



The cover features a decorative border with calligraphic flourishes and floral motifs. The top and bottom corners contain the text 'International Students from ENS Paris-Saclay' in a cursive script. The central text is 'COLLECTION OF INTERNATIONAL STORIES AND LEGENDS' in a bold, serif font. Below the title is a form for the school name, and at the bottom is the subtitle 'The 2021-2022 international students of ENS Paris-Saclay'.

# COLLECTION OF INTERNATIONAL STORIES AND LEGENDS

école \_\_\_\_\_  
normale \_\_\_\_\_  
supérieure \_\_\_\_\_  
paris-saclay \_\_\_\_\_

*The 2021-2022 international students  
of ENS Paris-Saclay*



école —————  
normale —————  
supérieure —————  
paris-saclay —————

*The  
International Relations Office  
presents*

COLLECTION  
OF  
INTERNATIONAL  
STORIES AND  
LEGENDS

université  
PARIS-SACLAY



# FOREWORD

Each year the International Relations Office of ENS Paris-Saclay compiles and distributes an international book of cultural exchanges thanks to the contributions of international students. Since the office started this initiative, two books of international recipes and a collection of international stories and legends have been published.

Since the 2021-2022 international students showed a lot of interest in the latter and we received much more stories than we expected, we decided to edit a second volume of the book about international stories and legends.

Coming from all around the world, we are excited to offer you this second volume of international stories and legends. We sincerely hope reading it will give you as much joy as we had making it.

From Algeria to India and from Italy to Venezuela, please enjoy this collection made by some of the 2021-2022 promotion of ENS Paris-Saclay international students for all students.

The International Relations Office would like to thank all the students who participated in this project as well as our graphic designer, Jérôme Foubert, who helped us bring this idea to life.

Best wishes for 2022 and good reading to you all!









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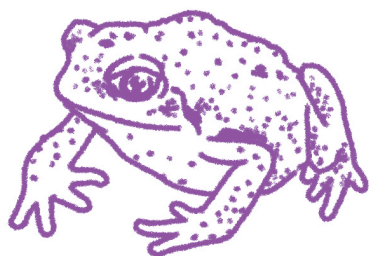
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**VE, PENSAMIENTO**

*chosen by*

Giann Karlo Aguirre Samboni





## CHANG'E FLIES TO THE MOON

### 嫦娥奔月

Chang E was a beautiful young girl working in the Jade Emperor's palace in heaven, where immortals, good people and fairies lived. One day, she accidentally broke a precious porcelain jar. Angered, the Jade Emperor banished her to live on earth, where ordinary people lived. She could return to the Heaven, if she contributed a valuable service on earth.

Chang E was transformed into a member of a poor farming family. When she was 18, a young hunter named Hou Yi from another village spotted her, now a beautiful young woman. They became friends. One day, a strange phenomenon occurred -- 10 suns arose in the sky instead of one, blazing the earth. Hou Yi, an expert archer, stepped forward to try to save the earth. He successfully shot down nine of the suns, becoming an instant hero. He eventually became king and married Chang E. But Hou Yi grew to become a despot. He sought immortality by ordering an elixir to be created to prolong his life. The elixir in the form of a single pill was almost ready when Chang E came upon it. She either accidentally or purposely swallowed the pill. This angered King Hou Yi, went after his wife. Trying to flee, she jumped out the window of a chamber at the top of the palace -- and, instead of falling, she floated into the sky toward the moon.

King Hou Yi tried to shoot her down with arrows, but without success. Once on the moon, Chang E became a three-legged toad, as punishment from the Queen Mother, according to one version of the legend. Her companion, a rabbit, is constantly pounding the elixir of immortality in a large mortar. The moon is also inhabited by a wood cutter who tries to cut down the cassia tree, giver of life. But as fast as he cuts into the tree, it heals itself, and he never makes any progress. The Chinese use this image of the cassia tree to explain mortal life on earth -- the limbs are constantly being cut away by death, but new buds continually appear. Meanwhile, King Hou Yi ascended to the sun and built a palace. So Chang E and Hou Yi came to represent the yin and yang, the moon and the sun.

*Student*  
Yifan Qie

*Country*  
China



*Program*  
PhD LURPA  
(engineering)

#### *Introduction*

With this story, each year we have a national festival called the mid-autumn festival. We will watch the full moon, eat moon-cake with our family.

(Full moon means the reunion of the family).

Another reason is that China Lunar Exploration Project is called

« Chang'E » Project since it is related to the moon.

I found it is interesting that the name could be misunderstood as « Change » project.

Even 'Change' could also be a project name, but it is too industrial. We named the project in a better way, very beautiful and poetic. Actually, all the big project is named by this kind of story in China.

*Source*  
[www.youtube.com/  
watch?v=eFgTLZQ-\\_3w](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eFgTLZQ-_3w)

*Student*

Lauren Pankin

*Country*

The United States



*Program*

M2 Histoire  
Politique des Mondes  
Contemporains

*Introduction*

One of the richest (and unfortunately, most overlooked) parts of the United States' history lies in Native American history. I grew up in Michigan, a Great Lakes state shaped like a mitten in the north of the United States, which was and is home to many indigenous Algonquian peoples. In the 17th century, the French colonized the area. This legacy can be seen everywhere today, from the proliferation of both French and Indian place names, to the ubiquity of battle sites in which many Native Americans, French, and English died over the course of the 18th century in the localized sites of colonial wars (the French and Indian War of 1754-1763 was the northern New World theater for the European Seven Years' War, and the American Revolution was funded by the French to limit British power). Although these geopolitical conflicts and colonial designs do explain the formation of the state of Michigan as it is today, I will share a perhaps more interesting origin story told by the Anishinaabek that describes the formation of one of the most breathtaking natural features of the state, the Sleeping Bear Dunes.



**THE SLEEPING BEAR DUNES**

“Once, long ago, along the Wisconsin shoreline, a mother bear and her two cubs were driven into Lake Michigan by a raging forest fire. The bears swam for many hours, but soon the cubs tired. Mother bear reached the shore first and climbed to the top of a high bluff to watch and wait for her cubs. The cubs drowned within sight of the shore. The Great Spirit created two islands to mark the spot where the cubs disappeared and then created a solitary dune to represent the eternal vigil of mother bear.”

## CHINESE STORY OF NIAN

Once upon a time, long long ago, there was a man-eating monster called « Nian ». This beast lived deep in the ocean. It would sleep every day of the year, except on the last day of the Lunar Year, when the cold winter months would turn into Spring.

Nian would come on land to attack, and eat whatever it could find and whatever lay in its path. This was the night that everyone lived in terror !

Year after year Nian returned, as this was a beast that was far too powerful for anyone to take on or defeat. Many had tried and all had perished. On New Year's eve, all the villagers would take their loved ones, old and young, deep into the mountains to take shelter from the beast.

One year on that night, a traveler came to town, looking for food and shelter. Everyone, with the exception of an old lady, was far too busy packing to pay him any kindness or offer him a simple plate of dumpling or a place to sleep. After his meal, the passerby was touched by the old lady's generosity and decided to bestow a long hidden secret of how to be rid of the New Year beast.

That evening when Nian arrived at their village, all the houses were dark, except the one in which the old woman lived. As Nian saw the light, it licked its lips with anticipation and approached the house.

Suddenly, it was greeted with deafening noises of fire-crackers sounding endlessly. The monster was frightened and startled.

Next, the beast saw that the house was covered in red paper. That scared Nian even more, and it took off running back into the ocean. When the villagers returned, they saw that the old woman was unharmed ! Everyone was eager to learn what she did to survive. The old woman told the villagers that Nian was afraid of loud noises and the color red.

The next year, the villagers stayed up all night, lit fire-crackers, lit red lanterns all around their houses pasted

*Student*  
Gengxiang Chen

*Country*  
China



*Program*  
PhD LURPA  
(engineering)

*Source*  
<https://baijiahao.baidu.com/s?id=1690551145051579926&wfr=spider&for=pc>

red paper on their walls and doors, wore red clothing danced to loud music, and banged loud gongs and drums. That year and every year since, Nian has never returned. This eventually became a tradition and the way to celebrate Chinese New Year.





### *Background Story*

When asked to think of a traditional Dutch folk tale or fairy-tale it was difficult for me to come up with one ! The ones that were read to me as a child were mostly the classics by Hans Christiaan Andersen or the Brothers Grimm. But not really any Dutch ones. The inspiration for this tale came when I visited Disneyland during my stay here. When I was in the pirates of the Caribbean part of the park, the story suddenly came to me and I realized I did know a traditional Dutch tale after all ! The tale of the flying Dutchman, or Vliegende Hollander, as we say in Dutch. Enjoy the story.

## **THE FLYING DUTCHMAN – A DUTCHMAN SAGA ABOUT THE INFAMOUS GHOST SHIP**

The storm was wildly blowing inland. The foaming sea rolled onto the wharf and slammed into the port side of the only ship moored there—a heavily loaded freighter bound for the East Indies.

The weather was so horrible that none of the crew members ventured on deck. Only the captain, a tall, square fellow with nerves of steel and a rough disposition, stood gloomily on the bow. He looked at the whipped waves with lightning in his eyes, which prevented him from giving the signal to leave. All sorts of misadventures had already delayed the departure for several days, and now that miserable storm thwarted his plans to set out to sea with his precious cargo as soon as possible. He stood on the bow with clenched fists and cursed. Who or what dared to thwart him, the most fearless and bravest skipper in the world ? Had he not navigated his ship through the roughest storms along treacherous cliffs and sandbanks ? Had he not sailed east faster than all the other ships of the Company ? Had he not proven dozens of times that no sea was too high and no storm too

*Student*  
Sieka Buis

*Country*  
Netherlands



*Program*  
M1 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*  
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*Translated by*  
Sieka Buis

fierce ? He loved the dangers of seafaring life and knew how to deal with them.

His men felt completely safe under his leadership and promptly carried out his orders. Without complaining and without asking questions. They knew they could rely on his decisions, and they didn't mind him acting like a bully to achieve his goal. After all, the captain oversaw the ship, and he had always brought them home safely through the most perilous adventures. Yes, the crew of the East-India faring ship was in awe of the skipper and would walk through fire for him. Even despite his stubbornness and hot temper.

But now he really went too far. As the storm howled and the foaming waves pounded against the bow, he appeared below deck and announced in a loud voice, « Weather or no weather, we set sail tomorrow morning at six o'clock ! »

The sailors' conversations fell silent, and none of the card-playing men dared say what they were thinking. But when the boatman cleared his throat, everyone nodded in relief. « Objections, Boots ? » asked the skipper threateningly. « It's Easter tomorrow, Captain, » replied the boatman. The sailors were grateful for his remark. « That's right, Captain ! » they cried. And : « Boots is speaking wise words ! » For it was a holy law that a ship was not allowed to set sail on Easter !

The captain clenched his fist and let it land forcefully on his sailors' chart table. « That has nothing to do with it ! » he bellowed. « Easter or no Easter and storm or no storm, I sail when I want. Make sure everything is ready for departure early in the morning and that's that ! » And he went to his cabin cursing. The shipmen could hear his curses over the roar of the waves for hours.

The next morning the storm hit the coast even more violent and wild than the past few days. The waves whipped the walls of the ship, which was still safely moored to the quay, higher than ever. Black clouds shed their darkness over the harbor. Yet the reckless captain's

voice rang out across the deck : « Raise the sails ! Raise the anchors ! Let's go ! » It sounded almost cheery. As if the command could calm down the storm. The shipmate made a tentative protest : « Captain, » he said, « today is Easter and the men would prefer not to be setting out on such a holy day. » But the captain laughed in his face. « I'm the boss ! » he thundered. « And I say we raise the anchor. Storm or no storm, Easter or no Easter ! »

The sailors flew into the ropes cheering. Their skipper was a brave man and if he thought it safe to set sail, it was justified. Had he not led them across the wildest seas and past the most dangerous capes ? Wasn't he the bravest and most handsome skipper in the world ? They hoisted the sails and their bold cheers drowned out the violence of the storm. But as they were, against their better judgement, obeying their skipper's orders and readying the ship, the storms tumult rang out above the Easter bells. « It's Easter, Captain, » the mate tried again cautiously. The skipper cursed vigorously. « What Easter ? » he snorted. « I said we're sailing out, so we're sailing out ! Even if I will have to sail until eternity, we will go ! » The sailors got quiet as his words thundered around deck, but all got back to work quickly.

The captain of a nearby cargo boat came to the rail of his ship and called out through his ship's horn, « What are you doing ? Are you sailing out ? » The proud skipper laughed scornfully. « And why not ? » he yelled back. « Man, you're crazy ! This is a recipe for disaster. It's Easter, and besides, you won't even be able to brave such a terrible storm for a mile ! » - « That we shall see, » replied the self-assured skipper. « In any case, we're setting sail ! » He ordered for all the sails to be drawn, and when the great white cloths flapped ominously in the wind, he ordered for the anchors to be lifted.

The crew was deeply impressed. Their skipper was an impressive man, a daredevil ! What were his words again ? « Even if I will have to sail until eternity, we will go ! » They hurriedly put the finishing touches to their work as the captain waited impatiently on the deck. The boatman then visited him to report that everything was ready for

departure. While in the distance the Easter bells chimed. « Your orders have been carried out, Captain, » said the boatman. The skipper now stood dead still on the bow. His eyes had a rigid expression ; his hands hung limply at his sides. It was as if all life had been drained out of him. The boatman, too, suddenly seemed nailed to the deck and stopped moving. And the sailors in the rigging and on the decks fell silent and moved no more. The cook stood motionless behind the stove in the galley. The cabin boy stiffened halfway through a tumble on the stee-  
rage. All the men aboard the East India-faring ship hung or stood or sat speechless and still in the place they had taken.

But the ship started to move ! While the crew was divided over the upper and lower decks like a collection of statues, the sails billowed themselves against the wind. And without anyone's interference, the ship turned its stern and sailed out of the harbor.

A crowd of curious people gathered on the wharf, staring in amazement at the speeding East India-farer. They couldn't believe their eyes. In the rigging, along the railing and on the deck, the sailors, the boatman and the captain stood motionless. None of those on board moved and yet the ship shot over the waves, straight into the wind ! Who had ever experienced such a thing ? A ship that set out against the fiercest storm... a ship whose crew looked on idly... a ship that left the harbor as the Easter bells were ringing... The words of the overconfident captain were whispered from spectator to spectator. « Even if I will have to sail until eternity, we will go ! »

A shudder went through the people on the quay. Such an overconfident challenge just screamed for punishment ! And as if the onlookers' fears were immediately turned into a visible warning, something strange happened. The sky above the departing ship was gray and there was no sun in sight. But still the sails lit up like flames. And although no trail of smoke indicated a sudden fire on board, the white-painted hull turned into a blackened carcass.

The people on the wharf watched with their breaths held as the fiery sails of the ghost ship disappeared on the horizon. Concerned, they returned home, wondering how the adventure would turn out for those on board the East India farer. While the Easter bells were chiming above their heads...

The wondrous ghost ship did not dock in any port in the East Indies. It also did not return to a Dutch port. The women and engaged women who stayed behind received no letters from those on board and the shipping company received no notification of their arrival anywhere in the world. So after a while one had to assume that the ship of the reckless captain had perished. But strangely enough, no shipwreck washed up anywhere. The people of the homeland forgot what had happened and no longer thought of the ghost ship. Only a single mother still prayed at night before going to sleep for the return of her son and several women kept hoping for a safe return for their husbands.

The months turned into years and it was as if time had swallowed the memory of the ghost ship.

Then something remarkable happened. One day a fully loaded freighter from the East headed back to the homeland. Driven by a strong easterly wind, the ship sailed past the Cape of Good Hope on one sail. Suddenly the sailor on the lookout let out a cry of surprise. He rubbed his eyes and wondered whether he was dreaming. He saw a ship suddenly appearing behind a wave nearby on the port side. And no ordinary ship! The sails were bright red and bulged into the wind, instead of out. Imagine that : a ship sailing into the wind as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The sailor gave another cry of terror, and his mates rushed to watch from all sides. They all stared at the strangest ship they'd ever seen swooping past with open mouths. They saw the fiery sails billowing against the wind, the blackened hull and masts, the dead silent fore and aft... That silence was the strangest of all. There was no lookout in the crow's nest ; no swift sailor's feet climbing the rigging, and no commanding captain standing on the bridge. The only thing moving near the

ship was a black bird circling the mast.

« A ghost ship ! » cried one of the men, horrified. « Get the captain ! » The boatman went to the skipper's cabin, but before the two men were on deck, the curious vessel had vanished from view as quickly as it had appeared. The captain laughed at his sailors. « A ghost ship ? » he said scornfully. « You're probably suffering from sunstroke. Ghost ships don't exist at all ! » And he ordered his crew to go back to work immediately and to speak no more about the so-called ghost ship. But he couldn't stop several sailors from staring ahead in silence, shaking their heads every now and then. Surely they had seen it with their own eyes : a ship sailing against the wind with fiery sails and a blackened hull !

More and more reports of a wandering ghost ship reached the homeland. A lot of people believed the messages and others just shrugged. A ship that sailed into the wind with billowing sails ! A ship on which no sailors moved in the rigging and no skipper stood on the bridge ! A ship with blood-red sails ! Come on ! And everyone had supposedly seen it near the Cape of Good Hope ! It had to be a myth.

But the shipping companies found it increasingly difficult to sign on sailors for their ships. And more and more captains said, « I'd rather not sail around the Cape of Good Hope. » For a tale was told that the ghost ship spread death and destruction, and that all who saw it contracted a horrible disease. The rumors of that crazy wandering craft with crimson sails and blackened hulls that were always sighted near the Cape of Good Hope had to end ! The exaggerated fear of sailors for a ship that of course did not exist at all had to end ! So, the Company sent its best captain to investigate the case of the ghost ship.

But the best captain of this enterprising Company saw the ship with his own eyes : as soon as he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, his course was nearly crossed by a looming ship with crimson sails and a blackened hull. The brave skipper did not run anxiously to his cabin and

did not despair. He remained sensible and said : « This is impossible ! » After which he called all hands on deck and gave a speech. « Men, » he said, pointing at the ghost ship, « what we see there before us must be a delusion. There are no people on that strange ship, and yet the sails are hoisted and it sails straight into the wind. No one is able to explain that. »

As he spoke, something terrifying happened. The ghost ship turned its stern and headed straight for the brave captain's ship at full speed. The sailors cried out. « Watch out ! We're being sailed over ! » But it was already too late. Without slowing down, the ghost ship shot closer. ON the bow they could clearly see the figure of a man with flowing white hair, but nothing else moved about him. And on the deck, sailors lay crisscross, motionless, against the mast and railing. « Please stop the ship ! » cried the anxious men on the boat. But the ghost ship did not heed their cries of despair, soared over the waves and... sailed right through the other ship ! No shock or vibration was felt aboard ; all that was felt was an icy gust of wind...

It took some time for the ship's crew to speak again. « I've never seen anything like this, » said the boatman at last, in a hoarse voice. « I think I'm getting old. » But they had all seen it with their own eyes : the blackened hull and mast, the scarlet sails, the motionless skipper on the bow. They had all felt the icy breeze as the ghost ship passed through their own ship.

« It was a Dutch ship, » the captain muttered, pale faced.  
« It flew the Dutch flag ! »

« The Flying Dutchman, » someone said. And that name went from mouth to mouth. Later, when they arrived home, they would proudly tell that they had almost touched the Flying Dutchman.

Years passed again. Old ships made their last voyages and new ones entered the water for the first time. Only the Flying Dutchman sailed endlessly on the waves around the Cape of Good Hope. Decades ago, the reckless cap-

tain had proclaimed to himself and his crew, « Even if I will have to sail until eternity. »

Perhaps the moment for the wandering ghost ship to lay to rest will come. Perhaps that moment has already arrived. These days no one has seen The Flying Dutchman and it is therefore possible that the proud captain has come to repent. Let us hope this is true for him and his crew, for there is no greater punishment from heaven than to have to sail eternally across the shoreless seas and oceans without ever being allowed to moor anywhere.





## DRAW LEGS ON A SNAKE

In ancient China, there was a family in the Chu Dynasty. After offering sacrifices to their ancestors, they prepared to give a pot of wine for the sacrifice to those who helped them to drink. There are many people who help with affairs. If everyone drinks this pot of wine, it is not enough.

How is this pot of wine divided? Everyone calmed down. At this time, someone suggested: Everyone draws a snake on the ground, and whoever draws it quickly will drink the pot of wine. Everyone thinks this method is good, and they all agree to do so. So, a snake was drawn on the ground.

Someone drew very fast, and in a blink of an eye he painted first, and he picked up the jug to drink. But when he looked back at others, he hadn't painted it yet. I thought to myself: They paint really slowly. He triumphantly said: « You are so slow to draw! It's not too late for me to draw a few feet for the snake! » So, he held a hip flask in his left hand and started drawing the snake's feet with his right hand. While he was drawing the snake's feet while talking, another person had already drawn it. The man immediately snatched the flask from his hand and said, « Have you seen a snake? A snake has no feet. Why do you want to add feet to it? So the first person to paint a snake is not you, but me! » The man raised his head and drank the wine.

This story warns people that they must not be proud of a little achievement, be ignorant, and deliberately show off, which will only be self-defeating and lose their original advantages.

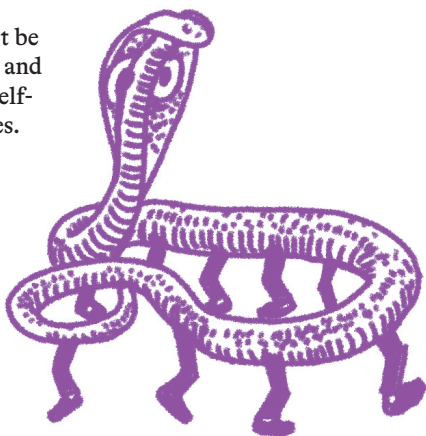
*Student*  
Jianhong Bao

*Country*  
China



*Program*  
M2 Mechanics  
of Materials for  
Engineering and  
Integration of Structures

*Source*  
<https://baijiahao.baidu.com/s?id=1690551145051579926&wfr=spider&for=pc>



## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

*Student*  
Anastasia Sklia

*Country*  
Greece  


*Program*  
M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*  
<https://americanliterature.com/childrens-stories/little-red-riding-hood>

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by everyone who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother, and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else. So she was always called Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, « Come, Little Red Riding Hood, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine. Take them to your grandmother, she is ill and weak, and they will do her good. Set out before it gets hot, and when you are going, walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing. And when you go into her room, don't forget to say, good-morning, and don't peep into every corner before you do it. »

I will take great care, said Little Red Riding Hood to her mother, and gave her hand on it.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red Riding Hood entered the wood, a wolf met her. Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

« Good-day, Little Red Riding Hood, » said he.

« Thank you kindly, wolf. »

« Wither away so early, Little Red Riding Hood ? »

« To my grandmother's. »

« What have you got in your apron ? »

« Cake and wine. Yesterday was baking-day, so poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger. »

« Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood ? »

« A good quarter of a league farther on in the wood. Her house stands under the three large oak-trees ; the nut-trees are just below. You surely must know it, » replied Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf thought to himself, « What a tender young creature. What a nice plump mouthful, she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to catch both. » So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red Riding Hood, and then he said, « see Little Red Riding Hood, how pretty the flowers are about here. Why do you not look round ? I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing. You walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry. »

Little Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought, suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay. That would please her too. It is so early in the day that I shall still get there in good time. And so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

« Who is there ? »

« Little Red Riding Hood, » replied the wolf. « She is bringing cake and wine. Open the door. »

« Lift the latch, » called out the grandmother, « I am too weak, and cannot get up. »

The wolf lifted the latch, the door sprang open, and without saying a word he went straight to the grandmother's bed, and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed himself in her cap, laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

Little Red Riding Hood, however, had been running about picking flowers, and when she had gathered so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set out on the way to her.

She was surprised to find the cottage-door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself, oh dear, how uneasy I feel to-day, and at other times I like being with grandmother so much.

She called out, « Good morning, » but received no answer. So she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face, and looking very strange.

« Oh, grandmother, » she said, « what big ears you have. »

« The better to hear you with, my child, » was the reply.

« But, grandmother, what big eyes you have, » she said.

« The better to see you with, my dear. »

« But, grandmother, what large hands you have. »

« The better to hug you with. »

« Oh, but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have. »

« The better to eat you with. »

And scarcely had the wolf said this, then with one bound he was out of bed and swallowed up Little Red Riding Hood.

When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep and began to snore very loud. The huntsman was just passing the house, and thought to himself, how the old woman is snoring. I must just see if she wants anything.

So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it. « Do I find you here, you old sinner, » said he. « I have long sought you. »

Then just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have devoured the grandmother, and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire, but took a pair of scissors, and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf.

When he had made two snips, he saw the Little Red Riding Hood shining, and then he made two snips more, and the little girl sprang out, crying, « Ah, how frightened I have been. How dark it was inside the wolf. »

And after that the aged grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe. Little Red Riding Hood, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's belly, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he collapsed at once, and fell dead.

Then all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Little Red Riding Hood had brought, and revived, but Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself, as long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so.

It is also related that once when Little Red Riding Hood was again taking cakes to the old grandmother, another wolf spoke to her, and tried to entice her from the path. Little Red Riding Hood, however, was on her guard, and went straight forward on her way, and told her grandmother that she had met the wolf, and that he had said good-morning to her, but with such a wicked look in his eyes, that if they had not been on the public road she was certain he would have eaten her up. « Well, » said the grandmother, « we will shut the door, that he may not come in. »

Soon afterwards the wolf knocked, and cried, « open the door, grandmother, I am Little Red Riding Hood, and am

bringing you some cakes. »

But they did not speak, or open the door, so the grey-beard stole twice or thrice round the house, and at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait until Little Red Riding Hood went home in the evening, and then to steal after her and devour her in the darkness. But the grandmother saw what was in his thoughts. In front of the house was a great stone trough, so she said to the child, take the pail, Little Red Riding Hood. I made some sausages yesterday, so carry the water in which I boiled them to the trough. Little Red Riding Hood carried until the great trough was quite full. Then the smell of the sausages reached the wolf, and he sniffed and peeped down, and at last stretched out his neck so far that he could no longer keep his footing and began to slip, and slipped down from the roof straight into the great trough, and was drowned. But Little Red Riding Hood went joyously home, and no one ever did anything to harm her again.



## SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

There was once a queen who had no children, and it grieved her sorely. One winter's afternoon she was sitting by the window sewing when she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell on the snow. Then she thought to herself :

« Ah, what would I give to have a daughter with skin as white as snow and cheeks as red as blood. »

After a while a little daughter came to her with skin as white as snow and cheeks as red as blood. So they called her Snow White.

But before Snow White had grown up, her mother, the Queen, died and her father married again, a most beautiful princess who was very vain of her beauty and jealous of all women who might be thought as beautiful as she was. And every morning she used to stand before her mirror and say :

«Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all?»

And the mirror always used to reply :  
«Queen, Queen, on thy throne,  
The greatest beauty is thine own.»

But Snow White grew fairer and fairer every year, till at last one day when the Queen in the morning spoke to her mirror and said :

«Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all?»

The mirror replied :  
«Queen, Queen, on thy throne,  
Snow White's the fairest thou must own.»

Then the Queen grew terribly jealous of Snow White and thought and thought how she could get rid of her, till at last she went to a hunter and engaged him for a large sum of money to take Snow White out into the forest and there kill her and bring back her heart.

But when the hunter had taken Snow White out into the forest and thought to kill her, she was so beautiful that his heart failed him, and he let her go, telling her

*Student*  
Anastasia Sklia

*Country*  
Greece  


*Program*  
M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*  
<https://americanliterature.com/childrens-stories/snow-white>

she must not, for his sake and for her own, return to the King's palace. Then he killed a deer and took back the heart to the Queen, telling her that it was the heart of Snow White.

Snow White wandered on and on till she got through the forest and came to a mountain hut and knocked at the door, but she got no reply. She was so tired that she lifted up the latch and walked in, and there she saw three little beds and three little chairs and three little cupboards all ready for use. And she went up to the first bed and lay down upon it, but it was so hard that she couldn't rest ; and then she went up to the second bed and lay down upon that, but that was so soft that she got too hot and couldn't go to sleep. So she tried the third bed, but that was neither too hard nor too soft, but suited her exactly ; and she fell asleep there.

In the evening the owners of the hut, who were three little dwarfs who earned their living by digging coal in the hills, came back to their home. And when they came in, after they had washed themselves, they went to their beds, and the first of them said :

« Somebody has been sleeping in my bed ! »

And then the second one said :

« And somebody's been sleeping in my bed ! »

And the third one called out in a shrill voice, for he was so excited :

« Somebody is sleeping in my bed, just look how beautiful she is ! »

So they waited till she woke up, and asked her how she had come there, and she told them all that the hunter had said to her about the Queen wanting to slay her.

Then the dwarfs asked her if she would be willing to stop with them and keep house for them ; and she said that she would be delighted.

Next morning the Queen went up as usual to her mirror, and called out :



«Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all?»

And the mirror answered as usual :  
«Queen, Queen, on thy throne,  
Snow White's the fairest thou must own.»

And the Queen knew that Snow White had not been slain. So she sent for the hunter and made him confess that he had let Snow White go ; and she made him search about beyond the forest, till at last he brought back word to her that Snow White was dwelling in a little hut on the hill with some coal-miners.

Then the Queen dressed herself up like an old woman, and, taking a poisoned comb with her, went back the next day to the hut where Snow White was living. Now the dwarfs had warned her not to open the door to anybody lest evil might befall her ; and she found it very lonesome keeping always within doors.

When the Queen, disguised as an old woman, came to the door of the house she knocked upon it with her stick, but Snow White called out from within :

« Who is there ? Go away ! I must not let anybody come in. »

« All right, » answered the Queen. « If you can come to the window we can have a little chat there, and I can show you my wares. »

So when Snow White came to the window the Queen said :

« Oh, what beautiful black hair ; you ought to have a comb to bind it up ; » and she showed her the comb that she had brought with her.

But Snow White said :

« I have no money and cannot afford to buy so fine a comb. »

Then the Queen said :

« That is no matter ; perhaps you have something golden

that you can give me in exchange. »

And Snow White thought of a golden ring that her father had given to her, and offered to give it for the comb. The Queen took it and gave Snow White the comb and bade her good-bye, and went back to the palace.

Snow White lost no time in going to the mirror, and binding up her hair and putting the comb into it. But it had scarcely been in her hair a few minutes when she fell down as if she were dead, and all the blood left her cheeks, and she was Snow White indeed.

When the dwarfs came home that evening they were surprised to find that the table was not spread for them, and looking about they soon found Snow White lying upon the ground as if she were dead. But one of them listened to her heart and said : « She lives ! She lives ! »

And they began to consider what caused Snow White to fall into such a swoon. They soon found the comb, and when they took it out Snow White soon opened her eyes and became as lively as she ever was before.

Next morning the Queen went to the mirror on the wall and said to it :

«Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all ?»

Then the mirror said as before :

«Queen, Queen, on thy throne,  
Snow White's the fairest thou must own.»

Then the Queen knew that something had happened to the comb and that Snow White was still alive. So she dressed herself once more as an old woman and took with her a poisoned ribbon and went to the hut of the three dwarfs. And when she got there she knocked at the door, but Snow White called out :

« You cannot enter ; I must not open the door. »

Then, as before, the Queen called out in reply :

« Then come to the window, and you can see my wares. »

When Snow White came to the window the Queen said :  
« You are looking more beautiful than ever, but how unbecomingly you arrange your hair. Did you use that comb I gave you yesterday ? »

« Yes, indeed, » said Snow White, « and I fell into a swoon because of it ; I am afraid there is something the matter with it. »

« No, no, that cannot be, » said the Queen ; « there must be some mistake. But if you cannot use the comb I will let you have this pretty ribbon instead, » and she held out the poisoned ribbon. Snow White took it, and after the old woman, as she thought she was, had gone away, Snow White went to the mirror and tied up her hair with the piece of ribbon. But scarcely had she done so when she fell to the ground lifeless and lay there as if she were dead.

That evening the dwarfs came home and found Snow White lying on the ground as if dead, but soon discovered the poisoned ribbon and untied it ; and almost as soon as this was done Snow White revived again.

Next morning the Queen went once more to the mirror on the wall, and called out :

« Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all ? »

to which the mirror replied, without any change :

« Queen, Queen, on thy throne,  
Snow White's the fairest thou must own. »

And the Queen recognized that once again her plans had failed, and Snow White was still alive. So she dressed herself once more and took with her a poisoned apple, which was so arranged that only one half of it was poisoned and the rest of it was left as before. And when the Queen got to the hut of the dwarfs she tried to open the door, but Snow White called out :

« You can't come in ! »

« Then I'll come to the window, » said the Queen.

« Ah, you are the old lady that came twice before ; you have not brought me good luck, each time something has befallen me. »

But the Queen said :

« I do not know how that can be ; I only brought you something for your hair ; perhaps you tied it too tight. To show you that I have no ill-will against you I have brought you this beautiful apple. »

« But my guardians, » said Snow White, « told me that I must take nothing more from you. »

« Oh, this is nothing to wear, » said the Queen, « this is something to eat. To show you that there can be no harm in it I will take half of it myself and you shall eat the other half. »

So she cut the apple in two and gave the poisoned half to Snow White. And the moment she had swallowed the first bite of it she fell down dead. Then the Queen slunk away and went back to the palace and went at once to her chamber and addressed the mirror on the wall :

« Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all ? »

And this time the mirror answered, as it used to do :

« Queen, Queen, on thy throne,  
The greatest beauty is thine own. »

Then the Queen knew that Snow White was dead at last, and that she was without a rival in beauty.

When the dwarfs came home that night they found Snow White lying upon the ground quite dead, and could not find out what had happened or how they could cure her. But, though she seemed dead, Snow White kept her beautiful white skin and seemed more like a statue than a dead person. So the dwarfs had a glass coffer made, and put Snow White in and locked it up. And she remained there for days and days without changing the slightest, looking oh, so beautiful under the glass case.

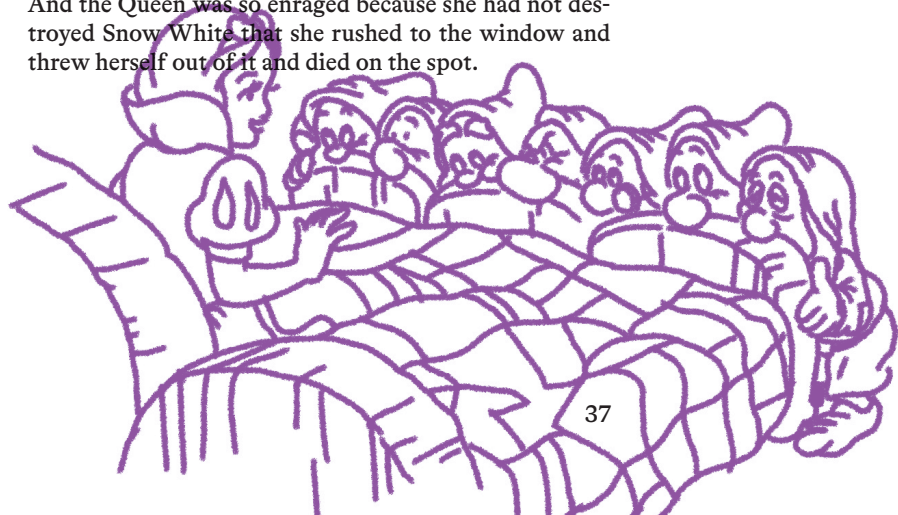
Now a great prince of the neighboring country happened to be hunting near the hill of the dwarfs and called at their hut to get a glass of water. And when he came in he found nobody there but Snow White lying in her crystal coffer. And he fell at once in love with her and sat by her side till the dwarfs came home, and he asked them who she was. Then they told him her history, and he begged that he might carry the coffer away so that he might always have her near him. At first they would not do so. But he showed how much he loved her, so that they at last yielded, and he called for his men to carry the coffer home to his palace.

And when the men commenced carrying the coffer down the mountain they jolted it so much that the piece of poisoned apple in Snow White's throat fell out, and she revived and opened her eyes and looked upon the Prince who was riding by her side. Then he ordered the coffer to be opened, and told her all that had happened. And he took her home to his castle and married her.

After this happened the Queen once more came to her room and spoke to the mirror on the wall and said :  
«Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all ?»

And the mirror this time said again :  
«Queen, Queen, on thy throne,  
Snow White's the fairest thou must own.»

And the Queen was so enraged because she had not destroyed Snow White that she rushed to the window and threw herself out of it and died on the spot.



### *Student*

Magin Benedict Ferrer

### *Country*

Philippines



### *Program*

PhD PPSM  
(chemistry)

### *Anecdote*

*Istoryahon ta ka uli :*

*Mga Sugilanon sang  
Katigulangan*

est un livre des contes  
transmis par

les anciens et recueillis par

Alice Tan Gonzales. Ces  
histoires ont été à l'origine  
écrites à

l'origine en Hiligaynon, une  
langue philippine parlée  
principalement dans la  
région des Visayas

occidentales.

*Istoryahon ta ka Uli :*

*Mga Sugilanon sang  
Katigulangan*

is a book of oral tales  
passed down by

the elderly and collected  
by Alice Tan Gonzales.

These stories were  
originally written in  
Hiligaynon, a Philippine  
language spoken  
predominantly in the  
Western Visayas region.

May lamharon nga lalaki nga nahulog sa sulodlan sang mabasabasa nga sinamo sang bulawan sang iya amo. Bangud sini, nangin bulawan ang panit niya. Ginlagas sia sang iya amo agud bawion ang bulawan apang nalagyo ini. Nangamigo sia sa ati nga bakero nga nagahingalan Peringgingge. Naila si Preinggingge sa iya panit. Ginlagad niya si Preinggingge nga madumog, kon sa diin ang magadaog amo ang magapanag-iya sang panit sang iya kaaway. Nagpasugot mang ang ati, apang nalutos ini. Gani ginkuha sang kaaway ang maitum nga panit ni Peringgingge kag ginsul-ob niya ini sa ibabaw sang iya bulawan nga panit. Humalin sadto, sia na ang nagdala sang ngalan nga Peringgingge. Nagtrabaho sa Peringgingge bilang bakero sang hari. Nakita sia sang prinsesa nga nagapaligo sa bubon hubad ang iya maitum nga panit. Naluyag ang prinsesa sa iya kag luyag sia sa ini nga pamanahon. Bangud sa pagpili sang prinsesa sa isa ka ati nga bakero, ginpalayas sila sang hari sa kaharian. Sang ginsalakay ang kaharian sang mga mananakop, ginbuligan sia sang tamawo. Sakay sa isa ka leon, ginpapas ni Peringgingge ang mga mananakop. Madali niya nga nahimo ini bangud nasilawan ang mga kaaway sa iya panit kag wala makabato sing mayo. Ginbaton balik sang hari ang iya anak nga prinsesa kag ang iya umagad nga sa Peringgingge.

## PERINGGINGGE

Un jeune homme tomba dans un contenant d'or fondu appartenant à son maître. Par conséquent, sa peau devint dorée. Le maître le poursuivit pour récupérer son or volé mais il réussit à s'échapper. Après un certain temps, le voleur d'or se lia d'amitié avec un berger d'une tribu aeta. Il s'appelait Peringgingge et il était attiré par la peau de l'homme. Le jeune homme défia l'aeta dans un match de lutte à l'issue duquel le gagnant remporterait la peau du perdant. Le berger accepta les règles mais perdit. Il donna donc sa peau noire au garçon qui la porta sur sa peau dorée. A partir de ce moment-là, il porta aussi le nom de Peringgingge. Il travailla comme berger du roi. Un jour, la princesse le vit se laver dans un puits sans sa peau noire. Ils tombèrent amoureux et prévoyèrent de se marier. Cependant, à cause de la décision de la princesse de se marier à un berger aeta, ils furent exilés par le roi du royaume. Après quelques jours, le royaume fut pillé par un groupe de bandits. Le roi demanda l'aide d'un esprit d'arbre, mais ce n'était pas suffisant pour repousser l'ennemi. Au bord de la défaite, Peringgingge revint et, en chevauchant un lion, tua tous les bandits. C'était très facile pour lui de le faire grâce à sa peau d'or dont la brillance les aveugla, empêchant ainsi les envahisseurs de bien se battre. Le roi accepta sa fille à nouveau et il accueillit Peringgingge en tant que son beau-fils.



## SI JUAN PANDAY

### *Student*

Magin Benedict Ferrer

### *Country*

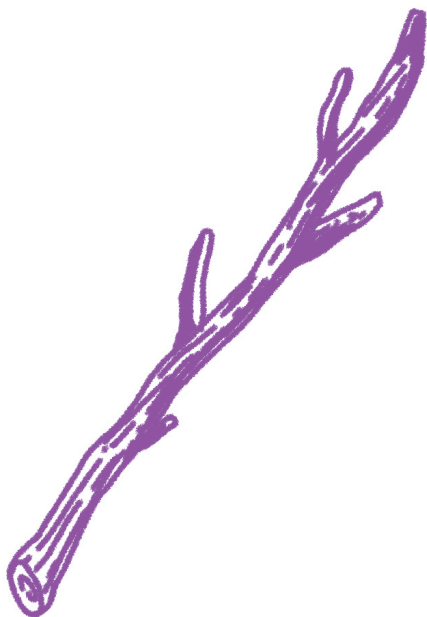
Philippines



### *Program*

PhD PPSM  
(chemistry)

Si Juan isa ka panday nga nagapangamuyo sa taga niya ka tikang pakadto sa trabaho. Ginsulay siya sang yawa nga ibaylo ang iya kalag sa isa ka sako nga pilak. Ginbisitahan siya sang diyos kag ginhatagan sang puyo kag baston agud isiud kag ibakol sa yawa. Nagpasugot man si Juan, kag sia nangabuhi nga manggaranon. Sa adlaw nga ginsugat siya sang mga panulay agud dalhon sa impyerno, naintu niya ang mga panulay nga magsulod sa isa ka puyopuyo. Sa wala pa man makagwa ang mga panulay, ginpukpok ni Juan Panday sang martilyo ang mga yawa tubtob nagkalabuklan ang mga ini. Sang nag-sugat kay Juan isa ka libo nga lga panulay, ginapasulod niya sila sa puyo kag ginbakol, tubtub nga wala na sing maisog nga panulay nga nangako nga magsugat kay Juan Panday.





## SI JUAN PANDAY

Juan était charpentier et priait à chaque pas qu'il faisait en allant au travail. Un jour, le diable le tenta de changer son esprit pour un sac de l'argent. Quand il refusa, le diable le maudit et lui promit d'envoyer beaucoup de tentations afin de le porter en enfer. Par la suite, dieu lui rendit visite et il donna à Juan Panday une poche pour piéger le diable et un bâton pour le battre. Juan accepta le cadeau de dieu et vécut une vie riche. Le jour où arrivèrent les tentations pour l'amener en enfer, Juan les trompa en les piégeant dans sa poche. Ensuite, il les frappa avec le bâton jusqu'à ce qu'elles soient gravement blessées. Quand de nouvelles tentations arrivèrent, Juan fit la même chose avec sa poche et son bâton, jusqu'à ce qu'il n'y ait plus de tentations lui promettant l'enfer.



## THE RAMAKIEN – THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DEMONS (THE ABDUCTION OF NANG SEEDA)

### *Student*

Kasidapa Polprasarn

### *Country*

Thailand



### *Program*

M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

### *Source*

<http://www.seasite.niu.edu/Thai/Sikaeo/engramakien.html>

Imagine a forest, deep, dim and mysterious, stretching away on all sides. Above it shines a hot sun, but only the occasional ray pierces the thick roof leaves and strikes down to the mossy ground, and the air is still, moist, and cool. Beyond a curtain of creepers, a stream runs over a rock ledge into a small pool. Here butterflies and scintillating dragonflies flaunt their colors over the dun water, as brilliant as the flowers of the bank and far more subtle. Beneath the surface of the pool, fish as old and gray as stones hover on tremulous fins.

The only constant sound is the murmur of the stream. Now and again, somewhere in the distance, a bird - like no bird you have ever seen - calls out, or the cicadas strike up their mindless music, or a beast crashes unseen among the upper branches.

There is no change here, no calendar, no time, only a succession of muted days and starless nights. Here, far from Ayutaya, Phra Ram, Nang Seeda, and Phra Lak have made their home.

One day, in distant Longka, Totsagan, the King of the Demons, hears of beauty of Nang Seeda and determines that she shall become one of his wives. Nang Monto, his own favorite, warns him that Ram is the incarnation of the god Narai and that the abduction of Seeda can only be followed by war. Totsagan, however, has already made up his mind and is not to be deterred.

Early in the morning, accompanied by Mareet, one of his subjects, he mounts his chariot and flies over the ocean and forest until he comes to the Kotawaree River, near where the royal hermits have their hut.

At Totsagan's instruction, Mareet changes himself into a gazelle. He darts across the clearing before the eyes of Nang Seeda and disappears into the undergrowth. Enchanted by the beauty of the animal, Seeda implores her lord either to catch it or bring her its magnificent pelt.

Phra Ram suspects that the beast is a piece of enchantment, but, overcoming his fear, he takes his bow and follows the gazelle into the forest, having first warned his brother to guard Nang Seeda well.

Mareet, with terror in his heart, flies deeper and deeper into the forest, but Ram at last corners the beast and mortally wounds it. Mareet falls, as he does so crying out in Phra Ram's voice, « Oh, Lak, help me. I am trapped by a demon. Help, help ! »

The call rings through the forest to the hermit's hut, but Lak, knowing that no mere demon could bring about his brother's end, remains with Nang Seeda. She, however, now distracted at the thought that Phra Ram is in danger, entreats Lak to go to his aid, and, when he still hesitates, taunts him for his cowardice, accusing him - worse yet - of hoping that if his brother dies and that she, Nang Seeda, will become his wife. Seeing that it is useless to reason with the distraught Seeda, Phra Lak prostrates himself dutifully before her and hurries off into the forest, hoping to return within a matter of minutes.

Seeda is left alone.

This is the moment that the demon king has been waiting for. Having transformed himself into an old anchorite, he hobbles before Nang Seeda, greets the lovely lady in a quavering voice, and asks her name. His eyes meanwhile feed on the perfection of face and form before him, the like of which he has seen nowhere in all the Three Worlds, at once inflaming his desire and strengthening his determination to make her his own. Her voice too, as she tells him she is Seeda, the wife of Phra Ram, seems that of an angel rather than a mere mortal.

Craftily he asks her, « How is it that you - with the attributes of a goddess - live here in the wilderness ? Why, at the expression of the desire, you could be the bride of Totsagan, the King of Longka. »

At these words Nang Seeda feels a deadly coldness invade her limbs, but she replies indignantly, « In the eyes

of gods and men alike, the demon Totsagan is a criminal, and Phra Narai, in his incarnation as Phra Ram, is destined to crush him. »

Even as the last word leaves her lips the anchorite vanishes, and in his place stands Totsagan, the ten-headed, the twenty-armed. Wasting no more time, he seizes Nang Seeda, and, despite her struggles and despairing cries for help, firmly grasping her slender limbs in his many hands, he lifts her into his waiting chariot and soars up high above the forest. Held fast, weeping, overcome with fear and shame, Seeda calls on her husband for help, but her cries fall on the empty air.

But the air is not entirely empty. Gliding in and out of the small clouds, soaring in the sunlight above the forest is the heavenly Sadayu. This great bird has long been a friend of the king of Ayutaya and of his children, and seeing that Seeda is in trouble, he immediately swoops to the attack, crying as he falls, « You ten-headed black guard, prepare to meet your doom ! »

Totsagan, furious at being insulted by a mere bird, prepares to dispatch his assailant. When Sadayu clashes with the enemy, however, striking left and right with powerful wings and needle-sharp talons, Totsagan's demon bodyguards fell lifeless, like rain from the air. The two thousand lions drawing the demon's chariot are similarly destroyed, and Totsagan and his prize are thrown roughly to the earth. His weapons scattered, his demons destroyed, the King of Longka draws what seems likely to be his last breath when the great bird sings out in triumph :

«Your death is here, O criminal king,  
For you are mortal, whereas I  
Am told that I need never die  
Unless I'm struck by Isuan's ring.»

Hearing this, Totsagan immediately tears Phra Isuan's ring from Seeda's finger and hurls it as the bird. Transformed into a hissing discus, the ring breaks the bird's mighty wings and lodges in his breast. With the wind

sighing through his broken feathers, Sadayu crashes to earth. There he plucks the ring from his breast and, mortally wounded awaits the coming of Phra Ram.

Totsagan reanimates his creatures, mounts his chariot once more, and flies on with captive Seeda to Longka. For some time, the grief-stricken royal brothers wander through the forest. From Sadayu they learn the identity of Seeda's abductor, and from giants whom they defeat, they can hope to gain allies for their campaign against Longka from the monkey kingdoms of Keetkin and Chompoo.

Eventually they come to the grove where Hanuman, the magic monkey, is meditating. The Wind God Phra Pai stirs up a breeze in which he has skillfully combined the scents of many flowers, and the two heroes, overtaken by an irresistible lassitude, lie down under a large and shady tree and sleep. Hanuman, having broken off his meditation to collect some fruit, comes on them and, curious to know who they can be, throws down pieces of twig onto the sleepers.

Phra Lak awakes and, seeing the little white monkey on the branch above, reaches up a hand to catch it. Hanuman skips onto a higher branch, however, and dances this way and that as Lak tries to dislodge him with the end of his bow. Phra Ram awakes and immediately recognizes the monkey with its diamond pelt, brilliant earrings, and jeweled teeth as the talented Hanuman. The Son of the Wind for his part looks down at Phra Ram and sees that he has been recognized, thinking to himself, « This fine prince knows who I am, so it must be the god I've been instructed to serve, Phra Narai. » Delighted to have met his future master, Hanuman swings down out of the tree and prostrates himself before Phra Ram, while that favorite of Isuan, no less pleased to have at last encountered the able monkey, strokes Hanuman's back. When the formalities have been observed, Hanuman fetches and introduces his uncle Sukreep to Phra Ram, explaining that it has been ordained that as Phra Narai he shall end the life of the unrighteous king of Keetkin, Palee, and elevate Sukreep to the vacant throne.

Phra Ram agrees to help Sukreep, and it is arranged that in the course of a fight between the two brothers, Phra Ram - as the divine Narai - shall shoot Palee from ambush with the arrow Promat.

Sukreep flies to Palee's palace in Keetkin and loudly and with many insults challenges his brother to single combat. Palee, with burning ears, seizes his sword and flies at Sukreep. Near at hand, in the guise of a hermit, Phra Narai waits for a chance to end combat, but the brothers are so similar in appearance that he cannot distinguish between them. The outcome is that Palee gains the upper hand and, unwilling to kill Sukreep on account of the affection he still feels for him, disarms his brother and throws him down to earth in the vicinity of Mount Jakrawan.

Little the worse for wear but extremely put out, Sukreep makes his way back to Phra Narai and asks him why he failed to keep his promise. The god explains his difficulty and, having bound an armlet to Sukreep's wrist so as to be able to distinguish between him and his brother, tells him to return to the palace and challenge Palee once more.

This time Palee determines to end the matter once and for all. Grasping his sword, he flies out of the palace window and straight for his brother. The swords flash in the air, and the combatants rain blow after blow on each other, Sukreep pretending to give ground but in fact leading Palee to the place where Phra Narai lies in ambush. When he sees his opportunity, the god bends his bow and lets loose the Promat arrow, but Palee sees the shaft coming and plucks it from the air. Turning to Phra Narai, he shouts angrily, « Hermit, what has this quarrel to do with you that you should try to kill me ? »

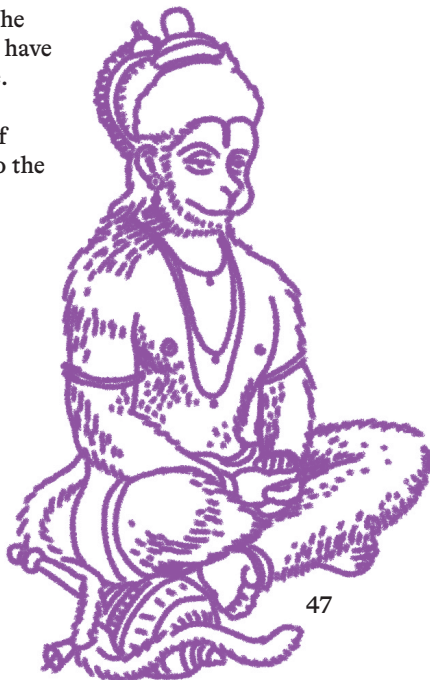
Phra Narai holds his bow aloft in his four hands and says, « I am Phra Ram Jakri, and I have come to earth to vanquish the demons. Think of the wrongs you have done, Palee, and accept your punishment. »

When Palee hears this, he knows his end has come. He takes his leave of Sukreep and charges him to serve Phra Ram faithfully. « As king, » he says, « you must do no wrong. Banish hatred and be governed by good intentions. To your people be as a father and to your enemies a scourge. »

Then Palee stabs himself with Narai's arrow, and his soul leaves his body to be received into paradise. When the news of his death reaches Keetkin, the court and the people are united in mourning for their king. A procession leaves the palace, headed by Dara, Palee's wife, Ongkot who is his son by Nang Monto, and Chompoo-parn, Hanuman's childhood companion. They make their obeisances to Sukreep, who is now their lord, and pay homage to Phra Narai, who rejoices when he sees what fine soldiers these little monkey people will make.

The funeral ceremonies are quickly arranged. With one arrow shot from his bow, Narai creates a diamond cremation sala (a type of small Thai pavilion) and crystal urn to hold Palee's remains ; with a second, he lights the funeral pyre. Sukreep, Dara and the sons of the king throw flowers and ornaments of gold into the fire, and soon the flames have consumed Palee's corpse.

Sukreep, the new king of Keetkin, is borne back to the city by the people.



## WHAT IS NAN TALUNG ?

### *Student*

Kasidapa Polprasarn

### *Country*

Thailand



### *Program*

M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

### *Source*

<http://www.seasite.niu.edu/Thai/Sikaeo/intronang.html>

Nang Talung (Southern Thai Shadow Puppet Theater) is a form of entertainment that uses the shadow as its principle device, the same as Nang Yai (literally, big puppets). But the elaborateness and intricacy of Nang Talung is less, and the puppets are smaller in size than Nang Yai.

What is important is that the telling of the story is local and follows the local patterns of simple speech that the villagers use. This is because the puppeteer recites extemporaneous Thai verse in the local dialect. There is a lively spoken exchange between characters that pleases the audience. One of the charms of Nang Talung is the group of clown characters who are well known, for example, Ai Khainui and Ai Si Kaeo. It is believed that these clowns are real living beings and that they have special personalities that are amusing.

The puppeteer presents the lives of the puppets and puts them into the drama that is played out in a world which moves across the screen. He creates entertainment for people to watch. Nang Talung originated in the southern part of the country. Some people call it Nang Khuan because it originated in the village of Khuan Maphraw in Patlung province. But Nang Talung spread to other areas of the country, for example, in the North to Uthaithani province and in the East to Rayong province. The Northeast has this type of entertainment, but it is called Nang Phramod.

We have concluded that Nang Talung is truly the entertainment of villagers in every area.





## THE RABBIT AND THE TIGER

Someday, a small and docile rabbit was resting in a meadow when suddenly a huge tiger jumped on him, without his being aware of it.

The scared rabbit could only shout :  
« Don't eat me, tiger ! »

The tiger was surprised, and said :  
« Rabbit, I've been watching you for days, patiently waiting to choose the best moment. I'm hungry, and I'm going to eat you. »

The rabbit, far from giving up, and still knowing that he was in good trouble, tried the following :  
« Tigre, haven't you seen me ? I'm very thin ! If you eat me, I will hardly serve you as an aperitif. Instead, I own a herd of very large and appetizing cows. Its meat is very tasty. If you spare my life, I'll give you one and you will thus have food for several days. »

The tiger then reconsidered. What if it were true ? A cow would solve her problem of hunting for food for several days.

« Is it true what you tell me, rabbit ? Won't you be fooling me ? »

« No, no, Mr. Tiger. I would not dare to deceive you. My cows are at the top of that slope - said the rabbit pointing to the top of a nearby hill - If you want, we can go there and I will show you. »

The tiger and the rabbit headed for the hill. When they were near the top, the tiger saw brownish lumps in the distance. The rabbit stopped and said :  
« There they are, there they are ! I will go up so that they come down. Wait here, tiger, and the cow will run down the slope. As soon as you have her close, catch her. »

The tiger liked the idea of not having to climb the rest of the hill, as he was already tired enough.  
« Okay, rabbit, I'll wait here for the cow. Be careful with fooling me, I'll be watching you. »

*Student*  
Adriana Umbria  
Fandino

*Country*  
Venezuela



*Program*  
M1 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*  
<https://bw.stjcc.net/5251-the-rabbit-and-the-tiger-fable-of-venezuela-for-children.html>

*Intro*  
Fables transmit to children a series of essential values and help them in their social and individual learning. They all include a moral that we can reflect on with them.  
In this case, 'The Rabbit and the Tiger' explains to children the importance of using cunning and the intelligence to get out of a problem or resolve a conflict. Discover this beautiful fable popular from Venezuela with your son.

The rabbit climbed to the top of the hill. But the lumps that the tiger believed to be cows, they were actually huge stones. The rabbit, with the help of a branch and as a lever, managed to roll one of the huge stones and shouted :

« Vaaaa cow ! Catch her, tiger ! »

The tiger, dazzled by the sun shining on the top of the hill, could only see an approaching lump, and when he finally realized that it was actually a stone, it was too late. I already had it on ! He started to run, but the stone passed over him. He was so bruised that as soon as he could he ran away, scared, never to return.

#### *Moral*

Appearances can be deceiving. Do not judge anyone by their size, but by their cunning and intelligence.

With the help of this fable, you can reflect with your child on the importance of using intelligence and calm to solve problems. You can also explain why we should never judge anyone on their appearance.

We help you with these questions :

- Why did the tiger want to eat the rabbit ?
- What did the rabbit promise you in exchange for setting him free ?
- What were the lumps that the tiger saw at the top of the hill ?
- Did the rabbit finally get free of the tiger ?



## LEGEND OF STAR FRUIT TREE

There was a family with two brothers, both parents died. The two brothers worked hard, so there was enough to eat in the house. Wanting to have fun at home, the two of them got married. But since having a wife, the brother was born lazy, so much hard work, all poured out on the couple. The couple stayed up late at night and woke up early, trying to plow, weed, put manure, and rice better than before, so when the season came, the harvest was abundant. Seeing that, the older brother was afraid that he would take more credit for his share, and hurriedly discussed with his wife that the younger brother and his wife could live separately.

Leaving to live separately with his wife, the younger brother shared by his brother had a shack, in front of the house was a sweet star fruit tree. The couple did not complain a word, went to the forest to cut firewood to bring to the market to sell. As for the older brother, how many fields are divided, so that he cannot enjoy the happiness with his wife. Seeing that I didn't complain, my brother thought I was stupid, even more arrogant, didn't come to my house and didn't pay any attention to me anymore. The happiest days of the couple's brother and sister are the days of star fruit. All year round, the couple has been fertilizing and catching worms, chasing ants for star fruit, so the star fruit tree is green and shady all over the small garden, sometimes even on the branches, it is close to the ground. with hand can.

One morning, the couple carried the burden and the basket was taken out of the star fruit tree, and was about to climb up to pick the fruit and bring it to the market to sell, but saw a strong vibration on the top of the tree, as if someone was climbing. The couple looked up and saw a very large bird eating ripe yellow star fruit. The couple stood under the tree watching the birds eat, waited for the birds to fly away, then climbed up the tree to pick fruit. Since then, every morning, when the couple went out to pick star fruit, they saw birds on the tree again. Seeing someone, the bird continued to eat, leisurely for a long time, then flapped its wings and flew away. Birds eat like that for a month, star fruit trees are full of fruit. One day, waiting for the bird to finish eating, the wife

*Student*  
Hai Linh Le

*Country*  
Vietnam



*Program*  
M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*  
<https://truyencotich.vn/truyen-co-tich/co-tich-vietnam/su-tich-cay-khe.html>

said half-jokingly to the bird : « Bird, if the bird eats like that, what else is the star fruit of my house ! My star fruit tree is about to run out of fruit, bird ! » The bird suddenly craned its neck, narrowed its eyes as if smiling, and replied : « Eat one, return the gold ! Sew a three-gang bag, take it away and store it ». The bird repeated the sentence three times, then flapped its wings and flew away. The couple saw the bird talking was surprised, seeing the bird telling them like that, repeated it to themselves three times, heard it clearly, so they thought and wondered. But then the couple did as the bird said. The wife took a few squares of brown fabric and sewed a bag for her husband, exactly three gangs across.

The next morning, the couple had just finished eating when they saw a strong wind blowing the dust in the front yard, and in the blink of an eye an extremely large bird landed in the middle of the yard, turned its head into the house, and called out a few words as if to say hello. The husband carried the three-gang bag to the yard, the bird lay down, turned his neck to signal him to sit on his back. He sat on the bird's back, clinging to the bird's neck tightly. The bird stood up, stretched its neck, flapped its wings and flew up to the blue sky. Birds fly high, hiding in silver clouds ; When flying low, it is over the green forest, rolling hills and mountains. Then the birds flew out to the immense sea, the high blue waves hit the slopes of the small islands, causing white foam to rise. He sat on the bird's back and saw the sea was blind, didn't know where the shore was... Suddenly the bird flew into an island of white, blue, and red rocks, already five-colored, reflecting brilliant light, he had never seen before. hour. The bird flew a wide circle around the island as if looking for a place to land, then flew in narrower circles, over the rocks, sometimes he thought he was about to hit giant rocks. Flying in front of the wide and deep cave, the bird slowly descended. Setting foot on the island, he looked everywhere, absolutely not seeing a single creature, not even a blade of grass or a deep bird.

The bird signaled to him to enter the cave, take whatever he wanted. At the entrance of the cave, he saw all kinds of stones as clear as glass and amber of all colors ; Some

are as blue as a cat's eye, some are as red as the sun, and some are as numerous as stones. Seeing that the cave was deep and wide, he did not dare to enter for fear of getting lost. He picked up some gold and diamonds and put them in a three-gang bag, then climbed onto the bird's back, signaling the bird to fly back.

Birds expressed joy, nodded their heads, stretched their necks to cry a few times, then flapped their wings and flew up to the blue sky, over the sea, through the forest, over the mountains. The sun just stood still, the bird landed in a small garden with a sweet star fruit tree. The wife saw that her husband had returned safely, was overjoyed, ran out to stroke the feathers, express her thanks, and signal to invite the bird to fly up to the star fruit tree to quench her thirst. The bird flew up to the star fruit tree to eat for a while, then called three times as if greeting a farmer and his wife, and then flew away. From then on, every once in a while, birds come to eat star fruit.

The rumor that the younger couple was suddenly rich flew to the ears of the older couple. The older brother and his wife rushed to visit my house to investigate. Listening to her honest story, the brother offered to exchange all his possessions for a thatched hut and star fruit tree. The couple was only worried that the younger brother would not change, did not expect the younger brother to happily agree immediately.

The older brother and his wife were overjoyed as if they were opening a flag in their hearts, immediately handed over all their possessions to their brother, and the next morning moved to a thatched hut on a small garden with a sweet star fruit tree. arrived in the narrow garden, the brother and his wife did not work at all. With a little money left, the couple spent it gradually, all day lying around in the summer, looking up at the star fruit tree, waiting for the birds to fly. One morning, a strong wind blew into the house, and the couple saw the top of the star fruit tree shake. The two hurriedly ran to the yard, quickly looked up the tree, and indeed saw a big bird eating star fruit.

The bird just ate a few fruits, the couple howled : « Our whole family has a star fruit tree, now that the bird eats the grave like that, what can we rely on ! ». The bird replied, «Eat one, return the gold. Sew three cast iron bags, take them and store them»; then the bird flew away. The husband and wife were so happy, hurriedly followed the bird, then discussed sewing bags, arguing loudly. At first, the two of them planned to sew a lot of bags, then they were afraid that the birds would not take them away, so in the end, they only sewed one bag like the younger brother, but sewed three times the size, nine gangs each, into a large basket.

The next morning, the bird landed in the courtyard in front of the thatched hut. The brother who was eating, saw the bird coming, left the food and rushed out, carrying a large bag and climbing on the bird's back, while the wife bowed to the god bird. The bird took off and flew up to the blue clouds, over the mountains and over the sea, and then landed on the island before. Stepping down from the bird's back, his eyes were full of the iridescent lights of diamonds and precious gems. By the time he entered the cave, the older brother was even more fascinated by his spirit, forgetting both hunger and thirst, trying to collect gold and diamonds to fill his hands, tying the tops of his pants and sleeves tightly and stuffing both hands. shirt and trousers, so heavy that he tried to drag each step but still could not get out of the cave.

The bird waited for too long, occasionally calling out a few echoes throughout the island, urging him to leave. It was not until late afternoon that he managed to pull the handle full of gold and diamonds to where the bird was waiting. In order not to fall, he put his hand under the bird's wing, then took a rope and fastened it to the bird's back and to his neck. The bird flapped its wings and flew up, but because it was so heavy, it just flew off the ground a little and fell back down. After that, the bird tried to kick its feet hard on the ground, stretching its neck to fly up. The guy sitting on the bird's back was secretly excited, thinking that in just a moment he would come home, he would have a tall house with a large door, a gar-

den everywhere, and spend his whole life in vain. At that time, the bird flew over the sea. The weather turned windy, the gray waves rose as high as the rooftops. The bird flying against the wind is very tiring, the neck is bent down, the wings are getting weaker and weaker. The big bag of gold was suddenly blown into the bird's wings by the wind. The bird let go of its wings and plunged from the sky into the sea. In the blink of an eye, his body was swept away by the waves, and his large bag and trouser legs and sleeves were filled with gold and jewels, and he quickly sank to the bottom of the sea.

The birds only wet their feathers and wings for a while, and then the bird rose out of the water, flew back to the mountains and back to the forest.



« There they are, there they are ! I will go up so that they come down. Wait here, tiger, and the cow will run down the slope. As soon as you have her close, catch her. »

The tiger liked the idea of not having to climb the rest of the hill, as he was already tired enough.

« Okay, rabbit, I'll wait here for the cow. Be careful with fooling me, I'll be watching you. »

The rabbit climbed to the top of the hill. But the lumps that the tiger believed to be cows, they were actually huge stones. The rabbit, with the help of a branch and as a lever, managed to roll one of the huge stones and shouted :

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## COCONUT

Once upon a time, there was a poor farmer and his wife who lived in the house of a rich man. They are gentle and hardworking, but over fifty years old, they have not had a single child.

One day, the wife went to the forest to collect firewood. It was sunny, very thirsty, seeing a coconut skull beside a big tree filled with rainwater, she took it up to drink. Then, when she got home, she was pregnant.

Not long after, the husband died. She gave birth to a child without limbs, slim body, round hair like a coconut. She was sad, about to throw it away when the child spoke up. - Mommy ! You are that person ! Mom, don't leave me, poor child. The old woman lovingly left him to raise him and named him Coconut Skull.

Growing up, Coconut Skull is still the same, just rolling around and can't do anything. The mother was very upset. So Dua knew that, so he asked his mother to come and feed cows for the rich man's family.

Hearing about Coconut Skull, the rich man hesitated. But thinking : raising it is less expensive, the salary is not worth much, the rich man agreed. Unexpectedly, he was very good at herding cows. Day and day, he rolled behind the cows to the field, at night he rolled behind the cows to go home. The whole herd of cows, each one is full. Phu is very happy !

On the day of the harvest, the servants went to the fields to do everything, so the rich man sent his three daughters to take turns bringing rice to So Dua. In such times, the two arrogant and cruel sisters often reject the Coconut Skull, only the one who is inherently compassionate is to treat the Coconut Skull kindly.

One day it was the youngest sister's turn to bring rice to So Dua. Just reached the foot of the mountain, she suddenly heard the sound of the flute. Stepping up, she saw a handsome young man sitting in a hammock playing a flute for the cows to graze. But just stood up, all disappeared, only saw Coconut Skull lying there. Many times

*Student*  
Hai Linh Le

*Country*  
Vietnam



*Program*  
M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*  
<https://truyencotich.vn/truyen-co-tich/viet-nam/chuyen-co-tich-so-dua.html>

like this, the youngest girl knew that Coconut Skull was not an ordinary person, so she fell in love with him.

At the end of the rental season, So Dua came home and urged his mother to ask the rich man's daughter to be his wife. The old woman saw this and was very surprised, but seeing her son begging for a long time, she also complied. Seeing So Dua's mother bringing areca, the rich man laughed sarcastically :- If you want to ask my daughter, go back and buy a whole bunch of gold nuggets, ten peach silk sheets, ten fat pigs, and ten jars of toothpicks and bring them here.

The old woman had to leave, thinking that she must completely stop getting married for her children. Unexpectedly, on the appointed day, suddenly the house was full of all the bridesmaids, even the servants downstairs ran up to carry the gifts to the rich man's house. The rich man confusedly called his three daughters to ask for advice. The two sisters pouted and criticized the ugly Coconut Skull and staggered in, only the youngest one shyly bowed her head to show her consent.

On the day of the wedding, So Dua arranged a very lavish meal, and the family members ran in and out. At the wedding procession, no one saw the bald, ugly Skull, not only a handsome and handsome man standing next to the youngest. Everyone who saw this felt surprised and happy, and the two sisters were both regretful and jealous.

From that day on, the couple So Dua lived together very happily. Not only that, Coconut Skull also proved to be very smart. He worked hard day and night with book lights and indeed that year, Coconut Skull was poinsettias. But not long after, Coconut Skull was sent as a messenger by the king. Before leaving, he gave his wife a flint stone, a knife and two chicken eggs said to be for his protection.

Jealous of the younger sister, the two sisters grew jealous and tried to harm the younger sister in order to be the mother in law. In the absence of the official, the two sisters invited the youngest to row a boat to the sea and

then tricked her into pushing her into the water. The youngest girl was swallowed by the orcas, but fortunately had a knife and escaped death. She washed up on an island, took a knife to cut the fish's belly, beat the stone to cook the fish with a fire. After living for a few days on the island, the two eggs also hatched into a beautiful pair of chickens to be friends with the youngest.

One day a boat passed by the island, the rooster saw it and crowed loudly: o...o...o..The official boat took my aunt home. Quan let the boat in to see, did not expect it to be his wife. The couple met, happy and sad. Bringing his wife home, the official opened a party to invite relatives to share the joy, but he hid his wife in the house not to let anyone know. The two sisters saw this and were secretly happy, fighting to tell the story of the unfortunate sister, which turned out to be very sad. The state did not say anything, after the party was over, he called his wife out. When the two sisters saw their younger sister, they were so embarrassed, they neaked out and then left the country.



## LEGEND OF SAINT GIONG – MAGICAL FAIRY TALE

*Student*  
Hai Linh Le

*Country*  
Vietnam



*Program*  
M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*  
<https://cotich.net/truyen-thuyet-thanh-giong-a122.html>

Hung Vuong's life Friday. There was a woman who was 60 years old. One day she stepped on a very large footprint and then came home pregnant. She gave birth to a son named Giong, and when three years old, she still couldn't speak. But when she heard that the messenger was looking for someone to fight the enemy, she naturally told her mother to invite the messenger to come. At that time, it was not enough to grow up to be a big person. Then go to battle when there are enough things to instruct the messenger to bring. After defeating the enemy, Giong took off his clothes and flew straight to the sky. In the reign of King Hung Vuong, there was an old woman who lived alone. As usual, one morning when she woke up to visit her mother, she suddenly saw a footprint that trampled all her beds. Looking at her footprints, she cried out in surprise : "Wow ! Whose feet are this big !».

Curious, she put her foot in to test the strange footprint, suddenly she felt a shiver when she put her foot in the strange footprint. And since then she got pregnant. With enough days, she gave birth to a plump son named Giong. But the boy was three years old and still lying on his back asking for food, could not sit and roll, could not talk or laugh. At that time, an enemy pulled in to rob our country. The enemy was very ferocious, led by a general named An Vuong. Wherever they go, they burn down houses, kill people and loot. Hung Vuong's army sent out many times, but could not fight them back. King Hung was worried and quickly sent messengers around the country to find talented generals to help the king save the country.

One day the messenger went to the village of Giong boy. Hearing the trumpets about the king's request for talented people, Giong's mother, who was lulling her son, jokingly said to her son :

- My son ! Mother's children are slow to speak, when will they go to war to help the king ! Unexpectedly, Giong looked at his mother and opened his mouth to say :

- Mother sent messengers here for me ! After speaking, he was silent. The mother, both happy and afraid, hurried to tell the story to the neighbors. Everyone who came to the house thought it was a strange thing.

Finally, one said : « Let's go and invite the messenger to see what he wants. »

When the king's messenger came in and saw little Giong, he asked :

- You're a three-year-old who just learned to speak, what do you intend to invite me here for ?

Giong replied very politely :

- Go and tell the king to forge an iron horse, an iron sword, an iron armor and an iron helmet, and I will fight the evil enemy !

Everyone stood listening strangely. Assuming that the god appeared, the messenger immediately rode back to report to the king. Hearing that, Hung Vuong was overjoyed and ordered the blacksmith to gather all the iron and forge horses, swords, armor and hats as the boy's request. Everything that was finished forging was unbelievably heavy. Dozens of people clawed at the sword without moving. King Hung had to send thousands of soldiers to find ways to bring Giong to the boy.

When she heard that the soldiers carrying iron horses were about to arrive in the village, Giong's mother ran back in fear and told her son :

- My son ! Being king is not a game. Currently the soldiers are rushing to the yard, what should I do now ?

Hearing that, Giong suddenly sat up and said :

- Don't worry about fighting the war. But you have to give me a lot of food to eat !

My mother quickly blew rice for me to eat, but every time I could cook it, Giong ate it up. Every time he eats a pot of rice, Giong grows a little bigger and asks to eat more. The more you feed me, the more I grow up, suddenly becoming a very healthy young man. Out of rice, the mother went to call the village. People eagerly brought rice, potatoes, buffalo, wine, fruits, and cakes to fill a yard. But as much as he brought, Giong ate up as much, but still insisted on eating without stopping.

Then Giong continued :

- I find cloth for you to wear.

People race to bring silk fabric to make clothes for Giong to wear. But Giong's body was strangely large, the clothes were just finished sewing and felt tight and short, so he had to bring silk cloth to join them. Soon Giong's head reached the roof of the house. Everyone's surprise was not over when the soldiers were able to carry horses, swords, armor and helmets. Giong stepped out of the house, stretched his shoulders, suddenly stood tall, his legs were longer than a staff, and shouted like a thunder :

- I am the general of the Heaven !

Then Giong put on iron armor, put on an iron hat, and danced around with a sword a few times. Then he said goodbye to his mother and the villagers, and jumped on horseback. The iron horse suddenly jumped up, spitting out a fiery red flame. Giong nudged his feet, the horse galloped like flying, strode step by step dozens of poles long. In the blink of an eye, the horse rushed to the enemy camp, which was covered in forests. Giong's sword swung up like lightning. As long as the enemy soldiers are dead, they will come out. Horses screamed out fire and burned each row of camps, and the fire burned down the forests.

But the enemy general An Vuong was still trying to shout for his troops to come, the more Giong fought, the stronger he became, the enemy's corpses were scattered. Suddenly, the sword broke, Giong was not confused at

all, he picked up the bamboo bushes on both sides of the road and hit the enemy groups trying to stay at the command of the Prime Minister. Soon the enemy troops had fled everywhere, King An was beaten to death. The remnants of the enemy were begging for goods. Hung Vuong's army as well as the villagers only had to rush out to tie them up. In less than a day, Giong had completely eliminated the disaster for his country. At that time, the Giong horse had reached the foot of Soc Son mountain. At this point, Giong took off his armor and took off his hat, then both the man and the horse flew straight up into the sky.

After winning the battle, in order to remember the hero, King Hung ordered to set up a temple to worship Giong in the village, and anointed him as Phu Dong Thien Vuong.

Today, we still see traces like a series of circular ponds extending from Kim Anh, Da Phuc to Soc Son, it is said that these are the footprints of Saint Giong's horse. The forest burned by fire-breathing iron horses is now known as Chay village. The bamboos that Giong uprooted and thrashed against the enemy were burned green by fire, turned yellow and had speckled burnt marks, the same variety still exists today, people call it ivory (or ivory bamboo).



## THE HUNDRED-BURNT BAMBOO TREE

*Student*

Hai Linh Le

*Country*

Vietnam



*Program*

M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*

<https://truyencotich.vn/truyen-co-tich/co-tich-vietnam/cay-tre-tram-dot.html>

Once upon a time, there was an old country man who had a beautiful girl. In the house, he had to hire a male servant, he wanted to take advantage of him to work without paying, so he told him : « You work hard to do business with me and then I will give you my daughter ». Residents are very happy, working hard until late at night without being tired. It worked for three years, his family got richer day by day.

The rich man no longer thought about his old promise, taking his daughter in marriage to another rich man in the village.

The next morning, when he was about to bring the bride, the owner called the kid on his donkey again, saying : « Now go to the forest to find a bamboo tree with a hundred burnings and bring it here as a wedding chopsticks, then I will let you marry a child. my girl now ».

The child in the real world, carrying a knife to the forest. It searched everywhere, from this forest to that forest, but could not find a bamboo tree with enough hundreds of nodes. So sad, she sat there hugging her face and crying. Suddenly, an old man with white beard and white hair appeared, holding a bamboo stick, and said to him : « Why are you crying, tell me, I will help. » It then brought back the story of the rich man who promised to marry his daughter and narrated it. When the old man heard it, he said, « Go and cut down all the hundreds of bamboo sticks and then bring them here, I'll tell you ».

It followed the instructions, he taught it to read : « Engrave in, carve in » (right in, right in) three times, then a hundred bamboo sticks naturally stick together into a young tree full of one hundred nodes. He was so happy, he was going to carry it back, but the bamboo was too long and he couldn't walk. The old man told him to read : « Carving out, carving out » (right out, right out) exactly three times, then the hundred-toned bamboo tree fell apart at once.

He then bundled it up and carried it home. When he got there, he saw the two of them eating and drinking



happily, and when it was time to receive the bride, he learned that the master had tricked him into giving his daughter in marriage. He didn't say anything, waited for the groom's family to light the wedding firecrackers, then brought a hundred bamboo sticks lined up on the ground, then mumbled, « Carved in, carved in » to become a hundred-burnt bamboo, then called out to the owner. came and said that he had found it, and demanded his daughter in marriage. The owner was surprised when he picked up the bamboo to see, it always read : « Engraving, carving », then he was immediately attached to the bamboo, unable to remove it. The family-in-law saw this and ran over, intending to remove it, but it read : « Engraved in, engraved in », then he was also stuck, unable to pull it out.

Seeing that, neither of them dared to approach it anymore. The other two men no longer knew what to do, so they begged him to let him go. The master promised to give him his daughter, the in-laws asked to go home immediately, he let them both swear for a while before he read : « Carving out, carving out », the two men immediately left the bamboo tree, and the bamboo tree also left. hundreds of pieces.

Everyone was amazed at the child, the master quickly gave his daughter to her, and since then no longer dared to despise her.



## LA LÉGENDE DE L'ARBRE DE LA VOIE LACTÉE

*Student*

Hai Linh Le

*Country*

Vietnam



*Program*

M2 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics

*Source*

[https://](https://dinhphuongthao183.wordpress.com/2010/05/09/a-legend-of-the-star-apple/)

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FR

Une mère avait deux filles et un garçon, mais celui-ci était trop gâté et ne faisait que des bêtises, elle lui reprochait de trop courir et de se mettre en danger, en grimpant aux arbres.

Le petit se fâcha et quitta la maison, pour partir sur les routes. Au bout d'un moment, il était affamé et avait froid. D'autres enfants plus âgés que lui le frappèrent, il se décida alors à rentrer à la maison.

En arrivant, rien n'avait changé du décor, mais tout le monde, avait disparu. Sa mère était morte de chagrin. Il se mit à pleurer et serra le tronc d'un arbre, lorsque celui-ci l'entoura de ses branches et des fruits se mirent à pousser.

L'un d'entre eux tomba sur ses genoux et il le goûta. Le gout du lait qui s'en écoulait lui rappelait celui des seins de sa mère.

Il ramassa les fruits et en donna à tout le village, afin que leurs graines soient semées et appela ce fruit « Cây Vú Sữa », ou fruit de lait maternel.

## EN

Once upon a time, in a village, there was a mother and her son lived in a small cottage. The mother worked hard every day to take care of her son. However, the boy was very lazy and liked to play with nasty children. Therefore, the mother was worried about him and tried to talk to him but the boy did not want to listen to her. One day, when the mother told him off because of doing something wrong, he was sulky and left his home. He went out with his friends. They went to other villages. The mother was so sad and went to look for him but she could not find him out.

After a long time playing around, the boy felt tired. His friends left him to have fun with their new friends. He had nothing to eat. He had nowhere to sleep. Nobody cared for him. He missed his mother and decided to go home. He was sure his mother would not be angry because he knew she always loved him a lot.

When the boy came back, the small house was very quiet. Nobody was home. Everything was still the same as he left. He called his mother but there was no answer. The boy started to worry. He went around the house, came into the garden to look for her. The mother still did not show up. She seemed to move to somewhere else.

Tired and hungry, the boy cried under a green tree in the garden. It was amazing, the tree was shaking lightly. Tiny flowers appeared as white clouds and then, became strange fruits. The fruits grew quickly. A ripe fruit fell into his arms. The boy picked it up and tried tasting it. The juice of the fruit came as a flow of milk. It had taste as the mother's milk – fragrant and sweet.

The boy looked at the tree. Leaves were deep green. However, the other side of leaves looked like his mother eyes that cried so much for him. The boy cried loudly. The branches of the tree held him like his mother's arms. The boy regretted very much but he could not change anything. He stayed at home, took care the garden. Many people liked the strange fruits. They called them "Cây Vú Sữa" (means milk-breast). They asked for seeds and planted in their gardens.



## HISTOIRE DE LA VACHE DES ORPHELINS “BEGRET LITAMA” (RÉSUMÉ)

La mère d'Aïcha et Ahmed tombe malade. Sentant la mort venir, elle fait promettre à son mari de ne jamais vendre la vache qu'elle a léguée à ses deux enfants. Ne pouvant s'occuper seul des enfants, le père se remarie. À partir du jour où la marâtre donne naissance à sa fille, elle se met à détester les deux orphelins, les bat et les affame. Mais les orphelins grandissent et conservent leur bonne santé car tandis qu'ils sont dans les champs, ils se nourrissent du lait de la vache.

La marâtre gave sa fille de bonnes nourritures ; mais cette dernière reste chétive et laide. Jalouse de la beauté des orphelins, la marâtre conseille à sa fille de les suivre afin de découvrir le secret de leur bonne santé. Quand sa fille désire elle aussi téter les mamelles de la vache, l'animal la rejette en lui donnant un coup de sabot. Furieuse la marâtre ordonne au père des enfants de vendre la vache. L'homme se rend plusieurs fois au marché mais personne ne veut acheter la vache. Tous craignent de subir la malédiction des orphelins. Devant cet échec, la marâtre ordonne à son mari et avec succès, d'égorger la vache.

En pleurs, les orphelins se rendent sur la tombe de leur mère. Deux roseaux poussent miraculeusement sur la tombe ; l'un donne du beurre, l'autre du miel. Les orphelins sucent la nourriture produite par les roseaux, continuant ainsi à bien s'épanouir. Rongée par la jalousie, la marâtre ordonne à sa chétive fille de sucer les roseaux. Mais pour elle, les roseaux ne produisent que fiel et sang. Hors d'elle, la marâtre fait brûler la tombe.

Désespérée, l'adolescente Aïcha décide de partir en exil en emmenant avec elle son jeune frère. Ils errent plusieurs jours puis arrivent dans une forêt. La nuit, ils trouvent refuge dans un palmier-dattier. Le lendemain quand Ali boit l'eau d'une source, il se transforme en gazelle.

Le sultan aperçoit Aïcha et la gazelle. Il ordonne à ses hommes de les capturer. Mais Aïcha trouve refuge dans les branchages d'un gigantesque palmier-dattier. Le sultan ordonne alors de faire abattre l'arbre. Mais Setoute

*Student*  
Yousra Djeddou

*Country*  
Algérie



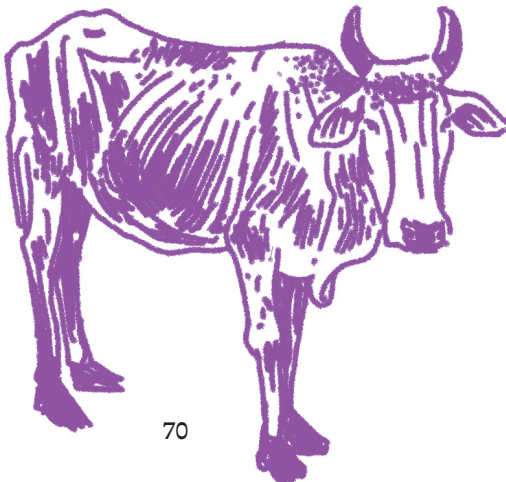
*Program*  
M2 Physique et Ingénierie  
de l'Energie : Systèmes  
Electriques pour l'Energie  
et la Mobilité

*Source*  
[https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/La\\_Vache\\_des\\_orphelins](https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/La_Vache_des_orphelins)

la vieille sorcière intervient en demandant de ne rien faire. La vieille, rusée, décide de cuisiner des galettes sur un feu allumé sous l'arbre. Mais la vieille fait semblant de ne pas savoir s'y prendre. Du haut de son arbre, Aïcha constate la maladresse de la vieille. Elle décide alors de descendre de l'arbre pour l'aider. Mais la vieille se saisit d'elle et les soldats emmènent la captive vers le palais du sultan.

Le sultan épouse Aïcha qui tombe enceinte. Mais cette grossesse éveille la jalousie des autres femmes du harem. L'une d'elles fait tomber Aïcha dans un vieux puits. Son frère-gazelle la voit tomber. Comme Ali ne cesse de faire le tour du puits en bramant, la femme jalouse ordonne à ses serviteurs de l'égorger. Mais aucun ne peut le faire voyant dans les yeux de la gazelle qu'il s'agit en fait d'un être humain.

Aïcha, au fond du puits, est recueillie par une fée qui finalement l'aide à mettre au monde son enfant. Durant ce temps, chaque matin, Ali la gazelle chante autour du puits et chaque matin Aïcha lui répond. Un jour, l'imam de la mosquée entend ces chants fraternels. Le religieux rapporte immédiatement ce prodige au sultan. Le lendemain matin, le sultan aperçoit Aïcha et son enfant au fond du puits. Il les fait sortir puis ordonne la décapitation de la sultane jalouse. L'imam fait ensuite boire de l'eau magique à Ali la gazelle qui aussitôt retrouve son apparence humaine.



## CAO CHONG WEIGHS THE ELEPHANT

Once, Eastern WU (one of the three major states that competed for supremacy over China in the Three Kingdoms period (220–280) gave Cao Cao who was the ruler of Cat Wei (one of the three major states that competed for supremacy over China in the Three Kingdoms period) an elephant, and Cao Cao was very happy. On the day the elephant was transported to Xuchang (the capital city of Cao Wei), Cao Cao led the civil and military officials and his youngest son Cao Chong to see it together.

None of Cao Cao's people have seen an elephant. The elephant was tall and big, and its legs were as thick as the pillars of the main hall. People walked closer to the elephant and compared themselves with the elephant, but they couldn't even reach its belly. Cao Cao said to everyone, « This elephant is really big, but how heavy does it weigh? Is there anyone of you can call it? » « Hey! How do you call such a big guy! » The ministers all started talking. One said :

« The only way to weigh is to build a large scale. »

And the other said :

« How big will the steelyard be! Besides, the elephant is alive, and there is no way to weigh it! I think the only way to weigh it is to slaughter it and cut it into pieces. »

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone burst into laughter. Someone said, « You can't do this. To weigh the elephant, it's a shame that you slaughtered the elephant alive. »

The ministers came up with many ways, but none of them worked. It's really embarrassing.

At this time, a child walked out of the crowd and said to Cao Cao : « Father, I have a way to weigh the elephant. »

When Cao Cao saw that it was his most beloved son Cao Chong, he smiled and said, « What could you do as you are young? Tell me and let me see if it makes sense. »

Cao Chong lay beside Cao Cao's ear and spoke softly. Cao Cao laughed and applauded repeatedly when he heard, he ordered the people to prepare for the elephant weighing

*Student*  
Qisheng Xu

*Country*  
China



*Program*  
PhD LuMin  
(physics)

*Source*  
<https://alchetron.com/Cao-Chong>

immediately, and then said to the ministers : « Go ! Let's go to the river to see the elephant weighing ! »

The ministers followed Cao Cao to the river. There was a big boat parking in the river. Cao Chong asked someone to lead the elephant to the boat. When the boat stabilized, he carved a line on the side of the boat where it was flush with the water. Then people were asked to bring the elephant to the riverbank, and load the big and small stones on the boat one by one, and the boat would sink little by little. When the hull sank to the line which was carved just now with the surface of the water again, Cao Chong told people to stop loading stones.

The ministers' eyes widened, at first they could not figure out what was going on, but after seeing this, they couldn't help but praised : « Good way ! Good way ! » Everyone understood that as long as the stones in the boat were weighed, then everyone would know how heavy the elephant was.

Cao Cao was naturally happier. He squinted at his son, then looked at the ministers triumphantly, as if saying in his heart : « You are not as smart as my little son ! »

In fact, the method used by the clever Cao Chong is the « equivalent replacement method. » By using many stones instead of elephants, one engrave marks on the ship's side and weigh the weight of the stone, so that the elephant and the stones could have the same effect. Transform the « big » into « small », this problem then has a satisfactory solution.





## THE ICE CREAM PALACE

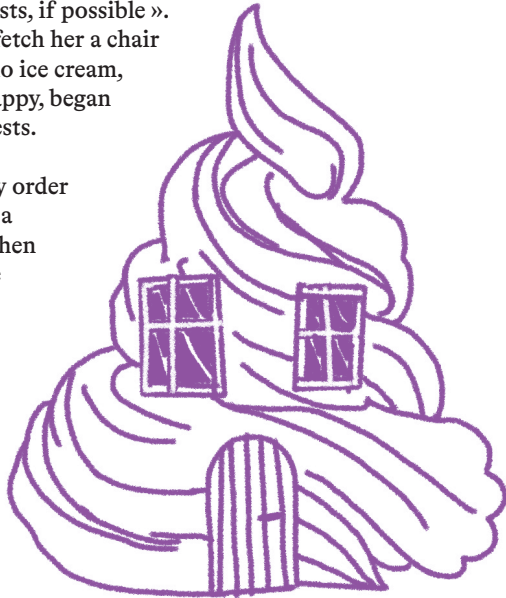
Once, in Bologna, they made an ice cream palace right on Piazza Maggiore, and children came from far and wide to give it a lick.

The roof was made of whipped cream. The smoke from the candy floss chimneys, the candied fruit chimneys. Everything else was made of ice cream : the doors of ice cream, the walls of ice cream, the furniture of ice cream. A very small child clung to a table and licked his legs one by one, until the table collapsed on him with all the dishes, and the dishes were made of chocolate ice cream, the best kind.

At one point a town hall guard noticed that a window was melting. The windows were made of strawberry ice cream and were melting into pink small pieces. « Hurry up ! » shouted the guard. « Sooner still. » And all down to lick faster, lest one drop of that masterpiece be lost. « An armchair ! » begged a little old lady who could not make her way through the crowd.

« An armchair for a poor old woman. Who will bring it to me ? With armrests, if possible ». A generous fireman ran to fetch her a chair made of cream and pistachio ice cream, and the poor old lady, all happy, began to lick it right off the armrests.

That was a great day, and by order of the doctors, nobody had a stomach ache. Even now, when children ask for another ice cream, their parents sigh : « Oh, yeah, you'd need a whole palace of them, like the one in Bologna ».



*Student*  
Francesca Galasso

*Country*  
Italy



*Program*  
M1 Economics (Erasmus)

*Introduction*  
I have collected some stories from my childhood written by Gianni Rodari, a very famous writer in Italy, and two of the most popular legends of my hometown, Naples.

*Author*  
Gianni Rodari

## THE WIZARD OF COMETS

*Student*

Francesca Galasso

*Country*

Italy



*Program*

M1 Economics (Erasmus)

*Author*

Gianni Rodari

A wizard once invented a machine for making comets. It looked a little like the machine for cutting broth, but it was not the same, and was used to make comets at will, large or small, with single or double tails, with yellow or red lights. The wizard travelled around towns and cities, he never missed a market, he even went to the Milan Exhibition and the horse show in Verona, and everywhere he showed his machine and explained how easy it was to make it work. The comets came out small, with a string to hold them, then as they rose higher they became the desired size, and even the largest ones were no more difficult to manage than a kite. People crowded around the magician, as they always crowd around those who show a machine at the market, to make the finest spaghetti or peel potatoes, but they never bought even a small comet like that. « If it was a balloon, maybe, » said one good woman. « But if I buy him a comet, who knows what trouble he'll get into ? » And the magician : « But be brave ! Your children will go to the stars, start by getting them used to it when they're young. » « No, no thanks. Someone else will go to the stars, not my son for sure. » « Comets ! Real comets ! Who wants some ? » But nobody wanted them. The poor wizard, by dint of skipping meals because he could not earn a penny, was reduced to skin and bones. One evening, when he was hungrier than usual, he turned his comet-making machine into a Tuscan cheese and ate it.



## THE HOUSE OF MR VENCESLAO

When you least expect it, you raise your head and see Mr Venceslao's house flying past at great speed. The whole house, from the roof to the foundations, passes over your head, rocking gently like an aeroplane. The chimney sends out a blackish smoke that stretches out like a locomotive. Under the house hangs sacks of coal, bottles of wine, old wine bottles : the cellar, in short.

Mr Venceslao, looking out of a first-floor window, is stroking his pipe, thoughtful and not noticing you.

People look up and say : 'Mr Venceslao has gone mad. He's walking around like his house is an aeroplane.' « We should tell the police, » someone says, « because Mr Venceslao doesn't have a pilot's licence and he could cause some trouble. »

The house crosses the sky in a few minutes and disappears behind the hill. After a while it reappears, crosses the sky in the opposite direction, descends to the ground and stops near the village, a hundred metres behind the church, in short, at the place where the house was built.

« There », people say, « Mr Venceslao has finished his walk ». Mr Venceslao stands at the window and smokes his pipe. « He's got a screw loose in his head, » people say.

Mr Venceslao always takes these walks in the evening. You're there talking to him quietly, he's sitting at the ground-floor window, and suddenly he's waving at you, the house with a thin whistle breaks away from the foundations and rises into the sky. It makes two or three turns around the bell tower, then heads for the hills.



*Student*  
Francesca Galasso

*Country*  
Italy



*Program*  
M1 Economics (Erasmus)

*Author*  
Gianni Rodari

## THE YOUNG SHRIMP

*Student*

Francesca Galasso

*Country*

Italy



*Program*

M1 Economics (Erasmus)

*Author*

Gianni Rodari

A young shrimp thought : « Why does everyone in my family walk backwards ? I want to learn to walk forward, like the frogs, and my tail will fall off if I can't. »

He began to practise in secret, among the stones of his native brook, and the first days the undertaking cost him a great deal of trouble : he bumped all over, bruised his shell and crushed one leg with the other. But little by little things got better, because everything can be learned, if you want to. When he was sure of himself, he introduced himself to his family and said, « Watch this. » And he did a magnificent little run forward.

« My son, » his mother burst into tears, « have you lost your mind ? Come to your senses, walk like your brothers who love you so much. » His brothers, however, only snickered. His father looked at him sternly for a while, then said, « That's enough. If you want to stay with us, walk like the other shrimps. If you want to do your own thing, the brook is a big one : leave and never come back.

The good shrimp loved his parents, but he was too sure that he was right to have any doubts : he hugged his mother, said goodbye to his father and brothers and set off into the world.

His passage was immediately met with surprise by a group of frogs who, like good gossipers, had gathered to chat around a lily pad leaf. « The world is upside down, » said one frog, « look at that shrimp and blame me, if you can. » « There is no more respect, » said another frog. « Ooh, ooh, ooh, » said a third.

But the shrimp went straight on, so to speak, on its way. At one point he heard himself called by an old shrimp with a melancholy expression who was standing all alone by a stone. « Good morning, » said the young shrimp.

The old man looked at him for a long time, then said : « What do you think you are doing ? When I was young, I thought I'd teach the crayfish to walk forward, too. And here's what I've gained : I live all alone, and people would sooner cut out their tongues than talk to me. While you're

still in time, listen to me : resign yourself to doing as the others do, and one day you'll thank me for my advice.

The young shrimp did not know what to reply, and kept silent. But inside himself he thought : « I am right. » And greeting the old man politely, he proudly resumed his journey.

Will he go far? Will he make his fortune? Will he straighten out all the crooked things of this world? We do not know, because he is still marching on with the courage and decision of the first day. We can only wish him, with all our hearts : « Bon voyage ! »



## THE NEAPOLITAN LEGEND OF « O MUNACIELLO »

*Student*

Francesca Galasso

*Country*

Italy



*Program*

M1 Economics (Erasmus)

*Author*

Gianni Rodari

« O Munaciello » (or monaciello), which in Neapolitan literally means little monk, is one of the most famous and characteristic esoteric figures of Neapolitan tradition. It is a legendary spirit from the folklore of the city of Naples, represented as a deformed boy or a person of short stature, a kind of gnome, dressed in a tunic and with silver buckles on his shoes. Even today, people wonder whether this figure was invented by folk tales or whether it really exists. His manifestations are said to be numerous : of sympathy, when he leaves coins and money hidden inside houses ; of appreciation, when he touches beautiful women, or of spite, when he hides and breaks objects or blows in the ears of those who sleep. Here is all you need to know about the Neapolitan spirit of the house.

The legend of the Munciello has ancient origins. According to some, this strange character really existed from 1445 during the reign of Alfonso V of Aragon. At that time, the love story between Caterina Frezza, the daughter of a rich cloth merchant, and Stefano Mariconda, a simple and poor apprentice, was notorious in Naples. The couple met secretly at night, so as not to be discovered by the girl's family. The young man reached her house by a dangerous path over the rooftops of Naples. One evening, however, he was thrown into the void and died. Caterinella was immediately locked up in a convent, where she gave birth to the child from the clandestine relationship. The baby was born deformed and its mother began to dress it in a hooded habit, like the one worn by Dominican monks. He was mocked in the streets of the neighbourhood and everyone began to call him « lu munaciello ». He then died mysteriously, although shortly afterwards dwarf bones were found in a cloaca and many suggested that he might have been killed by the Frezza family. The Neapolitan people, however, continued to see him in the streets of the city and to attribute the unfavourable events that occurred to his thirst for revenge.

## THE TRADITION OF THE POZZARI OF NAPOLI SOTTERRANEA

According to another legend, the munacielli were nothing more than the so-called « pozzari », a class of freelancers who dealt with the management of water cavities and who therefore knew how to manoeuvre between one tunnel and another, a typical structure of underground Naples, covered by a helmet and a work cloak resembling a priest's habit. Often, in order to climb out of the underground, they would come to the houses in the historic centre, where they would take advantage of the opportunity to have a snack or to steal some valuable object in case they were not paid for their work. The people, who began to hide in order to discover the mystery, saw these stocky figures with the appearance of Franciscan monks entering their homes. That is why they began to call them « munacielli ».



*Student*  
Francesca Galasso

*Country*  
Italy



*Program*  
M1 Economics (Erasmus)

*Author*  
Gianni Rodari

## STANZA NO.35 OF POEM GITANJALI

### *Student*

Shikhar Bhardwaj

### *Country*

India



### *Program*

M1 Recherche en Design

### *Author*

Gianni Rodari

### *Intro*

Gitanjali is a collection of poems by the Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore. Tagore received the Nobel Prize for Literature, largely for the English translation, Song Offerings. It is part of the UNESCO Collection of Representative Works.

Its central theme is devotion, and its motto is « I am here to sing thee songs ».

### *Source*

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gitanjali#:~:text=%27%27Song%20offering%27%27\),UNESCO%20Collection%20of%20Representative%20Works.](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gitanjali#:~:text=%27%27Song%20offering%27%27),UNESCO%20Collection%20of%20Representative%20Works.)

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;

Where knowledge is free ;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls ;

Where words come out from the depth of truth ;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father,  
let my country awake.



## FIERY GING-GU – FIREFLIES

There was once a farmer named Huo-Wang in Chihkan, Tainan, whose wife passed away and left him two young daughters. The two sisters were named Ging-Gu and Ging-Jen.

One day, Huo-Wang carried rice to sell in the city market. He left the two sisters at home. After dinner, the two sat at the front door waiting for their daddy. Gin-Jen made a bet with her elder sister, saying, “I will move all the rice into the barn if daddy doesn’t come back tonight.”

Ging-Cu said to her, “You are too young to move anything!”

Ging-Jen said, “I will definitely win. If you lose, you will be the one who moves the rice to the barn!”

Ging-Gu knew how stubborn her sister was, so she said, “Okay, I accept your bet.”

At this moment, their neighbor Uncle A-Mu walked to them and said to Ging-Gu, “Your dad told me in the market that he needed to stay for a while in the city to sell more products. He cannot make it home tonight.” When the younger sister learned that her daddy was not coming back that night, she was very mad. She ran into the city to find her dad.

Ging-Gu followed her closely. But it was too dark to see far ahead. She lost sight of her younger sister.

Ging-Gu was very nervous and she yelled, “Ging-Jen, where are you?” She did her best to locate her little sister on the narrow paths of the rice fields. Even though she searched everywhere, she couldn’t see where her sister was. It was all dark now, and Ging-Gu was very frightened. She thought to herself, “It would be so nice if there were some lights in here!” As she was thinking this, she lost her balance and fell. She fell into a pond in the field and quickly drowned.

Even after she died, she still worried about her little sister. She turned herself into a lightning bug and kept searching for her missing sister on the fields along the river and in the woods.

*Student*  
Yi-Hong Tu

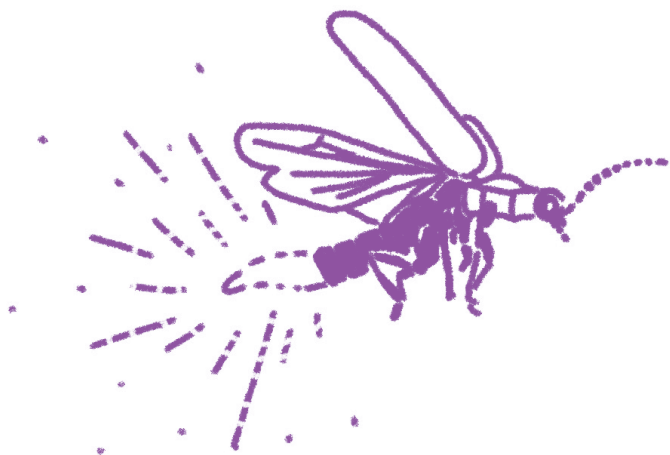
*Country*  
Taiwan



*Program*  
M1 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics  
(international exchange)

*Source*  
[http://www.  
huayuworld.org](http://www.huayuworld.org)

Later on, the villagers named the bug, “Fiery Ging-Gu.”  
These are the fireflies we see today.



## A TIGRESS WITCH (HOKO PO)

A long time ago, many people in Taiwan believed in different spirits ; gods and goddesses, ghosts and witches. They believed in the SunGod, MoonGod, Earth-God, RockGod, TreeGod, and even animal gods and goddesses. They even believed that when an animal became old enough, it would possess a strange ability to change itself into a human being~ to devour other humans.

Once upon a time, there was a lady in Taiwan. She lived in a deep mountain house with her two daughters. The older daughter was called AKim and the younger daughter, AGiok. They were poor but their daily life was peaceful and happy. One day, the mother had to make a trip to the city. She was very worried about her daughters' safety, so she told them to lock the door and not to open it to anyone while she was gone.

After the mother left, the two daughters did as they were instructed. Not long later, someone came to the door and began to knock loudly. « Bong, Bong, Bong. »

The elder daughter, AKim, woke up first and was scared. She hugged her younger sister, A Giok, tightly. They both did not know what to do. Then, the person outside the door began to call out loudly : « Open the door, open the door ! I am your mother. »

The sisters moved closer to the door and said : « You are not Mama ; you wouldn't be back so soon. » But the person knocked harder and called out louder : « I am your Mama. I thought you would be scared, so I came back quickly to see you. »

The sisters thought that it might be true, so they unlocked the door. As they opened the door and saw that the person wasn't their mother, they tried to close the door, but it was too late. The person outside pushed the door open and entered quickly. Her hair was white as snow and her face was wrinkled like a cat'.

« Who are you ? » the sisters asked ?

*Student*  
Yi-Hong Tu

*Country*  
Taiwan



*Program*  
M1 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics  
(international exchange)

*Source*  
<https://www.taiwandc.org/folk-tig.htm>

«Don't be scared. I am your great-aunt ; I live behind the mountain. I haven't visited you for a long time. Today, I passed by your house, so I came to see you. «After hearing the explanation, the sisters felt less afraid. AGiok was young and naive, and she was happy to see this great-aunt, but AKim was much older and wiser and she did not believe it. AKim wondered why their mother never mentioned to them that they had a great-aunt. It was very late and AGiok wanted to return to sleep, so she slept with her great-aunt. However, A Kim was still suspicious and went to the next room to sleep by herself.

At midnight, AKim woke up and heard some strange noises coming from the room AGiok slept in. « Chunk, Chunk, » it sounded like someone chewing roasted peanuts or like dogs chewing bones. Finally, AKim asked loudly, « Great-aunt, what are you eating ? » The great-aunt had not expected AKim to wake up and ask. Surprised, she quickly answered, « Oh, I am chewing some ginger roots ; they are very hard, hot, and bitter, not for children to eat. »

AKim could not believe the great-aunt. She asked and insisted that she wanted to have some too. Finally, the great-aunt threw over a piece for AKim. When AKim picked it up, it was a piece of a finger. « Oh, little sister AGiok must have been eaten up by the Tigress Witch, who has pretended to be our great-aunt ! I've got to escape ! »

A little while later, AKim pretended and said to the great-aunt, « Great-aunt, I have to go to the toilet and wash my hands. » « No ! » The great-aunt finally showed her true nature as an old Tigress Witch. « You will be my breakfast. How can I let you go ; you might try to sneak away ! » AKim was very smart and answered again, « If you don't want me to escape, why don't you tie a rope to my leg ; then I will have no way to escape. » The Tigress Witch thought for a moment and judged this offer reasonable. She tied a rope around AKim's leg and held the other end in her hand and let AKim go to the rest room.

As soon as AKim reached the rest room, she unleashed the rope from her leg and tied it to the edge of the water container. Then she escaped through the window and hid in the top of a tree.

The Tigress Witch waited for a long time and finally pulled the rope, hearing the water sound.

She waited for a few more minutes while chewing on the fingers and then wondered why AKim was spending such a long time in the rest room. She went over to check on AKim and realized that AKim had escaped. She tracked AKim's footsteps and found AKim hiding in the tree.

The Tigress Witch could not climb the tree so she began to chew the trunk of the tree with her sharp teeth. AKim looked down and thought she would fall out of the tree if the witch kept on chewing the trunk. Calmly she thought of a solution.

« Great-aunt, you don't have to chew the tree trunk so hard. I am willing to come down to let you eat me. The only problem is that I am so hungry that if you eat me now, I will become a Hungry Ghost, and I will forever follow you and torment you. If you boil a bucket of peanut oil for me, I'll fry some birds here and eat them. When my stomach is full, you can then eat me without any worry. »

The Tigress Witch thought this was a very wonderful idea. She boiled a bucket of peanut oil and sent it up to AKim. After a while, AKim called out, « I am ready to jump down now. Open your mouth » When the Tigress Witch heard this, she opened her mouth widely, thinking that she would be eating AKim. Instead, the stupid Tigress got a whole mouthful of boiling peanut oil and died instantly.

## THE LEGEND OF SUN-MOON LAKE

*Student*  
Yi-Hong Tu

*Country*  
Taiwan



*Program*  
M1 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics  
(international exchange)

*Source*  
<https://www.taiwandc.org/folk-tig.htm>

Once upon a time, a native tribe called Shao lived in the mountains near the central part of Taiwan. The people planted corn, taro, and rice on their farmlands. Sometimes they would go fishing and hunting. They lived a peaceful and carefree life.

On a sunny morning while the Shao people were working diligently, they heard a huge sound. « Boom ! » and the land shook violently. « Oh no ! The sun is gone, » everyone cried fearfully. They could not believe that the bright, shiny sun had disappeared before their eyes. They could not do anything else except help each other find his/her way home in the midst of darkness.

Fortunately, the moon came out at night. Everyone could see again in the moonlight and was able to do some work. Suddenly, another huge sound was heard. « Boom ! » The houses were almost knocked down by this huge sound. « Oh no ! The moon is also gone. What are we going to do ?! » everyone cried desperately. Everyone was so frightened, and no one knew what had caused this incident.

Starting from that day, the sky did not have the sun or the moon. Darkness covered the entire world. The crops in the fields gradually wilted ; the fish hid in deep water ; the flowers were not blooming ; and the animals seemed lifeless. People kept asking, « How can we live a life without sunlight ? Without sunlight, nothing grows. »

A young couple, DaJianGe and ShuiSheJie, depended on growing corn for a living. Since the sun had disappeared, the crops had wilted ; the corn did not have golden kernels anymore. One day, ShuiSheJie told her husband, « If the sun does not come out immediately, everyone in the village is going to die from hunger. We need to think of a plan. » DaJianGe nodded his head and said, « The sun and the moon must have fallen into a deep valley. Let us go and search for them. »

On the second day, both of them started toward the deep forest and were determined to find the sun and the moon. Each of them held a torch and started the journey bra-

vely. They climbed and crossed numerous mountains, rivers, and forests. They also used countless torches but they could not find any sign of the sun and the moon. The whole world was still in darkness.

Finally, the couple arrived at a big mountain top. ShuiSheJie saw a dim light in front of her.

She pointed to a lake opposite the mountain and said to DaJianGe, « Look ! There is a shiny light on top of that lake. I bet the sun and the moon are in that lake. »

DaJianGe cried excitedly, « Yes ! Yes ! That must be the sun and the moon. Ha...Ha....We've found them. » They ran towards the lake and discovered two fierce dragons playing with the two fire balls which were the sun and the moon.

« No wonder the sun and the moon disappeared. These two dragons stole the sun and the moon to be their playthings, » cried both of them. DaJianGe and ShuiSheJie were really mad. They wanted to take the sun and the moon back from the dragons but were afraid of them. The couple sat on a big rock to think of a plan. However, they could not come up with any ideas.

Suddenly, white smoke came out from under the rock that they were sitting on. DaJianGe used his strength to push the rock away. They discovered a long, deep, and narrow underground passageway. The smoke was coming from the passageway. DaJianGe said, « There is someone living beyond the passageway. Let us go check and see. »

They cautiously stepped down the passageway. As the curvy passageway got deeper, the atmosphere got damper and darker. After a while, they came upon red light emitted by a fire.

The smoke got thicker. The young couple realized that they were in a kitchen ; an old white haired woman was standing in the kitchen and cooking.

ShuiSheJie asked softly, « Old lady, how are you ? »

The old woman was surprised. She raised her head and found two young people standing in front of her. She put down her cooking pot and said, « Ah ! Where did you come from ? I've not seen humans for a long time. »

The old lady also said, « Many years ago when I was working in the field, the dragons captured me and brought me here. They would not let me leave this place. They also forced me to cook them meals. «The young couple told the old lady the whole story of finding the sun and the moon. The old lady shook her head and said, « Both dragons are cruel and fierce. You two cannot defeat them. »

« No matter what, we are going to take the sun and the moon from the dragons, » said the couple with determination.

« I know, » the old lady said, « I have heard someone mention before that the dragons fear the golden scissors and the golden ax which are hidden under Ali Mountain. If you throw both items into the lake, the scissors and the ax will kill the dragons immediately. Then, you can bring back the sun and the moon. »

DaJianGe said confidently, « We will find the golden ax and the golden scissors. After we kill the dragons, we'll come and save you. »

DaJianGe and ShuiSheJie left the old lady and started toward Ali Mountain.

When they arrived at the foot of Ali Mountain, DaJianGe and ShuiSheJie found two strong wooden sticks and started digging. They dug day and night. They wouldn't stop until they found the golden scissors and ax.

After many days, Ali Mountain looked like a big hole. Suddenly, two shiny golden things jumped out from the ground.



« That must be the golden scissors and the golden ax ! »  
the couple yelled.

They picked up the scissors and ax immediately and proceeded toward the lake. When they arrived at the lake, the dragons were playing with their « Fire Balls. » ShuiSheJie threw the golden scissors, which flew straight toward the first dragon and cut its body into many sections.

Blood sprung out like spring water. DaJianGe hurriedly threw the golden ax toward the other dragon. The dragon let out two horrible screams and its head was cut off.

The lake was dyed by the dragons' blood. The sun and the moon floated on the shiny red lake.

After killing the dragons, the young couple saved the old lady. However, DaJianGe and Shui SheJie faced a major problem : how were they going to send the sun and the moon back into the sky ? They were very puzzled.

At this time, the old lady said. « I heard that if one ate the dragon's eyeballs, one would become very tall and very strong. After you two eat the dragon's eyeballs, you will have the strength to send the sun the moon back to the sky.

The young couple immediately dived into the lake to search for and remove the dragon's eyeballs. After they ate the eyeballs, DaJianGe and ShuiSheJie began to grow. Their heights increased inch by inch. When they got out of the water and stood on the shore, they were like two mountains.

Together, the young couple held the sun and threw it into the sky with a strong force. The sun stayed in midair for a while, then fell back down. They threw the sun once more but it fell back again. The situation with the moon was the same. The old lady yelled at the bottom of their feet, « Children, there are two big palm trees next to the lake. Use those trees to hold the sun and the moon up. »

Each of the giants bent down and grabbed a tree. They put the sun on top of the palm tree and began holding it up slowly. Slowly the sun was raised higher and higher. After a day of hard work, the shiny red sun began to function normally in the sky. They also used the same method with the moon.

When the world regained its light, the plants began to bloom and the people started to smile again. When the sun gradually finished its course, the moon started its own course in the sky.

As for DaJianGe and ShuiSheJie, they were afraid that the dragons might return ; therefore, they stood guard beside the lake. After many years, their huge bodies eventually became two mountains. Those mountains are now called DaJian Shan and ShuiShe Shan. The lake is now called « SunMoon Lake ».

To show their gratitude to the young couple, the people of Cao Zu dedicated an annual dance to the brave DaJianGe and ShuiSheJie. This dance is now called « The Holding Ball Dance. » In this dance, people throw a beautiful and colorful ball into the air and then try to use a bamboo stick to hold it ; this dance symbolizes the brave actions of the young couple who saved the world.



## BAN PIN SHAN

When you ride the train and enter Kaohsiung in Southern Taiwan, you can see a mountain called « Ban Pin Shan. » This mountain looks exactly like its name implies, a half. Its shape is like an ordinary mountain but with a missing side as if someone had taken a sword and carved out half of the mountain. You may be curious about the missing half, but don't worry, there is a legend which will explain the whole story.

Once upon a time, when Ban Pin Shan was still undivided, a small village existed at the foot of the mountain. One day, an old man who was selling dumplings came to the village. He had white hair and a white beard and his clothing was very old and worn. He carried a heavy load of hot dumplings which looked and smelled deliciously good to eat. However, everyone in the village thought the old man was stupid because he yelled, « Hot and delicious dumplings ! One for ten cents, two for twenty cents and three for free ! »

« What is going on ? » the villagers asked surprised.

« Hot and delicious dumplings ! Red beans and sesame. One for ten cents, two for twenty cents and three for free ! » the crazy old man yelled again.

More and more villagers began to gather around. They whispered in low voices, « Can this be true ? Three dumplings for free ? Is this old man tricking us ? »

« Who cares ! I'll eat three dumplings first and see whether it's free or not. » BigHead Wang said.

« Mmmm, these dumplings are so good ! » BigHead Wang said while he was eating the dumplings. The old man's dumplings were as big as chicken eggs. When BigHead Wang finished his second dumpling, he was so full that he could not eat anymore. However, he asked the old man, « If I eat three dumplings, I don't have to pay right ? »

« I never tell lies. I already said three for free. » the old man replied.

*Student*  
Yi-Hong Tu

*Country*  
Taiwan



*Program*  
M1 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics  
(international exchange)

*Source*  
<https://www.taiwandc.org/folk-ban.htm>

BigHead Wang stuffed down another dumpling just so he could have the dumplings for free. The old man kept his word and didn't charge BigHead Wang any money.

The other villagers began to order the old man's dumplings. Everyone ordered three free dumplings ; no one ordered either one or two dumplings. After a while, the load of dumplings was all eaten by the villagers. « You all do have a good appetite, » the old man said smilingly. People who did not get any dumplings watched the old man leave with disappointment.

A villager who just ate three dumplings cried out suddenly, « Look ! How is it that the mountain behind the village is missing a part ? »

« Stop talking nonsense ! From the way I see it, I think you ate too many dumplings which has made your mind confused, » someone replied.

The villagers began to talk about the old man. « Ha ! I can't believe there is a stupid person who would sell three dumplings for free. »

« His dumplings are so delicious. I wonder what they're made of. I wonder where this old man came from ? I wish he could come everyday. »

On the second day, the crazy old man came to the village again. He yelled, « Hot and delicious dumplings ! Peanut and sesame. One for ten cents, two for twenty cents, or three for free ! » Everyone began to gather around the old man. They ate the dumplings so fast that they didn't even chew on the dumplings. After a while, the dumplings were all eaten again.

On the third day, the same thing happened ; villagers were trying to eat as much as they possibly could. Suddenly, a voice was heard, « Mister, can you please give me one dumpling ? » Everyone was surprised. They turned and stared at the young man who asked the old man sincerely.

« Young man, did you hear me clearly ? One for ten cents, two for twenty cents, or three for free. Why do you want just one dumpling when you could get three for free ? »

« I know, » the young man replied, « but I see how you've carried a heavy load of dumplings everyday and not made any money. I feel sorry for you. I really want to help, but I have only enough money to pay for one dumpling. » Every one of the greedy villagers felt ashamed when they heard the young man's words.

« Ha, Ha ! I've found you at last. You are the kind of person suitable to be my pupil. I am the god from that mountain behind the village.... »

Everyone realized now that the old man was actually the mountain god. To find himself a trustworthy and kind-hearted pupil, the mountain god had disguised himself as a senile old man in order to test the people's hearts. His dumplings were not real dumplings ; his dumplings were made from mud that was dug out of the mountain.

After the villagers heard the mountain god's explanation, they ran to see the leftover dumplings. However, all they could see was a pot full of mud. When they turned and looked at the mountain, the villagers saw a mountain with a missing half.

The mountain god took the young man back to his place and prepared to teach this kind hearted man all his magic.

As for the villagers, they felt really disgusted about eating all the mud and wished they could vomit out all the mud they had eaten. They regretted their actions and blamed themselves for being greedy.

After this incident, the villagers referred to the mountain as Ban Pin Shan !

## WHO INVENTED BUBBLE TEA ?

*Student*  
Yi-Hong Tu

*Country*  
Taiwan



*Program*

M1 Molecular  
Nano-Bio Photonics  
(international exchange)

*Intro*

Surprisingly little is known  
for sure about the origin of  
Taiwan's national drink

*Author*

Edward Jones /  
Staff reporter

*Source*

<https://www.taipeitimes.com/News/feat/archives/2018/11/13/2003704115>

Bubble tea, also called pearl tea (珍珠奶茶), is a quintessentially Taiwanese drink, but how old is the chewy tapioca ball-filled beverage, who invented it and how did it become to be so popular ?

The origins of bubble tea are steeped in mystery and still hotly debated, but according to the orthodox version of events, the story begins in 1980s Taiwan.

At the time something called “bubble tea” — quite different from the drink we know today — was all the rage. Made with either black tea or green tea, brewed tea was sweetened with sugar syrup and then shaken through ice in a cocktail shaker to both chill the tea and produce a copious amount of bubbly froth at the top of the glass, similar to a “head” on a freshly poured pint of beer. The shaking was initially done by hand, but later machines were developed to automatically agitate the tea mixture.

**PEARL MILK TEA, A CUP OF WHICH IS PICTURED HERE IN FRONT OF THE LOUVRE, IS FINDING NEW MARKETS. THE ORIGINS OF THE BUBBLY BEVERAGE, HOWEVER, REMAIN STEEPED IN MYSTERY.**

At some point, chewy tapioca balls (粉圓) were added to bubble tea, resulting in pearl milk tea, the familiar drink we know today. Two rival Taiwanese teahouse chains — Hanlin Tea Room (翰林茶館) in Tainan and Chun Shui Tang (春水堂人文茶館) in Taichung — lay claim to conceiving the bubbly beverage.

### DISPUTE OVER ORIGINS

Hanlin Tea Room insists it came up with the idea in 1986 when its founder Tu Tsung-ho (涂宗和) spotted white-colored tapioca balls on sale at Tainan's Yamuliao market. Tu had a sudden flash of inspiration and bought some of the balls home, and after cooking them through, added them to some milk tea. He found the texture pleasing and soon christened the new beverage pearl milk tea on account of the pearly, semi-translucent white tapioca balls. To this day, customers at any branch of Hanlin Tea

Room can choose between either the original white tapioca balls or the more common black variety, made with brown sugar.

### **THE “PEARLS” IN THIS TALL GLASS OF PEARL MILK TEA ARE MADE WITH BROWN SUGAR.**

However, Chun Shui Tang maintains it is the true inventor of the beverage, which it says was created by a then-20-year-old female employee, Lin Hsiu-hui (林秀慧), the following year in 1987. One day at the teahouse, Lin experimented by mixing her favorite childhood snack, tapioca balls, with iced milk tea and also lemon black tea to produce what the company claims was the world’s first cup of pearl milk tea.

The two companies became locked in a bitter dispute, filing lawsuits against each other and eventually going to court to settle the matter. However, since neither one was able to successfully patent or trademark their product, by the mid-1990s, pearl milk tea featured on the menus of Taiwan’s teahouses, which were popular hangouts for students and businessmen to relax and chew the cud in the days before the influx of coffee shops. With the introduction from abroad of machines that automatically seal the top of takeaway cups with a thin film of plastic, the modern takeaway version of the beverage was born.

### **ANOTHER THEORY**

However, there is an intriguing alternative explanation : bubble tea’s earliest incarnation could in fact be traced back to the days of the British empire. In British Malaya (modern-day Singapore and Malaysia) an iced drink/dessert, usually called cendol or chendol, began to be drunk to provide respite from the tropical heat.

Brightly-colored, worm-like gelatinous strands, usually made from rice flour or sago, are added to coconut milk which has been sweetened with sugar and combined with ice to make a refreshing drink or iced snack. It is thought that cendol may have been inspired by locals observing British expatriates adding milk to their tea

and may have originated in port cities such as Malacca or Penang, where refrigeration technology from British ships would have provided the ice. Today, Cendol is a ubiquitous thirst-quencher drunk across South East Asia, including Thailand, Vietnam and Indonesia and when served in a tall glass, bears an uncanny resemblance to Taiwan's bubble tea.

Meanwhile, chewy tapioca balls, called fenyuan in Chinese, somehow made their way to Taiwan from abroad — possibly via China, after being presented to Empress Dowager Cixi (慈禧太后) as tribute — and began to be used as an ingredient in sweet snacks at Taiwanese night markets. Contrary to the competing claims of the teahouses, perhaps the real origin of bubble tea is to be found in Taiwan's night markets, possibly inspired by a Taiwanese night market vendor sipping on a glass of cendol during a trip to Singapore or Malaysia.

Whatever the true origin of bubble tea, today takeaway tea shops abound on almost every street corner and rival chains fiercely compete for business, continually innovating wacky new flavor combinations and textures to keep customers coming back for more. In recent years, Taiwan's quasi-national beverage has successfully seen off the coffee juggernaut as well as multiple food safety scares and looks set to stay a permanent fixture of Taiwan's culinary scene for many years to come.





## ERLKÖNIG

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind ?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht ? –  
Siehst Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht !  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif ? –  
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif. –

„Du liebes Kind, komm geh' mit mir !  
Gar schöne Spiele, spiel ich mit dir,  
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht ? –  
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind,  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind. –

„Willst feiner Knabe du mit mir geh'n ?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön,  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“ –

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düsteren Ort ? –  
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau,  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau. –

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt,  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt !“  
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an,  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan. –

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not,  
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

*Student*  
Benjamin-Hieu Cao

*Country*  
Germany



*Program*  
M2 Mechanics  
of Materials for  
Engineering and  
Integrity of Structures  
(Erasmus)

*Source*  
<https://www.taiwandc.org/folk-ban.htm>

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FR & EN →

## LE ROI DES AULNES

Quel est ce cavalier qui file si tard dans la nuit et le vent ?  
C'est le père avec son enfant ;  
Il serre le petit garçon dans son bras,  
Il le serre bien, il lui tient chaud.

« Mon fils, pourquoi caches-tu avec tant d'effroi  
ton visage ?

— Père, ne vois-tu pas le Roi des Aulnes ?  
Le Roi des Aulnes avec sa traîne et sa couronne ?  
— Mon fils, c'est un banc de brouillard.

— Cher enfant, viens, pars avec moi !  
Je jouerai à de très beaux jeux avec toi,  
Il y a de nombreuses fleurs de toutes les couleurs  
sur le rivage,  
Et ma mère possède de nombreux habits d'or.

— Mon père, mon père, et n'entends-tu pas,  
Ce que le Roi des Aulnes me promet à voix basse ?  
— Sois calme, reste calme, mon enfant !  
C'est le vent qui murmure dans les feuilles mortes.

— Veux-tu, gentil garçon, venir avec moi ?  
Mes filles s'occuperont bien de toi  
Mes filles mèneront la ronde toute la nuit,  
Elles te berceront de leurs chants et de leurs danses.

— Mon père, mon père, et ne vois-tu pas là-bas  
Les filles du Roi des Aulnes dans ce lieu sombre ?  
— Mon fils, mon fils, je vois bien :  
Ce sont les vieux saules qui paraissent si gris.

— Je t'aime, ton joli visage me charme,  
Et si tu ne veux pas, j'utiliserai la force.  
— Mon père, mon père, maintenant il m'empoigne !  
Le Roi des Aulnes m'a fait mal ! »

Le père frissonne d'horreur, il galope à vive allure,  
Il tient dans ses bras l'enfant gémissant,  
Il arrive à grand-peine à son port ;  
Dans ses bras l'enfant était mort.

## ERLKÖNIG

Who rides there so late through the night dark and drear ?

The father it is, with his infant so dear ;  
He holdeth the boy tightly clasp'd in his arm,  
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide ? –  
Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side !  
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train ? –  
My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain. –

«Oh, come, thou dear infant ! oh come thou with me !  
For many a game I will play there with thee ;  
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,  
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold.» –

My father, my father, and dost thou not hear  
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear ? –  
Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives ;  
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves.

–

«Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there ?  
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care ;  
My daughters by night their glad festival keep,  
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep.»

–

My father, my father, and dost thou not see,  
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for  
me ? –

My darling, my darling, I see it aright,  
'Tis the aged grey willows deceiving thy sight. –

«I love thee, I'm charm'd by thy beauty, dear boy !  
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ.» –  
My father, my father, he seizes me fast,  
For sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last. –

The father now gallops, with terror half wild,  
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child ;  
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread, –  
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

## DONKEY

*Student*  
Naheed Hossain

*Country*  
Bangladesh



*Program*  
PhD LuMIn  
(physics)

That was a long time ago !!

One of the kings thought he would go fishing with his new queen. The king called the health minister.

The King : “You are loyal minister, you know I want to go for fishing tomorrow, tell me if there is any health risk ?”

The health minister : “My King, I shall ensure that there is no Risk”

Just after the question, the health minister called for a meeting with all the health officers and doctors to ensure king’s safety !

The king went fishing with the locals and met a farmer on the way. The poor bald-headed farmer was returning home on a donkey. Seeing the king, the farmer got down from the back of the donkey and bowed. When he found out that king was going to fish, he requested to change king’s mind.

The farmer said : “My King ! All the ponds are polluted and the fishes are poisonous !”

The king did not believe the farmer and went ahead. After hours, the king returned to the palace with a lot of fishes and He ordered the royal chef to cook fish for all. That night those who eat fishes were sick.

The next day, the king came to the meeting and first dismissed the health minister. And then he called the farmer.

When the farmer came, He greeted warmly and said that from today “you will be my Health minister”!

The farmer fell from the sky ! And said “I know nothing about ministry ?”

The king : “How can you be right that day about the fish and the pond ?”

The farmer smiled and said, "It is my donkey who knows. Whenever I took the donkey to the ponds it refuses to drink water, it only drinks from the wells.

After that, the king appointed the donkey as a Health minister.

From that very day, donkeys have been appointed to important positions.

*N.B. This story has different versions ; however, all of them are not false.*



## VE, PENSAMIENTO

### *Student*

Giann Karlo  
Aguirre Samboni

### *Country*

Colombia



### *Program*

PhD LMF  
(computer sciences)

### *Source*

<https://www.poetrynook.com/poem/ve-pensamiento>

### *Author*

Jorge Isaacs

Como las brisas  
De aroma llenas  
De aquellas tardes  
Siempre tan bellas,  
Que ora doliente  
Mi alma recuerda,  
Ve, pensamiento,  
Ve libre y vuela  
Por los collados  
Y las florestas  
Donde pasara  
Mi edad primera.  
En las montañas  
Hay azucenas,  
¡Ay ! ¡que no nacen  
Ya para ella !  
Como a las cumbres  
Volubles nieblas  
Las matutinas  
Auras elevan,  
Ve, pensamiento,  
Ve libre y vuela  
Por do en cascadas  
El Zabaletas  
Baja formando  
Húmedas vegas.  
Ve, pensamiento,  
Ve libre y vuela  
Por los jardines  
Do amante espíela ;  
Do en las auroras,  
De rosas frescas  
Llenar su falda  
La vi risueña...  
¡Edén perdido !  
¡Santa inocencia !  
¡Ángel de un día  
Sobre la tierra !...

Ve, pensamiento,  
Ve libre y vuela,  
Como los vientos  
Que el césped riegan  
Con azahares  
Y rosas muertas...  
¡Que ya no adornan  
Sus negras trenzas !  
Mi hogar ruinoso  
Cárabos pueblan :  
Por las techumbres  
Rotas, penetra  
Luz de la luna,  
Luz macilenta...  
Como los cierzos  
En noches negras  
Sobre esos muros  
Gimen y vuelan,  
Despedazando  
Su airón de hiedras,  
Ve, pensamiento,  
Ve libre y vuela  
Sobre el sepulcro  
Do la maleza  
Cubre la losa  
Ya cenicienta  
Que sollozantes  
Mis labios besan.  
Llama en su tumba,  
Llama en la puerta  
Que en mi camino  
La muerte cierra ;  
Mas si a tus ruegos  
Sorda la encuentras...  
Dolor que matas,  
¡Bendito seas !





# COLOPHON

Concept & proofreading : Tristan Duchenne

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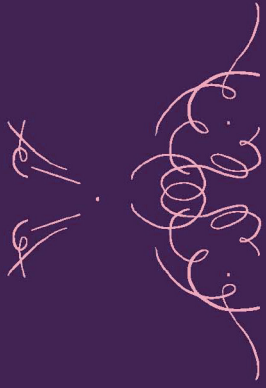
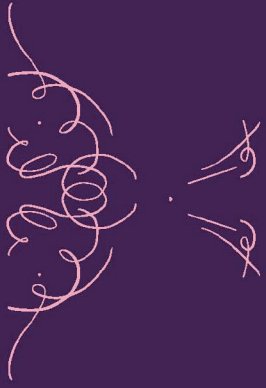
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