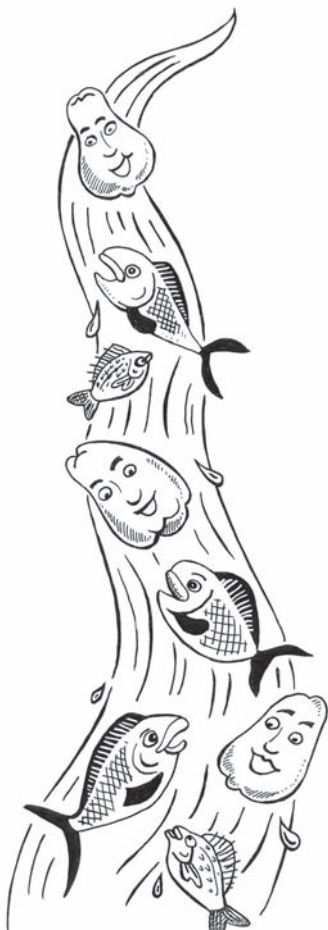


The Papaya that Spoke

Retold by Pie Corbett



Once upon a time there was a farmer who lived in a village. One day he felt hungry so he went out to pick a papaya. To his amazement, the papaya spoke. “Hands off!”

The farmer looked at his dog. “Did you say that?” said the farmer.

“No,” said the dog. “It was the papaya!”

“Aaaaargh!” screamed the farmer. As fast as his legs could carry him, he ran



and he ran and he ran till he came to a market, where he met a fisherman selling fish.

“Why are you running so fast when the sun is shining so bright?” asked the fisherman.

“First a papaya spoke to me and next my dog!” replied the farmer.

“That’s impossible,” said the fisherman.

“Oh, no it isn’t,” said one of the fish. “*Aaaaargh!*” screamed the farmer. As fast as his legs could carry him, he ran and he ran and he ran till he came to a field, where he met a shepherd with his goats.

“Why are you running so fast when the sun is shining so bright?” asked the shepherd.

“First a papaya spoke to me, next my dog and after that a fish!” replied the farmer.

“That’s impossible,” said the shepherd.

“Oh, no it isn’t,” bleated one of the goats.

“Aaaaargh!” screamed the farmer. As fast as his legs could carry him, he ran and he ran and he ran till he came to the village, where he met the King sitting on his wooden rocking chair.



“Why are you running so fast when the sun is shining so bright?” asked the King.

“First a papaya spoke to me, next my dog, after that a fish and finally a goat!”

“That’s impossible,” said the King. “Get out of here, you foolish man.” So the poor farmer walked home with his head hung down.

The King rocked back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. “How silly of him to imagine that things can talk.”

There was a long silence – and then the chair spoke! “Quite so – whoever heard of a talking papaya?”

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