



Patch Theatre Company

# Pigs, bears & billy goats gruff

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE 

Teachers Notes  
HOUSE: ED 09

SUITABILITY

Years K - 3

DATES

April 28 - May 1

## Teaching Resource



### ***Pigs, Bears and Billy Goats Gruff***

#### INTRODUCTION

***“Play belongs to the child as such it appears to be inconsistent with the principle of serious work. But without play, no seriously creative work has ever come to be.”*** Carl Jung

A child’s development is the most important social responsibility we have. Many things can wait - the child cannot. To them, we cannot say “tomorrow”. Two thirds of our development as humans takes place in the first eight years of our lives. A child’s future is being made today.

Our imagination is what defines us as human. It distinguishes us from all other living things. It is a child’s most valuable resource. Pablo Picasso tells us that ... ***“all children are artists ... the challenge is to keep them so.”***

Theatre experiences etch their presence deeply into the hearts and minds of children whilst supporting their imaginative lives and informing their creative play.

You can talk to children months after they’ve been to the theatre and they will vividly recount details of the experience. I’ve spoken to adults who saw Patch Theatre shows as children over 25 years ago and their memory of them is astonishing. Good theatre profoundly informs and reassures children and finds a place deep within them as they evolve into adults.

Patch Theatre Company is an Adelaide based company, specialising in creating and presenting quality in-theatre works for 4-8 year old children, their teachers, carers and families. Patch Theatre Company has presented 99 new works to more than 1.4 million children and their families nationally and internationally since it began in 1972.

***“The gift of fantasy has meant much more to me than my talent for absorbing knowledge.”*** Albert Einstein

## BACKGROUND INFORMATION FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

This Teacher's Resource Package has been prepared by Patch Theatre Company's Artistic Director, Dave Brown. Its objective is to support story sharing and story making amongst teachers, carers, parents and children.

Please read the whole package first and then select the ideas that best accommodate the age range of your children and your teaching style.

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### FAIRYTALES AND EARLY CHILDHOOD DEVELOPMENT

As adults, we can best share stories with children when we are ourselves aware of how they may function in support of their development. What follows represents an overview of the insights of a number of psychologists who have studied the impact of fairytales on early childhood.

#### **The Three Most Loved "3" Stories**

Whenever I ask children what their favourite "3" stories are, the choice is close to unanimous! **The Three Little Pigs, Goldilocks and The Three Bears and The Three Billy Goats Gruff.**

In our production of *Pigs, Bears and Billy Goats Gruff*, we present these three stories along with a lesser-known classic *The Three Feathers*.

In the kitchen of an old house, three storytellers and a musician bring to life these classic children's tales using a table, three chairs, a collection of household items, a range of musical instruments and food.

The production boasts Patch Theatre Company's trademark eloquence, simplicity and theatrical invention, bringing new light to old tales that remain as psychologically relevant to children today as they always have been.

### **The Power of Fairytales**

As a theatre practitioner working with children for many years, I have been amazed at how powerfully fairytales engage children. You can feel the intensity of children's responses to good stories in the theatre. Some stories they simply enjoy - they are entertained. But when they are profoundly touched by a story, the feeling in the theatre is entirely different. It's not something you can describe, it's only something you can feel.

Fairytales etch their presence deeply into children. They become "burnt in". In these stories, the deep anxieties and dilemmas of children are taken very seriously - the need to be loved and the fear that one is thought worthless; the love of life and the fear of failure. The fate of the hero in these stories convinces children that they may feel outcast and abandoned in the world at times but, like the hero, they will be guided step by step to where they need to go.

### **The Three Little Pigs**

Planning, self-discipline and hard work, combined with intuition and imagination will make us victorious over even our most ferocious enemy - the wolf.

The story also shows the advantages of growing up, since the third and wisest pig is usually depicted as the biggest and oldest. The littlest pigs throw their shelters together as quickly and as effortlessly as they can, so that they can play for the rest of the day. Living in accordance with the 'pleasure principle', the younger pigs seek immediate gratification without a thought for the future and the danger that exists in reality, even though the middle pig shows the beginnings of awareness by making some attempt to build something with strength.

Only the third and oldest pig has learned to behave in accordance with the 'reality principle'. He is able to postpone his desire to play and instead acts in line with his ability to foresee what may happen in the future. He is able to predict correctly the behaviour of the wolf and defeat him. This fairytale indicates to children that there are developmental steps that take place as we mature. We evolve from being motivated by the pleasure principle to an appreciation of the reality principle.

In our theatrical interpretation, we use the traditional story, which includes the often neglected part of the tale where the wolf tries to lure the third pig outside of his house with invitations to gather turnips, collect apples and go to the fair. This part of the story is important, in that it subconsciously reaffirms for children the notions of risk, playfulness, imagination, foresight and diligence as it applies to the process of survival (ie. getting food whilst avoiding the wolf).

At the end of the story the wolf, having devoured the other two pigs, ends up as food for the third pig.

Most children will identify with each of the pigs in turn and in so doing they recognise the progression of identity from 'littlest' or most immature to 'biggest' or most competent. In talking to children about the story, we encounter only rejoicing about the deserved punishment of the wolf and the clever victory of the eldest pig and never grief over the fate of the two littlest pigs. Even very young children seem to intuitively comprehend that all three pigs are really one and the same, in different stages of development.

The message is that we survive in only the highest form of our identity. The story directs children's thinking about their own development without ever telling them what it ought to be. The story suggests to children that by developing experience and thinking power, they can be victorious over a much stronger opponent than themselves.

### **The Three Billy Goats Gruff**

The difference between The Three Billy Goats Gruff and The Three Little Pigs is that the youngest and the middle Billy Goats have the know-how to outwit the Troll, although not the physical strength to deal with the Troll in a face-to-face battle of strength. They leave that to their eldest brother.

The story suggests to children that an integrated approach to overcoming the challenges they face leads to success. It tells them that they won't be alone in dealing with the wild forces that could consume them; that others will be there to support them with those things in life that are beyond them.

The story nonetheless indicates that they have a role to play in overcoming the foe. The younger Billy Goats show imagination and courage in getting across the bridge and, in so doing, they leave the ultimate responsibility to the eldest Billy Goat. As was the case with the eldest Pig and the Wolf, the eldest Goat disposes of the Troll and makes things safe again.

The 'getting rid of' the Wolf and Troll may seem brutal and unnecessary to an adult, but for the egocentric child who has a black and white view of the world, it simply means the threat they've experienced has been removed and they feel safe.

The Wolf and the Troll in these stories also unconsciously represent for the child a projection of their own 'badness' and the story tells the children how they can deal with their badness constructively. It suggests that by gradually developing and calling on their capacities for imagination, foresight, planning, preparation, smart thinking and positive action, they will overcome the bad.

### **Goldilocks and the Three Bears**

Even though the origins of this story are ancient (originating from a Scottish Tale about Three Bears and a She-Fox) the Goldilocks version of it is quite recent – a 19<sup>th</sup> century tale. The version of the story, as we know it, does not have a typical fairytale structure. However, its popularity with children indicates that it has a powerful impact.

Goldilocks and the Three Bears deals symbolically with two quite separate points of view - the story of the **Baby Bear** dealing with an unwanted intrusion and the story of **Goldilocks** dealing with her personal search for identity.

Let's explore the symbolic meaning of both stories:

**Baby Bear and the Unwanted Intruder:** Baby Bear lives in a secure, happy family where there is balance and harmony. Each family member has a place and is happy in it - each has their own distinctive dish, chair and bed.

Baby Bear's world is disturbed by the intrusion of Goldilocks. This intruder comes from nowhere and takes away his food, ruins his chair and even tries to replace him by taking over his bed (and, by extension, take his place in his parent's love). For a child, this story relates to the experience of suddenly having to cope with a new sibling. Hence, it is understandable that it is not the parents but Baby Bear's voice that was "so sharp, and so shrill that it woke Goldilocks at once. Up she started and ran to the window".

It is Baby Bear (the child) who wants to get rid of the newcomer and "never see anything more of her". Thus the story gives imaginative body to the fears and wishes a child has about an imagined or real new arrival in the family.

**Goldilocks and the Search for Identity:** The number 3 stands for the mother, father, child, relationship-triangle. The process of finding one's own identity, as separate from a mother or father, is one of the great psychological challenges that we encounter through our childhood, adolescence and into adulthood.

For children, the process often begins with learning to lean on someone other than mother, prior to learning to rely on oneself.

In this story, Goldilocks tries the father's identity on, then the mother's, then the child's. The father's porridge is too hot, his chair too hard, his bed too big. The mother's porridge is tepid, her chair too soft, her bed too spongy. The role of the father is too extreme, the mother is too familiar and comfortable, the baby is just right. But the baby's chair breaks! Goldilocks has outgrown it. She's in between stages and nothing quite fits, so the search must go on.

The story seems to be saying that part of growing up is the realisation of the child's need to become something different from their mother and father. There is a need to emerge from being just a child in order to begin the process of individuation. How? The answers are to be found 'out there' in the woods.

So from the woods, Goldilocks enters the comfortable-looking house, beguiled by its warm familiarity, only to find that she is forced to return to the woods to continue the search for who she is in the world.

### **The Three Feathers**

An elderly queen wanting to decide which of her three sons is most worthy of inheriting her kingdom gives them tasks to complete. The youngest son is considered stupid by the older brothers. These brothers are shallow and lazy. The youngest son

(the hero of the story) is sincere, resourceful and open to possibility. Despite the bullying behaviour of his brothers, the youngest ends up inheriting his mother's kingdom with a little help from a big blue frog!

Small children, bright though they may be, often feel inadequate or stupid when confronted with the complexity of the world. Everyone else seems to know more and be more capable.

Young children often project this view onto other people's opinion of them (eg. older siblings and parents). This is why many fairytales begin with the hero being considered stupid, because these stories give us a child's eye view of the world. Sometimes it may take a couple of readings of the story for children to identify with the hero because when children are first told it, they may find it too threatening, too contrary to their self-love to identify with their feelings of being stupid or dumb. Fairytales in which the hero succeeds, after being the youngest and most inept, offer the child consolation and hope for the future. The story helps children to see that they will eventually reveal their potential.

### **Why three siblings?**

So why are there three children in the *Three Feathers* story rather than two?

*Cinderella* is abused by her two stepsisters, who make her assume not just the lowest position but the third in rank; the same is true of the hero of *The Three Feathers*.

The other characteristic of these stories is that the other two siblings are hardly differentiated at all from each other; they act the same and look the same. Numbers stand for people and relationships. Two signifies a couple, a position of solidarity and authority, as implied by the phrase 'two against one'. Three is the outsider, the least powerful.

In the child's mind, 'two' often stands for the two parents and 'three' for themselves in relation to the parents. Surpassing the 'two' then stands for eventually doing better than the two parents. However, it is difficult for children to admit a strong desire to outdo their parents, so in the fairytale it is camouflaged as outdoing the two siblings.

Fairytales present a view of how the child often feels - helpless, insignificant, neglected, abused - and this story is to reassure the child that despite these feelings, they will find support in achieving success, eventually enabling them to inherit a worthy place in the world.

### **An overview of the importance of the number "3" in classical children's stories**

These classical stories: *The Three Pigs*, *Three Billy Goats Gruff*, *Goldilocks* and the *Three Bears* and *The Three Feathers*, all use the **power of three** in classical ways in terms of the psychology of the stories. **Three** in these stories can represent:

- Different stages of development in children – younger, older, eldest
- The integration of polar aspects of children's personalities
- The power of authority figures in children's lives, as in mother, father, child
- The power of two against one

- The power of repetition in children's stories.

## SHARING THE STORIES

Children love stories. They love to hear the same stories over and over again and there are lots of ways to share stories that allow children to move from being listeners to tellers of their favourite stories. If there's one thing that is crucial in all of this, it's the teacher/carer's love and enthusiasm for sharing stories. We encourage you to help children discover the joys, the rituals, the rhythms and the play in the four stories that follow, so that the theatre experience will provide yet another enriching layer to their experiences.

Our challenge is to use the performing arts as a way of supporting the development of imaginative, healthy, spontaneous and inquisitive minds through story telling and play.

THE BASIS OF ALL COMMUNICATION IS **STORY**.  
THE BEDROCK OF ALL LEARNING IS **PLAY**.

## THE STORIES

### The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time, my splendid listeners, there lived in this house a big mother pig, who had three beautiful, chunky children. These little piggies grew up within these safe walls but then the time came for Mother Pig to say to them ...

"My beloved children, you're old enough now to go off on your own and make a life for yourselves. But remember, watch out for the big bad wolf because if you give him half a chance, he'll eat you. So build **your** houses firm and strong like this one."

And her darling little piggies went their separate ways and I'm sad to say that two of them ended up in the soup.

The Smallest Little Pig went off and quickly built his house of straw and then went out to play until he heard the howl of the wolf nearby. The little pig ran inside and locked the door.

The Wolf knocked on the door and called, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The Smallest Little Pig cried, "No, no! You can't come in! Not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Well, then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" bellowed the Wolf.

And the Big Bad Wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew that house in and ate that poor little pig all up.

The Middle Little Pig quickly built his house of sticks and then went out to play until he heard the howl of the wolf nearby. The little pig ran inside and locked the door.

The Wolf knocked on the door and called, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The Middle Little Pig cried, “No, no! You can’t come in! Not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!”

“Well, then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!” bellowed the Wolf.

And the Big Bad Wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew that house in and ate that poor little pig all up.

The Biggest Little Pig used mud and sticks and straw to make strong hard bricks for his big solid house. It took a long, long time and it was very hard work, but when he had finished, he was proud of himself and he went outside to play, until he heard the howl of the wolf nearby. The little pig ran inside and locked the door.

The Wolf knocked on the door and called, “Little Pig, Little Pig, let me come in.”

The Biggest Little Pig cried, “No, no! You can’t come in! Not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!”

“Well, then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!” bellowed the Wolf.

And he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed and huffed and huffed and puffed but he couldn’t blow that big, strong, brick house down.

So that wily old Wolf thought for a bit, then he called to the Biggest Little Pig, “Little Pig, Little Pig?”

“Yes Mr Wolf?”

“Little Pig, I know where there’s a nice field of tasty turnips in a paddock, two miles east of here. I’m sure you would like some.”

The Biggest Little Pig was a smart Little Pig. He knew what that Wolf was up to and he decided to teach that big, bad, silly old Wolf a lesson, so he replied, “Turnips! Yes, I do love turnips.”

“Well then I could take you there,” crooned the Wolf. “Tomorrow at ten o’clock?”

“I’ll meet you here at my place.” replied the Pig.

“Ten o’clock!” said the wolf licking his lips.

But next morning at nine o’clock, the Pig checked to see that it was all clear outside the house and then he trotted off to the east, gathered up some turnips and returned home just before ten o’clock.

At ten o’clock the wolf arrived and knocked on the door.

“Little pig, little pig. It’s ten o’clock!”

“I’ve got my turnips already, Mr Wolf, but thanks anyway.”

The wolf was furious but he pretended not to be because he still wanted to catch that Little Pig and eat him all up, so he said ...

“Little Pig, Little Pig, I know where there is a nice, ripe apple tree.”

“Where Mr Wolf?” said the Pig who loved apples.

“In the orchard across the field to the west. I will come tomorrow at nine o'clock and I will take you there.”

“Nine o'clock, I'll be waiting” said the Pig.

“Good” said the Wolf, licking his lips.

But next morning at eight o'clock, the Pig checked to see that all was clear and trotted off to the west to pick some apples. When the Wolf arrived at the house at nine, the Little Pig wasn't there.

So, the Wolf headed off to the apple orchard and found the Little Pig up a tree picking apples.

“Ah ha! Hello Little Pig. How are those nice, juicy apples then?” said the Wolf, licking his lips and thinking of nice, juicy Pig.

“Juicy and nice,” cried the pig, “here, try some!”

The Little Pig threw his bucket of apples at the Wolf and then ran as fast as he could to his house, went inside and locked the door.

The Wolf was furious but he pretended not to be because he still wanted to catch that Little Pig and eat him all up, so he said ...

“Little Pig, Little Pig, there is a fair in town tomorrow! We could go together.”

“I do need a new cooking pot. Maybe I could buy one there,” said the Little Pig.

“Yes, well eight o'clock then?” asked the Wolf.

“I'll be ready,” called the Little Pig.

And so will I, said the Wolf to himself as he licked his lips.

The next morning at seven o'clock, the Little Pig checked to see that all was clear outside his house and headed off to the fair to buy a cooking pot.

On the way home, the Little Pig saw the Wolf heading towards his house, so the Pig hid in the cooking pot he'd bought at the fair and started it rolling down the hill towards the wolf.

The pot made a terrible noise, clanking and clunking along the road and it looked like a wild metal monster glinting in the sun as it thundered towards the Wolf. The Wolf was

terrified and ran away. The Little Pig got out of the pot and carried it into his house, long before the Wolf returned.

"Little Pig, Little Pig, I'm sorry I'm late. I was here to get you, right on time, but I was attacked by a strange thing."

"That was me, Mr Wolf!" cried the Little Pig.

"Pardon?"

"Inside the pot that I bought at the fair!"

"The fair! Pot! What!" roared the Wolf realising that he'd been tricked yet again by the Little Pig.

He was furious and he'd given up pretending that he wasn't.

"Pig!! That's it! I've had enough! I'm going to come right down your chimney to eat you all up!"

But what the Wolf didn't know was that the clever Pig had made a giant fire in the fireplace and put a big pot of water on it. Just as the water started to boil, the Wolf came down the chimney and fell plop, right into the pot of boiling water along with the turnip tips and apple pieces. And there he bobbed and sizzled and was cooked to the bone.

The Pig had Wolf soup for dinner.

And that clever, cheeky, fun-loving, hard-working, big fat Pig lived happily ever after in his strong brick house.

### **The Three Billy Goats Gruff**

In the winter, when everything was freezing cold, the Three Billy Goats Gruff kept warm in a barn down in the valley. They were fed hay, which wasn't the best meal in the world but it kept them going. When spring came, all they wanted to do was get out of the barn and head up into the mountains to graze on the fresh, green grass.

On their way to the mountains, the Billy Goats Gruff had to cross a river. There was only one bridge and it was made of wooden planks. The three Billy Goats Gruff didn't know that during the winter months a Troll had made his home under the bridge.

The Troll was hungry, very hungry.

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff, completely unaware of the Troll's presence, started trippity-tropping across the bridge. Tingly ting went the bell around his neck.

"Who's that trippity-tropping over my bridge?" growled the Troll from under the planks.

"I'm Little Billy Goat Gruff," said the smallest goat in his tiny voice. "I'm going to the mountain to eat the fresh, green grass."

“Oh no, you’re not!” bellowed the Troll in a voice that was so loud it sounded like thunder. “Because I’m going to eat you for breakfast!”

Little Billy Goat Gruff didn’t panic! He just stood there bravely and said, “But I’m the smallest Billy Goat Gruff. It’s not really worth eating me for breakfast. You’d be better off waiting for my brother. He’s much bigger than me and tastier.”

“Bigger and tastier?” mumbled the Troll licking his lips. “Very well, you may pass.”

So the smallest Billy Goat Gruff trippity-tropped across to the other side with her bell tingly tinging all the way.

The Troll did not have to wait long for the second Billy Goat Gruff. Clippity-clop, clippity-clop, went his hooves as he clattered over the wooden planks. Dingley-dong, dingley-dong, went the bell around his neck.

“Who’s that clattering across my bridge?” roared the Troll from under the planks.

“I’m Middle Sized Billy Goat Gruff,” said the second goat in his middle-sized voice. “I’m going to the mountain to eat the fresh, green grass.”

“Oh no, you’re not!” bellowed the Troll. “Because I’m going to eat you for lunch!”

Middle-Sized Billy Goat Gruff didn’t panic! He just stood there bravely and said, “I may be bigger than Little Billy Goat Gruff, but I’m much smaller than my oldest brother, Big Billy Goat Gruff. You’d be better off waiting for him. He’s much bigger and tastier **and** juicier than I am.”

“Bigger, tastier **and** juicier!” mumbled the Troll. “Very well, you may pass.”

So the Middle Sized Billy Goat Gruff clippity-clopped across to the other side with her bell dingley-donging all the way.

The Troll was getting hungry. His stomach was rumbling. His mouth was watering.

He did not have to wait long for Big Billy Goat Gruff. Tromp-tramp, tromp-tramp, tromp-tramp went his hooves as he stomped across the wooden planks. Bongily-bong, bongily-bong, bongily-bong went the big bell around his neck.

“Who’s that stomping over my bridge?” roared the Troll.

“I’m Big Billy Goat Gruff,” said the third goat. “I’m going to the mountain to eat the fresh, green grass.”

“Oh no, you’re not!” the Troll sniggered. “Because I’m going to eat you for dinner!”

Big Billy Goat Gruff didn’t panic. He had no need to!

That Big Billy Goat Gruff just lowered his horns, flexed his muscles and galloped at the Troll with all his might! Big Billy Goat Gruff’s huge horns crashed into the Troll. Bam! Crunch!

The Troll went way up into the air ... and then he came down again and splosh he went into the gushing river under the bridge and he was sucked into the swirling waters and he was drowned.

From that day onwards, anyone could cross the bridge, whenever they liked.

And that's exactly as it should be!

### **Goldilocks and the Three Bears**

There was once a family of bears who lived in a cosy cottage in the woods. There was a great big Papa Bear, a medium sized Mama Bear, and a tiny little Baby Bear.

One morning Papa Bear cooked them some porridge for breakfast. As the porridge was too hot to eat, the three bears decided to take a walk in the woods while it cooled.

They had not been gone long when a little girl named Goldilocks came along. When she saw the three bear's cottage, she smiled and clapped her hands. "How pretty!" she cried. "I wonder who lives there?" She stood on her toes and peeked in the window. There didn't seem to be anyone home, so Goldilocks opened the door and went right inside!

The first thing she saw was the table set with three bowls of porridge; a great big bowl for Papa Bear, a medium sized bowl for Mama Bear, and a tiny little bowl for Baby Bear.

"Oh, that porridge smells good!" Goldilocks said. She was feeling a little hungry so she picked up a spoon and tasted the porridge in the great big bowl.

"OUCH!" she cried, dropping the spoon. "That porridge is MUCH too hot!"

She tasted the porridge in the medium sized bowl. But that porridge was MUCH too cold.

Then she tasted the porridge in the tiny little bowl.

"Mmmmmm," she said, "this porridge is JUST right!" So she ate it all up!

Then Goldilocks saw the three chairs set before the fire; a great big chair for Papa Bear, a medium sized chair for Mama Bear, and a tiny little chair for Baby Bear.

Oh, it would be nice to sit down for a while! Goldilocks thought.

So she climbed into the great big chair that belonged to Papa Bear.

"Oh, no!," she said, "that chair is MUCH too hard."

Then she sat in Mamma Bear's medium sized chair.

"Oh, no," she said, "that chair is MUCH too soft."

Next, she sat in Baby Bear's tiny little chair.

"Ahhhh," she said with a smile, "this chair is JUST right."

Just then there was a loud CRAAACK! and the little chair broke right through!

Goldilocks stood up and dusted herself down. Then she climbed upstairs to the bedroom. There she saw three beds all in a row.

"Oh," she said, yawning, "I'm feeling sleepy."

So she pulled down the covers and climbed into Papa Bear's great big bed. But she quickly jumped down.

"That bed is MUCH too hard!" she said.

Then she tried Mama Bear's medium sized bed. But it was too soft.

So she climbed into Baby Bear's tiny little bed. It was JUST right. Soon Goldilocks was fast asleep!

A little while later the three bears returned from their walk. They were feeling very hungry and were looking forward to eating the nice bowls of tasty porridge.

Suddenly Papa Bear cried out in his great big voice, "Someone has been eating my porridge!"

Then Mama Bear cried out in her medium sized voice, "Someone has been eating MY porridge!"

And Baby Bear cried out in his tiny little voice, "Someone has been eating my porridge and they've eaten it ALL UP!"

Then the three bears saw their chairs near the fireplace.

"Someone has been sitting in my chair!" Papa Bear said in his great big voice.

"Someone has been sitting in MY chair!" Mamma Bear said in her medium sized voice.

"Someone has been sitting in MY chair," Baby Bear cried in his tiny little voice, "and now it's all BROKEN up!"

Then the three bears went upstairs to the bedroom.

"Someone has been sleeping in my bed!" Papa Bear shouted in his great big voice.

"And someone has been sleeping in MY bed!" Mamma Bear exclaimed in her medium sized voice.

"Someone has been sleeping in MY bed," Baby Bear squeaked in his tiny little voice, "AND HERE SHE IS!"

And suddenly that little bear's voice became very loud. He yelled and screamed, "this is MY bed in MY house. You don't belong here. Go Away! Go away!!" And he stamped his feet and he threw his arms around with such vigour that when Goldilocks woke up she leaped off the bed in fright and ran down the stairs, out the door and into the forest again.

And the three bears never saw Goldilocks again!

### **The Three Feathers**

Once there was a Queen, who had three sons. The two older sons were good friends and they liked to tease their younger brother.

The Queen was getting old, but she couldn't decide which of the three sons should take her place, so she said to them.

"The son who brings me the finest and most perfect pearl shall become King. You will each follow one of these three feathers."

Then she took three feathers and blew them into the air, one to the east and one to the west and the two older brothers followed them.

But the third feather just fell limply to the ground. As the youngest son sat there looking at his feather, hoping the breeze might take it somewhere, he noticed something ...

a door ... a trapdoor! ... steps! ...

down the steps he went and when he was deep under the ground, he came to a mysterious room. There, sitting before him in that room was a Big Blue Frog ...

and the Big Blue Frog asked the boy what he wanted.

"I need a pearl!" said the boy and with that the Big Blue Frog opened her mouth and sang a little song. Suddenly, there on her tongue was a beautiful pearl.

The boy was thrilled. He thanked the Big Blue Frog and with the pearl in his hand he climbed the steps back up to the surface.

In the meantime, the two older brothers, thinking their dumb little brother would bring home nothing at all, went into a second-hand shop and bought themselves two cheap, fake pearl earrings.

When the youngest son presented the pearl to his mother, the Queen, she couldn't believe her eyes. "My youngest son, it seems, has won the right to be king."

Of course, the older brothers protested!

"No! You can't make him king", said one.

"He's stupid!" chimed in the other.

“It wouldn't be fair!” they chorused.

And they whinged and whined so much that eventually the Queen gave in.

“Very well,” announced the Queen, “a second chance.”

“Whoever brings home the most beautiful and suitable golden ring, in which to set this fine and perfect pearl, he will become king.”

Then she took three feathers and blew them into the air. Again, the first two feathers drifted lightly on the breeze and the two older brothers followed them east and west.

But the third feather just fell limply to the ground as before. The ground with the trapdoor ... the trapdoor that no-one else noticed.

So for a second time, the youngest son went down the steps ... into that deep underground place ... to meet the Big Blue Frog. And he asked her to grant him a second wish.

“I need a beautiful and suitable golden ring on which to place the fine and perfect pearl.”

Again the Big Blue Frog opened her mouth and sang a little song and suddenly there on her tongue was a beautiful golden ring.

The boy was very grateful and thanked the frog. Then, with the ring in his hand, he climbed back up to the surface.

Meanwhile, the two older brothers, thinking their stupid, younger brother would bring home nothing at all, cut two rings from a metal pipe.

And when the Queen saw the boy's beautiful golden ring she exclaimed, “Again, my youngest son has surprised me, for there is no doubt, he has again won the right to be king.”

And of course the older brothers protested again!

“You can't make him king!” said one.

“He's stupid, Mummy!” said the other.

“It wouldn't be fair!” they both chorused.

And they pleaded and whined and whinged until the Queen became quite abrupt.

“Very well! Once and for all, the son who returns with the most intelligent and charming bride to wear this beautiful and suitable golden ring with it's fine and perfect pearl ... he will become king.”

And she threw the three feathers into the air leaving the brothers to follow them.

After the older brothers had set off, the third son again went through the trap door to that magical underground place ... to see the Big Blue Frog.

“I must take home the most intelligent and charming bride I can find, so that she can become queen and co-ruler of our land.”

The Big Blue Frog didn't open her mouth. She simply offered her hand and the delighted boy took it and together they climbed the steps to the surface.

Meanwhile, the two older brothers, still thinking their stupid little brother would bring home nothing at all, picked up a couple of girls at a local dance.

Of course, when they saw their younger brother with the Big Blue Frog they laughed and laughed.

But then the Big Blue Frog began to sing! And from beneath the earth there came a low, angry, rumble. And the rumble became a thunderous roar! And those two lazy bully brothers were tossed to the ground, where they stayed ... too scared to move!

And when the Queen entered ... she announced without hesitation that "My youngest son, with his new bride, will take my place on the throne."

When the two older brothers went to protest this time, they discovered ... “Croak ... Croak ... Croak” (they could only croak like frogs).

The new King presented the beautiful and suitable golden ring with its fine and perfect pearl to the intelligent and charming Big Blue Frog and together they ruled, fairly and fondly, as King and Queen ... happily ever after.

## WAYS OF SHARING STORIES

Here are some suggestions about the sharing of these stories.

- Read the story to the children.
- Tell the story in your own way from memory asking the children to help you.
- Go for a walk and tell the story using spontaneously found objects to assist in the telling.
- Tell the story in the sandpit using sand drawings and constructions with the children's help.
- Tell the story using children as the characters and ask these characters questions at various times in the story.
- Sit in a story circle with the children and tell the story, bit by bit in turns around the circle, person by person. First time round, the carer can do every second turn until the children get the idea.
- Get the children in groups to act out a part of the story.
- Tell the story as inventively as you can using potato people.
- Tell the story using only your fingers and hands as 'props'.
- Ask the children in groups to create a *still* or *frozen* picture to represent their favourite parts of the story. Each picture has a caption or a title, which is announced during the freeze. The procedure for showing the pictures is: *our picture* (they form it) *freeze* (hold it while caption is announced) *is called the little pigs house* (unfreeze)

- Create simple finger puppets and tell the story using these.
- Or have the children use the finger puppets while you tell the story.
- Or have the children tell the story while you use the finger puppets.
- Or have some children tell the story, while other children use finger puppets to act it out.
- Get children to bring in their dolls or teddy bears so that they can use these as 'actors' for their play eg .Today, my teddy is going to play the part of the wolf and George's action man is going to be one little pig and ... etc. (This is an interesting way to observe children's role playing capacities.)
- Use a *hot seat*. Place a chair at the front of the group. Someone is asked to role-play a character from a story. Eg. The Wolf from The Three Little Pigs. The 'Wolf' sits in the chair and children can ask questions. "Mr Wolf, where do you live?" (The 'Wolf' has to spontaneously make up answers to the questions he is asked.) Wolf: "I live in a lovely little burrow down next to a river at the edge of a forest." It's a good idea for you as teacher to demonstrate *hot seating* first. This is an exercise children love to do and is an excellent way of discovering more about the characters involved in the story. The technique can be used in all sorts of ways. Make a ritual out of the hot seating. Children love ritual.
- Create a miniature tabletop version of the story using objects found from nature and simple homemade characters and share it with the children. Then after you have told the story have them manipulate the objects to retell the story. Later on, in groups, they can go out and find their own objects in nature and use materials to create the elements for another story and make their own miniature theatre storytelling performance.
- Use musical and percussion instruments or sound-making found objects and decide with the children how to musically/percussively represent each of the characters in the story, then collectively retell the story using the character sounds and narration.
- Make up simple songs related to parts of a story and sing them together.
- Learn the songs that follow and other story-related songs that you can find.

## SONGS

(MP3's of these songs can be downloaded from the Patch Theatre website – [www.patchtheatre.org.au](http://www.patchtheatre.org.au))

### The Three Little Pigs Song

There was a little pig,  
And he built himself a house,  
For the Wolf was eating  
Every pig he saw, saw, saw.  
With a huff and then a puff,  
Old Wolf ate him soon enough,  
For the silly pig had built his house  
With straw, straw, straw.

A second little pig,  
Built himself a little house,  
When he heard the Wolf was

Eating all the pigs, pigs, pigs.  
With a huff and then a puff,  
Old Wolf ate him soon enough,  
For the silly pig had built his house  
With twigs, twigs, twigs.

The biggest little pig,  
Built himself a little house,  
But he never thought of  
Using straw or sticks, sticks, sticks.  
With a huff and then a puff,  
And then a puff and then a huff,  
And huff and a puff,  
And a puff and huff,  
Old Wolf blew, but not enough  
For this pig got wise and built his house  
With bricks ... bricks ... bricks!

### **Goldilocks Song**

When Goldilocks crept through the house of the bears,  
Oh, what did her blue eyes see?  
A bowl that was big,  
A bowl that was small,  
A bowl that was teeny, and that was all,  
She counted them, one, two, three.

When Goldilocks crept through the house of the bears,  
Oh, what did her blue eyes see?  
A chair that was big,  
A chair that was small,  
A chair that was teeny, and that was all,  
She counted them, one, two, three.

When Goldilocks crept through the house of the bears,  
Oh, what did her blue eyes see?  
A bed that was big,  
A bed that was small,  
A bed that was teeny, and that was all,  
She counted them, one, two, three.

When Goldilocks crept through the house of the bears,  
Oh, what did her blue eyes see?  
A bear that was big,  
A bear that was small,  
A bear that was teeny, and that was all,  
Who snarled at her, one, two, three!

### **The Three Feathers Song**

There once was a Queen  
Who lived in a tower  
With a spot on me bottomly  
Furgle pot too  
She had three children  
One sweet and two sour  
With a heckle me freckle  
And strangle me wart  
Arrrrhh rumpty, tumpty, tiddely eyy  
Oh, tiddely eyy!

She needed to give up  
Her seat on the throne  
With a toot on me hooter  
A hike on me bike  
But two liked to doodle  
And one liked to roam  
With an ant in me sandwich  
A mole in me roll  
Arrrrhh rumpty, tumpty, tiddely eyy  
Oh, tiddely eyy!

She decided to test them  
With something quite clever  
Here's bile to your trials  
And a pest to your tests  
With three noble tasks  
And three downy feathers  
Here's milk in your bottle  
And mud in your eye  
And a rumpty, tumpty, tiddely eyy  
Oh, tiddely eyy!  
Arrrrhh rumpty, tumpty, tiddely eyy  
Oh, tiddely eyy!

We welcome any feedback, suggestions or ideas from teachers regarding these ideas and activities.

**Dave Brown - Artistic Director**  
**Patch Theatre Company**