



LESSON 50

THANKFULNESS

Discussion:

Questions and task for discussion:

- Do you like it when somebody thanks you for something?
- Why do you think we should say «Thank you»?
- Read the story:

WHY PEOPLE SAY THANK YOU

V. Sukhomlinsky

An old man and a boy were walking along a forest path. It was a hot day, and they both felt like a good, cold drink. After a few minutes the travelers came to a softly-murmuring stream full of fresh, cool water. They knelt down and drank their fill.

«Thank you, stream,» said the old man.

The boy laughed.

«What did you say “thank you” to the stream for?» he asked his grandfather. «It’s not alive. It can’t hear you. It doesn’t understand when you say “thank you” to it.»

«That’s true,» the grandfather agreed. «And if a wolf was taking a drink, it wouldn’t say “thank you”, either. But we’re now wolves, we’re people. Do you know



why people say “thank you”? Think, now, who are the words really for?»

The boy fell into thought. He had plenty of time, for they still had a long way to go...

Questions and tasks on the story:

- Do you think nature hears us when we thank it?
- Ask the children to name the thing that they are most thankful to nature for, and explain why.
- Go for a walk in the forest (or park) and ask the children to say

“thank you” to a tree (or the sun, sky, grass, etc.). Then ask them to explain why they thanked it.

- Divide the children into groups. Some of the groups describe the stream’s feelings (or the tree’s, forest’s, or earth’s) when it was thanked. Others describe what it would feel if it wasn’t thanked.
- Ask the children to name everyone who the boy thanked after his talk with his grandfather, and explain why he thanked them.



Game

Ask the children to imagine that the thankfulness bird has just flown in. It comes up to the window of a person who has forgotten to thank his/her parents, friends or others for something, and reminds them about this. Then the children should remember everyone they have forgotten to thank, and say thanks to them in their heart.



Written work

Read the children the saying «*Gratitude is the heart’s memory.*»

Divide the children in to groups and ask them to draw outlines of hearts, and inside the hearts write everything that a heart remembers and feels thankful about for a long time.



Drawing

Read the children the saying «*Gratitude is a sign of noble soul.*»

In large letters write the word «SOUL» on the board and draw a circle around it. The children should name every they have ever thanked. All the names they mention are written around the word «soul», each in its own circle. The end result is a drawing of a magic flower with petals of thankfulness. Ask each child to draw his or her own soul flower with thankfulness petals.



Creative group work

Divine the children into groups. Ask each group to think about and share all those things that they have thanked their mother (father, grandmother, grandfather, brother, sister, etc.) for. Then give each group a large piece of paper with a picture of a tree drawn on it. The children should draw the fruits of thankfulness on the tree. There should be as many fruits as there are good things that their mother (or other family member) has done for them. At the end, make a display out of the children’s drawings called «Thankfulness Trees».



Homework

Ask the children to count how many times a day they say «thank you» to someone, and how many times a day someone thanks them. Then ask the children to find as many chances as possible to thank someone for the next few days. Discuss what changed in the children’s lives after they have done this.



LESSON 51

THINKING



Discussion:

Questions and task for discussion:

- When and for what does a person need his or her mind, and why? (To have a family, to raise children, to prepare for tests, etc.)
- Can a person develop his or her mind, and what is needed to do this? (Read a lot, write down one's thoughts, talk to other people, travel etc.)
- Who is the smartest person in your family, and why?
- Ask the children to name all the good things that intelligence can do for a person. Then they list all the bad things that ignorance can bring.
- Read the story:

THE CROW FAILED AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A Laotian fairy tale

One day a lady raven caught sight of a grasshopper dozing on a little green leaf. She was just getting ready to snap him up with when the little grasshopper woke up, lifted his head and said, «Madam raven, would you be so kind as to guess the answer to my riddle? I promise if you guess the right answer, you can go right ahead and eat me.»

The raven cawed and nodded her head.

«Alllll r-r-right! Allll r-r-right! But let's get on with it, and don't dawdle.»

«Madam raven, « the grasshopper said, «here's the riddle: what's as sharp as sharp can be?»

«There's no riddle to that! Cawww!» the raven crowed happily. «Everybody knows it, and I've felt it myself of a time. The point of an arrow is as sharp as sharp can be!»

«I'm terribly sorry, but that's not right, my lady,» the grasshopper said. «Here's another riddle. Tell me, what's as light as light can be?»

«Why, there's nothing to it! A tuft of cotton!»

«I'm afraid that's wrong again, madam raven. And what's as fast as fast can be?»

«Caw! Caw! A chariot! A war chariot!»

«Oh no, madam raven, you've missed it again. And now tell me, what's stronger than anything else in the world?»

«A tiger! Caw! Caw!»

«Not right! Not right! And what's heavier than anything else?»

«The earth! Our earth! Caw!» crowed the raven angrily.

«No! Wrong again!» answered the grasshopper. He was feeling quite pleased with himself, but the raven was furious.

If she was black before, now she was blacker still from rage. She leapt into the air and made ready to dive down on the grasshopper and snap him up. The grasshopper saw that things weren't going so well after all.

«Oh, please, madam raven, why don't we go to a judge?» he pleaded. «Let him decide who is right and who is wrong.»

The raven agreed, and so the two of them went off to the judge's house. The raven spoke first, and then the grasshopper stepped forward.

«Honored judge!» he said solemnly. «This raven wanted to make a meal of me, and so I said to her, "If you, madam raven, can guess the answers to my riddles, then you're welcome to have me." But the raven did not give the right answer to any of the riddles. Judge for yourself. For the sharpest of all things in the world is the mind, and the lightest is a clear conscience. The fastest is a thought, and the strongest of all is virtue and honesty. And heavier than anything else is the soul of the criminal. I ask you, your honor, to judge which of us is correct.»

«The young grasshopper is correct,» decided the judge. «Quite correct on all points. You have lost your case, madam raven.» And they all went their separate ways, but the raven has never liked grasshoppers since.

Questions and tasks on the story:

- Before reading the children the story, divide them into groups and ask them to answer these questions:
 - what's the sharpest thing in the world?
 - what's the heaviest thing in the world?
 - what's the lightest thing in the world?
 - what's the strongest thing in the world?
 - what's the fastest thing in the world?
- Think about a time in your life when love and kindness helped you to get out of a difficult situation.
- Remember, and then tell the others about the most intelligent advice that any of your family members ever gave you.



Game

Give out cards with pictures of various animals. One of the children is the clever forester. Each of the «animals», one by one, tells the forester about his/her problem, and the forester has to give good advice. For example, the bear cub has caught cold. Advice: pick some raspberries and make a drink out of them. The forester gives advice to one creature, and then the child who received the advice becomes the forester. The game continues until all of the children have had a chance to be the clever forester.



Written work

Read the children the quotation: «*A wise man calmly considers what is right and what is wrong, and faces different opinions with truth, non-violence and peace*»³⁶ Write down the three most important pieces of advice you would give to people (children, adults, people in various professions, etc.) if you were the wisest person in the world. For example, advice for all people: be kind; don't wish for others what you wouldn't wish for yourself; and always hope for the best.



Drawing

Read the children the saying: «*The eye sees far, but the mind sees farther.*» Ask the children to look into the distance and draw what they see. For example, sky, clouds, a tree, a building, the sun, etc. Everything the children note is written on the board. Then ask the children to think up and tell the others what the pictured objects can do to teach people. For example, the sun can teach people to shine and give warmth, the sky can teach people to aim high and dream of wonderful things, the tree can teach willpower and etc.



LESSON 52

TIDINESS



Discussion:

Questions and task for discussion:

- Ask the children to describe some things that they especially treasure, and think about what they should do so that those things last for a long time.
- Read the story:

JACK'S PACK

A. Lopatina

Ka-chink! went the coin, as it popped out of the backpack and went bouncing along the sidewalk.

«Good-bye, then, quarter!» the pack called after it, and heaved a sigh.

«Another day, and something else gone. Pretty soon my owner's going to start chewing me out. And it's not my fault! How can you hold everything in when you're always being bashed around and thrown in any old place? One day it's an old nail sticking out of a fence, and - r-r-r-rip! And the next day your corner gets burned by the campfire.»

Jack threw open the door and shouted, «Hi, Mom! What's to eat? I'm starving!» He dropped his pack on the floor and gave it a dirty look.

«My dumb pack lost the quarter and I couldn't get anything at school.»

His mother picked up the pack and looked at it carefully.

«It's looking pretty worn, all right - full of holes and stains all over. You know, I don't think it could be doing a worse job. Yesterday it lost your pen, and the day before your pen-knife, and now your last quarter. Definitely it's not up to snuff.»

Turning to the pack she added severely, «You're fired!»

«Right, mom,» Jack agreed, happily going along with the joke and relieved that his mother wasn't scolding him for the lost coin. «Why don't we fire my notebook, too. It got something smeared all over its page and got me a bad mark.»

«You're right, a notebook like that is no good,» his mother nodded. «And the textbook too, all scratched and covered in mud. We'll have to fire it too. And just look at your jacket: one torn pocket, and a rusty thread hanging off the other one. Can a jacket like that really be good enough for my son?»

«No way,» said Jack, and then suggested, «Why don't we throw it away and buy me another one?»

Jack grinned and dashed off to his room, where he heaved the pack into the corner. Sweeping assorted toys, pencils and books aside with his foot, he said sternly, «And we'll get rid of you too, if you do a lousy job, or start lying around all over the place.» Suddenly Jack's head started to spin, and with a lurch he felt himself falling faster and faster. Things went black. When he woke up he found himself lying on the floor. Beside him stood a gray-haired old man with a box containing every possible kind of tool.

«Who are you?» Jack wanted to ask, but he couldn't get the words out. But the old man answered just as if he'd heard.

«Jack, I'm the master craftsmen of broken things. Usually I come to see broken and tossed-out things that don't have an owner, and help them put their life back in order. But I'm here with you because your things just couldn't take it anymore, and they called me in, even though they've got an owner: you. Nothing like this has ever happened before, let me tell you.»

«He's no owner! He rips us and throws us around and gets us filthy, and then tells us off on top of that!»

The cry went up from all sides with a deafening roar.

«Quiet, now, you, I'm trying to help out,» said the master craftsman, and then added, «You see, Jack, all your things have finally lost their patience. And things are usually awfully patient! To be honest, I don't know what to do.»

«Master, make Jack and I trade places,» Jack heard a voice call out from the corner where he'd flung his pack. «Let him work at being a backpack, and I'll be the boy and take care of all his things.»

«All right, then,» the master craftsman nodded. «You've got three days. Hopefully that'll be enough time for Jack to change his ways and understand how hard it is to be a backpack when your owner doesn't take care of you.»

The master had no sooner spoken the words than he disappeared, and Jack, before he knew what was happening, suddenly found himself lying filthy and ripped in the corner, while another boy who looked just like him was lying on the bed. Just then his mother came into the room with a great big box.

«Well, so Jack's asleep,» she said to herself. «I guess I'll pick up all this junk and throw it away. I'm afraid none of it is good for much of anything now. Too bad Jack takes such poor care of his things.»

Jack's mother picked up torn books and broken toys from floor, and put the backpack on top. Of course Jack couldn't say a thing to stop his mother from throwing him away, and he had a horrible vision of lying in a great bin of garbage.

Just then the boy on the bed opened his eyes and said, «It's OK, mom, don't throw anything away. I'll clean them all up, and fix them.»

Right then and there he set to work. Jack's mother couldn't believe her eyes as she watched the boy toiling away, and the real Jack, soon cleaned and sewed up by a new owner, decided there was nothing to do but wait patiently for the three days to go by so he would turn back into a boy again.

The worst day was the last, when Jack's «owner» was taking his turn working in the school cafeteria. Jack was dozing on the windowsill when another boy suddenly grabbed him and shouted to his friend, «Hey, look, Jack's pack! Let's kick it around for a bit.»

«But it's clean,» the other boy objected. «We'll get it all mucked up.»

«So what? Last week Jack was playing football with it himself. It was a riot!»

The boys ran outside and started kicking the backpack around, laughing. Jack almost lost consciousness from the pain. His zipper broke when he was slammed into a rock, and then one of the straps was ripped away. Fortunately just then a teacher appeared on the steps, and the boys tossed the backpack in the bushes and disappeared. A hungry kitten that had been lying in the bushes smelled the cheese sandwich Jack's mother had made for his lunch, and started tearing at the fabric with its little claws. A little boy from the house next door saw the kitten working away busily, and pulled out the sandwich for it. Then he dumped out all the notebooks and other school things, and put the kitten inside.

«Now don't scratch,» the little boy said sternly. «I'll take you home, and you can live in this backpack.»

Fortunately for Jack, his real «owner» came looking for the pack and

spotted the little boy with it in his hands.

«What are you doing with my backpack?» he shouted as he came running up. «What did you tear it for?»

«I didn't tear anything. And anyway, this pack isn't anybody's pack. It was lying in the bushes,» the little boy said, and pouted.

Jack's «owner» didn't say anything. Without a word he put all his books back into the backpack and set off for home. The whole evening he spent cleaning the backpack and sewing up rips, but he couldn't fix the zipper because they didn't have the right tools. The next day was Sunday. Jack woke up and was overjoyed to find that he was back to being a boy again. The door to his room opened, and his mother came in.

«Time to get up, now, Jacko,» she said gently. «After breakfast we'll go and get you a new backpack. I know you fixed the old one up, but without a zipper it's no good.»

«No, mom,» Jack said firmly, sitting up. «Let's buy the stuff to fix the zipper. Then this old backpack will be good for a long time.»

The master craftsman of broken things never came to visit Jack again, but then, he was busy enough with all the things that had no owners.

Questions and tasks on the story:

- Imagine that you were one of Jack's things: backpack, notebook, book, or something else. What would you do to help Jack change?
- Name all the tools that Jack used to fix up his things, and draw them.
- Do you have any things at home that might be waiting for the master of broken things? Why? What can you do so he wouldn't have to come?



Game

Divide the children into several groups. Some of the groups are «things» that people take good care of, and others are «things» whose owners don't take good care of them. Each group has to talk about its life. Then ask the children to act out how the master craftsman came to see them and gave them some good advice about how to take care of their things. The children should talk about how the master helped the things whose owners don't take care of them, and taught their owners to be more careful. If the children don't know how to take care of certain things, they can call on the «real» master craftsman (the teacher) to help them with advice.



Written work

Read the saying: «Take care of your things and they'll take care of you.» Think about and write down different times in your life when things that you, your parents or your friends had carefully saved helped you out. Think up and write down some of the most important rules for taking care of things.



Drawing

Ask the children to draw some things that they especially treasure, and think about what they should do so that those things last for a long time.



Creative group work and Homework

Divine the children into groups and give them various broken, torn or worn out things. The children should consult together and decide how they can help out these things, and what they would need to do it. Then, with the teacher's help, the children carry out the repair work. Ask the children to give the fixed-up things to someone who needs them.



LESSON 53

TRUTHFULNESS



Discussion:

Questions and task for discussion:

- Is it hard to be honest?
- Which is harder: to be honest with yourself or to be honest with others?
- Sometimes parents don't tell their children the truth about something in order not to hurt them. Do you think this is right?
- Should we tell people about their faults right to their faces? If you saw someone doing something wrong, would you tell him so?
- If someone tells you about one of your faults, how do you react?
- Read the story:

THE TERRIBLE MOMENT

A. Neyelova

Every day Moritz walked to school along a road that went past a huge orchard surrounded by a stone wall. Early in the springtime the boy loved to look at the beautiful pink flowers that seemed to completely cover the apple trees. Later he watched as little knots appeared where the petals had been, and little by little they turned into tiny green apples. The wind and hail that fell more often than usual that summer knocked many of them to the ground, and only the very strongest fruit held on, but they grew bigger and bigger. By the end of August they were the size of a fist, and in September they begin to turn pink and before long red, like cheeks long touched by the sun. Now, at the end of September, the dewy mist in the meadows, the gleaming spider webs and the swallows flying south to other lands told him that autumn was here, and the apples would soon be ripe.

Moritz really loved apples, and it was no easy thing for him to battle every day with the temptation to pick a juicy fruit or two, especially since all his mother could give him for breakfast was a chunk of rich, black bread. But however strong the temptation was, the boy did not give way. He wasn't like most of the kids in the village, who thought nothing of sneaking into someone's garden and nipping fruit. But Moritz's mother, a poor widow, had told her son more than once, «Work hard, my son, and remember that there is no work so low as to shame an honest man... But if you don't learn to tell what's honest from what's dishonest in the smallest things, and from your very earliest years, it will be very hard to fight off the temptations that come when you're older.»

Moritz listened to his mother and grew up an honest boy. Everyone in the village loved him and held him up as an example to the other children, and when the time for the harvest came, they all took care to share an apple with him, or a pear.

And so that bright September day Moritz was walking along past the orchard. He spotted two apples hanging above the wall, and great, red ones they were, just hanging there right in front of him! «Pick us!» they seemed to be saying, «Don't be afraid, nobody will see!» Moritz turned away and continued on his way. The next day he stopped again to admire the apples, and, strange to say, it seemed to him like they were still whispering, «What are you waiting for? Soon we will be good and ripe, maybe they will even pick us today.»

Without quite knowing why, the boy suddenly remembered the beautiful Christmas tree in the house of the landowner to whom the great orchard belonged. He also remember the kindly lady of the house, who gave him a warm hat and a whole plateful of sweets, and he felt like a cold hand was squeezing his heart... but for the first time Moritz ignored the voice of his conscience, whispering that he was doing wrong. «What difference does it make if I sneak into the orchard just once?» he thought. «The other boys are always taking apples from the old man's orchard. They even brag about it.» In a flash he was over the wall, up in the tree, had picked both apples and hidden them in his pocket.

Suddenly he heard a dog bark nearby, and in through the trees he caught a glimpse of the mistress's white dress. Moritz froze in fear. He started shaking all over, and couldn't move his feet for anything... The mistress was getting closer and closer, soon she would spot him! Suddenly the boy dashed back to the wall, scrambled over it, and jumped down to the ground.

Back on the road, Moritz started to breathe again. It was a good thing he'd managed to get away! And it wouldn't matter a jiffy what he said, the mistress would never believe that it was the first time he'd stolen an apple. She would tell his mother, and Moritz didn't dare think about what would happen after that... His little heart beat wildly as he thought about how hurt and shamed his mother would be if she were ever to find out about what her precious son had done... Thank God it was over, and nothing happened!

«I'll never, never steal anything again,» the boy told himself, and he decided to eat the apples right away so nobody would see him with them.

Moritz took an apple from his pocket and started eating. It was ripe and juicy, but it seemed to have a bitter taste, and Moritz threw it away after a few bites. In the other apple he found a worm. He stared at it, and then flung the apple away as far as he could, without taking a single bite.

Questions and tasks on the story:

- Was there ever a terrible moment in your life like the one Moritz had in the orchard?
- Tell the others about some times in your life that you felt happy because you did something honest.

- Why do you think the stolen apple didn't taste good to Moritz?
- If you were the owner of the orchard, how would you treat someone who snuck in to steal fruit?



Game

The children stand in a circle. The teacher tosses a ball to each one in turn and says something such as: «Elephants can fly.» The child catches the ball if he or she believes that the teacher is telling the truth.

If someone catches the ball when the teacher is not telling the truth, that player receives a penalty point.

The most careful player is the one who never makes this mistake.



Written work

Read the children the saying: «*He who lives in truth lives well.*»

Ask the children to think of all the good things that a person gets when he or she lives in truth. (friends, family, good work, joy, happiness, peace, health, calm sleep, etc.)

Then the children write a story about how being honest helped someone find a friend, start a family, etc. For example: two people met in the desert. One of them had water, and the other didn't. At first, the one who had water wanted to hide it from the other, but then changed his mind and was honest.

When the two travelers returned home from the desert, they became best friends.



Drawing

Read the children the quotation: «...*Honesty is the door of tranquillity to all in the world...*»³⁷

Divide the children into groups and ask them to imagine that they have opened the magic Honesty Door. Then the children draw something honest that they will do now that they've opened the door.



Homework

Imagine that the Truth Fairy zapped you with her magic wand, and you forgot how to trick people.

Ask the children to tell only the truth for a whole week. The children can cut «hearts of truth» out of cardboard and carry them around to help them remember to tell the truth.

At the end of the week have a discussion with the children about what changed in their lives while they were doing this assignment.



LESSON 54

UNITY



Discussion:

Questions and task for discussion:

- Ask the children to name all the things their family does together. For example, everyone in the family spends the holidays together, they get the table ready for special occasions, go shopping, etc.
- Then ask the children to name all the things the people in their family do on their own. For example, everybody tidies up their own room, everybody gets up and goes to bed at a different time, everybody does something different on the weekends, etc.
- Ask the children if they would like:
 - their parents to always help them with their schoolwork?
 - their parents to go out and play with them, or play games with them at home? all the time?
 - their parents to come to school with them and sit beside them in class?
 - their parents to read them the same books every night?
- Read the story:

LORDS OF THE FOREST

(based on South American native folklore)

It was long, long ago. It was at the time when the mountains were still young, and very small. The Amazon, too, was young and very small, like a stream.

At that time the whole earth was covered in forest, and in the forest there lived all kinds of animals. Big ones and small ones. Cruel ones and kind ones. All kinds of animals. The big, strong animals did terrible things to the weaker ones, but the little animals did not dare to complain. They were afraid.

One day the big, vicious animals spoke these words:

«We are the Lords of the Forest. You must obey us. We are sick of hunting. We are tired of it. From now on, all the animals we wish to eat must come to us by themselves, without having to be forced. Exactly one animal for each dish. Such is our command.»

Who spoke such words?

The puma spoke them, as did the caiman crocodile, and the great boa snake, and the rattlesnake.

The little animals were terribly unhappy. So unhappy that they even forgot their fear.

And they spoke too:

«The big and vicious animals have named themselves lords of the forest. What gives them the right to say so? They want us to go freely to our deaths. That is not just. It is not fair.»

The rabbit spoke these words, as did the iguana, and the monkey, and the armadillo, and the tapir.

The big animals replied, «You cannot argue with us. You must obey. Whether it is right or wrong does not matter: that is how it will be. We are the Lords of the Forest because we are stronger than you. And that is that.»

The gentle little animals said to one another, «We must find a way to stop the big animals from becoming lords of the forest. We have to do something...»

But they did not know what they should do.

The bat was very clever, and he said, «If one of us proves stronger than those great and terrible animals, then he would be lord of the forest instead of them. But he wouldn't bother the rest of us.»

And all the animals got very excited.

«That's a fine idea! The tapir is bigger than any of us. He can go fight with the big, strong animals, and he'll beat them. Then he'll be lord of the forest, and we can go on with our lives in peace.»

The tapir, who was big and fat, but very shy, said, «I don't dare go fight them. They'll eat me. I'm afraid.»

So the clever bat said, «We must choose not the biggest, but the bravest. Who among us has great courage? Who would try his strength against the big and vicious animals?»

The armadillo said, «Not me.»

And all the other little animals said the same.

And then an ant appeared, and he spoke these words:

«I am ready to try my strength against the big and cruel animals. I am not afraid.»

All the animals laughed at the tiny little ant for saying such a thing, but the ant said, «Don't laugh. Of course, I myself can do nothing against those huge and vicious animals. But all of us ants together can beat them. I'm not afraid.»

And the ant went to where the big, vicious animals were waiting for their meals, and boldly told them, «You think you are the lords of the forest, and stronger than anyone else, but it's not true. We ants are stronger than you.»

The big animals also laughed.

«Just look at the puny little ant!»

The ant replied, «Do not laugh. Prove your strength. You, caiman, show us all how strong you are!»

The caiman was lying on the bank of a stream. That stream was the Amazon river, but nobody knew that yet. But be that as it may, the caiman opened his great mouth, and seized the trunk of a tree with his awful, massive jaws. The tree was big and stout, but the caiman bit through it in an instant, and it fell.

The caiman said, «There, you see how strong I am. Now it is the ant's turn.»

The ant said, «Wait a moment, and we will show you.»

He called all his companions, and the ants gathered together. All the ants that then lived in all the forest, and there was a great multitude of them. As one, they launched themselves at the trees, and though each ant could bite only a tiny piece no bigger than a speck of dust, there were so many of them that they could cut through the biggest of trees, and trees fell all around. Ten trees, then a hundred, then a thousand... A huge clearing appeared in the forest.

The ant said, «My people are stronger than the caiman. Now you, boa, show your strength!»

The snake was hanging from a vine around which it had wrapped its body. The vine was big and thick. The boa squeezed it with its mighty coils, and the vine was crushed. He broke the vine into tiny pieces, and then said, «Did you see how strong I am? Let the ant try that!»

The ant replied, «By all means. Watch.»

He gave a sign to his companions, and the ants again streamed towards the trees which they had felled not long before. Each ant took only a tiny piece of wood, no bigger than a speck of dust, but soon they had cleared the ground, and in the middle of the forest there appeared a great, flat empty space. Never before had there been such a place in the forest.

The ant said, «My people are stronger than the boa. Now it is your turn, puma!»

The puma had been resting on a patch of soft moss. She raised her massive paw and gave the earth a mighty blow, tearing at it with her sharp claws.

That one blow tore a great hole in the earth, and the puma said, «There, now you see how strong I am! What is the ant going to do now?»

And the ant replied, «You shall see.»

Again he gave a signal to his companions, and that same instant each ant seized a tiny bit of earth no bigger than a speck of dust. But before long there was a deep pit in the earth. The pit was so deep that none had ever seen its like before. And on the spot where the ants dropped their bits of earth there formed a towering mountain such as none had yet seen.

The ant said, «My people are stronger than the puma. My people are stronger than all the wild beasts. We, then, are the Lords of the Forest.»

The big animals were fierce, but they were also cowards. They were frightened, and they said, «The ant people are the Lords of the Forest. Tell us, then, what do you command us, your slaves?»

The ant said, «Leave the weak, little animals in peace. Other than that you may live as you wish.»

And the ants departed and went their own way.

Questions and tasks on the story:

- Why were the ants so strong?
 - What will life be like now that the ants are Lords of the Forest?
- List some of the most important laws the ants will make.
- Hand out cards with pictures of various animals. Each child must say something good that the ants did for their animal after they became lords of the forest. For example: the ants helped the squirrels save food for the winter, and helped the wolf to dig out a new lair, etc.



Written work

Divide the children into pairs. One child in each group is an ant, and the other an animal or bird.

Ask the children to write a story about how the friends help each other.



Game

Ask the children to imagine that they are all living on the magic planet Unity. Divide them into groups. Ask each group to decide what the people on the planet should do so that (one task to each group):

- nobody on the planet will feel sad;
- the planet will be blanketed with flowers;
- nobody on the planet will get sick;
- the children will love going to school;
- there will be no hurricanes on the planet, etc.

For example: so that nobody on the planet will feel sad, once a week everyone who lives there will bake cakes, pies, cookies and other sweet things and share them with their neighbors at big street parties.

Then all the children think up short skits on their theme and/or draw the people of the planet Unity and the things they do together.



Drawing

Read the children the quotation: «...*So powerful is the light of unity that it can illuminate the whole earth...*»³⁸

Divide the children into groups. Ask each group to draw the sun of unity, and in its sunshine something wonderful that happened on earth thanks to this sun.



Homework

What might happen if the cooks in a cafeteria (engineers on a train, pilots in an airplane, musicians in an orchestra, workmen building a house, etc.) start arguing with each other?

Ask children to draw the things that might happen in one of these situations.