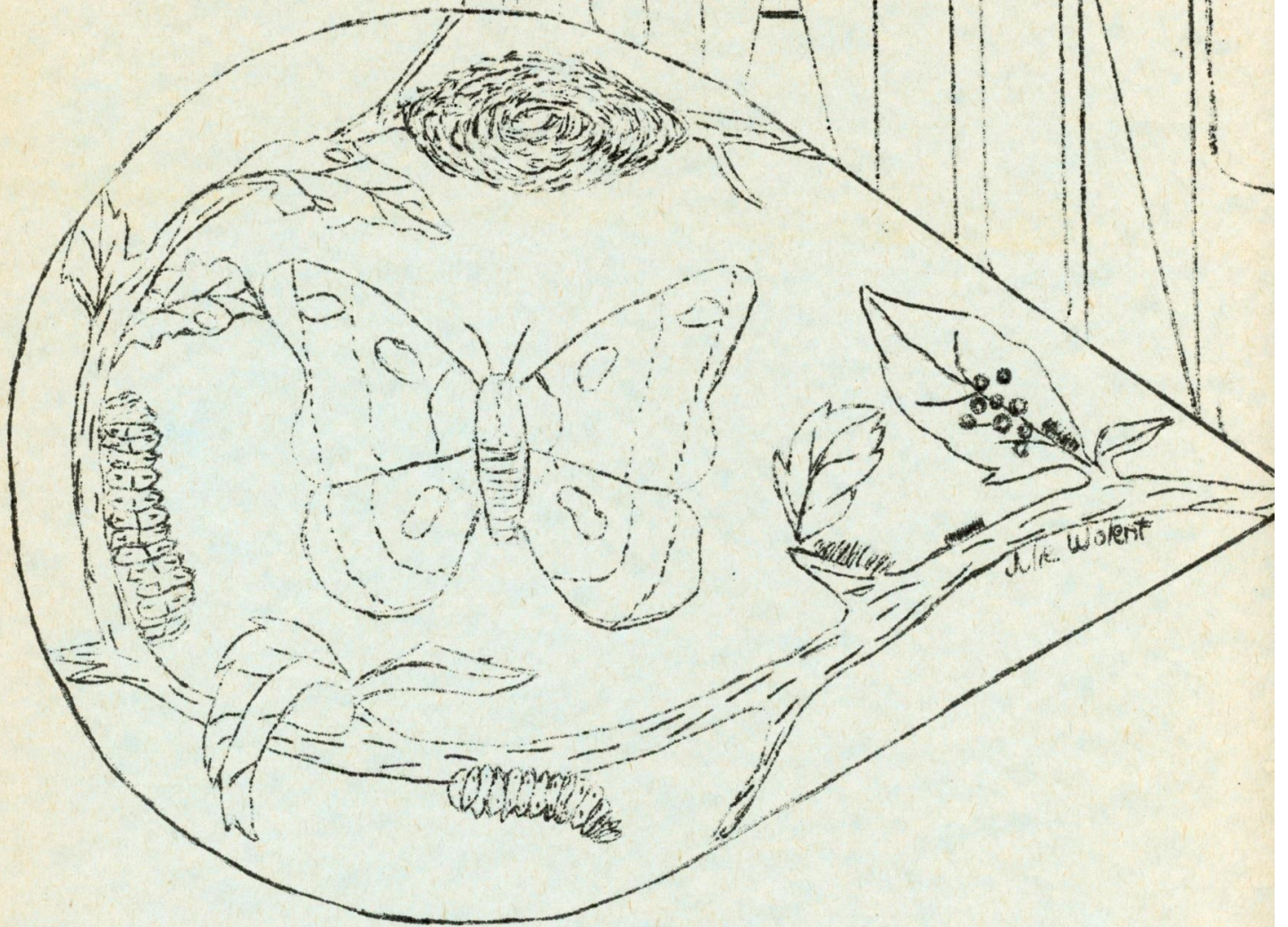


# MUTATION



" . . . . in just spring when all the world IS . . . .

I came early this morning. It's cold and foggy and very glum! Could this be a foreboding? I hope not! As I begin to set up the filmstrip projector a thought crossed my mind. What if the kids trip over the cord and break the projector? The second graders in our Church are about three times as squirrely as a squirrel? You see, I'm an assistant Sunday School teacher but the teacher is going to be absent!

Here comes my first student, or should I say squirrel? My classroom contains twelve ambitious young children all ready to - learn whatever I can present to their Einstein like minds? Not hardly! In fact just the opposite. In the course of one hour you could turn them loose on a starved, wild, lion and they'd have him torn apart and probably eaten!

These are some of the unusual excerpts from the dialogue carried on between them in our class. (With a few comments on my part!)

Eric: Did you see the horror movie last night?

Jeff: (in reply to Eric) Yea! Wasn't that cool? Especially when the dog killed that lady and teared her apa. . .

Gary: (interrupting Jeff) Bet you guys can't beat me in tic-tac-toe!  
To this they gather around the blackboard.

Me: Alright now. Everyone back to their seats. If you don't I'll make you go sit in Church. (Such awful threats!)

When they finally sit down (they hate Church sermons too!) I pass out a book to each. About 3/4 of the kids: Oh! Can I read?

Me: Alright, quiet! We'll each get a chance to read.

When we finished reading the story and showed the filmstrip, then we had a drawing session. I don't think I'll write the dialogue of that down. I don't think you'd ever believe what they know- - - -about nuclear war!

Finally the parents come to gather their darling little "angels" under their protective wings. "Good bye now Linda" "Bye teacher." (They never seem to remember my name.) "Good bye Debbie! Say hi to your brother for me!" (She'd gone to great lengths to explain to me that it was her little brother's birthday!)

After they left I began to clean up after my angels/squirrels. After teaching for half a year I've noticed something kind of peculiar. Every Sunday my class starts and ends in a peaceful type of silence, but the middle is one bad dream after another. Maybe it's kind of like life.

#### A DAY TO REMEMBER

BY Brenda Moellman

I was laying out in the backyard trying very hard to get a deep golden brown tan like any girl should have on July 29th. It seems, however that the sun's "deep-tanning" rays never really "do their stuff" on my snow white skin. Nobody can say that I don't try though! On any bright sunny day (and some not so sunny) one would find me laying in various places around the yard trying to catch Mr. Sun's rays.

That, however, is not the purpose of writing this story. The next day, July 30th, is my birthday. I'm kind of excited because Cindy and I are going to go downtown. One of my gifts is \$20.00 to spend however I wish.

My birthday, or so I thought, was to be just a shopping expedition and a quiet evening at home. Am I ever in for a surprise!

When I got up on that Thursday to remember the sun was shining. I couldn't take the time to admire it, however, because I was racing around the house like a madman trying to get ready so I'd meet the bus on time. The bus was late in coming, thank God, and I just barely made it.

The morning went quickly and sitting down to lunch we talked over our adventures. All-in-all, we discovered, nothing much happened. Our afternoon was about the same. When we got on the bus Cindy started getting kind-of funny. Like she was nervous or something. I guess I should have suspected something right then but nothing unusual even crossed my mind.

We got off the bus and I went to call my mother. On the way home she talked a steady stream. "Do we have company or something, Mom?" I asked. "No why?" was a hasty reply. Now both Cindy and Mom were talking fast. That should have told me right off what was in store for me, but as of this minute I had no idea.

A day to remember (cont'd)

When I got home I was the first out of the car. "Oh, Brenda, why don't you get the mail." So I did'.

When I walked in the door about 20 happy birthday's popped at me almost together. I just couldn't believe it! All my friends were there.

"This is the best surprise anyone could give me! Thank you so much!" I stuttered.

As the day ended I changed into my pajamas with a slowness that discribed how I felt. Tired, happy, and very, very glad to be 12!

SODA

by Brenda Moellman

fizz, cool  
slopping, refreshing, quenching  
sweet, yummy, necessary, familiar  
ice cream

SCHOOL

BY Brenda Moellman

experience, educational  
run, learn, sleep  
dull, undesirable, confining, long  
prison

THE GAMES CHILDREN PLAY

BY Brenda Moellman

On any given Saturday afternoon a pedestrian, or even a driver for that matter, could roam the streets of a suburban community and find quite an interesting variety of activities going on. If it's a nice, sunny, summer day you might find a red-faced, sweating husband out mowing the lawn, stopping every ten minutes to move the kids toys which seem to move right in front of him. If its a wet, rainy, fall day maybe you'd see garages full of kids zooming around an imaginary race track on tricycles. On snowy, winter days the nieghborhood youth gather in a special, priveliged child's yard to assemble a gigantic snowman followed by two large forts destined to be devoured by icy snowballs.

But, on those glorious spring days when melted snow gushes down roads filled with screaming kids just released from school, you find activities of great excitement. For instance, my favorite of all, bike racing. One instant you're an interested bystander and the next you find yourself sprawled out across the road, books saturated with water, and three little kids staring back at you with expressions of utter fear, hoping they didn't kill you. The mere sight of their faces is enough to make you forgive them. On some occasions I even find myself laughing.

Another favorite is toothpick races. The sides of the read become decorated with the fancy array of colored toothpicks zooming by on their way to the finish line. This is another event of great facial expression. The looks of anguish (you'd think they'd broken a leg instead of a toothpick) excitement, joy, jubilation and finally disappointment. Besides the facial expression you hear oh's and ah's and a variety of quotes such as:

"You stupid stone. I just lost twenty seconds!"

"Where's my toothpick?"

"Now I have to start over."

"You cheated!" (that's my favorite)

"I'm catching up!"?

Yes, you can even feel the tension as you walk down the road. A heavy layer of air covers the area like a blanket. As soon as the first toothpick crosses the finish line, though, it disappears into the atmosphere.

Of all the seasons, I think I like spring the best. After a long winter it's a nice thing to look forward to!

A SINGLE FLOWER

A single flower in a field of grass  
Soft to touch its a small mass  
A single beauty awaiting its time  
When love is here and you are mine  
For all, whose beauty shall it last  
When you are mine to grasp.

by Mark Martinez

FREEDOM

by Denise Knoblach

Say it aloud,  
Let it roll off your tongue,  
Out of your mouth,  
Out to the world.

Freedom

You say it,  
Then wonder why,  
It's wanted so badly,  
But not always,  
Handed out freely.

Freedom

You have to buy it,  
Or win it,  
Or fight for it,  
Sometimes for nothing

Freedom

Even if you have hold of it,  
Your proud of it,  
You brag of it,  
In this type of world,  
You don't have it. . .

Freedom

People are suffering  
From lack of this great thing,  
So before you can have it,  
Give some-to someone who doesn't have it,

Freedom

SNOW

by Lisa Dietrich

I love to sit inside in winter, and watch the  
delicate, soft, white blanket fall from the  
sky. And, as I watch, I wonder, what would  
winter be like without snow? Would it be  
cold, dreary, and rainy? What would it be  
like without skiing or sledding? The  
children couldn't wander around in the white,  
fluffy marshmallows, and we couldn't walk  
dreamily thru the white woods and gaze at the  
white crystal trees. Yes, the world would be  
in sad shape without snow.

CROWD

by Sarah Thompson

rushing mob  
running, hurrying, dodging  
racing against the time  
confusion.

ALONE

by Sue Kline

Meditation  
silent company  
dreaming, inagining, thinking  
Discovering who I am  
solitary

SNOW

by Claudia Morris

When Mother Nature is at hand,  
You can see all the wonderous things she does  
Seasons changing one by one,  
turning, blowing, and yet,  
Oh so quietly she does it.  
A favorite of hers, and mine, is winter.  
This is when she starts:  
White, cold,  
Flakes that glisten.  
Rolling hills of shining white  
Like stars that twinkle,  
Clean and bright.  
As I watch the millions of diamonds  
being blown about I wonder,  
What's it like to be a snowflake?

RED.RED.RED

by Lisa Dietrich

Colors affect most people psychologically  
and emotionally. The color red turns me on.  
Sometimes when it comes into my visual field  
my eyes are mesmerized by it and it's diffi-  
cult to tear them away.

Red gives a feeling of warmth which feels  
cozy on a cold winter day, but adds to the  
stickyness in the hot summer sun.

CLOWN

by Paula Schmidt

Clown  
playful, jester  
frolicing, comical, grinning  
ludicrous bumpkin jumping around  
buffoon

"I Saw The Light"

SMILE!

Standing on the corner

At dusk,  
I saw the lamplighter go by,  
And when darkness fell,  
I saw the light.

Walking down the sidewalk

At night,  
I saw you coming toward me and  
I saw the light.

Two of us together

At last  
We were sorry for having fought  
We saw the light. by Sue Winterhalter

Why do people

Have to smile  
Can't they just  
Be sad?

Think of all  
the troubles here,  
Crime and war  
is bad.

The ones who die,  
The ones who cry,  
The ones who suffer long  
Someone has to live  
their day,  
Forgetting troubles  
and suffering long  
And join this  
someone now

A smile can  
be found upon  
all persons living now. by Tammy Peterson

Golly Green Giant's Garden

by Kilb Norgaard

Howdi folks! This is Andy Avocado reporting to you live from the west side of the Blueberry patch. It's a doggone good day for a race. As all the vegetables are up out of the ground and moving around. In the first heat we have Kooky Carrot in his souped Banana Peel, Willy Wax Bean in his Green Pod, Lester Lettuce in his Fertilizer special and Vernon Von Aspharagus in his Commie Car. In the Second heat we have Peter Pumpkin in his seedless surprise, Billy Brocilly in heads are best and last but not least Cob Corn in down with Giffy Pop. As the men get ready we'll pause for station identification

Kids drink Andy Ants Ant Juice, full of everything you need. Grasshopper "#+##" and dead flies. So remember kids insist on Andy Ants Ant Juice made by the makers of Mike's Mosquito Milk. Only 39¢ where all fine goods are sold.

Hi again, I'm Andy Avacado here reporting to you live from the sixty third annual vegetable race, the Green Flag is up. . . . .and there off. Coming off into the first turn it's Cob Corn in Down With Giffy Pop, followed by Kooky Carrot, Lester Lettuce Peter Pumpkin in the The Seedless, Vernon Von As---OH! OH! there's been an accident on the track it's been a three car collison, Willy Wax Bean in his Green, Green Pod, rammed his front end into the two engines of Vernon Von Asparagus and ME!

We May Muddle Our Way to Extinction

by Laura Treschel

The buffalos once ruled the earth. They stampeded the vast miles of green, grassy plains. Then bloody, cruel men invaded and killed thousands of the masculine beasts.

Billions of people came from across the ocean. Now they ruled the world. They started building huge cities towering over the plains. Earth became a vast planet of dirty marble and smog.

The millions of people in the cities formed two different societies. They triggered a world war. It was a raging, bloody, horrible war. Thousands were killed every hour.

A month later the war was over. Not a sight of any living human being anywhere. The cities were scorched from raging fires. Children and parents were lying in bright red pools of blood from their mauled bodies.

Only the lower forms of life were living. They will soon form into higher levels and after a million years, man will appear once more to start the cycle all over again.

WHITE

by Norma Padrnos

White symbolizes purity and innocence. In nature it is infinitely alive. Snowflakes are intricate designs of white. Look above you, the fluffy billows of clouds are white. Look on the ground, the petals of daisies are white. Gaze across the ocean, the mighty waves rise above with their tips of white. Admire the life in nature, a white graceful, swan glides across a stream. A new-born lawn is specked with white, and a polar bear plods along the arctic with his white fur.

In the modern world many things are white. Chalk screeching across a blackboard, and a sugar cube dropped in coffee are white. A broad smile shows gleaming white. A girl on her wedding day adorns herself with white. Our President of the United States lives in a house of white. Another thing white is a small lie.

COCOON

by Norma Padrnos

The blonde teenage girl ran and ran, and ran. She felt like running until she would dropdead, and never have to see this ugly world again. As she ran she mumbled, "I hate it, I hate it. I don't want to live another second."

She came to a pile of leaves and dropped into it on her back. She just laid there exhausted, her heart beating so fast it felt like it was going to explode. Her eyes were closed, and she felt like she was in another world, with nothing around her.

Slowly she came back to reality. Birds were chirping, leaves were falling, and the sun felt warm on her face. Slowly she opened her eyes and saw that the warm sun was shining brightly through the trees. A brisk breeze swayed the branches and the colorful leaves floated slowly, gracefully to the ground. She propped herself up on her elbow, and a squirrel scampered by, darting between trees, looking for some nuts to add to his small collection. Overhead five mallards were on their long journey south.

Slowly she stood up and started walking towards a field. In the field, many pumpkins lay surrounded by green, dried vines. A small boy full of Halloween spirit came and chose the roundest and biggest ones to turn into mystifying Jack-O-Laterns for the last day in October. The rest of them, becoming Thanksgiving Day's pumpkin pie.

She smiled at the boy, and walked to a barren field where the Indian corn used to grow. Now that it was done, the stalks were plowed into the rich, black dirt to help nourish next year's beautifully green crop of corn. She picked up a cob, and saw that it had straight rows of colorfully black, yellow, green, and red kernels. A fantastic resemblance of the autumn leaves.

She studied the corn for a moment, and then began walking very slowly to a big oak tree. When she came to the tree she leaned back against its wide trunk. She scanned the branches and saw a yellow caterpillar resting on a small, oak twig. The caterpillar decided that this was a suitable place to build his warm and protective cocoon. As she watched him she could imagine the caterpillar growing and developing inside the cocoon, and in the spring emerging as a delicate butterfly.

She watched the caterpillar a few more moments and started to head back from where she came. The sun was a brilliant orange as it was setting in the west. She faintly smiled and glanced ahead mummering, "maybe I'll give it another chance."

"THE LAND THAT WAS STOLEN"

by Mark Martinez

I am Mexican. The thing that gripes me the most is how the American Settlers stole the Southwest part of the U.S. from Mexico! It states clearly in the encyclopedia that Mexico wanted people to colonize that area. They would have to become Mexican citizens and abide by Mexican Laws. The settler agreed to this at first, but then they revolted and tried to take the area over, but had a hard time because of General Santana who wiped out all the Army at the Alamo, but was later captured. But the U.S. is supposed to be good. So are all the ture Americans, but they ain't. The only true American is the American Indian.

Stop and look around,  
Look down upon the ground.  
Look up into the sky  
any birds go drifting by?  
You see the lakes so crystal blue  
The flowers, and bushes  
and trees quite a few.  
You see the squirrels  
go scurrying by,  
The baby bird just  
learning to fly.  
You're seeing nature,  
just a little bit,  
Tell me please,  
Where did you find it?

Sun  
Fiery giant  
Scorching, blazing, melting  
Developing life into fullness  
Star

Moon  
Astronauts toy  
Shining, gleaming, glistening  
Comforting nitelight; illuminating world  
Pearl

THE STALLION

by Ann Thorsen

I was riding my mare down a dusty dirt road. It was a lazy summer day and her neck was stretched out as we plodded along. It was such a boring day I thought nothing could possibly happen to make it seem exciting. Then my mare suddenly stopped, pricked her ears forward and looked toward a field. I strained my ears and eyes as hard as I could but still saw nothing, but when I clucked to her to go she refused to budge. I looked once more and then I heard the cry of a stallion. He was a black dot in the distance steadily growing. Then he was fifty feet away from us, standing there letting the golden sunlight bathe him. He was black from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. His legs were strong and muscular, never ceasing their nervous prance. His tail was long and beautiful, spreading over his haunches and almost touching the ground. He had powerful hind quarters and a strong, broad back. His chest was unbelievably wide, showing he had good speed and strength. The neck was thick and muscular with a shaggy mane that was split down the middle and drooped lower than his neck. The head was perfect. Tiny ears, broad forehead showing wisdom, roman nose and a big jaw. His forelock spread over all of this so you could hardly see his eyes. The stallion ran along the fence trying frantically to find some way out. Finding no opening he rose angrily in the air and gave a mighty cry that seemed to shake the earth, muscles repped under his smooth, shining coat. But now he heard something, pranced nervously looking at first to the field then at us. Finally he gave one last shrill cry, and was gone.

FIX, MEND, AND REPAIR

by Brenda Moellman

Families of America, arise! Why should you put up with dead cars? Things like overheated carbuerators, flat tires, broken windshield wipers. shredded upholstery, unworking spark plugs, brakes going out, gas shortage, and all the other ailments of today's car? This is the age of machines. Machines to build, machines to mend, machines to demolish, machines to run other machines, machines to do anything and everything. Everything, that is, except build, fix, and assemble cars.

Traffic in America is a total mess. In Los Angeles the traffic could be used as wall-to-wall carpetting. (in the colosseum)! And gas stations! The slums look better. But why not? They need a lot of tools to make up for the absence of machines!

My uncle works in and owns a gas station. When I went down there once there was so much of a mess that I had to clear a path to the chair so that I could shove wrenches and other tools off of it to sit down. When I did sit down wasn't at all surprised to see a family of mice nesting in the tire against the pop machine. (See - they even have machines to serve pop!)

If you want a flawless vacation, I'd advise you to fly. They have machines to fix airplanes. If General Motors, Ford, Dodge, Pontiac, Plymouth, Chrysler, Volkswagon, and all the other car dealers want me to buy a car I'd suggest the clean-up the gas-stations and build machines to fix cars until then don't expect me to climb behind the wheel of a car and kill myself.

KITTY KAT

by Paula Schmidt

Kitty kat, kitty kat  
 Don't do that  
 I like to see you smile  
 Please, for a little while  
 Your pink pug nose and  
 Your flashing whiskers should turn  
                                           up, up, up!  
 I don't want you to hiss at my new  
                                           little pup.

HELLO

by Paula Schmidt

Hello you,  
 you patch of blue.  
 How are you?  
 Your feeling fine, me too  
 I'm so glad I met you.  
 I'm going to a party, wanna come too?  
 That's good, I need a friend like you.  
 You see, I was feeling kind of blue.

BO BO

by Glenn Taylor

He was a nice kid and his name was Jim  
 Bo Bo Cramer. Though I had only met him  
 this year he was always a pretty good guy.  
 I liked him because of his cleverness and  
 his stories about the tunnels under the pool  
 and about picking locks to the gym. He and  
 Tom would always be thinking up some jerky  
 plan to hijack a go-cart to Cuba. Every-  
 body likes him in their own way. Why  
 friends have to be split up is a good  
 question to me. So good-bye Jim Bo Bo  
 Cramer, see you some day in Texas.

SLEEP

by Claudia Morris

A child lay motionless in her fresh,  
 crisp bed. The only movement was the rise,  
 and fall of her very petite chest. Suddenly  
 a quick arm was flung into a pillow, and  
 then thrown back as if the pillow didn't  
 want it. Next a rustling movement of her  
 feet, as if she was running, from some-  
 thing or someone. Her tossing body tore  
 the sheets from the bed sending them crash-  
 ing to the floor. She then bolted upright  
 with tearfilled eyes. The door opens; a  
 beam of shining light from the hall shown  
 upon a warm mother's face and a sigh of  
 relief is given from a terrified child.

A LONELY VAGABOND

by Ken Thomas

I love to walk through fields of green  
 I love to roam and wander like  
 a lonely vagabond,  
 Like I have no home.  
 If you're a loner,  
 people tend to think you're lonely  
 But its not the same thing,  
 It's caring enough not to care too much.  
 It's living to pursue life,  
 Daring to ask questions,  
 seeking to learn  
 I love to be lonely,  
 to think,  
 to relax,  
 to learn  
 Someday I hope to catch the  
 sun in the outstretched  
 plam of my hand  
 The roads I take  
 may lead to anywhere  
 with friends I make along the way.  
 My heart is warm  
 There is something about  
 rambling around that is native to  
 my blood  
 thick and rich, never clotting  
 I don't like to fight anymore  
 but I will if I have to,  
 but that's what everyone wants  
 a fight that proves we've a  
 all been wronged  
 I don't care what they  
 say about me  
 so I'll just go on my way  
 wherever my heart takes me  
 for I've always felt that only  
 lonely people know freedom.

Strenuously, a yellow tractor lugged the giant bird from the runway. It was a beautiful machine, with its stubby, yet graceful humplike projection on top. The high-pitched humming of its engines were beginning to diminish as it slowly curved into the terminal. Exactly, the tractor maneuvered the plane that its exit was lined up with the padded, suspended walkway, branching out from the concourse. After it was latched in position, the heavy door was unlocked and the seal was broken. Then the starry-eyed passengers began to drift out. An ever increasing crowd, pouring out of the 747.

A TEENAGERS THOUGHTS

by Ken Thomas

As long as I live,  
I'm going to be me  
Inside and out  
I'm going to be myself  
Whatever the costs may be  
I choose between what I think is right and  
What I think is wrong.  
I may make a mistake in my judgement,  
but I've made them before.

I go in dreams,  
Careful and loving  
I often wonder what I'll get or how  
far I get,  
but for awhile I won't worry  
because I'm only fifteen  
as long as I live,  
I want to love and be  
Compassionate  
For I can't live without love.

As long as I live,  
I'm going to wrestle  
It is my dream to become a champion,  
and I'll never give up or quit.

As long as I live,  
I want to run and wander,  
and dream and sing,  
and be brave and mighty.

I shall envy nor hate anyone,  
nor shall I hurt for my heart is heavy  
I want to be proud and strong  
and have no fears or doubts  
and let nobody use me for  
I've been used enough  
I shall always be simple  
And see beauty where beauty is

Yellow  
yellow is the sun  
bright and shining,  
it's so pretty with it's  
golden lining  
Yellow is nature  
with all the flowers and trees,  
and don't forget the honey bees!

CLOWN

by Kevin Marden

Clown  
careless, enjoyable  
exciting, miserable, foolish  
Ill bred buffoon, comedian, jester

I have dreams of you and I  
within my heart and head  
my dreams seem to thrive and grow  
there are countless numbers of  
dreams and ideas that travel through my  
mind and speak from my heart.

My understanding of pain and pressures  
is my secret of withstanding them.

I was meant not to be blind,  
but to see things the way they are.

Man has a fault more terrible  
than any,  
making excuses.

but making excuses does not change the truth  
I, as a human being am not perfect,  
but my desire is to strive  
for perfection,  
To do the best I can

My gift to man may not be  
purple mountaintops or a  
blue sky everyday,  
but my gift to man is to  
love and try to understand  
as best as possible.

And I hope people will accept  
me the way I am,  
for people don't accept you for  
what you are  
Only what they want you to be.

## MAN-YOSHAWI AND THE THREE CHICKADEES

### Characters:

Man-yoshawi - an old, not too bright,  
Japanese farmer

Kojiki - his old, somewhat evil, wife

1st Chickadee - Man-yoshawi's friend

2nd Chickadee - " "

3rd Chickadee - " "

Panda - one of the animals Man-yoshawi  
meets in his travels that sounds  
very much like W. C. Fields

Serpant - another animal Man-yoshawi  
meets in his travels

### Costumes:

Man-yoshawi - a loose-fitting kimona top with a bright vest over it; short, baggy pants,  
and sandals on his feet.

Kojiki - a kimona top similar to Man-yoshawi's, and a wrap-around skirt; sandals on her  
feet.

Chickadees - brightly colored kimonas with a wide sash around their waist (kimonas are  
long on the chickadees, but they are like shirts on Man-yoshawi and Kojiki.)

Panda - should have a large, paper-mache panda head; an all black pajama-type outfit

Serpant - no head needs to be used for him; outfit should be a stocking-type, brightly  
colored outfit that is long enough to be wound around on the ground to make  
him look like he's coiled.

### Stage Setting:

No real props need to be used throughout the play, unless called for in the script.  
It is early morning in the first scene.

## ACT I

Scene I - Curtain opens, Man-yoshawi is alone on stage

Man-yoshawi: Hickadees! Hickadees! Where are my wunnerful Hickadees?

Chickadees: We are over here,  
For Kojiki we fear.

Man-yoshawi: Don't worry, I'll protect you.

Chickadees: But if us you do try to protect,  
Trouble from Kojiki you can expect.

Man-yoshawi: Sh-h-h! I think I hear Kojiki coming now! Hurry, hide my liddle hickadees!  
(Chickadees exit)

Kojiki: (coming in very cross) Man-yoshawi! Did I hear you talking to those  
rotten little chickadees?

Man-yoshawi: (suddenly scared) No-o, dear. I was talking to my wunnerful liddle  
Hickadees and I'm leaving for the fields right now and...(starts to exit)

Kojiki: Man-yoshawi! Get back here right this minute! You lazy dingbat! Why  
can't you just work in the fields and stop jabbering all the time to those  
rotten chickadees and stop...

Man-yoshawi: (his feelings hurt a bit at being called names once too often, he puffs  
himself up and spurts it out) I'm not a dingbird!

Kojiki: You are too!

Man-yoshawi: Am not!

Kojiki: Are too!

Man-yoshawi: Am not!

Kojiki: (with emphasis) Get back to your fields!

Man-yoshawi: (meekly) Yes, dear. (He exits)

Kojiki: (angry at chickadees, blaming them for Man-yoshawi's laziness)  
That dingbat! Those rotten little chickadees! It's all their fault.  
If they weren't pestering Man-yoshawi all the time he would get some  
work done for once. What to do, what to...? I've got it!! If those  
chickadees were to feel unworthy of Man-yoshawi, then they would leave.  
So all I have to do is make them look rottener than they already look  
(which shouldn't be too hard!) Heh! Heh! (Mimicking Man-yoshawi) (has  
face covered with shawl) Oh, Hickadees, Hickadees! (gives an expres-  
sion on face that shows how stupid she thinks Man-yoshawi sounds)  
Come here, my liddle Hickadees! See the nice bowl of rice I have for  
you? Come and eat it up. (Chickadees enter, uncertainly) Come and  
eat the rice, my liddle Hickadees. (They come and start eating, and  
Kojiki secretly cuts off their tails. Tails are removable.)

Chickadees: The phony Man-yoshawi we must unveil,  
(take off shawl from Kojiki)  
It's Kojiki who cut off our tails!  
To the west we must all go,  
Farther than the great rainbow.  
May much grief fall onto you,  
For this evil deed you can't undo.

(Chickadees exit. Kojiki stands there, a somewhat scared look on her  
face.)

#### CURTAIN

Scene II - Curtain opens; Mab-yoshawi and Kohiki are sitting, eating their supper.  
No props needed. Actions are done in pantomime.

Man-yoshawi: (eating, in pantomime, what appears to be a very tough something)  
You make the most appetizing dinners, dear.

Kojiki: Eat your meal and stop talking about how appetizing everything is!

Man-yoshawi: Yes, dear. (short silence) I got a lot of rice planted in the fields  
today.

Kojiki: You'll be getting a lot more done now that those chickadees are gone.

Man-yoshawi: (alarmed) What!? My Hickadees, my wunnerful liddle Hickadees, gone?  
Where'd they go? Why'd they go? How will they get where they're  
going? Who will take them where they're going?!! (getting slightly  
hysterical) Why'd you let them go?!!!

Kojiki: (sorry she brought it up) Just forget about your precious little  
chicka dees! Eat your supper! Don't put your elbows on the table!  
Close your mouth!

Man-yoshawi: (boldly) I'm leaving!

Kojiki: (suddenly changed in mood) Wha-a-at? Leaving? You can't leave me!  
What will I do?

Man-yoshawi: I have to find my Hickadees. Now, where did they go?

Kojiki: I won't tell you.

Man-yoshawi: (becoming the man of the house) You'd better tell me or I'll, I'll,...

Kojiki: You'll what?

Man-yoshawi: I'll give you the worst torture possible. The Chinese torture!

Kojiki: What's a Chinese torture?

Man-yoshawi: You'll find out if you don't tell me!

Kojiki: (a little scared) All I know is that they went west farther than the  
great rainbow.

Man-yoshawi: Then I must go west, farther than the great raintie. (He exits.)

Kojiki: What will I do now that Man-yoshawi's gone? Since the dingbat's gone,  
who will take care of the fields? And worst yet, who will I yell at?  
(Pause) I know! I'll follow Man-yoshawi just close enough so I can  
see him, but far enough behind so he can't see me. Good-bye, decaying  
fields! (Kojiki exits.)

#### CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene I - (As the curtain opens we find Man-yoshawi alone on stage, walking like he has been walking forever in a hot desert. It is the next day.)

Man-yoshawi: It is a tresendously hot day today. How I wish the west were here right now! (hearing something) Say! Who goes there?

Panda: (sounding something like W. C. Fields) J. W. Panda here, at your service. Been having trouble, I see.

Man-yoshawi: How-how did you know that?

Panda: Been walking in a circle around that tree for the past fifteen minutes.

Man-Yoshawi: Oh. Will you help me? I mean, will you help me to get to where I've been trying to get after my Hickadees done got themselves gone after my wife got her scissors to get their tails off and the Hickadees got out when they got de-tailed?

Panda: If you mean will I unlose you, certainly my boy. Now, where do you have to go to find your Hickadees?

Man-yoshawi: To the west, farther than the great raintie.

Panda: H-m-m-m. Now, if my calculations are correct, the nearest raintie should be about (does some fast figuring on the ground) 120° south of the horse latitudes and 30° west of Greenwich.

Man-yoshawi: (greatly relieved) Good! Now all I have to do is find a horse and a green sandwich, which shouldn't be too hard to find. Thanks a lot, Mr. Panda! (He exits)

Panda: Not at all, my boy. Hm-m-m. Strange fellow, rather strange. (Kojiki enters, running, out of breath)

Kojiki: Did you see a dingbat come this way looking for some rotten chickadees?

Panda: Can't say that I have. But, there was a fellow through here not too long ago looking for his Hickadees.

Kojiki: There was? Where did he go?

Panda: (to the audience) Hm-m-m. Should I tell her, folks? (hope audience says "no!") Well, my dear, I believe he went that way! (Points opposite direction Man-Yoshawi went) (Kojiki exits)

CURTAIN

Scene II - Curtain opens and Man-yoshawi is walking around on the stage. Serpant is curled up in a corner.

Man-yoshawi: I found the green sandwich, but I still can't find the horse. I hope it doesn't matter that I ate the green sandwich. It did taste rather tequiliar. I hope the person that left it in the garbage can doesn't find out that I took it. Oh, no! What if he went and told the police are looking for me right now and they'll come and grab me and throw me in jail forever and I'll never see my home again? I've got to get out of here! What if they spot me? Maybe I'll get the Chinese torture! Help! Help! They're after me! Help!

Serpant: (a slow, smooth voice) What's the matter?

Man-yoshawi: Agh! It's the police! They've got me! Agh!

Serpant: Don't worry, it's only me, the Serpant. I won't hurt you.

Man-yoshawi: (suspiciously) Are you sure?

Serpant: Yes, I'm sure. I'm just a poor old serpent. Nobody never ever wants to talk with me. I'm here all alone all day long and nobody never ever comes and visits me. (Man-yoshawi is getting very sympathetic looking) I'm just a poor old serpent. (Serpant is beginning to look sympathetic for himself)

Man-yoshawi: (feeling very sorry for the Serpant) Oh, you poor, mistorturate serpent! I'll stay here and talk with you. What do you want to talk about?

ACT III

Scene I - Curtain opens and Man-yoshawi is walking from left stage to right stage, mumbling to himself.

Man-yoshawi: Hickadees! Hickadees! Where are you? Come here my liddle Hickadees! (slight pause) Wait! What's that noise? (Chickadees are in back of curtain humming the tune at the end of the script) (curtain now opens, smoothly) Maybe it's my .... HICKADEES!!!

Chickadees: MAN-YOSHAWI!!!

(Man-yoshawi and chickadees throw their arms up in the air and they run towards each other. All are very happy.)

Chickadees: You have found us,  
Your lost Chickadees,  
Stay with us now  
Forever, please.

Man-yoshawi: (earnestly) Hickadees, I have to go back home to my farm and Kojiki.

Chickadees: If that you must do,  
Then we'll go with you.  
But tonight you must stay  
And feast until day.

Man-yoshawi: Oh, Hickadees! Will there be fish and sukiyaki and chow mein and egg rolls and ...

Chickadees: All you could want to eat,  
The feast will be complete.

Man-yoshawi: Hickadees, you are too good to me. But remember, tomorrow we must all travel homeward to my farm and Kojiki.

CURTAIN CLOSE - CURTAIN OPEN

(That night) (The music chickadees were humming can be used in this scene)

Man-yoshawi: Hickadees, I've never had such a wunnerful feast. (First chickadee enters, pantomiming handing of dish to Man-yoshawi. Other chickadees follow.)

1st: Here's a dish  
That's made of fish.

2nd: My sukiyaki  
Is complete with tea.

3rd: Here's my chow mein  
That will always remain  
The best to be found  
The world around.

Man-yoshawi: It's all so wunnerful and appesizing. I don't deserve such food.

Chickadees: But now comes the best part of all,  
Will you take the big or the small?

Man-yoshawi: The big or the small what? (Chickadees bring in two boxes, one large and one small one.)

Chickadees: We have two boxes here,  
One is for our friend so dear.  
But only one may you take,  
For one is bread and the other cake.

Man-yoshawi: Well I would sure like the cake one. The big box probably has more in it, but since I'm a little man, and since I've got such a long journey ahead of me, I'd better take the small box.

Chickadees: Man-yoshawi, you are wise,  
You will get the biggest prize.

Man-yoshawi: (opens box) This isn't cake! But it's a lot better! There must be trillions of gold pieces here! I'm rich, I'm rich . . . (sings a little "I'm Rich" song)

Kojiki: (in front of curtain) I've finally found Man-yoshawi and now I hear him singing he's rich! He must be crazy. (She peaks around curtain. Turns toward audience with a shocked face.) He is rich! Those chickadees gave him a box with gold in it. But there's another box there. (sounding evil) Later tonight, when they're all asleep, I'll sneak in there and take the box. Then I'll be rich, too! (She exits off stage)

(Lights dim, signalling that Man-yoshawi and chickadees are asleep.)

Scene II - Man-yoshawi and chickadees are asleep on floor. Kojiki enters, sneaking in.

Kojiki: Good! Now they're asleep and I can take the bigger box. (She starts to drag it) Whew! It's heavy! I wonder what's in it? Maybe I should open it and peek inside to see why it's so heavy. (She opens lid. There are stuffed animals in there that are representing "bad" animals in Japan like katydids, frogs, funny-looking bears, etc.. She pulls them out with disgust.) All I got are some rotten animals. Why can't I ever get the good end of the deal?

Chickadees: (Having woken up) (Lights brighten)  
Poor Kojiki, you'll never learn,  
Nothing from evil pranks you'll earn.

Man-yoshawi: (Waking up) Kojiki? Are you here?

Kojiki: Yes, Man-yoshawi. I've been following you all the time. Please take me home. I'll try to be good.

Man-yoshawi: Hickadees! Should I take Kojiki home?

Chickadees: If she will try to be good,  
Then we think that you should.

Kojiki: Chickadees, I promise that I will try to be good, and I'll never cut off your tails again. You can stay with us for as long as you like.  
Man-yoshawi, I'll never again yell at you for as long as I live.

Man-yoshawi: Are you sure?

Kojiki: I promise. (Man-yoshawi and Kojiki walk happily off stage.)

CURTAIN

(1st Chickadee walks out in front of curtain.)

1st

Chickadee: So they lived happily ever after,  
Which in fairy tales should always occur.  
And Mr. Serpent will never again be  
The lone little fish in the great big sea.  
Man-yoshawi goes almost every day,  
To visit his friend who is no longer dismay.  
And as for Kojiki, you'll be happy to find,  
That she can be a person most kind.  
She no longer is evil in any way,  
And helps Man-yoshawi from day to day.

(Chickadee exits.)

CURTAIN

Down Anderson

.. mud-luscious .. ; "