

The Great Apple Slice Escape

By Lois Walker

Narrator 1:

Narrator 2:

Narrator 3:

Narrator 4:

Narrator 5:

Grandma:

Apples:

Narrator 1: Early one morning a sweet little grandmother decided to make an apple pie.

Grandma: My grandchildren are coming to visit. I want to serve a special treat!

Narrator 2: So the sweet little grandmother prepared two pie crusts. Then she found her apple basket on the back porch.

Narrator 3: The basket was filled to the brim with many different kinds of apples. The sweet little grandmother picked out the big apples.

Narrator 4: She picked out the red apples. She picked out the juicy apples. Soon the sweet little grandmother had five perfect apples.

Narrator 5: She had one Granny Smith apple, one Jonathan apple, one McIntosh apple, one Red Delicious apple, and one Gala apple.

Narrator 1: The sweet little grandmother placed the apples upon her kitchen cutting board and sliced them into neat little slices. Then she placed the neat little slices into a pan lined with pie crust.

Narrator 2: She mixed the slices with sugar. She sprinkled the slices with cinnamon. She dotted the slices with butter.

Narrator 3: The sweet little grandmother covered the neat little slices with the other pie crust and sealed the edges. Then she

took her slicing knife and cut a large letter “A” into the tip top of the pie.

Narrator 4: The “A” stood for APPLE! One Granny Smith apple, one Jonathan apple, one McIntosh apple, one Red Delicious apple, and one Gala apple.

Narrator 5: The sweet little grandmother sat down to wait for her oven to heat. Little did she know that at that very moment the apple slices inside her pie were planning a daring escape.

Narrator 1: They had no intention of being baked in a pie and served to somebody’s grandchildren. The apple slices called a quick meeting.

Narrator 2: It was decided that the Granny Smith slices would get the first chance to find a way out of the pie. Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

Apples: Granny Smith, Granny Smith, Escape, escape, from the pie!

Narrator 3: And it wasn’t too long before a Granny Smith found that letter “A” opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

Apples: Whee! I’m free!

Narrator 4: All of the Granny Smith slices followed close behind. They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

Narrator 5: But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She eyed them sternly and said,

Grandma: “One rotten apple spoils the bunch. Get back into that pie, at once!”

Narrator 1: And since the Granny Smith slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

Narrator 2: Once inside the pie, another quick meeting was called. It was decided that the Jonathan slices would be the next to try.

Narrator 3: They vowed to fight their way through the kitchen no matter what the sweet little grandmother had to say.

Narrator 4: Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

Apples: Jonathans, Jonathans, Now unite! Jonathans, Jonathans Fight! Fight! Fight!

Narrator 5: And it wasn't too long before the Jonathans found that letter "A" opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

Apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 1: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared. Some fell upon the kitchen floor, and bounded for the kitchen door.

Narrator 2: But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She placed her hands firmly upon her hips and said,

Grandma: "You are not the apples of my eye. So jump back into that pie!"

Narrator 3: And since the Jonathans slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

Narrator 4: Inside the pie, a third hasty meeting was called. All the apples were getting mighty worried.

Narrator 5: The McIntosh slices decided to make a run for it. They headed off toward the top of the pie. Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

Apples: Worried apples, McIntosh! Run, run By gosh, by gosh!

Narrator 1: And it wasn't too long before the McIntosh slices reached that letter "A" opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

Apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 2: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared. Some jumped upon the kitchen floor, and bounded for the kitchen door.

Narrator 3: Some sighed, "We've finally got our wish!" Some fell into the doggie's dish.

Narrator 4: But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She got down on her hands and knees, scooped up the McIntosh slices and said,

Grandma: "Don't upset my apple cart! Now back in the pan! Do your part!"

Narrator 5: And since the McIntosh slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice.

Narrator 1: Now the Red Delicious slices had been waiting much too long inside that pie and were starting to panic.

Narrator 2: Suddenly and without warning, one of the slices charged wildly upward. The remaining Red Delicious slices followed. Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

Apples: Oval apples so nutritious. Charge! Charge! Red Delicious.

Narrator 3: And it wasn't too long before those slices reached that letter "A" opening in the tip top of the pie and cried,

Apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 3: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared.

Narrator 4: Some jumped upon the kitchen floor, and bounded for the kitchen door. Some sighed, "We've finally got our wish!" Some fell into the doggie's dish. Some stumbled out beyond the brink and fell into the kitchen sink. But the sweet little grandmother would have none of it. She stomped her foot and said,

Grandma: "If you won't let me be the boss, I'll turn you into apple sauce!"

Narrator 5: And since the Red Delicious slices weren't used to being talked to in such a way, they jumped back into the pie without thinking twice. All the slices regrouped inside the pie. One last meeting was held.

Narrator 1: It was decided that the Galas, who had been patiently waiting their turn, should lead one last escape attempt. Then all the apples joined together and began to chant:

Apples: Galas! One last try. Lead us, lead us, from this pie!

Narrator 2: Then all the slices began to scramble, helter skelter, toward the top. And it wasn't too long before they all found that letter "A" in the tip top of the pie and cried,

Apples: "Whee! We're free!"

Narrator 3: But this time the sweet little grandmother was overwhelmed. There were just too many slices and they were all over the place!

Narrator 4: They jumped upon the cutting board. They screamed and shouted, yelled and roared. Some jumped on the kitchen floor, and bounded for the kitchen door. Some sighed, "We've finally got our wish!" Some fell into the doggie's dish. Some stumbled out beyond the brink, and fell into the kitchen sink.

Narrator 5: But when the chaos died and cleared, each apple slice had disappeared! The sweet little grandmother searched for those slices. She looked high and low, but there wasn't a Granny Smith, a Jonathan, a McIntosh, a Red Delicious

Narrator 1: or a Gala to be found anywhere. And when the sweet little grandmother's grandchildren finally came to call, each found a fork and found a plate. Then each grandchild sat down to take a fresh baked slice of simply great Ooey, gooey

ALL NARRATORS: CHOCOLATE CAKE!!!