

Why Do I Write – Part 2

You're never going to kill storytelling because it's built into the human plan. We come with it.

--[Margaret Atwood](#), poet, novelist, literary critic, essayist, and environmental activist.

My mother did not read books to me to put me to sleep as shown in the movies, instead she told me stories. She recited her version of stories she had learned while in school or passed down to her from the generations orally. No doubt she had her own version. One of her favorites was the Tree Sillies.

Here is her version:

A man sets off on a journey in search of a wife. He is invited to a house where there is a maiden hoping to become the wife of a suitable bachelor. As he enters the house, the maiden runs towards him, pushing him to one side, causing him to tumble to the ground onto the dirt floor of the house. The man quickly gets back to his feet, asking why did she do this? She begins to cry uncontrollably. While crying she points to a mallet above the door, mumbling, suppose the mallet was to fall on his head. Suppose he died. She would have lost a husband.

The traveler decried that stupidity of the woman stating he would continue his journey and return to marry her on one condition: If on his way he finds three people more stupid than her.

He continues his journey through a dirt road. The route takes him close to a farm. He finds a woman trying to push a cow up a ladder and the poor beast stubbornly refuses to budge. He asks what exactly she was trying to do. She shows him the lovely grass growing on the roof. If only she could get the cow up the roof to eat it. He promptly climbs the roof and pushes down the grass to the cow.

He spends the night at a shared hotel room with another man. The next morning he wakes up to find the man speeding from across the room trying to jump into his trousers. The man is getting increasingly frustrated with each attempt. He hung the trousers on a nail and is trying to jump into it. He gets out of bed and shows the man how easy it was to get into a pair of trousers.

After walking all day his journey takes him to a river. In the pale moonlight he sees a gathering of people raking the water. He asks why. They show him the lovely moon in the water, if only they could pull it in they would have light forever. He points to the sky, showing them the moon in the sky and explain that this is simply a reflection of the moon in the water. They refuse to believe him and continues raking the river.

He turns around and goes back to marry the first woman.

You can find the full version of the three sillies at:

https://www.worldoftales.com/European_folktales/English_folktale_96.html

