



The Multilingual Library for Children in Europe

Haitian Traditional Story
English language version



“Fairy tales are more than true:
not because they tell us that dragons exist,
but because they tell us that dragons can be beaten.”

Neil Gaiman



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The little girl and the orange tree

Haitian Traditional Story
English language version

Author: Marlène Dorcena

Illustrator: Marianne Poncelet



Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived with her stepmother. The stepmother made the little girl's life a misery. She mistreated her, beating her day and night.

One day, the stepmother put three oranges on the table. The little girl was hungry, so she ate one of them. When the stepmother came back, she saw that one orange was missing. She asked the little girl, "Who ate an orange?" The little girl answered, "I did. I was hungry, so I ate one."

The stepmother then said, "Why didn't you go dig up your mother?"

The little girl started to weep. She wept, wept and wept. Then, she took an orange seed and went to where her mother was buried. She burst into tears on her mother's grave. She wept, wept and wept. She then dug a little hole. She put the orange seed in the hole. She spoke to her mother, "Mummy, my stepmother almost killed me for an orange.

The little girl began to sing:

"Tiny orange tree, grow, grow!

Tiny orange tree, grow, grow!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, grow, grow! "

Oh! Oh! The little orange tree started to grow. The little girl was amazed. She continued to sing:

"Tiny orange tree, grow, grow!

Tiny orange tree, grow, grow!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, grow, grow!"



Oh! Oh! The little orange tree was growing. The little girl was amazed. She continued to sing:

“Tiny orange tree, rise up, rise up!

Tiny orange tree, rise up, rise up!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, rise up, rise up! “

Oh! oh! The little girl saw the little orange tree rising up. She was amazed. She continued to sing:

“Tiny orange tree, bloom, bloom!

Tiny orange tree, bloom, bloom!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, bloom, bloom!”



Oh! Oh! The little girl saw the orange tree blooming. She was amazed. She continued to sing:

“Tiny orange tree, be fruitful, be fruitful!

Tiny orange tree, be fruitful, be fruitful!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, be fruitful, be fruitful!”

Oh! Oh! The little girl saw the orange tree bearing fruit. She was amazed. She continued to sing:

“Tiny orange tree, get bigger, get bigger!

Tiny orange tree, get bigger, get bigger!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, get bigger, get bigger!”



Oh! Oh! The little girl saw the orange tree getting bigger. She was amazed. She continued to sing:

“Tiny orange tree, become ripe, become ripe!

Tiny orange tree, become ripe, become ripe!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, become ripe, become ripe!”

Oh! Oh! The little girl saw the orange tree ripening. She was amazed. She continued to sing:

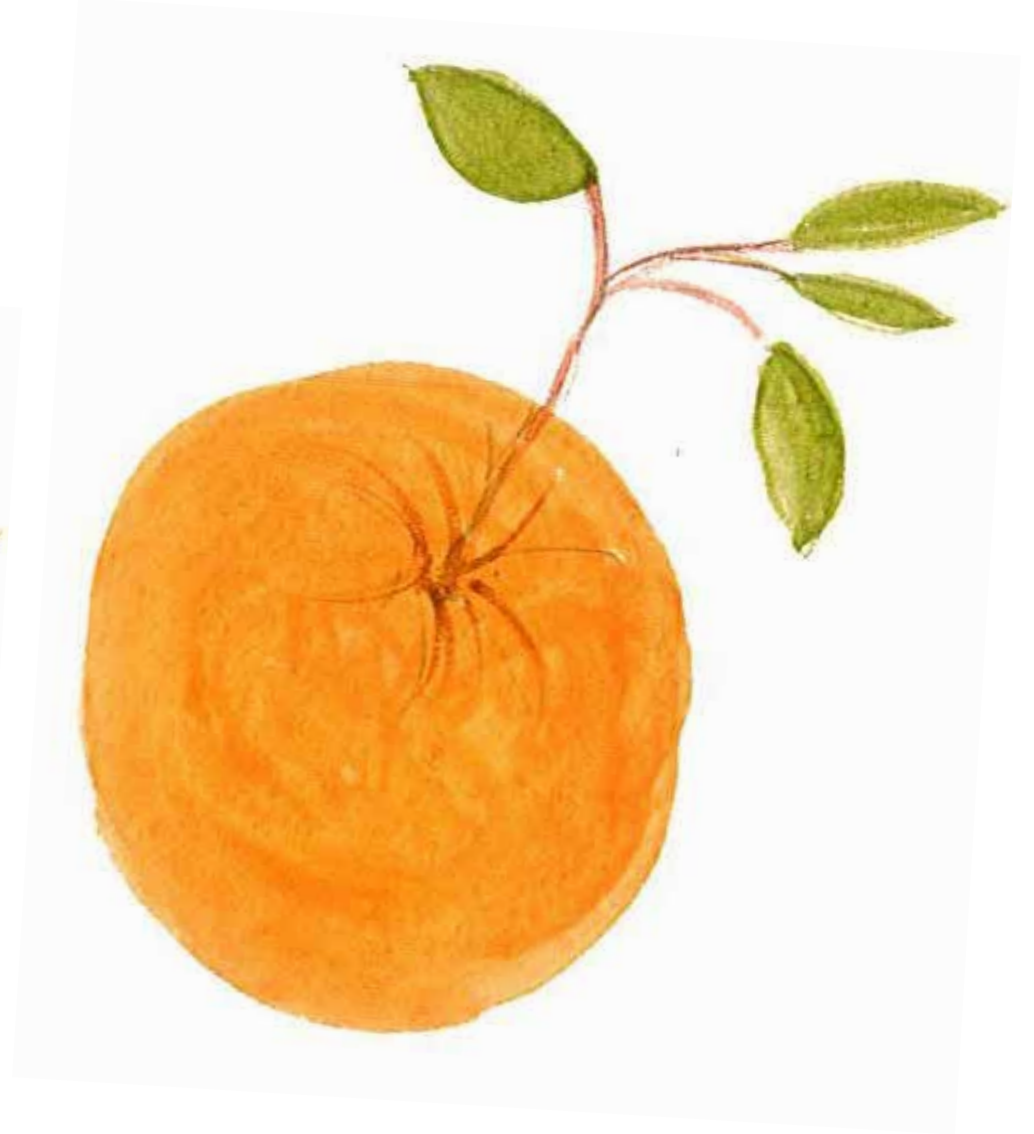
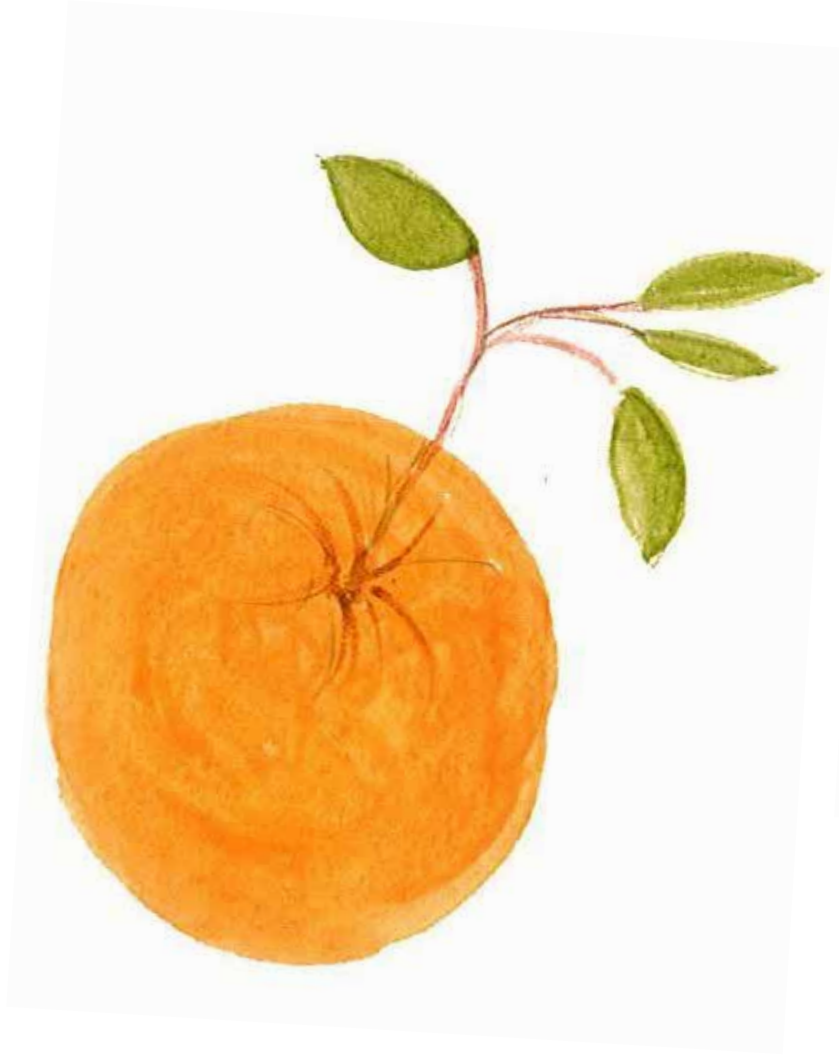
“Tiny orange tree, become sweet, become sweet!

Tiny orange tree, become sweet, become sweet!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Tiny orange tree, become sweet, become sweet!”



Then the little girl climbed up the orange tree. She picked an orange to see if it was sweet. She found it very sweet and she ate several of them until her tummy was full. She then took ten oranges, put them in her bag, and brought them back to her stepmother's house and put them on the table.

The stepmother asked the little girl, "Where have you been all this time?"

The little girl replied, "Well, you were going to kill me for an orange that I had eaten! So, instead of just one orange, I bring you ten!"

The stepmother tried an orange and found it very sweet.

She said to herself, "How can I get more oranges? I'll give her the donkey to go to the market. In the meantime, I will climb up the orange tree ... "



She said to the little girl, “Take the donkey, go to the market and buy some supplies for me.”

The little girl took the donkey and left. But she knew that her stepmother would climb the orange tree. She beat the donkey to make it gallop, she quickly bought the supplies and returned home even more quickly.

The stepmother climbed up the orange tree. When the little girl came back to the house, she could not find her stepmother. She ran to the orange tree. When she arrived, she saw her stepmother in the tree: she was sitting there with her arms open, eating the oranges as if they were all for her.

The little girl said to her, “What are you doing in the orange tree?” You caused me a lot of misery and now you’re in my orange tree eating my oranges!



She started singing:

“Little orange tree, grow, grow!

Little orange tree, grow, grow!

Stepmother is not your mommy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Little orange tree, grow, grow!”

Oh, oh, the little orange tree began to grow and continued to grow and grow and grow.

When the little girl saw the little orange tree almost touching the sky, she said:

“Little orange tree, break up, break up!

Little orange tree, break up, break up!

Stepmother is not your mummy, can you hear?

Stepmother is not your daddy, can you hear?

Little orange tree, break up, break up!”

The little orange tree broke apart.... KOOOOO! The stepmother fell into the middle of the sea.

She could not swim and she died in the middle of the sea. The little girl had taken revenge on her stepmother for all the misery she had to endure. When I passed by her place, the little girl slapped me, so here I am to tell you this short tale.





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