

# Aesop

# encore



## Séries B

The Oak and the Reeds

The Farmer and the Stork

The Ant and the Dove

The Frogs Who Desired a King

The Milkmaid and the Pail

Wanda's Versions



## Teacher's Notes

Wanda loves words! Sometimes she goes a bit overboard but she has a great time doing it. Her scripts add an element of linguistic “play” to the play.

Students will enjoy dressing up and playing the roles themselves or staying behind the scenes to present the stories with puppets.

The scripts can also be used as materials for:

- vocabulary extension
- studying common expressions / figures of speech  
similies, metaphors
- devices -alliteration, personification, humour, exaggeration
- *over-use of clichés etc.*
- discussions/debates over the morals
- examples for student writing  
(give students one of the simple ESL versions of a fable to compare to Wanda's version; then challenge students rewrite one of the other fables)
- integrate the fables into your music program by having students compose their own music for the chants, create theme melodies for each character or use orff instruments to create background music and sound effects for the play
- integrate the stories into a science study of insects etc. - how has Aesop drawn upon the true characteristics of the natural world for his stories ..

Note:

As with the original fables, the character's generic animal name becomes his personal name, therefore, the articles “a’ and “the” are not always used when the character is mentioned by the narrator or when he is addressed by another character.

e.g. NARRATOR: One day, *Grasshopper* was out for his usual hop ....

ANT: Not now *Grasshopper*. I have to collect

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## THE OAK AND THE REEDS

NARRATOR

One autumn day, angry storm clouds rumbled overhead threatening the forest and gentle stream with its wild winds.

OAK

*(Boldly in aloud belligerent voice)*

I am the king of the forest, tallest and strongest of all the inhabitants.  
I can stand up against any wild wind this little storm throws at me!

REEDS

*(Quietly but confidently)*

We are slim and pliable. We don't need to fight the wild winds. We can bend and sway!

NARRATOR

As the storm raged on, the terrible winds became more and more powerful, building to hurricane force!

OAK

*(Leaning into the wind, shouting over the roar)*

I'm strong and mighty. I won't bend!  
I can resist the the force of these terrible winds!

*Oak falls to the ground.*

NARRATOR

Suddenly, with an ear-splitting crack, the haughty oak splashed into the stream between the waving reeds.

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REEDS

Oh no, look! The king of the forest has been snapped like a twig!  
He's been toppled by the power of those awful winds.

OAK

*(Weakly from his prone position)*

You are still standing. Here I lie broken and disgraced.  
*(wailing)* Why, oh why, should this happen to me?

REEDS

*(One at a time)*

You are too proud, Mister Oak. You fight too much against the mightier winds. Now you lie ruined at our feet. We know that it is not possible to withstand such forces so we sway and bend before the slightest breeze. This way we remain standing.

NARRATOR

The moral if the story : It is better to bend than to break.

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## THE FARMER AND THE STORK

NARRATOR

One spring day, a farmer who was annoyed by the birds who constantly stripped his fields of freshly sown seeds, set a trap to capture them.

FARMER

Those wretched birds are eating my seeds again.  
I'll snare them in the middle of their feeding frenzy!

NARRATOR

Before long, he heard the door of the trap snap shut capturing some of the nasty thieving cranes.

CRANES

Oh! Alas! Help! Let us out of here. We just wanted some food to keep us alive.  
How could you deny us a little sustenance?

FARMER

You're finished! I've had enough of you lazy birds stripping my fields and ruining my hard work!

NARRATOR

Among the cranes, the farmer found a stork.

STORK

Sir! I'm no thief. I'm innocent. I have a sore foot and can't walk very well. Let me go!

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FARMER

You are in my trap, obviously after the seeds, just like the others!

STORK

But I'm not a lowly crane. (*puffing up*) I'm a well-bred stork of good reputation.  
Can't you tell by my plumage that I'm different?

NARRATOR

The farmer remained stone-faced and was not moved by the stork's plea of innocence.

FARMER

I trapped you scrounging around my in my fields with the other thieves.  
If you are running around with them, I can only conclude that you are a thief also!

NARRATOR

Without another thought, the farmer killed not only the cranes,  
but also the hapless stork.

FARMER

Crane or stork, it's all the same when you're a thief.

NARRATOR

The moral of the story : You are judged by the company you keep.

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## THE ANT AND THE DOVE

NARRATOR

One warm sunny day, a thirsty ant went to the river to quench his thirst with some cool sweet water.

ANT

I am so parched! Oh good, there's the river.  
I'll just run down and get a few sips of water.

NARRATOR

Half way down the bank, Ant slipped and with legs flailing tumbled into the swift running river.

ANT

Help! Help! I'm being carried away. The flow of the river is too strong for me!

NARRATOR

Dove alertly spied tiny Ant desperately trying to stay afloat.

DOVE

Oh no! Poor little Ant is in trouble! He can never hold his own against the strong current.

NARRATOR

Thinking quickly, she threw some leaves into the river near the Ant.

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DOVE

Hurry little Ant, climb onto a leaf!

NARRATOR

Ant gratefully hauled himself up onto a leaf and floated safely to the shore.

*A hunter enters.*

HUNTER

*(Nastily)*

Perfect! A lovely, plump dove. She doesn't sense that I'm here,  
so I should be able to easily trap her!

NARRATOR

Ant, recovering on the bank after his ordeal, saw Hunter hiding behind a tree, preparing  
to snare gentle Dove.

ANT

Oh no, my friend Dove is in danger! I must save her.

NARRATOR

Crafty little Ant shook off the water and scrambled over to the Hunter.  
With all his might, he pricked the man's heel.

HUNTER

*(Jumping up and down in pain)*

Ow! Ow! My foot!

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NARRATOR

Dove was startled by Hunter's wailing and fled to the safety of a high branch.

DOVE

That was a close one. Many thanks, my quick thinking little friend!

ANT

You are most welcome! It was the least I could do.

NARRATOR

The moral of the story: One good turn deserves another.

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## THE FROGS WHO DESIRED A KING

NARRATOR

The frogs in the pond had been living together for years. Sometimes they would get huffy with one another and have their disagreements.

BLUE FROGS  
*(chanting)*

Blue! Blue!  
We are blue!  
We're the best,  
Much better than you!

GREEN FROGS  
*(chanting)*

Green! Green!  
We are green!  
We're the meanest  
You've ever seen!

NARRATOR

However, many frogs were peace-loving and and were annoyed by the silliness of the other frogs. They sent a delegation to Jupiter, King of the Sky.

SPOTTED FROGS

O grand Jupiter, give us a king who will keep us all in order and tell us how to live.

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JUPITER  
*(Annoyed)*

Foolish frogs! Why are you bothering me with this nonsense? Here is your king!

NARRATOR

In disgust, Jupiter hurled a chunk of dead tree trunk down into the marsh.

BLUE and GREEN FROGS  
*(Hopping around on the trunk)*

Why, it's nothing more than a clunky brainless trunk of a tree.  
Bah! Jupiter duped you, Spotted Frogs!

BLUE FROGS  
*(chanting)*

Blue! Blue!  
We are blue!  
We're the best,  
Much better than you!

GREEN FROGS  
*(chanting)*

Green! Green!  
We are green!  
We're the meanest  
You've ever seen!

NARRATOR

In frustration, Spotted Frogs sent another group to lodge their complaint with Jupiter.

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## SPOTTED FROGS

This lunk-head log king made a big splash when he arrived, but he's done nothing since. We want a real king who will lay down the law!

## NARRATOR

Jupiter was irked by the ridiculous demands made by the group.

## JUPITER

All right, here is wise Stork. He is hungry to rule over you!

## NARRATOR

Stork relishes his new job and immediately begins to swallow his subjects, diminishing his kingdom daily.

## STORK

Gulp. Gulp. Mmmm, a yummy little froggy stew.  
*(chanting)*

Blue! Blue!  
Some are blue!  
They're the best,  
Much better than you!

Green! Green!  
You are green!  
You're the toughest  
And way too lean!

Spotted! Spotted!  
Little polka-dotted!  
Was it was for me  
You planned and plotted?

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### FROGS

Oh no! Alas! Help us Jupiter! You must rein in King Stork.  
His reign is so cruel that our lives are flashing before our eyes!

### JUPITER

No going back! You must live ... and die .... with your new ruler.  
Is this not what you demanded from me?

### NARRATOR

The moral of the story: Be careful what you ask for.

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## THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

NARRATOR

One day, a young milkmaid headed off to market to sell her pail of milk.

MILKMAID

What a great day! I have a big bucket of luscious fresh milk.  
It will bring a pretty penny in the marketplace.

NARRATOR

While she was walking along the road to town, her mind wandered and she dreamed about what she might purchase with her new-found wealth.

MILKMAID

First, I'll buy some valuable chickens from the farmer.

FARMER

Here are my best chickens, miss. They lay grade A eggs every day.

MILKMAID

Then I'll gather the eggs and sell them at a very good price to the wife of the mayor.

WIFE of the MAYOR

What exquisite eggs! Here is the money for the fresh grade A's, my little one.

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MILKMAID

Next, I'll buy a custom made dress and a gorgeous matching hat.

DRESSMAKER

Here is my most expensive material.  
What colour would suit you best for your dress, miss?

MILKMAID

Emerald, of course! It will enhance my hazel eyes and set off my flowing auburn hair.

NARRATOR

The young girl continued to dream in this manner, paying little attention to the pathway.

MILKMAID

I will be stunning in my new outfit.

YOUNG MEN

Oh la la! Such beauty and virtue in a young girl!  
What is your name, my dear?

MILKMAID

I'll ignore those immature town boys and show them by nonchalantly  
tossing my head like this!

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NARRATOR

She jerked her head so violently that the pail fell to the ground  
spilling the milk all over.

MILKMAID  
*(In despair)*

Oh no! Look what's happened. Now I am without friends, without new clothes, without  
money, without eggs, without chickens and without milk.

NARRATOR

The moral of the story: Don't count your chickens before they're hatched.