

TEACHER RESOURCES

The following resources are for teacher use only. Each handout has been provided, with answers, for teacher reference. These handouts will be a useful tool for you to have in your hands during the lesson.

Fables: Interpreting Meaning

Folk Handout 1

The Dog and the Shadow

It happened that a dog had gotten a piece of meat and was carrying it home in his mouth to eat it in peace. Now, on his way home, he had to cross a plank lying across a running brook. As he crossed, he looked down and saw his own shadow reflected in the water beneath. Thinking it was another dog with another piece of meat, he made up his mind to have that also. So he made a snap at the shadow in the water, but as he opened his mouth, the piece of meat fell out, dropped into the water, and was never seen again.

Be careful that you don't lose everything while grasping at shadows.

The Lion and the Mouse

Once, when a Lion was asleep, a little mouse began running up and down upon him. This soon awakened the lion, who placed his huge paw upon him and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O king," cried the little mouse. "Forgive me this time, and I shall never forget it. Who knows but what I may be able to do you a favor in return one of these days?" The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse being able to help him that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after, the Lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters, who desired to carry him alive to the king, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon on which to carry him. Just then the little mouse happened to pass by, and seeing plight of the lion, went up to him and gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of the Beasts.

Even the smallest of friends may bring huge benefits.

The Bat, the Birds, and the Beasts

A great conflict was about to come off between the Birds and the Beasts. When the two armies were collected together, the bat hesitated, not knowing which to join. The birds that passed his perch said, "Come with us."

But he said, "I am a beast."

Later on, some beasts who were passing underneath him looked up and said, "Come with us."

But he replied, "I am a bird."

Luckily, at the last moment, peace was made, and no battle took place, so the bat came to the Birds and wished to join in the rejoicings; but they all turned against him and he had to fly away. He then went to the Beasts but soon had to fly away, or else they would have torn him to pieces.

Learning who you truly are requires figuring out who you truly are not.

Tall Tales: Using Notation to Identify Literary Characteristics

Folk Handout 2

NOTE: STUDENTS MAY POINT OUT PLACES FOR NOTATION THAT ARE NOT INCLUDED ON THIS TEACHER EXAMPLE. ALSO, THE NOTATIONS AND IN-TEXT EXAMPLES HAVE BEEN COLOR CODED FOR EASIER VIEWING. STUDENTS ARE NOT REQUIRED TO COLOR CODE.

Paul Bunyan

F One winter, Paul Bunyan came to log along the Little Gimlet in Oregon. Ask any old timer who was logging that winter, and **they'll tell you I ain't lying** when I say his **kitchen covered about 10 miles of territory**. Every word I'm about to share is the **god-honest truth!**

X That stove, now, **she were a grand one. An acre long, taller than a scrub pine**, and when she was warm, **she melted the snow for about 20 miles around**. The men logging in the vicinity never had to put on their jackets 'til about noon on a day when Paul Bunyan wanted flapjacks.

X It was quite a site to see, that cook of Paul Bunyan's makin' flapjacks. **Cookie** would send four of the boys up with a side of hog tied to each of their snowshoes, and they'd skate around up there keeping the griddle greased while **Cookie** and seven other men flipped flapjacks for Paul Bunyan. **The table we had set up for the camp was about 10 miles long**. We rigged elevators to the table to bring the vittles to each end, and some of the younger lads in the camp rode bicycles down the path at the center, carrying cakes and such wherever they were called for.

X We had one mishap that winter. Babe the Blue Ox accidentally knocked a bag of dried peas off the countertop when he swished his tail. Well, **them peas** flew so far and so fast out of the kitchen that they knocked over a dozen loggers coming home for lunch, clipped the tops off of several pine trees, and landed in the hot spring. We had pea soup to eat for the rest of the season, which was okay by me, but them boys whose Mamas insisted they bathe more than once a year were pretty sore at losing their **swimmin' hole**.

X One summer Paul and Babe were chopping at some trees down in Arizona and the heat was more than ole Babe could stand. In fact, **I hear that it was so hot all the trees were drying up and turning to stone**. Folks today call that area of Arizona the **Petrified Forest**. Well, Paul Bunyan, being the kind, old chap that he is, dug Babe a giant **watering hole**. Paul worked up such a sweat that it dripped from his brow and filled up the

F hole. **His river of sweat can still be seen running through that hole today.** You folks call it the **Grand Canyon!**

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Folktales: Comparing Stories from Different Cultures

Folk Handout 3

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

O **Once upon a time**, three billy goats lived together in a field on a hillside. There was a **Big Billy Goat Gruff**, a **Middle Billy Goat Gruff**, and a **Little Billy Goat Gruff**. Beside the billy goats' field ran a river. One day, they decided to cross it and eat the grass on the other side, **but first they had to go over the bridge**. **Under the bridge lived a big, ugly troll**. First, Little Billy Goat Gruff stepped onto the bridge. **TRIP TRAP** went his hooves. "Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll. **VS**

S "It is only I, Little Billy Goat Gruff, going across the river to make myself fat," said Little Billy Goat Gruff in such a small voice. **VS**

R "Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

R "Oh, please don't eat me, I'm so small," said Little Billy Goat Gruff. "Wait for the next billy goat. He's much bigger." **T**

R "Well, be off with you," said the Troll. A little while later, Middle Billy Goat Gruff stepped onto the bridge. **TRIP TRAP, TRIP TRAP** went his hooves. "Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

R "It is only I, Middle Billy Goat Gruff, going across the river to make myself fat," said Middle Billy Goat Gruff, whose voice was not so small.

R "Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

R "Oh, no, don't eat me," said Middle Billy Goat Gruff. "Wait for the next billy goat. He's the biggest of all." **T**

R "Very well, be off with you," said the Troll. It wasn't long before Big Billy Goat Gruff stepped onto the bridge. **TRIP TRAP, TRIP TRAP, TRIP TRAP** went his hooves, and the bridge groaned under his weight.

R "Who's that tramping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

R "It is I, Big Billy Goat Gruff," said Big Billy Goat Gruff, who had a rough, roaring voice of his own.

R "Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll, and at once, he jumped onto the bridge, very mean and hungry, but Big Billy Goat Gruff was very tough and strong. He put down his head and charged the Troll and butted him so hard he flew high into the air and then fell down and splashed into the middle of the river; **and the ugly troll was never** **E**

seen again. Then Big Billy Goat Gruff joined Middle Billy Goat Gruff and Little Billy Goat Gruff in the field on the far side of the river. There, they go so fat that they could hardly walk home again.

Myths: Putting it All Together: Teachers, try this one on your own.

Folk Handout 4

Pandora's Box

What is a myth? A myth can be considered a “religious story,” and will involve the existence and activities of a supernatural being. Certain themes, truths, and elements of myths can often be compared to myths from other cultures. In order for a story to be classified as a *myth*, it must contain all of the following specific characteristics:

- The story must demonstrate the existence and activities of gods and demigods.
- It will seek to explain at least some aspect of the origin or manner of things: where people came from, how rainbows first came to be, why whales have blowholes, why people and animals feel hunger, etc.
- It is not an isolated tale but connects in some significant way with other similar stories within a culture.
- Mortals will have direct access to and communication with the gods of their culture.

Epimetheus, the Titan who had been put in charge of naming the animals and caring for the earth, asked Zeus one day to give him a companion because he was lonely. “Wolves run in packs and birds fly in flocks, and yet I have no-one!” he said. Zeus felt sorry for Epimetheus, so he created a woman to be his companion. All of the other gods gave this woman very special gifts. Artemis gave her courage, Athena gave her wisdom and kindness, and Aphrodite gave her beauty. The gods called her Pandora, which means “every gift.”

Epimetheus was so pleased with his new wife that he wept with joy at the sight of her. He spent the first day with her showing her their home. “Everything I own is now yours,” he lovingly said to her. As he said this, Pandora noticed a box in the corner of the room that he did not show her or even mention.

“What about that box, what is in there?” she asked.

“It is nothing that you ever need to worry about,” Epimetheus kindly replied. “It does not concern you.” He then made Pandora promise that she would never open or even go near the box. Although she was confused, and somewhat frightened, she agreed to his wishes. But in the back of her mind she always wondered what was in the box. She never touched the box, and in fact she seldom even looked at it. Yet, she could not keep her curious mind from thinking about it night and day.

One day while Epimetheus was away, Pandora was sweeping the house when she heard something calling to her from the box. “Pandora, help me, let me out!” the voice from inside the box called out to her. Because Pandora had been given kindness from the gods, Pandora rushed to the box and opened the lid to help whoever was yelling from inside.

The lid flew off with such a great force that it knocked Pandora to the ground. A swarm of creatures flew from the box and attacked Pandora, and as quickly as they had appeared, they flew away. When Epimetheus came home he found Pandora lying, bruised and scraped on the floor. She explained what she had done and was filled with shame.

“Do not be ashamed,” said Epimetheus. “I should have told you what was in the box. It is my fault. After I gave gifts to all the animals, there were horrible things left over that I felt no one deserved to have. Their names were Sorrow, Disease, Misery and Despair. I put these things in the box in hopes that I could hide them forever. I should have known that I could not keep them. And now the world will be plagued by these evil things forever.” What Pandora and Epimetheus did not realize is that lying in the box was Hope. Hope remained with the two of them, and it is Hope that we all carry with us today in order to fight against the evil things in this world.