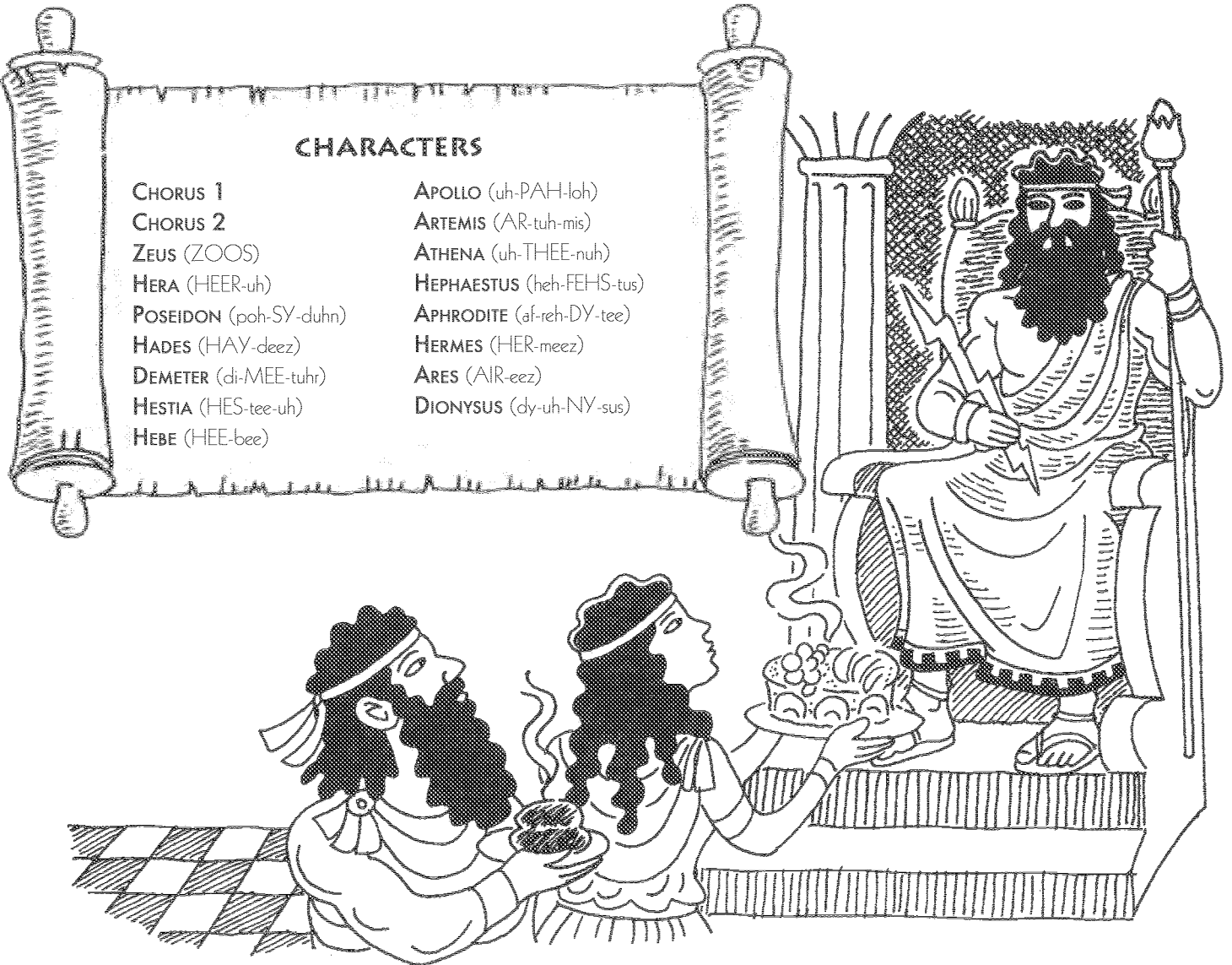


THE GODS AND GODDESSES BAKE-OFF

CHARACTERS

CHORUS 1	APOLLO (uh-PAH-loh)
CHORUS 2	ARTEMIS (AR-tuh-mis)
ZEUS (ZOOS)	ATHENA (uh-THEE-nuh)
HERA (HEER-uh)	HEPHAESTUS (heh-FEHS-tus)
POSEIDON (poh-SY-duhn)	APHRODITE (af-reh-DY-tee)
HADES (HAY-deez)	HERMES (HER-meez)
DEMETER (di-MEE-tuhr)	ARES (AIR-eez)
HESTIA (HES-tee-uh)	DIONYSUS (dy-uh-NY-sus)
HEBE (HEE-bee)	



CHORUS 1: High above the clouds on Mount Olympus, the highest mountain in Greece, lived the gods and goddesses who controlled all that happened on Earth.

CHORUS 2: Leader of them all was Zeus, king of the gods and goddesses. He sat upon his throne with his wife, Hera, at his side.

CHORUS 1: They were dining on ambrosia, the food of the gods.

CHORUS 2: And washing it down with nectar, the drink of the gods.

ZEUS: You know, Hera, I've been thinking.

HERA: What is it, dear?

ZEUS: I'm tired of eating ambrosia and drinking nectar.

HERA: Mmm-hmm.

ZEUS: I'm serious. Day in and day out, it's always the same thing. Ambrosia and nectar, ambrosia and nectar. It's time for a change.

HERA: What do you suggest, dear?

ZEUS: A gods and goddesses bake-off!

HERA: Um, that's fine, dear, but there's one problem.

ZEUS: What's that?

HERA: They can change the seasons, calm the seas, and send people to the underworld, but there's one thing the gods and goddesses can't do. They can't bake.

ZEUS: Well, they've never had much of a chance, have they? Let's give it a try.

CHORUS 1: So Zeus summoned all of the gods and goddesses to his palace.

CHORUS 2: He instructed them all to bring a cake that they baked themselves.

ZEUS: Welcome, all! I hope you all had fun baking. I'm looking forward to sampling your creations. I, too, have baked, and I know you will enjoy my contribution. Let's start with mine, of course. Wheel it out, servants!

HERA: Um, honey. It's gigantic.

ZEUS: Well, of course. What else would you expect from the king of the gods!

HERA: Well, let's have some.



ZEUS: Have some? Oh, no! You must not cut it. It will be ruined!

HERA: Well, we've got to eat something, but since I am the goddess of marriage, I will not fight with you.

ZEUS: Poseidon, what have you brought?

POSEIDON: Here is my creation, brother.

ZEUS: Hmm, looks good. Now for a taste. (*He cuts a piece and takes a bite.*)
Acch! It's too watery!

POSEIDON: Of course it's watery! I'm the god of the sea!

ZEUS: Next, my brother Hades. What have you brought?

HADES: Here! Great, huh?

ZEUS: Well, it's black. Interesting for a cake. Let me taste. (*He takes a bite.*)
Blech! This is burnt!

HADES: What do you expect from the god of the underworld?

ZEUS: Quick, Hebe, my daughter. You are the cupbearer to the gods. Bring me a drink! Nectar!

HEBE: You have banned nectar, Father. Here is some lemonade.

ZEUS: Lemonade. Interesting. Sweet. Tart. Delicious. Now if only I had some good cake. Let's try another.

DEMETER: Sample mine, brother. It's full of healthy grains and ripe fruits.

ZEUS: Yuck! It's too, too . . . good for me. I don't like my cakes to be so healthy, even though you are the goddess of the harvest.

HESTIA: (*Comforting Demeter*) Come, sister. I have a nice fire going in the fireplace. You can relax there.

DEMETER: I can always count on you, Hestia. You truly are the goddess of the hearth and home.

ZEUS: Apollo, my son! This party needs to be livened up. Show us why you are the god of music. Play us a tune!

APOLLO: Of course, Father. How about this jaunty number I wrote myself?
(Pretends to play a lyre)

ZEUS: *(Sounding pleased)* Lovely! Artemis, my daughter, have you brought a cake?

ARTEMIS: Come on, Dad, me? Bake? I'm the goddess of hunting, remember?

ZEUS: Yes, yes. I don't know why you won't find a nice young god and settle down.

ARTEMIS: Well, that wouldn't seem right since I'm also the goddess of unmarried girls.

ZEUS: Never mind. Where's my favorite daughter? Where's Athena?

ATHENA: Here I am, Father.

ZEUS: And what have you baked for me?

ATHENA: Well, I didn't bake. I figured there would be many cakes and not enough pottery plates, so I made these dishes for the occasion.

ZEUS: My dear. No wonder you are both the goddess of wisdom and arts and crafts. You are smart as well as talented.

ARES: *(Annoyed)* Oh, please. You said bake, not make pottery!

ZEUS: Ares, my son, why must you always start a fight?

ARES: I am the god of war. What do you expect?

APHRODITE: Why must we fight? Love is all we need.

HEPHAESTUS: *(Lovingly, to Aphrodite)* Ah, that's why I married you, Aphrodite, you goddess of love, you. Here is my cake, Father.

ZEUS: Um . . . son . . . Hephaestus . . . it's on fire.

HEPHAESTUS: Of course. I'm the god of fire. I must express myself in the only way I know how.

APHRODITE: I think it's beautiful!

HEPHAESTUS: Thanks, babe.

HERMES: (*Sounding out of breath*) Hi, Pop. Sorry I'm late. I just flew in. Lots of messages to deliver for you, you know? Gotta go now and watch over the shepherds, merchants, travelers, and, yes, even thieves. Why on earth am I the god of so many things?

ZEUS: Hello and good-bye, Hermes. Okay, let's see. That leaves only Dionysus. Please tell me you brought a cake, my son. I'm very hungry.

DIONYSUS: Here it is, Father.

ZEUS: Looks good. But let's give it a taste. (*Hiccups*) This cake is filled with wine!

DIONYSUS: Sorry. It's one of the only ingredients I had. As the god of wine, I've got bottles of it coming out my ears.

ZEUS: (*Wearily*) Yes, I know. Well, after this bake-off of the gods and goddesses, I guess there's only one thing left to say.

HERA: What's that, dear?

ZEUS: Pass the ambrosia!

THE END

Glossary

highness: a title of honor for royalty

ambrosia: the food of the gods

nectar: the drink of the gods

summoned: called or requested someone to come

sampling: trying a small amount of something to see if you like it

cupbearer: Hestia is the cupbearer to the gods, which means she serves the other gods and goddesses their drinks.

banned: forbidden

tart: tasting sour or sharp

hearth: the area in front of a fireplace

lyre: a small, stringed, harplike instrument played mostly in ancient Egypt, Israel, and Greece

jaunty: giving a carefree and self-confident impression

number: word sometimes used by musicians to mean "song"

merchants: people who sell goods for profit

