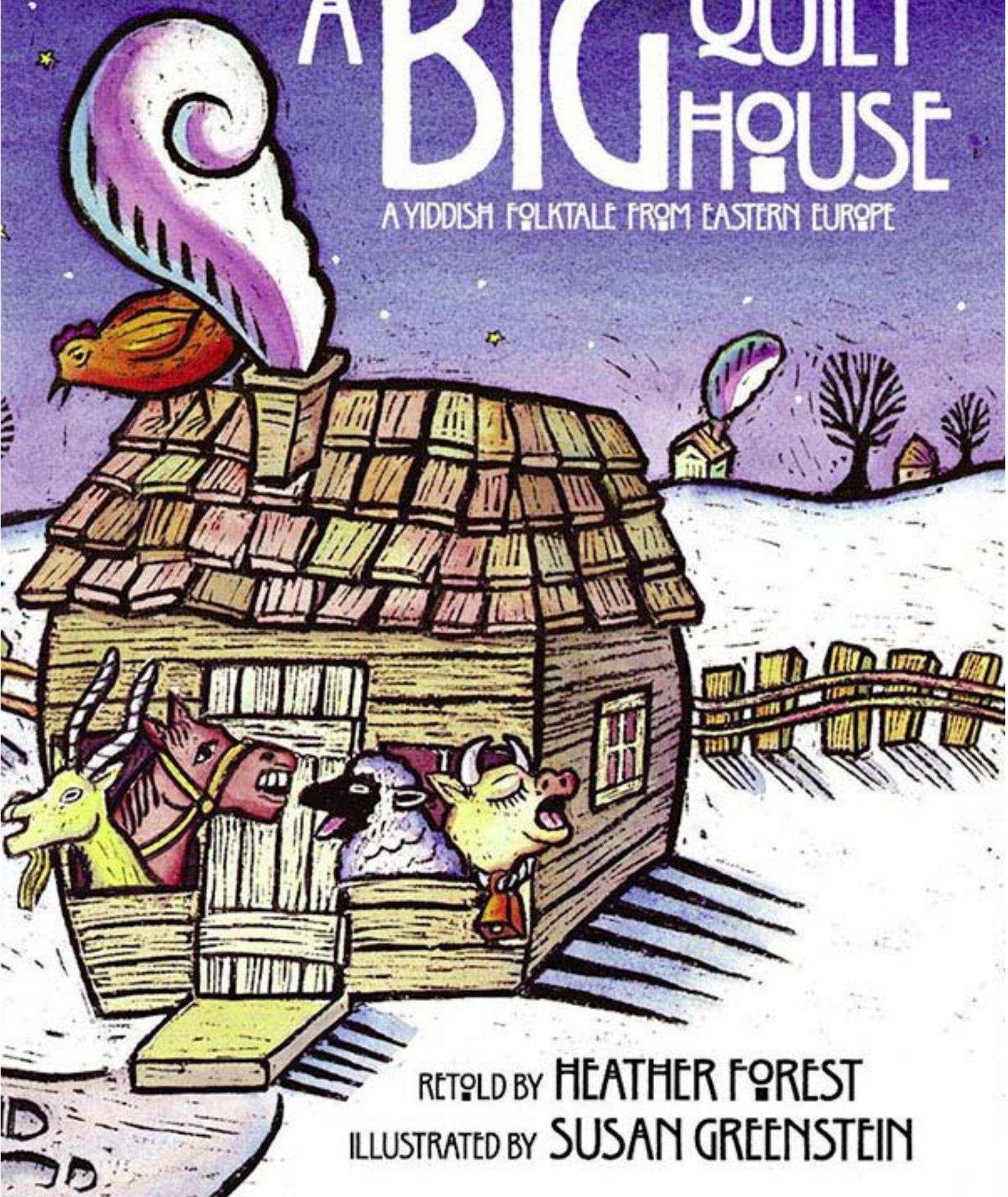


A BIG QUIET HOUSE

A YIDDISH FOLKTALE FROM EASTERN EUROPE



RETOLD BY HEATHER FOREST

ILLUSTRATED BY SUSAN GREENSTEIN



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goes to the wise old woman who lives nearby for advice.

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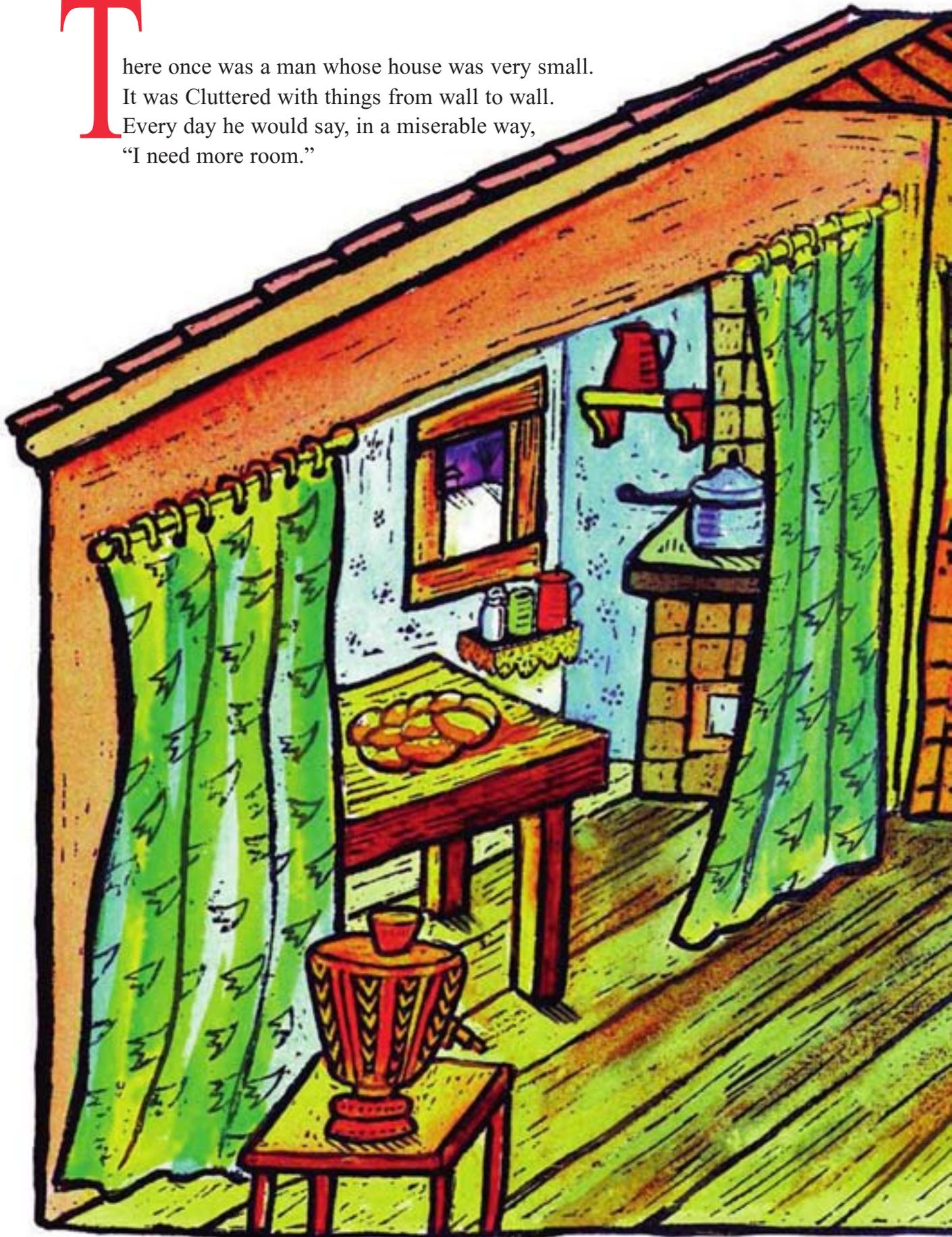
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here once was a man whose house was very small.
It was cluttered with things from wall to wall.
Every day he would say, in a miserable way,
“I need more room.”

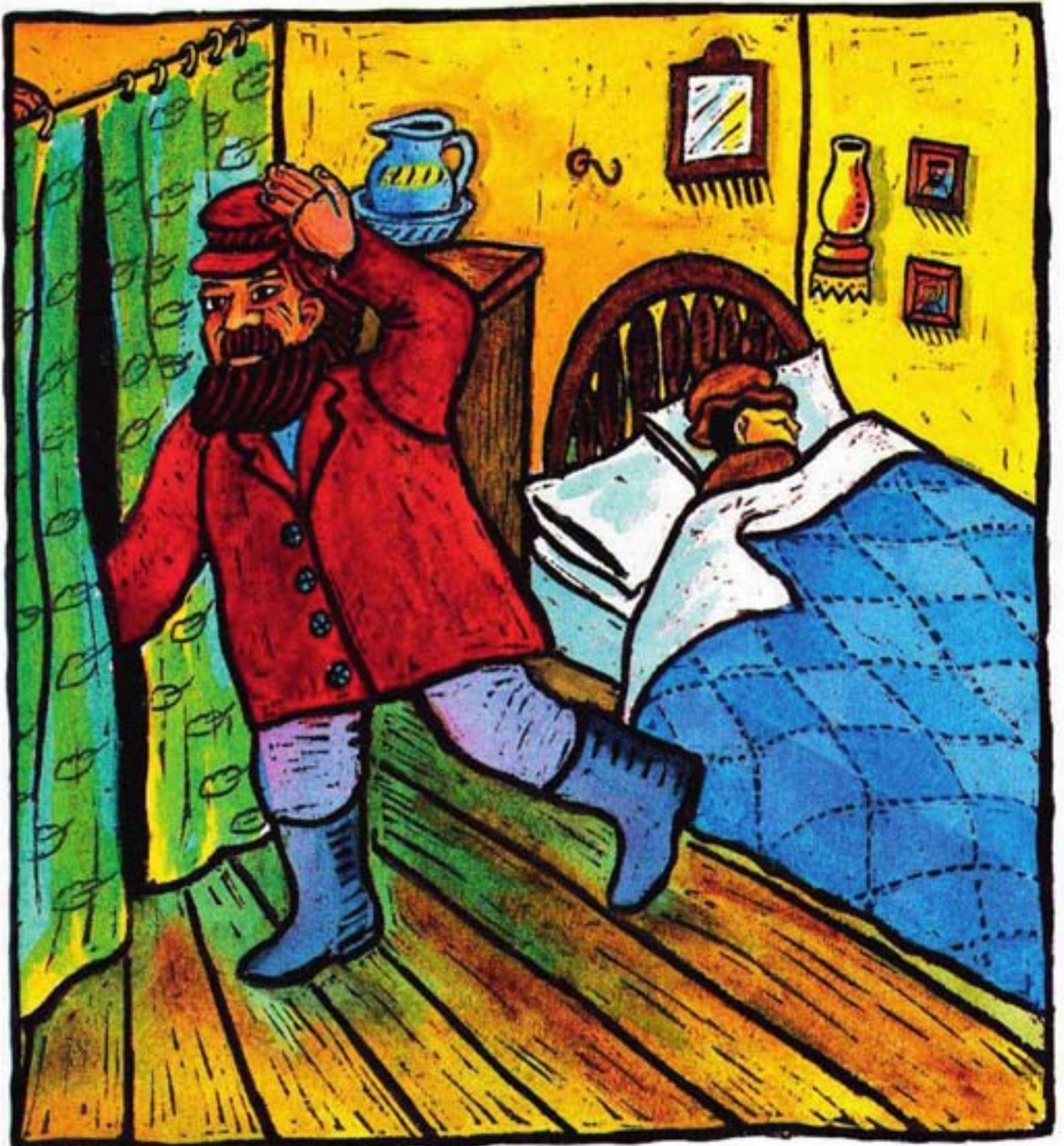




One night, he tossed and turned in his bed. His wife's snoring and his children's giggling annoyed him. He covered his ears and grumbled, "There is too much noise! If I had a big quiet house I'd be able to sleep!"



As he lay awake, he thought about the wise old woman who lived at the edge of the village. "Perhaps she can solve my problem," he muttered. He threw off his covers, jumped out of bed, and went to seek the wise old woman.



He knocked impatiently at her door. She slowly opened it and said,
“It’s the middle of the night! Why are you here?”

“I can’t sleep,” complained the man.

“My wife snores the whole night through.

My children annoy me by giggling, too.

What is a tired man to do?

Can you possibly solve my problem?

I need a big quiet house!”



The old woman scratched her head.
She considered a moment and then she said,
“Solve your problem? Yes, I can.
But first I must think of a plan.”

Her face spread with a smile. “Go home and bring a big red chicken
in the house with you,” she suggested.

“A CHICKEN?” asked the man, a bit bewildered.



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