**Hazy Mountain- A story of an Indian Boy and a Horse**

A play for class 4

**Characters:**

Hazy Mountain Father Snow Owl Mother Chief Grey Fox

Red Poppy Little Ferret White Star

**Chorus:**

Hazy Mountain was an Indian boy. Hazy Mountain lived with his mother and father. They lived in a tent made of buffalo hide. Hazy was always day-dreaming.

**Father:** “We shall call you LAZY Mountain!“

**Mother:** “Yes, Lazy Mountain! Because you are always dreaming.“

**Hazy:** (dreaming)

“One day I shall be a Chief!

I will wear war paint.

I will lead my braves in battle.

I will lead my braves in hunting.

I shall be Chief of all the Indians.“

**Chorus:**

Hazy dreamed of Red Poppy. Red Poppy was the Chief’s little daughter. He dreamed that Red Poppy fell into the swift-flowing river.

Hazy dreamed that he dived into the river and rescued her. He dreamed that the chief bowed to him.

**Chief:** “Thank you, Hazy. You are very, very brave.“

**Chorus:** One day Hazy and his father Snow Owl were sitting together.

**Father:** “Hazy, it is pleasant to dream. In our dreams we can do wonderful things. In our dreams we always win. It is harder to do REAL things. If you do real things, you do not always win. When you do win, that is good. Come, Hazy Mountain, we will go and see the pony that no one can ride.”

**Chorus:** The pony’s name was White Star. White Star liked to be free.

**White Star:** (thought) “Why should anyone ride ME?”

**Chorus:** All the braves tried to ride White Star. Grey Fox, the Indian Chief, tried to ride him. White Star bucked, and threw Grey Fox to the ground.

Little Ferret tried to ride him. White Star bucked, and threw Little Ferret to the ground. Many other braves tried to ride White Star. But White Star bucked and kicked his heels up. None of the braves could ride White Star.

**Father:** “You try and ride White Star, Hazy Mountain!”

**Chorus:** Hazy Mountain got on White Star. White Star bucked and threw him to the ground.

**Grey Fox:** “Ha! He is no good. If anyone can ride him, they may keep him. White Star will be their pony.”

**Chorus:** That evening Hazy Mountain sat dreaming outside his father’s tent.

**Hazy Mountain:** (dreaming) “I am the best rider. I like White Star very much! - Oh there is a little ant!”

**Chorus:** The little ant came up to a piece of wood. It was a big piece of wood. It pulled and tugged, but it could not pick it up. It tried again. Again, it failed. It waited a little, then tried a third time. It could not pick it up. Then it waited again, and pulled and tugged and pulled and pulled…and lifted it.

**Hazy:** (gets up) “The ant has given me an idea! It is a very good idea! I will not DREAM about riding White Star. I will REALLY ride White Star.

**Chorus:** Hazy Mountain walked out to where the ponies were kept. He led out White Star. He got on White Star. White Star bucked and threw him to the ground. Hazy Mountain laughed and got on White Star again. White Star bucked and threw him to the ground. Hazy Mountain lay on the ground and laughed. White Star was very surprised. None of the braves had laughed at him. Hazy Mountain got on White Star AGAIN. This time White Star did not buck.

**Hazy:** “Now walk!” (squeezing with his legs)

**Chorus:** White Star walked. White Star trotted. White Star cantered. White Star galloped. Then Hazy Mountain rode slowly back to the village. They reached Grey Fox’s tent. Hazy Mountain got off White Star. Big Chief Grey Fox came out of his tent. Hazy Mountain bowed his head.

**Hazy:** “Big Chief Grey Fox, I can ride White Star. May I keep him, so that he is my pony?”

**Grey Fox:** “Very well, you must show me that you can ride White Star.”

**Chorus:** Hazy Mountain got on White Star. White Star was just going to buck. Then he remembered. He remembered that Hazy Mountain would only laugh, and try again. So White Star did not buck. Hazy Mountain rode him round in a circle.

**Grey Fox:** “Ha! That is good! White Star is your pony!”

**Father and Mother:** “Ha! That is good!”

**Hazy:** “It IS good! White Star is my pony!”

**Chorus:** Hazy Mountain rode White Star away. He put him in a grassy place tied to a long rope.

**Hazy:** “I will look after you, White Star! I will feed you. I will groom you. At night, you can graze with the ponies. In the morning, I will come and fetch you!”

The End