Tortoise: Do you want me to help you, Hare?
Hare: I suppose.
Owl: Well, you do or you don’t. No supposing allowed.
   Which is it?
Hare: I do.
Danielle: Don’t forget you have that faculty meeting, Miss
       Owl.
Owl: Right you are. Let’s go together. And you boys
       figure out when the tutoring will start, okay?
(Miss Owl and Danielle Dog exit stage right.)
Tortoise: Yes, Miss Owl.
Hare: Okay.
Tortoise: Shall we meet at my house tonight?
Hare: All right. Should I bring anything?
Tortoise: Just yourself. I have all the pens and paper we’ll
       need.
Hare: And when we’re finished, could you teach me
       something else?
Tortoise: What would that be?
Hare: Maybe you could teach me a little tune on your
       ukulele.
Tortoise: It’s not electric, you know.
Hare: I think that’s what I’m going to like about it.
Tortoise: Sure, Hare, I’ll teach you a tune.
Hare: And I have something else to say. I told you I have
       friends all over the world. Remember?
Tortoise: Yes, I remember.
Hare: Well, I lied. I don’t have any friends at all.
Tortoise: (Putting arm around Hare.) You do now, Hare!
       You do now!
(Final Curtain)
Owl: Actually, it’s rather refreshing. This way I get to see some of your personality through your handwriting.
Danielle: And what does his homework show you?
Owl: It shows me he doesn’t mind hard work and he keeps his word!
Danielle: Where’s your work, Hare?
Hare: My work? Well, a funny thing happened late last night. My computer crashed on me just as I was ready to print all my work.
Owl: So the dog ate your homework?
Danielle: I beg your pardon!
Owl: Sorry, Danielle. No harm meant.
Danielle: None taken.
Owl: You usually are very talkative, Hare. What excuse do you have?
Hare: Like I told you, my computer crashed.
Owl: Tortoise got his work in without a computer.
Hare: But he started his on Friday afternoon.
Owl: No matter when he started, he managed to complete it all by today.
Hare: But I wasn’t about to give up my weekend for this stupid assignment!
Owl: I received your grades from your last school this morning. It seems you frequently fail to do “stupid” assignments.
Hare: The teachers there piled on the work. I didn’t have time for anything else.
Owl: Did you have a computer at your last school?
Hare: I did. But it kept crashing on me.
Owl: Maybe you should switch to pen and paper.
Hare: But I can’t write long hand. I need to use a computer.
Owl: You told me you are a fast learner. I’m sure you could pick up writing long hand again.
Hare: But it takes too long! This isn’t fair. Plus I don’t have any pens and lined paper.
Tortoise: I do. I have lots. You can borrow mine.
Hare: But this homework was hard. I’ll need help.
Owl: Will you help him, Tortoise?
Danielle: Yes, you can be known as the tutoring Tortoise!
Hare: You were born wrong, Turtle Brain! You were born in a fog and it never lifted!

Tortoise: That’s not nice to say!

Hare: As if I care! You’re a square and you’re slow and you are definitely not someone I want to hang around with!

Tortoise: Then I’ll just go home!

Hare: You do that, Tortoise. How far away is home?

Tortoise: A half a mile.

Hare: Great! At your speed that should take about two years!

Tortoise: (Exiting stage left.) Goodbye, Hare!

Hare: (Exiting stage left and passing the tortoise.) Just remember to stay out of the fast lane, slowpoke!

(Tortoise exits much slower than Hare. Danielle Dog and Miss Owl enter stage right.)

Danielle: How was your weekend, Miss Owl?

Owl: I hardly had one. I spent both days grading papers. I had a huge stack!

Danielle: You should learn to relax more.

Owl: Yes, I should, but it’s just not in my nature. My students like to see their work handed back quickly.

Danielle: How about the tortoise and the hare? Did they make it in yet?

Owl: Not yet. But the school bus just arrived. They should be here presently.

Danielle: I wonder if that poor little turtle…

Owl: Tortoise.

Danielle: Right. I wonder if that poor little tortoise did all that work. I hope it wasn’t too much for him.

Owl: We’ll find out soon enough. Here they come now.

(Hare and Tortoise enter stage left.)

Hare: Good morning, Miss Owl. And good day to you also, Danielle Dog!

Tortoise: Hello.

Owl: Is your homework done, Tortoise?

Tortoise: (Handing her a stack.) Yes, Miss Owl. It’s all here.

Owl: I see you did it all in long hand. No computer at home?

Tortoise: No, Miss Owl. Is that acceptable?
**Aesop’s Fables**

**The Wolf And The Lamb**

(At rise, Narrators A and B stand stage left behind two music stands or podiums, Narrator B holding up a large card with the title of fable.)

**Narrator A:** This is the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb.

**Narrator B:** This story, like every story you will see and hear on our little stage, was written a long time ago by a famous Greek writer named Aesop.

**Narrator A:** He was a great teacher…

**Narrator B:** And his stories became very popular.

**Narrator A:** His stories are still told all over the world.

**Narrator B:** We hope that our show will not only entertain you, but also give you some ideas to think about.

**Narrator A:** Now let the show begin!

(A wolf stands stage center as a lamb passes before him. He stops the lamb.)

**Wolf:** Little lamb! Little lamb! Where are you going?

**Lamb:** I have no idea, Wolf! I seem to have lost my way from the fold.

**Wolf:** You mean there are other sheep around here?

**Lamb:** Oh yes! My mother, my father, my sisters and brothers, all my cousins and all my friends are around here someplace.

**Wolf:** And you are all alone? Oh, the irony of it! The irony of it!

**Lamb:** What does irony mean?

**Wolf:** It’s hard to explain. I guess it means that life is very funny sometimes. All my life I’ve waited for a moment like this, but I recently decided to change my ways.

**Lamb:** Change your ways?

**Wolf:** I decided I would never hurt another creature without a good reason.

**Lamb:** That’s a very good idea! How did this come about?

**Wolf:** I grew tired of other animals’ gossip about me. They said I was a nasty killer.

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**Hare:** It’s the weekend, Tortoise! What do you want to do? Where do you want to go?

**Tortoise:** I think I should just go home to study.

**Hare:** Study? You have all weekend to study. How can you even think about ruining a perfectly good Friday afternoon with books?

**Tortoise:** I have to work hard to pass my classes!

**Hare:** Not me. I’ll just wait until late Sunday night and then I’ll sit down at my computer and I’ll have these assignments whipped out in no time!

**Tortoise:** I don’t have a computer.

**Hare:** You don’t have a computer?

**Tortoise:** All I have is some paper and a pen!

**Hare:** Paper and a pen? Tortoise, you are living in the dark ages. This is the fifth computer they bought for me. My dad keeps on getting me new ones because they keep getting faster and faster. My latest one has about 50,000 gigabytes! It’s awesome. And I have an iPod and a Blackberry and a laptop and a cell phone and a Game Boy and an Xbox and a whole bunch of real cool computer games! Plus I have digital cameras and a stereo system so powerful it breaks windows when I play my rap music! And I have this wild twelve-string electric guitar with super strong amplifiers! What do you think about that?

**Tortoise:** I have a ukulele.

**Hare:** (Laughing.) A what?

**Tortoise:** A ukulele!

**Hare:** What’s a ukulele?

**Tortoise:** It’s sort of a guitar, only real small and it only has four strings. It’s real easy to learn!

**Hare:** I have an idea, Tortoise. You go home and do your schoolwork. After you get done with your schoolwork you can pull out your cheap little ukulele and practice some stupid little ukulele songs. Sounds like a real cool weekend. Meanwhile, I’ll be playing the latest computer games, rocking out with my guitar, and sending out instant messages to my good friends all over the world. What do you think about that, Mr. Turtle Boy Tortoise Head!

**Tortoise:** Why are you mad at me? I didn’t do anything wrong!
Owl: That’s fine, Hare, as long as you don’t go so fast you miss all the scenery. I want you to learn the material in depth, not just superficially. So make sure you don’t skim the material. Remember, haste makes waste!

Hare: I’ll remember that, Miss Owl! But you don’t have to worry about me. I remember everything I read and everything anyone says. I have both a photographic memory and photographic ears.

Owl: Photographic ears?

Hare: Neat, huh? I’ll be your best student right away. Just you wait!

Owl: So when will you have all the homework finished?

Hare: Monday morning, Miss Owl! Monday morning it will be signed, sealed and delivered.

Tortoise: I’ll try to have it done by then.

Hare: Good-bye, Miss Owl! Come on, Tortoise! We have some work to do!

Tortoise: You go along, Hare! I’ll try to catch up!

(Hare and Tortoise exit stage left.)

Danielle: That tortoise doesn’t seem very swift.

Owl: You’re right. He’s a bit slow. But that doesn’t matter. Some of my best students just plodded along slowly and they ended up getting great grades.

Danielle: That hare certainly is fast.

Owl: Comes from a very successful family. His mother informed me that he really should have skipped this class, he’s so brilliant. We’ll see.

Danielle: It’s funny how all your students are so different. Did you ever think about teaching a class where all the kids were quick learners like the hare?

Owl: Not for me. I like the different styles of learning. It makes life a lot more interesting. Besides, even the fastest kids can learn things from the slower ones!

Danielle: I have a feeling that tortoise will never teach the hare a thing. He’s way too slow.

Owl: I wouldn’t bet on that, Danielle. Sometimes the slow ones can fool you.

(They exit stage left. Meanwhile, Hare and Tortoise enter stage right.)

Lamb: And this hurt your feelings?

Wolf: It almost made me cry! I admit that I’m a carnivore…

Lamb: A carnivore?

Wolf: That means I eat meat. My, you aren’t a very bright little lamb, are you?

Lamb: I don’t mean to be rude, but I am very new to this world. My time has been spent hopping about in fields of clover. I don’t know many big words, and carnivore is a very big word! Is it my fault I don’t know very much?

Wolf: You think you have it bad? What about me? The world hears the word “wolf” and soon everyone says bad things about me! They accuse me of hurting others! I’m called a rascal! That’s why I am about to change my ways and begin a new life for myself. No longer will I kill without a good reason! No longer will I eat a little lamb such as yourself for fun. No longer will I kill unless it is needed.

Lamb: I must say that this sounds very nice, Mr. Wolf. I did not think that a wolf could be so good and I am very happy that you have changed your ways!

Wolf: Of course, that doesn’t mean that you won’t make it to my supper table. It just means that I won’t kill you without a good reason.

Lamb: And what, dear wise and good wolf, would be a good reason for you to tear me apart and eat me?

Wolf: I need only one good reason, and here it is: as it so happens, last year you insulted me.

Lamb: My dear good and wise friend, I already told you that I was born only a few weeks ago. It would have been impossible for me to insult you twelve months ago.

Wolf: Well, then, you trespass on my land and eat the grass in my meadow.

Lamb: No, oh wise and kind wolf, that would be impossible. I am too young to eat grass.

Wolf: Too young to eat grass? I hadn’t thought of that. Never mind, there were other reasons. You drank from my well. My well water is no longer clean. My well water is meant for me and no other. Yet you dared to drink from it. And so, you deserve to die!
Lamb: Forgive me, my dear Mr. Wolf, but I never drink water. My mother’s milk is my only food and drink!

Wolf: You think you are very smart, don’t you, little lamb? You think you can deny everything I say and get away with it? You think you can walk in front of me and nothing will happen to you? Well, I won’t go without a meal, no matter how you try to deny all that I say!

(The wolf drags the screaming lamb off stage left.)

Lamb: Help me! Help me! I’m innocent! I’m innocent!

Wolf: And I’m hungry! I’m hungry!

Narrator B: And what is the moral of this terrible little fable?

Narrator A: (Holding up a large card on which the moral is printed.) A bully will always find a reason to hurt others!

Narrator B: (Holding up title – The Lion and the Mouse.) The next tale is about a lion and a mouse.

Narrator A: The lion, of course, is the king of the jungle.

Narrator B: The mouse, on the other hand, is the shrimp of the jungle.

Narrator A: Compared to the lion, the mouse is very tiny…

Narrator B: And very weak…

Narrator A: And very humble.

The Lion And The Mouse

(The lion enters from stage right and falls asleep downstage center. A mouse enters from stage left and sees the lion, then scurries away stage left. The mouse enters again, growing increasingly bolder. Finally, the mouse approaches the lion and gently lifts its tail. The lion snores loudly, frightening the mouse away. The mouse returns and decides to lift the tail and bite it. The lion reacts with an angry roar!)

Lion: Roarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Mouse: (Dropping the tail.) Forgive me, Lion! Forgive me! I was so hungry and your tail looked tasty.

Lion: You are a brave little devil! A brave little devil indeed! Do you know that I am a lion and you are just a little tiny mouse?

Narrator B: The tortoise is like a turtle and the hare is like a rabbit!

Narrator A: That’s strange. Why not call it “The Turtle and the Rabbit”?

Narrator B: Don’t ask me, ask Aesop!

The Tortoise And The Hare

(Classroom scene with an owl as teacher talking to two of her new students, a tortoise and a hare. Tortoise speaks very slowly, Hare quickly. Meanwhile the teacher’s aid, Danielle Dog, is looking over some papers.)

Owl: The reason I kept both of you after school was not to punish you. I hope you understand that.

Tortoise: Yes, Miss Owl!

Hare: I understand. I mean, why would you punish us? It wouldn’t make any sense! We just arrived at the school and we haven’t even had enough time to misbehave.

Owl: You are both new students, so you missed the first week of school. It’s important that you catch up with the other students!

Hare: That won’t be any problem for me, Miss Owl. I’m a quick learner, a very quick learner. I learn so quickly that most of the time I’m on to the new subject before I finished with the old material! Math, language, history, geography and everything else comes easily to me! I’m a speed-reader and I can solve difficult math problems faster than most people can add and subtract. I’m quick, quick, quick!

Tortoise: I’ll try real hard to catch up, Miss Owl.

Owl: You seem to be a slow talker, Tortoise. Do you always talk this slowly?

Tortoise: I don’t like to rush things, Miss Owl. I like to go slow so I can understand.

Owl: Nothing wrong with that, Tortoise. We all do things at different paces.

Hare: Not me, Miss Owl! Not me! I only have one pace and that one pace is lightning fast! My mind is like greased lightning! I start off fast, and then I accelerate faster!
**Grasshopper:** Five months! That’s a long time. And what happens to all the food out here?

**Ant C:** The leaves fall to the ground and the grass dies.

**Grasshopper:** But what’ll I eat?

**Ant C:** You eat whatever you stored up during the summer, like we did.

**Grasshopper:** But I played all summer! I didn’t store anything up.

**Ant C:** You can’t eat what you don’t have!

**Grasshopper:** Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

**Ant A:** Are we ready? Let’s all go together.

**Grasshopper:** You can’t just leave me here! I’ll starve!

(Grasshopper tries to yell over their tune, following them toward exit but staying on stage.)

**Grasshopper:** Wait a minute, you guys! Wait a minute. Isn’t there room for me? Why don’t you make your entrance a little bigger so I can fit in, too? I wouldn’t eat much! I promise to be good! I’ll work hard for you! You just can’t leave me out in the cold. It’s not fair, I tell you! It’s not fair! (Grasshopper pauses, waiting for some reply.) Can you hear me? (Pause again.) Can you hear me? (Pause.) Help me! Help me! (Grasshopper exits stage right.)

**Narrator A:** That’s such a sad story.

**Narrator B:** I agree. The ending is so sad!

**Narrator A:** Poor grasshopper.

**Narrator B:** Is there a moral here?

**Narrator A:** (Holding up a sign saying “Be responsible for yourself.”) Be responsible for yourself.

**Narrator B:** Okay, but couldn’t the ants have let him in their nest?

**Narrator A:** There wasn’t enough room for him.

**Narrator B:** But they could have let him have some of their food.

**Narrator A:** Then some of the ants might have starved.

**Narrator B:** It’s still so sad!

**Narrator A:** Do we have one last story? I think we need one with a happy ending. First the lamb was eaten and then the grasshopper dies! I can’t take another unhappy ending!

**Narrator B:** How about this one? (Holding a sign saying “The Tortoise and the Hare.”)

**Narrator A:** The Tortoise and the Hare? What’s a tortoise? What’s a hare?

**Mouse:** Yes, my lord! You are the king of the jungle and I am a nothing, a zero, a puny little rodent!

**Lion:** A puny little rodent? You flatter yourself! You are not even a snack for my great hunger! I’m afraid if I bit you I’d get pieces caught between my teeth. I’d need to floss for months just to rid my mouth of the odor of mouse!

**Mouse:** Yes, my lord! No use wasting your time on such a runt! Besides, if you let me escape with my life, I might do you some service in the future!

**Lion:** Ha-ha! Your ego is extremely large for someone so tiny! I am the mighty ocean and you are but a raindrop. Your life means less than nothing to someone so mighty as myself!

**Mouse:** Yes, my lord, I am but a drop in the great flood of your power, yet even a drop in the bucket of life as myself might somehow be of service to you!

**Lion:** Run away, you little bug, before I squash you like a flea!

**Mouse:** (Backing away slowly and bowing repeatedly, the mouse exits toward stage right.) You won’t be sorry for your kindness! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

(The lion returns to napping. Three hunters enter stage left with a large net. They speak in a stage whisper without waking the lion.)

**Alfred:** I say, Frederick, is that the lion we’ve been searching for?

**Frederick:** He looks so peaceful and calm lying there. It seems a pity to wake up the poor chap!

**Alfred:** What do you think Winifred? Shall we interrupt his dreams?

**Winifred:** When you have an animal in your grasp, you don’t let it go! Surely you understand the law of the jungle. Only the fittest survive! All weaker creatures must submit to the power of the best hunter!

**Alfred:** Oh, but Winifred! He looks so content there!

**Winifred:** Let us trap the lion whilst it sleeps! Then we shall turn it into a rug suitable for the floor on my hunting cabin!

**Frederick:** What a wonderful way to brighten the place!
Alfred: But we’ll have to get rid of those awful drapes!
Frederick: Yes, and those red throw rugs will clash with the lion’s mane. We’ll have to redo everything!
Alfred: I have an idea! We’ll mount all the photos from our summer hunting trips here in the jungle!
Frederick: What about you, Winifred? Do you have any tips that might add a bit of color to that dismal old cabin!
Winifred: Both of you are off the subject, which is hunting and blood and killing! Stick to the job at hand, boys! Stick to the job at hand!
Alfred: Yes, Winifred. Ever so sorry to go off like that!
Frederick: It’s just that Alfred and I are a bit artistic!
Winifred: Hunting is the only art worthy of notice! Now grab the net and gently drape it over the lion. We must be sly and cunning!
(They drape the net over the lion and then begin to tighten it.)
Lion: Who is moving there? I feel something! Is that the mouse again!
Frederick: No, indeed, Mr. Lion! I am not a mouse! I am a man!
Alfred: You have been trapped, Mr. Lion! You have been conquered by man!
Lion: Roarrrrrrrrrrr!
(Frederick and Alfred hide behind Winifred.)
Winifred: Just stay back there, boys! I’ll protect you!
Lion: Let me go free, or I will kill you!
Winifred: I’m afraid you have that backwards, Mr. Lion. It is not we but you who are trapped.
Alfred: And after we kill you, we’ll make a rug from your skin!
Frederick: Yes, Mr. Lion, we are frightful killers.
Winifred: There are more lions down by the swamp, boys.
Let’s be on our way.
Alfred: Will they be as easy to snare as this one?
Winifred: Let’s hope so. Goodbye, Mr. Lion!
Alfred: See you later on the cabin floor!
(Hunters exit stage left.)

Grasshopper: And why shouldn’t I be? Life is wonderful if you know how to enjoy it. I see you pessimistic ants trudging back and forth with your boxes, your supplies, your provisions. You are so worried about the future, you don’t know how to enjoy the present. Carpe diem is what I say. Carpe diem!
Ant A: And what does that mean?
Grasshopper: It means, seize the day! Enjoy life while you are living it. Live for the moment!
Ant B: What about the future?
Grasshopper: You’re so negative! Why worry about the future? Tomorrow is only yesterday’s today!
Ant B: Say that again! What does that mean?
Grasshopper: It means that I can put off working hard forever. I’m blessed with enough intelligence to live in the present. Eat, drink and be merry is my motto!
Ant A: For tomorrow you may die?
Grasshopper: No, just eat, drink and be merry!
Ant A: But you left off half the quote. It should be eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may die.
Grasshopper: I never heard that last part. My mother just taught me the first part. And if it was good enough for her, it’s good enough for me!
Ant C: Is it getting colder? I feel a chill.
Grasshopper: Yes, it is getting a bit nippy. Strange, isn’t it?
Ant C: It reminds of last year, when the winter came so early.
Grasshopper: Anybody want to be in a jumping contest?
Ant A: I think you’re right. We might start heading in a bit early this year.
Grasshopper: Come on, let’s start playing a little jumping game. I bet I can jump higher than anyone else!
Ant A: Are we finished with the storage?
Ant B: I think so. It looks like we have more than enough to make it.
Grasshopper: To make what?
Ant B: To make it through the winter, of course.
Grasshopper: How long will that be?
Ant B: Four months, at least. Maybe five.
Grasshopper: Five months? Are you sure?
Ant B: That’s the usual.
Ant A: With the boxes.
Grasshopper: What’s in them?
Ant C: Provisions.
Grasshopper: Provisions?
Ant C: You know, food for the winter? Stuff to get us through the cold months?
Grasshopper: Why would you do that? All you need is right here in nature. If you want to nibble on a leaf, just look around you. Nature provides us with all we require!
Ant A: Have you any idea what winter is like?
Grasshopper: Winter?
Ant A: Right. Winter. That time of the year when it gets cold.
Grasshopper: I heard some chipmunks talking about it. They were storing acorns in their little tree home, the greedy little beggars.
Ant A: What did they say about winter?
Grasshopper: Not much. Just that they had to store a bunch of acorns before the first snow hit. Say, that reminds me. What is snow? They seemed to think it wasn’t such a good thing.
Ant B: Snow? It’s this cold white stuff that falls from the sky. We hardly ever see it because we’re all safe in our burrows before it comes.
Grasshopper: White stuff falling from the sky? Sounds pretty.
Ant A: It is pretty, I hear. But it can be deadly. If you get caught out in it you can freeze to death.
Grasshopper: Freeze to death?
Ant C: Yes, that’s right. You could freeze to death. But I wouldn’t worry about it now. It’ll be some time before it snows.
Grasshopper: That’s good. So I have plenty of time before I have to start working.
Ant C: If you say so.
Grasshopper: I do indeed say so. For Mother Nature supplies us with all we need, including time. So I have plenty of time, and if you look about you, I have millions of leaves and vegetables to feed on, enough to last me several lifetimes!
Ant A: So you don’t want to stock up on anything?
Grasshopper: I want to sing! I want to dance! I want to eat when I’m hungry and drink when I’m dry!
Ant A: You’re very optimistic about the future, aren’t you?

Lion: Woe is me. My mother warned me that sleeping twenty hours a day was not healthy. Now I know what she meant.
(The Lion squirms about fruitlessly attempting to free himself. Finally he gives up in despair and slumps back on the ground. Mouse enters from stage right.)
Mouse: What have we here? Are those spider webs draping you? If they are, there must be a huge spider lurking around here.
Lion: These are not spider webs. If they were, I could easily break them. These are ropes, and I’ve been trapped by men, not spiders!
Mouse: Men, eh? They can be crafty creatures sometimes, can’t they?
Lion: It didn’t take much craft to catch me. They caught me unawares whilst I was taking a nap.
Mouse: That’s why I always sleep with one eye open! They’ll never catch me napping! So what will they do with you?
Lion: They plan to kill me and then turn me into a rug for their hunting cabin.
Mouse: What a horrible end for the king of the jungle.
Lion: I know, but there doesn’t seem to be anything I can do about it. The ropes are very secure and I can’t seem to break them, no matter how much I try.
Mouse: Have you thought of cutting the ropes with a knife?
Lion: I’m a lion, not a man. Why would I have a knife? My fangs do the cutting for me.
Mouse: Perhaps I can help?
Lion: I only wish you could, little friend.
Mouse: I don’t have fangs, but my teeth are wonderful for gnawing through things, even rope!
Lion: Then help me, you fool! Help me!
Mouse: How could a puny unimportant rodent such as myself help the king of the jungle?
Lion: I’m sorry I said that.
Mouse: I am not even a snack for your great hunger. You might get pieces of me caught between your teeth! You’d need to floss for months just to rid your mouth of the odor of mouse!
Lion: I apologize! I apologize!
Mouse: I need more than that!
Lion: I said bad things about you in the past. Although you are small in size, you are my only hope!
Mouse: That’s more like it. And since you let me escape with my life, I will now return the favor – as an equal!
Lion: I agree, as an equal!
(The mouse attacks the rope and quickly gnaws an opening for the lion.)
Mouse: There, Mr. Lion, you are free!
Lion: Yes, I’m free, and I’m very hungry!
Mouse: Hungry? You aren’t about to eat me, are you? Not after I came to your aid!
Lion: No, Mouse, you are my friend. I had in mind a much larger meal down by the swamp - three hunters… who are about to become the hunted!
Mouse: Well, as they say, turnabout is fair play!
(The mouse and lion exit stage left.)
Narrator A: And what was the moral of that fable?
Narrator B: (Stumbling and hesitant.) It’s, um, about this ant and, um, this grasshopper.
Narrator A: Yes?
Narrator B: You see, this ant and this grasshopper are talking about, um, stuff and then they tell some jokes and then the grasshopper has to leave to go to, um, work.
Narrator A: And where does he work?
Narrator B: I think he works at a… at a… nuclear power plant!
Narrator A: Yes, that’s it! He works at a nuclear power plant!
Narrator B: Just like Homer Simpson!
Narrator A: Doh!
Narrator B: Let’s watch the show. Maybe we can learn something, Homer!

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

(Three ants are carrying boxes from stage left to stage right and then returning other boxes to stage left. A loafing grasshopper mocks their work by tripping them and pretending to carry very heavy boxes. He also mirrors their efforts mockingly, walking closely behind them. The ants ignore the grasshopper, so he finally just sits down to rest right in their path. The ants have to carefully manage their way over and around him.)

Ant A: You know, there must be some other place you can rest. You’re right in our way there!
Grasshopper: (Singing tunelessly.) La-la-la-la-la-la-la!
Ant B: Don’t you have anything to do to make yourself useful?
Grasshopper: (Singing tunelessly.) La-la-la-la-la-la-la!
Ant A: That tune you sing doesn’t sound very good. Can’t you come up with anything better?
Grasshopper: (Singing tunelessly.) La-la-la-la-la-la-la!
Ant C: Is this the last of the boxes?
Grasshopper: Done with what?