

THE FIR TREE

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Setting: The forest

Characters: Sounds are made by the character

Narrator

Baby Fir

Papa Fir

Candy Canary

Softy Sheep

Dandy Donkey

Narrator: (sparkly sounds) Once upon a time, on a sparkly night, at the root of a tall, Papa fir tree, a baby fir tree poked his head out of the frozen earth.

Baby: (pushing grunts and groans – speak with a baby lisp) My, oh my! That took a long time for me to push that heavy dirt out of my way. Whew! Now, I'll just look around and see what there is to see.

Canary: (Song of a canary and wings flapping)

Papa Fir: (majestic voice) Look up, little Baby. What do you see?

Baby: I don't know what it is, Papa. It seems to be floating in the inky-blue sky. What is it?

Papa: Lift up your branches and see what happens.

Narrator: And so little Baby lifted up his branches.

Baby: (stretching and struggling) Ow! Papa, some of my branches are stuck together.

Papa: Keep stretching, up and up. Good, Baby!

Narrator: As Baby stretched, his branches snapped apart. (snapping sounds) Suddenly, the canary landed on a branch.

Canary: (singing and flapping wing sounds)

Baby: Oh! How beautiful it is and what sweet sounds it makes. What is it called, Papa?

Papa: Why don't you ask it.

Baby: Okay! Hello! Hello! What are you? And what's your name?

Bird: (singing) Why, I'm a bird. They call me Candy Canary because my song is so sweet. (tweet-tweet-tee-hee-hee) What are you? And what is your name?

Baby: I'm a fir tree. I'm called Baby because I just popped out of the ground.

Narrator: No sooner had Baby spoken, when Candy Canary jumped up and down on his branch.

Canary: (happily singing and chirping)

Baby: Papa, why is Candy Canary singing?

Papa: I think she's happy. Now, look down the road. What do you see?

Baby: I see something with four legs and a curly white coat. He makes a different kind of song.

Sheep: (baaa, baaa) Hello, baby tree.

Baby: Papa, Papa, it knows me! What are you and what's your name?

Sheep: (baaa) I'm a sheep and I'm called Softy Sheep because my coat is so comfy.

Baby: Come stand under my branches to get out of the cold night air.

Sheep: (baaa) That's so nice of you.

Narrator: Baby was about to ask Softy a question when the little sheep began to speak.

Sheep: (baa – baa)

Baby: Papa, why is Softy baaing?

Papa: If you look through the forest you'll see what's happening.

Baby: I can barely see through the thick trees. Oh, Papa, what's that *noise*?

Narrator: Down the road came a donkey.

Donkey: (hee-haw loudly, many times)

Baby: Are you a different kind of sheep?

Donkey: (hee-haw) I certainly am NOT! I am a donkey. (hee-haw)

Baby: What is your name?

Donkey: (hee-haw) My name is Dandy Donkey but I haven't time to talk right now. I have a very itchy mosquito bite on my shoulder. (hee-haw) How I wish I could do something to make it stop itching.

Baby: Come to my trunk, Dandy, and rub your shoulder up and down. Maybe that will make it feel better.

Dandy: (rubbing up and down) Ahhhhh, hee-haw! Ahhhhh, hee-haw! That's so much better.

Narrator: As the stars began to dim, the animals began to leave. The little bird sang a goodbye song and flew up to the morning sky.

Canary: (bird good-bye song)

Narrator: The sheep wandered into the road and toward his farm.

Sheep: (walking sounds and baaing)

Narrator: And the donkey rubbed his shoulder on Baby's trunk one more time, and spoke.

Donkey: (hee-haw, hee-haw)

Narrator: And trotted away to his master's house. (clippity-clop sounds)

Baby: Papa, what's happening now? Why have the animals left?

Papa: They have things to do.

Baby: What are they going to do?

Papa: They are going to bring JOY to the world just as you do.

Baby: How do they do that, Papa?

Papa: (Each character fills in the blank)

The bird brings joyful songs and-----.

The sheep shares his wool coat and -----.

**And the donkey... well, the donkey... well, when he's very, very good, he
-----.**

Baby: What can I do?

Papa: You can grow into a beautiful tree. Then everyone who sees you will receive the feeling of safety and comfort. That's what you brought to the birds of the air and the animals on the earth; you brought safety and comfort. Now I have a surprise for you.

Baby: A surprise? What is it Papa?

Papa: It's time for you to have a real name. You are no longer a baby. I shall call you -----.

Friendly: I like that name, Papa.

Narrator: As the days passed, ----- grew into a mighty fir tree. Every day, he gave comfort and safety to all who passed by.