



Compilation of stories used during the pilots/the project

Tales about trees and scary tale (as they were used by storyteller Fred Versonnen in the Belgian pilot)

The Apple Tree

Symbolism: The apple stands for eternal youth and immortality; also for knowledge and fertility.

Expressions and facts (NL): - Een appeltje voor de dorst / Iets voor een appel en een ei kopen/ door de zure appel heen bijten/ Een appeltje met iemand schillen/ De appel valt niet ver van de boom/ Eén rotte appel maakt heel de mand slecht/ An apple a day keeps the doctor away.

Stories

The story of the apple of discord: Eris, the goddess of discord, is not invited to a wedding. Yet she comes and throws an apple between three women who are chatting: Hera, Aphrodite and Athena. On the apple she wrote: "for the most beautiful".

They start quarrelling immediately and Paris has to resolve the issue. Hera promises him power, Athena wisdom and Aphrodite beauty. Paris chooses beauty and gets the most beautiful woman: Helena (But that's another story)

Flemish version of the creation story: Eve tastes from the apple and hears and feels the anger of God who decides to come to the earth. Adam is furious and blames Eve loud. Eve looks at the screaming mouth and pushes the apple deep into Adam's throat. When God arrives he sees Adam with his mouth full of apple. Since then, the piece of apple in the throat is called the Adam's apple.

Flemish creation of man and woman: God breaks an apple and blows on both halves. One half is Eve, the other half (the one with the stem) is Adam. That's the reason why men and women are constantly longing to be reunited.

The Pear Tree

Symbolism: Symbol of femininity and eroticism.

The tree of Hera and Athena.

Expressions and facts (NL): Iemand een peer stoven

Stories

“Vrouwtje myserie”: Everyone is stealing the beautiful pears of “Vrouwtje myserie”: and it makes her very sad. One day a traveller asks her if he may eat a pear. She agrees and as a reward she can make a wish: anyone who climbs the tree will never get out unless she authorizes him.

One day the death comes to take her away and she offers him a pear. He climbs into the tree and gets stuck. She will only let him go if he promises that he will never take her away. And that's why there will always be misery!

The Cherry Tree

Symbolism: symbol of fertility, fleeting beauty (Japan). Earlier in our countries it was also symbol of education, because it asks a lot of care to bear fruit.

Expressions and facts (NL): Used to be considered a very ominous tree, a tree where the devil or demons reside.

- Met hoge heren is het kwaad kersen eten
- Tot in de kersentijd

Stories

The four cherries: A pious hermit lives alone in a hut in a big forest. In January he becomes ill and asks a brother / caretaker to go outside and look for 4 cherries. The brother goes to the frozen garden with no hope to find anything but to his astonishment he sees 4 ripe cherries hanging in the cherry tree. The hermit heals !!

The Hazelnut-tree

Symbolism: Wisdom, life, male potency.

Expressions and facts (NL): The dowsing rod to search water, but sometimes also to find witches and thieves, is made of hazel. The hazel is also used to make magic wands.

Stories

The Gift of the Gods: Once upon a time people lived in confusion. They were fighting constantly. The Gods took pity and Zeus sent his sons to the earth with gifts.

Apollo gave men the lyre and the music while Hermes gave them a hazel wand (with two wings and two snakes) to make the human hearts milder and more peaceful.

The snake king: the hazel is sometimes chosen as a residence by the king of snakes. If you find a hazel worm under a hazel where the mistletoe grows and if this tree is over 35 years old, than in fact it is the snake king. One day a boy captured the king and he got the wisdom of Solomon. He could have all the earthly treasures and the nature spirits had to obey him. There were no locks or closed doors for him. He was able to make himself invisible. Since then it is very difficult to capture the snake king. Only on St. John (June 24) when it is full moon.

The Spruce

Symbolism: tree of birth.

Facts: the Norway spruce is our Christmas tree.

Stories

The Christmas tree: A little spruce is living among all the other trees. Sometimes he hears stories about a party organised by man. Most trees are afraid but he wants to be chosen. And finally it happens!

But the pain is terrible and he loses consciousness. He wakes up in a living room, he's adorned and he's happy because he makes everyone happy. And then comes the party. It's like a dream for him: candles, songs ...

Three days later he's thrown in the attic with mice as his only company. It's getting warmer, summer, autumn and winter again. It's cold and he's chopped into pieces. His fire warms the house and he feels happy.

The Peach Tree

Symbolism: In our society the peach tree is a symbol of silence. In China, it is a tree of great spiritual power; its fruit also brings immortality.

Facts: It has been admitted for a long time that this tree came from Persia; in fact it comes from China. That's why there are not so many stories about this tree in our western society. The Greeks offered peaches to the God Harpocrates, the lesser god who represents the rising sun and the silence.

Alexander the Great's soldiers brought that tree to our region.

Stories:

The Gordian Knot: the myth told that whoever could unravel the Gordian knot would conquer the world. Many tried, all failed. Until Alexander the Great came along. Initially he didn't succeed either, but then he cut the knot with his razor-sharp sword. And he conquered the world and brought us the peach tree!

The Plum Tree

Symbolism: symbol of independency.

Stories:

The Doppelganger: One day at full moon John went to steal plums in the mayor's orchard. He crawled over the high garden wall and gathered two bags full of juicy plums, so many that he would have to carry the bags to the wall one by one before getting away with it. When carrying the first bag he saw a dark figure walking next to him with the second bag over his shoulder. John was shocked, dropped his bag and jumped over the wall. He saw that the other also dropped his bag and ran off.

The next day he walked to the bar and told everyone that he had seen a ghost. He failed to mention, however, that he was there to steal.

But the next day the police came to get him and put him in jail. What he saw was not a doppelganger or a ghost but his own shadow on the newly whitewashed wall of the garden. And... he had left his bag with his name on it!

The Butterfly-bush

Symbolism: the butterfly-bush helps you to get back to your inner purity and to trust it.

Facts: Coming from North and South America.

Stories:

How the Butterflies were born: One day, the gods, who really loved colours, created the flowers. Some were large and beautiful, others were small and gorgeous as gemstones. And all the flowers loved the sunlight. They opened their flower petals as far as possible in order to catch as much sunlight as they could. The Sunflower, that was extremely fond of the sun, was growing and growing and became so big that the small flowers had no sun left and were standing in the shade. Some smaller flowers thought that the only way to see the sun was to get away from the stem. So that's what they did and they turned into butterflies. And ever since they are fluttering in the light.

The Chestnut

Symbolism: Chestnut symbolizes fidelity and harmony.

Expressions and facts (NL): “de kastanjes uit het vuur halen” (= to do the difficult things for someone else).

Stories:

The ape and the roasted chestnuts: the story of the ape that is afraid of the fire and uses the sleeping dog's tail to get the roasted chestnuts out of the fire.

The chestnut's magic power: Once there was a young man who worked in a big castle. He was in love with the prettiest room maid, but so were all the boys. At night he sat under the chestnut dreaming of her. One day a chestnut fell on his head and it seemed to whisper something in his ear. The boy prepared the chestnut. It was delicious and since that moment the girl only had eyes for him. A chestnut also contains the power of love.

The devil and the chestnut: People like chestnuts, they are very happy and thank the gods. The devil is jealous and decides to ruin the atmosphere: with his venomous breath he grows a prickly coat around the chestnut so that everyone would hurt his hands. But if you can wait until they fall from the tree, their jacket bursts and you can still eat the nut.

Scary Tale: Cattarinetta – Italy

Once upon a time there was a mother who had a little daughter named Cattarinetta. One day she wanted to bake a cake and so she sent the girl to borrow a pan from her aunt, who was a wicked witch. The aunt gave the pan to the girl, saying, "Don't forget to bring me a piece of cake."

The cake was baked, and as soon as it was done the mother cut off a piece and put it in the pan, which the girl was to take back to the aunt. The delicious piece of cake tempted the girl, and as she walked along she pinched off one bite after the other and ate it, until finally there was nothing left in the pan. She was terrified, but she thought of a trick that would help her. She picked up a cow pie from the path and laid it in the pan so that it looked like a piece of cake with brown crust.

"Did you bring me the pan and a piece of cake?" asked the aunt as Cattarinetta arrived.

"Yes," said the girl, then set the pan down and ran away hurriedly.

Cattarinetta arrived back home, and when night fell she went to bed. Then suddenly she heard her aunt's voice calling, "Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already at your front door!"

The girl slid further down into her bed, but the voice called out in short intervals again and again:

"Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already on the stairway!"

"Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already just outside your door!"

"Cattarinetta, I am coming. I am already beside your bed!"

And slurp! She swallowed up the girl.

Source: Christian Schneller, "Cattarinetta," *Märchen und Sagen aus Wälschtirol* (Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagner'schen Universitäts-Buchhandlung, 1867), no. 5, pp. 8-9.

The Legend of the White Lady – Latvian pilot

Lieutenant captain Feldmanis, who until 1997 was the prison warden, tells about a beautiful woman with waist long "red" hair tied in a braid. This women ghost shows up in a white dress. Mr Feldmanis claims that she is about 26 years old and if you speak to her she disappears. The ghost has been and still is seen by many people and frequently. The legend continues, in the year 1944 that a Latvian boy was by mistake caught and brought to prison, the boy was to get married in a couple of weeks. The bride found out and using some women's tricks got into the prison. When she got to the 18th cell, the prisoners informed her that she was too late; the death penalty was already done. The woman after finding this out hung herself right then and there in that same cell. From that moment on the white ghost is being seen. Often the white ghost also appears like a bright light in the dark corridor, or an ice-cold touch on a hot summer day. Some more scaring things – light bulbs have been unscrewed, and doors suddenly unlocked and slammed open. At night you can hear noises such as wooden shoes walking the hallways, scratching against the walls and the sound of a stick being dragged along the window grates. This ghost has seen almost anyone who has been in prison or has worked as guards here. Of course in Soviet time there did not exist such things as ghosts. To put an end to this haunting, and orthodox priest was called to try and drive her out. This appeared to work, but 2 months later the women ghost appeared and the haunting continued...

"Stone soup" used by Shonaleigh Cumbers – UK pilot

Online text of the story with explanation on it's origins: <http://www.stonesoup.com/the-original-stone-soup-story/>

The Original Stone Soup Story from 1808 "To Make Stone Soup"

A traveller, apparently wearied, arrived one morning at a small village that lies to the north of Schaffhausen, on the road to Zurich, in Switzerland. A good woman sat spinning and singing at the door of her cottage; he came up to her; talked first about the roughness of the roads, and then of the prospect of a luxuriant vintage along the banks of the Rhine: at last he asked her if she had any fire?

"To be sure I have! How should I dress my dinner else?"

"Oh, then," said the Traveller, "as your pot is on, you can give me a little warm water."

"To be sure I can! But what do you want with warm-water?" "If you will lend me a small pot," said the Traveller, "I'll show you."

"Well! you shall have a pot. There, now what do you want with it?"

“I want, said the Traveller, “to make a mess of stone soup!” “Stone soup!” cried the woman, “I never heard of that before. Of what will you make it?”

“I will show you in an instant,” said the man. So untying his wallet, he produced a large smooth pebble. “Here,” he cried “is the principal ingredient. Now toast me a large slice of bread, hard and brown. Well, now attend to me.”

The stone was infused in warm water; the bread was toasted, and put into the pot with it. “Now,” said the Traveller, “let me have a bit of bacon, a small quantity of sour kraut, pepper, and salt, onions, celery, thyme.” In short, he demanded all the necessary materials.

The good woman had a store cupboard and a well cropped garden; so that these were procured in an instant, and the cookery proceeded with great success. When it was finished, the kind hostess, who had watched the operation with some anxiety, and from time to time longed to taste the soup, was indulged. She found it excellent. She had never before tasted any that was so good. She produced all the edibles that her cottage afforded; and spreading her table, she, with the Traveller, made a hearty meal, of which the stone soup formed a principal part.

When he took his leave, he told the good woman, who had carefully washed the stone, that as she has been so benevolent to him, he would, in return, make her a present of it.

“Where did you get it?” said she.

“Oh,” he replied, “I have brought it a a considerable way; and it is a stone of that nature, that if be kept clean, its virtue will never be exhausted, but, with the same ingredients, it will always make as good a soup as that which we have this day eaten.”

The poor woman could hardly set any bounds on her gratitude; and she and the Traveller parted highly satisfied with each other. Proud of this discovery, she, in general terms, mentioned it to her neighbours. By this means the recipe was promulgated; and it was in the course of many experiments at length found, that other pebbles would make as good soup as that in her possession. The viand now became fashionable through the Canton, and was indeed so generally approved, as to find its way to most of the peasants’ tables, where stone stoup used frequently be served as the first dish.

Source: Moser, J. 1806. The Recipe for Stone Soup. The European Magazine, and London Review p. 221-222.

Stories used by Frederik Mellak – Austrian pilot (DE)

Schawenis und das Wasser des Lebens

Schawenis war ein kleines Mädchen, das mit ihren Eltern im ärmlichsten Haus des Pueblos wohnte. Sie trug so wie ihre Eltern schäbige Kleidung und an vielen Tagen ging sie hungrig zu Bett. Je älter sie wurde, desto öfter dachte sie darüber nach, wie sie Hunger und Armut

vertreiben könnte. Weder ihr Vater noch ihre Mutter brachten die nötige Kraft dazu auf. Endlich kam ihr ein Gedanke: Ich will Baumwolle sammeln und weben lernen.

Und nicht lange, da hatte sie eine große Menge Baumwolle zum Weben bereit. Zuerst webte sie Strümpfe, wie sie die Frauen in ihrem Dorf zum festlichen Tanz trugen. Dann gelang ihr ein weißes Gewand, eine Manta, zuletzt webte sie einen Umhang. Ihre Hände bewiesen großes Geschick, alles war fein gewebt und wunderschön anzuschauen. Die Menschen im Pueblo bewunderten ihre Arbeiten, und die Frauen stritten sich darum, ein Kleidungsstück von Schawenis zu bekommen. Sie webte und webte und verdiente viel Geld damit. Sie bekam einen hohen Preis für alles, das sie herstellte.

Und wie die Zeit verging, erschienen die Frauen des Pueblos eine nach der anderen in wunderschönen neuen Gewändern zum Tanz, alle gewebt von Schawenis. Aber je mehr prächtige Gewänder aus ihren Händen hervorgingen, desto mehr wuchs der Hochmut in ihrem Herzen.

Ihre Altersgenossinnen heirateten eine nach der anderen. Auch um Schawenis warben einige junge Männer und brachten ihr, wie es im Dorf Brauch war, ein von ihnen selbst gewebtes Kleid mit. Schawenis wies alle Bewerber ab: „Ich brauche eure Geschenke nicht“, sagte sie hochmütig. „Ich kann mir meine Kleidung selbst weben und noch viel schöner.“

Die alten Leute im Dorf schüttelten den Kopf und meinten: „Die guten Geister haben dir Reichtum geschickt, weil du ein fühlendes Herz hattest. Doch du hast dich von ihnen abgewendet.“

„Spart euch eure Reden!“ rief Schawenis aufbrausend. „Wenn ich Lust habe, kann ich mir für meinen Reichtum das ganze Pueblo kaufen und euch allesamt davonjagen.“

Da wagte es niemand mehr, Schawenis zu kritisieren, und die jungen Männer gaben ihre Bemühungen um Schawenis auf; sie würde sie ja doch nicht erhören.

Nur einer war so sehr in Schawenis verliebt, dass er trotz allem Tag und Nacht an einem herrlichen Hochzeitskleid für sie webte. Der junge Mann wurde der Narbige genannt, weil er einmal von einem Bären überfallen wurde, dessen Pranken schlimme Narben in seinem Gesicht hinterließen.

Als er das Kleid fertig hatte, ging er damit zu Schawenis.

„Was willst denn du von mir?“ fragte sie spöttisch.

„Ich glaube an dein gütiges Herz und bringe dir mein Hochzeitsgeschenk“, entgegnete der junge Mann und wollte seine Arbeit vor ihr ausbreiten.

„Bah, die Mühe kannst du dir sparen. Ich hab schon ganz andere weggejagt. Oder glaubst du vielleicht, es würde mir Spaß machen, mein ganzes Leben in deine Narbenfratze zu sehen.“ Mit scharfen Worten wies sie ihm die Tür.

Wortlos entfernte sich der junge Mann. Die höhnische Rede von Schawenis hatte ihn tief verletzt. Schlimmer noch war, dass Schawenis im ganzen Dorf herum erzählte, wie sie ihn abgewiesen hatte.

Bald darauf senkte sich auf das Pueblo eine schwüle, sternenlose Nacht. Da war es plötzlich, als schwebte etwas durch den Schlafraum von Schawenis. 3 sonderbare Geister traten an ihr Lager. Nichts als ihre seltsamen, fast unhörbaren Stimmen verriet ihre Gegenwart.

„Ich habe ihr Gesundheit und Schönheit verliehen“, flüsterte die erste Stimme, „aber nun schicke ich ihr Krankheit und Schmerzen.“

„Ich habe ihr Reichtum geschenkt, aber sie verdient ihn nicht“, ließ sich die zweite Stimme hören.

„Und ich schicke ihr den Tod“, raunte die dritte Stimme.

Mit diesen letzten Worten kam aus den schweren Wolken, die über dem Pueblo hingen, ein Blitz herabgefahren, und noch ehe sein Schein erlosch, waren die seltsamen Wesen

verschwunden. Über der Erde entlud sich ein Gewitter. Heftige Donnerschläge schreckten die Menschen aus dem Schlaf, und dann prasselte ein Regenguss nieder.

Schawenis wusste von alledem nichts. Sie hatte die ganze Nacht über tief geschlafen und schlug erst die Augen auf, als die Morgensonne ihre Strahlen auf die weißen Wände warf. Schawenis wollte sich erheben, aber eine unerklärliche Müdigkeit hielt sie umfassen, sodass sie kein Glied rühren konnte. Sie wollte nach ihrer alten Mutter rufen, aber ihre Zunge lag schwer wie Blei im Mund.

Lange blieb sie hilflos liegen. Erst als der Tag sich neigte, trat die Mutter an ihr Lager.

Das veränderte Gesicht von Schawenis verriet ihr auf den ersten Blick, wie es um ihre Tochter stand. Sogleich ließ sie den Mediziner rufen, damit er die Kranke wieder heile.

Anfangs weigerte sich der Mediziner, denn auch er konnte, wie so viele andere im Dorf, Schawenis nicht heilen. Erst als man ihm eine hohe Belohnung versprach, packte er seine Arzneien zusammen und ging zu Schawenis.

Er wachte die ganze Nacht hindurch an ihrem Lager, zündete mehrmals ein Feuer an, stellte allerlei Tiegel darauf und braute darin seine Heiltränke, während er ununterbrochen Beschwörungsformeln murmelte.

Schawenis schluckte gehorsam alle Tränke, aber sie brachten ihr keine Linderung.

Im Gegenteil, noch ehe die Nacht dem Morgen gewichen war, hörte sie zum ersten Mal die Stimmen der Toten, die sie in das Reich der Schatten riefen.

In der Früh nahm der Mediziner seinen Lohn und macht sich zum Weggehen bereit. „Meine Medizinen besitzen außergewöhnliche Heilkraft“, sagte er beim Abschied, „aber die Krankheit, an der Schawenis leidet, vermögen sie nicht zu heilen. Ihr habt mich großzügig belohnt, daher will ich einen guten Rat geben. In den Felsenbergen wohnt ein noch mächtigerer Mediziner als ich. Bietet ihm euren ganzen Besitz, und er wird eure Tochter gesund machen.“

Die Eltern zögerten nicht und ließen auch diesen Mediziner rufen. Drei Tage und drei Nächte lang mühte sich der Alte, die Krankheit auszutreiben, aber vergebens. Nur eines gelang ihm, Schawenis die Sprache wiederzugeben, sodass sie sagen konnte: „Schon die dritte Nacht höre ich die Stimmen der Toten aus dem Reich der Schatten. Sie rufen mich immer lauter und lauter, und ich fürchte mich vor ihnen. Sag, weiser Mann, muss ich wirklich sterben?“ Der Zauberer schüttelte den Kopf: „Meine Medizin hat dir nicht geholfen, obwohl im ganzen Land keine heilkräftigere zu finden ist. Es gäbe vielleicht noch ein letztes Mittel, aber...“

„Nenne es mir, großer Mediziner, du bekommst dafür alles, was ich besitze“, bat Schawenis.

„Wie ich sehe, hat die Krankheit deinen Stolz gebrochen. Das ist ein gutes Zeichen. Um gesund zu werden, brauchst du Liebe. Aber du hast jeden davon gejagt, der sie dir geben wollte.“

Schawenis brach in Tränen aus.

In diesem Augenblick hörte man draußen die Leiter knacken. Jemand kam heraufgestiegen. Und dann trat derjenige in den Raum, dem Schawenis das größte Leid zugefügt hatte – der Narbige.

„Im Pueblo heißt es, dass du im Sterben liegst“, sagte der junge Mann zu Schawenis, „aber ich glaube es nicht und hoffe fest, dass du bald wieder gesund wirst.“

„Nein ich werde nie wieder gesund“, entgegnete Schawenis traurig, „weil ich niemand geliebt habe als mich selbst.“

Da mischte sich der Mediziner in das Gespräch: „Willst du ihr helfen?“

„Von Herzen gern. Auch wenn sie mir wehgetan hat, liebe ich Schawenis immer noch.“

„Irgendwo hinter dem Pueblo, weit draußen in der Wüste, strömt im Verborgenen das Wasser des Lebens. Du musst es suchen und das Wasser so schnell wie möglich Schawenis bringen.“

Hier – nimm meinen Krug. Er hält jede Flüssigkeit frisch.“

Der junge Mann nahm den Krug und wollte die Hütte verlassen. Aber der Medizinmann hielt ihn zurück: „Dein Weg hat nur dann einen Sinn, wenn du Schawenis wirklich liebst, denn nur deine Liebe wird dich an den Quell des Lebenswassers führen.“

Volle drei Tage irrte der junge Mann nun in der Wüste umher, ohne auch nur die geringste Spur vom Wasser des Lebens zu entdecken. Nichts als glühende Sanddünen rings umher. Einige Male glaubte er schon, die Quelle entdeckt zu haben, aber wenn er dann näher kam, musste er erkennen, dass ihn seine Augen getäuscht hatten.

Am dritten Tag fiel er vor Erschöpfung in den Sand und schlief ein. Während des Schlafes kamen Fieberträume über ihn, in denen ihm das Bild der schönen Schawenis erschien.

Mit freundlicher Stimme sang sie ihm ein Lied, das wie das Murmeln eines fernen Bächleins klang.

Da erwachte er. Er sprang auf und blickte um sich. Von Schawenis war nichts zu sehen, nur die heiße Wüste dehnte sich vor seinen Augen. Aber das Rauschen des Baches war immer noch zu hören, deutlicher als zuvor.

Da fiel es ihm ein: Die Quelle ist unter der Erde. Er scharfte den Sand weg und stieß auf Gestein. Er fühlte sich zu schwach, um weiter zu graben. Einmal bäumte er sich noch auf und wälzte einen großen Felsbrocken zur Seite, da sprang ihm ein starker Wasserstrahl entgegen. Kaum hatte er sich das Gesicht gewaschen und einige Schlucke getrunken, fühlte er, wie neue Kraft durch seinen Leib strömte. Er füllte den Krug mit dem Wasser, und als er sich darüber beugte, staunte er. Er sah sein Gesicht, das sich in dem Wasser spiegelte, und es war glatt und schön. Von den Narben war nicht mehr zu sehen als ein Muster, das ihm ein männliches Aussehen verlieh.

So schnell er konnte, eilte er nun in das Pueblo zurück. Schawenis lag im Sterben. Sie hatte alle Hoffnung aufgegeben und war überzeugt, dass sie in das Reich der Schatten wandern müsse. Als der junge Mann an ihr Lager trat, richtete sie sich ein wenig auf, um von ihm Abschied zu nehmen. Er aber setzte ihr den Krug an die Lippen. Mit dem Lebenswasser kehrten die Kräfte wieder in Schawenis zurück. Bald konnte sie sich von ihrem Krankenlager erheben und dankte ihrem Retter mit einem liebevollen Lächeln. Zart fuhr sie mit ihren Finger über die schwache Zeichnung, die von den Narben geblieben war. „Schön bist du“, flüsterte sie leise.

Der Medizinmann ließ die beiden allein, und kehrte wieder in die Berge zurück.

Bald darauf wurde in dem Pueblo eine große Hochzeit gefeiert.

Von einem klugen Alten

Märchen aus Litauen

Ein König hatte einen sehr schönen Vogel. Zum Unglück flog er aus seinem Garten, ein Alter aber fing ihn ein. Er wollte ihn zum König bringen, aber er wusste nicht den Weg zu ihm. Da lief ihm ein Mann in die Quere. Den bat der Alte, ihm den Weg zu zeigen.

Der Mann antwortete: „Wenn du mir die Hälfte der Belohnung gibst, die du von dem König für den Fang des Vogels erhältst, so will ich dich hinführen.“

Was sollte er tun? Er ging auf den Vorschlag ein. Sie kamen zu dem Schloss des Königs. Da stand ein Soldat am Tor und ließ ihn nicht hinein. „Wenn du mir die Hälfte der Belohnung gibst, die du für den Vogel empfängst, so will ich dich durchlassen“, sagte der Soldat.

„Ich habe schon dem Mann da die Hälfte der Belohnung für seine Führung versprochen“,

erwiderte der Alte.

„Nun, dann die Hälfte von dem, was dir bleibt“, entgegnete der Soldat.

Der Alte ging darauf ein und er gelangte in das Schloss.

Da stand wieder ein Soldat und ließ ihn nicht hinein. Er sagte: „Wenn du mir die Hälfte der Belohnung für den Vogel gibst, werde ich dich hineinlassen.“

„Ich habe schon die Hälfte der Belohnung dem Mann da für seine Führung versprochen.“

„Nun, dann die Hälfte von dem, was dir bleibt“, entgegnete der Soldat.

„Davon habe ich schon die Hälfte dem Soldaten am Tor für den Einlass versprochen.“

„So gib mir das, was dir übrig bleibt.“ Der Alte ging darauf ein.

Sie traten bei dem König ein. Der Mann wartete draußen an der Tür.

Der König freute sich sehr, als er seinen lieben Freund, den Vogel, sah und fragte:

„Was willst du dafür, dass du mir den Vogel gefangen hast?“

Der Alte dachte nach: „Wenn ich einen Groschen erhalte, bekommt der Mann, der mich führte, die Hälfte, der erste Soldat ein Viertel, der zweite den Rest, und für mich bleibt nichts. Wenn ich hundert Rubel erhalte, so ist es genau dasselbe.

Wie viel ich auch erhalte, immer bleibt für mich nichts.“ Als er sich das so überlegt hatte, sagte er zum König: „Ich will hundert Rutenhiebe.“

Der König fragte: „Willst du wirklich hundert Rutenhiebe?“

„Wirklich, wirklich“, entgegnete der Alte, „ich habe die Hälfte dem Mann versprochen, der mich hierher führte.“ Der König ließ ihn rufen.

Der ging voller Freude zum König und dachte, wer weiß wie viel Geld zu empfangen.

Aber er hatte sich geirrt. Der König hieß ihn auf die Bank legen und die Diener verabreichten ihm fünfzig Rutenhiebe auf seine Rückseite. Die gaben es ihm aber so, dass er nicht einmal mehr die Hosen zuknöpfen konnte.

Darauf sagte der König: „Nun Alter, leg du dich auch hin!“

„Nein, erlauchter König, die Hälfte der anderen Hälfte habe ich dem Soldaten versprochen, der mich zu Euch einließ.“

Da ließ der König auch den Soldaten rufen und ihm fünfundzwanzig Rutenhiebe verabreichen.

Wieder forderte der König den Alten auf sich hinzulegen. Der aber erwiderte: „Das letzte Viertel habe ich dem zweiten Soldaten versprochen, weil er mich einließ.“

Der König ließ den zweiten Soldaten rufen und auch er erhielt sein Teil.

Jetzt aber bekam der Alte sogar ein großes Geschenk: nicht für den Vogel, sondern für seine Klugheit.

Hinweise zum Text: Seite 167.

Stories from the manual

The Secret Place in the Woods

Once the dark clouds came and the thunders sang the end of the World. So the elders gathered and went to the secret place in the woods, they lighted the sacred fire and sang the magic words. The clouds left and the sun shined again.

Once again the clouds came foretelling the end of the World. So the elders gathered and went to the secret place in the woods, they lighted the sacred fire and said:

- Here we are in the secret place. We lighted the sacred fire but we forgot the magic words. We hope this will do...

And it did because the clouds left and life continued.

Again the clouds came and the elders gathered and went to the secret place in the woods. Once there they said in doubt:

- Here we are in the secret place. But we forgot how to light the sacred fire and what words to sing. We hope this will do...

And it did again.

Once more the clouds came and people said:

- We forgot the way to the secret place in the woods. We don't know how to light the sacred fire anymore and we forgot the magic words. But we know the Story. Is this enough?

And it was.

The Frog and the Centipede

Frog was resting in the lakeshore and he saw Centipede passing by. He was amazed by her elegance and he could not resist expressing his thoughts:

- My dear Centipede, how elegant you are! So beautiful, with all those feet!

- Thank... thank you, Frog... - Centipede was flattered and she would have blushed if she could – You are most kind for saying that...

- How many feet do you have? – Asked Frog.

- A hundred and one. – Said Centipede proudly.

- That is amazing! How wonderful! – Exclaimed Frog.

Centipede was bursting with vanity and amusement...

- In which order to you move all those feet? – Asked Frog with some kind of a scientific curiosity. Faced with that question, Centipede was paralysed and she could not walk ever again.

The Unlucky Man's Journey

A man was always complaining about his luck. Everybody had money, family and joy except for him. So he decided to talk to God and ask for a solution. His life could not go on like that. In those days Man knew where God was and so he started his journey. He was entering a forest when he saw a sick wolf lying in the ground, just bone and skin.

- Where are you going? – Asked the Wolf struggling to raise his head.

As always the man took the opportunity to complain about his life:

- I am going to see God because this cannot be! Everybody has money, family and joy except for me! I am the unluckiest man in the world! God will have to help me!

- In that case, please, could you ask him why I am so sick?

- Don't worry! I will not forget about you. – Said the man leaving.

In the middle of the forest he passed a clearing and he saw a wrinkled tree with no leaves that asked him:

- Where are you going?

- I am going to see God because I am the unluckiest man in the world and he got to help me!

- Could you, please, also ask him why I am so weak? My leaves are gone and my roots are dry despite my youth and my will.

- Don't worry! I will not forget about you. – Said the man leaving.

The night came and at the edge of the forest the man saw a cottage: smoke were coming out the chimney and through the windows a warm light invited in. Suddenly, the door opened illuminating the night and a beautiful woman came out and ran towards him:

- Where are you going? – She asked as if she was in distress.

- I am going to see God because... - he burst in complain again.

- Oh, so could you please ask him why I am so sad all the time and why I feel so lonely?

- Don't worry! I will not forget about you. – Said the man leaving.

He arrived at God's Kingdom and before almighty throne he complain:

- Everybody has money, family and joy except for me! Why is that? I am the unluckiest man in the world! Life is so unfair!

Patently God said to him:

- My son, there is no such thing as luck. Each Man has to find his own fortune. You have to look for it. You cannot wait seated to happiness fall in your lap. Open your eyes and search for it.

The man was radiant! He was not unlucky! He was no different from others after all. He would just have to search for his happiness.

He asked God about the wolf, the tree and the woman and he left in haste.

When he was passing the cottage the woman came to him and asked:

- Did you speak to God? What did he say about me?

Breathless from running the man answered:

- Oh, he said that you just needed to find someone to share your life with...

The woman smiled, and winking and blushing she said:

- In that case, would you like to stay with me?

Embarrassed and in hurry the man said:

- I am sorry madam, but I have no time for that! God said that I should look for my fortune! That I could not wait seated to happiness fall in my lap! Sorry... - And he left running.

When he passed the clearing and the tree made the same question he hardly stopped to answer:

- God said there is a treasure in your roots. You have to ask someone to dig it and you will be fine...

- Can't you dig it for me? – Shouted the tree as the mas had already passed and continued running excited.

The man had already forgot about the wolf when suddenly he heard a weak voice almost whispering:

- Did you ask God about me?

It was the wolf and the man stopped to catch his breath.

- Yes... He said that your problem is that you are starving and you need to eat.

- Oh, really? – Asked the wolf getting up with what was left of his energy. He looked at the man incredulous of his own luck and ate him at once.

The Disciple and the Master

The disciple and the master were walking through the orchard when the first one started to complain:

- The master is always talking in riddles, in parables, and never explain the meaning of the stories...

After a moment of silence the master asked:

- Would you like an orange?

And understanding this was a request, the disciple made a gesture to pick one orange from a tree nearby.

- No, let me pick that for you – Said the master.

He picked an orange and with fruit in his hand he asked the disciple:

- Would you like me to peel it for you too?

- Oh, thank you master – Said the disciple surprised.

The master peeled it and then he asked:

- And would you like me to divide the sections for you?

- Oh, thank you master, thank you... - Said the disciple in doubt.

The master divided the orange in sections and then he asked once more:

- And would you like me to chew it for you?

- Oh, master, thank you but I think I prefer to chew myself... - Said the disciple embarrassed.

Handling the orange to his disciple the master said:

- Explaining the stories is like offering chewed oranges.

The Old Man and the Saint

An old man came to a saint to ask him about the mysteries of life and generously the holy man shared his wisdom. Pleased the old man went to his cell but as soon as he closed the door he realised he had forgotten what the holy man had said to him. He looked for him again and once more the saint answered his questions but as soon as he returned to his cell he realised that he had forgotten everything again. After some other attempts, ashamed he said to the holy man:

- I easily forget everything you teach me and now I do not dare to ask you anymore.

Night was coming down beyond the small windows of the monastery and so the saint said to the old man:

- Go for a lamp and come back to me.

The old man did it as told and came back with a burning lamp.

- Please, use that one to light the other lamps in the room, as it is getting dark – asked the saint.

Again, the old man did it as told and soon all the lamps in the room were burning.

- Did the lamp you used to light the others suffer something because of it? Did it loose its strength and its light? Is it less shining now after helping all the others to start burning?

- No – said the old man.

- So do not hesitate each time you want to ask me something. I will answer you again and again.

The story of the frogs and a bowl of milk

Two frogs were wandering around a farm. They jumped up to a window and entered the kitchen. There they saw a huge bowl and, perhaps moved by curiosity, they jumped into it. This was a terrible idea, as the bowl had milk fat inside and they started to drown.

The first frog immediately started measuring their possibilities of escape: the height between the milk fat line and the edge of the bowl; the strength of their feet; the maximum time they would be able to kick... He arrived at the unquestionable conclusion that they would die. In despair, he abandoned himself to his destiny and disappeared beneath the white liquid.

The second frog just kicked, irrationally, mindlessly and with great passion. She thought about nothing but the moment she would get out of there and taste the sweetness of liberty again. She kicked so much, so rapidly, so enthusiastically that eventually the milk turned into butter and she could jump. She was free!

Other

Stories from the Norse Mythology
Stories from the Druts'yla canon

Books as a starting point

Jansson, T. *The Summer Book* (in the original Swedish Sommarboken), 1972

Rosen, M., Oxenbury, M. *We're Going on a Bear Hunt*, 1993

<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Were-Going-Bear-Michael-Rosen/dp/0744523230>

Michael Rosen performing the story:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=ytic0U2WAz4s

Websites

<http://www.scoop.it/t/the-art-of-storytelling> : videos with storytelling

<http://fairytalez.com/fairy-tales/> : alphabetical list of fairy tales + text in English

<http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/folktexts.html> : folklore and mythology electronic texts (EN - alphabetical)