



STORIES WE LOVE

EAST LONDON TEXTILE ARTS



East London Textile Arts and School 360

East London Textile Arts (ELTA) is one of the community groups in residence at School 360. It is committed to developing creative skills over the long-term for people of all ages and abilities. It believes in providing craft education of the highest possible standards for children throughout their primary school years. ELTA also brings children together with craftspeople in local communities, enabling children to work creatively and collaboratively in community projects.

www.eastlondontextilearts.com
instagram @eltatextiles



The Making of Stories We Love

This project ran over nine months, involving four groups: School 360 After-School Textile Club, Little Ilford Textile Group, The McGrath Makers and RaG-Time Weave School. Each met weekly, but made their work in very different ways. The After-School Club was told many stories which they illustrated on paper and cloth. The Little Ilford Textile Group, who are skilled embroiderers, illustrated three folk tales from different countries. Each participant in The McGrath Makers (learning disabilities group) chose their own stories and drew out their own designs, while the Rag-Time weave group jointly made one rag rug illustrating The King and the Rice (see back cover). In addition to this booklet, the Stories We Love project made a number of textile designs from embroideries created, as well as cards and decorated papers.



Rag Rug Makers

Sandra Elliot
Prue Guthrie
Sindy Jackson
Jen Cable
Mani Gollapalli
Taskin Fazaldin
Phillipa Brock
Clare Wright
Laura Holland

The McGrath Makers

(learning disabled group)
Clifton Baptiste
Halima Begum
Felicia Danqua
Donald Dunn
Ramdas Laxman
Felicia Rodriguez
Ade Adepitan
Sharon
Herminio
Carina

Little Ilford Textile Group

Lynn Cranfield
Kang Sing Fung
Karen Harris
Kaushika Vaghela
Radha Rajan

Sameena Kazmi
Taskin Fazaldin
Sandra Elliot
Lorna Lambert
Polly Singh
Bula Susmita Sakar
Rekah Patel
Nell Chapman
Sindy Jackson
Laura Holland
Prue Guthrie
Saif Khan
Helen Gudge
Ellen Chapman

Afterschool Textile Club

Cosmos De Leadus
Tilio Ebbensgaard
Rosa Edgworth
Macie Flegg
Zariyah Gordon
Mira Jain
Iskra Klancisar Henderson
Sienna Krishnan
Victoria Stancescu
Khaion Barnes
Clara Tillet
Aydaan Abu-Bakr

Emily Blackham
Ettore Elven-Boita
Monty McLean
Ava Odili
Nyla Tayler
Jackson Turnbull
Stanley Wick
Eliana Zekariase

Outreach

Karen Harris

Leader, Rag-Rug Making

Rachael Matthews

Tutor for Adults with learning disabilities

Sophia Ramsay

Book Design

Celia Ward

Graphic Design & photography

Lorna Lambert

Accounts

Lynn Cranfield
Keith Dixon

Creative Director & Lead Textile Artist

Sonia Tuttiett

Stories We Love

The King and the Rice, The Magic Soup Pot, The Party



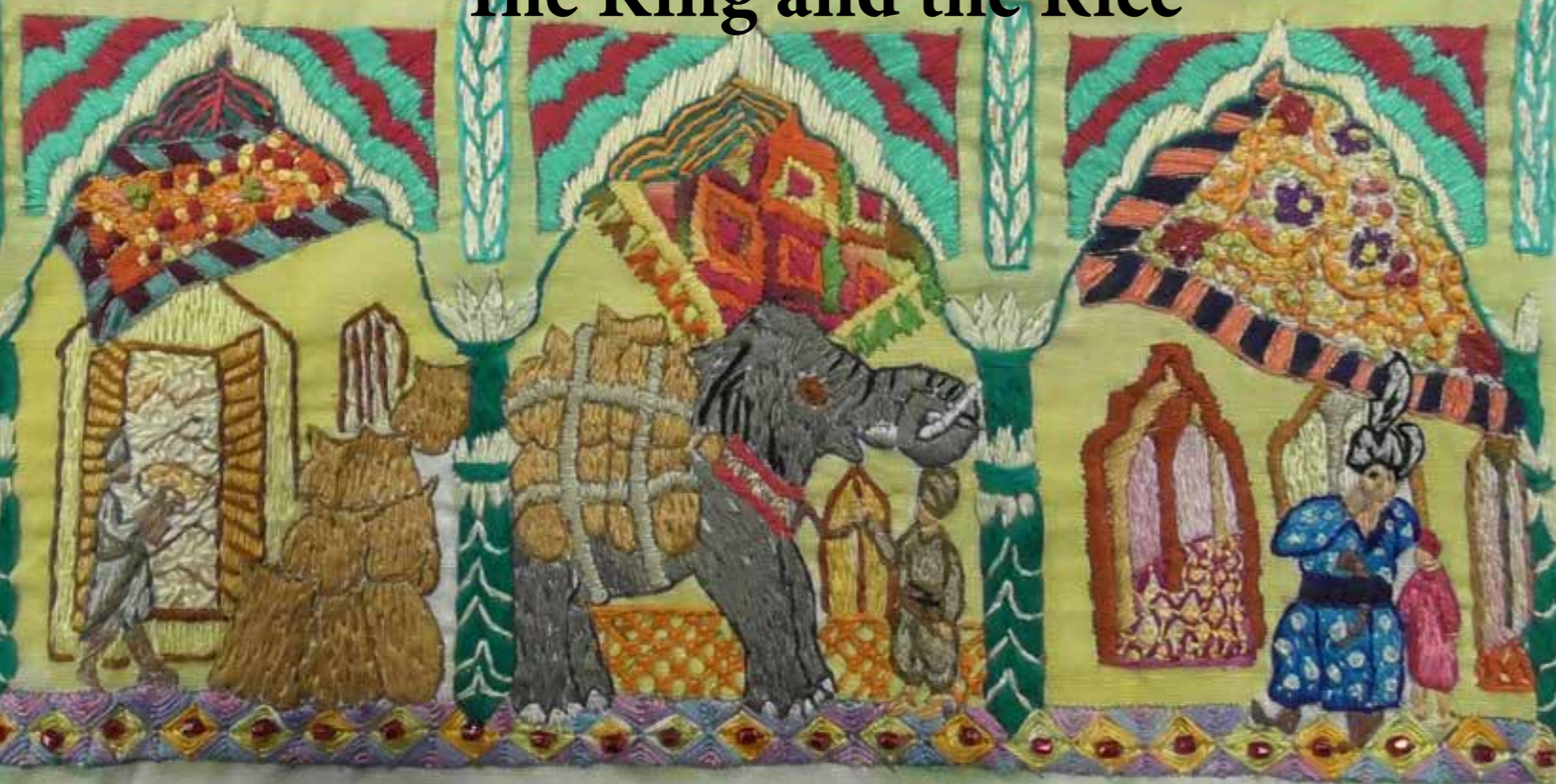
by

School 360 Textiles Afterschool club

**Little Ilford Textile Group, East Ham Library Monday Group
Stratford Library, The McGrath Makers (learning disabled group)**

RaG-Time Weave School

The King and the Rice



In a land, far away, there was a king who had no idea how his people lived. One year the rice harvest was bad but the King did not worry, and went on holding huge parties, while more and more people were forced to go to food banks.

Then one morning, a ragged little girl appeared at the palace with a present for the King. "I've invented a new game," she said. "You must teach me how to play this new game," the King said and the little girl agreed.



Day after day, more and more people sat begging in the streets, and each day the little ragged girl appeared at the palace, to teach the King how to play the new game. Before long the King became very good at this game.

“I’m very happy with this present,” he said to the little girl. “I’ve taught all my family to play. Does the game have a name?”
“It’s called chess,” the little girl said.
“Chess!” I must give you a present for teaching me chess. What would you like?”
Instantly she said, “I would like some rice, your highness.”

“Only rice?” the King laughed “But I have jewels, and golden rings, and silken dresses. Choose yourself something more precious.”

The little girl bowed. “Rice is all I want. But you must put one grain on the first square of the chess board, two on the second square, four on the next and so on, doubling up each time across the board. That is all I ask.”

The King thought, “What a funny present!” and began putting the grains of rice on the board. But as he began doubling, he soon needed so many grains that they wouldn’t fit on the squares. “Bring a pot to put the rice in,” he ordered the servants, “and more rice.”

The rice filled the pot, and then a sack, then another. Soon the King had to count sixteen thousand, three hundred and eighty-four grains and, for the next square, twice as much. “This is taking me hours!”



All that day and the next the servants brought rice, and the King counted. The corridors of the palace were filled with sacks piled high, until there was not one single grain left in the Royal City. "Get more rice from the country" called the exhausted King. The ragged little girl said, "But don't you know there's a famine in the country? Even the children have no rice to eat." The King was horrified. "No child should ever be hungry in my kingdom," he said. "I am so sorry. I have not looked after my people. I have not been a good King. And now I have given all my rice to you."

The little girl looked up at the King. "I didn't take the rice for myself, Your Highness," she said. "Just give enough rice to every hungry person in your country, and all will be fed." And so that is how he learnt to be a good King.



The Magic Soup Pot

One winter's day as Peter was walking to school, he met an old woman begging for food. Peter was from a poor family and only had a tiny sandwich for lunch. But he cheerfully shared it with the old woman, because he knew what it was to be hungry.

On the way home he met the woman again. "To thank you for your kindness this morning," she said, "I'd like to give you this" and she handed him a battered old cooking pot.

"Tap it and say 'Cook, little pot, cook' and it will cook you as much soup as you can eat," she said. "And then when you want it to stop, tap it again and say, 'Stop cooking, little pot, stop.'"

Peter thanked her and went off home.

When his mother and his little brother, Frederick, saw the battered old pot, they thought Peter must have found it on the street on his way back home. But when he said, "Cook, little pot, cook" the pot became full of thick creamy soup.

"Stop, little pot, stop," Peter said, and they feasted on the delicious soup. From then on his family was never hungry again. Sometimes they put in more potatoes and invited their neighbours to join them for meals.



Then one day when Peter was out exploring the forest, Frederick decided he wanted more soup, so he said, "Cook, little pot, cook" and the little pot began to fill with soup. Frederick ate happily away until he was full. But the pot kept cooking, and soon the soup was overflowing out of the pot.

"Stop cooking, pot, stop!" But the pot just went on cooking, and soup was flooding the floor. In a panic Frederick called his mother in from the garden.

She gasped. "What's happened? Stop, soup pot, stop cooking!" But the pot just went on cooking more soup. It flowed out of the house, down the path, and into the street where all the village cats and dogs came to lap it up.

"What's going on?" cried the villagers, as the soup crept into their houses. "Stop cooking, soup pot," they cried. But no one could stop it, and the soup just kept flowing. The children slid and sledged in the soup, but soon it became too deep to play in. It filled their houses, so they had to climb out of their windows and stand on their roofs.

"Eat as much as you can!" cried the mayor, but it kept on flowing. No-one could keep up with it.



When Peter returned from exploring the forest, he smelt the soup and immediately realised what had happened. “How am I to get home through all this soup?” he wondered

Then he remembered the kite that he had made at school. It was still there. He hurried to fetch it, then ran till he took to the sky and flew over the lake of soup and landed in his soup garden. “Stop, little pot, stop!” And the soup stopped flowing.

Peter sighed with relief.

It took days for everyone to eat all the soup.

No-one in the village, except Peter and his family, ever ate soup again.



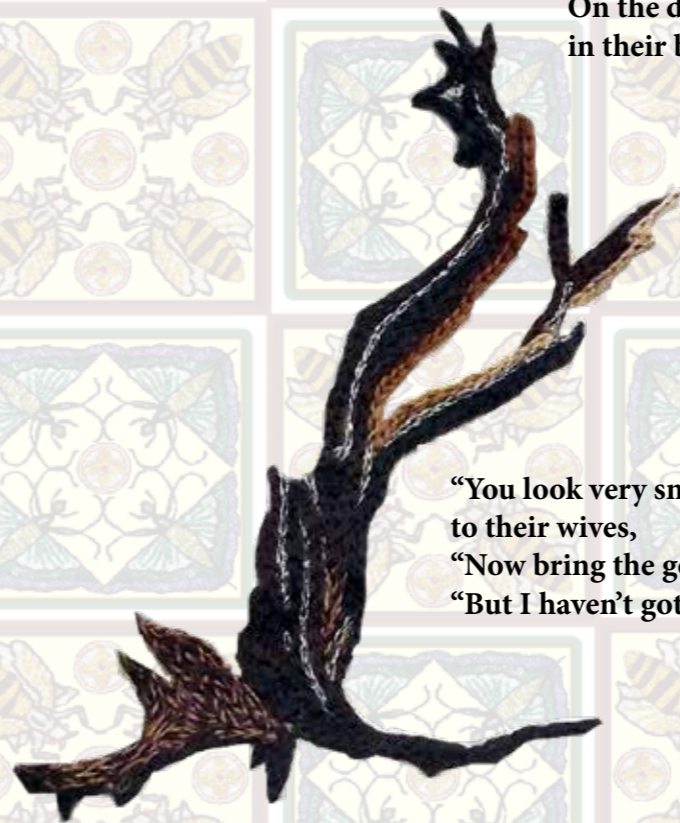
The Party

A chief decided to throw a big party for his people. The people from every village in the land were invited.

“The chief is inviting everyone to a great party,” announced his messenger, “and he asks that all families bring a gourd full of wine so there will be plenty to drink.”

When they heard this all the people were excited. “What scrumptious food we’ll eat!” they cried. On the day of the party they all dressed in their best clothes.

“You look very smart” said the husbands to their wives, “Now bring the gourds of wine.”
“But I haven’t got any,” the wives replied.





“Hurry then and buy some” the men said.
“Why should we spend money when the feast is free?” their wives asked crossly.
“Because we must all help make this a wonderful day.”
“If everyone is bringing wine it won’t be noticed if we bring nothing.”

When they arrived at the feast they tipped their gourds which were full of plain water into the huge central pot and tiptoed to their tables.

The chief took the first drink.
He smiled. “I see by the quality of wine you have brought how much you value my hospitality. Come everyone, and help yourselves.”
All the guests took a glass.
But there was no wine in any glass.
All they had to drink that day was water.

The End



About the project

Telling stories through textiles is a joy. The stories we love are all very different, and so we chose three folk tales from three different cultures.

In the Adults with Learning Disabilities group, each person chose a favourite story. These included Superman, Cinderella, Paddington Bear, and Alice in Wonderland, to name a few. Other stories came from film and television, part of a shared culture that brings together people from different faiths, ethnicities, ages, and abilities.

The group all drew out their own designs and embroidered them. For people who cannot read it was a chance to join in a project involving words and stories, beloved by people in their communities.





Stories help us understand the world around us, as well as better understanding ourselves. Creating an illustration gives us time to think about a story. The story enters the maker's mind and can be remembered for a long time to come.



Stories with their accompanying illustrations pictures, link us to to past generations and diverse communities. They are wonderful subject matter for a community craft project. We hope that making this book has enriched the lives of everybody who took part. We hope, too, it has created a storybook all can enjoy.

