



The Pod of Beans

Versions of this story are told in many countries. I have created my own re-telling without the violence of some of the original tales!

Props to use with the story:

- *Some beans or rice in a small jar or Tupperware pot make a good rattling noise for the pod of beans.*
- *If you have a squeaky toy you could use this for the mouse. If you like you could put the toy in a cloth bag and 'squeak' it inside the bag so that its look is not distracting. (Unless you happen to have a mouse toy that is!) Otherwise you can 'scrabble' your fingers on the fabric of a couch or armchair. This will make the noise of a scurrying mouse.*
- *A pastry brush makes very good twitchy whiskers for the cat. Brush these gently on the back of the listener's hand. And make some loud meow noises!*
- *Two plastic beakers banged together make a good clip-clop noise for the horse's hooves. If you happen to have some little bells you could jingle these as well to make bridle noises.*
- *For the army use drums or saucepans and wooden spoons. Stomp your feet on the ground to make marching noises.*
- *For the granny at the end you will need a cup and a teaspoon. Stir your (imaginary!) cup of tea!*

Remember – not all of my props recommendations are toys! The props I suggest should not be used by children unsupervised.

Actions to go with the story:

Mime the actions of walking, riding and marching along the road. Stomp your feet, or gently tap the knees of the person you are telling the story to.

Once upon a time there was a young boy.

His mother sent him off into the world. But she gave him nothing but a pod of beans.

The boy set off down the road.

After a while he got tired.

He sat down for a rest.

While he was sitting by the side of the road a mouse came along. The mouse ate beans.

'Fair's fair,' said the boy, 'the mouse is mine.'

And he put the mouse in his pocket and set off down the road.

After a while he got tired.

He sat down for a rest.

While he was sitting there along came a cat with twitchy whiskers.

The cat chased the mouse. The mouse ran away.

'Fair's fair,' said the boy, 'the cat is mine.'

And he caught the cat and put it under his arm and set off down the road.

After a while he got tired.

He sat down for a rest.

While he was sitting there along came a knight on a big white horse.

The horse gave the cat such a fright she ran away.

'Fair's fair,' said the boy, 'the horse is mine.'

And so, the knight got off the horse and the boy got on the horse. And he set off down the road.

He trotted along on his horse.

Suddenly a great army came marching around the corner. Hundreds of soldiers stomping, singing and beating their drums.

The boy's horse jumped in fright and the boy fell off. The horse ran away.

'Fair's fair,' said the boy, 'the army is mine.'

And so, he marched down the road, with the great army behind him.

He led the army down the road and over the hills.

On and on they marched.

And then they came to a little cottage all on its own.

The soldiers marched right through the garden. Their big boots squashed the flowers and trampled the vegetables.

A wee old lady came out of the cottage, shaking her fists at the soldiers:

'What are you doing? What are you doing?'

She was so fierce.

She reminded the soldiers of their grandmas at home. Even brave soldiers are scared of fierce grandmas!

They turned and ran away, every one of them.

'Fair's fair,' said the boy, 'the grandma is mine.'

The old lady was fierce, but very kind as well.

'Come away into my house,' she said.

She made the boy a cup of tea.

And he sat down by the fire.

And he lived there in that little cottage for the rest of his days, happily ever after.

I would love to hear your feedback or comments on this story – please email me if you get a chance: info@flotsamandjetsam.co.uk

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