

One upon a time before there were I- pods, before there were radios, or phonographs, before there were steam engines and jack hammers, there was Bitter Twitter Berry Pie. But I've gotten ahead of myself, because the pie actually comes at the end of the story.

Here is what happened at the beginning. A brother and a sister went to their mother and asked her to make them a Bitter Twitter Berry Pie. She told the twins, for twins they were, that this year, they were old enough to go out and pick their own Bitter Twitter Berries themselves. She gave each a pocket full of cheese and bread, a large basket, and an Ocarina.

"Off you go then." She said, with these words of advice. "To find the Twitter Bitter Berries, just listen for the calls of the Twitter Bitter Berry Birds. When they call to you, you should call back to them on your Ocarinas. Now, the Bitter Berry Twitter Birds are fierce little creatures, and they may sing out *wildly* to you, but if you play their own song back to them tenderly enough, they'll know you are their friends, and they'll lead you to the Bitter Berry Bushes. Now, you take care of your brother, and you take care of your sister, and we'll all have pie tonight." She said, and she sent them out the door.

The twins walked out of their village together, listening carefully for the the Bitter Berry Twitter Birds, and a while later, they heard a sound so soft, they could not tell quite what it was. (Sound, soft [sound during underline]). When the twins stood

still and listened, they realized it was the sound of the softest breeze through the leaves. (Sound becomes Wind, soft) They began walking again, and heard the sound getting louder as the wind started to pick up with gusts and twirls of air that tugged at their clothes and at the very trees around them (Wind, medium) before blowing through and away (Wind loud, soft, to silent).

The twins walked on, listening for the Bitter Berry Twitter Birds. Instead, they heard someone asking them “Who?” “Who?” **(One Owl to silence)** . Then many voices, asked them again *who* it is the Twins might be. **(Many Whoot Owls to silent)** When the twins did not answer, the Whoot owls asked again wildly. **(Many Wild Whoot Owls to silence)** The twins called back to them gently to let the Whoot Owls know they were their friends. **(Twins to silence)** They called back and fourth until the Whoot owls calmed down **(Call and response to silence)** And the twins went on their way.

They walked quite a ways, listening, before they heard the sweet, twisting, wild song of a Bitter Berry Twitter Bird. **(One Twitter bird to silence)** The twins did their best to call out just as beautifully, but not so wildly. **(Twins to silence)** Then the Twins and the Bitter Berry Twitter Bird spoke back and fourth until the Twitter Bird had calmed down and

knew the Twins were it's friends. **(Call and response to silence)** Then the Twitter bird headed back to it's Bitter Berry bushes. Enchanted by the songs the Twins still played, the Twitter Bird flitted from branch to branch to stopping to listen. This helped the Twins keep up as they followed the Twitter Bird through the woods.

Soon, they heard many Twitter Birds just as wild as the first had been **(Wild Twitter Birds)** The Twins and their First Twitter Bird Friend called back and forth gently with the wild Twitter birds to calm them down and let them know that they were their friends. **(Call and Response)**. By the time the the Twins reached the flock of Twitter Birds on their Bitter Berry Bushes, they had indeed become friends, and one had to fly away. They could all just settle down to collecting the abundant Bitter Berries.

There were so many Bitter Berries and it had taken so long to find them, that darkness was falling by the time the twins headed back home.

(* * If the story is too long, skip to the end here * *)

It was then that they heard the howls of wolves, far off, and very wild. **(Distant Wolves)** Then, they came closer, wilder still. **(Louder Wolves to silence)** The twins called back, strongly, but calmly and kindly, howling on their ocarinas with care to let the wolves know they were their friends. **(Twins)** Even though the wolves just might want to become close

friends, the twins began to run still calling back and forth with the wolves as they faded with distance.

(Call and Response Wolves/Twins from Loud to Quiet to silence) They ran back through the curious Whoot owls, **(Owls soft, loud soft to silent)** and right back out of the deep forest
(* * End * * Keep going from here! * *)

By the time they neared their Village, it was well and truly dark. Not sure of the way, they stopped, catching their breath, hands on their knees and listening carefully, out of habit now at least. It was then that they heard the people of the Village calling out to them, wild and hopeful with their voices. **(Village Ocarina Voices)** Then they stopped (silence) as the whole Village listened. The twins called back, tired and grateful. **(Twins)** The voices lead them back to the Village and home. **(Call and Response)**

The next day everyone had a piece of very tasty Bitter Twitter Berry Pie. And that, as I promised, is the end of our story.

Parts

Wind (small group)

Owls (One owl solo, and Small group of owls)

Twitter Bird (One Bird solo, and a medium/large group)

Optional:Wolves (Small/medium group. Skip this for a shorter story)

Villagers (Everyone but Twins)

Twins (Two or Four or any number, you can also rotate this part)