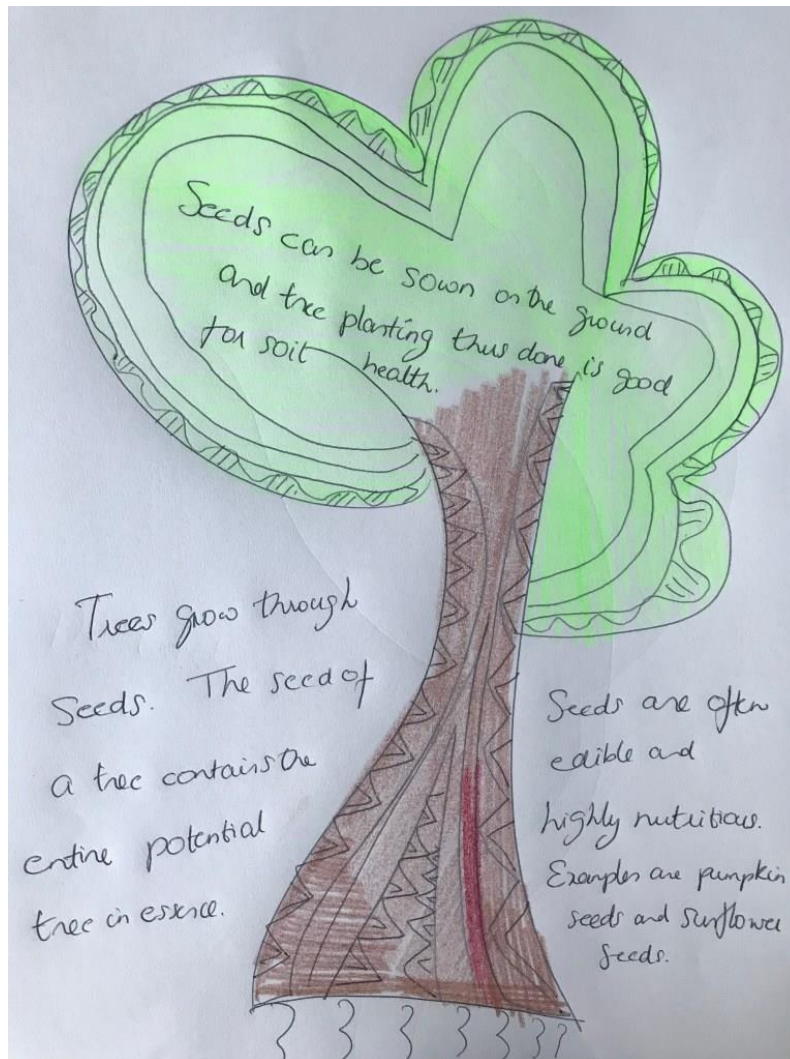
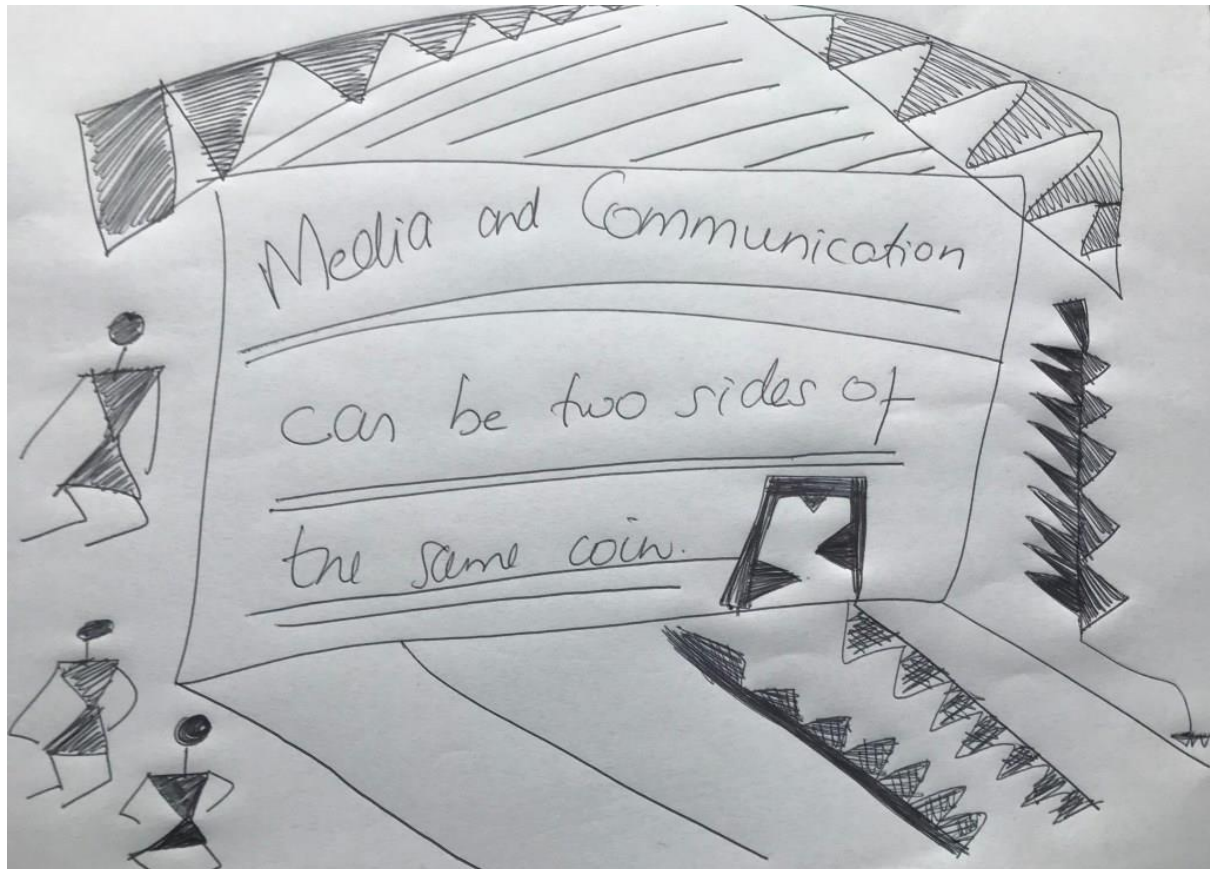
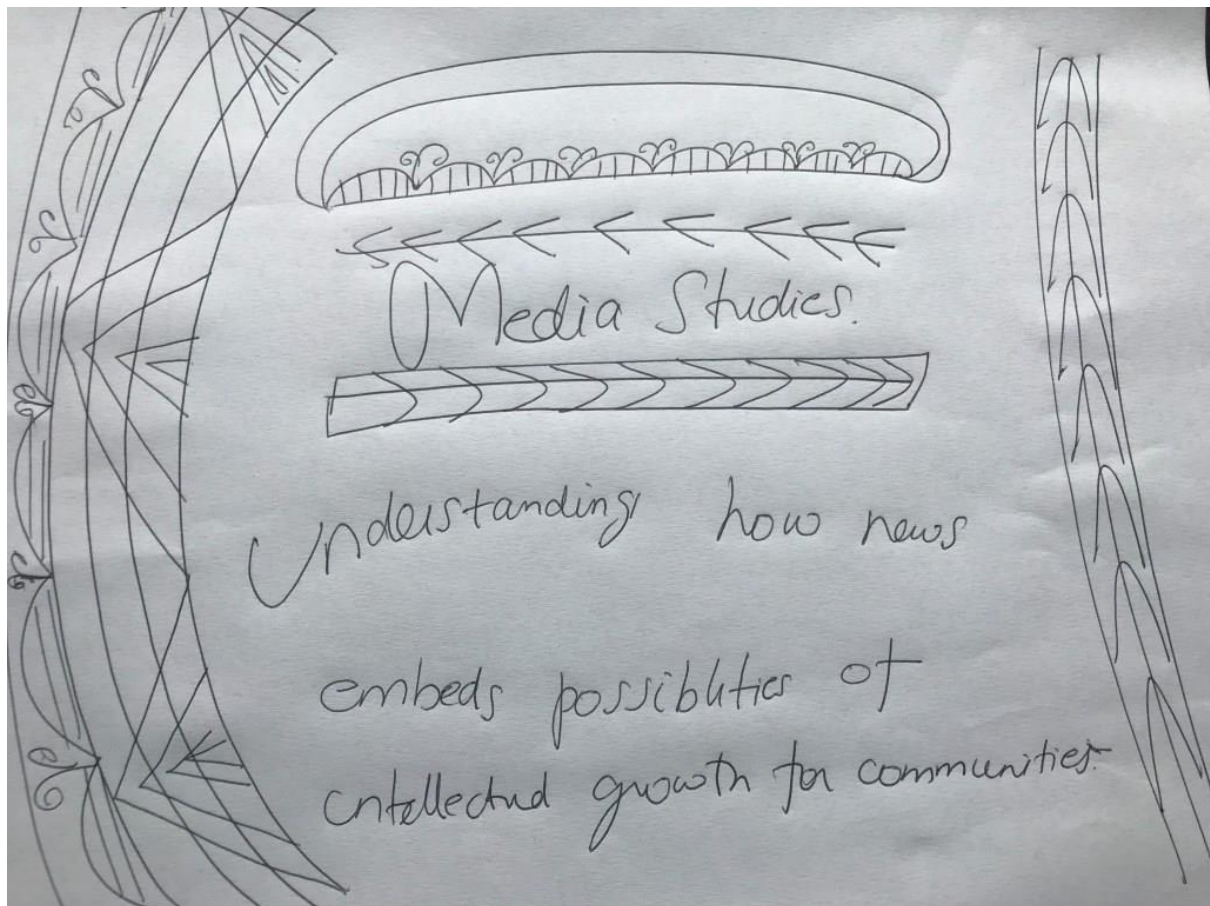


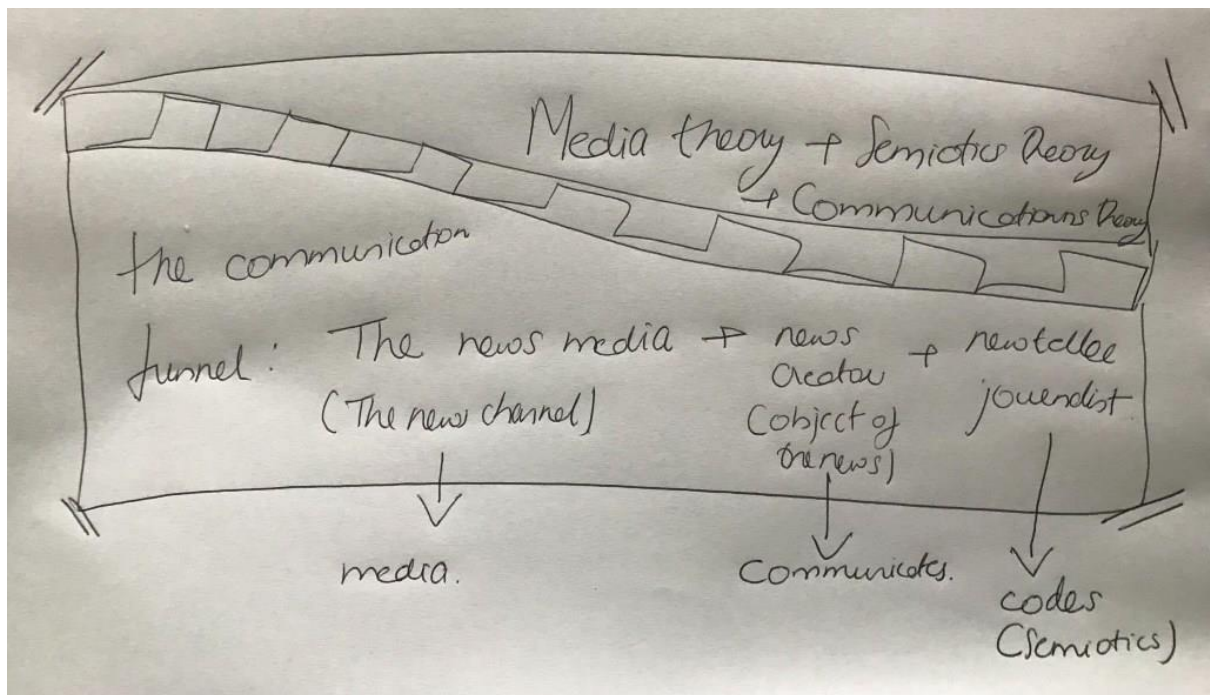
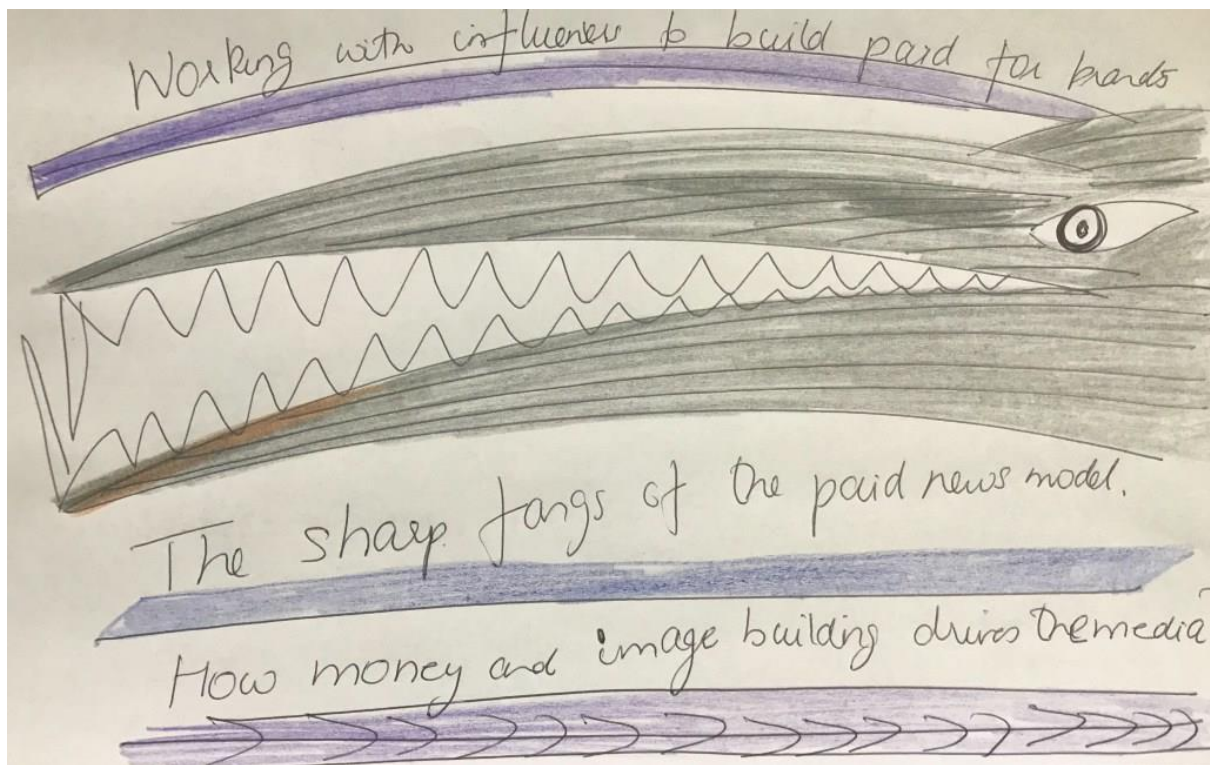
School Story Curriculum

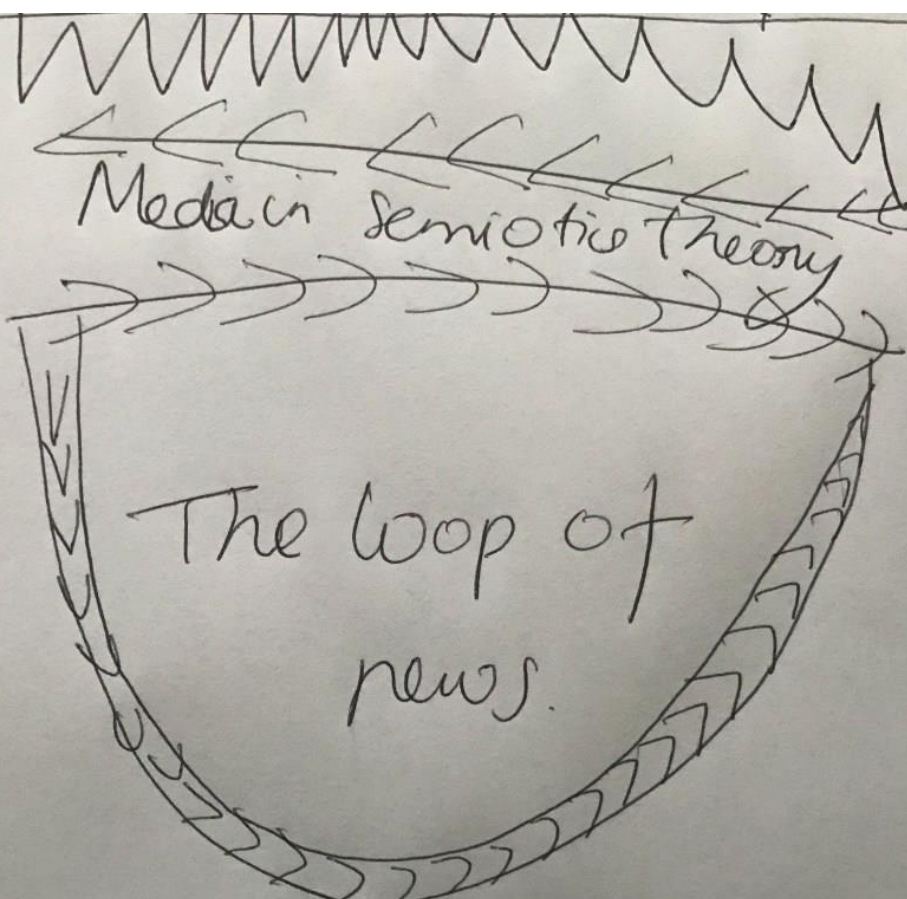
Book 2



A resource for teachers, educators, special educators, storytellers, schools and children





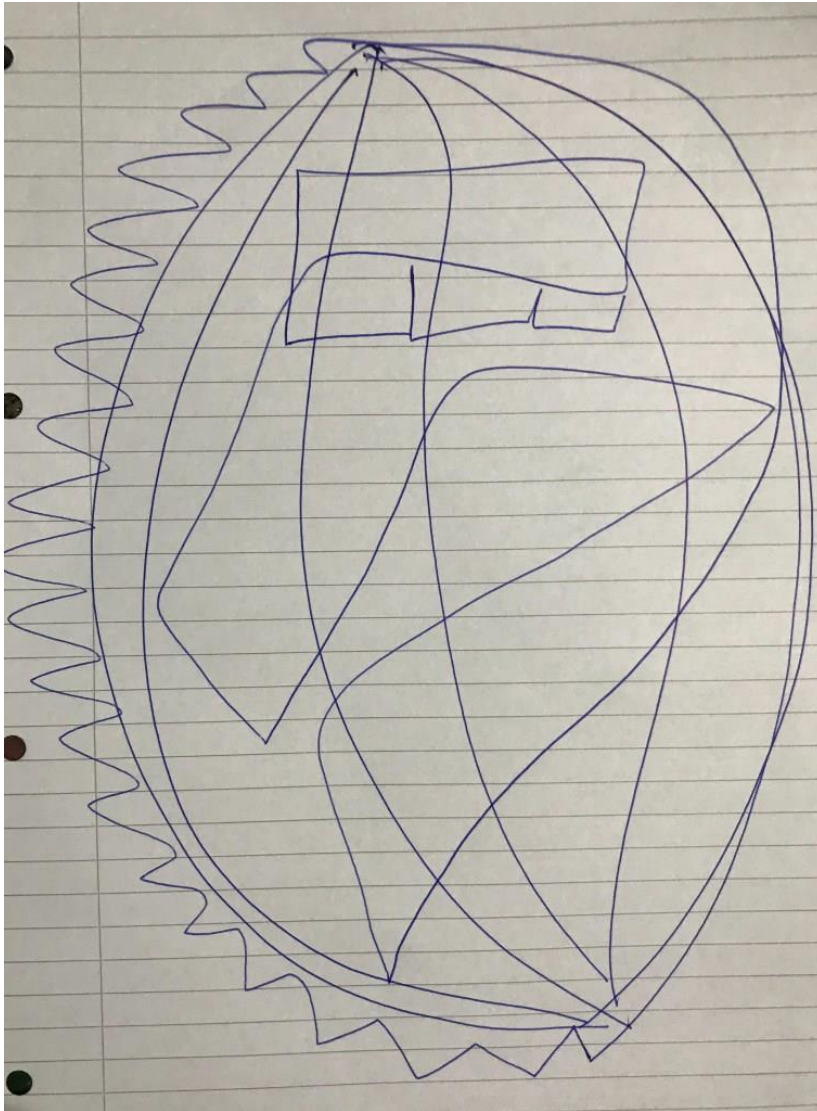


Media in semiotic theory

The loop of
news.

How news works?

Project - Stories of fruits



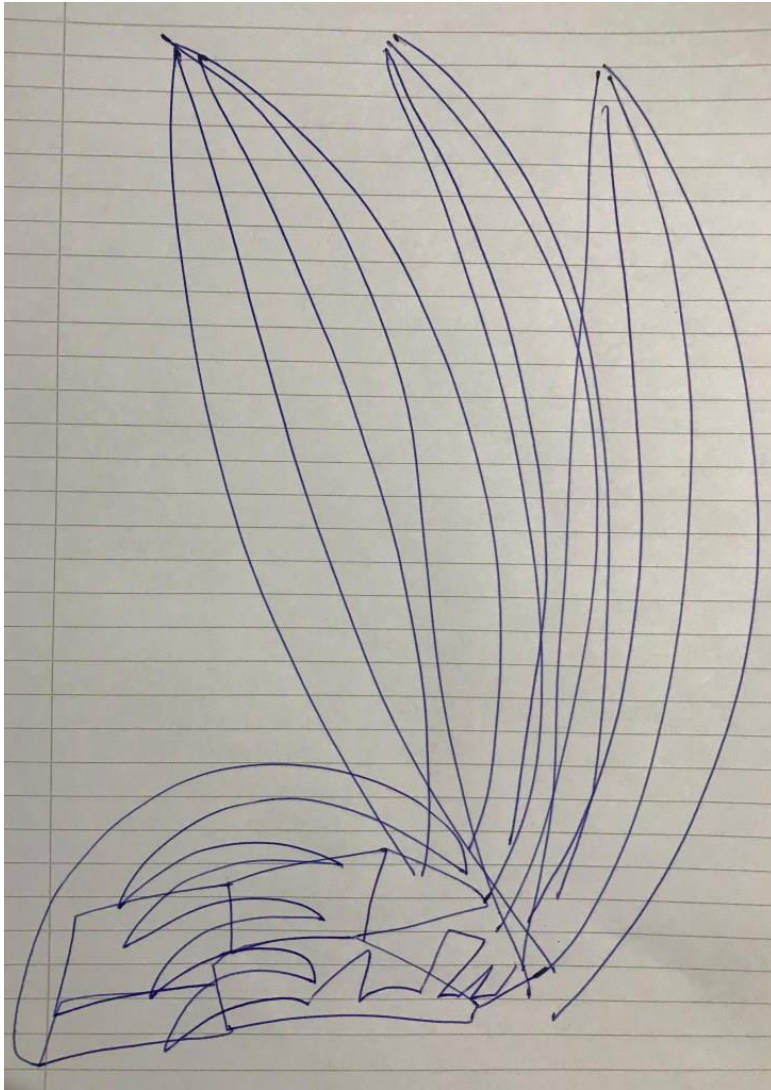
Collect 5 different types of wild fruits

Draw them on sheets of paper

Colour them

Place the fruits on sheets of paper and trace their outlines

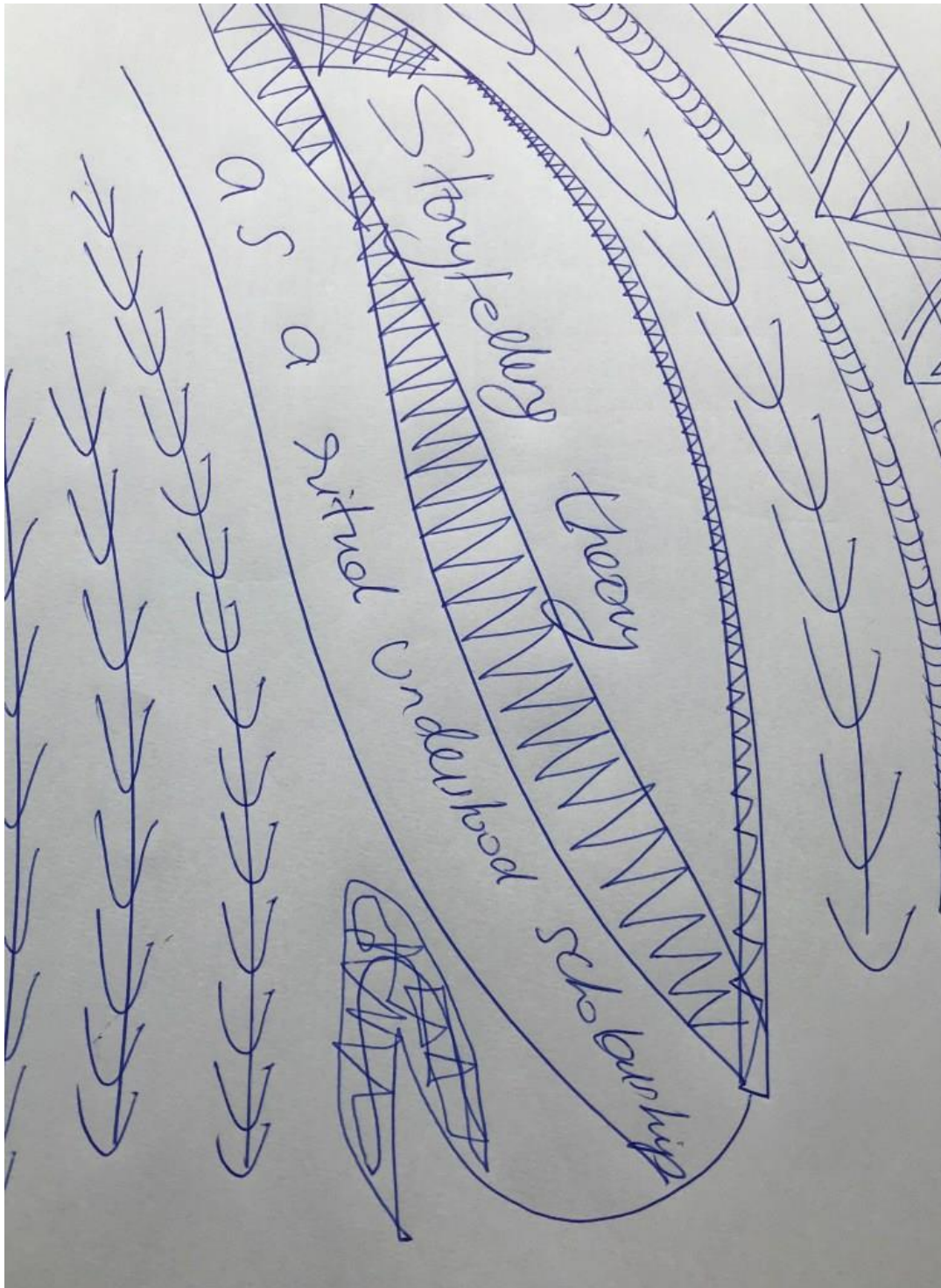
Project - Poetry Writing



A tortoise hiding admist trees

Also, hiding inside its shell

Write a poem based on this theme.



As we circle into ourselves we discover that the art of storytelling lies within not without. It is an act of introspection and introversion into narratives that is offered to audiences as a performance act.



Concept: Irrational numbers

Once upon a time, there was a small fish. It was a quiet and playful fish. It was also a curious fish. It was severally curious and wanted to know everything about the world. It was intrigued by coral reefs and deep sea rock formations. It was intrigued by the changing colors of waters. It was also intrigued by the sea cucumbers. Then one day it came across a sea cucumber. The sea cucumber was also playful like the fish. It was also a scholar of irrational numbers. The fish was curious but did not know about irrational numbers. It assumed that numbers that did not think logically were irrational numbers. The fish mentioned this definition to the sea cucumber. The sea cucumber giggled, "No silly, that is not the meaning of irrational numbers. Numbers don't think they help us think." The fish was sad, "So what is an irrational number in actual?" The sea cucumber answered, "A irrational number is a number is a number that can be expressed as a ratio of two integers." The fish was glad, it had heard something new.

There were no landforms on earth that could sustain life. There were no lakes, rivers, hills, valleys and mountains. All was quiet. All was still. All was waiting for the rainbow serpent to wake up.

The rainbow serpent was a long and giant multihued serpent that dwelt under the surface of the earth. For eons, she remained under the surface of the earth, sleeping. For eons, she did not stir. For eons, she dreamt of the vast void beyond the void in her deep slumber. For eons, she did not stir. For eons, she remained eyes-shut and smiling. For eons, she rested under the surface of the earth.

Then one day, the rainbow serpent felt a remarkable stirring within her. She longed for life. She longed for existence. She slid up to the surface of the earth. There she kept sliding. With each moment and movement she kept creating new and wondrous landforms on earth. Time that had stood still started moving.

She laughed and small frogs came of her mouth. These frogs jumped out and ran all over the surface of the newly carved earth. They carried water in their bellies. When they would call to each

other the water would spill. It was this water that became the rivers, lakes and oceans. Soon, trees, plants and shrubs came to be. With these came the animals and birds. Thus, life came to be on earth.

The rainbow serpent watched all this. Next, the rainbow serpent created the law and order for all living things to abide by. The first rule of this law was that the strong will not attack the weak. The second was that all creatures would care for each other. The third was that no creature would eat another creature. The fourth was all beings will live in deep harmony. Having set these rules the rainbow serpent was content.

However, the animals and birds refused to obey the rainbow serpent. The strong would eat the weak. They would not care for each other. There was constant strife and conflict for land.

Seeing all this the rainbow serpent created the first human beings. The human beings were divided into various tribes with animal totems. They were humans from the Kangaroo tribe. There were humans from the emu tribe. There were humans from the carpet snake tribe. And so on.

These humans chose to live in harmony with nature and they would worship the rainbow snake for food and prosperity. The rainbow snake in return would bless them with virtues like kindness and gratitude.

The humans lived in deep harmony with nature. They never took more than nature wanted to give them. They respected and venerated nature. They were the wild's children.

When they were hungry they would sing:

O Tree, O Tree,

Give us a fruit.

When they were thirsty they would ask

O river, river,

Give us a drink

When they needed shelter they would say

O cave, cave,

Give us a home.

Thus, these tribal aborigines lived in great harmony with nature. They respected everything and everyone. They were grateful to the rainbow serpent

and to nature. They set an example for all living beings. They taught the great lesson of sustainable living.

The rainbow serpent was very happy with the first humans and decided to retire to the heavens above.

There she went back to sleep. They say that when it rains you can see her shadow in the rainbow."

"Thanks Nani," said Moni and Natasha.

One day, he lit a caudron and threw all sorts of herbs into it.

He sang in a coarse voice, "Find me a meal - of delicious humans,

Find me meal

That can feel,

Two-legged

And tasty to taste.

Find me a meal

That can feel"

This spell did its work and entered the head of an old woman who felt the sudden need to leave her house and visit her city who lived in the city, crossing the forest along the way. She was the mother of the twins - Haesik and Deasun.

Her children suspected something was amiss and pleaded with her to stay."

"And did she listen to them and ignore the spell?" asked Moni.

"No dear, she was adamant," said Nani sadly.

"She prepared tasty rice cakes and divided them into two sets - one for her children to eat and one for her sister as a gift."

She kissed both her children on both cheeks and trotted off with her bamboo basket filled with rice cakes into the forest pathway.

Haesik and Deasun looked sadly at each other. But what can children do against stubborn parents?

The tiger knew his spell had worked and he waited patiently in the leave-laced forest for the old mother to arrive. He followed her for some length - all the time thinking about what a fine meal she would make.

Once they were a far distance from the village and there was no gun carrying human to be seen for miles, the tiger accosted the old lady.

She was terrified to see the brightly yellow and sunnily smiling animal - "No.." she cried out, "don't kill me I have rice cakes, warm and soft, which you can eat."

The tiger, who had only been planning to make a meal of the lady," was tempted with this offer. He ate the two rice cakes she tossed on the ground.

The old lady, glad to have made it with her limbs intact, walked on.

She was hardly gone a mile when the tiger leapt in front of her again. She again tossed two rice cakes in front of him and walked on. This time with greater fear. Infact she didn't walk, she ran. But alas, the tiger caught up with her again.

"Give me all your rice cakes," the tiger demanded.

"Here," said the lady and threw the whole basket down and fled in terror.

After making a fine meal of the warm rice cakes the tiger, who decided he liked human food as much as he liked human flesh, rushed to the old lady.

She knew her end was near, closed her eyes and remembered the creator god. The tiger after making a fine meal of her licked his blood stained lips. Rice cakes and the old lady, the tiger remained unsatisfied. He now wanted a bite of her two small children.

He wrapped himself in the old lady's cloths and picked up her basket and ran to her house.

"Clang, Clang Clang," went the old doorknob.

Heasil and Deasun knew something was amiss but seeing their mother's handsleeves by the window, they opened the door.

The tiger rushed in and the children rushed out.

They ran out and climbed a tree. The tiger ran after them and circled the tree.

Heasil and Deasun were intelligent and they started praying to the creator god and asked for a rope. Just then a rope dropped down from heaven. They clung to the rope and started climbing heavenwards.

The tiger saw this and prayed to the creator god for his own rope. Again, a rope dropped down. The tiger started climbing it.

Just then the rope was cut. The tiger dropped down and fell to his death. Meanwhile Heasik and Deasun reached the heavens and became the sun and moon in the sky. They thus used their intelligence to outwit the tiger."

"Nani, tell us a cute story," said Natasha and Moni.

"Once," began Nani, " a charming girl called Sally used to spend her time looking after cattle. One day, she sat under a tree and fell asleep. While she was thus sleeping, a snake came and spoke to her in a human voice. 'Help me,' said the snake. 'I am in great distress, some snake charmers are looking for me.'

'Place me in your lap and cover me with a cloth,' the snake pleaded.

'Sure,' said the brave girl Sally and she helped the snake.

When the snake charmers came, they were sure the snake couldn't be where the girl was. So, they left the place. Sally opened the cloth on her lap and saw that the snake had disappeared. When she looked up, a angel was in front of her, blessing her with his hand.

'I am pleased with you,' said the angel, 'for giving shelter to the snake. You are generous and courageous.'

'Ask me for any boon that pleases you.'

'I want nothing for myself, but a forest cover for my cattle is what I wish for,' said Sally. 'So be it,' said the smiling deva and granted Sally her wish. Thus, a heavenly forest was created around Sally and her cattle - a forest filled with fruits and lovely flowers."

"Thanks Nani, that was a lovely story," said Natasha and Moni.

Value: Simplicity

"Naniii," pleaded
Moni and Natasha, "tell us a story."

"One with a palace in it," said Moni, "a beautiful palace."

"Sure," said Nani, "I can tell you about Henry who had a lovely palace."

"Henry used to live with his dog with lovely golden hair in his palace built with unearthed marble ?. The lake in the palace was calm and peacocks wandered on the lawn. There is a luminous mystery to this palace."

"What was the palace called?"asked Moni.

"The Crown," said Nani and she continued with the story, "one day the great Saint Philip came to their palace. St Philip narrated to them the greatness of the saints. After St Philip left Henry felt disgusted with his lavish life at the palace. He wanted to live in great simplicity as a renunciate."

"So, what does he do?" asked Natasha.

"He handed over his palace to one of his nephews and left with his faithful dog," said Nani, "they built

a small hut by the river and lived simply. One day, Henry fell ill with pneumonia. His dog tended to him everyday, but he was very ill. Then they had a visitor. The great St Philip had come to see them. Immediately Henry recovered from his illness. Such is the greatness of saints."

"Cooooooooooooool," said Moni.

Value - Nonviolence

"Nani," said Natasha, "I am so scared of crocodiles."

"Me too," said Moni, "they are scary."

"Not all of them are, let me tell you
Wana's story" said Nani.

"Wana, a nun, was loved by all beings. She was protection and kindness itself. When she was alone she would meditate on the great truths. People used to say of her, "She has the bearing of a neem tree - tall and sacred." Wana once took a boat and floated down a river. She wanted to meditate on the principle of nonviolence. Suddenly a storm shook the boat and it broke into two. Wana was alone without help in the turbulent river. She would surely drown. Just then a crocodile with open jaws came towards her. "This," Wana thought. "is the end of my life."

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeew" yelled Moni and Natasha.

"Listen," said Nani with a smile, "the crocodile gently clenched Wana without biting into her and threw her on its back. The crocodile then took Wana safely to the shore. Wana thanked the crocodile and set on

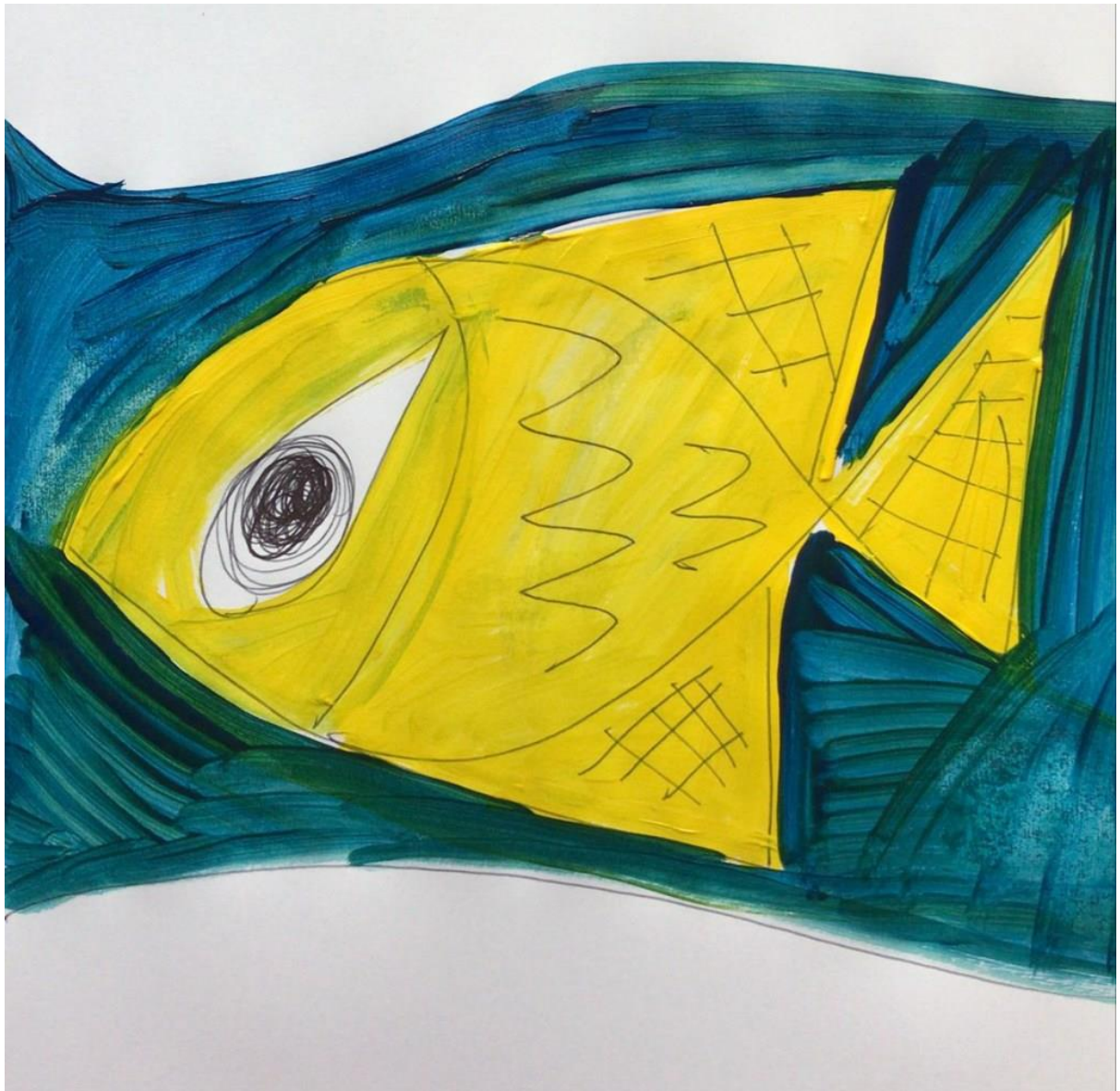
the journey home, amazed at her experience. This is the power of nuns who always mediate on nonviolence. Even fierce creatures like crocodiles help them."

"Wow, what a story.."said Moni.

"Thank you, Nani" said Natasha.

Why mangoes are sweet?

Once upon a time, there was a very hungry fox. He climbed a tree and tried to eat a mango. But the mango was very sour, so he cut the mango and poured some sugarcane juice in. Now the mango became very sweet and fox loved it. From that day all mangoes turned sweet.





Storytelling theory is applicable and relevant to the science and art of education. Educators and teachers

can benefit from learning about storytelling and its applications in the classroom.

