay.” Bahrom began to gather a few zardoluhos in his arms.

“Thank you, generous one. I can’t see, and would be grateful if you could give me the food yourself;” said the wicked witch.

Bahrom climbed down the darakht, his hands full with zardoluhos. As soon as he held out his hands, the old woman grabbed him by the arms and shoved him into her bag. She threw the bag over her shoulders and began to make her way home.



When she returned home, the wicked witch put the bag aside, removed her old woman disguise, poured oil into her cauldron and began to start a fire. As she tried to spark a flame under her cauldron, Bahrom broke through the bag and quietly crawled out. He then sprinted out of the witch's home and to the nearest poplar tree, climbing to the very top of its branches.

The wicked witch lit the fire and reached into her bag. But to her shock, Bahrom was not inside.

She searched here, there and everywhere, yet Bahrom was nowhere in sight. "Where have you gone, boy?" shrieked the wicked witch.

"I'm right here!" Bahrom yelled from the poplar tree.

"How did you get up there?"

"I heated an iron shovel on the fire beneath your cauldron, sat on it and flew up to the darakht!"

Eager to cook her dinner, the wicked witch returned to the hearth, heated the iron shovel on the fire, sat down on it, and immediately burned to cinders.

And that was how Bahrom saved himself and his **Дарахти зардолу** ("darakhti zardolu", which means "apricot tree") from the evil witch's clutches. ■



What do you think?

Trees bear delicious fruits and nuts to eat, but they also provide lots of other benefits to humans, animals and the planet. Can you think what they might be?



STORYTIME Extra

FIND THE WORD

An apricot, also known as a drupe, has one central stone that contains a single seed. Can you find five other fruits that each have a single seed?

I	M	D	S	P	D	V	I	T	H	T	N	Z	Q	B
V	T	G	B	X	A	C	Q	O	S	G	R	X	L	T
W	S	Z	A	E	T	H	A	J	H	V	V	E	F	L
J	F	T	I	O	E	Q	I	R	P	D	O	K	R	C
D	R	U	Z	L	A	V	O	C	A	D	O	S	W	H
G	D	S	H	I	U	M	O	X	V	B	P	C	N	E
E	O	H	X	V	I	P	H	J	Z	V	E	U	U	R
E	J	Q	A	E	L	D	A	E	N	Q	A	B	N	R
I	S	G	C	A	G	S	G	X	L	S	C	Q	O	Y
G	D	J	J	K	O	P	N	Q	I	T	H	V	Z	Y

Avocado Date Olive
Cherry Peach

You can find the answers on the next page

Patience is key

Typically, an apricot tree might take four years to start bearing delicious, ripe fruit.

DID YOU KNOW?

Location, climate, quality of soil, and other factors affect the speed at which a tree reaches maturity. While some trees take more than two years to fully grow, others take over a century!



ANSWERS & Solutions

FIND THE WORD

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many drupes did you find?

I	M	D	S	P	D	V	I	T	H	T	N	Z	Q	B
V	T	G	B	X	A	C	Q	O	S	G	R	X	L	T
W	S	Z	A	E	T	H	A	J	H	V	V	E	F	L
J	F	T	I	O	E	Q	I	R	P	D	O	K	R	C
D	R	U	Z	L	A	V	O	C	A	D	O	S	W	H
G	D	S	H	I	U	M	O	X	V	B	P	C	N	E
E	O	H	X	V	I	P	H	J	Z	V	E	U	U	R
E	J	Q	A	E	L	D	A	E	N	Q	A	B	N	R
I	S	G	C	A	G	S	G	X	L	S	C	Q	O	Y
G	D	J	J	K	O	P	N	Q	I	T	H	V	Z	Y

Avocado Date Olive
Cherry Peach

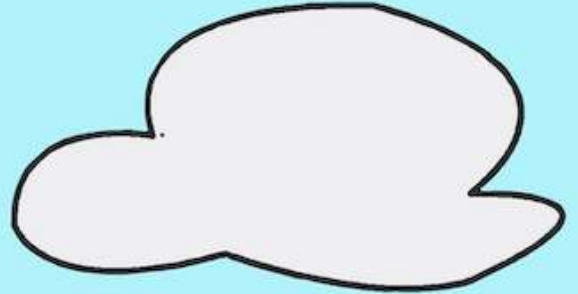


ASEAN

Master Po and the Tiger

A story from Myanmar, contributed
by the ASEAN Secretariat

Illustrated by U Kyaw Thu Rain



A young boy named Master Po used to play and wander in the forest. He was friends with all the animals, but he was particularly fond of the Tiger. မောင်ပိုက ကျားကို သိပ်ချစ်ခင်တယ် (Maung-Po-Ka-Kyar-Ko-Thate-Chit-Khin-Tal) Master Po loved the Tiger dearly but the Tiger could not be trusted. He longed to visit Master Po's village to steal food from the villagers.



One day, the Tiger asked Master Po to take him to the village.

"I cannot do that, Tiger," replied Master Po. "The villagers dislike you because you hunt and eat their cattle."

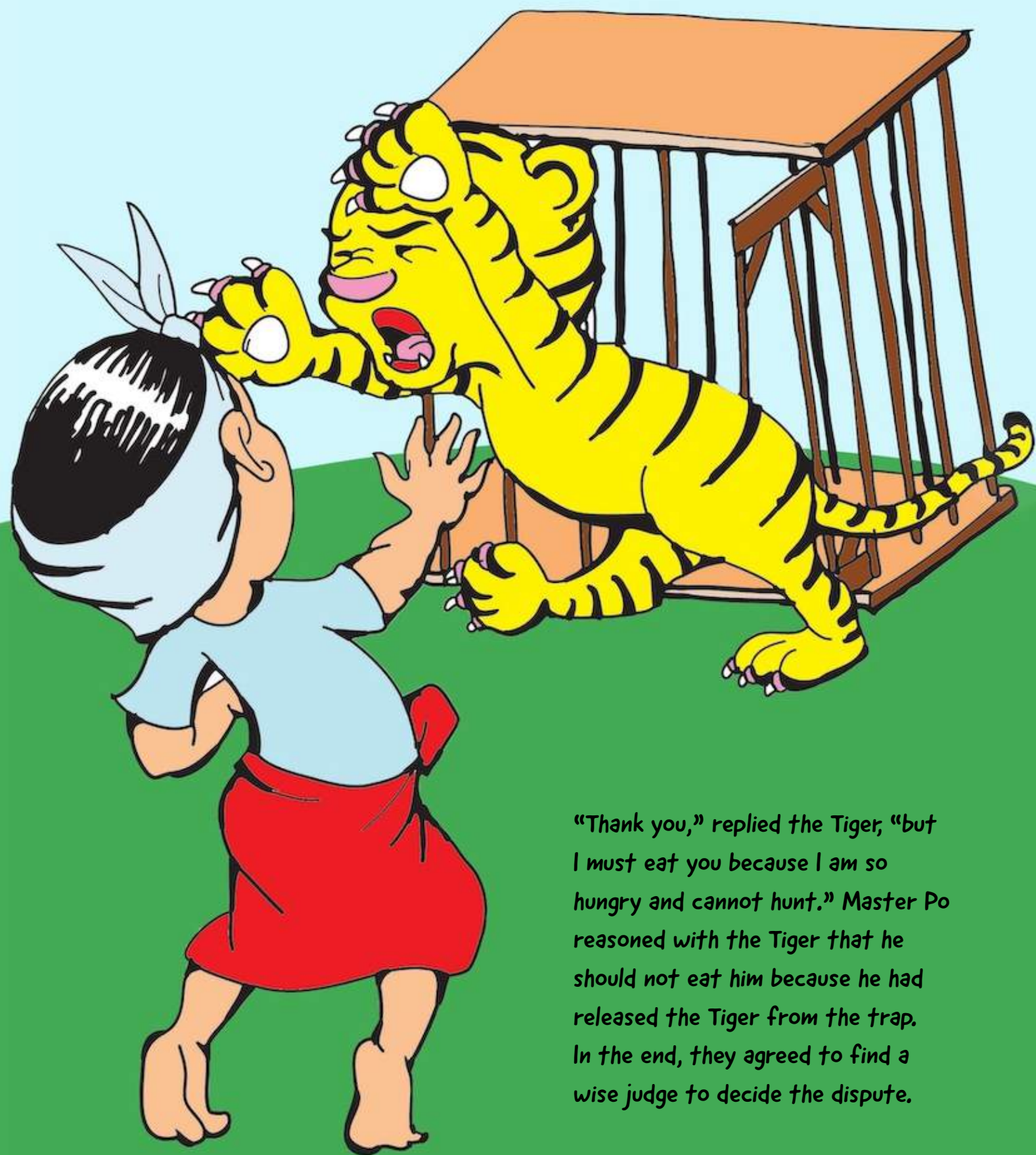
"If you won't take me, I will go there by myself," said the Tiger grumpily.

That evening, Master Po saw the Tiger wandering around the village gate. Master Po warned, "Friend Tiger, do not wander around here, the villagers will trap you." But the Tiger ignored him.

That night, the Tiger went into the village and came out dragging a fat calf. The next day, Master Po visited the Tiger in the forest and begged, "Tiger, please listen to me. The villagers will prepare a trap for you, so do not come to our village again." But the Tiger again ignored Master Po's advice, only to walk right into the trap set by the villagers.



In the morning, the villagers found the Tiger in the trap and decided to leave him there. Master Po felt sorry for his friend, but he was afraid of his parents and other villagers. On the seventh day, Master Po went and opened the trap. "Run away now, Tiger," said Master Po. "For our friendship, I will face the anger of my parents and other villagers."

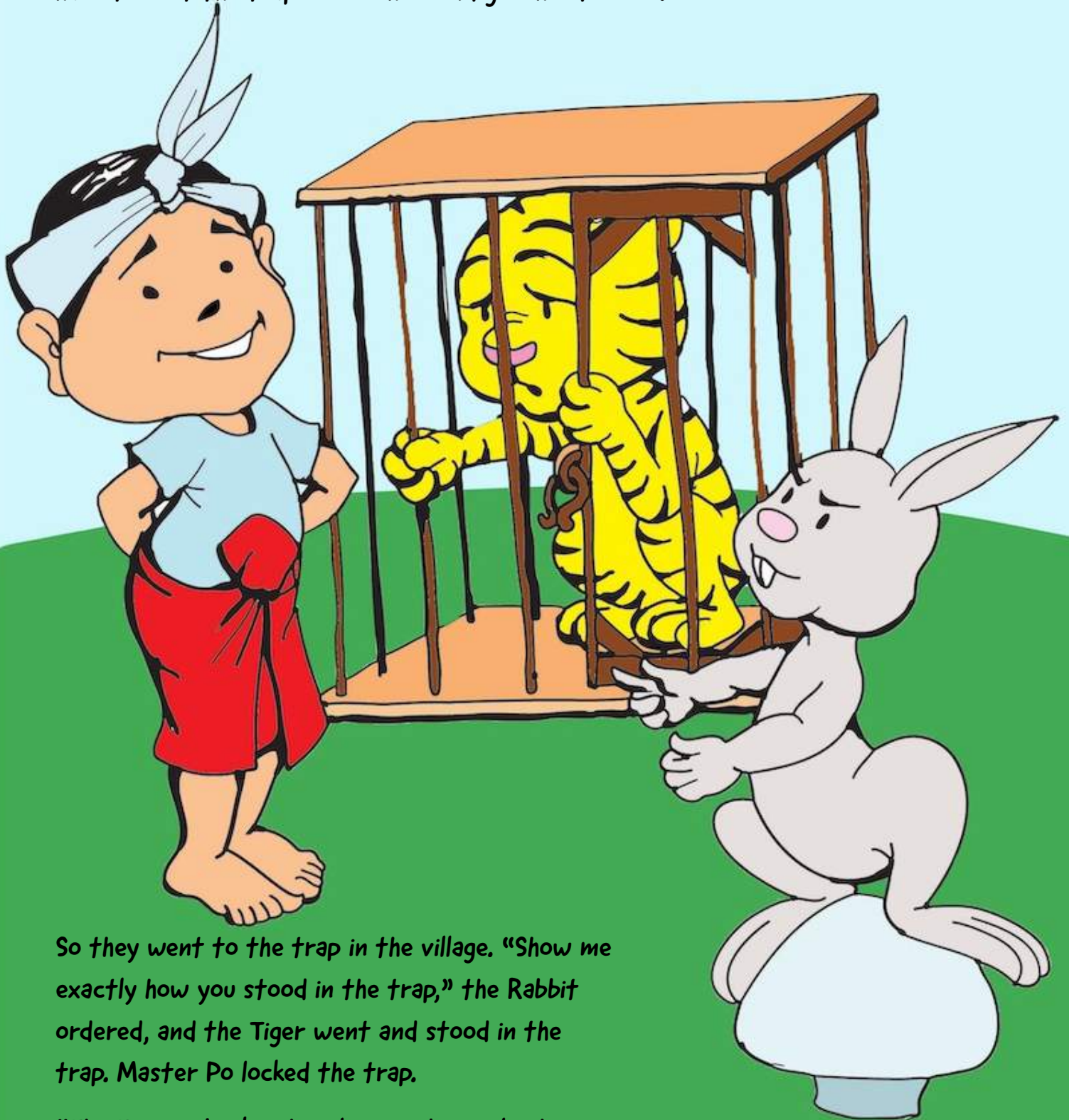


“Thank you,” replied the Tiger, “but I must eat you because I am so hungry and cannot hunt.” Master Po reasoned with the Tiger that he should not eat him because he had released the Tiger from the trap. In the end, they agreed to find a wise judge to decide the dispute.



They went into the forest and met the Banyan Tree. After listening to the story, the Banyan Tree gave his decision: "The Tiger should eat Master Po, because there is no such thing as a debt of gratitude. For example, human beings rest in my shade, from the heat and glare of the sun, yet they break my branches and take away my flowers."

Pleased with the Banyan Tree's judgment, the Tiger roared, "I will eat you now!" But Master Po said they should find another judge, so they continued their search until they met the Rabbit. After listening to the story, the Rabbit said he would have to visit the trap before he could give his decision.



So they went to the trap in the village. "Show me exactly how you stood in the trap," the Rabbit ordered, and the Tiger went and stood in the trap. Master Po locked the trap.

"The Tiger is back in his place, and you also have to go back to your place. The dispute is now over," concluded the Rabbit. The Rabbit then went back to the forest, Master Po went back to his home, and they left the Tiger alone in the trap, punished for his greed. ■

What do you think?

Did Rabbit offer a fair solution to the situation?



STORYTIME

Extra



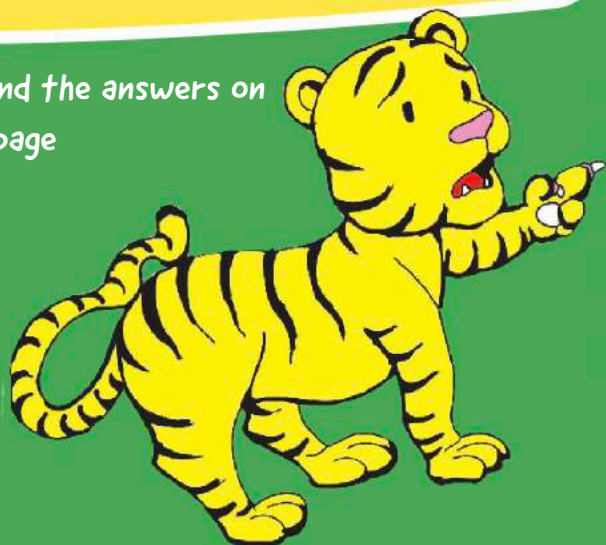
FIND THE WORD

Can you find these different sub-species of tiger?

S F Y W N P C X R M
 S O X G C I R S B A
 K U U H C I Q N E L
 K G M T J X R D N A
 A W W A H T Z H G Y
 M A X P T C H S A A
 U X Z G W R H S L N
 R G P U C J A I G T
 C O Q G P R S N N V
 G Z O G D Y I T R A

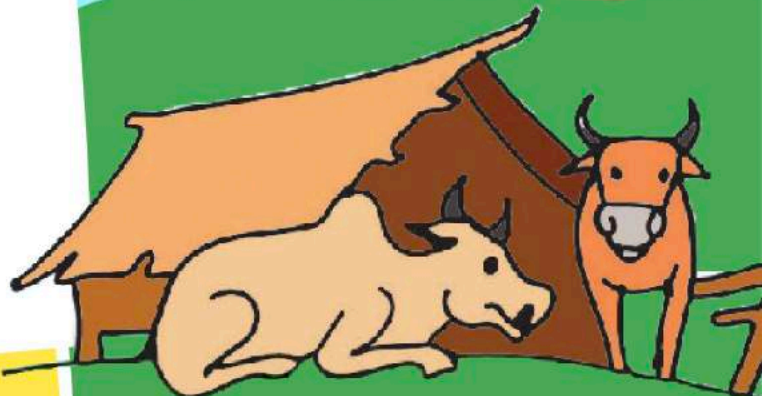
Sumatran Amur Bengal
 Malayan South China

You can find the answers on
 the next page



Did you know?

Myanmar is one of only 13 countries where tigers roam, however they are endangered. There are fewer than 4,000 wild tigers in the world.



Guess what?

- Myanmar is home to the Bengal tiger and the Indochinese tiger.
- Retelling folktales has been a popular pastime in Myanmar for centuries. The stories often reflect humour, romance and wisdom.



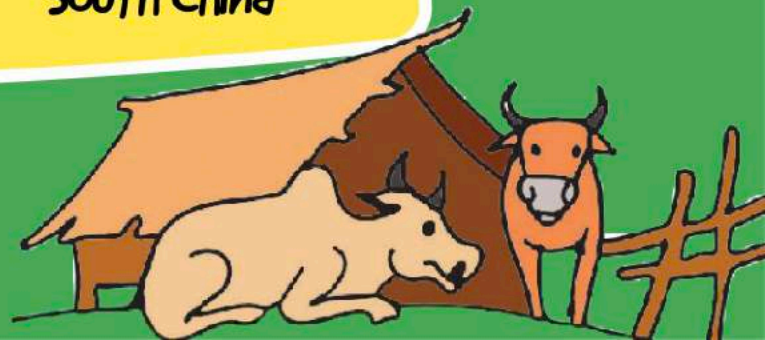
ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many tiger sub-species did you find?

FIND THE WORD

S	F	Y	W	N	P	C	X	R	M
S	O	X	G	C	I	R	S	B	A
K	U	U	H	C	I	Q	N	E	L
K	G	M	T	J	X	R	D	N	A
A	W	W	A	H	T	Z	H	G	Y
M	A	X	P	T	C	H	S	A	A
U	X	Z	G	W	R	H	S	L	N
R	G	P	U	C	J	A	I	G	T
C	O	Q	G	P	R	S	N	N	V
G	Z	O	G	D	Y	I	T	R	A

Sumatran Amur Bengal
Malayan South China





ZIMBABWE



The Hare and the Baboon

Illustrated by Kuda Makurumure

There once was a hare named Tsuru, whose best friend was a baboon named Gudo. Tsuru and Gudo were as thick as thieves and utterly inseparable. Their bond had been destined by their families, who shared a special **husahwira** (which means “friendship” in Zimbabwe's Shona language), one for the ages and generations to come.





Much of the time, however, Tsuru and Gudo's friendship would often land them in trouble. With matching mischievous smiles and playful twinkles in their eyes, the dynamic duo would never run out of cunning ways to play impressive pranks on each other.

No matter how well Tsuru and Gudo knew and loved each other, neither could anticipate the tricks the other had up his sleeve. Each new prank was more hysterical than the last and taught them something about themselves and each other. In fact, their love for tricks and hilarious treachery strengthened their bond.

One afternoon, Tsuru was lost in his imagination trying to concoct new tricks, when Gudo's yells made him jump from his thoughts. Gudo told Tsuru of his upcoming journey to a faraway land where a tribal festival was taking place. Tsuru, who had never had the pleasure of long-distance travel before, leapt up and pleaded with Gudo to let him accompany him on this exciting journey.



Gudo was touched by the fact that Tsuru cared so much about their friendship to want to travel such long distances with him. He gladly accepted, grateful for the opportunity to experience a great new adventure with his closest friend.



Shamwari mbiri idzi dzakafamba kamufambo
karefu refu dzamara dzasvika kumabiko.

The two friends travelled far and wide,
and finally arrived at the festival.



Upon their arrival, Gudo was swept up in the excitement of meeting his tribal kith and kin and scampered up the trees to the lofty venue, forgetting that his companion, Tsuru, could not climb trees.

He blended in with his extended family of fellow baboons, not realising Tsuru's sense of discomfort as he stood on the sidelines watching the festivities, all the while dodging the occasional bones and other food bits thrown to the ground, narrowly missing his head.

Tsuru didn't experience the same ease in blending in with the baboons and was convinced that Gudo had found better friends.



Feeling abandoned by his one true friend, he began to concoct his most treacherous prank yet. He patiently waited until the troop had had their fill and retired to bed. Back then, baboons slept in a circle, facing away from each other, with their tails together in the centre of the circle.

Seizing his moment of mischief, Tsuru crept up to the centre of the circle and carefully tied all the tails together in one tight knot. He then skipped to the outer edge of the circle and lit a large ring of fire around the sleeping troop.



Feeling the intense heat, the baboons tore themselves out of sleep and tried to run, but because they slept in a circle, they ran in opposing directions and their tails being tied together anchored them to the centre of the circle. Like rubber bands, their tails sprung them back to the centre of the circle each time they tried to run.

Meanwhile, the fire grew bigger and ever so nearer. With tears in their eyes, the baboons begged Tsuru, who was by now roaring with laughter, to untie them. Tsuru, who was still bitter from the way his friend Gudo had treated him earlier, reluctantly agreed. But, on one condition – that they give him all of their family's wealth. Tsuru grabbed a large sack and began to empty Gudo's family's home of every piece of gold, every coin, every item of jewellery. Without a second thought or a single regret, Tsuru walked away proud of committing his most treacherous – and least humorous – prank.



After watching his friend disappear into the horizon, Gudo opened the door to find that their entire house had been emptied of everything that generations of his family had worked tirelessly to earn. While Gudo was ridden with guilt over costing his family their wealth, Tsuro returned home a wealthy man with a mountain of treasure.

Sadly, as the years passed, however, he found himself deprived of and missing true friendship. Never again did he meet anyone as faithful as Gudo and over time he came to realise that friendship, built on kindness and understanding, had been his greatest and most precious wealth. ■



What do you think?

If you could travel anywhere in the world, where would you go? Who would you choose as your travel companion?



STORYTIME

Extra



MATCH THE WORD

Each of these words means "friend" in another language. Can you match the word to its language?

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| Spanish • | • hoa |
| Hindi • | • shamwari |
| Arabic • | • rafiki |
| Swahili • | • vriend |
| Maori • | • dost |
| Afrikaans • | • tomodachi |
| French • | • amigo/a |
| Japanese • | • sadiq |
| Shona • | • ami/e |

You can find the answers on the next page



Guess what?

There are many versions of this story due to dialect and tribal variations as well as the natural evolution of language and creative freedom of storytellers. But the general story and its lessons remain unchanged.

Did you know?

The story of The Hare and the Baboon has been told for generations around fires as adults and children relaxed and bonded after supper and before retiring for the day.



Hide and seek!

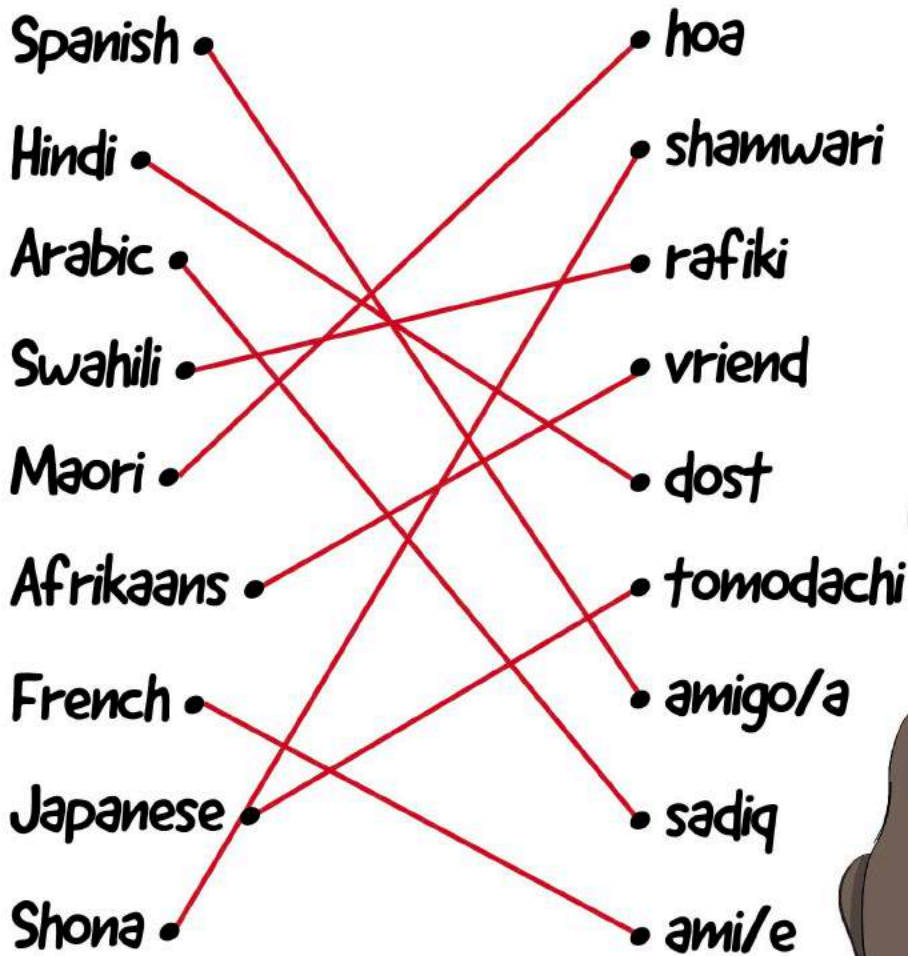
Can you spot all the baboons hiding in the pages of this story? How many did you find?



ANSWERS & Solutions

Did you team up these words for "friend" with the right languages? Let's find out.

MATCH THE WORD



Hide and seek!

How good are you at Hide and Seek? There are four baboons hiding in this story. How many did you find?





The Three Sisters and the Fig Tree

As told and illustrated by Trevor Żahra

Once there was an old farmer who had three daughters. Towards the end of his life he gathered his children around him and told them, “My dear girls, I don’t have much. When I am gone, all I will leave is a small field and a **sigra tat-tin** (fig tree).”

After their father passed away, the sisters kept working the land and growing their crops to make ends meet. One fine day, the eldest went to the field to harvest the ripened **tin** (figs). She filled a basket, covered the tin with a napkin and went to the nearby village to sell the fruit. Along the way she came across a large house with a terrace, where she saw three young gentlemen.

“Dear girl, what is in your basket?” asked one of the lads politely.

“None of your business,” snapped the girl.
“Cows’ horns, if you must know!”

The three men looked at each other and burst out laughing. “All well, fair lass,” answered the gentleman, “Cows’ horns you shall have!”

To the girl’s shock, she found her basket was filled with cows’ horns instead of tin. She scampered home weeping.



The next day, her younger sister filled her basket with ripe tin, and left for the village.

“What do you carry in your basket, dear girl?” asked the second gentleman from the terrace.

Like her elder sister, she frowned at the man and growled, “A basket full of litter is what I carry!”

The three men couldn't hold their laughter. “Very well!” the man exclaimed, “litter you shall have!” The younger sister returned home in tears, suffering the same fate as her elder sister.

The youngest of the three girls set off to the village, hoping to sell her tin. When she came across the large house the third gentleman called out, “X'inti ġgorr fil-qoffa tiegħek? What do you carry in your basket?”

The girl looked at the young man and lifted the napkin to display the fruit. “Tin,” she said, “they are sweet and ripe. May I offer you some?”

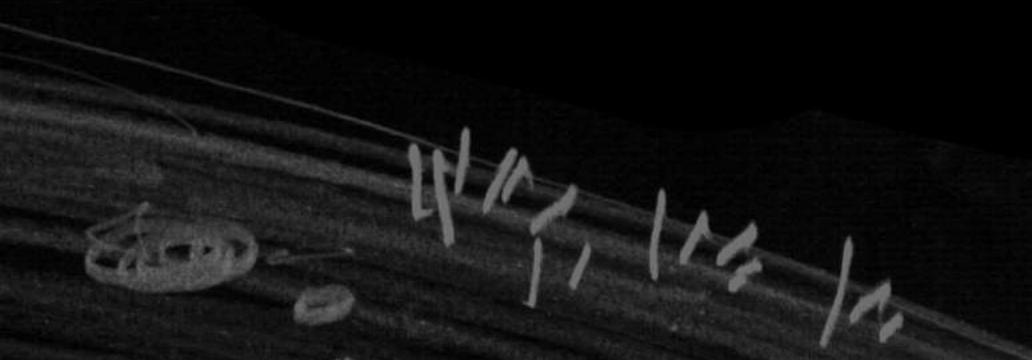
The three gentlemen ate to their heart's delight. When they had their fill, the girl covered the tin with the napkin and turned to leave.

“Hold on,” said the first gentleman, and gave the girl a dvalja (tablecloth). “Every time you want to eat, spread it out and give the order, ‘Dvalja lay out on my table!’ and you can choose any food you want.”

The second gentleman rewarded her with a vjolin (violin). “When you play this vjolin, everybody will love your music and dance to your tune.”

The third gentleman gave her a bastun (cane). “This staff will protect you. All you have to do is give the order, ‘Do your deed!’. When you want it to stop, simply command, ‘Stand still!’”

The young girl thanked them, and returned home to find her sisters in distress.





"How could this happen to us?" they whined, "we could not sell any of our tin!"
The older sisters showed the youngest their baskets filled with cows' horns and litter.
"Don't worry," said the young girl, "what would you like to eat?"
Her sisters did not take her seriously, and scoffed at her.
"Very well, I will dine alone," said the girl.
She spread the magical dvalja across the table and yelled, "Dvalja, lay out on my table
a pie, a stuffed turkey, a cake and chocolates!"
In an instant, the food she ordered appeared before her. Her sisters could not believe
their eyes and wanted to know where she had found the magical dvalja.
"Let's eat first, then I'll explain," said the young girl.
They gathered around the table and ate more than they had ever eaten in their entire
lives. Even the cat and dog got their share.



"Now, how about a dance?" offered the young girl as she fetched her vjolin.

"How do you expect us to dance?" complained the older sisters. The girl set the vjolin under her chin and played.

Enchanting music floated from the vjolin, leaving her sisters spellbound. They jumped from their seats, prancing like ballerinas. Even the cat, dog, chicken, canary and pigeons were in a trance.

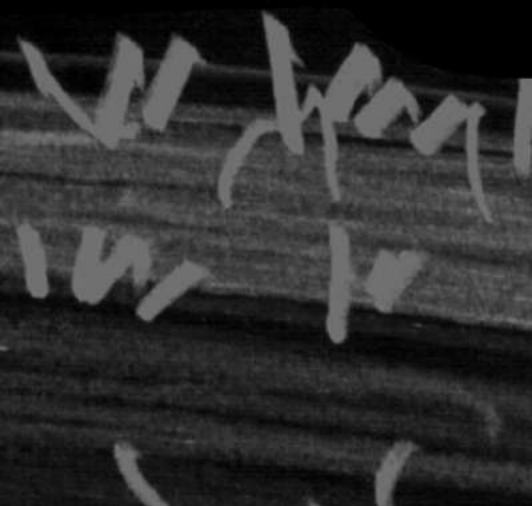
When the young girl walked out on the doorstep with her vjolin, people in the street began to dance. A street vendor was approaching her, when he realised the horse pulling his cart was hopping to the rhythm of the music.

When the girl stopped playing, everyone applauded her for the wonderful performance. Some neighbours even rewarded her with gifts and money.

The two older sisters wanted to know where she had found such extraordinary gifts. The young girl told them about the three gentlemen, the dvalja and the vjolin, but did not mention the bastun.

Realising that those magical gifts could have easily been theirs, they decided to steal them in a fit of jealousy. The young girl placed the dvalja under her pillow and the vjolin on her bed-side table, before she fell asleep.

When she woke up, the dvalja and the vjolin had vanished. And she knew exactly where they were.



“Give me back my dvalja and vjolin,” she demanded as she entered the kitchen.

“What’s the matter with you?” her sisters replied. “We didn’t touch your gifts. You must have misplaced them.”

The girl begged her sisters to return her dvalja and vjolin, but they insisted that they had not taken them.

“Alright,” she said finally, “let’s see what my staff has to say about this!”

She fetched the bastun, and threw it on the floor. “Bastun, do your deed!” she ordered.

Suddenly, the staff came to life and flew towards the older sisters, beating them ferociously on their legs. Their piercing screams brought neighbours out of their houses in alarm.

“Stop, stop!” pleaded the sisters, “we admit it, we are guilty. We’ll give you back your gifts!”

“Stand still!” commanded the little girl, and the bastun froze.

Realising their little sister had outsmarted them, the older sisters learned compassion and respect. And thanks to the magical dvalja and enchanted vjolin, the three girls lived happily ever after. ■



What do you think?

Would you ever find yourself envious of another’s good fortune, or would you celebrate their joy?



STORYTIME Extra



FIND THE WORD

Want to make your own fruit basket?
The first three fruits you find will go in
your basket!

I	S	Q	Q	Z	L	M	U	H	H
S	E	M	J	I	R	K	V	A	U
U	R	W	A	I	U	N	C	V	Z
M	B	F	C	N	M	J	C	R	G
R	A	O	A	H	G	W	A	G	C
E	S	Y	P	J	E	O	V	M	S
G	P	D	P	Y	U	R	N	P	S
F	H	H	L	J	L	S	R	I	W
K	D	Z	E	N	J	G	V	Y	M
P	F	K	P	N	H	B	G	E	F
L	I	S	H	A	Q	K	P	I	I
U	A	V	O	C	A	D	O	O	G
M	R	I	E	K	F	U	J	E	U

Apple	Fig	Avocado
Plum	Cherry	Mango

You can find the answers on the next page

GUESS WHAT?

Unlike most fruit trees, fig trees do not have blossoms on their branches. In fact, the blossoms are inside the fruit, and produce crunchy little edible seeds that give figs their unique texture.

Did you know?

The fig tree originated in the Middle East and Western Asia, and has been cultivated for at least 11,000 years. It has adapted to the warm climate of the Mediterranean, and thrives in the Maltese Islands.





ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
What fruits ended up in your basket?

FIND THE WORD

I	S	Q	Q	Z	L	M	U	H	H
S	E	M	J	I	R	K	V	A	U
U	R	W	A	I	U	N	C	V	Z
M	B	F	C	N	M	J	C	R	G
R	A	O	A	H	G	W	A	G	C
E	S	Y	P	J	E	O	V	M	S
G	P	D	P	Y	U	R	N	P	S
F	H	H	L	J	L	S	R	I	W
K	D	Z	E	G	J	G	O	Y	M
P	F	K	P	N	H	B	G	E	F
L	I	S	H	A	Q	K	P	I	I
U	A	V	O	C	A	D	O	O	G
M	R	I	E	K	F	U	J	E	U

Apple
Plum

Fig
Cherry

Avocado
Mango



Love and Devotion



A noble suitor braves the flames of a seven-headed dragon for his beloved. Romance sparks between two robots, provoking wonder and soul-searching. A boy teaches a fearsome creature that the comfort of a family is worth more than any silver or gold.

While some go to the ends of the earth for love, others may forget the object of their affections – until forced to live without them. Just ask the king who had to suffer a meal without salt!



353 Mesmerising

Gingerbread: How a Little Bee Helped a Young Baker (Poland)

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429 The Daughter of the Moon and Sun (Albania)

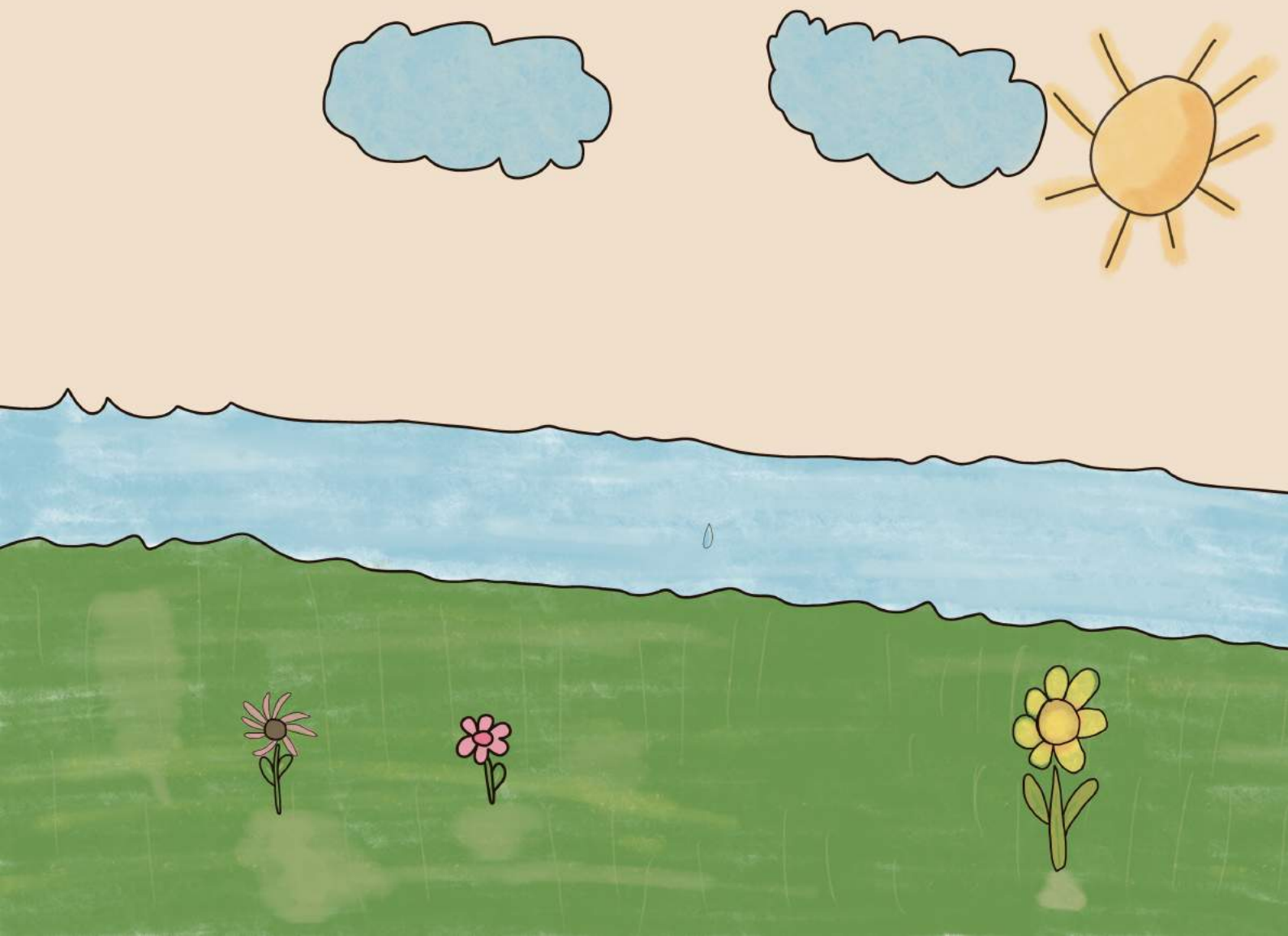




POLAND

Mesmerising Gingerbread: How a Little Bee Helped a Young Baker

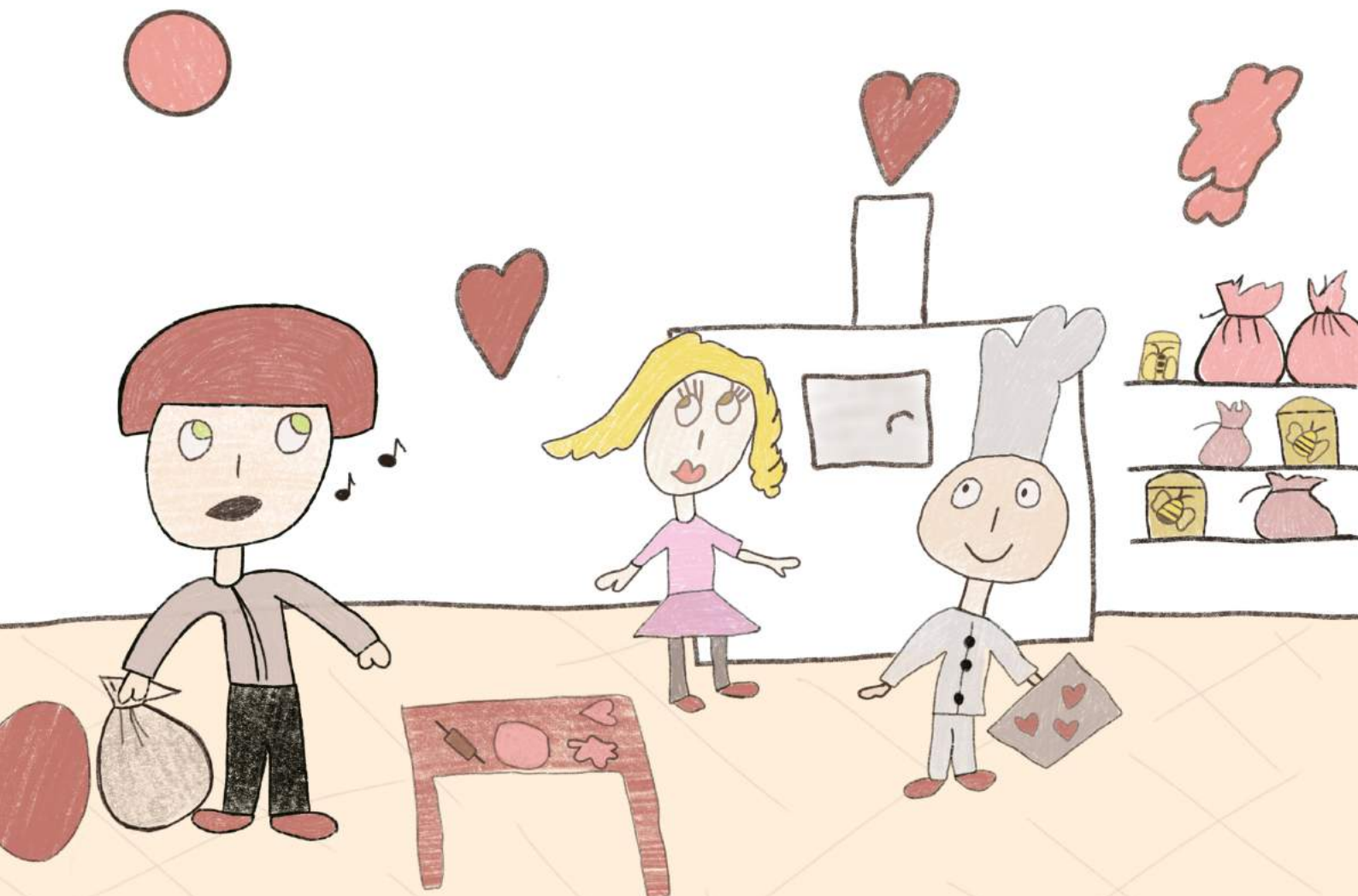
Illustrated by Amelka Malinowska



Since time immemorial, Toruń – city of Copernicus – has been famous for its tasty and aromatic pastries. Each **piekarz** (baker) had his own secret recipe and it was said that one only needed to try the cake to know who made it. It is difficult to say who was the first to mix rye flour with honey and spices, but one story might be true...

Once upon a time in Toruń, there lived a young **piekarz** named Bogumił, who worked for his master Bartholomew. Bogumił was a hard-working and cheerful young man who filled the **piekarnia** (bakery) with joyful singing while working. The charming young man attracted the attention of the master's daughter, whose name was Róża. Bogumił was not indifferent to her either and would give her bunches of wild flowers and bake huge **piernik** (gingerbread) hearts.

A rich, old widower made advances at Róża and while courting her would bring her strings of pearls and other precious gifts. Róża's father wanted her to marry the widower, but Róża loved Bogumił with all her heart.



One day, when he was not very busy at the bakery, Bogumił went to the nearby riverside to pick the most beautiful flowers for his beloved Róża. While walking, he saw a *pszczola* (bee) drowning in the stream of water. The buzzing insect was soaked and weakened by the struggle, so the young man gave her a leaf to grasp and then gently placed the bee on a clover so she could dry in the warm sunshine.

He was just about to leave when he heard, "Bogumił, thank you for saving my subject."



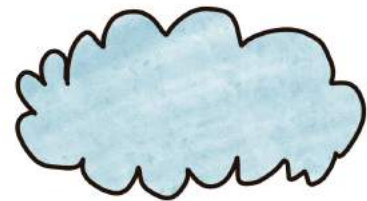
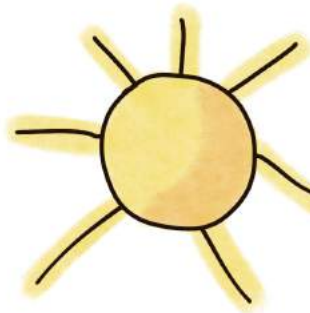
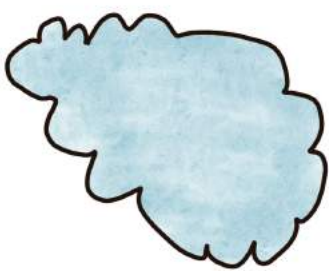
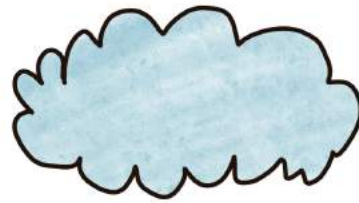
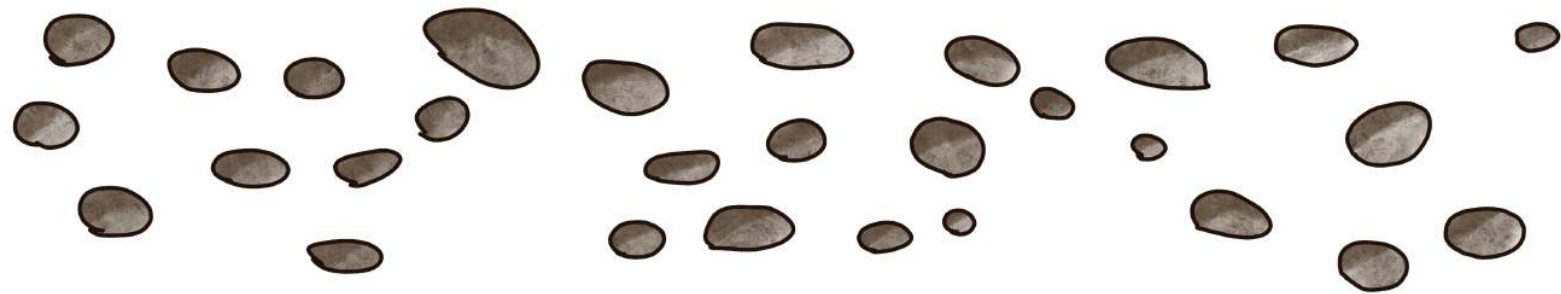
The young man looked around and in the grass he saw a tiny queen and some knights. He knelt down and bowed his head, as it was the Queen of Dwarfs. "You are a good man Bogumit. Dwarfs would not survive without bees as we feed on honey only. I am going to reward your generosity and tell you a secret which will make you a rich and famous man," said the Queen.

"What secret is that?" he asked.

"Honey, Bogumit, it is honey. If you add it to your piernik dough the pastry will have a flavour and aroma which you have never before encountered."

The young baker was extremely surprised that it could be that simple, but he bowed again in gratitude. When he raised his head, the Queen and her knights were gone. "Was it a dream?" he asked himself, running back to the town to try the new recipe.



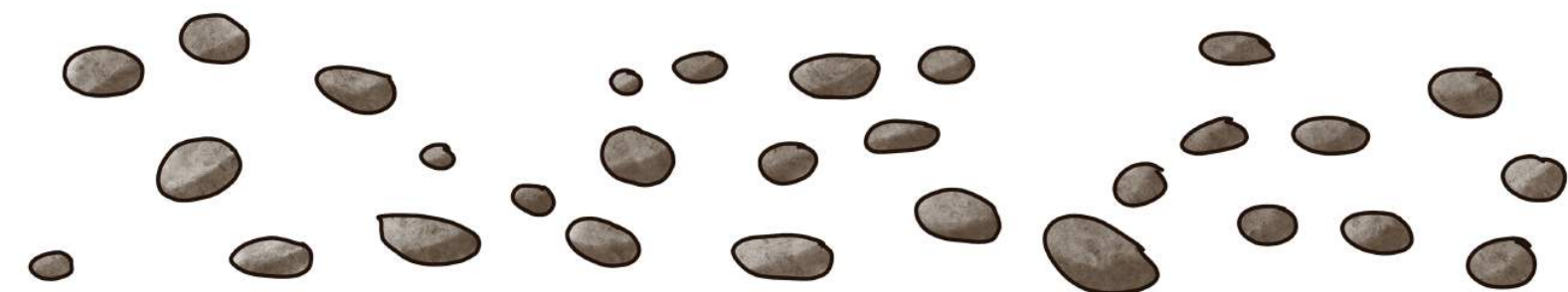


When he entered the town gates, he saw a huge crowd gathered in the town square. People were excitedly talking about an upcoming event.

"Król przyjeżdża do naszego miasta. The King is coming to our town," shouted someone from the crowd.

"When?" asked Bogumił.

"Tomorrow, he is coming tomorrow," rejoiced the crowd.



Bogumił hurried to his master's *piekarnia* and got to work. He added honey to the dough, but kept it secret from Master Bartholomew. He worked all night baking gingerbreads of various shapes. That night, all the bakeries in Toruń were working until the early hours of the morning. Each master wanted to delight the King with his pastries and present them in Warsaw, the capital of Poland. Spicy aromas wafted through lamp-lit windows all around the town.

The next day, beautifully decorated stalls were set up in the market square and the people put on their best clothes. After greeting the King, the town councillors showed him around the stalls where he received baskets of gingerbreads. When they reached Master Bartholomew's stall, the King stayed longer as the *piernik* there smelled more delicious and melted more tenderly.

"Who baked them?" asked the King.

"Your Majesty, this is my apprentice Bogumił," replied Master Bartholomew. Then he bowed and pointed at the young man.

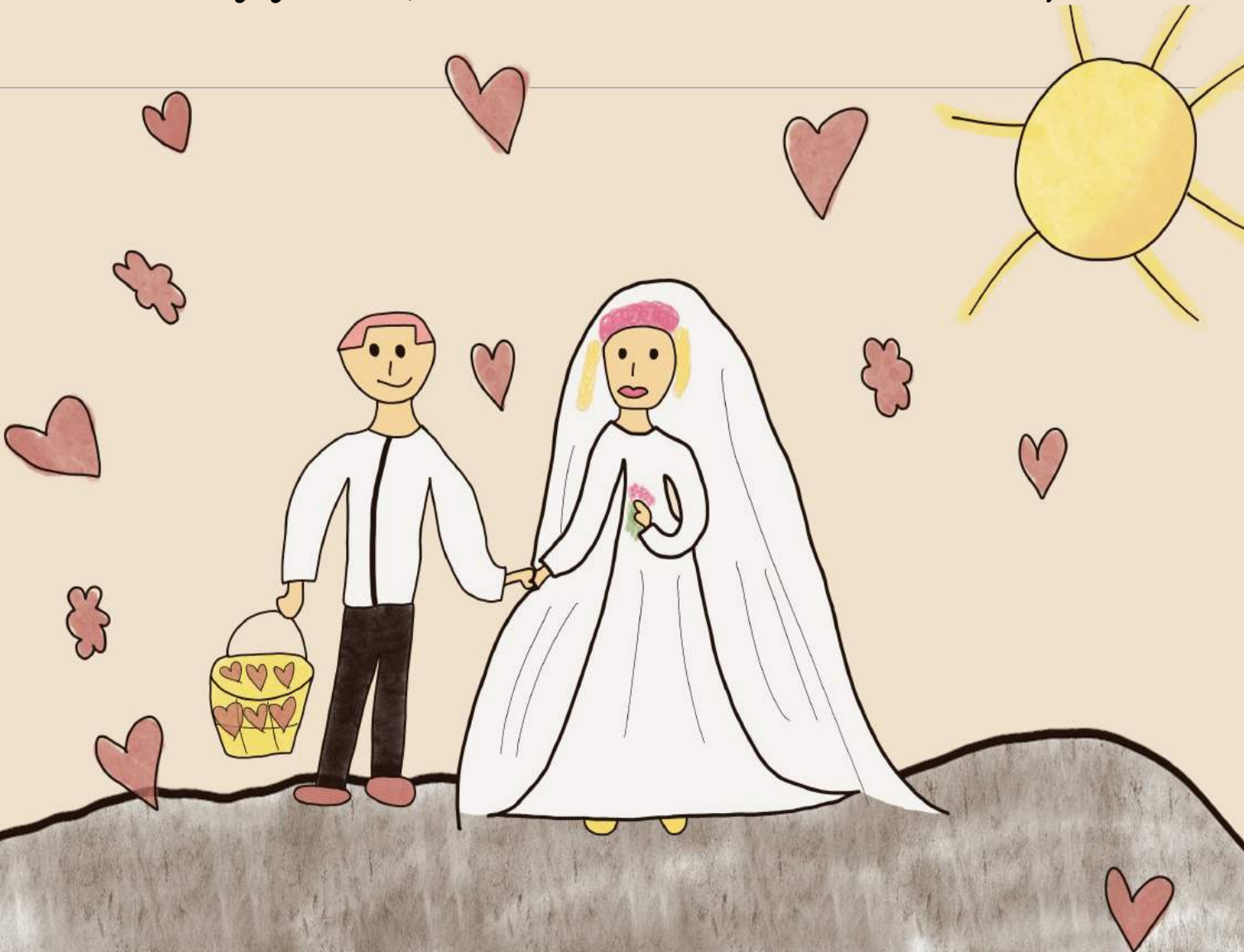
"Bogumił, your *piernik* is the most amazing I have ever tasted. I would like to reward you for your work. What do you most desire?"



Bogumił bowed and replied. "Merciful Lord, I do not want any money, but with all my heart I want to marry Master Bartholomew's daughter."

"If that is your wish, then take her to be your wedded wife and live peacefully and happily. And as for me, I want you to bake piernik for me and my entire court in Warsaw."

A happy Bogumił took Róża to be his wife and soon became a master piekarz. He brought his pastries to Warsaw and the other cities of Poland. Very soon, the fame of Toruń gingerbread spread all over the world and continues to this day. ■



What do you think?

Have you tried gingerbread? How would you describe the flavour?



STORYTIME

Extra



Do you ever sing while cooking or baking? What songs do you like to sing?

Guess what?

The famous Polish composer Frederic Chopin became a fan of Toruń gingerbread after a trip to the city in 1825. There is even a type of gingerbread, called Sherzo, produced in memory of his visit.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

Toruń is known as "the city of Copernicus". This is because a great astronomer called Nicolaus Copernicus was born there.

In the mix

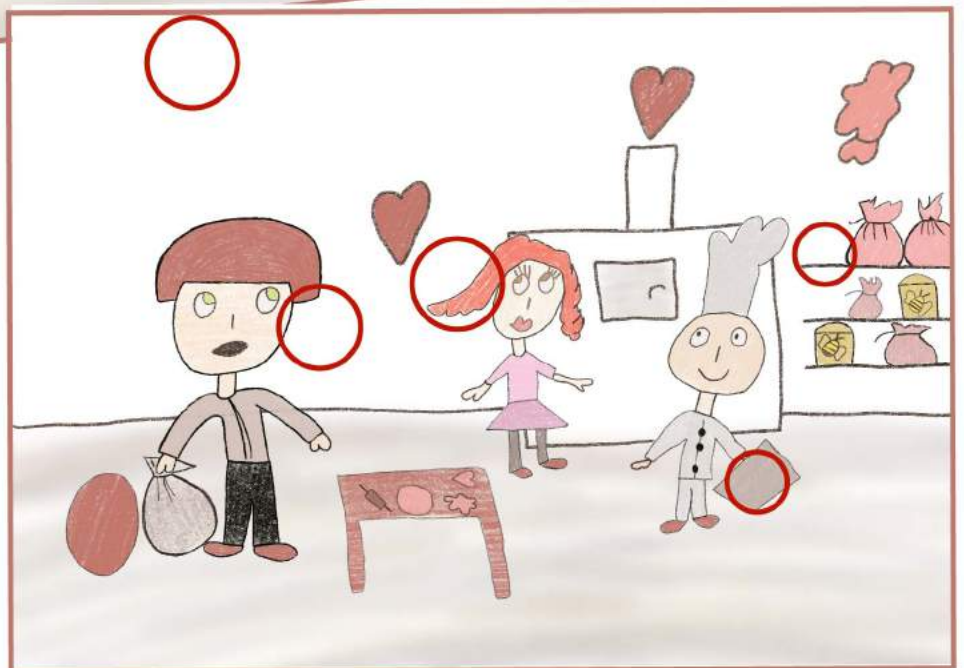
Gingerbread is known as "piernik" in Polish, which originates from the old Polish term for spices, "pierny", which are added to flour and honey to make gingerbread batter.



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





IRAN

A Heart Bigger Than the World

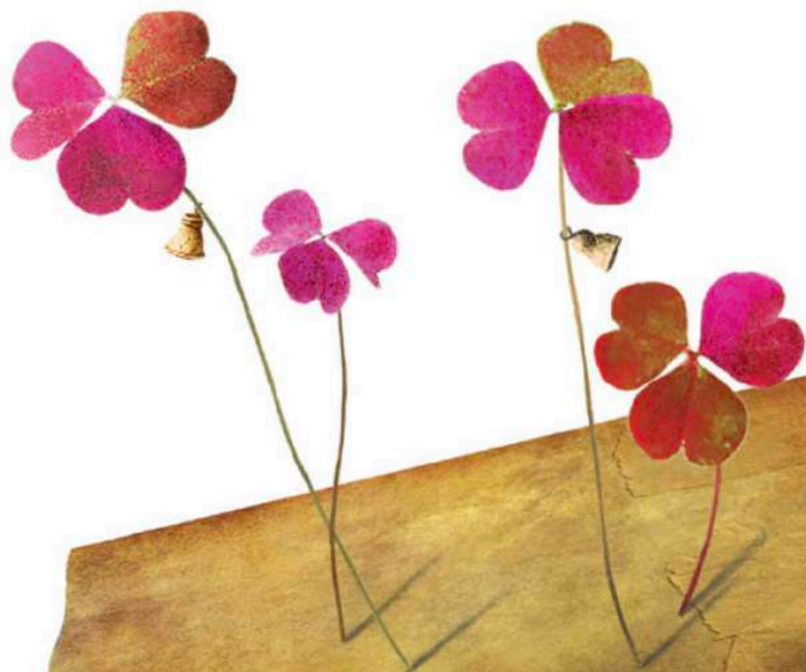
As told by Erfan Nazar Ahari

Illustrated by Mahkame Shabani

She had been waiting and waiting to come into the world. Every day it had been someone else's turn, until they finally told her, "You're next! Pack your suitcase!" Her suitcase was as small as a fingertip. They told her, "Wait, you have quite a distance to go. The journey is long, with many ups and downs." So, she packed two legs. She was about to set out. They said, "Wait, the world is full of beauty. Take along something with which you can see."

She packed two eyes.

They said, "The world is full of melodies. You'll need to pick up the many tunes of the world." So, she packed two ears.





She packed lips for smiling, a tongue for talking, and a pair of hands for building. For nine months, she packed her suitcase with blood, cells, bones, body and soul. They said, "This is your outfit for the journey of life. Take good care of it. When you return, leave it there."

Then they gave her a little red trunk and said, "That which is the most beautiful and most valuable is in this trunk. It is called the heart, and it makes you human. Always keep it with you. Without it, the suitcase full of blood and bones has no value."

She rushed off.

No sooner had she stepped into the world than she felt she'd left something behind. In her rush, she had forgotten the little red trunk. Her heart. She started to cry.



She heard a soft whisper in her ear. "My dear, you were in a hurry and you left without your heart. Everyone does it, and this is why everyone cries when they come into the world. But finding your heart is what makes life beautiful."

So, she travelled far and wide in search of her heart.

She came upon a seed and asked, "Can you help me find my heart? I need to be human."

The seed said, "I don't know about people's hearts, but I'll show you mine."

The seed put out roots and raised its hand, grew into a tall stem, its hands sprouting branches, leaves, buds, blossoms and fruit. It gave shade, protection and nourishment.

"This is how seeds get their hearts."

The seed gave its tree to her, and she placed it in her chest.

Then she came upon a drop of water in a pond.

"Do you know where I can get another heart?"

The drop said, "I can only show you how drops get their hearts."





The sun beat down on the drop, turning it into a cloud. The cloud rained, and the rain flowed into a river. The river ran to every bush and flower, giving life and purity as it travelled down to join the sea.

That drop gave her the ocean to keep in her chest.

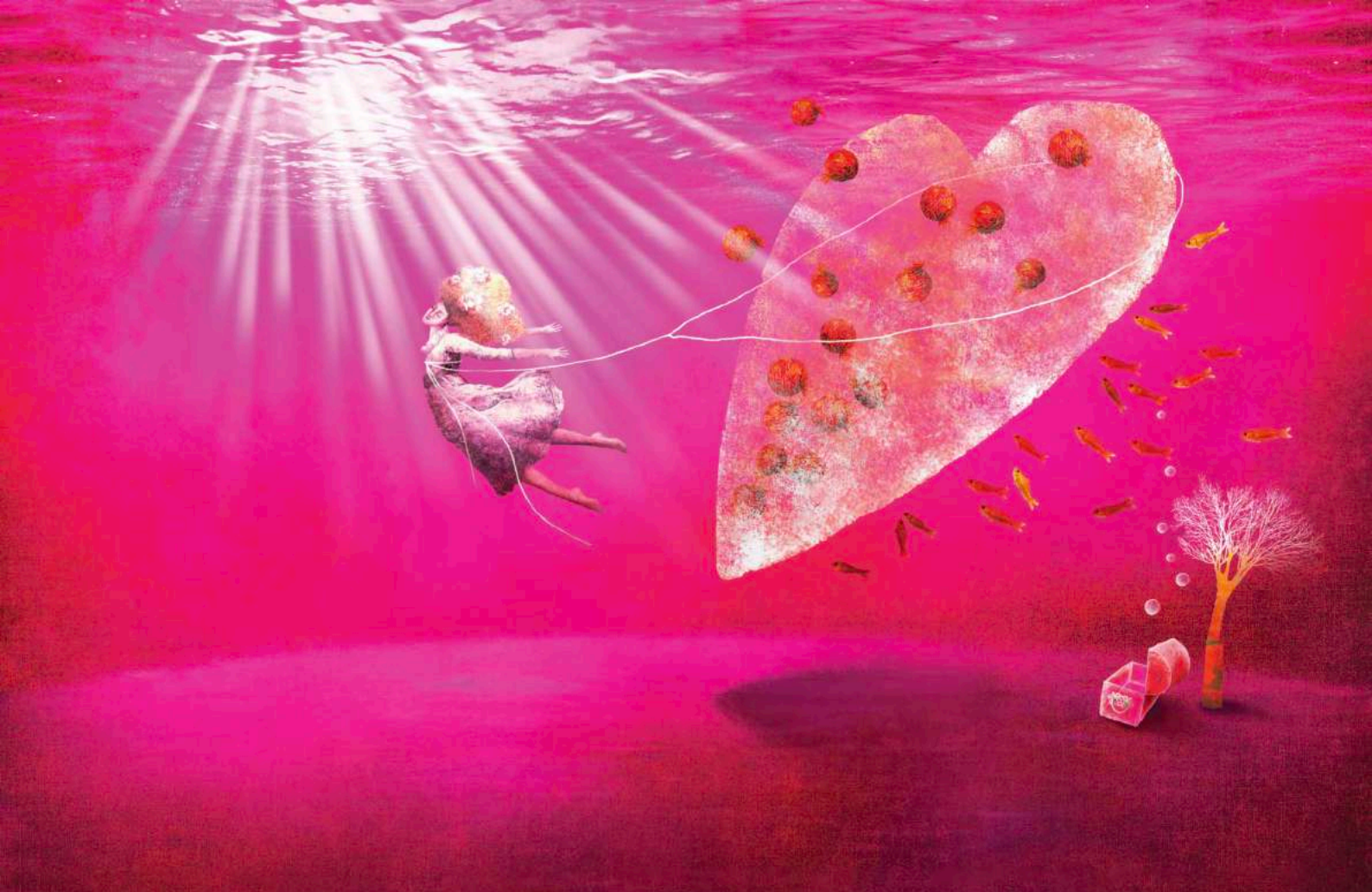
She then came upon a path.

“A path’s heart reaches all the way around the world” it said. “I’ll show you how a path reaches its heart. Come!”

The path went on and on, with no end in sight. Its only desire was to help others reach their destination. She placed the path in her chest to remember that the heart of paths will always go on.

With a tree, a sea and a path in her chest, she continued her journey.





As she walked, she came upon every manner of thing. Eventually, her chest contained a prairie where leopards and deer roamed peacefully.

A sky, in which sparrows and eagles soared together.

An ocean, in which sharks and seals danced with one another.

A garden, whose every flower was a smile upon the lips of people big and small, old and young.

She had found her heart. Its name was **jahan** – the world. The world was big but she was bigger still, since she could fit the world in her chest.

Her journey had come to an end. ■

Translated by Mehdi Torabi

What do you think?

What do people mean when they say the purpose of life is the journey, and not the destination? Do you agree?



STORYTIME Extra

FUN WITH WORDS

Can you finish these sentences with the right connecting word?

For example: *Bird is to feathers, just as fish is to scales*

1. Flower is to petal, just as tree is to _____
2. Seed is to sow, just as plant is to _____
3. Eyes is to face, just as toes is to _____
4. Almond is to nut, just as rose is to _____
5. River is to flow, just as sun is to _____
6. Water is to drink, just as air is to _____

You can find the answers on the next page

DID YOU KNOW?

Erfan Nazar Ahari is an Iranian poet and children's author. Her delightful retelling of this creation story, "A Heart Bigger Than the World" was released as an audio and musical book.

Imagine

This story paints a beautiful picture of the world. What does your ideal world look like? What does it sound like?

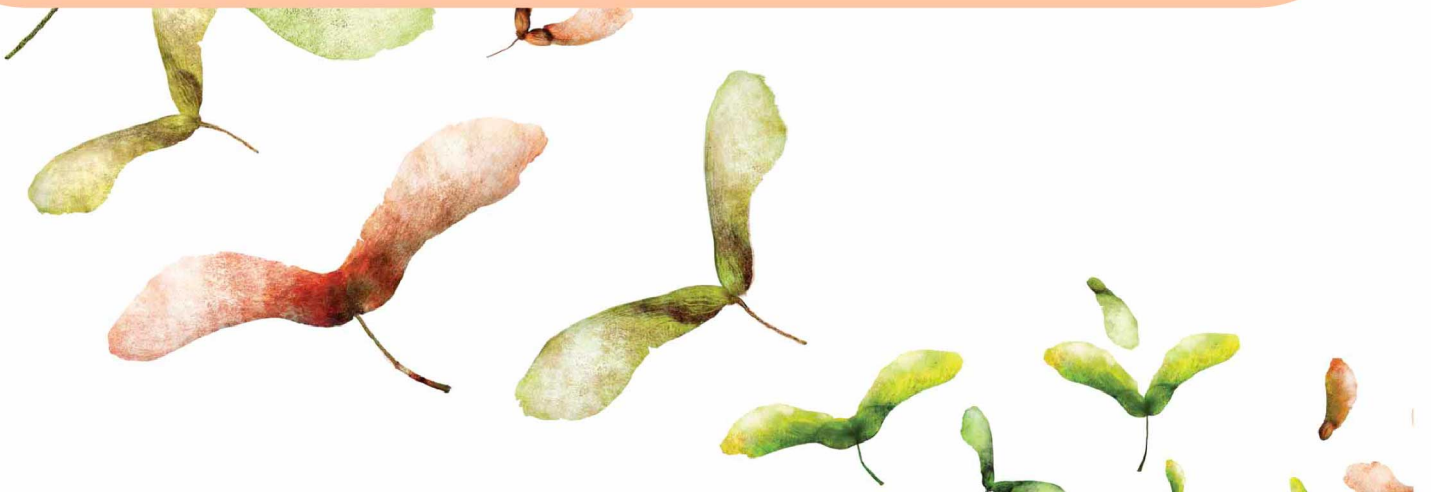


ANSWERS & Solutions

Do you know the simple ways of the world?
Let's see how well you could complete these sentences.

FUN WITH WORDS

1. Flower is to petal, just as tree is to leaf
2. Seed is to sow, just as plant is to grow
3. Eyes is to face, just as toes is to foot
4. Almond is to nut, just as rose is to flower
5. River is to flow, just as sun is to shine
6. Water is to drink, just as air is to breathe





LITHUANIA



Eglė the Queen of Grass Serpents

Illustrated by Loreta Uzdraitė

There once was a local farmer, who lived with his three daughters and twelve sons. On a warm summer day, the three girls went swimming in the bay. When they returned to the shore to get dressed, Eglė (which means “spruce tree” in Lithuanian), the youngest of the farmer’s daughters, found a grass snake in her clothes. To her surprise, the slithering serpent began to speak in the strange voice of an unfamiliar man.

“Young maiden, if you wish for your clothes to be returned, you must promise to marry me.”

Desperate for the warmth of her clothes, Eglė agreed.



Three days later a majestic chariot, pulled by an army of grass-serpents, appeared at the doorstep of Eglė's parents' farmhouse. Unwilling to part with their youngest, Eglė's family tried to disguise one of their farm animals as Eglė, but a cuckoo's loud calls warned the serpents of their deception. Wise to the trickery, the serpents brought Eglė home to their master.

At the bay shore they were met by the enchanting and handsome Žilvinas, King of the Grass Serpents, in his human form. He took Eglė's hand and guided her to his magical palace under the sea, where they were married. Eglė and Žilvinas lived together with their three sons – **Ažuolas** (Oak), **Uosis** (Ash) and **Beržas** (Birch), and youngest daughter **Drebulė** (Aspen).





One day, the children began asking about their mother's family. Eglė grew terribly homesick and asked Žilvinas to allow her to visit her parents' farm with their children.

"The only way I can agree to let you see your family is if you learn these three tricks. First, you will spin endless threads of silk; my supply can never run empty. Then, you must wear out a pair of iron shoes, until they break apart. Finally, you must bake a pie without a single kitchen utensil. If you impress me, you may go."

How could Eglė meet her husband's conditions? They were surely impossible? However, with the help of a local sorceress, she was able to surprise Žilvinas with her three new tricks and begin her journey home.

The farmer and his elder daughters were delighted to see Eglè and her four children at their doorstep after what felt like an eternity.

Not wanting the happy reunion to finish, Eglè's family plotted to end Žilvinas's life. "But, how could we possibly summon the King of the Grass Serpents from his seabed?" Eglè's father asked. Turning to Eglè's children, he pleaded for them to reveal the secret call used by Eglè to summon Žilvinas to the shore. Unaware of the family's plan, the youngest daughter, Drebulè, immediately told them.

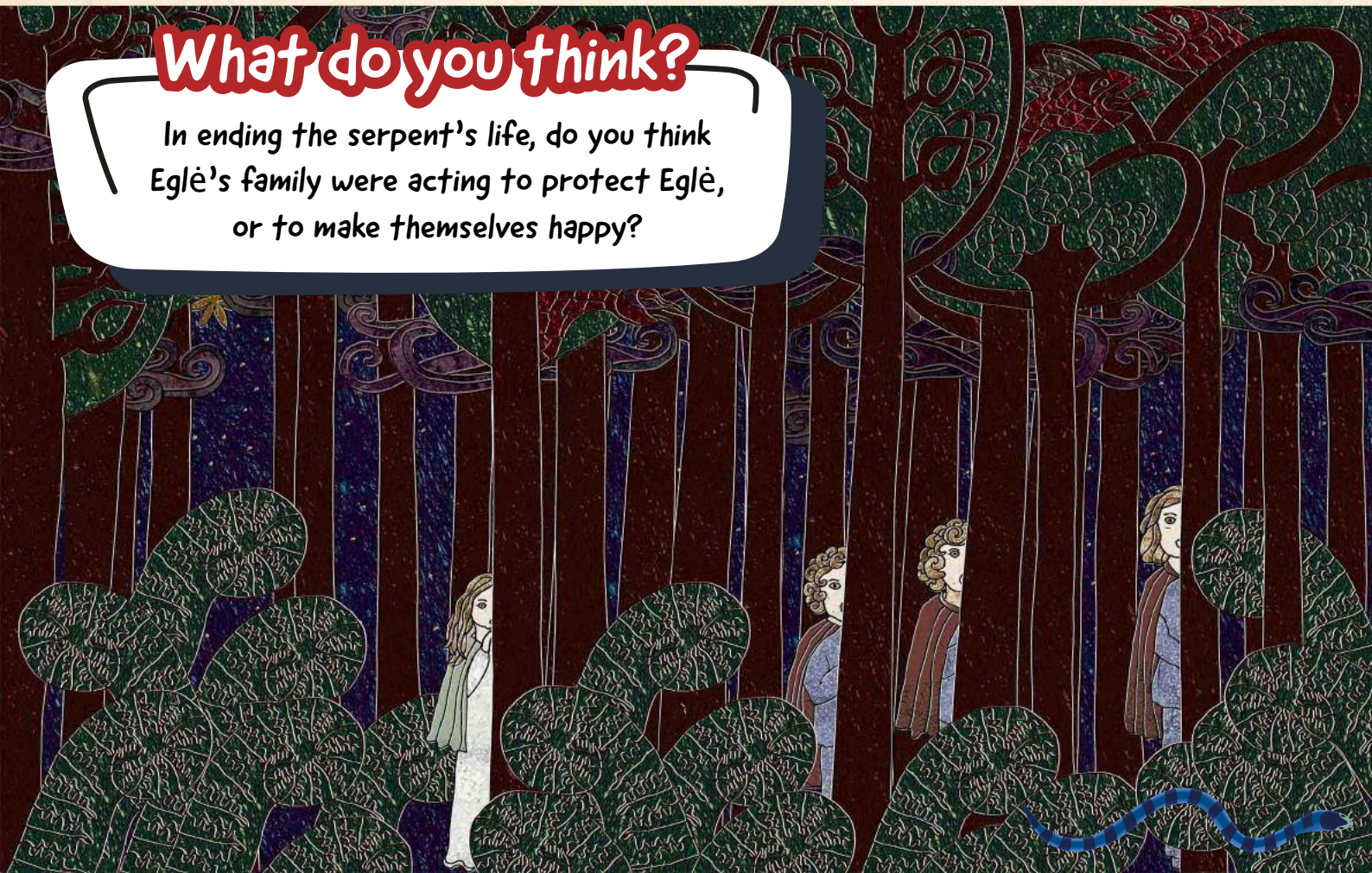
Eglè's twelve brothers rushed to the seashore and called Žilvinas, who slithered to shore in the form of a serpent. Not wishing their youngest sister to see or hear the commotion, they raised their scythes and swiftly killed the serpent, throwing him back into the bay.

Unaware of Žilvinas's death, Eglè bid her parents a fond farewell, and set off for the shore. She called and called for her husband, but Žilvinas did not appear. The King's loyal army of serpents rose to the shore, and announced the loss of their master.

Overcome with grief, Eglè turned herself and her four children into their true tree forms – her sons into an oak, an ash and a birch, her daughter into a trembling aspen, and herself into a spruce. They remained rooted together on the shore for ever more. ■

What do you think?

In ending the serpent's life, do you think Eglè's family were acting to protect Eglè, or to make themselves happy?





STORYTIME Extra

LET'S BRANCH OUT

Can you match up the tree with its name?

SPRUCE

OAK

ASH

BIRCH

ASPEN



You can find the answers on the next page

DID YOU KNOW?

You can find wooden statues of Eglė and her four children in the Forest Echo museum in the town of Druskininkai.

Guess what?

This folk tale is rooted in Baltic mythology but has many variants further afield. More than 100 versions of this story exist outside of Lithuania.

Catch the grass snakes!

There are some snakes slithering around the pages of this story. How many can you find?





ANSWERS & Solutions

How well do you know your leaves and branches?
Did you match the trees with their correct names?

LET'S BRANCH OUT

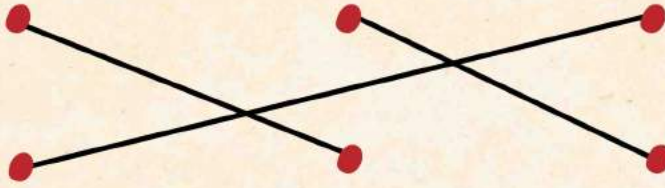
SPRUCE

OAK

ASH

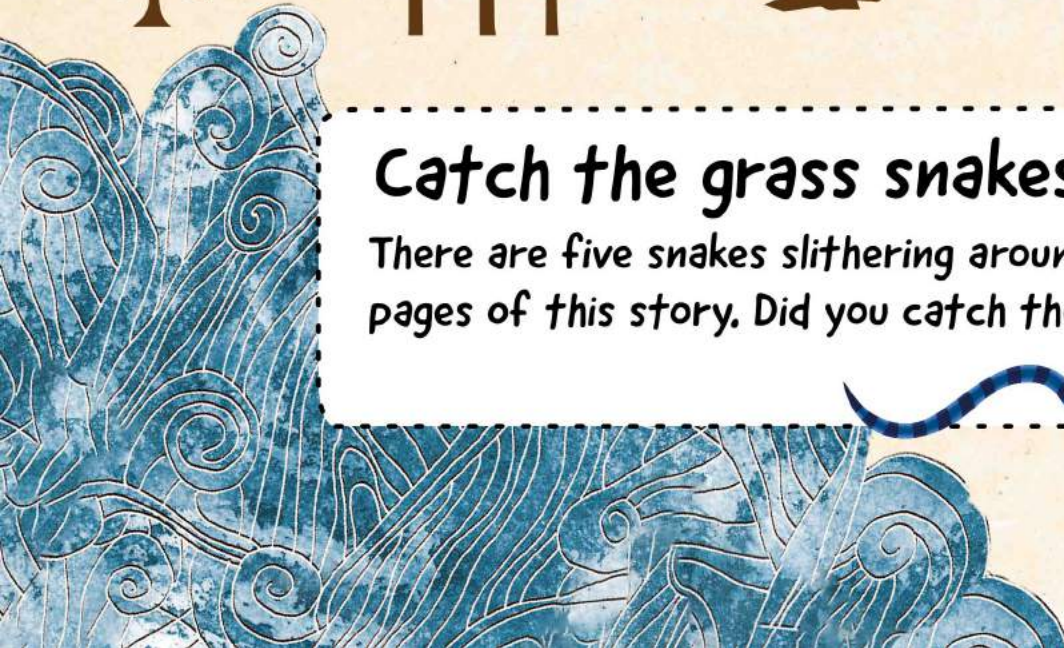
BIRCH

ASPEN



Catch the grass snakes!

There are five snakes slithering around the pages of this story. Did you catch them all?





ROMANIA

Aleodor the Emperor

As told by Petre Ispirescu

Illustrated by Done Stan

There once was an **împărat** (emperor). As his hair turned grey with age, he grew more regretful over not having a child of his own. Yet, lo and behold, fate smiled upon him and gifted him a beautiful young boy named Aleodor.

The **împărat** summoned East, West, North and South to share his great joy. He was delighted to see his son grow into a sharp, skilful young man. When the **împărat** felt his end was drawing near, he placed his son upon his knees and said, "My boy, it is time for me to go. I have only one thing to ask of you. Do you see that **munte** (mountain) yonder? It lies in the lands of a **creatură** (creature) that is half-man, half-hare. Those who set foot in his land do not go unpunished."

Aleodor kept his father's parting words close to his heart.

One day, Aleodor, now împărat, slipped and unwittingly fell onto the land of the forbidden munte. Looking up from his fall, he saw none other than the formidable creatură.

"The wicked who tread upon my land will forever do my bidding!" boomed the creatură.

"Spare me, please," begged Aleodor. "I stepped on your land by accident. I mean you no harm."

"I see the Împărat himself pleads for forgiveness like any other coward," the creatură sneered.

"I have told you the truth, and will fight for my life if I must," declared Aleodor.

"Fighting is not an option. Bring me the daughter of Împărat Verdesh, and you shall walk out alive," challenged the creatură.



Although hesitant, Aleodor realised that doing the creature's bidding was the only way to escape his evil clutches. So, he gave his word.

"How am I to give the Emperor's daughter away to such an awful creature?" pondered Aleodor, as he went on his way. On approaching a lake, he spotted a pike flopping around on the shore, gasping for air.

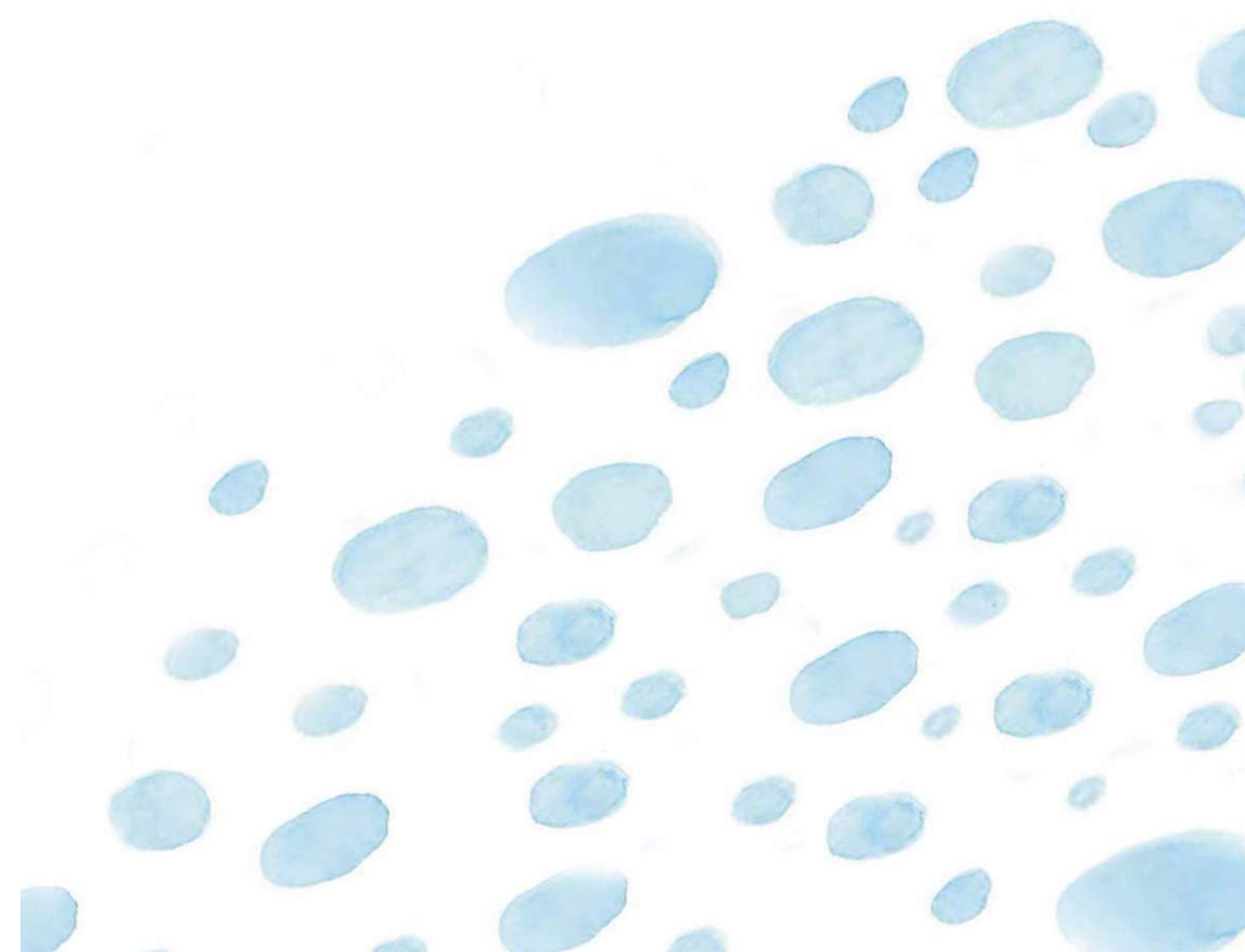
"Ah, something to satisfy my hunger," he rejoiced as he eagerly went to grab the pike.

"Do not kill me, handsome prince! Keep this small scale, and when you think of me, I shall appear."

Taking the magical fish's scale, he returned the pike to the water and went on his way.

He then came upon a raven with a broken wing. He pulled out his gun, ready to shoot.

"Handsome prince!" squawked the Raven. "I will be more helpful to you if I'm alive. Give me a chance!"



Aleodor mended the raven's broken wing. "Brave, kind prince. I offer you one of my feathers. Think of me, and I shall appear."

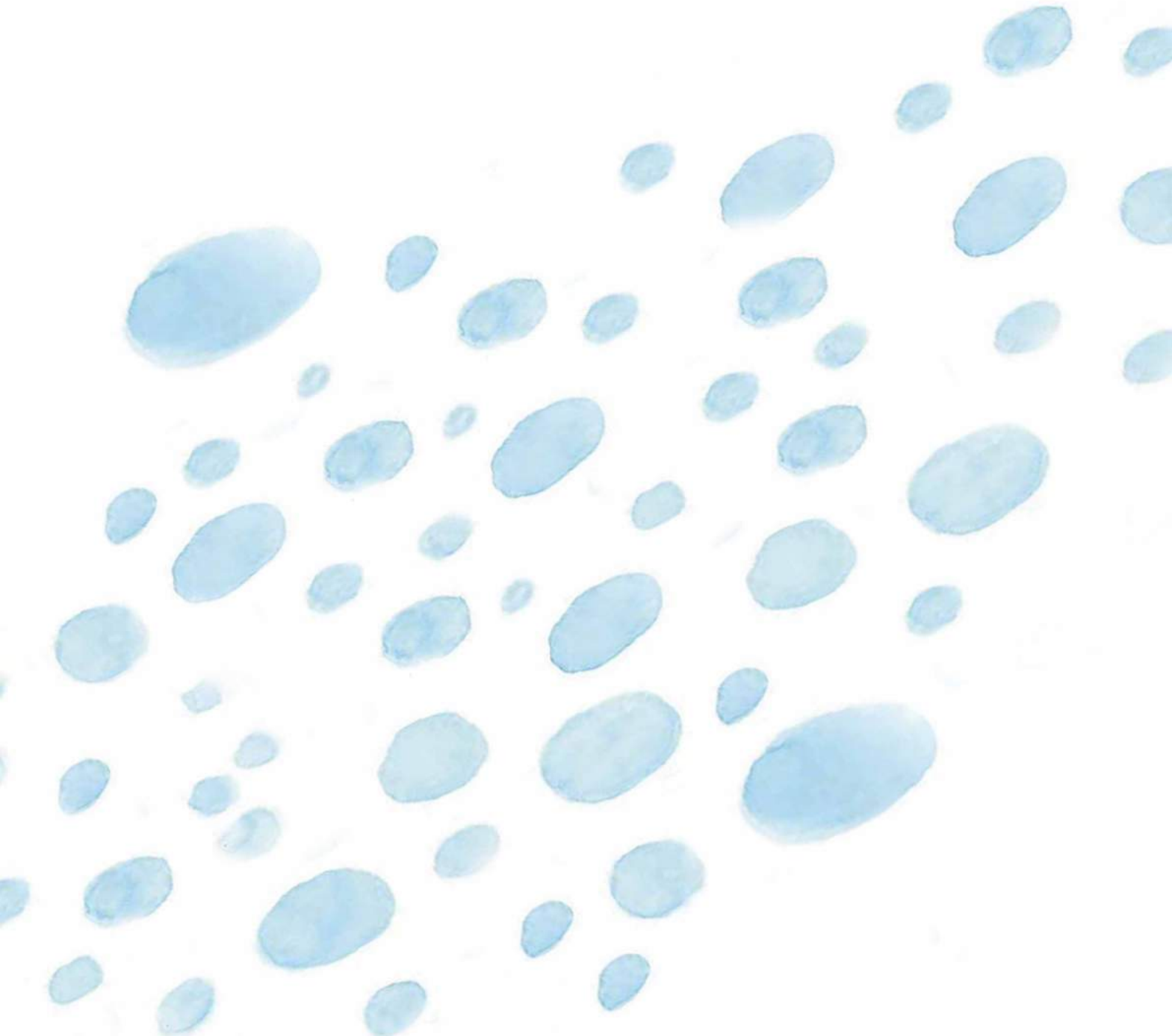
He took the small magic feather and continued his journey, only to step on a gadfly.

"Spare my life, handsome prince, for I shall save you from death. Keep this piece of down from my wing. Think of me, and with you I shall be." Hearing this promise, Aleodor lifted his foot and set the gadfly free.

After several days and nights on foot, he came upon the gates to Împărat Verdesch's palace. He stood there for days, hoping that someone would let him in.

On the third day, the Împărat summoned his servants to bring in the young man standing at his gate. "What do you seek?" asked the Împărat.

"Your Highness, I have been sent to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage," said Aleodor.



“Well, as is the custom in my court, we shall make an agreement,” decreed the Împărat. “For the next three days, you shall hide yourself in my palace. Should my daughter find you, you will be punished. Should she not find you, then I give you my blessing.”

In the presence of Împărat Verdesh and his daughter, Aleodor agreed. The next day, he would make himself invisible to the Princess.

Aleodor spent the rest of the day trying to find the best hiding place. Suddenly, he remembered the pike he had rescued, and its promise to him. He took the magical scale out of his pocket, and thought of its owner.

Lo and behold, the pike appeared before him.

“Handsome prince, I am at your humble service.”



"I must hide, away from the sharp eyes of the Princess. Where do I go?", asked Aleodor. With a lash of its tail, the pike turned him into a sea bream, throwing him to the bottom of the sea.

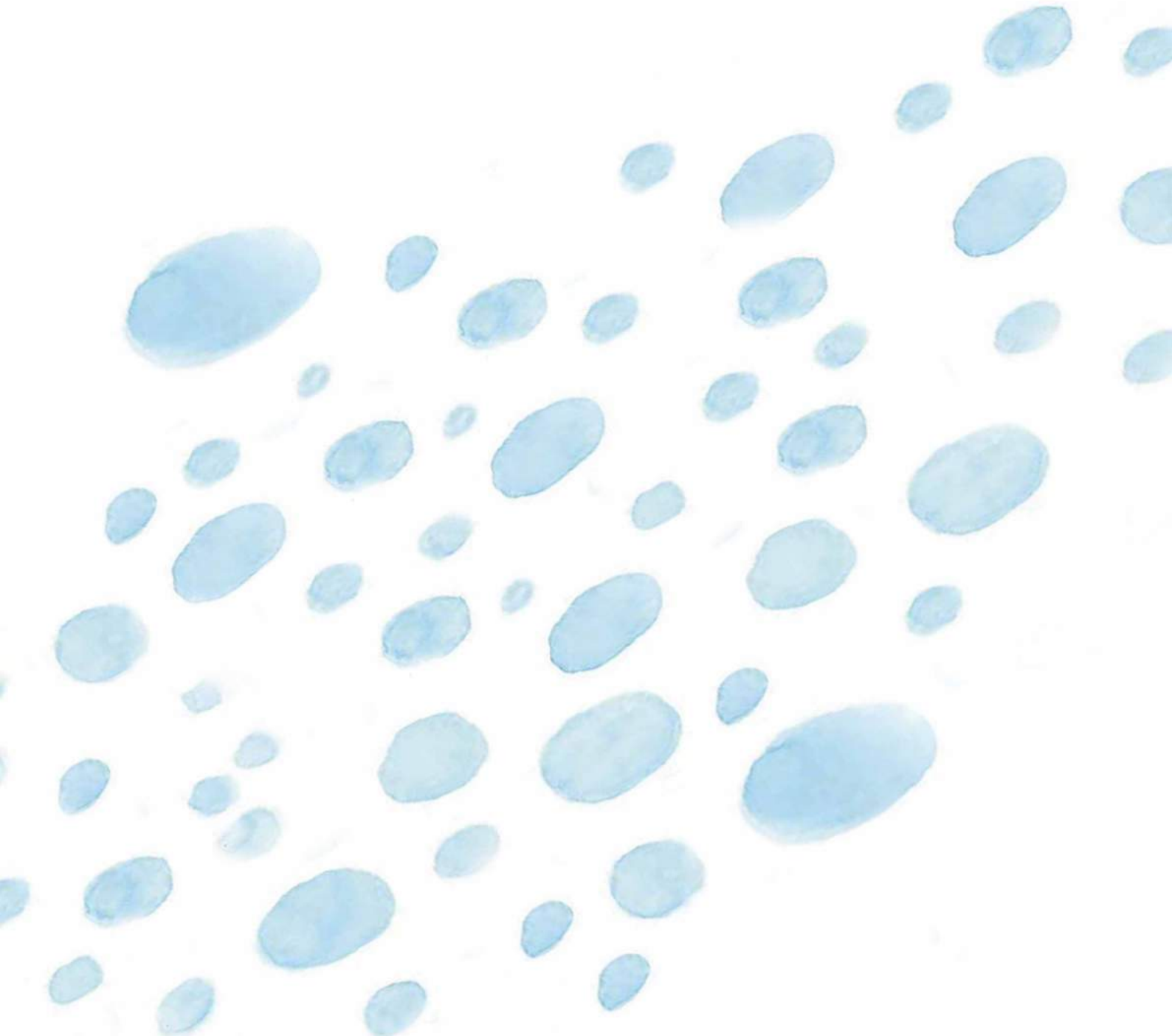
When the Princess awoke, she took her giant spyglass and looked everywhere. Aleodor was nowhere to be found. Remembering her spyglass was in fact magical, she took it to sea. Lo and behold, there he was, swimming at the bottom.

She laughed. "Come out, silly prince!"

When Împărat Verdesh learned his daughter had found Aleodor, she begged her father to spare him.

"Father, he is not naive like the others," she promised. "Very well," said the King.

Aleodor asked the raven for help. With its mended wing, the bird turned him into a young raven and sent him flying above the raging wind.



The next morning, the Princess took her trusted spyglass and searched every nook. Yet, Aleodor was nowhere to be found. As she walked out onto her balcony, she looked to the skies. What did she see? Why, Aleodor of course, soaring above her.

She laughed. "Come down, you teeny, tiny bird!"

Having no choice, he flew down to the Princess.

Desperate, he thought of the gadfly. In the blink of an eye, the gadfly turned him into a louse egg and hid him right in the girl's pigtail.

The next morning, the Princess grabbed her trusted spyglass and searched for him. She searched the earth, the heavens, and the seas. Aleodor was nowhere to be seen.



“Alas, you are a master of disguise, wise împărat. Yours I shall be,” she proclaimed. And the louse egg climbed down her pigtail and appeared before her.

Stunned by Aleodor’s tricks, Împărat Verdesh gave his daughter’s hand in marriage. Aleodor escorted the Princess from her palace, followed by a grand procession. He laid his head in her lap and fell asleep. Mesmerised by his beauty, she could not refrain from giving him a gentle kiss.

He woke up, disappointed in her behaviour. “You do not belong to me. You belong to that who is half-man and half-hare, who dwells on the munte on which no one dares to tread.”

“Why did you not tell me this at home? Then I might have known what to do.”

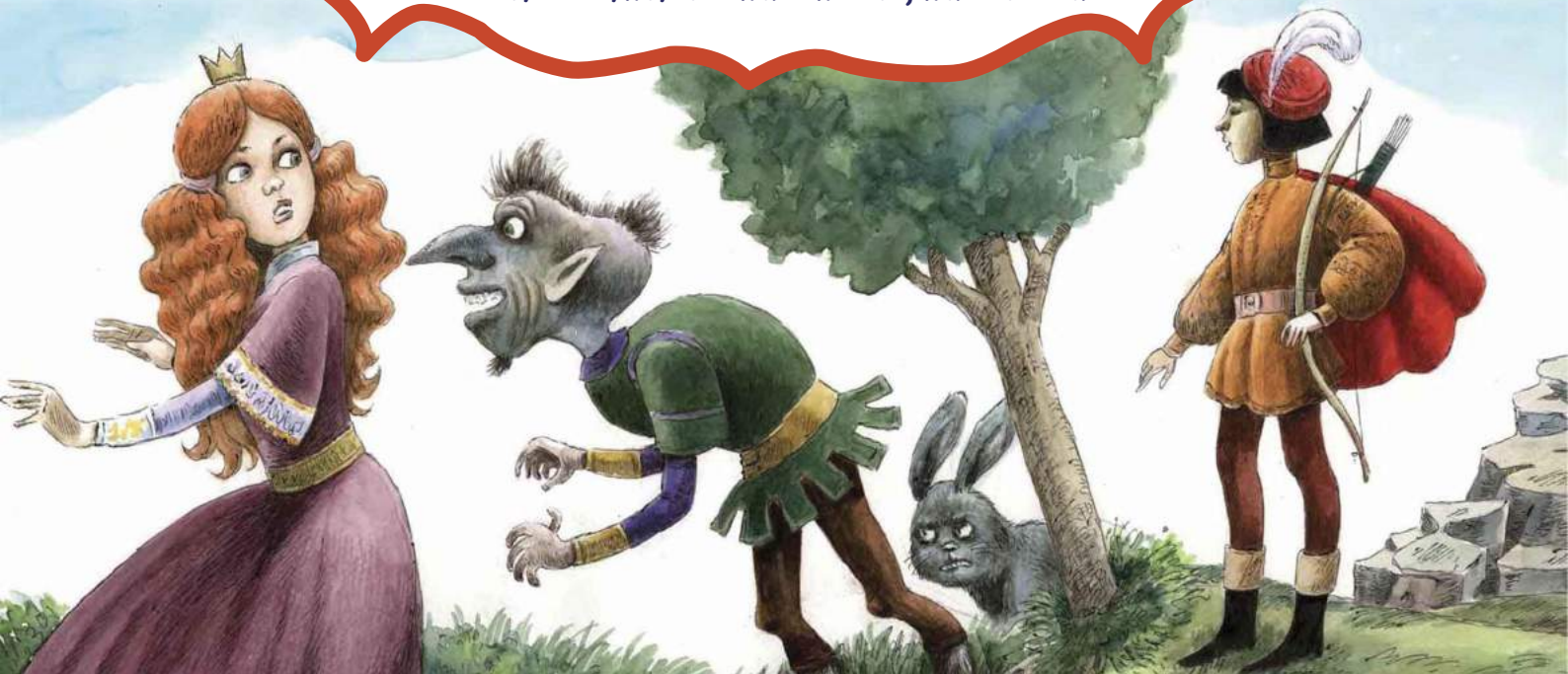
When they reached the forbidden munte, the Princess jumped in fright at the sight of the evil creatură to which she was betrothed. But although the hideous creatură tried to charm her into his humble abode, she defied him.

Shamed by his betrothed’s refusal to wed him, the creatură retreated, never to be seen again. And the Emperor’s daughter pledged herself to Aleodor, who took her hand in marriage.

The people of Aleodor’s kingdom greeted their împărat and his wife, who was so lovely that even the stars beamed upon her. Aleodor and his Princess lived happily ever after, and the munte yonder was free for all to roam. ■

What do you think?

The evil creature in this story is considered half-man, and half-hare. Can you think of other mythological creatures that are half-human, half-animal?





STORYTIME

Extra

MAKING MOVES

Animals of all shapes and sizes move in different ways. Can you guess how each one moves?

- | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---------|
| Monkey | • | • | Waddle |
| Kangaroo | • | • | Scuttle |
| Swan | • | • | Jump |
| Penguin | • | • | Glide |
| Crab | • | • | Gallop |
| Horse | • | • | Slither |
| Snake | • | • | Swing |

You can find the answers on the next page

Memory challenge

- What were the three things that helped Aleodor win the hand of Emperor Verdesch's daughter?
- What three animals did Aleodor turn into to hide from Emperor Verdesch's daughter?

GUESS WHAT?

This tale was first collected in 1875 by Petre Ispirescu, a Romanian folklorist who was recognised for his remarkable talent of recounting folk tales such as Aleodor the Emperor.

Did you know?

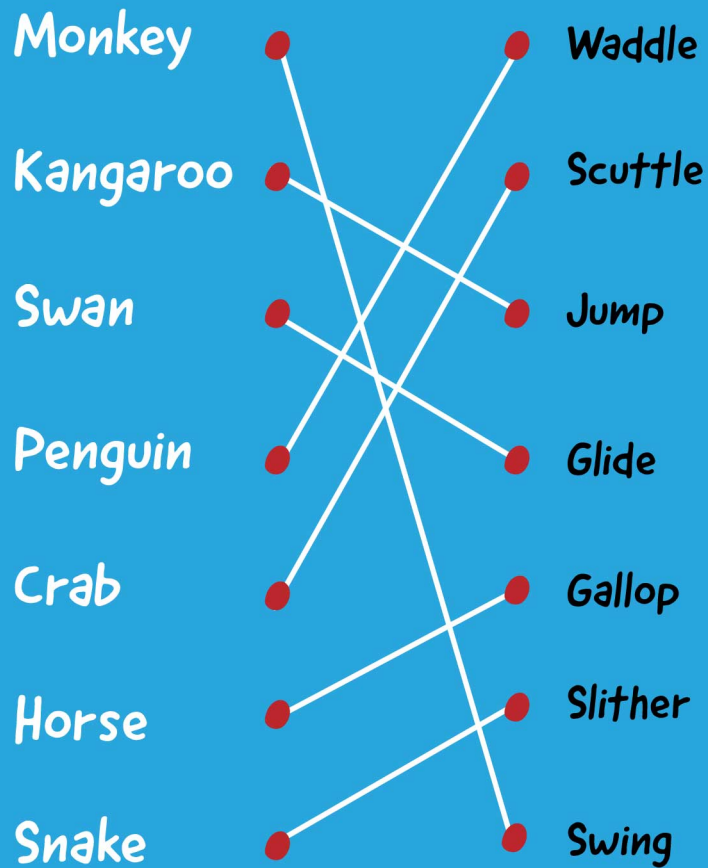
Vampires, werewolves, and giants called **uriasi** are just a few of the creatures you can find in Romanian mythology and folklore.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Do you know how each animal moves?
How did you do?

MAKING MOVES





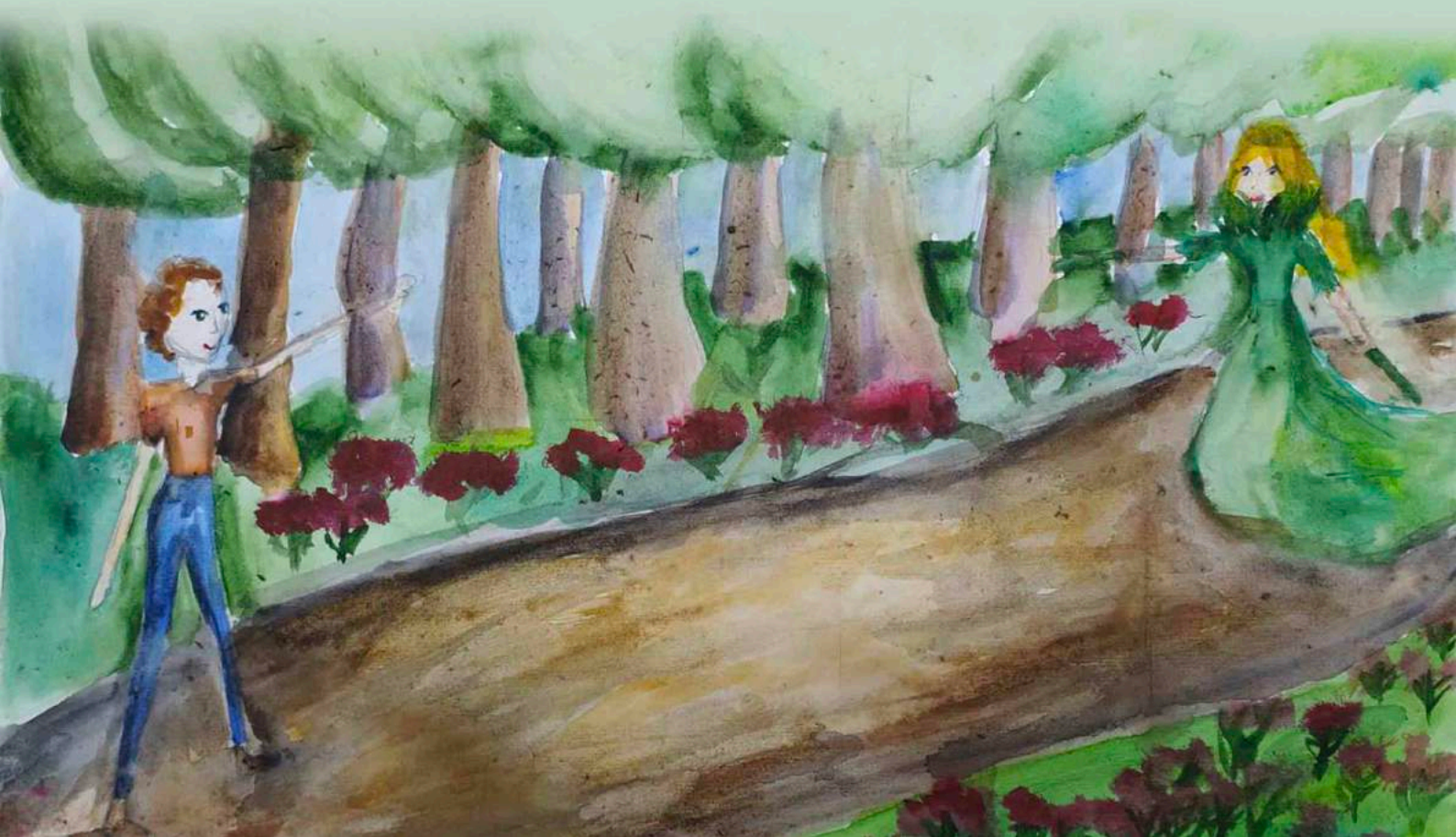
REPUBLIC OF MOLDOVA

Legend of the River Prut

As told by Cătălina Suruceanu

Illustrated by Alexandra Manole

Once upon a time there was a boy called Prut, who lived in a highland village. He often visited the **pădure** (forest) to gather firewood. One evening, he was so distracted with his work that night fell without him even noticing. It was much too dark to find his way home, so he decided to take shelter in the mountains.

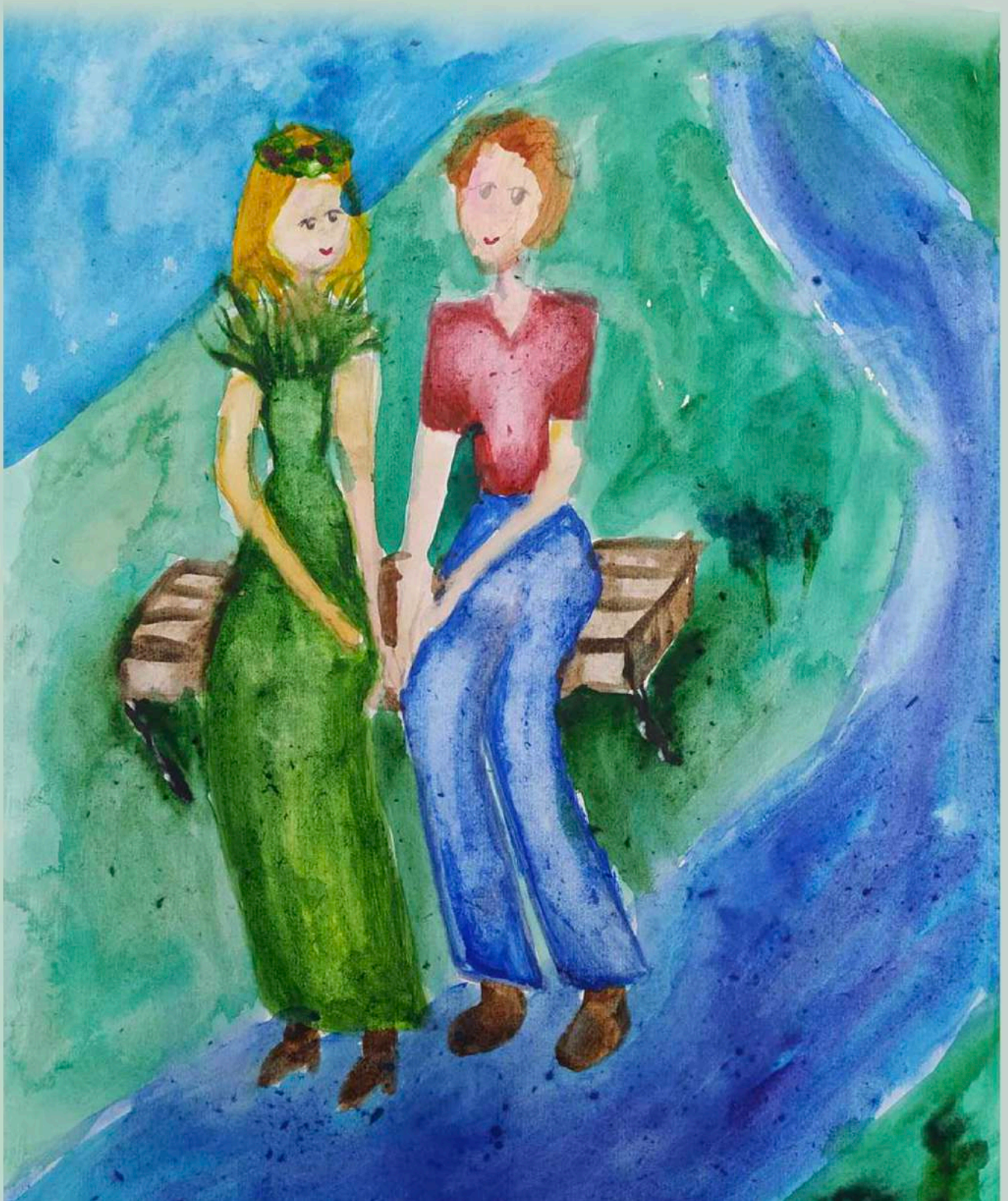




He found a huge **pin** (pine tree) and settled beneath its fragrant boughs. He fell into a deep slumber and in his dreams he saw a beautiful girl, all dressed in **verde** (green). As she approached him, she sang a haunting song. Captivated, the boy held out his hand to her, but the girl disappeared and he awoke with a start to find a verde ribbon tied to a branch of the tree. From that moment the boy fell in love with the girl in verde and made it his mission to find her.

The next evening Prut hid beneath the same pin, but this time stayed awake. As night closed in around him, the girl in verde suddenly appeared. As she approached the tree the boy jumped up to embrace her. "Who are you?" he enquired. "What is your name?" At first the girl was afraid. But then she smiled. "My name is Hoverla."

Overwhelmed with love, Prut pledged to spend the rest of his life with Hoverla. But Hoverla was the daughter of Mount Tsar and was not allowed to leave her place in the mountains and live among ordinary people. When her father learned of her love for Prut, he cursed her and ordered that she never see her beloved boy again.



Hoverla could not live without her love though, and, stricken, she threw herself off a towering precipice. Immediately, a fierce storm began to rage and destroyed everything in its path.

The next morning, when the sun rose, a huge **munte** (mountain) appeared in place of the valley. Inconsolable, Prut wept and wept for Hoverla and fled to the mountains, from where he never returned. And from that day forward, the grieving boy's tears caused a mighty **râu** (river) to thunder through the rocks. That râu is known as the Prut, and the munte from which it flows, Hoverla. ■



What do you think?

Do any natural wonders, such as mountains, lakes, rivers or deserts, in your own country have legends attached to them like that of Prut and Hoverla?



STORYTIME Extra

FIND THE WORD

Can you find these words from the story?

S	T	O	R	M	J	U	K	Q	H
G	N	I	D	V	M	N	Y	C	Y
P	C	C	L	U	A	J	M	U	C
M	N	F	N	Q	T	L	I	P	O
E	H	S	I	O	P	O	L	Z	U
P	G	G	A	R	U	T	D	E	R
H	M	J	R	O	E	T	S	X	Y
Y	X	D	I	C	O	W	V	O	R
H	A	W	B	X	N	M	O	L	R
A	Z	J	B	X	W	P	O	O	L
X	F	N	O	Q	E	P	F	F	D
I	A	H	N	T	V	H	R	G	X
Y	O	K	Z	E	B	Q	L	J	M
P	R	E	C	I	P	I	C	E	Z
U	F	P	K	Q	O	B	C	B	D

Firewood Ribbon Precipice
 Storm Valley

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

- The Prut river is almost 1,000km long and flows through three different countries – Moldova, Ukraine and Romania.
- Mount Hoverla is part of the Carpathian Mountains, which run through Central and Eastern Europe. The Carpathians are home to wild animals such as brown bears, wolves and lynxes.

GUESS WHAT?

This retelling of an ancient folk tale was written by 10-year-old schoolgirl Cătălina Suruceanu.



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words did you find?

FIND THE WORD

S	T	O	R	M	J	U	K	Q	H
G	N	I	D	V	M	N	Y	C	Y
P	C	C	L	U	A	J	M	U	C
M	N	F	N	Q	T	L	I	P	O
E	H	S	I	O	P	O	L	Z	U
P	G	G	A	R	U	T	D	E	R
H	M	J	R	O	E	T	S	X	Y
Y	X	D	I	C	O	W	V	O	R
H	A	W	B	X	N	M	O	L	R
A	Z	J	B	X	W	P	O	O	L
X	F	N	O	Q	E	P	F	F	D
I	A	H	N	T	V	H	R	G	X
Y	O	K	Z	E	B	Q	L	J	M
P	R	E	C	I	P	I	C	E	Z
U	F	P	K	Q	O	B	C	B	D

Firewood Ribbon Precipice
Storm Valley



CZECH REPUBLIC

ROBOT

Illustrated by Klára Vodenková

A long time ago, there was an inventor named Rossum who truly believed in the wonders and magic of science and engineering. He never doubted, not for a single second, that technology could heal human beings of all suffering.

Night after night, his dreams would feature a machine, its eyes a pair of bright blinking yellow lights, its aluminum body like a knight's armour.

Rossum would wake every morning, with the previous night's dream as vivid and clear as the light of day.



He desperately wanted to create an autonomous machine, with those very bright, blinking yellow lights that would stare at him in his night visions.

Every night in his laboratory, Rossum furiously sketched model after model, welded precious metals, tirelessly rearranged nuts and bolts, and tried gears of all shapes and sizes to make his dream a reality.

Early one morning, as the first rays of sunshine broke through the clouds, Rossum found his machine's eyes blinking right back at him. Success.

This machine surpassed all human capabilities, and was able to fulfill any human command that was given to it. Filled with glee and awe, Rossum called his machine *robota*, which, in Czech, means "labour". From that, the word "robot" came to be.

Robota was the first of hundreds of robots that Rossum built over the years. Rossum was clever, however, to ensure that the robots did not know how to repair themselves – only humans could do that.



Over the years, Rossum grew old and weary, and knew that he needed to find someone to continue his work. He found his successor in a spirited, ambitious young man named Jakub. Rossum's beloved daughter Helena had stumbled upon Jakub as he was ferociously tinkering with his latest machine.

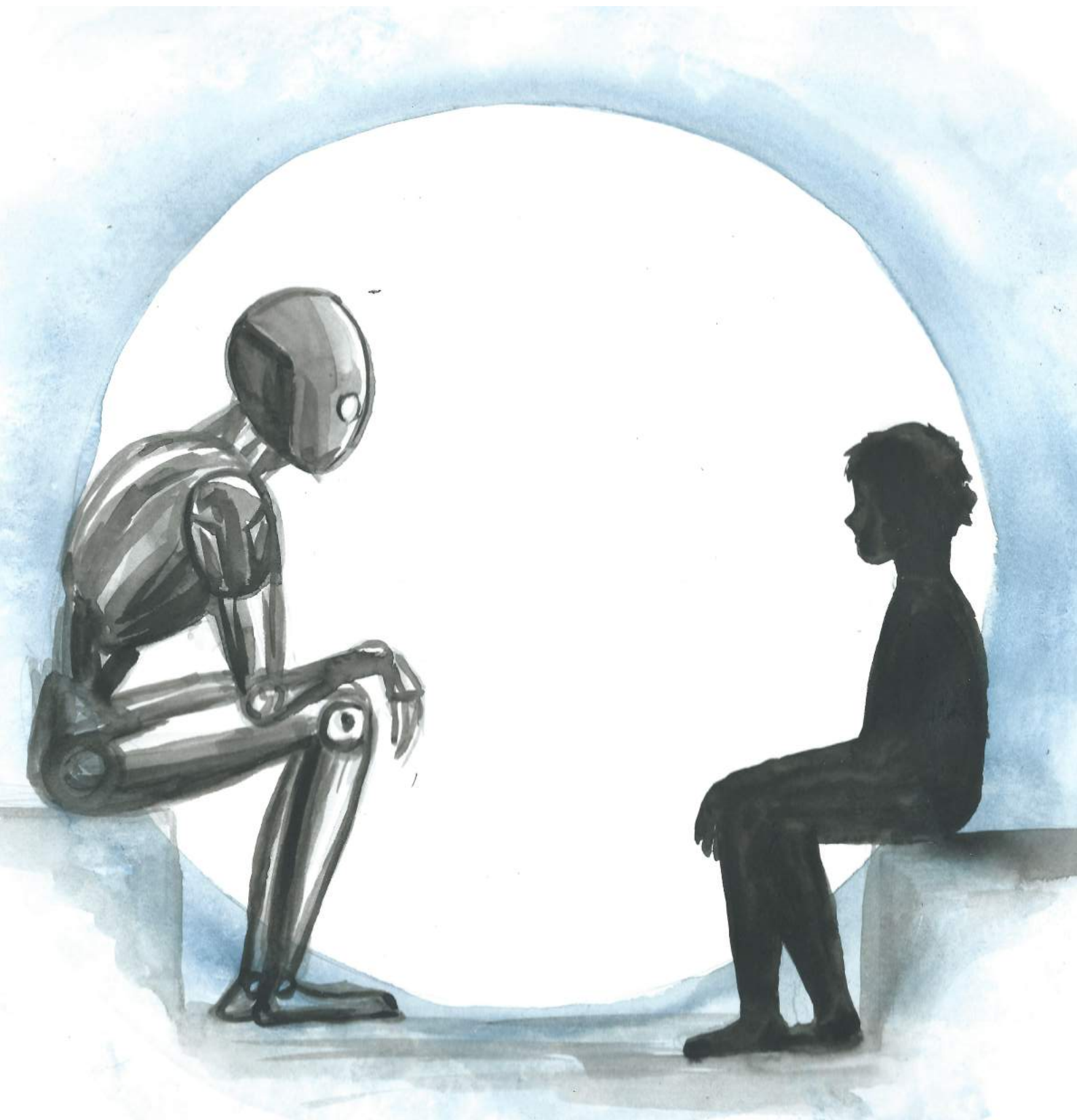
When Jakub laid eyes on Helena, he knew they would spend the rest of their lives together. They were wed in front of their families of humans and robots, not too long before Rossum passed away. Together, Helena and Jakub continued Rossum's legacy.

One day, years later, as Helena and Jakub were fixing one of their robots, Helena asked her husband if he believed that robots had souls.

“Why Helena, why would you ask such a thing?”

»No, když roboti umí dělat to co lidé,
nemohli by také cítit to co oni?«

“Well, if robots can do what humans can do,
couldn't they feel what humans feel too?”



"That's impossible, my dear wife. These robots are simply automated machines, and nothing more."

As Helena tried to convince her husband that robots were capable of human emotions, thoughts and feelings, their robots multiplied by themselves at the speed of light and took over the work of human beings. As humans were replaced by robots, they grew increasingly lazy.

Their lack of motivation to work made them overly smug and arrogant towards their fellow human beings. Increased arrogance and tension between humans soon led to wars, which robots were sent to fight.

The robots soon realised that there was no use in fighting each other at the request of humans, and instead turned against the humans and declared war on humanity itself.

Jakub and Helena watched in horror as the robots claimed victory over humans and began to take over the world.

"I knew these robots were smart, but I didn't think they were smart enough to think on their own," Jakub said in astonishment.

"That may be, but there's one thing they haven't figured out yet."

"What?"

"How to fix themselves when broken."

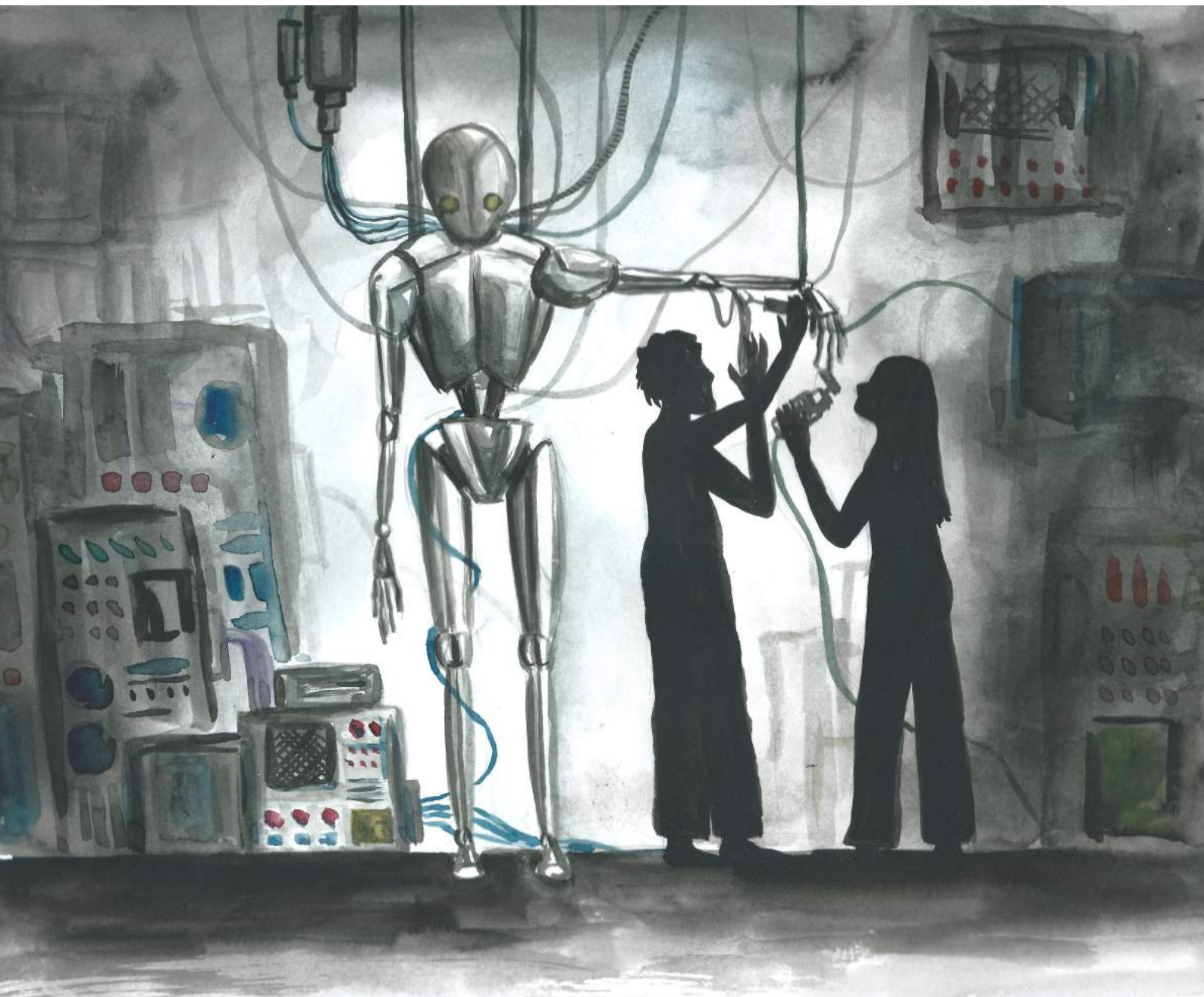


“That’s it, Helena! We need to find the manufacturing secrets to take these robots apart, piece by piece!”

“But Jakub, I burned them long ago, for fear that they may come into the robots’ hands.”

Helena and Jakub decided to reach out to an elder scientist named Alquist, who agreed to discover the manufacturing secrets by disassembling the robots.

The couple pretended to work in their lab to distract the robots, as they knew they were the only ones the robots wouldn’t turn against. In the meantime, Alquist slowly and quietly began to dismantle the machines.



They saw a pair of robots approaching and Helena swore that she could see fear in their blinking eyes.

“My name is Radius, and this is Helena,” an automated voice sounded.

“I beg you not to kill us. I can’t imagine a world without Helena,” Radius continued.

Alquist, to his huge surprise, realised that the two robots were in love with each other.

Helena asked Alquist not to dismantle Radius and her namesake. Their feelings of love and empathy towards humans and each other gave them souls and made them considerably more human.

From that moment on, Helena and Jakub never once underestimated the emotional intelligence and human capability of their inventions. They also made sure that they never lost their own humanity in the midst of their scientific ambitions and achievements. ■

**What do
you think?**

This story was written 100 years ago. What creations, inventions and innovations do you think there will be in the next 100 years?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

Can you find the names of the characters from the story?

F A H R J W W Z D U
 W N X O O O J V I B
 J B U K S S W U F S
 A A L Q U I S T T H
 K F Z A Q L Q U R E
 U M A M F Z H M M L
 B R A D I U S N H E
 W O W E D U Y I Z N
 U F Z Y D M X N X A
 T K U S M A T S I H

Rossum Helena Jakub
 Alquist Radius

You can find the answers on the next page

Imagine

If you created a robot, what would you like it to do?

Did you know?

The word "robot" was first introduced to the world in 1921 by a Czech writer named Karel Čapek. This story is based on his play, titled R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots).



Guess what?

The robots described in Čapek's play are not robots in the traditional sense of automation. They are not represented as mechanical devices, but rather as artificial biological organisms that may be confused for humans.



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many characters did you find?

FIND THE WORD

F A H R J W W Z D U
W N X O O O J V I B
J B U K S S W U F S
A A L Q U I S T H
K F Z A Q L Q U R E
U M A M F Z H M M L
B R A D I U S N H E
W O W E D U Y I Z N
U F Z Y D M X N X A
T K U S M A T S I H

Rossum Helena Jakub

Alquist Radius



BADEN-WÜRTTEMBERG

Lillefog and the Knight of Bodman

As told by Monika Hubbard

Illustrated by Dieter Golombek

Long before the pale winter sun rose above Lake Constance, the **Ritter** (Knight) of Bodman led his horse through the castle gates. Keen to discover unknown lands, he bade a fond farewell to his castle, his people, and, above all, his beloved **Ehefrau** (wife).

“Do not cry, my darling,” he gently pleaded with the love of his life. “See this rose that I planted for you? I shall return before the last petal falls. If after **sieben Jahre** (seven years) I have not returned, mourn for me but do not despair. You shall find true love again.”

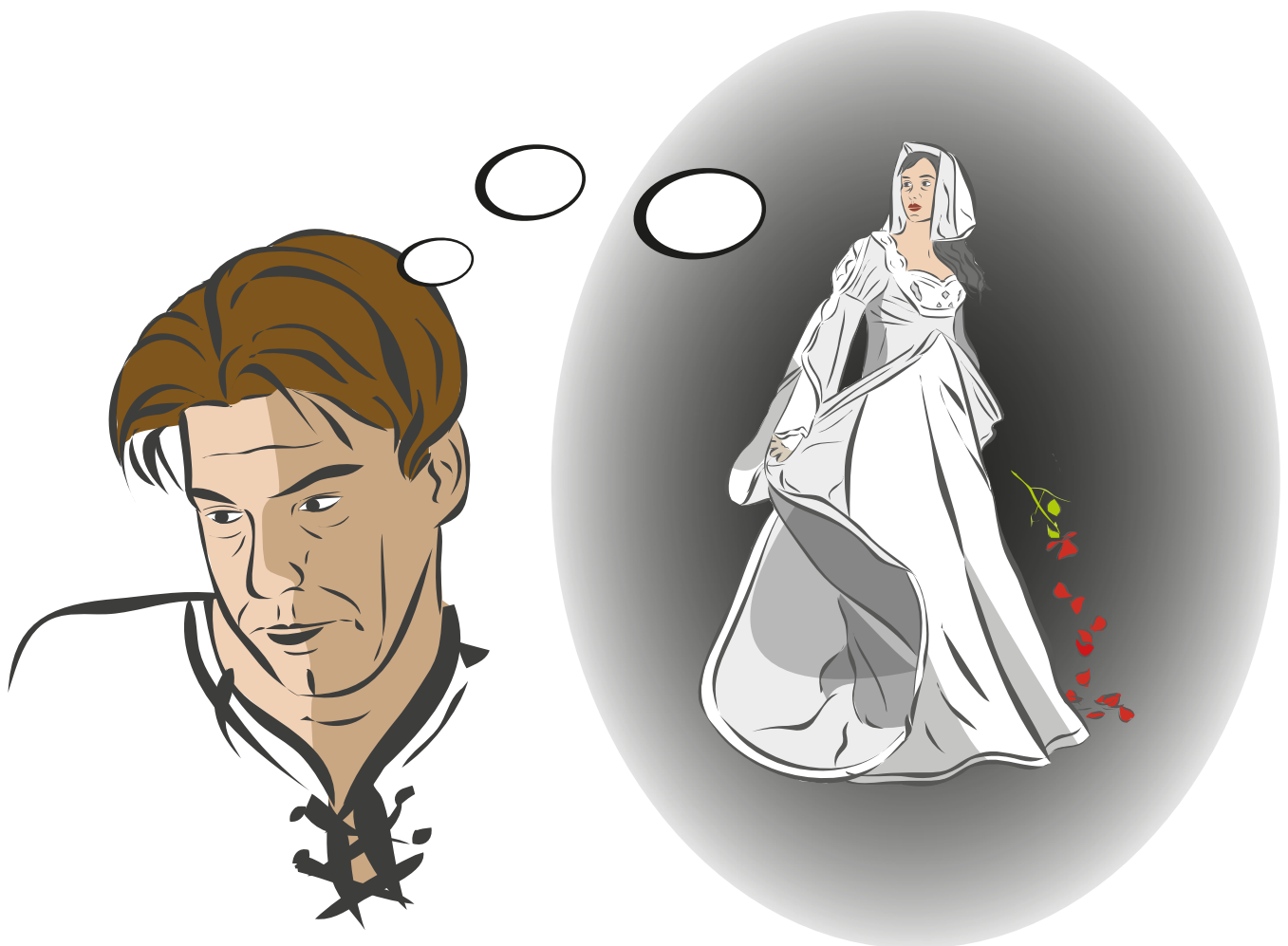


Years passed as the Ritter travelled through mountains and valleys. On long nights he dreamed of home, but his yearning for adventure would always rise with the sun the next morning.

One evening, he found shelter for the night, and lay his head to rest. His dreams took him home, to the sounds of laughter, the clinking of dishes and bustling activity. He welcomed the tempting smell of roast meat, potatoes and pastries. He was blessed with the sight of his Ehefrau, more beautiful than ever, smiling gracefully, and dressed in a long white gown. His Ehefrau, who was about to marry another.

He wanted to call out, but no sound escaped his mouth. His Ehefrau did not notice him, as she walked slowly towards the chapel. Just as the door slammed shut behind her, his eyes shot open with panic.

Only then, did the Ritter realise that the next morning would mark the sieben Jahre that he had been parted from his Ehefrau.



“My love must think I am dead!” He stood up in haste only to collapse in despair, knowing it would take months to return. He buried his face in his hands.

“Ahem.”

The Ritter, realising he was not alone, looked up. He could not believe his eyes. He saw a **Männle** (little man), standing slightly taller than his own riding boots, shrouded in mist. His silver hair was tied into a braid and hidden under a woollen hat. Around his shoulders was a snow-white cape, and his eyes were as blue as the lake the Ritter used to swim in back home.

“Noble Ritter, my name is Lillefog. Lake Constance is my home, just as it is yours. It seems you need my help.” Lillefog listened to the Knight’s woes, occasionally twisting his moustache with his fingers. “If you do not return now, you will regret it forever,” said Lillefog. The Ritter nodded. “But how?”

“I will help you, but under one condition: the fog bell of Bodman makes my head burst every time it rings. If you promise to dump it in the lake, I will bring you home before dawn.”



Before the Ritter could utter a word, Lillefog summoned an **Elfe** (elf). “How fast are you?” he asked. “As fast as an arrow shot from a bow,” declared the Elfe. “Not fast enough!” said Lillefog. “Another!” A second Elfe danced into the room. “Are you faster than an arrow shot from a bow?” asked Lillefog. “Well, I fly like the wind,” this one replied. “Not fast enough!” cried Lillefog and summoned the third. “How fast are you?” “As fast as a human’s fleeting thoughts,” responded the Elfe, who was given the honour of taking the Ritter home.

As if by magic, the Ritter fell asleep again and awoke outside the castle gates. In great haste, he pushed them open, and saw the love of his life, his beautiful Ehefrau. She was holding the sacred rose, its final petals tumbling gently to the ground. With tears in her eyes, she flung herself into the Knight’s arms. “Nothing is worth the sweet sorrow of your departure, not even a rose,” she cried. “I will not spend another day without you,” vowed the Ritter.



Keeping his word, he pushed the fog bell into Lake Constance. And deep down, where the water never freezes, Lillefog enjoyed the new-found tranquility of Bodman in the company of his Ehefrau. On cold and misty nights, he sometimes appears and lays his frosty hands on the orchards and vineyards surrounding the lake — never to harm... only for mischief.

And to this day, the bell can be seen under the water's shining surface, when the tides are low and the light of the summer sun kisses the waves before they reach the shore. ■



**What do
you think?**

A vivid dream inspired the Knight to reunite with his wife. Do you agree that the mind is our most powerful tool? And if so, why?



STORYTIME Extra



Guess what?

The tale of the *Nebelmännle*, or Lillefog, and the Knight of Bodman can be traced back 500 years.

Did you know?

Lake Constance is the third largest lake in Central Europe. Two thirds of the lake spreads across Bavaria and Baden-Württemberg in Germany, while the remaining third is in Austria and Switzerland. With the deepest point at 251 metres (imagine a really tall building like a skyscraper), Lake Constance is an ideal place for Lillefog to hide.



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?





HUNGARY

The Salt Princess

Illustrated by Janka Üveges





A king, loved by all, shared his castle with his three beautiful daughters who were even more beloved by the people. As the years went by and the King grew older, he began to wonder how to leave his legacy to each of his precious daughters. Their father ruled over three kingdoms, and the King viewed one kingdom as certainly more beautiful than the others. However, he could not bring himself to decide which of his daughters would inherit the most beautiful of the kingdoms.

While the King held equal amounts of affection and love for each of his three daughters, the thought occurred to him that, surely, one must love him more than the others?

“The daughter who ultimately loves me the most will get to rule over my most precious kingdom,” the King decided one day.

While the King and his daughters were savouring their evening feast, he asked them how much they loved him.

Each daughter, with a spirit distinctive from her siblings, expressed herself in her own unique way.





“Why Father, I love you as a dove loves good grain,” the eldest replied.

“And you, dear child?”

“Dear Father, I love and cherish you the way a hot summer day loves a cool breeze.”

“What about you, my littlest one?”

“Why, Dear Father, I love you like people love **Só** (salt).”

The King found himself in quite the quandary with his youngest daughter’s response.

Stroking his beard, the King grew restless.

“What do you mean, ‘like people love salt?’ How could you compare my love to something as cheap as salt?” the King demanded, growing angrier by the second.

“I have given you the world, my daughter, and it saddens me to think that your love for me is not the same as your love for the air you breathe.”

“But Father, you don’t understand. **Addig nem tudod, hogy mennyire szeretsz valakit, amíg meg nem tapasztalod a hiányát.** You don’t understand how much you can love someone until you have to live without them.”

“Enough,” the King interrupted. “My love does not deserve your lack of gratitude.”



His youngest daughter desperately tried to explain to her father, but he banished her from the castle.



Distraught, the youngest Princess trudged for miles until she reached a forest on the outskirts of the kingdom. Scared and lonely, she found shelter in the hollow of a tree. The Princess spent the days and nights foraging for forest fruits to eat, and finding comfort in the forest's animals. However, nothing could heal the hole in her heart as she yearned for her father's warmth and kindness.



One day, a young prince from the neighbouring kingdom spotted the Princess while in the forest. Recognising the raw and natural beauty of the Princess, which had been tainted by her sorrow, he was eager to know the reason for her sadness.

“My love for my father is too much for him to understand,” replied the Princess. “So he sent me away.”

“One day, he will understand. I will make sure of it,” said the Prince. He vowed to take the Princess back to his castle to be wed, and personally invited the King to their grand wedding ceremony and feast. The King, although hurt by his youngest daughter’s words, missed her terribly. He could not have been happier when he received the invitation and learned that he would see his youngest daughter again.

The King and his two other daughters arrived in their finest clothes and sat at the grand table on either side of the Prince and Princess. Once he gave his thanks for the meal he had been given, the King lifted his fork and took the first bite of the lavish feast set before them. To his surprise, the food had no flavour at all. The food did not contain a single grain of salt. Just as he was about to complain, he finally understood what his youngest and gentlest daughter meant when she told him she loved him the way one loves salt.



The King didn't realise how much he had loved his youngest daughter until she left, just as he did not realise his love for salt until its absence. Seeing that his punishment towards his daughter was unjust, he embraced her warmly and with tears in his eyes. The King watched his daughter and the Prince live happily together, and when he died the most beautiful kingdom of all was left in their tender care. ■



**What do
you think?**

How would you describe
the love you have for
someone really special
in your life?



STORYTIME

Extra

TASTE TEST

Can you match each food or drink with its flavour?
Let's put your taste buds to the test!

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| • Salty • | • Miso soup |
| • Bitter • | • Dobos cake |
| • Sweet • | • Coffee |
| • Sour • | • Goulash |
| • Spicy • | • Lemon |
| • Umami • | • Hot paprika |



You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

- The Salt Princess folktale from the early 20th century is one of many that are sacred to Hungary's oral tradition.
- Is your love for salt as enormous as your sweet tooth? One of Hungary's most popular desserts is Túró Rudi, a delicious lemon curd bar coated in a dark chocolate glaze, which you'll find in many a Hungarian kitchen.

Guess what?

Almost as essential as salt, paprika is a spice used in many traditional Hungarian recipes.

Think about it

Salt is used to bring out the flavour in food. What else can be used to enhance taste?



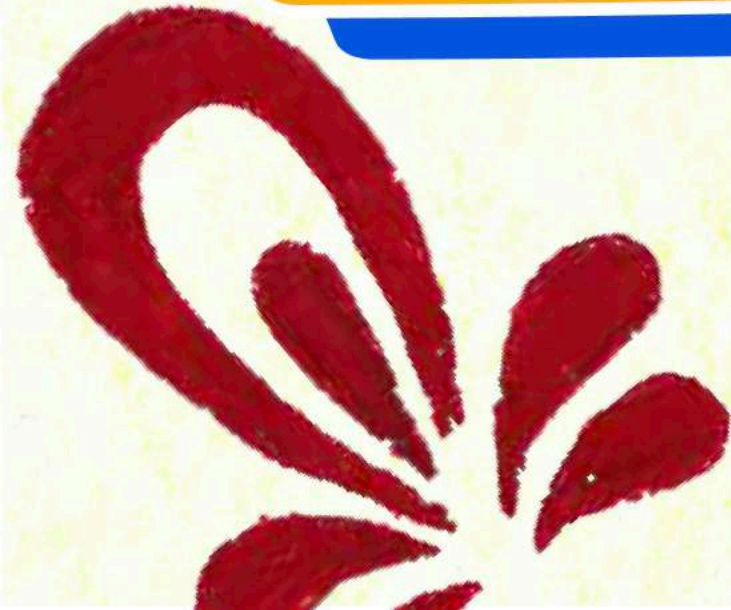


ANSWERS & Solutions

Did you match the right foods with the right flavours?
Hungry for answers? Dig in.

TASTE TEST

- | | |
|----------|-------------|
| Salty • | Miso soup |
| Bitter • | Dobos cake |
| Sweet • | Coffee |
| Sour • | Goulash |
| Spicy • | Lemon |
| Umami • | Hot paprika |





SLOVENIA

The Riverman

Illustrated by Ančka Gošnik Godec

There once lived a boy who loved the water. Come rain, storm or flood, he would always make his way to the river, despite his parents' attempts to keep him safe at home.

One stormy day, the little boy ran to the riverbank and dived in. The water was far too deep and the waves thrashed around him, trapping him in the current. Frightened, the boy cried with all his might. "Help! Help me, please!"



From the deepest depths of the river, a fearsome creature known as the Riverman heard the boy's desperate cries.

When the Riverman rose to the surface, he found the boy already asleep, carried downstream by the waves.



Normally, the Riverman did not welcome visitors to his underwater kingdom. Yet somehow, he wanted to save the poor little boy.

"It does get lonely underwater. Maybe it would be nice to have company," thought the Riverman.

He took the boy into his arms and carried him into his beautiful castle on the riverbed. He had never had a human being in his company before. He put the boy into a glass bed in the middle of a room that was also made of glass.



Finally, the boy awoke. "Oh goodness, this isn't my bedroom," he thought. Yet to his delight, he saw a glass table laden with glittering crystal toys. In awe, he reached out for the toys and started to play.

But then, the mere thought of his parents and his home on land made him burst into tears.

Hearing the little boy's sobs, the Riverman came running to his bedroom.

"Dear boy, why do you weep?"

"I miss home," said the teary-eyed boy.

"Is your home more beautiful than the riches you see before you?" asked the Riverman.

"Oh, so much more," said the boy, his body shaking with his tears.

Knowing that his words would not soothe the little boy, the Riverman quietly left.



After the poor little boy cried himself to sleep, the Riverman came and gently carried him into another room. When the boy awoke, he found himself in a chamber covered in **srebro** (silver). He saw a srebro table, adorned with srebro trinkets. Enchanted, the boy reached for the toys and began to play.

But the toys reminded him of his little brother and sister, and brought tears to his eyes.

The Riverman heard the boy's cries, and ran to the srebro room.

"Dear boy, why do you weep?"

"I miss my brother and sister," answered the boy, and cried even harder.

Not knowing how to comfort him, the Riverman left. The boy fell asleep. The Riverman tiptoed into the bedroom and quietly carried him into a third room.



When the boy awoke, he saw that his bed, walls, tables, chairs and toys were made of the finest **zlato** (gold). His parents had told him tales of golden treasures, but never did he imagine such splendour. Delighted, he reached out for the glittering toys and played. But not for long. He thought of his mother and father, and once more burst into tears.



The Riverman rushed into the room and asked him, "Dear boy, why do you weep?"

"I miss my parents," said the sad boy.

"Are your mother and father more precious than zlato?" With no družina (family) of his own, the Riverman could not understand the young boy's distress.

"You have no idea how much more precious," said the boy.

So the Riverman went and gathered all the biseri (pearls) hiding in the depths of his kingdom. He returned with a tower of biseri so high, that it reached the ceiling.

"Are your mother and father more precious than these biseri?" he asked.

The boy had to shield his eyes from the brightness of the shining pearls.

He answered, "My parents are far more precious than crystal, silver, gold and pearls, more precious than the whole world." Again, he cried himself to sleep.



Knowing that none of his riches could bring comfort, the Riverman carried the sleeping boy gently out of the water to the shore. Yet, he made sure to leave the boy with keepsakes with which to remember him.

Finally, the boy awoke on the river bank.

“**Kakšne čarobne sanje**, what a magical dream. It felt so real,” thought the boy. When he put his hands into his pockets, he felt something hard. When he took out his hands, he found biseri and pieces of zlato.

He had not imagined his time at the Riverman’s underwater palace.

He ran home. Thinking their eldest son had drowned, the boy’s parents were overwhelmed with joy when they saw him walk through the door. And his siblings ran and put their arms around him, tears flowing from their eyes.



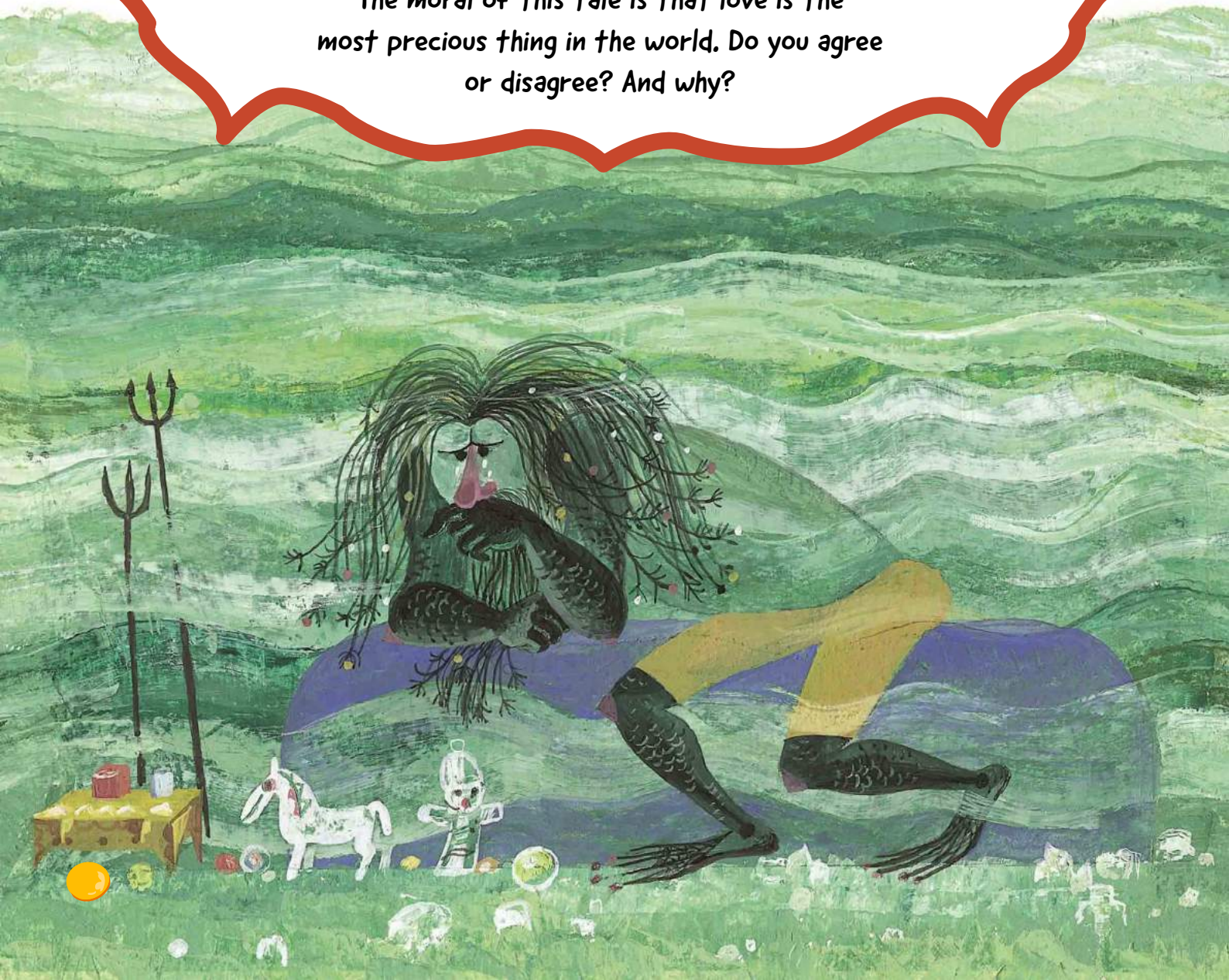
From that time on, only when the weather was fine would the little boy swim in the shallow waters of the river, his družina watching him from the shore.

As for the Riverman, he realised that no zlato, srebro or biser could be more precious than a družina. For three days, his cries shook the riverbanks and made the waters roar. Then, his frustration spent, he dried his tears and set off to search the most hidden corners of his kingdom, hoping to find such treasures of his own. ■

Translated by Lili Potpara

What do you think?

The moral of this tale is that love is the most precious thing in the world. Do you agree or disagree? And why?





STORYTIME

Extra



Did you know?

Slovenia is a treasure trove of folk tales. Some of the most famous are Legends of the Sleeping King of Mount Peca, The Dragon of Ljubljana, A Gnome and his Underground Treasure, and The Fairies of Lake Bled.

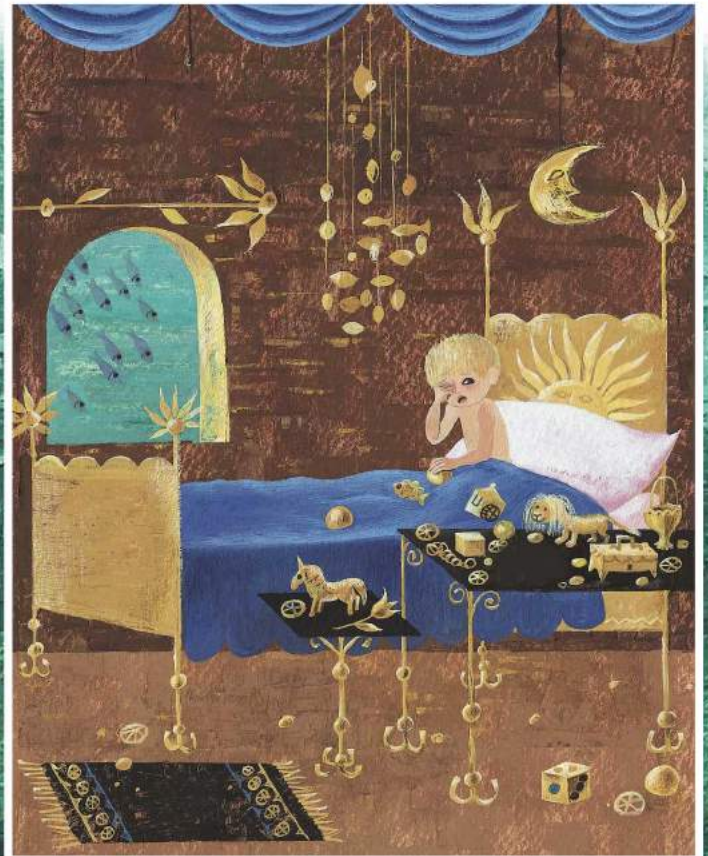
Treasure hunt!

There are gold coins buried in the pages of this story. Can you find them all?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



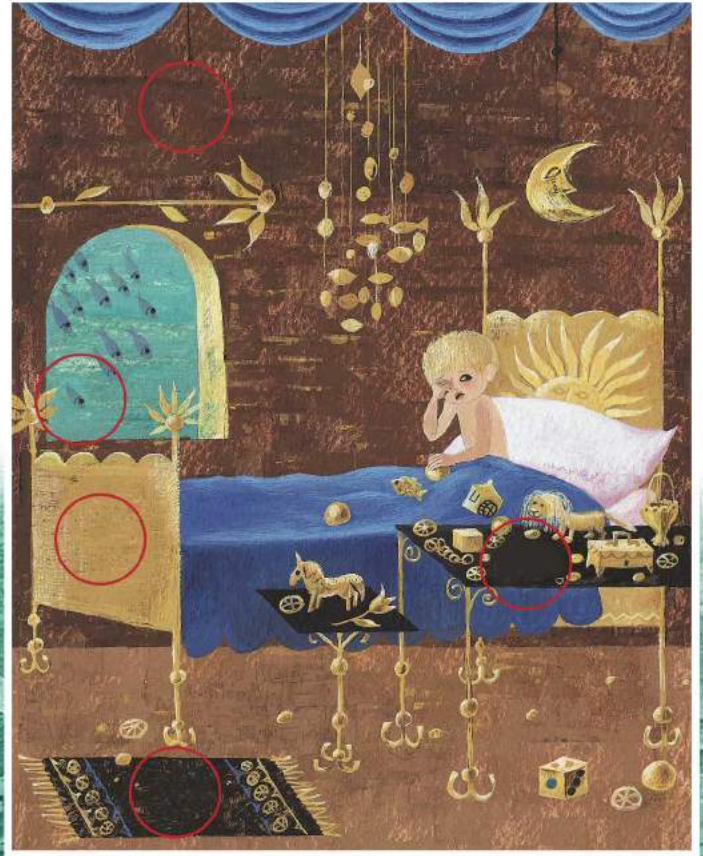
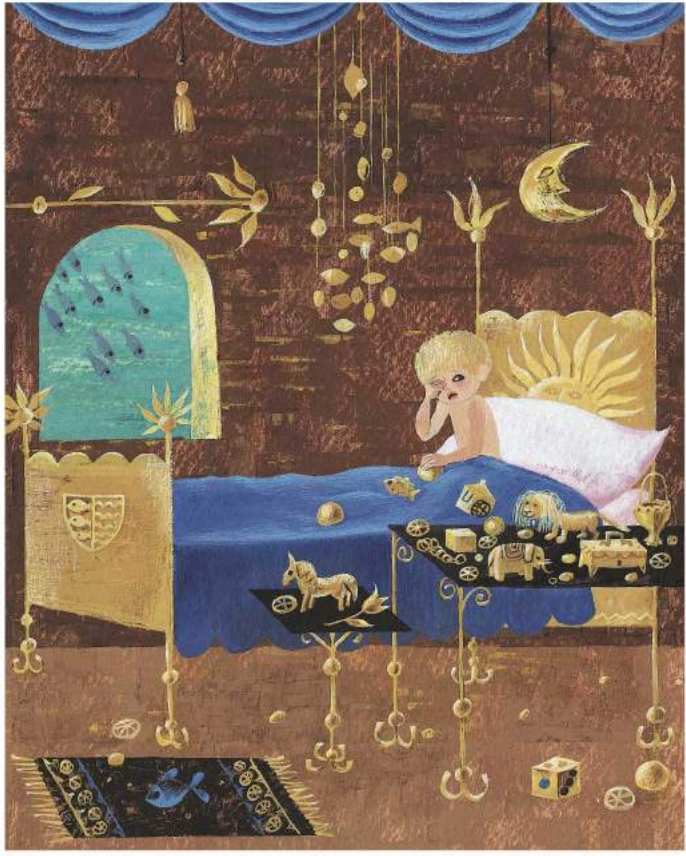
You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



Treasure hunt!

How much do you love treasure? There are ten gold coins buried in this story. How many did you find?





ALBANIA



The Daughter of the Moon and Sun

Illustrated by Gjergji Treni

Once upon a time in a village, there lived a mother and her one and only son. This young man was the apple of his mother's eye and she loved him more than anything. All winter long the people of the village struggled to survive, for food was scarce and hunting barely yielded any reward. It was widely known that there was an abundance of food and animals on the Mount of Kulshedra, however the young man was forbidden to go there.

"Hark, my dear son," his mother cautioned him. "You can go hunting on every mountain, but you are never to set foot on the Mount of Kulshedra, for the she-dragon Kulshedra is evil, my boy. She gobbles up people without mercy. Many men have braved the journey, but none has ever returned."



The son paid no heed to his mother's warning, for he had ears only for a fair maiden who had won his precious heart.

"Brave man," she said, "if you do love me, do not hunt on any other mountain but the Mount of Kulshedra."

The young man never disobeyed his fair maiden, for his love for her knew no bounds. He bore his armour, took his spear, bow and arrows, and set off on his valiant horse for the Mount of Kulshedra before the mist on the hillside cleared and the ice melted inside the well.

At the base of the mountain grew a vast forest. The trees towered over him and the grass rose up to his knees. Nature's beauty and abundance mesmerised him as he ventured deeper into the forest with no concern for his safety. Suddenly, the earth began to shake around him. The evergreen trees trembled, shaking the leaves from their branches. A deadly howl echoed from one side, then the other, causing the once valiant horse such fright, that it bolted into a clearing.



To the young man's horror, he came face-to-face with the hideous she-dragon, the gargantuan Kulshedra. Seven horns adorned her seven heads, her eyes burned bright like torches, her enormous mouth opened as wide as a cave, and her leathery bat-like wings were large enough to eclipse the sun. Yellow flames and smoke blew through her cavernous mouth, turning every blade of grass, flower and bush to ash. The earth shuddered as she pounded her huge tail on the ground once, twice, and thrice.



The brave man did not fear. He reached for his bow, but Kulshedra snapped it in two before he could lose a single arrow. He then threw his spear, but it couldn't pierce her thick scales. He unsheathed his sword, but Kulshedra wailed so loudly, that the tremors caused his sword to fall from his shaking hands. Kulshedra's laughter echoed from all seven mouths, chased by the flames that scorched his armour.

"Now I will devour you," the she-dragon said, "for you stepped on my mountain. Haven't you heard that those who approach this mountain do not come back alive? Many courageous men have set foot on my mountain before you, and I have had each of them for dinner. I will do the same to you."

“Kulshedra, mighty Kulshedra!” answered the young man. “I know that you will devour me. You certainly are very strong and powerful. I beseech you only one thing: allow me to go home to my mother and ask for her blessing before I die. After that, I shall return for you to eat me, as promised.”

“Don’t make me laugh, young fellow,” scoffed the monster. “If I let you go, there is no chance you will come back. What will you give me in return, so that I can allow you to leave?”

“Do të të jap besën time! I give you my besa,” the brave man replied, “my word of honour.”



“Besa!” cried the monster. “What is this?”

“It is more than a simple promise, or vow. Besa is the most sacred of all promises.”

“I have never heard of your besa or of its sacredness to mere mortals. Now I am curious to know what it really means. You may go now, but you must return tomorrow by daybreak,” Kulshedra boomed.

The young man gave his besa to Kulshedra, mounted his horse and galloped straight home, where his mother was waiting for him anxiously.



"Dear mother," the young man said, "the she-dragon Kulshedra caught me on her mountain as I was hunting and now she is going to eat me alive, like you said. I gave her my word of honour and promised that I would go back. She trusted my word and allowed me to come here. Give me your blessing before I surrender myself to her."

His mother wailed in pain and fear.

"My beloved son," she cried, "why did you go to the Mount of Kulshedra? Why didn't you heed my warning? Do not go back, I beg you. You are all I have left."

"No, mother!" the young man shouted. "I will return to the she-dragon, because I gave her my besa, my word of honour."

He smiled bitterly, kneeled before his mother and waited for her blessing. With a touch of her hand, she assented and then the young man rose up, leaving everything he knew and loved and turning back only once, at the end of the road, to see his mother's broken face one last time. After he left, she dressed in black mourning clothes, and locked herself in the house, resigned to her unbearable loss.





Meanwhile the young man rode through the village to the house of his fair maiden.

“My fair lady,” he said. “I came to fare thee well, for I am going away forever. The she-dragon Kulshedra is going to devour me, for she caught me hunting on her mountain. My arrow could not touch her, my spear could not penetrate her skin, my sword fell from my hands when I lifted it to slay her. I gave her my besa and I will not go back on my word of honour. Fare thee well, my beauty.”



"Are you sorry that the she-dragon will eat you?" the fair maiden asked with a smile on her face.

"No, my fair lady," he replied. "You gave me so much happiness with your grace and your smile that I welcome death with open arms. I wish you happiness and good health always, for I want to go back as soon as I can. Kulshedra awaits me."

"Wait, brave man, for I will come with you to the mountain."

The young man frowned. "Do not come, my fair lady, to that place where even rocks and trees shiver. Kulshedra is evil. She will scorch your skin and devour you, too."

"Stay here with me forever and I won't come."

"I cannot, my lady," he exclaimed, "for I must stand by my word. I am better off dead than dishonest."

The fair maiden smiled. "I will come with you," she said firmly.



Mounting a white horse, the young man and his fair maiden galloped up to the Mount of Kulshedra. She was so radiant, as if bathed in light. Her unspeakable beauty sent pleasant shivers through his body.

He wondered, "How can I allow Kulshedra to devour my fair lady? If only I had three lives, I would bestow them all to Kulshedra, so that my fair lady could return home and live happily."

"What are you thinking about, brave man?" the beautiful maiden asked, catching him in his thoughts.



"If I had three lives, my beautiful one, I would bestow them all to Kulshedra, so she would allow you to return home safely and live happily."

Her radiant smile lit up her eyes. "To live without you?" she asked with a frown.

"To live happily, even if that life does not include me."

"That is how much you love me?"

"So much, my fair lady."





Suddenly, the mountain quaked and every stone and tree shook violently.

The seven-headed she-dragon appeared and started singing in glee. "Good for me, oh, good for me! I had one, now I have two! A fresh maiden comes to me. I will eat and devour her, too."

The fair maiden laughed and answered. "Poor Kulshedra, oh, poor you. You had one, now you have none. You will bury yourself to the bottom of the earth, for this mountain is of the people and it will remain so."

The maiden and the brave man came closer to Kulshedra, who started grinding her teeth and breathing fire from her enormous mouths. Yet suddenly the huge she-dragon froze in fear at a single look from the maiden. Kulshedra tried to step back.

"Who are you, fair maiden, for you are making my skin crawl!" asked the she-dragon, stepping back in terror. "What is this light that gleams from your face? What is this fire that is burning me alive?"



“I am the Daughter of the Moon and Sun. The droplet of the skies. I blanket the mountains and fields, and land on the heads of the evil for the sake and salvation of the good people.”

“What is this brave man to you, o fair maiden?”

“He is my companion for life.”

“Maiden beyond maidens of the earth,” the she-dragon replied, “you may return back happily. Spend your youth with the courageous man you have chosen. You have both been loyal to your besa, and I admit defeat.”

“What about you, oh mighty Kulshedra? What will you do now?” asked the Daughter of the Moon and Sun, holding an arrow of light: the droplet of skies.

“I have no place in this world,” Kulshedra answered, “for you have defeated me. I will go to the bottom of the earth, never to resurface.”

The she-dragon disappeared forever. Perhaps she turned to ashes, or remained buried at the bottom of the earth. The fair maiden and her loyal, brave man, lived happily for all eternity. The Mount of Kulshedra was restored to life, welcoming the bravest and meekest of men to hunt, just as they did on every other mountain. ■



What do you think?

Was there a time you kept your besa (your word), even though you were scared of what could have happened?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

Can you find these words from the story?

Q X Y T P T G F X A
 O N N D E J D B G I
 P R Q T W G S B Q V
 R I N T E G R I T Y
 O Q A H T Q X C W H
 M G M R S J R S E O
 I F W T X E P B N N
 S Q C O X H C E E O
 E L P W R X Z S Z U
 P P S G L D Z A Q R

Integrity Promise Honour
 Word Besa

Did you know?

In Albanian mythology and folklore, Kulshedra is a demon from the underworld, known to spit fire and wreak havoc in the natural world through storms, droughts, earthquakes and other natural disasters.



Think about it

What lessons did you learn from this story?

You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?

In Albanian culture, besa (usually translated as "faith") is an important tradition of keeping your promise.





ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words did you find?

FIND THE WORD



Q	X	Y	T	P	T	G	F	X	A
O	N	N	D	E	J	D	B	G	I
P	R	Q	T	W	G	S	B	Q	V
R	I	N	T	E	G	R	I	T	Y
O	Q	A	H	T	Q	X	C	W	H
M	G	M	R	S	J	R	S	E	O
I	F	W	T	X	E	P	B	N	N
S	Q	C	O	X	H	C	E	E	O
E	L	P	W	R	X	Z	S	Z	U
P	P	S	G	L	D	Z	A	Q	R

Integrity

Promise

Honour

Word

Besa





Natural Wonders and Faraway Lands

Take flight on a swallow's wings, or reach for your currach and voyage unexplored oceans to distant lands. Follow long, winding rivers and marvel at our endlessly astonishing world.



Your eyes might grow as wide as Kiura the Frog's when you witness nature's wonders. After all, the greatest discoveries are never planned: just ask our friends Brendan, Nora and Pabu!



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KENYA

How the Frog Got Big Eyes

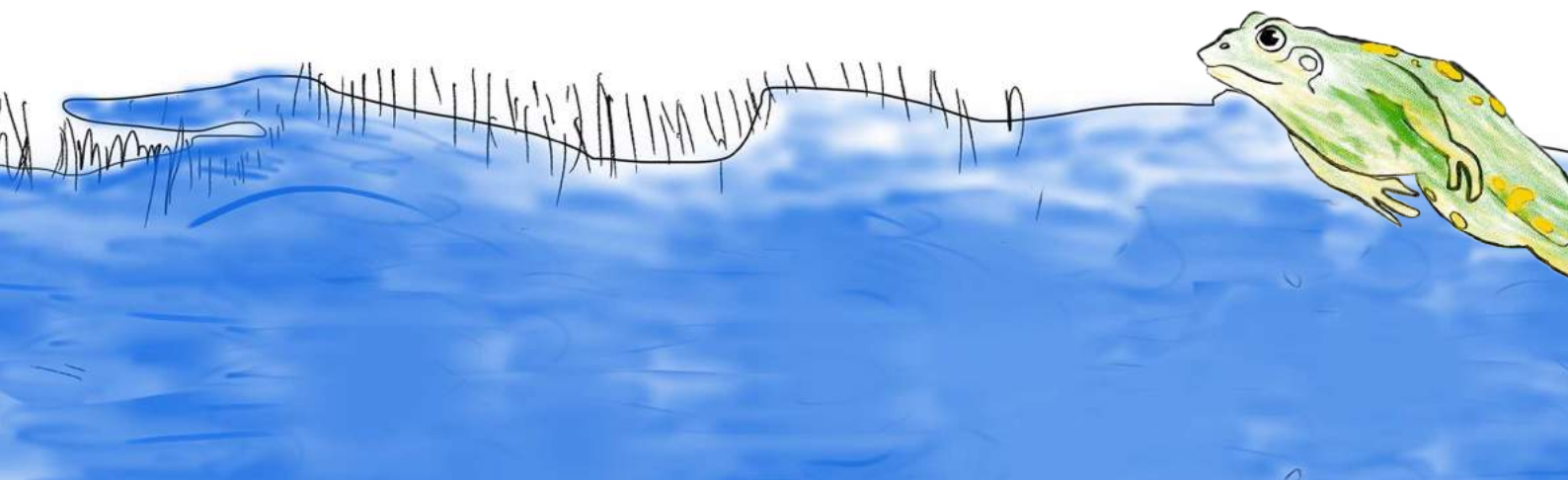
As told by Wambui Wang'ombe

Illustrated by Samuel Njaaga

Why do people find frogs scary? Is it the sound of the frog's croak that sends people away? Or is it the sight of its swollen stomach? Is it the way its skin feels when one holds it?

Or, could it be the frog's eyes? Its large, wide eyes?

A long time ago, there lived a **kiura** (frog) who had small eyes. His eyes were like those of a goat, a bird, or even a person. Unable to see very well through those tiny eyes, he was always bumping into other animals and objects. "Sorry!" he would say. Instead of walking, Kiura hopped and jumped. **Emwe, ijere, ithatu, ruga... inya, ithano, ithanthato, thungutha.** One, two, three, hop... four, five, six, jump. Hopping and jumping was difficult, but at least he could avoid bumping into other animals.

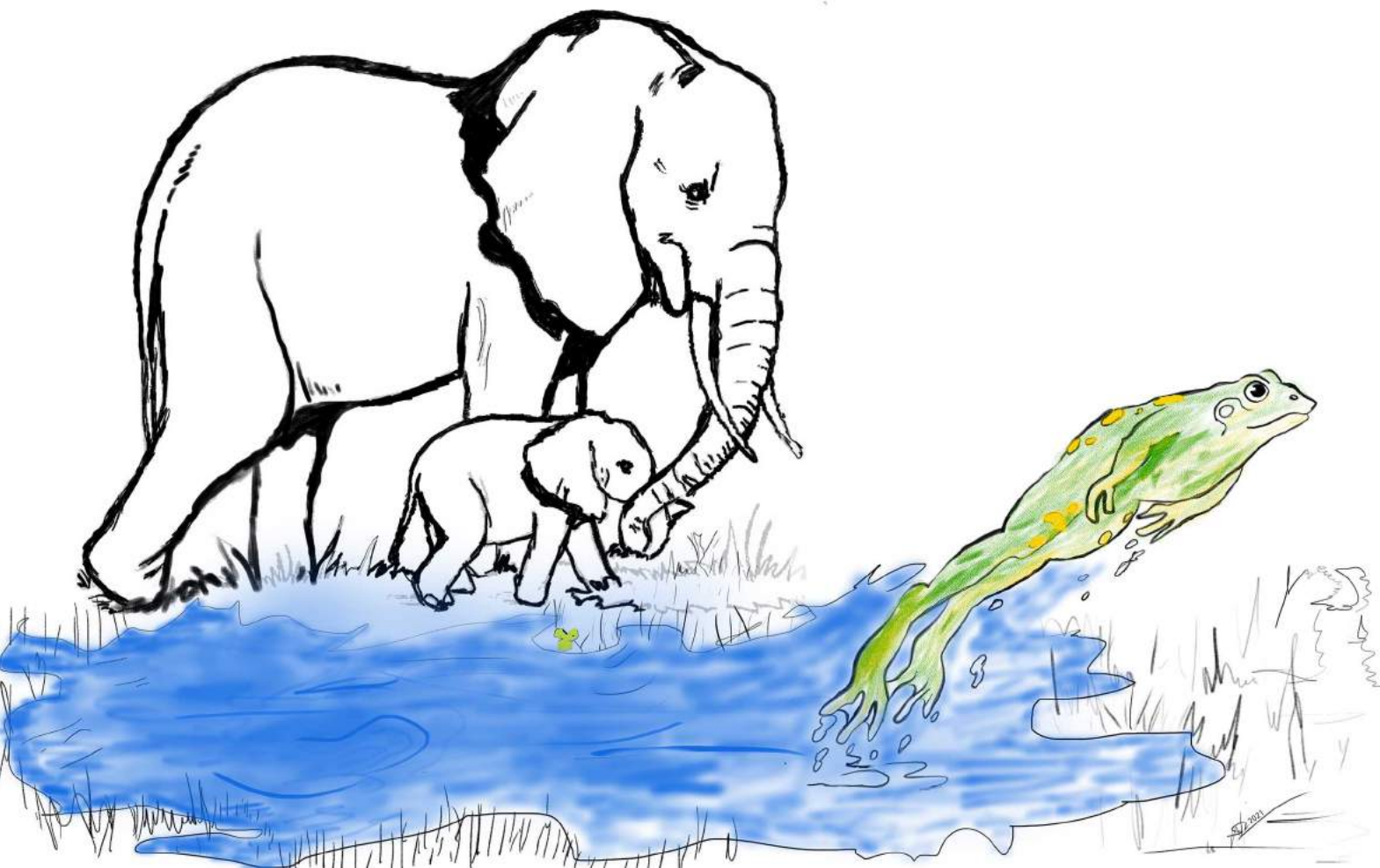


One day, Kiura was hopping around. “Emwe, ijere, ithatu, ruga... one, two, three, hop... inya, ithano, ithanthato, thungutha... four, five, six, jump... seven, eight, ouch!” He crashed into an object. “What is this?” He looked closely at the tunnel-like thing, but could see only darkness inside. The object went up and then came down. “It must be going up to heaven,” thought Kiura.

What he did not know was that this was the **njara** (trunk) of a **njogu** (elephant). It went up and down as Njogu drank water. Kiura was sure that finally, he could go to heaven. He jumped, hopped, and pushed himself into the elephant’s njara. It was dark and slippery. He thought of all the things he would wish for when he reached heaven. “A big house with a lot of food, and even bigger eyes so that I don’t have to jump all the time.”

Njogu started to feel something tickling inside her njara. “I will eat some of these tree leaves. They might stop the itch,” she thought.

Yet, the leaves did not work. “I must be really thirsty. I will go to the dam and drink water.”



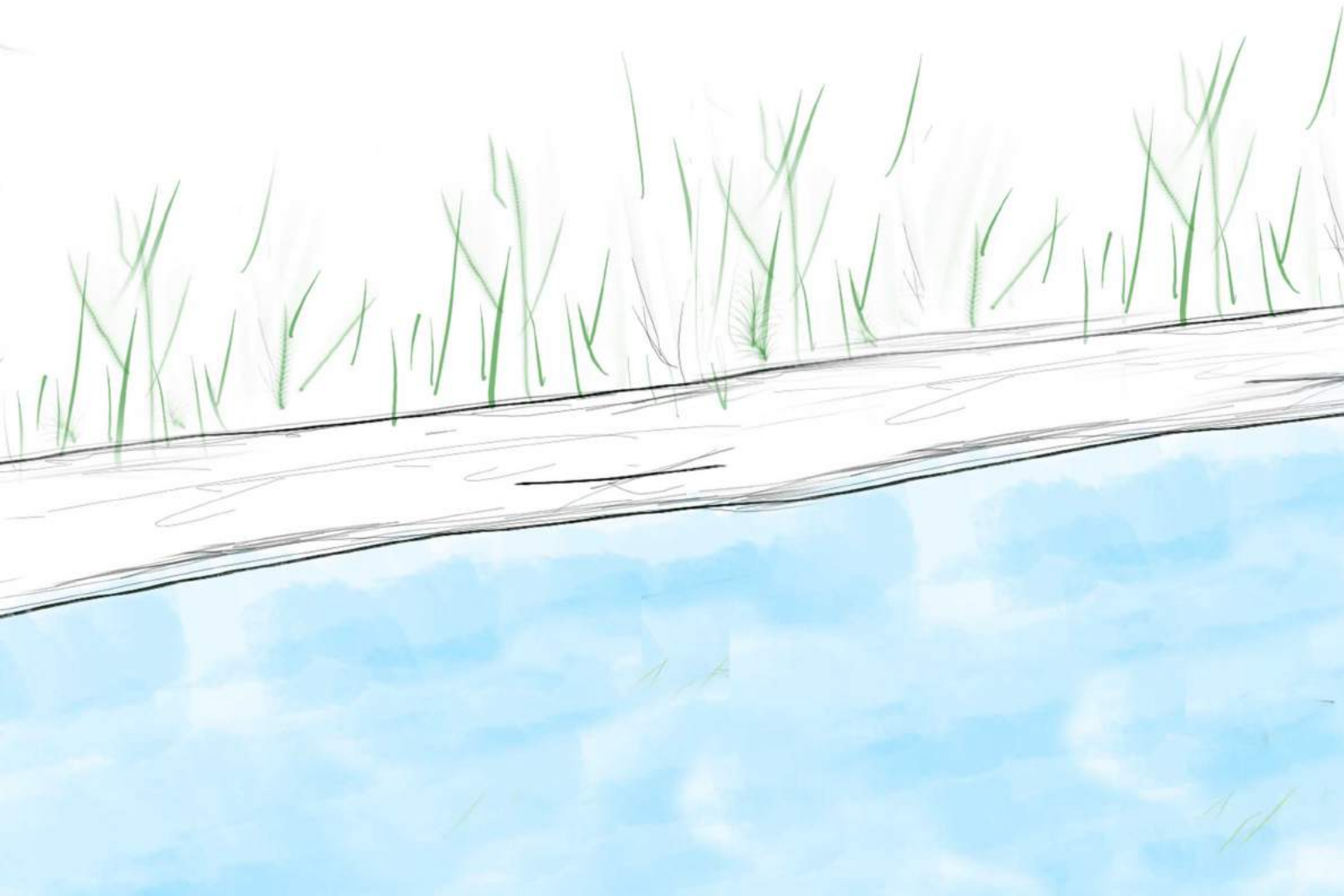
"Going to heaven is not that easy," Kiura thought as he climbed deeper inside the njara. Njogu reached the dam and dipped her njara in the water. The water shot through her njara, nearly drowning Kiura, but he held on tight.

"Good things come to those who wait," he told himself.

Njogu continued to draw water into her njara until Kiura could no longer hold on and fainted. Feeling better, Njogu blasted the water from her njara, throwing Kiura into the dam.

Njogu started playing with the water, waking Kiura. "What is this?" he wondered as he looked at the giant animal. "I must scare this monster," he thought. He made very loud noises, but Njogu did not react.

"The bigger I am, the scarier I will be." Kiura held his breath, hoping it would make him look bigger. Njogu paid no mind and continued playing in the water. "I will open my mouth and eyes wider," Kiura schemed. He took another deep breath and held it. This time he opened his eyes wider and stared at Njogu, but she was too busy enjoying her bath.



Kiura's eyes became wider and wider until they started hurting. His stomach was almost bursting from holding his breath.

Suddenly, Kiura let out a loud "W-h-a-a-a-t!" Njogu jumped. She saw Kiura with his big eyes and swollen stomach. She could not hide her fear. "What a scary little creature," she thought as she hurried away.

"Oh dear," sighed Kiura, releasing the excess air from his lungs. Exhausted from holding his breath, he fell asleep. Late in the evening, some animals came to drink water from the dam. Antelopes, cheetahs, warthogs, even hyenas. Their loud noises woke Kiura. The animals noticed his eyes were big and bulging, his mouth open wide. Scared, they quickly drank their water and left.



Kiura could not understand why the other animals feared him. He came out of the dam. He noticed his big eyes, mouth and stomach in the water and jumped at his own reflection.

So you see, that is how Kiura got his big eyes. ■

What do you think?

While some animals like frogs and spiders may appear scary, they are essential to our ecosystem. Have you ever feared an animal because of how it looks?





STORYTIME Extra



FIND THE WORD

Can you find these words that are similar in meaning to "hopped"?

O X J G W H C R F M
 G J V A U L T E D N
 H J U B U W P A O Z
 L O S M O U Z T D G
 E M H P P U Q F G A
 A U X T R E N K S D
 P E I J I A D C C Q
 E V Q N F N N I E O
 D K Y L J G R G Q D
 H D E B O U N D E D

Leaped Bounced Sprang
 Vaulted Jumped Bounded

You can find the answers on the next page

Memory challenge

How did Kiura the Frog finally scare Njogu the Elephant away?



GUESS WHAT?

There are more than 100 species of frogs in Kenya. However, the frog population is in decline due to climate change, agricultural expansion, logging and other human activity.

Did you know?

Most frogs have bulging eyes, which help them to see in front, to the sides, and a little bit behind themselves, too!



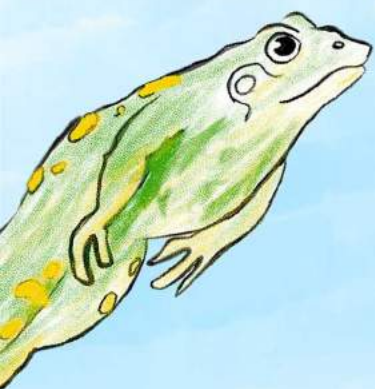
ANSWERS & Solutions

Are your eyes as wide as Kiura's?
How many words for "hopped" did you find?

FIND THE WORD

O	X	J	G	W	H	C	R	F	M
G	J	V	A	U	L	T	E	D	N
H	J	U	B	U	W	P	A	O	Z
L	O	S	M	O	U	Z	T	D	G
E	M	H	P	P	U	Q	F	G	A
A	U	X	T	R	E	N	K	S	D
P	E	I	J	I	A	D	C	C	Q
E	V	Q	N	F	N	I	E	O	
D	K	Y	L	J	G	R	G	Q	D
H	D	E	B	O	U	N	D	E	D

Leaped	Bounced	Sprang
Vaulted	Jumped	Bounded





SINGAPORE

Sang Nila Utama, Kusu Island and Sisters' Islands

Illustrated by Liu Xinyi and Nicole Ong ZiYing

One summer morning, Jia-Xin and Wen-Xin were enjoying a hearty traditional Singaporean breakfast of soft-boiled eggs and kaya toast with their grandmother. Kaya is a tasty egg jam made with coconut milk and sugar.

“Grandma,” said Jia-Xin, “Why is Singapore called The Lion City?”

“Why don’t I tell you?” replied the old woman, before ushering the children into the living room and taking out a bamboo straw mat. She kindly set it down for her granddaughters and began to tell the tale.

“There once was a noble prince from Palembang named Sang Nila Utama. One day he was hunting on the island of Bintan when he spotted a magnificent stag. Quickly, he started chasing it up a small hill but when he reached the top, the stag vanished, like magic. He climbed atop a large rock and looked across the sea, seeing another island with a silky white sandy beach. He was told that this was the island of Temasek and he became determined to explore it.”



“To reach the island, he found a boat and crew, and set out to sea. A great storm erupted, and the ship was tossed about in the huge waves and began to take in water. To stop it from sinking, his men threw all the heavy things into the sea to lighten the ship. However, water kept entering. On the advice of the ship's captain, he threw his crown overboard as a gift to the sea. At once, the storm died down and he reached Temasek safely.

“Once there, he went to hunt near the river mouth on a patch of open ground, now referred to as the Padang. He saw a strange animal.

“It seemed to move with great speed; it had a red body and a black head; its breast was white; it was strong and active in build; and in size was rather bigger than a he-goat.

“Impressed by this beast's beauty, the Prince asked his chief minister what animal it was and was told it fit the description of a **Singah** (Sanskrit for ‘lion’). He believed it to be a good omen, and he decided to build his new city on the island of Temasek. He and his men stayed on the island and founded a city, renaming the island as Singapura, which in Sanskrit means ‘Lion City’.”



Later that afternoon, Jia-Xin and Wen-Xin joined their grandmother in the garden, picking flowers for the house. The sisters had taken a particular liking to their grandmother's Koi pond.

"You know, without the land, water and animals that surround us now, Singapore as we know it would never have been."

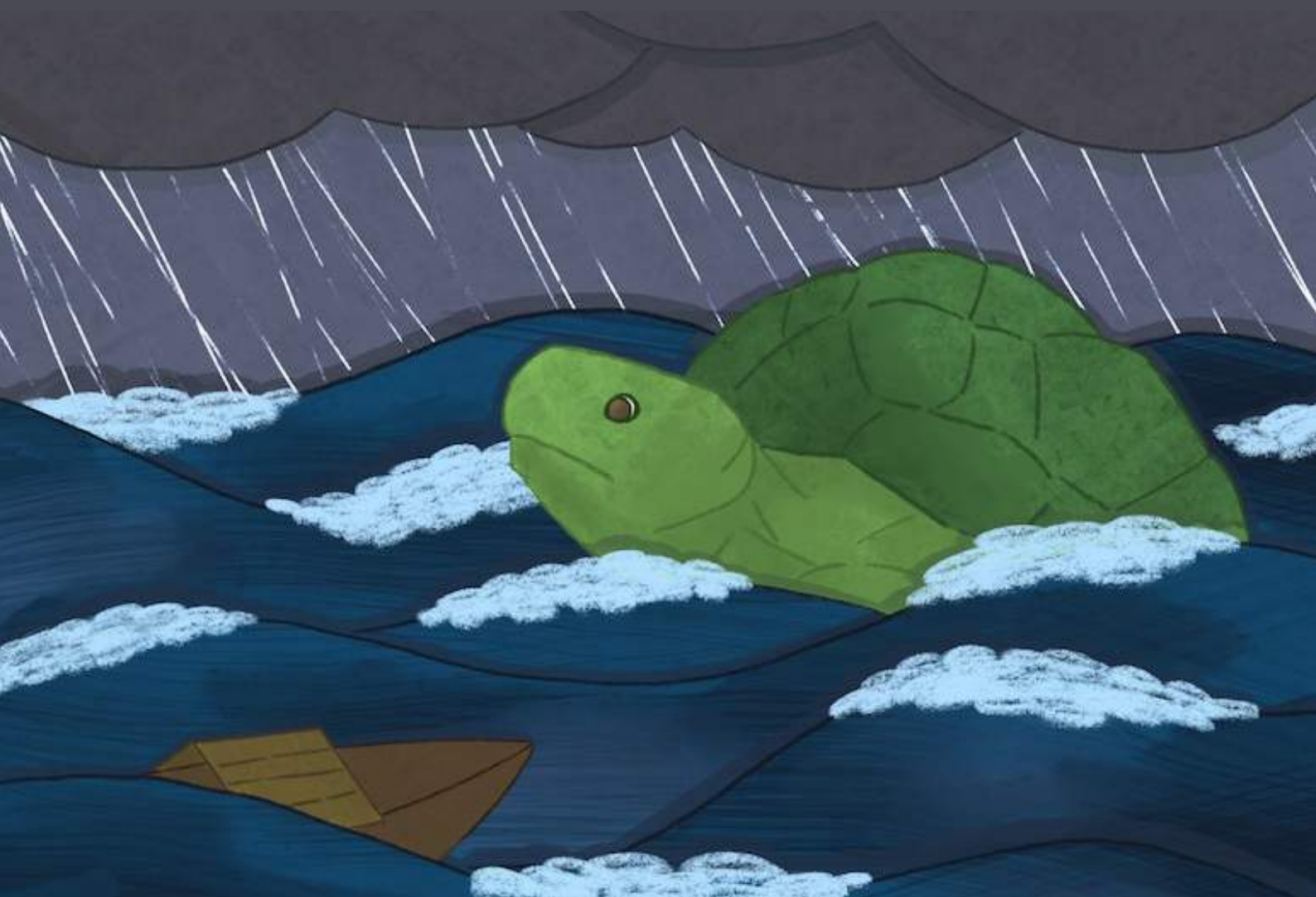
"How so, Grandma?" asked Wen-Xin.

"Let me tell you about Kusu Island."

The sisters ran from the Koi pond to their grandmother and sat down in the middle of the grass lawn.

"One night, two fishermen, one Malay and the other Chinese, were lost at dark, stormy seas. Just when all hope was lost, the fishermen spotted a giant turtle swimming towards them. Right before their eyes, the turtle magically transformed himself into an island for the fishermen to swim towards and find refuge from merciless waters.

"Grateful to the turtle for their safety, the two fishermen returned to the island to give thanks. There, they built a Muslim keramat (a holy shrine of Muslim saints) and a Taoist shrine, which people still visit today to show their respect and gratitude."





When evening came, the old woman was putting her two granddaughters to bed. Jia-Xin and Wen-Xin were restless with energy, eager for more tales.

Looking lovingly at her two beautiful grandchildren, she said, "You know, you remind me of the Sisters' Islands."

"Because we're sisters?" asked Jia-Xin.

The old woman laughed, "Not only that, but you two are inseparable. You would do absolutely anything for one another."

"What are the Sisters' Islands?" asked Wen-Xin.

"Minah and Linah were sisters, joined at the hip, just like you two. One day, the Chief of the **Orang Laut** (sea people), caught sight of Linah and realised his desire to spend the rest of his life with her.

"But when he approached Linah and asked for her hand in marriage, she refused. Unhappy with her answer, the Chief and the Orang Laut made a plan to take Linah away from her family and out to sea."

"Did the Orang Laut win, Grandma? Did they take Linah away?"

"The two sisters made a vow to never leave each other. When dawn broke, the Chief and his men came to take Linah away. The sisters clung to each other but were forced apart. Minah swam after the boats but was swept under the wave. Linah broke free from her captors and threw herself overboard. Just then, the sky turned dark and a storm raged."

"Then what happened?"

“When the storm subsided, the sisters were nowhere to be found. The next day, a pair of islands appeared where the sisters had perished, and was named Sisters’ Islands in their memory. They have been right next to each other ever since.”

And with that, the old woman kissed both children goodnight, leaving them to sleep soundly and happily together. ■



**What do
you think?**

Which of the islands
would you be most
curious to visit? Kusu
Island or Sisters'
Islands? Why?



STORYTIME Extra



MEMORY CHALLENGE

Can you match the words from the story with their definitions?

Kaya •

• Holy shrine of Muslim saints

Palembang •

• Capital city of the Indonesian province of South Sumatra

Keramat •

• Sea people

Orang Laut •

• Egg jam, made with coconut milk and sugar

You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?

- The legend of Sang Nila Utama's encounter with the lion has been told through puppetry, dance and traditional performances. However, lions have never been native to the region, and it may have been a Malayan tiger that he saw.
- The tale of Kusu Island is set in the early days of the Malay Peninsula. **Kusu** means "tortoise" or "turtle" in the Hokkien dialect. Today, people make the annual pilgrimage to worship at the island's sacred sites.

Did you know?

Listening to Chinese street storytellers was a popular pastime in Singapore during the colonial period and right up until the 1960s before the introduction of television and radio.

Think about it

The lion is an important historical and national symbol for Singapore. What is the national symbol of your country?



ANSWERS & Solutions

Could you remember the meanings of the words from the story? Let's find out.

MEMORY CHALLENGE

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| Kaya • | • Holy shrine of Muslim saints |
| Palembang • | • Capital city of the Indonesian province of South Sumatra |
| Keramat • | • Sea people |
| Orang Laut • | • Egg jam, made with coconut milk and sugar |

Nora and the Elephant Rock

Nora is a little girl full of curiosity. She lives in a magical area with a beautiful landscape called AlUla.

Before going to bed one night, Nora's mother tells her a bedtime story about the legend of Jabal AlFil, Elephant Rock (جبل الفيل).

"Jabal AlFil?" Nora laughs. "Oh Mama (ماما), how can there be a rock that looks like an elephant?"



"Patience, little one. Let me tell you about the magic behind this rock," says her mother.

"When the sun sets, and the moon rises, the stars twinkle on this rock and it begins to dance through the night. Once the sun rises, it goes back to its original place and sleeps. This marvellous show only happens when the sky is full of twinkling stars."

"Mama, does that mean the rock will come alive when the sky is full of twinkling stars?" asks Nora.

"Yes, my dear."

"Will you take me to see this rock when the stars twinkle again?"

"Of course I will," assures Nora's mother.

She keeps her promise and on the next full moon when the sky is full of stars, Nora's mother takes her stargazing. As they approach the site, Nora can see Jabal AlFil standing still and quiet. She looks at her mother and says, "Mama, it is not singing or dancing."

The mother replies, gently patting her daughter's head. "My sweet one, you have to believe in order to see it dance."

Nora looks at the still rock once again and closes her eyes.





Her mother exclaims "My goodness, look Nora. It is moving its trunk, saying hi to us and inviting us to sing and dance!" Nora, being a sweet girl, acts like she sees Jabal AlFil dancing to make her mother happy, but in truth, she can't see anything.

Twenty years later

Nora is a grown woman with a daughter of her own. On a night when the moon is full and the sky is adorned with bright glittering stars, Nora wakes up to a curious noise outside her house. She gazes out of her window and can't see anything. She gets out of bed and begins to follow the sound. The closer she gets, the louder the sound becomes.

And there it is! Jabal AlFil, dancing and singing before her eyes. Could it be? She can't believe it. She runs back to her house, wakes her mother up and brings her to the site. The rock says hello and invites them to dance. And so, they dance until sunrise.

Once daylight breaks, the rock returns to its original position. "Mama, why couldn't I see it that night when I was a child?" asks Nora. "I said I saw it to make you happy, but I never did."

"Nora, the rock only shows itself to those who believe," says Nora's mother. "If you believe, you'll always see. Now that you have a daughter of your own, you chose to believe because you want to pass our stories down to her."

And with that, Nora begins to tell her daughter the story of the magnificent Jabal AlFil. ■



What do you think?

Can you think of a story that a parent or grandparent has passed down to you? What was it about?



STORYTIME Extra



Check this out

The amazing landscapes of AlUla are home to many geological and historical marvels – such as Elephant Rock, or Jabal AlFil. This colossal landmark was shaped over millions of years by rain and wind.

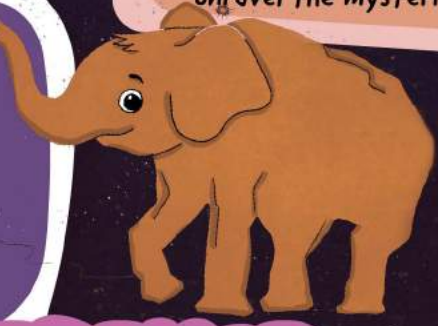
Did you know?

Other AlUla wonders are carved from rock by ancient peoples. Home to over 100 magnificent tombs with intricate designs dating from 100 BCE to 100 AD, Hegra is Saudi Arabia's first UNESCO World Heritage Site. Hegra was the southern capital of the Nabataean Kingdom, and was a bustling city made prosperous by through trade. Hegra is now an open-air gallery, with archaeologists continuing to unravel the mysteries of this vanished civilisation.

Imagine

What might an elephant look like when it dances?

Can you think of any other animals that are known for their dancing?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?

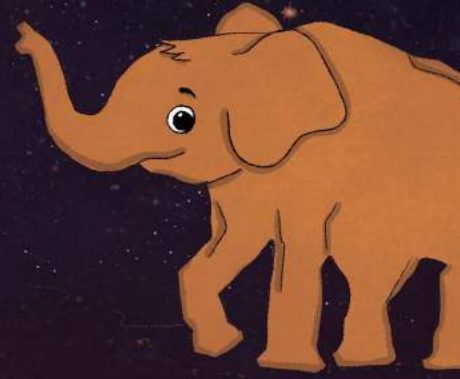


You can find the answers on the next page

ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





GABON

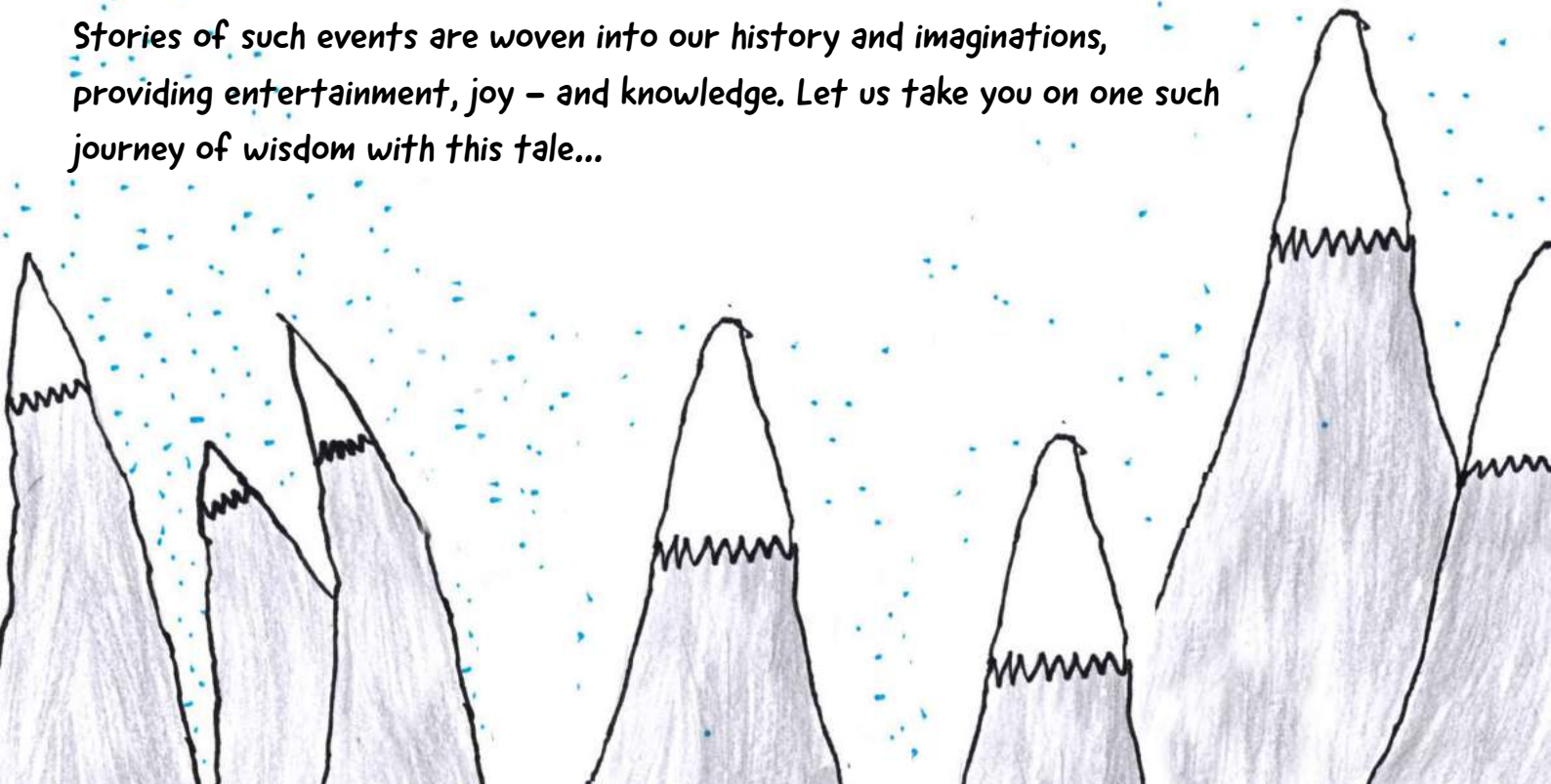
The Two Travelling Birds: The Swallow and the Pigeon

As told by Dominique Douma

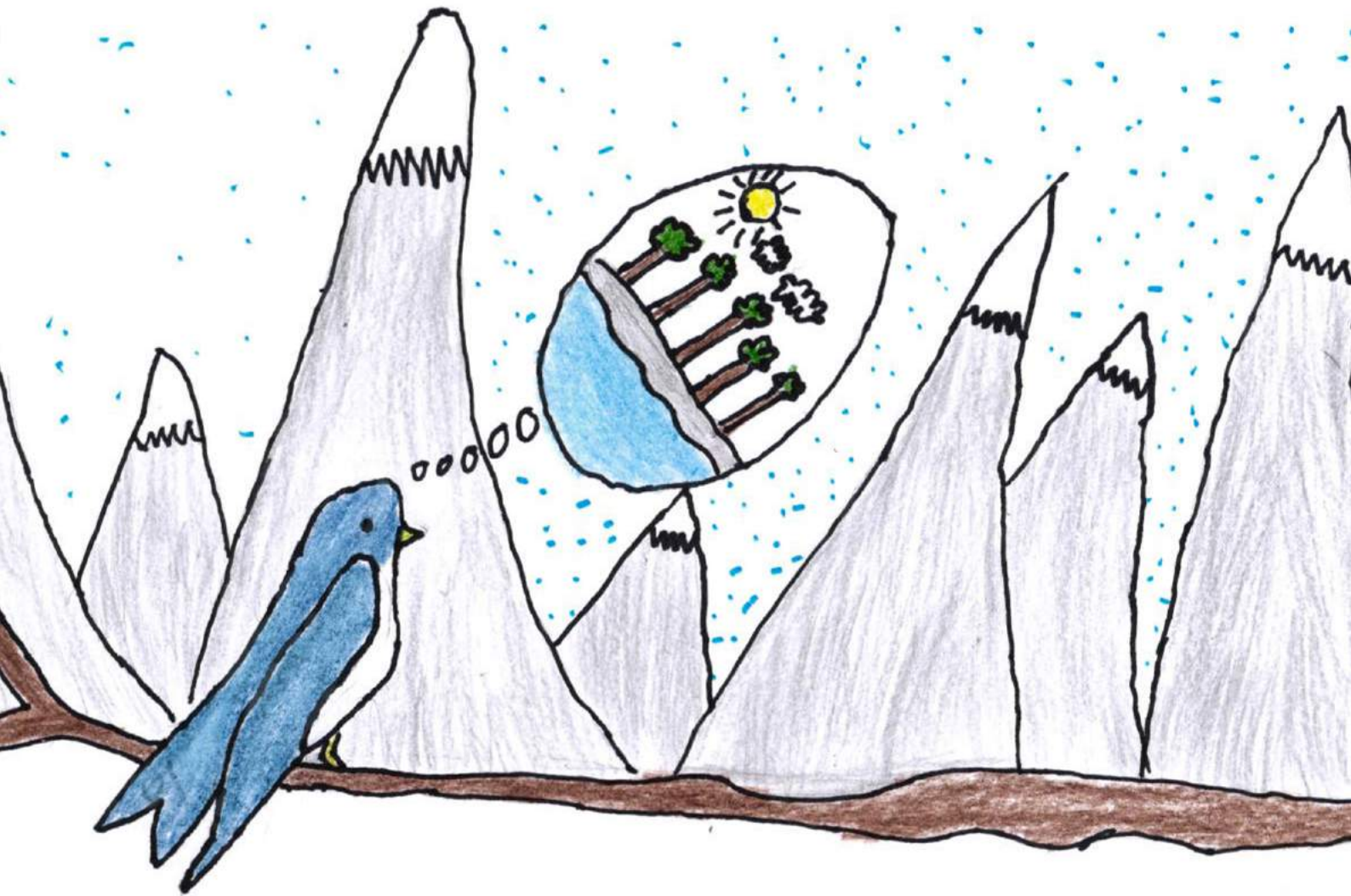
Illustrated by Tayiane Ngueba Boutoundou,
Anna-Camille Grâce Komberie Aughalat Ininda and
Ines Stessy Akele Djeuking

In the equatorial forest of Mayombe, an environment of lush nature and rich biodiversity has often given rise to surprising and playful encounters between humans and animals alike.

Stories of such events are woven into our history and imaginations, providing entertainment, joy – and knowledge. Let us take you on one such journey of wisdom with this tale...



Hirondelles (swallows) do not fare well in the cold and prefer to migrate during the winter, in search of sunnier days in the tropics. In Gabon, the rain announces the return of good weather. The hirondelle, which has its own natural clock, returns to Gabon just in time to enjoy the warmer season.



The time had finally come for the hirondelle to begin her journey. She found a travel companion in a **pigeon** (which also means “pigeon” in French) from the Maghreb, who was also making his usual trip to Gabon to visit family. The pigeon visited his family regularly and flew for long hours at high altitudes to avoid the gaze of any eager hunters.

The pigeon and the hirondelle, after making their salutations, journeyed together in comfortable silence, concentrating intently on their flight. They were bound to arrive even fitter than ever with all the effort they were putting into flapping their wings. After spending several days and nights in the air, they finally arrived above the Komo River and near the mangroves. Observing the landscape, they admired the vast beauty and variety of the coasts, mountains and plains. They saw the Ogooué and its source at the base of the Nyanga River.



“You see, this is the source of the Ogooué,” the pigeon exclaimed.

“It is indeed. I see it every time I travel,” replied the hirondelle.

“Oh my, look how majestic it is.”

“It is the longest in Gabon,” offered the hirondelle.

“Speaking of which, have you noticed how this fleuve (river) has the art of contorting itself?”

“Yes, in my village the river seems to have a brilliant mind of its own,” answered the pigeon.

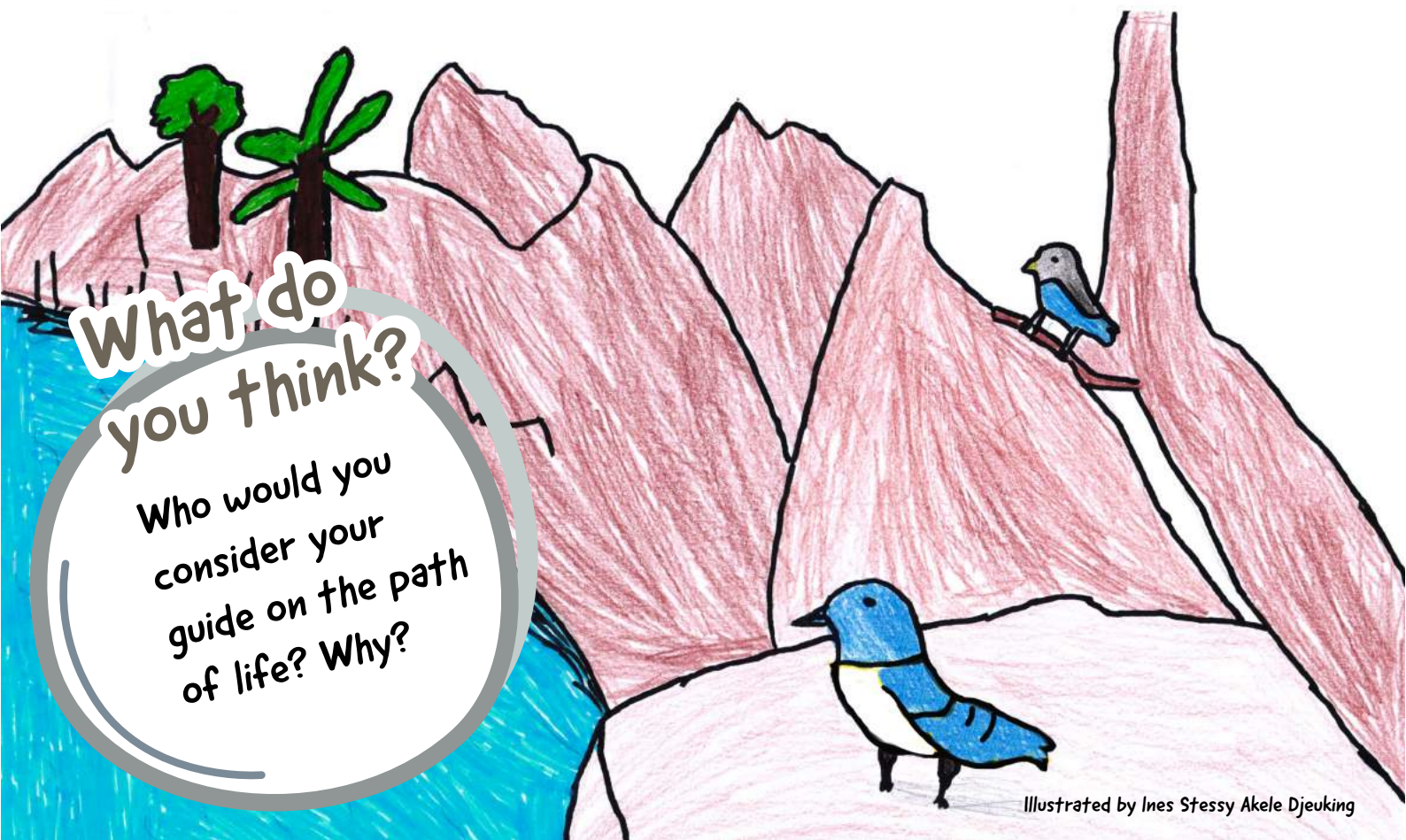
“Yet, despite its grand splendour, it does not have a keen sense of direction like we do. It knows that it must flow into the sea, and it travels several hundred kilometres with detours, but no shortcuts,” the pigeon pondered.

“This fleuve could have taken a shorter route,” suggested the hirondelle.

“Yes, but there was no one to guide it. If it had found someone to lead it towards the sea, it would not have made so many twists and turns.” The pigeon waved his wings to make his point.

“Ignorance is very often synonymous with loneliness. We always need a guide to make a passage on the path of life,” the hirondelle concluded.

Truer words were never chirped. ■



What do you think?

Who would you consider your guide on the path of life? Why?

STORYTIME

Extra



FOLLOW THE RIVER

Can you match the river with its country?

- | | | | |
|---------|---|---|---------|
| Kafue | ● | ● | Egypt |
| Amazon | ● | ● | Russia |
| Thames | ● | ● | Brazil |
| Nile | ● | ● | England |
| Volga | ● | ● | India |
| Ganges | ● | ● | China |
| Yangtze | ● | ● | Zambia |

Did you know?

The Ogooué River is the biggest river in Gabon, and is more than 1,200km long. It is also the fifth largest on the African continent by volume of water.

Guess what?

One of the myths surrounding the Ogooué involves a dragon-like creature called the "Jago-nini" or "N'yamla", as it is known by the local tribe of the Fang people. Resembling a Diplodocus dinosaur, the creature is said to have been seen emerging from the water.

You can find the answers on the next page

CHECK THIS OUT

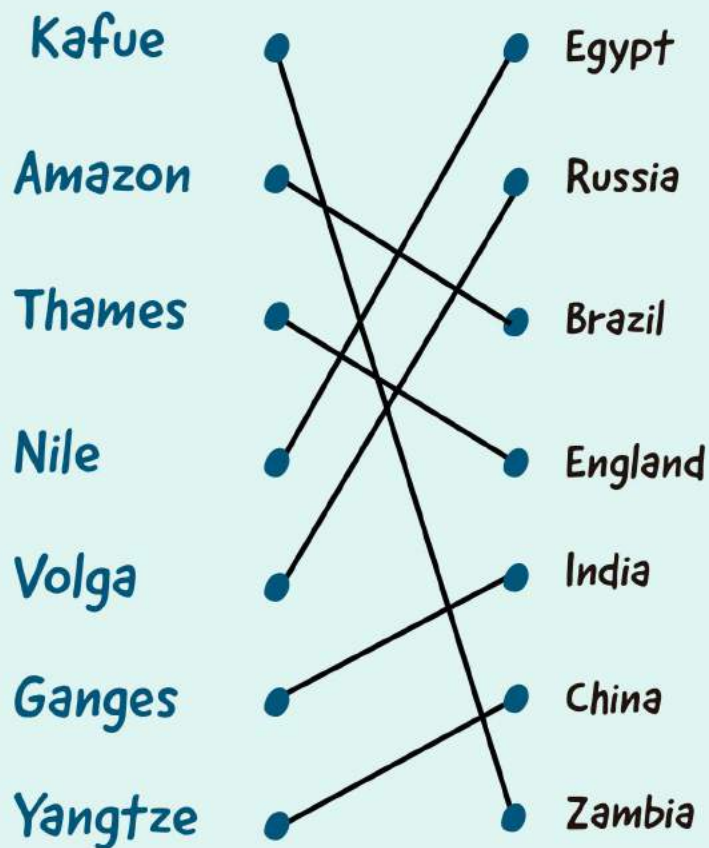
One of the main reasons birds migrate is to find warm weather and food and shelter for themselves and their chicks.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Do you know what river flows in which country?
Let's see how you did.

FOLLOW THE RIVER



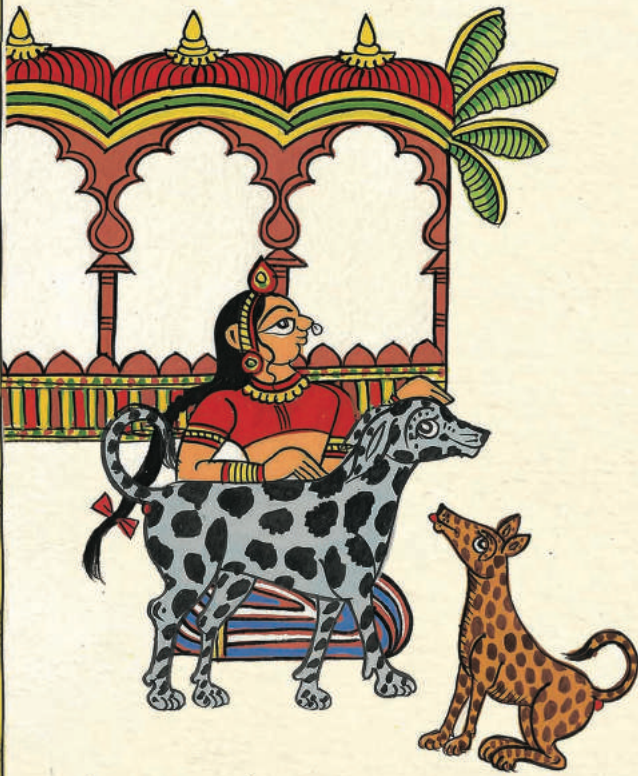


INDIA

A Camel for Kelam

As told by Anu Chowdhury–Sorabjee

Illustrated by Kalyan Joshi



A long time ago, there was a **raj Kumar** (prince) named Pabu, who loved animals. He shared his home with a family of four dogs, five cats and a horse named Saffron. The raj Kumar, however, loved Saffron the most.

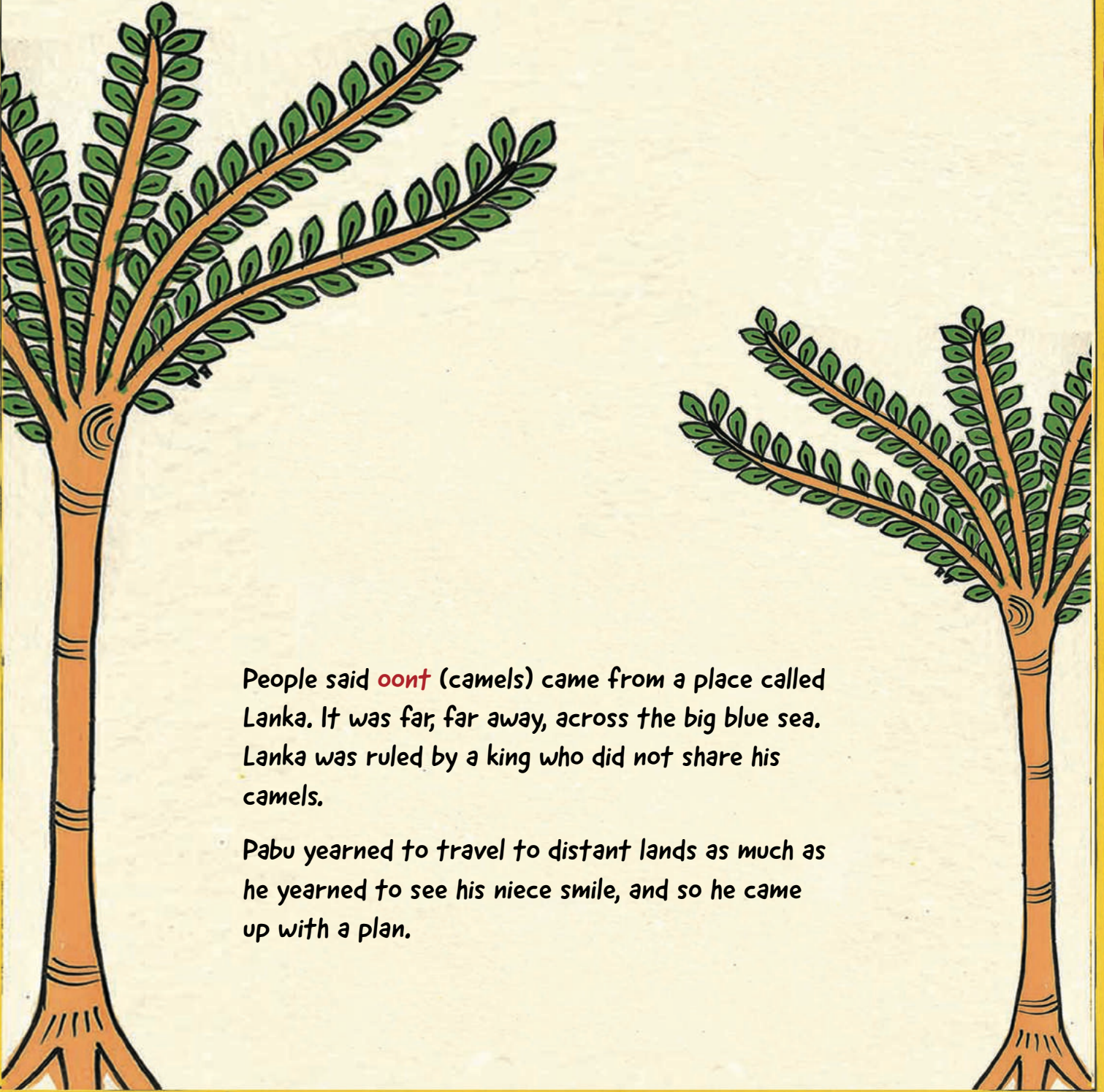
Every morning, without fail, Pabu brushed Saffron's mane. He would brush it at least one hundred times.

He also had a niece named Kelam, who he loved dearly. Like her uncle, Kelam also loved animals with all her heart.



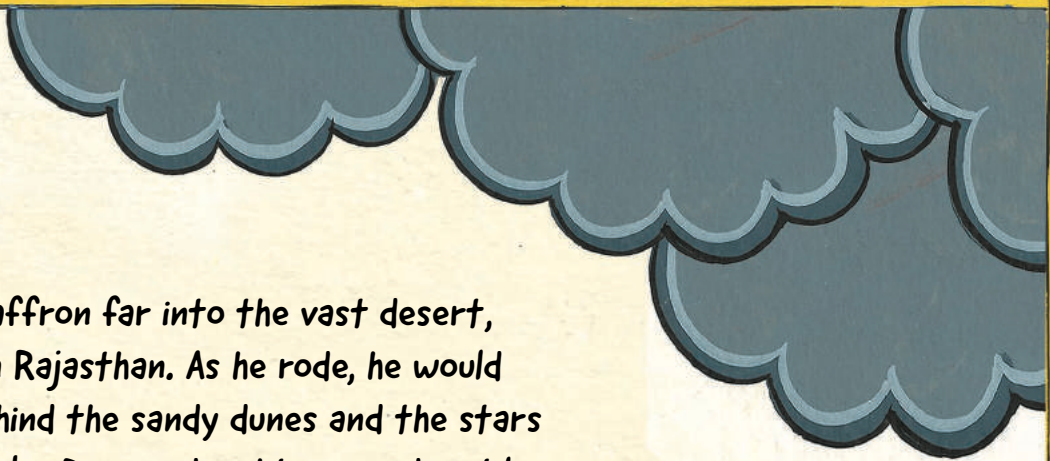

“Pabu, would you bring me a camel for my birthday?” she asked one day.

“Where would I get a camel for my niece?” Pabu wondered. “There are no camels in Rajasthan.”



People said **oont** (camels) came from a place called Lanka. It was far, far away, across the big blue sea. Lanka was ruled by a king who did not share his camels.

Pabu yearned to travel to distant lands as much as he yearned to see his niece smile, and so he came up with a plan.



One day, he rode Saffron far into the vast desert, beyond his village in Rajasthan. As he rode, he would see the sun sink behind the sandy dunes and the stars rise to the desert sky. Days and nights passed, until he finally saw the sea on the horizon.

The salty waters stretched infinitely before him. Would Pabu brave the vast, unknown seas to the land where the camels roamed?

Yes, he would. And he did, as he and Saffron boarded the next boat to Lanka.

A storm brewed that night, a storm so terrible that the winds crashed and the waves lashed. The boat was completely destroyed, but Pabu and Saffron were fortunate enough to make it to shore on a large piece of wreckage.

The sands that stretched before them didn't look familiar, not even from the tales Pabu had once heard about Lanka. Sitting on Saffron's saddle, he could see that the sands were barren for miles. Where were the lush green trees of Lanka? Where was the King and his camels?



Suddenly, Pabu did see something in the far distance. Galloping closer, he could see a grand tent with many, many oont.

“Hooray,” he cried. “Look Saffron, we’ve reached Lanka.”

Many men on camels emerged from the tent, and surrounded Pabu and his horse.

The leader of the camel riders came closer to him and smiled.

“Welcome to Arabia.”

The King invited Pabu and Saffron into his tent, where they had spent many days.

Pabu learned not only how to groom the wonderful camels, but also that the King of Lanka himself stole the Arabian King’s beloved oont.

One day, the kind King noticed that Pabu was not acting like himself.

“Pabu, what’s on your mind?”



“My niece Kelam is waiting for me back home in Rajasthan, along with the rest of my animals.” Pabu confessed that he was homesick and wanted to bring a camel back for his niece.

The Arabian King surprised Pabu with a baby camel. “Go. Ride across the sands towards the rising sun.”

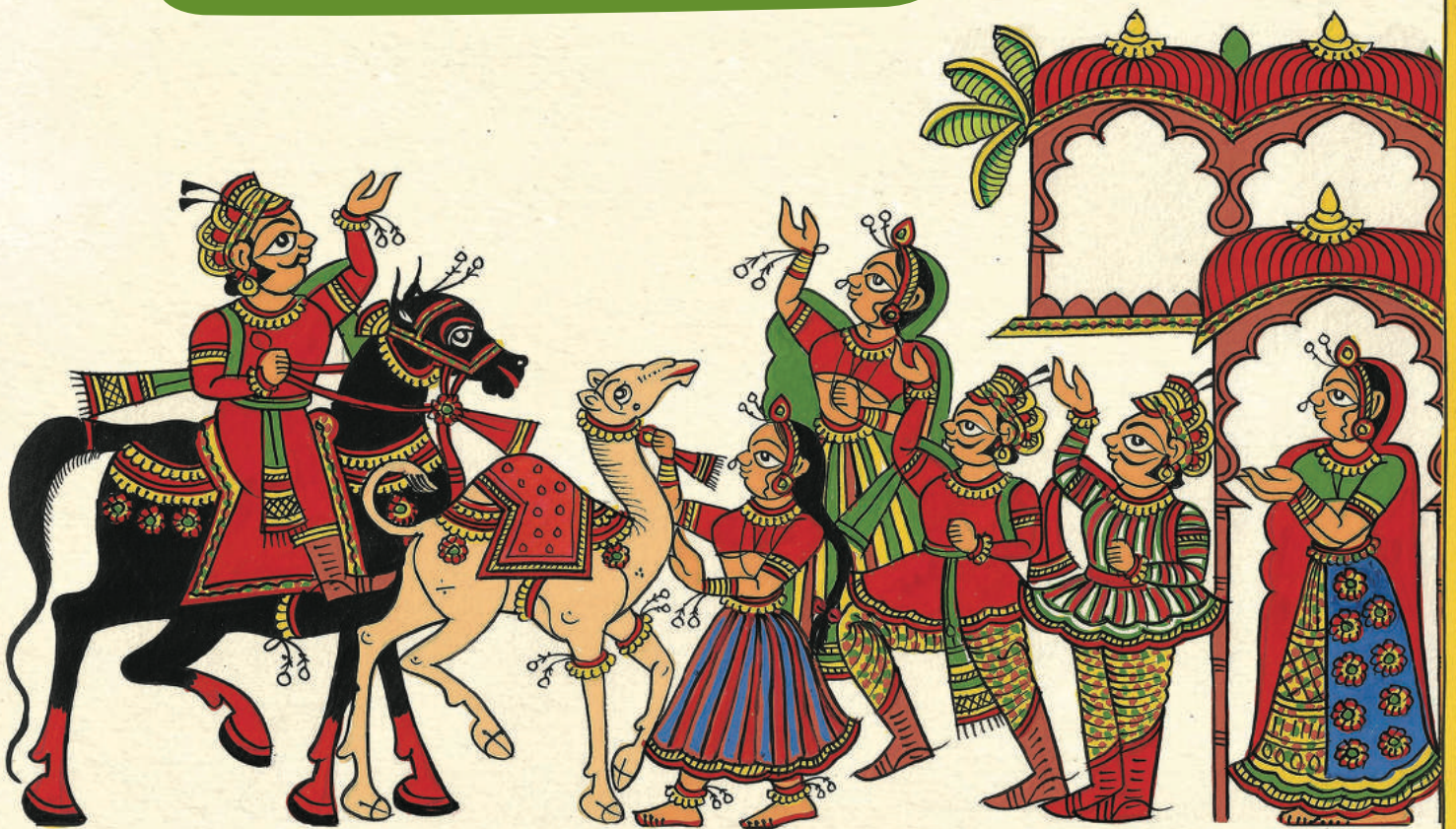
Pabu bade the King farewell and made his way home with Saffron and the oont.

He reached home just in time for Kelam’s birthday. His village welcomed him home with a grand celebration and Kelam joyfully welcomed the oont.

And that is the story of how the first camel came to Rajasthan. ■

What do you think?

Pabu went to great lengths to make his niece happy. Who would you go to the ends of the earth for to bring them joy?





STORYTIME

Extra

Did you know?

Phad paintings, like those in this story, often portray epic lives of local folk heroes and demi-gods. During all-night storytelling performances in Rajasthan, an oil lamp illuminates parts of the painting while a performer narrates through song and dance.

Word scramble

Can you unscramble these letters to match the words from the story?

1. CNREIP
2. PUBA
3. KLEMA
4. AFFSORN
5. LEMAC
6. RBIYHTDA

You can find the answers on the next page



Guess what?

This story is an adaptation of one of the tales from the Epic of Pabuji, which originated in the 14th century. Pabuji, on whom our hero Pabu is based, is a folk-deity born of a celestial fairy.

Think about it

Can you name any countries where you might find camels roaming around?



ANSWERS & Solutions

Could you successfully decode
the scrambled words from the story?
Let's see how you did.

Word scramble

1. PRINCE 2. PABU 3. KELAM
4. SAFFRON 5. CAMEL 6. BIRTHDAY





NEW ZEALAND

Matariki – The Eyes of the God

As told by Rangi Matamua
Illustrated by Hika Taewa

The Māori people of Aotearoa New Zealand believe that the universe began in complete darkness and an entire cosmos existed between the tight and cramped space created by the union of the sky father, Ranginui, and the earth mother, Papatūānuku.

In this space lived their children, the different Māori gods, who were frustrated with the endless darkness, so they decided to separate their parents. It was Tāne, lord of the forest, who used his feet and pushed the sky high above, giving our world light and space.

All were happy with this new situation except Tāwhirimātea, god of weather and winds. Feeling sorry for his parents, who cried to be reunited, Tāwhirimātea decided to seek revenge and warred against the other gods. Everything fled from the wrath of Tāwhirimātea, hiding in the earth, deep in the ocean or under the canopy of the forest. Tāwhirimātea sent storms and hurled lightning bolts in all directions.

Eventually, Tūmatauenga, the god of war and humanity, took a stand against Tāwhirimātea. An epic battle took place between these two gods and as they clashed the entire world shook with every blow. Tūmatauenga, however, was the ultimate warrior and using all his skill in warfare he defeated Tāwhirimātea, bringing order to the world.



Tāwhirimātea had one last act of defiance. Ripping his eyes from their sockets and crushing them in his hands he threw them into the sky where they stuck to the chest of Ranginui, becoming stars. These stars were given the name, Ngā mata o te ariki Tāwhirimātea, meaning the eyes of the god Tāwhirimātea. Throughout Aotearoa New Zealand they are more commonly known as Matariki, and to most of the world they are called the Pleiades.



The ancestors of the Māori gave names to nine of the stars in this cluster, and these stars were used to guide people throughout their lives. The central star in the cluster is given the name Matariki and is connected to the health and well-being of all people. She is also the mother of the other eight stars in the group.

The next star is Pōhutukawa, whose role is to guide the dead across the night sky and on to the afterlife. Next in line is Tupuanuku. This star is connected to all the food that grows in the earth, especially in gardens.



Tupuārangī, another star in the cluster, has an association to all that grows plentiful in the trees, such as fruits, berries and even birds. The Waitī means fresh water and determines the bounty of food gathered from lakes and rivers, and Waitā is connected to all the food collected from the oceans and its seashores. To find out about the weather and coming seasons, Māori would look to the stars Waipunaarangi, which is connected to the rains, and Ururangi, which is associated with the winds.

The final star in this group is Hiwaiterangi, the youngest star. This is the star where Māori send their wishes hoping they come true. These are the nine stars of the cluster of Matariki.

Every year in Aotearoa New Zealand during mid-winter, Matariki rises in the eastern sky in the early morning just before the sun. Its appearance in the sky at this time was traditionally celebrated as the beginning of the Māori New Year, and people would gather to celebrate, feast and share in each other's company. The stars would be keenly observed as each has a special relationship with the environment and Māori cultural practices. By the appearance, colour, brightness and position of the Matariki stars, Māori believe they can tell if the year is going to have a bountiful harvest with lots of food, or be a lean time with periods of hunger.



To honour the appearance of Matariki, Māori would cook in a ceremonial earth oven and prepare food that was symbolically offered to the different stars in the cluster. Food from the ocean, rivers and lakes, gardens and the forest would be collected, prepared and cooked in the ground. When the stars were seen in the sky in the early morning Māori would gather and offer incantations and prayers to Matariki. They would call out the names of all of the people who had died since the last appearance of Matariki, sending their spirits into space to become stars for eternity. They would offer their wishes for the year in the hope that Matariki would make them come true. Finally, they would uncover the earth oven and the steam would rise into the sky, symbolically feeding the stars and beginning the Māori New Year.

Today in Aotearoa New Zealand, Matariki continues to be celebrated. Every year during the winter, communities come together when Matariki appears to remember those who are no longer here, to celebrate the present and plan for the future. Matariki are the eyes of the god Tāwhirimātea, and they continue to play an important role in the life of Māori and all people of our country. ■

What do you think?

Can you think of any customs in your country that are celebrated every year?
How are they celebrated?



STORYTIME Extra



Guess what?
 In New Zealand, stories are handed down by *kaumātua* (elders) of Māori *iwi* (tribes). The essence of the narrative remains the same with slight variations according to the region.

Did you know?
 This version of the Matariki story has been told by Professor Dr. Rangi Matamua, a Māori astronomer and professor, who has researched the Matariki for many, many years.

REACH FOR THE STARS

Outside of New Zealand the Matariki constellation is known as Pleiades. Here's what each star is called.





IRELAND

The Story of Brendan the Navigator

Illustrated by Feryal El Miludi

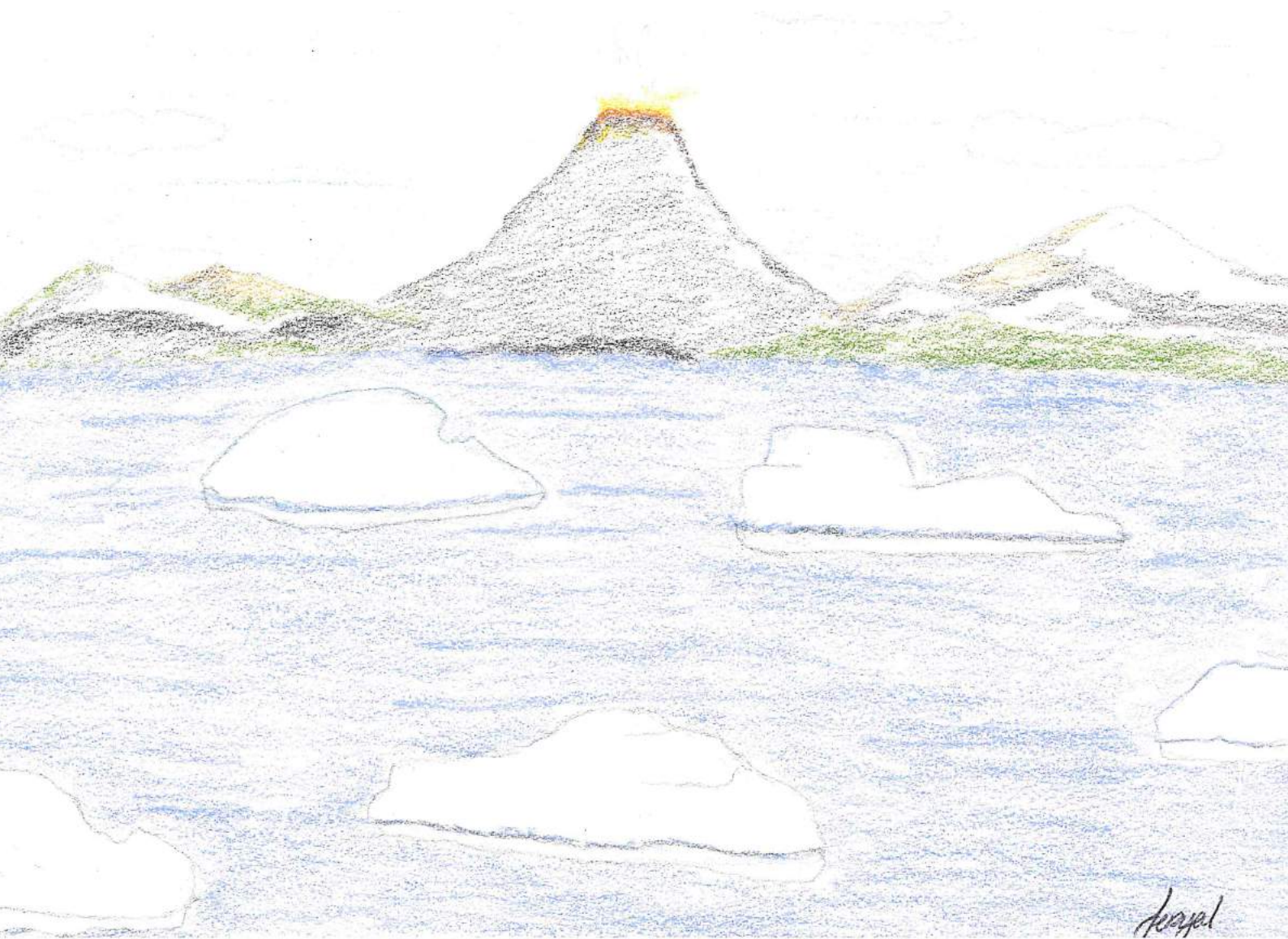
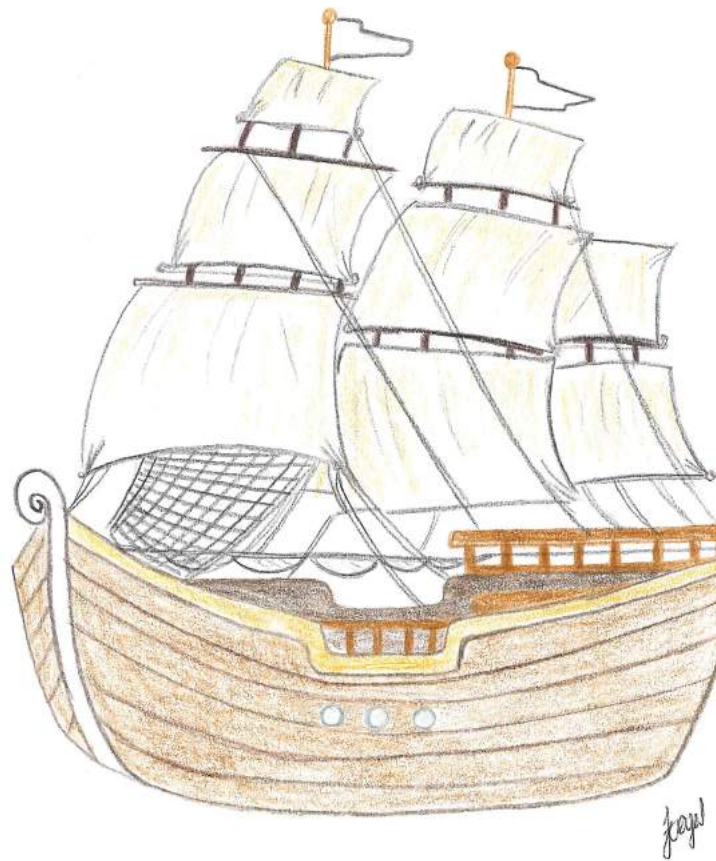
Once upon a time, in a faraway land called Ireland, lived a boy named Brendan. He was a clever boy, and he worked hard to learn to read and know all about the world.

Ireland is a green and scenic land, and Brendan was happy growing up there. He was born into a noble tribe of brave and strong people who lived near a beautiful bay on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. In summer, the sun shone and the water sparkled blue. In winter, storms raged, the skies were dark, and huge waves crashed against the shore.

Brendan was very adventurous and he loved travelling across the bay in a small boat called a **currach**, which he could row by himself when he was only six years old. He heard a story from his teacher about a paradise island, called the Promised Land, and he dreamed that when he was big, he would find this island.



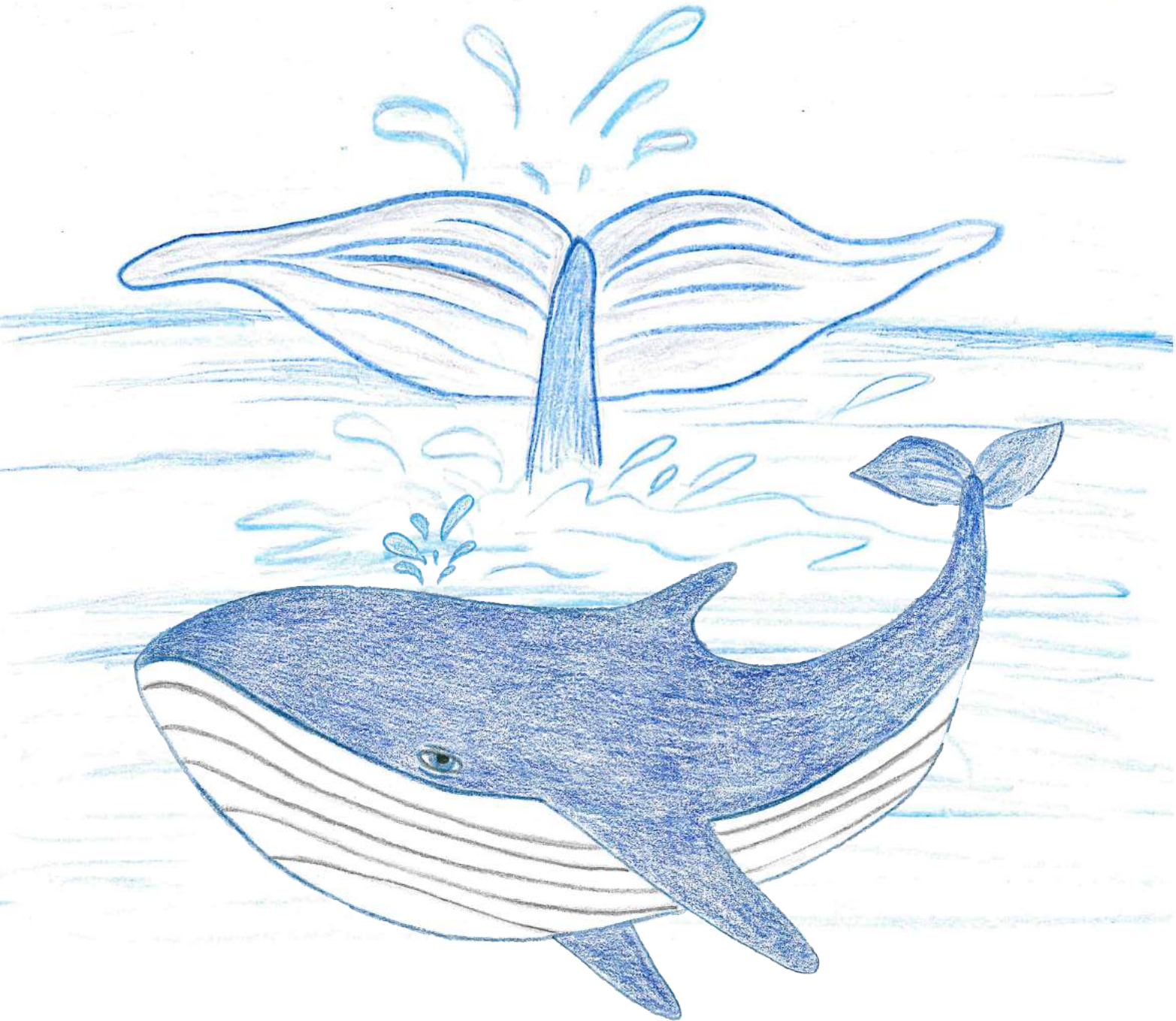
When Brendan grew up he decided that he would set off on a great adventure. He and his friends built a boat from wood and animal skins. It was a strong boat and they packed it with supplies. When the weather was clement they set off to the west. During their travels, they stopped in faraway places where friendly people gave them food for their journey. They learned new things and saw strange sights. They saw mountains with smoke and fire rising from them, called volcanoes, and huge floating white mountains in the sea, called icebergs.



One day, Brendan and his friends woke up and saw a small island beside them. It was smooth and flat, and nothing grew there. Having been at sea a long time, they decided to stop and were excited to be off the boat again. They started to build a fire to cook some fish they had caught.



Just then, the island began to move. It rose from the sea and sank down again. Some water sprayed out from part of the island. Brendan and his friends were scared and they ran to their boat and started to sail away. They looked back and the island had disappeared. They could hardly believe their eyes when it suddenly reappeared and another huge jet of water gushed up.

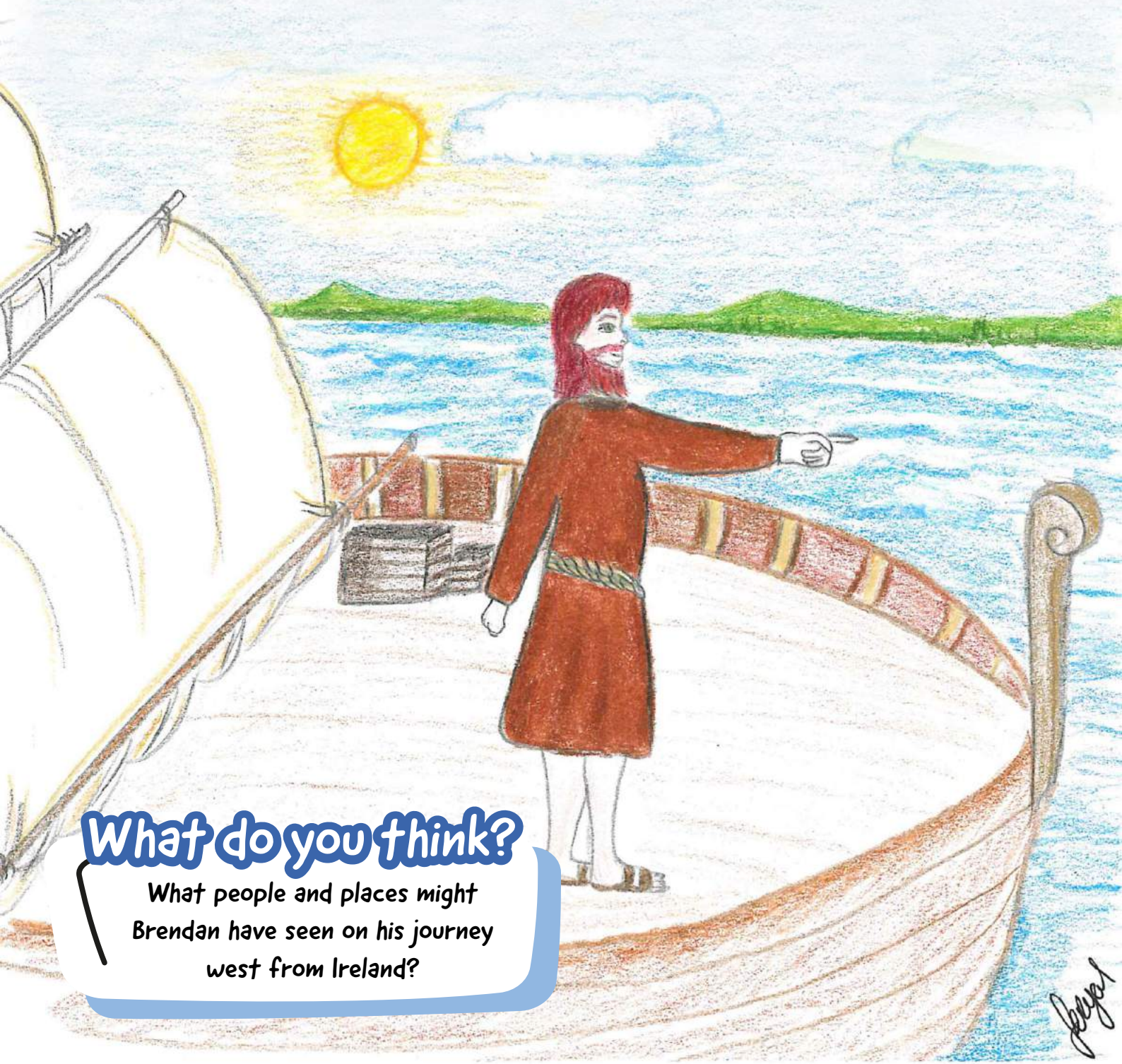


It was a whale with a huge tail.

It swam around their boat and seemed to smile at them before drifting away into the waves.

Brendan and his friends sailed on. They had many adventures and met many people. They told them of the great land they had come from and all the sights they had seen along the way.

They returned to Ireland and as news of their great voyage spread, people flocked to see them and hear the stories of their travels. Brendan, now known as Brendan the Navigator, even has a mountain named after him. ■



What do you think?

What people and places might Brendan have seen on his journey west from Ireland?

Peyal



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

Can you find these words from the story?

K D V V D Q L I F N
 X J G G O R M R I O
 A W R R Y L T E K L
 C T X A E A C L I K
 U X L V C K V A L Y
 R Q W A R I H N N B
 R I H K N D C D A O
 A T A W A T R O O T
 C X L T E Q I W T H
 H M E L C F T C U Q

Currach Whale Volcano
 Ireland Atlantic

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

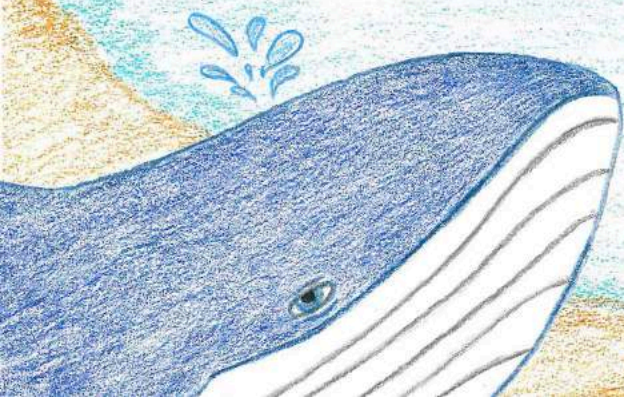
More than 1,000 years after Brendan's voyage, a modern explorer called Tim Severin built a boat like Brendan's and sailed west from the same place in Ireland. Just over one year later, he landed at Newfoundland, Canada, and proved that Brendan the Navigator could have reached America 500 years before Christopher Columbus.

Guess what?

Ireland has two official names, Éire (in the Irish language) and Ireland (in English).

Think about it

Can you name any other famous explorers? Who were they and where did they voyage to?





ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words did you find?

FIND THE WORD

K	D	V	V	D	Q	L	I	F	N
X	J	G	G	O	R	M	R	I	O
A	W	R	R	Y	L	T	E	K	L
C	T	X	A	E	A	C	L	I	K
U	X	L	V	C	K	V	A	L	Y
R	Q	W	A	R	I	H	N	N	B
R	I	H	K	N	D	C	D	A	O
A	T	A	W	A	T	R	O	O	T
C	X	L	T	E	Q	I	W	T	H
H	M	E	L	C	F	T	C	U	Q

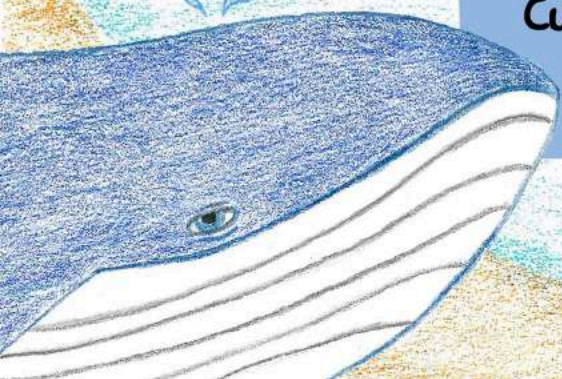
Currach

Whale

Volcano

Ireland

Atlantic





MALI

Alyad and the Stars

Illustrated by Moctar Albakaye Cisse

In the Sahara Desert, as in any desert, the path is traced in the sky and not on the earth. To move around and not get lost between the mazes, it is necessary to know the sky map where each *atar* (which means “star” in Tamasheq) has a precise place according to the season and time.

In this vast expanse lives Alyad, surrounded by his family under a pretty tent on the golden sand. To teach the children the names of the *etrane* (stars) that are essential for orientation, each evening the mothers of the community tell the story of each *atar* or constellation.



Alyad always looks forward to this moment. He keeps the stories in his dreams so that one day he too can visit the vast world, guided by the etrane that smile at him in search of gold beyond the horizon.

Tonight is special because Alyad's mother is telling the story of the etrane and she always talks about Alyad's favourite etrane.

"Come children, sit nice and close," she begins. "I want to talk to you about the etrane. Who can tell me which atar is the compass?"

"I know, I know," shouts Alyad excitedly. "It's Belhadi, The North Star, which we use to correct the route. It shines even when all the other etrane disappear behind the clouds. She is the compass."

Alyad's mother smiles and nods in approval. "And what about Orion, the warrior of the sky?" she asks.



"Orion's sword frightens the constellation of Pleiades, the daughters of the night who tell us the time according to the season," Alyad offers with pride. "The summer rain has the tears of the three youngest etrane of Pleiades."

"Very good Alyad. You have been listening well," his mother replies. She continues. "We observe the Southern Cross before the cold season, which will only cease when Belhadi, the polar star, shines alone, in the North, under the neck of the Chamelle, the big Dipper."

Alyad is getting sleepy, but he knows the best story, his favourite, is yet to come.



“Finally, Tatrīt, the Morning Star, synonymous with beauty, wakes up at dawn like the smile of the mother who says goodnight when her eyelids close.” Alyad’s eyelids start to close also. He drifts off to sleep knowing he will retell these stories in his dreams. Every evening, day after day, week after week and year after year, Alyad makes all the etrane and constellations grow in his heart. He will teach his children, in turn, when they listen to their mother, to find their way in the vastness of the desert and discover treasure by navigating by the etrane.

The etrane are beautiful because they illuminate us in the immensity of the universe. ■



What do you think?

If you could name a star, what would you call it and why?



STORYTIME

Extra



Did you know?

- This story originates from the Sahara in the north of Mali. It has been passed down to generations of children for centuries.
- You can find many wondrous historical cities in Mali, including Djenné (known for its Great Mosque), Gao (known for the pink dune of Koima) and Timbuktu (The City of Knowledge).

FIND THE WORD

Can you find the stars and constellations below?

P C L G S Z T O Z B
 U P L J V B A R Q P
 C M S Q I B T I U X
 B H A V P G R O I Z
 E U A J A W I N E Y
 L Q H M E X T P M Q
 H J P L E I A D E S
 A B N I E L A C O I
 D G E U G F L N I V
 I R I R U T F E T Z

Pleiades Orion Belhadi
 Tatrif Chamelle

You can find the answers on the next page

Imagine

What would the vast Sahara Desert look like under the infinite night sky?

What other stars and constellations can you name?

Guess what?

- Mansa Musa, King of the Malian Empire and, to this day, the richest man in history, crossed the Sahara Desert in the 14th century with a golden caravan to reach Mecca.
- In this book, New Zealand's story tells us about Matariki, the Māori name for the Pleiades star cluster.



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many stars and constellations did you find?

FIND THE WORD

P	C	L	G	S	Z	T	O	Z	B
U	P	L	J	V	B	A	R	Q	P
C	M	S	Q	I	B	T	I	U	X
B	H	A	V	P	G	R	O	I	Z
E	U	A	J	A	W	I	N	E	Y
L	Q	H	M	E	X	T	P	M	Q
H	J	P	L	E	I	A	D	E	S
A	B	N	I	E	L	A	C	O	I
D	G	E	U	G	F	L	N	I	V
I	R	I	R	U	T	F	E	T	Z

Pleiades

Orion

Belhadi

Tatrit

Chamelle



Legends of Old



Why a majestic mountain reminds us that we should always keep a promise – especially to friendly fairies!

How a land was born of a small boy's kindness to a crocodile.

Why the swallow's tail is forked... and the marmot has four claws.

Who knows what fantastical events have shaped the world around us...

499 The Legend of Grandfather Crocodile (Timor-Leste)

507 The Legend of the Stone Soup: A Humble Gastronomic Tale About Sharing (Portugal)

513 The Legend of Pieter Both and Santaka (Mauritius)

521 The Legend of Jrada Malha (Kingdom of Morocco)

530 A Fisherman in Trouble (Estonia)

536 The Legend of Erkhii Mergen the Archer (Mongolia)

543 The Legend of Gawa the Crow (Comoros)

553 Marino and the Bear (San Marino)

560 Dora and the Ackee (Jamaica)





TIMOR-LESTE

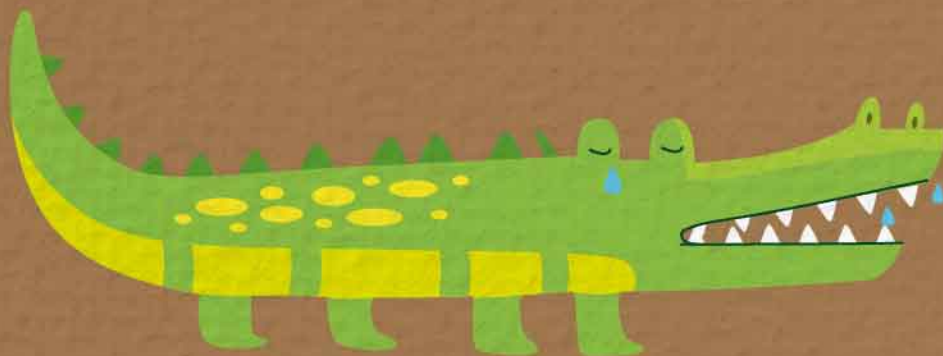
The Legend of Grandfather Crocodile

As told by Humbelina Borrromeu Duarte

Illustrated by Fatima Gloriosa and Fatima Milagrosa

Once upon a time, in a swamp far away, there lived a baby crocodile. Many a night, he dreamed of growing into a big, graceful crocodile. But alas, as food was scarce, he found himself becoming weaker by the day.

One day, **Lafaek** the Crocodile decided to venture into the open seas, to satisfy his hunger. The heat became less bearable as the day wore on, and Lafaek was still far from the shore. Finally, Lafaek was unable to summon the strength to move any further.



Meanwhile, a little boy strolling along the beach noticed the baby crocodile in the distance.

Seeing the creature struggle under the sun's harsh glare, the boy approached him.

"Little crocodile, you won't survive in this heat. Let me carry you into the sea."

Just like that, Lafaek was cradled in the young boy's arms, and gently lowered into the waves.

Lafaek's tail splashed with joy as he felt the cool water soothe his parched tongue.



“Little boy, you saved my life. If you ever need help, I will be at your command.”

After that, the young boy came to play with Lafaek every day. Their bond grew strong, and they loved each other like brothers.

One day, Lafaek found himself starving, yet there was no food in sight. Watching his human friend splashing around at the shore, he could not help but think of him as his next meal.



Overwhelmed with guilt, Lafaek sought counsel from his friends **Loriku** the Parrot and **Lekirauk** the Monkey. "Loriku, I need your help. I'm desperate for food, and I am tempted to eat my dear human friend. What should I do?"

Loriku whacked Lafaek with his wing. "Never have I met such an awful, thoughtless creature as you! That young boy saved your life, and you dare eat him for lunch without even repaying him? How could you?"

Ashamed, Lafaek made his way to Lekirauk the Monkey.

"Lekirauk, I'm desperate with hunger. Surely that is reason enough for me to eat my human friend, is it not?"

Lekirauk shook his head, disappointed at his dear friend. "Lafaek, you should consider yourself lucky to have been saved by that little boy. If you betray him by taking his life, I would never forgive you. I suggest you banish these unpleasant thoughts, and not bite the hand that feeds you."



Knowing his friends were right, Lafaek suppressed his hunger and walked away from the young boy.

A few years later, the boy visited his friend on the seashore. Both he and Lafaek saw that the other had grown bigger and stronger.

“Maun Lafaek, Elder Brother Crocodile, I wish to see the world,” pleaded the grown boy.

“Climb on my back, dear friend. Where do you wish to go?”

“To the place where the sun rises!” said the boy.

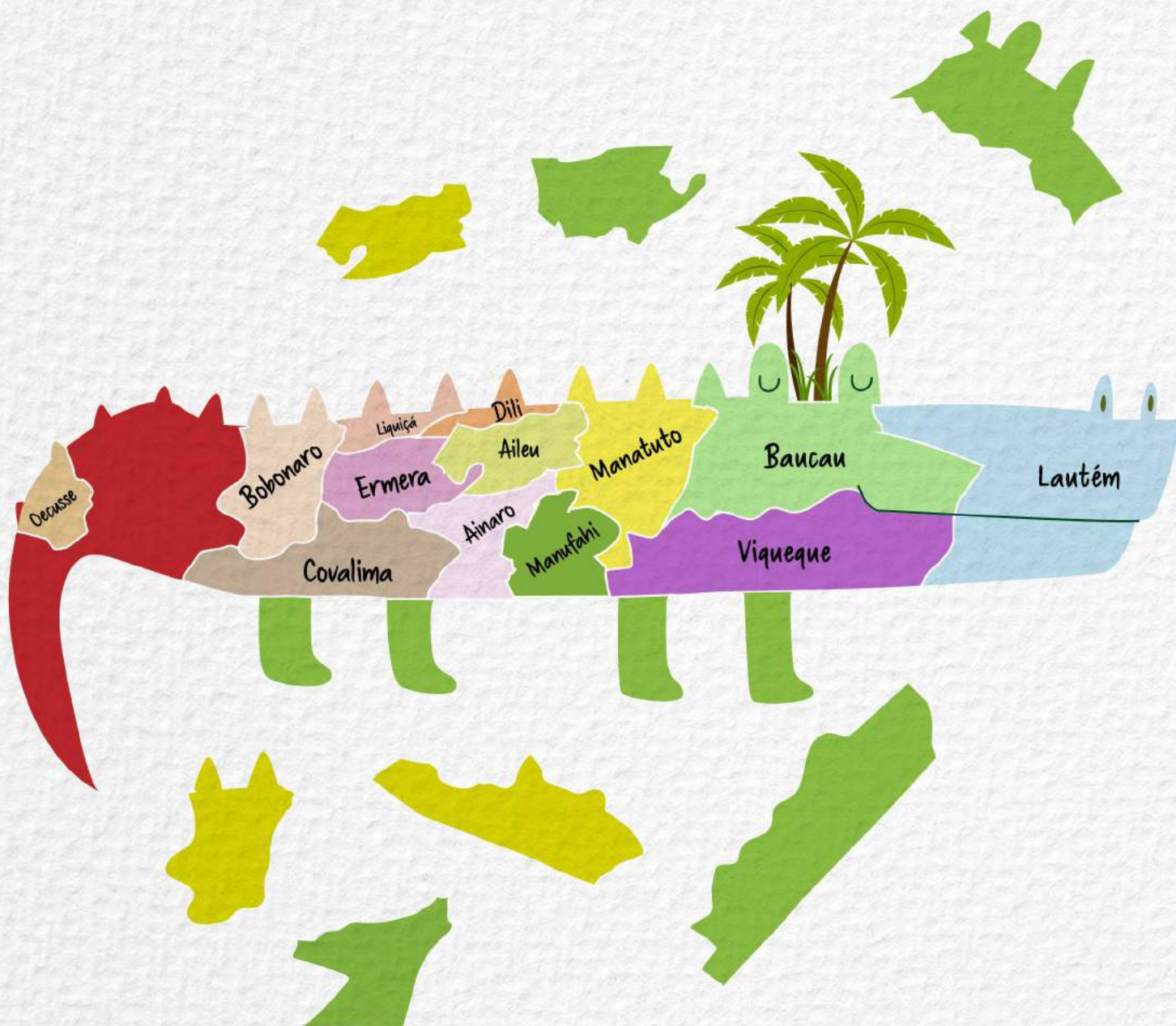
They set towards the east, travelling the oceans for many years.

One day, Lafaek felt his bones were old and tired.



“Alin, young brother, we have travelled many years, but my time has come. But before I go, I wish to repay the **hahalok diak** (kindness) you showed me in our youth.”

Lafaek’s body transformed into a beautiful and spacious **illa** (island), where the boy and his family lived peacefully and happily. The illa was named Timor-Leste. And to this day, when Timorese people encounter a crocodile, they look upon it with respect and address it as “**Avô**”, or “Grandfather”, believing it to be their ancestor. ■



What do you think?

In spite of his hunger, Lafaek understood the importance of kindness. Have you ever helped anybody out even though it may have been uncomfortable to do so?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

Can you find these different species of crocodile?

N	A	F	F	G	C	G	W	D	T
D	W	A	R	F	T	X	I	I	H
T	S	T	T	Y	I	Z	O	R	J
O	V	A	I	Y	J	M	A	O	G
M	C	S	L	F	Z	U	D	C	T
M	N	N	S	T	P	D	D	E	N
L	O	G	C	U	W	W	D	F	N
T	J	R	D	P	I	A	H	P	I
X	S	E	E	D	Q	Z	T	R	L
Y	C	I	R	L	O	N	U	E	E
C	K	G	A	N	E	G	U	A	R
E	L	R	S	M	X	T	D	C	G
K	D	M	Q	H	E	K	W	A	M
J	E	O	O	T	B	S	W	W	U
R	V	M	K	R	B	T	E	Y	W

Dwarf Siamese Nile
Saltwater Morelet

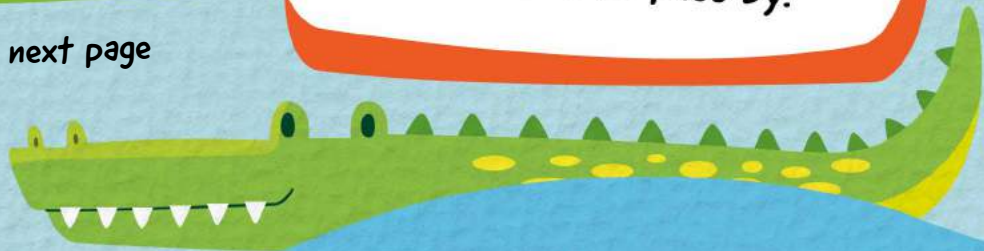
Did you know?

The island country of Timor-Leste really is shaped like a crocodile! From the beach in Timor-Leste's capital city Dili, you can get a perfect view of the part of the island that looks like a sleeping crocodile's head.

GUESS WHAT?

If you make your way to the eastern part of the island, you may encounter crocodiles bathing downstream in the river. Tradition has it that you should address the crocodile as "Avó" or "Grandfather", and request permission to pass by!

You can find the answers on the next page





ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many crocodile species did you find?

FIND THE WORD

N	A	F	F	G	C	G	W	D	T
D	W	A	R	F	T	X	I	I	H
T	S	T	T	Y	I	Z	O	R	J
O	V	A	I	Y	J	M	A	O	G
M	C	S	L	F	Z	U	D	C	T
M	N	N	S	T	P	D	D	E	N
L	O	G	C	U	W	W	D	F	N
T	J	R	D	P	I	A	H	P	I
X	S	E	E	D	Q	Z	T	R	L
Y	C	I	R	L	O	N	U	E	E
C	K	G	A	N	E	G	U	A	R
E	L	R	S	M	X	T	D	C	G
K	D	M	Q	H	E	K	W	A	M
J	E	O	O	T	B	S	W	W	U
R	V	M	K	R	B	T	E	Y	W

Dwarf Siamese Nile
Saltwater Morelet



PORTUGAL

The Legend of the Stone Soup: A Humble Gastronomic Tale About Sharing

Illustrated by Mariana Mattos

This is a story of how the greatest wealth comes from the sharing of resources.

According to the people of Almeirim, a poor friar who was on a pilgrimage stopped in the village and knocked on the door of a house. As luck would have it, there were people home. Far too proud to beg for a bite to eat, he instead asked the man behind the door if he could borrow a large pot in which to make “a delicious and filling *sopa da pedra* (stone soup)”.





MARIANA MATOS

“Stone soup? How on earth could stone soup be appetising?” wondered the man.

With arched eyebrows and curious glances, the man and his family invited him into their home and filled up a large pot with water to set over flickering flames. Slowly walking up to the iron-clad cauldron, the friar reached into his deep pocket and produced a smooth stone that he had found on the ground earlier. He made sure to clean it well, before dropping it into the boiling water. A little while later, he tasted the soup and said it needed a touch of seasoning. So, the generous man’s wife brought him some salt to add.

“Why thank you,” the friar said. “However, perhaps a little bit of **chorizo** (sausage) would be better. What do you think?”

Graciously, she obliged and dropped several thick slices into the pot.

The friar had a taste and smiled. “Now, that certainly tastes better. However, perhaps we could add some more ingredients to make it more delicious and filling. Would you happen to have any vegetables left over from an earlier meal? Say, cabbage perhaps? Or beans, or potatoes?”

With a broad smile, she agreed and added a healthy portion of leftovers into the bubbling water.

The soup sizzled and a mouth-watering aroma filled the air.

The banter continued back and forth between the family and the friar before he finally announced that the soup was ready.



When the soup was done, the friar fished the stone out of the pot, washed and dried it off, and plopped it back in his pocket for the next time. He let the man and his family try the soup. The family was amazed and grateful that they had let the friar into their home. If they hadn't trusted his abilities in making the stone soup, they would never have enjoyed the best meal of their lives. Yet, the friar believed that if he hadn't shared his soup with others, it wouldn't have tasted nearly as good.

After all, the food you prepare tastes only as good as the love you put in it. ■

What do you think?

There is an old proverb that says "too many cooks spoil the broth". What do you think it means? Does it apply in this story?





STORYTIME Extra

Did you know?

This story is told across Europe and has many origins and versions. The main character or ingredient of the soup may change from one version to the next. For example, in some versions, the main character may be a soldier or lone traveller, instead of a friar. The key ingredient may be a button or a piece of wood, instead of a stone.

When was the last time you shared a meal with someone? How did it make you feel?

FIND THE WORD

Now, you have the chance to make your own Sopa da Pedra. Can you find these three ingredients to put in your soup?

B O B T H L O B L M
H P F H I H N E B A
G A R L I C I A Q K
C B T W O U O N Z Q
S V Y F O C N S X A

Beans

Onion

Garlic

You can find the answers on the next page



Would you like to try to make the legendary Sopa da Pedra (stone soup) in your own home? Here's how you can. (Cooking can be dangerous. So be sure to ask a grown-up to help you!)

Ingredients:

- 2.5 l of water
- 1 kg of red beans
- 1 chorizo sausage
- 200 g of bacon
- 2 onions
- 2 garlic cloves
- 700g of potatoes
- 1 spoonful of coriander sauce
- Salt, bay leaf and pepper to taste

Preparation:

Soak the beans overnight.

On the same day, boil the beans in water, along with the sausage, bacon, onions, garlic cloves and bay leaves. Season with salt and pepper. Add more water, if necessary. When the meats and chorizo are cooked, remove them from the heat and cut them into pieces.

Cut the potatoes into cubes, and put them in a pan, along with the chopped coriander.

Simmer slowly until the potato is cooked. Remove the pan from the heat and add the previously cut meat.

At the bottom of the bowl where the soup is to be served, place a well washed stone. Pour over the delicious soup, and enjoy.

the
BEST
RECIPE



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you find all the ingredients for your
Sopa da Pedra?

FIND THE WORD



B	O	B	T	H	L	O	B	L	M
H	P	F	H	I	H	N	E	B	A
G	A	R	L	I	C	I	A	Q	K
C	B	T	W	O	U	O	N	Z	Q
S	V	Y	F	O	C	N	S	X	A

Beans

Onion

Garlic





MAURITIUS

The Legend of Pieter Both and Santaka

Illustrated by Ohas Dokee

Once upon a time, a young milkman named Santaka was returning home to his charming village of Creve Coeur, on the beautiful island of Mauritius. Spotting a forest far away, he decided to take the short way home through the lush greenery. On his trek, he felt one, two, three raindrops, which suddenly turned into heavy rain. Utterly drenched by the cold, pelting rain, he desperately sought shelter, and eventually found refuge under a canopy of trees. Tired from his journey and the rain, he decided to rest his eyes for a while.





His dreams were filled with heavenly sounds of music, and magical voices, which could only have been those of angels. His eyes fluttered open and he was pleasantly surprised that the angelic sounds were in fact real. Enchanted, he followed the lovely voices into a clearing in the forest where he saw a group of magical fairies singing and dancing. One particular fairy took notice of the curious onlooker.



“And who might you be?” she asked.

Under the inquisitive gazes of the fairies, Santaka nervously introduced himself.

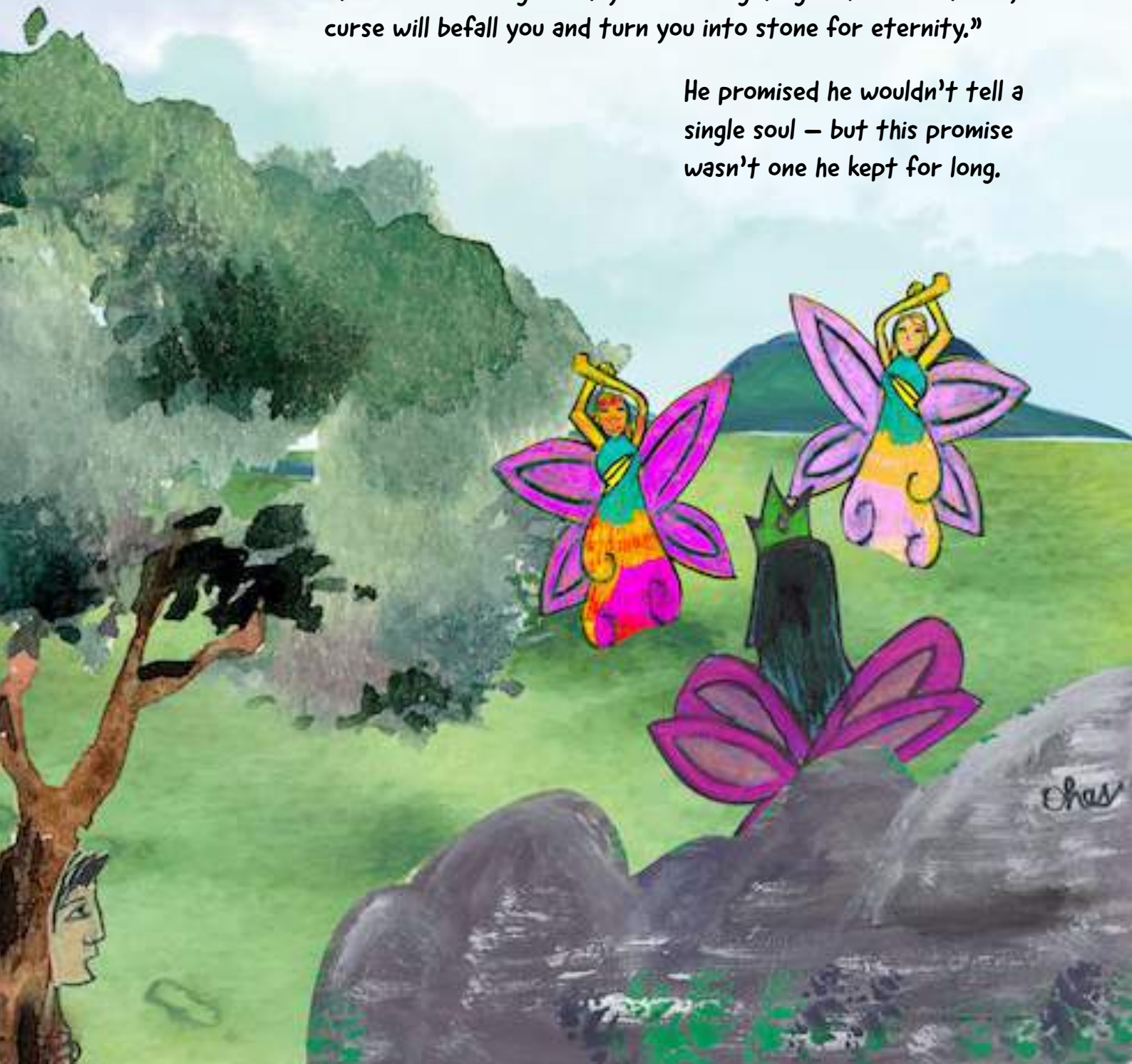
“I didn’t mean to intrude. I was hiding from the rain, and your music was just as clear and beautiful as the skies after the heavy rainfall.”

“Dear Santaka, it takes a special person of pure heart to be able to see and hear us in the far clearings of this vast forest.”

Santaka couldn’t believe what he was seeing and hearing with his own eyes and ears.

“Santaka, as the Fairy Queen, I must warn you that if you tell any other human being about your rare sighting and our existence, a curse will befall you and turn you into stone for eternity.”

He promised he wouldn’t tell a single soul – but this promise wasn’t one he kept for long.



Overwhelmed by his encounter with these enchanting creatures and their melodies, he ran back to his village as fast as his legs could carry him, telling every friend and loved one about the mystical creatures in the forest.

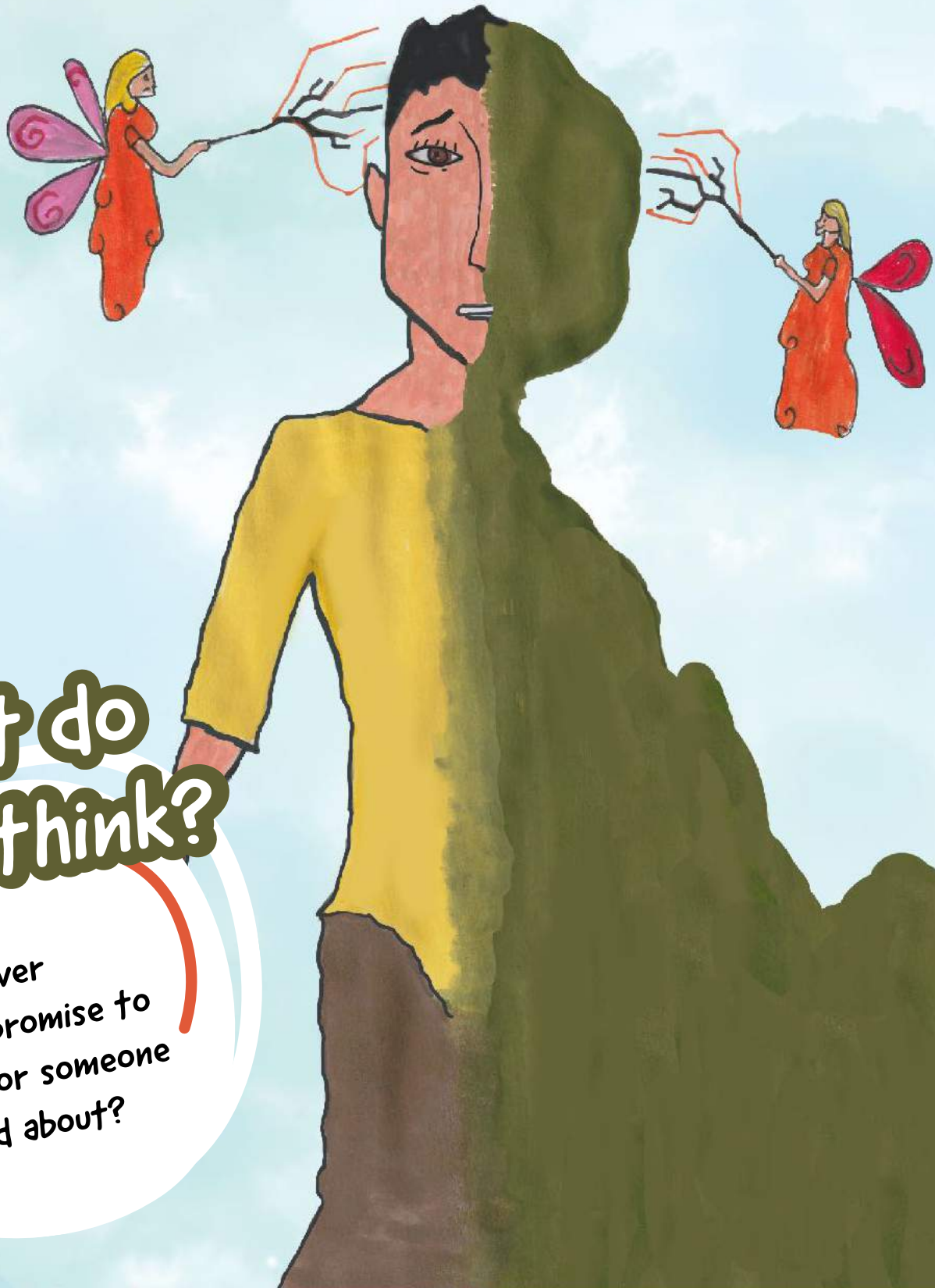


The next day, he came back to that very clearing with the hopes of seeing the dancing and singing fairies again. However, having discovered that Santaka broke their trust and revealed their treasured secret, the fairies were angry.

Upon his return to the clearing, the fairies kept their end of their promise. They had placed an irreversible curse on him, turning his body into stone.



Made of basalt stone, Santaka's figure now graces the summit of the iconic Pieter Both mountain, and is a reminder to the people of Mauritius that we must always keep our promises. ■



**What do
you think?**

Have you ever
broken a promise to
a friend, or someone
you cared about?



STORYTIME

Extra



Guess what?

The mountain was named after Pieter Both, the first Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, who was shipwrecked in Mauritius.

Did you know?

This story originated in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, created by Indian immigrants and their descendants, who lived close to Pieter Both, to explain the human-like rock formation on the summit of the mountain.

Imagine

How might the story have ended if Santaka had kept his promise?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





KINGDOM OF MOROCCO

The Legend of Jrada Malha

Illustrated by Lamia Hmaiddout

Many moons ago, there was a land so remote that no one could reach it. Even those who were brave enough to attempt the journey ended up going round in circles, as the path kept changing its shape magically.

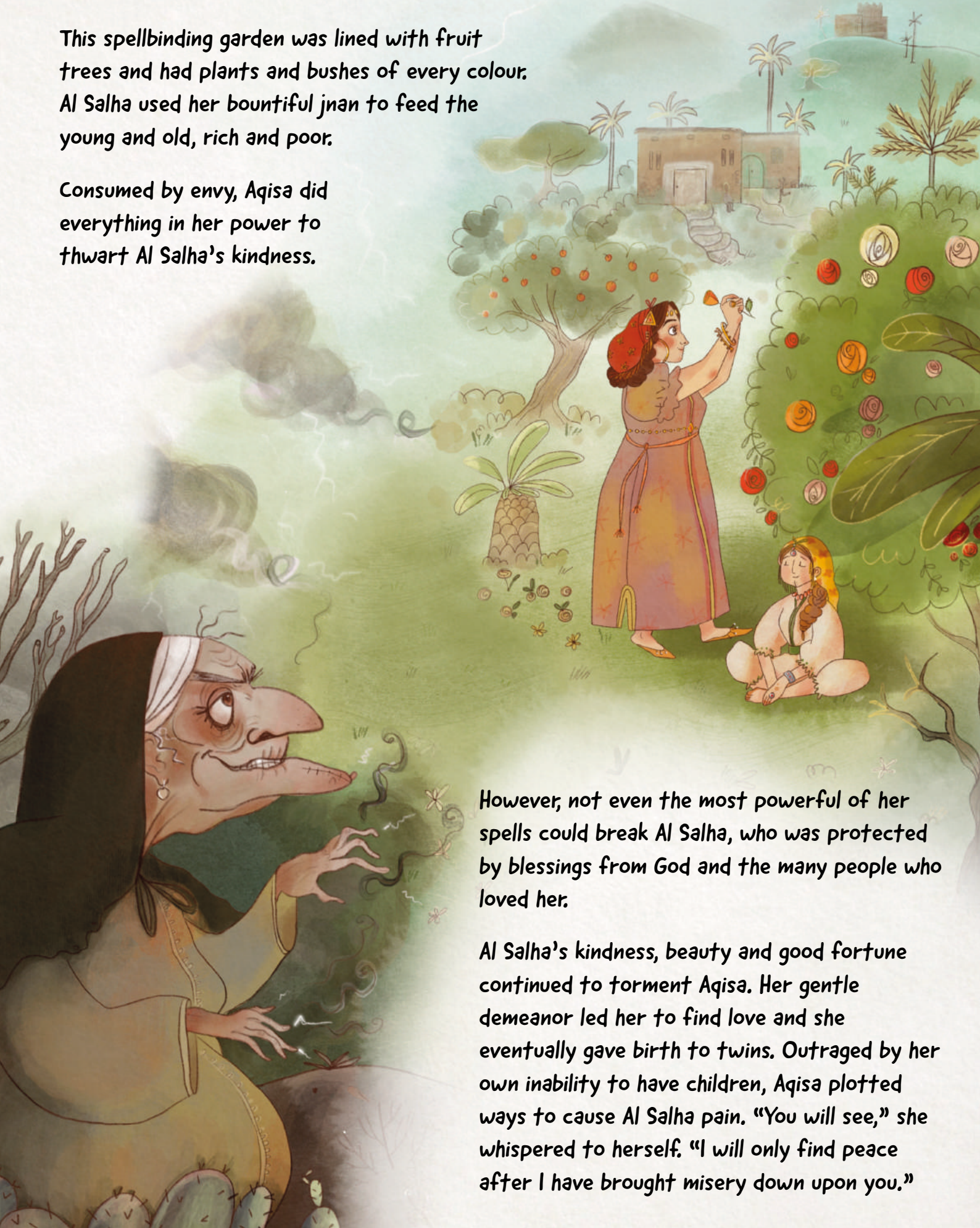
Shrouded in mystery, this land was under the cruel spell of a wicked **sahira** (witch) called Aqisa, who used her evil powers to prevent the people of the land from prospering.



One day a lady named Al Salha, a kind and generous soul, caught the attention of Aqisa. Al Salha's enchanting **jnan** (which means "garden" in Arabic), named Jnan Al Salha, bore delicious fruit and ripe vegetables to feed those who starved under Aqisa's sorcery.

This spellbinding garden was lined with fruit trees and had plants and bushes of every colour. Al Salha used her bountiful jnan to feed the young and old, rich and poor.

Consumed by envy, Aqisa did everything in her power to thwart Al Salha's kindness.



However, not even the most powerful of her spells could break Al Salha, who was protected by blessings from God and the many people who loved her.

Al Salha's kindness, beauty and good fortune continued to torment Aqisa. Her gentle demeanor led her to find love and she eventually gave birth to twins. Outraged by her own inability to have children, Aqisa plotted ways to cause Al Salha pain. "You will see," she whispered to herself. "I will only find peace after I have brought misery down upon you."

One day, the witch found a way to distract Al Salha's attention away from her beloved children, so she could snatch them. When Al Salha discovered her children had disappeared, she became desperate. She cried, pleaded and prayed, but they were nowhere to be found.

Wily Aqisa had taken the children far away, where no one would recognise her or know what she had done. She never stayed in the same place for more than three days, while merciless storms and endless drought followed in her wake, leaving the people without food.

One day she arrived at a place led by the wise Qadi Boumeftah, known to be a fair and just man. The people of his land lived in peace and harmony. All were loyal, refusing to betray, harm or show disrespect to him. However, Aqisa's arrival turned everything upside down. She wreaked havoc and injustice on the land, leaving the people shocked and perplexed.



Qadi Boumeftah called to his people. "What happened?" he bellowed. "Who is responsible for this chaos and misfortune?" His advisers replied that the new arrival Aqisa had kidnapped two children and destroyed all that was good about his land.

"Bring me the witch," Qadi Boumeftah demanded. "If you are speaking the truth, we will punish her. If you are lying, then we will welcome her as one of our own."

The following day, Aqisa was brought to the **qadi** (judge), who saw her formidable appearance and the young, frightened children, and instantly understood the truth. However, he wanted to know if the witch would admit the truth herself.

As he questioned her, Aqisa grew uncomfortable. For the first time, she began to stammer. The qadi summoned his magic bird Zarzour to bring the truth out of her. "Qadi, these children don't belong to the sahira Aqisa," Zarzour squawked.



The witch began to shake. She admitted to all her wrongdoing. She confessed that she had kidnapped the children of a woman named Al Salha and caused chaos and destruction wherever she went.

“This is hideous,” said the qadi. “Nothing can repair what you did. I will deliver the children back to their mother, and you will be punished. I will turn you into a frog, fly, or grasshopper. Choose quickly and wisely.”

What would harm Al Salha the most? thought Aqisa. A frog? A fly? No, they are too kind. Ah! A grasshopper could eat its way through her entire garden. That’s it!

“**Jrada**, a grasshopper, Mister Boumeftah, and thank you,” the witch replied with a dangerous smile. In the blink of an eye, Aqisa became a jrada and disappeared. Peace and calm returned to Qadi Boumeftah and his land.



The qadi reunited the children with their mother and Al Salha gathered them in her warm embrace. "My loves, we are finally reunited. Nothing shall separate us."

Al Salha's reunion with her children was celebrated in all the land. However, their peace and joy was interrupted when grasshoppers rained down on Jnan Al Salha. The eager grasshoppers attacked all the fruits and vegetables in the jnan, but found them inedible. Even the delicious, sweet apples tasted salty.

Once the people of the land realised that the grasshoppers were harmless, they began to eat them with their meals. All grasshoppers disappeared, except for the undefeatable Aqisa. While she was too salty to eat, she was light enough to be carried away by a gust of wind...far, far away from Al Salha, her family and her beautiful garden. ■



This story, a tale as old as time, is passed down to our children.
Many a time, you may hear them sing:

Oh you salty grasshopper
Where have you gone?
In Jnan Al Salha
What did you eat? What did you drink?
No plump apple
Only wind! Ah!
Wisdom comes from you
Oh Qadi Boumeftah!



What do you think?

If you had magical powers,
what would you use them for?



STORYTIME

Extra



Did you know?

- The legend of Jrada Malha is often told in rhyme and song, passed down from one generation to the next.
- In Muslim communities, a "qadi" is a judge. That is why Qadi Boumeftah was able to decide Aqisa's ultimate fate.



Guess what?

- Boumeftah in Arabic means "the one who has the key".
- Jnan Al Salha refers to the gardens of the Almohad Emir Saleh who lived in the 12th century in Marrakech.

FILL IN THE BLANKS

Can you guess these words from the story by filling in the blanks?

1. W _ _ CH

2. G _ _ _ EN

3. _ Q _ S _

3. K _ _ _ NESS

5. _ _ _ SSH _ P _ _ R

You can find the answers on the next page

Imagine

If you could have a garden as endless and beautiful as Jnan Al Salha, what types of plants would you grow there?



ANSWERS & Solutions

Could you guess the words by filling in the blanks?
Let's see how you did.

FILL IN THE BLANKS

1. WITCH 2. GARDEN 3. AQISA

3. KINDNESS 5. GRASSHOPPER





ESTONIA

A Fisherman in Trouble

As told by Jakob Kõrv

Illustrated by Edgar Valter

One midsummer morning a **kalamees** (fisherman) rowed his **paat** (boat) to the middle of Lake Mustjärv hoping to catch some **kala** (fish). To his delight, he caught one after the other. He even pulled a great big pike out of the water, which had only a stump left for a tail.



All of a sudden, from that moment the man's luck changed and not a single kala took his bait. He began to row back home, thinking of his magnificent catch.

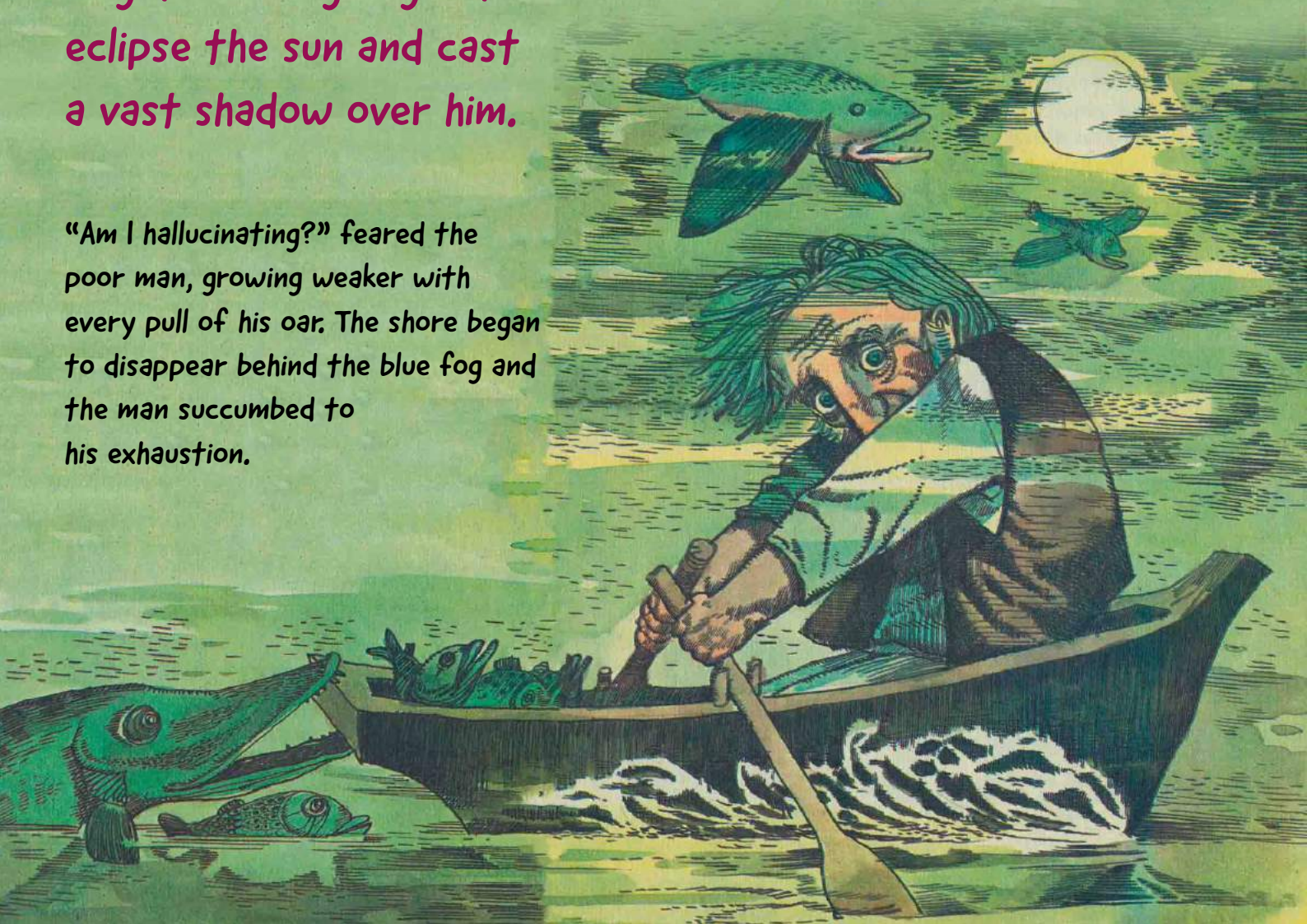
The man was surprised to see that the shore was nowhere near and the rays of the mid-morning sun were beating down on his back. Perhaps he needed to row faster? In spite of pulling the paat with all his might, he didn't seem to get any closer.

In fact, with every row, the shore moved further away.

"Whatever mighty works could be at the bottom of this?" wondered the fisherman, his heart pounding with fear. He was working his fingers to the bone and yet he was making no progress.

**The sky grew darker.
Bright blue fog began to
eclipse the sun and cast
a vast shadow over him.**

"Am I hallucinating?" feared the poor man, growing weaker with every pull of his oar. The shore began to disappear behind the blue fog and the man succumbed to his exhaustion.



Morning became afternoon and the kalamees slowly opened his eyes. He turned himself around in his paat and looked down into the water. Now he could see clearly that his paat was stuck in one spot. The blue fog disappeared and the darkness lifted. To his relief, the sun was shining and the lake didn't seem as infinite as it had before. The man began to row again, faster than ever, but his boat moved nowhere closer to shore. No matter how desperately he tried, he felt like his boat was rooted to one spot. He lay down on his oars.

A loud voice resounded from the lake. Where did it come from? Yet before the poor fisherman could sit up properly, the lake was eerily silent once more. The only sounds were the quacking of ducks in the reeds and the lilting of the nightingale on the shore. Just as the man lifted his useless oars, he heard a human voice in the distance.

"Has everybody arrived yet?" Who could that be?

"Everybody but the stump-tailed goat," another voice answered, belonging to a fair woman.

Fear once more clutched his heart as the lake grew silent again. "What is the meaning of all this? How long am I going to be stuck here? And why? Is it because of Midsummer Day?" wondered the poor kalamees.

For the hundredth time, the fisherman desperately pushed his oars against the currents, but, lo and behold, he didn't move a centimetre. He needed to lie down again. Before his mind began to dream, the man recalled many tales of old about the bewitching waters of Lake Mustjärv.



Ah! Could the voices he heard have belonged to the mystical water folk from those stories? He glanced at the the stump-tailed pike he had caught earlier.

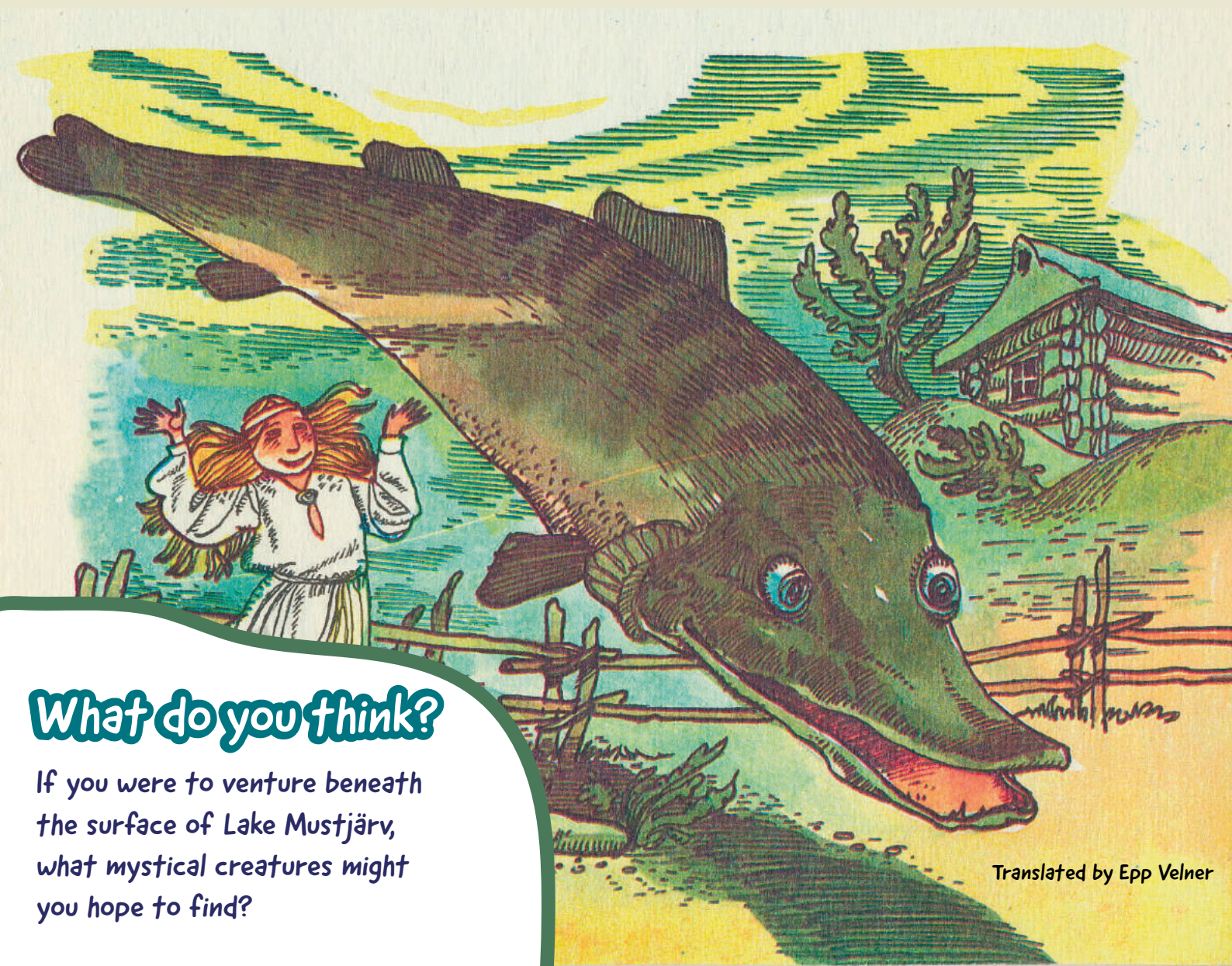
“Oh dear, the poor pike must be the stump-tailed goat of the water folk,” realised the fisherman. “Why else is my paat kept spellbound?” He reached for the pike, which was flopping about in the water at the bottom of his boat, and released it back into the lake.

Again, there was the fair maiden’s voice. It seemed as though it came from the bottom of the lake.

“Now, look who’s raising dust off the road. Isn’t that our stump-tailed goat coming home?”

Then silence fell upon the lake again, and it was as smooth and still as before.

The kalamees found himself at the shore, not even a second after his oar touched the water. As if by magic. ■



What do you think?

If you were to venture beneath the surface of Lake Mustjärv, what mystical creatures might you hope to find?



STORYTIME

Extra



FIND THE WORD

B E O V I O G Z X T
 Y E H X S A J H W I
 K G D A E R H E D S
 F I S H E R M A N A
 Y Q H E R O H G Y Q
 N B V R A S H O R E
 X H O E S C K S S J
 Y M E A A M D B H Z
 L H X U T T U P Z G
 Z C X P P D U F O G

Can you find these words from the story?

- Fisherman
- Shore
- Boat
- Oar
- Fog

You can find the answers on the next page

Guess what?

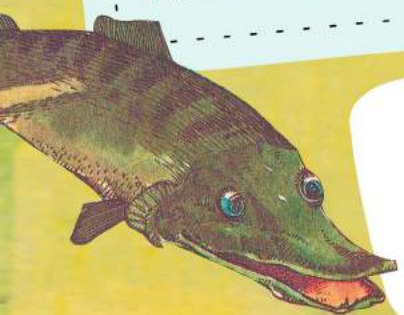
Both Estonia and Russia are home to Lake Peipsi, which is the largest lake in Europe to be shared by more than one country.

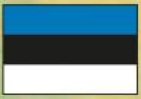
Did you know?

There are close to 1,500 lakes in Estonia. In fact, lakes and other bodies of water are among the country's most valuable natural resources.

Think about it

Can you name any lakes, rivers, or bodies of water in your country?





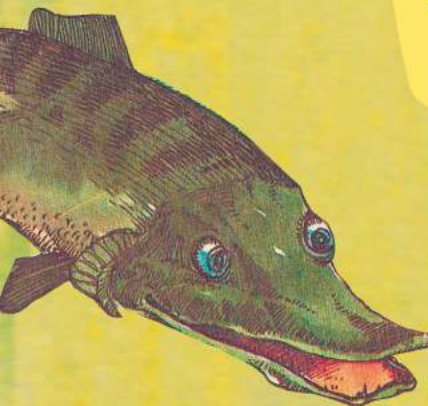
ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words did you find?



FIND THE WORD

B	E	O	V	I	O	G	Z	X	T
Y	E	H	X	S	A	J	H	W	I
K	G	D	A	E	R	H	E	D	S
F	I	S	H	E	R	M	A	N	A
Y	Q	H	E	R	O	H	G	Y	Q
N	B	V	R	A	S	H	O	R	E
X	H	O	E	S	C	K	S	S	J
Y	M	E	A	A	M	D	B	H	Z
L	H	X	U	T	T	U	P	Z	G
Z	C	X	P	P	D	U	F	O	G



- Fisherman
- Shore
- Boat
- Oar
- Fog

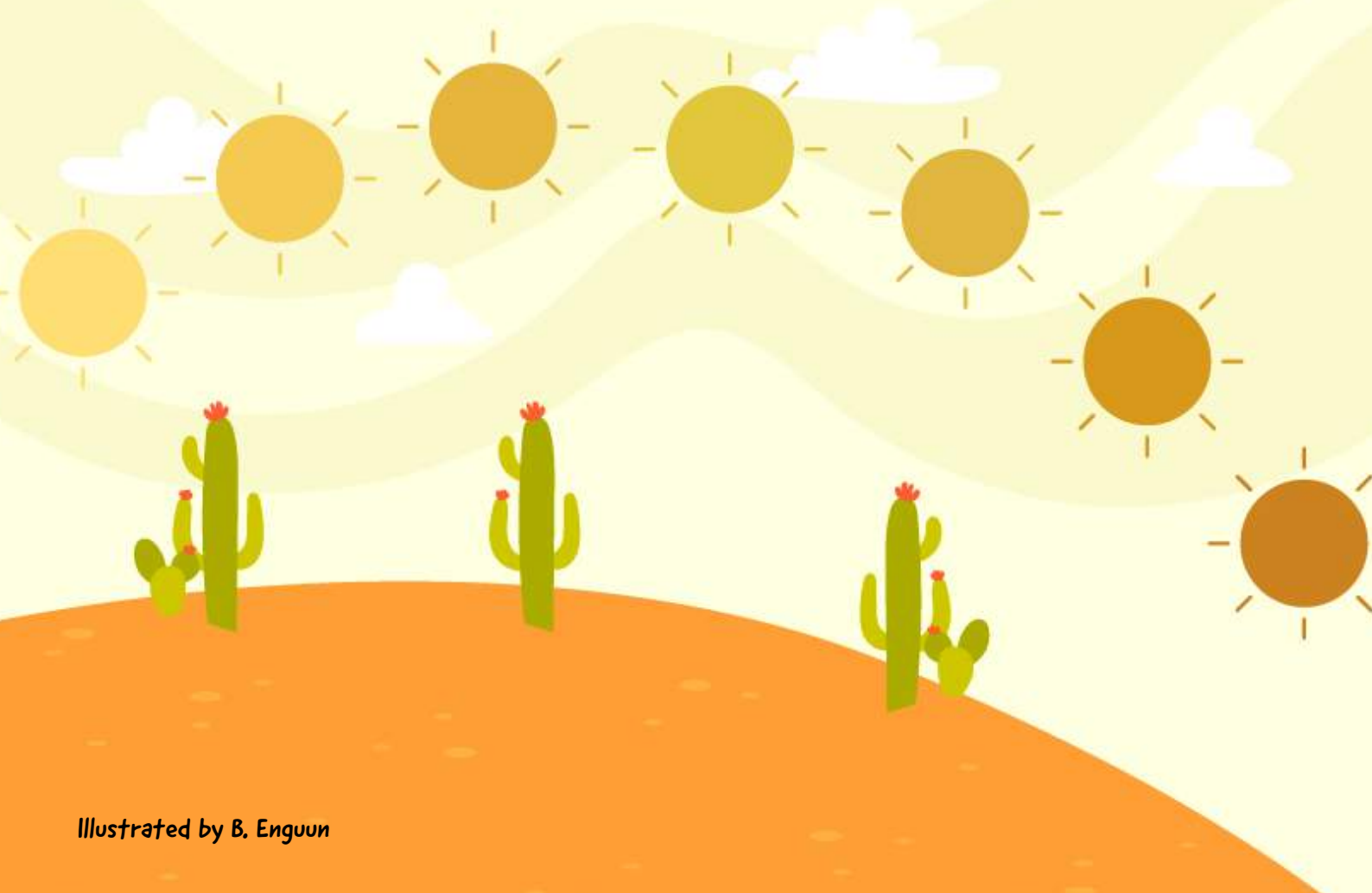


MONGOLIA

The Legend of Erkhii Mergen the Archer

Illustrated by B. Enguun, B. Molor and B. Tselmuun

Once, long ago, **Долоон нар** (“**doloon nar**”, which means “seven suns” in Mongolian) appeared in the sky. The heat of so many fiery suns was so intense that the earth began to burn. A terrible **Ган гачиг** (“**gan gachig**”, which means “drought”) spread over the land. Rivers dried up, plants and trees wilted and died, and every living thing – man and creature – began to perish.



Illustrated by B. Enguun

During these terrible times, there lived a young man named Erkhii Mergen. Famous for being the greatest **Харваач** (“**kharvaach**”, which means “archer”) in the world, Erkhii Mergen’s arrows never missed their target. As the intense heat raged, people came in droves to Erkhii Mergen, begging him, “Erkhii Mergen, help us! Use your skill to shoot down the doloon nar, or everything in this world will surely perish!”

Erkhii Mergen was proud of his ability, his strong thumbs, and his immense strength. He was young and fierce, and felt ready to take on any foe. Puffed up with pride, Erkhii Mergen told the people, “Not only will I shoot down the doloon nar, but I promise to use only seven arrows to accomplish the deed. Should I fail, I swear to you that I will cut off my thumbs! I will cease to be a man and will become an animal – an animal that never drinks fresh water, that eats only last year’s dry grass and that lives in a dark hole!” The people were grateful to Erkhii Mergen, but wondered at his boundless confidence.



When the suns rose in the east the next morning and began tormenting the earth below, Erkhii Mergen set out to find a spot to do battle. From the summit of a high hill, as the suns passed over his head one by one, the fearless kharvaach drew back his powerful bow, aimed his arrows and let them fly. The twang of Erkhii Mergen's bowstring vibrated across the land as the kharvaach destroyed six of the seven scorching suns with six sharp arrows.

Now, taking aim at his final target, Erkhii Mergen released the seventh and last arrow. At that very moment, a **Хараацай** ("kharatsai", which means "swallow") crossed the arrow's path! The arrow ripped the bird's tail, forking it as it remains today. Missing its mark, the arrow fell to earth. The seventh sun, seeing how Erkhii Mergen had destroyed its brothers, disappeared in fright behind a western mountain.



Stunned, Erkhii Mergen became enraged at the unfortunate kharaatsai and determined to catch and destroy it. Mounting his loyal horse, he commanded it to give chase. The devoted steed told him, "Master, our honour is at stake. I will chase after that bird until the sun sets. If my swift legs should not succeed in catching it, then I shall spend the remainder of my days in the hot, arid desert!"

Erkhii Mergen and his trusty steed thundered across the Mongolian steppe, chasing the kharaatsai for many hours. But no matter how fast the horse ran, it could not catch up with the bird. Each time it got close, the bird would dart away, as if mocking the angry horse and its rider.



And, just as the horse slunk off to the desert, so too did Erkhii Mergen keep his grim promise. He cut off his thumbs, turned into a **Tapvaga** (“**tarvaga**”, which means “marmot”), sought out a deep, dark hole, drank impure water and ate dry grass. Indeed, if you look at a marmot’s claws you will see that there are just four. Moreover, the tarvaga contains a piece of meat believed to belong to Erkhii Mergen, and which people stopped eating out of respect for the intrepid kharvaach who saved the world by shooting down six scorching suns.

Meanwhile, the seventh sun, though it still warms the world, fears Erkhii Mergen and hides behind the mountains for part of the day. This is why day and night appear in succession.

As for the kharaatsai who got away: its tail is still forked, but when it spies a man riding a horse, it flies to and fro around the horseman’s head as if to say, “You sliced my tail, but you can’t catch me. Just you try!” ■



What do you think?

Despite his confidence, Erkhii Mergen didn't manage to shoot down all seven suns. Is it better to be ambitious or realistic in your dreams? Or can you be both?



STORYTIME

Extra

FIND THE WORD

U Z B L E Q Q L I A R V T G L
 W J I E T W S P Q Z W H X Q F
 Z A E Y N B U P R J B Z C F G
 A G R F P A G C X Q D K E L D
 B T E L O N Y R X B M T W X K
 K J H M A C H T T G A U A Z M
 T G F B Y R N Y M U I H A T I
 L J S O V D C N F R C Q C H E
 O V F W A N L H J T O D U R M
 D U R S W O T P E P I Z A I L
 T M D T D A F A F R C S R L N
 J Z M R R J H N R C R U R X B
 Z I D I X B I D Y G K P O G O
 M H I N G J M Y U B E J W T W
 L Z Y G F E E B N M U T B M S

Can you find these five words from the story?

Archer

Arrow

Bow

Bowstring

Target

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

The tale of Erkhii Mergen is thought to have first been told 500 years ago. The hero of the story punished himself for breaking a promise. By turning himself into a marmot, Erkhii Mergen showed honour and loyalty, which are important values in Mongolian culture.

Guess what?

A marmot is the biggest animal in the squirrel family. Marmots have been eaten for centuries in Mongolia, in particular in a barbeque dish called "boodog".

Dream and draw!

Can you imagine a world with seven suns? Why don't you try drawing it!





ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words did you find?

FIND THE WORD

U	Z	B	L	E	Q	Q	L	I	A	R	V	T	G	L
W	J	I	E	T	W	S	P	Q	Z	W	H	X	Q	F
Z	A	E	Y	N	B	U	P	R	J	B	Z	C	F	G
A	G	R	F	P	A	G	C	X	Q	D	K	E	L	D
B	T	E	L	O	N	Y	R	X	B	M	T	W	X	K
K	J	H	M	A	C	H	T	T	G	A	U	A	Z	M
T	G	F	B	Y	R	N	Y	M	U	I	H	A	T	I
L	J	S	O	V	D	C	N	F	R	C	Q	C	H	E
O	V	F	W	A	N	L	H	J	T	O	D	U	R	M
D	U	R	S	W	O	T	P	E	P	I	Z	A	I	L
T	M	D	T	D	A	F	A	F	R	C	S	R	L	N
J	Z	M	R	R	J	H	N	R	C	R	U	R	X	B
Z	I	D	I	X	B	I	D	Y	G	K	P	O	G	O
M	H	I	N	G	J	M	Y	U	B	E	J	W	T	W
L	Z	Y	G	F	E	E	B	N	M	U	T	B	M	S

Archer

Arrow

Bow

Bowstring

Target



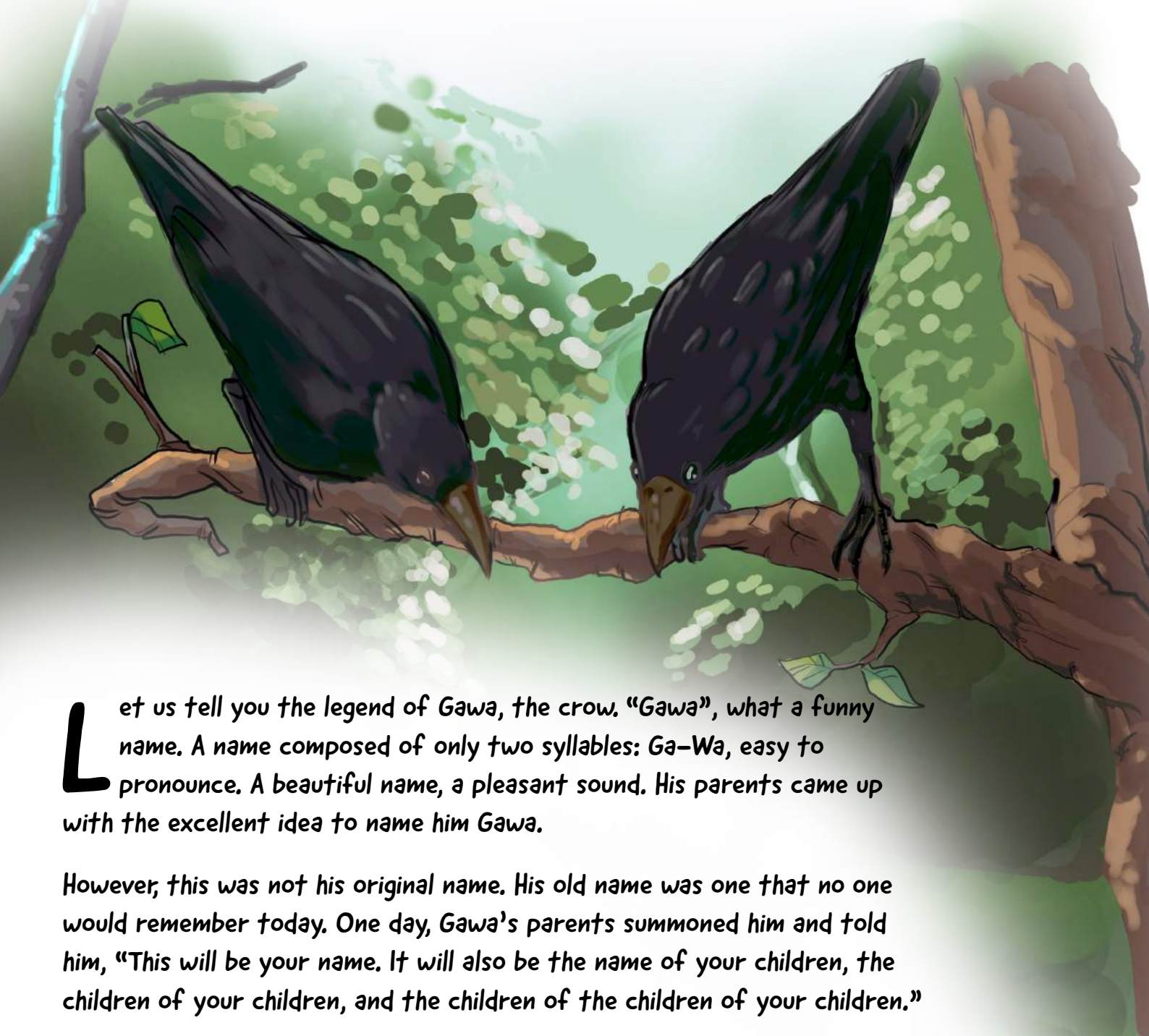


COMOROS

The Legend of Gawa the Crow

As told by Abderemane Said Mohamed

Illustrated by Mahasedra Faliéry



Let us tell you the legend of Gawa, the crow. “Gawa”, what a funny name. A name composed of only two syllables: Ga-Wa, easy to pronounce. A beautiful name, a pleasant sound. His parents came up with the excellent idea to name him Gawa.

However, this was not his original name. His old name was one that no one would remember today. One day, Gawa’s parents summoned him and told him, “This will be your name. It will also be the name of your children, the children of your children, and the children of the children of your children.”

Today, Gawa is a name anyone would recognise. Some people call him “Ba-Gawa” or “Mze-Gawa”, meaning “Old Gawa”, or the “Big Gawa”. “Old”, because he is a little bit aged. And “big”, not because he is tall, but because he is now a celebrity. His fame came a long time ago, at the time of Creation. Gawa was already there when there was no religion, and God stopped creating humans, animals and mountains. Perhaps that is why he is called “old”. Maybe he could be known as “the old clever guy”.

Indeed, Gawa was clever and achieved something great. This little bird became closer to God, and even came to be liked by God. He was one of his favourite servants.



Thus, the Lord would always entrust him with sensitive missions and send him to faraway places. He became a well-known messenger and explored the universe, flying for days without complaining once. God gave Gawa the gifts of incredible strength and fine black plumage, which would shine as if it had been polished for hours. When asked about his astonishing cleanliness, he responded with pride, "Oh, don't you know that I am a servant of God? I always need to be presentable and perfect." With that, he would fluff his feathers.

One day, humans noticed that death was all too present and occurred too frequently. At any moment, it could take the life of a child, a father, a mother.



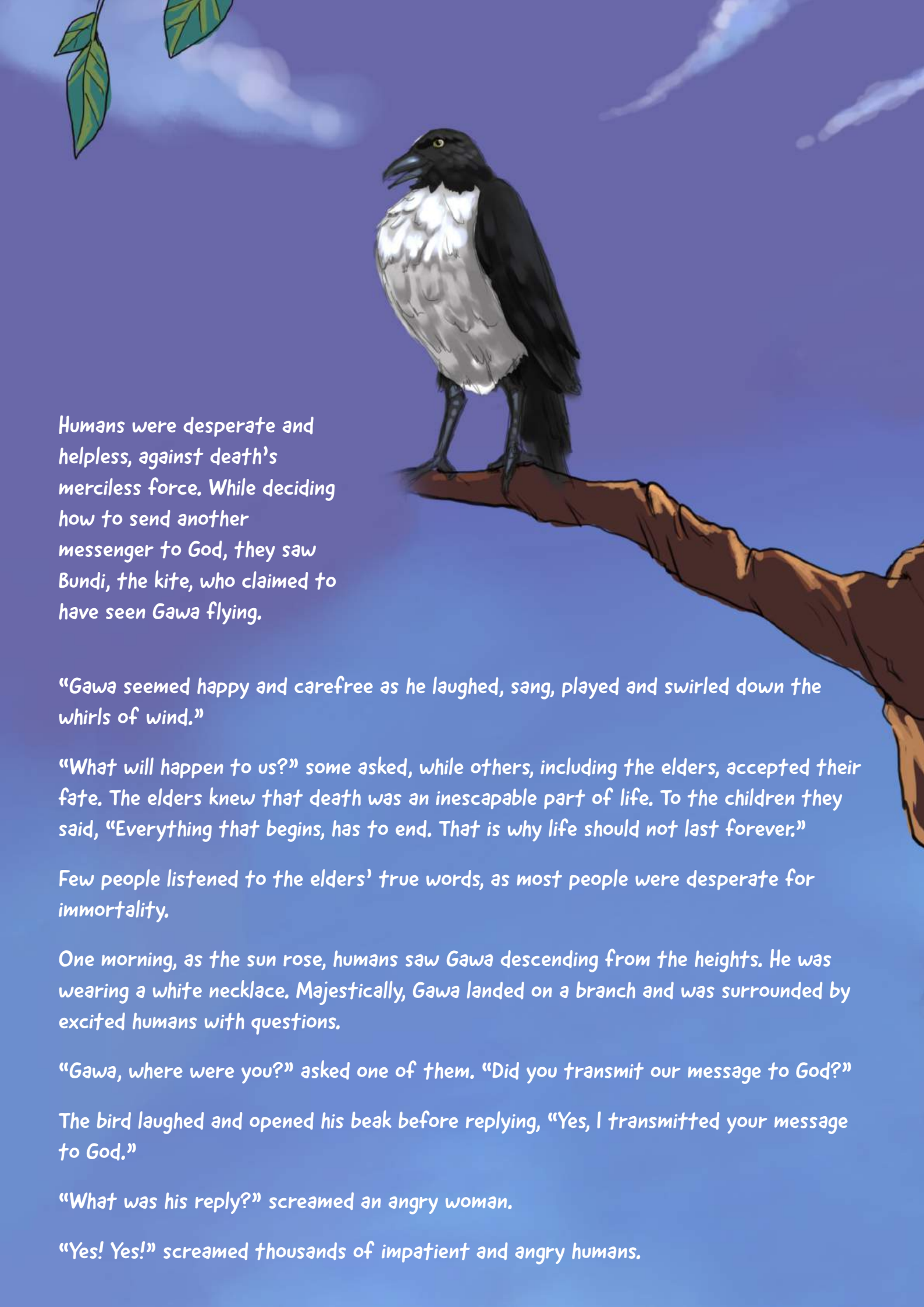
So the humans gathered and decided to ask God a favour. They wanted to ask him for immortality. "If God accepts it, we will be saved from death forever," they said with excitement. "We will live forever."

"Who else could transmit this request apart from Gawa?" asked a gentleman. Only he would be capable of achieving such a sensitive task. They summoned Gawa, begging him to transmit the message to God. For the faithful servant, being assigned such a task by seemingly arrogant and naughty humans was a great honour.

After deploying his wings, Gawa flew away and disappeared behind the clouds, promising humans that he would return once God provided an answer. The humans returned to their homes with the hope that they would be saved from death forever.

Days, weeks, then months passed and nobody heard from Gawa. One day, humans heard the news that the inescapable messenger had stopped serving God for months. In fact, he would not even get close to him anymore. Some said that he lied in front of God, while others said he stole.



A black and white bird, possibly a hawk or falcon, is perched on a thick, brown tree branch. The bird has a white breast and belly, black wings and back, and a black head with a yellow eye. The background is a clear blue sky with a few wispy white clouds. In the top left corner, there are a few green leaves hanging down. The overall style is that of a children's book illustration.

Humans were desperate and helpless, against death's merciless force. While deciding how to send another messenger to God, they saw Bundi, the kite, who claimed to have seen Gawa flying.

"Gawa seemed happy and carefree as he laughed, sang, played and swirled down the whirls of wind."

"What will happen to us?" some asked, while others, including the elders, accepted their fate. The elders knew that death was an inescapable part of life. To the children they said, "Everything that begins, has to end. That is why life should not last forever."

Few people listened to the elders' true words, as most people were desperate for immortality.

One morning, as the sun rose, humans saw Gawa descending from the heights. He was wearing a white necklace. Majestically, Gawa landed on a branch and was surrounded by excited humans with questions.

"Gawa, where were you?" asked one of them. "Did you transmit our message to God?"

The bird laughed and opened his beak before replying, "Yes, I transmitted your message to God."

"What was his reply?" screamed an angry woman.

"Yes! Yes!" screamed thousands of impatient and angry humans.

"God's answer is around my neck," answered the smiling bird.

"What do you mean?" asked a young man.

"Exactly what I said," answered Gawa.

"You are talking about your necklace?" replied a woman.

"Friends, this is not a necklace," answered Gawa. "It is the talisman of immortality that God gifted to me."



Disoriented and furious, the humans screamed again. "Why didn't you give it to us if he gave it to you?" asked an old woman.

"Haha! Do you think I am an idiot? Did you think I would bring you the talisman of immortality, while it would be as beneficial to me as to you?"

“What?” yelled the men. “You decided to keep it for yourself and you use it in front of us? How dare you!”

“Forget this talisman,” responded Gawa. “I will never remove it from my neck and give it to you.”

“You are a thief. Bring it back to us,” demanded the humans.

Gawa celebrated his triumph, by playing with the talisman as he laughed at the mortals.

Mad with rage, the people started throwing stones at the laughing bird. Gawa knew that death was no threat against his talisman. His only fear was to be wounded. When he noticed danger approaching, he flew away, yelling “**Hepva Utrawa, mala fedheha.** You should run away when there is danger.”

The humans cried all day and night.

“How do we catch the thief?” asked one.

“We need to set a trap,” replied another.

A trap was set the following day, as a last hope for humans. Weeks passed, but Gawa did not pass by. They started to get desperate.





One day, children signalled the presence of Gawa, next to the trap. People ran and hid behind a bush. Perched on the branch of a tree, the immortal bird watched the trap. His white talisman shone on his neck. Instead of falling on the trap, the bird left.

Disappointed and angry, the people started yelling, "Thief!", "Liar!", "Hideous!". At that moment, the immortal bird uttered his most famous words, "**Gawa Harambua mbondzi**. Gawa spotted the trap."

He then said to the humans, "Don't be sad. Explore earth and find happiness wherever possible. Live happily, leave your children and grandchildren with marks from your life. Don't beg for immortality."

Since then, in contrast to their fellow birds, the Gawa birds of Comoros have a white neck, which is, in reality, the stolen talisman of immortality. ■



STORYTIME

Extra

Did you know?

- In Comorian (Shikomori), the word "hale" means "fairytale", while "hadisi" means legend.
- The Comorians have a saying "Koshadja shitsohenda", which means "Everything that exists one day ends".

Guess what?

When telling a fairytale, storytellers often begin with "Halahahele" or "Halehalele", which means "This is a fairytale from the ancient times". When starting a legend, storytellers always begin with "Hala hadisi".

FIND THE WORD

N G X M N K Z N U W U V A H P Z
 K X I Y G M I K Y S B J D R B D
 Z Z G Z Z B S Z Y Q F W E U A X
 Y X P Z G B G Y M I F J T W T H
 D E R R C N P D A O Y I P D A S
 H F N E C K L A C E H Q E Z L R
 E I Z K C J I E D L R D D J I X
 H C F N Z M J H I Q E X G R S A
 U D V W J N X U N F L G X R M Q
 M I M M O R T A L I T Y O P A A
 A U T H M T U A M L N C Z F N Q
 N Q A W J I H N G Y A L G L S X
 W Q Z X M E S S E N G E R W U O
 C Y A W Q F K C J B E K D S U O
 G T K B W T M G Y V H H K J X U

Can you find these words from the story?

Messenger Human Necklace
 Talisman Immortality

You can find the answers on the next page

Think about it

A talisman is often known as a good luck charm, or a symbol of protection. Gawa's good luck charm is a white necklace. What would yours be?

What do you think?

If you discovered one day that you could live forever, what would you spend your time doing?



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
How many words did you find?

FIND THE WORD

N	G	X	M	N	K	Z	N	U	W	U	V	A	H	P	Z
K	X	I	Y	G	M	I	K	Y	S	B	J	D	R	B	D
Z	Z	G	Z	Z	B	S	Z	Y	Q	F	W	E	U	A	X
Y	X	P	Z	G	B	G	Y	M	I	F	J	T	W	T	H
D	E	R	R	C	N	P	D	A	O	Y	I	P	D	A	S
H	F	N	E	C	K	L	A	C	E	H	Q	E	Z	L	R
E	I	Z	K	C	J	I	E	D	L	R	D	D	J	I	X
H	C	F	N	Z	M	J	H	I	Q	E	X	G	R	S	A
U	D	V	W	J	N	X	U	N	F	L	G	X	R	M	Q
M	I	M	M	O	R	T	A	L	I	T	Y	O	P	A	A
A	U	T	H	M	T	U	A	M	L	N	C	Z	F	N	Q
N	Q	A	W	J	I	H	N	G	Y	A	L	G	L	S	X
W	Q	Z	X	M	E	S	S	E	N	G	E	R	W	U	O
C	Y	A	W	Q	F	K	C	J	B	E	K	D	S	U	O
G	T	K	B	W	T	M	G	Y	V	H	H	K	J	X	U

Messenger

Human

Necklace

Talisman

Immortality



SAN MARINO

Marino and the Bear

As told by Gianluigi Berti

Illustrated by Dara Giardi

Marino arrived from the sea, many hundreds of moons ago. He found work along the coast, where the **città** (city) of Rimini thrived. Yet, he found no peace. One day, he decided to build a safe haven high up on a **montagna** (mountain), which resembled the majestic mane of a gigantic horse. It was way above the horizon, where he would be spared from the noise.



From such great heights, he would sometimes make his way down to the coastal città to cut stone, which he then used to build a port. Bearing heavy iron tools on his back, Marino would trek the long and dangerous road, following the creek bed and winding down towards the sea.

A forest inhabited by wild animals surrounded the montagna and reached the plain, where sleepy stretches of marshes unfolded up to the città gates, glistening under the sunrise. On the road, it was not uncommon to stumble upon wild animals and encounter bandits, who often waited in ambush for unsuspecting travellers.

However, Marino was thankful to his loyal **asino** (donkey), who helped him along the difficult journey.

He was no stranger to such bandits, who often grew impatient with Marino's peaceful nature. Among them was an ugly, wicked thief named Rufo. Having learned about Marino's haven atop the rocky montagna, he and his accomplices hatched a plan to bring Marino to his knees and rob Rimini of its wealth.

Rufo watched from behind the bushes every day, until he memorised Marino's journey to Rimini. "Don't kill him! We need him alive," Rufo warned his fellow thieves, "Whatever you do, don't look at his face, and don't say a word. His eyes hold secrets, and his honeyed words drip with deceit."



With Rufo's orders, the thieves crouched behind the bushes, waiting for Marino to pass by. Yet, he was nowhere to be seen, not even from afar.

That day, something extraordinary happened.

Leaving his usual trail hidden among the cliffs, Marino tied his asino to a large oak tree and climbed down a small ditch, where the freshest water gushed from yellow and grey stones. Delicious juniper berries and strawberries hung heavily from vines.

After quenching his thirst and filling up his water sac made from goat's skin, Marino stayed behind to gather some berries. When he climbed out of the ditch, his trusted asino was nowhere to be seen. Beside his donkey's opened rope stood a fearsome **orso** (bear) on all fours, wobbling his giant head back and forth.

Marino froze in fear, then he slowly inched his feet forward. The wild beast stood up, shook its front paws with their long sharp nails, widened its fiery eyes, and charged toward him.



Marino continued moving towards the bear's charging body. Gently, he raised his hands full of strawberries and juniper berries, stopping the animal in its tracks.

"Here, you must be hungry," he said.

The orso hesitated, turned its head in fear, and slowly lowered its sharp claws.

"Now, you'll replace my poor asino and carry my work tools on your back all the way to the sea, and then accompany me all the way back up the montagna, where you will live with me."

Caught off guard, the orso quietly followed Marino down the path.



Rufo and his men finally caught a glimpse of Marino heading their way, but they couldn't see far enough beyond the leaves to notice the fearsome orso.

Foolishly, they jumped on top of Marino.

"Don't move! Follow us if you want to live!" shouted Rufo, while his accomplices grabbed Marino's arms. The orso, following right behind, stood up on its legs and let out a loud growl. The three thieves shook with fear.

That day, at sunset, a small parade headed along marshy waters for the città gates. Marino walked with his head held high, as Rufo limped behind him, followed by his two thieves carrying Marino's tools, and, finally, a big brown stomping orso. ■

Translated by Emily Ligniti



**What do
you think?**

Some battles are best fought with peace. Was Marino right in acting peacefully towards the fearsome bear? Would you have handled the situation differently?



STORYTIME Extra



Word association

This tale paints a stunning picture of nature. What other words can be associated with the natural wonders described in the story? Can you match them?

- | | | |
|----------|---|------------|
| Mountain | ● | ● River |
| Forest | ● | ● Statue |
| Coast | ● | ● Peak |
| Creek | ● | ● Sand |
| Sea | ● | ● Woods |
| Stone | ● | ● Deep |
| Plain | ● | ● Swamp |
| Marsh | ● | ● Flatland |



Imagine

What other flora (plants) and fauna (animals) would you hope to find on your journey through a forest?

You can find the answers on the next page

Did you know?

Originally written in 1971 by Gianluigi Berti, this story was inspired by the country's legendary founder Marinus, and a bear that once occupied Mount Titano, the highest peak in San Marino.

GUESS WHAT?

San Marino is situated on top of Mount Titano in central Italy. Until the 1960s it was the smallest republic in the world.



ANSWERS & Solutions

Are you in tune with nature? Let's see if you were able to match these different natural phenomena.

Word association

Mountain

Forest

Coast

Creek

Sea

Stone

Plain

Marsh



River

Statue

Peak

Sand

Woods

Deep

Swamp

Flatland





JAMAICA

Dora and the Ackee

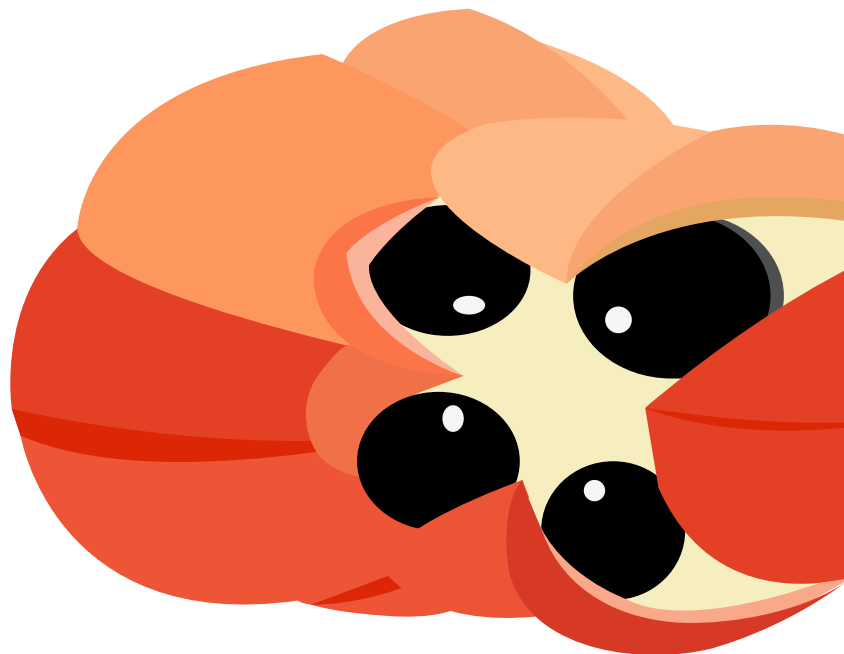


Illustrated by Izelljah M. McKenzie

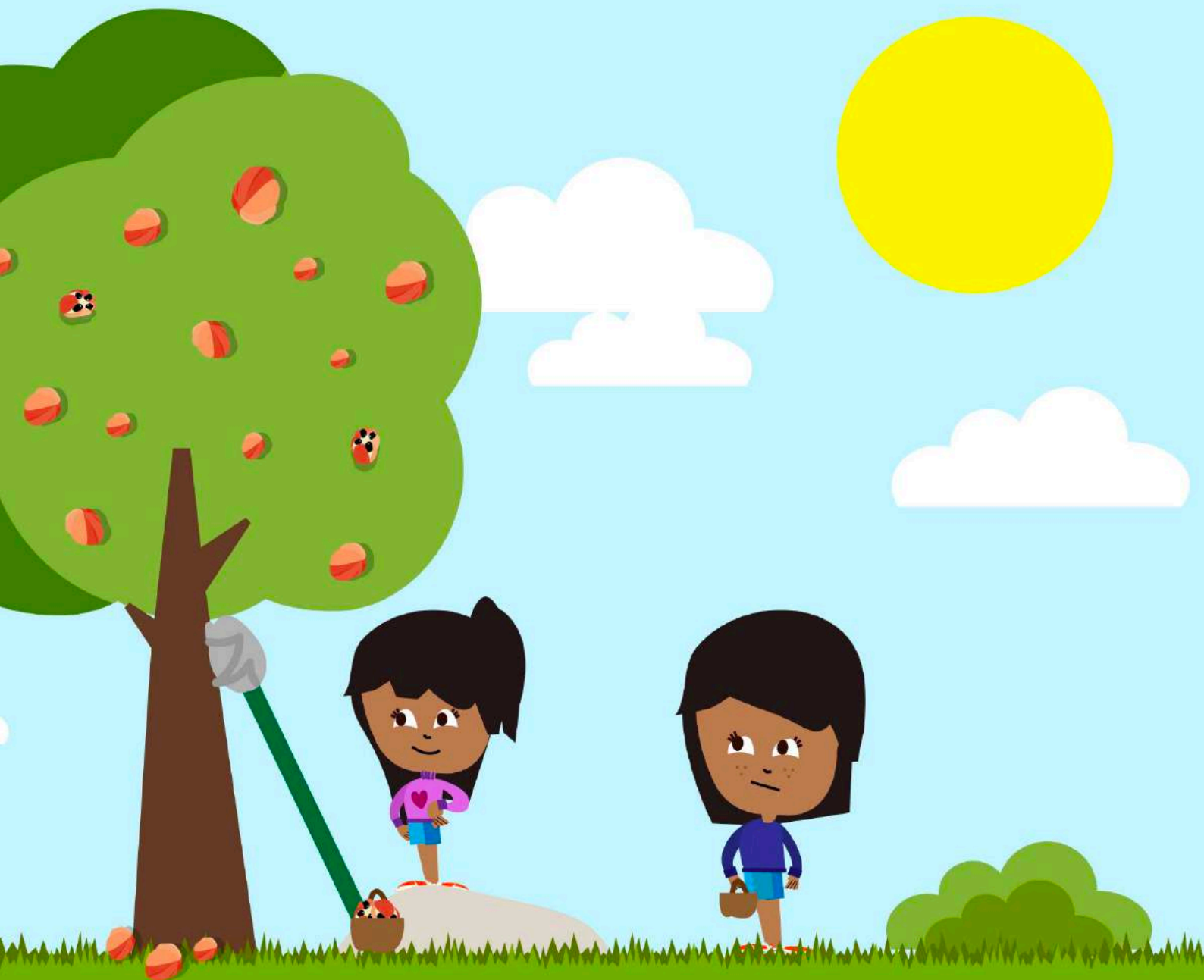
Once upon a time, not so long ago, people did not sell ackee. In fact, they had so much ackee that they gave it away. In those days, people used to walk to find ackee because they did not have ackee trees in their back yard. That is why so many places in Jamaica are known as “Ackee Walk”.

Legend has it that under every ackee tree are the bones of our ancestors – the ones who were brought from Africa, like the ackee tree. Our ancestors were not given a proper burial so we would mark their resting place with an ackee tree.

Back then, people had to cross rivers to find Ackee Walk. In those days, there was a lady who had two daughters. One was kind and gentle, but the other was mean. Her name was Dora. Everybody called her “Star apple” because star apples do not fall from the tree, even when they are ripe.



One day, Dora's mother wanted ackee, so she sent Dora and her sister to pick the fruit. The girls usually had to cross a river to reach Ackee Walk. But it was drought time, so there was no water in the river. Instead, the girls simply skipped across the dry riverbed. On the other side they picked as much ackee as they could until their baskets and aprons overflowed. They were going to have an ackee feast!



On their way home, the sisters noticed a little stream running through the dry riverbed. It must have been raining elsewhere on the island. The kind sister remembered her mother telling them to thank the river because it sustains and nurtures us. So she took out one ackee, threw it into the river, and skipped merrily across to the other side, her basket and apron still brimming with fruit.

ACKEE



Not Dora. She strode into the riverbed, intending to cross it without saying thank you. At this, the river sang teasingly:

If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
I will come down and wash you away.

Such a mean little girl, Dora hissed through her teeth and headed further into the riverbed. Panicked, Dora's sister tried to convince Dora to give a thank you gift. From across the river, she sang:

Give him one Dora, give him one,
Give him one Dora, give him one,
Give him one Dora, give him one,
Or the river will come down and wash you away!

But ignoring her sister's advice, Dora refused to thank the river, which then bubbled, rose to her ankles, and sang once more:

If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
I will come down and wash you away.



Unmoved, Dora pressed on without offering a gift. The river bubbled harder and rose higher – to her knees. This time, its song was angry:

If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
I will come down and wash you away.

Dora's sister threw two more of her ackees into the river on her sister's behalf, but the river refused her offer. Dora, it knew, had more than enough fruit. Her little sister continued to plead:

Give him one Dora, give him one,
Give him one Dora, give him one,
Give him one Dora, give him one,
Or the river will come down and wash you away!

But Dora was stubborn. The river, she said impertinently, didn't pick the ackee so did not deserve her thanks! At this, the river erupted in fury, bubbling and rumbling until it rose to Dora's neck.

If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
I will come down and wash you away.

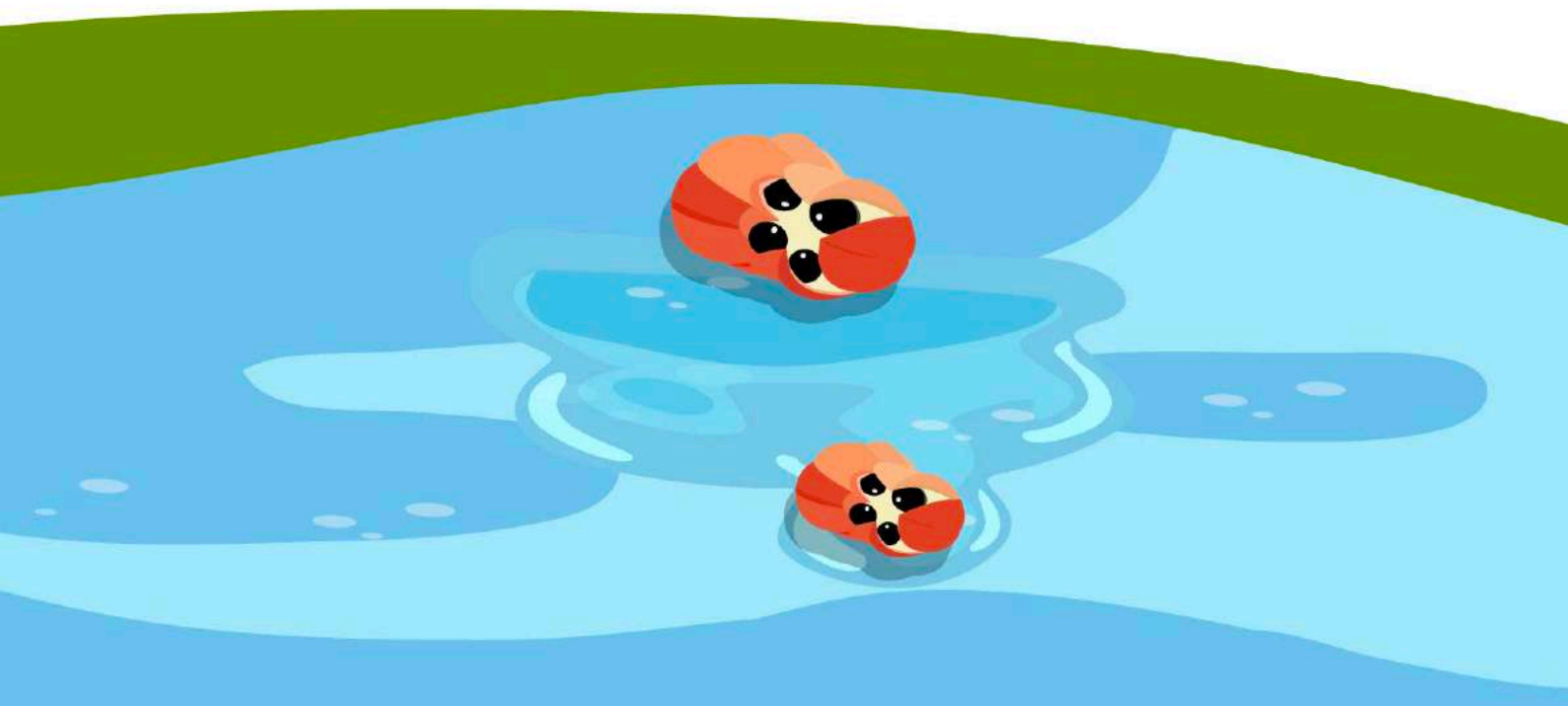


Dora's sister was so desperate she began to weep. "Please give him one, Dora. You don't have to always be mean like a star apple."

Give him one Dora, give him one,
Give him one Dora, give him one,
Give him one Dora, give him one,
Or the river will come down and wash you away!

As Dora struggled to grasp the basket of ackees on her head, her sister grew frantic, and shouted even louder, "Please Dora, please Dora, you have to give him one!"

The river bubbled and bubbled until it rose to Dora's nose, but still she refused to offer thanks. Instead, she stood on tiptoes to keep her head above the water. But the water rose higher. And higher. Until... it was too late. All Dora's sister saw was the basket of ackees drifting down the river.



Even to this day, people still look for Dora, wondering if the stubborn girl is under an ackee tree with her ancestors. But ever since, the river has scattered ackee far and wide, including into people's back yards, meaning they no longer have to cross the river to gather the fruit. Although they say if you listen closely, you will hear the river quietly singing:

If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
If you don't give me an ackee, I won't let you cross,
I will come down and wash you away... ■

What do
you think?

Dora's mother told Dora and her sister to thank the river because it nurtures us. What do you think she meant by that?





STORYTIME Extra



Did you know?

Ackee is Jamaica's national fruit. It was introduced to the island from West Africa in 1778, on a slave ship. Combined with salt fish, it is Jamaica's much loved national dish.

GUESS WHAT?

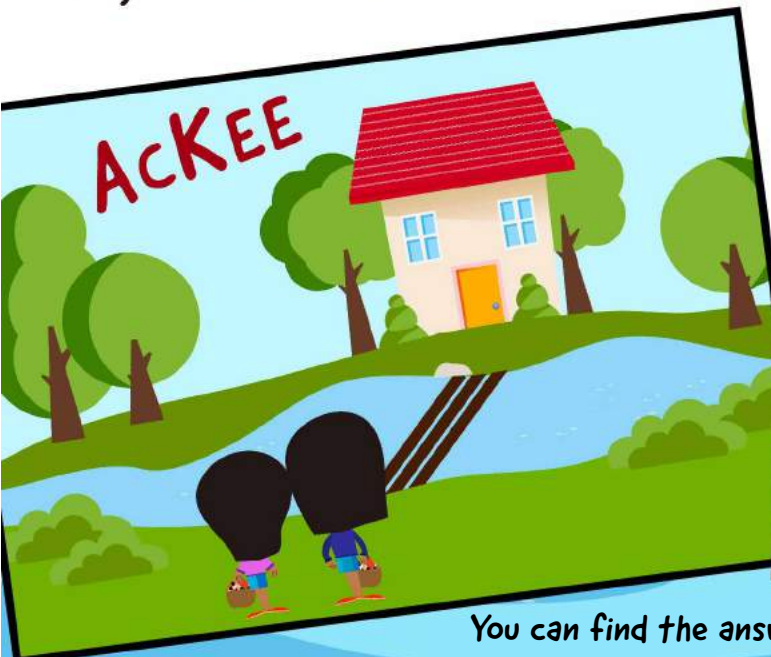
People don't just eat ackee. Its skin can also be made into soap for washing clothes and taking baths.

Memory challenge

Can you remember why there was no water in the river on the day that Dora and her sister went to pick ackee?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you find five differences between these two pictures?



You can find the answers on the next page



ANSWERS & Solutions

How sharp is your eagle eye?
Did you catch all the differences?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





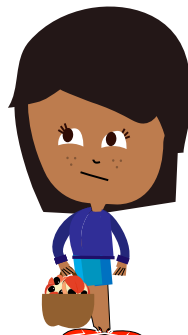
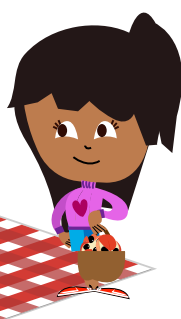
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The Siemens logo is the word "SIEMENS" in a bold, teal, sans-serif font.

The Terminus logo features the word "TERMINUS" in a bold, black, sans-serif font, with the Chinese characters "特斯联" below it.

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