

Poster notes (Multicultural story)

fell down to the ground. She picked them up and tore them open and gobbled down the delicious pink flesh and the sweet milky juice.

'Mmmmmm.'

It was just as she was eating that her brothers woke up. They climbed out of bed. They came out of the hut rubbing their eyes. They saw a tree where there had never been a tree before!

They saw Sia Jetta feasting on the fruit. She waved to them.

'Come and help yourselves!' she said.

They ran across to the tree and began to eat.

'Eat as many as you like,' she said, 'But only the fruit that's fallen to the ground. You mustn't climb the tree. You must never climb the tree.'

Well, all morning those two brothers ate.

They ate while Sia Jetta worked.

By the end of the morning they'd eaten all of the udala fruit.

And did they want more? Of course they did.

Sia Jetta had gone to the well for water.

Nobody was watching.

They climbed up the trunk of the tree as nimbly as a couple of monkeys. They broke the branches and crammed the fruit into their mouths.

When Sia Jetta came back with the buckets of water they were still up there.

Was she angry? She was furious!

She stood at the foot of the tree and she began to sing:

'Udala tree grow! (clap)

Grow for Sia Jetta! (clap)

Udala tree grow! (clap)

Grow for Sia Jetta! (clap)

This earth is a place of call, (clap)

We stop here and go on.' (clap)

And the tree grew. It grew up and up.

It grew higher and higher until those two brothers were in the sky, until they were lost in the clouds.

'Help!' they shouted.

'Stop!' they shouted.

'Let us down!'

But Sia Jetta was angry.

'Udala tree grow! (clap)

Grow for Sia Jetta! (clap)

Udala tree grow! (clap)

Grow for Sia Jetta! (clap)

This earth is a place of call, (clap)

We stop here and go on.' (clap)

Now the top branches of the tree were touching the moon.

All the people of the village came out to see what was happening. They craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the two brothers. They cupped their hands behind their ears to hear what they were saying.

'Let us down and we'll sweep the yard.

Let us down and we'll milk the goats. Let us down and we'll hoe the field. Let us down and we'll feed the chickens. Let us down and we'll pound the yams. Let us down and we'll fetch the water. Let us down and we'll cook the food.'

'Promise?' shouted Sia Jetta.

'We promise!'

And all the people of the village nodded their heads.

'A promise is a promise – and there's no breaking it.'

So Sia Jetta sang:

'Udala tree shrink! (clap)

Shrink for Sia Jetta! (clap)

Udala tree shrink! (clap)

Shrink for Sia Jetta! (clap)

This earth is a place of call, (clap)

We stop here and go on.' (clap)

And the tree shrank down to its proper size.

The two brothers scrambled down to the ground... and they kept their promises, that day and every day afterwards.

That was the way it was.

And Sia Jetta shared her fruit with all the people of the village. She gave one to me once.... mmmmmm, I wish you could have tasted it!

(An udala tree is approximately thirty feet tall with huge spreading boughs and branches. Its fruit are pinkish yellow and sway tantalisingly in the wind. Split open one of the fruit and there's a pinky flesh inside, with five seeds and a milky treacly juice.)

