

## **Tunjur! Tunjur! - Readers' theatre script by Nick Bilbrough**

Narrator 1: The story we are going to tell you is a traditional Palestinian story.

Narrator 2: It's a story about the importance of family.

Narrator 1: There was once a woman who had no children.

Narrator 2: All of her brothers and sisters and friends had children but she had none. This made her very sad.

Narrator 1: One day she looked up, sadly and said....

Woman: Please, please let me have a baby. Even if I have to give birth to a cooking pot, please let me have a baby.

Narrator 2: The woman became pregnant and she gave birth to.....

Woman: A cooking pot!? A baby cooking pot? What am I going to do with you?

Narrator 1: Everyone was very surprised to see the woman with her baby cooking pot.

Narrator 2: But the woman loved her new daughter and looked after her like she was a little girl. She gave her milk from a bottle, she took her for walks in her pram, she changed her nappy.

Narrator 1: As the little cooking pot grew bigger, she loved to be outside rolling along the ground. Her mother decided to call her Tunjur, because of the sound that she made when she was rolling along.

Narrator 2: And as she grew bigger she also got more and more naughty. One day Tunjur decided to run away from her mother.

Tunjur: I have to go mum. I want some adventure.

Woman: Tunjur! Tunjur! Where are you going? Don't run away! Stay here with me.

Narrator 1: Tunjur didn't listen to her mother and she ran and ran and ran until she couldn't run any more.

Narrator 2: She stopped outside the house of a rich woman.

Rich woman: What a beautiful cooking pot. I can use this pot to put all my favourite things inside.

Narrator 1: The woman took the cooking pot into her house and filled it with money and gold and jewellery and honey and the best olive oil from all over Palestine.

Rich woman: My things look so nice inside this beautiful cooking pot.

Narrator 2: But as soon as the rich woman was asleep, Tunjur ran out of the house and back to her mother's house.

Narrator 1: Her mother was very happy to see her again.

Woman: It's so good to see you. And thank you for buying me all these nice things! But please don't go away again. We have everything we need here.

Narrator 2: For a while they lived happily, but after a while Tunjur wanted to go away again.

Tunjur: I have to go mum. I want some adventure.

Woman: Please don't go away. Stay here with me. I'm worried something bad will happen to you.

Narrator 1: Tunjur didn't listen to her mother and she ran and ran and ran until she couldn't run any more.

Narrator 2: The rich woman found her again.

Rich woman: Hey, you're that cooking pot that stole all my treasure. I'm going to make you pay for what you did.

Narrator 1: And the rich woman took Tunjur back into her house.

Rich woman: I thought you were beautiful before and so I filled you with all my beautiful things. But now I can see that you are just a thief, and I'm going to fill you with rubbish.

Narrator 2: And the rich woman threw all the rubbish she could find in her kitchen inside the cooking pot.

Rich woman: Now I have a good place to keep all my rubbish.

Tunjur: Yuck!

Narrator 2: But as soon as the rich woman was asleep again, Tunjur ran out of the house and back to her mother's house, still with the rubbish inside her.

Narrator 1: Her mother was very happy to see her again. And Tunjur told her mother the truth about how she had taken the things from the rich woman.

Woman: It's so good to see you. I'm so glad you came back. You're my daughter and whatever you do, even if you do bad things, I will always love you.

Narrator 2: The woman took all the rubbish and she put it in the bin. Then she cleaned Tunjur up.

Woman: Wherever you go in life, there will be people who are good to you and people who are bad to you. But I will always be here to help you when you need me. The first stage of growing up is to go away from your mother. The second stage is to come back to her.

Narrator 1: And Tunjur never ran away again and they both lived happily ever after.

### **Notes on the story**

This is another traditional Palestinian story, from the oral tradition, of which there are many different versions. For a published version see 'Speak Bird, Speak Again' by Ibrahim Muhawi and Sharif Kanaana.