

Sharing Stories

Folk Tales from Syria, Sudan and Scotland



Sharing Stories

the**Trust**



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Introduction

Over the last year, the Sharing Stories project, has had the privilege of listening to people.

The idea was simple, listen to some traditional tales from people recently arrived in our community of Inverclyde and find stories which had something in common.

Characters and themes and stories echo all across the world, regardless of where we are. There is a shared language in stories, there is common ground and we wanted to explore that.

So, for example, there are versions of Scottish story The Well at the World's End which are similar to Arabic language stories of Fatima – tales of young women entering the forest and having to undergo a rite of passage by working for an old woman in a cottage are told all across the world.

Similarly, we heard a few different “wolf at the door” stories; sometimes it was a wolf at the door, sometimes a monster, other times, a man. Always, trying to get into a place of safety by pretending to be something he was not.

And we were told lots of stories of merchants and royalty. The one that seemed most familiar to us, was the Syrian tale of the lost royal earring found inside a fish, which had clear echoes of the tale of St Mungo of Glasgow.

All the stories which complemented one another best, also seemed to have water or rivers as a common thread, which seems fitting for Inverclyde, a town which sits at the edge of the river and enjoys more than its fair share of rain.

Finding our way to the stories was no exact science, we had several sessions in ESOL classes, scrambling and fumbling our way through scribbled down tales with only google translate to help us bridge the language gap. But as we started to recognise the shapes of the stories from one another, the blanks became easier to fill, and then sketches and illustrations helped pull things together. We perhaps couldn't tell the story in our different languages, but we could understand it. And that seems like an ideal starting point to me.

The book contains adapted versions of stories from Scotland, Syria and Sudan. It also includes links to versions of the stories told in Arabic or Kurdish, depending on the story. There are differences between the written versions of the stories and the recorded versions, and that's how it should be, for they are not the same thing.

We have also included QR Code links to recordings from two of our original storytellers Tamadour Ali Mustafa and Amal Ibrahim, one of which is a completely different Wolf at the Door story to the one which is printed.

So, you have lots of choices about how to enjoy these stories. For us though, the most important thing is that you share and retell them.

As we welcome new friends and families into our communities, stories remain one of the best ways to get to know one another and to recognise and celebrate what we have in common.

We've given you a few stories to start you off, but there will be many others you can share, and many more for you to hear in return.

Paul Bristow

Fatima

Long ago, Fatima and her father lived at the edge of the orchard.

Fatima's mother had died when she was young, and for many years, Fatima and her father lived alone. Every so often, their nearest neighbour would visit and help to take care of Fatima and in time, the neighbour and Fatima's father decided to marry.

The neighbour had always been kind and considerate to Fatima, but once she became her stepmother, she changed. The stepmother made Fatima do all the chores in the house and was always rude and cruel to her.

So it stayed for many years, and as Fatima grew into a young woman, the Stepmother became more and more jealous of her. One day, she decided to get rid of Fatima forever.

"I'm making a special meal tonight Fatima, could you go to the forest and fetch a sieve from the witch who lives there."

Fatima was scared to visit the witch, but she was even more scared of her Stepmother, so off she went, into the woods.

On her way, she met some farmers who were picking roses, and she stopped to help them. The farmers were so pleased that she had helped, that one of them gave her a rose and said "May Allah make your cheeks as red as this rose."

Fatima travelled on some more, and met a horse who was giving birth. Fatima helped the horse deliver her foal. "Thank you," said the horse, "May Allah make your hair as long as my mane."

At last, Fatima reached the witch's house, and knocked at the door. The door flew open with a bang, and the witch stood in front of Fatima, smiling.

"What can I do for you my dear?" asked the Witch.



“My Stepmother has sent me to borrow a sieve,” said Fatima.

“Come in,” said the Witch, “you are most welcome here and may make a mess of my house, break my door and kick my cow if you like.” Grinning, the witch shuffled out of the cottage.

Fatima was a smart girl, so she did the exact opposite of everything the witch had said. She cleaned the house, oiled the rusty door and fed the cow.

When the Witch returned, she said “Why don’t you smash all my windows and kill my chickens as well.” Laughing, the witch hobbled out of the house. This time Fatima washed the windows and fed the chickens.

When the Witch came back, she was holding a sieve. She was happy with all the work Fatima had done for her.

“Well, well, well,” she said. And then she pushed Fatima down a well. “You get what you deserve Fatima, because you have done so well.”

Fatima climbed out of the witch’s well, only now, she was wearing a silk gown and a golden ring. The Witch gave Fatima the sieve, and sent her on her way, thanking her again for all her help.

Fatima hurried home to her stepmother, but she was in such a rush, that somewhere on the way home, she dropped her golden ring.

Some weeks later, the King was out hunting and found the ring. He decided that he was going to marry whoever the ring belonged to.

The King and his mother searched all over the land, and wherever they went, he would ask the women of the house to try on the ring. But it would never fit. Eventually, there was only one house left to try, and so the King and his mother arrived at Fatima’s house.

As soon as Fatima’s stepmother opened the door, she snatched the ring from the King’s mother and tried to squeeze it onto her finger. But it did not fit. The King’s Mother asked

Fatima to try it on. And sure enough, it was a perfect fit. So Fatima left the cottage to move to the palace and marry the King.

As you can imagine, this made Fatima's Stepmother even more jealous and angry, so she decided to cause more trouble. She asked to meet Fatima at the public baths. When Fatima came to see her, the Stepmother offered to brush Fatima's hair. Fatima agreed, reminded of how nice her stepmother had been long ago.

As the Stepmother brushed Fatima's hair, she stuck a pin into her head.
"Ouch," said Fatima, "what was that?"
"It must be this old brush," said the Stepmother.

She kept brushing, and every so often, she would stick another pin into Fatima's head.

The Stepmother knew a little magic too and all the time she was brushing Fatima's hair, she was casting a spell. Finally, she stuck the last pin in and Fatima was turned into a bird.

The King came to the baths looking for Fatima and the Stepmother laughed and pointed over to the fountain where the bird was now sitting.
"There is your wife," she said.

The King walked slowly and carefully over to Fatima, careful not to startle her. He took the bird in his arms and gently pulled out each of the pins, and Fatima appeared once again.

The King shouted for his guards to arrest the Stepmother, and she was thrown in jail. She was never able to hurt Fatima again.

Fatima and the King lived a long and happy life in the palace.







Lion and Rabbit

Once, long ago, Lion was King.

But Lion was not a kind King, he was cruel and arrogant. He killed and ate lots of the other animals, and everyone was afraid of him. The animals were all too scared to look for food in case Lion found them and so everyone was hungry.

The animals decided to meet at the river to come up with a plan to stop Lion eating them all.

“I have an idea,” said Wolf. “Instead of him chasing us and eating us, let’s go to him and offer ourselves as food. That way, he will maybe just eat one of us rather than all of us.”

Wolf went to see Lion and tell him the plan.

“Each day, we will send an animal, and you can eat him,” said Wolf.

“Hmmm,” said Lion, “I am the King of the forest and can eat who I please. But I will agree to this. However, if you don’t send me a meal every day, then I will eat all of you.”

All the animals agreed to this, because it was better than everyone being hunted every day. Each animal had to take a turn and every day, Lion got a meal.

When it came to rabbit’s turn, he did not want to get eaten, so he had a different plan.

Lion was waiting for Rabbit to arrive. And Rabbit was late, so Lion was angry.

“You are breaking our deal, and you know what that means,” said Lion. “I will eat everyone. No joke.”

Rabbit finally arrived and said, “Lion, I am so sorry I’m late. You must be hungry, but I will tell you why I’m late.”

Lion growled.

“I was on my way here,” said Rabbit, “when another Lion tried to eat me. I said stop, and said you would be angry. I told him how great you were and that he should show our King more respect than to eat his food.”

Lion growled again, “And what did this other lion say?”

“He said you were fat enough from all the food you had eaten already.”

Lion roared, “Where is this Lion?”

“I ran away from him,” said Rabbit, “but I could take you to where he was.”

Rabbit ran back into the forest, and Lion followed him, so angry with this other Lion, that he had forgotten about eating his meal for the day.

Finally, Rabbit stopped, “There,” said Rabbit, “in the water.”

Lion walked over to the water, and growled.

The Lion in the water growled back.

Lion roared.

The Lion in the water roared back.

Lion raised a massive paw to fight.

The Lion in the water raised a paw back.

This was the last straw, and Lion jumped at the other Lion to fight.

And Lion splashed straight into the water, sunk right to the bottom and drowned.

There was no other Lion, only a reflection.

And Lion must not have liked what he saw.

So it was that Rabbit saved all the animals from being eaten.







The Water Seller and The King

One day, a water seller came to the palace of the King.

The Water Seller poured water for everyone from a beautifully painted jug and as he poured the water he sang songs and told jokes. Everyone enjoyed the water and everyone enjoyed his company. Especially the King.

So, The King asked the Water Seller to come and work in the palace, just for him. Of course this was a great honour and the Water Seller was delighted. Someone who was not delighted, was the Prime Minister. He was used to having the King listen to him all the time, and did not like the idea of the friendly Water Seller spending time at the palace.

The Prime Minister was right to be worried. Everyone at the palace, including the King, enjoyed the company of the Water Seller so much, that no one one paid any attention to the Prime Minister at all. And Prime Ministers do not like it when people stop paying attention to them.

After a few weeks, the Prime Minister took the Water Seller to one side and pretended to offer him some friendly advice. "Listen," he said, "I like you and I hope you work here for many years, but the King does not like your bad breath."

"I have bad breath?" said the Water Seller. "Why did no one tell me this before? This is terrible."

"It is terrible," said the Prime Minister, "and it would be a shame for the King to stop you working at the palace."

"You are kind to tell me Prime Minister," said the Water Seller, "What should I do?"

"Simple. Tie a scarf around your face, and that will protect the King from your bad breath."

And that is just what the Water Seller did. He started coming to work at the palace, wearing a scarf over his face, so that only his eyes could be seen. The King thought this was odd, but the Water Seller was still as friendly, so he asked no questions.

After a few weeks though, he decided to mention it to the Prime Minister.

"Why does the Water Seller wear that scarf over his face," he asked.

The Prime Minister frowned and said, "I had hoped not to have to tell you this my King. He wears the scarf because he tells me you have very bad breath and the scarf stops him from smelling it."

The King was angry and decided that he was going to execute the Water Seller for being so rude. He called for his executioner and said, "Tomorrow, I want you to wait outside the palace. When a man

comes out carrying a bunch of red roses, you are to execute him.”
The Executioner nodded and went home to sharpen his axe.

The next day, the Water Seller came to the palace as usual, and when he had finished for the day, the King presented him with a big bunch of red roses, “I hope you like the smell of these flowers,” said the King.

The Water Seller thanked the King, and walked out into the courtyard with his roses. The Prime Minister saw him and saw how beautiful the flowers were and came hurrying over.
“Who gave you those?” asked the Prime Minister.
“The King,” said the Water Seller, smiling.

This was just what the Prime Minister feared and he was angry and jealous.
“You don’t deserve those,” said the Prime Minister, “roses are far too good for a Water Seller, I deserve them more than you.”

The Water Seller did not want to fight, so he simply shrugged, gave the roses to the Prime Minister, and walked home.

The Prime Minister was pleased with his roses, and he walked out of the palace. The executioner was waiting right outside. And swoosh, he chopped off the Prime Minister’s head. Just like that.

The next day, the Water Seller returned to the palace. The King was surprised to see him and demanded to know why he was wearing a scarf over his face.

The Water Seller was embarrassed, but did not want to be rude.
“I wear this scarf to protect you from my bad breath,” said the Water Seller. “The Prime Minister told me you did not like it.”

The King realised that the Prime Minister had been lying to him and became angry.

“Where is the Prime Minister this morning? And what happened to the bouquet of roses I gave you yesterday?”
“I’m afraid I no longer have the roses,” said the Water Seller, “I gave them to the Prime Minister yesterday. He said he deserved them more than me.”

The King realised what had happened and he laughed.
“True. The Prime Minister did deserve those roses more than you.”







The Mermaid

Once, there was a sailor from Dumbarton who sailed all over the world.

One day, the sailor and his crew, sailed straight into a storm. It was such a bad storm, that the sailor's ship was wrecked by the wind and the waves.

The sailor swam to a nearby island and looked around to find some shelter. He found a cave near the shore and was so tired that he fell asleep right away.

When the sailor woke, there was a mermaid beside him, she had brought him food to eat and water to drink. Every day the mermaid visited the sailor, and she would always bring him a gift, sometimes food, sometimes gold, silver and jewels.

One day, when the mermaid was away, a ship passed by the island. The sailor lit a fire so that the ship's crew would see him, and luckily, they saw him and sent a smaller boat over to the island to rescue him.

The sailor told the crew all about his shipwreck, and the mermaid and the treasure, and asked if they could help him get home to Dumbarton. The crew said that they were sailing the other way, but in a year they would be sailing back to Scotland. If the sailor wanted to come home then, all he had to do was steal the mermaid's treasure and bring it aboard the ship for the crew to share. The sailor agreed.

Every day, the kind mermaid kept visiting the sailor, and every day, the sailor took her gifts and pretended he was in love with her.

A year passed, and the ship arrived. The mermaid was away again and a little boat sailed from the ship to the island. The sailor was waiting there, with all the gold, silver and jewels that the mermaid had brought to the cave. The crew helped the sailor get it all onto the boat, and then they sailed away, leaving the island and the mermaid behind.

Or so they thought.

The Mermaid swam after them, asking that the sailor leave the ship and come back with her to the island. The sailor said no. She asked for her treasure back. The crew said no. So the mermaid got angry, and called the wind and the waves to wreck the ship. But the ship sailed on.

The Mermaid followed the ship all the way back to Scotland, cursing them all the way. It was a terrible voyage, but the ship did not sink. Instead, it docked at Gourock, and the sailor and the crew all got out.

The Mermaid shouted to the sailor from the river, and asked him one last time to come back with her. The sailor refused. So the Mermaid threw him two final gifts. The first was a magical book, full of spells. The second was a baby, the son of the Mermaid and the Sailor. “Give the book to our son when he is old enough,” said the Mermaid, and then she cursed the sailor once again and swam away. It is said she made friends with the Lady Clutha, the great river serpent of the Clyde, and she then made her home in Port Glasgow by the castle.

As for the sailor, he did not pay much attention to his son, which was a mistake. For he grew up to be Michael Scott, the great wizard.

When Michael was old enough, he took his spell book, and cast his first spell – sending his father the sailor back to the island he had first met his mother the mermaid.

And this time, no one came to rescue him.





The Wolf at the Door

Once there was and once there wasn't a wolf who visited a family of sheep...

Summer had come and the good grass was all gone, and so Mother Sheep had to travel higher up the hills for food. Before she left, she sang to her lambs Shengay and Pengay and warned them to stay inside their house, and not to open the door to anyone.

Mother travelled far for food, but eventually came home and she stood outside the door to her house and sang again to Shengay and Pengay. The lambs recognised her voice and her song and they opened the door, happy to see their mum.

But a wolf was nearby, watching all this happen. He watched as Mother Sheep sang to her lambs. And he watched as Shengay and Pengay opened the door to let her in.

The next day, Mother Sheep left again for the hills. As soon as she was gone, the wolf knocked on the door of the house, and sang to Shengay and Pengay to let him in.

"No!" said the lambs. "You don't sound anything like our Mother. We won't open the door." The Wolf cleared his throat and tried again.

"We know you aren't our Mother," said the lambs, "because your voice is rough and your legs are dark. Our Mothers voice is sweet and her legs are white. You are a wolf and you want to come in and eat us."

The Wolf realised he wasn't going to get into the house, so he hid himself away again.

Soon enough, Mother Sheep returned and sang at the door.

Wolf listened carefully to how sweet her voice was, and he looked at how white her legs were. And he watched as Shengay and Pengay opened the door with no questions.

So the next day, when Mother Sheep left once again, he covered his legs with flour to make





them white, and he drank honey tea to sweeten his voice. And then he knocked on the door once again and sang to Shengay and Pengay.

The lambs saw white legs, and they heard a sweet voice, and so, they opened the door, expecting their Mother.

But the Wolf ran in and gobbled up Shengay.

Pengay ran and hid under the bed, hoping the wolf would not find her.

Mother Sheep arrived home and she saw that the door was open, and inside the house she found the wolf, lying on his back, fast asleep, his fat belly swollen. Pengay came out from under the bed and told her Mother what had happened. Mother Sheep knew just what to do.

The Wolf still lay sleeping, and Mother Sheep and Pengay, dragged him down to the river. Mother Sheep cut open the wolf's belly, and out popped Shengay, good as new.

Then, Mother Sheep, Shengay and Pengay filled the wolf's tummy with heavy stones and stitched him back together.

After that, they stepped well back from the Wolf, and waited.

Soon enough the Wolf woke, and he was thirsty. He stumbled down to the river to take a big drink, but the stones in his tummy were so heavy, that he tumbled over into the water. He shouted out for help, but it was too late, he sank right to the bottom of the river.

No one ever bothered Shengay, Pengay or Mother Sheep again.



The Royal Earring

Once, there was a jeweller who had a shop in the market. The jeweller was a man of faith, and he would often say “God’s will is great. Wise and just.”

The baker who ran the shop next to the jeweller would always hear him say this and did not understand why. However, he wanted to find a way to make the jeweller question his faith, to see if he really believed that God’s will was great.

And one day, he got his chance.

The King’s daughter came to the market looking for the jeweller, as she had heard he was the best in the land. A diamond had fallen loose from her earring, and she wanted the jeweller to repair it. The Princess left the earring with the jeweller and he set it aside to give it his full attention the next day. But when he wasn’t looking, the baker took the earring and threw it in the river.

“Let us see if God’s will is great,” said the baker.

Soon, the jeweller realised the earring was lost, and he knew that if he could not find it, he would be punished. He searched everywhere, but he could not find it. So he shut up his stall and walked home to his wife. The baker saw him and smiled, thinking he had made his point.

But God’s will is great, because you see, after the baker had thrown the earring in the river, a fish was swimming by and swallowed it.

And because God’s will is great a fisherman had caught the fish and took it to market.

And because God’s will is great, it was there for sale, when the jeweller’s wife passed by to buy food.

The jeweller’s wife took the fish home, and when she was preparing it to cook, she found the





earring inside. She put it to one side, and continued making dinner.

That night, the jeweller was not interested in food, he was too worried.

His wife asked him what was wrong, and the jeweller explained what had happened.

“What did the earring look like?” asked the jeweller’s wife.

“It was a beautiful thing, engraved with the initials of the Princess.”

The jewellers wife realised that by God’s will, she had found the earring, and she smiled.

“Try to eat something,” she said. “And I am sure that a miracle will happen to make you smile.”

The jeweller picked at his food and sighed.

After dinner, the jeweller’s wife made them tea, and she placed the earring on top of the sugar bowl. When the jeweller reached out his hand to take some sugar for his tea, he found the earring.

His wife explained what had happened and they both gave thanks.

The next day, the jeweller was back in the market, singing and telling everyone that “God’s will is great. Wise and just.”

He repaired the earring and was rewarded for his good work.



The Old Man and the Apple Seller

Once, there was an old man who lived in the mountains.

One day, he decided to travel down from the mountains to the city, many miles away. He walked for a long time, with little rest, and hardly any food or water. Finally, he reached the city. He was exhausted from his journey, and he wanted an apple to quench his thirst. Slowly, he walked towards the market, but just as he reached it, he was overcome with exhaustion. He could go no further. Not one step. The old man fell to the ground.

As he lay there, a ripe apple rolled towards him. Thinking that God must have answered his prayers, the old man picked up the apple. Suddenly, he heard someone shouting at him. It was the apple seller.

"I hope you are going to pay me for that apple," said the apple seller.

"I'm sorry," said the old man, "I did not realise it was your apple. I thought it was a gift from God."

"It is not a gift," said the apple seller. He snatched the apple back.

"I have no money," said the old man, "can you not spare one apple?"

The apple seller was a hard-hearted man, miserly, and without an ounce of mercy.

"No," said the apple seller.

A kind man passing by and seeing the commotion, gave the old man a few coins to help him buy the apple. But the apple seller refused to sell to the old man, "That's not enough for one of my apples," he said.

The kind man helped the old man to his feet and helped him walk to the apple seller's stall, "Come now," said the kind man, "whoever has a heart would surely give this old man an apple."

The apple seller refused.

Now, the kind man became angry at how selfish the apple seller was being and he turned to the crowds in the market, "Who will help me with a few coins to help this old man buy an apple?"





The crowd gave generously, and soon there was more than enough money to buy an apple. But now, the apple seller had grown angry and did not like the old man. So once again, he refused to sell him an apple. So finally, the kind man bought an apple for himself and gave it to the old man.

“Thank you,” said the old man, with tears in his eyes.

The apple quenched his thirst and restored his strength.

The old man stood up now, he smiled, and he shook the hands of many people in the market to thank them. And then, he began digging a hole.

The old man dug the hole and then from his pocket, he produced some seeds which he threw into the hole in the ground. He covered the seeds over and then, to everyone’s surprise, a tree grew straight out of the ground. It grew quickly and before long, the tree’s branches were full of apples.

“It is gratitude that has grown this tree,” said the old man, “let this tree stand for gratitude. Now come and share.”

The old man offered apples to everyone in the crowd, people left with baskets filled with apples. He gave the best of all the apples to the kind man who had first helped him, “I will never forget a favour,” said the old man.

The apple seller looked at the tree and could see only bare branches. He did not see the beautiful apples, could not see what everyone else in the town could see.

The old man walked back to the mountains, with his pockets filled with apples.

And the apple seller lost his business, because the good people of the town simply picked apples from the branches of the tree. No one wanted the apples from the apple seller, which now tasted bitter and rotten.

The apple seller came to regret how he had treated the old man, but he never once saw the apples on the tree.

The Well at the World's End

At the edge of the forest, there lived two women, Morag, and her daughter Ailsa.

One day, Morag decided she wanted to make oatcakes. But these were no ordinary oatcakes, these oatcakes were made to a special recipe, and needed the best water. So, Morag asked Ailsa to go and fetch her some water from the well at the world's end.

As you might have guessed, the well at the world's end takes some time to walk to, so Ailsa took the water jug and started on her way. She passed through the forest, over the mountains and down to the village. And then she walked some more.

Eventually, Ailsa came to the well at the end of the world. She had walked for miles, she was tired and thirsty, and she was looking forward to a drink of water from the well. But the well was empty. Ailsa was so disappointed to have walked all this way for nothing, that she sat by the side of the well and cried.

As she sat there, a frog hopped over beside her and said, "What's the matter? What can I do to help?"

"The well is empty," said Ailsa, "and I'm thirsty and I'm supposed to bring a jug home for my mother to make oatcakes."

"Water?" said the Frog, "is that all? I can get you water. But, you have to promise to do whatever I ask."

"I promise," said Ailsa, right away, without even thinking about it.

And just like that, the Frog jumped down into the well and it filled right up to the brim with water.

Ailsa took a long drink, filled up the jug with water and walked back from the well at the worlds end. She didn't notice the Frog following along behind her the whole way.

That night, as Morag made her oatcakes, there was a knock at the door.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Who is that at the door," said Morag.

Ailsa looked out and saw it was the Frog, and was suddenly worried about the promise she made.

"It's just a frog Mother," said Ailsa.

"Well let the poor thing in," said Morag. "There's a storm coming."





So Ailsa opened the door, and in came the Frog.
Hop, hop, hop.

The Frog looked right at Ailsa, and kept staring.
“The frog must be hungry,” said Morag. “Give him some milk.”
Ailsa wanted the Frog to leave, but she did what her mother asked.

The Frog drank the milk up.
Slop, slop, slop.

Morag went back to baking her oatcakes, and the Frog looked straight at Ailsa again, and he said, “You made me a promise. You have to do what I ask. And what I want you to do, is fetch the axe you use to chop the wood, and then chop off my head.”

Now Ailsa thought this was a strange thing for the Frog to ask, but she had been expecting him to ask for a kiss, so this was much better.
“You really want me to chop off your head.”
“That’s my wish,” said the Frog. “You promised.”

Ailsa went and got the axe, and she held it up above the Frog. Morag saw her and shouted “Stop!”

But it was too late.
Chop, chop, chop.

Now suddenly, instead of a Frog sitting on the floor, there was a handsome, well dressed young man.
A Prince.
“You broke the spell,” said the Prince. “I’ve sat by that well for years, waiting for someone who would welcome me into their home and keep their promise. What is your name?”
“I’m Ailsa, and this is my mother Morag.”
“Well Ailsa, will you marry me?” asked the Prince.
“Of course,” said Ailsa, surprised and pleased at how things had worked out.
“Let’s all celebrate with some oatcakes,” said Morag.

The oatcakes were delicious.

It really had been a worthwhile walk to the well at the world’s end.

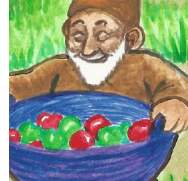


Recordings

Throughout the book, there are QR codes, which when scanned with mobile digital devices, will take you to translated versions of the stories online produced by Universal Language Solutions Ltd. We did not have room to fit them all in, so the additional link can be found below.



We were lucky enough to get two recordings from our original storytellers, and you can hear these versions of the stories below.



Just as the project was concluding in March 2020, and we were getting ready for our book launch in April, everyone's arrangements obviously changed. To ensure we still got the stories out there while people were indoors, we created a series of 8 English language readings of the stories, which can be viewed on the Story Boat Inverclyde Youtube channel.

Story Boat



Acknowledgements

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Special thanks to our project storytellers

Fatima's Stepmother - Fatima Alnayet

Lion and Rabbit - Tamadour Ali Mustafa


The King and the Water Seller - Faisal Seafaldeen

The Old Man and the Apple Seller - Amal Ibrahim

The Wolf at the Door - Rouzine Saadat

The Royal Earring was sourced from Timeless Tales - Folk Tales told by Syrian Refugees, compiled by the Hakawati project.

The Well at the World's End and The Mermaid are traditional Scottish tales, sourced and adapted by Magic Torch and the project team.



Over the last year, the Sharing Stories project, has had the privilege of listening to people.

The idea was simple, listen to some traditional tales from people recently arrived in the community of Inverclyde and find stories which had something in common.

Characters and themes and stories echo all across the world, regardless of where we are. There is a shared language in stories, there is common ground and we want you to explore that with us...