



Cloak: And I am a beautiful cloak made of the finest wool. I am warm and soft. Traveler, you were wise to carry me on this journey.

Traveler: True, although you are heavy to wear. But the cool fall air makes me glad to have you.

Cloak: You could not have a better companion than me.

Narrator 2: The traveler chuckles.

Narrator 1: Although glad to have the cloak . . .

Narrator 2: . . . the traveler is amused by how highly the cloak thinks of itself.

Narrator 1: It is just a cloak after all.

Cloak: And you two are just a couple of storytellers, if you want my opinion. I am a true part of the story. So there!



Narrator 2: The cloak does have a point.

Traveler: Do you think we can continue the story now?

North Wind: Yes, we haven't even gotten to our parts yet. Whoosh!

Sun: Let's get back on track, shall we? Then you can all enjoy my warmth.

Narrator 1: Yes, yes.

Narrator 2: Back to the story.

Act 2

Traveler: Oh, my. I have been walking such a long time.

Cloak: And I have been with you the whole journey! Don't forget about that.



Traveler: Yes, thank you. I am glad of it. But I am growing tired.

Cloak: Why don't you sit and rest yourself a bit?

Traveler: Yes, I think that is a good idea. Do you mind if I lay you on the ground to sit upon?

Cloak: What?! I am too fine a cloak to remove. And sitting upon me is hardly a pleasant thought—especially for one as delicate as me. Why don't you just sit on that rock by the roadside?

Traveler: Ah, yes. I did not see the rock. It looks like a comfortable spot.

Narrator 1: The traveler sits down upon the rock . . .

Narrator 2: . . . and sighs.



Traveler: Ahhhh.

Narrator 1: And as the traveler sits, the wind picks up.

Narrator 2: The cloak blows in the wind. Leaves on the ground whirl into the air. Small trees bend as the wind whips past.

Traveler: Brrr, I say again!

North Wind: Do you see how the traveler shivers as I blow? Watch this! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Narrator 1: The traveler looks around.

Traveler: I cannot see the wind, but I can surely see what it can do.

Poem: The Wind