

**A Reader's Theater adaptation of Cynthia DeFelice's 's *One Potato, Two Potato***

**By Dorcas Hand**

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©*One Potato, Two Potato* by Cynthia DeFelice, published by Farrar, Straus Giroux.

Approximately 4 minutes.

**Readers:**

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Narrator 4

Narrator 5

Mrs. O'Grady

Mr. O'Grady

**Narrator 2:** This is taken from the opening pages of *One Potato, Two Potato* by Cynthia DeFelice.

**Narrator 1:** Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady lived alone on a bare and rocky hillside. Their children had grown up long ago and gone out into the great wide world to seek their fortunes.

**Narrator 2:** But Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady stayed behind in their cottage, where they had little and shared everything.

**Narrator 3:** Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady were so poor they dug one potato from their garden every day, called it breakfast, lunch, and supper, and considered themselves lucky to have the one potato.

**Narrator 4:** They were so skinny they could sit side by side on one chair to eat their meal, and it was a good thing, too, because one chair was all they had.

**Narrator 5:** Mrs. O'Grady had only one hairpin. Together, they had but one blanket full of holes, and one raggedy coat, which they took turns wearing in the winter.

**Narrator 3:** They had just one candle, which they never burned. Every evening, as the sun went down and darkness was nigh, Mrs. O'Grady pretended to light the candle.

**Narrator 2:** And every morning, when the sun rose and light filled their little house, she pretended to blow out the candle.

**Narrator 4:** They had one gold coin, they were saving for a rainy day, and which they kept tucked under the straw of their mattress.

**Narrator 1:** Now, Mr. O'Grady was as fine a husband as Mrs. O'Grady could have wanted. Yet it was the wish of her heart to have a friend; someone with whom she could share recipes for boiled potatoes and sweet memories of how it felt to touch her newborn babies' downy heads.

**Narrator 3:** To be sure, Mrs. O'Grady was the finest wife Mr. O'Grady could imagine. Yet he, too, longed for a friend; someone with whom he could discuss potato weevils and root rot.

**Narrator 5:** One Day, as he did everyday, Mr. O'Grady was out digging in the garden for their meal. To his dismay, he saw that he had come to the very last potato in the very last row of the garden.

**Narrator 1:** Hoping that he had somehow missed one, he dug a wee bit deeper.

**Narrator 2:** What was this? It was harder than a potato, bigger than a potato, blacker than a potato...

**Narrator 4:** Why, it was a *pot!*

**Narrator 5:** Mr. O'Grady was quite surprised that he had never come across it before in that tiny garden. He wanted to show the curious object to his wife.

**Narrator 2:** Since he needed both hands to carry the big pot, he put the last potato in it and started for home.

**Mr. O'Grady:** Mrs. O'Grady, come quickly!

**Narrator 3:** Mrs. O'Grady rushed to the door.

**Mrs. O'Grady:** What have you got there, husband?

**Mr. O'Grady:** It's a pot.

**Mrs. O'Grady:** Aye, so it is. But it's much too big for cooking.

**Mr. O'Grady:** Oh but it's come in handy for carrying our last potato home, Mrs. O'Grady. Our last potato! Saints have mercy! Whatever will we do?

**Narrator 1:** Mrs. O'Grady leaned over the pot to reach for the potato. As she did, her hairpin fell out of her hair and into the pot. She paid it little mind though, because when she looked inside the pot there were *two* potatoes!

**Narrator 4:** She held them up showing Mr. O'Grady.

**Mrs. O'Grady:** Husband, you oughtn't to joke about such things! There are two potatoes here.

**Mr. O'Grady:** Wife, I wasn't joking. I put only one potato into the pot.

**Mrs. O'Grady:** And only one hairpin fell into the pot. I suppose that now I will find two?

**Narrator 5:** What happened when she reached into the pot for her one hairpin? Read Cynthia DeFelice's *One Potato, Two Potato* to find out.