

## HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

Formatted for Readers Theater and Adapted From

A Sechelt Legend

by Lois Walker

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**CAST:** CHILD, MOTHER, FATHER, GRANDFATHER, ROBIN and as many NARRATORS as you wish. Simply pencil in narrator numbers below and divide the lines between your readers.

**PERFORMANCE TIPS:** You might hang signs around each cast member's neck saying which role they are reading (CHILD, MOTHER, etc.) Simple costume pieces to suggest the Sechelt people might also be worn to further enhance the reading of this story.

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NARRATOR 1: Long ago, back to the beginning of time...

NARRATOR 2: Back to before the rainbow was invented,

**ALL: Everything was dull, drab, faded, and gray!**

NARRATOR 3: The very first Sechelt people lived in dark caves.

NARRATOR 4: They awoke in the morning to the song of a robin...

**ALL: Who was also dull, drab, faded, and gray!**

NARRATOR Yes, back then the robin was just another pale, pasty bird living along the coast of what we now call - British Columbia.

NARRATOR So what happened? How did the robin finally get its breast of bright red feathers?

NARRATOR Well, listen carefully, because that's what this story is all about.

NARRATOR It all took place one cold, dark day when a Sechelt family ran out of food.

CHILD: Mother, I'm hungry – and I'm cold too.

MOTHER: I know my dear little one, we are out of food and we are also out of wood for the fire.

CHILD: Grandfather, we are out of food and wood! You are old and wise. Please tell us what to do.

GRANDFATHER: These are desperate times, but I do have a plan. All our young men and women must leave the cave and go in search of meat and wood.

FATHER: That is a good plan. I'll round up all our young men.

MOTHER: And I'll round up all our young women. But grandfather - who will take care of the young children and tend our fire?

GRANDFATHER: I will do that. I'm too old to go into the forest and hunt, but I'm not too old to watch the children and keep the home fire burning.

NARRATOR And so, the young men and women went off to hunt.

NARRATOR Grandfather took care of the babies and the little children.

NARRATOR He also kept the fire going.

NARRATOR There was very little wood left, so grandfather fed the fire just a little at a time. He fed the fire all day long and well into the night.

GRANDFATHER (To audience): I knew my job. I could not let that fire go out. If I did, the children might catch a chill and get sick.

MOTHER/FATHER (To audience): We were gone from the cave for many, many days.

FATHER (To audience): The men hunted and the women gathered wood.

MOTHER (To audience): We all worried about our children, the fire, and grandfather.

NARRATOR And they had good reason to worry because...

NARRATOR Back at the cave, grandfather grew more and more tired.

NARRATOR Late one night, he finally fell asleep.

NARRATOR The fire grew dim, and the cave grew colder and colder.

ROBIN: And this is where I arrive on the scene. A few hours later, I flew in singing a happy morning song. But, when I looked into the dark cave, I knew - the fire was almost dead!

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