

TEACHER NARRATED STORY Example

'Too-too-moo and the Giant' adapted from an Indonesian folk tale

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The text below is marked with suggested ways to apply the Techniques for Creative Telling.

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Techniques for Creative Telling

"Too-too-moo & the Giant"

What does the teller do to engage and involve listeners?

TELLING TECHNIQUES	Emphasis	Repeat	Pause	Volume	Pace
STORY TEXT					
Once on the island of Java there was a little girl named Too-too-moo. She lived with her Mama in a one-room house in a forest. They were poor but they were happy. Each morning, when Too-too-moo woke up, she fastened her hair in a knot with her long hairpin . Then she hurried into the woods to help Mama gather firewood and herbs to sell at the village market.					
When that was done, Mama cooked a small pot of plain rice and shared it with Too-too-moo for breakfast. She also cooked a huge pot of sweet porridge, from rice, coconut milk, and lots of sugar.					
But not even the tiniest bit of the porridge was for Too-too-moo and her Mama. It was all for the giant, a terrible giant who came every day. If the giant did not find a full pot of porridge...					
Then Mama left for the market, while Too-too-moo did the housework. She shook out their sleeping mat , swept the floor , and washed their few dishes . Then she went outside to play.					
Soon she heard the giant's terrible footsteps. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!					
Too-too-moo ran into the house, picked up the covered pot of porridge, placed it outside on the doorstep, and shut and locked the door. Then she crouched and trembled in a corner .					
The giant stamped up to the house. With one huge finger, he knocked on the door -- Tock, tock, tock . Then he called, "Too-too-moo! Where are <i>you</i> ?"					
And Too-too-moo answered, "In the house."					
"And where is your <i>Mama</i> ?"					
"At the market."					
"And where is my PORRIDGE?"					
"In the pot!"					
The giant took off the cover, picked up the pot, and swallowed the porridge in one big gulp . Then he threw down the pot and stamp ed back through the forest.					
When Mama finally returned in the evening, there was never enough for themselves. This happened every day. Too-too-moo and her Mama were starving.					
Finally one morning, after Too-too-moo got up and fastened her hair with her long hairpin and Mama left for the market, the sweet smell of the porridge filled the little house. Too-too-moo was so hungry , she couldn't stand it.					

"I'll eat just one spoonful," she said to herself. "The giant will never know." Too-too-moo uncovered the pot and ate one spoonful. But she was too hungry to stop! Before she knew what she was doing, a quarter of the porridge was gone.

Then she heard the giant's terrible footsteps. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Too-too-moo quickly covered the pot, placed it outside on the doorstep, and shut and locked the door. Then she crouched and trembled in a corner.

The giant stamped up to the house. With one huge finger, he knocked on the door -- Tock, tock, tock. Then he called, "Too-too-moo! Where are you?"

And Too-too-moo answered, "In the house."

"And where is your Mama?"

"At the market."

"And where is my PORRIDGE?"

"In the pot!"

The giant took off the cover, picked up the pot, stopped, and looked. "This pot is not full!" bellowed the giant. He threw it down and called again, "Too-too-moo! Where are YOU?"

Too-too-moo did not answer.

With one blow of his fist, the giant knocked down the door. He reached in his long arm and felt all around till he found Too-too-moo. Then he pulled her from the house, tossed her in his mouth, and swallowed her in one big gulp.

Too-too-moo tumbled into the giant's stomach. "Please let me out!" she shouted.

But the giant didn't listen as he turned and stamped back through the forest.

Too-too-moo cried and shook with fear. Then she remembered her long hairpin.

Quickly she pulled it from her hair. With both hands and all her strength, Too-too-moo stuck it into the giant.

"YOW!" howled the giant.

Too-too-moo stuck him again.

"OUCH! YOW!" The giant danced about, but there was nothing he could do. "TOO-TOO-MOO, STOP!"

But Too-too-moo did not stop. She stuck the giant again and again.

The bellowing giant raced through the woods. Mad with pain, he did not look where he was going. He tripped on a root and cracked his head. But Too-too-moo was still trapped inside.

At that moment, Mama was on her way home. But when she reached the house, she saw the porridge thrown down and the door knocked in. She called, "Too-too-moo! Where are you?"

There was no answer.

Mama dropped the things she had bought and ran along the trail of the giant's footsteps, calling, "Too-too-moo! Where are YOU?"

Still no answer.

Then she came to where the giant lay dead. But her daughter was nowhere to be seen, so she called one last time, "TOO-TOO-MOO! WHERE ARE YOU?"

And Too-too-moo answered, "IN THE GIANT!"

Mama took hold of the giant's chin. With both hands and all her strength, she pulled his mouth open.

And out climbed -- Too-too-moo!

From that time on, Too-too-moo and her Mama were happy. There was no more giant to bother them. They always had enough to eat. And they had sweet porridge for breakfast, every single day.