

Cry Wolf

**Friday September 17, 2021 - Sunday
September 26, 2021**

**Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30 pm
Sundays at 3:00 pm**

**2nd Street Stage
Hannah Block Historic USO/Community Arts
Center
120 South 2nd Street**



After 50 years, the wolves have returned to the forest. The inhabitants of the nearby village are in an uproar—their survival depends on their flock of sheep, the wolves’ favorite food! Join a cast of characters that includes a boy named Peter, Little Red Riding Hood, the Three Little Pigs and a rebel sheep named Snowflake as they try to outwit that biggest villain of them all, the Big Bad Wolf, in this zany mash-up of bedtime favorites.

About the Thalian Association

Thalian Association Community Theatre is a non-profit, membership organization that’s dedicated to enhancing the rich artistic

environment of the Cape Fear region. Tracing its roots back to 1788, the Thalian Association Community Theatre was founded to provide arts education and bring the excitement of the performing arts to Wilmington, North Carolina. Today the Thalian Association Community Theatre produces five major productions annually on the Main Stage at historic Thalian Hall, offers a Youth Theatre program and professionally manages the Hannah Block Historic USO/Community Arts Center for the City of Wilmington. In 2007, the North Carolina legislature named the Thalian Association Community Theatre the Official Community Theater of North Carolina.



Reading Activity

The play *Cry Wolf* incorporates elements of traditional folk tales including Three Little Pigs, Peter and the Wolf, Bo Peep, and Little Red Riding Hood.

The Three Little Pigs

First printed in the 1840s but known to be much older, the tale of the Three Little Pigs was passed down through the oral tradition of storytelling. There are many different variations of the story appearing in English, Italian, and African American folk literature. One of the most popular versions was recorded by Joseph Jacobs in *English Fairy Tales*, published in London in 1890. Read “The Story of the Three Little Pigs” below from a collection edited by D.L. Ashliman.

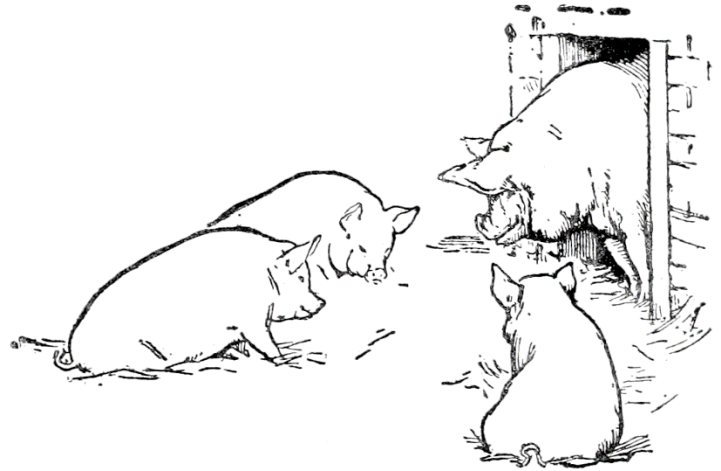


Illustration from *English Fairy Tales* by Joseph Jacobs, 1895.

There was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house." Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it.



From “All About the Three Little Pigs” Illustrated by Dick Hartley and L. Kirby-Parrish, 1914.

Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the pig answered, "No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that, "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze [sticks], and said, "Please, man, give me that furze to build a house." Which the man did, and the pig built his house.

Then along came the wolf, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, "Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with." So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them.

So the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and huffed; but he could *not* get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

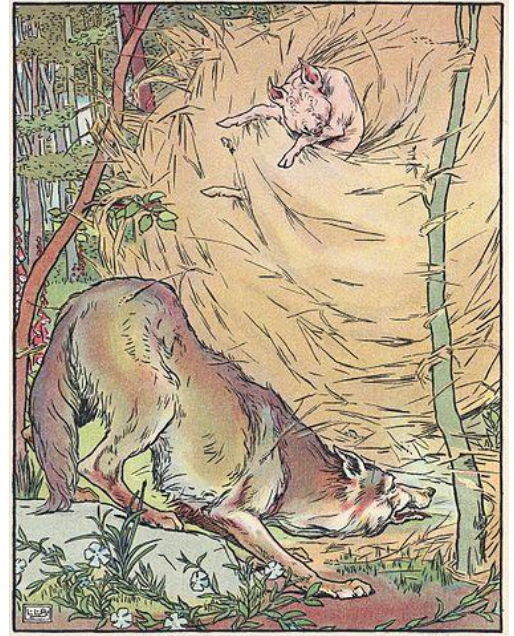


Illustration by Leonard Leslie Brooke, 1904.

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's home field, and if you will be ready tomorrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six) and who said, "Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said, "Ready! I have been and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."



From "All About the Three Little Pigs" Illustrated by Dick Hartley and L. Kirby-Parrish, 1914.



From "All About the Three Little Pigs" illustrated by Dick Hartley and L. Kirby-Parrish, 1914.

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" said the pig.

"Down at Merry Garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you, at five o'clock tomorrow and get some apples."

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, what! Are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

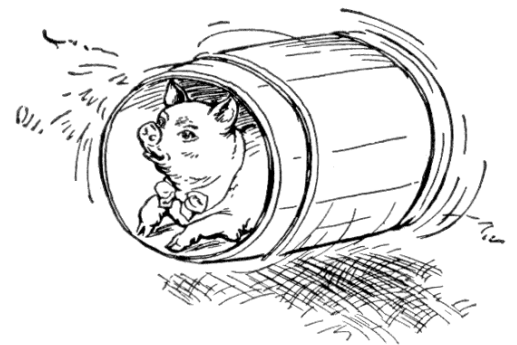
"Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one." And he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home.

The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?"

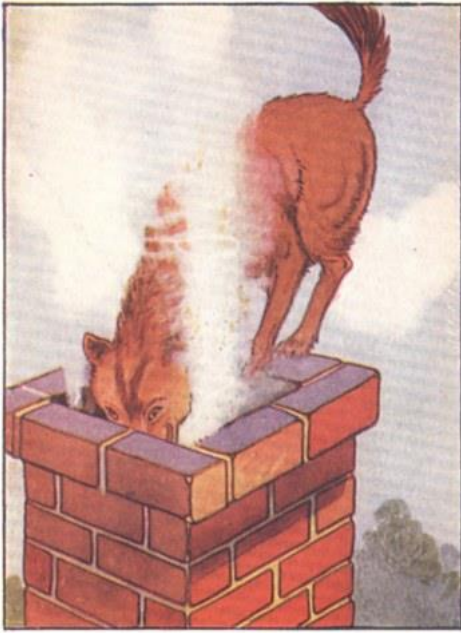
"Oh yes," said the pig, "I will go. What time shall you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it around, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much, that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him.

Then the little pig said, "Ha, I frightened you, then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter churn, and when I saw you, I got into it, and rolled down the hill."



From "All About the Three Little Pigs" illustrated by Dick Hartley and L. Kirby-Parrish, 1914.



From "All About the Three Little Pigs" Illustrated by Dick Hartley and L. Kirby-Parrish, 1914.

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he *would* eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and ate him for supper, and lived happily ever afterwards.

Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1890), no. 14, pp. 68-72. Jacobs' source was an earlier edition of James Orchard Halliwell's *The Nursery Rhymes of England* (London and New York: Frederick Warne and Company, 1886), pp. 37-41.

Little Red Riding Hood

Little Red Riding Hood is a fairy tale with origins in 17th century European folk tales. The popular story has many variations and modern retellings, but the best-known version was recorded by Charles Perrault and later retold by the Brothers Grimm.

Read "Little Red Riding Hood" from the *Favorite Fairy Tales* collection.

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by everyone who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother, and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else. So, she was always called Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "Come, Little Red Riding Hood, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine. Take them to your grandmother, she is ill and weak, and they will do her good. Set out before it gets hot, and when you are going,



Illustration from *Childhood's Favorites and Fairy Stories*, a 1927 anthology.



Little Red Riding Hood by Otto Kubel.

walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing. And when you go into her room, don't forget to say, good-morning, and don't peep into every corner before you do it."

I will take great care, said Little Red Riding Hood to her mother, and gave her hand on it.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red Riding Hood entered the wood, a wolf met her. Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

"Good-day, Little Red Riding Hood," said he.

"Thank you kindly, wolf."

"Whither away so early, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"To my grandmother's."

"What have you got in your apron?"

"Cake and wine. Yesterday was baking-day, so poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"A good quarter of a league farther on in the wood. Her house stands under the three large oak-trees, the nut-trees are just below. You surely must know it," replied Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf thought to himself, "What a tender young creature. What a nice plump mouthful, she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to



Illustration by Gustave Doré, 1883.

catch both." So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red Riding Hood, and then he said, "see Little Red Riding Hood, how pretty the flowers are about here. Why do you not look round. I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing. You walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry."

Little Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought, suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay. That would please her too. It is so early in the day that I shall still get there in good time. And so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf. "She is bringing cake and wine. Open the door."

"Lift the latch," called out the grandmother, "I am too weak, and cannot get up."

The wolf lifted the latch, the door sprang open, and without saying a word he went straight to the grandmother's bed, and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed himself in her cap, laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

Little Red Riding Hood, however, had been running about picking flowers, and when she had gathered so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set out on the way to her.



Illustration by Arthur Rackham.



Engraving by Gustave Doré.

She was surprised to find the cottage-door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself, oh dear, how uneasy I feel to-day, and at other times I like being with grandmother so much.

She called out, "Good morning," but received no answer. So she went to the bed and drew back the curtains.

There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face, and looking very strange.

"Oh, grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have."

"The better to hear you with, my child," was the reply.

"But, grandmother, what big eyes you have," she said.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what large hands you have."

"The better to hug you with."

"Oh, but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have."

"The better to eat you with."

And scarcely had the wolf said this, than with one bound he was out of bed and swallowed up Little Red Riding Hood. When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep and began to snore very loud. The huntsman was just passing the house, and thought to himself, how the old woman is snoring. I must just see if she wants anything.

So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it. "Do I find you here, you old sinner," said he. "I have long sought you."



Illustration by J.W. Smith.

Then just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have devoured the grandmother, and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire, but took a pair of scissors, and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf.

When he had made two snips, he saw the Little Red Riding Hood shining, and then he made two snips more, and the little girl sprang out, crying, "Ah, how frightened I have been. How dark it was inside the wolf."

And after that the aged grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe. Little Red Riding Hood, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's belly, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he collapsed at once, and fell dead.

Then all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Little Red Riding Hood had brought, and revived.

Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself, as long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so.

Little Red Riding Hood went joyously home, and no one ever did anything to harm her again.



Woodcut by Walter Crane.

Reading Vocabulary

Definitions taken from Merriam-Webster Dictionary.

Fable – a. A legendary story of supernatural powers.

b. Narration intended to enforce a useful truth, especially one in which animals speak and act like humans.

Folktale – A characteristically anonymous, timeless, and placeless tale circulated orally among a people.

Moral – a. Of or relating to principles of right and wrong in behavior.

b. Expressing or teaching a conception of right behavior.



19th century painting by François Fleury-Richard.

Reading Questions

1. What similarities did you find in both stories?
2. What differences can you see?
3. What is the lesson Little Red Riding Hood learned at the end of the story?
4. What did the three Pigs use to build their houses?
5. What was Little Red Riding Hood bringing to her Grandmother?
6. Who was the villain in The Three Little Pigs? Who was the hero?
7. Who was the villain in Little Red Riding Hood? Who was the hero?

Art Activity - Three Little Pigs

Using the template on the following page, create your own Pig!

Supplies: You will need scissors, tape, and markers or crayons.

1. Cut out Circle 1, Circle 2, and Circle 3.
Start with Circle 1 laying face up on a table or flat surface.
2. Make a loop with the tape and place it in the center of Circle 1. Press the bottom of Circle 2 on to the tape. Your result will be 2 stacked circles secured in the middle.
3. Then, make another loop with tape and place it in the center of Circle 2. Press the bottom of Circle 3 onto the tape. You should now have 3 circles stacked on top of each other.
4. Flip the circles over so you are looking at the back of Circle 1. Then, cut out the Eyes, Ears, and Legs.
5. Tape the front of the Ears to the back of Circle 1, on either side of the top center of the circle. You should be able to see the ears sticking out when you flip the circle back over.
6. Tape the back of the Legs to the front of Circle 1, near the bottom of the circle. Tape the Eyes to Circle 2, near the top of Circle 3.
7. Color your Pig however you wish! You can add a smile with a black marker, or make a tail with some scrap paper!

