



Narrator 7: one Spartan apple,

Narrator 8: one McIntosh apple,

Narrator 1: one Red Delicious apple,

Narrator 2: and one Idared apple.

Narrator 3: The sweet little grandmother sat down to wait for her oven to heat. Little did she know that at that very moment the apple slices inside her pie were planning a daring escape.

Narrator 4: They had no intention of being baked in a pie and served to somebody's grandchildren.

Narrator 5: The apple slices called a quick meeting.

Narrator 6: It was decided that the Northern Spy slices would get the first chance to find a way out of the pie.

Narrator 7: Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

ALL apples: Northern Spy, Northern Spy, Escape, escape, From the pie!

Narrator 8: And it wasn't too long before a Northern Spy found that letter A opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

All apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 1: All of the Northern Spy slices followed close behind.

Narrator 2: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

Narrator 3: But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She eyed them sternly and said,

GRANDMA: "One rotten apple spoils the bunch. Get back into that pie, at once!"

Narrator 4: And since the Northern Spy slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

Narrator 5: Once inside the pie, another quick meeting was called. It was decided that the Spartan slices would be the next to try.

Narrator 6: They vowed to fight their way through the kitchen no matter what the sweet little grandmother had to say.

Narrator 7: Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

ALL apples: Spartan, Spartan, Now unite! Spartan, Spartan Fight! Fight! Fight!

Narrator 8: And it wasn't too long before the Spartans found that letter A opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

All apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 1: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

Narrator 2: Some fell upon the kitchen floor. And bounded for the kitchen door.

Narrator 3: But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She placed her hands firmly upon her hips and said,

GRANDMA: "You are not the apples of my eye. So jump right back into that pie!"

Narrator 4: And since the Spartan slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

Narrator 5: Inside the pie, a third hasty meeting was called. All the apples were getting mighty worried.

Narrator 6: The McIntosh slices decided to make a run for it. They headed off toward the top of the pie.

Narrator 7: Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

ALL apples: Worried apples, McIntosh! Run, run, By gosh, by gosh!

Narrator 8: And it wasn't too long before the McIntosh slices reached that letter A opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

All apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 1: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

Narrator 2: Some jumped upon the kitchen floor. And bounded for the kitchen door.

Narrator 3: Some sighed, "We've finally got our wish!" Some fell into the doggie's dish.

Narrator 4: But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She got down on her hands and knees, scooped up the McIntosh slices and said,

GRANDMA: "Don't upset my apple cart! Now back in the pan! Do your part!"

Narrator 5: And since the McIntosh slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

Narrator 6: Now the Red Delicious slices had been waiting much too long inside that pie and were starting to panic.

Narrator 7: Suddenly and without warning, one of the slices charged wildly upward. The remaining Red Delicious slices followed.

Narrator 8: Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

ALL apples: Oval apples So nutritious. Charge! Charge! Red Delicious.

Narrator 1: And it wasn't too long before those slices reached that letter A opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

All apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 2: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

Narrator 3: Some jumped upon the kitchen floor. And bounded for the kitchen door.

Narrator 4: Some sighed, "We've finally got our wish!" Some fell into the doggie's dish.

Narrator 5: Some stumbled out beyond the brink And fell into the kitchen sink.

Narrator 6: But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She stomped her foot and said,

GRANDMA: "If you won't let me be the boss, I'll turn you into apple sauce!"

Narrator 7: And since the Red Delicious slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

Narrator 8: All the slices regrouped inside the pie. One last quick meeting was held.

Narrator 1: It was decided that the Idareds, who had been patiently waiting their turn, should lead one last escape attempt.

Narrator 2: Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

ALL apples: Idareds! One last try. Lead us, lead us, From this pie!

Narrator 3: Then all the slices began to scramble, helter skelter, toward the top. And it wasn't too long before they all found that letter A in the tip top of the pie and cried,

Narrator 4: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 5: But this time the sweet little grandmother was overwhelmed. There were just too many slices and they were all over the place!

Narrator 6: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

Narrator 7: Some jumped upon the kitchen floor. And bounded for the kitchen door.

Narrator 8: Some sighed, "We've finally got our wish!" Some fell into the doggie's dish.

Narrator 1: Some stumbled out beyond the brink. And fell into the kitchen sink.

Narrator 2: But when the chaos died and cleared, Each apple slice had disappeared!

Narrator 3: The sweet little grandmother searched for those slices. She looked high and low, but there wasn't

Narrator 4: a Northern Spy

Narrator 5: a Spartan

Narrator 6: a McIntosh

Narrator 7: a Red Delicious

Narrator 8: or an Idared

Narrator 1: to be found anywhere. And when the sweet little grandmother's grandchildren finally came to call,

Narrator 2: Each found a fork

Narrator 3: And found a plate.

Narrator 4: Then each grandchild

Narrator 5: Sat down to take

Narrator 6: A fresh baked slice of simply great

Narrator 7: Ooey, gooey

ALL: CHOCOLATE CAKE!

THE END