

# **MARGARET READ MACDONALD BIBLIOGRAPHIES AND TALE TEXTS FOR COLORADO WORKSHOP 2025**

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## **PLAYING WITH STORY BIBLIOGRAPHY**

[www.margaretreadmacdonald.com](http://www.margaretreadmacdonald.com)

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*The Oldest Stories in the World* by Theodore Gaster.

## **TALE TEXTS FROM MARGARET READ MACDONALD KEYNOTE 2025**

### **A PENNY TO SPEND: A folktale from Chile**

From *Look Back and See* by Margaret Read MacDonald. H.W. Wilson, 1991.

I once had a penny to spend. With my penny to spend 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 to spend.

I once had a penny to spend.

With my penny to spend I bought a 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 to spend. (Keep adding animals. Let the children suggest animals).

Ending: I once had a penny to spend. With my penny to spend I bought a guitar! Ay! Ay!  
What a guitar!

And every time I played my guitar... the cat danced and the kitten danced, (add all animals)  
the duck danced and the duckling danced.

The hen danced and the egg hatched out and the chick danced too!

Ay! Ay! What a penny to spend!

## **TALE TEXTS FROM MARGARET READ MACDONALD ONE HOUR WORKSHOP 2025**

### **MONKEYS IN THE RAIN: A Folktale from Brazil**

From *Five Minute Tales* by Margaret Read MacDonald. (August House, 2007).

The sun was shining! (make sun with arms overhead)

The monkeys said, "Let's PLAY!"

"Hand over hand over hand... It's FUN!" (swinging through trees)

"Hand over hand over hand...It's FUN!"

(pounding on knees to make rain sound) Rain....rain...rain....rain...

“I’m cold.” (shivering)

“I’m wet.” (hands protecting head)

“We should build a house.”

“Let’s build a house.”

“Tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow.”

Next day.

(repeat twice)

(Third time end with.)

Don’t be like the monkeys.

Do it TODAY.

### **NOT OUR PROBLEM: A folktale told in Burma and Thailand**

From *Peace Tales: World Folktales to Talk About* by Margaret Read MacDonald.

August House, 1990.

A King sat with his Advisor eating honey on puffed rice.

A drop of honey fell from the King’s hand onto the windowsill.

“Oh, your majesty!” said his Advisor, “A drop of honey has fallen onto the windowsill!”

“Never mind,” said the King. “It is not our problem.”

The drop of honey dripped down the windowsill and fell to the ground below the palace.

A fly lit on the drop of honey and began to eat it. But a gecko jumped on the fly and began to eat IT.

“Your majesty, a fly was eating the honey that fell from your mouth. And now a gecko is eating the fly that was eating the honey.”

“Never mind,” said the King. “It is not our problem.”

A cat *pounced* on the gecko and began to eat it up. And a DOG ran out from under the palace and attacked the CAT. The dog and the cat were fighting under the palace.

“Your majesty now a cat was eating the gecko and a DOG has attacked the cat. They are fighting under the palace.” “Well,” said the King. “It is not our problem.”

The owner of the cat saw the dog attacking her cat. So she ran out with a broom and began to beat the dog. But when the owner of the dog saw the woman beating his dog,

*he* ran out and began to beat *her*.

“Your majesty...that drop of honey that fell from your mouth...well a fly tried to eat it and a gecko ate the fly and a cat ate the gecko and a dog attacked the cat and now the owner of the cat has attacked the dog and the owner of the dog has attacked the woman...and the two are now fighting under the palace. I should send someone to stop the fight.”

“Never mind,” sighed the king. “It is not our problem.”

Soon the friends of the woman saw what was going on. They hurried to defend her.

But the friends of the man also saw what was going on. They rushed to defend *him*.

Soon a large fist fight broke out under the palace.

“Your majesty,” pleaded the Advisor. “Now the woman’s friends have attacked the man and his friends have attacked her friends. There is a great fight going on right under the palace. We should do something to stop this.”

“Never mind,” insisted the king. “It is not our problem.”

The soldiers were passing through town just then. When they saw the fight they rushed to break it up.

But when they heard the situation, some sided with the man and some sided with the women. The soldiers began to fight among themselves. In the fight, someone pulled a gun and...A civil war broke out!

In the fighting the palace was burned to the ground. The King and his Advisor stood in the ashes.

“You know...” said the King. “I think the drop of honey was our problem.”

**PICKIN' PEAS: by Margaret Read MacDonald**

Illustrated by Pat Cummings. August House, 1998.

In the springtime Little Girl planted a garden full of peas.

Come July those peas got ripe.

Little Girl started down the row, pickin' those peas.

Singing "Pickin' peas

Put 'em in my pail.

Pickin' peas

Put 'em in my pail.

Just picking off the biggest ones.

Leaving the little ones to grow some more.

A pesky rabbit lived down in the holler behind her house.

He jumped in the row behind her.

Started hopping along eating her peas.

Singing

Pickin' peas.

Land on my knees!

Pickin' peas

Land on my knees!

Every time he'd sing, he'd give a little jump.

And he'd land on his knees everytime.

He came down that row eating up all the peas she'd left behind.

"Pickin' peas.

Land on my knees!

Pickin' peas.

Land on my knees!"

Mr. Rabbit was moving along just one row behind Little Girl.

When she'd turn the corner at the east end of the garden and start DOWN a row,  
he'd turn the corner at the west end of the garden and start UP a row.

"Pickin' peas.

Put 'em in my pail."

"Pickin' peas.

Land on my knees!"

After a while Little Girl got to feeling like somebody was following her.

Said to herself, "I think I'll cut my song off right short and see what I hear.

"Pickin' peas.

Put 'em in my pail."

Listened. Heard.

"Pickin' peas.

Land on my knees."

Little girl said, "AHA! I do believe that pesky rabbit is in my garden.

I do believe he's following me. I do believe he's pickin' my PEAS!"

She thought a minute.

"I do believe if I turn back around the end of this row, I can CATCH him!"

Little Girl started tiptoeing back up the row she'd already picked.

"Pickin' peas.

Put 'em in my pail...."

There was Mr. Rabbit hopping along down at the end of that row.

“Pickin’ peas.

Land on my knees!”

She crept up behind him real quiet.

“Pickin’ peas.

Land on my knees!”

She reached out...

“Pickin’ peas.

Land on my....WOAPP!”

She CAUGHT HIM.

Said “Mr. Rabbit. What’s that you were singing just now?”

Mr. Rabbit scrunched up.

Said, “Oooooohhhh...I was singing...

“Diggin’ up roots.

Land on my foots.”

“That’s not what you were singing!”

She squeezed him harder.

“What were you singing?”

“Oooooohhhh...” he said in a squinchy little voice.

“I was singing,

Pickin’ peas,

Land on my knees!”

“That’s what I THOUGHT you were singing,” said Little Girl.

“You were eating up MY peas weren’t you?”

“...Mmmmm, maybe.”

“Well, you won’t pick MY peas anymore. I’m going to take you home.

Put you in a box. And keep you there till the pea-picking season is OVER.”

She took that rabbit home. Put him in a box. Shut the lid down real tight. Cooked a mess of peas. And ate them all up.

“Well, THAT was good.”

Then Little Girl heard Mr. Rabbit hopping around inside that box. He was singing.

“Pickin’ peas.

Land on my knees!”

“Mr. Rabbit, what’s that you’re doing in there?”

“Trying to dance, but it’s too crowded in here. Take me out and put me up on top of the box. I’ll dance and entertain you.”

“Let me see that.”

She took him out and put him up on top of the box. He began to dance and sing.

“Pickin’ peas.

Land on my knees!

Hear my momma callin’ me RIGHT over there.”

Every time he sang OT OU “RIGHT over there” he gave a little jump to the right.

“That’s GOOD dancing!” said Little Girl.

“Put me up on that big chest by the window and I could dance even BETTER,” said Mr. Rabbit.

Little Girl put him up on the big chest by the window. Mr. Rabbit started really cutting up.

“Pickin’ peas.

Land on my knees!

Heard my momma callin’ me

RIGHT over there!”

Little Girl was clapping and laughing.

“I LOVE your dancing, Mr. Rabbit.”

“Put me up on that windowsill and I could REALLY dance,” said Mr. Rabbit.

So Little Girl picked him up. Set him down on that broad windowsill by the open window.

Mr. Rabbit was jumping up and down and kicking up his heels.

“Pickin’ peas.

Land on my knees...”

When he got to the end, he gave one tremendous LEAP...

“Heard my mamma callin’ me

RIGHT over there.”

...and OUT the window he went.

Mr. Rabbit ran off through the garden calling.

“Picked your peas.

And I landed on my knees.

Gonna eat all I want

Cause you can’t catch me!”

I’d like to say that’s the last Little Girl saw of that rabbit.

But I’m afraid he was right back there the next morning.

Pickin’ peas...

and landin’ on his KNEES!

## **LITTLE BOY FROG AND LITTLE BOY SNAKE**

From *Shake-it-up Tales* by Margaret Read MacDonald (August House, 2000).

Little Boy Frog asked his Momma, “May I go play on the mountain?”

“Go play,” said his Momma. “But be careful where you go.

Don’t talk to strangers. And come home before dark.”

So Little Boy Frog went out.

*Hop . . . hop . . . hop . . . hop . . .*

Little Boy Snake asked his Momma. “May I go play on the mountain?”

“Yes, you may,” said his Momma. “But be careful where you go.

Don’t talk to strangers. And come home before dark.”

So Little Boy Snake went out.

*“Slide . . . slide . . . slide . . . slide . . . “*

*“Hop . . . hop . . . hop . . . hop . . .”*

*“Slide . . . slide . . . slide . . . slide . . . “*

They came to the top of the mountain.

“Oh! Who are you?”

“I’m Little Boy Frog. Who are you?”

“I’m Little Boy Snake.”

“Want to play?”

“Sure!”

So Little Boy Snake and Little Boy Frog began to play together.

Little Boy Snake slide. Little Boy Frog hopped.

“What’s that you are doing?” asked Little Boy Snake.

“I am hopping!”

“How do you do that?”

“It’s easy. Just gather all your muscles together and SPRING straight up in the air!”

So Little Boy Snake tried it.

“*Hop . . . hop . . . hop . . . hop . . .*” “I’m not very good at it, but it’s fun.”

The two friends played together.

“*Hop...hop...hop..hop...*”

“What’s that *you* were doing?” asked Little Boy Frog.

“Oh I was sliding.”

“Can you show me how?”

“Sure. You lie flat on your tummy and SQUIRM forward!”

The two friends played together. “*Slide . . . slide . . .slide . . . slide . . .*”

“This was fun! Want to play again tomorrow?”

“Okay! See you tomorrow!”

And the two friends went home.

Little Boy Frog went down the mountain... *Hop . . . slide . . .hop . . . slide . . .*

Little Boy Snake went down the mountain....*Slide . . . hop . . .slide . . . hop . . .*

Little Boy Frog’s mother saw him coming.

“STOP right there! What’s that you are doing?”

“I am *sliding!*”

“Who taught you how to do a thing like that?”

“My friend taught me how.!”

“What’s your friend’s name?”

“His name is Little Boy Snake.”

“SNAKE! You can’t play with SNAKES. The snakes are our ENEMIES.

Get in the house!”

Little Boy Snake went down the mountain.

*Slide . . . hop . . . slide . . . hop . . .*

His Momma saw him coming. “STOP right there! What are you doing?”

“I am *hopping!*”

“Who taught you to do a thing like that?”

“My friend taught me how”

“What is your friend’s name?”

“His name is Little Boy Frog.”

“FROG! You can’t play with FROGS.

Frogs are our enemies! And sometimes our FOOD.”

“Get in the house!”

Next day Little Boy Frog went up the mountain.

“hop...hop...hop...”

Little Boy Snake went up the mountain.

“slide..slide...slide..”

They met each other.

“I can’t play with you anymore,” said Little Boy Frog. “ Snakes are our enemy.”

“I can’t play with you anymore either,” said Little Boy Snake.

“Frogs are OUR enemy. And sometimes our food.”

“Bye bye...”

“Bye bye...”

The two friends turned and went away from each other.

*Hop . . . hop . . . hop . . .*

*Slide . . . slide . . . slide . . .*

Then they turned to look back at each other one more time. They smiled.

“But watch what I can still do, “said Little Boy Frog. *Hop...slide...hop...slide...*

“Me too,” said Little Boy Snake. *Slide...hop...slide...hop...*

“Goodbye Friend!”

“Goodbye Friend!”

Little Boy Frog went down the mountain.

*Hop . . . SLIDE . . . hop . . .SLIDE!*

And little Boy Snake went down the mountain.

*Slide . . . HOP . . .slide . . . HOP . . . slide . . HOP!*

They couldn’t play together anymore because their momma’s wouldn’t let them.

But they could still remember their new best friend.

## **TUNJURA, TUNJURA, TUNJURA: A Palestinian Arab Folktale**

Retold by Margaret Read MacDonald

Marshall Cavendish, 2006 (now Two Lions Press).

Illus. Alik Arzoumanian. Collected by Ibrahim Muhawi and Sharif Kannana.

There was once a woman who had no children.

She prayed for a child.

“I would love a child.

Even if it were 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 it loves me.

I will take good care of it.”

She kept the little pot on a special shelf.

She polished that little pot every day.

While her mother worked,

the little pot would roll around the house

“Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!”

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,.

“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.

“Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!”

Down one street she rolled and up another  
until she came to the marketplace.

Along came the rich merchant.

“What a beautiful little pot!

I wonder whose pot this is.

It doesn’t seem to belong to anyone.

I’ll take this pot home to my wife!”

“I know! I will have this pot filled with honey for my wife!”

“Look Wife!

I found this little pot in the marketplace.

I’ve had it filled with honey for you!”

“Oh Thank you, husband. I love honey!”

“So do I,” thought Little Pot.

When the wife tried to open the pot

She held her lid shut tight.

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

“Husband come help me with this pot.

The lid is stuck!”

The husband pulled. The husband pushed.

He could not get the lid off the pot.

“I am sorry I brought this horrid little pot into the house!”

And in a fit of anger the rich merchant threw the pot out the window.

The little pot jumped right up and rolled home.

“Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

My mouth is full of nummy!

Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

I’m bringing my momma honey!”

“Momma! Momma! Pick me up!

Momma! Momma! Open me!”

The mother picked up the little pot.

She took off the lid.

“Oh Little Pot!

You have brought me HONEY!

Wherever did you get it?"

Little Pot kept her mouth tight, tight shut and said nothing at all.

"The Honey Seller must have sent it as a gift..

How kind of him,"

Her mother poured the honey into jars and put the Little Pot back on her shelf.

Next day

"Momma! Momma! Momma!

I want to go to Market! Market! Market!"

"No Little Pot,

You aren't 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.

"Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

Right past the marketplace.

"Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

All the way to the King's Palace!"

Little Pot sat herself down and waited. At last the King himself came out.

"Look at this beautiful little pot!

Someone must have brought it as a present."

"Queen! Look at the lovely little pot someone brought us!"

"Oh," said the Queen. .

"What a good place to keep my jewels!"

The queen took off her diamond necklace and put it in the pot.

She took off her silver bracelets and put them in the pot.

She took off her ruby rings and put them in the pot.

Then she put on the lid.

That evening when the queen got dressed, she tried to take off the lid but...

The pot's lid was stuck!

“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!”

And the King threw the pot out the window.

“Wait! My jewels are inside!” Too late.

.

“Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

My mouth is full of jewels!

Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

The King and the Queen are fools!”

“Mamma! Mamma! Pick me up!

Mamma! Mamma! Open me!”

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

“Oh Little Pot!

What have you DONE?

No one has GIVEN you this.

Little Pot you have been taking things that are not yours?

Tomorrow we must take these BACK.”

The mother went to bed so sad, so sad.

In the morning Little Pot got up before her mother was awake.

She opened the door and rolled away to the market place.

“Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!”

“Let’s see what good things I get TODAY!”

She hadn’t long to wait.

The rich merchant passed by.

“Why this is the little pot that stole my honey!

I’ll take this pot to the King.

We cannot let little pots running around

taking things that do not belong to them!

Justice must be done!”

When the rich merchant appeared with the pot, the King jumped up at once.

“Wife come here and look!

Isn’t this the same little pot that carried off your jewels?”

“That is the *very* pot!”

The King thought for a moment.

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

“Call the man who takes care of my horses.”

“Stablemaster, take this little pot to the horse stables.

Fill it to the brim *with whatever you have most of there.*”

The little pot was so excited. “I am going to get a *reward* from the king!”

She opened her mouth wide...but...

PLOP! In came a shovel full of *horse manure!*

Then PLOP...PLOP...PLOP...

until the little pot was filled to the brim.

“Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

My mouth is full of nyaa-nyaa!

Tunjura! Tunjura! Tunjura!

I’m bringing my momma CACA!”

Little Pot rolled up to her front door.

“Momma! Momma! Pick me up!

Momma! Momma! Open me!”

Her mother picked up the little pot.

“Little Pot something smells *awful.*”

“Oooooohhhhh Little Pot!

They must have caught you stealing.

And this is your reward.

I hope you’ve learned your lesson.

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

Her mother washed the little pot.

She rubbed perfume all over so she wouldn’t smell quite so bad.

Then she set the little pot back on her shelf.

After that the little pot didn’t go out again for a long, long time.

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

## **FROG AND LOCUST BRING THE RAIN: A Hopi Tale**

A story told by Margaret Read MacDonald. Simplified from a tale by Joe Hayes. Read the full version: [http://www.cincopuntos.com/files/productspdf\\_43.pdf](http://www.cincopuntos.com/files/productspdf_43.pdf) (this has the text from Joe Hayes, *Here Comes the Storyteller* El Paso: Cinco Puntos, 1996 (p. 8-13)). Also found in *Earth Care: World Folktales to Talk About* by Margaret Read MacDonald (August House, 2005), p.125-128.

It did not rain.

The ponds dried up.

The rivers dried up.

Frog's puddle got smaller and smaller.

Frog tried to sing for rain. "R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN!"

But he did not sing loud enough

And the Rain God on the mountain did not hear.

And it did not rain.

Locust was so thirsty. Locust tried to sing for rain.

*"r-r-rain! r-r-rain! r-r-rain!"*

But she did not sing loud enough.

And the Rain God on the mountain did not hear.

And it did not rain.

But Frog sang loud enough that the frog in the next puddle heard him.

And that frog began to sing too.

R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN!

And Locust sang loud enough that the locust on the next bush heard

And that locust began to sing too. *"r-r-rain! r-r-rain! r-r-rain!"*

But it was not loud enough.

And the Rain God on the mountain did not hear.

And it did not rain.

But Frog's call WAS loud enough that the frogs in the NEXT puddle heard.

And they began to call too. *"R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN!"*

And it WAS loud enough that the locusts in the next bush heard.

*"-rain! r-r-rain! r-r-rain!"*

But it wasn't loud enough.

And the Rain God on top of the mountain did not hear.

And it did not rain.

But it WAS loud enough that the frogs in MANY puddles heard.

And the locusts in MANY bushes heard.

And they all began to call

*"R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN! R-R-RAIN!"*

*"r-r-rain! r-r-rain! r-r-rain!"*

And the Rain God heard!

And the wind began to blow (wave arms)

And the lightning began to flash. (hands slapped across each other)

And the thunder roared. (hands clapped loudly)

And it did RAIN! (slapping legs)

The Hopi people say...if you need rain...

Don't go off in your field and sing by yourself..

Bring ALL of the people together.

And if you dance with one heart and sing with one voice...

It will RAIN! (slapping on legs to make rain sound)

# HOW TO LEARN AND TELL A STORY

## LEARNING THE STORY: ONE HOUR OF WORK

1. Choose a story you love!
2. Read the story aloud and listen.
3. Memorize the beginning and ending you want to use.  
Memorize any chants, songs, or phrases you want to use.
4. Read the story aloud again.  
Work on the pacing and emphasis.
5. Put down the book and try to tell the story in your own words.  
There is no *right* way to tell a folktale.  
If you forget part. Stop and look at the book, then continue.
6. Tell the story again, without looking at the book.

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## PRACTICE AS YOU GO:

Tell the story to yourself as you are driving, bathing, walking, etc.

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## FINAL REHEARSAL

Tell the story out loud.

Imagine your audience sitting in front of you and tell TO them.

Fix any problems in your telling.

Tell it out loud one more time.

You are ready!

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## **TALE PERFORMANCE**

1. A “pregnant pause” before you begin.
2. The first sentence is magical.
3. Watch your audience. Speak TO them. Communicate.
4. Pace your tale. Slow....fast.... Take your time.
5. Listen to your words. Use beautiful language.
6. Pretend you are confident!
7. The last sentence must be perfect.
8. A quiet moment AFTER the story ends.

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## **AFTER THE TELLING**

1. Note any problems.
2. Note any great moments that you want to repeat next time.
3. Tell the story again and again to many audiences.
4. Record YOUR telling of the story.

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## MASTER CLASS NOTES

Told: "Borneo Snake" in *The Singing Top* (Libraries Unlimited, 2008)

*The Great, Smelly, Slobbery, Small-tooth Dog* (August House, 2007)

Youtube. SEARCH: Margaret Read MacDonald Two Goats on the Bridge.

(telling with Dr. Wajuppa Tossa in Lao)

Red Cuentacuentos [Red Internacional de Cuentacuentos \(RIC\) International Storytelling Network](https://cuentacuentos.eu/) (https://cuentacuentos.eu/)

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## MASTER CLASS TALE TEXTS:

### HOW TO BREAK A BAD HABIT

Found in *Twenty Tellable Tales* by Margaret Read MacDonald (American Library Association, 2004). West African folktale.

Monkey and Rabbit sat talking.

Monkey was scratching.

Rabbit was twitching.

"Would you STOP that TWITCHING," said Monkey. "What a bad HABIT."

"Bad HABIT?" said Rabbit. "Talk about BAD HABITS....Look at YOU.

Scratch ... scratch ... scratch. Now THAT is a bad habit."

"Well I could easily STOP if I wanted to," said Monkey.

"So could I!" said Rabbit.

"We'll SEE!" said Monkey. "Let's have a contest.

The first person to scratch or twitch LOSES.

Begin ... when ... I ... say ... GO!"

"ALL RIGHT!" Rabbit sat very still. Monkey sat very still.

Monkey did not scratch. Rabbit did not twitch.

Monkey thought he would die if he couldn't scratch his nose.

Rabbit's left ear wanted to twitch SO bad.

"I have an idea!" Monkey was excited.

"Let's tell stories." And Monkey began to talk.

"Yesterday I was walking down the road.

A little boy threw rocks at me.

"Guess where he hit me?

He hit me *here*." Monkey scratched his nose

"He hit me *here*." Monkey scratched his leg.

"And here ... and here ... and here..." Monkey was scratching all over.

"Wait! Wait! I know a story!" said Rabbit.

"Yesterday I was walking in the swamp.

And mosquitoes bit me. One bit me *here*." Rabbit twitched his nose.

"One bit me *here*." Rabbit twitched his ear.

"Another bit me *here*." Rabbit twitched his other ear.

"And here ... and here ... and here..." Rabbit was twitching all over.

Rabbit and Monkey began to laugh. They laughed and laughed.

"Let's keep our bad habits and just be friends."

And that is what they did.

## **TWO GOATS ON THE BRIDGE**

From *Three Minute Tales* by Margaret Read MacDonald (August House Publishers, 2005).

*Say everything I say, and do everything I do.*

### **Story Number One.**

Hill. *(hold up right fist) (audience repeats after you)*

Hill. *(hold up left fist)*

Goat. *(hold up right index finger)*

Goat. *(hold up left index finger)*

### **One day.**

Goat went down. *(bring right finger down)*

Crossed the bridge. *(cross finger across body)*

Ate the grass. *(pretend finger is eating) (“mnnnnmnnnmnnn”)*

Went back. *(go back across body and up to shoulder height again)*

### **One day. (left finger repeats)**

Goat went down.

Crossed the bridge.

Ate the grass. (“mnnnnmnnnmnnn”)

Went back.

### **One day.**

Both goats went down.

Both goats crossed the bridge. *(both fingers come to bridge)*

“Hey! I want to cross!”

“I want to cross!”

“I’m bigger!”

“I’m stronger!”

*(fingers push against each other)*

“ANNNNNNHHHHHH”

And they FELL into the river.

*(goats climb out muttering)*

“He did not cooperate!” *(two fingers face away from each other and leave)*

“HE did not cooperate!!”

### **Story Number Two.**

Hill. *(hold up right fist)*

Hill. *(hold up left fist)*

Goat. *(hold up right index finger)*

Goat. *(hold up left index finger)*

#### **One day.**

Goat came down,

Crossed the bridge.

Ate the grass (“mnnnmnnmnnn”)

Went back.

#### **One day.**

Goat came down.

Crossed the bridge.

Ate the grass.

Went back.

#### **One day.**

Both goats came down.

Both goats crossed the bridge.

“Hey! I want to cross.”

“I want to cross!”

“Oh oh.”

“We have a problem!”

“What can we do?”

“Let’s see...”

“Maybe... if we both squeezed ....”

“we could both pass....?” (*squeeze two fingers past each other*)

“nnnnnhhhhhh... YES!”

“He cooperated!” (*fingers nod at each other*)

“He cooperated!”

Now the question is....

Which kind of goat are you?

## FOLKTALE INDEXES

### CHILDREN'S COLLECTIONS INDEXES

*The Storyteller's Sourcebook: A Subject, Title and Motif-index to Folklore Collections for Children* by Margaret Read MacDonald. Detroit: Gale Research, 1982. HAS SUBJECT INDEX

*The Storyteller's Sourcebook: A Subject, Title and Motif-index to Folklore Collections for Children: 1983-1999* by Margaret Read MacDonald and Brian Sturm. Detroit: Gale Research, 2001. HAS SUBJECT INDEX

### BASIC INTERNATIONAL INDEXES

*The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography* by Antti Aarne. Translated and enlarged by Stith Thompson. Folklore Fellow Communications, No. 184. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, Academia Scientiarum Fennica.

*The Types of International Folktales: A classification and bibliography, based on the system of Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson* by Hans Jörg Uther. Folklore Fellows' Communications. Vol. 7. Helsinki, FI: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1961.

*Motif-index of Folk-literature : a classification of narrative elements in folktales, ballads, myths, fables, mediaeval romances, exempla, fabliaux, jest-books, and local legends* by Stith Thompson. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. 1955-1958. HAS SUBJECT INDEX - Available online but without the subject index and not searchable. Hard copy set of six books includes an in-depth subject index.

### ONLINE SOURCE

D.L. Ashliman Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts. Maintained 1996-2024.

[Folktexts: A library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology, page 1 \(pitt.edu\)](https://sites.pitt.edu/~dash/folktexts.html)  
(<https://sites.pitt.edu/~dash/folktexts.html>)

Includes texts for several examples of many Aarne-Thompson-Uther types. Alphabetical by title of tale. Also includes listing of other online sites for tale texts.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY OF INDEXES

*Tale type- and motif-indexes : an annotated bibliography.* By David S. Azzolina, *Garland Reference Library of the Humanities*; Vol. 565, Garland, 1987.

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Baughman, Ernest W. *Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America.* Indiana University Press, 1966.

Clark, Kenneth. *A Motif-Index of the Folktales of Culture-Area V West Africa.* PhD dissertation Indiana University, June, 1958.

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El-Shamy, Hasan M. *Folk traditions of the Arab world: a guide to motif classification.* Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1995

Flowers, Helen. *A Classification of the Folktale of the West Indies by Types and Motifs.* New York: Arno Press, 1980.

[A classification of the folktale of the West Indies by types and motifs : Flowers, Helen Leneva, 1910- : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](https://archive.org/details/classificationof0000flow/page/428/mode/2up)  
(<https://archive.org/details/classificationof0000flow/page/428/mode/2up>)

Mayer, Fanny Hagin. *The Yanagita Kunio Guide to the Japanese Folk Tale.* Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1986.

Neuman (Noy), Dov. *Motif-Index of Talmudic-Midrashic Literature.* Indiana University, 1954. Available via PDF (see Wikipedia)

Roberts, Warren E. *The Tale of the Kind and the Unkind Girls. AA-TH 480 and Related Titles.* Detroit: Wayne State University, 1959. (900+ texts)

Rooth, Anna Birgitta. *The Cinderella Cycle.* Lund: C.W. Gleerup, 1951.