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opening extract from

Play time

written by

Julia Donaldson

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The Three Billy Goats Gruff

SCENE 1

[The three Billy Goats Gruff are in a field by a bridge. The Troll is hiding under the bridge.]

Little: Hello! I'm Little Billy Goat Gruff.

Middle: I'm Middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff.

Big: I'm Big Billy Goat Gruff.

Troll: I'm a troll.

Little: I like eating grass.

Middle: I like eating grass too.

Big: So do I.

Troll: I like eating goats!

Little: Big Billy Goat Gruff?

Big: Yes?

Little: I don't like this grass.

Big: Why not?

Little: It's all brown.

Big: You're right. It's not very nice.

Middle: But look at that grass over there – that isn't brown.

Little: No, it's green! Let's go and eat it.

Big: Wait!

Middle: Why?

Big: To get to that grass we need to go over the bridge.

Little: So what?

Big: There's a troll under the bridge.

Middle: A troll?

Big: Yes, and he likes eating goats.

Little: Help!

Middle: What can we do?

Big: Just let me think.

Little: I don't like trolls!

Middle: Ssshh! Big Billy Goat Gruff is thinking.

Little: Will he think of something?

Middle: Yes. Now shh!

Big: Come here! This is what we can do!

[They whisper together.]

SCENE 2

[Little Billy Goat Gruff starts to cross the bridge. The Troll pops up.]

Little: *[on the bridge]* Trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap.

Troll: Who's that trip-trapping over my bridge?

Little: It's me, Little Billy Goat Gruff.

Troll: You look good. I'm going to eat you!

Little: Oh no, don't eat *me*! Wait for Middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff.

Troll: Why?

Little: He's bigger than me.

Troll: All right then. I'll wait for him

Little: Trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap. Green grass, here I come!

Middle: *[on the bridge]* Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop.

Troll: Who's that clip-clopping over my bridge?

Middle: It's me, Middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff.

Troll: You look good. I'm going to eat you!

Middle: Oh no, don't eat *me*! Wait for Big Billy Goat Gruff.

Troll: Why?

Middle: He's bigger than me.

Troll: All right then, I'll wait for him.

Middle: Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop. Hello, Little Billy Goat Gruff!

Little: Hello! Have some of this green grass.

Middle: Mmmmmmmm, it's so good!

Big: *[on the bridge]* Tramp-stamp, tramp-stamp, tramp-stamp.

Troll: Who's that tramp-stamping over my bridge?

Big: It's me, Big Billy Goat Gruff.

Troll: You look good. I'm going to eat you!

Big: That's what you think!

Troll: Why, what do *you* think?

Big: I think that I'm going to butt you!

[Big Billy Goat Gruff butts the Troll.]

Troll: Help! I'm falling into the river. Splosh!

Big: Tramp-stamp, tramp-stamp, tramp-stamp.

Little: Hello, Big Billy Goat Gruff! Have some of this green grass – it's so good!

Middle: Good old Big Billy Goat Gruff. I said he'd think of something and he did!

Big: That old Troll won't get us now!

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

A play
by Julia Donaldson

Four parts

Suitable for a beginner readers' reading group
or for performance

Running time: Seven minutes

Characters

Shopkeeper
Tom
Wolf
Baker

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

[There are two shops and a hill nearby. One shop is a bakery and the other a grocer's shop. Tom goes into the grocer's shop.]

Shopkeeper: Hello, Tom. What do you want?

Tom: Some milk for my picnic, please. I'm taking my sheep up the hill.

Shopkeeper: I'd like to be you, up on the hill all day. Here's your milk.

Tom: Thank you. Oh look!

Shopkeeper: What?

Tom: There's a monkey playing with your eggs!

Shopkeeper: Where? I can't see a monkey.

Tom: Ha ha! It was just a trick.

Shopkeeper: You and your tricks! Off you go!

Tom: I like playing tricks!

Wolf: *[hiding]* So do I!

[Tom goes into the bakery.]

Baker: Hello, Tom. What do you want?

Tom: A cake for my picnic, please.

Baker: I wish I could have a picnic too.

Wolf: Me too – a picnic of sheep!

Baker: Here's your cake.

Tom: Thank you. Oh look!

Baker: What?

Tom: There's a giraffe eating your gingerbread!

Baker: Where? I can't see a giraffe.

Tom: Ha ha! It was just a trick.

Baker: You and your tricks! Off you go!

Tom: That was fun! I do like playing tricks.

Wolf: So do I – and I like eating sheep too!

Tom: Come on, sheep! Up the hill!

[Tom goes up the hill with the sheep.]

Tom: Here we are. I'll have my milk, and then I'll play another trick.

[Tom drinks the milk. Then he runs down the hill, shouting.]

Tom: Help! Help! There's a wolf eating my sheep!

Shopkeeper: I'm coming, Tom!

Tom: Quick, quick, run!

Shopkeeper: I am running!

Tom: Here we are!

Shopkeeper: I can't see a wolf.

Tom: Ha ha! It was just a trick.

Shopkeeper: That's not funny.

Tom: Don't be cross. You said you wanted to be up on the hill.

Shopkeeper: I'm going to tell your dad about you.

[The shopkeeper goes away down the hill.]

Tom: That was fun! I'll have my cake now. Then I'll play another trick.

[Tom eats the cake. Then he runs down the hill, shouting.]

Tom: Help! Help! There's a wolf eating my sheep!

Baker: I'm coming, Tom!

Tom: Quick, quick, run!

Baker: I am running!

Tom: Here we are!

Baker: I can't see a wolf.

Tom: Ha ha! It was just a trick. There isn't one.

Wolf: *[hiding]* That's what he thinks!

Baker: That's not funny. I'm going to tell your mum.

Tom: No, don't do that. Go back to your shop. There's a crocodile in there, eating up all the cakes.

[The baker goes down the hill. The wolf comes out of hiding.]

Wolf: Good day to you, Tom.

Tom: Oh no, a wolf. Help!

Wolf: And *I'm* going to have a good day too. I do so like sheep for my picnic.

Tom: No, stop! You can't eat my sheep!

[Tom runs down the hill, shouting.]

Tom: Help! Help! There's a wolf eating my sheep!

Shopkeeper: Oh no there isn't. It's just a trick.

Tom: It's not. I'll go and get my dad.

Shopkeeper: He won't come. I've told him about your tricks.

Tom: Oh no! Help! Help!

Baker: What is it?

Tom: There's a wolf eating my sheep!

Baker: Go away, Tom. You can't trick me.

Tom: I'll go and get my mum.

Baker: She won't come. I've told her about your tricks.

Tom: Oh no! No one will come.

[Tom runs back up the hill.]

Wolf: Hello, Tom. Thank you for the picnic. I do like sheep. Oh look!

Tom: What?

Wolf: There's an elephant eating your hat!

Tom: Where? I can't see an elephant.

Wolf: Ha ha! It was just a trick! Good day to you.