

The Three Dwarfs

Written by Barchers, Suzane I.

From *Scary Readers Theater*

Adapted by LHU Language Center

Characters:

Narrator Stepmother Daughter Father, First Dwarf Second Dwarf Third Dwarf,
Stepsister King, Duck Kitchen Boy

Narrator:

Once there were a widow and widower who each had a daughter. The daughters were friends. One day, the widow spoke to the man's daughter.

Stepmother:

Listen to me. Tell your father I would like to marry him. If we marry, you will wash in milk every morning and drink wine. My daughter will wash in water and drink water.

Narrator:

The girl went home and told her father what the widow had said.

Narrator:

The morning after the wedding, the two girls got up, and the husband's daughter had milk to wash in and wine to drink. The wife's daughter had water to wash in and water to drink. But the next morning, both girls had water to wash in and water to drink. And on the third morning, the husband's daughter had water to wash in and water to drink, while her stepsister got the milk and wine. It continued like that until one cold winter day.

Stepmother:

Stepdaughter, come and put on this paper dress. Go out into the woods and find a basket of strawberries.

Daughter:

But strawberries don't grow in the winter, and everything is covered with snow. Besides, this paper dress can't possibly keep me warm enough.

Stepmother:

Don't talk back to me. Be off with you, and don't show your face until that basket is filled with strawberries. Here is a piece of bread that will last you for the day.

Narrator:

The girl obediently put on the paper dress and went out into the freezing cold. After a while, she came to a hut in the woods. Three dwarfs peered out at her.

Daughter:

Good morning, kind gentlemen.

Three Dwarfs:

Come in! Come in out of the cold!

Narrator:

The girl sat down by the stove to warm herself and took out her bread.

Three Dwarfs:

Here, give us some of that bread!

Daughter:

Of course. Here is half of all I have.

First Dwarf:

What are you doing out in the dead of winter in that paper dress?

Daughter:

I've been sent to pick a basketful of strawberries, but it is too cold and snowy for anything to grow.

Second Dwarf:

Here is a broom. Sweep the snow from the back door.

Narrator:

While she swept the back stoop, the three dwarfs talked among themselves.

Third Dwarf:

What shall we do? She was so cold and had so little, yet she shared her bread with us.

First Dwarf:

I shall give her a gift. She shall become more beautiful each and every day.

Second Dwarf:

My gift is that whenever she says a word, a gold piece shall

fall from her mouth.

Third Dwarf:

My gift is that a king shall choose her for his wife.

Narrator:

Meanwhile, as the girl swept, she uncovered a patch of ripe strawberries. She filled her basket and returned inside the hut.

Daughter:

Thank you, kind sirs. I now can return home safely.

Narrator:

The girl ran home. As she told her story, gold pieces fell from her mouth. Her stepsister saw the gold and wanted some for herself.

Stepsister:

Mother, I want to go to the dwarfs' hut so I can have all that gold.

Stepmother:

No, my dear. It is much too cold, and you'll freeze.

Stepsister:

That isn't fair, Mother. I have to go too.

Narrator:

Finally, the stepmother made her daughter a beautiful fur coat and gave her a basket of sandwiches and cake to take along. When she got to the hut, the stepdaughter ignored the dwarfs, went right in, sat herself down, and began to eat her sandwiches and cake.

First Dwarf:

Here, miss, share some with us.

Stepsister:

Ha! I hardly have enough for myself!

Second Dwarf:

Then take this broom and sweep around the back door.

Stepsister:

Phooey! Go and do your own sweeping. I'm not your maid.

Narrator:

Soon the stepsister became bored waiting for the dwarfs to give her gifts and went outside.

Third Dwarf:

What shall we give this horrid girl?

First Dwarf:

My gift is that she shall become uglier each and every day.

Second Dwarf:

My gift is that whenever she says a word, a toad shall jump out of her mouth.

Third Dwarf:

And my gift is that of a horrible death.

Narrator:

The girl didn't find any strawberries outside and went angrily home. Meanwhile, the stepmother sent her stepdaughter outside with an ax, and told her to go cut a hole in the ice of the river and rinse the yarn in it. While the girl was chopping at the ice, a king in a marvelous carriage came along.

King:

Who are you, my dear? And what are you doing?

Daughter:

I'm just a poor girl who is rinsing this yarn.

King:

Would you like to go away with me?

Daughter:

Oh yes, I would gladly go with you.

Narrator:

She rode away with the king, and they soon married. A year later, the young queen gave birth to a son. When her stepmother heard of her good fortune, she and her daughter came to the palace. Once the king had left for the day, they grabbed the queen and threw her out the window. The ugly stepsister lay down in the bed, pretending to be the queen. Soon the king returned, intending to speak to his wife.

Stepmother:

Not now, my king. She is feeling poorly today and is resting.

Narrator:

The king came back the next morning and spoke to the ugly stepsister thinking she was his wife. But every time she answered him, a toad jumped from her mouth. He asked the step- mother what was wrong with his wife.

Stepmother:

Don't you worry. She'll soon be fine again.

Narrator:

That night, the kitchen boy saw a duck swimming in the rivelet. To his surprise, the duck spoke to him.

Duck:

What is the king doing? Is he awake or asleep?

Narrator:

The boy was too shocked to answer, so the duck spoke again.

Duck:

And my guests, what are they doing?

Kitchen Boy:

They are all asleep.

Duck:

And the sweet baby? Does he sleep as well?

Kitchen Boy:

Yes, he sleeps soundly in his cradle.

Narrator:

Then the duck became the queen again, went upstairs to the nursery, fed her baby, and covered it with blankets. Soon she turned back into a duck and swam away. The next night, she did the same, but the third night she spoke again to the kitchen boy.

Duck:

Go tell the king to stand on the threshold and swing his sword over my head three times.

Narrator:

The king did as the kitchen boy said, and there stood his wife as alive and lovely as ever. The queen told him all that had happened, and the king hid her while he sent for the stepmother.

King: Tell me, old woman. What should be done to a person who throws someone into the river?

Stepmother:

Why, the villain should be shut up in a barrel studded with nails, rolled down the hill, and thrown into the river.

King:

Then that is your sentence!

Narrator:

And the king sent for just such a barrel, put the stepmother and her daughter in it, hammered the lid on tight, and rolled them down the hill into the ice-cold river.