

# *The Puppet Show*

Rena Osmer

I recently visited the kindergarten at Cape Ann Waldorf School and while I was working at the wood-work table sanding a piece of wood, one of the six-year-olds approached me and asked if I would like to hear a puppet show. It was gregarious Amelia, and when I didn't respond immediately, she said tantalizingly, "You know, it's a destiny story." Well, that got my attention! "Yes," I said, "I would like to hear it very much." I got up from my chair and found a place in front of her floor puppet show. "You see, it's a destiny story because this horse has to go over this bridge to the other side, only the bridge is broken," Amelia explained. Another child playing on the floor behind Amelia heard this and handed her a wooden stairway to complete the broken bridge in the puppet show. But even though Amelia accepted the stairway part, she tucked it away beneath a piece of cloth and began to tell her story.

"Once upon a time there was a horse who was sleeping. He had to wake up and cross over a bridge to the other side. When he came to the middle of the

bridge he met a little bird. 'Chirrup. Chirrup,' sang the bird. 'Be careful! The bridge is broken and when you get to the end you will have to leap off to get to the other side. Don't worry though, because I will help you if you fall and get hurt.' " Amelia continued: "So the horse kept going till he came to the end of the bridge. Then he jumped and he fell and he hurt himself. The bird flew to him and helped him get better. Then the horse started to dig. He dug and dug and dug and then he found something to fix the bridge." (Amelia retrieved the stairway part from beneath the cloth and added it to the bridge.) "Finally the horse did what he came to do. He found three gems. Then he put those gems on his back to take home. He went back over the bridge and brought the crystals there. Then the horse went to sleep again." Amelia flew the bird back to the middle of the bridge and smiled. "Wasn't that a good story?" she asked.

Imagine, I thought to myself later. I almost missed hearing that story by not listening well enough the first time she invited me!