

Little goes a long way

(Matthew 13:31-33)

Characters:

Narrator (Nar)

Packet of mustard seeds (Must)

Daffodil Bulb (Daff)

Sachet of dried yeast (Yeast)

Bag of fine strong plain flour (Flour)

Nar: Somewhere, not far from here, on the shelves of a shop were sitting:

Must: A packet of mustard seeds.

Daff: A large and handsome Daffodil bulb.

Yeast: A sachet of dried yeast.

Flour: A large bag of strong, plain flour.

Daff: You know, I don't know why I have to put up with this! I mean, sitting here on this shelf with all these, quite frankly, 'inferior' seeds. I mean, look at me! Large, round and bursting with life. I'm just ready to be planted, whereas (looks at Must and drops voice) ... whereas Them (points at Must) ... they don't look as if they will come to anything! I mean, the slightest puff of wind and they'll be blown away!

Must: Hang on a bit, that's not fair, not fair at all!

Daff: Well it seems pretty fair to me. After all, look at the size of you! You're tiny, so very tiny. Not even the size of a pinhead!

Must: I may be tiny now, but I'll grow. I'll grow larger and taller than all the other plants in the garden.

Daff: (sarcastically) O really! Larger than all the plants eh?

Must: Yep.

Daff: Larger than me?

Must: Yep, even larger than you.

Daff: Well well little seed, I think you have a few delusions of grandeur. Don't you realise that I am a Daffodil bulb? I grow tall and strong and when my flower blooms I can see over the heads of all the other flowers. I'm taller than the snowdrops, bluebells, crocuses and even the tulips!

Must: But you won't be taller than me. I'll be looking down on you from way up high. In fact even the birds will come and nest in my branches.

Daff: I don't know where you got such ridiculous ideas from! Personally I blame your parents! I mean, feeding you such rubbish. You mark my words little seed, it'll all end in tears if you keep thinking like that.

Must: But it's true!

Daff: True my trumpet! Honestly, I don't know what the younger generation are coming to! They think they know it all! Little seeds growing into big plants, even taller than me. What a load of rubbish!

Must: But!

Nar: Meanwhile, back at the ranch ... oops, sorry, I mean: Meanwhile on the other side of the shop.

Flour: (Starts stretching and doing strongman exercises accompanied by suitable straining noises) Must keep fit you know! After all I must live up to my name mustn't I: Fine, Strong, Plain Flour! I'm strong, I'm fine and I'm going to make the biggest and best loaf of bread in the world.

Yeast: Not without me you're not mate!

Flour: (Looking down at Yeast) Sorry, did you say something?

Yeast: Yeah, I said, not without me you're not mate.

Flour: Not what without you?

Yeast: You're not going to make the biggest and best loaf of bread in the world without me.

Flour: Look here little packet of err... what does it say on you, your writing is so small ... ye ... ye ... yeast. What makes you think that you can have anything to do with a bag of fine, strong, plain flour like me?

Yeast: Because, as big and strong and fine as you are mate, you need me.

Flour: Look here, err 'yeast,' I don't know where you got this ridiculous idea from. I mean, you are a tiny packet of some sort of dried up brown stuff. You really don't look very nice and I have to tell you, you don't smell very pleasant either! So what on earth makes you think I need you to make the wonderful loaf of bread that I am destined to become?

Yeast: Scoff all you like mate! I'm only reading the instructions on your back: Step 2, activate yeast and mix into flour and leave to prove.

Flour: Prove! Prove! I've got nothing to prove! I'm a bag of fine, strong, plain flour and everyone knows it! I've got nothing to prove and I don't need a little packet of nasty brown stuff like you!

Yeast: Well, have it your own way mate, but you just wait and see!

Flour: Huh!

Nar: 2 weeks later:

Flour: At last! At last! This is what I've been waiting for! The day I become a loaf of bread.

Yeast: Hello there!

Flour: Err ... you? What are you doing here?

Yeast: Wait and see!

Flour: What's this! Oh no! What are you doing? That's all brown and mucky and smells ... smells like ... like that..... like that awful yeast stuff! Oh yuck, that's disgusting. It's made me all sticky and dirty and, (sniffs) now I stink! (slight pause) Hang on a minute though, something's happening. I'm feeling a bit, a bit light headed. In fact I'm starting to grow. Yes I'm growing. I'm growing, I'm growing into a loaf of bread!

Yeast: Told you mate didn't I. You might be fine, strong, plain flour, but you're nothing without little old me!

Nar: 2 years later.

Daff: Ah, it's spring again and here I am tall and strong and just about to bloom. Just look at all those little flowers down there. The snowdrops, the bluebells, the crocuses. None of them are as tall and as

Must: Pssst Pssst.

Daff: What was that?

Must: Psst Pssst. Up here. Look up here.

Daff: Look up where?

Must: Up here you little old Daffodil, up here.

Daff: Up (takes a deep breath) Wha ... wha ... what has happened? You're that little seed from the shop aren't you?

Must: Too right, that's me.

Daff: But... but ... but you're tall, taller than... taller than....

Must: Taller than you! Much taller than you. See, what did I tell you? Even the birds come and sit in my branches.

Daff: But ... but ... but that's not fair!

Must: Well that's your opinion. I think it's very fair, very fair indeed.

Daff: (Makes suitable 'huffing' noises).