

Michael Mouse

A White Gift Drama

Presentation Ideas

"Michael Mouse" is a Christmas play with several performance options:

- with full costume as a live performance
- in darkness with face masks and a back lit nativity scene
- as a 'radio' play

Feel free to adapt the lines according to how you might choose to use the play.

"Michael Mouse" might be used for a White Gift service or Sunday school pageant. It also might be used during Children's Time during one of the other Advent services or for an intergenerational service during the Advent or Christmas season, or even early in Epiphany. Perhaps older youth could present it for the younger children, "reader's theatre" style, with minimal preparation. It is written simply enough that most volunteers could handle the reading.

The stewardship implications for Michael's last line in the play are profound: "I gave him me...for as long as he needed me." The message needs no explication, but would lend itself well to small group discussion in an intergenerational or informal service.

Offering time following this drama might involve asking the congregation to offer to the Christ Child some aspect of their life. A tear-off slip could be printed in the bulletin, with a line that reads: "I offer to the Christ Child: _____ for as long as he needs me." Give folks a few minutes of quiet time after the play to complete their offering sentence, possibly followed by discussion with family members or neighbours in the pew. Receive and dedicate these as part of the offering for the day.

-- Barbara Fullerton, Stewardship Development

Characters (Speaking/Singing)

- Narrator (seated with story book in comfortable chair)
- Michael Mouse
- Sheep (more than one)
- Hen
- Owl
- Cow
- Cat
- Joseph
- Angels
- Shepherds
- Chorus (Where the group is small "Angels" and "Shepherds" parts might be taken by the Chorus)

Narrator: A long, long time ago, on the night when Jesus was born, there was a little mouse called Michael. Now I hope you're not afraid of mice, because this was a very friendly mouse. He had big ears, a long tail, tiny eyes, and a red woolly jacket to keep out the cold. He was sleeping in his tiny hole, just above a stream...

Michael: (*snores*)

Narrator: Suddenly he was wakened by a strange noise. He looked up into the sky and saw that it was bright, bright as day. He checked his clock: it was still the middle of the night! And then he heard...

Angels: (*sing or hum "Hark! the Herald Angels" VU 48*)

Narrator: Michael thought he would like to find out what the singing was all about, so he scampered along to see Owl, a good friend of his, who lived up a tree and had a good view of everything that went on.

Owl: Tu-wit-tu-woo, tu-wit-tu-woo.

Michael: Hi Owl, what's all the noise about?

Owl: It's all because a little baby is to be born in the village of Bethlehem. Everyone's going to see.

Michael: Bethlehem...that's miles away. Do you think I should go too?

Owl: Oh, I'm sure you would find it a memorable experience. Tu-wit-tu-woo, tu-wit-tu-woo.

Narrator: So off went Michael. There weren't any buses or trains in those days, so he had to swim across two rivers and climb hills all on his own. It was a long way to go.

Michael: (*panting*)

Narrator: At last he arrived and he stood in the yard just next to the stable where the baby was about to be born. He was exhausted and his little red suit was now very dirty. He gave himself a lick to clean himself as best he could.

Michael: (*slurping*)

Narrator: After all, he wanted the baby to see him at his best. While he was sorting himself out, along came...

Sheep: Baa...baa...baa.

Narrator: ...some sheep. Michael spoke to one of them.

Michael: Hello you...I mean...Mrs. Ewe...where are you going?

Sheep #1: Aahm gooing to seee the wee baaby.

Michael: Can I come with you?

Narrator: Michael was thinking he would get a good view if he stood on top of the sheep's shoulders.

Sheep #1: Haave you got a preeseent?

Michael: No.

Sheep #1: Then you caan't coome with mee.

Michael: What kind of present have you got, Mrs. Ewe?

Sheep#1: Wool to keeep the wee baaby waaarm...baa...baa...baa.

Narrator: And into the stable walked Mrs. Ewe and her friend(s). As they left, Michael heard another sound.

Cow: Moo!

Michael: Well, hello Mrs. Cow, how do you do? And where are you off to?

Cow: Moo! I'm here to see the baby.

Michael: Would you give me a ride on your back so that I can see him, too?

Cow: Moo! Do you have a present?

Michael: No.

Cow: Then you can't come too.

Michael: What kind of present have you got, Mrs. Cow?

Cow: I've got some milk in case the family gets thirsty. Moo!

Narrator: So Mrs. Cow mooed her way into the stable. Michael wasn't getting and he was very sad.

Chorus: (*hum "Away in a Manger" VU 69*)

Michael: (*hums along*)

Narrator: Michael was humming away to himself when he heard another visitor.

Hen: Cluck! Cluck!

Michael: Well, hello hen.

Hen: Mrs. Hen to you, son, if you don't mind.

Michael: Okay, Okay! Don't get your feathers ruffled. I'm just surprised to see you here.

Hen: Cluck! Cluck! No surprise at all. I like to see babies just as much as anyone else. Cluck! Cluck!

Michael: That's why I'm here...just in case you were wondering. What are the chances of us going in together? You see, I don't know anybody.

Hen: Have you a present for the baby?

Michael: No, I don't.

Hen: Well, you can't come with me. At least I've brought some eggs with me. That's my gift to the child.

Michael: But I don't see any eggs.

Hen: That's because I haven't laid them yet. Cluck! Cluck!

Narrator: And away she clucked into the stable. Michael got sadder and sadder. He was wanted to get in, but he didn't know how. So he thought he'd walk around for a bit and eventually he found himself right outside the stable door. He looked up and you'll never guess what was staring him straight in the face...

Cat: Meeow!

Narrator: It was a cat.

Cat: Meeow!

Narrator: It was a big, ginger tomcat with smelly breath. It had been eating a fish supper and it hadn't cleaned its teeth.

Cat: Just what are you after?

Michael: (*frightened*) I'm just here to see the baby, honest.

Cat: You're just here to see the baby, eh? Have you got a present for the baby?

Michael: No, I haven't.

Cat: Well then, you're not getting in.

Michael: But what about you? Do you have a present for the baby?

Cat: I'm employed to keep little hooligans like you far, far away. Take this.. (*pretends to swipe out at the mouse*)

Narrator: Michael scampered away just in time and ran to the side of the stable where he hid. (*Michael puffs breathlessly as he crouches, hiding*) While he was puffing and panting, he saw some other visitors arrive at the stable, not hens or sheep or cows, but shepherds.

Shepherds: (*play, hum or sing "The First Noel"*)

Narrator: Michael watched as these new visitors entered the stable and felt very, very sad. He began to cry.

Michael: (*sobs*)

Narrator: A big tear dribbled down to the end of his nose and onto his red jacket. Then, suddenly, something made him look up. It was a chink of light in the stable wall. It was a little hole. Michael wondered whether he might climb up to it. It was very high and as he climbed higher and higher, the wind got louder and louder.

Chorus: (*wind noises*)

Narrator: When Michael reached the hole, he squeezed his head in.

Michael: (*squeeze noises*)

Narrator: Then he squeezed his body in.

Michael: (*squeeze noises*)

Narrator: And then he stuck his bottom in the hole and let his tail dangle down outside. It took him a little while to get used to the light, because it was quite bright in the stable. But as soon as his eyes had adjusted, the first thing he noticed was the baby in the arms of Mary his mother. And Mary was looking over at him! She gave him a big wink. Then she got Joseph, the little baby's father to look over at Michael. And he gave him a big wink and then said, ever so gently...

Joseph: Thanks, little mouse.

Narrator: That puzzled Michael. Why would Joseph thank him?

Joseph: That hole in the wall was too high for me to reach, and we were worried in case Jesus would feel the draft and catch a cold.

Narrator: Michael was really thrilled. He had brought the baby a gift after all. He felt especially pleased now that he could see everything. He saw the sheep giving their wool to keep the wee baby warm.

Sheep: Baa! Baa!

Narrator: He saw the cow giving her milk to the family when they were thirsty.

Cow: Moo!

Narrator: Then he saw the hen giving her newly laid eggs to Mary.

Hen: Cluck! Cluck!

Narrator: And he saw the shepherds and the wise men give their presents and everybody looked so happy, even the big ginger tomcat with the smelly breath.

Cat: Meeow!

Narrator: Michael stayed in the hole in the wall all night until the morning came. Then, when the wind had stopped howling, and without any fuss, he climbed down and headed for home. By the time he got back to the stream where he lived, he was very tired.

Michael: (*yawning*)

Narrator: But his friend was there waiting to greet him.

Owl: Tu-wit-tu-woo....! I've heard all about it, you know. I've spoken to the sheep, I've had a word with the cow, listened for ages to one of the hens. They told me all about it. And they told me how you didn't get in to see the baby because you didn't have a present for him.

Michael: Oh yes, but I did see the baby!

Owl: But I thought you didn't have a present. What did you give him?

Michael: I gave him me...for as long as he needed me.

Narrator: Then Michael turned and disappeared into his little hole at the side of the stream. And that is where the story ends, with Michael's words: " I gave him me, for as long as he needed me."