

CREATIVE DRAMATICS!

Compiled or created by Ted Zech

FAQ

What is it?

Why do it?

How do you do it?

Who can do it?

What kind of supplies do you need?

What Is It- To take a cop out approach, I could say that creative dramatics is simply what you make it. This is probably not a very helpful response, so I'll provide you with some background. Creative dramatics, simply is acting, whether you're in a scripted play, a loosely scripted camp skit, completely using improvisation, or even manipulating a puppet, it's all creative dramatics.

Why do it- Simply because it's FUN! People also do creative dramatics in different group settings because it provides a different outlet for some of your groups more creative stars to shine bright. These activities are also a fun way to come together and get to know members of a group. Some activities involve different levels of physical contact so knowing the group dynamic is going to be very important.

How do you do it- There are several ways to perform it can be in front of large audiences, or in small groups, or even a group of friends at a get together. In a camp setting most information is better received if it can be incorporated into a skit or a song. With improvisation practice coming up with skits and songs on the fly becomes easier.

Who can do it- any one and everyone! Because coming up with verbal statements is not a physical challenge people of all ability levels can enjoy creative dramatics. The only factor would be that very young individuals may find it difficult to understand many concepts or rules. The other bonus is that for all types of performances every group needs an audience, so everyone can enjoy in some aspect.

What kind of supplies do you need- None! In most of the types of activities supplies aren't needed at all. There are certain games that require items as props, or a pencil and paper. For the puppetry aspect of creative dramatics, you will need puppets, and a stage, but socks and a table to hide behind work well in a pinch.

Basic rules, for use in an improvisation a skit:

#1 Always say "yes". Every single suggestion or line said by a fellow performer is considered canon to the act. You do not disregard it, you should build upon it.

#2 Do not try to control the joke or the scene. You are a part of the scene, not the leader. Your goal is to make a premise or line that someone else can use and built off of.

These rules are fundamental to a successful show, but are not hard fast laws. In fact some of the best comedic improv breaks these rules on purpose.

Example Games:

In class we will be playing many different improv games, here is a list of many of them that can be used to start having fun with creative dramatics.

Pocket Quotes- Prior to the activity, the facilitator has members of the group write out several quotes, they should be written in private and be nonsensical. The quotes are all gathered in a pile, and without looking at them the actors in the skit place them into their pockets. The skit is given a purpose, such as the members of the group must solve a crime, or perhaps are on their first date. Throughout the scene the members pull out the quotes and read them word for word as their next sentence.

Super hero introduction- the group is given a situation that they have to solve. The first actor begins the scene solo then gets to name the next person entering the scene. The second person into the scene names the third person to enter, and so on until all members participating have been introduced. Then the group must solve the dilemma. For example the dilemma could be that all the men in the world are going bald instantly. The first super hero might be name hair brush man. Who then names the second hero Goldilocks. The hero's names do not have to make sense or even be related.

Ask The Expert - 2 people act as one, in order to speak as the expert they must speak simultaneously, while 2 people act as one by alternating words in order to ask questions. The expert on the subject at hand must try to guess what their partner is about to say, in order to speak in unison. While the other two headed person alternates words to form their questions for the expert.

Questions Only- quick in and out game, participants must only speak in questions. If they fail, then they're out. Quick cycling, good for beginners.

Moving Bodies- Partner activity. In this game only one person per pair is permitted to talk while their partner is in control of their movements. The people doing the moving do not interact in the scene other than physically moving the people. In order to make people walk, it is acceptable to tap their feet, so lifting of bodies isn't an issue of safety.

Freeze Tag- Actors move around and act out a scene. At any moment, spectators say freeze, then join in the action, replacing one of the actors while taking their place in the pose where the scene was frozen. The scene has now changed and the person who said freeze starts a new scene in the old positions. Ex. Two people jumping, one person taps out, then could be on a pogo stick.
Random starting positions required.

New Choice- scene is set and established, then at any time the facilitator can say “new choice” and the scene then rewinds, and forces the actor to say a different phrase, or answer a question with a different response. If an actor makes a physical motion, the facilitator can say, “New Physical Choice” and the actor must make a new motion. If the group is operating at a higher level, the facilitator makes the actors have multiple new choices in a row, and even can force the actors to utilize all of their previous choices in one overall statement.

Story Time- One person facilitates the telling of the story, by pointing at members of the group. When the actor is being pointed at, they are allowed to speak, and tell the story. The facilitator can switch between story tellers at any moment, letting actors say an entire sentence, or just one word.

Bust a rhyme- at any point throughout the skit, the facilitator shouts out. “Bust a rhyme” and then the actors must rap about what they’d previously been discussing. This continues until the facilitator is satisfied, and then yells out, “Word”

Forward/Reverse- Facilitator acts like the DVR remote, making the actors have to remember what they’ve said. Words and phrases are always spoken in the correct manor, but the order is backwards. Hello, how are you? Hi, I’m fine, yourself? In reverse becomes, Hi, I’m fine, yourself? Hello, how are you? Then when done forwards again, the actors repeat themselves. The facilitator has unlimited control over the situation.

Skits:

Skits, in my opinion, are short plays often used to be small time slot fillers and many of the best ones are improvised on the spot quickly. Skits can be fun and light hearted ways to grab people's attention quickly, or have deep emotional effects on their audience. It is important to know your intention with each activity and to base the length of your skit accordingly. You will see several short skits at BLW, and most of them are improvised. Most of these short skits run longer than they are allotted to; however, some of the best memories and biggest laughs of the workshop come from these moments.

I have included several small cast skits that we will be practicing in the sessions, but we will also improvise several skits on the fly and try to stay within allotted time frames.

Stories:

Story telling in itself is an art-form, and this entire session could be spent focusing on just telling stories. The key to being a good story teller is practice. The more experience someone has with public speaking the better they can become at being an effective story teller. We will be practicing small monologues and short stories, to give you a sample of telling a story, or just being on stage in front of an audience alone without another "actor" to support you or play off of with tone or overall stage presence. We will also practice telling stories about our own real life experiences, or making up stories as well.

5 minute story telling lesson- Tommy Tomlinson

Thanks for having me here today. I want this to be more of a conversation than a speech. I don't need much time for a speech, because today I'm going to teach you everything you need to know about storytelling in five minutes.

But first I want to tell you a little story.

My wife has this uncanny gift for finding the worst possible movie on TV at any given moment. The other night she landed on the SyFy channel, on this movie called *Collision Earth*.

I'm gonna try to come up with a quick synopsis that does this movie justice.

The event that gets the action going is a solar flare so powerful that it knocks the planet Mercury out of its orbit and sends it hurtling toward Earth. This would be bad.

Along with knocking Mercury out of its orbit, somehow this solar flare also magnetized Mercury, so as it heads for Earth, cars and stuff start flying into the air to meet it.

There's ONE scientist who knows how to fix this. In fact he has built this giant battering ram in space for just this situation. But for reasons I never did quite follow, this scientist was fired from NASA years before, and his giant battering ram was unfinished and left out in space to rot, and now, of course, **NOBODY WILL LISTEN TO HIM**. It just so happens that this disgraced scientist's wife is an astronaut whose spacecraft is — you won't believe this — *orbiting Mercury*. But the solar flare hit the ship so hard that a little while later, the other astronaut on board keels over and dies.

So he's on the ground trying to save Earth, and she's up in space trying to save Earth, and they're actually talking to each other via ham radio — I don't even wanna get into how THAT happened.

There's not nearly enough time to tell you all the ways this movie is ludicrous, so I'll give you just two:

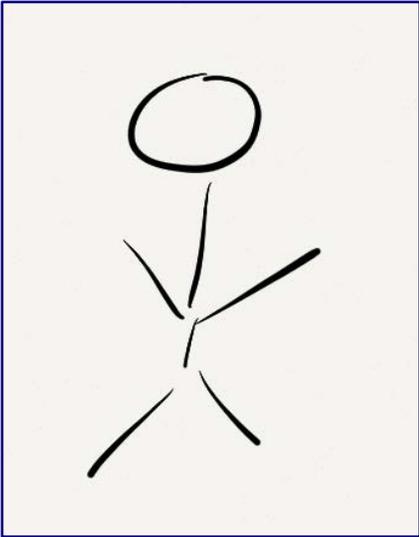
One, this giant magnetized planet that's flying toward us is just sucking cars off the earth, **EXCEPT** when the disgraced scientist needs a car to get somewhere; then his car stays on the ground just fine, even as other cars are being sucked off the planet right in front of him.

And two, this astronaut up there, when she needs to move around the spaceship, she doesn't float through the capsule in zero gravity ... she just gets up and walks around like she's at the mall.

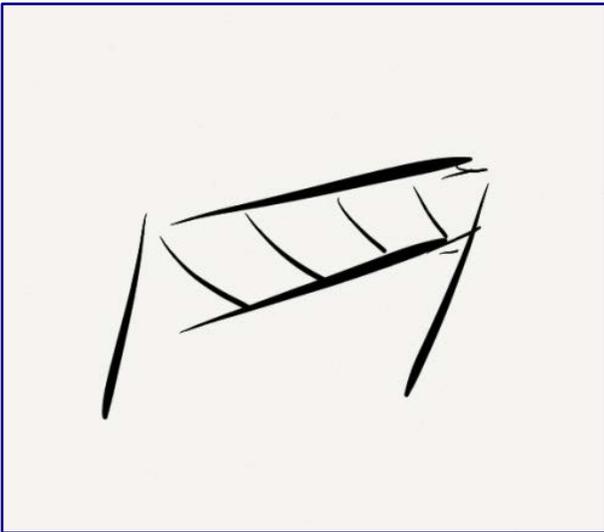
I have only scratched the surface of how stupid on every level this movie is. But we watched the damn thing all the way to the end. When it was over, I looked at my wife and said, "Why did we do that?" But the truth is, I knew why.

And here's where I tell you everything you need to know about storytelling in five minutes.

First, I'm gonna draw three objects.



This is a sympathetic character. It's probably someone you like, but at the very least it's someone you're emotionally invested in. You care what happens to this person.



This is a hurdle. It's an obstacle of some kind — could be a bad guy, could be a physical challenge, could be some sort of internal emotional demon.



And **this is the pot of gold** — some kind of goal, some kind of reward, physical or emotional or whatever.

A **story** is the journey of this character you care about, confronting and dealing with this obstacle, to reach this pot of gold.

In addition to these three pictures, you need to answer two questions:

1. What's the story about?

2. What's it REALLY about?

Here's what I mean. What the story's about is literally what happens in the narrative — who this character is, what goal he or she is trying to reach, what obstacle is in the way. The unique set of facts.

What the story's REALLY about is a way of saying, what's the point? What's the universal meaning that someone should draw from this story? What's the lesson?

When you think about it that way, you'll find that you end up with a second obstacle and a second goal.

Think about the first *Rocky* movie. What's it about? It's about a no-name boxer in Philly (sympathetic character) who gets a chance to fight the champ (obstacle) and goes the distance (pot of gold).

He doesn't win the fight — they saved that for *Rocky II*. The goal isn't always the ultimate prize. Sometimes the goal is completing the journey. Proving you can go the distance is a worthy goal in itself.

But what's the movie REALLY about? In a larger sense, the obstacle is not Apollo Creed. The obstacle is Rocky's own self-doubt. The goal is making something of himself, not just out of pride but so he can prove himself to Paulie and feel worthy of Adrian's love.

Why is that second layer of meaning important? Because not everybody is a professional boxer. But all of us have doubted ourselves and had other people doubt us. All of us have had the universal feeling of knowing that going the distance is a victory in itself.

That's what makes stories matter: when you read or watch or hear a story about a total stranger, in a completely different world, and you recognize that story as your own.

Stories connect us as human beings. In fact, they're part of what MAKES us human beings.

Of course, I've oversimplified a lot here today. Most good stories are dense and complicated, with many characters and lots of obstacles and elusive goals. Sometimes they jump around in time and space. Sometimes it's hard to figure out what they're really about.

But this basic framework — these three pictures, those two questions — lie at the heart of it all. If you don't have them all, you might have something, but you don't have a story.

Why did we stay up way too late to watch the end of that stupid movie? Because for all they got wrong, they got the heart of it right. They made us care about this goofy disgraced scientist and his walking-on-the-floor-of-the-spaceship astronaut wife.

The story was about saving Earth. But it was really about love, and the amazing things two people can accomplish when they believe in each other. They can move mountains — not just mountains, but whole *planets*.

So when the astronaut used her husband's space battering ram to knock Mercury out of our path like a giant galactic cue ball, I went to bed happy and satisfied.

Because I was reminded, once again, that a good story can save us all.

Tommy Tomlinson – *Blog*

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The Candy Store

Setup: Ask two people from the audience to come on stage and have each participant hold one end of a scarf, rope or string. Have them stand in such a way as to form a table or counter while the main actor (the candy store owner) stands behind.

Another actor enters the candy store and asks the store owner if he has any M & Ms. The candy store owner answers that he does not. He can say something such as, "I am sorry, I am all out of M & Ms today." The customer asks for a different candy, such as 3 Musketeers and gets the same response. "I am sorry. We are completely out of 3 Musketeer bars." The customer asks about another candy bar such as Snickers or Skittles. Again, the candy store owner claims to be out of the wanted candy.

Finally in frustration the customer says, "I can't believe you don't have any of these candies! What kind of candy store are you running here anywhere?"

The candy store owner says, "I don't have any of those two candies, but I do have two suckers holding a string" as he points to the two audience members holding the string.

Each in His Own Place

From the book, "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form" by Augusta Stevenson

Suggested by Grimm's The Mouse, The Bird and the Sausage

TIME: Yesterday

PLACE: In a tiny house

CHARACTERS:

The Straw- who brings in the wood

The Coal- who makes the fire

The Snowflake- who draws the water

The Sugar Loaf- who lays the table

The Sausage- who cooks the meals.

Dog

(Scene: The tiny kitchen is seen. The Sausage is stirring the pot. The Coal is tending the fire. The Sugar Loaf is laying the table. Enter Straw with a load of wood.)

STRAW: (Throwing down wood.) Think you'll need more wood for the dinner, Sausage?

(Sausage does not answer. She gets into the pot to flavor the vegetables.)

COAL: (Whispers to Straw.) Sausage is quite put out.

STRAW: What's the trouble?

COAL: No one knows.

(Enter Snowflake with a pail of water.)

SNOWFLAKE: (Looking about.) Where's Sausage?

STRAW: She is flavoring the vegetables.

(Sausage comes out of the pot.)

SNOWFLAKE: Here is the water, Sausage.

(Sausage does not answer.)

SNOWFLAKE: (Speaking louder.) Will you come for the water, Sausage?

SAUSAGE: (Sharply.) No, madam, I will not!

THE OTHERS: (With surprise.) Sausage!

SAUSAGE: I've been slave here long enough!

THE OTHERS: (As before.) Sister Sausage!

SAUSAGE: I mean just what I say!

SNOWFLAKE: Have I not done my share of the work?

COAL: Have I not done my share?

STRAW: Have I not done my share?

SUGAR LOAF: And have I not done my share?

SAUSAGE: Please do tell me what you do.

STRAW: I bring in wood that Coal may make the fire.

COAL: I make the fire that the pot may boil.

SNOWFLAKE: I draw the water and bring it from the brook.

SUGAR LOAF: I lay the table nicely.

SAUSAGE: What do I do? Eh? What do I do? I must stand over the fire. I must not only stir the dinner, I must flavor it with myself. For each of you there is one duty. For me there are plainly three.

STRAW: But, sister—

SAUSAGE: (Interrupting.) Don't "sister" me!

SNOWFLAKE: Sausage, dear, would you break up our pretty home?

SUGAR LOAF: And we all so happy here!

SAUSAGE: There must be a change! Someone else can stand over the fire—can stir the pot—can flavor the vegetables.

COAL: If I flavored them, they could not be eaten.

SAUSAGE: That's what you're always saying, but I'm not so sure of it.

SNOWFLAKE: If I stirred the pot, 't would be the end of me.

SAUSAGE: Yes, you say that often enough, but I'm not so sure that it is true.

STRAW: Should I stand over the fire, I'd be no more.

SAUSAGE: (Scornfully.) Excuses! Excuses!

SUGAR LOAF: 'T is plain that I should not get into the pot.

SAUSAGE: And why not, Miss? Why not?

SUGAR LOAF: 'T would be goodbye for me, if I should!

SAUSAGE: Excuses! Excuses! I say there must be a change! 'T is I who will bring the wood or draw the water.

COAL: But, Sausage, you should stay within.

SAUSAGE: Not I, sir! I'll out of the pot and out of the house, I will! I'll see a bit of the world, I will!

SUGAR LOAF: (Sighing.) Well, if she will, she will!

SAUSAGE: (Getting slips.) Come, now, and draw for it. (She holds the slips for the others to draw.)

STRAW: (Drawing; reading from slip.) "Who gets this must make the fire."

SUGAR LOAF: (Drawing; reading from slip.) "Who gets this must draw the water."

SNOWFLAKE: (Drawing; reading from slip.) "Who gets this must stir the pot and flavor it with herself."

COAL: (Drawing; reading from slip.) "Who gets this must lay the table nicely."

SAUSAGE: (Reading from last slip.) "Who gets this must bring the wood." Well, that pleases me! Straw, see if the fire needs wood.

(Straw hesitates.)

SAUSAGE: Come, come, do your duty!

(Straw crosses to the hearth and looks into the fire. He is very careful, but the fire reaches him and he is gone in a puff!)

SNOWFLAKE: Poor Straw! Well, 't is my duty to stir the pot and to flavor it with myself.

(She crosses to the hearth, but just as she reaches it, she disappears without so much as a cry.)

SUGAR LOAF: Poor Snowflake! Well, 't is my duty to draw the water.

(She forgets that the pail is full, falls into it, and is seen no more.)

COAL: Poor Sugar Loaf! Well, 't is my duty to lay the table nicely.

(He forgets that he is still burning from having lately tended the fire. As he places the plates, the tablecloth catches fire and wraps itself around him. From inside the burning cloth she exclaims: This is the end of me!

SAUSAGE: (Weeping.) Dear me! Dear me! Who would have thought 't would turn out so badly! Well, 't is my duty to bring in wood.

(She opens the door and is face to face with a hungry dog who is sniffing about.)

DOG: Ah, I thought you'd be coming out soon!

SAUSAGE: (Pleased.) Do you want to see me, sir?

DOG: Why, yes, I've been waiting for you.

SAUSAGE: How good to be out in the world! They always said my place was within.

DOG: They did, eh? Well, just to please them, I'll put you there.

(He swallows her quickly, which ends both Sister Sausage and our story.)

Fresh Fish

From the Book, "Skits and Puppets"

Boy Scouts of America

Several Cubs present this short skit. The first one hangs up a large paper sign that reads: "Fresh Fish Sold Here." He remarks on how hard and expensive it has been to make this sign. The second Cub criticizes the sign saying, "You don't need the word 'Fresh'...you wouldn't sell anything else would you? He then tears off word "Fresh." The third Cub says, "Why use the word 'Here'...everybody knows it's here?" He tears off word "Here." The next Cub tears off word, "Sold," because he claims things are always sold in a store. The last cub says, "Look, friend, you don't need that sign 'Fish'...you can smell 'em for ten blocks." Storekeeper chases him offstage.

Mary's Vegetable Garden

CHARACTERS:

The Story Teller

Mary

Yetta

Anna

Vincenza

Sultana

SCENE:

THE STORY TELLER:

(Bowing to the audience.)

I am going to tell you the story of Mary and
her vegetable garden:

Mary, Mary, not contrary,

Goes to market each day

On the sunny side of Stanton Street,

Just across the way.

MARY: (Enters with basket of vegetables, and speaks to all.)

Good morning.

(Yetta enters.)

THE STORY TELLER: Here is Yetta, Mary's friend from Russia.

YETTA: Oh, Mary, what gives you such rosy cheeks? You never look pale or faint.

MARY: With good food and plenty of exercise I never need to use paint.

(Anna enters.)

THE STORY TELLER: And here is Anna from Romania.

ANNA: Oh, Mary, what makes your eyes so bright, and why is
your face so fair?

MARY: I go to bed early, sleep nine hours, and get plenty of good fresh air.

(Vincenza enters.)

THE STORY TELLER: Here is Vincenza from Italy.

VINCENZA: Oh, Mary, what makes your step so light, and how do you keep so well?

MARY: With good food and drink, and habits right, there's nothing more to tell.
(Sultana enters.)

THE STORY TELLER: Here is Sultana from Turkey.

SULTANA: Please, Mary, tell us what food you eat.
And tell us how you buy.
We want to keep well and have rosy cheeks,
And we'll promise you we'll try.

MARY: I buy each day some carrots and beets,
To keep my complexion clear;
While you use your pennies to buy some sweets
You're very foolish, my dear.
When too much starch my food contains,
I change to beans and peas
Lettuce and onions, too, are good,
And all such foods as these.

YETTA: But we like candy and other sweets. Mary, don't you eat these?

THE STORY TELLER: But Mary, perhaps contrary now, said—

MARY: Only vegetables, please.
(She shares her vegetables with her little friends who stand in a row facing the audience.)

THE STORY TELLER: They filled their baskets to the brim,
With all nice things that grow;
Like Mary, they'll all have rosy cheeks,
These pretty maids all in a row.
Then together they all tripped gayly along,
And Mary led the way,
While the vegetable folk stood up in their carts
And cried "Please buy us today."

(All leave stage skipping and humming a song. The Story Teller bows and leaves stage.)

THE END

The Crow and The Fox

From the book "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form" by Augusta Stevenson

Suggested by Aesop's Fable, The Crow and the Fox

TIME: Yesterday at noon.

PLACE: A high tree in a grove.

CHARACTERS:

Madam Crow

Miss Crow (daughter of Madam Crow)

Master Fox

(The scene begins with Madam Crow sitting in the tree. Enter Miss Crow. She carries a large piece of cheese in her mouth.)

MADAM: Oh joy! Oh joy! Come, dear daughter, come! We'll dine as if we were queen and princess!
(Miss Crow flies to Madam Crow. Enter Master Fox.)

FOX: I bid you good morning, dear Madam.

MADAM: Good morning to you, dear sir.

FOX: (Sitting under tree.) With your permission, I'll speak with your daughter.

MADAM: She'll be pleased to listen, that she will - you are so clever.

FOX: (Modestly.) Nay, Madam, not so clever, only thoughtful. (He sighs deeply twice.)

MADAM: You have something on your mind.

FOX: (Sighing.) Yes, dear Madam, - I am thinking of your daughter.

MADAM: Then speak! Speak now, sir! -at once, sir!

FOX: I speak. Oh sweet Miss Crow, how beautiful your wings are!

MADAM: (Pleased.) Do you hear that, daughter?

(Miss Crow nods, spreading her wings proudly.)

FOX: I speak again. How bright your eye, dear maid! How graceful your neck!

MADAM: Bend your neck, child! Now bend it well that he may better see your grace.
(Miss Crow bends neck twice.)

FOX: But oh, that such a sweet bird should be dumb! – should be so utterly dumb!

(He weeps gently in his little pocket handkerchief.)

MADAM: (Indignantly.)
Do you think, sir, she cannot caw as well as the rest of us?

FOX: I must think so, dear Madam. Alas!
(Weeping again in his little pocket handkerchief.)

MADAM: You shall think so, then, no longer! Caw, child, caw, as you have never cawed before!

MISS CROW: (Opening mouth; dropping cheese.) Caw! Caw!

(Fox quickly snaps up the cheese.)

FOX: (Going.) Thank you, Miss Crow. Remember, dear Madam, that whatever I said of her beauty, I said nothing of her brains.

(He goes, waving the crows a farewell with his little pocket handkerchief.)

The Cat and The Mouse
From the book,
“Children’s Classics in Dramatic Form” by Augusta Stevenson
Suggested by Grimm’s The Cat and the Mouse

Time: Perhaps this minute

Place: Perhaps your own garret

Characters:

Mother Mouse

Miss Mouse (Mother Mouse’ daughter)

The Cat

(Mother Mouse and Miss Mouse are in their spare room because Mother Mouse is getting ready for a journey. Miss Mouse helps her. The Cat is outside, peeping now and then through the window, but so slyly that the mice do not see her.)

MOTHER MOUSE: (Going.) Now mind you keep one eye on our grease- pot, child.

MISS MOUSE: That I will, dear mother!

MOTHER MOUSE: Let no one in—no one! No one!

MISS MOUSE: No one, dear mother!

MOTHER MOUSE: I'll not be long away. Goodbye, my child.
(Starting out; stopping.) Mind you show no one the grease-pot, child—no one! No one!

MISS MOUSE: No one, dear mother! (Mother Mouse goes out of the front door.)

CAT: (Calling through window.) Oh, Miss Mouse! Oh, Miss Mouse!

MISS MOUSE: (Showing alarm.) Who calls?

CAT: (Very sweetly.) Only I! Will you please let me in?

MISS MOUSE: (Shaking head.) Mother said—

CAT: (Interrupting quickly.) 'T is a matter of business!

MISS MOUSE: (Shaking head.) But Mother said—

CAT: (Interrupting.) 'T is most important!

MISS MOUSE: (As before.) But Mother said—

CAT: (Interrupting.) I wish your advice — you are so clever!

MISS MOUSE: (Showing she is pleased; starting to window.) Oh, do you truly think so?

CAT: (Nodding.) Everyone thinks so!

MISS MOUSE: (Showing she is more pleased; going to the window.) Oh, do they, truly?

CAT: Oh, truly they do!

MISS MOUSE: (Showing she is most pleased; opening window.) What else nice say they?

CAT: (Jumping in.) That I'll tell you by and by. (Sniffing about.) There must be a grease - pot about! Am I not right?

MISS MOUSE: Mother said —

CAT: (Interrupting.) Only tell me if I be right! 'T will do no harm!

MISS MOUSE: (Hesitating.) Well— then— yes. But 't is put away for our winter stores.

CAT: (Nodding.) Just so! Now, I can't decide where to keep my grease - pot when I have bought one. Won't you give me your advice? You are so wise.

MISS MOUSE: Do you truly think I'm wise?

CAT: (Nodding.) Aye, and if you will tell me where to keep my grease- pot when I have bought it, I'll tell you something more.

MISS MOUSE: (Greatly pleased.) About me?

CAT: (Nodding.) Yes, — what everyone says about your being so beautiful. But first I must know where to keep my grease - pot.

MISS MOUSE: Then listen— you must keep it, when you have bought it, in the northwest corner. (The Cat runs quickly to the northwest corner.)

MISS MOUSE: (In alarm.) Come away! Come away!

CAT: Why, here is your grease -pot!

MISS MOUSE: (As before.) Come away, I say!

CAT: (Looking into the pot.) Truly, the fat is kept hard and cool here.

MISS MOUSE: I pray you come away! Mother does not so much as let me look into it. 'T is not yet time, she says.

CAT: (Looking again into pot.) Exactly! (She leaves the pot and joins Miss Mouse.) 'T is just what I'll tell my kittens about my grease- pot when I have bought it.

MISS MOUSE: Ah, then you have kittens at home?

CAT: (Nodding.) Such beautiful kittens! The eldest is white, with brown marks.

MISS MOUSE: He must be charming!

CAT: I've a mind to tell you his name. First, though, run out to see if your dear mother is not coming. (Miss Mouse nods and runs out. The Cat quickly creeps to the grease-pot and licks the top off. She crosses to the window just as Miss Mouse returns.)

MISS MOUSE: Mother is nowhere to be seen. Now what did you name your eldest child?

CAT: Top-off.

MISS MOUSE: Top-off? Why, that is a curious name! Is it common in your family?

CAT: Oh, no! My second child has a white ring around his neck.

MISS MOUSE: Remarkable!

CAT: Very!

MISS MOUSE: What did you name him?

CAT: I gave him an unusual name. I will tell you what it is. First, though, run out to see if your dear mother is coming.

(Miss Mouse nods and runs out. The Cat creeps to the grease-pot and eats half the fat; then crosses to the window. Miss Mouse returns.)

MISS MOUSE: Mother is nowhere to be seen. Now what did you name your second child?

CAT: Half-out.

MISS MOUSE: Half-out? I never heard such a name! 'T is not in the calendar, I'm sure.

CAT: What does that matter, if it pleases me? Now the last child is really a wonder. He is quite black and has little white claws, but not a single white hair on his body.

MISS MOUSE: What have you named him?

CAT: I'm afraid that will please you no better than the others, but still I will tell you. First, though, run to see if your dear mother is not coming. (Miss Mouse nods and runs out. The Cat creeps to the pot and eats all the fat. She then crosses to the window.)

CAT: What one begins one must needs finish. (Miss Mouse returns.)

MISS MOUSE: Mother is nowhere to be seen. Now tell me what you named your youngest child.

CAT: All-out.

MISS MOUSE: All-out? Why, that is more curious than the others. I have never seen it in print.

CAT: (Glaring at Miss Mouse.) You never will!

MISS MOUSE: (Frightened.) What do you mean?

CAT: (Preparing to spring.) I mean to put you down with the fat!

MISS MOUSE: Help! Help! (Enter Mother Mouse just as the Cat clutches her daughter and jumps out of the window with her. Mother Mouse crosses and looks into the empty grease-pot.)

MOTHER MOUSE: (Sighing sadly.) 'T was ever thus! Show your grease -pot, and you'll go with it!

Who'll Pay The Rent?

Cast: Landlord, Poor Maiden, Maiden's Family, The Hero Props: Each cast member should have a bow. You can make one by doing an accordion pleat out of paper.

Scene: A poor maiden and her poor family are eating a poor meal in their poor home. The maiden holds her bow beside her head as she speaks. Her little baby sister holds her bow on top of her head as she speaks. The Grandma holds her bow as if gathering hair behind her neck. The hero holds his bow like a bow tie. The villain holds his bow under his nose like a mustache as he speaks. The villain knocks at the door and the maiden opens it up.

VILLAIN: Your rent is due!

MAIDEN: But I can't pay the rent.

VILLAIN: But you MUST pay the rent.

MAIDEN: But I CAN'T pay the rent.

VILLAIN: But you MUST pay the rent.

GRANDMA: But she CAN'T pay the rent.

VILLAIN:But she MUST pay the rent.

BABY:But she CAN'T pay the rent.

VILLAIN:But she MUST pay the rent.

All these lines should be done very quickly and greatly exaggerated with much repetition.

All finally insist together: BUT SHE CAN'T PAY THE RENT!

VILLAIN:But she MUST pay the rent!

HERO (enters) I'LL pay the rent!

MAIDEN:My HERO!

EVERYBODY:Our HERO!

VILLAIN:Curses. Failed again!

Villain slinks off stage as hero and maiden embrace and all cheer again, OUR HERO!

The Man and the Alligator

From the book "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form" by Augusta Stevenson

From a folk tale of Spanish Honduras

CHARACTERS:

The Man

The Alligator

The Wolf

The Leopard

The Rabbit

SCENE I

TIME: The morning after the cyclone

PLACE: The Man's garden

(The Man enters the garden carrying his big stick and small net. The garden has been almost destroyed by the Alligator, who still wallows among the beds.)

MAN: There should be enough apples on the ground to fill my net. 'T was a fierce storm last night!

(He looks about; sees the Alligator; shows indignation.)Thou-within my garden!

ALLIGATOR: (Meekly.) Be not angry with me, O master! By accident I—

MAN: (Indignantly.) Accident! Thou hast wallowed among my flowers by accident, hast thou?

ALLIGATOR: It is true; not of my own will came I hither.

MAN: (More indignantly.) Thou hast broken my fruit trees by accident, I suppose!

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.)

It was not of my own intentions, I assure you. I—

MAN: (Interrupting.)Thou art this moment crushing my strawberry plants beneath thy great body! I've a mind to beat thee with my big stick!

ALLIGATOR: Do not beat me, O master! The cyclone is at fault.

MAN: (Surprised.)The cyclone?

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.) Aye, it blew me here from the river last night.

MAN: Ha, ha! A likely story!

ALLIGATOR: I speak the truth. A great waterspout lifted me out of the river. Then a fierce wind caught me and blew me about as if I were a feather. Finally, I was dropped here within thy garden.

MAN: (Only half convinced.)Well, there's no cyclone to blow thee back. Wilt thou be good enough to walk thyself out?

ALLIGATOR: Alas! I can scarcely move me. I fear some of my ribs are broken.

MAN: Nonsense! Out with thee!

ALLIGATOR: But see how the wind has crippled me! It has even blown some of my claws loose—

MAN: (Interrupting.) I am sorry for thee, but thou canst not remain here.

ALLIGATOR: I will go now, if thou wilt help me.

MAN: (Surprised.) I help thee?

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.) I will be so grateful to thee!

MAN: Oh, I know how grateful thou canst be! The other animals have told me that!

ALLIGATOR: What say they?

MAN: That thou art the most cruel of all the animals—that thou never dost anyone a favor—

ALLIGATOR: (Interrupting.) Nonsense! No one could be more grateful for favors than I! I'll prove it to thee!

MAN: Prove it? How?

ALLIGATOR: If thou wilt help me to the river, I'll show thee where to find the biggest fish.

MAN: Well—that's something—

ALLIGATOR: And when thou wouldst cross the river, I'll carry thee.

MAN: Of a surety, that's good of thee! Perhaps, after all, thou art not so black as thou art painted. I'll help thee this time.

ALLIGATOR: Thanks to thee, master. I will never forget thy kindness; I will always be thy friend.

MAN: Why, I am glad to help thee. Now how am I to get thee to the river?

ALLIGATOR: Carry me, please, O master!

MAN: What! Carry thee?

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.) I'll get into thy net.

MAN: Thou get into my small net!

ALLIGATOR: Only hold thy net open!

MAN: (Holding his net open.) I tell thee, thou canst never get in!

ALLIGATOR: See how I fold my arms! My legs go under—so! No I roll myself up and up and up! And now I am in—all in!

MAN: Well, seeing is believing!

ALLIGATOR: Please to tie up thy net, master, that I may not fall out.

MAN: (Tying net.) 'T is done! (Throwing net over shoulder.) Thou art heavy!

ALLIGATOR: I know, it will be hard work for thee, but some day thou wilt see how grateful I am.

(The Man goes, carrying the Alligator over his shoulder and his big stick in his hand.)

SCENE II

TIME: The afternoon of the same day

PLACE: The river bank

(Enter the Man carrying the Alligator over his shoulder. He stops, throws down his big stick and places the Alligator carefully on the bank.)

MAN: Our journey is ended, brother. (Untying net.) Now then, roll thyself out! (The Alligator comes out of the net.)

MAN: Well, how dost thou feel now?

ALLIGATOR: Much better, thanks to thee; but I'm very hungry and I find I'm still quite weak. I pray thee help me down the bank, O master!

MAN: (Helping the Alligator down the bank.) Now, then, thou art close to the water. (He turns to go.)

ALLIGATOR: Just a little farther, please. I am still so weak!

MAN: Then I'll help thee into the water. (He helps the Alligator into the water.) Now thou art in; and now I will depart. (He turns to go.)

ALLIGATOR: (Seizing the Man's leg.) Not yet!

MAN: Let go of my leg!

ALLIGATOR: Why?

MAN: (Indignantly.) Why! Why!

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.) Why and wherefore?

MAN: Thou art hurting me!

ALLIGATOR: It will soon be over.

MAN: What dost thou mean?

ALLIGATOR: What I have just spoken.

MAN: Why dost thou look at me so?

ALLIGATOR: (Slowly.) Because—I—mean—to—eat—thee.

MAN: Eat me!

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.) Eat thee.

MAN: Me?

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.) Thee.

MAN: Thou didst promise to be my friend.

ALLIGATOR: I was only fooling thee.

MAN: But I helped thee out of trouble.

RABBIT: (Looking surprised.) Thou art trying to fool me!

MAN: No, Brother Rabbit, it is quite true.

ALLIGATOR: (Nodding.) Yes, it is true.

RABBIT: But, Ally, try as thou mightst, thou couldst not so much as get thy head into that net.

ALLIGATOR: But I tell thee I did!

RABBIT: Ha, ha, ha! That's too funny!

ALLIGATOR: (Angrily.) I do not like thy manners, young man.

RABBIT: But it's such a joke! Ho, ho, ho!

ALLIGATOR: Cease thy laughing or I shall eat thee some day!

RABBIT: I laugh because I must laugh! Ha, ha, ho, ho!

ALLIGATOR: Thou wilt not believe it, eh?

RABBIT: Well, not unless I see it.

MAN: We can prove it to thee, Brother Rabbit.

RABBIT: Oh, that's good too! Ha, ha, ho!

ALLIGATOR: Dost thou think we cannot?

RABBIT: Of course thou canst not! If thou couldst, thou wouldst.

ALLIGATOR: And we will! Get thy net ready, Man.

MAN: But how? Thou art holding my leg.

ALLIGATOR: (Freeing the Man; turning to the Rabbit.) We'll show thee just how it was done, young man.

RABBIT: Seeing is believing. (The Man brings his net; opens it.)

ALLIGATOR: See! I put my legs under—so! Then I fold my arms— so! Now I roll myself up and up and up. And now I am in— all in!

RABBIT: As I live—thou art! Well, seeing is believing. But how couldst thou remain within the net? It is quite open.

ALLIGATOR: Tie it up, Man. Show him exactly how we did it.

MAN: (Tying net.) I tied it tight— like this, Brother Rabbit.

RABBIT: Is it quite tight?

ALLIGATOR: Let him try the knot, Man.

RABBIT: (Trying knot.) Most truly, it is tight. (Turning to the Alligator.) Thou dost look as if thou couldst not move, Ally dear.

ALLIGATOR: Of a surety—I cannot.

RABBIT: Well, Brother Man, now that thou hast him, don't be foolish enough to let him go. Get thy big stick and beat him to death.

ALLIGATOR: (Surprised.) Eh?

MAN: (Not heeding the Alligator.) That is just what I will do, that I will! Thanks to thee for helping me, Brother Rabbit.

ALLIGATOR: Have pity!

RABBIT: (Not heeding the Alligator.) No thanks are necessary, Brother Man. I haven't forgotten the good turnips thou didst give me last winter when the ground was covered with snow. Some of us know how to return favor for favor.

<http://www.guy-sports.com>

Aircraft Carrier Out Ranked

One foggy night, a United States Aircraft Carrier was cruising off the coast of Newfoundland and the junior radar operator spotted a light in the gloom. Here is a transcript of what happened next.

The radar operator worked out that a collision was likely unless the other vessel changed its course. So he sent a radio message.

U.S. Aircraft Carrier Radar Officer:

'Please divert your course at least 7 degrees to the south to avoid a collision'.

Back came the reply: 'You must be joking, I recommend you divert your course instead'.

The U.S. Radar Officer referred the matter to his superior officer. And reported the incident as insubordination.

As a result the Captain of the Air Craft Carrier sent a second message. 'I believe that I out rank you, and am giving you a direct order to divert your course now!!!'

Canadian Radio Operator:

'This is a lighthouse. I suggest you take evasive action.'

Round Like a Shot

Round like a shot... Going to bed the other night, I noticed people in my shed stealing things. I phoned the police but was told there was no one in the area to help. The policeman said they would send someone over as soon as possible. I hung up.

A minute later I rang again. 'Hello', I said, 'I called you a minute ago because there were people in my shed. You don't have to hurry now, because I've shot them.' Within five minutes there were half a dozen police cars in the area, plus helicopters and an armed response unit. They caught the burglars red-handed.

One of the officers said: 'I thought you said you'd shot them.' To which I replied: 'I thought you said there was no one available.'

-Article by Tony Gladstone

Anyone for a Nice Cup of Tea?

A group of alumni, highly established in their careers, were talking at a reunion and decided to go visit their old university professor, now retired.

During their visit the conversation soon turned into complaints about stress in their work and lives. Offering his guests tea, the professor went to the kitchen and returned with a large pot of tea and an assortment of cups - porcelain, plastic, glass, crystal, some plain looking, some expensive, some exquisite - telling them to help themselves to the tea. When all the alumni had a cup of tea in hand, the professor said:

"Notice that all the nice-looking, expensive cups were taken up, leaving behind the plain and cheap ones. While it is normal for you to want only the best for yourselves, that is the source of your problems and stress. Be assured that the cup itself adds no quality to the tea. In most cases it is just more expensive and in some cases even hides what we drink. What all of you really wanted was tea, not the cup; but you consciously went for the best cups.... and then you began eyeing each other's cups.

Now consider this: Life is the tea; your job, money and position in society are the cups. They are just tools to hold and contain Life. The type of cup one has does not define, nor change the quality of life a person lives. Sometimes, by concentrating only on the cup, we fail to enjoy the tea. The happiest people don't have the best of everything. They just make the best of everything.

Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly..... And enjoy your tea.

The Cracked Pot

One of the pots had a crack in it while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water. At the end of the long walk from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the woman bringing home only one and a half pots of water. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it could only do half of what it had been made to do.

After 2 years of what it perceived to be bitter failure, it spoke to the woman one day by the stream. 'I am ashamed of myself, because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house.' The old woman smiled, 'Did you notice that there are flowers on your side of the path, but not on the other pot's side?

That's because I have always known about your flaw, so I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back, you water them.' 'For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table.' 'Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house.'

Each of us has our own unique flaw...

But it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. You've just got to take each person for what they are and look for the good in them.

To all of my crackpot friends, have a great day and remember to smell the flowers, on your side of the path. Take the time to absorb this inspirational Chinese proverb

You Have Two Choices

Jerry is the manager of a restaurant. He is always in a good mood.

When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would always reply:

'If I were any better, I would be twins!' Many of the waiters at his restaurant quit their jobs when he changed jobs, so they could follow him around from restaurant to restaurant.

Why?

Because Jerry was a natural motivator.

If an employee was having a bad day, Jerry was always there, telling him how to look on the positive side of the situation. Seeing this style really made me curious, so one day I went up to Jerry and asked him:

'I don't get it! No one can be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?'

Jerry replied, 'Each morning I wake up and say to myself, I have two choices today. I can choose to be in a good mood or I can choose to be in a bad mood.'

I always choose to be in a good mood. Each time something bad happens, I can choose to be victim or I can choose to learn from it. I always choose to learn from it.

Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of life. I always choose the positive side of life.'

'But it's not always that easy,' I protested.

'Yes it is,' Jerry said.

'Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk every situation is a choice.'

You choose how you react to situations.

You choose how people will affect your mood.

You choose to be in a good mood or bad mood.

It's your choice how you live your life.'

Several years later, I heard that Jerry accidentally did something you are never supposed to do in the restaurant business. He left the back door of his restaurant open, And then in the morning, he was robbed by three armed men. While Jerry trying to open the safe box, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off the combination. The robbers panicked and shot him.

Luckily, Jerry was found quickly and rushed to the hospital.

After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Jerry was released from the hospital with fragments of the bullets still in his body....

I saw Jerry about six months after the accident.

When I asked him how he was, he replied, 'If I were any better, I'd be twins. Want to see my scars?' I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the robbery took place.

'The first thing that went through my mind was that I should have locked the back door,' Jerry replied. 'Then, after they shot me, as I lay on the floor, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live or could choose to die. I chose to live.'

'Weren't you scared' I asked?

Jerry continued, 'The paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine.

But when they wheeled me into the Emergency Room and I saw the expression on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read 'He's a dead man. I knew I needed to take action.'

'What did you do?' I asked.

'Well, there was a big nurse shouting questions at me,' said Jerry. 'She asked if I was allergic to anything.' 'Yes,' to bullets, I replied.

Over their laughter, I told them: 'I am choosing to live. Please operate on me as if I am alive, not dead.'

'Jerry lived thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude.

I learned from him that every day you have the choice to either enjoy your life or to hate it.

The only thing that is truly yours - that no one can control or take from you - is your attitude, so if you can take care of that, everything else in life becomes much easier.

Now you have two choices to make:

1.You can ignore this message OR 2. You can learn and apply the lessons from this story.

Doreen Tackles Four Lads

Doreen, aged 79, finished all the shopping on her weekly list at Walmart supermarket. She walked determinedly towards her car which she had left in the car park. There she saw four youths about to drive away in her car. Doreen became agitated and dropping her shopping to the ground, she drew a handgun from her bag and screamed as loud as her lungs would allow at the four miscreants, 'I have a gun and I know how to use it. Get out of the car you horrible little men.'

The four lads didn't wait around for a second invitation but got out and ran helter-skelter as far away as they could, whereupon Doreen, somewhat shaken, proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and get into the driver's seat. As hard as Doreen tried she could not get her key into the ignition. Then it began to dawn on her why.

She came across her own car a few moments later in another row near by. Putting her bags now, into her own car, she drove hesitantly to the nearest Police Station. As Patricia was recounting the tale to the Duty Sergeant she wondered why he kept giggling and smiling. Eventually he pointed to the end of the counter where dear old dizzy Doreen saw four young lads, faces extremely pale, who were describing how a little old lady, some 5 foot tall, wearing glasses and with grey hair had stolen their car by waving a gun at them.

Doreen was not charged with anything.

A Double Lesson

A carload of hunters, on holiday, were looking for a place to hunt, pulled into a farmer's yard in County Waterford, Ireland. The driver, Brannagh, went up to the farmhouse to ask permission to hunt on the farmer's land.

The old farmer said, 'Sure you can hunt, but would you be doing me a favour? That old donkey standing over there is 20 years old and sick with cancer, but I don't have the heart to kill her. Would you do it for me?'

Brannagh replied, 'Of course I will,' and strolled back to the car.

While walking back, however, Brannagh decided to play a trick on his hunting friends. He got into the car and when they asked if the farmer had said if it was alright, he said, 'No, we can't hunt here, but I'm going to teach that old fellow a lesson he won't forget.'

With that, the Irishman rolled down his window, stuck his gun out and shot the donkey. As he shouted, 'To be sure, that will teach him,' a second shot rang out from the passenger side and one of his hunting mates yelled, 'And me, begorrah, I got the cow.'

The Worry Tree

Paresh, an Indian carpenter I once hired to help me restore my old farmhouse, had just finished a difficult and hard first day on the job. A flat tyre on his lorry made him lose an hour of work, his electric saw packed in, and now his ancient pickup truck refused to start. While I drove him home, Paresh sat in stony, thoughtful silence.

On arriving, Paresh, in the way of all Indian gentlefolk, invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

When opening the door to his home, he underwent an amazing transformation. His tanned face wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss.

After a cup of tea, he walked me to my car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier.

'Oh, that's my trouble tree,' Paresh replied. 'I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing for sure, troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them on the tree every night when I come home. Then in the morning I pick them up again. Funny thing is', he smiled winningly, 'when I come out in the morning to pick them up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before.'

The Braggart:

One day at work, Bob was bragging that he knew everyone that was anyone. His boss, Rod, got tired of his boasting and decided to check it all out.

He said, 'OK Bob, how about Clint Eastwood? Do you know him?'

'Oh sure,' said Bob. 'He and my Dad shoot grouse together and he's a great guy.'

'OK, prove it,' said Rod. 'Let's fly out to Carmel, USA, and you can introduce me.'

'Great.' said Bob. And so they did. They took a taxi to Mr. Eastwood's estate, Bob knocks on the door, Mr. Eastwood opens it and shouts, 'Bob! Hey, great to see you! You and your friend come on in and have lunch.'

Ron was very was impressed, but still rather sceptical. When they left after lunch, he said, 'That was a coincidence that you knew Clint Eastwood. How about President Obama?'

'Sure, I know him,' replied Bob. So, they fly off to Washington, DC and head to the White House. As they are touring the grounds, Mr Obama sees Bob and comes right over saying, 'My word, Bob, I haven't seen you in a couple years. Come on in, have some coffee and let's catch up.'

After a couple hours, Bob and his boss, Ron, are escorted off the White House grounds and Bob asks his boss, 'Well, do you believe me now?'

His boss, shaken and a bit bewildered, but still not completely convinced says, 'I'll believe you if you show me you know one more person - the Pope.'

'Certainly,' says Bob, 'I've known Pope Benedict since I was just a little kid. Let's fly over to Italy.'

So, off to Rome they fly and join a mass of people in St Peter's Square waiting to catch a glimpse of the Pope.

Bob says, 'There's no way I can get the Pope's attention with all these people here. How about if I go talk to one of the guards I know and then I'll come out on the balcony and wave.'

Ron patiently waits as Bob heads off into the crowd. About 15 minutes later, the Pope emerges on the balcony and right beside him is Bob waving to the crowd.

When Bob returned a few minutes later to where he had left his boss, there were paramedics there surrounding his boss laying on the ground - he had had a heart attack. Bob rushes up and asks what happened. Ron looks up at him and gasps, 'I was doing OK when you came out on the balcony. But then the guy next to me asks 'Hey, who's that up on there on the balcony with Bob?'

The Funny Story of the Lady and The Lavatory or Water Closet (WC)

Many years ago, remember Will and Guy, you couldn't count on a public toilet facility when traveling either at home or abroad.

This true, short and funny story is about an English woman who was planning a trip of a lifetime to India. She had booked in to stay in a small guest house owned by the local schoolmaster. She was concerned as to whether the guest house contained a WC.

In Britain, a bathroom is occasionally called a WC which stands for "Water Closet".

This, rather genteel lady wrote to the schoolmaster inquiring about the WC. The school master who was not very fluent in English, asked the local priest if he knew the meaning of WC.

Together they pondered possible meanings of the letters and concluded that the lady wanted to know if there was a "Wayside Chapel" near the house . . . a bathroom never entered their minds.

The Reply:

Dear Madam,

I take great pleasure in informing you that the WC is located 9 miles from the house. It is located in the middle of a grove of pine trees, surrounded by lovely grounds. It is capable of holding 229 people and is open on Sundays and Thursdays. As there are many people expected in the summer months, I suggest you arrive early. There is, however, plenty of standing room. This is an unfortunate situation especially if you are in the habit of going regularly.

It may be of some interest to you that my daughter was married in the WC as it was there that she met her husband. It was a wonderful event. There were 10 people in every seat. It was wonderful to see the expressions on their faces. We can take photos in different angle.

My wife, sadly, has been ill and unable to go recently. It has been almost! a year since she went last, which pains her greatly. You will be pleased to know that many people bring their lunch and make a day of it. Others prefer to wait till the last minute and arrive just in time.

I would recommend your ladyship plan to go on a Thursday as there is an organ accompaniment. The acoustics are excellent and even the most delicate sounds can be heard everywhere. The newest addition is a bell which rings every time a person enters. We are holding a bazaar to provide plush seats for all since many feel it is long needed. I look forward to escorting you there myself and seating you in a place where you can be seen by all.

With deepest regards,

The Schoolmaster.