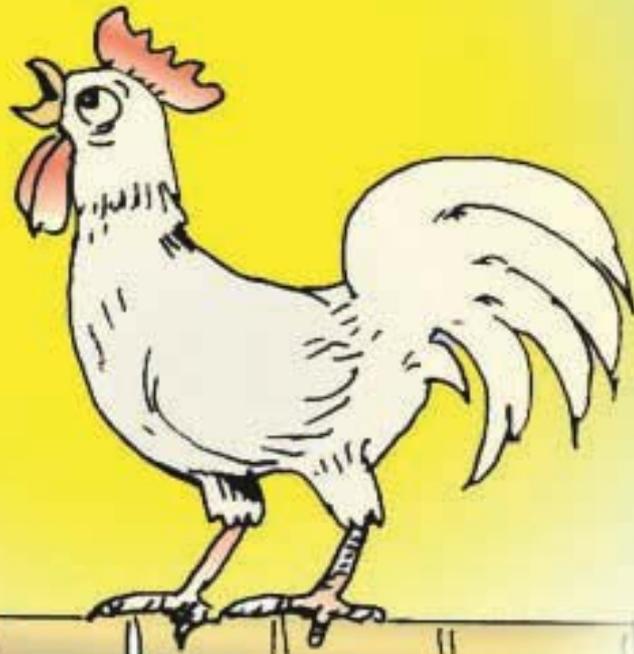


# THE ROOSTER AND THE SUN



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Rabah Kheddouci**

**Drawings by  
Djalal Mohamed**

# THE ROOSTER AND THE SUN

*Is it true that the child Wassim is responsible for the sunrise? What did he really invent? This is a sensational story with well-elaborated and expressive drawings. It aims at developing the imagination of the child and broadening his creative thinking. It then builds the child's conscious cognizance and mature personality.*

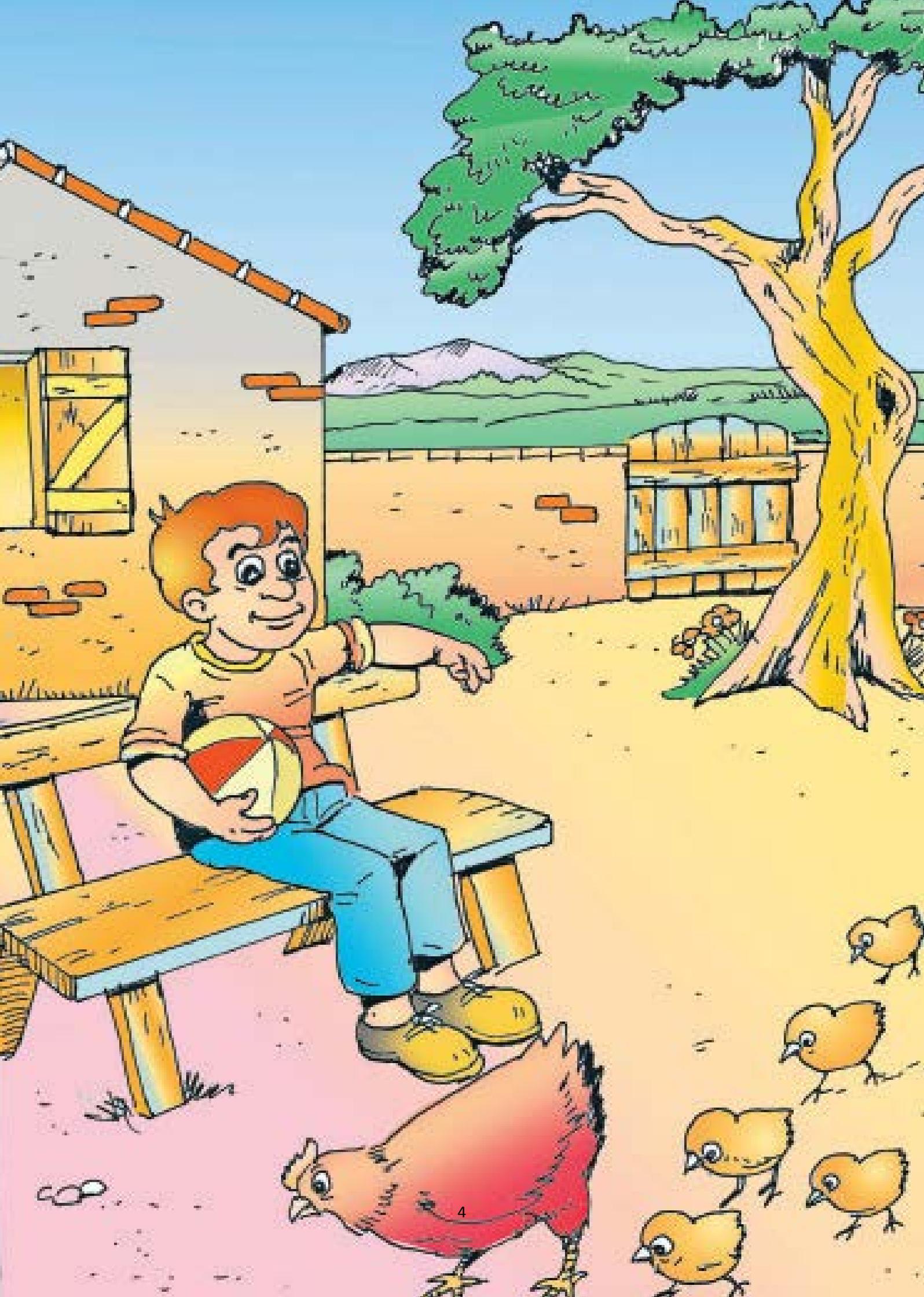
Every day, a red hen would come to our garden, searching for food to her chicks. They would walk behind their mother. Every time the hen found a maggot, she would cackle:

- *Cluck... cluck... cluck...*

Her babies would hurry toward her:

- *Wis... wis... wis...*

The hen loved and fed them as much as my mother loves and feeds me. She was the hen of Aunt Meriem.



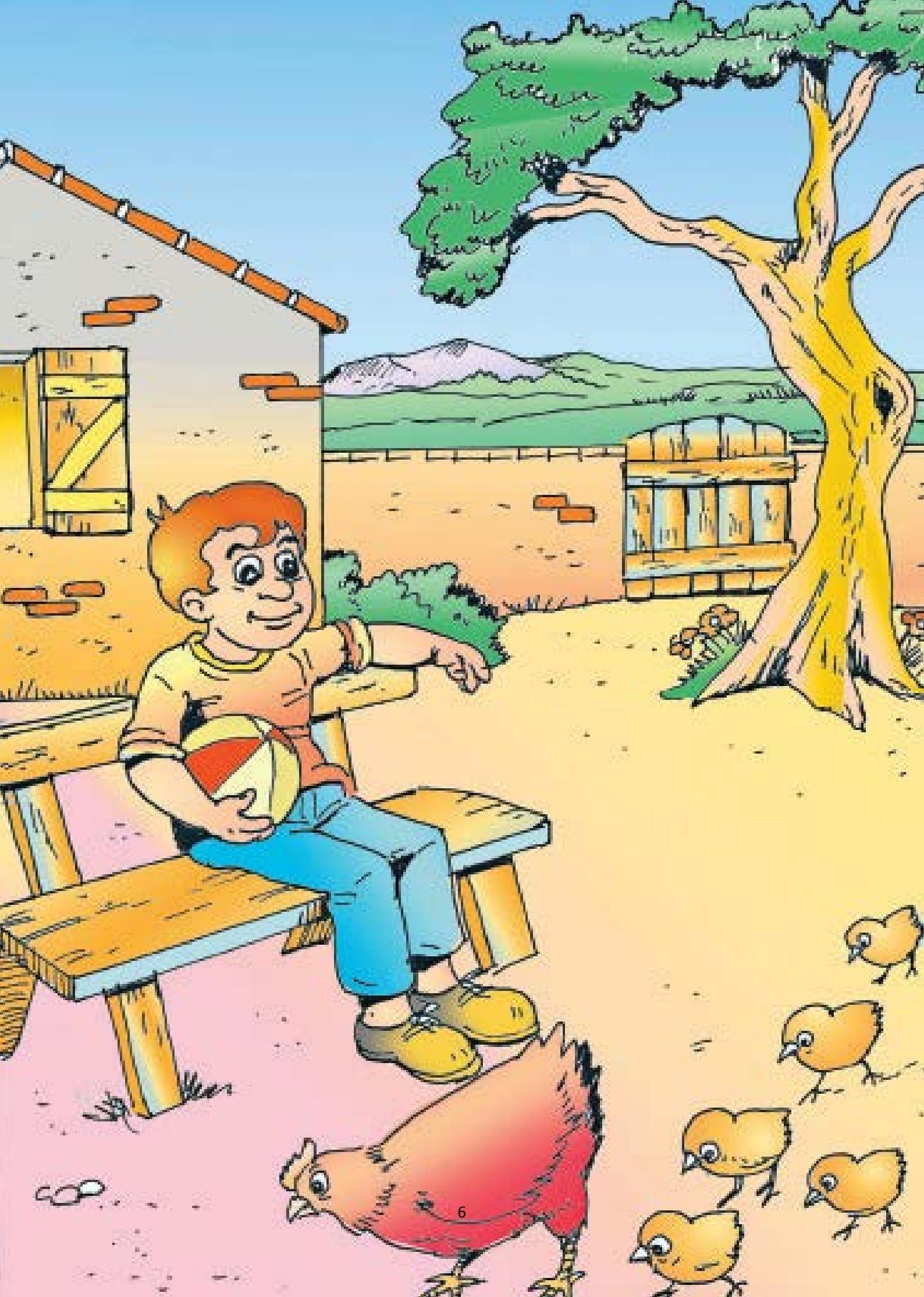
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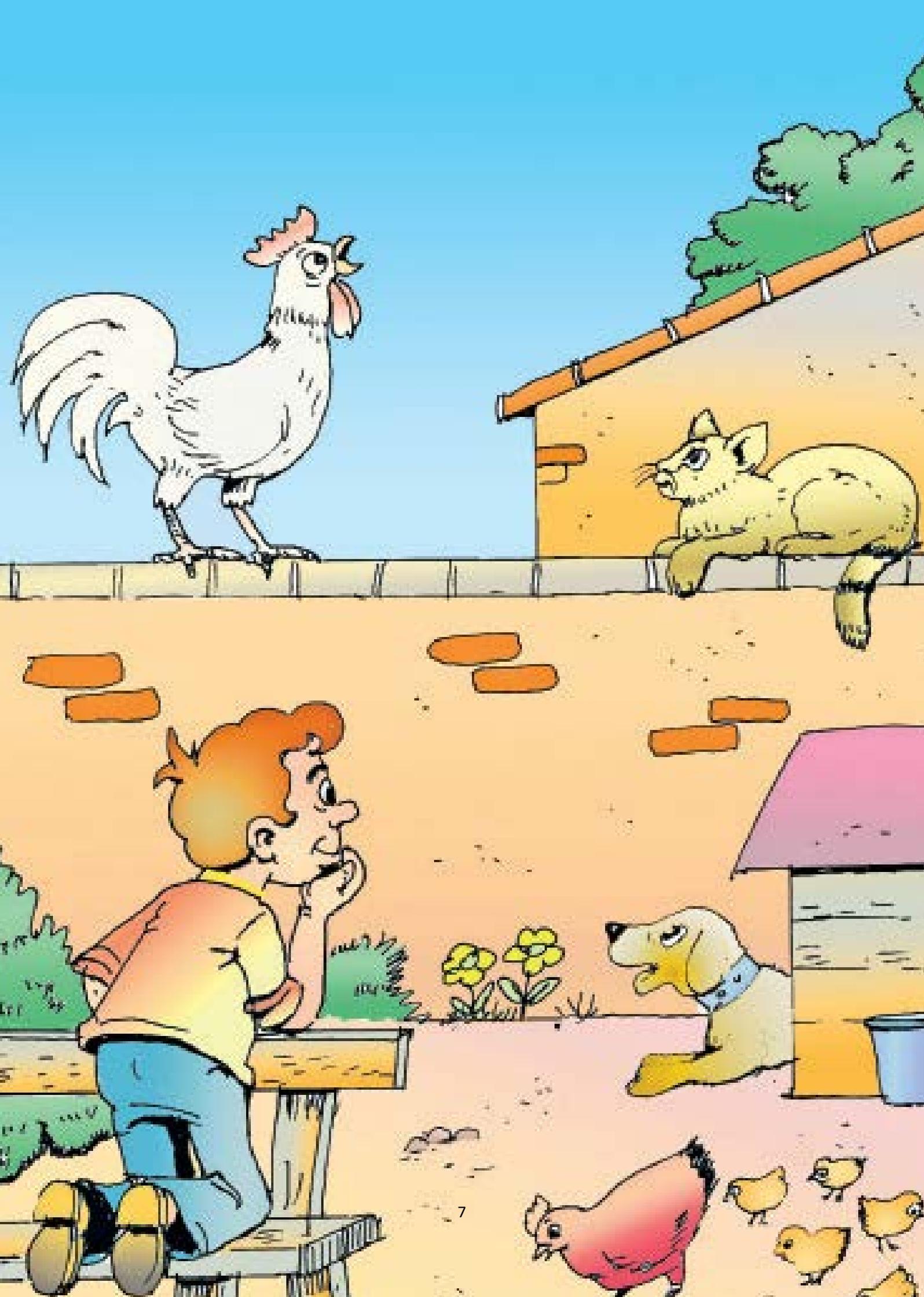
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On the top of the fence of the house, a white rooster of Auntie Doudja stood, guarding the place. From time to time, he would crow:

- *Ko-ko-ri-ko...ko-ko-ri-ko...ko-ko-ri-ko...*

And he would fall silent when he heard the meow of our cat Nounous:

- *Miaw... miaw... miaw...*

And as the dog of our neighbor Uncle Tahar would bark:

- *Haw... haw... haw...*

The rooster would come down from the wall to run closer to the hen and its babies.

So was the boy Wassim saying when he found himself in the garden, watching the hen and its chicks and the white rooster.

He would then mime their sounds:

*Cluck... cluck... cluck...*

*Wis... Wis... Wis...*

*Ko-ko-ri-ko... ko-ko-ri-ko...ko-ko-ri-ko...*

*Miaw... miaw... miaw...*

*Haw... haw... haw...*

Wassim began to think about the language of the chicken. He told himself:

- What would happen to the chicks if the hen went missing?

Who will tell them?

- *Cluck... cluck...* to get together them?

And if the chicks went missing, who would hear their calls:

- *Wis... wis... wis...*

And if the rooster went away the coop, who would crow:

- *Ko-ko-ri-ko...ko-ko-ri-ko...ko-ko-ri-ko...*

What a wonderful language! *Wis-wis, cluck-cluck, ko-ko-ri-ko, haw-haw, miaw-miaw!*

Wassim asked his grandmother:

- What does the rooster say when he crows every morning?

The grandmother answered him:

- The rooster says: Wake up, the sun! The rooster says: without my cries, the sun could not rise! No daytime!





Days after, Wassim went out to the garden as usual. He saw the hen and its chicks quiet as though they were sad. He did not hear the crow of the rooster, either. He looked for the rooster, not to be found. Later, he learned that his aunt Doudja had traveled, taking the rooster with her.

In the morning, Wassim looked up at the sky and did not see the sunshine, like the other days. He thought that the sun fell asleep because the absent rooster had not woken it as always!

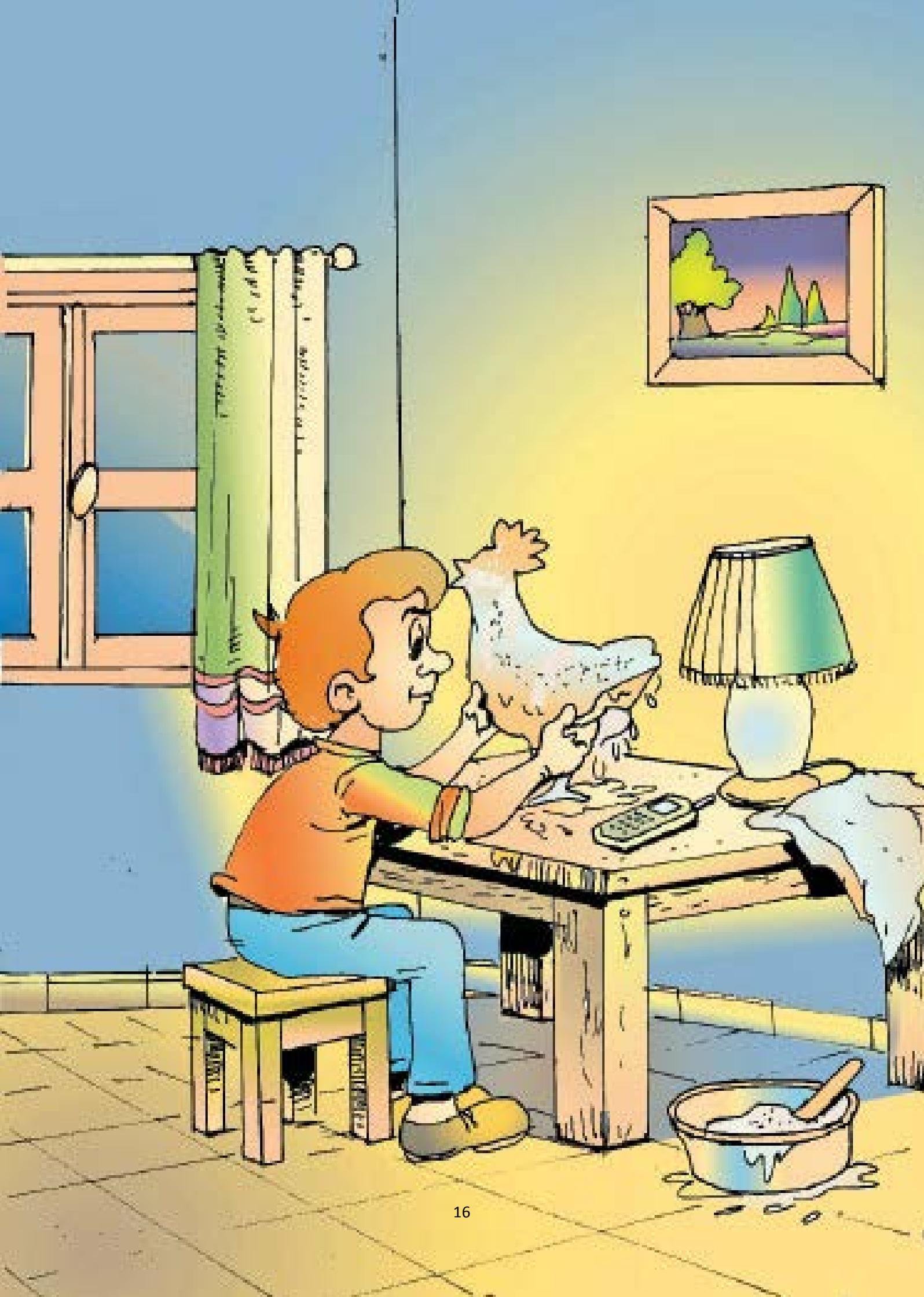
On the second and the third days, Wassim checked again the sky, but he did not spot the sun.

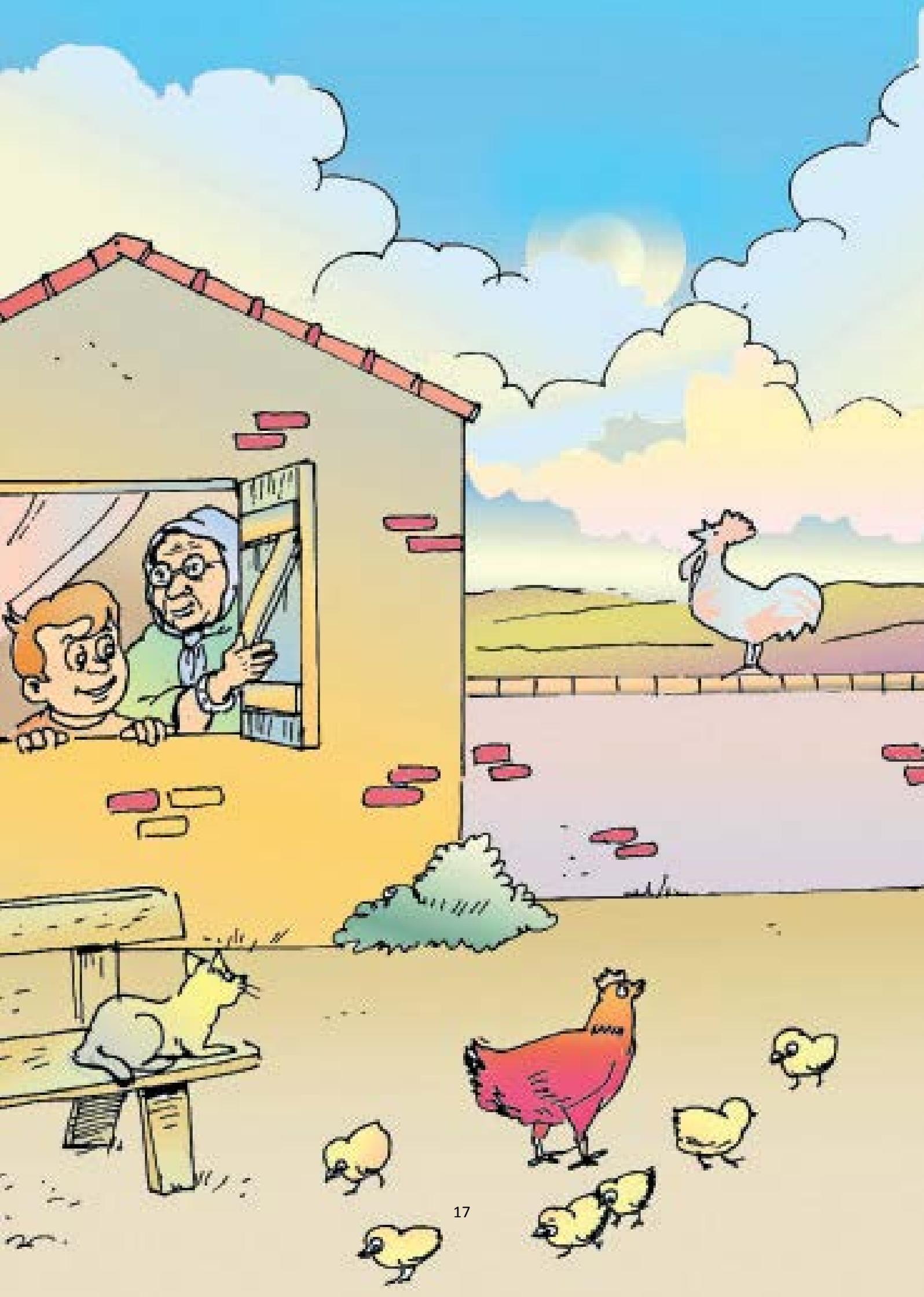
He pondered for a while, and then headed to the factory of phones. He bought a small-sized cell phone provided with the sound of the rooster, *ko-ko-ri-ko!*

He hurried back home, and made a model from fabric and plaster, looking like the rooster of Aunt Doudja. He put the cell phone inside the artificial rooster, as he set the alarm clock on the morning time. He then placed the hand-crafted rooster atop the garden's wall.

On the fourth morning, the automatic alarm clock of the hand-made rooster started to scream:

*- Ko-ko-ri-ko! Ko-ko-ri-ko! Ko-ko-ri-ko!*





The grand-mother got up and said to Wassim:

- There the rooster of your aunt Doudja comes back again!

Wassim laughed, saying:

- It is just a new rooster!

Shortly afterwards, the sun rose, as the clouds cleared away, following many days of absence of the sun.

The hen and the chick were delighted to hear again the crow of the rooster. The hen began singing:

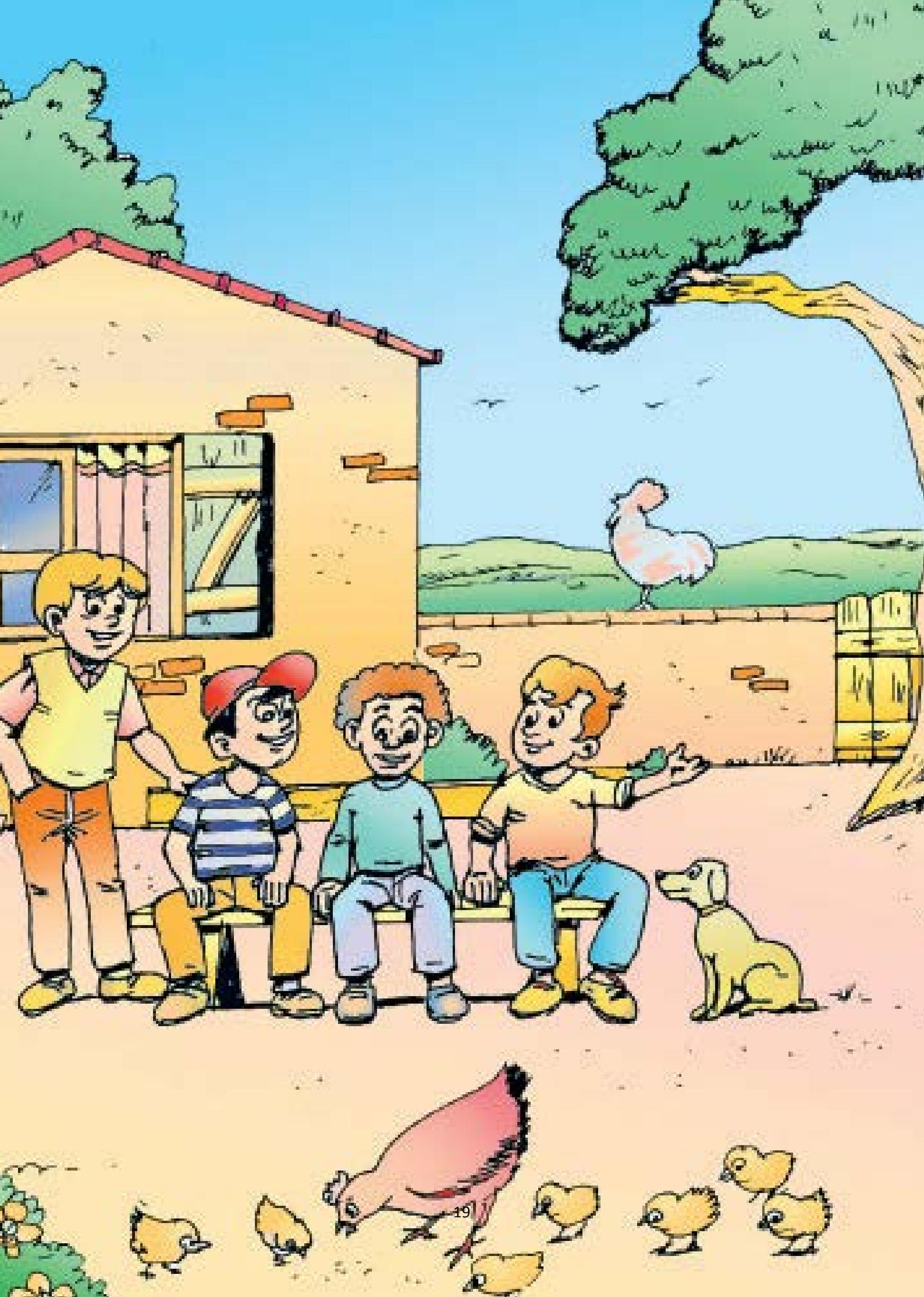
- *Cluck... cluck... cluck...*

The chicks sang on, too:

- *Wis... wis... wis...*

Thus, the life in the garden went back to normal, and Wassim felt glad of it. He even became proud of the success of his idea in front of his brothers and friends. He would say:

- If it was not my idea, the sun would never rise, and people would have stood in darkness forever!



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