

Let's Make a Story

The Musicans of Bremen

Adapted by Gordon Lamont

Welcome to all of you to our lovely cottage! That's me - Hee-Haw the Donkey - and this is Catalina, so I guess you all know she's a cat. This is Dagma, she's a dog...and the final member of our happy band is Rico - yeah he's a crocodile. Only kidding y'all, Rico the Rooster at your service. As are we all, my brothers and sisters, because boy do we have a tale to tell you all!

No doubt you're surprised to see us animals living the high life in such a fine cottage here in the country side. Well I tell you, my friends, it wasn't always this way. See, once we were four down-hearted animals coming to the end of our days, days where nobody seemed to want us anymore.

Well don't just sit there y'all! Up on your feet and find a space so you can help tell this tale. Now you choose which of us you're gonna be: Catalina the cat, Dagma the dog, Rico the Rooster or me - old Hee-Haw himself.

When you hear the music, trying moving like your chosen animal really slow and fed-up like. You're old and forgotten and feeling every ache and pain in your tired old bones. Off you go.

Stop now and sit down in your space.

Man you've gone and made me feel miserable with all that sad plodding around the place. Now I fancy myself a bit of a musician with my old eeee-oring and naying. Listen! And I've wanted to visit the town of Bremen where they are said to appreciate fine music. So it was my chance. One by one I persuaded my pals - all fine musicians in their own way - to join in. Man did that put a spring into those animals' steps, why yes it did.

Time for you to show that. When you hear the music, start dancing your way full of life and joy to go to Bremen to make beautiful music. So stand up and off you go.

Man that was just how it was! You've got the rhythm for sure brothers and sisters. Now sit down again in your own space.

Now I guess some of you are thinking what are these animals doing in this nice country cottage when they supposed to be in Bremen. Well, hold up there and I will tell y'all. We all set off into the forest following the path to Bremen. Now that forest was big and dark and there didn't seem to be any hope in getting food but then in the distance we saw smoke rising into the air and I thought that would mean food is a-cooking.

Good old Rico flew up above the trees and saw a cottage not too far away. So he set off and it didn't take too long before we were staring in at the windows and what a sight for sore stomachs that was.





There were three men and great big pile of delicious food on the table. We heard them talking and - would you believe it - it turned out they were a gang of robbers who had stolen all that food from the market. I must admit I was all for knocking on the door and asking if we could share some, but wise old Catalina had a better idea. 'We should sing for our supper,' she said, 'make some beautiful music and then ask for some food as payment.' That was her idea and we all agreed.

So now you have a go. Whatever animal you choose to be, sing out loud in their voice: meows, cock-a-doodle-dos, woof woofs and EEEE-OOORRS.

Don't worry about the tune just be that animal singing at the top of its voice. Don't go on too long! A good tune knows when to stop. See if you can all start and finish together after a few beautiful bars - that's musician talk for a few moments. So stand up. Over to you musicians.

Sit down in groups of three or four now.

Human beings are funny old creatures in my opinion. You see, us animals think that all those sounds make beautiful music but those robbers seemed frightened. They ran from the cottage shouting 'What's that awful noise? Help it's monsters!'

You might imagine we would be upset by the lack of appreciation of fine music but we were just too hungry to care. We dashed into the cottage and helped ourselves to the most delicious meal. After all we couldn't let all that good food go to waste now could we?

In your groups you're going to show this part of the story in two still pictures. That means pictures frozen in time - so no moving, ya hear?

Picture one will show the robbers about the tuck into their delicious meal of stolen food. They are enjoying themselves and very pleased with their cleverness. Picture two will show the moment when we start to make music and they start to run away in terror at the strange sounds.

When you've made the pictures then you can try moving backwards and forwards between them like a film running backwards and forwards, showing the important moment in the story. Over to you.

Sit down in one big group ready to listen.

So the dinner was eaten, our bellies were full. The fire had died down to nothing and it was time to settle down for a blissful night's shut-eye in that mighty fine little cottage. But then I heard whispering outside.

A window opened and a figure climbed in, all careful like. I knew it was one of those robbers - had to be. I saw that all my friends were awake and watching carefully. It was dark in that room but we were all used to it. That old robber had come in from the moonlit night and he couldn't see too clearly. Then the strangest thing happened: the robber took a stub end of a candle from his pocket and went towards Catalina and - would you believe it - he moved it closer and closer like he was gonna stick it right in her eye!

Everything happened at once. Hearing Catalina scream Dagma lunged towards the robber and bit him on the leg.



That made me rear up tall on my back legs and kick the robber in the chest and in an instance Rico flies about the room. That robber jumped straight out of the window landing on the other side with a big bump!

All his buddies asked him what happened and as he fought to get his breath back we heard him tell the story like this: 'I tried to light my candle from a glowing coal...'

Silly old fool thought that Catalina's shining eyes were glowing coals.

'When I was attacked by a horrible witch, who scratched me with her long fingers...' Catalina again of course.

'Then an ogre with a knife stuck it into my leg...' Dagma's teeth of course!

'Next a giant hit me with a club..!' That was me!

'...and then a horrid streaming thing, some kind of foul flying fairy appeared from nowhere screamed at me as it rushed me out of the room!' That was Rico of course!

As soon as he told his tale all the robbers uped and ran off through the forest and were never ever heard of again.

Of course that story the robber told was just his imagination running wild - he didn't know what had happened but he had to make up a good story for everybody listening.

That's something you could have a go at. So over to you again my friends. Some of you tell your own version of what happened in the cottage.

The robber thought the room was full of fantastical creatures when Catalina screeched, Dagma bit him on the leg, I kicked him in the chest and Rico crowed as him flapped. But I'm guessing you must of imagined something different. I wonder what that could be. You might have thought the room was full of other crazy creatures.

Take it in turns to sit in front of the whole group. They will ask questions about what happened in the cottage. Remember you are all scared by the entire strange goings on. See how many different mixed-up, mashed-up versions of the story you can tell.

Sit down now back in your groups of three or four.

You know, as our story started to spread we became famous as the 'Musicians of Bremen' - even though we never made it near the place! You can become part of spreading our story too.

In your groups act out the whole tale, words and pictures. Say what happened in each part of the story and then show it as a still picture.

Remember to include the animals feeling sad at the beginning; all of us heading off happily and singing for the robbers; enjoying our meal before the robbers return and then everything that happened when one of them crept into the cottage.

Thank you for listening brothers and sisters - over to you!