

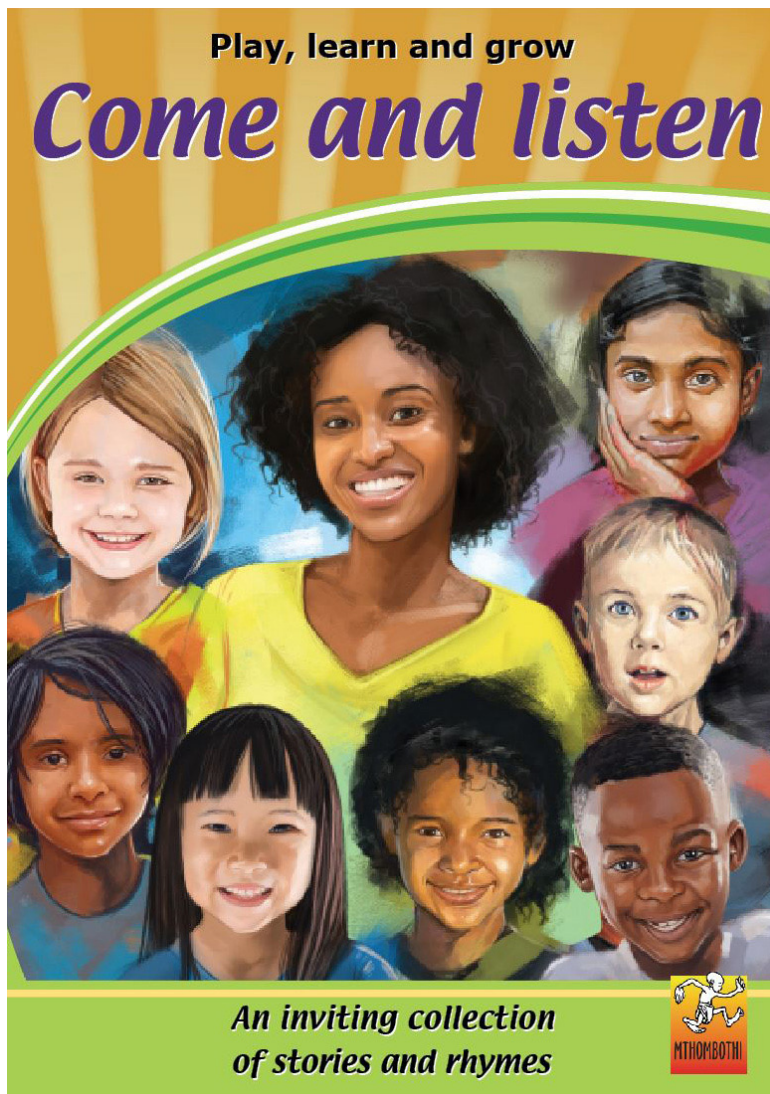


MTHOMBOTHI STUDIOS

P. O. Box 40011, Aspen Hills 2059, JHB
Gauteng, South Africa
Tel: 00 27 11 432 3401
Fax: 086 541 7829
e-mail: mthom@themba.net
web: www.themba.net

Anthology

Come and Listen is a collection of 44 delightful stories. Some stories come from Southern Africa, while others are sourced from exotic far-away places like America, East-Timor and the Baltic coast. Some are written in prose form, full of imagination. In addition, some are original poems or are stories adapted to verse and rhyme: it is a very creative genre, full of playful rhythms that easily lend themselves to participation by the listeners and readers. Verse and rhymes can easily be made into songs. The stories are lavishly illustrated with colourful artwork, adding to the enjoyment. They are ideal to read to the children and for advanced readers to read themselves.



Anthology English

44 stories in prose or verse

ISBN 978-1928369806

297 x 210mm; 117pages

soft cover; perfect bound



Examples of pages from the anthology

Way down south

Way down south where bananas grow,
a grasshopper stepped on an elephant's toe.
The elephant said, with tears in his eyes,
"Pick on somebody your own size."

Anonymous



Is it possible that a big elephant is afraid of a small grasshopper?
Are you afraid of an animal that is much smaller than you?
What is the smallest animal that you are afraid of?

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From: Way down south
An anonymous poem

"YES, I..." sang the crow, overcome with emotion. And she dropped the piece of cheese.
"Thank you," said the fox as he picked it up, "this will taste really good."
The crow was stunned. "Hey! That's MY food! Give it back, you wicked dude!"
She had lost her cheese because she loved the flattery of the fox... and that had been very foolish of her.
The end

Moral of the story:

Beware of those who flatter, as they don't often mean what they say.



Let's play the fox and the crow and act out the story.
Let the whole class arrange in groups of two: "I play the crow and the fox is you."
Everyone gets to play in front of the class.
As the fox or the crow, you may wear a mask.

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From: The fox and the crow
An Aesop fable



Then the Sun appeared through the clouds and dust. It warmed the air and the man relaxed. As the temperature rose, he unbuttoned his coat. Soon, as the Sun grew warmer, the man took off his coat and sat down in the shade.
"There you go," said the Sun, "I have taken off his coat. Instead of brute force, I used gentle persuasion."

The end



Ask the learners to wear a jersey or warm coat on a windy day and do the same on a warm day. When they are outside, when do they want to take their jersey or coat off?

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From: The North Wind and the Sun
A Greek fable

The holy man and the mouse

An ancient Indian fable

There was once a bird of prey that had caught a mouse, but as it flew to its nest to feed it to its young, the mouse fell from its beak. It fell from the sky... into the hands of a holy man. This holy man was so surprised by a mouse that fell from the sky, that he took it as a gift from above and prayed until the mouse turned into a girl. The holy man was very grateful for this gift and raised the girl as his own. He raised her with great care.



When the time arrived for the girl to be married, the holy man only wanted the best for her. So he introduced her to the sun and said: "My dear child, I ask you to marry the sun, because in strength he is greater than everyone." The girl was not convinced however. She thought that the sun was far too hot and she asked: "Sun, you are warm and strong indeed, but are you really what I need? Are you better than everyone?"

To which the sun replied: "I am afraid that I'm not always here. When there are clouds, I disappear."

Hearing that, the holy man took his daughter to the cloud and said: "My dear child, I ask you to marry the cloud, because his strength is never cowed." The girl was again not convinced though. She thought that the cloud was far too cold and she asked: "Cloud, you cover much indeed, but are you really what I need? Are you better than everyone?"

To this the cloud replied: "I am afraid that I'm not always here. When there is wind, I disappear."

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From: The holy man and the mouse
An ancient Indian fable



Examples of pages from the anthology

The hound and the hare

A hound is chasing a little hare,
but the hare is too quick and leaps through the air.
The hound stops the chase, he knows he is beaten.
Today, he says, that hare won't be eaten.

A herd of goats are mocking the hound
as he's lying there, worn out on the ground.
The hare ran for its life, I ran for my dinner,
snarls the hound, that's why he's the winner!



What do you think the herds of goats would say to the hound to mock him?

A fable - adapted to rhyme by I. Wetzig

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From: The hound and the hare
A fable in verse

The rat catcher

A German fairy tale, adapted to an African setting

For several years, a village deep in the African bush had been plagued by rats. At first there had been just a few, but then their number grew. People saw one rat at first, then two, and three and four, but those numbers were very small and they thought there'd be no more. The elders asked other villages if they had rats as well, and when they said they had a few, the elders thought that all is swell.

Unfortunately, when a year had passed, they realised the balance would not last. "Two have become four and four have become eight, we are now becoming afraid. Soon there will be more than ten and what will we do then?" "Ok," said the elders, "that's quite a few, but rats are common, they're nothing new. Two hundred people and three hundred cows, that is a lot of us. Compared to that there are few rats, not worth to make a fuss."

With that, the villagers calmed down and learned to live with the rats. However, soon their number grew by another large amount. Thirty, forty, fifty, one hundred: nobody could keep count. They ate the fruit, the meat and grain, they even ate the shoes. They drank the milk and bit your toes, the rats were real bad news.



The elders then agreed: "That is too much, it can't go on. This problem must be solved. The rats must go, they are not our friends. Who wants to get involved?" Everyone was silent, nobody spoke - to kill a rat was hard. They were so fast and there were many - they were in every yard.

Then a boy stood up and told the people: "Everybody, listen up, I have heard of a man. He plays a flute and catches rats. He's from the tribe of the San."

A San, of course, who would have thought. They were known for their skill. They knew all animals, plants and herbs. Rats they could easily kill.

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From: The rat catcher
An African adaptation of a German fairy tale

The little red hen

A fable from America

There was once a little red hen whose name was Jen. That was short for Jennifer, but that sounded too long. Jen never took long. That's not to say that she rushed and did not do things properly. No, she always took the time she needed to do things well. If 10 minutes longer meant the difference between well done and not well done, she would take 10 minutes more. Likewise, if she could do today what she could also leave until tomorrow, she would say "Do it today". She had everything she needed and most of what she enjoyed and the other animals all wanted what she had, but not what she did.

One day, she found a trail of grains of wheat along the track that led from the farm to the mill. "HO," she said, "it looks like the farmer's wheat bag had a hole in it and he spilt some seeds." So she walked the length of the track and picked up all the seeds. It was not much, only a handkerchief full, but she was pleased and knew just what to do. "I will plant these in the planting season," she thought.

The planting season arrived and Jen took out her grains of wheat. In the yard she found the cat, the goose and the rat and she said: "Look what I have, grains of wheat! Who wants to help me plant this seed?"

"Not I," purred the cat, "I'm taking a nap."

"Not I," honked the goose, "I'm having a chat."

"Not I," squeaked the rat, "I'm busy with this and that."



And so Jen the hen sowed the seeds herself.

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From: The little red hen
A fable from America

I wish I was a fish

I wish I was a fish, said Lizard to his mother
as they lazed on a rock by the stream.
That is my wish and I have no other,
for to swim like a fish is my dream!

Be careful what you wish for, said she.
Before you wish for fins, you best take a look.
A fish may be swift, that may very well be,
but it often gets caught on a fisherman's hook!



Do you know what it is to make a wish?
What would you wish for on your 18th birthday?
Is that a realistic wish or an unrealistic wish?

Aesop fable - adapted to rhyme by I. Wetzig

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From: I wish I was a fish
An Aesop fable in verse



Examples of pages from the anthology

When the pumpkin was still not satisfied and kept repeating: "I must eat meat, Furaira, I must eat meat," the father ordered that the pumpkin be taken to the camel kraal. There, the pumpkin ate every single camel and then followed Furaira again, saying: "I must eat meat, Furaira, I must eat meat."



By now, the father was worried. Not sure what to do next, he told Furaira to take the pumpkin to the grazing grounds. He hoped that the grazing grounds would finally be big enough to satisfy the pumpkin's voracious appetite, but he was wrong. The pumpkin ate all the animals in the grazing grounds and then it ate the shepherds too!

It devoured everything, the horses, the guinea-fowls, the pigeons and the ducks. It ate all the people and the wild antelope and after that it chased little Furaira, saying: "I must eat meat, Furaira, I must eat meat."



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From: The girl and the pumpkin
A Hausa folk tale from Nigeria

How Tortoise got his scars

A fable from Western Africa

Once, when no rain had fallen for more than a year, a great drought settled on the land. Once-mighty rivers slowed down to a trickle, pools dried into crusted mud plains and the grass turned grey. There was nothing to eat or drink and the animals were desperate. These were very, very hard times.

One day, Tortoise was stumbling through this bleak landscape, looking for food. He might not find any, but he had to try. While on his search, he saw a flock of birds flying overhead. The birds looked cheerful as they flew in the direction of a distant mountain and then disappeared over it. The next day he saw more birds flying in the same direction and again the day thereafter. How lucky they were to be able to fly away from this dry land, he thought. Perhaps the grass is green on the other side of the mountain!



"How can I attract the attention of a bird?" he thought, "when I look like a clump of soil? Birds will never see me."

At that moment, he remembered that he had a good voice and he decided to compose a song to Madam Vulture. Vultures were always curious to see what happened on the ground and he reasoned that Madam Vulture would come down to listen.

He worked on his song all night long and he was ready when the first birds flew over the next morning:

Oh vulture you're a mighty bird
That soars for miles, or so I've heard
If you could help a friend in need
A hero of the skies you'd be!

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From: How Tortoise got his scars
A fable from Western Africa

The Tortoise and the Baboon



Dear Tortoise was trundling home one day,
when who should she meet but Baboon, on the way.
Hello old girl, have you found much to eat?
Not much, said Tortoise, who was feeling quite beat.

Baboon giggled slyly, he'd thought of a trick:
(he really thought that he was pretty slick)
Well follow me then, I'll have supper prepared,
for is a meal not better when it is shared?

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From: The Tortoise and the Baboon
A San fable in verse

The fisherman and the flounder

A parable from the Baltic coast

More than two hundred years ago, a poor fisherman lived with his wife in a ramshackle hovel on the Baltic coast of Germany. If it was not for the dunes around his shack, the storm winds would have blown it away a long time ago. As it was, it still stood and he still went fishing every day to eke out a meagre living. His wife scolded him for giving her such a poor life. That caused the fisherman a lot of pain.



As always, the fisherman left his shack early one morning to inspect his fishing lines at low tide. He always managed to catch several fish, but he was very unlucky that morning. Hook after hook lay empty at the end of its line on the beach. He was afraid that he would go home without a catch, when he found a small flounder on his last hook. It wasn't much, almost not worth taking home, but he could not be fussy on a day like this.

He was putting the little flounder in his basket when it suddenly spoke:

"Fisherman oh fisherman, please let me live.
Tell me your wish and what you ask I shall give."



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From: The fisherman and the flounder
A parable from the Baltic coast