

**NARRATOR:** Early one morning a sweet little grandmother decided to make an apple pie.

(READER 1 STANDS).

**1/GRANDMA:** "My grandchildren are coming to visit. I want to serve a special treat!"

(READER 1 SITS).

**NARRATOR:** So the sweet little grandmother prepared two pie crusts. Then she found her apple basket on the back porch. The basket was filled to the brim with many different kinds of apples. The sweet little grandmother picked out

(READER 2 SWINGS AROUND TO FACE THE AUDIENCE).

**READER 2:** the big apples.

**NARRATOR:** She picked out

(READER 3 SWINGS AROUND TO FACE THE AUDIENCE).

**READER 3:** the red apples.

**NARRATOR:** She picked out

(READER 4 SWINGS AROUND TO FACE THE AUDIENCE).

**READER 4:** the juicy apples.

(NOW ALL READERS ARE SEATED FACING THE AUDIENCE).

**NARRATOR:** Soon the sweet little grandmother had five perfect apples. She had  
(READER 5 STANDS).

**READER 5:** one Northern Spy apple,  
(READER 1 STANDS).

**READER 1:** one Spartan apple,  
(READER 2 STANDS).

**READER 2:** one McIntosh apple,  
(READER 3 STANDS).

**READER 3:** one Red Delicious apple,  
(READER 4 STANDS).

**READER 4:** and one Idared apple.  
(READERS 1 THROUGH 5 SIT).

**NARRATOR:** The sweet little grandmother placed the apples upon her kitchen cutting board and sliced them into neat little slices. Then she placed the neat little slices into a pan lined with pie crust.

**READER 5:** She mixed the slices with sugar.

**READER 1:** She sprinkled the slices with cinnamon.

**READER 2:** She dotted the slices with butter.

**NARRATOR:** The sweet little grandmother covered the neat little slices with the other pie crust and sealed the edges. Then she took her slicing knife and cut a large letter A into the tip top of the pie. The letter A stood for APPLE!,

(READER 3 STANDS).

**READER 3:** one Northern Spy apple,

(READER 4 STANDS).

**READER 4:** one Spartan apple,

(READER 5 STANDS).

**READER 5:** one McIntosh apple,

(READER 1 STANDS).



**READER 1:** one Red Delicious apple,

(READER 2 STANDS).

**READER 2:** and one Idared apple.

(READERS 1 THROUGH 5 SIT).

**NARRATOR:** The sweet little grandmother sat down to wait for her oven to heat. Little did she know that at that very moment the apple slices inside her pie were planning a daring escape. They had no intention of being baked in a pie and served to somebody's grandchildren. The apple slices called a quick meeting. It was decided that the Northern Spy slices would get the first chance to find a way out of the pie.

Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

(READERS 1 THROUGH 5 EACH RAISE A FIST INTO THE AIR AND THRUST THE FIST UPWARD ON EACH STRONG BEAT DURING THE FOLLOWING CHANT):

**ALL:** Northern Spy  
Northern Spy  
Escape, escape  
From the pie!

**NARRATOR:** And it wasn't too long before a Northern Spy found that letter A opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

**ALL:** "Whee! We're free!"

**NARRATOR:** All of the Northern Spy slices followed close behind.

(READER 5 STANDS).

**READER 5:** They jumped upon the cutting board.  
They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

**NARRATOR:** But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She eyed them sternly and said,

(READER 1 STANDS AND LOOKS STERNLY AT AUDIENCE).

**1/GRANDMA:** "One rotten apple spoils the bunch.  
Get back into that pie, at once!"

**NARRATOR:** And since the Northern Spy slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

(READER 5 AND 1 SIT).

**NARRATOR:** Once inside the pie, another quick meeting was called. It was decided that the Spartan slices would be the next to try. They vowed to fight their way through the kitchen no matter what the sweet little grandmother had to say.

**NARRATOR:** Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

(READERS 1 THROUGH 5 EACH RAISE A FIST INTO THE AIR  
AND THRUST THE FIST UPWARD ON EACH STRONG BEAT  
DURING THE FOLLOWING CHANT):

**ALL:** Spartan, Spartan  
Now unite!  
Spartan, Spartan  
Fight! Fight! Fight!

**NARRATOR:** And it wasn't too long before the Spartans found that letter A  
opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

**ALL:** "Whee! We're free!"

(READER 5 STANDS).

**READER 5:** They jumped upon the cutting board.  
They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

(READER 4 STANDS).

**READER 4:** Some fell upon the kitchen floor.  
And bounded for the kitchen door.

**NARRATOR:** But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She placed  
her hands firmly upon her hips and said,

(READER 1 STANDS).