



Blindness of Anger

By Susan

1001

Our storytelling program, 1001 Stories, brings meaningful learning to some of the hardest to reach populations around the world. We aim to facilitate the creation, development, and gathering of 1001 empowering stories from every participating local community.

Children love to tell stories. However, in many places in the world, their creative voices are rarely heard or cultivated. The 1001 Stories Program conducts storytelling workshops that build on children's natural potential to become original storytellers. Through the 1001 Stories Program, children are empowered while their literacy skills are developed.

When integrated with technologies, these stories become an effective tool for literacy by growing reading and writing skills grounded in local languages and local themes in underserved areas worldwide.

One time upon a time in a small village called Kintine. There was a happy family there was the parents and two children one called Mureki and the other ~~Kama~~ Kanga. The mother owned a restaurant and the father was employed. The parents gave them all the love and support they needed.

One faithful day the father was engaged in an accident. He was taken to the hospital to receive treatment but he did not make it. When the ambulance reached the family home, the father was already dead.

Now the burden was on the mother. She had to take care of the children from people who were crying from a distance. She just let go and...

One day as the mother was in her restaurant she spotted a poor man. She felt empathy for the poor man so she gave him food. The following day she spotted the same man she just gave him some food. This continued for three good weeks. One day the woman was calculating her income she saw that she had a loss of \$10. She asked herself what could cause...

Susan




In the village of Isindine, a widow named Adia ran a small restaurant with the help of her two children, Muralini and Juma. Since her husband's passing, every coin mattered, and she worked tirelessly to keep their livelihood afloat.



Each evening, a disheveled man named Baraka would appear at her doorstep. At first, Adia gave him food willingly, remembering her late husband's kindness to strangers. But as weeks passed and her earnings dwindled, resentment grew like a weed in her heart.



The illustration features a woman in a vibrant pink dress sitting at a dark brown wooden table. In the background, two other figures are seated at the same table, their forms rendered in a warm orange glow. The scene is set against a background of warm orange and yellow tones, with a dark blue vertical band on the right side. A semi-transparent white box with a light blue border is positioned in the upper right, containing the text.

“Why must I feed him for free?” she fumed one night, slamming her ledger shut. “He takes and takes, and what do I get in return?” Blinded by frustration, she concocted a plan.

The next day, she stirred a potent laxative into Baraka's meal, smirking as she handed it to him. "Let him regret his greed."



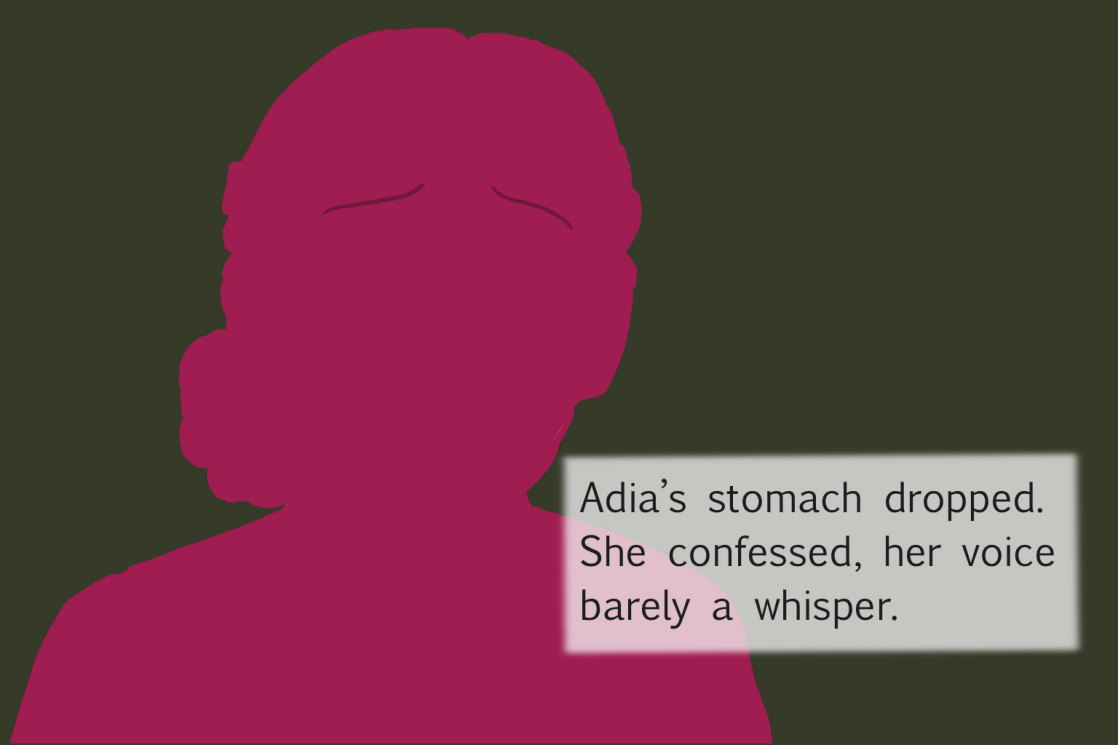
But fate had other plans.

That afternoon, Muralini and Juma—
always mischievous—switched their
plain dinner with Baraka's "special"
plate, giggling as they devoured it.

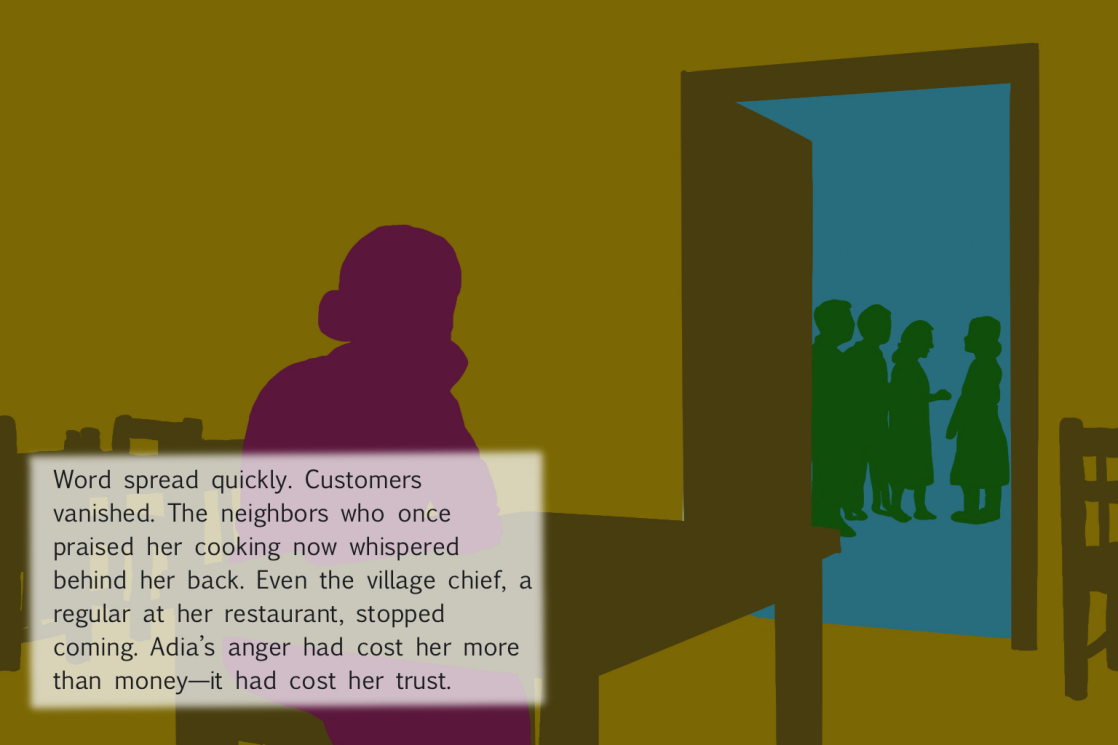


The village healer, Mama Nia, rushed to help. As she treated them, she fixed Adia with a knowing stare. "What did they eat?"

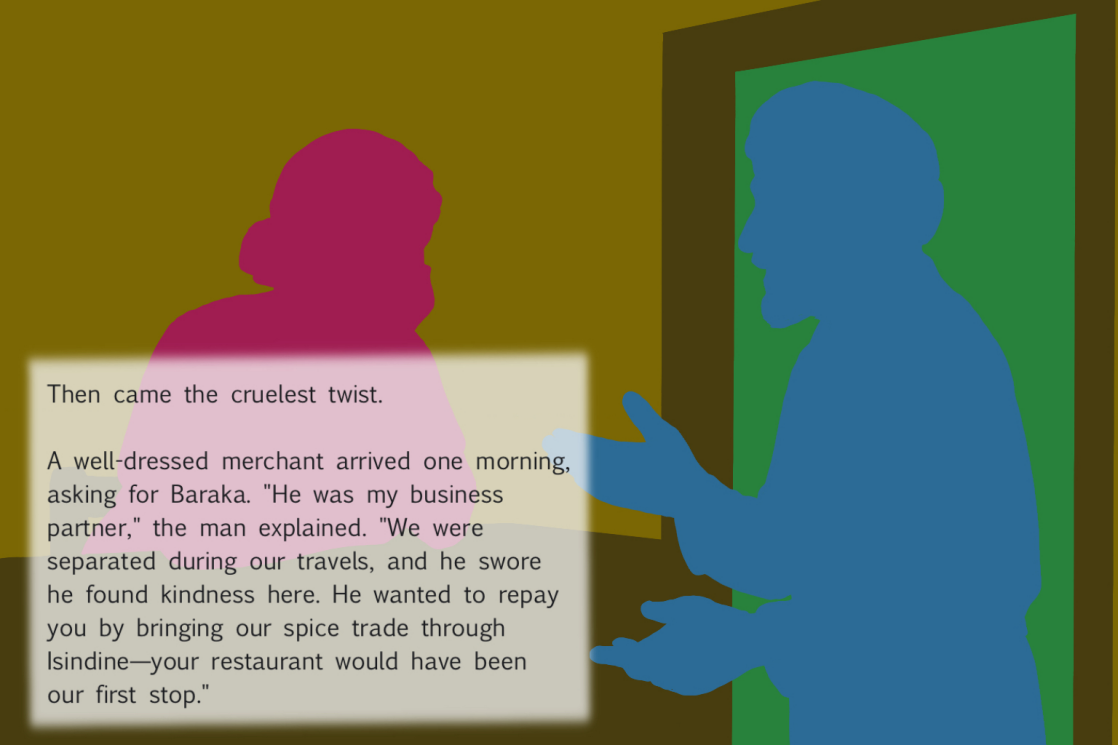




Adia's stomach dropped.
She confessed, her voice
barely a whisper.

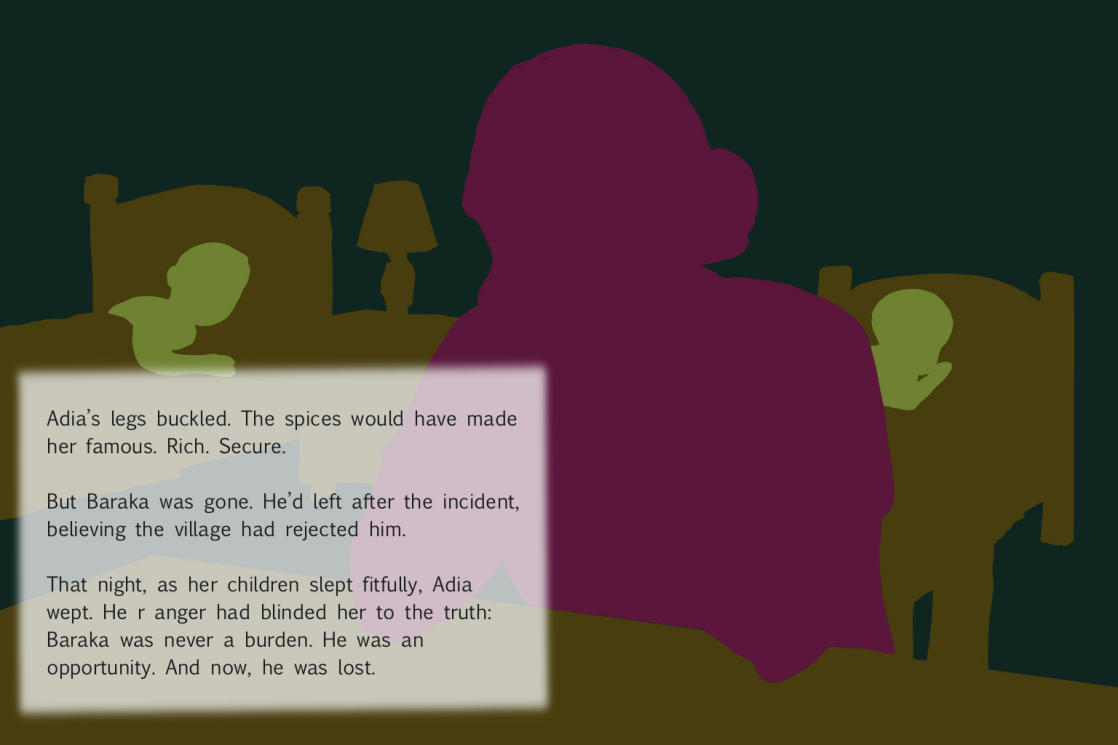
An illustration with a dark olive green background. In the foreground, a woman with her back to the viewer is wearing a purple dress. She is looking out an open doorway. Through the doorway, a bright blue light illuminates a group of four people standing in a line, talking. The scene is stylized with flat colors and simple shapes.

Word spread quickly. Customers vanished. The neighbors who once praised her cooking now whispered behind her back. Even the village chief, a regular at her restaurant, stopped coming. Adia's anger had cost her more than money—it had cost her trust.

The image features a dark olive green background. On the left, a magenta silhouette of a woman with her hair in a bun is shown in profile, facing right. On the right, a blue silhouette of a man is shown in profile, facing left, with his hands gesturing as if in conversation. A white rectangular text box is positioned in the lower-left quadrant, overlapping the woman's silhouette. The text inside the box is black and consists of two paragraphs. The overall style is minimalist and graphic.

Then came the cruelest twist.

A well-dressed merchant arrived one morning, asking for Baraka. "He was my business partner," the man explained. "We were separated during our travels, and he swore he found kindness here. He wanted to repay you by bringing our spice trade through Isindine—your restaurant would have been our first stop."

An illustration of a woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a purple shawl, sitting on a bed. She is looking towards the right. On either side of her are two children, one on the left and one on the right, both wearing light green clothing. The background is dark green, and there is a brown headboard and a lamp with a brown shade on a table behind the woman.

Adia's legs buckled. The spices would have made her famous. Rich. Secure.

But Baraka was gone. He'd left after the incident, believing the village had rejected him.

That night, as her children slept fitfully, Adia wept. Her anger had blinded her to the truth: Baraka was never a burden. He was an opportunity. And now, he was lost.

