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TRICKSTER TALES: AFRICAN AMERICA AND JAPANESE

INTRODUCTION

Folktales represent the history and culture of a country. Most folktales can be divided into several universal archetypes, but each culture adds their own unique style to the stories. The differing dialects, settings and characters help recreate the universal themes in ways that speak to the people of each country.

Trickster tales are a motif used in folktales. A character, usually a clever animal, shows how easily others can be fooled. Usually the trickster proves to be too smart for his or her own good.

The most common Japanese trickster is a badger or tanuki. The Brer rabbit stories told by African-American are different. The trickster is believed to represent the spirit of the slaves outwitting their masters. Therefore, the trickster doesn't come to a bad end.

PURPOSE

To explore the cultural figure of the trickster, comparing and contrasting cultures.

To create a participatory learning experience that encourages you to think and share your insights cooperatively.

To foster active and critical reading and writing.

To give students an opportunity to read, discuss and write about folktales in a historical and multicultural framework.

To help students make connections between themselves and other cultures in the world.

To have students use the Internet for research

DURATION

2-4 days

STANDARDS

English Language Arts K-12

Reading Process: Concepts of print, comprehension strategies and self-monitoring strategies. Grade 9-12: 1-5

Reading Applications: Literary text. Grades 9-12: 1-6, 9-10

Writing process. Grade 9-12: 1, 8,10

Communication: Oral and visual. Grade 9-12: 1,9

PRE-ASSESSMENT

Ask students what stories they remember being told when they were young.

Ask if they've ever read any B'rer Rabbit stories.

MATERIALS

Handout of Brer Rabbit fools Sis Cow

Handout of The story of Bunbuku Chagama

Graphic organizers

Website handout

ACTIVITES

Discuss the universal themes of folktales and their motifs

Using storytelling techniques, the teacher will tell 2 trickster folktales, one African-American and one Japanese. The website below would be helpful for the storytelling.

www.storyarts.org/classroom/retelling/index.html

Read the information on Brer Rabbit at:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brer_Rabbit

Also read the information on Tanuki's at:

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tanuki>

Read the trickster tale from the website listed. Write the basics of the story in your own words.

<http://www.americanfolklore.net/folktales/ga5.html>

View the Japanese badger stories told at these two website headings.

<http://web-japan.org/kidsweb/folk/bunbuku/bunbuku03.html>

<http://web-japan.org/kidsweb/folk/kachi/index.html>

Expand on the ideas of a trickster story. Have students read the story handouts. In small groups, discuss the good/bad of the trickster, how the trickster differs in the Japanese and African-American stories and the morals of the stories.

Using the website listed, have students build their own trickster folktale.

http://pixel.fhda.edu/Content/Dept/InstrDev/Examples/Robert/Engl8/Lesson05/FolktalesMachine/build_folktale.html

ASSESSMENT

Have students choose a trickster tale and analyze it for motif, setting, character and moral in one page, using proper English and grammar.

Using a compare/contrast graphic organizer, have students show the differences and similarities between the two tricksters.

Use the Collaboration Rubric for grading group discussions

WEBSITES

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tanuki>

Wikipedia.org is an online encyclopedia.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kachi-kachi_Yama

http://usagiyojimbo.com/intro/faq/faq_mm.html#faq5

This website is dedicated to questions and answers about Japanese myths and monsters. Clicking on a featured question leads to answers and more information.

<http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/folktxts2.html>

This site contains electronically told folktales, alphabetically arranged.

<http://falcon.jmu.edu/~ramseyil/storyhandbook.htm>

Billed as a handbook for storytellers, guidelines are given to help novice storytellers.

http://www.lanes.org/resources/a_z_karen_chace.html

An A-Z guide to the folktales and fairy tales from around the world, the website guides people to other subject specific folktale sites.

<http://americanfolklore.net/brer-rabbit.html>

This site is dedicated to American folklore. Brer Rabbit stories are a featured category.

REFERENCE BOOKS

Addiss, Stephen.(1985). Japanese Ghosts and Demons. New York: George Braziller, Inc.

This book has been reprinted in paperback in 2001. Traditional Japanese folklore is given artistic representation, using Japanese art forms. This book would be a good supplemental reference. It could be used to help students look at artistic folklore interpretations.

Borgenicht, David. (1995). Brer Rabbit: from the collected stories of Joel Chandler Harris. Philadelphia: Courage Books.

This book is a collection of the famous Brer Rabbit stories, collected by Joel Chandler Harris.

Hamilton, Virginia. (1985). *The People Could Fly: American Black folktales*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

24 black American folk tales are retold by a leading African American children's author. Broken into four groups, Virginia Hamilton presents a variation of Joel Chandler Harris's Tar-baby. The book is illustrated in black-and-white by African American Caldecott award winners Leo and Diane Dillon.

Harris, Joel Chandler. (2002). *Complete tales of Uncle Remus*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin
Compiled by Richard Chase, a folklorist, in 1955 and reprinted in 2002, this is a large volume with all the Brer Rabbit stories. Not a necessary volume if Julius Lester's *Uncle Remus* is available, but nice for the scholarly interpretations and illustrations.

Haviland, Virginia. (1995). *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Japan*. New York: Beech Tree Books.

Five traditional Japanese folktales are retold and illustrated in this reprinted book. One of the stories is about a magical badger.

Lester, Julius. (1992). *Black Folktales*. New York: Grove Press.

12 folktales are retold by African American author Julius Lester.

Lester, Julius. (1999). *Uncle Remus: The Complete Tales*. New York: Phyllis Fogelman Books.

The Brer Rabbit stories are retold by a leading African American children's author with new illustrations.

Livo, Norma J. *Storytelling: process and practice*, by Norma J. Livo and Sandra A. Rietz. (1986). Littleton, Co.: Libraries Unlimited, Inc.

The nuts and bolts of storytelling are outlined in chapter form. Excellent information is given for beginning storytellers.

Ozaki, Yei Theodora. (2004). *Japanese Fairy Tales*. Rutland, Vt.: C.E. Tuttle Co.
Updating later in 2007, this is a collection of Japanese fairy tales collected in 1905

Piggott, Juliet. (1982). *Japanese mythology*. New York: Peter Bedrick Books.
Part of a mythology series, Japanese mythology is discussed in depth.

Sakade, Florence. (1958). *Japanese Children's Favorite Stories*. Rutland, Vt.: C.E. Tuttle.
The 2003 third edition is easy to buy. This is a compilation of 20 classic Japanese children's folktales

Schlosser, S.E. (2004). *Spooky South: tales of hauntings, strange happenings, and other local lore*. Guilford, Ct.: Globe Pequot Press.
This book is part of the "Spooky" series. In the local lore part of the book is a Brer Rabbit story. This is a fun book and popular with students.

Yasuda, Yuri. (1956). *Old tales of Japan*. Rutland, Vt.: Charles E. Tuttle Company.
This small book was dedicated to the emperor of Japan. It's a collection of classic Japanese folktales, with beautifully delicate illustrations.

Young, Richard. (1993). *African-American folktales for young readers: including favorite stories from African and African-American storytellers*. Little Rock: August House.
Part of the "American Storytelling" series, this book cover has a stunning illustration. There are stories about animals and trickster stories galore. Some of the stories have individual notations.

The Farmer and the Badger

Long, long ago, there lived an old farmer and his wife who had made their home in the mountains, far from any town. Their only neighbor was a bad and malicious badger. This badger used to come out every night and run across to the farmer's field and spoil the vegetables and the rice which the farmer spent his time in carefully cultivating. The badger at last grew so ruthless in his mischievous work, and did so much harm everywhere on the farm, that the good-natured farmer could not stand it any longer, and determined to put a stop to it. So he lay in wait day after day and night after night, with a big club, hoping to catch the badger, but all in vain. Then he laid traps for the wicked animal.

The farmer's trouble and patience was rewarded, for one fine day on going his rounds he found the badger caught in a hole he had dug for that purpose. The farmer was delighted at having caught his enemy, and carried him home securely bound with rope. When he reached the house the farmer said to his wife:

"I have at last caught the bad badger. You must keep an eye on him while I am out at work and not let him escape, because I want to make him into soup to-night."

Saying this, he hung the badger up to the rafters of his storehouse and went out to his work in the fields. The badger was in great distress, for he did not at all like the idea of being made into soup that night, and he thought and thought for a long time, trying to hit upon some plan by which he might escape. It was hard to think clearly in his uncomfortable position, for he had been hung upside down. Very near him, at the entrance to the storehouse, looking out towards the green fields and the trees and the pleasant sunshine, stood the farmer's old wife pounding barley. She looked tired and old. Her face was seamed with many wrinkles, and was as brown as leather, and every now and then she stopped to wipe the perspiration which rolled down her face.

"Dear lady," said the wily badger, "you must be very weary doing such heavy work in your old age. Won't you let me do that for you? My arms are very strong, and I could relieve you for a little while!"

"Thank you for your kindness," said the old woman, "but I cannot let you do this work for me because I must not untie you, for you might escape if I did and my husband would be very angry if he came home and found you gone."

Now, the badger is one of the most cunning of animals, and he said again in a very sad, gentle, voice:

"You are very unkind. You might untie me, for I promise not to try to escape. If you are afraid of your husband, I will let you bind me again before his return when I have finished pounding the barley. I am so tired and sore tied up like this. If you would only let me down for a few minutes I would indeed be thankful!"

The old woman had a good and simple nature, and could not think badly of any one. Much less did she think that the badger was only deceiving her in order to get away. She felt sorry, too, for the animal as she turned to look at him. He looked in such a sad plight hanging downwards from the ceiling by his legs, which were all tied together so tightly that the rope and the knots were cutting into the skin. So in the kindness of her heart, and believing the creature's promise that he would not run away, she untied the cord and let him down.

The old woman then gave him the wooden pestle and told him to do the work for a short time while she rested. He took the pestle, but instead of doing the work as he was told, the badger at once sprang upon the old woman and knocked her down with the heavy piece of wood. He then killed her and cut her up and made soup of her, and waited for the return of the old farmer. The old man worked hard in his fields all day, and as he worked he thought with pleasure that no more now would his labor be spoiled by the destructive badger.

Towards sunset he left his work and turned to go home. He was very tired, but the thought of the nice supper of hot badger soup awaiting his return cheered him. The thought that the badger might get free and take revenge on the poor old woman never once came into his mind.

The badger meanwhile assumed the old woman's form, and as soon as he saw the old farmer approaching came out to greet him on the veranda of the little house, saying: "So you have come back at last. I have made the badger soup and have been waiting for you for a long time."

The old farmer quickly took off his straw sandals and sat down before his tiny dinner-tray. The innocent man never even dreamed that it was not his wife but the badger who was waiting upon him, and asked at once for the soup. Then the badger suddenly transformed himself back to his natural form and cried out:

"You wife-eating old man! Look out for the bones in the kitchen!"

Laughing loudly and derisively he escaped out of the house and ran away to his den in the hills. The old man was left behind alone. He could hardly believe what he had seen and heard. Then when he understood the whole truth he was so scared and horrified that he fainted right away. After a while he came round and burst into tears. He cried loudly and bitterly. He rocked himself to and fro in his hopeless grief. It seemed too terrible to be real that his faithful old wife had been killed and cooked by the badger while he was working quietly in the fields, knowing nothing of what was going on at home, and congratulating himself on having once for all got rid of the wicked animal who had so often spoiled his fields. And oh! the horrible thought; he had very nearly drunk the soup which the creature had made of his poor old woman. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" he wailed aloud. Now, not far away there lived in the same mountain a kind, good-natured old rabbit. He heard the old man crying and sobbing and at once set out to see what was the matter, and if there was anything he could do to help his neighbor. The old man told

him all that had happened. When the rabbit heard the story he was very angry at the wicked and deceitful badger, and told the old man to leave everything to him and he would avenge his wife's death. The farmer was at last comforted, and, wiping away his tears, thanked the rabbit for his goodness in coming to him in his distress.

The rabbit, seeing that the farmer was growing calmer, went back to his home to lay his plans for the punishment of the badger.

The next day the weather was fine, and the rabbit went out to find the badger. He was not to be seen in the woods or on the hillside or in the fields anywhere, so the rabbit went to his den and found the badger hiding there, for the animal had been afraid to show himself ever since he had escaped from the farmer's house, for fear of the old man's wrath.

The rabbit called out:

"Why are you not out on such a beautiful day? Come out with me, and we will go and cut grass on the hills together."

The badger, never doubting but that the rabbit was his friend, willingly consented to go out with him, only too glad to get away from the neighborhood of the farmer and the fear of meeting him. The rabbit led the way miles away from their homes, out on the hills where the grass grew tall and thick and sweet. They both set to work to cut down as much as they could carry home, to store it up for their winter's food. When they had each cut down all they wanted they tied it in bundles and then started homewards, each carrying his bundle of grass on his back. This time the rabbit made the badger go first.

When they had gone a little way the rabbit took out a flint and steel, and, striking it over the badger's back as he stepped along in front, set his bundle of grass on fire. The badger heard the flint striking, and asked:

"What is that noise. 'Crack, crack'?"

"Oh, that is nothing." replied the rabbit; "I only said 'Crack, crack' because this mountain is called Crackling Mountain."

The fire soon spread in the bundle of dry grass on the badger's back. The badger, hearing the crackle of the burning grass, asked, "What is that?"

"Now we have come to the 'Burning Mountain,'" answered the rabbit.

By this time the bundle was nearly burned out and all the hair had been burned off the badger's back. He now knew what had happened by the smell of the smoke of the burning grass. Screaming with pain the badger ran as fast as he could to his hole. The rabbit followed and found him lying on his bed groaning with pain.

"What an unlucky fellow you are!" said the rabbit. "I can't imagine how this happened! I will bring you some medicine which will heal your back quickly!"

The rabbit went away glad and smiling to think that the punishment upon the badger had already begun. He hoped that the badger would die of his burns, for he felt that nothing could be too bad for the animal, who was guilty of murdering a poor helpless old woman who had trusted him. He went home and made an ointment by mixing some sauce and red pepper together.

He carried this to the badger, but before putting it on he told him that it would cause him great pain, but that he must bear it patiently, because it was a very wonderful medicine for burns and scalds and such wounds. The badger thanked him and begged him to apply it at once. But no language can describe the agony of the badger as soon as the red pepper had been pasted all over his sore back. He rolled over and over and howled loudly. The rabbit, looking on, felt that the farmer's wife was beginning to be avenged.

The badger was in bed for about a month; but at last, in spite of the red pepper application, his burns healed and he got well. When the rabbit saw that the badger was getting well, he thought of another plan by which he could compass the creature's death. So he went one day to pay the badger a visit and to congratulate him on his recovery. During the conversation the rabbit mentioned that he was going fishing, and described how pleasant fishing was when the weather was fine and the sea smooth.

The badger listened with pleasure to the rabbit's account of the way he passed his time now, and forgot all his pains and his month's illness, and thought what fun it would be if he could go fishing too; so he asked the rabbit if he would take him the next time he went out to fish. This was just what the rabbit wanted, so he agreed.

Then he went home and built two boats, one of wood and the other of clay. At last they were both finished, and as the rabbit stood and looked at his work he felt that all his trouble would be well rewarded if his plan succeeded, and he could manage to kill the wicked badger now.

The day came when the rabbit had arranged to take the badger fishing. He kept the wooden boat himself and gave the badger the clay boat. The badger, who knew nothing about boats, was delighted with his new boat and thought how kind it was of the rabbit to give it to him. They both got into their boats and set out. After going some distance from the shore the rabbit proposed that they should try their boats and see which one could go the quickest. The badger fell in with the proposal, and they both set to work to row as fast as they could for some time. In the middle of the race the badger found his boat going to pieces, for the water now began to soften the clay. He cried out in great fear to the rabbit to help him. But the rabbit answered that he was avenging the old woman's murder, and that this had been his intention all along, and that he was happy to think that the badger had at last met his deserts for all his evil crimes, and was to drown with no one to help him. Then he raised his oar and struck at the badger with all his strength till he fell with the sinking clay boat and was seen no more.

Thus at last he kept his promise to the old farmer. The rabbit now turned and rowed shorewards, and having landed and pulled his boat upon the beach, hurried back to tell the old farmer everything, and how the badger, his enemy, had been killed.

The old farmer thanked him with tears in his eyes. He said that till now he could never sleep at night or be at peace in the daytime, thinking of how his wife's death was unavenged, but from this time he would be able to sleep and eat as of old. He begged the rabbit to stay with him and share his home, so from this day the rabbit went to stay with the old farmer and they both lived together as good friends to the end of their days.

(From *Japanese Fairy Tales*, compiled by Yei Theodora Ozaki)

Brer Rabbit meets a Tar Baby

retold by S. E. Schlosser

Well now, that rascal Brer Fox hated Brer Rabbit on account of he was always cutting capers and bossing everyone around. So Brer Fox decided to capture and kill Brer Rabbit if it was the last thing he ever did! He thought and he thought until he came up with a plan. He would make a tar baby! Brer Fox went and got some tar and he mixed it with some turpentine and he sculpted it into the figure of a cute little baby. Then he stuck a hat on the Tar Baby and sat her in the middle of the road.

Brer Fox hid himself in the bushes near the road and he waited and waited for Brer Rabbit to come along. At long last, he heard someone whistling and chuckling to himself, and he knew that Brer Rabbit was coming up over the hill. As he reached the top, Brer Rabbit spotted the cute little Tar Baby. Brer Rabbit was surprised. He stopped and stared at this strange creature. He had never seen anything like it before!

"Good Morning," said Brer Rabbit, doffing his hat. "Nice weather we're having."

The Tar Baby said nothing. Brer Fox laid low and grinned an evil grin.

Brer Rabbit tried again. "And how are you feeling this fine day?"

The Tar Baby, she said nothing. Brer Fox grinned an evil grin and lay low in the bushes. Brer Rabbit frowned. This strange creature was not very polite. It was beginning to make him mad.

"Ahem!" said Brer Rabbit loudly, wondering if the Tar Baby were deaf. "I said 'HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING?'"

The Tar Baby said nothing. Brer Fox curled up into a ball to hide his laughter. His plan was working perfectly!

"Are you deaf or just rude?" demanded Brer Rabbit, losing his temper. "I can't stand folks that are stuck up! You take off that hat and say 'Howdy-do' or I'm going to give you such a lickin'!"

The Tar Baby just sat in the middle of the road looking as cute as a button and saying nothing at all. Brer Fox rolled over and over under the bushes, fit to bust because he didn't dare laugh out loud.

"I'll learn ya!" Brer Rabbit yelled. He took a swing at the cute little Tar Baby and his paw got stuck in the tar.

"Lemme go or I'll hit you again," shouted Brer Rabbit. The Tar Baby, she said nothing.

"Fine! Be that way," said Brer Rabbit, swinging at the Tar Baby with his free paw. Now both his paws were stuck in the tar, and Brer Fox danced with glee behind the bushes. "I'm gonna kick the stuffin' out of you," Brer Rabbit said and pounced on the Tar Baby with both feet. They sank deep into the Tar Baby. Brer Rabbit was so furious he head-butted the cute little creature until he was completely covered with tar and unable to move.

Brer Fox leapt out of the bushes and strolled over to Brer Rabbit. "Well, well, what have we here?" he asked, grinning an evil grin.

Brer Rabbit gulped. He was stuck fast. He did some fast thinking while Brer Fox rolled about on the road, laughing himself sick over Brer Rabbit's dilemma.

"I've got you this time, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox, jumping up and shaking off the dust.

"You've sassed me for the very last time. Now I wonder what I should do with you?"

Brer Rabbit's eyes got very large. "Oh please Brer Fox, whatever you do, please don't throw me into the briar patch."

"Maybe I should roast you over a fire and eat you," mused Brer Fox. "No, that's too much trouble. Maybe I'll hang you instead."

"Roast me! Hang me! Do whatever you please," said Brer Rabbit. "Only please, Brer Fox, please don't throw me into the briar patch."

"If I'm going to hang you, I'll need some string," said Brer Fox. "And I don't have any string handy. But the stream's not far away, so maybe I'll drown you instead."

"Drown me! Roast me! Hang me! Do whatever you please," said Brer Rabbit. "Only please, Brer Fox, please don't throw me into the briar patch."

"The briar patch, eh?" said Brer Fox. "What a wonderful idea! You'll be torn into little pieces!"

Grabbing up the tar-covered rabbit, Brer Fox swung him around and around and then flung him head over heels into the briar patch. Brer Rabbit let out such a scream as he fell that all of Brer Fox's fur stood straight up. Brer Rabbit fell into the briar bushes with a crash and a mighty thump. Then there was silence.

Brer Fox cocked one ear toward the briar patch, listening for whimpers of pain. But he heard nothing. Brer Fox cocked the other ear toward the briar patch, listening for Brer Rabbit's death rattle. He heard nothing.

Then Brer Fox heard someone calling his name. He turned around and looked up the hill. Brer Rabbit was sitting on a log combing the tar out of his fur with a wood chip and looking smug.

"I was bred and born in the briar patch, Brer Fox," he called. "Born and bred in the briar patch."

And Brer Rabbit skipped away as merry as a cricket while Brer Fox ground his teeth in rage and went home.

Brer Rabbit Fools Sis Cow

Now Brer Rabbit was skipping down the road one day heading for his home in the briar patch when he spotted Sis Cow grazing in the field. It was a mighty hot day and Brer Rabbit was thirsty. Some milk would be real fine on such a warm afternoon, but Sis Cow always refused to let Brer Rabbit milk her when he asked. So Brer Rabbit thought up a plan.

"Howdy Sis Cow," said Brer Rabbit, walking up to her in the field.

"Howdy yourself, Brer Rabbit," said Sis Cow. "How are your folks?"

"Fair to middling," said Brer Rabbit. "How is Brer Bull?"

"So-so," replied Sis Cow.

"I'm wondering if you could help me out," Brer Rabbit said to Sis Cow. "I'd like to get some persimmons down out of that tree, but it's too high for me to climb." He pointed over to a nearby persimmon tree.

"I ain't no good at climbing myself," said Sis Cow dubiously.

"I don't need for you to climb," said Brer Rabbit. "Just butt your head against the tree a few times, and the persimmons will all fall down."

Sis Cow considered this a moment, and then she agreed. Sis Cow backed up a bit and ran at the tree with her horns down. BANG! She butted the tree as hard as she could. But the persimmons were still green and none of them fell down. So Sis Cow backed up again and ran at the tree with her horns down. SMACK! She butted the tree as hard as she could. And her large horns got stuck in the tree. She pulled and tugged, but her horns were held fast.

"Help me out, Brer Rabbit," Sis Cow pleaded.

"I can't climb up that high," said Brer Rabbit. "But I'll run and fetch Brer Bull."

So saying, the rascally Brer Rabbit ran home to fetch his Missus and all of the kids. They brought a mighty big pail to the field and they milked the trapped Sis Cow until not a drop of milk was left. Sis Cow was pretty sore at Brer Rabbit. She kept pulling and tugging, but she couldn't get free.

"I'll come back tomorrow for more milk," Brer Rabbit said. "Seeing as you're probably stuck 'til daybreak."

Brer Rabbit and his family left the field with their big pail of milk, leaving Sis Cow trapped in the tree. Well, Sis Cow, she tugged and tugged, trying to free her horns from the tree. It took her near 'til morning, but finally she broke loose. Once she was free, she had a quick graze of the green grass to calm herself down. As she ate, she made a plan to revenge herself on Brer Rabbit for his nasty trick

As soon as it was daybreak, Sis Cow put her head down and stuck her horns back into the holes she had made in the tree, pretending she was still stuck. Now Brer Rabbit had come early to the field and had seen Sis Cow grazing as free as you please, so he knew she was up to something when she put her horns back in the tree. He decided to play along with her game for a while to see what she was up to.

Quick as a wink, Brer Rabbit went back down the road and came clippity-lippity, hippity-hoppity down the road, singing as loud as you please. "How are you feeling this morning, Sis Cow?" asked Brer Rabbit when he reached the field.

"Poorly, Brer Rabbit," said Sis Cow slyly. "I've been stuck here all night. But if you grab my tail, you can help pull me out."

Oh ho, thought Brer Rabbit to himself. She means to trample me. Aloud he said: "I'm a puny ol' man Sis Cow. If I pull your tail, I might get crushed. So this is as close to you as I'm going to get!"

Well, Sis Cow was furious that her plan hadn't work. She pulled her horns out of the tree lickety-split and started chasing that rascally Brer Rabbit down the road.

Brer Rabbit ran as fast as lightning. He reached the Briar Patch well ahead of Sis Cow and threw himself into the brambles. He watched Sis Cow sail passed his hiding spot. Then she stopped because her quarry had disappeared. She looked around, trying to locate him.

Brer Rabbit chuckled to himself. He folded back his long ears, made his eyes extra wide, and then peered out of a shady corner of the Briar Patch, pretending to be Brer Big Eyes.

"What are you doing Sis Cow?" he asked in a high-pitched voice quite unlike his own.

"I'm looking for Brer Rabbit, Brer Big Eyes," said Sis Cow, who did not recognize the trickster rabbit in the dim light of dawn.

"He jest ran passed lickety-split," Brer Rabbit lied.

That was all Sis Cow needed to hear. She gave a bellow of rage, lowered her horns, and ran on down the road.

Brer Rabbit, he just laughed and laughed, rolling about among the briars. He had fooled Brer Fox and Brer Buzzard in the past, and now he had fooled Sis Cow. He was a real rascal, no mistake!

Humming happily to himself, Brer Rabbit went home to have a big drink of milk, courtesy of Sis Cow

Student Name _____
Period: _____

Collaboration Rubric

This is what you will be graded on for group discussions

4 - Thorough Understanding

- Consistently and actively works toward group goals.
- Is sensitive to the feelings and learning needs of group members.
- Willingly accepts and fulfills individual role within the group.
- Consistently and actively contributes knowledge, opinions, and skills.
- Values the knowledge, opinion and skills of all group members encouraging their contribution.

3 - Good Understanding

- Works toward group goals without prompting.
- Accepts and fulfills individual role within the group.
- Shows sensitivity to the feelings of others.

2 - Satisfactory Understanding

- Works toward group goals with occasional prompting.
- Contributes to the group with occasional prompting.
- Shows some sensitivity to the feelings of others.

1 - Needs Improvement

- Doesn't work toward group goals.
- Participates only when prompted.
- Needs reminders to be sensitive to the feelings of others.

TRICKSTER TALES

COMPARE – AND – CONTRAST CHART

Name: _____

Date: _____

Characteristics	Stories Being Compared	

Conclusions
