

The Farmer in the Hat

By Pat Cummings

Beth got the hat. "I could be the farmer, Old MacDonald in this play," said Beth. "But I am the farmer, Beth," said Dave. "You can be a pig," said Beth. "A pig!" Dave made an odd face. Grace went up on stage. "Let us make paper masks of faces," she said. "Ducks, hens, a pig, a horse!" "I have the hat!" said Max. "Beth is not a farmer!" "I will take that hat, Max!" Dave said. "Stop it, Max and Dave!" said Grace. "Let us make masks." On his page, Max made a duck mask with tape. Beth made hens. Dave made a pig mask on his page. "That is an odd pig." Grace said. "It takes ages to make his horse mask, Meg" said Jake. "I can make this mask fast, Jake," said Meg. Meg made a fat gerbil mask. "Place that gerbil in a paper cage." Jake gave a grin. "Take your places up on the stage," said Grace. "Grunt" Dave had on his pig mask. "Squeak!" said Meg. "Quack!" Max had on his duck mask. "Cluck!" Beth had on her hen mask. "Look at that cat!" said Grace. "That is an odd farmer!"