

**FAIRY TALES FROM  
BRAZIL: HOW AND  
WHY TALES FROM  
BRAZILIAN FOLK-LORE**

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Fairy Tales from Brazil: How and Why Tales from Brazilian Folk-Lore by Elsie Spicer Eells

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**ELSIE SPICER EELLS**

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## FAIRY TALES FROM BRAZIL



"And out rushed the great  
black cloud of night."

# FAIRY TALES FROM BRAZIL

HOW AND WHY TALES FROM  
BRAZILIAN FOLK-LORE

BY  
ELSIE SPICER EELLS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
HELEN M. BARTON



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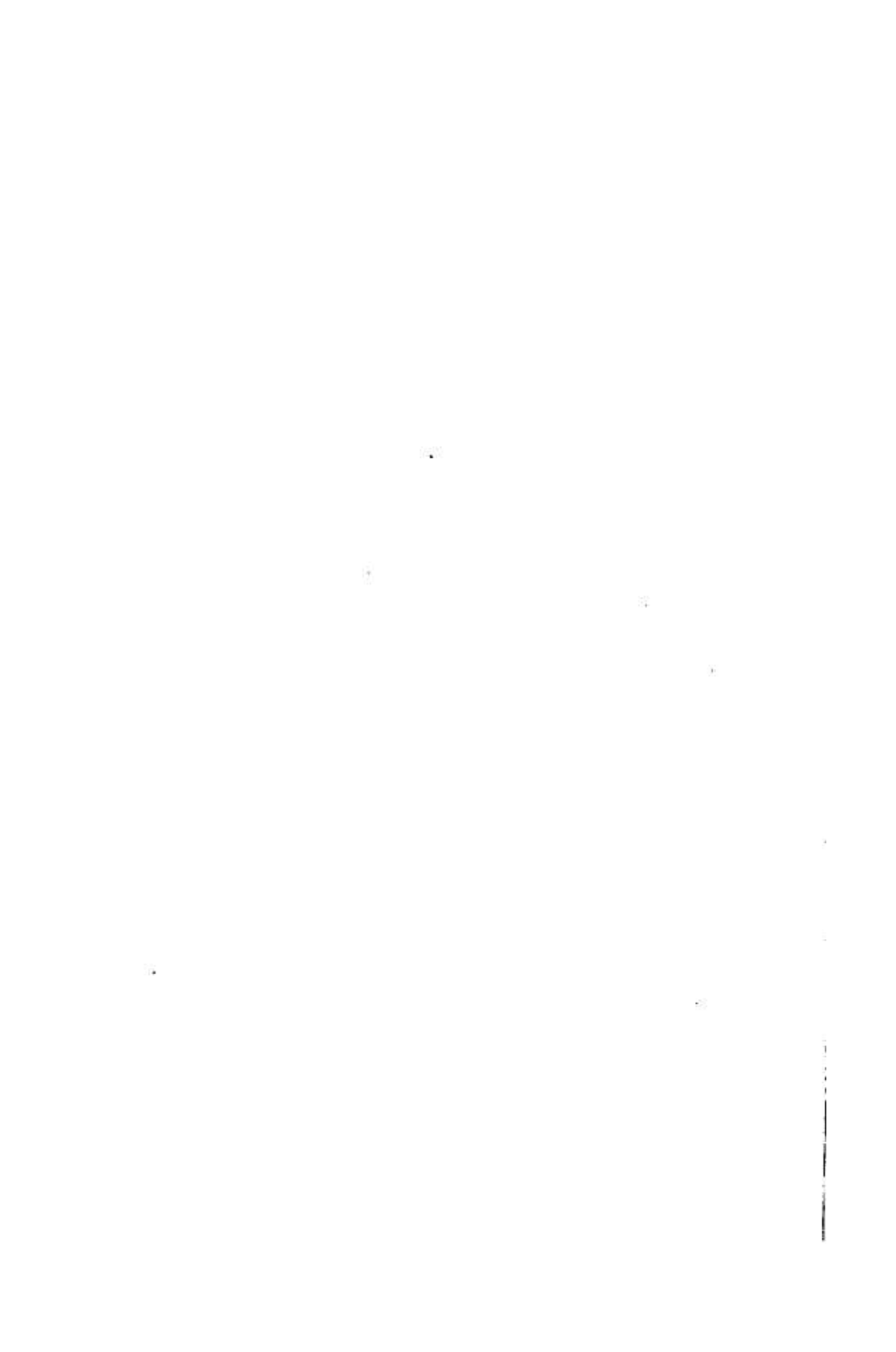
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ELSIE SPICER EELLS





## PREFACE

**I**T is late afternoon in my Brazilian garden. The dazzling blue of sea and sky which characterises a tropical noonday has become subdued and already roseate tints are beginning to prepare the glory of the sunset hour. A lizard crawls lazily up the whitewashed wall. The song of the *sabiá*, that wonderful Brazilian thrush, sounds from the royal palm tree. The air is heavy with the perfume of the orange blossom. There is no long twilight in the tropics. Night will leap down suddenly upon my Brazilian garden from out of the glory of the sunset sky.

Theresa, the *ama*, stands before us on

## PREFACE

the terrace under the mango trees, and we, her *yáyázinhas* and *yóyózinhos*, know that the story hour has come. Theresa, daughter of the mud huts under the palm trees, *ama* in the *sobrado* of the foreign *senhora*, is a royal queen of story land. For her the beasts break silence and talk like humans. For her all the magic wonders of her tales stand forth as living truth. Her lithe body sways backwards and forwards to the rhythm of her words as she unfolds her tales to us. She is a picture to remember as she stands under the mango trees on our terrace. Her spotless white "*camiza*" is decorated with beautiful pillow lace, her own handiwork. Her skirt of stiffly starched cotton is red and purple in colour. A crimson flowered folded shawl hangs over her right shoul-