The Death of Finger Child and the String of Fools

Once upon a time there was a woman, and this woman had no child of her own. She wished for a child with all her heart. She begged God to grant her a child, and she said she would be happy with a child even if it were no bigger than her finger. God gave her a child small as a finger. She was very happy to have this little child, and she would do anything Finger Child wanted.

One day while she was heating milk for Finger Child, he climbed up the side of the pot and oh! he fell into the boiling milk and was drowned.

Well, when the mother saw this, she started screaming, and she pulled out all her hair in her grief. When the father came, he said, "What is wrong?"

And she said, "Oh, my husband! Finger Child fell into the milk and was drowned, and I pulled out all my hair."

"Oh!" said the man. "Then I shall pull out all my beard." And he did.

Then the apple tree saw them and said, "What is wrong?"

The man said, "Oh, Finger Child fell into the milk and was drowned, and his mother has pulled out all her hair, and I have pulled out all my beard."

"Oh!" said the apple tree. "Then I shall shed all my apples." And it did.

A crow happened to pass by, and when the crow saw all this, it was surprised and said, "What is wrong, apple tree? You have shed all your apples.

"Oh," said the apple tree, "if you only knew! Finger Child fell into the milk and was drowned, and his mother has pulled out all her hair, and his father has pulled out all his beard, and I shed all my apples."
"Oh, well!" said the crow. "Then I shall pluck my feathers." And the crow plucked all his feathers and was left all bare.

As it was flying, it came to a running fountain. When the fountain saw the crow, it said, "Oh, crow, what happened to you?"

And the crow said, "Oh, if you only knew! Finger Child fell into the milk and was drowned, and his mother has pulled out all her hair, and his father has pulled out all his beard, and the apple tree has shed all its apples, and I have plucked all my feathers."

"Then," said the fountain, "I shall stop my water." And it did.

Then two children came to the fountain with their pitchers to fill them with water, and when they saw there was no water running, they said, "What happened? Why do you not run?"

"Oh, if you only knew!" said the fountain. "Do you not know? Finger Child fell into the milk and was drowned, and his mother has pulled out all her hair and his father has pulled out all his beard, and the apple tree has shed all its apples, and the crow has shed all his feathers, and so I said I had better stop my water."

So the children said, "Then we are going to break our pitchers, too." So they broke their pitchers and then they went back home.

The children's mother said, "What is wrong? Why did you not bring us any water?"

And the children said, "Because there was no water in the fountain."

"Why was there no water in the fountain?"

"Oh, do you not know? Finger Child fell into the milk and was drowned. and his mother has pulled out all her hair, and his father has pulled out all his beard, and the apple tree has shed all its apples, and the crow has plucked all his feathers, and the fountain has stopped its water, so we broke our pitchers."
So the woman said, "Oh, what can I do?" And so she burned up all the quilts in the house.

In the evening the father came home. "What has happened?" said he. "Did you have a fire in the house?"

"Oh, no," said the mother, "no fire. It is only this. Do you not know? Finger Child fell into the milk and was drowned, and his mother has pulled out all her hair, and his father has pulled out all his beard, and the apple tree has shed all its apples, and the crow has plucked all his feathers, and the fountain has stopped its water, and the children have broken their pitchers, so I burned all the quilts in the house."

And the father--was he angry. "You are all fools! You are all fools!" he shouted. He gave them all a good beating, and that was the end of that nonsense!