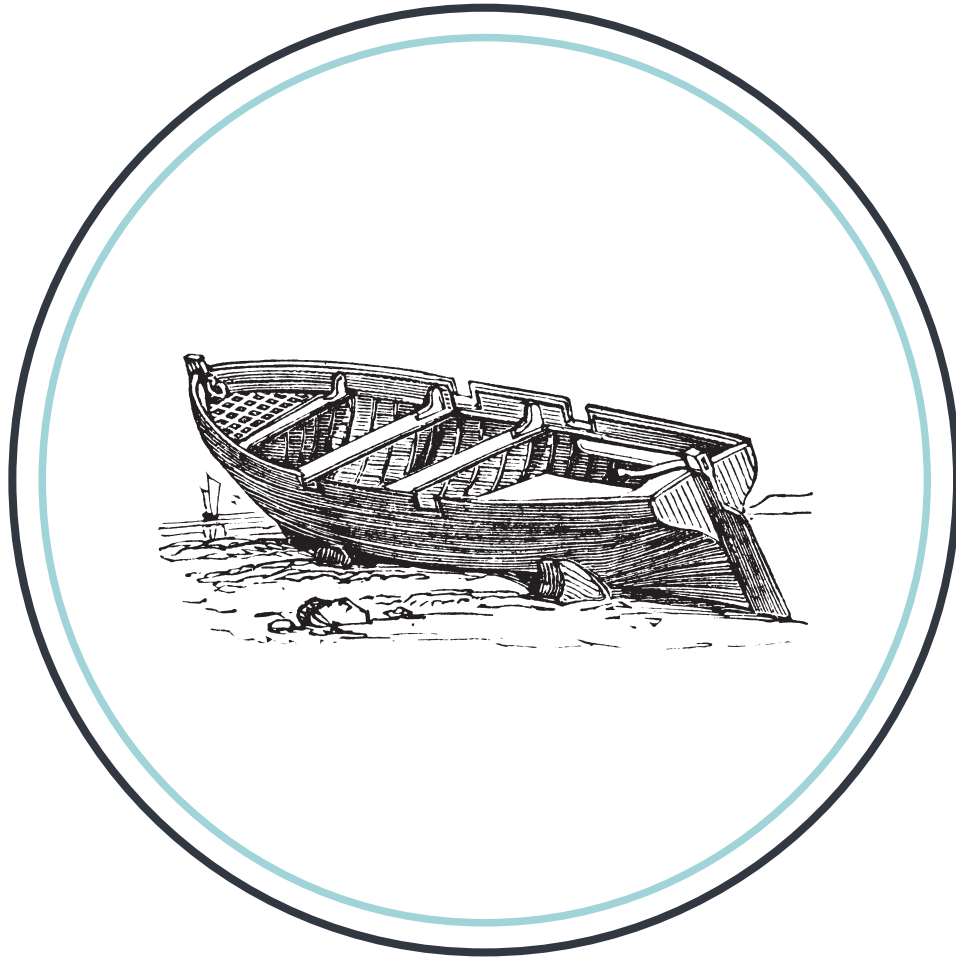
A fisherman in a small boat is silhouetted against a vibrant sunset sky. He is pulling a large fishing net that is draped across the water, creating splashes. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a bright orange and yellow near the horizon. The water reflects the colors of the sky and the fisherman's boat.

THE
FISHERMAN
AND HIS
wife

The *Earth School*

TALES

Humans have been telling and sharing tales from time immemorial. They provide a unique way to reflect and they access our subconscious mind.



HOW TO APPROACH A TALE

Read the tale for yourself and don't overthink it, just let the truth that comes from it enter your mind and your heart. Read it aloud once before reading it to others, the more fluent, the better for the listeners!



The fisherman and his wife

Once upon a time there were a fisherman and his wife who lived together in a filthy shack near the sea. Every day the fisherman went out fishing, and he fished, and he fished. Once he was sitting there fishing and looking into the clear water, and he sat, and he sat. Then his hook went to the bottom, deep down, and when he pulled it out, he had caught a large flounder.

Then the flounder said to him, "Listen, fisherman, I beg you to let me live. I am not an ordinary flounder, but an enchanted prince. How will it help you to kill me? I would not taste good to you. Put me back into the water, and let me swim."

"Well," said the man, "there's no need to say more. I can certainly let a fish swim away who knows how to talk."

Then the fisherman got up and went home to his wife in the filthy shack.

"Husband," said the woman, "didn't you catch anything today?"

"No," said the man. "I caught a flounder, but he told me that he was an enchanted prince, so I let him swim away."

"Didn't you ask for anything first?" said the woman.

"No," said the man. "What should I have asked for?"

"Oh," said the woman. "It is terrible living in this shack. It stinks and is filthy. You should have asked for a little cottage for us. Go back and call him."

The man did not want to go, but neither did he want to oppose his wife, so he went back to the sea. When he arrived there it was no longer clear, but yellow and green. He stood there and said:

"Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!

Flounder, flounder, in the sea!

My wife, my wife Ilsebill,

Wants not, wants not, what I will."





The flounder swam up and said, "What does she want then?"

"Oh," said the man, "I did catch you, and now my wife says that I really should have asked for something. She doesn't want to live in a filthy shack any longer. She would like to have a cottage."

"Go home," said the flounder. "She already has it."

The man went home, and his wife was standing in the door of a cottage, and she said to him, "Come in. See, now isn't this much better?" There was a little front yard, and a beautiful little parlor, and a bedroom where their bed was standing, and a kitchen, and a dining room. And outside there was a little yard with chickens and ducks and a garden with vegetables and fruit.

"Look," said the woman. "Isn't this nice?"

"Yes," said the man. "This is quite enough. We can live here very well."

"We will think about that," said the woman.

The next morning the woman woke up first. It was just daylight, and from her bed she could see the magnificent landscape before her. Her husband was just starting to stir when she poked him in the side with her elbow and said, "Husband, get up and look out the window. Look, couldn't we be king over all this land?"

"Oh, wife," said the man, "I don't want to be king."

"Well," said the woman, "even if you don't want to be king, I want to be king."

So the man, saddened because his wife wanted to be king, went back.

When he arrived at the sea it was dark gray. He stood there and said:

"Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!

Flounder, flounder, in the sea!

My wife, my wife Ilsebill,

Wants not, wants not, what I will."





"What does she want then," said the flounder.

"Oh," said the man, "she wants to be king."

"Go home. She is already king," said the flounder.

Then the man went home, and when he arrived there, the palace had become much larger, with a tall tower and magnificent decorations. Sentries stood outside the door, and there were so many soldiers, and drums, and trumpets.

"Oh, wife, are you now king?"

"Yes," she said, "now I am king."

He stood and looked at her, and after thus looking at her for a while he said, "Wife, it is very nice that you are king. Now we don't have to wish for anything else."

"No, husband," she said, becoming restless. "Time is on my hands. I cannot stand it any longer. Go to the flounder. I am king, but now I must become emperor."

"Oh, wife," said the man, "Why do you want to become emperor?"

"Husband," she said, "go to the flounder. I want to be emperor."

So he had to go. As he went on his way the frightened man thought to himself, "This is not going to end well. To ask to be emperor is shameful. The flounder is going to get tired of this."

With that he arrived at the sea. The water was all black and dense and boiling up from within. Again, he called for the flounder.

"What does she want then?" said the flounder.

"Oh, flounder," he said, "my wife wants to become emperor."

"Go home," said the flounder. "She is already emperor."

Then the man went home, and when he arrived there, the entire palace was made of polished marble with golden decoration. He went inside where his wife was sitting on a throne made of one piece of gold a good two miles high, and she was wearing a large golden crown that was three yards high, all set with diamonds





Then they both went to bed, but she was not satisfied. Her desires would not let her sleep. She kept thinking what she wanted to become next.

Then the sun was about to rise, and when she saw the early light of dawn she sat up in bed and watched through the window as the sun came up.

"Husband," she said, "I cannot stand it when I see the sun and the moon rising, and I cannot cause them to do so. I will not have a single hour of peace until I myself can cause them to rise."

She looked at him so gruesomely that he shuddered.

"Go there immediately. I want to become like God.

Outside such a storm was raging that he could hardly stand on his feet. Houses and trees were blowing over. The mountains were shaking, and boulders were rolling from the cliffs into the sea. There was thunder and lightning. In the sea there were great black waves as high as church towers and mountains, all capped with crowns of white foam.

"Mandje! Mandje! Timpe Te!
Flounder, flounder, in the sea!
My wife, my wife Ilsebill,
Wants not, wants not, what I will."

"What does she want then?" said the flounder.

"Oh," he said, "she wants to become like God."

"Go home. She is sitting in her filthy shack again."

And they are sitting there even today.

