

Peter And The Wolf

Based on Sergei Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*
Adapted by Abby Janca

Early one morning, Peter opened the garden gate and went out into the great, green meadow. High up in a tree sat a little bird. Peter and the bird knew each other well.

"All is safe, all is still," chirped the bird happily.

Behind Peter appeared a duck, waddling from side to side. She was delighted that Peter had not shut the garden gate behind him, and intended to take a bath in the deep pond in the meadow.

When the little bird saw the duck, he flew down onto the grass, settled himself beside the duck, and shrugged his shoulders: "What kind of bird are you—you can't even fly!" he said. The duck replied: "What kind of bird are you—you can't even swim!" and plunged into the pond.

They quarreled for a long time: the duck swimming backwards and forwards in the pond, the little bird hopping along the bank.

Suddenly, a sound made Peter start; he saw a cat creeping through the grass. The cat was thinking: "The bird is busy with his quarrel; I shall soon snap him up!" Without a sound, she crept on silken paws towards him.

"Look out!" cried Peter. In a flash, the bird fluttered up into the tree.

The duck quacked insults at the cat from the middle of the pond. The cat walked 'round and 'round the tree, thinking: "Is it worthwhile to climb so high? When I have climbed right up, the bird will have flown away."

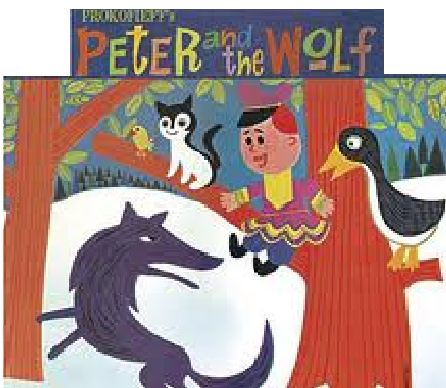
Peter's grandfather came out. He was cross with Peter for going out of the gate. "It is dangerous here! What would you do if a wolf came out of the woods?"

Peter was not impressed by his grandfather's warning, and explained that boys such as he were not afraid of wolves. However, Peter's grandfather took him by the hand, led him to the house, and locked the garden gate.

And indeed, no sooner had Peter reached safety when out of the woods came a great, grey wolf. The cat clambered quickly into the tree.

The duck squawked and hurried headlong out of the pond as fast as she could; the wolf ran faster. He ran nearer...and nearer...caught up with her, seized her, and swallowed her!

Now this was the position:
The cat sat on one branch,
the little bird on another,
and the wolf padded round the tree, gazing greedily up at them.



What happened next?

Instructions: *Write your own ending!
Be creative and original in your ending,
using 300 words or less.
Do not use the story's "real" ending.*