Narrator: My dear children, young and old—each character of this tale is represented by

an instrument in the orchestra. The bird, by a flute.

Bird: ( *sharp, quick, melodious flute melody* )

Narrator: The duck, by an oboe.

Duck: ( *long, reedy oboe notes* )

Narrator: The cat, by a clarinet in a low register.

Cat: ( *low, mischievous sounding clarinet melody* )

Narrator: The grandfather, by a bassoon.

Grandfather: ( *low, resonant, curmudgeonly sounding bassoon melody* )

Narrator: The wolf, by horn.

Wolf: ( *multiple horns play a sinister sounding melody* )

Narrator: Peter, by the stringed instruments.

Peter: ( *melodious, upbeat string orchestra plays* )

Narrator: The shooting of the hunters, by kettle drums.

Hunters: ( *low, ominous crescendo and drum roll* )

Narrator: And now dear children, here is our story. Early in the morning, Peter opened

the gate and went out into the big, green meadow.

Peter: ( *melodious, upbeat string orchestra plays* )

Narrator: On the branch of a big tree sat a little bird—Peter’s friend. All is quiet, chirped

the little bird gayly.

Bird: ( *sharp, quick, melodious flute melody* )

( *melodious, upbeat string orchestra plays, building in tension* )

Narrator: Soon, a duck came waddling around. She was glad that Peter did not close

the gate, and decided to have a nice swim in the deep pond in the meadow.

Duck: ( l*ong, reedy oboe notes* )

( *calm, elegant string instrumental* )

Narrator: When the little bird saw the duck, he flew down, settled himself in the grass

beside the duck, and shrugged his shoulders. ( *calm string instrumental with sad tinge* ) What kind of a bird are you if you can’t fly?, said he.