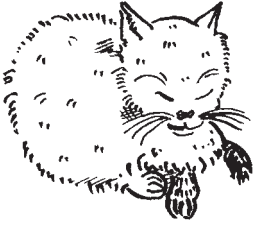


THE THREE BROTHERS

Once upon a time there lived three brothers who, when their father died, found that all he had left them was a cat, a ladder, a sack, a bucket, a scythe, and a cockerel.

They set out together with their new possessions, and by the evening they reached a farm. A woman was inside, cooking porridge in a cauldron for the evening meal, and the brothers asked her for something to eat.





“Come in, come in,” she said to them. They entered, and the eldest brother set his cat down beside the cauldron, to keep the mice from jumping up. The cat killed ten while the woman prepared the meal.

“What a wonderful creature!” she said in amazement. “Until today the mice have always got into the porridge and tried to eat it. There are no animals like that in this country.”

“I will sell it to you, if you like,” said the lad.

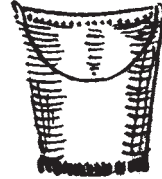
“I will give you whatever you ask for it,” said the woman, who longed to rid her house of mice.

So he sold it to her and got a very good price.

The next day they set out and came to a farm where the workers were tossing the grain into the corn loft with a fork. At the end of the day, the heap before them had barely diminished.

“Poor fellows, they will be at it all year,” said the second brother. “See, I will do the job in a day.”

So saying, he set his ladder against the barn wall, under the entrance into the loft; then he filled the sack with grain, climbed the ladder, and poured it into the loft.



By evening all the grain was in the corn loft. The farmer was amazed and said that they must sell him the ladder and the sack.

The brothers agreed, and you can be sure that they got a good price for them.

Next day they set off again, and this time they came to a barber’s.

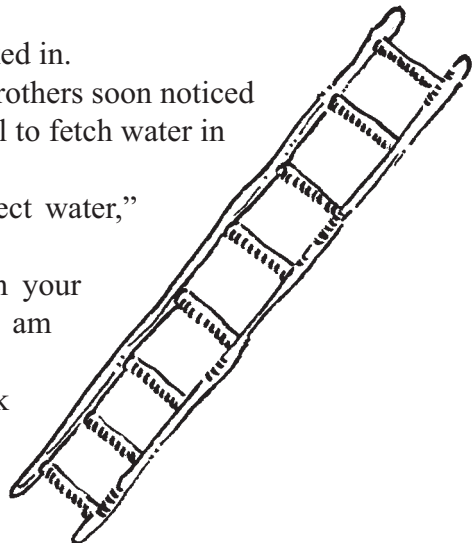
“Good day,” they said as they walked in.

“Good day,” said the barber. The brothers soon noticed that he kept sending a boy to the well to fetch water in a basket.

“That is not the best way to collect water,” they told him.

“Why, do you do it differently in your country?” replied the barber. “I am always in need of water.”

“The way we do it there will work as well here,” they said, and one of them went to the well with the bucket, and brought it back full.



When he saw this, the barber no longer wanted to send his boy to the well with a basket.

“Please, sell us your bucket,” he said.

The three brothers agreed, and got a very good price.

Next day they set out again, and came to a country where the people were cutting clover. Some gathered it with their hands, while others were trying to cut it with wooden tools.

“It will take them a month to make hay like that,” said the brothers.

The third brother picked up his scythe and in half a day he had cut down the whole clover field.

“You must stay here with us,” the people said to him. But he preferred to sell his scythe and be on his way.

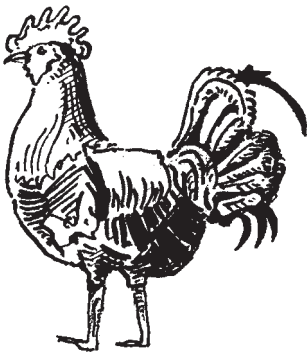
The next day, the brothers came to a land where the people did not know how to make day arrive; every day they harnessed oxen to wagons and took them to the top of a great hill to fetch the morning.

“You will have to be up early tomorrow,” said the farmer. “So you can go and fetch the day.”

“What? Do not worry about that. We have a cock, and when he sings, the day arrives.”

“Indeed?” said the farmer.

Next morning at dawn, the cock began to crow. Everyone in the farm awoke.



“See, day has arrived,” said the brothers. “As soon as the cock crows, it is daytime.”

“Truly, you have a wonderful animal,” said the farmer. “You must sell it to me. We will no longer need to fetch the day.”

The three brothers agreed, and then set off homewards. They had made their fortune, and they bought a farm and settled down on it together.

Told in 1873 by Marguerite Philippe