



WAKE UP YOUR DAY WITH STORY!

A workshop for the ECIS Librarian's Conference Berlin 2008
 Presenter, Dr. Margaret Read MacDonald

Hands-on teaching of these tales during the workshop. Tales are taken from *Look Back and See* (H.W. Wilson), *The Great, Smelly, Slobbery Small-Tooth Dog* (August House), *Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!: A Palestinian Folktale*; and *Five Minute Tales* (August House).

Not necessary to bring copies to the workshop. All texts copyright Margaret Read MacDonald, 2008.

Monkeys in the Rain A folktale from Brazil retold by Margaret Read MacDonald

(Say everything I say and do everything I do)

“The sun is shining!

Let's play!”

(swing through the trees)

Hand-over-hand-over hand.... “It's fun!”

Hand-over-hand-over hand.... “It's fun!”

(repeat this three times)

“Let's play chase!”

“oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo” (swinging and calling)

“Caught you!” (reach out as if to touch another monkey).

“oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo” (swinging and calling)

“Caught you!” (reach out as if to touch another monkey).

(slap legs to simulate rain)
"Rain! Rain! Rain! RAIN!"

"I'm cold..." (hands protecting head from rain)
"I'm wet..."
"We should build a house!"
"Let's build a house."
"Tomorrow!"
"Tomorrow?"
"Tomorrow!"

Next day...
"The sun is shining!"
Let's play!"
Hand-over-hand-over hand... "It's fun!"
Hand-over-hand-over hand... "It's fun!"

"Let's play chase!"
"oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo" (swinging and calling)
"Caught you!" (reach out as if to touch another monkey).
"oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo" (swinging and calling)
"Caught you!" (reach out as if to touch another monkey).

"Rain! Rain! Rain! RAIN!"
"I'm cold..."
"I'm wet..."
"We should build a house!"
"Let's build a house!"
"Tomorrow."
"Tomorrow?"
"Tomorrow."

Next day...
"The sun is shining!"
Let's play!"
Hand-over-hand-over hand... "It's fun!"
Hand-over-hand-over hand... "It's fun!"

Let's play chase!"
"oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo" (swinging and calling)
"Caught you!" (reach out as if to touch another monkey).
"oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo" (swinging and calling)
"Caught you!" (reach out as if to touch another monkey).
And then...

"I'm cold..."
"I'm wet..."
"We should build a house!"
"Let's build a house!"
"Tomorrow."
"Tomorrow?" (keep asking this until someone says "Today!")

Don't be like the monkeys.
Do it....TODAY!

THE GREAT SMELLY, SLOBBERY, SMALL-TOOTH DOG: A FOLKTALE FROM GREAT BRITAIN. Margaret Read MacDonald. August House, 2007.

A rich man was set upon by thieves.
But suddenly a Great Smelly, Slobbery, Small-Tooth Dog leapt from the bushes.
"WOOF!" The dog chased the robbers away.

"You saved my life," said the man.
"Come to my house tomorrow. I will give you one of my treasures.

"In my house I have a golden fish that can speak one hundred languages.
Would you like that fish as your reward?"

"NO," said the dog. "I would not."

"In my house I have a golden bird that can sing one thousand songs.
Would you like that bird ?

"NO! I would not."

"I also have a golden goose. It lays one egg a day. Solid gold.
Would you like that?"

"NO! I would not."

"I have named all my treasures. What could you want?"

"In your house you have...a beautiful daughter! Yes! *That* is the treasure I choose!"

It was true, the man's daughter was his greatest treasure, but he hadn't thought about that.
"Come to my house tomorrow," he said sadly.

So the man had to go home and tell his daughter all that had happened.

But his daughter was not afraid. You gave your word," she said.
"I will go with the Great Smelly, Slobbery, Small- Tooth Dog."

Next day the dog came to take her away.

"Jump onto my back! Hold tight to my fur.
I'll take you to my house! You're going to *like* it there."

She climbed onto his back and held tight to his fur.
Off he ran...over the fields...to the first hedge.
And he LEAPED that hedge in a single bound
and over the fields...to the second hedge.
And he LEAPED that hedge in a single bound
and over the fields to the third hedge..
And he LEAPED that hedge in a single bound
and over the fields to his very own house.

His house was a *castle*!
There was a bed with silken sheets...
a closet of silk and satin dresses in just her size.
and shelves of books...just the kind she liked to read.
Every evening the dog came to her room to dine.

And after dinner he told her such funny stories...she laughed and laughed.

In the afternoons they would play on the lawn.

She would throw his golden ball...and he would bring it back.

She would throw the ball again...and he would bring it back.

Then they would sit under a tree and he would lay his big head in her lap.

And she would stroke his soft fur, even though it was smelly, and murmur...

"Dear Dog, you are as sweet as a honeycomb! As sweet as a honeycomb!"

But at night when she was alone in her room, she would think of her father and miss him so.

"I 'm held prisoner here by a Great Smelly, Slobbery, Small-Tooth Dog!"

One day the dog found her weeping.

"What is wrong? Don't I give you every thing to make you happy?"

"Every *thing* yes, but I miss my father so much!"

"I'll take you home for a visit. Climb onto my back and I will take you there."

So she climbed onto the dog's back, held tight to his fur,
and OFF he bounded. Over the fields and over the fields...

But when he came to the first hedge he stopped.

"Wait. What's that you always call me?"

She knew what he wanted to hear.

"I call you 'Sweet as a honeycomb.'"

"YES!" He LEAPED the hedge in a single bound.

And over the fields...to the second hedge.

"What's that you call me?"

But now she was thinking of getting home to her father, and she forgot to be kind.

"Oh I call you a Great Smelly, Slobbery, Small-Tooth Dog," she muttered.

"WOOOOF!" He WHIRLED and raced back to his house.

And the girl did not get to see her father that day.

Next week he found her crying again.

"Jump onto my back. Hold tight to my fur.

I will take you home for a visit."

Off they bounded over the fields...to the first hedge.

"What's that you always call me?"

She vowed to say only sweet things about the dog this time.

"I always call you 'Sweet as a honeycomb!'"

"YES!" He leaped the hedge in a single bound and over the fields... to the second hedge.

"What's that you always call me?"

"Sweet as a honeycomb!"

"YES!" He leaped the hedge in a single bound and over the fields ... to the third hedge.
"What's that you call me?"

She could see her house in the distance. She forgot to be kind.

"A Great Smelly, Slobbery, Small-Tooth..."

"WOOOF!"

That dog WHIRLED and flew back to his own house.

But next week she was crying again.

"Climb onto my back. I will take you to your home."

Over the fields... to the first hedge.

"What's that you always call me?"

"I call you 'Sweet as a honeycomb.'"

"YES!" Over the fields...to the second hedge.

"What's that you call me again?"

"Sweet as a honeycomb."

"YES!" Over the fields... to the third hedge.

"What's that you always call me?"

And she was careful to say... "Sweet as a honeycomb."

"YES!" Over the fields and right up to her door... "Wait! Once more...What's that you call me?"

But by now the girl had her hand on the latch to go in...

"A Great, Smelly, Slobbery, Small Tooth..."

Then she looked down. She saw such a look of sorrow in that dog's eyes.

"Oh dog, I'm sorry. I call you 'Sweet as a honeycomb. Sweeter than a honeycomb.'"

When the dog heard those dear words
and saw the look of love in her eyes...
he LEAPED up on his hind legs, RIPPED off his smelly fur...
and became a HANDSOME PRINCE! ...with the smallest teeth you ever did see

So the girl was married to the handsome prince with the small small teeth.

On sunny afternoons she throws the golden ball...and he brings it back.
She throws the ball...and he brings it back.

Then they sit in the shade of the tree,
and she strokes his hair, which isn't smelly at all anymore...

"Dear Prince, you are as sweet as a honeycomb... sweeter than a honeycomb."

ELK AND WREN A Makah Tale, as told by Hildred Ides. Edited by Margaret Read MacDonald.
Published with the permission of the Makah Culture and Research Center. In *Look Back and See* (H.W. Wilson).

Little Wren woke up one fine spring day.
The sun was shining.
Little wren went out into the meadow and began to sing her springtime song.

“Ee-ee-may-way sa-sin-a-way
Ka-wai ka-wai sa-sin-a-way
Toom toom!”

Elk was sleeping in the forest.
He heard that bird singing and singing.
Now Elk could not sleep at all.
Elk stuck his big head out of the forest.

“ HUSH UP OUT THERE!
I am trying to SLEEP!”

“It is SPRINGTIME.
I can sing if I WANT to.”

“Ee-ee-mah-way sa-sin-a-way
Ka-wai ka-wai sa-sin-a-way
Toom Toom!”

“I told you to HUSH UP!
If you don't be quiet I am going to come out there and STOMP you.”

“Oh you don't scare me, you big bully.”

“Ee-ee-mah-way- sa-sin-a-way
Ka-wai ka-wai sa-sin-a-way
Toom Toom!”

“I told you to HUSH.
If you don't stop right now I am going to come out there and
STOMP YOU INTO THE GROUND!”

“Oh go ahead and TRY.
I'll just...
I'll just...
I'll just FLY UP YOUR NOSE!”

“Ee-ee-may-way sa-sin-a-way
Ka-wai-ka-wai sa-sin-a-way
Toom Toom!”

Elk came flying out of that forest.
He was going to STOMP HER INTO THE GROUND!
But before he could land on her she flew...
PUNK!
Right up his nose!

“AHHNNN! AHHNNN!” That elk wheezed.
He gasped. He coughed. He couldn’t get his breath.
That big animal collapsed and fell right over.
He almost died.

Little Wren backed out of his big nose.
“YUCK!” She shook herself off.

“You poor thing, I warned you.
You can’t pick on somebody just because they are smaller than YOU are.”

And Little Wren went on up the meadow
singing her springtime song.

“Ee-ee—may—way sa-sin-a-way
Ka-wai ka-wai sa-sin-a-way
Toom Toom!”

A PENNY AND A HALF From a Chilean folktale.
Retold by Margaret Read MacDonald in **LOOK BACK AND SEE: TWENTY LIVELY TALES FOR GENTLE
TELLERS** (H.W. Wilson, 1991).

I once had a penny and a half.
With my penny and a half I bought a hen.
Ay! Ay! What a hen!
My little hen...gave me an egg.
I had a hen. I had an egg.
And I still had my penny and a half.

I once had a penny and a half.
With my penny and a half I bought duck.
Ay! Ay! What a duck!
My little duck, gave me a duckling.
I had a duck. I had a duckling.
I had a hen. I had an egg.
And I still had my penny and a half.

(Keep adding animals. Let the children suggest animals to add if you like).

Ending:

I once had a penny and a half.
With my penny and a half I bought a guitar!
Ay! Ay! What a guitar!
And every time I played my guitar...
the cat danced and the kitten danced
etc etc
the duck danced and the duckling danced
the hen danced and the egg danced too!
Ay! Ay! What a penny and a half!

TUNJUR! A PALESTINIAN ARAB FOLKTALE. Retold by Margaret Read MacDonald
Collected by Sharif Kanaana and Ibrahim Muhawi. (Marshall Cavendish , 2006).

There was once a woman who had no children.
She prayed to Allah.
“I would love a child, even if it is nothing more than a cooking pot!”

WILLA! She had a child! And it was a little pot!

At once the little pot began to hop up and down.
“Momma Momma Momma! I love you! Love you! Love you!”

“Oh my,” said the woman. “I have a little *pot* for a child.
But she loves me. I will take good care of her.”

She polished that little pot every day. And how she did shine!
While her mother worked, Little Pot would roll around,
banging against the walls *Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!*

One day Little Pot said to her mother.
“Momma Momma Momma! I want to go to Market! Market! Market!”

“No, Little Pot,” said her mother, “Not by yourself.
You aren’t old enough to know right from wrong.”

“I know how to behave! Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!”

At last her mother agreed. “You have to go out by yourself some day.
Perhaps I should let you go now.”
So the mother opened the door and Little Pot rolled out.

Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur! Down one street she rolled and up another.
Till she came to the rich man’s shop.

“What a beautiful little pot!” said the rich man.
I’ll take this pot home to my wife!
I know! I’ll have the pot filled with honey for her!”

“Yum, thought Little Pot. “I love honey!”

The rich man’s wife was delighted. “We’ll have honey for supper!”

“No they won’t,” thought Little Pot. “I’ll keep it myself.”
And she held her lid shut tight.

The wife pulled. The wife pushed.
Husband come help! This lid is stuck.

The husband pulled. The husband pushed.
He could not get the lid off the pot.

“This pot is no good. I am sorry I brought it into the house!”
And he threw the pot out the window.

Little Pot jumped up and rolled home.

“Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!
My mouth is full of nummy!
Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!
I’m bringing my momma honey!”

“Momma! Momma! Pick me up! Momma! Momma! Open me!”

“Oh Little Pot! You have brought me HONEY!
The Honey Seller must have sent it as a gift. How kind of him.”

Little Pot said nothing at all.

Next day.... “Momma! Momma! Momma!
I want to go to Market! Market! Market!”

“Oh Little Pot, I don’t know.
Are you sure you are old enough to know right from wrong?”

“I know how to behave. Let me go to market!”

So the mother opened the door and off rolled Little Pot.

“Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!”

Past the market ... all the way to the King’s Palace.

“Look at this beautiful little pot!” said the king.
“It must be a gift for me. I’ll give it to my wife!”

“Thank you, husband.” “What a good place to keep my jewels!”
The queen took off her necklace and put it in the pot.
She took off her bracelets and put them in the pot.
She took off her rings and put them in the pot.
Then she put on the lid.

That evening the queen dressed for dinner
and reached for the little pot to take out her jewels.

Willa! The pot’s lid was stuck!
The queen pulled. The queen pushed.
“Husband, see if you can get the lid off this little pot.”

The King pulled. The King pushed. The lid would not come off.

“I am sorry I brought this pot into the house! I won’t have it here another minute!”
The King threw the pot out the window!

“Wait! My jewels are inside!” “Stop that Pot!”
But Little Pot was rolling off home.

*“Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!
My mouth is full of jewels!
Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!
The King and the Queen are fools!”*

“Mamma! Mamma! Pick me up!
Mamma! Mamma! Open me!”

Her mother picked up the little pot and took off her lid.

“Oh Little Pot! No one has given you this.
Little Pot, you been taking things that are not yours!”

That night Little Pot’s mother went to bed so sad...so sad.

Next morning Little Pot got up before her mother was awake.

“Tunjur! Tunjur! Tunjur!” She rolled right to the marketplace.
“Let’s see what good things I get today!”

She hadn’t long to wait.

Here came the rich merchant.

“This is the little pot that stole my honey! I’ll take this pot to the King.
We cannot have little pots running around taking things that do not belong to them!”

The King jumped up at once.

“Wife, isn’t this the same little pot that carried off your jewels?”

“That is the *very* pot!”

“This little pot deserves a *just reward*,” said the King.

“Take her to my horse stable and fill her with just what she deserves.”

The little pot was so excited. “I am going to get a *reward*!”
She opened her mouth so wide!

But . . . PLOP!

In came a shoveful of . . .horse manure!

Then PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

...full to the brim with horse doo doo.

“Tun-jur! Tun-jur! Tun-jur!
My mouth is full of nya nya!
Tun-jur! Tun-jur! Tun-jur!
I’m bringing my mama caca!”

“ Momma! Momma! Pick me up!”

Momma! Momma! Open me!”

“Oooooohhhhh Little Pot! Someone caught you stealing.

Little Pot, I hope you learned.

You cannot take things that do not belong to you!”

The mother washed Little Pot and set her high on the shelf.

After that Little Pot did not go out alone for a long long time.

Not until she was old enough to know the difference... Between right...and wrong.

EASY TO LEARN/FUN TO TELL:

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PARENT'S GUIDE TO STORYTELLING, Margaret Read MacDonald. August House, 2001.

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THE MAGIC ORANGE TREE AND OTHER HAITIAN FOLKTALES by Diane Wolkstein. Knopf, 1978.

SONGS AND STORIES FROM UGANDA by W. Moses Serwadda. Crowell, 1974.

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THE STORYTELLER'S START-UP BOOK: FINDING, LEARNING, PERFORMING, AND USING FOLKTALES by Margaret Read MacDonald. August House, 1993. (**See this for extensive bibliographies**)

THE WAY OF THE STORYTELLER by Ruth Sawyer. Viking, 1942.

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THE STORYTELLER'S SOURCEBOOK: A SUBJECT, TITLE, AND MOTIF-INDEX TO FOLKLORE COLLECTIONS FOR CHILDREN by Margaret Read MacDonald. Gale Research, 1982. **and** THE STORYTELLER'S SOURCEBOOK, 1993-1999. 2000.

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THE DYNAMICS OF FOLKLORE by Barre Toelken. Houghton Mifflin, 1979.

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A KNOCK AT THE DOOR by Geroge Shannon. Oryx, 1992; TOM THUMB by Margaret Read MacDonald, Oryx, 1993; CINDERELLA by Judy Sierra, Oryx, 1992.

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TALES AS TOOLS: THE POWER OF STORY IN THE CLASSROOM by The National Storytelling Association. National Storytelling Association Press, 1994. pb

TWICE UPON A TIME: STORIES TO TELL, RETELL, ACT OUT, AND WRITE ABOUT by Judy Sierra and Robert Kaminski. H.W. Wilson, 1989.

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DOORWAYS TO THE SOUL: 52 WISDOM TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD. Elisa Pearmain. Pilgrim, 1988.

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WISDOM TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD by Heather Forest. August House, 1996.

EASY-TO-TELL FOLKTALE PICTURE BOOKS BY MRM:

Conejito. August House.

Fat Cat. August House.

Go to Sleep Gecko. August House.

Little Rooster's Diamond Button. Albert Whitman.

Mabela the Clever. Albert Whitman.

Old Woman and Her Pig. Harper Collins.

Old Woman Who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle. August House.

Pickin' Peas. HarperCollins.

The Squeaky Door. HarperCollins.

The Great, Smelly, Slobbery, Small-Tooth Dog. August House.