the Storytelling Project

PARTICIPANT MANUAL





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SESSION 1



Sturt's Desert Pea

An Australian Aboriginal Tale



There once was a river tribe living in Australia. A man from another tribe had come to visit. His name was Wimbakabolo. Also in this river tribe was a young, beautiful woman named Purleemil. She had been promised to the chief of the river tribe named Tirtla. He was very fierce and had killed two of his wives before.

The river tribe woke up one morning and discovered that Wimbakabolo was gone. Not only was he gone, but Purleemil was gone as well. They were upset and ready to run after them and kill Wimbakabolo.

The main elder said, "Gather your weapons, we will run after these fugitives, Wimbakabolo and Purleemil. We will slay him and bring the woman back to Tirtla, and Tirtla can do as he pleases."

The river tribe warriors painted themselves in full war paint and armed themselves with weapons. For two days they followed the tracks of the fugitives. On the third day they saw the camp fires.

The elder said, "We will send a messenger and tell them to give up Wimbakabolo and Purleemil or we will kill them all."

The messengers came and demanded to have the fugitives.

The elders of the other tribe pondered on what to do.

Purleemil appeared before the elders and cried, "Do not send me back to old Tirtla. He has killed two of his wives," she sobbed.

Wimbakabolo, whose father had been the chief of this desert tribe yelled, "Cease your crying. I give you up to no man. Rather I would slay you with my spear. Let Tirtla be a man and come fight me here. My elders, you remember my father. He found food for us when we were hungry. He slew your enemies as if they were ants. Even as he fought for you, his son, me myself, will do the same. Support me here."

Wimbakabolo drew himself up and looked so powerful and fierce with a weapon in his hand that the elders cried out, "Yes, yes, we will support you."

The elders sent a messenger back to the river tribe. They sent a message that said that Tirtla was to come and fight Wimbakabolo. The message was sent but no one came.

Wimbakabolo and Purleemil lived in peace with the desert tribe and everyone loved them. He was a great hunter and she was the singer of sweet songs. After awhile the cold winds began to blow and tribe moved to the far side of a lake where there were more trees for firewood, because it was almost winter.

Purleemil had a son, and her son was really big. All the tribe called him the "Little Chief". All the tribe brought him boomerangs and throwing sticks. The mother's eyes shone with pride and the father's chest stood out in pride when he

looked at his wife and son. Purleemil would sing beautiful songs to her son and he would laugh. Everyone was happy that they had not given up Purleemil to Tirtla, the wife slayer.

Soon winter had passed. The desert tribe was ready to return to their hunting ground. Purleemil was sad all of a sudden. She stopped singing her songs. The spirits had told her that something terrible was going to happen.

She looked at her husband and said, "Dear husband let us stay at the winter camp. I am afraid we will lose our Little Chief if we go. Dark would be our lives without him. He is the sun that brightens our days, without him our days would be dark as a grave."

But Wimbakabolo would not listen. "The tribe will think I am a coward. I must go."

She responded, "But husband please listen to me. I know that terrible things will happen if we go there."

"Dear wife, of course we must protect Little Chief, and I can do that," Wimbakabolo said.

"The spirits come to me in every breeze and they say that misfortune is at hand," Purleemil retorted.

"No, no, you are wrong," Wimbakabolo said.

Well, Purleemil hugged her child and said no more, and off they went to the hunting ground.

One night when the desert tribe was asleep, Tirtla led the river tribe to the desert tribe's village. They crept around the defenseless, sleeping tribe, closer and closer.

Little Chief cried in his sleep, and Purleemil crooned him to sleep with a song. The song told him they he would live forever and he would be the brightest most beautiful thing on the plains. A dog growled. Wimbakabolo was on his feet. Just then, yes just then, Tirtla and his tribe struck. They killed every man, woman and child. Little Chief's body was pierced with a jagged spear. Purleemil saw this and also saw Wimbakabolo's body dead on the ground. She picked up her child and then pierced her own heart with the spear that was through is body. It was a terrible tragedy. All lay dead.

The next season, Tirtla wanted to return to the hunting ground to see his great victory. It was night when he approached, and he saw lights moving across the ground. This meant that the spirits of the dead were moving. None of his men would go with him the next morning when he went to look at the ground. He thought he would see the dried bones of the dead in the sun. But instead he saw brilliant red flowers spreading all over the ground. He had never seen such flowers before.

All of a sudden he looked up to the sky and spear came down and spilt him in half. As he died he could her Purleemil singing as salty tears hit his face. The fresh water lake had turned to salt and he landed in it with spear piercing him. ■

ACTIVITY

On a piece of drawng paper with markers, draw the most vivid image that you can think of from this story. Share your drawing with the group.

SESSION 2



Animal Warm Up

I'm _____
Name

and I'm _____ .
Animal Name

Think of an animal you'd like to be and sound it makes to use for this game. Play it like "I'm going to New York and taking a tooth brush." The second person in the circle has to repeat what the first person said plus his statement. The third person repeats first and second person's statements plus his, etc.

The Stages of Sturt's Desert Pea, the Blood Flower

This exercise will help you understand the stages of stories and will use the story Sturt's Desert Pea, the Blood Flower. In this exercise, you will be asked to find parts of the story that fit each of the stages of stories. The stages we will use are Normal, Separation, Tests and Helpers and Return. Below is a description of each of these stages.

NORMAL: Life is going on as usual.

SEPARATION: The character must leave home or family to prove his character or to help others. There is a call to adventure. And often a helper appears to give the hero or heroine advice.

TESTS: The character goes through very serious tests that prove his or her character. These initiations include battles, dismemberment, journeys into the unknown and being abducted. The character often has **helpers** during these tests. **Tests are the central element of stories.**

HELPERS: Characteristics of heroes. Helpers can be another person, spiritual help, or characteristics that you have or learn.

RETURN: The hero or heroine returns after the initiation to his or her society, community, and family. By surviving the tests, the hero or heroine gives hope that others can survive the tests. The hero or heroine also often brings back knowledge or a symbol, which will help the community and family.

SESSION 3



Animal Warm Up

I'm _____
Name

and I'm _____.
Animal Name

Think of an animal you'd like to be and sound it makes to use for this game. Play it like "I'm going to New York and taking a tooth brush." The second person in the circle has to repeat what the first person said plus his statement. The third person repeats first and second person's statements plus his, etc.

Improv Story

You will be asked to contribute a part to a story that your facilitator begins.

Draw a Symbol of Self

Draw a symbol of yourself. You will be asked to share this symbol with the group.

SESSION 4



Xenophobe

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There was a land, unlike any other land. It was deep, deep in a place where no one went. First you would start at the towns of the humans, then you would go through the forests, and then go into the deep forests, where it was always dark and it was hard to walk because of all the plants. Then you would get to the magic forest, where huge trees grew taller than you could see. These trees bore star flowers. White, fragrant flowers, high up in their branches with five point stars. Once you moved through the magic forest, you started climbing, climbing up, high and higher until there were no trees. There you would be in the wilderness high above tree line. With huge granite rocks hiding caves big enough for dragons to live in. In fact this is where the dragons live.

One particular dragon lived there, Xenophobe with his mother, Citron. Xenophobe was a turquoise dragon and his mother was that yellow-orange color. Citron would fly out to get star flowers for Xenophobe since that was his favorite treat. They would often fly off together to find their favorite lake, still high in the granite of the wilderness, but away from the caves of the other dragons. Dragons love to lay in the sun, and Xenophobe and Citron would spend many hours laying in the sun.

There Xenophobe would play his favorite game. He would lie on his back and his huge dragon belly would be in front of his face. He could see his iridescent turquoise scales reflect in the snow. Then he would flip his belly over and around, and his head would flip really fast following his belly's turn. He loved this game it made him feel dizzy and giddy.

One day when they were by the lake Xenophobe noticed that his mom was sitting resting on a rock and she looked sad. Now, dragons don't talk about their feelings much, so Xenophobe didn't say a word about it. But as days passed and they went to the lake, Xenophobe noticed that his mother was very sad a lot of time. Finally he got up courage to ask her. He walked over to where she was leaning against the wall. She was lost in thought.

"Mother, you look so sad. Are you sad?" asked Xenophobe.

Citron looked at Xenophobe and started laughing, "Ha, ha, ha, ha. Of course I am sad Xenophobe. That is female dragon's job, to be sad."

This seemed very odd to Xenophobe but he didn't say anything. He didn't think it was right for female dragons to be sad. Xenophobe thought about this many days, and finally an idea came to him.

The next day they were at the lake Xenophobe asked the question that came up to him,

"Mom, if female dragon's job is to be sad, what is the job of male dragons?" Xenophobe asked.

"Well, Xenophobe, the job of male dragon is to die," his mom declared.

"Ah," Xenophobe had a sharp intake of breath. What a shock to Xenophobe. He was a male dragon and that meant that was his job to die. Xenophobe thought about this for many weeks. Finally he made a decision. He decided that when it came his turn, he would not die.

Time passed. Xenophobe grew into an adult male and fell in love with a beautiful green dragon named Emerald. They mated and found their own cave. Soon there were only two male dragons in the wilderness caves. A very old dragon who could no longer fly and who would hobble around with a cane, and Xenophobe. One day all the dragons seemed to pull away from Xenophobe, almost as if he had already died. Emerald and Citron did not, they hovered around him, almost as if they thought they would not see him in the future.

Xenophobe waited, and waited for the elder dragon to come to him. He told no one of his plan to not die. The elder came to him and explained what dragons had been doing for centuries. Xenophobe must fly out past the wilderness, past the magic star forest, through the dark forest and through the forest to a lake. There a small animal with fake scales of metal and a sharp pointed stick of metal who would come to fight Xenophobe. Xenophobe must let the little animal kill him to bring peace to the world.

Still, Xenophobe did not tell anyone of his plan. He bid goodbye to Citron and Emerald, who wailed and wailed. He flew off and found the lake. There he waited.

Soon the little animal came, and Xenophobe could not help but laugh. This animal, this man looked so ridiculous. The man leaped at Xenophobe with his stick, and Xenophobe picked up his stick and stepped on the man. The man was squirming and screaming.

"I must kill you to bring peace to the world. I can't go back to my people. They will say I am a coward. Let me up. I must kill you," the man screamed.

Xenophobe laughed, "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

You may not know this but dragons have very bad breath. The man almost fainted.

"Okay, stop, stop, I will not try to kill you, if you will only not breathe on me," cried the man.

Xenophobe explained his plan, "Crawl on my back. We must fly high, high in the sky and bring back a symbol to both the dragons and the people to show we don't need to kill each other."

The man was very afraid and complained and whined. But finally he agreed if only to keep Xenophobe from breathing on him.

The man crawled on Xenophobe's back hanging on to the scales for dear life. They flew higher and higher in a great spiral upward, past the trees, past the mountain, past the clouds, past the blue sky, out of the atmosphere, and into the indigo midnight of deep space. They approached a star.

Xenophobe said, "Grab it, grab it!"

But the man would not. "It will burn my hand," he cried.

But finally Xenophobe convinced the man. And the man reached out....out...out and grabbed the star. It burned his hand and since his hand was reached up and above his head, when he dropped the hot star it fell over his back and through Xenophobe's back into Xenophobe's belly.

Xenophobe opened his mouth and out came flames from the stars. The man and the dragon started the long descent to earth in huge spirals and on each bend of the spiral, Xenophobe would open his mouth and out would come big flames.

Soon they were entering the earth's atmosphere and moving through the clouds. The dragons came out of their caves at the great wonder and flew down to the lake. The humans came out of their houses and pointed to the sky with awe, and they, too, came to the lake.

Xenophobe and the man landed with great applause from both the dragons and humans. No longer did the dragons have to pretend to let the men kill them; no longer did men have to try to kills the dragons to bring peace. No longer did male dragons have to die and with that Xenophobe opened his mouth and let out a huge flame to many cheers. ■

ACTIVITY

Think about what Xenophobe's tests were. Then think about a test in your own life. What was hard for you? Write the test on a 5 x 8 index card. Tape that card to your chest with masking tape. Walk around, stop and tell others the tests. Write a helper on the card after that (i.e. person, skill, characteristic).

SESSION 5



The Stages of Xenophobe

This exercise will help you understand the stages of stories and will use the story *Xenophobe*. In this exercise, you will be asked to find parts of the story that fit each of the stages of stories. The stages we will use are Normal, Separation, Tests and Helpers and Return, as defined on page 7.

Archetypes

Look at the following list of archetypes and pick one for yourself.

hero	warrior
priest	priestess
princess	wizard
monster	learner
prince	king
queen	scholar
artist	musician
painter	writer
movie star	beauty
handsome	mother
father	teacher
fool	rebel
magician	child
elder	wise person

The following pages have pictures of several archetypes. These pictures may help you choose an archetype.



ELDER



PRINCESS



PRIEST & PRIESTESS



TEACHER

MONSTER & LEARNER





WARRIOR


CHILD & MONSTER
TEACHER

SESSION 6



Archetypes (Continued)

Write an archetype on a 5 x 8 index card with a favorite color.

Draw a picture of the archetype.

Look at this list of characteristics.

brave	strong
inquisitive	wise
curious	vulnerable
deep	insecure
wounded	loving
caring	creative
musical	afraid
ugly	angry
foolish	open
innocent	wondering
trusting	knowledgeable

Write one or two of these characteristics on your archetype card.

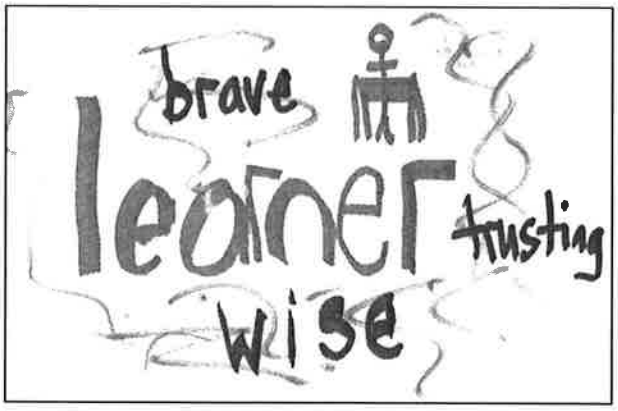
Tape the card on your chest like a name tag. Walk around and introduce yourself to others while music plays in the background. Say the following when introducing yourself:

"I am _____.
Archetype

I am _____ and _____."
Characteristic *Characteristic*

To the right are some examples of archetype cards drawn by students.







SESSION 7



Archetype Activity

Archetype Collage: Pick an archetype as listed on page 12. It can be the same archetype you've had before or a different one. Look through magazines and make a collage of your archetype. After you make the collage, list one characteristic of your archetype looking at the characteristics on page 17. Share your collage with the group.









SESSION 8



Group Storytelling Activity

Decide as a group on some event that you are going to tell a story about (i.e. experience in the group you are doing, a certain class in school, etc). Your facilitator will ask you to answer the following questions about your story.

1. Name of main character.
2. "Type" of character (hero, warrior, priest, priestess, princess, wizard, monster, learner, prince, king, queen, scholar, artist, musician, painter, writer, movie star, beauty, handsome, mother, father, teacher, fool, rebel, magician, child, elder, wise person or make up your own.)
3. Color associated with character.
4. How old?
5. Gender?
6. Ethnicity, culture or race?
7. Language spoken at home?
8. Characteristic of character (brave, inquisitive, curious, deep, wounded, caring, musical, ugly, open, knowledgeable, innocent, strong, wise, vulnerable, insecure, loving, creative, afraid, angry, wondering, foolish, trusting, or make up your own.)
9. What is character like before _____ (name of program)? At school? At home?
10. What was difficult for character in _____ (name of program)?
11. What has helped with difficulty? (could be other people, something inside the character)
12. What is the character like now? At school? At home?
13. How does the character affect the community around him or her?
14. What is the end of the story?

SESSION 9



Storytelling Worksheet

You are now ready to begin telling your own story. Use the storytelling worksheet on the next two pages to help you write your story. Your facilitator will provide additional instructions for using this worksheet.

Storyteller's Name: _____

Main Character's Archetype: _____

Main Character's Name: _____

Color Associated with Main Character: _____

Test in Story: _____

_____

_____

Helpers in Story: _____

_____

_____

Name of Story: _____

FIRST SCENE

PICTURE

Here is an example of a storytelling worksheet filled in by students.

Name: Sally

Name of Story: The Brave Wizard

First Scene: Once upon a time there were two girls named Tia and Tiana. They were wizards. They lived in a village. They had a small white cottage. Tia was very smart. Tiana was very brave. "I want to do something," said Tia, "let's do math." I don't want to do math," said Tiana.

What Happens: They went outside and walked on and on. They came across a swamp. "Oooh a swamp," said Tiana. "No," said Tia, "you don't know what's in there." But before she could stop her, she jumped in and instantly she disappeared. She has to do tests to get her sister.

Return or End: When she gets her sister back they leave the swamp.

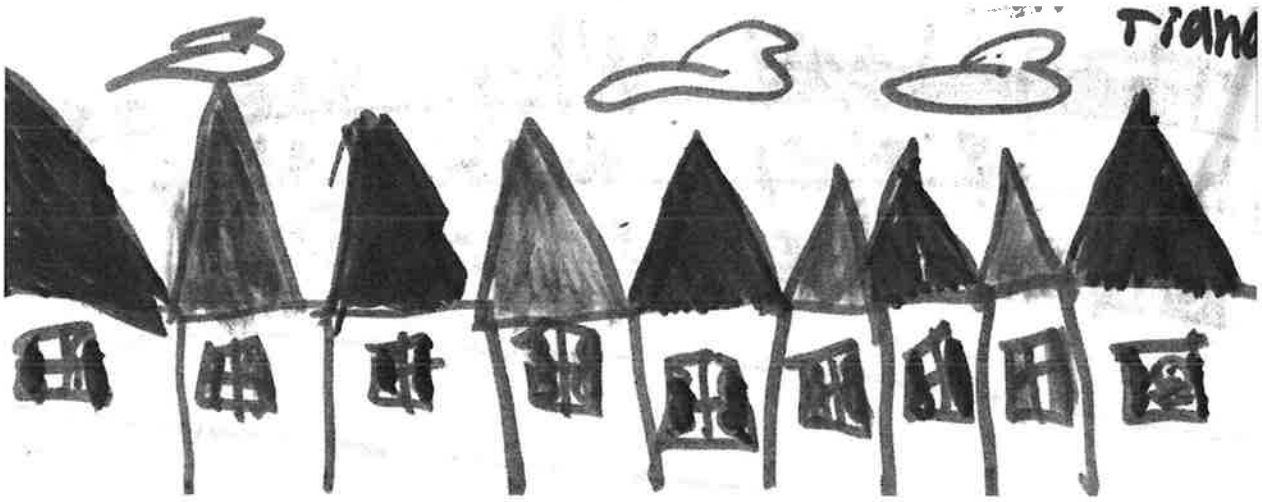
Main Character: Tia and Tiana

Main Character's Archetype: Wizard

Test in Story: Fighting a wangola then going into a scary forest and then going through a scary maze.

Helpers in Story: Braveness, being smart, sister having a twin

Background



ACTIVITY

Share the storytelling worksheet with the group.



SESSION 10

Practice Telling Your Story

Look at your storytelling worksheet and visualize your story. Then put down the worksheet and tell your story. You may need to look at your worksheets periodically for input. You will have several practice sessions to work on your story.

SESSION 11

Have a Storytelling Concert

Once you have practiced your story, you will be part of a storytelling concert. At the concert, you will be asked to tell your story to members of your group or perhaps and audience of your family and friends. You may also be asked to perform one of the plays listed in the appendices.

APPENDIX 1 PLAYS

John the True



PARTS

Narrator 1	**The Princess**
Narrator 2	**Raven 1**
John	**Raven 2**
The King	**Raven 3**

Narrator 1: There was once a king. The king's father had recently died and the son had been far away fighting battles.

Narrator 2: When he returned to his castle, his best friend since childhood handed him the keys to the castle.

John: It is yours now, my King. You can explore your castle.

The King: Get up, John. You are my oldest friend, my foster brother. Stand up and show me the rooms. You know more about the castle than I do. You were allowed to run free, but as the Prince I had to stay on my side of the castle. Let's go. Let's have fun.

Narrator 1: They ran from room to room in the enormous castle, trying keys. Finally they came to a room full of furniture and old paintings.

Narrator 2: One painting was on the wall. The King looked up at the painting and stopped cold.

John: What are you staring at my King? You look like you have seen a ghost.

The King: Who is she, who is that beautiful princess with skin as white as snow, cheeks as red as blood and hair as black as ebony? She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, you must find her for me.

John: Calm down, my King. This is the Princess of the Golden Horde. You father has been in a war with her father for the past 20 years. In fact, that is where you have been fighting her father's army. You could never marry her. Turn that picture around and face it to the wall.

Narrator 1: Days passed, and the King could think of nothing but the Princess. He tried to forget her, but he was listless, stopped eating and would not get out of his bed.

Narrator 2: John could not stand watching him so he went to him and said:

John: Be of good cheer, my King. I will go get her for you.

The King: But how can you do that? You told me that we were enemies and that I could never have her. I have decided to die. I am starving myself, since I can never live without her.

John: I can't stand to see you this way and I have an idea. Give me a ship and load it with furniture made of gold.

Narrator 1: So the King did what was asked. John was a tricky guy and he knew the way to a

Princess' heart. He sailed to the port of the Empire of the Golden Horde, but never let on that he was from the Kingdom of the Horde's hated enemies. He pretended he was a merchant on his way to another kingdom with tribute for the King there. He had stopped at the Horde to pick up the supplies.

Narrator 2: Rumors had reached the King, Queen and their beautiful daughter with skin as white as snow, cheeks as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony about the ship containing furniture made of gold. One night the royal family came down to the dock to see the furniture. John the True invited them over the gangway into the ship, and the Princess fell in love with a dressing table made of gold with crystal mirrors.

The Princess: Father, I must have this. Look how beautiful I look in this mirror. Make him sell this to you father.

John: No this is not for sale. It is for a special purpose and I am not allowed to tell who it is for.

Narrator 1: That night the Princess came down with her maid to persuade John to sell the dressing table.

Narrator 2: As John saw her board the boat, he ran to the captain and told him to set sail as soon as the Princess went into the cabin.

The Princess: Please, please, Master John, will you sell me this dressing table? I will give you more gold than it is worth.

John: Well, it is this way. I have been told to find a very special woman. One whose skin is as white as snow, whose cheeks are as red as blood and whose hair is as black as ebony. Only then can I give the table to her.

The Princess: Let's go into the cabin and I will show you my reflection in the mirror. I am the woman, you will see, I have snow white skin, red blood cheeks, and black ebony hair. You must give this to me.

Narrator 1: At that she ran below deck, John followed her and the ship set sail.

Narrator 2: In a little while, the Princess felt the motion of the ship as it rocked on the waves.

The Princess: What is happening? What! What! You've kidnapped me!

John: Wait my Princess, you must listen for a bit, and then I will take you back if you want. My King has fallen in love with you and he is such a wonderful man. He is now ill with sickness since he cannot have you. Please come back and see him and then decide if you can marry him.

Narrator 1: The Princess eyed the dressing table and the other gold furniture and decided to check this out. They went on their voyage for over a month. On one long, sunny day, the Princess was resting on the deck watching the birds fly by.

Narrator 2: She noticed three ravens coming overhead. She saw them cawing overhead. John standing nearby was a huntsman and could understand the language of the birds.

Raven 1: Caw, Caw, there is the princess. She thinks that she will go to the King and be married but it will not happen.

John: Why not?

Raven 1: Well, when she first meets the King he will put her on his horse. But it is a wild horse and they will both be thrown off and die.

John: But can't this be prevented?

Raven 1: Only if someone cuts of the head of the horse. But if he tells anyone why he did it he will turn to stone up to his knees.

Raven 2: Caw, caw, there is another danger. When the king drinks wine at his wedding feast, he will die because it will be poisoned. The only way to stop it is to throw the goblet from his mouth. But if the person who does this tells anyone, he will turn to stone to his heart.

Raven 3: Caw, caw, there is still another danger. On their wedding night a dragon will come into the bridal bedroom and kill both the King and the Princess. Someone must drive off the dragon, but if he tells anyone he will turn to stone from head to toe. Caw, caw.

Narrator 1: The ravens flew off. But John was deeply troubled and decided that he must save his King even if it meant that he would become a

stone statue. It came to pass just as the first raven had said. When the Princess arrived on shore, she immediately fell in love with the King.

Narrator 2: He reached down to put the Princess on his horse. Just as he did this, John rushed forward and cut off the horse's head. The King's guards tried to arrest John, but the king would not let them.

The King: Stop, this is my dear friend. He must have had some reason.

Narrator 1: Then the second raven's prophecy was fulfilled. At the wedding dinner, the King brought a goblet to his lips, and John leapt to strike the cup to the ground.

Narrator 2: Again the King's guards tried to arrest him, and again the King would not let them.

The King: Stop, this is my dear friend. He must have had some reason.

Narrator 1: Finally the third raven's words were realized. Immediately after dinner, John walked quietly up the steps from the dining hall to the royal bedroom. He gently opened the door, and saw the dragon waiting just inside the window hidden by a curtain.

Narrator 2: He moved quickly to the curtain, drawing his sword and striking at the dragon's heart. The dragon moved quickly too so that John did not kill the dragon. However the dragon was gravely wounded, he jumped from the window to fly away to his cave. John turned around towards the door with the sword in his hand, dripping blood.

The King: John what have you done? This is too much. I can't trust you after this. Guards take him. He will be executed tomorrow.

John: Do you want me to explain all this?

The King: Yes, of course, my dear foster brother. Help me make sense of this.

Narrator 1: As John began to explain, his feet turned to stone. Then as he explained more, he turned to stone through his heart. Then as he explained about the dragon, he turned to stone up through his head. His mouth was still open as he froze to stone at his last word.

Narrator 2: The King and Queen placed John the True, now as a statute, in the courtyard in the plaza outside the palace. They had twin boys and the boys would march by the statue and salute John the True.

Narrator 1: Then one night the Queen had a dream that if she would scrape the dragon's blood off the floor of the bedroom and put it on the statute, then John the True would become a man again. She did just that, and the King's foster brother was restored to life. ■

The Dragon's Robe



PARTS

Narrator 1	**Lord Phoenix**
Narrator 2	**Lord Tiger**
Kwan Yin	**The Khan**
Old Man	

Narrator 1: There was a young woman in China named Kwan Yin. Her parents had died and they were very poor, but they had made sure that Kwan Yin had learned a skill when she was very young. They had sent her to a weaver to apprentice, and she had become an excellent weaver. When they died she had inherited a little loom.

Narrator 2: Now she would travel from village to village and plead with rich people to give her food and a place to put her sleeping mat. Sometimes she wove practical things like towels, but other times she was given colors of silk, vermilion, emerald green, and bright yellow to weave beautiful robes.

Narrator 3: There was a great famine in China and there came a time when there was very little food, and no one would feed Kwan Yin to do their weaving. Kwan Yin had not eaten for many days and decided that she must do something to save herself. She had heard that the Emperor's palace beyond the mountains was a safe haven.

Narrator 1: Kwan Yin was a hopeful person. Even though terrible things had happened to her, she always hoped things would work out better.

Kwan Yin: I am going to climb the mountain and make my fortune at the Emperor's palace.

Narrator 2: She started off with a spring in her step, ready to make her fortune. She found a path going into the mountains. She was singing as she started climbing the steep and rocky trail. As the path got steeper and steeper, Kwan Yin's breathing became strained, and she realized how weak she was from hunger.

Narrator 3: She came to a stream and sat down. After splashing her face with water, she looked up to see a roofline in the mountain pine trees. Realizing she couldn't go on, she decided to see if the resident might want some weaving.

Narrator 1: She walked over to the small house, and saw an old man who was very sick. He was barely moving and had difficulty breathing. Seeing a cup near his bed, she grabbed it and ran back to the stream. Returning she knelt by his bedside and held his head up so that he could drink.

Old Man: Thank you. You are so kind young maiden. I am the keeper of the dragon shrine. But I am too sick to take care of the shrine anymore. If the shrine is not attended, the dragon will become angry and terrible things will happen here in China.

Kwan Yin: I am a poor weaver with no home and no family. I am on my way to the Emperor's palace because I have heard that he will give a great reward to the weaver that weaves the most beautiful dragon robe. I have only three days to get there, but I could stop here for a day to help you.

Old Man: Stay here a day. I already feel better with you around. You need to stay and rest and eat, so that you can be strong to go on to the Emperor.

Narrator 2: Kwan Yin decided to stay since no one had ever offered her free food before. By the next morning the old man could sit up. Kwan Yin saw a stranger coming by the stream.

Old Man: Who is it?

Lord Phoenix: I am Lord Phoenix, Overseer of the Emperor's rice fields.

Old Man: Will you help me with my duties and lay these golden rice seedlings on the altar for me? The dragon spirit will reward you with great crops.

Lord Phoenix: Sure, I will do that for you.

Old Man (to Kwan Yin): Follow him and see what he does.

Narrator 3: Kwan Yin followed him to the altar and heard him say,

Lord Phoenix: It would be silly to leave this golden rice to this foolish dragon spirit. He'll never know.

Narrator 1: He slipped the seedlings in his pocket and left by the stream to take the path up the mountain.

Narrator 2: Kwan Yin came back to the old man's hut to report, but was unable to speak, since a wind emanated from the shrine and moved out from the mountain burning all the rice fields in its path.

Narrator 3: Kwan Yin decided to stay another day. The old man was so much better, he could get up and walk around. Another stranger came that day.

Lord Tiger: I am Lord Tiger. I am the General of the Emperor's army on the Great Wall. I must have a drink and this terrible wind has dried up your creek.

Old Man: Great Lord, I am the guardian of the Emperor's dragon shrine but I have been so sick I have not been able to complete my duties. If you lay this golden knife on the altar, the spirit of the rain dragon will reward your army with victory in battle.

Narrator 1: Lord Tiger put the knife in his cloak and left.

Old Man: Follow him and see what he is doing.

Narrator 2: Kwan Yin followed him to the shrine, and just as before the Lord did not follow the old man's wishes. He pulled the knife out of his cloak and looked at it very carefully.

Lord Tiger: Why should I leave such a magnificent knife when I can keep it for myself?

Narrator 3: Kwan Yin returned to tell the old man the bad news, but before she could say anything she heard the distant cry of warriors and horses' hooves that came from the Great Wall.

Old Man: Oh no, Phoenix and Lord Tiger have defiled the shrine. They have dishonored the dragon shrine. The rice crops are ruined and now the Khan rides over the Great Wall to attack us.

Kwan Yin: What can I do to help? I am not a farmer or a soldier. I can't fight the Khan's warriors, but I can weave a robe fit for the Emperor and put it at the altar of the dragon's spirit.

Old Man: Then go. Go weave, don't let anything stop you. Weave a great gift to the dragon spirit.

Narrator 1: Kwan Yin took out her loom and began to weave.

Lord Phoenix: Get out of the way, the crops are ruined, the people are running to the mountains.

Narrator 2: But Kwan Yin would not stop. She kept on weaving.

Lord Phoenix: I command you to stop.

Narrator 3: As he said this, the golden rice seeds fell out of his greatcoat. The seed exploded and created a ring of flame around Lord Phoenix. The fire raged around him, and in an instant he exploded. Just then, a brilliant phoenix emerged from the flames and flew away.

Narrator 1: Kwan Yin would not stop weaving, even with this amazing transformation. She kept on weaving.

Narrator 2: Lord Tiger and his men then arrived on horseback.

Lord Tiger: Get out of the way, you dirty little urchin. You are nothing. Get out of the path, we must all retreat since the Khan has scaled the Great Wall.

Narrator 3: Kwan Yin would not stop weaving. She kept on weaving.

Lord Tiger: Stop!

Narrator 1: As he reached for Kwan Yin, the golden knife slipped from his coat. Where it landed great trees grew, engulfing the Lord and his

men. Soon a tiger jumped from the jungle of trees and ran down the mountain, gone forever.

Narrator 2: Kwan Yin would not stop weaving even with the tiger leaping from the jungle. She kept on weaving. The robe was almost finished, she only needed four more rows of silk.

Narrator 3: The Khan rode up to her and screamed at her.

The Khan: Stand in my presence.

Narrator 1: She pushed the shuttle furiously, one, two, three times. The Khan reached out to grab her, and just as he did, she threw the shuttle for the last row. The robe was finished.

The Khan: Give me that robe! I will be the most powerful in the land.

Narrator 2: As he grabbed it, the robe took on a life of its own. It filled with air and created a great wind. Soon the wind blew water from all the mountain streams down on the Khan. A great flood engulfed the Khan and his men. They were washed away.

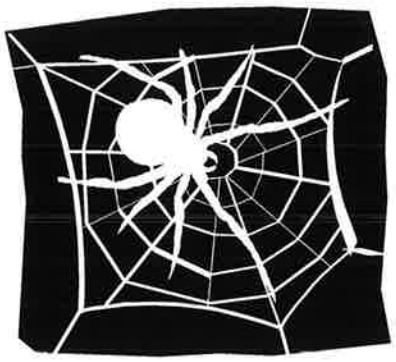
Narrator 3: Kwan Yin stood there untouched. She looked down at her fingers and they had been healed of the cuts from weaving. She looked down at her dress and it was no longer tattered but now a golden robe of silk.

Narrator 1: She looked up, and the old man was standing before her. No longer sick, but now clothed in the fine robes of an Emperor.

Old Man: Thank you Kwan Yin. You have taught me to trust a poor weaver over my selfish Lord. Come lie in my palace and help me remember what I have learned.

Narrator 2: Kwan Yin smiled and thanked the dragon for helping her make her fortune. ■

The White Spider's Gift



PARTS

Narrator 1 **The White Spider**
Narrator 2 **Tukira**
Piki **The Chieftain**
Mother

Narrator: In a dense forest in Paraguay lived a widow and her only son. His name was Piki. One morning they were walking to the spring to fill their earthen jars with water. Piki stopped and looked at something in the yerba mate bush.

Piki: Look, Mother, my little white spider is waiting to greet me. She has made a beautiful web. I think she remembers me from when I saved her from the spring. Remember last week, I saw her spinning around in the spring. I scooped her up in my hand and held her until she was dry. After she dried out, she danced in my hand, then I put her on this very bush. She looks happy now.

Mother: It's amazing, this spider seems to know you. Who could imagine a spider could know a person?

Narrator 2: The mother looked at her son with pride, he was strong. She felt lucky to have him. Piki was now eighteen and he looked so handsome and strong. The mother and son startled as they heard the splash of oars in the stream next to the spring.

Narrator 1: Piki looked up from the spider, and saw a beautiful young Indian woman paddling her canoe. She had on a white cotton tunic with a purple sash. Her ebony hair was coiled in braids interlaced with lavender orchids. She looked up and smiled at Piki. He thought there must be sunbeams in her eyes, they sparkled so.

Piki: Who is she, mother? She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Who is she?

Mother: Why she is Tukira, the chieftain's daughter. We better hurry with our chores before evening. I must grind the corn, and you need to lay out meat on the racks to dry.

Piki: Why haven't I ever seen her?

Mother: She has just returned from her mother's sister's village where she has been since her mother died. She has come home now to get married.

Narrator 2: A few days later, Piki was in the forest gathering berries and he came upon Tukira gathering flowers.

Tukira: What are you doing here? Who are you?

Piki: Oh, sorry, I'm Piki. I didn't mean to startle you. I was picking berries, here have some.

Narrator 1: Tukira laughed and took some fruit. Days passed and they both seemed to be looking for flowers and berries a little too often. The whole tribe was excited that the two of them were in love, and looked forward to a great celebration where they could feast and dance.

Narrator 2: But the chieftain, Tukira's father had other ideas. He wanted to get the bravest warrior in the land for Tukira's husband. He put out a call and handsome princes and other warriors came to compete. Piki was so in love with Tukira, he didn't care if he wasn't a prince or a famous warrior. He competed and won many events.

Narrator 1: But on the last day of the competition, the chieftain had an announcement.

The Cheiftan: There will be no more racing, swimming or hunting. I want to see what you can give my daughter as a gift. Whoever brings her the most beautiful, most imaginative, most original, most creative present will have her for your wife. I will give you two moons to find such a gift.

Narrator 2: At their daily meeting in the woods, Piki was distraught.

Piki: Tukira, I am not rich. What will I do? We are lost. You will have to go off with one of the arrogant princes; they think they are so great.

Narrator 1: For some reason Tukira wasn't worried, she had faith in Piki.

Tukira: Don't worry; it is going to work out. Pray to our god Tupa for help. He helps good people, not vain people.

Narrator 1: Piki prayed but he didn't hear an answer. Time passed and the princes and warriors began bringing wonderful presents. They brought skins of strange animals, large plumes of feathers, gold and silver with jewels, and stunning birds with green, turquoise, red and blue feathers.

Narrator 2: Piki had gone to the village square to see what was happening. He was so depressed that he went home to tell his mother he was leaving the village and going into the forest to become a hermit.

Piki: I have failed, I can never win Tukira. I am going to the stream to say goodbye to the spider. Goodbye, my mother.

Narrator 1: His mother started crying and wailing and grabbed at his feet as he turned to go.

Narrator 2: Piki went down to the spring, and looked for his white spider. He heard a soft voice.

The White Spider: Piki, I am here in the bush. I can help you. I can help you win your princess.

Narrator 1: Piki jumped at the surprise of a voice seeming to come out of nowhere. He looked all around and couldn't see a soul.

The White Spider: Piki, it's me I am your little white spider and Tupa has asked me to help you. Look for me in my yerba mate bush. Here I am.

Narrator 2: Piki looked down and saw the spider moving up and down. Maybe there would be help, this seemed like a miracle.

The White Spider: Go home now to your mother. She is very sad and you must cheer her up.

Piki: Hooray! Hooray!

Narrator 1: He ran home to his mother and told her the good news.

Narrator 2: The next day at dawn, just before the sun was rising, Piki crept back to the spring. The monkeys and parrots were screaming in the forest and the night's dew was transforming to morning mist.

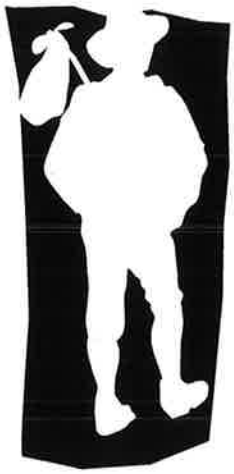
Narrator 1: Piki came to the yerba mate bush and looked carefully, but he couldn't find his white spider. Instead he saw a huge web that she had woven. It was the size of a shawl and had guava flowers, birds, orchids and begonias woven into the pattern. Piki picked it up and realized he now had a spectacular gift for Tukira. He rushed to the village square, followed by his mother and waited until the mid- afternoon sun, when the chieftain would arrive to receive the gifts.

Narrator 2: The chieftain came into the square and was followed by his daughter. She was looking very sad since she had lost hope that she would be with Piki. Piki rushed out and held the lace shawl carefully above Tukira's head. The whole town gasped at the etheric beauty of the shimmering lace.

The Chieftain: Piki has won. His gift is the most beautiful.

Narrator 1: They were married and were happy, and to this day women in Paraguay weave the lace called nanduti or spider's web lace. ■

Keep on Stepping



Parts

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Dave

High John

Massa

Narrator 1: This is a story about a slave named Dave. And this is a story about how the white slave owner never let Dave become a man.

Narrator 2: Back in slavery time Dave was slaving on a plantation somewhere in Tennessee. Dave was working in the field one day, he looked up and saw a terrible sight, and started yelling.

Dave: There's ol' massa and ol' missy's two children out in a boat. They are out there screaming. They've lost their oars. The boat is out of control, spinning around. They're going to be thrown in the water. Somebody help them!

High John: Why don't leave it alone, Dave? White people beat us and tell us what to do, we don't need to help them.

Dave: I'm not doing that. What'd you talking about, that's pure mean. Them's people and I'm going save them. I gotta hurry.

Narrator 1: Dave ran up to the big house and told massa and missy. Then he jumped into the river, swam out and took hold of the boat and stopped it spinning. Dave was strong from working in the field, and he kicked the boat. Then he kicked his legs strong, moving the boat to the shore.

Narrator 2: Massa and missy had run down to the river to meet their children. They were mighty happy.

Massa: Dave, you're the best slave we have. If you make a good crop this year and fill up the barn then I'm gonna give you your freedom.

Narrator 1: That's how it worked in slavery. It wasn't good enough that Dave had saved massa's children, he had to plow, plant and hoe for a year, and then just maybe he could be free.

Narrator 2: Dave was free all the time, he just didn't know how to enforce it. Dave worked like a champ for a whole year. He made such a good crop, it filled the barn and half of the house.

Massa: Well Dave I'm a man of my word. I sho' hate to get rid of a good slave like you, but I promised. I'll give you this suit of clothes. Look at that, my wife and children they are sniffy and crying.

Narrator 1: Dave was glad to finally be away. He tied the clothes in a bundle and put 'em on a stick, then he started walking, walking real slow. He never turned back, he kept walking even when massa was calling him.

Massa: Dave! The children love you.

Dave: Yassah.

Massa: Dave, I love you.

Dave: Yassah.

Massa: And missy, she like you.

Dave: Yassah.

Massa: But remember you are still a slave, even though you're free.

Narrator 2: As long as Dave was in sight massa was standing on the porch yelling.

Massa: Dave! The children love you. I love you, and missy, she like you. But remember Dave, you still a slave inside!

Dave: Yassah.

Narrator 1: Dave yelled back almost out of ear shot now. He never looked back and kept on stepping until he got to Canada. Even though they had let his body free they wanted to keep him a slave.

Narrator 2: You ain't free long as you let somebody else tell you who you are. But you be like Dave. Just keep on stepping, children, when you know you're right. Don't matter what they yell after you. Just keep on stepping. ■

APPENDIX 2



How to Learn a Story

From a Storyteller or Audio Tape

- Listen to the story several times.
- Visualize the story as you listen, you may want to close your eyes.
- Try to retell the story aloud to yourself. Make sure you find a comfortable place to try this.
- Listen to the story again.
- Tell the story again to yourself or to someone else.

From Written Material

- Read the story several times.
- As you read the story, visualize what is happening.
- Try to retell the story aloud to yourself without looking at the story.
- You may want to draw pictures from the story or write down scenes, characters and events with bright colors. Colors aid memory.
- Read the story again.
- Tell the story again to yourself or to someone else.

From Memory

- Think about a story you want to tell that you were told or a story from your own life experiences.
- Try to visualize elements of the story.
- Put swatches of color on paper that give you the feeling of the story to open up your memories.
- Try to tell the story aloud to yourself.
- Tell the story again to someone else.
- You may need to do research to flesh out your story (i.e. interview a family member, or find a written documentation of your story).

APPENDIX 3



Session 2 and Session 5 Stages Cards

NORMAL



SEPARATION



TESTS & HELPERS



RETURN



NORMAL



SEPARATION



TESTS & HELPERS



RETURN

