

The Crows are in the Corn

Georgia

It happened in Georgia not long ago, that a farmer and his wife decided to sleep late, like the rich folk do. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, the kind that brings all God's creatures out to play. But not these farm folk. No, they just slept and slept and slept.

The crows were gathered in a large oak tree, having a big morning meeting. They noticed that there was nobody stirring around the house, and that the corn was ripe in the field. So they adjourned their meeting mighty quick and flew over to the field to eat some corn.

"Caw-n, caw-n," they cackled excitedly.

The old rooster woke up to their activities and started to crow excitedly to the sleeping family. "Wake up, wake up, wake up!"

The farmer and his wife just kept sleeping, and the crows kept eating the corn.

"Caw-n, caw-n," they called.

"The crows are in the corn! The crows are in the corn!" The rooster cock-a-doodle-dooed with all his might.

The farmer kept snoring, and his wife just rolled over and pulled the pillow over her head.

The rooster was frantic. He tried once more: "The crows are in the corn. They're pulling up the corn!"

The farmer and his wife kept right on sleeping. And the crow's kept right on eating.

The rooster quit crowing in disgust. Nothing would wake the farmer and his wife.

The old turkey came strolling into the yard and watched the proceedings. Finally he said to the rooster: "The corns all et up, all et up, all et up."

When the farmer and his wife finally rolled out of bed, they found that the corn was all gone. That is why in Georgia we say "the crows are in the corn" when it is time to get up.

Brer Rabbit Falls Down the Well

Georgia

One day, Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Coon and Brer Bear and a lot of other animals decided to work together to plant a garden full of corn for roasting. They started early in the morning and raked and dug and raked some more, breaking up the hard ground so it would be ready for planting. It was a hot day, and Brer Rabbit got tired mighty quick. But he kept toting off the brush and clearing away the debris 'cause he didn't want no one to call him lazy.

Then Brer Rabbit got an idea. "Ow!" he shouted as loudly as he could. "I got me a briar in my hand!" He waved a paw and stuck it into his mouth. The other critters told him he'd better pull out the briar and wash his hand afore it got infected. That was just what Brer Rabbit wanted to hear. He hurried off, looking for a shady spot to take a quick nap. A little ways down the road, he found an old well with a couple of buckets hanging inside it, one at the top, and one down at the bottom.

"That looks like a mighty cool place to take a nap," Brer Rabbit said, and hopped right into the bucket.

Well, Brer Rabbit was mighty heavy - much heavier than the bucket full of water laying at the bottom. When he jumped into the empty bucket, it plummeted right down to the bottom of the well. Brer Rabbit hung onto the sides for dear life as the second bucket whipped passed him, splashing water all over him on its way to the top. He had never been so scared in his life.

Brer Rabbit's bucket landed with a smack in the water and bobbed up and down. Brer Rabbit was afraid to move, in case the bucket tipped over and landed him in the water. He lay in the bottom of the bucket and shook and shivered with fright, wondering what would happen next.

Now Brer Fox had been watching Brer Rabbit all morning. He knew right away that Brer Rabbit didn't have a briar in his paw and wondered what that rascal was up to. When Brer Rabbit snuck off, Brer Fox followed him and saw him jump into the bucket and disappear down the well.

Brer Fox was puzzled. Why would Brer Rabbit go into the well? Then he thought: "I bet he has some money hidden away down there and has gone to check up on it." Brer Fox crept up to the well, listening closely to see if he could hear anything. He didn't hear nothing. He peered down into the well, but all was dark and quiet, on account of Brer Rabbit holding so still so the bucket wouldn't tip him into the water.

Finally, Brer Fox shouted down into the well: "Brer Rabbit, what you doing down there?"

Brer Rabbit perked up at once, realizing that this might be his chance to get out of the well.

"I'm a fishing down here, Brer Fox," says he. "I thought I'd surprise everyone with a mess of fresh fish for lunch. There's some real nice fish down here."

"How many fish are there?" asked Brer Fox skeptically, sure that the rascally rabbit was really counting his gold.

"Scores and scores!" cried Brer Rabbit. "Why don't you come on down and help me carry them out?"

Well, that was the invitation Brer Fox was waiting for. He was going to go down into that well and get him some of Brer Rabbit's gold.

"How do I get down there?" asked Brer Fox.

Brer Rabbit grinned. Brer Fox was much heavier than he was. If Brer Fox jumped into the empty bucket at the top, then Brer Rabbit's bucket would go up, and Brer Fox's bucket would go down! So he said: "Jest jump into the bucket, Brer Fox."

Well, Brer Fox jumped into the empty bucket, and down it plummeted into the dark well. He passed Brer Rabbit about halfway down. Brer Rabbit was clinging to the sides of the bucket with all his might 'cause it was moving so fast. "Goodbye Brer Fox," he shouted as he rose. "Like the saying goes, some folks go up, and some go down! You should make it to the bottom all safe and sound."

Brer Rabbit jumped out of the well and ran back to the garden patch to tell the other critters that Brer Fox was down in the well muddying up the waters. Then he danced back to the well and shouted down to Brer Fox: "There's a hunting man coming along to get a drink o' water, Brer Fox. When he hauls you up, you'd best run away as fast as you can!"

Then Brer Rabbit went back to the garden patch. When the thirsty hunter hauled up the bucket full of water, a wet and shaky Brer Fox sprang out and ran away before the hunter could grab for his gun.

An hour later, Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit were both back in the garden, digging and hauling away debris and acting like nothing had happened. Except every once in a while, Brer Fox would look sideways at Brer Rabbit and grin, and the rascally rabbit would start to laugh and laugh 'cause both of them had looked so silly plummeting up and down in that ol' dark well.

Ghost Handprints

Texas

My wife Jill and I were driving home from a friend's party late one evening in early May. It was a beautiful night with a full moon. We were laughing and discussing the party when the engine started to cough and the emergency light went on. We had just reached the railroad crossing where Villamain Road becomes Shane Road. According to local legend, this was the place where a school bus full of children had stalled on the tracks. Everyone on board the bus had been killed by an oncoming freight train. The ghosts of the children were reported to haunt this intersection and were said to protect people from danger.

Not wanting a repeat of the train crash, I hit the gas pedal, trying to get our car safely across the tracks before it broke down completely. But the dad-blamed car wouldn't cooperate. It stalled dead center on the railroad tracks.

As if that weren't enough, the railroad signals started flashing and a bright light appeared a little ways down the track, bearing down fast on our car. I turned the key and hit the gas pedal, trying to get the car started.

"Hurry up, Jim! The train's coming," my wife urged, as if I didn't hear the whistling blowing a warning.

I broke out into a sweat and tried the engine again. Nothing.

"We have to get out!" I shouted to my wife, reaching for the door handle.

"I can't," Jill shouted desperately. She was struggling with her seat belt.

We'd been having trouble with it recently. She'd been stuck more than once, and I'd had to help her get it undone.

I threw myself across the stick-shift and fought with the recalcitrant seat belt. My hands were shaking and sweat poured down my body as I felt the rumble of the approaching train. It had seen us and was whistling sharply. I risked a quick glance over my shoulder. The engineer was trying to slow down, but he was too close to stop before he hit us. I redoubled my efforts.

Suddenly, the car was given a sharp shove from behind. Jill and I both gasped and I fell into her lap as the car started to roll forward, slowly at first, then gaining speed. The back end cleared the tracks just a second before the train roared passed. As the car rolled to a stop on the far side of the tracks, the engineer stuck his head out the window of the engine and waved a fist at us; doubtless shouting something nasty at us for scaring him.

"Th..that was close," Jill gasped as I struggled upright. "How did you get the car moving?"

"I didn't," I said. "Someone must have helped us."

I jumped out of the door on the driver's side of the car and ran back to the tracks to thank our rescuer. In the bright moonlight, I searched the area, looking for the person who had pushed our car out of the path of the train. There was no one there. I called out several times, but no one answered. After a few minutes struggle with her seatbelt, Jill finally freed herself and joined me.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"There is no one here," I replied, puzzled.

"Maybe he is just shy about being thanked," Jill said. She raised her

voice. "Thank you, whoever you are," she called.

The wind picked up a little, swirling around us, patting our hair and our shoulders like the soft touch of a child's hand. I shivered and hugged my wife tightly to me. We had almost died tonight, and I was grateful to be alive.

"Yes, thank you," I repeated loudly to our mystery rescuer.

As we turned back to our stalled vehicle, I pulled out my cell phone, ready to call for a tow truck. Beside me, Jill stopped suddenly, staring at the back of our car.

"Jim, look!" she gasped.

I stared at our vehicle. Scattered in several places across the back of our car were several glowing handprints. They were small handprints; the kind that adorned the walls of elementary schools all over the country. I started shaking as I realized the truth; our car had been pushed off the tracks by the ghosts of the schoolchildren killed at this location.

The wind swept around us again, and I thought I heard an echo of childish voices whispering 'You're welcome' as it patted our shoulders and arms. Then the wind died down and the handprints faded from the back of the car.

Jill and I clung together for a moment in terror and delight. Finally, I released her and she got into the car while I called the local garage to come and give us a tow home.

The Birth of Pecos Bill

Texas

Well now Pecos Bill was born in the usual way to a real nice cowpoke and his wife who were journeying west with their eighteen children. Bill's Ma knew right from the start that he was something else. He started talkin' before he was a month old, did his teething on his Pa's bowie knife and rode his first horse jest as soon as he learned to sit up on his own. When he started to crawl, Pecos Bill would slither out of the wagon while his Mama was cookin' supper and wrestle with the bear cubs and other wild animals that roamed the prairies.

Yep, the whole family was expecting great things of little Bill; until they lost him in the drink. Seems they took the wagons over the Pecos River while Pecos Bill was taking a nap and he got bounced out of the back and swept downstream afore anyone missed him. If he hadn't taught himself to swim right-quick, he would have been a goner!

Right about the time Pecos Bill was drying out and trying to get a fix on where he was, a Mama Coyote came along and decided to adopt the poor waif and raise him with the rest of her pups. So Pecos Bill spent the first fifteen years of his life running around with the coyote pack, howling to the moon, chasing prey across the prairies, and having the time of his life.

Pecos Bill plumb forgot all about his real family, until the day he turned sixteen and his older brother came along. He was punchin' a herd of long-horn cattle and had brought them down to drink from the Pecos River. The ol' cowpoke took one look at Pecos Bill and knew he'd found his long-lost brother, on account of he looked jest like their Ma, who'd died of a broken heart after they lost little Bill in the river.

"See here, ain't you Pecos Bill, my little brother?" demanded the cowpoke of Pecos Bill when he came jumping over a giant log to run

about in the field and howl at the full moon.

"Don't think so," said Pecos Bill. "I'm a coyote! Listen to me howl!" Pecos Bill let out a horrendous shout and scampered about the field on all fours. He scared the herd so bad that the long horns almost stampeded.

"You stop that!" Bill's brother shouted after he got the cattle calmed down. "And tell me this; how come you ain't got a long bushy tail if you're a coyote."

That was a tricky question. Pecos Bill thought about it for a long time.

"I got fleas," he volunteered. "And I howl at the moon!"

"Everybody in Texas has fleas and howls at the moon. That ain't no excuse," said his big brother. "Any how, you can walk upright like a normal person and you can talk too. That ain't what a coyote does."

"I guess you're right," said Pecos Bill.

"Course I'm right. I'm your big brother and I outta know," snapped the cowpoke. "It's about time you stopped foolin' around on the prairie and became a cowboy like all the rest of us."

That made good sense to Pecos Bill. So he bid farewell to the coyote pack and went out west with his brother to learn to be a cowboy. Soon as he learned the ropes some, Pecos Bill began to realize that the cowboys needed some new tricks to help them cope with them stubborn longhorns. The cowboys kept getting the cows mixed up, which made the owners mad, so Pecos Bill invented the branding iron so they could put a mark on each cow telling everybody who owned it. Then he noticed that the other cowboys were having trouble making the wilder cows behave. Now whenever Pecos Bill saw a cow misbehavin', he'd jump on its back and ride it until it had bucked and kicked itself into behaving better. But the other cowboys weren't so skilled as Bill, so he

invented the lasso to help them tame the wild cows.

Pecos Bill's brother was right proud of him. "Not bad for a kid raised by coyotes," he told his baby brother. "In another couple of years, you'll be the toughest cowboy in the world."

And he was right!

Babe the Blue Ox

Minnesota

Well now, one winter it was so cold that all the geese flew backward and all the fish moved south and even the snow turned blue. Late at night, it got so frigid that all spoken words froze solid afore they could be heard. People had to wait until sunup to find out what folks were talking about the night before.

Paul Bunyan went out walking in the woods one day during that Winter of the Blue Snow. He was knee-deep in blue snow when he heard a funny sound between a bleat and a snort. Looking down, he saw a teeny-tiny baby blue ox jest a hopping about in the snow and snorting with rage on account of he was too short to see over the drifts.

Paul Bunyan laughed when he saw the spunky little critter and took the little blue mite home with him. He warmed the little ox up by the fire and the little fellow fluffed up and dried out, but he remained as blue as the snow that had stained him in the first place. So Paul named him Babe the Blue Ox.

Well, any creature raised in Paul Bunyan's camp tended to grow to massive proportions, and Babe was no exception. Folks that stared at him for five minutes could see him growing right before their eyes. He grew so big that 42 axe handles plus a plug of tobacco could fit between his eyes and it took a murder of crows a whole day to fly from one horn to the other. The laundryman used his horns to hang up all the camp laundry, which would dry lickety-split because of all the wind blowing around at that height.

Whenever he got an itch, Babe the Blue Ox had to find a cliff to rub against, 'cause whenever he tried to rub against a tree it fell over and begged for mercy. To whet his appetite, Babe would chew up thirty

bales of hay, wire and all. It took six men with picaroons to get all the wire out of Babe's teeth after his morning snack. Right after that he'd eat a ton of grain for lunch and then come pestering around the cook - Sourdough Sam - begging for another snack.

Babe the Blue Ox was a great help around Paul Bunyan's logging camp. He could pull anything that had two ends, so Paul often used him to straighten out the pesky, twisted logging roads. By the time Babe had pulled the twists and kinks out of all the roads leading to the lumber camp, there was twenty miles of extra road left flopping about with nowhere to go. So Paul rolled them up and used them to lay a new road into new timberland.

Paul also used Babe the Blue Ox to pull the heavy tank wagon which was used to coat the newly-straightened lumber roads with ice in the winter, until one day the tank sprang a leak that trickled south and became the Mississippi River. After that, Babe stuck to hauling logs. Only he hated working in the summertime, so Paul had to paint the logging roads white after the spring thaw so that Babe would keep working through the summer.

One summer, as Babe the Blue Ox was hauling a load of logs down the white-washed road and dreaming of the days when the winter would feel cold again and the logs would slide easier on the "ice", he glanced over the top of the mountain and caught a glimpse of a pretty yeller calf grazing in a field. Well, he twisted out of his harness lickety-split and stepped over the mountain to introduce himself. It was love at first sight, and Paul had to abandon his load and buy Bessie the Yeller Cow from the farmer before Babe would do any more hauling.

Bessie the Yeller Cow grew to the massive, yet dainty proportions that were suitable for the mate of Babe the Blue Ox. She had long yellow eyelashes that tickled the lumberjacks standing on the other end of camp each time she blinked. She produced all the dairy products for the lumber camp. Each day, Sourdough Sam made enough butter from her

cream to grease the giant pancake griddle and sometimes there was enough left over to butter the toast!

The only bone of contention between Bessie and Babe was the weather. Babe loved the ice and snow and Bessie loved warm summer days. One winter, Bessie grew so thin and pale that Paul Bunyan asked his clerk Johnny Inkslinger to make her a pair of green goggles so she would think it was summer. After that, Bessie grew happy and fat again, and produced so much butter that Paul Bunyan used the leftovers to grease the whitewashed lumber roads in summer. With the roads so slick all year round, hauling logs became much easier for Babe the Blue Ox, and so Babe eventually came to like summer almost as much as Bessie.

Why Dogs Chase Cats

Virginia

Once long ago, Dog was married to Cat. They were happy together, but every night when Dog came home from work, Cat said she was too sick to make him dinner. Dog was patient with this talk for a while, but he soon got mighty tired of fixing dinner for them both after a hard day's work. After all, Cat just stayed home all day long.

One day, Dog told Cat he was going to work, but instead he hid in the cupboard and watched Cat to see if she really was sick. As soon as Cat thought Dog had left, she started playing games with Kitten. They laughed and ran about. Cat wasn't the least bit sick.

Dog jumped out of the cupboard. When Cat saw him, she stuck a marble in her cheek and told Dog she had a toothache. Dog got so mad at her he started chasing her around and around the house.

Dogs have been chasing Cats ever since.

The Fisherman and the Bear

Maine

One fine day an old Maine man was fishing and fishing on his favorite lake and catching nary a thing. Finally, he gave up and walked back along the shore to his fishing shack. When he got close to the front door, he saw it was open. Being of a suspicious nature, he walked to the door quietly and looked inside. There was a big black bear. It was just pulling the cork out of his molasses jug with its teeth. The molasses spilled all over the floor and the bear rubbed his paw in it, smearing it all over.

Well, the old man was not the timid sort. He went to the back of the shack, put his head in the window and gave a loud yell. The bear jumped and ran out the door. It was running strangely. The old man saw that the bear was holding up the foot covered with molasses so it wouldn't get dirty.

The bear ran to the lakeshore. Standing on its hind legs, it held up the paw full of molasses. Soon all the flies and bugs and mosquitoes were swarming all over the sticky sweet paw. Then the bear waded into the water with his sticky paw full of bugs. It held the paw out over the water. Suddenly, a big trout came jumping out of the water trying to get to the flies. The bear gave it a swat and it flew to the shore and flopped there. Then another fish jumped into the air after the flies, followed swiftly by another. Every time a fish jumped after his paw, the bear cuffed it ashore. Soon it had a large pile.

Finally, the bear decided he had enough fish and waded to shore. The bear had caught a mess of fish any fisherman would envy. The old man had caught nothing. He watched that bear eat half a dozen trout, his stomach rumbling. All he had for dinner was some bread and what was left of the molasses. Finally the bear paused in his eating, and looked over to the bushes where the old man was hidden. The bear stood up and

laid the remaining fish in a row. Then it walked away up the shore. It kept looking back at the bushes where the old man stood.

The old man crept out of the bushes and down to the shore. Sure enough, the bear had left six large trout for him. He looked over at the bear. It was standing at the edge of the wood watching. "Thanks a lot," the old man called to the bear. The bear waved the now-clean paw at the old man and disappeared into the thicket. "Well," said the old man, "That's the first time a bear has ever paid me for my molasses."

The old man never hunted bears again.

Pecos Bill Rides a Tornado

Kansas

Now everyone in the West knows that Pecos Bill could ride anything. No bronco could throw him, no sir! Fact is, I only heard of Bill getting' thrown once in his whole career as a cowboy. Yep, it was that time he was up Kansas way and decided to ride him a tornado.

Now Bill wasn't gonna ride jest any tornado, no ma'am. He waited for the biggest gol-durned tornado you ever saw. It was turning the sky black and green, and roaring so loud it woke up the farmers away over in China. Well, Bill jest grabbed that there tornado, pushed it to the ground and jumped on its back. The tornado whipped and whirled and sidewinded and generally cussed its bad luck all the way down to Texas. Tied the rivers into knots, flattened all the forests so bad they had to rename one place the Staked Plains. But Bill jest rode along all calm-like, give it an occasional jab with his spurs.

Finally, that tornado decided it wasn't getting this cowboy off its back no-how. So it headed west to California and jest rained itself out. Made so much water it washed out the Grand Canyon. That tornado was down to practically nothing when Bill finally fell off. He hit the ground so hard it sank below sea level. Folks call the spot Death Valley.

Anyway, that's how rodeo got started. Though most cowboys stick to broncos these days.

Fur-Bearing Trout

Colorado

Now it happened that there was a mining camp in Colorado where more than an average number of the miners were bald. An enterprising hair tonic salesman from Kentucky decided to take advantage of this golden opportunity, so he made the trip north. It was a rainy summer evening. The salesman was headed towards the mining camp with four bottles of hair tonic under his arm. As he was crossing one of the trout streams which lead to the Arkansas River, the salesman slipped and dropped two bottles of hair tonic into the water. The bottles broke, and the hair tonic spilled into the stream.

Not too long after this incident, the fishermen along the Arkansas developed a new method for catching trout. They'd head to the bank of the river carrying a red and white barber pole and some scissors. Then they would set up the barber pole and call out: "Get your free shave and a hair cut here". All the trout whose fur had grown to long or who needed their beards trimmed would hop right out of the water and be picked up by the fishermen. It wasn't until the mills began muddying the waters so much that the fish couldn't see the barber poles that the practice died out.

Why Opossum Has A Bare Tail

Alabama

One day, Opossum was walking in the woods around sunset when he spied Raccoon. Now Opossum had always admired Raccoon because he had a beautiful tail with rings all around it.

So Opossum went up to Raccoon and said: "How did you get those pretty rings on your tail?"

Raccoon stroked his fluffy long tail fondly and said: "Well, I wrapped bark around the tail here and here and here," he pointed. "Then I stuck my tail into the fire. The fur between the strips of bark turned black and the places underneath the bark remained white, just as you see!"

Opossum thanked the Raccoon and hurried away to gather some bark. He wrapped the bark around his furry tail, built a big bonfire, and stuck his tail into the flames. Only the bonfire was too hot and too fierce. It instantly burned all of the hair off the Opossum's tail, leaving it entirely bare.

Opossum wailed and moaned when he saw his poor tail, but there was nothing he could do but wait for the fur to grow back. Opossum waited and waited and waited. But the tail was too badly burnt by the fire and the fur did not grow back. Opossum's tail remained bare for the rest of his life.

Opossum tails have been bare ever since.

The Greenhorn and the Mule Egg

Kansas

Well now, there was a chap that got real sick of working in the big city. One day, he quit his job, packed up his wife and kiddies, and hi-tailed it out to Kansas to become a farmer. Bought a big parcel of land with a grand old barn and some fields just ready to plow and plant.

Now, being a bit of a greenhorn, the poor fellow didn't know where to start with that there farm. His wife suggested that they get a mule to pull the plow for them, and the greenhorn thought this was as splendid idea. He set off down the road to visit their neighbor and ask him where he could buy a mule.

Well, that neighbor was a bit of a wag. He'd sized up his new neighbor as a greenhorn in about five seconds and decided to have a bit of fun with him.

"Well, you could advertise for a mule in the local paper," the neighbor said. "But if you want to do it the Kansas way, well then you should get yourself a mule egg and hatch your own. That way you can train the mule up from birth to do exactly as you want."

The greenhorn's eyes got real wide. "I didn't know mules hatched from eggs," he said excitedly. "Where do I get one?"

"It just so happens I have one mule egg left from the last batch I raised," the neighbor said. He went into the shed and came out with a round, hairy coconut. The greenhorn's eyes lit up.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked his neighbor.

"That'll be a dollar. And mind you, you've got to sit on the mule egg

night and day for a week before it will hatch," the neighbor said, accepting the greenhorn's money and handing over the coconut.

Well, the greenhorn ran all the way home and showed the mule egg to his wife and kiddies. Everyone was thrilled with his purchase, and they all took turns sitting on the coconut, waiting for it to hatch. They waited one week. Then they waited two. By the third week, everyone's bottoms were sore from sitting on the hard coconut, and still there was no sign of a mule.

"It must be a bad egg," the wife said at last. "Better throw it out and see if our neighbor will give us our money back."

As the disappointed family watched, the greenhorn took the coconut outside and pitched it into the bushes. All at once, a giant jackrabbit burst out of the tall grass next to the bushes and hopped away lickety-split.

"It's the baby mule!" shouted one of the kiddies. "Catch it, Pa! Catch it."

Well, the greenhorn ran after that long-eared critter as fast as he could go, shouting: "I'm your momma, baby mule! Please come back!" But he was no match for that jackrabbit. It darted here and there; it slithered hither and yon; and finally it slid down a hole in the ground and disappeared.

The greenhorn fell to the ground and lay panting in exhaustion. A few moments later, his wife and kids caught up with him and pulled him to his feet.

"Where's our mule?" asked his wife.

"The dad-blame thing got away," said the greenhorn. "And I'm not sorry it did. That's the speediest mule I ever laid eyes on, and I don't aim to plow that fast!"

Cub Scout Bear

Achievement 4

TALL TALES

1. Tell in your own words what folklore is. List some folklore stories, folk songs, or historical legends from your own state or part of the country. Play the Folklore Match Game in the handbook.
2. Name at least five stories about American folklore. Point out on a United States map where they happened.
3. Read two folklore stories and tell your favorite one to your den.

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Folklore is the collection of beliefs, customs, and traditions that people pass on from generation to generation. Folklore includes fairy tales, legends, myths, dances, games, riddles, and superstitions.

Folklore has been around since the beginning of time. Most folklore is passed down from person to person.

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Riddles

What gets wet when drying?

What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, but never in a thousand years?

What belongs to you but others use it more than you do?

What is it that you will break even when you name it?

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