

Around the World



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For Review Only

Wolf Lullaby

On a Caribbean island, there was once a sweet little house, surrounded by a sweet little garden with a sweet little picket fence around it. A sweet little girl lived there with her father.

Around the house was a pretty wildflower meadow, and beyond the meadow was the forest where the big, bad wolves lived. Every morning, the little girl's father would say to her, "You can play in the garden today, dear, but whatever you do, don't open the gate. Not far from our house is the big forest, and that's where the big, bad wolves live." And every day, the girl did exactly as she was told, because she was a good little girl. Except for one day.



On that day, she was singing a sweet little song to herself and picking a bouquet of flowers. “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo. Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo,” she sang. And as she sang, she saw in the meadow the most beautiful yellow flower she had ever seen.

Oh, that flower would look so nice in my bouquet, she thought. And as she gazed at it, its petals seemed to dance in the breeze.

She checked that her father wasn’t watching, and she looked all around for wolves. When she was sure it was safe, she opened the gate and walked into the meadow, still singing, “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo.” She picked a yellow flower and put it in her hair.

She was about to turn around and head back to her garden when she saw another yellow flower a little further out in the meadow. It was even prettier than the first one.

How lovely! thought the little girl. She checked that her father wasn’t watching, and she looked all around for wolves, then, still singing “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo,” she picked this yellow flower, too.



She was about to turn around and head back to her garden when she spotted a whole patch of pretty yellow flowers near the edge of the forest.

So, she checked that her father wasn't watching, she looked all around for wolves, and when she was sure it was safe, she walked over to the yellow flowers and picked them all, still singing, "Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo."

All this time, a hungry wolf had been spying on the girl from behind a tree, and just as she was about to head home, he sprang out in front of her.

When she saw the wolf's greedy eyes and sharp teeth, she shook with fear.

"What a sweet song that was, little girl. Sing it to me again," snapped the wolf, and he licked his lips.



Terrified and in a trembling voice, the little girl sang, “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo.” And as she did so, she was surprised to see the wolf’s eyes droop, and he drifted off to sleep.

The little girl took her chance and tiptoed across the meadow toward her house, but suddenly, she sneezed—ACHOO! And it woke up the wolf. He bounded toward the girl.

“Sing your sweet song to me again, little girl,” he growled.

So, the frightened little girl sang again, “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo.” And once more, the wolf sank into a deep and pleasant slumber.

As quickly as she could, the little girl tiptoed toward her garden, but she stepped on a sharp stone—OUCH! And her cry woke up the snoozing wolf. He pounced toward her again.

“Sing your sweet song to me again,” he growled, and he circled around her.



Plucking up all her courage, the little girl sang, “Traybla, traybla, cum qua, kimo.” The wolf’s eyelids soon grew heavy, and he slumped to the ground.

This time, the little girl tiptoed as carefully and quietly as she could, backing away from the sleeping wolf. When, at last, she reached her garden gate, she swung it open, dashed down

her garden path, and the gate closed behind her with a loud SLAM!

The wolf jolted awake and sprinted toward her, but it was too late—she was safely behind her garden fence. He went home with an empty belly and a head full of lullaby, while the sweet little girl skipped inside with her sweet little bouquet, promising that she would always listen to her father from then on. 🌀



The Frog and the Condor

High in the mountains of Peru, the animals once had magical powers. The most powerful animal of all was the Condor, who could transform himself into a man.

One day, the Condor decided that he was tired of looking after his own nest, so he set out to look for a servant. He circled the mountains until he spotted a beautiful young shepherdess, who was herding llamas.

Perfect, thought the Condor, and as he landed, he shapeshifted into a man, wearing a smart black coat with a silky white scarf around his neck.

