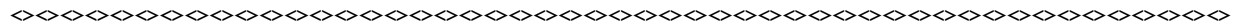


THE THREE LITTLE JAVELINAS

By Susan Lowell

Characters: (10) Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3 Narrator 4 Narrator 5
 Narrator 6 1st Javelina 2nd Javelina 3rd Javelina Coyote



Narrator 1: THE THREE LITTLE JAVELINAS, By Susan Lowell

Narrator 2: Once upon a time, way out in the desert, there were three little javelinas. Javelinas (ha-ve-LEE-nas) are wild, hairy, southwestern cousins of pigs.

Narrator 3: Their heads were hairy, their backs were hairy, and their bony legs all the way down to their hard little hooves were very hairy. But their snouts were soft and pink.

Narrator 4: One day, the three little javelinas trotted away to seek their fortunes. In this hot, dry land, the sky was almost always blue. Steep purple mountains looked down on the desert, where the cactus forest grew.

Narrator 5: Soon the little javelinas came to a spot where the path divided, and each one went a different way.

Narrator 6: The first little javelina wandered lazily along. He didn't see a dust storm whirling across the desert until it caught him.

Narrator 1: The whirlwind blew away and left the first little javelina sitting in a heap of tumbleweeds. Brushing himself off, he said,

1st Javelina: "I'll build a house with them!"

Narrator 2: And in no time at all, he did.

Narrator 3: Then along came a coyote. He ran through the desert so quickly and so quietly that he was almost invisible. In fact, this was only one of Coyote's many magical tricks.

Narrator 4: He laughed when he saw the tumbleweed house and smelled the javelina inside.

Coyote: "Mmm! "A tender, juicy piggy!"

Narrator 5: he thought. Coyote was tired of eating mice and rabbits. He called out sweetly,

Coyote: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

1st Javelina: "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!"

Narrator 6: shouted the first javelina (who had a lot of hair on his chinny-chin-chin!)

Coyote: "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

Narrator 1: said Coyote. And he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the little tumbleweed house away.

Narrator 2: But in all the hullabaloo, the first little javelina escaped and went looking for his brother and sister. Coyote, who was very sneaky, tiptoed along behind.

Narrator 3: The second little javelina walked for miles among giant cactus plants called saguaros (sa-WA-ros). They held their ripe red fruit high in the sky. But they made almost no shade, and the little javelina grew hot.

Narrator 4: Then he came upon a Native American woman who was gathering sticks from inside a dried-up cactus. She planned to use these long sticks, called saguaro ribs, to knock down the sweet cactus fruit.

Narrator 5: The second little javelina said,

"

2nd Javelina: "Please, may I have some sticks to build a house?"

Narrator 6: "Ha (Ha-ou)"

Narrator 5: she said, which means "yes" in the language of the Desert People.

Narrator 6: When he was finished building his house, he lay down in the shade. Then his brother arrived, panting from the heat, and the second little javelina moved over and made a place for him.

Narrator 1: Pretty soon, Coyote found the saguaro rib house. He used his magic to make his voice sound just like another javelina.

Coyote: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"

Narrator 2: he called. But the little javelinas were suspicious. The second one cried,

2nd Javelina: "No! Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!"

Coyote: Bah! "I am going to eat your hair!"

Narrator 3: thought Coyote. Then Coyote smiled, showing all his sharp teeth:

Coyote: "I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

Narrator 4: So he huffed, and he puffed, and all the saguaro ribs came tumbling down. But the two little javelinas escaped into the desert.

Narrator 5: Still not discouraged, Coyote followed. Sometimes his magic did fail, but then he usually came up with another trick

Narrator 6: The third little javelina trotted through beautiful palo verde trees, with green trunks and yellow flowers.

Narrator 1: She saw a snake sliding by, smooth as oil. A hawk floated round and round above above her. Then she came to a place where a man was making adobe (a-DOE-be) bricks from mud and straw.

Narrator 2: The bricks lay on the ground, baking in the hot sun. The third little javelina thought for a moment, and said,

3rd Javelina: "May I please have a few adobes to build a house?"

Narrator 3: "Si!"

Narrator 4: answered the man, which means "yes" in Spanish, the brick-maker's language. So the third javelina built herself a solid little adobe house, cool in summer and warm in winter.

Narrator 3: When her brothers found her, she welcomed them in and locked the door behind them. Coyote followed their trail.

Coyote: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"

Narrator 5: he called. The three little javelinas looked out the window. This time Coyote pretended to be very old and weak, with no teeth and a sore paw. But they were not fooled.

3rd Javelina: "No! Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!"

Narrator 6: called back the third little javelina.

Coyote: "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

Narrator 6: said Coyote. He grinned, thinking of the wild pig dinner to come.

3rd Javelina: "Just try it!"

Narrator 1: shouted the third little javelina. So Coyote huffed and puffed, but the adobe bricks did not budge. Again, Coyote tried.

Coyote: "I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN!" he hollered.

Narrator 2: The three little javelinas covered their hairy ears. But nothing happened. The javelinas peeked out the window.

Narrator 3: The tip of Coyote's raggedy tail whisked right past their noses. He was climbing upon the tin roof. Next, Coyote used his magic to make himself very skinny.

3rd Javelina: "The stove pipe!"

Narrator 4: gasped the third little javelina. Quickly she lighted a fire inside her wood stove.

Coyote: "What a feast it will be!"

Narrator 5: Coyote said to himself. He squeezed into the stove pipe. "I think I'll eat them with red hot chile sauce!"

Narrator 6: Whoosh. S-s-sizzle! Then the three little javelinas heard an amazing noise. It was not a bark. It was not a cackle. It was not a howl. It was not a scream.

Narrator 1: It was all of those sounds together.

Coyote: "Yip!!...yap!!! yep!!! YEE-OWW-000000000000!!!!"

Narrator 2: Away ran a puff of smoke shaped like a coyote.

Narrator 3: The three little javelinas lived happily ever after in the adobe house.

Narrator 4: And if you ever hear Coyote's voice,

Narrator 5: way out in the desert at night,

Narrator 6: well, you know what he's remembering!

Scripted by Jill Jauquet