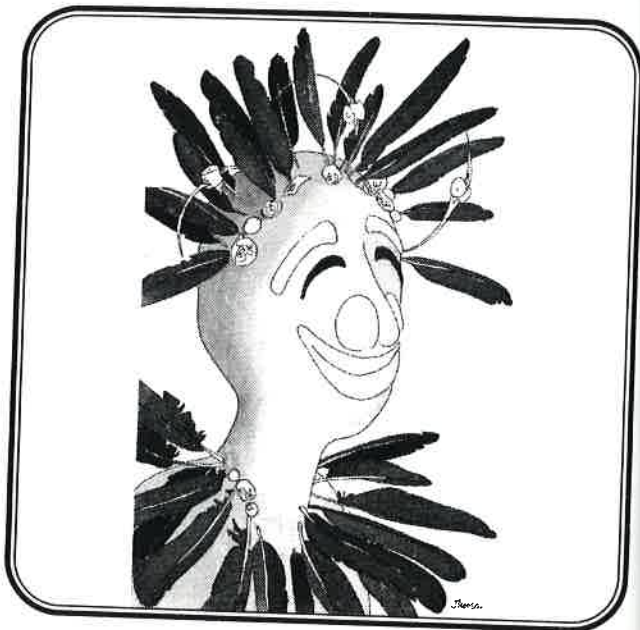


# Txamsem's Wooden Slave



## TXAMSEM'S WOODEN SLAVE

### A Reader's Theatre Script

#### Characters:

Storyteller 1	Txamsem
Storyteller 2	Raven Nephew 1
Storyteller 3	Raven Nephew 2
Storyteller 4	Slave 1
	Little Slave

#### Staging:

On raised platform:	Nephew 1	Nephew 2
Standing:	Txamsem	
On stools:	ST: 1	ST: 3
	ST: 4	ST: 2
On floor:	Slave 1	Little Slave

*Order of entry if walking in:* Nephew 2, Nephew 1, Txamsem, ST: 3, ST: 2, ST: 4, ST: 1, Little Slave, Slave 1.

*(All begin performance with back to audience except for the storytellers.)*

Storyteller 4: The distinguished story of

Storyteller 3: TXAMSEM'S WOODEN SLAVE



- Storyteller 1: Txamsem had a real craving for seafood and halibut.
- Storyteller 2: So he decided to travel down river towards the coast.
- Storyteller 3: As he came to a large village, he planned what he might do to impress the village chiefs.
- Storyteller 4: After all, he must show what a great man he is.
- Storyteller 1: Every person of importance must have fine clothing.
- Storyteller 4: And he must have a servant.
- Storytellers 2 & 3: Yes, Txamsem must have a servant.
- Storyteller 2: To make him look important.
- Storyteller 4: To make him look really distinguished.
- Storytellers 1 & 2 & 3: Yes, he really must have a servant. For importance.
- Storyteller 4: To be distinguished.



All Storytellers: AAAHHH! Just so.  
*(Raven Nephews now turn to the audience)*

Raven Nephew 1: Our uncle, Txamsem, must have finery.

Raven Nephew 2: He must impress the village chiefs.

Both Raven Nephews: He must have fine clothing.

Raven Nephew 1: I will lend him feathers for a cape.

Raven Nephew 2: And I will lend him feathers for a cape.

Raven Nephew 1: That is finery indeed.

Raven Nephew 2: He will impress the village chief.

Both Raven Nephews: He will be very distinguished.

Raven Nephew 2: Txamsem created a crown from salmon bones

Raven Nephew 1: and dried berries

Raven Nephew 2: and cedar bark.

Raven Nephew 1: That is certainly clothing for a high nobleman.

Raven Nephew 2: Important people must have fine clothing.

Both Raven Nephews: AAAHHH! Just so.

Storyteller 1: But what about Txamsem's slave?

Storyteller 2: Yes he really must have a slave.

Storyteller 3: For importance.

Storyteller 4: And to be distinguished.

All Storytellers: AAAHHH! Just so.

Storyteller 1: Txamsem went looking for a gnarled piece of driftwood.

Storyteller 2: One that had arms and legs just like a human.

Storyteller 3: He then found some moss

Storyteller 4: and some shells.

Storyteller 1: He made it into something that looked like a person.

Storyteller 2: Once he was pleased with it,



Storyteller 3: he decided to give it life.

Txamsem: You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.  
You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.  
You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.  
You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.

Storyteller 4: He breathed his own breath into the little wooden man.

Txamsem: Hhooo,  
Hhooo,  
Hhooo,  
Hhooohoo.

Storyteller 1: And he commanded

Txamsem: Walk, slave.

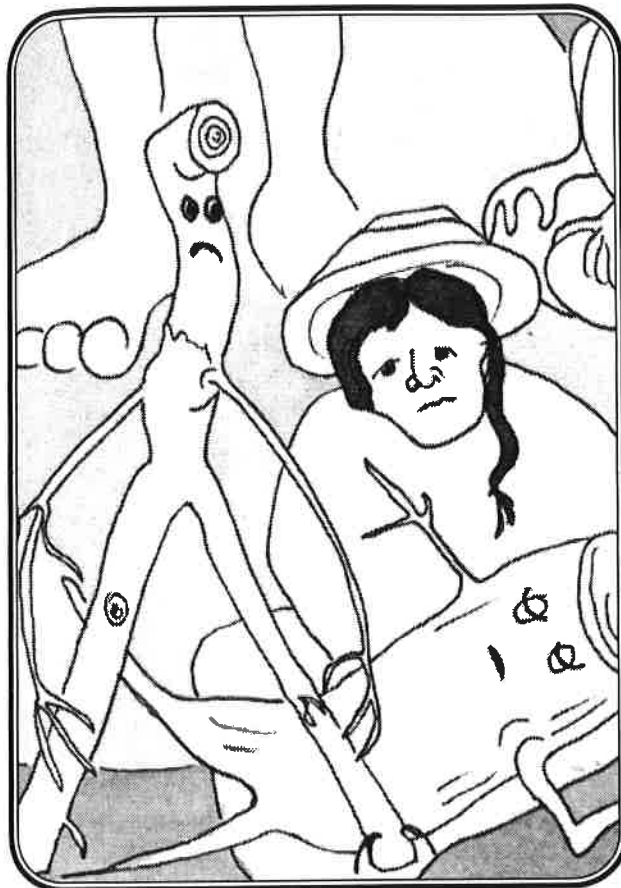
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Storyteller 2: The wooden man walked.

Storyteller 3: And he commanded

Txamsem: Speak slave!

Storyteller 4: And the wooden man spoke. Oh how fine and distinguished he is now.



Storyteller 1: Now he must teach his wooden man obedience, and his little slave will be complete.

Txamsem: I am a great chief. My beautiful robes and head-dress show that I am a powerful man. I walk and speak with great authority.

Storyteller 3: As he spoke these words he strutted before the wide-eyed slave.

Txamsem : Slave, do I not look like a most noble aristocrat?

Storyteller 2: After the slave studied him carefully, he replied

Slave 1: I see a big man with feathers on his back and fish bones in his hair.

Txamsem : That's not what I told you, idiot! What do you see?

Slave 1: I see a big man with feathers on his back and fish bones in his hair.

Storyteller 1: Angrily, Txamsem grabbed the little wooden man.



Storyteller 3: He ripped off his hair of moss.

Storyteller 2: He pulled out his eyes of abalone shell.

Storyteller 1: He bashed his wooden body against a rock until it broke into a thousand pieces.

Storyteller 4: A thousand pieces. That was not very distinguished.

All Storytellers: AAAHHH! Just so.

Storyteller 3: When his senses returned to him

Storyteller 2: What senses?

Storyteller 3: Txamsem realized that his great desire for obedience had caused him to breathe too hard into the little wooden man.

Storyteller 1: Part of Txamsem's nature had escaped him and entered his wooden puppet.

Storyteller 4: Txamsem decided to try again. To make himself distinguished, he really needed an obedient slave.



Storyteller 2: Txamsem went out in the forest and again collected branches and other materials. With great care, he put together another wooden person.

Storyteller 3: This time he controlled his breath, trying desperately not to allow any part of himself to escape.

Storyteller 4: He repeated four times.

Txamsem: You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.  
You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.  
You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.  
You will walk, you will talk, you will obey me.  
Hhooo,  
Hhooo,  
Hhooo,  
Hhoooohoo.

Walk slave!

Storyteller 1: And the stick man walked.

Txamsem: Speak slave!

Storyteller 2: And Little Slave spoke.



Txamsem: I am a great Chief. My robes and head-dress show that I am a powerful man. I walk and speak with authority.

Storyteller 3: The stick man watched Txamsem as he strutted and preened.

Txamsem : What do you see?

Little Slave: I see a great and distinguished Chief dressed in elegant robes and headdress.

Storyteller 4: Ah, distinguished!

All Storytellers: AAAHHH! Just so.

Storyteller 1: Txamsem was really pleased with himself for his clever invention.

Storyteller 3: Txamsem trained Little Slave and they were ready for a grand entrance into the village.

Storyteller 2: Txamsem would pretend not to speak the language. Little Slave would do all the talking.

Little Slave: Oh, Great Village, a most high Chief comes to visit you. He is from a distant country.

Storyteller 3: The people were very excited because foreigners did not come to visit very often.

Storyteller 4: Not such distinguished foreign visitors.

Storyteller 2: Messengers were sent to greet the distinguished "Chief" and escort him to the house of the most important village Chief.

Storyteller 1: Of course the village chiefs met their visitor with welcome songs and a peace ceremony.

Storyteller 4: The best of foods, the gifts of the sea were served. Did you remember about Txamsem's craving for seafood and halibut?

Storyteller 2: Quantities of herring eggs,

Storyteller 3: oolichan grease,

Storyteller 1: seaweed,

Storyteller 3: salmon roe,

Storyteller 4: and strips of delicious dried halibut.

Storyteller 2: Many dances and nax nox were performed to demonstrate the power and status of the host house.

Storyteller 4: The guests were entertained in a most distinguished fashion.

Txamsem: Little Slave, I will pretend to be very ill, and you will tell the people that I am a carrier of an extremely contagious disease. They must leave the village at once, or else they will die:

Storyteller 1: In a short while, Txamsem started groaning as if in great pain.

Storyteller 4: Groaning louder and louder, he lay rolling on the floor.

Little Slave: My master carries a most fearful disease. He is walking death. Many have died a short time after contacting him. You must flee for your lives. Don't stop to pack anything. Just go. I will stay and look after the remains of my suffering master. He is going fast, I can tell. I will use that empty box for his burial box, if you will allow me.





Storyteller 4: The villagers were frightened and this favour was allowed.

All Storytellers: AAAHHH! Just so.

Little Slave: My master is now dead.

Storyteller 2: And Little Slave put Txamsem in the empty wooden box,

Storyteller 3: placed on the lid,

Storyteller 1: and tied heavy ropes to fasten it.

Storyteller 4: People were scurrying about making preparations to leave the village.

Storyteller 1: No one offered help to the wooden slave in his task.

Storyteller 2: Once everyone was gone, Little Slave searched the village and ate all the dried halibut and the other foods which were left behind.

Storyteller 3: He put on the Chief's robes and strutted and preened.

Storyteller 4: He looked very distinguished.

Storyteller 3: He played soulful music with wooden flutes.



Storyteller 2: He performed with every mask and danced around the big empty house.

Storyteller 1: He was having a great time being so free.

All storytellers: AAAHHH! Just so.

Storyteller 4: However, after several days, Little Slave became bored with his distinguished life.

Storyteller 2: Seeing that just about all the food was gone, he decided to let Txamsem out of the box.

Storyteller 3: Txamsem was weak from hunger and thirst.

Storyteller 4: He did not look or act very distinguished.

Storyteller 1: He scolded his slave, who ran off into the woods never to be seen again.

Txamsem: AAAHHH! Just so.

