

STORY-TELLING

Stories are used in The YMCA Adventure Guides program in many settings, including meetings, campouts, adventures, and car trips. Stories are both enjoyable and educational—they can convey a lesson and encourage questions more effectively than more direct methods. In this section you'll learn more about the benefits of storytelling, best practices for presenting stories that engage and entertain, some sample stories, and sources to check for story ideas.

BENEFITS OF STORYTELLING

We use stories to communicate information and ideas. In stories, words create pictures in the minds of The YMCA Adventure Guides that, when combined with a moral or value, make the concept easier to grasp and remember. If the storyteller is successful, great stories are remembered and repeated.

Successful storytelling within a YMCA Adventure Guides program produces the following results:

- Creates a common focus for the group and a sense of togetherness
- Raises questions for group discussion
- Promotes The YMCA Adventure Guides aims, objectives, and purpose
- Keeps special details about the program's traditions alive and ever present
- Educates participants on other cultures
- Gives adults and children time in the spotlight to shine, exercise their creativity and imagination, develop confidence and public speaking skills, share a part of who they are and what they believe in, and make a point.

- Creates a feeling of low-stress enjoyment
- Makes memories that last

STORYTELLING TIPS

Before telling any story, ask yourself these three questions:

1. What do I want people to feel after they hear my story?
2. What do I want people to remember from my story?
3. What do I want people to believe as a result of hearing my story?

Once you know what your purpose is, you can begin to tell a memorable story. Settle the audience and set up the story. Devise a strategy to keep the group focused, use an opening question, a prop, a calming song, or creatively dive into the story such as a way that all eyes and ears are on you. Consider these factors that contribute to the telling of the great story:

Plot- has one central plot in your story, and keeps it simple.

Characters- Create (or portray) interesting and fun characters. What do they look like? How do they sound? What are their mannerisms and motives? Be descriptive—use a lot of adjectives. People need to be able to visualize.

Action- People like action, lots of it. Use a lot of action verbs. Suspense, not knowing what is going to happen next, is a particularly powerful form of action. Some of the action should keep listeners on the edge of their seats.

Props- Use props, puppets, and costumes to add a focal point, color, a sense of anticipation, and character to your story.

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Involvement- Get listeners involved by asking them to make sounds that coordinate with the story, pantomime a part of the story, or finish a line or two.

Timing- Keep your stories short. Most stories from folklore run five or seven minutes.

Fluency- Practice telling your story several times before telling it to an audience. Memorize the sequence of events. Don't memorize the words or you'll lose your spontaneity.

Creative license- Feel free to "bend" a story a little to make it more colorful or suit a particular audience, but be true to the story's key facts and messages.

Passion- Be dramatic, create a sense of anticipation, and most important, never tell a story you don't enjoy telling.

Listening- Listening to stories teaches you a lot about the world and people around you. You'll hear stories as you talk to people, helping you build your own repertoire of stories.

STORY IDEAS

Here are some examples of stories you will enjoy telling and Circle members will enjoy hearing.

Hills of Life

Often a simple discussion can be inspirational. Talk first of climbing hills—tell of great high mountains, such as Whitney (14,495 feet). Talk about how hard it is to hike up the mountain but how much fun it is to look down from the top. Talk about hiking up a hill as a Circle someday soon. Tell how Jesus used to hike everywhere he went, and when he wanted to talk to a lot of people he'd climb up on a hill so they

could hear him. And he walked from town to town with friends. And every once in a while he'd hike up a hill to think about what he wanted to do. He walked with his cross up a hill called Calvary. Ask, can anyone tell me this story from the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew or read it? How can Jesus help us climb our hills of life? What good habits help us to climb on the upward way?

The Dog and His Reflection

A dog, to whom the butch had thrown a bone, was hurrying home with his prize as fast as he could go. As he crossed a narrow foot-bridge, he happened to look down and see himself reflected in the quite water. But the greedy dog thought he saw a real dog carrying a bone much bigger than his own. If he had stopped to think, he would have known better. But instead of thinking, he dropped his bone and sprang at the dog in the river—only to find himself, seconds later; swimming for dear life to reach the shore. At last he managed to scramble out, and as stood sadly thinking about the good bone he had lost, he realized what a stupid do he had been.

Be grateful for what you have. If you get greedy, you might end up with nothing at all.

Three Soul Bears

Once upon a time in a nursery rhyme there was 1, 2, 3 bears. One was a mama bear, one was a papa bear, and one was wee bear. One day they went a walkin' in the deep forest talkin', and along came a girl with golden curls. She knocked on the door (make a knocking sound three times). Nobody there, so

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she walked right in, and along came the 3 bears. "Someone's been sittin' in my chair," said the mama bear (sing in a high voice) "Someone's been sittin' in 29 my chair," said the papa bear (sing in a deep voice). "Hey, Mama, see bear," said the wee bear (sing in a wee voice), someone's been sittin' in my chair, woow!" "Someone's been eatin' my porridge," said the mama bear. "Someone's been eatin' my porridge," said papa bear. "Hey, mama, see bear," said the wee bear, "Someone's been eatin' my porridge woow!" Someone's been sleepin' in my bed," said the mama bear. Someone's been sleepin' in my bed," said the papa bear. . "Hey, mama, see bear," said the wee bear, Someone's is sleepin' in my bed woow!" Goldie Locks woke up and broke up the party, Bye, bye, bye, bye, said the mama bear. Bye, bye, bye, bye, said the papa bear. Bye, bye, bye, bye, said the wee bear. And that is the story of the three soul bears.

The Fisherman and the Tourist

A boat docked in a tiny fishing village. A tourist complimented the fisherman on the quality of his fish and asked how long it took him to catch them. "Not very long," answered the fisherman. "Well, then, why didn't you stay out longer and catch more?" asked the tourist. The fisherman explained that his small catch was sufficient to meet his needs and those of his family. The tourist asked, "But what do you do with the rest of your time?" "I sleep late, fish a little, play with my children, and take a siesta with my wife. In the evenings, I go into the village to see my friends, play the guitar, and sing a few songs I have

a full life." The tourist interrupter, "I have an MBA from Harvard and I can help you! You should start by fishing long every day. You can then sell the extra fish you catch. With the extra revenue, you can buy a bigger boat. With the extra money the large boat will bring, you can buy a second one and a third one and so in until you have an entire fleet of trawlers. "Instead of selling your fish to a middle man, you can negotiate directly with the processing plants and maybe even open your own plant. You can then leave this little village and move to Mexico City, Los Angeles, or even New York City. From there you can direct your huge enterprise!" How long would that take?" asked the fisherman? Twenty, perhaps 25 years," replied the tourist. And after that?" Afterward?" That's when it gets really interesting," answered the tourist laughing. "When your business gets really big you can start selling stock and make millions!" "Millions? Really? And after that?" After that you'll be able to retire, live in a tiny village near the coast. Sleep late, play with your children, catch a few fish, take a siestas with your wife, and spend your evenings enjoying friends." How do our members balance work and family?

How the Camel got His Hump

Now this tale tells how the Camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new-andall, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of the Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and besides he was a

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Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles, most scruciating idle; and when anybody spoke to him he said, "Humph!" Just "Humph" and no more. Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, "Camel," "Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us." "Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man. Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, "Camel, " Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us." "Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man. Presently the OX came to him, with a yoke on his neck, and said, "Camel, " 30 "Camel, come and plough like the rest of us." "Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man. At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, " Three, " Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world so new-and-all); but the Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him along, and you must work double-time to make up for it." That made the Three very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and the they held a palaver, and an indaba, and a punchayet on the edge of the Desert; and the Camel cane chewing milkweed most scruciating idle, and laughed at them. The he said "Humph!" and went away again. Presently there came along a Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Djinns always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver with the Three. "Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "is it

right for anyone to be idle, with the world so new-and-all?" "Certainly not," said the Djinn. " Well, said the Horse, "there's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert Pand he is a Howler himself) with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot." "Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling, " that's my Camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he about it?" "He says, "Humph!" said the Dog; "and he won't fetch and carry. "Does he say anything else?" "Only 'Humph!'; and he won't plough," said the Ox. "Very good," said the Djinn. "I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute." The Djinn rolled himself up in his dustcloak, and took a bearing across the desert, and found the Camel most scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

"My long and bubbling friend," said the Djinn, " what's this I hear of your doing on work, with the world so new and-all? "Humph!" said the Camel. The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand, and began to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his reflection in the pool of water. "You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your scruciating idleness," said the Djinn; and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand. "Humph!" said the Camel. "I shouldn't ay that again if were you," said the Djinn; " you might say it once too often. Bubbles, I want to work." And the Camel said " Humph!" again! but no sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping humph. "Do you

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see that?" said the Djinn. "That's your very own humph that you've brought upon your very own self by not working. Today is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work." How can I," said the Camel, "with this humph on my back?" "That's made a-purpose," said the Djinn, "all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live one your humph; and don't you ever say I never did anything for you. Come out of the Desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!" And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a humph (we call it "hump" now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned how to behave.

The Frog Prince

One fine evening a young princess put on her coat and shoes, and went out to take a walk by herself in the woods. When she came to a pool of water with a rose in the middle of it, she sat down to rest a while. Now she had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favorite toy; and she was always tossing it up into the air and catching it again. After a time she threw it up so high that she missed catching it as it fell, and the ball bounced away. It rolled along the ground until at last it fell down into the pool. The princess looked into the water after her ball, but it was very deep, so deep that she couldn't see

the bottom. She began to cry and said, "If I could only get my again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world." While she was speaking, a frog put its head out of the water and said, "Princess, why do you weep so bitterly?" "Ha!" she said, "what can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the pool." The frog said, "I don't want your jewels or fine clothes; but if you will love me, and let me live with you, and eat from your golden plate, and sleep on your bed, I will bring you your ball again." "What nonsense!" thought the princess. "He can never even get out of the pool to visit me, but he may be able to get my ball. I will tell him he can have what he asks." So she said to the frog, "Well, if you bring me my ball, I'll do all you ask." Then the frog put his head down and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again with the ball in his mouth and threw it on the edge of the pool. As soon as the princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up. She was overjoyed to have it in her hand again that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her, "Stay princess, and take me with you as you said you would!" But she did not stop to hear a word. That evening, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise - tap, tap-plash, splash - as if something were coming up the marble staircase, and soon afterward there was a gentle knock at the door, and a little voice cried out and said: "Open the door, my princess dear, Open 31 the door to your true love here! And mind the

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words that you and I said. By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade." Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten. At this sight she was frightened. She slammed the door shut and as fast she could she came back to her seat. The king, her father, seeing that something has frightened her, asked her what was the matter. "There's a nasty frog," she said, "that lifted my ball for me out of the pool this morning. I told him that he should live with here, thinking that he could never get out of the pool; but there he is at the door, and he wants to come in." While she was speaking the frog knocked again at the door, and said: "Open the door, my princess dear, Open the door to your true love here! And mind the words that you and I said. By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade." Then the king said to the princess, "As you have given your word you must keep it, so go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped into the room-tap, tap-plush, plush from the bottom of the room to the top, until he came up close to the table where the princess sat. "Please lift me upon your chair," he said to the princess, "and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate nearer to me, that I may eat off of it." This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, "Now I am tired. Carry me upstairs and put me in your bed." And the princess, though very unwilling, took him up in her hand and put him upon the pillow of her own bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light the

frog jumped up, hopped downstairs, and went out of the house. "Now, then," thought the princess, "at last he's gone, and I won't be troubled with him anymore." But she was mistaken, for when the night came again she heard the same tapping at the door, and the frog came once more and said; "Open the door, my princess dear, Open the door to your true love here! And mind the words that you and I said. By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade." And when the princess opened the door the frog came in, and slept upon her pillow as before, until the morning broke. And the third night he did the same. But when the princess awoke on the following morning she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen and standing at the head of her bed. He told her that had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, who had changed him into a frog until some princess should take him out of the pool, and let him eat from her plate and sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken her cruel spell, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you and love you as long as you live" The princess, you may be sure was not long in saying "YES" to all this, and as they spoke a brightly colored coach drove up, with eight beautiful horses decked with plumes of feathers and a golden harness. They then took leave of the king and got into the coach with eight horses. Full of joy and merriment, they set out for the prince's king-

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dom, and there they lived happily ever after.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were—Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree. “Now, my dears,” said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, “you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don’t go into Mr. McGregor’s garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along, and don’t get into mischief. I am going out.” Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker’s. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries. But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor’s garden, and squeezed under the gate! First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes. And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley. But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor! Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, “Stop thief!” Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes. After losing them, he ran on four legs

and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new. Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself. Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him. And rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. IT would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it. Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each. Presently Peter sneezed— “Kerty-school!” Mr. McGregor was after him in no 32 time. And tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work. Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can. After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity—not very fast, and looking all around. He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath. An old mouse was running in and out over the stone door-step, carrying peas and beans to her family in the

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wood. Peter asked her, the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry. Then tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some gold-fish, she sat very very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny. He back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe-scr-r-itch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheel-barrow and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and beyond him was the gate! Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes. Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden. Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds. Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got hom to the big fir-tree. He was tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole and shit his eyes. His mother was busy

cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight! I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed, and made some chamomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter. "One tablespoonful to be taken at bed-time." But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

What's Wrong?

There's something-peculiar going on. The river's still there, but it might be gone for all the use it seems to be the red and white cattle. Look! There go three, down to the bank to get a drink. But they aren't drinking. They only blink on a puzzled way. And the horses, too. Hear them stamp and neigh, and see them go trotting away and away! Here comes a rabbit-he bumped his nose! He's hopping away on his chilly toes. The turtles are gone. They've dug down deep. And the bear's rolled up in a furry heap-dreaming of spring and hives of honey. The birds are going. But the blue jay cries, "There's something funny!" Surprise! Surprise! The rivers not running! The river's not wet-a bump on the beak is all you get when you go to drink! What can it be? The blue jay cries, "What's wrong with the river?" Dear me! Dear me! Do you know what's wrong? I think I do! Put on your cap and your mittens too. Put on your very warmest clothes and wrap a muffler around your nose! Open the door and we'll go outside to the frozen river.. make a slide!

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King of the Forest

Long before the forests knew the footsteps of any man, the squirrel was the king of all the woods. Among the beasts he was ruler. He was a magnificent animal. Larger than the largest lion, stronger than the strongest buffalo, swifter than the swiftest deer, wiser than the wisest owl. Yes, indeed, he was truly a ruler. Because of his position he was admired by all the beasts of the forest. For many years the squirrel rules well, but the time came when he became so impressed with his authority that he thought of no one but himself. He no longer rules unselfishly, but grew in selfishness and cruelty. As time passed, his vanity and cruelty became unbearable. Animals who had once loved him now hated and feared him. The fear and hatred for the squirrel grew until the animals felt it necessary to call the meeting of all the beasts of the forest. At this meeting a prayer was made to the Great Spirit for help. Hearing the prayer of these worried beasts, the Great Spirit came to earth in the guise of an animal and called upon the squirrel. He found the squirrel mean and ugly, and so exercising his magic power, he assumed godly form, and standing before the squirrel who cowered at this display of power. The Great Spirit told the hugh king that he was no longer worthy to rule over the beasts fo the forest and that because of his selfishness and cruelty he must be punished. With the warning, the Great Spirit cast a spell over the squirrel and the once towering king became so small that the Great Spirit could hold him in one hand. Picking up the now terrified animal, the Great Spirit

threw him high into the trees, saying, "Henceforth you shall spend your days in the trees. No longer will you have your kingly roar, but shall chatter in a harmless voice." A new king will be named—33 one who shall be kind and wise and humble; who will remain unselfish and gentle despite his authority and strength. With this, the Great Spirit vanished, leaving behind the small, shy animal we know today as the squirrel.

Coyote and the Fox

One day Coyote was going out hunting, so he picked up his bow and quiver. In his quiver he put five arrows, than he started out. The day was hot, and Coyote is always lazy anyways, so when he came to a nice large shade tree he thought he would lie down awhile. He threw down his bow and quivers and stretched out under the tree. Coyote was lying there looking up through the branches, and who do you think he saw? A great big fox. "Oh!" said Coyote, "but I am lucky. I did not have to go hunting. I just came out here a laid under a tree and there is my supper right over my head. Indeed I am lucky. Besides a good supper there is a fine fox skin up there for me." "Oh, well, I guess I am just about the luckiest one in our tribe, and besides being the luckiest in the tribe I am the best marksman, too. When I aim my arrows I never miss." "Just to prove it, I am going to take my five arrows and I will put the best arrow right here in the ground beside me, then I'll shoot one to the North, one to the South, one to the East, and one to the West." So he did—he shot all of his arrows away but one. He picked up the

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arrow he had put in the ground and said, "Now this is the arrow I am going to kill the fox with. But really, I am so good at shooting I don't even have to shoot with my hands. I am going to shoot this arrow with my toes." All this time the poor fox was sitting up in the tree listening to Coyote tell how good he was at shooting, and he was nearly frightened to death. In fact, he was trembling so he nearly fell out of the tree. Coyote picked up his arrow, placed it between his toes, then aimed it very carefully through the branches, then let it fly. But something happened and the arrow did not hit the fox. So, when the fox discovered he had not been shot, he jumped out of the tree and ran away. When he had gone a safe distance he called back "Well, next time Coyote, don't be so sure of yourself- and don't be so boastful."

The Book Ends

One day a young boy brought home from school a pair of bookends that he had made at school. He said, "Father, I made them myself. No one helped me." Now the father wished to teach his son a lesson. He said, "My son, you say you made these all by yourself? What are they made of?" The son replied, "They are made of wood, paint, glue, nails, and varnish." The father then asked, "What tools did you use?" the son said, "I used a saw, knife, hammer, and brush." The father then said, "You say you made these yourself, but I think that more than 100 people helped you. It took lots of hardworking men to cut down the tree and haul them to the mill. Another group of men delivered the wood to the

lumber yard where the wood was purchased. You used a knife and hammer which started out as ore in the ground. Miners had to dig it up and put it on to cars which were pulled by engines to the steel mills. Here it was made into many useful tools like a hammer and a knife. Still other people helped ship these articles. Others sold it to the stores, and another force of people helped make the glue you used. Varnish was also manufactured as were the nails which hold your bookends together." When the father had finished talking, the son was astonished and said- "I never knew that we depend so much upon other people for help.. I'll never again say I made it all by myself." The father said, "Let us remember that do not live unto ourselves. In order to live happily and successfully, we must all learn to cooperate with our fellowmen. We need other's help and they need ours. Let's appreciate the millions of people who help make our clothes, prepare our food, build our houses, our churches, schools, and the many playthings we enjoy. Let us also give thanks for the blessings we enjoy."

Stretching the Truth

One night Little Otter rushed into the tepee and said excitedly, "Mother, I just saw a thousand deer in the meadow." Mother said, "Are you sure? Did you count them?" Olt was so dark I couldn't count them. I think there were at least a hundred." Mother said, "are you sure, my son?" "Well, I know there were at least ten," said Little Otter, you did not count the deer, how do you know?" Little Otter became impatient and said, "Well,

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I know there were two deer anyway' a big buck and a small one." The Chief of the tribe had listened to the conversation. He said, "Little Otter, I want to tell you a story. When I was a young brave I was in the habit of stretching the truth because I had not learned the importance of being accurate. In my tribe, the Okeewa, I was responsible for keeping track of the food. As animal meat, herbs, roots, berries, and other foods were brought to me; I would store them in the ground and cover them well. One day Big Chief Kiyi came to me and asked if there was plenty of food for a big tribal feast and ceremony. In haste I took a quick glance at the food which was stored away in the ground. I did not take time to count the number of carcasses of deer, or any of the other food supplies. Instead I became careless and took a chance in reporting what I saw at a quick glance. I reported to the Chief that there was plenty of food. When the day of the big feast came I very much embarrassed to find there was a big shortage of food and that many of the squaws and little braves and papooses and warriors would not have enough to eat. The Chief was very angry, as were many of the braves. Had it not been for a quick thinking Watosia got on his Pinto horse and galloped away in a cloud of dust. Soon he returned with his arms loaded with food as well as large bags of food thrown over his horse. He had borrowed much food from a nearby tribe, promising to pay back what he borrowed. To teach me a lesson, the Chief had required me to hunt many days for deer, as well as other foods. From that day on I made up my mind to

be more accurate and never, never, to stretch the truth or exaggerate.

Little Flying Cloud

Little Flying Cloud didn't lead a very happy life because he couldn't run fast, he couldn't shoot very well with a bow and arrow, he was a pretty poor hunter. This was because his father had been killed while hunting buffalo many seasons ago and couldn't teach him these things. Other sons made fun of him, teased him, never invited him to play games or hunt in the forest with them. But they became curious because Little Flying Cloud would slip out of the village and be gone most of the morning or afternoon many times. They followed him one day to his hidden cave and, from hiding watched him play with several chipmunks and rabbits that had tames. They came out of hiding and asked Little Flying Cloud to them how to tame the wild animals and make them friends. This he did, and he became very popular with others because they discovered that he knew much more about the small animals of the forest than they did. They, in turn gave him special lessons in swimming, and how to shoot a bow and arrow. Now Little Flying Cloud was very happy and was the best liked little brave in the village.

STORY-TELLING

Continued

Can you think of other kids in class at school who don't have much fun? Why don't they? Can you help them? How?

Is there some boy or girl who lives near you who doesn't have a dad? Could one of your dads bring him or her along as a second "child" ? If so, how could we help him or her have fun in our Circle or help him feel at home?

Who can we think of who might enjoy being invited to join our Circle? How can we get them to the next meeting? Who will visit them to invite them?

Y ADVENTURE GUIDES

Y ADVENTURE GUIDES

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