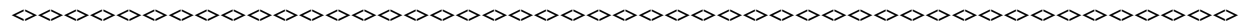


Three Wishes
An Old Folktale

Parts(6): Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3 Fairy Woodcutter Wife



Narrator 1: Once upon a time a poor woodcutter headed into the forest to chop down a few trees and sell the wood in the nearby town.

Narrator 2: Just as the woodcutter was about to cut down an old oak tree, he heard a voice.

Fairy: Please, kind woodcutter. Do not cut down this tree.

Narrator 3: The woodcutter said,

Woodcutter: And why not? I need the wood to sell in the town so that I have money to buy food.

Fairy: I cannot tell you why, but I promise if you do as I ask, good luck will be yours.

Woodcutter: Very well. I will not cut down this tree.

Narrator 2: Then the fairy said,

Fairy: Dear woodcutter, you have a good and kind heart. I will grant your next three wishes.

Narrator 1: The fairy flew into the forest. The woodcutter headed home to tell his wife of their good fortune.

Woodcutter: Wife! Wife! I have a fine story to tell you.

Narrator 2: The woodcutter's wife was very happy when she heard about the three wishes.

Wife: What a wonderful thing it is to have three wishes! Let's not be hasty. Let's wait until morning before we make a single wish.

Woodcutter: A wise idea. That way we will be able to think more clearly. But for now I'm as hungry as a bear. When's supper?

Wife: Supper will be ready in one hour.

Woodcutter: One hour! But I'm starving! I wish I had a big sausage right now.

Narrator 3: Now, no sooner had the woodcutter said the words when a sausage appeared on the table.

Wife: You fool! Look what you've done! You've wasted one wish! How could you be so foolish?

Narrator 2: The woodcutter's wife scolded her husband.

Narrator 1: Now the woodcutter was not pleased by his wife's nagging, so he said,

Woodcutter: I wish that this sausage was stuck on your nose.

Narrator 3: And the sausage stuck to his wife's nose!

Wife: You fool! Look what you have done! Do something!

Narrator 1: The woodcutter tried and tried to remove the sausage, but it was no use. It was stuck there for good.

Narrator 2: Then the woodcutter said,

Woodcutter: There's only one thing to do. I wish the sausage was back on the plate.

Narrator 3: The sausage landed back on the plate. The woodcutter and his wife sat down and ate the sausage.

Wife: And that's the story of the three wishes.

Adapted by Lisa Blau