

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF FIGHTING?

A Peace Play

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Setting: The North Pole

Characters:

Narrator

Whitey, a wise Polar Bear

Snorkey, a seal

Squeeky, a seal

Narrator: It was a freezing winter day, just the kind of day that made every animal hungry. Whitey, a wise Polar Bear, was padding across the tip of a glacier when he spied two seals tugging at a huge fish.

Snorkey: What are you doing with my fish?

Squeeky: What do you mean your fish? I caught it first! It's mine!

Whitey: Oh, oh. This looks like trouble! Let me see. Ahhhh... I think I know of a way to help those seals AND get me a taste of that fish, too.

Narrator: So Whitey slowly strolled toward the seals. They saw him out of the corners of their eyes and were frightened BUT they would NOT let go of the fish.

Snorkey: Hey, Squeeky. Do you see what I see?

Squeeky: Oh, oh! Snorkey. It's a huge Polar Bear.

Snorkey: Well, you can go if you want to, BUT I'm staying here! Now let go of MY fish!

Squeeky: YOUR fish? I said I caught it first, so it's mine. YOU let go of it NOW!

Narrator: And so Snorkey and Squeeky pulled and pulled the fish and twisted and twisted the fish until Whitey, the Polar Bear, was almost on top of them. Their mouths dropped open in fear and the fish fell onto the hard ice floor.

Whitey: What's going on with you two seals? Looks like that fish is taking a beating.

Both seals: THAT FISH IS MINE!

Whitey: It sure doesn't look that way to me.

Both seals: What do you mean?

Whitey: Well, there's only one fish and there are two of you.

Both seals: SO?

Whitey: So only one of you should have the fish.

Squeeky: No, Snorkey, it's mine!

Snorkey: NO, Squeeky, it's mine!

Whitey: Well, I could make a very nice meal of both of you seals AND then I could have the fish for dessert. Now that sounds like a plan to me.

Both seals: Oh no, please, Mr. Polar Bear, don't eat us.

Whitey: Aw... just call me Whitey.

Snorkey: Oh, please, Whitey, please don't make us your supper. Could we share our fish with you?

Squeeky: What? *SHARE OUR FISH*, I mean, *MY fish* with the Polar Bear? What are you talking about Snorkey?

Whitey: Now, now, boys. What'll it be? The Fish? or you two *and* the fish for my supper?

Both seals: The fish! The fish! We'll share the fish!

Whitey: All right!

Narrator: Whitey grabbed the fish in his paws and tore it into three pieces.

Whitey: Here's the head for you, Snorkey. And the tail for you, Squeeky. And I'll take the rest. Thank you for sharing your fish with me.

Narrator: As he sauntered away with the fish in his mouth, Whitey thought, "Fighting always leads to losing."