

TEARS OF THE CHILD

COLLECTION OF DRAMAS
IN ENGLISH



EDITED BY

SIVAGNANAM JEYASANKAR

TITLE :- TEARS OF THE CHILD

EDITOR :- Mr. SIVAGNANAM JEYASANKAR

ADDRESS :- 30, OLD REST HOUSE ROAD,
BATTICALOA

E MAIL :- sjeyasankar @ yahoo.com

SUBJECT :- COLLECTION OF DRAMAS
IN ENGLISH

EDITION :- FIRST 2003

LANGUAGE :- ENGLISH

COVER DESIGN :- SUSIMAN NIRMALAVASAM

PUBLISHER :- PARANI PUBLICATION

COMPUTER :- I. CHRISTY
DESIGNING

PRINTING :- WANASINGHE PRINTERS

TEARS OF THE CHILD

Collection of Dramas
In English



IN, YASAN, 2003

Edited By
Sivagnanam Jeyasankar

EDITORIAL

I am very happy to bring out this collection of dramas in English that reflect our thoughts and creative abilities to the world, which communicates through the medium of English .

In a world where oppression is rampant within our country the ethnic oppression is an open issue today. Oppression within our own society such as gender, caste and social hierarchy; and the threatening force of globalization which looms in our horizon need to be fought against with vigor.

All over the world there are many individual activists, small activist groups and activist organizations fighting these oppressions.

I am very glad to be able to edit and bring this our collective work out, to bring about equality for all life on earth.

- S.Jeyasankar -

THE STORY OF THE REFUGEES

BY : M. NILANTHAN

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY : S. M. FELIX

INTRODUCTION

Although beautiful, our earth is planet with refugees. The Asian Continent is also known as the Continent of Gods as all four main religions of the world had had their origin in Asia. Although known as the Continent of Gods, Asia is one of the two continents with the largest number of refugees (the other is Africa.). The island of Sri Lanka which is in Asia is called the Princess of the Islands. Though attractive, this island has become an island with a large number of refugees.

In this island, for the Tamils who are fighting to get their motherland back, refugee life has become a part and parcel of their lives. In most cases, every Tamil has experienced at least a short period of refugee life. Thousands of Tamils are leading a displaced life in their motherland itself. Those who went to India as refugees have been detained as prisoners. In Europe these Tamils remain uninvited guests in a state of being deported any minute in a disgraceful manner.

This short play is about the millions of people who have been uprooted from their motherland and are now living as refugees in their own land or in foreign soil.

In the Eelam war, comparatively it is the Eelam war II that has produced more refugees. Tamils from the south of their homeland, having been displaced, are living in jungles. In the north, the displaced Tamils are living in refugee camps, temporary shelters or with their relatives and known people. Particularly, in the north, a considerable number from Valigamam and almost all from the whole of the islands have been displaced.

During the Eelam War II, the highest number of refugees who were displaced, were the result of "Operation Valampuri", in which military operation the Punahari road was closed. Large crowds of refugees of

Valampuri, from the Islands poured suddenly on the city of Jaffna in one day. A short while later, "the Story of the Refugees" began to be created.

The play "The Story of the Refugees" was written for performance by the Uduwil Girls' College. Poet S. Vilvaratnam, who was a refugee from Valampuri was with us. He served as a model which enabled us to visualize the sorrows of the refugees. (He himself wrote the final song of the play.

Apart from that, when the play was being practised at Uduwil Girls' College, there were some refugees among the performers. Their experiences communicated directly, also helped us to create the play. Above all, an important point to consider here is that the initial script underwent several changes during the process of stage creation until it reached perfection.

The objective of the play is to bring about the real state of the refugees in its true form. This creation attempts to avoid as far as possible, causing damage to the real sorrow of the refugees by giving impossible promises or to express self-satisfying declarations through the characters. Due to this, the play ends in a question.

The tone of the play is the silence that is created when sadness becomes anger. Therefore it is our expectation that this silence be maintained throughout the Play, viz: when characters talk to each other, when they move, or sing, between and at the bottom of the play. We anticipate the theme music too to be a manifestation of silence.

This play was first staged at Uduwil Girls' College in 1992.

It was directed by S. Jeyasankar and the Music Direction was by K.Sathiyam.

THE STORY OF THE REFUGEES.

Cast: *A family: father, mother, daughter (a little girl)*
Three middle-aged or slightly older women called X, Y and Z.
Two couples: middle-aged or slightly older.
Couple A (Husband A wife A): **Couple B (Husband B wife B)**
A single man: C
A single old woman.

(In the backstage is heard confusing riotous excited screams. The screams gradually increase in intensity. With this, the characters enter the stage with a motion of being dragged. Above the screams, a few voices are heard mildly).

- archi, our Archi's missing.
- came running with nothing but the clothes we were wearing.
- thambi, thambi.
- didn't even lock the house.
- came running, leaving behind the curry on the fire.
- didn't bring any of our things.
- amma, amma. Amma's not to be seen.

(Suddenly firing and bomb blasts are heard; characters are frightened; they fall to the ground instantly and lie flat).

- amma, amma. Amma's missing.
- archi, where are you?
- thambi, thambi.

(The characters who were under cover come out slowly)

Mother: Can't go.

Father: Can't go beyond the Main Road.

X: Bridge's blasted.

Y: Smoke is visible from the coast.

Z: Oh! The village's burning.

X: Aiyu, he went to bring our children, has not returned yet.

Z: Our archi refused to come.

Y: Look here; we came running with only the clothes we're wearing.

Wife B: Is it true? You brought your chickens with you?

Husband B: Keep quiet, it was a great miracle that we escaped.
Who cared for chickens?

C: Thambi, thambi, did you see the one who came with me?
He's missing.

Father: Can't go now, annai!

C: Aiyu, aiyu.

Mother: Oh God! Can't we go back to our houses?

Song: We're the ones who are cornered,
We are the ones who became the first victims
Of all broken agreements.

Having been dreamers,
Having been confused by false peace,
Having become refugees all over the world,
Being uninvited guests,
We remain disgraced as we are.

In our homes, the old are left alone,
In our homes, dogs howl.

In our homes, lights never burn,
The roads of our villages are in ruins.

Aiyo,

In the harvest time,
Our fields were lost

Aiyo,

In the time of plenty,
Our sea was lost.

Oh! Abandoned were our villages

The victims were we

We were the victims.

(The intensity of the song falls; father raises his voice gradually and rises)

Father: Relief
Re li e f
Re.....li e f

First stage : Dry rations.

(Other characters join in the queue to receive relief. They return to their former place, after they receive dry rations)

Second stage: Kerosene.

(Again the characters join in the queue. After receiving the relief, they return to the former place)

Third stage: Milk powder.

(Again the characters join in the queue, but this time they begin to dance with a stagger after receiving the relief)

Song:

Aelealo Aiilasa

Aelealo

Aelealo Aiilasa

Aelealo

Ship's coming, letter's coming (2)

Aelealo Aiilasa Aelealo (2)

Rice's is coming, sugar's coming (2)

Aelealo Aiilasa Aelealo (2)

Medicine's coming, stamp's coming (2)

Aelealo Aiilasa Aelealo (2)

What else has not come?

What else has not come?

(All characters sit with a stumble.)

(The music of the night or the silence of the night is announced by the sounds of insects.)

Child: Amma, I'm frightened.

Mother: Wait until it dawns.

Child: Amma, it's cold

Mother: Wait, until it dawns.

Child: Amma, I'm hungry.

Mother: Wait, until it dawns.
(silence)

Child: Amma, where's appa?

Mother: He went to bring firewood.

Child: When will he come?

Mother: After he cuts up the firewood.

Music continues: This music is the fore music of the songs that are to follow. It is the theme music of the play.

Song continues:

(During the song, two characters – father and C mime riding a bicycle.)

Song: There comes your husband,
Having readied a small cart,
Laden with bananas

Drawn by two bullocks, so red!

Interlude:

(The cyclists talk with each other in the background of the interlude.)

Father: Annai, from where?

C: Maha Vidiyalayam Refugee Camp.

Father: Where to?

C: Kombadi, to get kerosene

Father: Native place?

C: Trincomalee, and you?

Father: Islands

Interlude rises; second stanza of the song "There comes your husband"

Bony's the bullock,
Quick's the sand,
Pulls not the bullock,
So suffers your husband,

Pulling the cart.

Interlude.

(Cyclists talk to each other within the interlude.)

C: So, you stay with your relatives?

Father: Mmm... with relatives, burden on others, dead life!

C: Yes, burden.

(The cyclists mime moving the bicycles, and move away from the stage.)

(Follows the music of the dawn ... it dawns with a cough – a sickly dawn.)

Mother: In our village, we had plot of land, and we had a house on it.

X: We too had a house. Though small, it was ours.

Y: Mmm, our house in our village.

Wife A: In our village, we had a paddy field for us. Though a small field, it was our own.

Wife: In our village, we had a sea for us. Though a small sea, it was our own.

Mother: In our village, we had kiths and kins of our own. We had a life of our own. We had values.

Y is overcome with emotions, gets up, runs screaming. Other characters hold him down and console him.)

Husband A: Here, we have to begin everything from the beginning.

Wife A: We're a new caste here.

Husband: A new race.

Wife B: A new class.

Z: A new caste called refugees, a new race, a new class

Song: The first stanza of the song: "We're the ones who are corn-ered" is sung. It is followed by the interlude music of "There comes your husband" and the last stanza.

Song: Bony 's the bullock,
Defective's the cart
Pull not the bullocks
So suffers your husband
Pulling the cart.

(Interlude of the song tones down. Father mimes riding a bicycle, parks it onto a side, approaches wife and children.)

Father: My back's broken

Mother: Drink tea.
(Father drinks tea, child goes near)

Child: Appa, what did you bring for me?
(Father looks at the child silently)

Mild silence.

Mother: They say there's no relief this time.

Father: Not even firewood to cut.

Mother: So, what to do?

Father: We have to beg.

Mild silence

The child reads from a book.

*Aakkandi, Aakkandi
Where did you lay your eggs?
Split the rocks, to lay the eggs
In the seven seas.
Though laid four eggs,
Hatched three eggs only.
Circled three mountains
For food for older chick
Circled seven mountains
For food for younger chick
Circled Coral Mountain
For food for the chick I saw.
Son of mysterious gypsy
Laid a snare on my way
That entangled my two legs and two wings
The tears of my eyes
And the tears of my chicks
Flowed in the canal
Whereby washed the travelers their feet,
Flowed into ginger
Enriching the roots of lime

Flowed into ladies fingers
Enriching the roots of pomegranate
Thus dried therein.

* (Aakkandi: lap wing)

Child: Amma, my eyes are aching.
Letters are not visible.
Light, not sufficient.

Mother: Read in the available light.

Child: Amma, maths copybook is full.

Mother: Why? Where's your copy book that you bought last month?

Child: I left it at home when I came running. Didn't even bring the math's book.

Mother: Ask from the boy who sits next to you.

Child: Ask whom? I don't know anyone.
Mild silence.

Song: Silver flowers all over the sky,
No hands to gather them.
Refugee children all over the world,
No one to embrace them.

Birds chirp all over the open field,
No one to listen yearningly,
Voices of children on the way, on the streets,
No soul to feel compassion.
(Silver flowers.....)

Shoals of twirling fish in the sea,
No one to enjoy lovely sight.
Refugee children drifting in the boats,
No way to reach the coast.
(Silver flowers)

Supreme justice all over the world,
With sermons plenty.
Night and day alternate,
No radiance for refugee children.
(Silver flowers)

(The ringing of the postman's bicycle is heard. Wife A goes to one side of the stage and receives a letter.)

Old woman: Letters?
From abroad?

Wife A: Yes. From son.
(reads the letter)

Father, mother and everyone. I am well. May God give you good health. I heard from B.B.C. about the problems there. I don't know where you are. I even don't know when this letter will reach your hands.

Last month we were in an African country the name of which we do not know. Now we are in Bangkok. We do not know where the agent will take us next. Nevertheless he says he will eventually take us to Germany.

Among the agents, there is not a single good or honest one. However we have to trust them. Let god help us.

Anna phoned from Switzerland to say that your grandchild has started to talk. The child says amma in Swiss.

Last time when anna phoned me, he said the Swiss government is going to send back the Tamil refugees. He is very much worried.

Husband A: Mmm... Here we're refugees and our children are refugees in foreign land.

Old woman: Wherever we go, we're asylum seekers. Our fate!.

Wife: Grandson's started talking, it seems.

Husband: We're not lucky to listen.

Y: Our children who have to care for us in our last days, are not with us.

(Woman with a sigh, mimes chasing the dog.)

Old woman: No children even to light our pyre.

Husband: Though with children, we are lonely like the barren.

Wife: Our family's scattered.

(Old woman coughs continuously, a sickly cough.)

X and Y move towards the old woman.

Y: Archi, archi, what's happening?

Old Woman: Severe headache for the last three days. Whole body's aching.

Y: Yes, your eyes are red.

(they touch Archi)

X: Your body's burning.

Y: Contagious disease?

The child's mother drags the child away when she tries to go near the old woman.

Mother: Come here. Don't go near Archi. Archi is sick.

Father: Yes, others are also going to get it.

Husband A: Archi, didn't you take any tablets?

Old woman: Who's there to give me medicine?

Wife A: Why, can't you go to the government dispensary?

Old woman: Who's there to take me?

Father: If you neglect it like this, everybody'll get it.

Old woman: What can I do? Who's there for me?

Father: Where are your children?

Mother: May be abroad.

Husband: Who knows where they are and what they are doing.

Old woman: Children, don't leave me alone. I have no one.

(Music- Prelude to the song, or the song begins directly. The sentences that come between every two stanzas, are rendered in the background of the interlude.)

Song: Ailing mother,
 So lonely,
 Where are your children?
 Born through mortification!

X: The queen of sorrows
 The mother of young
 You're left alone now.

Song: At the time of age and sickness
Engulfing you.
To whom have you come
From your native land
Leaving behind your roots!

Y: Her sons disappeared,
Her daughters kidnapped.
She became lonely with the children
Left behind as orphans.

Song: When your house
Was burning in the moonlight,
Sans son, daughter,
You dwelled there, mother.

Mother: She spent her long lightless nights
In the woods.
She crossed the unsafe roads,
Crossed the rivers
And crossed the mountains
To bring food
To the children under her care,

Song: Listen!
You mother of sorrow and widow
You are barren-like
Though children you had,
Mother, mother. (Music of the song ends.)

Old woman: Oh god, I'm left alone. If I were in my house, in my
village, with my children and my people, I would not suffer
as an orphan.

(At this point all the characters move onto the front stage towards the
audience.)

Mother: (Facing the audience)
Aiyo! When will the time come for us to be happy with our children in our compounds?

Child: (Facing the mother, crying)
I want to go home! I want to go home! Go home.... go home.

(All characters face the audience and ask the audience)

C: When will the time come for us to return to our homes?

When will the time come for our scattered families to come together?

X: Our houses are in darkness. We must go there to light the lamps.

Husband: Our compounds are in ruins. Venomous snakes have built their hills – venomous snakes. We must go there, sweep them clean, plaster and polish the floor anew with cow-dung and lay “Kolom designs”

X: The sounds of bells in our kovils are no more. We must go there to continue our worship.

C: Have you seen my thambi? If you see him, tell him that I’m here. Don’t forget. Tell him without fail.

Old woman: My children, my children, children..... children..... children.

Music rises and dies off.
Silence.

END.

Acknowledgement:

1. Song: "There comes your husband." : Tamil folk song.
2. "A new caste called refugee, new race, new class": From the poem of Ahilan.
3. Song: "Lapwing, lapwing." : Tamil folk song.
4. Song: "Silver flowers." By Poet M. Ponambalam.

END.

TEARS OF THE CHILD

CHILDREN'S PLAY

BY

S. JEYASANKAR

EASTERN UNIVERSITY, SRI LANKA.

BASED ON THE PLAY

'PAALUKKU PALAHAN' BY M.

SHUNMUGALINGAM

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL STORY BY

ANTONIO GRAMSCI.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

S.M. FELIX

EASTERN UNIVERSITY, SRI LANKA.

TEARS OF THE CHILD

(All characters stand in a semi-circle on stage. 'Mountain' sits on a high platform. Mousie is in the centre at the front stage. When the curtain rises, all the characters on stage caw thrice, followed by the cawing of a single crow, which then returns to its place. Now, the child cries, which makes Mousie excited. He runs about nervously and speaks.)

Mousie: My heavens! I've drunk the child's milk! What a dreadful thing! Where can I go for milk now? The child's is screaming. Where do I go for milk now?

(As Mousse is thinking timidly, Goatie bleats. Mousie gets encouraged and speaks delightedly.)

Mousse: Let me go to Goatie akka! Goatie akka, Goat-tie akka!

Goatie: Hi Mousie thambi! Why do you come so hurriedly?

Mousie: Could you give me some milk please akka?

Goatie: Milk? Why do you need milk now?

Mousie: I drank the milk of a sleeping child. She's awake now and crying for milk.

(The child screams. Mousie runs to the child hurriedly and returns.)

Goatie: Oh, no Mousie thambi! It's a long time since I'd a good meal of grass. I'm just existing on dry leaves and twigs. How can I give you milk?

Mousie: (thinks) What do I do for milk now?

Goatie: Thambi, you do one thing.

Mousie: What?
Goatie: You find me some green grass and I'll give you milk.

Mousie: Is it true? You'll give me milk if I give you green grass?

Goatie: Yes, certainly.

Mousie: All right. I'll return with green grass. (Runs, stops) Bye!

Goatie: Bye!

(As Mousie hurries away, Goatie speaks)

Take care thambi, take care!

(Mousie thinking): Yes, yes, let me go to Meadow amma!

(Runs) Meadow-amma, meadow-amma!

Mead: Why do you run like this? Why are you so excited? Is the Caty chasing you?

Mousie: Oh no, nothing like that! I need a favour from you now.

Mead: Oh come on! What can I do for you?

Mousie: Please, Meadow amma, could you give me some grass, please?

Mead: Grass? Don't you see my pathetic condition? I'm so dry without water. If you ask me for grass, what can I do?

Mousie: What can I do for grass now? The child may still be crying!

Mead: What? A child crying?

Mousie: Yes, I drank the milk of a sleeping child. I went to Goatie akka for some milk, and she wants green grass.

Mead: So, you can do one thing. If you give me water, I'll give you green grass.

Mousie: If I give you water, you'll give me green grass?

Mead: Why not? If not you, who'll get green grass from me?

Mousie: Promise?

Mead: Definitely, for the sake of the child.

Mousie: OK Meadow amma, so I'll find some water for you!

Mead: Good luck. Bye!

(Mousie hurries away).

(Meadow amma speaks): Take care, take care!

Mousie:	(pauses)	Bye!
	(Thinks)	Where can I go for water?
	(Thinks again)	Ah, let me go to Pondo thatha!

(Mousie runs and jumps in front of the sleeping Pondo. Pondo wakes up with a start).

Pondo: Oh, you frightened me! Why do you jump like this?

Mousie: That's a long story. Pondo thatha!

Pondo: Without getting excited, come out with your story.

Mousie: It's a sad story thatha! I drank the milk of a sleeping child over there. The child is awake now and crying for milk.

There's no milk anywhere. I went to Goatie akka for some milk. she'll give me milk if I give her water. So Pondo thattha will you please give me some water?

Pondo: Water? Where can I go for water?

Mousie: Somehow you must give me some water. Pondo thattha, please say 'yes'. Oh, please thattha!

Pondo: Don't irritate me without listening. You listen to my story first.

Mousie: All right. (Laughing teasingly) Go ahead, I'm listening.

Pondo: I'm in a broken down condition, so all the water has leaked out!

(Frogie comes leaping towards Mousie, croaking)

Mousie: What's this? Oh Frogie boy!

Frogie: Hi. Mousie! Where to? In this hot sun?

Mousie: I need water. That's why I came here.
(Frogie laughs with a loud croak.)

Mousie(angrily): Why do you laugh now?

Frogie: Water? It's funny! We ourselves are dry without water.
(A crane lands near)

Frogie: Craney akka welcome!

Mousie: You look scorched?

Craney: There's no water in any pond or pool.

Frogie: Look here. Look at my back - prickly heat everywhere - itching!

Craney: Oh, it's dam hot!
(Mousie annoyed, scratches Frogie's back and says)

Mousie: Wait a minute. Oh I forgot my mission! Pondo thatha, my sweet thatha, give me at least a little water.
(The child cries. Frogie and Craney run to her and console her).

Mousie: Pondo thatha, the child is crying.

Pondo: You do one thing. Bring a mason and mend the pond.
Then I can give you water.

Mousie(excited) OK OK. just wait! I'll bring the mason. I'll bring him now. (Mousie attempts to run)

Pondo: No, No, don't run like that! Go slowly. Take your own time!

Mousie: Thank you, Thank you. Bye. Thank you. Bye.

Pondo: Bye!
(Mousie runs, stops and thinks).

Mousie: Now I must go to the mason. Where can I find the mason?
Yeah!

(Mousie mimes a child driving a car, reverses, knocks against Goatie and brakes. Goatie shouts as if to scold Mousie.)

Mousie: Sorry akka!

(Mousie drives forward to mason who remains still. Mousie reverses, comes forward fast, brakes and horns. Mason jumps with a start).

Mason: Oh, it's you, Mousie thambi! What's the matter?

Mousie: Will you do me a favour?

Mason: What favour? What can I do for you?

Mousie: The pond needs mending. Will you mend it for me?

Mason: Mending is a simple thing. But I don't have stones, cement or timber. That's why I'm idling.

Mousie: So what to do now?

Mason: Do one thing.

Mousie: What?

Mason: If you give me stones I'll mend the pond.

Mousie: Then I'll bring the stones.

Mason: Yes. I'll do this help for your sake, Mousie.
(Mousie runs, stops and thinks).

Mousie: Where can I go for stones now?

(Frogie, Goatie, Craney and crow - all make noises. Mousie - disturbed-shouts angrily).

Mousie: Hi you all - will you please stop shouting, Let me think!
(They all laugh loudly).

Mousie(angrily):I'm telling you!

Craney: O.K , O.K, We'll not shout! You think!

Mousie: (thinking) (Jumps in delight).

We'll go to Mountain mama. (Shouts) Mountain ma... ma!

(Mountain mama and mami are in a deep sleep snoring. Mousie is pulled in and pushed out by the snore).

Mt. 1: I hear someone calling.

Mt. 2: Yes, I too. Just see who?

Mousie: Mountain mama.

Mt 2: Who's that?

Mousie: It's me.

Mt 1: He says 'it's me'.

Mt. 2: Me?

Mousie: I'm Mousie.

Mt:1: Oh. It's you. Come come.

Mt 1 & Mt 2: What's the matter?

Mousie: I need some stones. I came for that!

Mt 1: Why do you need stones now?

Mousie: I'm hungry.

(Mountain mama and mami laugh).

Mt. 1: You need stones for that?

Mousie: Wait a minute. Let me finish.

Mt. 1 & Mt 2: O.K, O.K, You go ahead.

Mousie: I drank the milk of a child over there.

Mt. 1: Milk is good for the body!

Mt. 2: That's why Mousie thambi has climbed to the mountain top to play.

Mousie: Don't crack jokes.

Mt 1: We're cracking jokes?

Mt 2: You're cracking jokes.

Mousie: My God, you're confusing me.

Mt. 1 & Mt 2: All right, all right you continue.

Mt. 1: We'll not interrupt you.

Mousie: I drank the milk of a sleeping child. She's awake now and crying for milk.

(Goatie speaks)

Goatie: Mousie thambi came to me for milk.

Mousie: She said she would give me milk if I gave her green grass.

Mt. 1: Then?

(Meadow speaks. Mt. 2 leans towards the sound)

Meadow: Mousie thambi came to me.

Mousie: She said she would give me grass if I gave her water.

Mousie: for water

Pondo thatha : Thambi came to me.

Mt. 1: What did he say?

Mousie: He would give water if the pond is mended.

Mt. 2: Then what?

Mousie: I approached the mason. That's why I came here for stones.

[Now the child screams. Mousie jumps about in confusion. Frogie leaps towards the child and consoles her].

Mt. 1: You see thambi. The trees all over us have been cut down for building houses and for fire wood.

Mt. 2: The rains have washed away all the soil that covered us.

Mt. 1: All the stones are exposed, not a single plant can grow on us now. Furthermore if you take the stones too, that will be the end of us.

Mousie: You need not worry. When this child grows old, she'll plant a lot of trees. She'll be fond of you!

Mt. 2: That's our wish too. We'll give you a lot of stones.

Mt. 1: Please tell all the children to plant more trees.

Mouse: Yes, we all will plant a lot of trees.

Mt. 1 : So here you take the stones!

[Mimes as if rolling down the stones]

[Frogie stays still . Goatie pushes him away with her horns].

Goatie: Jump, aside, Frogie boy!

Frogie: A narrow escape! I escaped from being crushed by the stones.

Mt. 1: Move, move, stones rolling down!

Mt.2: Mousie thambi, is that enough?

Craney: Some more please.

Mason: Let's build the canal too,.

[Mending of the pond is done under the charge of the mason. All animals mime working].

Mason: Frogie, without jumping about in the pond come and help us.

Frogie: Just coming.

Craney: Come one, Come all. Let's send the water to the meadow.

[Pondo thatha gets up, stands facing mason, and they dance. All the characters go dancing in a circle between Pondo and mason, singing the following song and they pour water on meadow].

Song: One pot of water,
 One flower blooms.
 Two pots of water,
 Two flowers bloom.
 Three pots of water,
 Three flowers bloom.

Four pots of water,
Four flowers bloom.

Five pots of water,
Five flowers bloom.

Six pots of water,
Six flowers bloom.

Seven pots of water,
Seven flowers bloom.

Eight pots of water,
Eight flowers bloom.

Nine pots of water,
Nine flowers bloom.

Ten pots of water,
Ten flowers bloom.

(At the end of the last line, Pondo thatha and Mason hold Frogie boy and all others cheer and applaud and laugh).

Mousie: Goatie akka, Goatie akka, come here quickly. Feed on the grass!

(Goatie runs to Meadow, bleating - then mimes grazing)

Goatie : 'm, m,..... m', Mousie thambi, fetch me a bowl quickly!
I'll give enough milk for the child!

Mousie: I'm coming! Here's the bowl!

Goatie: Here you are! Take this milk to the child!

Mousie: Thanks a lot, Goatie akka!

[Mousie singing happily, takes the bowl of milk to the crying child. Others sing the chorus].

Old Rock Mountain gave some stones.

[Chorus]

Merry masan built the pond.

[Chorus]

Stout little Pondo gave some water.

[Chorus]

Grassy Meadow gave some grass.

[Chorus]

Graceful Goatie gave some milk.

[Chorus]

Tiny Mousie fed the child.

[Chorus] [Repeat]

[Mousie is feeding the child. As the child is drinking, others make the sound "GULP, GULP". Then they all cheer and make merry].

Mousie: Come, children, let's plant a lot of trees!

Child: I too have a tree to plant!

[The child goes in front with a plant, followed by Mousie. Others follow behind, mime - playing the flute and beating the drums. The child hands over the plant to Mountain mama, who plants it. Then they all come to the front stage holding a green cloth, and sing]:

Water, Water, come in plenty.

Feed us with your bounty,

Bless us with your glory.

Fill the rivers with water.

Fill the land with laughter.

[All cheer and applaud and bow to the audience]

THE END

"THE FLIGHTLESS BUTTERFLY"

A WORK – SHOP PLAY

PARTICIPANTS

**A. RAJEEVANEER FRANCIS
A. LALLINI TISSEVERASINGHE
MYTHREYE SOMASUNDARAM
PREHASHINI JEEVARETNAM
K. HARIHARARAJ
W. DHARMENTHIRA
BRITTO ITHAYARAJ
P. VIJENDRAN**

**WORK – SHOP FACILITATION AND STAGE
CREATION
BY S. JEYASHANKAR**

SCRIPT

S.M. FELIX

**ADAPTED FROM A THAMIL SHORT STORY BY
V. GOWRIPALAN.**

JULY – AUGUST 2000.

WORK – SHOP ORGANISED BY:

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE TEACHING UNIT.
EASTERN UNIVERSITY, SRI LANKA.**

SCENE ONE

(Ambi is on the Bund. In the background is heard tank-related sounds: sounds of breaking waves on the bund: sound of a cool breeze: the “tuk, tuk” noise of woodpecker pecking a tree, etc, this goes on for a while. It is followed by a rendering of the verses from the stone inscription of the tank)

(The voice is heard from the behind the scene.)

A hoe of eight fold directions
To cut down a tree of seven span
Tapping with a foot to topple,
Yet, before it fell
A tank he built on earth,
And therein filled roaring waters,
Oh, virtuous king.

Ambi: Marvelous, Oh, the King Kulakottan, marvelous. Cutting the earth on eight directions: cutting down the trees of seven spans, tapping with a foot to topple: and yet, before it fell, you built a tank on the earth: filled, full with water. Oh, Your Majesty, how could I praise your patience?

(tuk, tuk: the sound of the woodpecker pecking the tree: sound of the horses' hoofs in the background.)

Mullai rides the Royal Chariot – passes Ambi. Ambi, startled, turns his head towards the chariot and cries aloud.

Ambi: Stop, stop the chariot. Mullai stop. I'm Mulivannan, your husband. Stop the Chariot. (runs behind it.)

Chariot stops. Mullai alights from it, waves her hand at Ambi.

Ambi: Ah ha! this indeed is the greatness of a wife. May you be glorified – you who in my absence is the charioteer of the King.

Mullai moves on. Ambi gives chase. Mullai runs, Ambi runs behind.

Ambi: Oh, Mullai the Princess of the Forest. Where do you run? Stay, ahead is the forest. Stop don't run. (Mullai leaves the stage.)

Soliders: Stop, stop, Don't run. Duwanda eppa. You'll be shot. (Ambi runs. Soliders give chase – catch Ambi. They struggle.)

An officer (enters): What's happening? Who's he?

A solider: Sir, he has come to blast the tank with bombs. He tried to run away when he saw us. We had to give a chase before we apprehended him.

Officer: Put him in the bunkers. We'll see later.

All exit.

SCENE TWO

Ambi's house: Amma is ironing Ambi's shirt. Father is painting Ambi's bookshelf.

Ambi: Amma shall I iron my shirt?

Amma: What? How many times I've told you not to talk such nonsense. Do you want to burn your fingers? Do your studies, instead.

Father: Has Ambi started minding other's business? (To mother) First he asked me whether he could paint his bookshelf. I warned him to mind his own business, He doesn't learn, (to Ambi) Why don't you do your homework? Or revise your lessons?

Ambi (reads); The King Kulakotan lived during the 14th century. History records that King Kulakotan built the famous Koneswara Kovil and the tank which is presently known as the Kantale tank.

Ambi: Amma, my Sigiriya Trip? Tomorrow the last day for giving names. All my classmates are going.

Amma: That subject's closed.

Father: What's it?

Amma: Ambi's class's going on a trip to Sigiriya.

Father: Sigiriya? You're only in year ten. You're too young to go there.

Ambi: But... Amma all my classmates are going.

Father: I don't care about your classmates. You're not going.

Ambi (reads): King Kulakottan had a trusted charioteer by the name of Muhilvannan. Muhilvannan and his beautiful wife Mullai occupy a special place in history as loyal servants of the King Kulakottan.

Ambi: (to himself): How lucky, my friends, they must be getting ready by now.

Chorus in the backstage

Where're you going my friends?

Where're you going?

We're going to Sigiriya, Ambi,

We're going to Sigiriya.

Why go there my friends?

Why go there?

To see the majestic rock in its splendor, Ambi,

Majestic rock in its splendor

What else you see there my friends,

What else you see?

Damsels painted on walls, Ambi,

Damsels painted on the walls.

Have a good trip, my friends,

Have a good trip.

We pity you Ambi,

We pity you.

Mother and Father talking to each other.

Father: These days it's not safe to send children anywhere. I don't understand why schools organize such trips. Who'll guarantee the safety of our children? I must talk to the principal.

Mother: Talk to Ambi's class teacher too. Even sending the children to school is a risk, leave alone the trips. I'm on pins until Ambi returns home from school - explosions of bombs, round - ups....

Father: Identification parades in front of hooded men what and what responsibilities we parents have. (After a short pause) We're giving Ambi the best we can. It's been the same always. Do you remember (Ambi listens) when Ambi was seven years old?

Mother: Yes, yes. He wanted to go to the "ther" festival with the children of the neighborhood. Those young boys wanted to go all by themselves. I clearly remember you refused to allow him. How he cried the whole evening! He even refused to take dinner.

Father: But, then I took him myself. I'm sure he enjoyed it. I even bought him an ice cream and a toy gun, AK 47.

Ambi (to himself): Enjoyed? Holding my father's hand, being dragged behind.

Chorus

Who goes with you, Ambi

Who goes with you?

That's his father.

That's his father.

Why hold his hand, Ambi,

Why hold his hand?

For his safety, of course,

For his safety

What see you there, Ambi

What see you there?

What shows his father?

What shows his father?

You see ther, Ambi

You see ther?

(Ambi): Father in between

Ther and me, ther and me

Father: (turning towards Ambi): Ambi run up to the corner shop and get me two panadol and a ginger beer. The smell of his paint causes me migraine. Take this twenty-rupee note. Two panadol - three rupees, ginger beer thirteen fifty that's sixteen fifty, the balance is (Ambi's getting ready to leave) three fifty.

Wait Ambi change your black shirt. There're army men all over the place.

Mother: Go along the side of the road. Look on both sides before you cross don't stand on the road, talking to your friends.

Father: Don't go in your jeans, wear shorts. You look small in that.

Mother: Ambi looks too big for his age.

Father: He can get his I.C. only next year.

(Ambi is about to leave with an empty ginger beer bottle).

Father: You wait. The army convoy usually passes at this time. You better do your studies.

(Father leaves with the empty bottle)

(1 "Ther" – A chariot on which images of Hindu gods are placed and drawn by bullocks along streets during Kovil Festivals.)

Scene – Three

(Advanced Level class setting)

Teacher: (Continues) . . .our next topic is the life cycle of the butterfly. We've already dealt with the classification. You should be thorough in that section.

Five marks are awarded for classification and ten marks for the life cycle. You can't afford to lose any marks on this. Now the life cycle of the butterfly there are four stages; the egg, the caterpillar or the larva, the chrysalis or the pupa, and the adult, that is the butterfly.

If you have any questions you may ask me. Only up to this point.

Student 1: Miss, do all insects have this type of life cycle?

Teacher: No, not all. This is not a characteristic of the class insecta.

Ambi: Miss, swarms of butterflies fly towards Kathirgamam in January every year. Is it part of their life cycle?

Student 3: They go on a pilgrimage, if you like you too can join them.

(All students laugh)

Teacher: Silence. That's out of point. Nobody is going to ask this question on the exam. I have studied the question papers of the past five years. And I'm sure there'll be a question on butterflies this year.

Student 2: Ambi's always like that Miss, asking questions out of the syllabus.

Teacher: Your time is short, but the syllabus is wide. You must pick and choose what's necessary for your exam.

Student 3: (to Ambi): ask that question again. (to teacher) Miss, Ambi wants to ask a question.

Ambi: Miss, what I want to say is butterflies are beautiful...

Student 1 (to Ambi): Shut up, don't start your T.V. serial again. You should have studied in the Arts stream.

Student2: Ambi wanted to join the Arts stream Miss. His father only put him here.

Teacher: That's immaterial. Now you're here, you must work hard. (to all students) Your parents want you to become doctors. It's your duty to fulfill their ambitions. How many of you will enter the university, that I have my doubts.

Student 3 : (quietly) Archimedes is going to ask an important question.

(to Ambi): Miss has not answered your Kathirgamam question, ask her. (To teacher: Miss Ambi wants to ask a question.

Teacher (to student 3): Ramesh, you're spoling Ambi. Are you his mouthpiece?

Ambi: But, miss, butterflies...

Teacher: I've told you a number of times, passing the A/L is not enough.

It's the aggregate marks that count. Whatever you study, you must memorise. If you don't memorise, then don't expect to enter the University.

Student 1: (to Ambi): You and your butterflies.

(to teacher) Ignore Ambi, Miss he lives in fantasyland. **(To Ambi)** Because of you a lot of time has been wasted.

Teacher: All right. One of you read these notes aloud, others take down, Do it quietly. (Teacher hands over the note book to Ramesh and leaves)

Ramesh; Ambi, read these notes aloud. Come to the front. (Ambi comes to the front)

Ambi, butterflies, beautiful, very beautiful, aren't they?

Ambi; Yes Ramesh, they're beautiful,
The petal like wings, Lovely hues of different shades,
So soft and smooth,
And on each of which a pattern stands.
With lovely pink and purple spots,
See how thy glide,
Flapping their wings
So gently,
Like a ballet dancer

(Ambi is absorbed in his thoughts. Students mime the actions.)

Students: Wa, wonderful, you're a philosopher, Ambi.

Student 3: Ambi, once more.

Ambi: (Continues)

Hundreds and hundreds of butterflies
On their way to Kathirgamam.
Their shadows like clouds
Covering the green grass below
Like the souls of the departed
Flying in the clear sky.
Oh, how I wish
I was there.

- All students: Eureka, eureka, our Archimedes has done it again
(all laugh).
- Student 3: At this rate, Archimedes'll become Mendel.
- Student 1: Mendel or Mental.
- Student 2: Not only Ambi, all of us will be flying like butterflies.
(Mime the action)
- Student 3: Who knows? Ambi'll become a mental doctor, one day.
- Student 2: To treat us. (All laugh)
- Ambi: Mahes....
- Mahes: Oh, leave us Ambi. We've better things to do than listen
to your Mini Ramayana.

(They take the notebook from Ambi and leave)

Ambi: (to himself): How happy you must be

Oh, butterfly, how I remain,

So lonely, dejected,

No one to share

My feelings with...

Voice: how he remains,

So lonely, dejected,

No one to share

His feelings with

Chorus:

But the water of the lovely tank

The gently breeze.

The butterflies

In there thousands

Drifting over the woods

So dark and deep,

The call of the birds,

The far horizon

Are all yours, Ambi.

Your world

Is your Own Ambi.

Scene – Four

(Ambi's house. "Ambi is seated, lost in his thoughts. A knock on the door is heard)

Ambi's mother (from another room): Ambi, see who's knocking on the door. I don't know what you've been doing from morning. Sitting there and just brooding. You've been doing this for the last four years, since you failed your A/L.

(Ambi rather reluctantly walks to the door and opens it. Rasathi comes in, holding a Weekly in her hand.)

Ambi: (forgetting himself): A...i, Mulla....i.

Rasathi: Stop this madness. Call me Rasathi. Here read this
"Thinamurasu" without idling all the time.

Ambi: (takes it, then after a second thought – what's the use?
Everything is over for me.

Rasathi: You're in a dull mood, Ambi. Are you're still worrying
about... about that proposal? Forget that. Why do you
want to take it so seriously?

Ambi: (getting lost in his thoughts)
She was so beautiful.
Smiled at me so lovingly.
Moved like a swan,
Clad in rainbow colours.
Mullai waiting ready to embrace Muhilvannan,
Beside the "Ther" on the banks of the tank
Butterflies in their thousands
Heralding the good news.
Of like so sweet

Rasathi: But, your mother didn't like her.

Ambi: Oh, how she longed to talk to me.

Rasathi: You talked to her Ambi?

(Mother overhears the conversation as she enters)

Motherm (angrily): Talk to her, Ambi didn't go there to talk to her. We
went there to see the girl. Whether she would be a
good daughter-in-law for me. But she wanted to talk to
Ambi. What a disgrace?

We, the elders were seated talking about dowry and donation.... She wanted to take Ambi to a side and talk. Shame. Decent girls don't do that.

Rasaathi: What did Amni do? Aunty?

Mother: What's there for him to do? Ambi's not brought up in that manner. I told him then and there, in the presence of all: "Ambi's not the girl for you. Let's get out from her." I left the place immediately taking Ambi with me.

Rasathi: Ambi's very much-worried aunty.

Mother: Worried? (Noticing the weekly in Ambi's hand) You gave him that? (Getting angry) How dare you give him this and that do entice my son? I don't like the way you talk to him. Why do you want to talk to him about his marriage? You have no business with him. Girls of your age should have modesty, trying to hang on to my son.

Rasathi (getting angry): Oh, your son is Salmon Khan, for me to go behind him. Everybody knows about your son, he crazy he is, you think he's still a baby. He's twenty-five years. You still tell him what to do, what to eat, how to dress and to walk. You've never given him a chance to decide on anything. It's because of you he's like this. You compelled him to do Science subjects in A/L, how much he wanted to do Arts subjects. When he failed the exam, you put the blame on him. Aunty, now the world's different. Ambi belongs to these words, our world, and not your world. Remember that, oh, how I pity him.

Mother: you needn't tell me about my son. And we don't need your pity, either (grabs the Weekly from Ambi's hands and throws it at Rasathi.)

Let this be your last visit to this house. Never step into this house again, never.

Rasathi: (gathers the Weekly) (to herself) These people never change. Poor Ambi. (She leaves)

(Ambi turns the pages of a book aimlessly.)

Scene – Five

Ambi is on the Chariot, waiting for the king.

Mullai appears on the balcony, Ambi is excited; He waves his hand at Mullai. She waves back at him. Ambi jumps down from the chariot.

Ambi: Oh my princess, there on the balcony,

Mullai, Mullai.

(tries to climb up the balcony, but his feet slip. Ambi tries again searches for Mullai up in the balcony)

Ambi: Mullai, Mullai, where did you go? My angel, my princess, my goddess.

Ambi searches for Mullai, running here and there, excited. Policemen enter, catch Ambi, hold him tight and take him away. Ambi murmurs: Mullai, Mulla...I

Scene Six

Court Scene

(Lawyers, Ambi's father, mother and others) Judge enters Ambi is in the box.

Judge sits and others follow suit.

Court Mudaliyar: Case No: PC 1316 Kantale.

The accused is Nathan Vadivel alias Ambi.

Arrested under the Prevention of Terrorism Act.

(To Ambi)

Repeat what I say:

I say the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Ambi: Your Majesty, I know nothing, but Mullai.

Mudaliyar: (getting angry) Repeat only what I say.

Your majesty, sh... no, no... my Lord,

What I say is the truth

(Grabs Ambi's hand, forces him to take oath)

State council: My lord, the accused is charged under the Prevention of terrorism Act, with an attempt to poison the water in the reservoir which serves hundreds and hundreds of villagers.

Judge: Are you guilty or not guilty.

Ambi: Your Majesty, I was searching for Mullai in the balcony, when the guards brought me here.

Judge (to the lawyer): What does he say?

State council: My Lord, the behavior of the accused has been found abnormal, this medical report (submits) supports my statements, under these circumstances, the state wishes to withdraw the case against the accused.

Judge (after reading the medical report): According to this report, the accused suffers from mental imbalance he needs psychiatric treatment. I dismiss this case and order the accused to be released to the custody of his parents.

The court is adjourned. (Judge leaves.)

Scene Seven

(Temple setting)

Voice: Konesweram Kovil

On the hill top

The sky above

And the sea below,

Serene atmosphere.

Images of gods

Showering Blessings

On crowds of devotees,

Chanting prayers.

Koneswaram

Koneswaram.

Ambi: Ah, ha.

Marvelous,

Oh, King Kullakottan

Your service is noble.

How this enchanting atmosphere

Mesmerises me.

My cuckoo bird of the garden of flowers

Mullai,

Where have you gone?

Konesha Kovil

Festivity at its peak,

Why do you elude me,

My Mullai?

(Voices of women are heard)

ah, that's the voice

Of the angel of my heart

It's the melody that lingers

Long after the cuckoo bird

And the mynah bird have sung.

(A group of women go past Ambi)

Woman 1: hey, come quickly, the pooja's about to begin.

Ambi; aai, Mullai.

I' m here. Where do you go?

(Ambi pulls the hand of a woman. She slaps him.)

Woman 1: He's mad. Why did you slap him?

Woman 2: Nonsense.

Ambi: Ai, Mullai.

You slapped me?

(Ambi tries to go near the woman. Guards of the temple assault Ambi.)

Ambi : (loud) Oh King

Is this your royal justice?

You removed my Mullai from me.

And allowed your guards to assault me.

Is this your justice?

Is this your justice?

(turning to the audience)

Is this your justice?

End Scene.

GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME

A PLAY ON ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUE

BY: S. JEYASANKAR

TRANSLATED BY:

S.M. FELIX

ALL: We're men, (2)
With money in our hands,
Diseases in our bodies.
Sky is ours,
Earth is ours,
All living creatures – all ours.
When these thoughts vanish,
Sky opens, earth blooms, (2)
Innocent creatures –delighted,
Green, Green grass of home flourishes.

We come singing and dancing,
Dancing and singing we come.
To live in green green land,
With all living creatures,
In joy and happiness.

Rushing waters, Blowing winds,
Green lands, rich resources,
Grass and weeds, insects and worms,
Birds, beasts, men and all
To live in peaceful world,
A world to roam with desire.

MEN: Oh!...Oh!,
For us, for us

Knowledge grew,
Skills grew
Men are coming, they're coming
To rule the world
With knowledge.

MEN: For us, for us.
For me, for me.

Aha!
The whole world is for us, for us,
All living creatures for us, for us
For us, for us
All for me , for me.
For us, for us,
For me, for me.

ONE: The world belongs to me
ALL: Aha! For us.
ONE: All rivers belong to me
ALL: Aha! For us.
ONE: Flowers bloom for me.
ALL: Yes, yes, for me.
ONE: Mother earth showers her blessings
ALL: For us, for us.

MEN: Cut down, chop down,
Pull down buildings.

BIRD: Get scorched
Inside woods of buildings.

MEN: We install A.C
We drink cold drinks.

MEN: Chop down, cut down
Turn and roll.

ANIMAL: Deposit them in the bank,
In the bank.

MAN: That's growth,
That's development.

INSECT: Money is growing, is growing
In the bank, in the bank.
Look, earth is drying, drying
Contamination is increasing,
Is increasing.

INSECT: Dangerous diseases
Arrive like plague,
Take us away
In a jiffy.

MEN: Injection we take,
Inhale we do.

MEN: With needles we prick,
Through noses, we pull.

BIRD: Oh no!
Health is Wealth
Maxim you not listen
Suffer you before you heed.

MEN: We know all that
We can do all that.

SONG: Shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk
Shuk puk, shuk puk shuk puk shuk puk

Let's build mills, let's build roads,
Let's build dams to divert rivers.

Shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk
Shuk puk, shuk puk shuk puk shuk puk

Thickets of buildings, clatter of machines,
Annihilate life, annihilate life.

Shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk
Shuyk puk, shuk puk shuk puk shuk puk

Let's build dams to divert rivers,
Let's destroy forests to make fields.

Natural resources shall rapidly fall,
From earth shall disappear.

Shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk
Shuyk puk, shuk puk shuk puk shuk puk

Let's destroy forests to make fields
Avoid minor crops for major crops.

BIRD: Abodes of the rich, widen, widen,
Huts of poor multiply, multiply.

Shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk
Shuyk puk, shuk puk shuk puk shuk puk

Shall use manure to increase yields,
Shall use medicine to prevent desolation.

TREE: Bodies become poisonous balls,
Wilt in ailment day and night.

INSECT: Men in world,
Minus grass and weeds, insects and worms
Birds and snakes, animals and all.
Shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk, shuk puk

BIRD: Counting of profit within the mind,
 Poisonous ball in the body
 So live men .. in ailment

GREAT MEN: Great men of men, here come we
 Eliminate we the shortcomings of the poor
 Produce we artificial foods
 With rapidly growing animals and crops,
 Serve us in our ways
 Grant you loans too, on plans made.

TREE: Men who swallow men arrive,
 Arrive those who destroy with knowledge.

MEN: Explored the deepest of the deep seas,
 Split the smallest of the small atoms.

 Journeyed the widest of the wide space,
 Talked in the communications of the satellites.
 Began to create life artificial.

ANIMAL: You may wander wherever,
 You may do whatever,
 How do we live here?
 (scorching heat, heavy floods, earthquake invade the stage)

BIRD: Burning winds, scorching sun.

INSECT: Sand engulfs riverbeds.

ANIMAL: Heavy rains, scorching sun, severe mist, floods

ALL: Unlike in the past, why do they come in plenty,
 Why do they come, why do they come?
 Why do they come often?

ANIMAL: Thundering storms, infuriated seas!

INSECT: Admonishing earth, destructible knowledge.

ALL: Unlike in the past, why do they come in plenty,
Why do they come, why do they come?
Why do they come often?

MEN: We removed the head to keep on the thighs,
Removed the ears to keep on the shoulders,
Removed the mouth to keep in the bellies,
Destroyed nature to make artificiality
Sold our eyes to buy painting,
Sowed poison, reaped destruction.

BIRDS: Animals, trees:

Men come

To live in unison with nature

To be part of nature.

Come men who love nature

Come men who understand nature

Let the angered earth cool down

Let all world prosper.

MEN: We men come to see the new age
We cool the angered earth
We make the whole world prosper
We live as part of nature
We live in unison with nature.
Men we come to see the new age.

ALL: All creatures to live in unison
The skies open, the earth blooms
Creatures delighted in fulfillment
Green green grass of home in perfection.

All creatures live in joy

We come dancing

In the Green green grass of home.

We come dancing and singing.

END

Any one working with the issues related to the dramas in this collection are welcome to use them. We shall be very grateful to anyone sharing your experiences, photographs, ideas on these dramas to assist us in decommentation. This will greatly help us to strengthen and improve our work.

- EDITOR -

END

