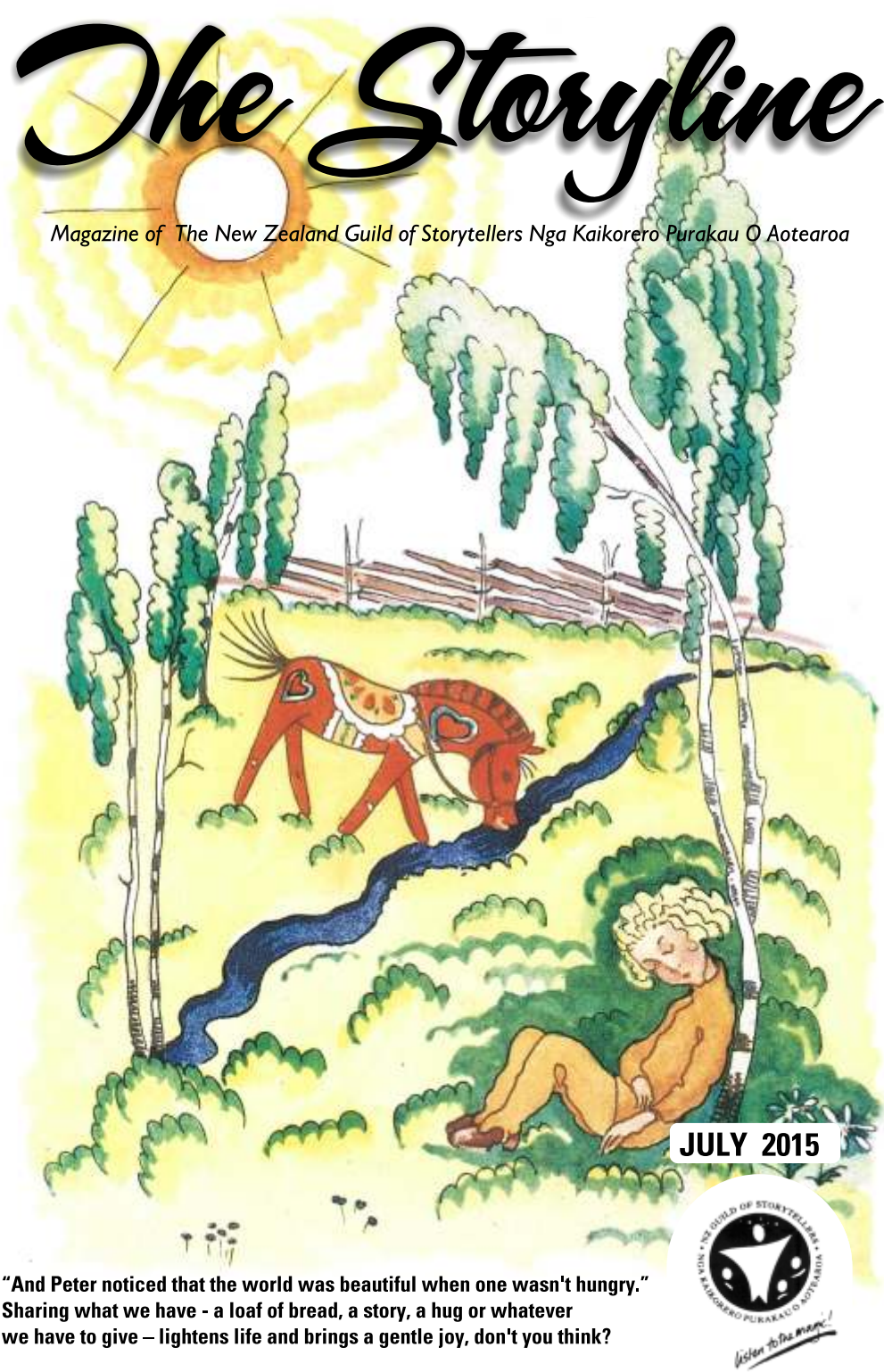


# The Storyline

Magazine of The New Zealand Guild of Storytellers Nga Kaikorero Purakau O Aotearoa



JULY 2015

"And Peter noticed that the world was beautiful when one wasn't hungry."  
Sharing what we have - a loaf of bread, a story, a hug or whatever  
we have to give - lightens life and brings a gentle joy, don't you think?



# Editorial

Greetings!

Some time ago I read in one of those mailbox catalogues about a machine called Watts tape to digital converter. Now I have one and it is quite amazing.

With the help of a very helpful young man at Harvey Norman's I got it established on my laptop. Most of you maybe could do it yourself but I need help with technology.

Calm, understanding, patient help that doesn't make me feel inept.

What it does is transfer my old-fashioned cassette taped stories onto my laptop as things called MP3's. I have a lot of them. Cassettes, I mean. THEN, the same young man having helped me establish a system to burn them onto CD's as Audio CD's, I can transfer them onto a modern CD. Then I can play them in my car, on my laptop, on my CD player and I can lend them to my friends.

I have 24 plus completed and lots more waiting with their blank CD's and their photocopied jackets to be copied in their turn. That is amazing as it takes me a whole evening, nearly, for each one.

Now here is the wonder of it, though.

I am listening daily to this wide range of top tellers and not only remembering stories I had mislaid in the depths of my soul but also recalling memories of experiences I had laid away.

Yesterday I was listening to the enchanting and crazy tales of Chuck Larkin. Last edition of Storyline I gave you some of his printed wisdom. I met Chuck way back when I was touring the east side of the USA with Colleen Sutherland, a teller from Wisconsin. I had heard him at Jonesborough but now I was staying in his home. He was nearing his dying time and preparing for it. He was amazed that I had to hump my suitcase and gave me the one I use to this day – with wheels and a handle.

Unless it falls apart it is the one I will take always as it has deep, beautiful memories of a storyteller who gave so much laughter and deep wisdom in his living days.

Of course it also recalled the adventures I had



with Colleen as we told tales down that side of the USA and visited amazing places. Davy Crockett places, a storyteller living in an incredible home he and his wife had built from a hay silo and a school which had booked me to tell two sessions but expressed some doubts to Colleen. It was a church school and they had got the idea from my profile on our first Guild web site that I dabbled in the occult. "What?" "Well, there is a moving spider in a web as a motif."

I hadn't even known it was there. Well, they accepted that and I told and they loved it.

I think I also told you, dear Barbara Rhodes, or is this the first you knew?

You see Barbara designed our first web site and she thought a spider and web like that was great for the Dreamweaver. Well, it was but how were we to know how it would be seen way over there in eastern USA?

Then today it was Ed Stivender who came to Glistening Waters about 1994. This was a live recording from Jonesborough in 1990. He has been a vibrant friend ever since I organised that visit and I joyfully connect with him and his mad, delightful stories every October. At Jonesborough he organizes the Sunday afternoon open session in front of the Town Hall. Our gorgeous Antoinette told at it last year - a memorable experience.

Listening to Ed brought back the memory of the time I went to a festival down in Orange County with Diane Ferlatte. She had brightly announced that she had arranged for me to take a morning workshop on the art of storytelling from a Kiwi's

perspective. This was two days before it was to happen. Protests did me no good as she just announced I was quite capable of doing it off the top of my head. Ha!

Then I was to tell 3 stories at the Saturday night showcase where Ed Stivender would MC.

The glory of that memory was Ed introducing me and saying that I was from NZ, the land that had first given women the vote, that had all 5 top positions held by women (that was when Helen Clark was Prime Minister), and that had banned nuclear weapons. At that moment that whole huge audience stood and cheered.

Mind you, it meant I had something to live up to then, didn't I?

And so the memories keep coming and the stories, rhymes and songs are remembered and, hopefully, my skills are being enhanced.

It does concern me sometimes when I hear people thinking that they can just pop out a story ready to tell a few days before a programme.

Actually, it takes many hours of preparation and refining. Not all just sitting down and studying, but many hours of looking, listening, going over the tale and polishing it. Adding, taking away, testing, comparing, discussing it with others, trying it out and more.

And even then, I find, that just sometimes I offer it to an audience and suddenly know that will be the only outing it will have through my mouth.

Just doesn't ring for me with living listeners.

*Liz Miller*

[lizm@xtra.co.nz](mailto:lizm@xtra.co.nz)

I couldn't resist putting this in. My friend, Seona, just emailed it to me.

"Love comes out to greet you, wearing the form that will be most meaningful to you at the time. In my case it was our precious dog, and yes, dogs have souls - Plato knew it and so did Saint Augustine, along with most other true saints and sages."

Jan Price NDE experiencer

## IN A NEAT LITTLE HOLE

In a neat little hole  
Dug deep in the ground  
A plump old dwarf  
Could oft be found.

For there in the hole  
He'd made a neat house  
And in a box by the fire  
He kept a pet mouse.

The two were contented  
In the home they had made  
And they walked in the evenings  
In a woodland glade.

And when the dwarf's friends  
Dropped by for a chat  
They liked to tell stories  
In a ring on the mat.

The dwarfs told tales  
Of the gold they had found  
As they dug and they searched  
In the depth of the ground.

The dwarfs told tales  
Of the humans they'd tricked,  
Of the gems they had gathered  
And the monsters they'd licked.

Then they feasted on berries  
And honey sweetened dew  
I wish I could join them –  
I do, don't you?

Liz Miller

# President's Report *July 2015*

Winter is well and truly here, down here in Southland, and with it the hot soup, warm fires and long evenings.

The Invercargill Public Library has recently held two Matariki sessions – one for adults looking at the astronomical and Maori perspectives, and a children's storytelling session. The children made a Matariki constellation-in-a-jar complete with candle and then, with the lights turned out and only the stars-in-the jar a-twinkling, a local primary school teacher told of how the stars came to be in the sky.

My extended family and I attended both these sessions and they prompted quite a discussion of how this time of year, for Maori as for many traditional societies, is a time to celebrate the harvest, rest and learn new skills as they waited out the colder weather. We also noted how, in today's increasingly busy world, we no longer use this seasonal mid-point to gather with extended family to reflect, educate, celebrate and pass on the stories, as would have happened. And aren't we, as a society, the poorer for that? Let's celebrate Matariki and share our family's stories and skills – what a wonderful tradition.

Liz and I are preparing for our annual series of storytelling in schools around Invercargill – Liz has been doing this for 22 years now, and I have been lucky enough to join with her (when I can get away from my teaching commitments) for the past 3 years. Each year we have been refining how we do this and which stories we can do in tandem. This year we have a new microphone system with two headsets so it is exciting to see how this technology will impact on the way we are able to interact to make our telling even more fun and memorable.

Keep warm, keep smiling and keep sharing your stories.

Happy telling, all.

*Tania Faulkner-McKenzie*  
andrewtania@hotmail.com



## **I GOT ME A CAT**

Traditional

I got me a cat,  
my cat pleased me,  
I fed my cat under yonder tree,  
and the cat said  
"Fiddle I-fee."

I got me a dog,  
my dog pleased me,  
I fed my dog under yonder tree  
and the dog said "woof"  
and the cat said  
"Fiddle I-fee."

I got me a pig,  
and my pig pleased me,  
I fed my pig under yonder tree  
and the pig said "Grunt"  
and the dog said "Woof"  
and the cat said  
"Fiddle I-fee."

I got me a goat  
and my goat pleased me,  
I fed my goat under yonder tree  
and the goat said "Maa"  
and the pig said "Grunt"  
and the dog said "Woof"  
and the cat said  
"Fiddle I-fee."

(Keep adding animals)

We find using such rhymes between stories gives a change of focus, movement, and prepares for the next story. Liz



# Editor's Report

We still need to have you all contributing to make this a representative magazine.

Thank you so much to those who contributed to this issue.

Feedback about what you would like to see in the newsletter would be helpful, too.

**We decided not to race about finding extra pieces to fill the pages.**

This magazine may be quite slim unless many of you have sent in your contributions.

DEADLINE for next issue is **mid-September**. I have to have it ready to mail before I fly to USA so I will be pushing you all.

# Secretary Report

We have 34 members. 3 live in the USA, 1 in the UK, 5 group memberships.

This means just 25 individual memberships in NZ.

We welcome back a member from the past. It is so good to have Yonan "John" Calermbo as a member again and he is so very glad, too.

We have lost another group member as I had a message that the Tauranga Group has folded. That is very sad. But Penny is going to stay on as an individual member which is great.

It makes it more important that we all take part.

Remember all members have a personal code for our website so you can just go in and use it.

If you are unsure how to add your profile, an event or anything else you can send it to our webmaster, Hemi, and he will do it.

Things you can do on the website:

- Create a storytelling profile to advertise your storytelling services.
- Add your profile as a member interested in this amazing art.
- Post ideas, news and stories.
- Post upcoming events.

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To login go to [storytelling.org.nz](http://storytelling.org.nz) and click the yellow "Member Login" button in the bottom right corner of the website.

We also have a more direct login – [www.storytelling.nz](http://www.storytelling.nz)

Then follow the instructions. If you have forgotten your password click the request for a new one.

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Have a question or need help? Simply email the site administrator at: [hemi.ruatoto@gmail.com](mailto:hemi.ruatoto@gmail.com)

A web-site is only as effective as the members make it. We cannot make up things to add to it.

Some of our members have not posted their profile at all. Why?

Even just your name and what and where you tell or listen will at least let people know we don't only have the few members listed.

Also, there must be someone among our members who could post a story on the web-site?

PLEASE!

# Treasurer's Report

At 17th June we had \$7358.30

Does anyone know who A F Simpson is as that name paid \$25 into our account in February but we have no idea who it may be as there has been no form or email to inform us and the bank cannot tell us even in which branch it was banked.

STILL HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THIS.

There must be someone out there wondering why we haven't sent them a receipt or a magazine or anything. Have you heard anyone complaining?

READ THIS AND COME UP WITH AN IDEA, PLEASE

Your president and I have been discussing the fact that we have that amazing gift from Glistening Waters funds when they folded.

We have an idea that perhaps we could offer a sum to assist two or three members to attend the Southern Arts Festival programme here in Invercargill next May/June, 2016.

Celebrate Story Committee of the Southland Committee of the NZ Literacy Association brings two international tellers each year and we would love to find a way to share that experience.

If we do decide it is feasible we need to decide three things. How many can we fund, how much each can we offer and how do we choose?

Ideas, please.

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## From Auckland

Unfortunately David, Storyweaver, Guthrie has died.

Sad, sad news from Margaret Blay.

She and Nick Oram will prepare an obituary for the next issue as this one is too soon to do him credit.

She says she got a couple of emails from him several weeks ago saying he was in hospital with something wrong with his immune system. He wasn't able to write but had a machine that allowed him to dictate into a computer.

Then she got a phone message from his wife Barbara on Thursday night to say he had died earlier in the week.

She went to the funeral at the Cathedral. His granddaughter spoke about his snail stories, which she'd been looking forward to hearing about.

"David had retired from storytelling some months ago to concentrate on writing. He told us some very interesting stuff one night at my place about an Anglican working group which had conceived a new universal set of festivals at the solstices and equinoxes - winter or summer solstice the Festival of Home and Family or words to that effect, perhaps not all that universal, I don't suppose everyone celebrates these things at that time.

Dear friends

Those who knew David Guthrie will have loved his wonderful quirky stories with wee characters like snails having all sorts of adventures. He also had a deep philosophical and spiritual side which showed in his wise stories for adults - and his beautiful writing about the Bible, putting the familiar into unfamiliar contexts e.g. the chronological order in which the bible books were written - and David's studies on these e.g. for Lent.

We have met for years, David, Margaret Blay, Nicholas Oram and many others, as the Auckland Story tellers. His supportive, careful comments helped us all to grow and develop in our story telling.

Yes, David, you will be sorely missed . And arms around Barbara your wife at this sad loss and sudden loneliness.

Hugs and prayers from  
*Antoinette Everts*

There will be other members who were touched by David's life and his stories.  
It would be good if you, too, could send your memories.

In October 2010, David, who had not been a member for very long, bravely stepped in to accept the role of President of our Guild as we were tottering on the brink of collapse.  
Some believed we should wind up but enough thought we could keep our heads above water.  
It was a phone AGM, as they are nowadays, and there were 7 members present.  
People like David and Tania and Antoinette stepped up and we took all the steps needed to keep afloat.  
Maybe, when Margaret and Nick send their formal obituary for next issue I should re-publish David's first President's piece for our magazine?  
David held that role for one year and it was a watershed year, indeed.

# Regional News

## News from The Wairarapa

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I am hoping that now I have finished 'the novel' I will soon have more exciting news to report from our lovely valley.

Today though, I write with the sad news that Colin Scadden died recently. Those of you who have attended Glistening Waters may remember Colin who usually featured in the New Zealand section with his funny folk tales of early New Zealand. He always had a twinkle in his eye as he recalled people in the 1800s being diddled of their money and time in the 'Gold Rush of the Tararuas,' or the woman who owned her own mine on the West Coast and wore out many husbands in her quest for gold.

I wish I had listened more often to Colin's stories so that I could give you a clearer picture of them today.  
As I said, I have finished writing the novel after all these years... and am hoping it will be published by October. Watch this space.

*Gaye Sutton*

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A man whose axe was missing suspected his neighbour's son.  
The boy walked like a thief, looked like a thief, and spoke like a thief.  
But the man found his axe while digging in the valley,  
and the next time he saw his neighbour's son, the boy walked, looked  
and spoke like any other child.

*Traditional German*

## *News from Canterbury*

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Otautahi Story Circle is moving!

A big thanks to the lovely folks from the Avon Loop Community Cottage for their wonderful hospitality over the last two years. We will be gathering at the Sydenham Room, South Library, 66 Colombo Street, Beckenham - still every third Wednesday of the month from 7.30pm. Please let your friends and family know and we'd love to see you for a friendly, relaxed evening of exploring stories and their application to life, community and more.

Each month we explore a new theme and invite contributions from throughout the community.

Thank you to Regi and all...

A huge thanks to our wonderful guest, Regi Carpenter from the US, for stopping off at Christchurch on her way to the Southland Arts Festival. And also many thanks to the Southland storytellers for sharing her with us. We had a wonderful time with Regi. On her first day she stepped almost straight off the plane and into a workshop on storytelling for children. This popular workshop delighted everyone who attended, with attendees reporting they put her ideas into practice immediately the next day with great results. The next day Regi also had the Canterbury TV staff in hysterics with her dog walking story followed by a delightful interview. Not to rest, that evening she enchanted a full house at Orange Studio with tales of growing up in Clayton, on the St Lawrence River in up-state New York. Thank you to everyone who worked hard to create such a successful series of events. Regi sparked some wonderful ideas for the future.

Keep an eye out for...

In the Spring we will be offering Tales Trails - a short walking journey interweaving place, biography and storytelling through a small part of the Christchurch Red Zone. And there will be another variety night at the end of October sharing stories of many shapes and forms from established and emerging artists.

*Sharon Moreham*

## *Events in Southland*

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The James Hargest Trust in Invercargill has given our Southland Committee of the NZLA a grant which means Tania and I are able to offer up to 30 story sessions to pre-schools. I have presented two and the first one made me very sure that we need to be crystal clear that they should only bring children about 3-5 years, but the real criteria is children who are ready to listen for the given time. The adults had agreed but at the last minute decided they didn't want the tiny ones to "miss out" and everyone was sad, because the session was disjointed due to disruption from little ones.

Most of the sessions will be presented in the 4th term and maybe the 1st term in 2016

## *Information and Requests*

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Recently both Tania and Liz have been asked to tell stories for Matariki.

Neither of us has any and we wondered if anyone of you have any you would be willing to share. Please?

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Dear Liz,

I am wondering whether you can let all our storytelling friends in NZ know about the 35th International IBBY (International Board on Books for Young People) Congress to be held in Auckland from the 18th-21st

August, 2016 and their website can be found at <http://www.ibbycongress2016.org/> Storytelling and storytellers have always played a large role in the life of IBBY (International Board on Books for Young People), especially in the Asian Oceania Region. Submissions are currently being received from the 1st May - 30th September, 2015 and you have some wonderful tellers, so I am hoping that the NZ storytelling community will come to the fore and ensure their stories have a prominent place at this Congress - the first of its kind to be held in this part of the southern hemisphere. The call for presentations can be found at: <http://ibbycongress2016.org/theme.html>

Hoping all is well in your world - while no longer on the committee of the Storytelling Guild in WA, I do convene our monthly story sharing get-togethers, and our flame is beginning to burn more brightly as Jesse Williamson our President works hard to get the Story Circuit established.

Cheerio for now  
Jenni  
Jenni Woodroffe  
Vice President/Secretary  
IBBY Australia

Jenni was one of the Australian storytellers who came and told at the first Glistening Waters Festival in 1992 and has stayed connected across the airwaves.

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## **Aesthetica Creative Writing Award 2015: Call for Entries**

We thought some of you may like to know about this award.

The Aesthetica Creative Writing Award is open for entries. Now in its eighth year, the Prize is an internationally renowned award presented by Aesthetica Magazine that enables emerging and established writers to showcase their work to new, international audiences.

Judged by industry experts it awards £500 to each winner in Short Fiction and Poetry as well as publication in the Aesthetica Creative Writing Annual, a compelling anthology of new writing. There are two categories for entry: Short Fiction (maximum length 2,000 words each) and Poetry (maximum length 40 lines each).

Deadline for submissions is 31 August 2015. To enter, visit [www.aestheticamagazine.com/creativewriting](http://www.aestheticamagazine.com/creativewriting)

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## *Contributions*

Cover Story:

The next morning they came to a little house. The woman inside, who was busy baking bread, called out the window to them:

"Wait a while."

After a time she came out with a big loaf of fresh bread that was still warm. She handed it to Peter saying, "This is a custom here," as though she should apologise for giving him the bread. Peter had nothing against this custom since he was very hungry. The woman looked at the pony and said, "You two must be from the circus."

Peter nodded in agreement since he couldn't speak with a mouth full of bread.

Afterward they rested in a happy birch grove by a friendly brook, and they stayed there until evening.

And Peter noticed that the world was beautiful when one wasn't hungry.

From *Das Rote Pferd* (The Red Pony) by Elsa Moeschlin

# Spring Newsletter 2015

Welcome everybody,  
The daffodils have come and gone but the frogs are here singing us into summer.  
I've just returned from the Teller in Residence program in Jonesborough, Tennessee. I was excited to premier two new stories, An Unusual Look at Emily Dickinson and Don Quixote and my Daughter Laura. They're both stories of people with very big hearts and imaginations. If imagination is pushed to the sidelines then it's difficult to find political solutions other than war. I'm speaking not just about our culture but all cultures. We can imagine ourselves to a better world.

Linda and I visited our son, Ted and daughter-in-law, Kim Hubbard in Silver Spring, Maryland. It was a joy to be with them. We got to tour National

Geographic where Kim is a Photography Editor and spent some leisurely time at their beautiful new home. The meals were wonderful and I got a chance to cook popovers to welcome in a bright Sunday morning.



Popovers

A highlight of a very intense winter was seeing our daughter, Laura, who is an interpreter for the Deaf, standing beside the governor on the television news as he talked about the snow emergency. Later in the evening we'd watch the national news and there was Laura and the governor. What fun!

Very best,  
Jay O'Callahan

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## THE BIG STORIES AND THE LITTLE STORIES

Increasingly I feel caught between what is the dominant story of our time and the stories that my 'practice wisdom' as a storyteller, a counsellor and social worker, a wife, mother and grandmother have taught me. I think of myself as living between the BIG story and the Little story. The BIG story is one of brilliant success, how our economy is growing, how brilliant our Prime Minister and Finance Minister were to get us through the world economic crisis so well. How many jobs have been created and so on. The little story is almost invisible it's so tiny and tells of child poverty, lack of funding for government departments and worries about the way mental health patients are going to be treated under the new business model.

So, last week when I received a call from an old friend and colleague who is now the trustee of a large organisation wanting to know if I could do 'something' to present storytelling at their

convention in a session titled, 'Engaging, Informing and Inspiring Others, Using Storytelling.' of course I agreed. Isn't storytelling all of those things? Wouldn't I have only to tell a story and their people would be engaged, informed and inspired? Now, I need to stress here that I don't know, yet, what this organisation does, nor what is its purpose, so I am not casting aspersions. I mention them only because they are half of the reason I came to have this conversation with myself.

The other part was an email from Karen Chace (you can find her by googling Catch the Story Bug). Karen's an American storyteller with enormous talents. She has won a Master's Award in Storytelling and has a blog with 250,000 likes and follows. She was emailing to advise that she was republishing an article I wrote, in 2012, for her blog. And, please note everyone that she is calling for more guests to celebrate her 250,000th liker. So get writing.



I'm not sure if I wrote to Storylines at the time about the honour of having my article published by Karen (I'm sure I would have, I'm such a show pony,) but it's a story of my experience working with a group of women, addicted to drug and alcohol, in a community social service. The work I did with story seemed very successful. Two mythical stories and the 'talk' they engendered, engaged, informed and inspired the women in this group, known as 'the chronics,' to be able to see the difference between spirituality and religiosity in a way that allowed them to use the 12 step programme and go to AA meetings. They began to support each other by using the characters and the stories to inspire them in conversations when sobriety was challenged. Their conversation deepened and became less superficial. They became a community of people, caring for each other and aiming to be a sober community. What I didn't mention in the story I wrote then was, even although they were successful for several weeks, none having been sober for longer than a fortnight prior to this, the DHB who funded the programme decided that storytelling was an activity not an evidence - based treatment and closed me down in favour of a structured cognitive programme of the type many of them had failed before. Nothing I said could make a difference because they didn't consider storytelling to be evidence-based. I could only hope the inspiration of the archetypal goddesses they met, through story, stayed with them for the duration of their evidence- based journey and beyond. The BIG story in the story I've just told is a story that people are responsible for themselves and should be able to change their behaviours to a formula at low-budget cost. The Little story is what was working for the women.

Another incident in this same week also illustrates my point. My grandson's teacher asked me to tell some stories to her class. I love to do this as it gives me a special place in my grandchildren's lives. I agreed, of course. BUT when we went to organise a time she was careful to impress on me the shortage of time, these days, as they try to keep up with the demands of National Standards. She is caught between those stories too. She thinks children need to know, learn from, in fact, the old traditional fairy tales and folk tales but is also caught in the story told by our education policy makers that getting children ready to meet assessments is achieved only by following a set curriculum, never mind all the extra paperwork this requires of her. It seems that everyone is caught into a story of 'so much to do and so little time' as workplaces are streamlined, more and more measurements required, while staff are disposed of, meaning there is twice as much to do for those left, which brings me to another story. The BIG story says constantly, that taxes should be lower, public services should be leaner, government shouldn't intervene too much in our lives, that we will all be better off as this improves our economy. But as unemployment and poverty grow and working conditions worsen, another Little story develops under the BIG story. The terrible story of Whanganui and the mother who was discharged without conviction because she was 'selflessly giving to her community,' is another illustration. The sentence she is serving will be far harsher than any the Justice Dept could mete out. But what about the Little story? The one that raises questions like: why are people working so hard in our DHBs? Why are we expecting people responsible for keeping others alive to finish work at 12.30 one morning and return to work at 7.30a.m.? How can anyone work such

hours and carry so much responsibility without tragic consequences? Who decides that the system will work this way? What stories engage, inform and inspire them? How come we are not asking these questions as a nation and why are we seeing people losing their jobs for just that? I could go on and on and on... I am inclined to as

you may have noticed. But what I am worrying about is what does it means to show people how to Engage, Inform and Inspire Others Using Storytelling without asking the question, 'what stories are they telling and for whose benefit?'  
*Gaye Sutton*

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Elephants are super smart - as close to humans as apes, yet we are literally killing them to extinction.

And they are obsessed with their death. They understand what is happening to them and their families, even identifying elephant bones and spending hours crying over them. Poaching is so emotionally devastating that it can take a herd 20 years to recover!

100 elephants a day are dying - shot sometimes from helicopters, their faces cut off by machetes often while still alive - just to produce ivory trinkets. What's worse is that this savagery is

managed by organised criminals who help fund some of the most dangerous terror groups in the world.

But now there's reason to hope: China just announced it will phase out its ivory industry and there is legislation in fifteen US states calling for a ban on ivory trading. It's a tipping point moment in this fight for these majestic animals and we can make sure demand everywhere dries up by funding a flood of campaigns in the US, Thailand and Vietnam to kill the biggest ivory markets anywhere.

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## *The Cleaning Poem*

I asked the Lord to tell me  
Why my house is such a mess.  
He asked if I'd been 'computerizing',  
And I had to answer 'yes.'  
He told me to get off my fanny,  
And tidy up the house.  
And so I started cleaning up...  
The smudges off my mouse.  
  
I wiped and shined the topside.  
That really did the trick...  
I was just admiring my good work.  
I didn't mean to 'click.'

But click, I did, and oops - I found  
A real absorbing site  
That I got SO way into it...  
I was into it all night.

Nothing's changed except my mouse.  
It's very, very shiny.  
I guess my house will stay a mess...  
While I sit here on my hiney.

Doreen McBride sent this in.

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Some old men came to see Abba Poeman, and said to him: "Tell us, when we see brothers dozing during the sacred office, should we pinch them so they will stay awake?"  
The old man said to them: "Actually, if I saw a brother sleeping, I would put his head on my knees and let him rest."

*Desert Fathers*



Erik Pearson on banjo and guitar

Diane Ferlatte

## *The Horned Animals' Party*

A story from Antigua (British West Indies)

\* audience claps twice

You know, there's nothing like a good party. Everyone likes a good party.

Well, it happened one time that all the horned animals decided they were going to have a party, but only the animals who had horns could come.

Well, pretty soon the word started spreading around about that party.

(sing)

Party\*, party\*

Did you hear about the party\*, party\*,

Party over here, party over there,

Party over here, party over there,

Party\*, party\*,

Party\*, party\*.

Pretty soon everybody heard about that party, even Bro'-dog and Bro'-cat. And they wanted to go.

But how could they go? They didn't have any horns.

Well, Bro'-dog, he thought high and he thought low.

(sing)

He thought high  
and he thought low.  
He thought high

and he thought low.

Finally he thought of a way they could go. What they did, they slipped on over to the graveyard and they dug up a goat's horn, and ol Bro'-dog, he said,

"Woof, I'll wear the horns one half of the night, you wear the horns the other half of the night, that way we'll both get to the party!"

Bro'-cat said, "Sounds pretty good to me!"

Well, the next night they slipped on over to where the party was going to be and hid themselves in the bushes and laid low. Bro'-dog, he slipped the horns on first and said, "I'll go in for a few minutes, then come out, and let you go in."

"That's fine with me."

Old Bro'-dog, he headed on up to the door and knocked (knocking sound), and they let him in.

Ooohhh, it was horns for days, and plenty of food, plenty to drink, and the best musicians and the best drummer. Bro'-dog couldn't believe it. He headed right over to the food. He started eating and eating, and had him something to drink. Pretty soon he started dancing and singing.

Ooohhh, he was having a good time.

Aboon da, aboon da,  
Aboon da, tara boon da  
Woof, aboon da, aboon da  
Aboon da, tara boon da

Woof, aboon,da aboon da

Ah, he was having a good time. And you know how it is when you are at a good party, you don't think about leaving, do you? Bro'-dog didn't give Bro'cat a second thought. He just kept on dancing and singing.

(dance and sing)

Aboon da, aboon da,  
Aboon da, tara boon da  
Aboon da, aboon da

Aboon da, tara boon da

Well, there was Bro'cat out side saying to himself, "I wonder where Bro'dog is. He should have been here a long time ago. Well, I guess he'll be here in a minute."

Do you think Bro'dog was giving him a second thought? Ha!

(dance and sing)

Aboon da, aboon da,  
Aboon da, tara boon da  
Woof, aboon da, aboon da

Aboon da, tara boon da

Bro'cat, he got tired of waiting. So he tipped on over to the door, then went around the side of the house to the window. He could see Bro'dog. He said,

(whisper) "Bro'dog, Bro'dog, Bro'dog, Bro'dog."

Do you think Bro'dog heard him?

(dance and sing)

Aboon da, aboon da,  
Aboon da, tara boon da  
Aboon da, aboon da

Oh-oh, but somebody did hear him. It was Mr Bull, the boss of the party, and you know how bulls are. When they get mad, they start shuffling on the ground and their nose starts flaring up. Oh, he was mad. He went to the front door and he opened it and said, "Mmmmmmm, get on away from here! There ain't no dog in here." And he slammed the door. He was mad.

Well, Bro'cat was a little mad, too. Oh, he was so mad he went up to the door and said, "Bro'dog, Bro'dog, BRO'DOG!"

This time Bro'dog heard him. He started easing towards the door.  
(dance and sing)

Aboon da, aboon da,  
Aboon da, tara boon da  
Aboonda, aboon da

He opened the door and he said, "Shhh, Bro'cat, be cool. I'll be out in a minute. Shhhh."

Oops! Bro'dog saw Bro'bull looking at him and he said, "There ain't no dog in here," and he slammed the door.

Well, Bro'cat, he had had it! He went back up to that door and he said,  
"Bro'dog, Bro'dog, owwww BRO'DOG, come on out of there." And when Bro'bull heard that noise he got to thinking, "Maybe there is a dog in here. Maybe we should look."  
And old Bro'dog, he said, "Yeah, I'll help you look." And old Bro'dog started easing himself toward the door.

(dance and sing)

Aboon da, aboon da,  
Aboon da, tara boon da  
Aboon da, aboon da  
Aboon da, tara boon da

He wasn't watching where he was going, and he hit the wall. His horns fell off.

When Bro'bull saw it was Bro'dog, he turned to the other horned animals and he said, "Get him!"

And all the horned animals started running toward Bro'dog. And Bro'dog, he took off out the front door.

Boogadie, boogadie, Boogadie, boogadie, Boogadie, boogadie, Boogadie, boogadie,  
Boogadie, boogadie, ooohhh, but who did he run into but Bro'cat -ooohhh - and the argument they had!  
They started biting and scratching and with hair flying every which way. Back and forth, back and forth, and there was old Bro'cat on his back on the ground. He was getting the worst end of this fight, when all of the sudden Bro'cat just kind of reached out and scratched Bro'dog right there in the corner of his mouth.

Have you ever seen a dog's mouth, how in the corner it always looks kinda raw and pink-like? Well, that's how come. And that's how come today Bro'dog and Bro'cat are not friends. Bro'cat ain't never forgot about that.

(sing)

Party\*, party\*  
Did you hear about the party\*, party\*,  
Party over here, party over there,  
Party over here, party over there,  
Party\*, party\*,  
Party\*, party\*.

Diane is one of our members from USA. She is also much beloved by many NZ'ers and has said we

may put this story on our web and in our magazine. She first shared it in a collection called **READY-TO-TELL TALES** edited by David Holt and Bill Mooney.

When she was growing up **DIANE FERLATTE** heard wonderful stories on her grandparents' porch in New Orleans. But she didn't become interested in telling them herself until she adopted her son, Joey. She not only tells Southern and African-American stories, but those from many other cultures, sometimes utilising her skill in American sign language.

She says that when she first read this story it made her think of her father, who told similar stories. It uses lots of humour to address the conflict between two friends. It says a lot about the need to beware of good intentions.

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“Really successful people often have the ability to completely flip their mental dispositions. In many fields, it pays to be rigid and disciplined at first but then flexible and playful as you get better.” David Brooks said this and it seems to fit perfectly with storytelling and storytellers.

My experience is that the more relaxed I become in my telling of a story, the more sure I am, the more I can play with it and the audience.

Editor

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Go and lay on the grass. Take a deep breath, and look up at the sky.  
Now realise that you are stuck to a rock that's 12,756 km wide.  
This rock is spinning at a speed of 460m per second,  
and orbiting a giant ball of fire at a speed of 30km per second.  
Our entire solar system is orbiting a giant black hole at  
220km per second.

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Graham Williams is a business storyteller and he sends his newsletter to me each month and invites sharing. I thought this piece was quite interesting

## **WHY IS ADAPTABILITY IMPORTANT?**

As interconnectedness increases and technology advances, business is called upon to keep on changing. Think budget cuts, a surprise new competitive product, new market entrants, sudden departure of the CEO, re-structuring, constraining legislation and government bureaucracy, arson that results in business discontinuity .....

Organisations strive to improve their agility - the ability to detect, assess and respond to unexpected events deftly and quickly, and resilience – the ability to weather these changes. They value individual members who are open to change, creative and resourceful and cope under change conditions – that is, who are adaptable and resilient.

Adaptability, together with Empathy and Expression of Feelings is an attribute of being comfortable with change. It flows from an adequate sense of self and learning not to be threatened in the face of the unknown and uncertain – a required leadership attribute.

## **WHAT IS PERSONAL ADAPTABILITY?**

More scientific measures of adaptability are emerging. One example is the Emotional Competence Inventory which measures adaptability as a function of self-management, including openness to new ideas, adaptation to change situations, coping with unexpected demands and adjusting strategy. (1)



Personal adaptability amounts to suspending limiting beliefs and negative, disruptive feelings to gain new perspectives – in a way that prevents change-overwhelm, deciding that certain problems are not worth worrying about, altering strategies and plans to cater for new situations, seeing the funny side of things, staying relaxed and calm even as tension builds up, and most importantly, when faced with a problem - arriving at a clear focus on what to do about it. It requires a readiness to embrace new challenges at short notice, and the ability to change from within, beyond simply being flexible. Such a capacity requires good 'right brain' and 'left brain' teamwork.

Research indicates that most of us think we're more adaptable than we actually are.

Nasrudin, en route to market, loads bags of salt on his donkey's back. They come to a river. Nasrudin tries to tell the donkey to cross at the shallow causeway, but the donkey chooses to cross at the deepest part. The salt dissolves in the water. The donkey trips lightly up the other bank and trots off.

Next market day, Nasrudin loads the donkey with bales of wool. Once again Nasrudin tries to tell the donkey to cross at the shallow causeway. The donkey once again chooses the deep part of the river. The wool absorbs the water. The donkey staggers up the river bank, the bags weighing heavily on his back. Nasrudin turns to it and says, "You thought that every time you entered the river you would come off lightly, didn't you?"

As the donkey's boss should Nasrudin consider changing the route to the market? Finding markets where there is no river to cross? Developing more insight into his donkey's likely behaviours? Training the donkey? Finding a new donkey? Changing from salt to wool? Building a bridge? Communicating more assertively? Working with new identities? Introducing punishment or reward?

As the donkey, what learnings in terms of its own stubbornness, rigidity and resistance to change, cognitive constructs, willingness to listen, to spot a different situation, accept ambiguity, react in time to what is different, take a risk, having respect for Nasrudin?

Developing adaptability is sometimes more challenging than we expect.

**If you want to read the whole newsletter on adaptability you could look under Graham Williams - Business Storyteller <centserv=iafrica.com@mail66.atl91.mcsv.net>**

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Some of us are like wheelbarrows – only useful when pushed and very easily upset. Jack Herbert

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So long as we love, we serve.

So long as we are loved by others, I would say we are indispensable; and no person is useless while he or she has a friend. Robert Louis Stevenson

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Mulla Nasrudin decided to start a flower garden. He prepared the soil and planted the seeds of many beautiful flowers. But when they came up, his garden was filled with not just his chosen flowers but also overrun by dandelions. He sought out advice from gardeners all over and tried every method known to get rid of them but to no avail.

Finally he walked all the way to the capital to speak to the royal gardener at the sheik's palace.

The wise old man had counselled many gardeners before and suggested a variety of remedies to expel the dandelions but Mulla had tried them all.

They sat together in silence for some time and finally the gardener looked at Nasrudin and said, "Well, then I suggest you learn to love them."

*Sufi*

## TO A BANK

Here is an actual letter that was sent by an 86 year old American woman to her bank and I have had it on my file since about 2013. The bank manager thought it amusing enough to have it published in the New York Times..

Dear Sir,

I am writing to thank you for bouncing my check with which I endeavored to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honor it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire pension, an arrangement which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years. You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account \$30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways.

I noticed that whereas I personally answer your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become. From now on I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person. My mortgage and loan repayments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate. Be aware that it is an offence under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope. Please find attached an Application Contract which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Notary Public, and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documentary proof. In due course, at MY convenience, I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in dealing with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modelled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further. When you call me, press buttons as follows:

**IMMEDIATELY AFTER DIALLING, PRESS THE STAR (\*) BUTTON FOR ENGLISH**

- #1. To make an appointment to see me.
- #2. To query a missing payment.
- #3. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.
- #4. To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.
- #5. To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.
- #6. To transfer the call to my mobile phone in case I am not at home.
- #7. To leave a message on my computer. A password to access my computer is required. Password will be communicated at a later date to that Authorised Contact mentioned earlier.
- #8. To return to the main menu and to listen to options 1 through 7.
- #9. To make a general complaint or inquiry. The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service.
- #10. This is a second reminder to press (\*) for English.

While this may, on occasion, involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration of the call. Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous New Year?

Your Humble Client.

*So remember. Don't make old people mad*

# Storytelling Groups/contacts

## Regional Contacts

The person nearest to you should be happy to talk to you or help you arrange an occasion or start a group or just talk storytelling! If there is no one in your area perhaps YOU would be the regional contact. Let us know.

Auckland	7.30pm 1st Thursday of month	Margaret Blay 09 630 6774	40 Croyden Street, Mount Eden, 1024 margaretblay@gmail.com
Thames	7.30pm 1st Wed of month	Jackie Black 07 868 1181	29 Station Road, Puriri, RD1 Thames
Central Hawkes Bay	Phone for details	Mary Kippenberger 06 856 8367	212 Argyll Road, RD1 Otane marykipp@hotmail.com
Wairarapa	Email for details gaye@storyweaver.co.nz	Gaye Sutton	Gaye Sutton, Te Pukeko, Chester Road, Rd1
Manawatu	Phone for details	Ken Benn 06 359 5024	3 Hardie Street, Palmerston North, kenbenn@paradise.net.nz
Wellington	7.30pm 1st Tuesday of month	Tony Hopkins 04 381 3307 txt 027 737 3185	wellingtonstorytellerscfe@gmail.com
Blenheim	7pm, 2nd Thursday monthly	Katrina Oliver 03 577 7787	katrinao@xtra.co.nz
Canterbury	7.30pm third Wed of the month Sydenham Room, South Library, 66 Colombo Street	Sharon Moreham Tel 03 9677 888 Mob 022-121-3648	thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com
Timaru	3.30pm last Tuesday monthly in Timaru Library	027 292 5270	dockrill@xtra.co.nz
Dunedin	Phone for details	Kaitrin McMullan 03 467 9550	305 Malvern Street, Dunedin mail@kaitrin.co.nz
Invercargill	7.30pm 4th Tuesday of month	Heather Perriam 021 180 6690	hrp@xtra.co.nz
Balclutha	7pm 2nd Wednesday monthly	Vicki Woodrow, Clutha Library	raine@ihug.co.nz
Okato	7 pm 1 <sup>st</sup> Thursday of the month Step into Story	Lesley Dowding 06 772 4545	lezley@xtra.co.nz

If there are any changes, please let me know.

**Sender**

New Zealand Guild of Storytellers  
c/o Elizabeth Miller  
191 Princes Street  
Invercargill - 9812  
New Zealand