

# Grimm's Fairy Tales

- a retelling of ancient German folklore -

Adapted for the Theatre and  
Arranged for Eight Performers  
by  
Jim Humphrey

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Grimm's Fairy Tales

Order of the Show

- ACT I -

The Three Spinsters

The Hans and Grethel Stories:

Hans in Luck

The Clever Grethel

The Discreet Hans

The Queen Bee

The Fox and the Geese

- ACT II -

The Death of the Rooster

The Singing Bone

The Valiant Little Tailor

The Spider and the Flea

This adaptation of Grimm's Fairy Tales premiered at Wordstage Reader's Theatre in  
Arlington, Virginia, on October 14, 1983.

CASTING ARRANGEMENT FOR EIGHT PERFORMERS  
(four men/four women)

The Three Spinsters

Girl - Woman 1  
 Mother - Woman 3  
 Queen - Woman 4  
 Old Woman 1 - Man 1  
 Old Woman 2 - Man 3  
 Old Woman 3 - Man 2  
 Prince - Man 4

Hans in Luck

Narrator - Man 1  
 Hans - Man 2  
 Master - Man 3  
 Horsewoman - Woman 4  
 Farmer - Woman 3  
 Butcher - Man 4  
 Boy - Woman 2  
 Grinder - Woman 1

The Clever Grethel

Narrator - Woman 3  
 Grethel - Woman 2  
 Master - Man 4

The Discreet Hans

Hans' Mother - Woman 4  
 Hans - Man 2  
 Grethel - Woman 2

The Queen Bee

Brother 1 - Man 3  
 Brother 2 - Man 2  
 Dummling - Man 4  
 Fierce Man - Man 1  
 Ant King - Woman 1  
 Duck - Woman 2  
 Duck - Woman 3  
 Queen Bee - Woman 4

The Fox and the Geese

Fox - Man 1  
 Goose 1 - Man 2  
 Goose 2 - Man 4  
 Goose 3 - Woman 1  
 Goose 4 - Woman 4  
 Goose 5 - Woman 2  
 Goose 6 - Woman 3  
 Goose 7 - Man 3

The Death of the Rooster

Narrator - Woman 2  
 Hen - Woman 1

The Singing Bone

Narrator - Man 2  
 Younger Brother - Man 1  
 Elder Brother - Man 3  
 Dwarf - Woman 3

The Valiant Little Tailor

Narrator 1 - Woman 2  
 Narrator 2 - Woman 1  
 Narrator 3 - Woman 4  
 Narrator 4 - Woman 3  
 Peasant Woman - Woman 4  
 Giant - Man 4  
 Ogre 1 - Woman 1  
 Ogre 2 - Woman 3  
 Courtier 1 - Man 2  
 Courtier 2 - Woman 2  
 Courtier 3 - Man 4  
 King - Man 1  
 Little Tailor - Man 3

The Spider and the Flea

Narrator/Streamlet - Man 3  
 Flea - Woman 1  
 Door - Man 1  
 Broom - Woman 3  
 Cart - Man 2  
 Ashes - Woman 4  
 Tree - Man 4  
 Girl - Woman 2

- ACT ONE -

THE THREE SPINSTERS

CAST: GIRL            MOTHER    OLD WOMAN 1, 2, and 3  
      QUEEN            PRINCE

MOTHER - There once was a lazy girl who would not spin, and let her mother say what she would she could not get her to work. At last the mother, getting both angry and impatient, gave her lazy daughter a blow which made the girl cry out.

GIRL - Ow!

QUEEN - Just then the Queen passing by heard the noise, and, stopping the carriage, she stepped into the house and asked the mother why she beat her daughter in such a way that the passers-by in the street heard her shrieks.

MOTHER - The mother, embarrassed to tell the Queen how lazy her daughter was, said--Ah, well, if truth be known...I cannot make her stop spinning. She will spin forever and ever, and I am so poor I cannot procure the flax.

QUEEN - I never heard anything I like better than spinning, and I am never more pleased than when the wheels are whirring. Let your daughter go with me to the castle; I have flax enough., and she may spin as much as she pleases.

MOTHER - The mother was overjoyed, and the Queen took the girl home with her.

GIRL - As soon as they entered the castle, the Queen led her up into three rooms, which were full of the finest flax from floor to ceiling.

QUEEN - Now, spin this flax for me, and when you have prepared it all you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Although you are poor, I do not despise you on that account; your unwearied industry is dowry enough.

GIRL - The girl was terribly frightened, for she could not have spun the flax had she sat there from morning to night until she was three hundred years old. And so she began to cry, and sat three days without stirring a hand. On the third day, the Queen came back.

- QUEEN - Why have you not spun anything yet?
- GIRL - Excuse me, dear Queen. I have not been able to begin on account of my great sorrow at leaving my mother's house.
- QUEEN - Oh, my dear. Well, you must begin to work for me tomorrow.
- GIRL - As soon as the girl was alone again, she knew not how to help herself, and in her vexation she went and leaned out the window.
- OW 1,2,3 - There were three women passing by...
- OW 1 - The first of whom had a broad flat foot...
- OW 2 - The second such a large lower lip that it reached nearly to her chin...
- OW 3 - And the third a very big thumb.
- OW 1,2,3 - They stopped before the window, and, looking up, asked the girl what she wanted.
- GIRL - I am in deep trouble, for the Queen has given me three rooms full of flax to spin into thread, and I should not finish even if I sat here from morning to night for the next three hundred years! (she cries) And the Queen has promised me that, as soon as I have done she will give me her eldest son for my husband. (cries some more)
- OW 1 - Will you invite us to the wedding?
- OW 1 - And not be ashamed of us, but call us your aunts?
- OW 3 - And let us sit at your table?
- OW 1,2,3 - If you promise all these, we will spin the flax for you in a very short time.
- GIRL - Oh, yes, with all my heart. Come in, come in at once. I will make a clear space in the first room, that you may sit yourselves down and begin spinning right away.
- OW 1 - The first one drew the thread, and trod the wheel...
- OW 2 - The next one moistened the thread...

- OW 3 - And the third pressed it, and beat it with her thumb on the table.
- GIRL - And as often as she did so a pile of thread fell to the ground, which was spun in the finest manner. The girl hid the three spinsters, however, from the Queen, and showed her, as often as she came, the heaps of spun yarn...
- QUEEN - For which she received no end of praise.
- OW 1 - When the first room was empty...
- OW 2 - The three women went to the second...
- OW 3 - And at length to the third...
- OW 1,2,3 - So that soon all was cleared out. Then the three spinsters took their leave, saying to the girl--
- OW 1 - Do not forget...
- OW 2 - What you promised us...
- OW 3 - It will make your fortune.
- GIRL - When the girl showed the Queen the empty rooms and the great pile of thread, the wedding date was set...
- PRINCE - And the Prince was glad that he had such a clever and industrious bride-to-be, and praised her exceedingly.
- GIRL - "I have three aunts," said the girl, "who have done me much service; so I would not willingly forget them in my good fortune. Allow me, therefore, to invite them to the wedding, that they may sit with me at table."
- QUE/PR - Why should we not allow it?
- GIRL - When the feast was begun, the three old maids entered in great splendour. "You are welcome, dear aunts."
- PRINCE - "Ah, (then, aside to Girl) how do you come by such ugly friends?" And, going up to the one with the broad foot, the Prince asked, "Why have you such a...broad...foot?"
- OW 1 - From treading, from treading.

- PRINCE - And why have you such an overhanging lip?
- OW 2 - From licking, from licking.
- PRINCE - Why have you such a broad thumb?
- OW 3 - From pressing the thread, from pressing the thread.
- PRINCE - At this the Prince was frightened and said, "Therefore my bride shall never touch a spinning wheel again."
- GIRL - And so the lazy girl, who was now a Princess, was finally set free from spinning flax.



## HANS IN LUCK

CAST: Narrator      Farmer  
      Hans             Butcher  
      Master          Boy  
      Horsewoman     Grinder

- NARR       -      A young man, named Hans, had served his master seven years, and at the end of that time said to him...
- HANS        -      Master, since my time is up, I should like to go home to my mother; so give me my wages, if you please.
- MASTER     -      You have served me truly and honestly, Hans, and such as your service shall be your reward.
- NARR       -      And with these words, he gave him a lump of gold as...big as his head. Hans took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and, wrapping the gold up in it, threw it over his shoulder, and set out on the road toward his native village. When he had gone some little ways, a horsewoman came into sight, trotting briskly on a good looking animal.
- HANS        -      Ah, what a fine thing that riding is. One is seated, as it were, upon a stool, kicks against no stones, spares one's shoes, and gets along without any trouble.
- HORSEWMN -      Why, then, do you travel on foot, my fine fellow?
- HANS        -      Because I am forced, for I have got a bit of a lump to carry home. It certainly is gold, but then I can't carry my head straight, and it hurts my shoulder.
- HORSEWMN -      We could exchange, if you like. I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump of gold.
- HANS        -      With all my heart! But I will tell you fairly, good lady, you undertake a very heavy burden.
- HORSEWMN -      I believe I can manage it. Let me just dismount and I will take that gold for you, and, helping you onto the horse, give over the reins into your hands. Now, when you want to go faster, you must chuckle with your tongue and...

- HANS - Chuckle with my tongue?
- HORSEWMN - Yes, chuckle with your tongue...(cluck, cluck, cluck).
- HANS - (Cluck, cluck, cluck).
- HORSEWMN - Yes, and cry, "Gee up! gee up!"
- HANS - Gee up! gee up! (cluck, cluck, cluck). Good bye.
- HORSEWMN - Good bye. (exits, shaking head in disbelief)
- NARR - Hans was delighted finding himself atop a horse, and riding along so freely and gaily. After awhile he thought he should like to go rather quicker, and so he cried...
- HANS - Gee up! gee up! (Pause. Narrator looks at Hans, waiting. Hans looks at Narr, and then remembers) CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK.
- NARR - The horse soon set off at a hard trot, and, before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown head over heels into the ditch which divided the fields from the road. The horse, having accomplished this feat, would have bolted off if he had not been stopped by a farmer coming that way, driving a cow before him.
- FARMER - It looks for all the world as if you have struck upon hard luck, my good horseman.
- HANS - That is bad sport, that riding, especially when one mounts such a beast as that, which stumbles and throws one off so as to nearly break one's neck. I will never ride on that animal again. But now a cow one may walk behind without any discomfort, besides which one has every day milk, butter and cheese. Ah, what I would not give for such a cow.
- FARMER - (does 'take' to audience). Well, such an advantage you may soon enjoy. I will exchange my cow for your horse.
- HANS - Oh, yes, I agree, with a thousand thanks, good peasant. I have a bit of bread which I can now eat with butter and cheese whenever I like. And when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and have a draught. Now, what more can I desire?
- FARMER - (shrugs shoulders, exits on 'horse'). CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK.

HANS - Good bye.

FARMER - Good bye.

NARR - So Hans set off on the road again, driving his cow steadily before him, until soon he came to an inn. There he halted, and ate with great satisfaction all the bread he had brought with him for his noonday and evening meals. He washed it down with a glass of beer, which he bought with his last two farthings. This done, he drove his cow further on the roads, still in the direction of his mother's village.

The heat meantime became more and more oppressive as the noon hour approached, and just then Hans came to an open common which was an hour's journey across. Part way through the common he became so parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he thought to himself..

HANS - (with tongue on roof of mouth-) TISS WOE GOO. (And then, unsticking it-) This won't do. I will just milk my cow, and refresh myself.

NARR - Hans therefore tied her to a stump of a tree, and, having no pail, awkwardly placed himself under the cow, and set to work; but not a drop of milk could he squeeze out. At last the impatient cow gave him such a kick on the head that he tumbled over on the ground, and for a long time knew not where he was. Fortunately, a butcher soon passed by, trundling a young pig along in a wheelbarrow.

BUTCHER - What trick is this?

HANS - It is no trick, I assure you, but a string of bad luck. This morning I parted my master's service with a lump of gold as big as my head, which was so heavy it made my shoulders ache, so I traded it for a fine horse...which, because it was so high spirited and ornery threw me off into a ditch and tried to run away, and so I exchanged it for this cow...which has refused me milk at the very first request, and kicked me in the head out of sheer spite and malice, and I have laid here in a daze for hours.

BUTCHER - (does 'take' to audience). There, there, take a drink from my flask. It will revive you. Your cow, though, might well give no milk. She is an old beast, and worth nothing at the best but for the plough or the butcher.

- HANS - What? What? Well who would have thought it. It is very well when one can kill a beast like that at home, and make a profit from its flesh; but for my part I have no taste for beef. It is too tough for me. Ah! A young pig like yours is something more to my liking; let alone the sausages!
- BUTCHER - Well now, for love of you, I will make an exchange, and let you have my pig for your cow.
- HANS - Heaven reward you for your kindness.
- BUTCHER - (to audience-) Oh, it has.
- HANS - Good bye.
- BUTCHER - Good bye.
- NARR - So Hans walked on again, leading the pig on a string which he had tied round its neck, and considering how everything had happened just as he wished. All his vexations had turned out for the best after all! Presently a boy overtook him, carrying a fine white goose under his arm.
- BOY - Good day!
- HANS - Good day!
- NARR - And Hans began to talk about his luck, and what profitable exchanges he had made that day.
- BOY - Yes, well, that is a fine young pig.
- HANS - Yes.
- BOY - But, this goose...just lift it. Just feel how heavy it is. Why, it has been fattened up for a christening for the last eight weeks, and whoever bites it when it is cooked will have to wipe the grease from each side of his mouth.
- HANS - Yes, it is nice, but my pig is no trifle either.
- BOY - (momentarily discouraged, then he looks suspiciously to the right and left, and confides to Hans-) I am afraid all is not right with your pig. In the village, through which I have just come, a pig has been stolen out of the sty of the mayor himself; and I am afraid,

- BOY (con'td) - very much afraid, you have it now in your hand! They have sent out several people, and it would be a very bad job for you if they found you with the pig. The best thing you could do is to hide it in some dark corner!
- HANS - Oh, Heaven help me in this fresh trouble! You know the neighborhood better than I do; you take my pig, and let me have your goose.
- BOY - I shall have to hazard something at that game, but still I do not wish to be the cause of your meeting with some misfortune. All right.
- HANS - Good bye.
- BOY - (exiting-) Good bye.
- HANS - Well...my...if I judge rightly, I have gained even by this exchange. First there is the good roast; then, the quantity of fat which shall drip out will make goose broth for a quarter of a year; and then there are the fine white feathers, which once I have stuffed them into my pillow, shall carry me off to a blissful slumber. How happy my mother will be to see me!
- NARR - And he continued on along the road until he came to the last village, where stood a knifegrinder, with his barrow by the hedge, whirling his wheel round, and singing...
- GRINDER - Scissors and razors and such-like I grind, and gaily my rags are flying behind.
- HANS - You appear to have a good business, judging by your merry song.
- GRINDER - Yes, this business has a golden bottom! A true knifegrinder is a man who as often as he puts his hand into his pocket feels money in it! But what a fine goose you have got. Where did you buy it?
- HANS - I did not buy it at all, but took it in exchange for my pig.
- GRINDER - And the pig?
- HANS - I exchanged for my cow.
- GRINDER - And the cow?

- HANS - I exchanged a horse for her.
- GRINDER - And the horse?
- HANS - For him I gave a lump of gold as big as my head.
- GRINDER - And the gold?
- HANS - That was my wages for seven years' servitude.
- GRINDER - And I see you have known how to benefit yourself each time. (does 'take' to audience). But now, would you not like to hear money jingling in your pocket as you walked along, your fortune would be made?
- HANS - Well, how shall I manage that?
- GRINDER - You must become a grinder like me. You don't need anything peculiar for the trade except a grindstone, the other necessities find themselves. Here is one which is a little worn, certainly, and so I will not ask anything more for it than your goose. Are you agreeable?
- HANS - How can you even ask me? Why, I shall be the luckiest man in the world. Having money as often as I dip my hand into my pocket, what have I to care about any longer?
- NARR - So saying, he handed over the goose and received the old grindstone in exchange.
- HANS - Good bye.
- GRINDER - Good bye, you lucky man.
- HANS - I must have been born to a heap of luck! Everything happens just as I wish, as if I were a Sunday child.
- NARR - Hans took up the heavy grindstone and walked on with a satisfied heart, his eyes glistening with joy. Soon, however, having been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel very tired...
- HANS - And hungry!

- NARR - And hungry (glaring at Hans) since he had eaten all his food at once in his joy about the cow bargain. (then...) At last he became so tired he was forced to halt every few steps, for the stone encumbered him very much. The thought overcame him...
- HANS - What a good thing it would be if I had no need to carry this stone any longer.
- NARR - And at that same moment he came up to a stream.
- HANS - Here I shall rest and refresh myself with a drink. And so that the stone might not hurt me in kneeling, I will lay it carefully down at my side on the bank.
- NARR - This done he stooped down to scoop up some water in his hand, and then it happened...
- HANS - I pushed the stone...
- NARR - A little too hard!...
- BOTH - And it went plump into the water, and sank to the bottom of the stream.
- HANS - Hans jumped for joy!
- NARR - And then kneeled down and returned thanks, with tears in his eyes, that so mercifully, and without any intention on his part, and in so nice a way, he had been delivered from the heavy stone, which alone had hindered him from getting on.
- HANS - So lucky as I am, is no other man under the sun!
- NARR - Then with a light heart, and free from every burden, he leaped gaily along til at last he reached his mother's house.

## THE CLEVER GRETHEL

CAST: Narrator  
Grethel  
Master

NARR - Now a short distance from the house of Hans's mother, there lived a young woman, named Grethel, who worked as a Cook. She wore shoes with red knots, and when she went out with them on, she would dance about, and say to herself...

GRETHEL - Ah, you are still a pretty girl.

NARR - And when she came home she drank a glass of wine for joy, and, as the wine made her wish to eat, she would pick out the tastiest morsel for herself.

GRETHEL - The cook ought to know how her cooking tastes!

NARR - One day it happened that her master said to her...

MASTER - Grethel, this evening a guest is coming, so cook me two fowls.

NARR - She soon killed the fowls, plucked them, dressed them, and stuck them on the spit, and, as evening came on, she put them down to the fire to roast. They soon began to brown and warm through, but still the guest was not come, and Grethel said to the master...

GRETHEL - If your guest does not come soon I shall have to take the fowls from the fire. But it will be a great shame not to eat them soon, when they are just in the gravy.

NARR - The master agreed, therefore, to run out himself and bring home his guest; and, as soon as he left, Grethel laid aside the spit, with its two fowls, and thought to herself...

GRETHEL - Ah, I have stood so long before the fire, I am quite hot and thirsty. Who knows when he will come? Meanwhile, I will run down into the cellar and have a draught.

NARR - Grethel ran down the stairs and filled a jug, and, saying...

GRETHEL - God bless you, Grethel!



- NARR - took a good pull at the beer, and when that was down she had another draught. Then she went up again, and placed the fowls before the fire, and turned the spit round quite merrily, first spreading some butter over their skins. Um, the roasting fowls smelt so good that Grethel thought she had better try how they tasted; and so she dipped her fingers into the gravy and said...
- GRETHEL - Ah, how good these fowls are! It is a sin and a shame that they should not be eaten at once.
- NARR - She ran to the window, therefore, to see if her master was yet coming with his guest, but there was nobody (Greta smiles). And she turned again to the fowls.
- GRETHEL - Ah, one wing is burnt! I had better eat that!
- NARR - And, cutting it off, she ate it. But then she thought...
- GRETHEL - Master will see that something is wanting. I had better take the other!
- NARR - When she had finished the two wings, she went again to see whether her master was coming (she smiles), but without success.
- GRETHEL - Who knows whether they will come or not! And perhaps they will stop for dinner where they are. Come, Grethel, be of good courage! The one bird is begun, have another drink, and then eat it up completely. I am sure that, after I have eaten something more, I shall feel better. And besides, why should the good things be spoiled?
- NARR - So thinking, Grethel ran once more into the cellar, took a capital drink, and then ate up the one fowl with great pleasure. As soon as it was down, and the master still had not returned, Grethel looked at the other fowl, and said...
- GRETHEL - Where the one is the other ought to be also. The two belong to one another! What is right for the one is right for the other. And, I believe if I have another draught, it will not hurt me.
- NARR - So saying, she took a hearty drink, and let the second fowl slip down after the other. Just as she had finished them both, the master came running up, and called...
- MASTER - Make haste, Grethel! The guest is coming directly!

- GRETHEL - Yes, master. It will soon be ready.
- NARR - The master went in to see if the table were properly laid, and, taking up the great knife wherewith he was to carve the fowls, he went to sharpen it upon the stones. (knife noise) Meantime came the guest, and knocked politely at the door. Grethel ran to see who it was; and, when she perceived the guest, she held her finger to her mouth to enjoin silence, saying...
- GRETHEL - Make haste quickly away! If my master discovers you here, you are lost. He certainly did invite you to supper, but he has it in his mind to cut off your ears. Just listen to how he is sharpening his knife. (knife noise)
- NARR - The guest listened to the sound, and then hurried down the steps as fast as he could, while Grethel ran screaming to her master.
- GRETHEL - A fine guest you have invited!
- MASTER - Er, what? What do you mean?
- GRETHEL - Why, just as I was about to serve them up, your guest has snatched the two fowls from off the dish and bolted away with them!
- MASTER - That is certainly fine manners! It he had but left me one at the least, that I might have had something to eat!
- NARR - Then he shouted after his guest, who pretended not to hear him, and so he pursued him, knife in hand, calling out...
- MASTER - Only one! Only one!
- NARR - Meaning that his guest should leave one fowl behind him. But the latter supposed his host meant he would only cut off one ear, and so he ran faster and faster as if fire were at his heels, that he might reach home safe and sound.

## THE DISCREET HANS

CAST: Hans's Mother

Hans

Grethel

- MOTHER - Hans's mother asked, "Whither are you going, Hans?"
- HANS - "To Grethel's," replied he.
- MOTHER - Behave well, Hans.
- HANS - I will take care. Good bye, mother.
- MOTHER - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Good day, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring today?
- HANS - I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?
- GRETHEL - I will give you a needle.
- HANS - Good bye.
- GRETHEL - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Hans took the needle, stuck it in a load of hay, and walked home behind the wagon. "Good evening, mother."
- MOTHER - Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?
- HANS - To Grethel's.
- MOTHER - And what have you given her?
- HANS - Nothing. She has given me something.
- MOTHER - What has Grethel given you?
- HANS - A needle.
- MOTHER - And where have you put it?

- HANS - In the load of hay.
- MOTHER - Then you have behaved stupidly, Hans. You should put needles on your coat sleeve.
- HANS - To behave better, do nothing at all.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- MOTHER - Whither are you going, Hans?
- HANS - To Grethel's, mother.
- MOTHER - Behave well, Hans.
- HANS - I will take care. Good bye, mother.
- MOTHER - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Good day, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?
- HANS - I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?
- GRETHEL - I will give you a knife.
- HANS - Good bye, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Hans took the knife, stuck it in his sleeve, and went home. "Good evening, mother."
- MOTHER - Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?
- HANS - To Grethel's.
- MOTHER - And what did you take to her?
- HANS - I took nothing; she has given to me.
- MOTHER - And what did she give you?
- HANS - A knife.

- MOTHER - And where have you put it?
- HANS - In my sleeve.
- MOTHER - Then you have behaved foolishly again, Hans. You should put knives in your pocket.
- HANS - To behave better, do nothing at all.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- MOTHER - Whither are you going, Hans?
- HANS - To Grethel's, mother.
- MOTHER - Behave well, Hans.
- HANS - I will take care. Good bye, mother.
- MOTHER - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Good day, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?
- HANS - I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?
- GRETHEL - I will give you a young goat.
- HANS - Good bye, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Hans took the goat, tied its legs, and put it in his pocket. Just as he reached home it was suffocated. "Good evening, mother."
- MOTHER - Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?
- HANS - To Grethel's.
- MOTHER - And what did you take to her?
- HANS - I took nothing; she gave to me.
- MOTHER - And what did Grethel give you?

- HANS - A goat.
- MOTHER - Where did you put it, Hans?
- HANS - In my pocket.
- MOTHER - Then you acted stupidly, Hans. You should have tied the goat with rope.
- HANS - To behave better, do nothing.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- MOTHER - Whither away, Hans?
- HANS - To Grethel's, mother.
- MOTHER - Behave well, Hans.
- HANS - I will take care. Good bye, mother.
- MOTHER - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Good day, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?
- HANS - I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?
- GRETHEL - I will give you a piece of bacon.
- HANS - Good bye, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Hans took the bacon, tied it with a rope, and swung it to and fro so that the dogs came and ate it up. When he reached home, he held the rope in his hand, but there was nothing on it. "Good evening, mother."
- MOTHER - Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?
- HANS - To Grethel's, mother.
- MOTHER - What did you take there?

- HANS - I took nothing. She gave to me.
- MOTHER - And what did Grethel give you?
- HANS - A piece of bacon.
- MOTHER - And where have you put it?
- HANS - I tied it with rope, swung it about, and the dogs came and ate it up.
- MOTHER - There you acted stupidly, Hans. You should have carried the bacon on your head.
- HANS - To behave better, do nothing.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- MOTHER - Whither away, Hans?
- HANS - To Grethel's, mother.
- MOTHER - Behave well, Hans.
- HANS - I'll take care. Good bye, mother.
- MOTHER - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Good day, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?
- HANS - I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?
- GRETHEL - I will give you a calf.
- HANS - Good bye.
- GRETHEL - Good bye.
- HANS - Hans took the calf, put it on his head, and the calf scratched his face. "Good evening, mother."
- MOTHER - Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?

- HANS - To Grethel's.
- MOTHER - What did you take her?
- HANS - I took nothing. She gave to me.
- MOTHER - And what did Grethel give you?
- HANS - A calf.
- MOTHER - And what did you do with it?
- HANS - I set it on my head, and it kicked my face.
- MOTHER - Then you acted stupidly, Hans. You should have led the calf home, and put it in the stall.
- HANS - To behave better, do nothing.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- MOTHER - Whither away, Hans?
- HANS - To Grethel's, mother.
- MOTHER - Behave well, Hans.
- HANS - I will take care. Good bye, mother.
- MOTHER - Good bye, Hans.
- HANS - Good day, Grethel.
- GRETHEL - Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?
- HANS - I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?
- GRETHEL - I will go with you, Hans.
- HANS - Hans tied a rope around Grethel, led her home, put her in the stall, and made the rope fast, and then he went to his mother. "Good evening, mother."
- MOTHER - Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?



- HANS - To Grethel's.
- MOTHER - What did you take her?
- HANS - I took nothing.
- MOTHER - What did Grethel give you?
- HANS - She gave nothing. She came with me.
- MOTHER - And where have you left her, Hans?
- HANS - I tied her with a rope, put her in the stall, and threw in some grass.
- MOTHER - Then you acted stupidly, Hans. You should have looked at her with friendly eyes.
- HANS - "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans; and then he went into the stall, and made sheep's eyes at Grethel.
- GRETHEL - And after that, Grethel became Hans's wife.

## THE QUEEN BEE

CAST: Brother 1     Ant King  
      Brother 2     Duck  
      Dummling     Duck  
      Fierce Man    Queen Bee

- BRO 1,2     -     Once upon a time two King's sons set out to seek adventures, and fell into such a wild kind of life they did not return home.
- DUM         -     So their youngest brother, Dummling, went forth to seek them.
- BRO 1,2     -     But when he found them, they mocked him...
- DUM         -     Because of his simplicity.
- ALL 3       -     Nevertheless they journeyed on, all three together, til they came to an ant-hill...
- BRO 1,2     -     Which the two oldest brothers would have overturned, to see how the little ants would run in their terror, carrying away their eggs...
- DUM         -     But Dummling said, "Let the little creatures be in peace. I will not suffer them to be overturned."
- ALL 3       -     Then they went further, til they came to a lake on which ducks were swimming in myriads.
- BRO 1,2     -     The two brothers wanted to catch a pair and roast them.
- DUM         -     But Dummling would not allow it saying, "Let these fowl alone. I will not suffer them to be killed."
- ALL 3       -     At last they came to a bees' nest, in which was so much honey that it was running out at the mouth of the nest.
- BRO 1,2     -     The two brothers would have started a fire under the tree and caught the bees for their honey.
- DUM         -     But Dummling again held them back, saying "Leave the creatures alone. I will not suffer them to be touched."

- ALL 3 - After this the three brothers came to a castle, where, in the stable, stood several stone horses.
- BRO 1 - And as they searched the castle, they discovered every man, woman and child they happened upon was...
- BRO 2 - Was fast in slumber and not able to be roused.
- BRO 1 - They went through all the rooms, until they came to a door quite at the end of a hall...
- BRO 2 - On which hung three locks, and in the middle of the door was a hole...
- DUM - Through which one could see...into the room.
- ALL 3 - Peeping through this hole they saw a fierce looking man at the table.
- BRO 1 - They called him once...
- BRO 2 - Twice, but he heard not.
- DUM - But as they called the (clears throat) third time he got up, opened the door, and came out.
- FIERCE - Not a word did he speak, but led them to a well-supplied table (he beckons the 3 brothers with a nod of his head), and when they had eaten and drunk he took each of them into a sleeping chamber. The next morning the man came to the eldest and, beckoning him up, led him to a stone table on which were written three sentences.
- BRO 1 - The first was that: "under the moss in the woods lay the pearls of the King's daughter, one thousand in number, which must be searched for." And if at sunset even one pearl was missing, he who had searched for them would be changed into stone. The eldest brother went off and searched the whole day, but found only one hundred pearls, and so was changed into stone.
- BRO 2 - The next day the second brother undertook the adventure, but he found only two hundred pearls, and, therefore, was changed into stone.

- DUM - Then it was Dummling's turn. He searched the moss but it was very difficult, and the work went on but slowly. So he sat down on a stone and wept.
- ANT KING - And while he wept the Ant King whose life he had formerly saved came up with five thousand companions, and before long they had found and piled in a heap the whole thousand pearls.
- FIERCE - And so Dummling returned with his booty to the castle, and the fierce looking man motioned him once again to read from the message inscribed on the stone table.
- DUM - The second sentence was to: "fetch the key of the Princess' bed chamber out of the lake"...which, by chance, the brothers had passed by.
- DUCKS - When Dummling came up to the lake, the ducks whose lives he had saved before swam up to him, and diving below the water, quickly brought up the key.
- FIERCE - Once again Dummling returned to the castle having fulfilled his mission; and, once again, the fierce man led him to the table of stone.
- DUM - The third sentence, however, was the most difficult of all: "of the three daughters of the King, to pick out and kiss the youngest and prettiest," using the key to gain access to their bedchamber. But they were all asleep, and appeared all the same without a single mark of difference, except that, as noted on the table, "before they fell asleep they had eaten different sweetmeats--the eldest a piece of sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey."
- QUEEN BEE - Presently in came zee Queen Bee of all zee beez who Dummling had saved from zee fire. And zhe tried the mouthz of zee three. At lazt she zzzzzzettled on the mouth which had eaten zee honey...
- DUM - And thus the King's son, me, knew which was the right Princess to kiss (he puckers, but bee buzzes) ...after the bee flew away (he puckers and kisses).

(Everyone in cast 'awakens.')

- DUCKS - The spell was broken...

- ANT KING - Everyone was delivered from their sleep...
- BRO 1 - And those that had been changed into stone...
- BRO 2 - Received their human form again.
- BRO 1,2 - Whew!
- QUEEN BEE - Zo zee preparationz were made, zee invitationz were zent...
- FIERCE - A grand ball was held...
- DUM - And Dummling was married to the youngest and prettiest Princess...
- ALL - And became Kind at his father's death. (all bow heads)
- BRO 1,2 - (lifting their heads-) But, his two brothers were obliged to be content with the two other sisters.

## THE FOX AND THE GEESE

CAST: Fox and 7 Geese

- FOX - One day the Fox came to a meadow where a flock of fine fat geese were feeding, and he said with a grin, "I have come just as if I had been invited. You sit there so charmingly. I can eat you one after the other."
- GOOSE 1 - The geese cackled in terror, and sprang on their feet...
- GOOSE 2 - And began to groan and beg pitifully for their lives.
- FOX - But the Fox would hear nothing and said, "There is no mercy--you must die!"
- GOOSE 3 - At length one of them took heart, and said, "If we poor geese must lose our young lives, show us one grace and let us say our prayers, that we may not die in sin. Afterwards we will all stand in a row, and you can pick out the fattest as you want us."
- FOX - (touched-) Well, that is a pious and a just request. Oh, pray away. I will wait for you.
- GOOSE 4 - So the first one began a long prayer, and because it would not cease...
- GOOSE 5 - The second began before his time, and cried, "Ga! ga! ga!"
- GOOSE 6 - The third and fourth soon followed, and in a few minutes...
- GOOSE 7 - They were all cackling their prayers together.
- ALL GEESE - Ga! ga! ga!
- FOX - (clearing his throat for attention-) WHEN THEY HAVE ALL DONE PRAYING, THIS TALE SHALL BE CONTINUED... (They stop to listen and look at him. When Fox looks at them, they resume their honking.) I SUPPOSE, HOWEVER, THEY WILL BE PRAYING STILL. (Geese exit. Blackout on Fox.)

- END OF ACT ONE -

- ACT TWO -

THE DEATH OF THE ROOSTER

CAST: Narrator  
Hen

- BOTH - Once upon a time a Rooster and a Hen lived together in a nut-grove, and made an agreement that whichever found a nut kernel should share it with the other.
- NARR - Now the Rooster once found a kernel, an extremely fine one, but he said nothing about it to the Hen, intending to eat it all himself. But it was so big that it would not pass down his throat, and there it stuck, so that soon he was in danger of being suffocated. And he cried to the Hen, "Run quickly, I pray you, and fetch me some water or I shall be choked."
- HEN - She ran as fast as she could to the Spring, and said, "Spring, you must give me some water. The Rooster lies in the nut-grove, and is nearly suffocated from swallowing too large a kernel."
- NARR - "Run first to the bride, and get me some red silk," replied the little Brook.
- HEN - The Hen ran and said, "Bride, please give me some red silk; red silk must I give to the Brook, that the Brook may give me water to take to my husband, who lies in the nut-grove half-suffocated with a big kernel."
- NARR - The Bride said, "Run and fetch me, first, my garland, which hangs upon yonder meadow."
- HEN - So the Hen ran and fetched the garland from the bough where it hung and brought it to the Bride, who gave her red silk for it, which she took to the Brook, which then gave her water, which she took home to her husband, but meanwhile alas! he had died, and there he lay motionless.
- NARR - The Hen was very sad at the sight, and shrieked aloud.. (Hen: "Caaw!") so that all the other animals came and mourned the Rooster, and six little mice built a little coach, whereupon to carry him to his grave, and, as soon as it was ready, they harnessed themselves to it, and the Hen followed as chief mourner. On the road they met the Fox, who asked what was the matter.

- HEN - I am going to bury my husband.
- NARR - "May I go with you?"
- HEN - "Yes, but place yourself behind the carriage, for my horses do not allow anyone in front of them."
- NARR - The Fox went behind and followed, and so did the Wolf, the Bear, the Goat, the Lion, and all the beasts of the forest. The procession had not gone very far when it came to a Stream.
- HEN - "Now, how shall we get over this?" said the Hen.
- NARR - "I will lay myself across," said a Stick which was near them, "and you may pass over me."
- HEN - But as soon as the six mice went upon the bridge it broke down, and they were thrown into the Stream and were soon drowned.
- NARR - There was need now for another bridge, and a Coal came up and said, "I am big enough. I will lay myself across and you shall pass over me."
- HEN - So the Coal set himself in the water, but unluckily he went in too deep, and all his fire was extinguished so that he died.
- NARR - Then a Stone took pity upon the poor Hen and laid himself across the water, and the Hen, drawing the wagon, got safely over to the other side. But then the others had to cross, and the wagon was sent back for them, but alas! there were too many of them, and the wagon overturned and threw them all into the water, where they sank to rise no more.
- HEN - Now the poor Hen was left alone with her dead husband and, digging a grave, she laid him in, and scratched up a heap of earth over him...
- NARR - On which she sat and mourned so long til she also died,
- BOTH - And so all of them quitted this life.



## THE SINGING BONE

CAST: Narrator                      Younger Brother  
      Elder Brother                  Dwarf

- NARR - Once upon a time great complaints were heard in a certain country of a fire-breathing Dragon, which laid waste the fields of the peasants, killed and ate the cattle, and often tore to pieces the inhabitants. The King promised a great reward to whomever should free the land of this plague; but the beast was so big and ferocious that no one dared venture into the forest where it raged.
- At last, the King allowed it to be proclaimed that whoever should kill the Dragon should have his only daughter in marriage.
- ELDER - Now, there lived in this country two brothers...
- YOUNGER - The sons of a poor man...
- BOTH - And they each wished to undertake the venture.
- ELDER - The elder was bold and brave, out of pride.
- YOUNGER - The younger was innocent and ignorant, from a good heart.
- ELDER - They agreed that they might sooner find the Dragon if they would enter the forest on opposite sides. So, the elder departed in the evening...
- YOUNGER - And the other one on the following morning. When the younger had gone a short way, a little Dwarf stepped up to him, holding a black spear in his hand, and said...
- DWARF - I give you this spear because your heart is innocent and good. With it you may boldly attack the Dragon, who can do you no harm.
- YOUNGER - He thanked the Dwarf, and, taking the spear, went forward bravely. In just a short while he heard the Dragon, and perceived its flames nearby. Then, upon eyeing the young intruder, the Dragon ran straight at him through the thicket; but he held the spear in front of his body, so that, in its blind fury, it rushed on so rashly that its heart was pierced quite through.

- NARR - Then he cut off the head of the Dragon along with a sizeable length of its neck, and, throwing it across his shoulder, he headed toward home to show it to the King. Now, just as he came to the other side of the forest, there stood on the outskirts a house where the people were making merry, dancing and drinking.
- ELDER - His elder brother was among them, exciting his courage by wine, and never thinking that the Dragon might be killed by any other than himself. As soon as he saw his younger brother coming out of the forest laden with his booty, his envious, ill-natured heart had no rest, and he called to him, "Come in here, my dear brother, and rest, and strengthen yourself with a cup of wine."
- YOUNGER - The younger brother, suspecting no evil, went in and related his story of the good little Dwarf, who had given him the spear wherewith he had killed the Dragon.
- NARR - The older brother detained him til evening. and then they went away together. And when they came in darkness to a bridge over a stream, the elder...
- ELDER - Letting his brother go first until he reached the middle of the bridge, gave him a blow which felled him dead. Then he buried him in the sand below the bridge; and taking the Dragon's head, he presented himself before the King to receive the Princess in marriage. He declared, moreover, that the Dragon had torn to pieces the body of his younger brother. And as he did not come back, everyone believed the tale to be true.
- NARR - But since nothing evil can be kept forever hidden, so also this black deed at last came to light. Many years after, as a good-hearted old Shepherdess was driving her flock across the brook, she saw lying in the sand below a snow-white bone, which she thought would make a good mouthpiece for her horn. But as soon as she blew through it for the first time, to her great astonishment, the bone began to sing of itself..
- BONE - (actors backstage) "My brother slew me, and buried my bones,  
Under the sand, and under the stones.  
I killed the Dragon as he came from his lair,  
But he won the prize of the lady fair."

NARR - "What an extraordinary thing!" she exclaimed. "It sings of itself I must take it to the King." As soon as she came before the King, it began to repeat its song, and the King understood it perfectly. He ordered the earth below the bridge to be dug up, and there all the bones of the younger brother came to light.

The wicked brother could not deny the deed, and for his punishment he was sewed up in a sack and drowned. (Elder drops his head, in 'death.')

And the bones of the other brother were placed in a splendid tomb in the churchyard. (Younger slowly lowers his head.)

## TEH VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

CAST: 4 Narrators*	Courtier 1
Peasant Woman	Courtier 2
Tailor	Courtier 3
Giant	(*At Narrator transitions, <u>underlined</u> or overlapping
Ogres 1 & 2	sections are read by both Narrators in unison.)

- NARR - One summer's morning a Tailor was sitting on his bench by the window in very good spirits, sewing away with all his might, and presently up the street came a peasant woman, crying...
- PW - Good preserves for sale! Good preserves for sale!
- NARR - This cry sounded nice in the tailor's ears, and, sticking his little head out the window. he called out...
- TAILOR - Here, my good woman, just bring your wares here!
- NARR - The woman mounted the three steps up to the tailor's house with her heavy basket, and began to unpack all the pots together before him. He looked at them all, held them up to the light, put his nose to them, and at last said...
- TAILOR - These preserves appear to me to be very nice, so you may weigh me out four half-ounces, my good woman; I don't mind even if you make it a quarter of a pound.
- NARR - The woman, who expected to have met with a good customer, gave him what he wished, and went away grumbling...
- PW - Very much dissatisfied.
- TAILOR - Now...
- NARR - Exclaimed the tailor...
- TAILOR - Heaven will send me a blessing on this preserve, and give me fresh strength and vigor.
- NARR - And, taking the bread out of the cupboard, he cut himself a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it.

- TAILOR - That will taste by no means badly (opens mouth). but before I have a bite, I will just get this waistcoat finished.
- NARR - So he laid the bread down near him and stitched away, making larger and larger stitches every time for joy. Meanwhile the smell of the preserve mounted to the ceiling, where flies were sitting in great numbers (Other actors begin fly noise.), and enticed them down, so that soon a regular swarm of them had settled on the bread.
- TAILOR - Holloa! Who invited you?
- NARR - Exclaimed the tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests; but the flies, not understanding his language, would not be driven off, and came again in greater numbers than before. This put the little man in a boiling passion, and, snatching up in his rage a bag of cloth, he brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. (Fly noise stops.) When he raised the bag again he counted no less than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs.
- TAILOR - What a fellow you are...
- NARR - He said to himself, wondering at his own bravery,
- TAILOR - The whole town shall know of this.
- NARR - So, in great haste he cut himself out a band, and sewed onto it large letters which read---
- TAILOR - SEVEN AT ONE BLOW. Ah, not just one town, the whole world shall know of this!
- NARR - The little tailor's heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail, and he placed the belt round himself and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out he looked round his house to see if there was anything he could take with him; but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed, and remarking a bird before the door which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it and put that in his pocket also. And so the little tailor set out bravely on his travels, whistling a tune and in high spirits, until presently his road brought him up a hill.
- NARR - Whistling a tune and in high spirits, until presently his road brought him up a hill. And when he reached the highest point of it,

- NARR (Cont'd)- he found a great Giant there, who was looking about him very composedly. The little tailor, however, went boldly up to him and said...
- TAILOR - Good day, comrade; in faith you sit there and see the whole world stretched out below you. I am also on the road to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?
- NARR - The Giant looked contemptuously at the little fellow...
- GIANT - You vagabond! You miserable fellow!
- TAILOR - That may be, but here you may read what sort of man I am.
- NARR - And unbuttoning his coat, he showed the Giant his belt.
- GIANT - Seven at one blow!
- NARR - And thinking they were men whom the tailor had slain, he conceived a little respect for him. Still, one can't believe everything one reads; and, wishing the little tailor to prove himself first, the Giant took up a stone and squeezed it so that water dropped out of it.
- GIANT - Do that after me, if you have any strength.
- TAILOR - If it be nothing worse than that, that's play to me.
- NARR - And diving into his pocket, he brought out the cheese and squeezed it til the whey ran out of it, and said...
- TAILOR - Now, I think that's a little better.
- NARR - The Giant didn't know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man; so, taking up another stone, he threw it so high that one could scarcely see it with the eye.
- GIANT - There, you mannikin, do that after me!
- TAILOR - Well done; but your stone must fall down again to the ground. I'll throw one up which shall not come back.
- NARR - And dipping into his pocket, he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew straight up, and then far away, and did not return.

- TAILOR - How does that little affair please you, comrade?
- GIANT - Hmm, you can certainly throw well. Now let us see how fit you are to carry something out of the ordinary. If you are strong enough, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest.
- TAILOR - With all my heart. You take the trunk upon your shoulder, and I will raise the boughs and branches, which are the heaviest, and carry them.
- NARR - The Giant agreed, but when he turned his back and took the trunk on his shoulder, the little tailor jumped on a branch so that the Giant, unable to turn around and look, was forced to carry the whole tree and the Tailor besides. The little man, well pleased with himself, chuckled at the trick and began to whistle the old tune, "There rode three tailors out at the gate." After the Giant staggered a short distance under his heavy burden, he shouted out...
- GIANT - Do you hear? I must let the tree fall.
- NARR - The Tailor, springing down, quickly embraced the tree with both arms as if he had been carrying it, and said to the Giant...
- TAILOR - Are you such a big fellow, and yet you cannot carry this tree by yourself? Tsk, tsk, tsk.
- NARR - And so the Giant and the little Tailor traveled on a bit further until they came to a cherry tree, and the Giant, seizing the top of the tree where the ripest fruit hung, bent it down and gave it to the Tailor to hold, bidding him to eat. But the Tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down, and when the Giant let go the tree flew up in the air, and the Tailor was carried with it. He came down on the other side, however, without injury and the Giant said...
- GIANT - What does that mean? Have you not strength enough to hold that twig?
- TAILOR - My strength did not fail me. Do you suppose that that was any hard thing for one who has killed seven in one blow? I have sprung over the tree because...the hunters were shooting below there in the thicket. Spring after me if you can.
- NARR - The Giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree and stuck fast in the branches; so that in this affair, too, the Tailor was the better man.

- GIANT - Since you are such a valiant fellow, come with me to our house and stay the night with us.
- NARR - The Tailor consented, and followed him; and when they entered the cave, there sat before the fire two other Giants, each having a roast sheep in his hand, of which he was eating.
- TAILOR - Ah, this is much more like the world than is my workshop.
- NARR - And soon the Giant showed him a bed where he might lie down and go to sleep. The bed, however, was too big for him, so he slipped out of it and crept into a corner. When midnite came, and the Giant thought the Tailor would be in a deep sleep, he took a great iron bar, beat the bed right through at one stroke, and supposed thereby he had given the Tailor his death-blow. When morning came the Giants went forth into the forest, quite forgetting the Tailor, when up he came, quite merry, and showed himself before them. The Giants were terrified, and, fearing he would kill them all, they ran away in great haste. The little Tailor journeyed on, now quite certain of his bravery, and had traveled some distance...
- NARR - The little Tailor journeyed on, now quite certain of his bravery, and had traveled some distance when he came into a courtyard of a royal palace, and as he felt rather tired he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. While he lay there the people came and gathered around him on all sides, and read on his belt...
- ALL - SEVEN AT ONE BLOW!
- COURTIER 1 - Who is this great warrior?
- COURTIER 2 - And why is he here in time of peace?
- COURTIER 3 - This must be some mighty hero!
- NARR - So they ran to tell the King. They informed him that, should war break out, here was an important and useful man. The King took counsel, and sent one of his courtiers to the Tailor to ask for his fighting services.
- TAILOR - Solely on that account did I come here. I am quite ready to enter into the King's service.
- ALL - Hurrah/yeah!



- NARR - And the little Tailor was led away with great honor, and a fine house was appointed him to dwell in. The courtiers, however, became quite jealous of the Tailor.
- COURTIER 1 - What will happen if we go to battle with him?
- COURTIER 2 - When he strikes out, seven will fall at one blow.
- COURTIER 3 - And nothing will be left for us to do.
- NARR - In their rage they resolved to resign their commissions, and went all together to ask permission of the King.
- C 1 ,2, 3 - We are not prepared to keep company with a man who kills seven at one blow.
- KING - Oooh! (he growls)
- NARR - The King was grieved to lose all his servants for the sake of one.
- KING - I wish I had never seen the Tailor, and would willingly now be rid of him; but I dare not dismiss him for fear he will kill me and all my subjects, and place himself on the throne.
- NARR - For a long time he deliberated until at last he came to a decision and sent for the Tailor.
- KING - Seeing as you are so great a hero I wish to ask a favor of you. In a certain forest of my kingdom there live two Ogres, who, by murder, fire, and robbery have committed great havoc, and no one dares approach them without periling his own life. If you overcome and kill both these Ogres, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom for a dowry; a hundred knights shall accompany you, too, in order to render you assistance.
- TAILOR - (aside) That is something for such a man as I. A beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day. (Then, to the King-) Oh, yes, I will soon manage these two Ogres, but a hundred horsemen are not necessary. He who kills seven at one blow need not fear two.
- NARR - Feeling quite confident, the little Tailor set out, followed by the hundred knights, to whom he said, as soon as they came to the borders of the forest...

- TAILOR - Oh, do stay here; I would rather meet these two Ogres alone.
- NARR - Then he sprang off into the forest, peering about him right and left, until at last he found the two Ogres lying asleep under a tree, snoring so loudly that the branches above them shook violently. The Tailor, full of courage, filled both pockets full of stones and clambered up the tree. When he got to the middle of it he crept along a bough, so that he sat just above the sleepers, and then he let fall one stone after another upon the breast of one of them. (Looks at Ogre.) For some time, the Ogre did not stir, until, at last awaking, he pushed his companion and said...
- OGRE 1 - Why are you beating me?
- OGRE 2 - You are dreaming. I never hit you.
- NARR - They laid themselves down again to sleep, and presently the Tailor threw a stone down upon the other.
- OGRE 2 - What is that? What are you knocking me for?
- OGRE 1 - I did not touch you; you must dream.
- NARR - They wrangled for a few minutes, but both being so tired from their day's work, they soon fell back to sleep. Then the Tailor began his sport again, and picking out the biggest stone, threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first Ogre.
- OGRE 1 - Ow! That is too bad.
- NARR - And springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who, feeling himself equally aggrieved, they set to in such good earnest, that they rooted up trees and beat one another about until they both fell dead on the ground. (Both Ogres bow heads in 'death'.)
- TAILOR - Whew! What a piece of luck they did not uproot the tree on which I sat.
- NARR - Then he drew his sword, and, cutting a deep wound in the breast of each, he returned to the horsemen and said...
- TAILOR - The deed is done. I have given each his death stroke. But it was a hard job, for in their necessity they uprooted trees to defend themselves with. Still, all that was of no use against one who killed seven at one stroke.

- C 1, 2, 3 - Are you not wounded, though?
- TAILOR - That is not to be expected. They have not touched a hair of my head.
- NARR - The knights could scarcely believe him, til, riding into the forest, they found the Ogres lying in their blood and the uprooted trees around them. (Lights go out on Ogres.) Now the Tailor returned to receive his promised reward from the King...
- KING - Grrr!
- NARR - But the King repented of his promise, and began to think of some new scheme to get rid of the little hero.
- KING - Before you receive my daughter and the half of my kingdom you must perform one other heroic deed. In the forest there runs a unicorn, which commits great havoc, and which you must first of all catch.
- TAILOR - I fear still less for a unicorn than I do for two Ogres! Seven at one blow! That's my motto.
- NARR - Then he took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest again, bidding those who were ordered to accompany him to wait on the outskirts. He had not long to search, for presently the unicorn appeared and prepared to rush at him as if it would pierce him on the spot.
- TAILOR - Softly, softly. This is not done so easily.
- NARR - And waiting til the animal was close upon him, he sprang nimbly behind a tree. The unicorn, rushing with all its force against the tree, fixed its horn so tightly in the trunk that it could not draw it out again, and so it was made prisoner.
- TAILOR - Now I have got my bird.
- NARR - And, fixing a rope around its neck, he cut the horn out of the tree with his axe, and led the unicorn out of the forest, to present it to the King for his reward.
- KING - Oooh!

- NARR - The King, however, would not deliver up the promised reward and made a third request.
- KING - Before the wedding you should catch a wild boar which did much injury. And take the huntsmen with you.
- TAILOR - With pleasure. It is mere child's play.
- NARR - The huntsmen, however, he left behind, to their entire content, for this wild boar had already so often hunted them, that they had no pleasure in hunting it. As soon as the boar saw the Tailor, it ran at him with gaping mouth and glistening teeth, and tried to throw him to the ground. But our flying hero sprang into a little chapel which was near, and quickly jumped out the window on the other side. Then, as the boar ran into the chapel after him, he skipped round, shutting the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too unwieldy and heavy to jump out of the window. The Tailor then called the huntsmen up.
- TAILOR - Come, that you might see the prisoner with your own eyes; while I present myself before the King, who is compelled now, whether he would or no, to keep his promise, and surrender to me his daughter and the half of his kingdom. (Underlined said with the King.)
- KING - My daughter and the half of my kingdom (Underlined said with the Tailor, then King breaks crown in two and passes one ring of it to the Tailor.) Oooh, get out! (Courtiers exit.)
- NARR - So the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King.
- NARR - Great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King. And they lived happily...together...for some little while, until one night the young Queen heard her husband talking in his sleep and saying...
- TAILOR - Boy, make me a waistcoat, and stitch up those trousers, or I'll lay the yard measure over your ears!
- NARR - Having at last discovered her husband's former occupation, she complained in the morning to her father, and begged he would deliver her from her husband, who was nothing else than a tailor. The King comforted her by saying...

- KING - This night leave your chamber door open. My guards and I shall stand outside, and when he is asleep we shall enter, bind him with rope, and bear him away to a ship, which shall carry him forth into the wide world. (King chuckles to himself.)
- NARR - The wife was contented with this proposal; but the King's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to the young King and disclosed the whole plot.
- TAILOR - I will shoot a bolt upon this affair.
- NARR - In the evening at their usual time they went to bed, and when his wife believed he slept, she got up and opened the door, and laid herself down again. The Tailor, only feigning sleep, began to exclaim in a loud voice...
- TAILOR - Boy, make me this waistcoat, and stitch up those trousers, or I will beat the yard measure about your ears! Seven have I killed with one blow, two Ogres have I slain, a unicorn have I led captive, and a wild boar have I caught, and shall I be afraid of those who stand outside my chamber?
- NARR - When the King and his men heard these words spoken by the Tailor, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away (King runs off) as if the wild huntsmen chased after them. And afterwards no man dared venture to oppose him. Thus the Tailor became a King, and so he remained the rest of his days.

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLEA

CAST: Narrator/Streamlet	Cart
Flea	Ashes
Door	Tree
Broom	Girl

- NARR - A spider and a flea dwelt together in one house, and brewed their beer in an eggshell. One day, when the Spider was stirring it up, she fell in and scalded herself..
- FLEA - Thereupon the Flea began to scream, "Eeek!"
- DOOR - And then the Door asked, "Why are you screaming, Flea?"
- FLEA - Because little Spider has scalded herself in the beer tub.
- DOOR - Thereupon the Door began to creak as if it were in pain.
- BROOM - And a Broom, which stood in the corner, asked, "What are you creaking for, Door?"
- DOOR - "May I not creak?" the Door replied. "The little Spider's scalt herself, and the Flea weeps."
- BROOM - So the Broom began to sweep industriously.
- CART - And presently a little Cart came by, and asked the reason.
- BROOM - "May I not sweep?" replied the Broom. "The little Spider's scalt herself, and the Flea weeps; the little Door creaks with the pain."
- CART - Thereupon the little Cart said, "So I will run," and began to run very fast...
- ASHES - Past a pile of Ashes, which cried out, "Why do you run little Cart?"
- CART - "Because," replied the Cart, "the little Spider's scalt herself, and the Flea weeps; the little Door creaks with the pain, and the Broom sweeps."
- ASHES - "Then," said the Ashes, "I will burn furiously."

- TREE - Now, next the Ashes there grew a Tree, which asked, "Little heap, why do you burn?"
- ASHES - "Because," it replied, "the little Spider's scalt herself, and the Flea weeps; the little Door creaks with the pain, and the Broom sweeps; the little Cart runs on so fast."
- TREE - Thereupon, the Tree cried, "I will shake myself!" And went on shaking til all its leaves fell off.
- GIRL - A little Girl passing by with a water pitcher saw it shaking, and asked, "Why do you shake yourself, little Tree?"
- TREE - "Why may I not?" said the Tree. "The little Spider's scalt herself, and the Flea weeps; the little Door creaks with the pain, and the Broom sweeps; the little Cart runs on so fast, and the Ashes burn."
- GIRL - "Then," the maiden said, "I will break my pitcher." And she threw it down and broke it.
- STREAM - At this the Streamlet, from which she drew the water, asked, "Why do you break your pitcher, little Girl?"
- GIRL - "Why may I not?" she replied. "For the little Spider's scalt herself, and the Flea weeps; the little Door creaks with the pain, and the Broom sweeps; the little Cart runs on so fast, and the Ashes burn; the little Tree shakes down its leaves--Now it is my turn!"
- STREAM - "Ah, then," said the Streamlet, "now must I begin to flow..."

(In turn, beginning with Flea, each of the 7 characters joins Streamlet and others in unison, building until they create a stream that is 8 voices strong.)

- STREAM + 1 - And it flowed...
- STREAM + 2 - And flowed along...
- STREAM + 3 - In a great stream...
- STREAM + 4 - Which kept getting...
- STREAM + 5 - Bigger...
- STREAM + 6 - And bigger...
- ALL 8 - Until at last it swallowed up...

- GIRL - The little Girl,  
TREE - The little Tree,  
ASHES - The Ashes,  
CART - The Cart,  
BROOM - The Broom,  
DOOR - The Door,  
FLEA - The Flea,  
NARR - And, last of all, the Spider,  
ALL 8 - All together! (Blackout.)

- THE END -