

[DOG runs to TATTYBOGLE.]

DOG *(in a growly dog-like voice)* Woof! Tattybogle! Woof!

FARMER Tut, tut, tut. Those naughty crows must have eaten some seed.
But Tattybogle does his best.

DOG Woof!

FARMER Come on boy, time to go back to the farm.

[As the FARMER and DOG exit, enter FOXES. As the Foxes arrive, RABBITS point at them and squeak.]

RABBITS *(with a squeaky little scream)* Eek! First a dog; now foxes!

[Exit RABBITS in a hurry!]

FOXES Hello Tattybogle.

TATTYBOGLE Hello Foxes!

FOX 1 Rabbits are very tasty! Have you seen any rabbits for us to eat?

TATTYBOGLE *(looks at the audience, worried)* Err.... Have I seen any rabbits?
(waits in case there's a response, then:) I can't remember!
(changing the subject) But isn't it a lovely Summer day?

[ALL make gentle wind sounds.]

FOX 1 Yes it is. And there's a lovely gentle breeze beginning to blow!

FOX 2 Long grass is bending and leaves are rustling.

FOX 1 Red poppies are swaying...

FOX 2 ...And blue cornflowers are dancing.

FOXES You can dance too, Tattybogle!

TATTYBOGLE Hooray! I love dancing with the wind!

ALL *(gently)* Dance with the wind, Tattybogle!

[Enter BREEZE DANCERS - optional. TATTYBOGLE should sway in time with the music as the dancers move around him.]

DANCING WITH THE WIND (© Track 8 / 23)

DANCING WITH THE WIND
IN THE GENTLE BREEZE.
DANCING WITH THE WIND
UNDERNEATH THE TREES.

TURNING GENTLY ROUND,
MAKING NOT A SOUND.
TURNING GENTLY ROUND,
MAKING NOT A SOUND.

[Eight bar dance break]

DANCING WITH THE WIND
IN THE GENTLE BREEZE.
DANCING WITH THE WIND
UNDERNEATH THE TREES.
ROCKING SIDE TO SIDE
AS THE WIND BLOWS BY.
ROCKING SIDE TO SIDE
AS THE WIND BLOWS BY.

ROCKING, ROCKING.
TURNING, TURNING.
DANCING, DANCING,
DANCING WITH THE WIND.

[Exit DANCERS & FOXES, or move to sides.]

TATTYBOGLE That was fun! I like a bit of a dance!

[Enter CROWS, strutting around.]

(pointing) Hey – there are the crows again! I'll try and...
(shouts) ...scare them!

CROWS *(with a startled jump)* Caw! Hello Tattybogle!

TATTYBOGLE *(smiling)* I hope I didn't scare you!

CROWS Nah, don't be daft!

TATTYBOGLE Ah well, it was worth a try.

NARRATOR 1 Summer was turning to Autumn. The leaves were changing colour.

LEFT HAND SIDE The weather was changing too.

RIGHT HAND SIDE It started to rain.

CROWS Oh no! We hate the rain! Yuk, yuk, yuk!

CROW 1 Can we shelter next to you, Tattybogle?

TATTYBOGLE Of course you can.

CROWS Caw! Thank you.

TATTYBOGLE I love the rain! It makes a drumming sound on my hat!

[During verse 1 of the following song, CHORUS pat hands gently on knees in continuous 'pitter, patter, pitter, patter' movement.]