

READER 1: The entire sky was blue when Mother Nature sat down beneath the poplar trees to re-examine her appointment book. She looked up at the sky, shook her head, and murmured softly,

2/MOTHER: "Oh dear! Too much to do. Much too much, too much to do!"

READER 3: Mother Nature looked down and flipped the pages of the appointment book. Then she lifted her head again, looked across the meadow, and sighed,

2/MOTHER: "Let's see! The daisies are blooming, so it must be Tuesday. Yes, here we are. I've found the proper page."

READER 4: Mother's index finger marked Tuesday in the book. She adjusted the glasses which were balanced carefully on the tip of her nose, then continued talking to herself,

2/MOTHER: "It's as I suspected! In just one day I'm to finish knitting down jackets for all the ducklings, prepare another large vat of perfume for the lilac bushes, take my feather duster to those dusty fir trees on the hillside, organize swimming lessons for the tadpoles, and lead an aerobics class for the tall grasses along the riverbank. There's just no time to paint my perfect clouds into the sky. That job can't be done today!"

READER 1: She flipped a page in her book and added,

2/MOTHER: "Or tomorrow!"

READER 1: She continued flipping.

2/MOTHER: "Or even next week! Oh dear, I don't know how to get the job done."

READER 3: Above Mother Nature's head the spring breezes began to play tag through the leaves of the poplar trees. The trees stood, one hundred strong, in a long line, one beside another. And as the breezes rushed through the line, thousands of poplar leaves shivered, quivered, fluttered and whispered,

ALL: "WE KNOW THE ANSWER," THEY SAID.

READER 4: Mother Nature listened to the rustle of the leaves. Then she smiled.

2/MOTHER: "Russell!"

READER 4: she exclaimed.

2/MOTHER: "Uncle Russell, of course! Why didn't I think of it myself?"

READER 1: Mother Nature waved her hand in a magical way, whistled softly, and stood up just in time to see her brother, Russell, flying toward her above the daisies. A bag of painting supplies followed, gliding noiselessly behind him.

RUSSELL: "I got your message, Sis, but I'm not the man for the job!"