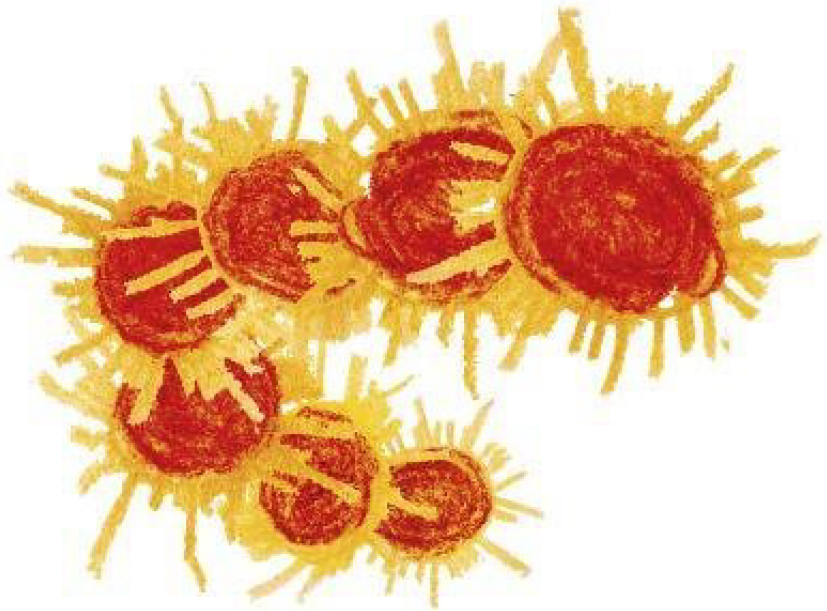


The Seventh Sun



A Tribal Tale from Odisha, India

English

Traditional Story

The Seventh Sun

An Indian Folktale

Illustrations: Pratham Books

Reformatted for Bloom by: Marlene Custer

African Storybook Project

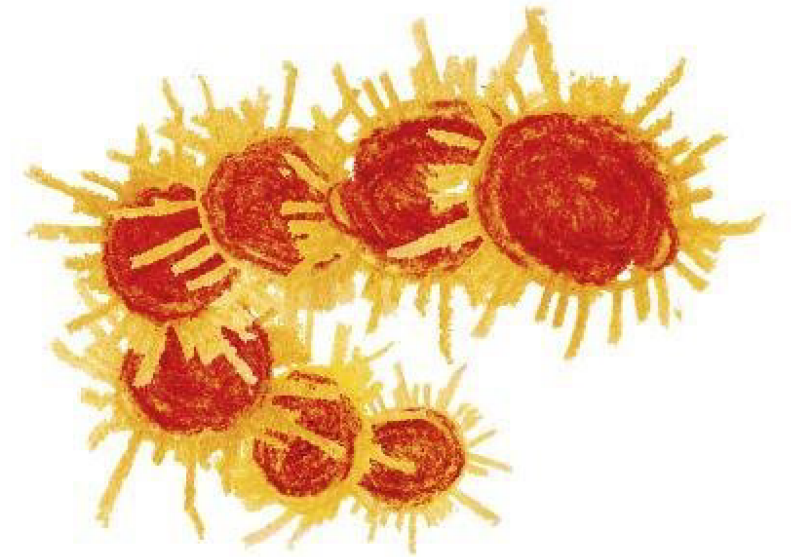
English

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English

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Long, long ago there were seven suns in the sky. Their rays made the earth so hot that human beings could not bear it.

So, the seven brothers belonging to a tribe called the Munda decided to kill the suns.

They shot arrows at them and were able to kill six of the suns.





The seventh sun hid behind a hill.



Now, with the suns gone,
there was darkness everywhere.

The deer could not see the
tigers, the elephants bumped
into trees, the rabbits walked
over the lions and there was
confusion all around.

To find a way out, the animals decided to have a meeting. A rabbit told them about one of the seven suns who was still alive and hiding behind a hill.

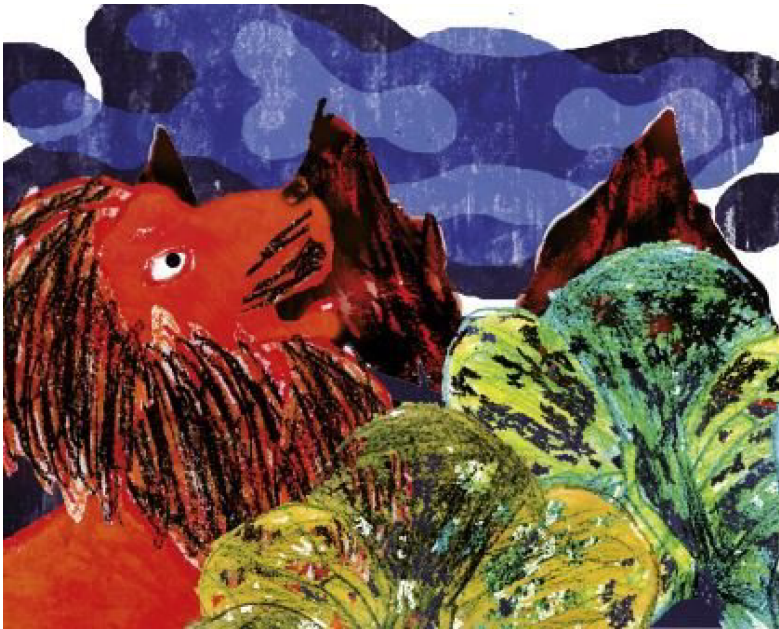


But who would be the best one to call out to the sun?

"I will call out to the sun,"
said the lion, for he was the king
of the forest.

"Sun, sun, please do not run
away from us. Come back in and
shine on us," roared the lion.

But the sun did not listen to
him.





The elephant called out next. He raised his trunk and trumpeted, "Sun, sun, please come back."

But the sun did not listen to him.

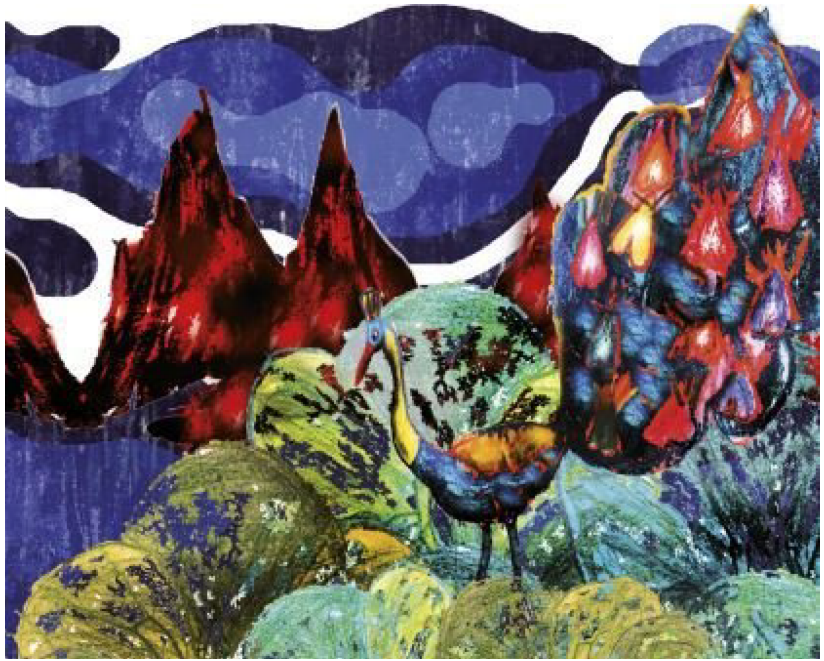
The beautiful peacock danced and pleaded, "Sun, sun, please come back."

But the sun refused to come out.

One after the other, all the animals called out to the sun, but he did not listen to any of them.

Finally, a rooster offered to call the sun. Everybody laughed.

The lion was a fair leader. He said, "The rooster should be allowed to try."





The rooster stepped forward and gently crowed, "Kookoodo-koo - koo."

To everyone's surprise, the sun peeped out a little from behind the hill.

The rooster crowed again, this time a little boldly, "Kookoo-doKOO-KOO..."

The sun came up a little higher. The rooster crowed for the third time. This time it was louder and bolder, "KOOKOO-DOKOO-KOO..."

And the sun rose high and



There was light everywhere.

The animals were delighted
and the humans felt relieved.



The animals asked the human
beings not to kill the sun, and
they agreed.



Ever since that day, when the rooster crows in the morning, the sun rises and shines in the sky.

