

Txamsem and Crab



TXAMSEM AND CRAB

(A Script for 3 readers)

Readers: NARRATOR, TXAMSEM and CRAB

TXAMSEM: Oh, how hungry I am. I would very much like to eat some seafood.

NARRATOR: So Txamsem put on his Raven wings and flew all night to the coast. He arrived just as the sun was rising.

CRAB: What a glorious morning. I think I will take advantage of this low tide and warm myself here on the shore.

NARRATOR: Txamsem saw the huge crab sitting there and thought

TXAMSEM: What a delicious meal. How can I persuade such a monster crab into my cooking pot?

NARRATOR: The trickster flew down and sat next to Crab.

TXAMSEM: Want to play a game Grandfather?

NARRATOR: He tagged the back of the crab and made ready to run away.

CRAB: I don't play games.

TXAMSEM: Come on! Let's have a game, Grandfather.

CRAB: I'm not interested in your games.

NARRATOR: But Txamsem would not give up, even though Crab was becoming very angry.

TXAMSEM: Let's have a game Grandfather!

CRAB: Go away and leave me alone!

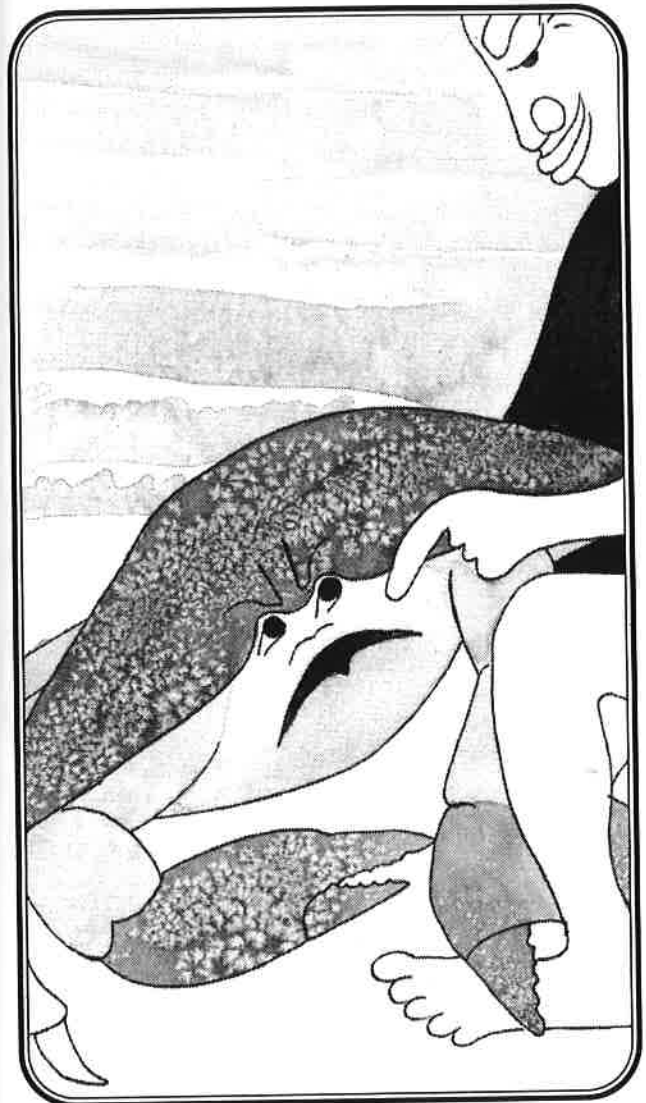
NARRATOR: Finally, the tide turned and Crab escaped from this pesky Raven creature. At the next low tide Crab once again returned to the sunny shore to warm himself. Txamsem was right there waiting for him.

TXAMSEM: Grandfather, why won't you have a game with me?

CRAB: I've had enough of your nonsense.

NARRATOR: Crab grabbed Txamsem by the leg with his huge crusher claws.

TXAMSEM: Dear Grandfather, please let me go. I only wanted to play.



CRAB: I will not let you go. I will pull you deep under the ocean until you are drowned. That will teach you to be a nuisance and a pest.

NARRATOR: And that is exactly what Crab did. He walked along the ocean floor going deeper and deeper until Txamsem was as limp as a piece of seaweed.

CRAB: Now you fool, I will let you go! Good riddance!

NARRATOR: Txamsem's body floated to the surface and the waves carried him onto the shore. There the giant lay like a beached whale.

What a strange looking sight he was. He was a scraggly, soggy mess. He had lost many feathers during his tangle with Crab. The sun came out, warmed his body and gave him life once more.

TXAMSEM: Could this be that I am alive? That was a close call. Oh, no! My beautiful raven blanket is ruined!

NARRATOR: Txamsem quickly left the seashore and returned up the river having learned a powerful lesson.



A Moral Story

