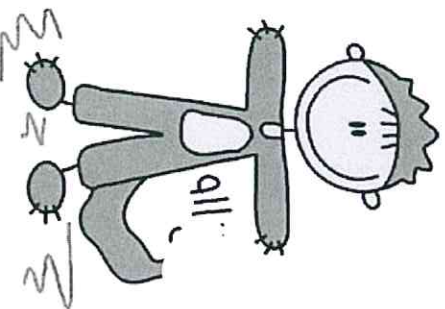


A DIFFERENT TAKE ON HALLOWEEN

(by Pedro Pablo Sacristán)



Educational

Value:

Forgiveness, self control and joy

Moral of the story

Settings

Characters

A non-scary story about monsters, to tell to little ones on Halloween	Monster world	A girl, several monsters, and letters
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A long time ago, most monsters were charming, sweet-toothed individuals. Silly, hairy guys who lived happily in their monster world. They talked and played with kids, and would tell them bedtime stories.

But one day, some monsters had a great big argument over a small sweet, and one beast got so angry that his furious cries would have frightened anyone. Among those who got the biggest fright were the most fearful of the letters, like L, T, and D. They ran far from that place.

The monsters kept shouting, and other letters decided to get out of there. As more letters left, what the monsters were shouting became more difficult to understand.

Finally, only a few brave letters remained in the world of the monsters; like G and R. This meant the monsters could no longer say anything other than things like "GRRR!!", "AAARRRGHH!!" or "BOOOO!!". From then on, each time they went to visit some of their child friends, the monsters ended up frightening the children. As time passed, the idea spread that monsters are terrifying beings who only think of frightening us before eating us.

One day, a girl was in monster world, looking for her ball. Hidden under some leaves, she found all the missing letters, who were living there, paralysed by fear. This worried the girl, and she decided to take the letters to her house to look after them. She was a very special girl, because she had managed to remain friends with one nice, intelligent, monster.

This monster, seeing that nothing he tried to say came out right, pretended he couldn't talk, so that he would never frighten anyone. He communicated with the girl using gestures. When, that night, this monster went to visit the girl, and saw the missing letters, he was so happy that he asked her if he could use the letters to talk. And, for the first time, the little girl heard her monster friend's sweet voice.

Together they set out to restore the voices of the other monsters, and they visited one after another, leaving letters with them, so the monsters could finally say nice words again. The grateful monsters gave the girl and her friend the best sweets they had in the house.

Finally, it was time to go and visit the grumpy monster who had been at the centre of the original argument. He was old by now, but when he saw the letters, he jumped so abruptly that his old bones almost leapt out of his body. He looked at the frightened letters tenderly, and picked out the right ones to say "Sorry."

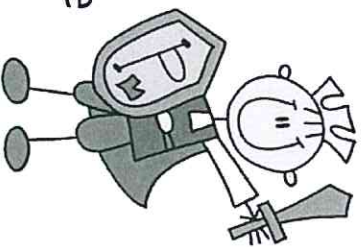
He must have been waiting years for that moment, because immediately he warmly invited them all into his house. When they went in, they saw that all the preparations had been made for one enormous party, full of monsters, sweets and candy.

Just exactly like people do these days on Halloween night. That has to be nothing more than a coincidence... right?

The Sword of

Pedro

(by Pedro Pablo Sacristán)



Educational

Value:

Love peace; hate

war

Moral of the story

Characters

Two ideas.	A battle	A sword and
That wars and between two		the Kings of
battles are not ancient		two
romantic, and kingdoms		neighbouring
that we can all		countries
do something		
to bring about		
peace.		

Once upon a time there was a precious sword. Now, this sword belonged to a great King, and for as long as anyone could remember, the King spent all his time in his palace, enjoying his shows and parties. One day a great dispute broke out between this King and the King of a neighbouring country. It ended with both declaring war.

The sword was greatly excited at the prospect of taking part in its first real battle. It would show everyone how truly brave and special it was, and would become renowned throughout the kingdom. On the way to the front line, the sword imagined itself the winner of many battles.

However, when they arrived, the first battle had already taken place, and the sword got to see the results of war. What it saw had nothing in common with what the sword had imagined. No elegant shining knights, triumphant, with their weapons gleaming in the sunlight. Instead, all the sword saw was broken weapons, and hordes of hungry and thirsty men. There was hardly any food left. Everything was covered in dirt and shrouded in a disgusting smell. Many were half dead and scattered on the ground, bleeding from multiple wounds...

At this, the sword realised it liked neither wars nor battles. It decided it preferred to live in peace and spend its time taking part in tournaments and competitions. So, on the night before what was going to be the big final battle, the sword tried to find a way to prevent it from taking place. After a while, the sword started to vibrate. First it gave out a low buzz, but this gradually got louder, until it became an annoying metallic noise. The swords and armour of the other soldiers asked the King's sword what it was doing. It told them

"I don't want there to be a battle tomorrow. I don't like war".

One answered, "No one likes it, but what can we do?"

"Make yourself vibrate, just like I'm doing", said the King's sword. "If we make enough noise no one will sleep."

So the weapons started vibrating, and the noise became deafening. It was so loud that it reached the enemy camp, and the weapons there, who were equally sick of the war, joined the protest.

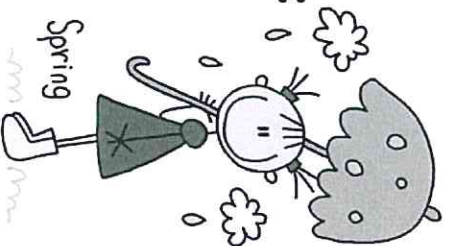
The next morning, when the battle should have begun, not a single soldier was ready to fight. No one had managed to get even a wink of sleep, not even the Kings or the Generals. So they spent the whole day catching up on sleep. During the evening they started to wake up, and decided to put off the battle for the next day.

However, the weapons, led by the King's sword, spent the night repeating their peace song, and again no soldier could rest. The battle had to be postponed yet again, and this carried on for the next seven days. On the evening of the seventh day, the Kings of the two armies met to see what they could do about the situation. Both were furious from their previous dispute, but after being together for a while they started to discuss their sleepless nights, the surprise on their soldier's faces, the confusion of day with night, and the amusing situations all this had created. It wasn't long before both were laughing, like friends, at these little stories.

Fortunately, they forgot their old disputes and they put an end to the war, each returning to their own land with the double joy of not having had to fight, and having regained a friend. And from then on, from time to time the Kings would meet up to talk about their experiences as Kings. They now understood that the things which united them were much more numerous than anything that set them apart from each other.

The Incredibly Black Rain

(by Pedro Pablo Sacristán)



Educational Value:
Optimism and
being positive

**Moral of
the story**

Settings

Characters

Everything has A town

A boy, a
cloud, and
a girl

its good and bad
side. We are
happiest when
we look for the
good in all
things.

Gus Grummplings was never happy with anything. He had lots of friends, and parents who loved him dearly, but all Gus could think about was what he didn't have, or things he did have which he was unhappy with. If someone gave him a car, it would be too big or too slow. If he went to the zoo, he'd come back disappointed because they hadn't let him feed the lions. If he played football with his friends, he would complain, saying there were too many of them for just one ball...

What caught Gus unawares was Chuckles the prankster cloud. One day, Chuckles was drifting past, and heard all of Gus's complaining. Chuckles waffled over to see. When the cloud was right above Gus, he started dropping heavy black rain on him. That was Chuckles' favourite trick to play on grumpy little kids.

Gus wasn't at all impressed by this new development; it just made him complain even more. He was even angrier after he realised that the cloud was following him.

Well, this carried on for almost a week. Gus couldn't get away from the cloud, and he got more and more infuriated.

Gus had a little friend, a happy and generous girl called Gladys. Gladys was the only one who had been willing to hang around with Gus during all those black, rainy days. All the other children had run off to avoid getting soaked and ending up completely black.

One day, when Gus was at the end of his tether, she said to him: "Cheer up! What you should realise is that you're the only one of us who has his very own cloud, and even better, its rain is black! We could play some fun games with a cloud like this, don't you reckon?" As Gladys was his only company these days, and he didn't want her to leave as the others had, Gus reluctantly agreed.

Gladys took him to the swimming pool, and left him there until all the pool water was black. Then she went and got other kids. They came and played in the pool. The water being black meant they could play hide and seek! Grudgingly, Gus had to admit it had been a lot of fun, but what was even more fun was playing Wet the Cat.

Gus would find cats and run alongside them. When the cats felt themselves getting wet they would jump about in the craziest way, and run off at top speed, with funny looks on their faces. Before long, all the children in town had gathered around Gus, thinking up new games they could play using the cloud.

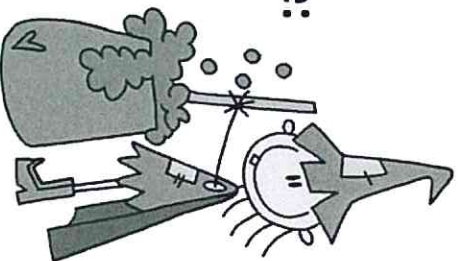
For the first time ever, Gus started to see the positive side of things: even things which, at first, had seemed so bad. Chuckles, the prankster cloud, thought that he could now leave; his work had been done. But, before leaving, he gave Gus two days of multicoloured rain, with which the children invented the most fun games ever.

When Chuckles finally left, Gus didn't complain. Now he knew to focus on the good in life, and the good thing about Chuckles' departure was that no longer was Gus soaking wet all day. Now he could go and do dry things, and that's exactly what he did.

THE WIFE

WASTING POTION

(by Pedro Pablo Sacristán)



Educational Value: Healthy life

Moral of the story	Settings	Characters
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Although you have to make some effort to live a healthy and happy life, it pays to eat a little of everything, and do some exercise.	The witches' forest	Some evil witches, a boy, and a doctor
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Many, many years ago everyone was strong and healthy. They ate a very varied diet, and especially loved fruit, vegetables, and fish. Everyone took daily exercise, and they enjoyed themselves playing and leaping about. The Earth was the healthiest place you could imagine, and it was clear that both adults and children were full of joy and good moods.

All that made the dark witches furious. They only ever wanted to do harm and make problems for people. The worst of all of these witches was Sourface: she was evil, and could be relied on to come up with the nastiest ideas. She suggested that all the witches combine their energies to invent a potion which would take away people's desire to live happily. So, one night, all the witches gathered down in the swampy forest and worked together on that evil spell. The spell was so powerful, and would need so much energy to cast, that when one of the witches got one of the words wrong, there was a huge explosion. So big was the explosion, that it completely destroyed the forest.

It turned all those evil witches into tiny little creatures, like germs, and left them trapped in a green liquid inside a small glass bottle, which lay lost in the swamp. There they were trapped for centuries, until one day a little boy found the bottle. Thinking it contained some kind of soft drink, he drank the lot. The evil, microscopic witches took advantage of this situation, and even though they were tiny and couldn't hurt anyone, they soon learned to change the little boy's likes and dislikes in order to get him to do what they wanted. In a few days, a funny feeling in his mouth and tongue meant the boy no longer wanted to eat vegetables, fruit, or fish. All he wanted to do was eat ice cream, pizza, burgers, and candy. Then a nibbling feeling all over his body meant he no longer enjoyed playing and running about with his friends. All that stuff tired him out; he now just wanted to stay in the house, sitting or lying about. So, his life got more and more boring, he started feeling ill, and before long he had no desire to do anything. The evil potion had worked! And the worst thing of all was that the witches learned to jump from one person to another, like a virus. They managed to turn the influence of the potion into the most contagious of diseases: the disease of wasting your life.

It was a long while before, with the help of his microscope, Doctor Fitton-Heithie discovered that the little witches were causing all this disease. There was no vaccine or cough mixture to get rid of them, but the good doctor discovered that the witches could not stand joy and good humour. It turned out that the best cure was to make a strong effort to live a healthy, joyful, and happy life. When a person became healthy, the little witches would leave that body as soon as they could, riding off on a sneeze.

From then on, the best remedy was not pills or injections, but just a little bit of effort to eat some fruit, vegetables, and fish, and to do some exercise. And whoever came to see Doctor Fitton-Heithie, and took his advice, ended up totally well, being cured of the waste-of-life disease.