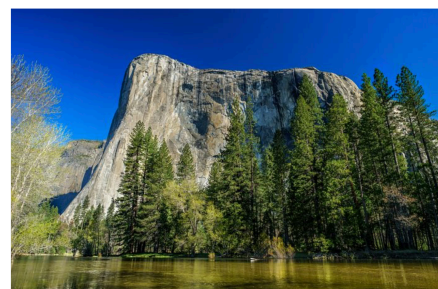




with Jill Haywood

moss - molsa
in vain - en va
clever - intel·ligent
sniff - olorar
caterpillar - eruga
What a nerve - quin morro
deed - acció, gesta



Avui a l'Story Time escoltem un mite America d'un animal molt però molt petitonet que va arribar a fer una cosa que els animals mes grossos no eran capaços de fer.

Story

In California today in the valley of Yosemite many tourists come to see a very tall rock called El Capitan. Hundreds of years ago, the people of the Miwok tribe lived there and had a very special story about its creation.

According to the Miwok, this very tall, vertical rock magically appeared overnight. One day it was an ordinary flat rock, but overnight it grew higher and higher until it was above the tallest treetops and even above the clouds.

One day towards the end of July, a beautiful summer afternoon, a boy and girl were playing in the river which ran through their valley. After swimming for a while they climbed out of the water and shivered in the cool evening air.

"I'm cold," said the boy to his sister.

"Look at that rock," said the sister. "The sun's shining on it. The moss on top looks as soft as a blanket. Let's go and lie down."

The two children lay down on the sunny rock, on its thick green moss, and fell asleep under the warm sun.

While they slept - no one knows how or why - but the rock grew. Their sleep was so deep the children didn't wake. All that night the rock rose upward more and more.

When the villagers woke, they noticed a new rocky hill, taller than the highest tree that had mysteriously appeared overnight.

Meanwhile, the parents searched everywhere for their children, but in vain. No one had seen them playing in the river. No one knew they were on top of the rock that had risen overnight. The parents asked Antelope, Rabbit, Raccoon, and many other animals if they had seen their children the afternoon day before. But all of them had been quite busy at that time and none had any idea where the children were.

It was Coyote, cleverest of all, who sniffed the ground around the stream, then followed the scent to the mysterious new high hill.

"Your children must be on top," he announced.

The villagers and animals gathered around. How did such a rock rise up overnight? More important - how to get the children down?

"Antelope!" said the children's father, "You are the best jumper of all. Can you jump to the top?"

"I will try," said Antelope. She jumped as high as she could, but could only reach a small distance up the side of the rock.

The mother turned. "Grizzly Bear!" she said, "You are the strongest of the animals. Surely you can climb to the top."

"I will try," said Grizzly Bear. But as strong as Grizzly Bear was, the rock was too wide for him to stretch his arms around it like a tree, and he could not lift his weight up the sides.

One animal after another tried. The Mountain Lion leapt higher than the other animals but it was not high enough.

"Let me try," said a small voice in the back.

The villagers and animals looked around. Who had spoken?

"Don't step on me, please!" said an offended voice. Who was coming through the crowd but caterpillar!

"Really," said Antelope. "You can't expect us to believe you could do what we could not."

"What a nerve!" whispered Raccoon to Rabbit.

All the other villagers and animals were exhausted from trying and no one else had any new ideas. So finally the parents said, "Go ahead, caterpillar, give it a try."

With his nose in the air, caterpillar started up the side of the high rock. Before long he had passed the point where Antelope had reached, and Bear, and Mountain Lion. Then only Eagle was left who could see where Caterpillar was.

For one whole day caterpillar climbed the rock, and at last he reached the top. The children were still asleep as they had fallen to the magic of the mossy rock. But caterpillar crawled across their arms and face till they awoke.

"Where are we?" they said sleepily. Looking around with alarm they saw clouds around them and birds flying about on all sides. caterpillar assured the children that they would be fine. He urged them to follow him down a path through the ridges in the rock where their feet could grab hold. Slowly, the girl and boy stepped safely down and reached the ground.

With great joy the children and their parents were reunited!

Ever since that day, the Miwok people named the magic rock TUTOKANULA after the caterpillar, in honour of the smallest of creatures who had managed the greatest of deeds.

Aquesta història ens demostra que som capaços d'aconseguir els nostres objectius sense importar les limitacions que puguem tenir.