

(PADDY ENTERS, JOINS OTHER READERS, AND TAKES PLACE UPON STOOL. SCRIPT FOLDERS ARE OPENED IN UNISON AND THE READING BEGINS).

**NARRATOR 1:** 'Twas the tip top of a St. Patrick's Day morning.

(#2 STANDS).

**NARRATOR 2:** The warm sun spread sparkle over all of Ireland and its fields of spring green shamrocks.

(#3 STANDS).

**NARRATOR 3:** Somewhere near Downpatrick, County Down in Northern Ireland,

(#4 STANDS. PADDY PLACES SCRIPT FOLDER ON FLOOR AND MIMES MENDING AS THE FOLLOWING IS READ):

**NARRATOR 4:** a shoe mending leprechaun, dressed all in white, sat under one of those shamrocks mending a tiny dancing slipper. He worked with a white needle threaded with white thread.

(POEM SEGMENT FOLLOWS. EMPHASIZE WORDS AND BE AWARE OF THE RHYTHM, RHYME, AND FLOW OF THE POETRY)

**NARRATOR 5:** WITH SEWING NEEDLE AND HEAVY THREAD, HE SEWED AND STITCHED AND BOWED HIS HEAD.

**NARRATOR 6:** WORKING AND SEWING THE DAY AWAY, AND HIS NAME WAS

(SAID EMPHATICALLY AND IN UNISON):

**ALL:** PADDY O'SHAY!

(READERS 2,3,4 SIT. PADDY PICKS UP SCRIPT FOLDER, STANDS, AND READS DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE).

**PADDY:** "Sure, and I'm Paddy O'Shay and a bigger fool you'd never wish to see on such a fine St. Patrick's Day! Here I sit mendin' dancin' slippers for the likes of troopin' fairies who dance their lives away. And do they give a fig for work, or pots of gold? No! They just dance their jigs and reels, then drop their tired slippers off for Paddy O'Shay to mend."

(PADDY SITS).

**NARRATOR 1:** Now it should be explained that Paddy O'Shay was a hard working wee fellow who lived alone and loved to grumble.

**NARRATOR 2:** He wasn't a very old leprechaun. You could tell, because his beard only reached down to his belly button.

**NARRATOR 3:** Paddy never took a holiday from his work.

**NARRATOR 4:** But, on that particular St. Patrick's Day, the spring sunshine warmed Paddy's cold heart and he decided to give himself a day off!

(PADDY JUMPS TO FEET).

**PADDY:** "The saints forgive and preserve me! That's what I'll do! I'll take the day off in honor of blessed St. Patrick, and in special honor of hard workin' Paddy O'Shay himself!

**NARRATOR 4:** And that's exactly what he did.

(PADDY MIMES BELOW ACTIONS):

**NARRATOR 5:** Paddy put away his needle and thread,

**NARRATOR 6:** adjusted his beard,

**NARRATOR 1:** straightened his hat,

**NARRATOR 2:** and grabbed his sprig of shillelagh.

(PADDY WALKS IN PLACE, MIMING THE MOVEMENT).

**NARRATOR 3:** Then he strolled off through the shamrocks as a warm spring wind ruffled the clover beneath his feet.

(POEM SEGMENT FOLLOWS).

**PADDY:** "INSTEAD OF WORK THIS SPECIAL DAY, I'LL TAKE A LITTLE TIME TO PLAY!"

**NARRATOR 6:** WALKING AND STROLLING THE DAY AWAY, AND HIS NAME WAS

(READ EMPHATICALLY AND IN UNISON).

**ALL:** PADDY O'SHAY!

(PADDY CONTINUES MIMING).

**NARRATOR 4:** As Paddy moved through the shamrocks, his wee eyes suddenly fell upon something glistening in the soil.

**NARRATOR 5:** Paddy bent down and picked up

**NARRATOR 6:** a green sewing needle threaded with shamrock green thread.

**PADDY:** "Faith and be gorra, here's a sewin' needle! In my business I can always use another needle. Probably a gift from the ghost of old St. Patrick himself!"

(PADDY MIMES STICKING NEEDLE IN TUNIC).

**NARRATOR 1:** Paddy stuck the needle into the front of his tunic and

(#2 JUMPS TO FEET).

**2/NEEDLE:** "Prick, prick! Prick, prick!"

(PADDY MIMES REACTION TO THE PAIN).

**PADDY:** "Ouch!"

**NARRATOR 3:** Paddy felt the needle poke itself into his chest. Then the needle spoke:

(2/NEEDLE READS DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE AND DOES NOT LOOK AT PADDY).

**2/NEEDLE:** "Take me to The Leprechaun Who Mends Shamrocks. Take me now or I will sew your sleeves together!"

(PADDY ADDRESSES THIS LINE TO THE IMAGINARY NEEDLE WHICH IS STUCK IN HIS TUNIC).

**PADDY:** "Not on your life, wee needle. This is me day off. Besides, I don't know a leprechaun who mends shamrocks. And why would a shamrock be needin' a mending now anyway?"

**2/NEEDLE:** "Prick, prick! Prick prick!"

(AGAIN, PADDY REACTS TO THE PAIN).

**PADDY:** "Ouch, OUCH!"

**NARRATOR 4:** Paddy tried to pull the needle out of his tunic. But the needle was stuck like glue. It wouldn't budge. So, even though he didn't have any idea where to find a leprechaun who mended shamrocks, Paddy decided he'd better give it a try.

(#2 SITS AND PADDY RUNS IN PLACE, FACING AUDIENCE).

**NARRATOR 5:** Paddy took off running. He ran right through a potato field. Then he ran into a field of beautiful Irish wildflowers.

**NARRATOR 6:** And, as he ran through the wildflowers, specks and bits of pollen flew into the air and whirled around him.

**NARRATOR 1:** Paddy began to sneeze.

(PADDY RUNS AND SNEEZES AT THE SAME TIME).

**PADDY:** "Ah choo! Ah choo! Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, CHOOOOOOOOOOO!"

**ALL:** GOD BLESS YOU!

(PADDY STOPS RUNNING AND LOOKS AT OTHER READERS).

**PADDY:** "Thanks. AH CHOO!"

(#2 STANDS).

**NARRATOR 2:** WITH WATERY EYES, A SNEEZE AND A SNIFF, HE WHEEZED AND STUMBLED TOWARD A CLIFF.

**NARRATOR 6:** SNEEZING AND SNIFFING THE DAY AWAY, AND HIS NAME WAS

(READ EMPHATICALLY AND IN UNISON):

**ALL:** PADDY O'SHAY!

(#3 STANDS).

**NARRATOR 3:** And there at the edge of the cliff, a leprechaun, dressed all in orange, sat upon a fairy mound sewing with an orange needle threaded with orange thread.

(4/LEPRECHAUN STANDS, MIMES AND PRETENDS TO BE AN OLD LEPRECHAUN, MOVES DOWNSTAGE TOWARD AUDIENCE, SITS ON IMAGINARY FAIRY MOUND, AND MIMES SEWING. PADDY MOVES DOWN AND STANDS BESIDE #4).

**NARRATOR 5:** He sported a beard which reached his toes and that, of course, meant this leprechaun was very, very old!

**NARRATOR 6:** The old leprechaun looked up and said:

(THESE LINES ARE ADDRESSED TO PADDY).

**4/LEPRECHAUN:** "Slow down there, Paddy O'Shay, and sit yourself. Soon I'll play a St. Patrick's day jig on me fiddle and you can join in on the reed pipe and harp!"

(ADDRESS LINES TO #4).

**PADDY:** "Uh, ah, are, are you The Leprechaun Who Mends Shamrocks?"

**4/LEPRECHAUN:** "Of course not, you silly young sprog! I am The Leprechaun Who Mends Rainbows. I believe the leprechaun you seek sits among the shamrocks at the bottom of this cliff.