

**Page 1/ Classroom Script/ CLEVER LUCY**

**READER 1:** There was a time in this country when most people made their living by farming. Some farmers did well; some barely scratched out a living.

**2/JOHN:** I was one of the farmers who had a hard time feeding his family. My name is John Carver. It has been many years since we lived, but my friends and I would like to tell you a story.

**READER 3:** John's farm was quite small, and though he toiled in the fields everyday, his crops were always brown and scrawny.

**READER 4:** It just so happened that John was married to Lucy, and Lucy was a mighty clever lady.

**6/LUCY:** My husband was not a very good farmer, but he loved his work. So I decided that as long as he was happy, I would make sure we had enough to eat.

**READER 1:** One winter day, when the wind blew very cold and the snow drifted very high, Lucy sent John to the chicken coop to fetch dinner.

**2/JOHN:** This is the last chicken we have, Lucy. I don't know what we will eat tomorrow, so roast it with care.

**READER 3:** When the chicken was cooked, Lucy set it on the table. John said:

**2/JOHN:** What a grand chicken you have prepared! It looks so brown and crispy, and it smells delicious. It is a shame we have not even a crust of bread to go with it. Oh well, we cannot dwell on what we do not have. Let us call in the children and eat.

**6/LUCY:** Do not call the children. I am going to take this chicken to the baron who lives in the fine house on the hill.

**2/JOHN:** I do not understand you at all, Lucy Carver. Why do you want to give away our last morsel of food?

**6/LUCY:** Never you mind. I have an idea.

**READER 4:** Lucy thought that if she gave the chicken to the baron, he might give her something even better in return.

**READER 3:** So she set off for the baron's house.

**READER 1:** When she got there, she was shown into the parlor where the baron sat with his wife, two sons and two daughters. Lucy gave the chicken to him.

**6/LUCY:** I hope you will accept this gift, sir. It is all I have to give you, but you are welcome to it.

**5/BARON:** There is nothing we like better than juicy, roasted chicken. It smells delicious. I would like you to divide it among us so that each gets a fair share.