

THE DAY OF LITERATURE

Introduction

Folk literature, also called folklore, is the lore (traditional knowledge and beliefs) of a culture shared by a particular group of people. The word folklore was coined in 1846 by the English antiquary William John Thoms to replace the term popular antiquities. It is transmitted by word of mouth from one region to another or from one generation to the next either through verbal instruction or demonstration. It is characterised by constant variations shaped by memory, immediate need or purpose, and degree of individual talent. This informal knowledge is used to confirm and reinforce the identity of the group. It can be used both internally within the group to express their common identity, for example in an initiation ceremony for new members. Or it can be used externally to differentiate the group from outsiders, like a folk literature demonstration at a community festival.

Types of Folk Literature:

Folk literature is the body of expressive culture, including prose and verse narratives, tales, poems and songs, myths, dramas, rituals, proverbs, riddles, tales, legends, oral history, jokes, popular beliefs, customs, and so forth within a particular population comprising the traditions (including oral traditions) of that culture, subculture, or group. It is also the set of practices through which those expressive genres are shared. Folk tales are a general term for different varieties of traditional narrative. The telling of stories appears to be culturally universal, common to basic and complex societies alike. Even the forms folktales take are certainly similar from culture to culture, and comparative studies of themes and narrative ways have been successful in showing these relationships. Also, it is considered to be an oral tale to be told to everybody.

Folktales features:

A folk tale is a story or legend handed down from generation to generation usually by oral retelling. Folk tales often explain something that happens in nature or convey a certain truth about life. They reflect culture because they relate to the way of life of the people who produce it: their ceremonies, their institutions, their crafts and so on. It also expresses their beliefs, customs, attitudes and their way of thinking. Major forms of folk literature include:

- Legend - A traditional story believed to be based on actual people and real-life events...as retold, fact often changes to fiction.
- fairy tale - A story that involves fantasy elements or magical characters such as witches, goblins, and elves and they reflect the values & beliefs of the culture
- Myth - A story from the past involving gods and heroes who interact with them.
Myths – tales that relate the action of gods, goddesses, and the heroes
- Fables - Brief stories or poems that often feature animal characters who act and speak like humans, and they usually end with a moral
- Tall tales – often focus on a central hero who performs impossible feats
- Epics – long narrative poems important to the history of a nation or culture, and they tell of a great hero going on a dangerous journey, or quest.



Three different types of folk expression are child lore, family lore, and community lore. Folk literature includes tales people tell – folk stories, fairy tales, “tall tales,” and even urban legends. Such stories include Pinocchio, Hansel & Gretel, and Rapunzel. These are all fairy tales, but they aren’t folklore, because they have specific authors.

As Folk tales are stories that are handed down orally from one generation to another, they are usually in prose and can be simple or complex. They can be based on a central idea, message, or insight about life that the story conveys, a subject, meaning and form, featuring mythical tales, religious tales, adventure stories, heroic stories, sage tales, historical tales, legends, animal stories, fables, or comic stories, usually involving a lead character. They can have:

-universal themes – themes that are repeated across many cultures and over many time periods – express insights into life that many people understand. For example the struggle of good against evil

-moral content – a lesson about life that is stated directly, usually at the end of the story.

Characteristics of Folk Literature

1. Heroes and heroines – larger-than-life figures who overcome obstacles or participate in exciting adventures Often featured in myths, legends and epics
2. Trickster – a clever character who can fool others but often gets in trouble Often featured in folk tales and fables
3. Personification – a type of figurative language in which nonhuman subjects are given human qualities Often featured in myth and fables
4. Hyperbole – a type of figurative language that uses extreme exaggeration. Often featured in tall tales, myths and epics
5. Dialect – language spoken by people in a particular region or group. Often featured in tall tales and folk tales

Materials necessary

Paper and pencils, colours, art projects, role-playing/dramatisation

Step-by-step instructions

Objectives

Folk literature is an important component in today's curriculum, not just for its literary merits but for its ability to expose students to a variety of cultures and a diversity of beliefs and lifestyles.

Students will be introduced to the concept of Folk Literature, as it is described above. We explain to them that they are going to be presented with different folk stories from different countries (short texts). Through the workshop activity, students will be able to:

- recognize the key elements of a folk tale.



- compare/contrast folk tales from different cultures to increase knowledge of world cultures and traditions
- compare historic world cultures with contemporary ones
- develop different cultures' and beliefs' understanding and appreciate diverse cultures and traditions through folklore and folktales.
- demonstrate understanding of the genres by responding to questions
- identify unique characteristics of the genre: myth, folktale, folklore, and fairy tales
- engage in experiential activities involving art projects, role-playing/dramatisation.
- follow the writing process to create writing and develop creative, prosocial, collaborating and fluency skills by creating their own folk tale and sharing it with their classmates.

Presenting the activity

Introduce students to the elements of a folk tale through discussion and visual aids using youtube or video presentations. Break up students into 3 smaller groups. Give each student group a folk tale from a different culture/country. Students will read silently and then complete a folk tale research sheet in which they identify all the elements of their story. Then students will write their own folk tale combining elements from the different countries. Students will then share their stories with the class through an oral / written presentation, using art project (drawing) or role playing/dramatisation.

Student Instructions

Receive 1 folk tale from a different culture/country. Read silently and then complete a folk tale research sheet in which you will identify all the elements of the story you read. Try to answer the following questions:

- Which story do you like more? Why?
- What are the main meanings of the stories?
- What characteristics of the stories are appealing to you?
- What are the similarities among them?
- What are the differences between them?
- What can you tell about the culture of each country?
- What elements of the different stories could you use to write your own folk story?

Then share your story with the class through an oral / written presentation using an art project (drawing) or role playing/dramatisation.



Examples from European and other countries

Greece

The Sun and the Wind - Greece

Once upon a time, the Sun and the Wind started a big discussion about which of the two was the strongest.

"Me," said the Sun.

"No, me," said the Wind.

And they were so stubborn that neither of them gave in to the other.

But in this way, no conclusion was reached, nor would it ever be made, as they were both so stubborn.

- I suggest you bet! said the Wind at last.

- What bet? the Sun asked.

- To choose a man by chance and whichever of us makes him undress, he will be the strongest.

- I accept the bet! said the Sun.

In a little while, a man appeared walking alone.

Then the Wind began to blow strongly.

The man bowed his head and crossed his arms across his chest to protect himself from the wind.

The wind blew harder and the man tightened his clothes. Because the Wind was blowing harder, the poor man took out a woollen blanket, which he carried in a sack, and wrapped himself in it, so that he wouldn't feel cold.

The stronger the Wind blew, the tighter the man wrapped himself in his blanket.

In the end, the Wind got bored and stopped blowing.

He turned to the Sun and said to him:

- Now it's your turn to try to undress him.

The Sun shone in the sky, as soon as the Wind stopped blowing, and immediately the passenger took the blanket over him and put it in the sack.



The Sun intensified its glow and the passenger unbuttoned his clothes.

But the Sun grew brighter and brighter and the man, who had begun to sweat, began to take off his clothes one by one, until, at last, he remained naked and looked around to see if there was any tree to get in its shadow.

But because he could not find a tree, he fell into the river which was near him and remained in the water, until the Sun, slowly, diminished its radiance.

- You are the strongest! The Wind admitted, saying goodbye to the Sun.



France

The Cicada and the Ant

Cicada, having sung her song
All summer long,
Found herself without a crumb
When winter winds did come.
Not a scrap was there to find
Of fly or earthworm, any kind.
Hungry, she ran off to cry
To neighbour Ant, and specify:
Asking for a loan of grist,
A seed or two so she'd subsist
Just until the coming spring.
She said, "I'll pay you everything
Before fall, my word as animal,
Interest and principal."
Well, no hasty lender is the Ant;
It's her finest virtue by a lot.
"And what did you do when it was hot?"
She then asked this mendicant.
"To all comers, night and day,
I sang. I hope you don't mind."
"You sang?" Why, my joy is unconfined.
Now dance the winter away."

Jean de la Fontaine

The Hare and the Tortoise

Rushing is useless; one has to leave on time. To such
Truth witness is given by the Tortoise and the Hare.
"Let's make a bet," the former once said, "that you won't touch
That line as soon as I." "As soon? Are you all there,
Neighbour?" said the rapid beast.
"You need a purge: four grains at least
Of hellebore, you're now so far gone."
"All there or not, the bet's still on."
So it was done; the wagers of the two
Were placed at the finish, in view.
It doesn't matter what was down at stake,
Nor who was the judge that they got.
Our Hare had, at most, four steps or so to take.
I mean the kind he takes when, on the verge of being caught,
He outruns dogs sent to the calends for their pains,
Making them run all over the plains.
Having, I say, time to spare, sleep, browse around,
Listen to where the wind was bound,
He let the Tortoise leave the starting place
In stately steps, wide-spaced.





CULTURA
UNIVERSALIS

Straining, she commenced the race:
Going slow was how she made haste.
He, meanwhile, thought such a win derogatory,
Judged the bet to be devoid of glory,
Believed his honour was all based
On leaving late. He browsed, lolled like a king,
Amused himself with everything
But the bet. When at last he took a look,
Saw that she'd almost arrived at the end of the course,
He shot off like a bolt. But all of the leaps he took
Were in vain; the Tortoise was first perforce.
"Well, now!" she cried out to him. "Was I wrong?
What good is all your speed to you?
The winner is me! And how would you do
If you also carried a house along?"

Jean de la Fontaine

Jean de la Fontaine is a 17th century French author and poet, known for his tales and fables. The Fables of La Fontaine is one of the greatest masterpieces of French literature. This collection of fables written in verse features animals and always contains a moral.



Latvia

Wild animals and the dough box maker

Once upon a time, there lived an old man, who was making dough boxes. Once he was quite short of bread. But his neighbour, the landowner, said to him:

- Make me a new dough box, then I'll give you some bread!

The old man agreed. He made a bulky dough box and started to carry it to his neighbour. But the weather on that day was terribly hot, his burden quite heavy, and the old man soon was out of breath. So he lay down in the forest under a bushy oak tree, putting the dough box over himself as a cover.

After a short while, a hare came running, sat down on the dough box, and wondered:

- Such a lovely table, but - what a pity - there is no food upon it!

In the meantime, a fox arrived in a trot, sat down on the dough box beside the hare, and wondered:

- Such a lovely table, but - what a pity - there is no food upon it!

After a while, the wolf came running, sat down on the dough box next to the fox, and wondered:

- Such a lovely table, but - what a pity - there is no food upon it!

After a while also the bear came, squat down on the dough box next to the wolf, and also wondered:

- Such a lovely table, but - what a pity - there is no food upon it!

So the wild animals were all sitting there until they came to a thought - but they certainly could do something to prepare a meal!

The bear said, "I know a wild beehive in the forest, I'll bring it."

The wolf said, "I know a fat ram in the sheep shed, I'll bring it."

The fox said, 'I know a fat gander in the farmstead, I'll bring it.'

The hare said, "I know a heavy cabbage head in the garden, I'll bring it."

Each went his own way. After a while, the bear brought the beehive and dropped it on the dough box with a great bang. Then the wolf brought a ram, the fox brought a gander, and a hare brought a cabbage head.

They started their feast. Suddenly the man stirred under the dough box, and the bear got frightened and exclaimed, "Who's moving the table?"

No one answered, and they all continued eating.



After a while, the man stirred the dough box again, and the wolf exclaimed, "Who's moving the table?"

No one answered, and all of them continued eating.

After a while, the man stirred the dough box again, and the fox said, "Who's moving the table?"

No one answered, and they all continued their feast.

A moment later, the man under the dough box turned to his other side, greatly shaking the dough box.

The hare shouted, "Who's moving the table? It's not safe here anymore, let's run away!"

And so they all took to their heels, everyone running in a different direction. But the old maker of dough boxes now had honey, meat and a cabbage head.

Besides the man also got bread from his neighbour in reward for the dough box - and now he could live without any worry.



Poland

The Legend of the Wawel Dragon

Long before Poland was ruled by Mieszko I, a city was built on the Wawel Hill, ruled by King Krak. He was wise and gracious, and his adoring subjects called the city Krakow after him.

The king had a beautiful daughter, Wanda. They lived a carefree and happy life, and prosperity flowed through the city. One day a huge dragon appeared in the sky. It had large wings and its thick armor resisted arrows. Ignoring the people who tried to chase him away, he settled in a cave under the hill. He ate cattle every now and then.

People slowly began to leave the city as it gradually emptied out. The helpless king asked for help from the knights - but those daredevils who came to the cave with the intention of killing the dragon were immediately devoured. The clever shoemaker Skuba also became interested in the dragon. In the workshop where he worked, he made a sheep-like puppet out of a sheepskin, filled it with sulphur from the quarries and carried it under the dragon's den.

When he returned, he told everyone about his plan. Everyone was very curious to see how the beast would react. When the dragon awoke, it immediately devoured the sheep puppet. Soon a fire started bubbling up in his gut. The sulfur made him feel great pain and a burning sensation in his throat. To quench his thirst, he drank the Vistula water until he burst. The happy people grabbed Skuba in their arms and carried him to King Krak, who gave him the hand of his daughter Wanda.

The sculpture standing by the river at the foot of the Wawel Castle, at the entrance to the Dragon's Den, reminds us of defeating the dragon.



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Janosik, Polish legend

A long time ago, the people living in the Tatra Mountain area were poor and hungry because they were charged unfair rents by greedy landlords. The landlords hired soldiers to take the sheep and crops from the people who could not pay their rent.



One day, a young man named Janosik, met a rich man climbing a mountain with two of his soldiers. One of the soldiers tried to push him off the mountain path. Janosik would not get off the path. He hit the bully and he fell off the slope. As the second soldier came to attack him, Janosik tripped him and he too fell off the mountain. Then Janosik took the rich man's heavy bag, which was full of money the man collected from the poor people, and pushed him off the path, too. The three men were lying at the bottom of the ravine!

Janosik gave the money to poor starving families. He had to hide in the mountains because he knew that soldiers would be looking for him. As he climbed the mountain, he noticed three witches walking behind him. The witches told Janosik that they had been watching him and they knew that he pushed the soldiers off the mountain and had stolen the money. But they saw him give the money to poor families and considered him a hero. They offered to help him. Each of the witches gave him a magical gift – one was a woollen shirt that would stop any bullet or arrow, the second was a red leather belt that would help him run more swiftly than any other man and the third gift was a long-handled mountaineer's axe that would allow him to climb steep cliffs and peaks where no one could follow.

Janosik soon became a chief of a group of bandits who robbed the rich and gave money to the poor people. The landlords who were afraid of Janosik offered enormous rewards for his capture, but the gifts of the witches made it impossible for him to be caught.

A woman, who lived in the mountains and knew Janosik, told the soldiers about the three gifts the witches had given him. One night the woman stole the gifts and built a fire on the mountainside to signal the soldiers that she had burned them.

When the enemies arrived, Janosik no longer had the magic power. He fought bravely but was taken to prison. The soldiers promised the woman some money if she helped them capture Janosik, but they were dishonest soldiers and kept all the reward. The woman had to run away. She died in poverty in another land. Janosik escaped and still lives in the mountains robbing the rich and giving to the poor. <http://geowonderland.blogspot.com/2014/03/janosik-polish-legend.html>

The legend of Popiel

A long time ago, in Kruszwica on Lake Gopło, Prince Popiel lived in the castle with his wife, a German princess, Gerda. They both liked to play and did not care for their subjects. Popiel caused his uncles, the knights of Greater Poland, the same worries. They warned him that he should take care of his estate, but he did not listen to them. He spent time hunting with his wife, not interested in the affairs of his subjects or the condition of the walls protecting the settlement against the invasions of barbarian tribes.

The evil duchess, upset by the urgings of Popiel's uncles, advised him to hold a feast, invite all of his uncles to it and pour poison into their wine. They did so - when the uncles came to the feast and made a toast, after a while they fell dead to the floor. At night, the duchess ordered



the servants to throw the bodies into the lake. She was sure no one would find out what happened.

Nobody survived, so Popiel could enjoy taking the throne, he became the king.

After a few days, mice hatched from the bodies of his relatives and began to gather around the castle. Every hour there were more of them: they forced their way in, and their squeaking was soon heard in every room of the castle. Popiel and his wife crossed to an island on a lake and took shelter in an old tower.

The mice followed them. They gnawed the bottom of the boat so that no one could escape from the island. They climbed the tower, rushed at Popiel and his wife, and devoured them.

Winter came and the surroundings of Kruszwica were calm. However, people were concerned about the silence that prevailed in the castle. For many days no one had come out or smoke had come out of the chimney. Finally, a young peasant dared to go to the castle and returned with terrifying but joyful news:

- The prince is dead! Only mice are on the prowl in the tower! Look what's left of Popiel!

Such was the punishment for a deceitful and cruel murder, for the torment of the people, and the lake that hits the shore at night tells the story. The old tower still stands on Lake Gopło - so that no one would forget about the punishment of a wicked marriage, it was called the Mouse Tower.



Spain

PATUFET

Once upon a time, there was a very, very little boy. His name was Patufet. He was a smart child and a hard worker. One day when his mum was cooking lunch, she said:

-Patufet, now I'm going to the shop to buy saffron to put in the rice. Don't go outside the house.

-Mum, let me go to the shop! Please!- Patufet said

-You can't go Patufet. You're so little, the people in the street can't see you. And people will step on you - Mum says.

- I will sing a song, and if people can't see me, they will hear me.

Please let me go! Please!

-Ok, but sing aloud.

Mom gave him a 1 cent coin, and Patufet went to the shop and sang like this:

Patim, patam, patum

men and women, please watch out

patim, patam, patum

don't step on Patufet.

All the people heard the song, but nobody could see the boy because he was very very little.

When he arrived at the shop he said:

-One cent of saffron, please!

-Who is asking for saffron? I can't see anybody -said the shop assistant

-One cent of saffron for Patufet, please - he said, again

The shop assistant saw the coin and, behind it, a tiny boy. She gave him a little bit of saffron.

Patufet went back home singing:

Patim, patam, patum

men and women please watch out,

patim, patam, patum

don't step on Patufet.

On the way, it started raining. One drop, two drops, three drops... and there was a real downpour. Patufet sheltered under a cabbage to keep dry. But, Ohhh! An ox came and, in one single bite, he swallowed the cabbage, Patufet and his basket. Everything went to his stomach!



Dad went home. He was very worried:

-Why didn't you bring me my lunch? - he asked his wife

-Where is Patufet? Didn't he go and bring it? -Patufet's mother replied-. Oh! Poor us! My goodness! Our child got lost!

And Mum and Dad went out to the field to look for him, and they shouted:

-Patufet, where are you? Patufet, where are you?

And Patufet said:

-In the ox's tummy, where it's warm and dry! When the ox will fart, Patufet will go out

But they couldn't hear him, and they kept shouting:

-Patufet, where are you? Patufet, where are you?

And Patufet said:

-In the ox's tummy, where it's warm and dry! When the ox will fart, Patufet will go out

But they couldn't hear Patufet, and they desperately shouted and shouted:

-Patufet, where are you? Patufet, where are you?

And Patufet said:

-In the ox's tummy, where it's warm and dry! When the ox will fart, Patufet will go out.

Then, when they heard him, they gave lots and lots of hay to the ox.

In the end, when he was well-fed and full, he had a big fart:

<<PRRRR!>>

and Patufet came out!!!

And, as English stories usually finished, they lived happily ever after!

Or, as we say in Catalan: I vet aquí un gat, i vet aquí un gos, vet aquí un conte que s'ha fos.

This means: And there was a cat, and there was a dog, and there was a story that faded out.



Afrika

The Hummingbird, Afrika

The birds wanted to elect a king. Why should humans and animals have a king, they thought, and we do not? So they gathered in a clearing to decide.

"Let's choose the Ostrich, it is the biggest bird!", A voice was heard.

"No, he can't fly."

"Then the Eagle, which has the most penetrating look!".

"No, he is very ugly."

"The Vulture, who has the strongest wings!"

"The Vulture is dirty, it smells awful."

"The Peacock, which is beautiful!"

"His legs are very bad, so is his voice."

"The Owl, who sees in the dark!"

"The owl is useless during the day, it cannot stand the light."

The night arrived and they still could not agree. Then a buzzard shouted: "Let's have a contest! "Whoever can climb above the clouds will become king!" "Yes Yes!" the birds chirped. The signal was given and everything together was weighed high in the sky.

The Vulture flew for three whole days without stopping, it was about to reach the sun. At the end of the third day, he shouted loudly: "I flew higher than everyone, I am the king!"

"Chiu-chiu-chiu," he heard a chorus above him. Raise his head, and what to see! The Hummingbird had overtaken him. It had been hooked, without anyone smelling it, on the Vulture's wing and had not fallen, because it was light as a feather. "Chiu-chiu-chiu! "I have reached higher, I am the king!", Sang the Hummingbird.

The Vulture flew another day, continuing to ascend to the sun. "I have risen above all of you, I am the king," he shouted.

"Chiu-chiu-chiu! "I have reached higher; I am the king!"

The Vulture continued to fly on the fifth day. "No one can climb higher than me!" cried. "I am the king!"

"Chiu-chiu-chiu!", The Hummingbird sang over his head. "I have reached higher, I am the king!"



The Vulture was tired and landed on Earth. All the birds were angry. The hummingbird had to be punished for making fun of them. They flew over him, and he just managed to hide in a mouse nest. How would they get it out of there? Someone had to guard it and catch it as soon as it came out.

"The Owl must be on guard! "He has the biggest eyes and he sees in the dark!", The birds shouted.

The Owl took a position in front of the mouse hole. He guarded the nest all night. But it quickly dawned, and the hot sun spread such warmth that the Owl fell asleep.

The Hummingbird peeked, saw that the Owl was sleeping and frrrt !, it exploded. When the birds arrived to punish the Hummingbird, the mouse hole was empty. "Chiu-chiu," they heard from above. They raised their heads and saw the flamboyant bird sitting on the tallest branch.

The one who got angry the most was the White-crow. He turned his back on the birds and shouted: "We are not worthy to elect a king. That is why I will not utter a word again. " And from that day, the white-crow did not speak again. Even if he is hurt, he does not make a sound.



China

The Platz

Once upon a time, six hares were living on the shores of a small lake in a papaya forest. One day a papaya fell into the water and a "plats" was heard.

The hares, who had never heard such a sound before, were very frightened and started running around to hide. A fox who saw them running asked them what was going on. "Platz is coming," the hares replied, without stopping running. The fox was startled and started running as well. A monkey, sitting on a tree, saw the fox running scared and asked her what was going on. " Platz is coming," the fox shouted, without stopping for a moment.

Without thinking, the monkey started jumping from branch to branch, then landed on the ground and tried to hide between bushes and trees, like having been chased by a dragon.

The news spread by word of mouth to all the animals of the forest very quickly. In the end, all the animals ran to get saved. Deer skidded over obstacles, buffaloes ran so fast that they picked up clouds of dust, elephants and rhinos jerked to the ground. Bears, leopards, tigers and lions were all pouring out of the forest, while behind them, there were coming the wild boars growling. The animals ran to the foothills where an old lion was resting.

What happened to you and why are you running like that? he shouted at them.

"Platz is coming," one of the animals replied whilst still running to hide.

"Platz? Who is he? Where is he?"

"How could it be possible to know that?" the animal replied breathlessly.

"So we do not need to hurry. We need to think first", said the lion and continued: "Where did you hear about him"?

"The tiger passed by and told me."

Now the animals were standing and watching the conversation. The old lion asked the tiger, but she had heard it from the leopard, who had heard it from the bear, who had been told by the elephant, who had been told by the rhino ... and so all the animals were asked, but no one knew anything specific about the Platz. In the end, the fox said that she heard it from the six hares of the lake. The lion looked at the six hares waiting for their response.

"We heard him with our own ears. "He was in the lake," said the hares. "You heard him, but you did not see him, did you?" said the lion, and suggested that they all go to the lake together to face Platz. As they reached the lake a strong wind blew and a papaya fell into the water. Platz!

"Here's Platz," said the lion. "What's the matter, aren't you going to run away"?



But this time no one moved. They just stared angrily at the six hares.

Iran

The foolish king

Once upon a time, there was a king who was only interested in how to touch the moon. So one day an idea came to him. He called all the carpenters in the country and said to them:

"I want you to build for me a tower high up into the sky."

"How is this going to happen"; the carpenters asked.

"This is your job," he said. "And if you do not do it, I will punish you."

As they had no other choice, the carpenters gathered all the wood they had and built a tall tower.

"I want it to be even taller," said the king when he saw the tower.

The carpenters cut down all the trees, gathered all the wood and made the tower so high that its' top was lost in the clouds.

The king thought that now he could reach the moon. So he started climbing the tower until he reached the top of it.

"A little more wood," shouted the king from the point he was.

"There is no more wood left. All the trees we had in our town were cut to build this tower."

"Fine, take some boards from the base of the tower and come and nail them here. "If I go a little higher, I will touch the moon."

The carpenters did not wait and started to move the planks from the base of the tower as the king had commanded them. After a while, a very loud "Crack" was heard and the foolish king, who wanted to touch the moon, found himself lying on the ground.

