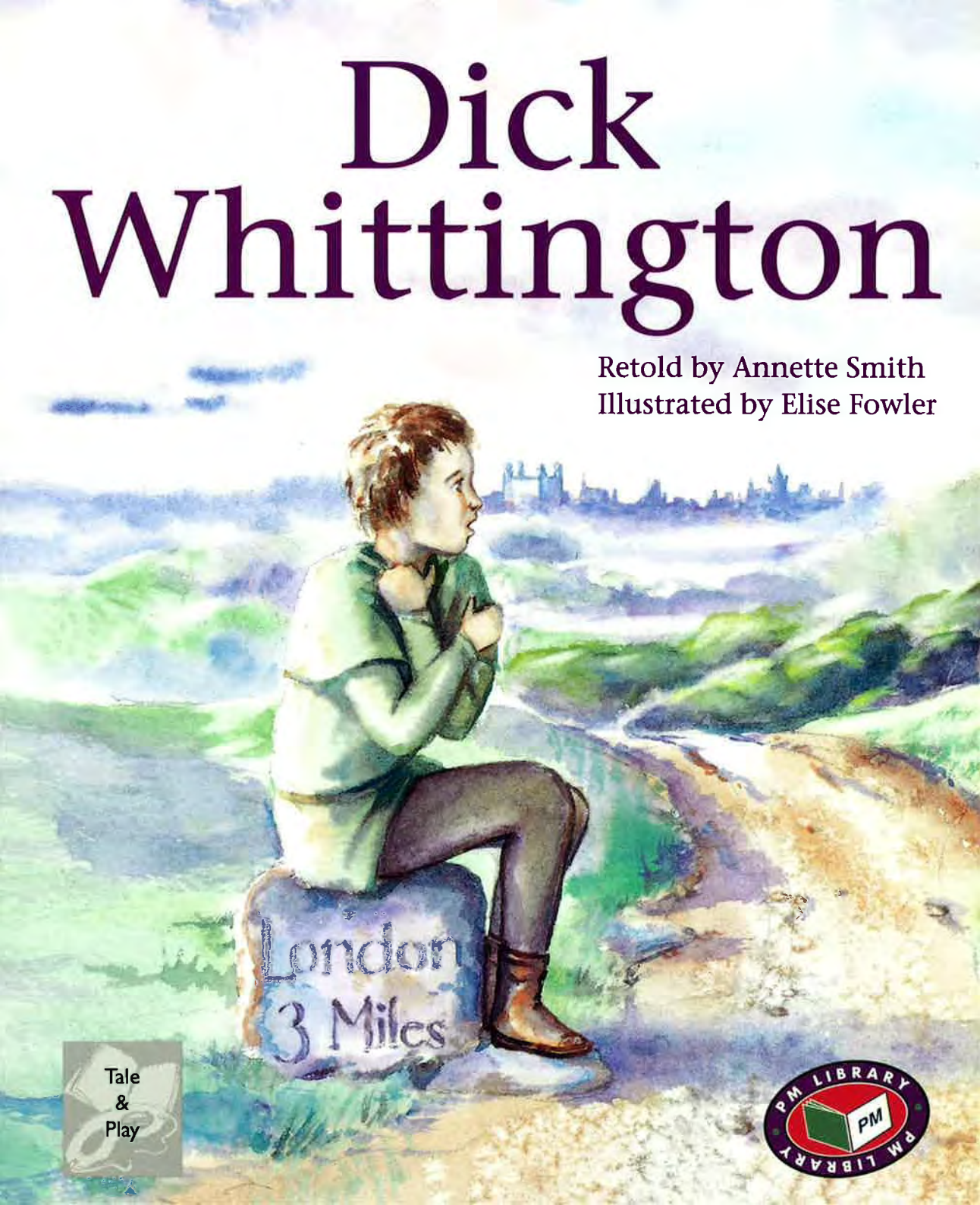
Dick Whittington

Retold by Annette Smith
Illustrated by Elise Fowler

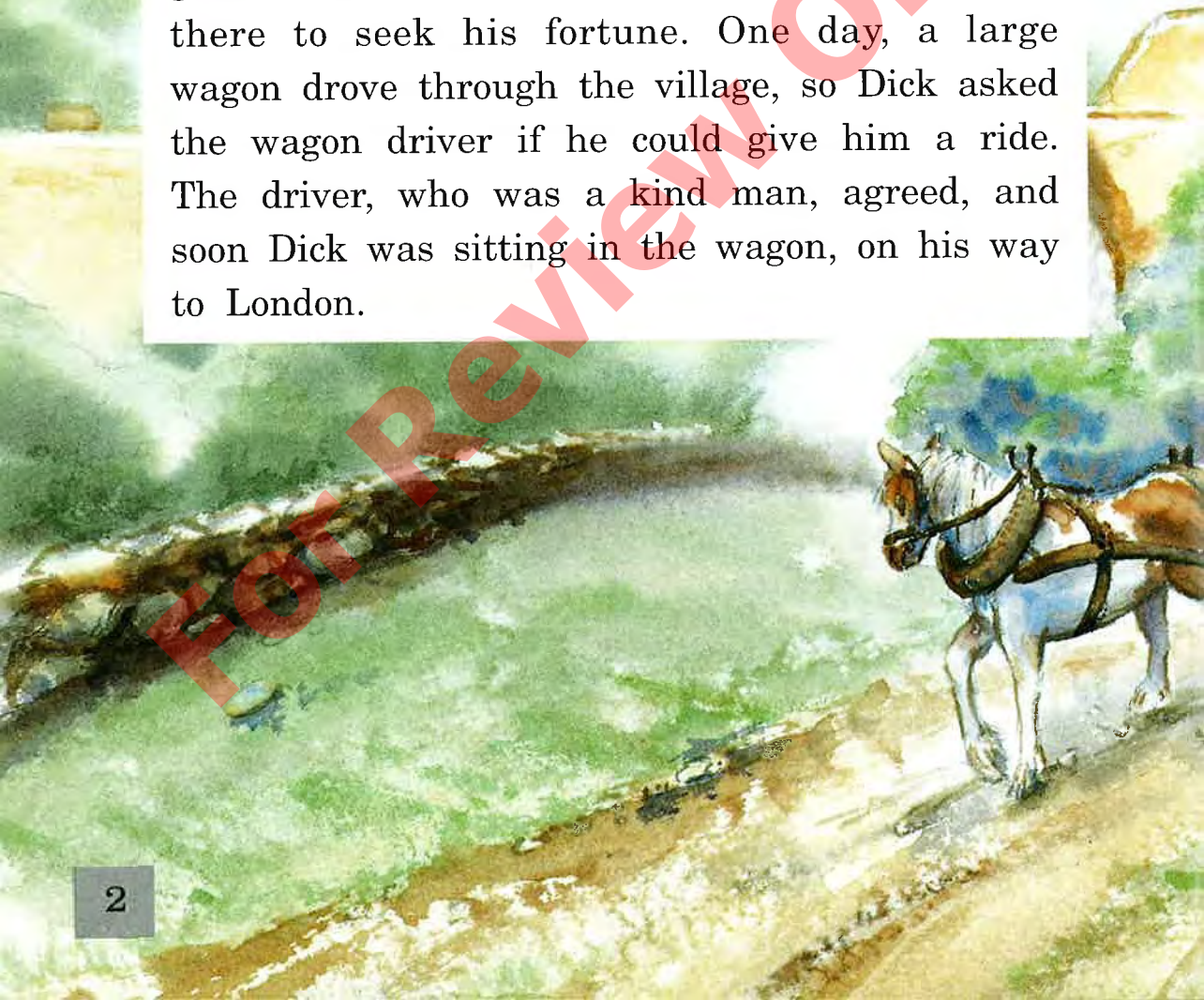


Tale & Play

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Once upon a time, in England, there was a boy called Dick Whittington. His parents had died when he was very young, and he was all alone in the world. He had no one to look after him, and he was often hungry.

Dick Whittington had heard about the great town of London, and he decided to go there to seek his fortune. One day, a large wagon drove through the village, so Dick asked the wagon driver if he could give him a ride. The driver, who was a kind man, agreed, and soon Dick was sitting in the wagon, on his way to London.



For Review Only



FOR Preview ONLY

When the wagon arrived at the gates of London Town, Dick was very excited. He had never seen so many people. He walked up and down the busy streets asking for work. But no one was interested in a poor country boy, and everyone told him to go away.

At last, tired and exhausted from lack of food, Dick lay down in the doorway of a large house. In the morning, the cook opened the door and shouted at him to go away. But then Mr Fitzwarren, who was the master of the house, appeared. He was a very rich merchant.

"Why are you lying here, boy?" he asked kindly. "You look old enough to work. Why aren't you earning a living?"

"Please, sir," replied Dick, "I am faint with hunger. I would gladly work if I could find a job."

For Review Only



For Review Only

A play

Dick Whittington

People in the play



Reader



Ship's captain



Dick Whittington



African king



Cat (mime only)



African queen



Miss Alice



Wagon driver



Mr Fitzwarren



Cook



Bells

For Review Only

Scene One — In England

Reader

Once upon a time, in England, there was a boy called Dick Whittington. His parents had died when he was very young, and he was all alone in the world.

Dick Whittington

People have told me about the great town of London. I will go there to seek my fortune.

Reader

One day, a large wagon drove through the village. It was going to London.

Dick Whittington (to the wagon driver)

Please can I have a ride in your wagon?

Wagon driver

Climb up, boy, and I will take you there.

For Review Only

Reader

When the wagon arrived at the gates of London Town, Dick was very excited. He had never seen so many people. He walked up and down the busy streets, asking for work.

Dick Whittington

I am so tired and hungry. I cannot find anyone who will give me some work. I will have to shelter in this doorway tonight.

Reader

In the morning, the cook opened the door.

Cook

Go away, boy! Go away! You cannot sleep here!

Mr Fitzwarren

Cook! What is all this shouting about?

Cook

Master, this lazy boy has been sleeping here in the doorway. He will not go away.

For Review Only