

**OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS (REVISITED)**

by

Linda Ashman

Color Key:  
Suburbanites  
Urbanites  
Far Away Family  
Adventurous Family  
Grandma & Grandpa

*Come to our house for Thanksgiving—  
And bring your favorite pie!  
Love,  
Grandma and Grandpa*

Pack up the pooches and load the van.

We need to leave by eight!

There's so much to bring.

*(including several pies)*

Do we have everything?

Come on, we can't be late!

Into the tunnel, across the bridge,

Beyond the overpass.

Dad mumbles: "Uh, oh.

The fuel gauge is low.

Looks like we need some gas."

Mile after mile on two-lane roads,

No stations along the way.

No gas—not a drop.

We sputter, then stop.

We start to walk, then . . .

***NEIGH!***

*(rescued by farmer w/horse-drawn sleigh)*

Down to the lobby and out the door.  
The subway's down the street.  
A crowded ride;  
We're squished inside.  
Hey—ouch!—you're on my feet!

Race through the station to catch the train.  
Quick! It's leaving soon.  
The gray city scene  
Turns to white and green.  
We should be there by noon.

Arrive at the depot; we scramble out.  
We're almost there—hooray!  
The house isn't far,  
But there's no rental car.  
We head down the road, then:

***NEIGH!***

*(they join the others in sleigh)*

Off to the airport before the dawn.  
It's park, then dash, then . . . *wait*.  
We coil and wind  
In a serpentine line.  
At last—we're at the gate!

Over the mountains, above the plains,  
The buildings disappear.  
Then we circle around  
And we're back on the ground.  
We'll take the bus from here.

*(shuttle bus)*

Beyond the village and past the farm,  
The shuttle begins to sway.  
A flat! Bad luck.  
No spare. We're stuck.  
Hey, what's that sound? A . . .

***NEIGH!***

*(they pile in, too)*

Around the harbor and up the coast,  
Through the waves and the salty air.  
We head for the dock.  
Look out for that rock!  
Whew! We're halfway there.

*(jet skis)*

Climb in the basket, release the ropes,  
And into the sky we rise.  
We float with the breeze  
Above houses and trees.  
Hey, wait—where are the pies?

*(hot air balloon)*

Drifting past forest and toward a field,  
We land beside some hay.  
It's not far to go;  
We'll trudge through the snow.  
But then (you guessed it) . . .

***NEIGH!***

*(and the last join in)*

Start up the mixer and stir the pot,  
Sauté, purée, and baste.  
There's cornbread to bake,  
And stuffing to make,  
And lots of things to taste.

*(Grandpa and/or a cat/dog)*

Set out the silver, the bowls and plates;  
Find chairs for big and small.  
The fire's aglow.  
It's starting to snow.  
Can't wait to see them all!

*(high chairs, boosters around table)*

Over the river and through the wood—  
The horses are trotting fast.  
The sleigh bells ring;  
We laugh and sing.  
To Grandma's house, at last!

Grandma is pacing and checking clocks.  
“I hope they're all okay.”  
Says Grandpa: “They're fine—  
Just a little behind.”  
And then they hear it . . .

***NEIGH!***

Pull in the driveway, and storm the porch.  
The door swings open wide.  
A whoop, a cheer,  
And a “Look who's here!”  
It sure smells good inside.

Haul in the duffles, unpack the pies,  
And thaw our frosty feet.  
Some play, some chat,  
Some snuggle the cat.  
Then Grandpa calls: "Let's eat!"

*(lots of them)*

Elbow to elbow, we gather 'round,  
With thanks for our happy day—  
For family, for pie,  
For homes, warm and dry,  
For friends . . . and a horse-drawn sleigh.

*(farmer at table; horses, too??)*