

DOWNLOAD PDF WHY A MONKEYS NOT A MAN: A WEST AFRICAN FABLE

Chapter 1 : MONKEY BUSINESS by Shirley Climo , Erik Brooks | Kirkus Reviews

A stubborn man disobeys the law and does not stay home when spirits are out Two sisters and an old man A west African cinderella story - about a girl and her wicked step sister.

According to a famous local fable in the South West Region of Nigeria, the original intention of the creator was to make monkey look precisely like man. The monkey suddenly started yelling across town, telling anyone that cared to listen that very soon it shall take the exact form of man. This, explains the fable, is why monkeys share certain traits with man. For instance, monkeys are generally considered to be particularly intelligent animals. Unlike other animals such as dogs, goats, cows, sheep etc that are reared and eaten, the nearest place where a glimpse of monkeys could be gotten is in the zoo. Here, monkeys either stay in the zoo or in the jungle. But all that seems to have changed now as monkeys have decided to infiltrate town under a new guise called Monkey Pox which is a viral illness caused by a group of viruses that include Chicken Pox and Small Pox. The first case of the virus was said to have been discovered in the Democratic Republic of Congo and it had afterward spreads into the West African region. The virus has two types, the Central African and the West African types with the latter being milder and having no records of mortality. Sadly, Nigeria seems to be having her own fair share of this awful monkey business. Fortunately, there has not been any reported case of mortality arising from the virus outbreak. A NCDC source claimed that Public health authorities across the country have been well informed on what to do when a suspected case arises. The Federal Government had equally activated emergency operation centres in affected States to coordinate investigation and response in affected states. This was revealed by the State Commissioner for Health, Dr. Jide Idris, who disclosed that though the two cases are yet to be confirmed Monkey Pox, Government opted to be proactive for the safety of residents. Part of such safety measures according to Dr. Idris was to quarantine the two suspects in their various houses pending the result of some medical tests conducted on them. Consequently, the State Government is advising members of the public to observe and maintain a high standard of personal and environmental hygiene at all times as part of the precautionary measures to prevent the spread of the virus. Experts have revealed that while there is no specific vaccine for the disease, vaccination against Small Pox has been proven to be 85 percent effective in preventing Monkey Pox. There is also no specific anti-viral therapy for Monkey Pox. However, the disease is self-limiting and could be managed conservatively. The symptoms of Monkey Pox in human is similar to those in Small Pox patient, though less severe. Such symptoms include rash, fever, chills, sweats, headache, backache, lymphadenopathy, sore-throats, cough and shortness of breath. The main difference between symptoms of smallpox and Monkey Pox is that Monkey Pox causes lymph nodes to swell while smallpox does not. Within the first three days or more, after the appearance of fever, the patient develops a rash, often beginning on the face then spreading to other parts of the body. Monkey Pox virus occurs when a person comes into contact with the virus from an animal, human, or materials contaminated with the virus. The virus enters the body through broken skin even if not visible , respiratory tract or the mucous membranes eyes, nose, or mouth. Animal-to-human transmission may occur by bite or scratch, bush meat preparation, direct contact with body fluids or lesion material, or indirect contact with lesion material, such as through contaminated bedding. Human-to-human transmission is thought to occur primarily through large respiratory droplets. Other human-to-human methods of transmission include direct contact with body fluids or lesion material, and indirect contact with lesion material, such as through contaminated clothing or linens. In order to improve case detection, health workers are to have a high index of suspicion any person with the above symptoms. The preventive measures to be taken against the spread of the disease include avoiding close contact with infected people, avoiding consumption of bush meat and dead animals, cooking of meat and meat product thoroughly before eating and washing hands with soap and running water frequently and thoroughly. In our characteristic way of trivializing such sensitive issues, as the nation grapples with the reality of Monkey Pox, the whole monkey business took

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a comical dimension with an alleged report that the outbreak of the virus in Bayelsa State was as a result of a free medical care exercise it is allegedly administered in some parts of the Niger Delta. It took a statement from the Minister of Information and Culture, Alhaji Lai Mohammed, to deflate the supposed report. According to the Minister, the Federal Government has not conducted any free medical service or care in either Bayelsa or Rivers state, as alleged in the said report. This time calls for sobriety and vigilance. Our national borders must be properly safeguarded to ensure that no one with the virus comes into the country. Similarly, schools and other such public institutions must not compromise hygiene. Public health officials must pay routine visits to schools in order to ensure compliance with accepted hygiene standard. Perhaps more importantly, everybody must be watchful of their health situation and swiftly report any odd health situation to the nearest medical facility. Failure to do this at the right moment may possibly jeopardize numerous lives. This is not exactly the moment in time to play with health related issues. Every household must continue to preach and imbibe positive hygiene measures to guide against harmful tendencies that could jeopardize family health.

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Chapter 2 : African Stories - Fairy tales from African Countries

Why a monkey's not a man: a West African fable --The people of the trees: a story from the Congo --Bassa proverb, Ivory Coast --The monkey, the rats.

In this story there are two cats in the jungle of West Africa. One day the two cats come across a big block of cheese. The two cats ask among themselves, who will be able to divide the cheese fairly. Then a monkey came along to help the divide the cheese. He told them he could make the cheese equal for them, the cats said yes. The monkey then split the cheese into and gave it to the cats. The cats thank the monkey, but the monkey stopped them from eating the cheese, and said that the cheese was not equal he had made a mistake. The monkey then started to divide the cheese even more, but this time he made them equal by taking bits out of the cheese. Each time he gave the cats the cheese he found something wrong with the pieces of cheese. He continued to take bites out of the cheese. The monkey continued to bite the cheese until he was full and the cheese was very small. He then gave the two cats their pieces of chesses to eat. The cats then began to argue that the other had the bigger piece. The monkey was happy, while the two cats continued to argue. The plot of the story was based on a sequence of events in straightforward chronology order. I say this because the story just followed event after event. The conflict of the story was self verses others. This was the cats against each other and the monkey against the cats. The appropriate age range for this book would be nursery to primary. I say this because the book is short and has few words that primary children can read. This is good for caregivers to read to nursery age because they can enjoy the book being read and also the pictures. I say this book is also the two age ranges, because you can begin to teach the concepts of sharing with other, and being fair. The artistic elements of this book were good. The illustrations were very colorful. The pictures had very definite lines and shape to display each object and character on the page. The pictures styles of art includes impressionist art, to give the book a somewhat realists appeal with the details, the artist also used outline style to give the book a cartoon fill. I would recommend this book to caregivers of young children. This book was entertaining and the silliness of the book also created drama. This drama made you want to read more and more. I would also say that the book has many lessons in it to teach. You can teach sharing, being fair, animals, settings, foods, and show math with the breaking of the cheeses. So I would definitely recommend this book to others to give to children to read, or to read to them. I would give this book five stars, because it is entertaining and a book I will always remember.

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Chapter 3 : The Clever Monkey: A Folktale from West Africa by Rob Cleveland

A west African folk tale - Monkey thinks he can be king of all animals but Tortoise soon puts him in his place. How the chimpanzee's bottom got swollen and red Tortoise and Monkey were having a discussion when Monkey began to boast about how he would become king of all the animals saying?Of all the animals, I am most like Man so I should be king?.

Commentary on African folktales and a companion blog to www. It looked like a good source since the Arabs had the earliest recorded contact with West Africa but I suspected it may be a difficult book to read. I went to Barnes and Noble, hoping to glance through a copy before purchasing but it was not in the store, so I ordered it in, waited a couple of days and went to check it out. A quick glance confirmed my suspicions – only those with scholarly intent and ability could succeed in deciphering the text, it obviously is not meant for a leisurely evening read after a hard days work. Already impatient to read something, I strolled to the history section in the book store to see what I might find and ended up with a copy of Africa: A Biography of the Continent by John Reader. The book covers African history from the formation of the landmass referencing archeological evidence and present day with a huge gulf in between. I was disappointed that the coverage of Mansa Musa and the Mali kingdom was rather cursory but have learned of others such as Aksum and Jenne-jeno as well as the events and politics leading up to the formation of present day African countries - events which seem to be the essence of the fable below by Jomo Kenyatta , the first Prime Minister and President of an independent Kenya. A Response to Imperialism by Jomo Kenyatta Once upon a time an elephant made a friendship with a man. One day a heavy thunderstorm broke out, the elephant went to his friend, who had a little hut at the edge of the forest, and said to him: Please put your trunk in gently. The man, seeing what his friend had done to him, started to grumble, the animals in the nearby forest heard the noise and came to see what was the matter. All stood around listening to the heated argument between the man and his friend the elephant. In this turmoil the lion came along roaring, and said in a loud voice: How dare anyone disturb the peace of my kingdom? I have only been having a little discussion with my friend here as to the possession of this little hut which your lordship sees me occupying. Do not grumble any more, your hut is not lost to you. Wait until the sitting of my Imperial Commission, and there you will be given plenty of opportunity to state your case. I am sure that you will be pleased with the findings of the Commission. The elephant, obeying the command of his master, got busy with other ministers to appoint the Commission of Enquiry. The following elders of the jungle were appointed to sit in the Commission: Alligator; 4 The Rt. Fox to act as chairman; and 5 Mr. Leopard to act as Secretary to the Commission. On seeing the personnel, the man protested and asked if it was not necessary to include in this Commission a member from his side. But he was told that it was impossible, since no one from his side was well enough educated to understand the intricacy of jungle law. Further, that there was nothing to fear, for the members of the Commission were all men of repute for their impartiality in justice, and as they were gentlemen chosen by God to look after the interest of races less adequately endowed with teeth and claws, he might rest assured that they would investigate the matter with the greatest care and report impartially. The Commission sat to take the evidence. Elephant was first called. He came along with a superior air, brushing his tusks with a sapling which Mrs. Elephant had provided, and in an authoritative voice said: I have always regarded it as my duty to protect the interests of my friends, and this appears to have caused the misunderstanding between myself and my friend here. He invited me to save his hut from being blown away by a hurricane. Hyena and other elders of the jungle, who all supported what Mr. They then called the man, who began to give his own account of the dispute. But the Commission cut him short, saying: We have already heard the circumstances from various unbiased sources; all we wish you to tell us is whether the undeveloped space in your hut was occupied by anyone else before Mr. Elephant assumed his position? After enjoying a delicious meal at the expense of the Rt. Elephant, they reached their verdict, called the man, and declared as follows: We consider that Mr. Elephant has fulfilled his sacred duty of protecting your interests. As it is clearly for your good that the space should be put to its most economic use, and as you yourself have

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not yet reached the stage of expansion which would enable you to fill it, we consider it necessary to arrange a compromise to suit both parties. Elephant shall continue his occupation of your hut, but we give you permission to look for a site where you can build another hut more suited to your needs, and we will see that you are well protected. But no sooner had he built another hut than Mr. Rhinoceros charged in with his horn lowered and ordered the man to quit. A Royal Commission was again appointed to look into the matter, and the same finding was given. This procedure was repeated until Mr. Hyena and the rest were all accommodated with new huts. Then the man decided that he must adopt an effective method of protection, since Commissions of Enquiry did not seem to be of any use to him. He sat down and said: Early one morning, when the huts already occupied by the jungle lords were all beginning to decay and fall to pieces, he went out and built a bigger and better hut a little distance away. No sooner had Mr. Rhinoceros seen it than he came rushing in, only to find that Mr. Elephant was already inside, sound asleep. Leopard next came in at the window, Mr. Buffalo entered the doors, while Mr. Hyena howled for a place in the shade and Mr. Alligator basked on the roof. Presently they all began disputing about their rights of penetration, and from disputing they came to fighting, and while they were embroiled together the man set the hut on fire and burnt it to the ground, jungle lords and all.

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Chapter 4 : The Monkey's Heart: Folktales of type 91

Why a monkey's not a man: a West African fable: The people of the trees: a story from the Congo: Bassa proverb, Ivory Coast: The monkey, the rats, the cheese: a Cape Verde Islands tale.

He lived in a village with his relatives and all kinds of other animals: Each respected the other, and they went out of their way to be friendly and useful to each other. The elephant

How the tortoise got its scars - admin

The grass shrivelled up and turned a pale grey. Rivers and pools dried up. All day long animals scurried around looking for food and finding nothing. Mr Tortoise was getting desperate. Every day he woke up to the sound of his wife and children crying. The bride and groom invited all the animals in the whole land. Those who had wings and could fly obviously would have no problem attending but those

Monkey and the shark - admin

Monkey lived on the branches of an old mangrove tree, right on the spot where the land ends and the sea begins. He liked living here. There were lots of other animals to talk to and play with, most of them much smaller than he was, which he particularl

The Considerate Hunter - admin

Once upon a time there lived a hunter called Ajakasi. Many hunters lived in his village. Some hunters used guns, some used bows and arrows, others used sticks and cutlasses to do their hunting. Ajakasi went on a hunting expedition early one morning. Hare was a very vain creature. He was always going around putting o

The hunter and the lion - Frans Timmermans

Once upon a time there was a chief in a village near the bush. This man had many sons, and one of them was the best hunter in the whole land. Whenever he went out hunting, he always managed to bring back much more meat than any of the other hunters in

The lazy townspeople - admin

Once upon a time there was a town where all the people were exceedingly lazy. He had a daughter called Gbeofia, meaning queen of beauty. Gbeyor had given this name to his daughter because she was the most beautiful girl in the whole village. When she h

The reason why the crab has a shell - admin

Once upon a time there lived a woman whose name was Aftermath. She had one daughter, whose name was Akuvi. Her husband had died when the girl was still very young. The village was named after him because in those days he was the wealthiest man in the whole area. Because of that all her husbands kept leaving her. One day she was feeling so sad, miserable and lonely that she decided to go and see a witch doctor, for him to help her have a baby.

The

The wisdom of the Eagle and the treachery of the Hyena. It was a fine sunny day and he was looking forward to catching some morsels to eat. But as he was sniffing around, he fell into a hidden trap set by a hunter. He found himself at the bottom of a ho

Why Spider has a bald head - admin

Mr Spider, who is popularly known as Ananse, is renowned to be a man of tricks. Have you ever asked yourself why he is bald? This is the story of how this came about. One afternoon, after Mr spider had enjoyed his lunch, he sat down in his yard to rela

Why the Bat flies at Night - Frans Timmermans

Once upon a time, in the distant past, there was a great war between the animals who live in the sky and those that live on the ground. Nobody now remembers how the war started or what it was about, but it was a terrible time. Many animals on both sides were wounded or killed, and eventually somebody said that if they carried on like this, there would be no animals left on the earth. So some of the sky animals and some of the ground animals had a meeting, and as nobody could recall what they were fighting each other for, it was agreed that a truce should be called, and peace declared.

Why the Crab has no Head - Frans Timmermans

A very long time ago, before man came along to upset the natural balance, all animals lived together peacefully. But in those days, none of the animals had heads of their own, except the elephant, who was the King of the animals. He had a large collection of heads in all shapes and sizes, which he kept stored in a large cave. Every time an animal wished to leave the village compound to go out into the field or the bush, he would go to the elephant first and ask to borrow a head.

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Chapter 5 : African Folk Tales : Moral Stories : Fairy Tales, Stories : English Stories

Why a monkey's not a man: a West African fable --The people of the trees: a story from the Congo --Bassa proverb, Ivory Coast --The monkey, the rats, the cheese: a Cape Verde Islands tale --The baboon and the shark: a folktale from Liberia --Gola proverb, West Africa --Monkey ancestors: Lemurs in Madagasgar --Speaking of monkeys --The first.

Of all the animals, I am most like Man so I should be king?. You cannot be king for Lion is king and is very powerful?. Yet, Man has power over Lion and I am most like Man?. Tortoise felt threatened by this claim, not knowing what might happen if Monkey decided to start acting like Man. You see, Tortoise was not powerful, but what he lacked in strength, he made up in wit. And he knew and understood every animal? But if the monkey was going to start acting in unpredictable ways, he did not want any of that. Tortoise decided to act quickly to put Monkey back in his place. Tortoise went home to prepare some akara into which he added some fresh honey. When he was done, he put the akara in a basket and took it to Lion? The akara was warm and its aroma hung in the air so that Lion soon came out to see where it was coming from. He picked one ball of akara and ate it and this akara was sweeter than any akara he had ever eaten before. He ate another one, and then another one until all the akara was gone. Lion had a huge appetite and this was the best akara he had ever had, so he wanted some more. Who brought these akara?? He searched the surrounding area and quickly found Tortoise. He grabbed Tortoise by the neck and asked him? How did these akara get here?. Tortoise quivered and shook and frighteningly said? I promised not to tell?. But Lion insisted he tell? He told Lion that that was no akara at all but Monkey? Lion immediately headed to Monkey? When he saw Monkey, he asked him? Give me sweet feces?. Monkey was confused and gave Lion a blank stare. Lion roared at him? I said give me sweet feces!?. Monkey was terrified and defecated on the spot. It was not sweet and Lion was mad. He started to beat Monkey while ordering him to make sweet feces until Monkey? Since then, Monkey has shelved his ambition to become king of all the animals.

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Chapter 6 : Ashanti of Ghana: How Spider Obtained the Sky-God's Stories | blog.quintoapp.com

The hatseller and the monkeys: a West African folktale A man sets off to sell his hats, only to have them stolen by a treeful of mischievous monkeys. Humorous antics follow as the man outsmarts the monkeys to get his hats back.

Jack Eidt â€™ Posted on July 31, Posted in: He often takes the shape of a spider and is considered to be the god of all knowledge of stories. He is also one of the most important characters of West African and Caribbean folklore. Once there were no stories in the world. First he went to where Python lived and debated out loud whether Python was really longer than the palm branch or not as his wife Aso says. Python overheard and, when Anansi explained the debate, agreed to lie along the palm branch. Because he cannot easily make himself completely straight a true impression of his actual length is difficult to obtain, so Python agreed to be tied to the branch. When he was completely tied, Anansi took him to the sky god. To catch the leopard, Anansi dug a deep hole in the ground. When the leopard fell in the hole Anansi offered to help him out with his webs. The Anansi tales are believed to have originated in the Ashanti people in Ghana. Prior to European colonization, the Ashanti people developed a large and influential empire in West Africa. The Ashanti later developed the powerful Ashanti Confederacy or Asanteman and became the dominant presence in the region. The Asantehene is the political and spiritual head of the Asantes. To catch the hornets, Anansi filled a calabash with water and poured some over a banana leaf he held over his head and some over the nest, calling out that it was raining. He suggested the hornets get into the empty calabash, and when they obliged, he quickly sealed the opening. He placed the doll under the Odum Tree of Life where the fairies play and put some yam in a bowl in front of it. Annoyed at its bad manners she struck it, first with one hand then the other. The hands stuck and Anansi captured her. Anansi handed his captives over to Nyan the sky god. No more shall we call them the sky god stories, but we shall call them the spider stories! This is my story which I have related. If it be sweet, or if it be not sweet, take some elsewhere, and let some come back to me. Anansi the trickster is a West African God. The word Anansi is Akan and means, simply, spider. In some beliefs, Anansi is responsible for creating the sun, the stars and the moon, as well as teaching mankind the techniques of agriculture.

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Chapter 7 : Types of Monkeys | Animal Pictures and Facts | blog.quintoapp.com

An African Fable by M.J. York with REAL animals courtesy of National Geographic. Story. Narration by Daddy Phantom PhotoTron Monkey and Mouse voice: Sarah B. Finley.

The Heart of a Monkey Africa, Swahili A long time ago a little town made up of a collection of low huts stood in a tiny green valley at the foot of a cliff. Of course the people had taken great care to build their houses out of reach of the highest tide which might be driven on shore by a west wind, but on the very edge of the town there had sprung up a tree so large that half its boughs hung over the huts and the other half over the deep sea right under the cliff, where sharks loved to come and splash in the clear water. The branches of the tree itself were laden with fruit, and every day at sunrise a big gray monkey might have been seen sitting in the topmost branches having his breakfast, and chattering to himself with delight. After he had eaten all the fruit on the town side of the tree the monkey swung himself along the branches to the part which hung over the water. While he was looking out for a nice shady place where he might perch comfortably, he noticed a shark watching him from below with greedy eyes. And I am so very, very tired of the taste of salt. However, the second time the monkey had better luck, and the fruit fell right in. For weeks the monkey and the shark breakfasted together, and it was a wonder that the tree had any fruit left for them. They became fast friends, and told each other about their homes and their children, and how to teach them all they ought to know. By and by the monkey became rather discontented with his green house in a grove of palms beyond the town, and longed to see the strange things under the sea which he had heard of from the shark. The shark perceived this very clearly, and described greater marvels. And the monkey, as he listened, grew more and more gloomy. Matters were in this state when one day the shark said, "I really hardly know how to thank you for your kindness to me during these weeks. Here I have nothing of my own to offer you, but if you would only consent to come home with me, how gladly would I give you anything that might happen to take your fancy. Not by water, Ugh! It makes me ill to think of it! After a few minutes -- for at first he felt a little frightened at his strange position -- the monkey began to enjoy himself vastly, and asked the shark a thousand questions about the fish and the seaweeds and the oddly shaped things that floated past them, and as the shark always gave him some sort of answer, the monkey never guessed that many of the objects they saw were as new to his guide as to himself. The sun had risen and set six times when the shark suddenly said, "My friend, we have now performed half our journey, and it is time that I should tell you something. But the monkey, who now understood the whole plot, did not answer at once, for he was considering what he should say. With a sigh of relief the monkey caught hold of the nearest branch and swung himself up. Then he curled himself up and went to sleep. The monkey awoke with a start, but did not answer. I am here," replied the monkey; "but I wish you had not wakened me up. I was having such a nice nap. And I wish you would be quick, or we may be too late to save the sultan. And as I am not feeling very well, and am afraid to start while the sun is so high lest I should get a sunstroke, if you like, I will come a little nearer and tell you his story. A washerman once lived in the great forest on the other side of the town, and he had a donkey to keep him company and to carry him wherever he wanted to go. One day as she was tasting quite a new kind of grass and wondering if it was as good as what she had had for dinner the day before, a hare happened to pass by. Now the lion had been very ill and was not strong enough to go hunting for himself, and when the hare came and told him that a very fat donkey was to be found only a few hundred yards off, tears of disappointment and weakness filled his eyes. May I inquire what the business is? He regrets deeply that he is unable to make the request in person, but he has been ill and is too weak to move. It took a long while, for the donkey was so fat with eating she could only walk very slowly, and the hare, who could have run the distance in about five minutes, was obliged to creep along till she almost dropped with fatigue at not being able to go at her own pace. When at last they arrived the lion was sitting up at the entrance, looking very pale and thin. The donkey suddenly grew shy and hung her head, but the lion put on his best manners and invited both his visitors to come in and make themselves

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comfortable. Very soon the hare go up and said, "Well, as I have another engagement I will leave you to make acquaintance with your future husband," and winking at the lion she bounded away. The donkey expected that as soon as they were left alone the lion would begin to speak of their marriage, and where they should live, but as he said nothing she looked up. To her surprise and terror she saw him crouching in the corner, his eyes glaring with a red light, and with a loud roar he sprang towards her. But in that moment the donkey had had time to prepare herself, and jumping on one side dealt the lion such a hard kick that he shrieked with the pain. Again and again he struck at her with his claws, but the donkey could bite too, as well as the lion, who was very weak after his illness, and at last a well planted kick knocked him right over, and he rolled on the floor, groaning with pain. The donkey did not wait for him to get up, but ran away as fast as she could and was lost in the forest. Now the hare, who knew quite well what would happen, had not gone to do her business, but hid herself in some bushes behind the cave, where she could hear quite clearly the sounds of the battle. When all was quiet again she crept gently out, and stole round the corner. I never knew a donkey could kick like that, though I took care she should carry away the marks of my claws. Fancy such a great fat creature being able to fight! Just lie still, and your wounds will soon heal," and she bade her friend good-bye, and returned to her family. Shall I go and bring you your dinner? This time the donkey was much further than before, and it took longer to find her. At last the hare caught sight of four hoofs in the air, and ran towards them. The donkey was lying on a soft cool bed of moss near a stream, rolling herself backwards and forwards from pleasure. What news have you got? But let us be quick," and rather unwillingly the donkey set out. The lion saw them coming and hid himself behind a large tree. As the donkey went past, followed by the hare, he sprang out, and with one blow of his paw stretched the poor foolish creature dead before him. The rest you can either eat yourself or give away to your friends. As soon as it was cooked, the hare took out the heart and had just finished eating it when the lion, who was tired of waiting, came up. It is just what I want for supper. What do you mean? If the donkey had had a heart would she be here now? The first time she came she knew you were trying to kill her, and ran away. Yet she came back a second time. Well, if she had had a heart would she have come back a second time? And as the sun is getting low in the sky, it is time for you to begin your homeward journey. You will have a nice cool voyage, and I hope you will find the sultan better. Longmans, Green, and Company, , pp. Swahili Tales by Edward Steere. The version related here assumes that intelligence is seated in the heart. He was the first to come and the last to go. Well, there was one time when he went too far and stayed too late, because a big rain came during the time when they were playing and dancing, and when Brer Rabbit put out for home, he found that a big freshet had come and gone. There was a ferry there for times like this, but it looked like it was a bigger freshet than what they had counted on. Brer Rabbit, he sat on the bank and wiped the damp out of his face and eyes, and then he hollered for the man that ran the ferry. He hollered and hollered, and by and by he heard someone answer him, and he looked a little closer, and there was the man -- his name was Jerry -- way up in the top limbs of a tree. And he looked still closer, and he saw that Jerry had company, because there was old Brer Bear sitting at the foot of the tree waiting for Jerry to come down, so he could tell him howdy. Well, sir, Brer Rabbit took notice that there was something more than dampness between them, and he started to holler again, and he hollered so loud and he hollered so long that he woke up old Brer Alligator. He allowed to himself, he did, "Who in the nation is this trying to holler the bottom out of the creek? He shut one eye, and then he shut the other one, but there was no sleeping in that neighborhood. He rose, he did, and his two eyes looked exactly like two bullets floating on the water. He rose and winked his eye and asked Brer Rabbit howdy, and more especially how was his daughter. Brer Rabbit, he said that there was no telling how his daughter was, because when he left home her head was swelling. Over yonder in the far wood is where my daughter is lying with a headache, and here is her pa, and between us is the boiling creek. He groaned, he did, and floated backwards and forwards like a tired canoe. He said, "Brer Rabbit, if there ever was a rover, you are one. Up you come and off you go, and there is no more keeping up with you than if you had wings. He allowed, said he, "Brer Gator, how deep is that water that you are floating in? How in the name of goodness are you going to put me across this slippery water? I hear old folks say that you can knock a chip

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from the back of your head with the tip end of your tail and never half try. It was that way when it was given to me. Brer Rabbit, he began to shake like he was having a chill. He allowed, "I feel that damp, Brer Gator, that I might just as well be in water up to my chin! Brer Rabbit looked up, he looked down, and he looked all around. He scarcely knew what to do. He allowed, "Brer Gator, your back is mighty rough. How am I going to ride on it? You can just get your feet on the bumps and kind of brace yourself when you think you see a log floating at us. You can just sit up there the same as if you were sitting at home in your rocking chair. Brer Rabbit shook his head, but he got on, he did, and he had no sooner gotten on than he wished mighty hard that he was off. You set the dry grass afire and burned me scandalously. You burned me until I had to quench the burning in the big quagmire. He sat there a-shaking and a-shivering. By and by he allowed, said he, "What are you going to do, Brer Gator?"

Chapter 8 : Folktales - Folk Tales from West Africa

The Clever Monkey, a folktale from West Africa, is an entertaining story to begin teaching children about folktales. After reading this story with your children, they can easily get into groups of three and begin retelling the story.

Chapter 9 : Green monkey - Wikipedia

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived a spider named Anansi. Anansi's wife was a very good cook. But always, Anansi loved to taste the food that others in the village made for themselves and for their families.