

# Tuck Everlasting

**April 28-May 7, 2023**

**Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30 pm**

**Sundays at 3:00 pm**

**2<sup>nd</sup> Street Stage**

**Hannah Block Historic USO/Community  
Arts Center**

**120 South 2<sup>nd</sup> Street**



**April 28 – May 7, 2023**

Book by Claudia Shear & Tim Federle

Music by Chris Miller

Lyrics by Nathan Tysen

Based on the Novel Tuck Everlasting by Natalie Babbitt

What would you do if you had all eternity? Eleven-year-old Winnie Foster yearns for a life of adventure beyond her white picket fence, but not until she becomes unexpectedly entwined with the Tuck Family does she get more than she could have imagined. When Winnie learns of the magic behind the Tuck's unending youth, she must fight to protect their secret from those who would do anything for a chance at eternal life. As her adventure unfolds, Winnie faces an extraordinary choice: return to her life or continue with the Tucks on their infinite journey.

## 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.

NC State Standards –RL.4.10, RL.5.10, RL.4.1, RL.5.1 , NC.2.NBT.1, NC.2.NBT.3

Sources – [nowcomment.com/documents/34729](https://nowcomment.com/documents/34729), Wikipedia.org, Playbill.com, Entertainment Weekly  
ew.com, wbur.org

## Everlasting Math

Tuck is a boy who drank water from a spring that made him immortal. He appears to be seventeen years old but is actually much older. The rest of the tuck family is also immortal. Answer the following questions to find out their ages!



1. If Jesse was 54 in 1860, how old would he be in 1914?

2. If Winnie was 15 in 1914, how old would she be in 1999?



3. If Angus was 125 in 1914, what year would it be when he was 187?

NC State Standards –RL.4.10, RL.5.10, RL.4.1, RL.5.1 , NC.2.NBT.1, NC.2.NBT.3

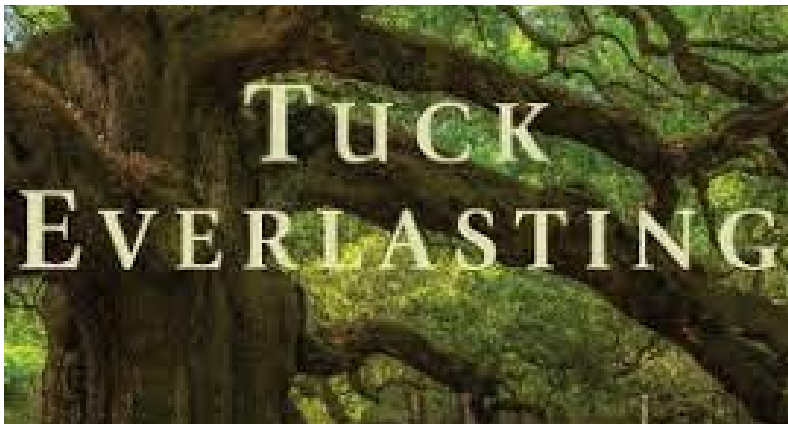
Sources – [nowcomment.com/documents/34729](http://nowcomment.com/documents/34729), Wikipedia.org, Playbill.com, Entertainment Weekly ew.com, wbur.org

4. If Mae was 124 in 1914, how old was she in 1902?



5. If Miles was 109 in 1914, what year was it when he was 45?

6. If the Tuck's horse was 18 when he drank from the spring in 1827, how old would the horse be in 1914?



7. The year is 1914 and the Tucks drank from the magic spring 87 years ago. What was the year that they became immortal?

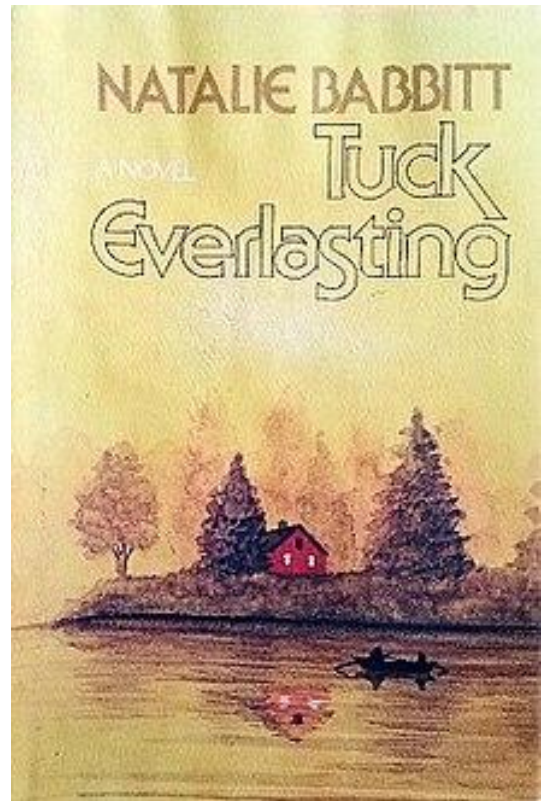
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## A Passage from *Tuck Everlasting*

Read this passage from the prologue of *Tuck Everlasting*.

The first week of August hangs at the very top of summer, the top of the live-long year, like the highest seat of a Ferris wheel when it pauses in its turning. The weeks that come before are only a climb from balmy spring, and those that follow a drop to the chill of autumn, but the first week of August is motionless, and hot. It is curiously silent, too, with blank white dawns and glaring noons, and sunsets smeared with too much color. Often at night there is lightning, but it quivers all alone. There is no thunder, no relieving rain. These are strange and breathless days, the dog days, when people are led to do things they are sure to be sorry for after.



One day at that time, not so very long ago, three things happened and at first there appeared to be no connection between them. At dawn, Mae Tuck set out on her horse for the wood at the edge of the village of Treegap. She was going there, as she did once every ten years, to meet her two sons, Miles and Jesse. At noontime, Winnie Foster, whose family owned the Treegap wood, lost her patience at last and decided to think about running away. And at sunset a stranger appeared at the Fosters' gate. He was looking for someone, but he didn't say who.

No connection, you would agree. But things can come together in strange ways. The wood was at the center, the hub of the wheel. All wheels must have a hub. A Ferris wheel has one, as the sun is the hub of the wheeling calendar. Fixed points they are, and best left undisturbed, for without them, nothing holds together. But sometimes people find this out too late.





The road that led to Treegap had been trod out long before by a herd of cows who were, to say the least, relaxed. It wandered along in curves and easy angles, swayed off and up in a pleasant tangent to the top of a small hill, ambled down again between fringes of bee-hung clover, and then cut sidewise across a meadow. Here its edges blurred. It widened and seemed to pause, suggesting tranquil bovine picnics: slow chewing and

thoughtful contemplation of the infinite. And then it went on again and came at last to the wood. But on reaching the shadows of the first trees, it veered sharply, swung out in a wide arc as if, for the first time, it had reason to think where it was going, and passed around.

On the other side of the wood, the sense of easiness dissolved. The road no longer belonged to the cows. It became, instead, and rather abruptly, the property of people. And all at once the sun was uncomfortably hot, the dust oppressive, and the meager grass along its edges somewhat ragged and forlorn. On the left stood the first house, a square and solid cottage with a touch-me-not appearance, surrounded by grass cut painfully to the quick and enclosed by a capable iron fence some four feet high which clearly said, "Move on—we don't want you here." So the road went humbly by and made its way, past cottages more and more frequent but less and less forbidding, into the village. But the village doesn't matter, except for the jailhouse and the gallows. The first house only is important; the first house, the road, and the wood.



There was something strange about the wood. If the look of the first house suggested that you'd better pass it by, so did the look of the wood, but for quite a different reason. The house was so proud of itself that you wanted to make a lot of noise as you passed, and maybe even throw a rock or

two. But the wood had a sleeping, otherworld appearance that made you want to speak in whispers. This, at least, is what the cows must have thought: "Let it keep its peace; we won't disturb it."

Whether the people felt that way about the wood or not is difficult to say. There were some, perhaps, who did. But for the most part the people followed the road around the wood because that was the way it led. There was no road through the wood. And anyway, for the people, there was another reason to leave the wood to itself: it belonged to the Fosters, the owners of the touch-me-not cottage, and was therefore private property in spite of the fact that it lay outside the fence and was perfectly accessible.

The ownership of land is an odd thing when you come to think of it. How deep, after all, can it go? If a person owns a piece of land, does he own it all the way down, in ever narrowing dimensions, till it meets all





other pieces at the center of the earth? Or does ownership consist only of a thin crust under which the friendly worms have never heard of trespassing?`

In any case, the wood, being on top—except, of course, for its roots—was owned bud and bough by the Fosters in the touch-me-not cottage, and

if they never went there, if they never wandered in among the trees, well, that was their affair. Winnie, the only child of the house, never went there, though she sometimes stood inside the fence, carelessly banging a stick against the iron bars, and looked at it. But she had never been curious about it. Nothing ever seems interesting when it belongs to you—only when it doesn't.

And what is interesting, anyway, about a slim few acres of trees? There will be a dimness shot through with bars of sunlight, a great many squirrels and birds, a deep, damp mattress of leaves on the ground, and all the other things just as familiar if not so pleasant—things like spiders, thorns, and grubs.

In the end, however, it was the cows who were responsible for the wood's isolation, and the cows, through some wisdom they were not wise enough to know that they possessed, were very wise indeed. If they had made their road through the wood instead of around it, then the people would have followed the road. The people would have noticed the giant ash tree at the center of the wood, and then, in time, they'd have noticed the little spring bubbling up among its roots in spite of the pebbles piled there to conceal it. And that would have been a disaster so immense that this weary old earth, owned or not to its fiery core, would have trembled on its axis like a beetle on a pin.



## ***Tuck Everlasting* Reading Questions**

1. What is the name of the village where the Foster family lives?

2. What was Mae Tuck doing when she set out on her horse? Where was she going?



3. What was strange about the wood? Why don't people go there?

4. List the three things that happened which seemed unconnected to each other at first.

NC State Standards –RL.4.10, RL.5.10, RL.4.1, RL.5.1 , NC.2.NBT.1, NC.2.NBT.3

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5. What were the cows responsible for?

6. What is in the center of the wood?



7. Why do you think that the prologue ends with a warning? What does that tell you about the message of the book?



8. Quote your favorite line from the passage above and explain why that line was your favorite.

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## Tuck Everlasting Artwork

Color in Winnie Foster and her family's cottage! Remember, we meet Winnie during the 1910s. What kind of clothing would she be wearing? What color would it be? What would the cottage look like?



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