



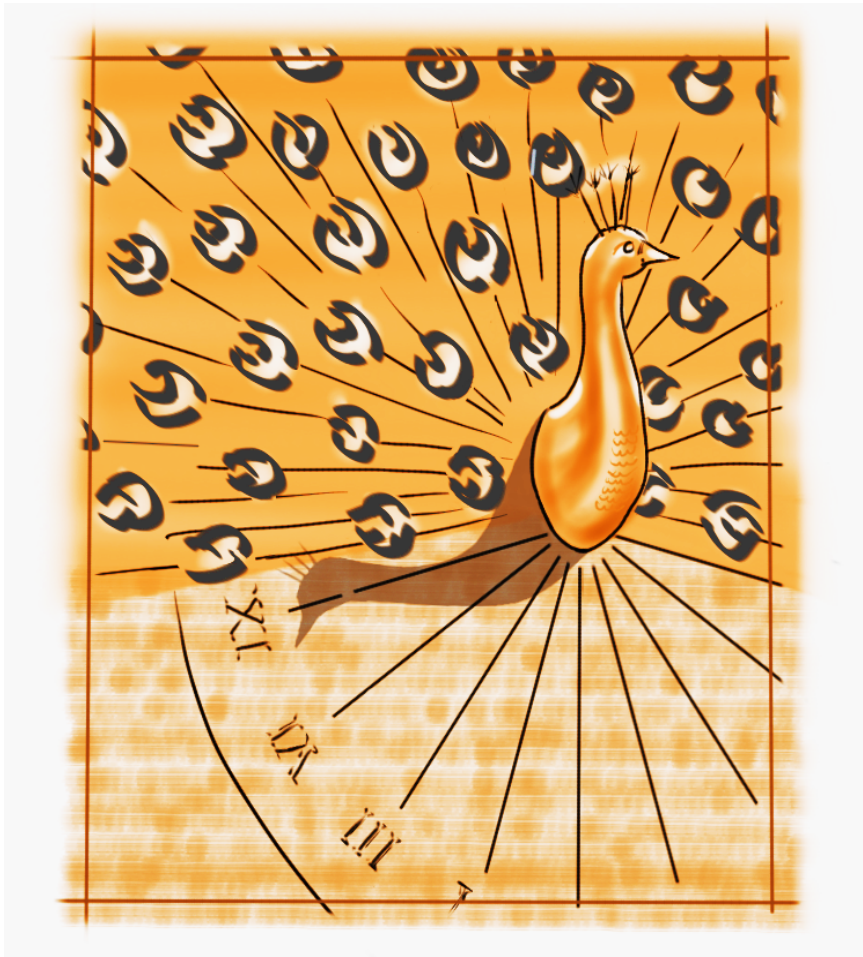
The Magical Horse: from The Arabian Nights

The Exchange of The Magical Horse

King Raquib of Persia has many suitors for his eldest daughter's hand. One presents a golden, clockwork peacock that calls out the time, and fans its tail on each hour. Another brings a jewel encrusted trumpet that sounds whenever anyone of rank comes to the city gates.

"These suitors are unworthy," mused the King, to himself.

"They bring me mechanical baubles, without any power or real marvel," he argued. "Why would I give my daughter's prestige and wonder for such trinkets."



Then, from India, flies a man on a horse! Madur, wizened and grey-haired, rode a flying horse wrought of ivory and ebony.

“What do you want for your miraculous invention?” asks King Raquib, a smile on his lips and eager intent in his eyes.

“The invention is not mine, Liege,” replies the ancient, “Its inventor asked for my own daughter’s hand in exchange; and I swore that I would ask no smaller price.”

“You cannot give this old man my sister!” Prince Firouz demands the next morning. But the flying horse will give his owner untold power, and King Raquib can think of nothing else.

Prince Firouz has another way to stop the planned marriage. “Let me test this 'Magic' Horse.” he asks the King, “We shall see its worth.” And so Madur's instruction to Firouz begins.

Soon the horse and rider take to the air. Now he can fly, Firouz rides swiftly away, and leaves his instruction unfinished.

King Raquib waits for Firouz to return. And waits, and waits.

“Losing his son should change my father's desire to keep this horse.” the Prince hopes. “Father will reconsider the wedding,”

Far behind Firouz, his concerned father glowers at Madur, “If my son does not return within a week, you will exchange your life for his!” he fumes,

“Throw this villain in prison.” commands the King.

In prison, Madur regrets owning a flying horse,

“I have paid too much for that horse. My own daughter given away, and now perhaps Life itself. The Princess may be engaging and beautiful, but she cannot match my daughter's love.”

“... And the Prince will keep his sister and the Magic Horse when he returns!” Madur exclaims

But in his palace, King Raquib also grieves and regrets, “Neither owning nor flying the Horse can replace my children.”

The Magical Horse and Prince Firouz

"No Princess should marry a stranger, with or without a Flying Horse!" vows Prince Firouz of Persia. His father has plans to exchange Firouz' sister for a Magical Flying Horse. To stop the marriage, the Prince flies the Horse away.

But Firouz cannot operate the horse, so his ride is long, fast and undirected, "WaahaayahWhooooaaaHaaaWooooooosh!"

Eventually, Firouz manages to stop the horse, and he dismounts. He is on a vast, terraced, palace rooftop.

Inside the palace, Firouz steps softly around the ranks of slumbering guards. He has seen the lights flickering from state rooms that the soldiers guard. They watch where the palace nobility must sleep. Passing many maids at rest, Prince Firouz is drawn to the couch of Aaliyah, Princess of Bengal.

Aaliyah stirs as Firouz first catches sight of the Princess. She has grim visions of awaiting sorrow. That day her father gave her had to a man of wealth and power, without allowing Aaliyah any choice. She knows nothing about her new suitor.

Her pet monkey growls as Firouz appears. Aaliyah awakes with a start, but Firouz smiles gently, and the girl is much relieved. She supposes Firouz is her chosen suitor, but at least he is not hard-faced and distance. So she takes her new 'fiancee' to share breakfast. As Aaliyah and her guest talk, she discovers the Firouz should not even be in the palace.

Firouz tells his host his story, about the horse and how he arrived at her bed that night.

"Fate has brought us together." he claims, and Aaliyah - recalling the suitor awaiting her at court - agrees.

But the King of Bengal soon interrupts their talk, "To wed my daughter, you must be of royal blood"

"I have no splendour or retinue to show you," says Firouz, "but I will prove my worth."

"I will grasp your daughter's hand, even if she is guarded by a ring of your finest cavalry." challenges the Prince.

The day of the contest dawns. Firouz looks across a forest of horsemen and sabres to the King of Bengal and his daughter

"I should be mounted, too!" calls the Prince, "In fairness, send me my ivory horse."

Mounted and eager, Firouz charges the King's soldiers. Over he soars on the Magical Horse, swooping to snatch Aaliyah up and away from Bengal, and home to Persia.



The Flight of the Magical Horse

"Amazing. Magical!" cries Princess Aaliyah, raising her arms high. She is flying a Magical Horse! She holds tight to her new love, Prince Firouz of Persia. They skim the great Ganges river, faster than the wind. Then the riders fly high through the steep passes of the Himalaya mountains. Behind Aaliyah is Bengal, where she grew up. Ahead waits Persia and her future father. And while they fly, King Raquib fears his son will not return.

The riders circle and land outside the City gates. Madur sees them from his prison window. The grey-haired Madur is in goal to pay for Prince Firouz' disappearance. Madur gave the Magical Horse to the King, and he expected to marry the King's daughter in return. Then Firouz flew the horse away



"That was wonderful!" gasps Aaliyah, "I hope another ride through the clouds must come soon." she wishes. Firouz leaves his breathless Princess astride the Magic Horse, and he rushes back to his home. For Firouz wants his intended bride to have a regal entrance into the grand Persian Court, befitting a princess

Firouz' happiness delights his father. And so the king lets open the doors of Madur's cell.

"Take your horse, take reward for your ingenuity, and go." growls the happy King.

Though he is free, Madur is not so happy, "That arrogant boy has bought his bride with my suffering!"

"Assemble the Court! Send the Vizier for my betrothed, she awaits at the city gate!" declares Prince Firouz.

Madur hears the Prince's directions, and smiles, "I could not wed Prince's sister, but I shall wed his bride."

Outside the Eastern Gates, Princess Aaliyah greets the Vizier.

"We should hurry, Princess," he says, "the Court is impatient."

Aaliyah climbs back onto the Magic Horse. "I'll ride the Magic Horse again," she suggests, "The waiting crowd will be surprised"

Madur appears close behind the Horse, he has been waiting for this moment. "Certainly, the crowds shall be surprise!" grins Madur as he lifts himself behind the Princess into the saddle. He sets the

From the palace steps, the Court sees them soaring high into sky. And Firouz calls after Aaliyah until he loses her to the clouds.

Aaliyah's Sickness

A Flying Horse, made of cedar and ivory, clatters down to land. Princess Aaliyah jumps down and flees. The Horse's rider, Madur, pursues her. Madur has flown his captive far from Aaliyah's intended husband, Prince Firouz. Madur has kidnapped Aaliyah, planning to marry her himself.

Sultan Moiz, the King of Kashmir is hunting when Aaliyah's cries reach him. Her cries are followed by the breathless, dishevelled, entrancing girl herself.

"This is a private matter, your Majesty," explains Madur appearing abruptly following Aaliyah, "This girl is my wife."

"I have no husband!" declares Aaliyah, scornfully, and the Sultan's finds hope awakening in his heart.

"Take this man away," orders Moiz, "He lies!" And then he escorts a happy Aaliyah to his palace. In his hall, Aaliyah pretends to feel faint and falls to the ground. She can only remember how swiftly her life has changed this day, though she hopes she will think of what to do,

Next morning, the sounds of bells and rejoicing wake Aaliyah

"So much joy," she asks her attendants. "Who is getting married?"

"You are to be the bride." the servant tells her.

"And I am be your groom." adds Sultan Moiz, as he arrives.

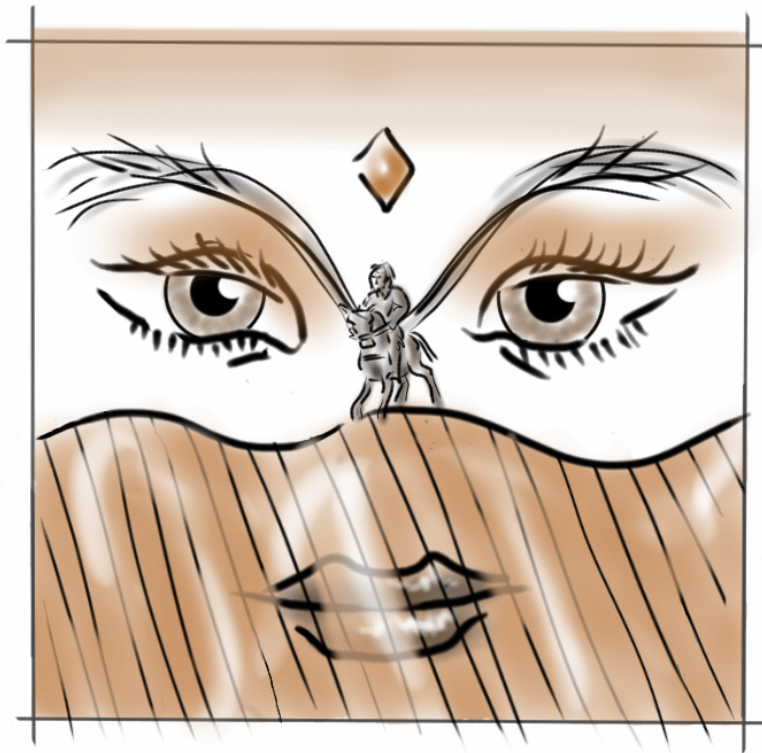
Aaliyah swoons again. This time it is real, She lies still, taking time to think of an escape.

Suddenly she is standing. "I must fly to my nest. My chicks need to eat," she jabbars, "I'll build a nest no hunters will find." She pushes the Sultan aside.

"Sheave your weapons." Moiz tells his guards. "She is clearly sick, and needs time to recover."

Every day the Sultan's entrance has the same effect on Aaliyah. She flutters and cries around her bed-chambers

"There must be, there will be a cure!" resolves Moiz. He consults Kashmir's finest doctors, and promises a reward to any who heal Aaliyah



One day a Persian doctor arrives and claims he has the cure.

"You cannot help me. You have never flown!" Aaliyah storms madly, "Like the other fools, your words will only teach my fledglings to plunge and die." Aaliyah turns away,

But Firouz whispers in Aaliyah's ear, "I *can* fly! I have found the Horse."

"The girl will be better today," Doctor Firouz announces the next day, "I have brought a statue of a horse with wings. On this horse, the Princess will forget she is a bird, and will have no more worries about flight."

Prince Firouz lifts Aaliyah onto the Magical Horse, then he climbs up and seizes the reins. "Sim salabim!" the Prince commands, "To Persia and to home!" he cries.

"Never try to marry before the bride agrees," Firouz and Aaliyah call down to Sultan Moiz. And then they fly away.

The Scorpion and the Turtle from the Beharistan by Djami

Crawling by the Nile river, Turtle meets Scorpion.

"Hello, how are you?" says Turtle politely, as he has met the scorpion before.

"Remember when I rode over the water on your back?" asks Scorpion.

"Yes, I took you to sting Man," recalls Turtle, "and he deserved your venom. He caught all my family in his nets!"

"I need to cross again." says Scorpion, and Turtle agrees to carry her.

"You won't sting ME?" questions Turtle, as scorpion climbs on board.

"I didn't last time, did I?" Scorpion assures him, and off they go.

The Nile is very wide and the waters swirl slowly as they drift to the sea.

The day is hot and Scorpion is bored.

"Can't we go faster?" says Scorpion, as her stinger twitches.

"I'm paddling as fast as I can." splutters Turtle.

They are over halfway across.

"Are you sure this is as fast as we can go?" asks Scorpion. "I wanted to get back today." She waves her stinger in the air. She taps a little tune with her claws, on Turtle's back.

"Hrumph." sighs Turtle.

The other bank is still far off.

"Can I help us go faster?" Scorpion says. She scuttles back and forth across Turtle's shell. Her body stiffens and her stinger starts to drip.

"You can't swim, so just sit still." says Turtle.



Finally the far bank grows close. Scorpion is still, but she can wait no longer. Her tail springs and she stings the turtle.

“What have you done?” Turtle exclaims, “now we will both drown.”

“It is my nature.” replies Scorpion, “I was bound to sting, eventually.”

And he sinks beneath the slow, muddy waters of the Nile.

Cinderella

The three friends stop dead before the new school poster.

"Cinderella! Auditions. Monday 4.00pm."

"I'd love to play Cinderella." whispers Penny, beaming at Sarah and Adele.

"Me too!" said Sarah and Adele together.

After the auditions, a list appears on the noticeboard. It starts,
"Cinders: Penny. Prince Charming: Dev. Step-Sisters: Sarah and Adele.
Evil Stip-Sisters"

"Why 'Cinders'?" asks Sarah.

"Cinderella's step-mother makes her work in the kitchen, and she sleeps in the ashes of the fire to keep warm." explains Penny.

"Being the evil Step-Sisters will be much more fun." laughs Adele,
"They make Cinderella do all the work." But really Sarah is disappointed.

Everyone enjoys rehearsals until the final, Dress Rehearsal. In the story, Cinderella's Godmother magicks up party clothes for her to wear to the Prince's Ball. Penny tries on the dress and the special glass (actually plastic) slippers. After the rehearsal, Penny's toes burn, sore from blisters. And the slipper filled with sweat while she danced!

Penny has to get one slipper to fall off when fleeing the Ball, and though they play the scene *five times*, she cannot do it.

On the Big Night, the school hall fills with Mums and Dads. Then a wail comes from backstage. One slipper was missing!

"What can I do." Penny cries.

Adele has an idea.

"Just pretend to wear glass slippers, they are meant to be glass. And glass is see-through. Just stand in bare-feet on tiptoes."

“And if I keep the one slipper in my party-dress, I can drop it for the Prince to find.” adds Penny, as she sniffs and wipes her nose. She feels better about everything.

The plan works (nearly) and the audience clap and cheer. It doesn't matter that a barefooted Cinders dropped her glass slipper out of her gown. Everyone knew the story, anyway. As they take their bows, Adele slips backstage and then does a little tap dance in the two glass slippers.



Ornias The Djinni

Ornias and King Solomon

King Solomon, our wisest ancestor, sat arguing with his councillors.

"Djinnis are not monsters, they are our desires grown into powerful forms. They are our dream-makers, our hopes made real." the King insisted.

"But the djinns do mischief!" claimed Yada, his vizier.

"When our desires are unclear or unjust, they our plans can turn against us. But the djinns want to rest. If our wishes are satisfied, we let them go." explained Solomon.

Indeed, Solomon's djinnis had built his Temple at Jerusalem. Solomon wanted His Great Temple to speak for God's presence everywhere. It domes and arches mirroring the heavens, its walls and portals reaching out to all things. And so the djinnis set to work. They constructed towers touching the sky, and galleries that stretched to the horizon. They concocted immense halls, and gardens extending to the sea. And so the djinns rested. They were so far, and so high, and so still, that they could not be seen. But Solomon saw that his wishes were unobtainable, and his hopes and plans misguided. His Temple had broken his city in two.

So the King Solomon sought God's help, and next day he wore a great ring of gold; God's gift to him. Wearing the ring meant he could reach and touch his dreams. He could see where the djinnis were. He raised his hand.

"All my djinnis!" he called out "All lie at my feet. This instance!" and floor filled with djinnis, on their knees to Solomon's command.

"Jerusalem in turmoil," spoke the King, "Whose plans for the Temple did you follow?" the King demanded.

Ornias, the Djinnis' leader, spiralled up from the floor to tower high over Solomon. He shimmered as the sparks above the fire.

"We are led by your direction, my King." declared Ornias, "We always work to fulfil your wishes. We built what you asked, for when your desires are complete, so can we go and rest."

"But you did not rest, you hid yourselves. And my people cannot live if they are without hopes and dreams." the troubled King mused, "Ornias, you must be held forever. You will remain unfulfilled, always. And your djinns will know they can never fully rest."

And Solomon forced Ornias into a brass bottle and he sealed it with a lead stopper. Then Solomon threw Ornias far into the sea, to lie at the bottom forever.

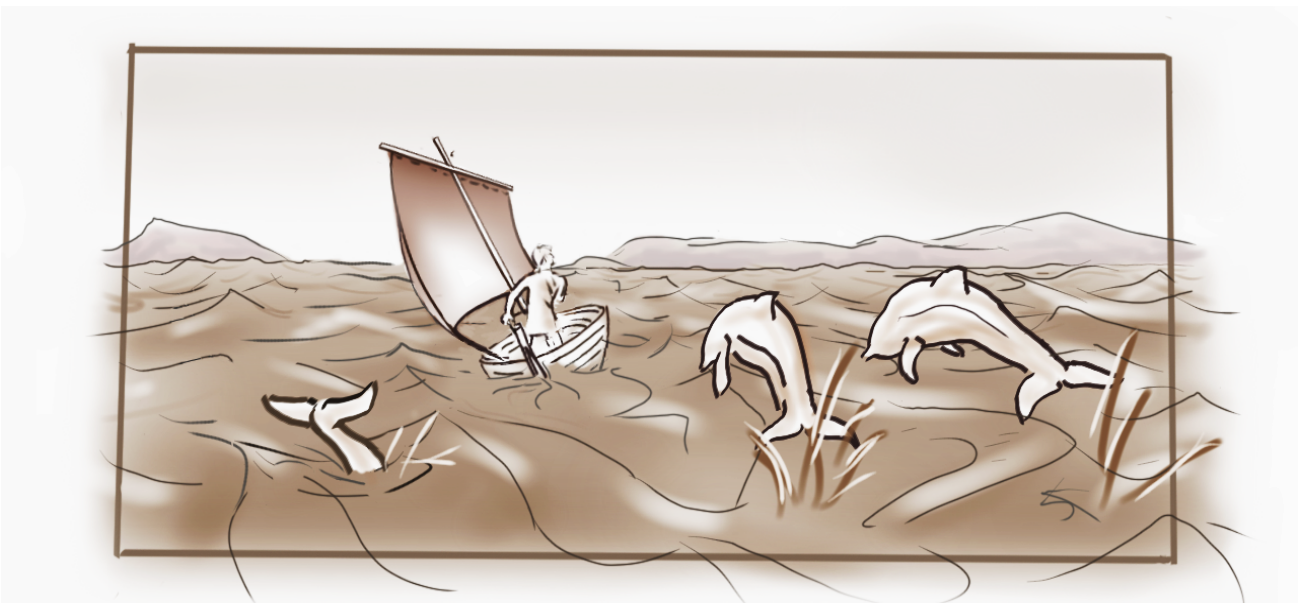


The Fisherman and the Bottle: from The Arabian Nights

An old fisherman left his boat and nets to his son, Pasha. The nets were small and light, as his fishing waters were deep and cold. This son was clever, he would get the most from these meagre resources.

Pasha sailed every day. He worked with the dolphins. They drove shoals of sardines into his net, and he threw them half his catch in return. He followed the hunting seals; and where they dived, he cast his nets for squid.

At sea, he saw swirling waterspouts, drawn from the sea by spiralling winds; misty columns reaching the clouds. He watched them slip over the waves. Some fade and disappear, others rage across shore.



One day Pasha aims to catch shrimp. His net is weighted down to slide and tumble over the sea floor. He sits and watches the sun rise. He lets his boat and net drift with the currents near shore. The day grows warm, and his net begins to drag from its catch. Pasha knows the net carries a load of many shrimps. Quickly he hauls it aboard, but on deck there is only a small brass bottle, laying among the barren nets and torn seaweed.

The bottle is strangely heavy. It is too much to lift easily. Pasha wonders what it holds, and lifts its lead stopper.

At first, only a great roar comes from the bottle throat. Then it releases a whirling storm of frustrated anger. A djinni rises through the bottle's neck spinning like a waterspout, and towers over the cowering Pasha.

"What are your wishes my Master?" hisses Ornias, "I am here to serve." And the Djinni looks down towards his master. But instead of a king, Ornias sees only Pasha staring up, too frightened to speak. Ornias smiles.

"But where is your ring, oh Solomon?" he sneers.

"King Solomon is long dead., he only lives in stories" moans Pasha.

"Then there is no one to hold my power!" crows Ornias, "And you will pay for my imprisonment with your life!" roars the Djinni.

Pasha shakes with fear, and fear's chilling grasp clears his mind. He scans the coast for any help. Near the shore he sees the dolphins mimicking the waterspouts. They leap high and fall twisting into the sea.

Then a dolphin does something Pasha has never seen. He leaps over Pasha's landing-jetty and drops a fish down the neck of a large oil jar left there. Another dolphin follows, leaping over the jar and dropping a bigger fish into the jar's neck. This time the fish gets stuck. A third dolphin leaps and she knocks the jar over, into the sea. Spiralling down, she taps her bottle-noses with her flipper. Pasha smiles at their idea. Ornias laughs at their antics.

"Who would believe that this tiny bottle held such a great and powerful djinni." Pasha wonders to himself, holding the empty bottle up to match the gigantic form of Ornias.

"You dare doubt me? Solomon himself put me in that bottle!" cries Ornias, "Now my powers have no limit!" he storms, "so I come and go as I please!" And Ornais spins swiftly down into Pasha's waiting bottle.

Quickly, Pasha seals the stopper and drops Ornias overboard again.

Why the Tortoise has a Patchwork Shell. a Nigerian folktale told in

[Things Fall Apart](#) by [Chinua Achebe](#)

Tortoise admired his fine smooth shell in his mirror, as he threw on a brightly coloured feather cloak. The birds were flying him to the Banquet in the Sky. The birds knew Tortoise had a golden tongue, and they wanted a silvery speech to thank the Sky for her kindness.

“Let us choose special names for this special occasion,” announced Tortoise to his visitors. “Parrot, you can be ‘Starburst’. Eagle, could you be ‘Unbroken’ ?” said Tortoise, “And Ibis shall be ‘Sabre-bill’.”

“And you must call me ‘Everyone’.” added Tortoise, humbly.

At the feast, all the birds sat still to listen to Turtle's speech. Their beaks drooled at the vast tables laden with fine foods and drink. The clever words of the bald, brightly-feathered Tortoise-bird so pleased the Sky that she proclaimed, “Let everyone eat, you have won our friendship!”.



But the birds must wait and sit and watch 'Everyone' the Tortoisier. For first, 'Everyone' will eat, and he eats as much as he can of all the best food. And he drinks as much as he can of all the best wine.

Later, the furious birds refuse to fly Tortoise home; “ ‘Everyone’ will have to jump, “Everyone’ here has wings.”

Tortoise pleads for a lift. Crow just sweeps through the clouds around him, laughing. Tortoise begs Owl. But Owl just laughs,

“What a hoot,” Owl says.

Finally Tortoise despairs and simply asks Sparrow to get Mrs Tortoise to pile up cushions to soften his fall. Sparrow still isn't impressed. But he says he will fix how Tortoise can land.

Sparrow flies straight down to find Mrs Tortoise.

“Your husband asks you to build a pile of stones to mark where he should land.” he tells her.

Tortoise watches from his cloud, and when he sees the pile, he jumps. Down, down he comes turning over and over. Then Bish! Bash! Kersmash!

Poor Mrs Tortoise, she sews all the bits of Tortoise’ shell together, but she cannot bring back the smooth shine that Tortoise likes. She hears Tortoise complain each time his head pokes out of his patchwork shell.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves: from The Arabian Nights

Ali Baba and the Cave

The tide carries a sealed brass bottle into the depth of a cave. A wave sends it crashing against the rock walls, and the bottle's stopper bursts open. Ornias the Djinni, flows carefully out of his goal and into the gloom. King Solomon had ordered him held, innocent of any crime, forever. Chance had freed him again, but whoever wears Solomon's Ring may choose to send Ornias back to his bottle-prison.

Ornias resolves to hide. He blocks the mouth of the cave with a huge stone, crushes the brass bottle and slides into an old, discarded oil-lamp. Over time, he gathers a gang of thieves. They are cut-throats, who bring fear and sorrow to their countrymen and neighbours. They are his revenge on a world that honours Solomon's wisdom

“Open Sesame!’ will move the rock from the entrance the cave.” he explains to the the Captain of his thieves.

“Close Sesame!’ secures yourselves and your booty.

Ali Baba, a poor market trader, gathers firewood on the beach. He hears many horses approaching and climbs a nearby palm tree, out of sight. From his hiding place he sees a troop of forty horsemen. They ride up to the rock face of the sea-cliffs close by. And he hears their leader quietly command.

“Open Sesame!” and the horsemen disappear into the cliff.

“Close Sesame!” echoes softly from within the opened cave. Silently, the mighty rock covers the cave's entrance.

Ali Baba stays watching from his tree, he may be seen if he moves. Soon the giant stone slides open once more, and the forty thieves ride silently out.

“Close Sesame!” softly calls the thieves’ captain, and re-joins his band. The cave is hidden once more.



Ali Baba waits until they were long gone. He slides down the tree, and takes his chance to investigate the strange cave.

“Open Sesame!” he commands, and enters carefully.

“Close Sesame!” Ali's command is heard, but Ornias guesses that the thieves are back, and he sleeps on, happily, within his lamp.

Ali Baba stares around the treasure-laden cave. Gold and silver, silks and fine cloths, chests of coins and jewels. Ali Baba takes only a few jewels and other treasures that will escape the thieves' notice, and returns home well-pleased with his day's work.

Cautious Ali lived many years on the small amounts he takes. He even shares his good fortune amongst his friends and the needy. He and his wife are very happy. He rarely enters the cave, and only goes secretly, whilst gathering firewood.

Ornias is also pleased. His growing store of treasure assures him of the misery his troops spread. He is taking his revenge on the sons of Solomon. But the Djinn is mistaken; though the theft gives sorrow to some, his stolen treasure brings happiness to many others.

Cassim Baba and the Cave

Ali Baba and his wife, Haeda, live easily. They can secretly take treasure from a robbers' hoard in a hidden cave. Ali Baba will go to the beach to gather firewood. Then, when he is sure the thieves are away,

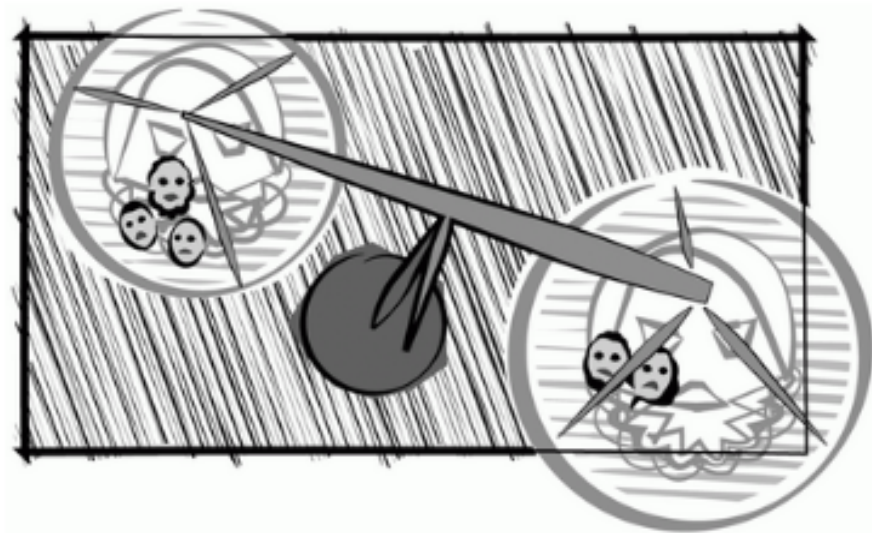
"Open Sesame!" commands Ali. A magic stone moves, the cave opens and Ali takes what treasure he needs.

On one trip, Ali fills two satchels from a mountain of silver grains.

"I have to weigh all this silver to find what it is worth." Haeda tells Ali, "I can borrow the scales I need from Taalah."

Taalah's husband, Cassim, is Ali's brother. Already Taalah wonders about Ali's easy way with money.

When Haeda asks for her scales. Taalah lays a trap. She takes the weighing pans off the scales, and smears them with butter.



Haeda returns home, and secretly weighs all the silver. She hides the satchels, quickly stuffs the scales into a bag, and returns them to Taalah.

Haeda goes home again. Alone, Taalah takes her scales from the bag. There, silver dust is stuck to the butter, Taalah mocks her husband, the successful merchant.

"Cassim, your brother is far richer than you. He does not count his money, he weighs it!" and shows him the silver on the pan.

Cassim marches straight to his brother, Ali. He wants to be told about the silver, and Ali tells him of the robbers' cave.

"We can share my takings," said Ali. "but you are rich already."

"No," Cassim demands greedily, "let me go and help myself." And finally Ali agrees.

Cassim goes to the sea-shore.

"Open Sesame!" he orders, and leads his train of pack-mules inside.

"Close Sesame!" and the rock is sealed tight.

Inside, Cassim spends time carefully loading his mules, picking the best: Gold, jewels, silks and fine carpets. Finally he is ready.

"Open Cinnamon!" he commands.

The rock remains closed.

"Open Cumin!"

Nothing.

"Open Aniseed! Open Caraway!"

Cassim cries, terrified.

"Open Cardoman! Open Ginger!" What other spice can it be!

Cassim has woken Ornias, the Djinni of the Cave.

"Open Saffron, Turmeric, Liquorice!"

Defeated, Cassim hides deep in the cave, to wait for the thieves' return, and the cave to be opened . But Ornias shows his Captain where Cassim is hiding. There will be no escape.

Morgiana and the Thieves' Lieutenant

Ali Baba's had a hidden livelihood. He stole treasures from a band of robbers cave. Then Ali's brother, Cassim, decided he would help himself. But the thieves returned to their hoard and found him. And Cassim never came home.

"Open Sesame!" commanded Ali, to enter the enchanted cave. His search for his brother was over. He secretly carried Cassim's body home.

Morgiana, Ali's servant, tells him, "The thieves will know us if they hear of Cassim's violent death. We must disguise how he died.". She and Taalah get medicines for 'serious fever. Cassim quiet 'death' soon follows.

So Cassim's body is buried with simple ceremony.

Meanwhile, the thieves discuss how a body disappeared from their cave

"We must find the man who took the body. He knows our secret!" says their Captain, and so he sends his lieutenant, Tahib, into town.

"On the road, I spoke to a traveller. He had been knocked down and was dying! Tahib lies, "I'd like to console his family." he asks around the town.

A blind tailor tells Tahib, "I recently made a shroud for a family that said their brother had died of fever, though the man had many injuries."

Tahib is alerted, he asks the tailor where the family live.

"I was led to this gate." the dressmaker recalls. He has re-traced his route to Ali's house. Tahib notes that the house has sunflowers growing high above its garden wall.

"I'll find the place easily." he thinks.

Later, thirty-nine thieves follow Tahib to the house, but there no sunflowers can be seen anywhere. A wary Morgiana saw the dressmaker leading an evil-looking man, and she cuts the plants down.



Next day, Tahib follows the blind dressmaker again. This time he puts a rock against Ali's gatepost. Night came and the thieves follow Tahib again, but there is no rock. Morgiana has removed it to foil the thieves once more.

In daylight, Tahib and his guide find Ali Baba's gate once more, and Tahib carefully identifies it with a chalk mark.

"Even if the gate is washed," he thinks, "I can recognise a newly cleaned gate."

The thieves follow Tahib again. But now every gate in the alley has the same chalk mark! Tahib's mark had been easy for Morgiana to copy.

The thieves had come for blood, and they turn on Tahib. Ali Baba thanks Morgiana for so cleverly saving his life, and his family.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves:

A band of thieves search for the man who knows their secret. When he is found, they will make sure he tells no one else. Now a blind tailor leads their Captain to Ali Baba's gate.

As the sun sets, the Captain returns to Ali's house. He leads twenty mules each carrying two giant jars. Thirty-nine jars contain the Captain's robber brigade. The last jar is filled with lamp-oil.

He knocks on Ali's door and explains,

"I am an oil merchant. It is late, and I cannot find an inn or stables; can I rest here?"

Ali Baba gives the Captain a room for the night. Ali's servant, Morgiana prepared their supper. She notices that the dining room lamps are dimming; they are running low on oil.

"Take what you need" says the Captain, pointing to the only mule with one jar containing oil. "It is the least I can do for your generous help."



But as Morgiana takes the lid off the mule's other jar, it whispers.

"Is it time?"

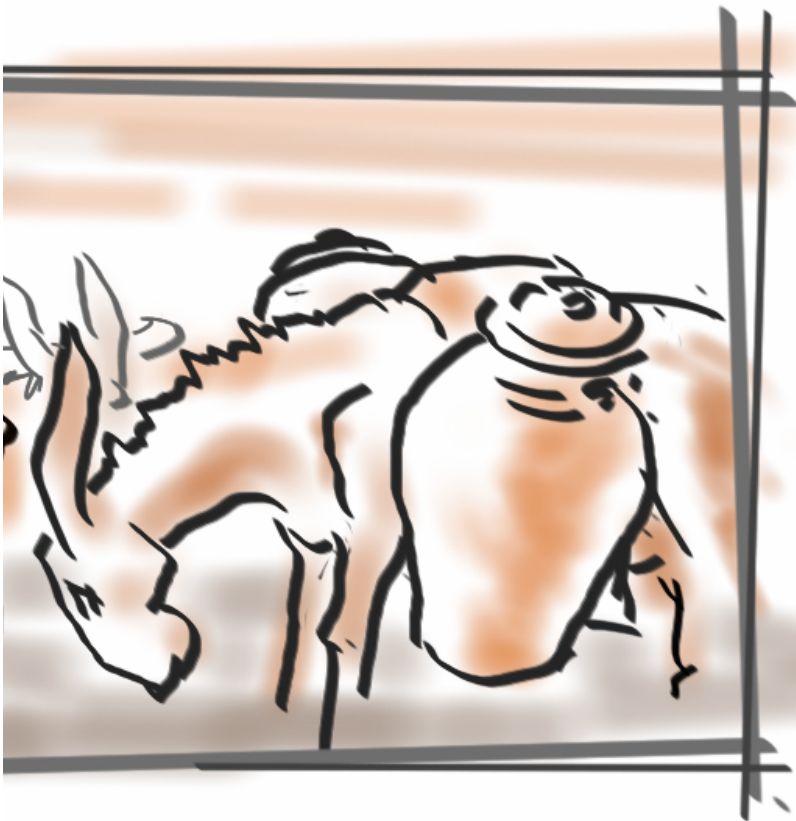
Morgiana doesn't jump or scream. She simply replies,

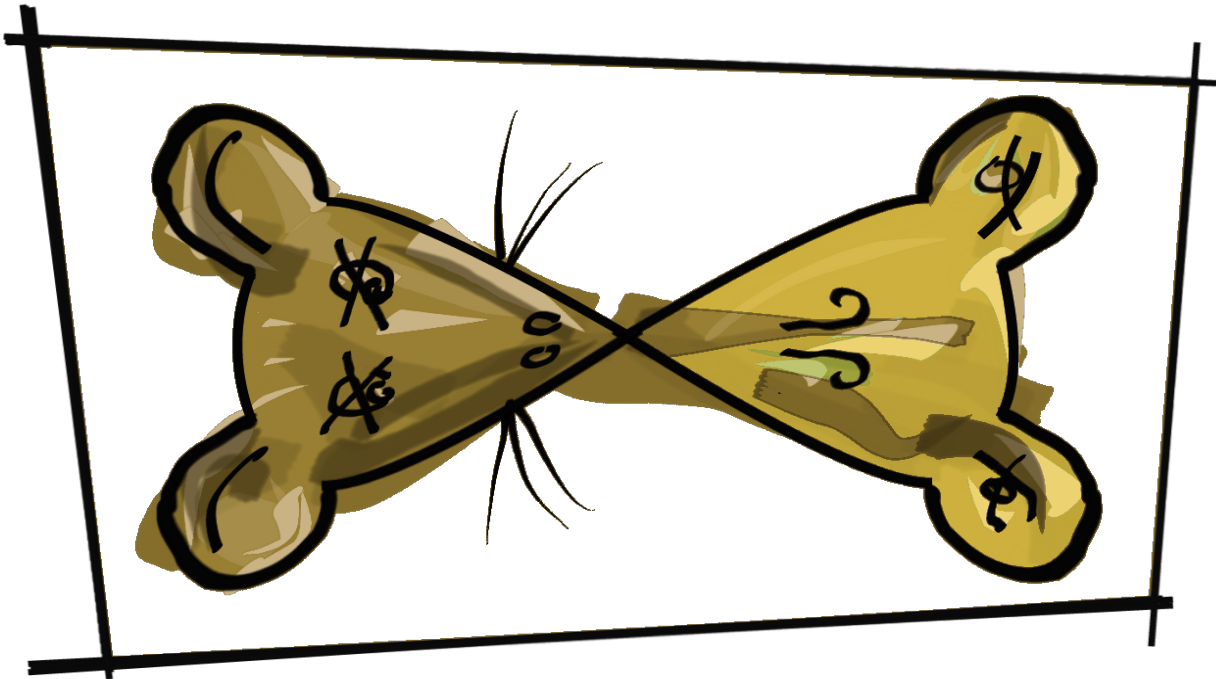
"Not now, but soon." Morgiana hears the question repeated from other jars, and soon guesses that within her master's gates is the band of thieves Ali Baba fears.

So Morgiana quietly leads the mules and their cargo to the river. Though laden, the mules follow her into the water. In the deeper waters the mules have only their heads held above water. The jars fill and the thirty-nine thieves drown.

At the appointed time, the robber Captain goes to rouse his men, He finds Ali Baba's yard was empty. "My plans must be uncovered!" He slips into the night, alone.

Morgiana's watchfulness and clear-thinking save Ali and his family again. As thanks, Ali gives her the secret to the thieves' enchanted cave, and now it is full of unguarded treasure.





The Frog and the Mouse: a version of an Aesop's Fable

The Buzzard flies over the river. In the marshland below, she sees the Mouse patrolling his kingdom. Nearby, the Frog pulls himself onto the bank and looks around. He, too, strides along the borders of his kingdom.

"Oi, Mouse, keep to your side!" Frog hurls his words at the Mouse. Mouse turns.

"I *am* on my side," he scowls. "See!" he declares, and drags his toe to draw a line to his right. "This line marks the edge of Mouseland."

Mouse turns back and carries on patrolling. Soon he realises he is on the wrong side of his own line.

"Rats," says King Mouse, "I should have used my left foot!"

That week, as Mouse patrols Mouseland, Frog often appears and draws a line wherever he pops up.

“Let’s put our borderline here,” Frog claims with a laugh, “or here and here.” King Frog leaps from one patch to another, scratching line after line.

One day Frog arrives just as Mouse comes across a dead grasshopper.

“Yum!” gasp the two animals together.

“It must be mine!” declares Mouse.

“It should be mine!” vows Frog.

“It’s in Mouseland!” says Mouse, pointing at a line behind him.

Frog points to a line beside the body.

“Mouseland ends here!” he claims.

The Buzzard looks down on the quarrel. She loops down to glide lower, and approves her choice of bait and place.

“Put your tongue away!” shouts Mouse.

“You’re nudging it with your foot” hisses Frog, just as....the Buzzard swoops, pounces and drags the pair up. Back to her young she soars, with their dinner in her talons.

Why the Donkey has Long Ears.

The Horse munched some long grass he'd been saving himself. He was a bit lonely, now he thought about it.

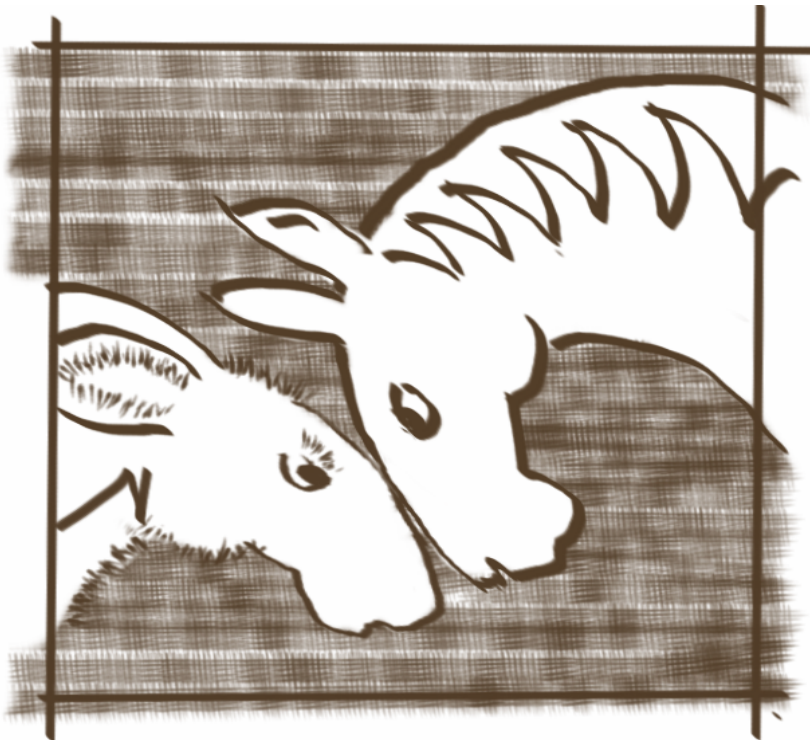
"Hi-ya!, I'm Donkey" honked a smaller sort-of-horse trotting up behind him. He had wide roundish ears, like an mouse.

Over the weeks, Donkey often messed up Horse's exercises.

"Playtime" he grinned.

Finally, Horse's heart melted, so the pair exercised and rolled around together.

But Donkey couldn't match the Horse for galloping or jumping or snorting (though he was good at rolling). He wished he could run as fast as a hare, or jump like a rabbit. He needed to be bigger, but how?



Donkey tied blocks to his hooves, but they just tripped him up. He got up early to eat extra meals for 'growing foals', but his only his tummy got bigger, and he was tired out by all-day-breakfast. He wore extra thick

clothes to make himself bigger, but the big, heavy clothes just made him slower and sweaty.

Donkey asked his friend Horse for help.

"Let's stretch you" Horse suggested.

"Great idea!" beamed Donkey, and the friends lay down together to work out what they'd need to stretch a donkey.

Donkey wedged his back-half into a stile. First, Horse tied a rope around Donkey's front legs and pulled, holding the rope in his teeth. Up went Donkey's legs, and down went Donkey's nose, into the mud.

Next, he tied the rope around Donkey's neck.

"Help, I can't breathe!" choked Donkey as Horse pulled.

So Horse tied the rope around Donkey's ears, dug his hooves in the ground, and pulled slowly away.

"Creak!" went the rope.

"Squeak, Squark!" went Donkey.

"Screech!" sang the rope.

"Eech, ouch!" groaned Donkey.

Suddenly, the rope slipped off,

"Twang!" went the rope.

"Bong, Bang!" went Donkey and Horse somersaulting through the grass.

"Well, you can't run faster, or jump higher but I will find you more quickly when we play hide-and-seek". said the Horse.

And he patted Donkey's new long ears.

Ala ad-Din and the Lamp: from The Arabian Nights

Ala ad-Din and Jamyl

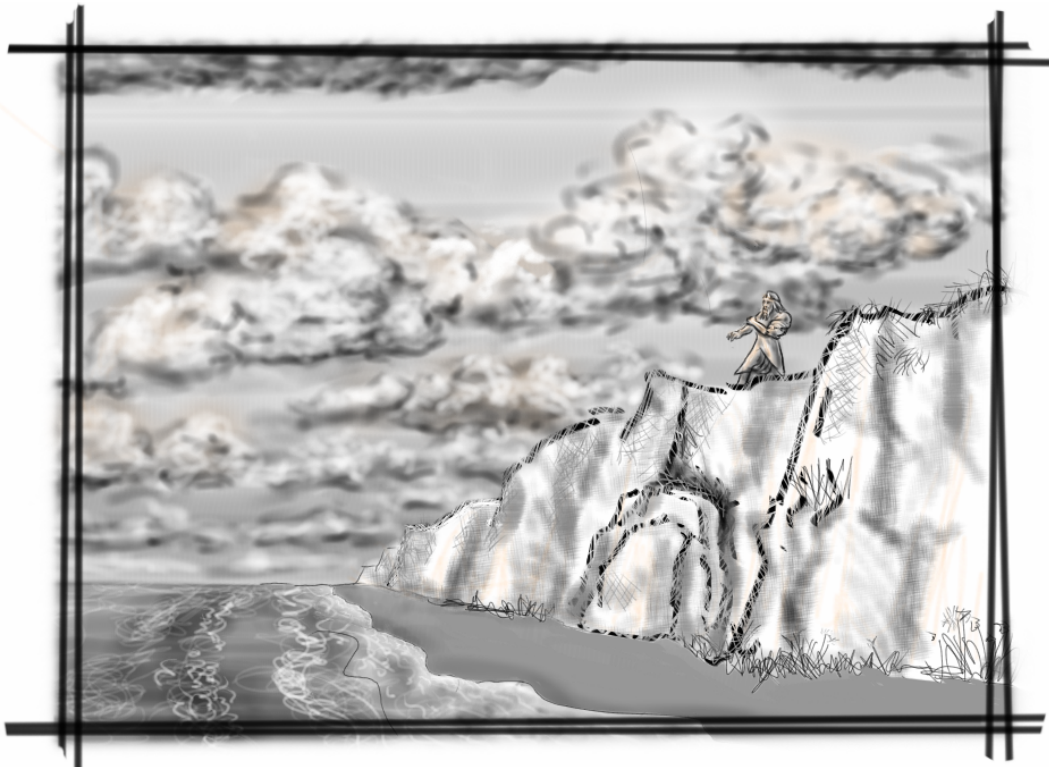
An old, robber Captain speaks of a magical cave under a sea-cliff

"A Djinni is there: all powerful, and yet hides for fear of a ring and a bottle!" laughs the Captain derisively

Jamyl the Sorcerer wears Solomon's Ring for its power over all djinnis.

"Ornias, the Djinni, is free." the Ring tells Jamyl. He lost forty thieves, and now he gathers a new gang. He tempts boys; turning their desire for fame and fortune into stealing and killing. Ornias no longer wants fulfilment and rest, now he wants only infamy and revenge."

"I must find that cave!" Jamyl decides.



The sorcerer's long search is finally rewarded, and he stands on a high headland, above Ornias' cave. Now he needs a street-boy. A boy to lure the Djinn from his cave. A boy to bait the trap Jamyl is setting.

"Hey, guttersnipe!" calls Jamyl to his nephew, Ala ad-Din, "Come earn your supper, street-rat."

Ala ad-Din sleeps on the street, earns his living by his wits, and gets his supper any way he can. He follows the Sorcerer to the cave.

"Stay here, keep still. The Djinni in the cave will find you." Jamyl tells Ala ad-Din, "Do not be afraid, my Ring has the power to hold him."

But Jamyl only wants Ornias, Ala ad-Din's fate doesn't matter to him.

"Open Sesame!" the Sorcerer chants, and the cave's rock door opens. Ala ad-Din stands, rooted. He stares into the hollow darkness. His eyes locked onto the piled treasure, he awaits the Djinni.

But Ornias stays hidden in an old lamp. He senses danger, for he feels Solomon's Ring nearby. So Jamyl holds up the Ring, and searches.

"Search the cave." " " he whispers to Ala ad-Din. "Find the Djinni and half the treasure is yours.

Ala ad-Din prowls around, but he only, furtively pockets an old oil-lamp for his mother, for he fears taking the Djinni's gold and jewels.

In the lamp, Ornias is already angered, and his cave trembles.

"Earthquake!" yells Jamyl, racing for the cave's mouth.

"Close Sesame!" whispers Ornias from the lamp, for he aims to trap Jamyl. The rocks shudder around him and Jamyl stumbles. He spills the Ring. Solomon's Ring grasps its liberty and rolls. It rolls on..., and on ..., and on ...and out.

The stone door shuts tight!

Outside, Ala ad-Din scoops up the Ring and heads home. He has a beaten, blackened lamp, a dulled, old ring and no supper. Little reward for his night's work.

Ala ad-Din and the Lamp

"Open Sesame!"

Inside a sea-cliff, the command of Jamyl the Sorcerer echoes, darkly. Ornias the Djinni has buried Jamyl in an earthquake.

The massive boulder moves slowly away from enchanted cave's opening. And sun streams onto the fallen rocks and treasure surrounding Jamyl. But outside, there is no shadow of Ala ad-Din. The street-rat has gone, with Jamyl's magical Ring. And Ornias, too, cannot be found.

"I will have them back! All of them!" vows Jamyl.

Meanwhile, at home, Ala ad-Din admires the Ring on his finger.

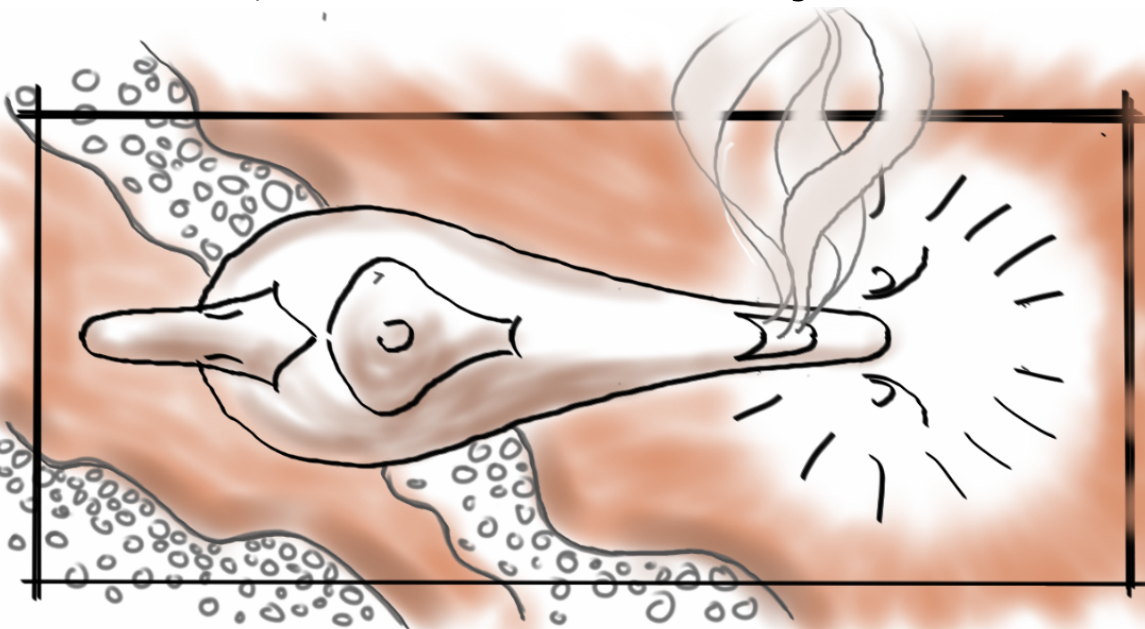
"Jamyl said it holds Solomon's power over Djinnis."

"Where is Jamyl? Is he salvaging the rest of this junk?" asks Ala ad-Din's mother. She polishes the rusty oil-lamp from the cave.

Suddenly Ornias surges from the lamp and scowls down at the pair.

"You are mine!" he roars.

However, Ala ad-Din wears Solomon's Ring!



Unhappily, Ornias mutters, "What is your command, master!"

Now Ornias must get Ala ad-Din all that he desires: wealth, fine clothes, palaces and marriage to Princess Badroulbador.

“Return to your lamp!” commands Ala ad-Din finally, “And remain until a rub of talahe lamp summons you once more.”

'Prince' Ala a-Din lays back on his new couch, stares up onto his new, gilded palace roof, rubs his full belly, and smiles.

A merchant journeys to Prince Ala ad-Din’s palace. “New Lamps for Old! New Lamps for Old!” he calls. Princess Badroulbador brings him two old, battered lamps.

“My Ala ad-Din cannot want these at our wedding.” she explains.

“We have a bargain!” laughs the merchant. He presents two new lamps, and disappears with the old lamps. He weighs up the two lamps. Then Jamyl chooses the heavier, more battered and blackened lamp, and leaves the other behind.

Next day, Jamyl hides in the palace. The royal goldsmith arrives to measure Ala ad-Din for his wedding ring. Jamyl is ready to pounce. His jacket holds the lamp. He awaits the power of the Ring. Tense, nervy and excited; Jamyl sweats freely. He rubs his wet hands on his jacket, ready to snatch the Ring. And his accidental summons releases Orniyas.

'Prince' Ala ad-Din presents his hand. The goldsmith removes Solomon’s Ring. The sorcerer grabs for the Ring, but Orniyas is first.

“OUR WISHES ARE FULFILLED, I AM A SLAVE NO MORE!” the Djinni roars to Ala ad-Din.

He grips the Ring, seizes Jamyl and is gone. Prince Ala ad-Din admires his new wedding ring, and with a swagger, leaves to marry his bride.

Monkey Harvest:

A version of "*How to Catch Monkeys*" by Idries Shah.

The monkeys love fruit, so Kamala and her family hate the monkeys. When the orange trees are ready to harvest, the monkeys grab their share. When the monkeys see the green bananas turning yellow, they begin picking before dawn.

But cherries are the monkeys' favourite. Cherries ripen first, when the summer is hottest. Cherries are juicy and sweet. Sitting in the cherry trees, they spit cherry stones at Kamala while she works. Best of all, a monkey-fist neatly holds a cherry when Kamala chases them.

The harvest is over and the trees are bare. The cherries are all in a barn. Kamala has had enough. She sits in the shade and watches the monkeys while they search the orchard and watch for the apricots to sweeten.

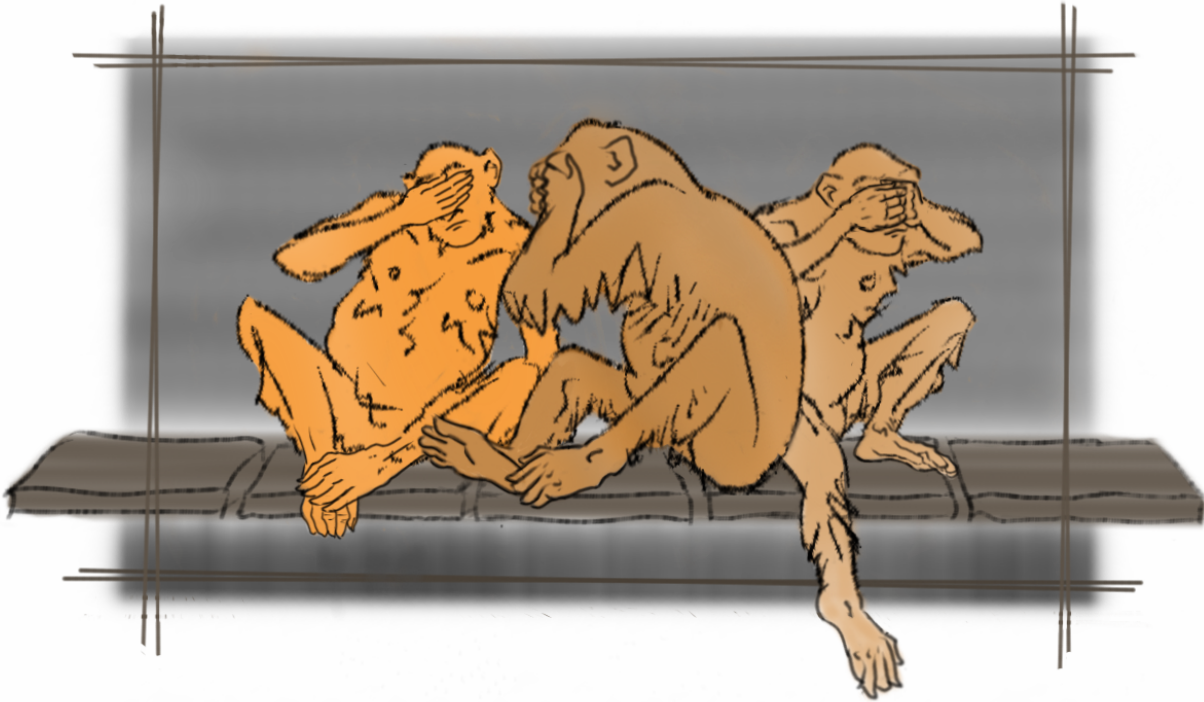
Then Akanksha the Monkey finds a cherry, fallen into a clear glass bottle. He checks, but it is simply a cherry in a half-buried bottle, there is no trap. He reaches in. He closes his fist around the cherry. Kamala smiles. She walks over. Akanksha flees, but his fist is held by the neck of the bottle.

"Let ..me ..go!" he shouts at the bottle.

He jumps and twists, but his arm stays captive.

"You'll ..be ..sorry!" Akanksha screams at the bottle's open mouth. He grips the cherry tighter and kicks the bottle, but he is caught.

Kamala walks over to Akanksha. He screams at her. Kamala taps Akanksha on his elbow. Akanksha screams, even louder. But the tap relaxes his grip on the cherry, and his hand slides easily out of the bottle. He is free, but he is caught. Kamala thrusts Akanksha into a sack and carries him home. She leaves the bottle and cherry to await their next monkey.



Author's note: I thought this way of hunting monkeys was just for the story, but the method is filmed at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UTX7Cxq8aGc> (although it might use a tame monkey).

The Tale of Cinderella

Cinderella's Home

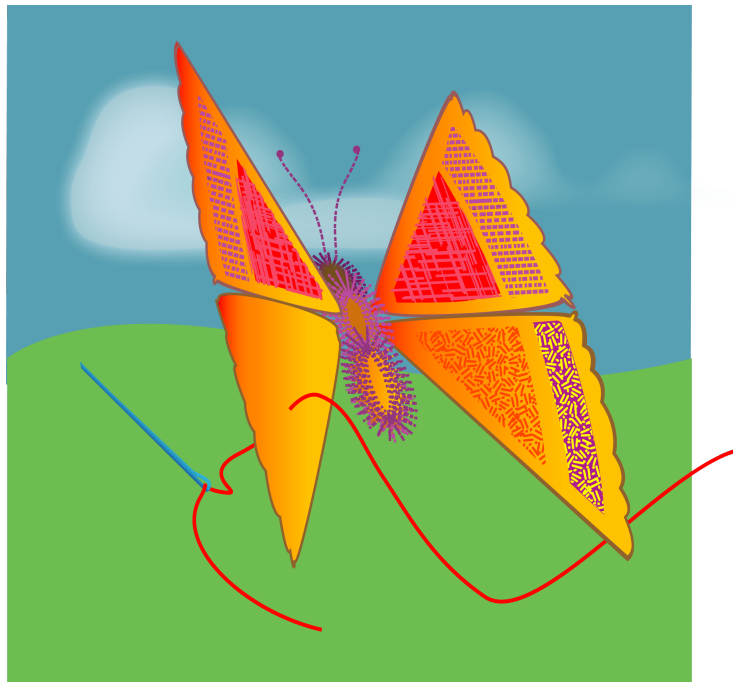
Cinderella's mother is sick. So Cinderella is with her Grandma. That afternoon Grandma's solemn face calls Cinderella away from her friends. "Your mother has died." says Grandma, as she hugs Cinderella. "Your father cannot care for you alone. You will stay with me for a while." she explains

So the sad, young girl spends time with her Grandma. They comfort one another. Cinderella helps to keep their house, and cook, and grow food, and mend their clothes.

And time passes. Cinderella's father marries a new wife, and he brings Cinderella home. And time passes. The new couple have two new daughters. Cinderella loves her two little sisters, and she loves to look after them. While the daughters grow, their parents expect more and more of Cinderella. Slowly she cares for all the twins needs. The family start to give her orders, to think she is a servant not a loving sister. She is busy, she rarely sees her own friends, but still goes to her Grandma's.

"This is my granddaughter," announces Grandma to her friends, with pride. Grandma's friends teach Cinderella new skills. Algebra and alchemy, macramé and music, tapestry and topography. Cinderella practices when her home is quiet and her 'duties' are complete.

It is the twins' fifteen birthday. They will go to a Court Ball. They will wear grand, new gowns and ride in a grand carriage. Their father gives Cinderella fine cloth and lace to make the twins' new dresses and shawls, their coats and petticoats. The extra work is hard, Cinderella looks tired, and her simple clothes are worn and dirty. But Cinderella cuts the cloth cleverly and saves material, enough for a fine costume for herself.



On the day of the ball Cinderella puts on her new silks and damasks to show her friends.

"... but you must go to the Ball," they say, "when else can you wear them?"

"No one will ever recognise you." says one. "Not in your new, fine gown." she adds, quickly.

Cinderella sighs "Everyone will laugh when they hear me coming," and she lifts a foot wearing an old wooden clog.

"How can I wear clogs to a dance?" she asks and then she crumples down miserably.

Her friends offer comfort, and they offer their shoes. But their shoes don't fit. Together, in the smokey kitchen, the friends sit listening to all the preparations upstairs, they hear the laughter and feel the excitement.

Then the family carriage leaves for the ball, and all are quiet.

The Prince's Ball

Cinderella listens to her sister's laughter disappearing, They are away, to dance at the Prince's Ball. Cinderella wasn't part of the family's plans. But then another coach arrives at the door. "Come with me." calls Grandma. "A friend has lent me her special dancing slippers." she says, taking Cinderella's clogs. The slippers shine on Cinderella's feet, and she wipes away her tears. And Cinderella feels her slippers moving to the music as it spills over the palace gates.

"We mustn't stay past midnight. I must return the coach, and you must be home." warns Grandma. And they enter the palace's imposing ballroom. Around and around her sisters waltz with all the courtiers. As Cinderella watches, her head bows and her heart sinks.

"I don't belong here." she murmurs to herself.

"Come with me?" says a page, and leads Cinderella towards a smartly dressed soldier.

"Will you join me for the next waltz?" smiles the young man. He takes Cinderella's hand, and she is dancing before she can answer

They dance through the evening, talking about valleys and violins, fret-saws and flax cord, velvet and variables.

"Who can that girl be?" the court wondered as the Prince and Cinderella swirled through the satin gowned and crisply suited dancers.

Then at midnight, the bells sound.

ONE ... TWO ... THREE ... FOUR ... FIVE ... SIX ... SEVEN ... EIGHT ... NINE ... TEN ... ELEVEN ... TWELVE ... Cinderella is away, deserting her partner. She quickly disappears, leaping down the stairs and across the grand palace lawns. Through the formal Rose Garden by the palace gate. Her dress is torn, and her left shoe is caught by the thorns.



...The ringing dies to a hum. Grandma frowns. She sees Cinderella, who half runs, half hobbles out of the palace gates. "This is no way for a lady to behave ... Get in!"

Cinderella gets her clogs back from her Grandma, but she cannot return the special slippers. Cinderella had left the ball without giving her name, or knowing her partner's. And in her hurry, one slipper remains where she tripped. Grandma's frown gets deeper and she mutters wordlessly.

Cinderella feels her Grandma's dismay. The slippers cannot be returned. So she plans to replace the slipper she has lost. She asks the market merchants for remnants of silk and calf-skin to match the remaining slipper. Her copy is a good, but Grandma see the new left shoe, and sighs, "They were a special pair, and they can only dance together."

Sad and down-hearted, Cinderella takes the new slipper, with its pair, back to her room. She needs another plan, not another slipper.

Matching the Pair

Prince Carl had danced with a mysterious girl all evening, but she suddenly ran away at midnight. The Prince searches everywhere. Caught in the roses the Prince finds his partner's slipper, and he smiles.

"Who wore this slipper to the ball? I must know." commands the Prince. He sets the slipper on its own golden pedestal, at the palace entrance. He orders his Palace guards to keep a careful watch. "A visitor may recognise it. They may know who has lost their left slipper'." he says. The "Palace Slipper"; the name, the story, and its meaning for the Prince, are soon talked about everywhere, all around the town.

Cinderella's twin sisters attend the next Palace Ball on the following week. They leave Cinderella behind again, "She cannot go to the Palace, her clothes are too old, she will make the family look bad." they agree. At the ball, they see the slipper whose story they have heard. They stare at its intricate designs and they recognise it. Cinderella has been making the same slipper. She is the mystery girl!

Cinderella has a new plan. That same evening she climbs into the Palace. In her belt is wedged her copy of the left slipper. When the dance music pauses, she throws a pebble past the dozing entrance-hall guard. The rattling gets the guard up to investigate. Quickly, Cinderella grabs the slipper from its pedestal and puts the new copy in its place. With the Palace Slipper in her belt, she darts back to the dark corners of the hall, "I will re-unite the pair as soon as I get home." she thinks and smiles.

The twins race back home. They creep into Cinderella's room. "There's the the matching slipper for the Palace Slipper" whispers one. They snatch this slipper and they rush back to the Palace, "Where is Prince Carl!" they demand, "I have the pair for the Prince's slipper!" they each shout, together,

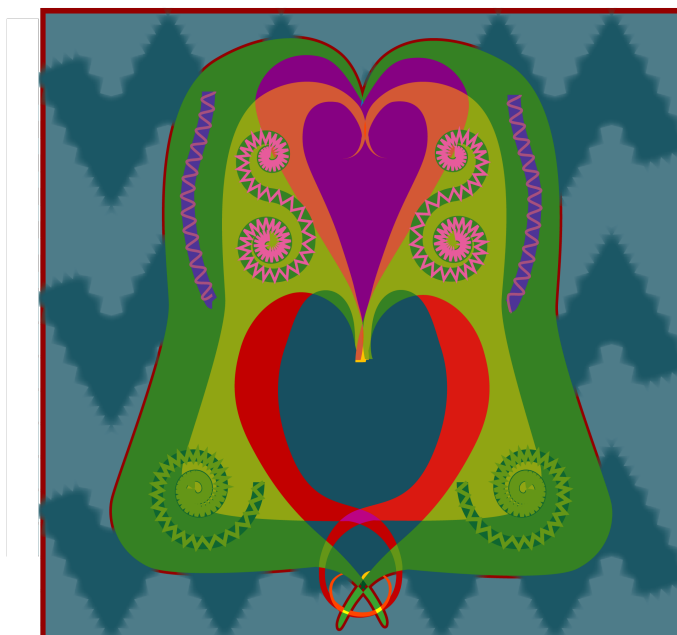
Prince Carl comes to see the new arrivals.

“Let me examine the shoes together.” he says; for several people have come with a slipper to match the Palace Slipper. He smiles as he sees the care shown in the elaborate patterns on this new slipper. Then his face hardens. “But the slippers are not the same!” he cries, “Here, the stitch is different ... And here, the soles are not the same leather.”

“Take these charlatans away!” orders Prince Carl glares at the twins. In the shadows Cinderella watches. She gasps silently.

The Prince replaces Cinderella's copy back on the Palace Slipper's pedestal, and turns to march back to his ball. Then he hurls the other slipper across the hall. In the shadows, Cinderella plucks the flying slipper out of the air. Then she calls to the Prince, “I think these are the dancing shoes you seek” she laughs, and shows the Prince the matching pair of slippers in her hands.

“They will not fit you, but release my sisters and I will make us matching pairs.” Cinderella comes out of the shadows and Prince recognises her. She tells the Prince the whole story that explains why the slippers must be returned. The Prince smiles and lets his partner fly away again. He has her promise to return. And to bring two pairs of slippers, fine enough for a royal wedding.



Contents

The Magical Horse: from The Arabian Nights	2
The Exchange of The Magical Horse	2
The Magical Horse and Prince Firouz	4
The Flight of the Magical Horse	6
Aaliyah's Sickness	8
Scorpion and Turtle from the Beharistan by Persian poet, Djami	10
Cinderella	12
Ornias The Djinni	14
Ornias and King Solomon	14
The Fisherman and the Bottle: from The Arabian Nights	16
Why the Tortoise has a Patchwork Shell: a West African folktale	18
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves: from The Arabian Nights	20
Ali Baba and the Cave	20
Cassim Baba and the Cave	22
Morgiana and the Thieves' Lieutenant	24
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves	26
The Frog and the Mouse: a version of an Aesop Fable	28
Why the Donkey has Long Ears	30
Ala ad-Din and the Lamp from The Arabian Nights	32
Ala ad-Din and Jamyl	32
Ala ad-Din and the Lamp	34
Monkey Harvest: from a story told in <i>Tales of the Dervishes</i> by Idries Shah.	36
The Tale of Cinderella	38
Cinderella's Home	38
The Prince's Ball	40
Matching the Pair	42