

NARRATOR, English

The Wind

It was the coldest day of winter. Winter, Winter. It was the coldest day of Winter. The little boy went to the forest to gather firewood.

As he picked up the last stick, he dropped a mitten in the snow. Off he trudged, leaving the mitten behind.

The Mouse and the Frog

Just then a cold little mouse came scurrying out of the woods. When she saw the mitten, she popped inside to get warm. Soon a frog came hip-hopping along. "Come in! Come in!" before you freeze!"

The Owl

Suddenly... An owl swooped down. "May I come in?" he asked. "Certainly" said the mouse, "If you don't wiggle too much!" So the owl settled in with the frog and the mouse.

The Rabbit

Be-fore long, a rabbit hopped down the path. "Is there room for me in this warm mitten?" "There's not much space" said the mouse, the frog, and the owl. "But come in, we'll see what we can do."

That mitten was certainly getting crowded.

The Fox

A fox trotted up and with a great deal of squeezing she got into the mitten. The mouse began to think she shouldn't have shared so much, but it was so cold; what else could she do?

The Wolf

Another visitor arrived, a big gray wolf! Everyone moved around until the wolf stuffed himself into the mitten. How that old mitten stretched and creaked.

The Boar

There was suddenly a great snorting outside of the mitten. It was a wild boar looking for a warm place. "Oh dear" said the mouse "we just don't have any more room!" "I'll be careful" said the boar as he squinched into the mitten with the mouse, the frog, the owl, the rabbit, the fox, and the wolf.

There were seven animals scrunched together in the mitten!

The Bear and The Wind Reprise

But the worst was yet to come for who should appear but a huge, cold, bear! "No room! No room!" cried the animals. "There's always room for one more" growled the bear as he began to crawl inside. While Bear was squeezing in along came a little black cricket looking for a warm place. "I think I'll wiggle into that mitten!!" But, she had no more than put her first foot inside when...

The little boy came back, looking for his lost mitten. He saw some ripped pieces of red wool on the head of a little mouse, but that was all. He hurried home with the cold North wind nipping at his cheeks.