

CALLING THE SUN

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Long long ago, animals lived in jungle where was always dark and damp, unable to know if it was day or night, rainy or sunny. Woodpecker decided to find someone who could call the Sun, but Peacock was busy dancing, this bird busy fighting, that bird busy singing...



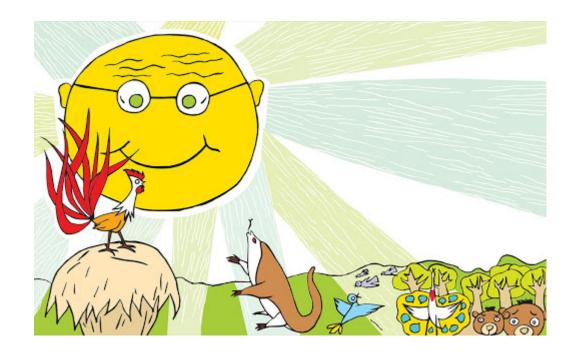
In the end, Woodpecker went Chicken' house. - I'm busy practicing crowing. – Cockerel repliled. - I've just laid my eggs. Tired, tired. No more, no more! – Hen clucked.



Only Rooster was willing to go call the Sun. Rooster had sharp spurs, strong wings and thick feathers. He could fly from tree to tree very well.



Rooster flew from branches to branches, until he reached the tallest branch of the tallest tree. Sitting there, Rooster waited for the Sun. Thinking about the dark and damp jungle far away down there, Rooster felt so sorry for his jungle mates. Suddenly, he uttered a loud cry. 'Cock a doodle doo!!!' Magically, just when his cry ended, the Sun rose magnificently in the sky.



The Sun praised him for his bravery and awarded him with a lump of red fire on his head, as well as adorned Rooster's feathers in flashy colors like yellow or purple... Rooster happily flew back to his jungle. The brilliant sunshine followed where ever he flew. Since then, every dawn, when Rooster utters his crow, the Sun will rise with a bright smile, bringing sunshine to the

whole world.

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Original Story

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