



## There's magic in those hills—enough magic to make a young man old.

Adapted by Bryon Cahill • Based on the story by Washington Irving • Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth

### CHARACTERS

(main characters in **boldface**)

**Washington Irving**

**Ghost of Henry Hudson**

**Narrators 1, 2, 3, 4, 5**

**Rip Van Winkle**

Nicholas Vedder, *Rip's neighbor*

**Dame Van Winkle**, *Rip's wife*

**Frederick**, *a young boy and a young man*

Abigail

Jacob

Anna

} *village children*

Distant voice

Child 1, 2

Man 1, 2

Woman 1, 2

Young Rip

Peter Vanderdonk

Mysterious voice

### SCENE 1

**Washington Irving:** Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian chain, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country.

**Ghost of Henry Hudson:** Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers.

**Irving:** When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky.

**Hudson:** But sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

**Irving:** At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have seen the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.

**Hudson:** It is a little village, of great **antiquity**, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province.

**Irving:** And there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.<sup>1</sup>

**Narrator 1:** In that town live Rip Van Winkle, his wife, and his son. He is a good-natured man who takes pleasure in simple things. But Rip tends to shy away from physical labor whenever he can.

**Narrator 2:** On a peaceful, late autumn afternoon, Rip sits in a rocking chair on his porch, chatting with one of his neighbors, Nicholas Vedder.

**Rip Van Winkle:** You know, Nick, it's no use working on my farm. It's the most troublesome little piece of ground in the whole country.

**Nicholas Vedder:** You've had your worries all right.

**Rip Van Winkle:** I tell you, my fences are continually falling to pieces; my cow goes astray, or it gets among the cabbages. It seems the weeds grow quicker in my fields than anywhere else.

**Vedder:** Aye, but you still have your Indian corn and potatoes coming up.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Barely. But I'm content. I like to take the world easy. Ahh.

**Narrator 3:** Rip leans back in his rocking chair and takes it all in: this perfect, quiet moment.

**Narrator 4:** And then, his bliss is interrupted by his screaming wife.

**Dame Van Winkle:** Rip Van Winkle, you had better be working in the garden! You'd better not be wasting away the few remaining hours of daylight!

**Narrator 5:** Both Rip and Nicholas jump at the sound of his wife's screeching voice.

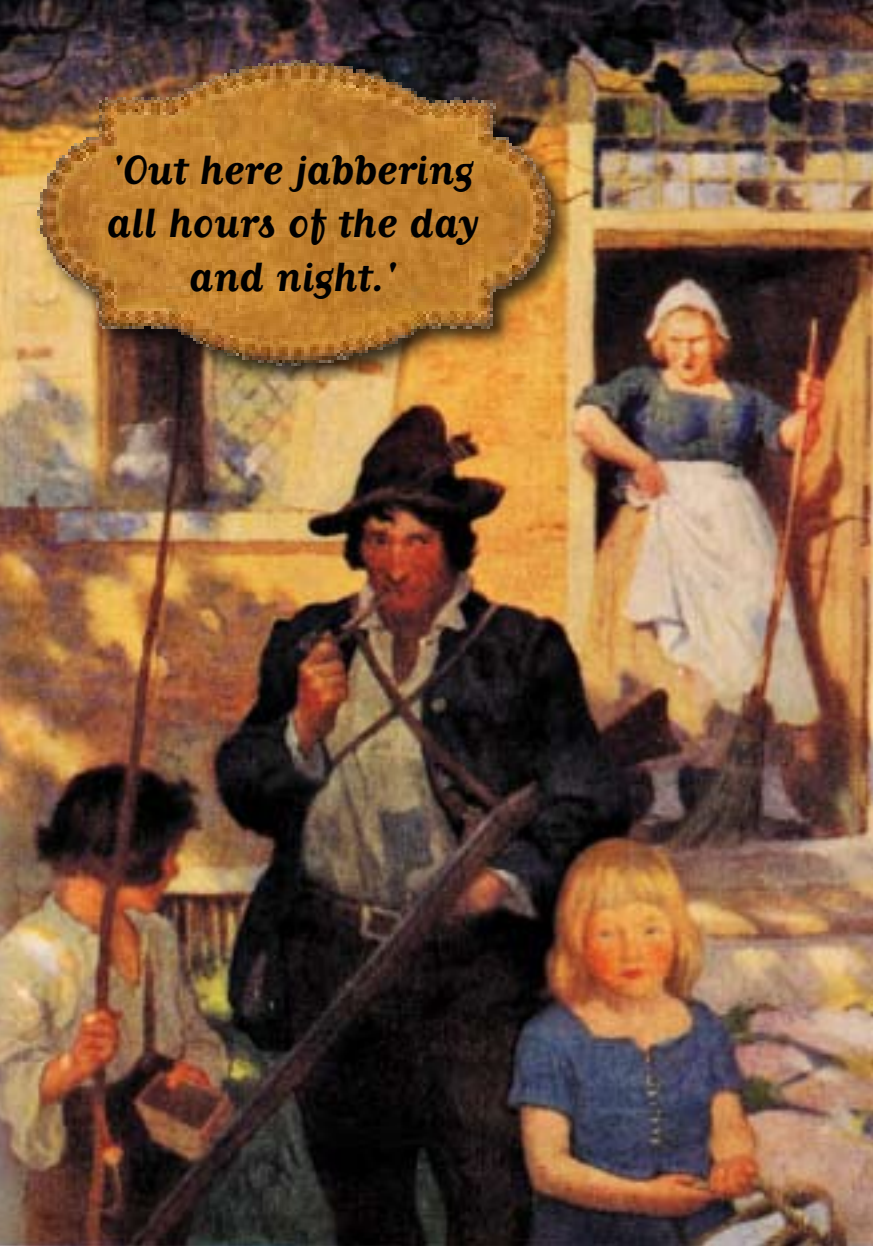
**Vedder:** I think I'd best be getting on my way now, Rip. Thank you kindly for the chat.

#### \* **vocab**

**ANTIQUITY:** the quality of being ancient

<sup>1</sup>weather vanes

*'Out here jabbering  
all hours of the day  
and night.'*



**Rip Van Winkle:** Good evening, Nicholas.

**Narr 1:** Nicholas stands up and walks off the porch, back to his own home and family.

**Narr 2:** Rip continues to rock back and forth in his chair, trying his best to imagine that his wife's **intrusive** outburst never happened. His **delusion** does not last.

**Narr 3:** The door bursts open, and Dame Van Winkle storms

out. She is a heavyset woman in an apron, **brandishing** a large wooden spoon. She shakes it in her husband's face violently.

**Dame Van Winkle:** Who was it you were talking to out here just now? Was it that old fool Mr. Pickett? The two of you are something all right. What a pair! Out here jabbering all hours of the day and night. I don't suppose you managed to jabber yourself into doing any work 'round here now did ya?

**Narr 4:** Rip rolls his eyes and, reluctantly, stands up from his rocking chair and walks off the porch toward his garden.

**Dame Van Winkle:** Make sure to tend to them cabbages, Rip! They's about as sad and sorrowful looking as you!

**Narr 5:** She goes back inside and slams the door behind her.

**Narr 1:** As soon as his wife is out of sight, Rip changes his direction and starts walking into town.

**Narr 2:** As the sun begins to make its slow descent, tired children shuffling back to their homes get a new spurt of energy when they see Rip **ambling** toward them.

**Frederick:** It's Rip Van Winkle! Yay!

**Abigail:** Come and shoot marbles with us, Rip!

**Jacob:** Play ball with us, Rip!

**Anna:** Fly a kite with me, Rip!

**Frederick:** Tell us a ghost story, Rip!

**Abigail:** Oh yes, please, Rip, please! Tell us the one about the lanky schoolteacher who lost his head in Sleepy Hollow!

**Jacob:** No, tell us a new one, Rip!

**Anna:** Pleeaaaaassssseeee!

**Narr 3:** Loved by all children in the town, Rip sits down on a bench to **regale** them with a story.

**Narr 4:** All smiles, the eager children gather at Rip's feet.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Well now, this is not so much a ghost story as it is an **enchanted** one. It happened to me back when I was in England. I was strolling

about Westminster Abbey when I stumbled upon a magnificent door. This door I had seen many times before, but it was always locked, you see. But on this day, it was wide-open.

**Abigail:** Did you go in?

**Rip Van Winkle:** Would it be much of a story if I did not, young lady?

**Narr 5:** The girl blushes, and the other children giggle. Rip continues.

**Rip Van Winkle:** I entered through the doorway and walked down a long and winding staircase. What I found below, in the basement, was a remarkable collection of books! I sat down at a table in the center of the room and started lightly tapping on this one peculiar-looking book that rested there. I was just about to open it when, to my utter astonishment, the little book gave two or three yawns, like one awaking from a deep sleep, and at length began to talk!

**Frederick:** Ha-ha! A talking book! Impossible!

**Rip Van Winkle:** Oh, but I tell you it was very real indeed—as real and true as you or I.

**Anna:** What did the book say?

**Rip Van Winkle:** The book spoke mostly out of sadness and anger. "Books are written to give pleasure and to be enjoyed," it said to me. "I was written for all the world, not for just the bookworms of this abbey. I was intended to pass from hand to hand, like other great works, but here have I been held prisoner for more than two centuries."

**Narr 1:** Rip sighs at the memory. Real or imagined, he feels it.

**Jacob:** What happened, Rip? Did you rescue the book from the abbey's basement?

**Narr 2:** Rip begins to reach into his jacket for something.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Well as a matter of fact, I ...

**Narr 3:** Rip's story is interrupted by the children's mothers calling them in for supper. The kids all moan and beg him to hear the end.

**Rip Van Winkle:** I'll tell you what happened tomorrow. Mind your mothers now, go on.

**Narr 4:** The children shuffle away. Rip, too, is saddened as he realizes that he must now return to his house and suffer whatever chore his **shrewish** wife has in store for him.

## SCENE 2

**Narr 5:** Rip returns home. His dog, Wolf, is waiting patiently for him on the porch. When he sees his master making his way up the walk, he yelps with joy and runs to greet him.

**Narr 1:** Wolf dances around at Rip's feet enthusiastically, and Rip pets him playfully. The ruckus brings Dame Van Winkle out to the porch.

**Dame Van Winkle:** If the two of you animals would stop all that foolishness and get in here for supper, your starving child would be most grateful. The food's almost cold as is, and you're lucky I'm feeding you anything, Rip Van Winkle! I know you wandered off into town and neglected your chores again! That

garden of ours is going to grow weeds soon enough, just like the rest of the farmland. I went and milked the cows for you ... again! And little Rip Jr.'s been askin' for his daddy. I told him you're a no-good worthless shell of a man, and that made the poor thing cry. Are ya happy, Rip? You went and made your son cry!

**Rip Van Winkle:** Remember thy tongue, missus. I don't think it's right you should be putting those thoughts in my boy's head! A boy should respect his papa!

**Dame Van Winkle:** Give him something to respect then, husband! Stop all your **gallivanting** and be a man! Take charge of what's yours and tend to your crops and family! Cease your daily walks up into the hills and be a husband and a father. You're gone most hours of the day up there. What is so enticing about those hills anyway?

**Narr 2:** In his mind's eye, Rip sees the majestic view up in the Kaatskills. He does indeed go on daily hikes, and he does indeed neglect his family duties. He knows that. But he can't help it.

### \* **vocab**

**INTRUSIVE:** prying, meddlesome

**DELUSION:** a false belief

**BRANDISHING:** shaking or waving as a weapon

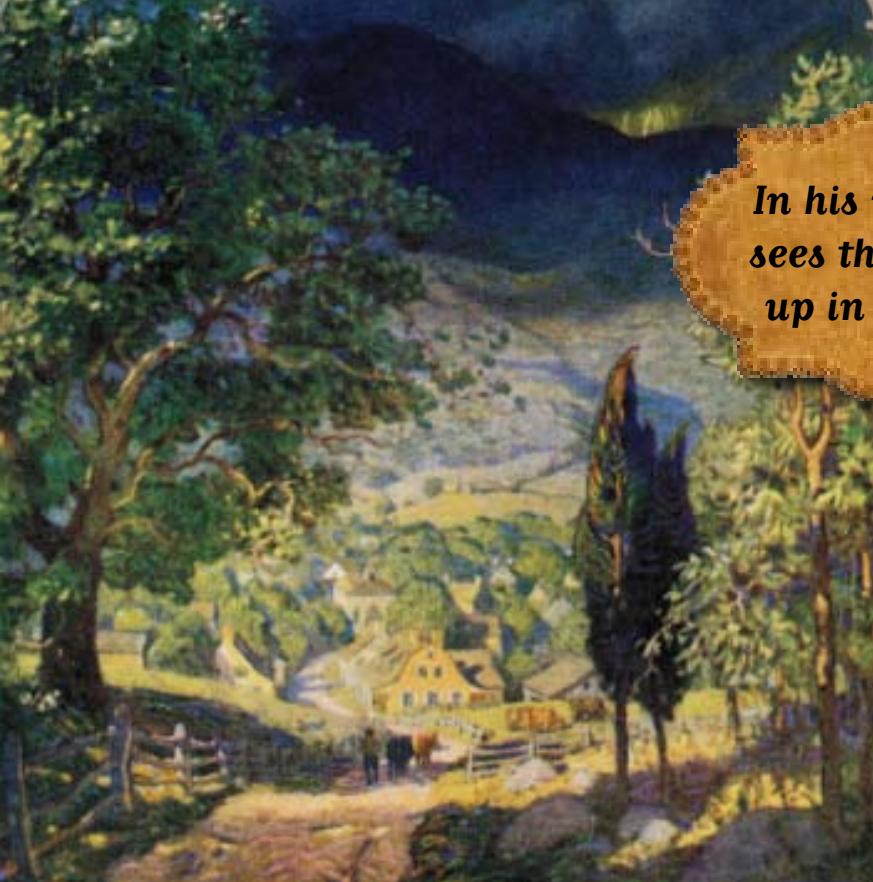
**AMBLING:** strolling at a slow, easy pace

**REGALE:** entertain, delight

**ENCHANTING:** charming, perhaps even magical

**SHREWSH:** nagging, temperamental

**GALLIVANTING:** wandering about, seeking pleasure



*In his mind's eye, Rip sees the majestic view up in the Kaatskills.*

He is in love with the serenity of nature.

**Dame Van Winkle:** I asked you a question, Rip! What can you get up in those hills that you can't get right here?

**Rip Van Winkle:** *(under his breath)* Peace of mind.

**Dame Van Winkle:** What was that? What was that you said to me, Rip Van Winkle?

**Narr 3:** Rip ignores his wife and turns his back on her. He walks down the pathway, away from his home. As Rip Jr. cries loudly from within the house, Wolf follows his master wherever he may lead.

**Dame Van Winkle:** Where are you going, Rip Van Winkle? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

**Narr 4:** He does not answer her. But they both know.

### SCENE 3

**Narr 5:** With his faithful dog by his side, Rip walks into the sunset. He heads along a familiar trail that winds up the mountain-side.

**Narr 1:** On some days, Rip hikes up the mountains for hours on end, but today, as daylight is rapidly becoming scarce, he keeps his journey short.

**Narr 2:** When he comes to a familiar, favorite spot on the trail, Rip can see, at a distance, the lordly Hudson River far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course. In its waters, he can sometimes make out a reflection of a slowly **meandering** purple cloud.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Ah, poor Wolf, my lady treats us both like beaten dogs. But never mind,

my lad! For as long as I live, you shall always have a friend standing by you.

**Narr 3:** As he breathes in the evening air, Rip closes his eyes. Upon hearing something far off (as only dogs can), Wolf perks up and dashes away from the trail and into the woods, yelping.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Wolf! Don't run off too far now!

**Narr 4:** Chuckling and feeling young again as he always does in these scenic parts, Rip chases after his dog.

**Narr 5:** Branches lightly brush his cheeks and arms as he pushes through the bramble.

**Narr 1:** And now, somewhere in the distance, Rip too can hear the noise. It is a sound like thunder. But it is a steady, rolling rumble that does not stop.

**Rip Van Winkle:** *(to himself)* Strange to hear thunder on such a fine autumn day!

**Narr 2:** From behind him, Rip hears a distant voice calling his name.

**Distant voice:** Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

**Narr 3:** Startled, Rip turns around.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Hallo! Who's there? Hallo!

**Distant voice:** Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

**Rip Van Winkle:** Wolf, who could be this far up in the hills?

**Narr 4:** Rip feels a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looks anxiously in the same direction Wolf is looking.

**Narr 5:** Then he sees a very short man making his way through the trees. He is carrying a large keg on his low shoulders.

**Narr 1:** Wolf gives a low growl at the approaching man and stands at attention by his master's side.

**Narr 2:** As the man gets closer, Rip can see that he is a square-built fellow with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress is of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin<sup>2</sup> strapped around his waist and several pairs of breeches<sup>3</sup> decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Hello, sir. May I help you with your burden?

**Narr 3:** The man impolitely ignores Rip and walks right past him at a steady pace.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Excuse me, sir! I can help you carry your load, if you like.

**Narr 4:** The man halts and turns to Rip. He looks him up and down and, making up his mind, drops the heavy keg from his shoulders. It hits the ground with a *thunk*.

**Narr 5:** The man, having relieved himself of the heavy burden, continues on an upward path.

**Narr 1:** Rip rushes to the keg, lifts it with great difficulty, and follows after the man. Wolf, in turn, follows his master.

### SCENE 4

**Narr 2:** As they ascend the mountain, Rip hears more long rolling peals, like distant thunder. The sound seems to come from a deep ravine ahead of them. Passing through the ravine, the men come to a hollow, surrounded by tall cliffs, like a small **amphitheater** between lofty rocks.

**Rip Van Winkle:** It is a mighty bowling alley, Wolf!

**Narr 3:** On a level spot in the center of the clearing is a group of about 30 odd-looking men playing at ninepins.

**Narr 4:** They are dressed in the same quaint, outlandish style as the man who has led Rip to this place. They all have beards of various shapes and colors.

**Narr 5:** There is one who seems to be the commander. He is a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten face. He wears a laced shirt, a broad belt, a high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

**Rip Van Winkle:** *(putting down the keg)* Hello ... Hello ... Who are you gentlemen?

**Narr 1:** All the men ignore Rip. One by one they fill their mugs with a strange brew that pours out from the keg's spout and then go back to their bowling.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Well then, sirs, may I wish you good luck in your merry endeavors!

**Narr 2:** Wolf barks once and points his keen nose toward one solitary mug that lies in a corner. Stealthily, Rip retrieves it, pours himself some strange brew, and backs up to the exit.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Thank ye for the drink.

**Narr 3:** No one pays him any attention, and he leaves the amphitheater as the continuous sound of bowling thunder rumbles out after him.

**Narr 4:** Walking away, Rip takes a big long swig of the strange brew and chokes it down.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Ugh! That has to be the worst thing I have ever tasted, Wolf!

**Narr 5:** Rip tosses the half-empty mug **nonchalantly** to the ground. He also begins to sway.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Oh ... but the aftertaste is ... like sunshine.

**Narr 1:** Rip stumbles. He falls to the ground next to a great oak tree. Wolf yelps and licks his master's face.

**Rip Van Winkle:** I think I'll just ... take a little ... nap here, Wolf.

**Narr 2:** Propped up against the tree, Rip closes his eyes and immediately begins to snore. Wolf curls up beside him and nudges his body under Rip's arm. There, man and man's best friend rest.

### SCENE 5

**Narr 3:** At daybreak, Rip awakes, yawns, stretches, and cracks his back.

#### \* vocab

**MEANDERING:** wandering aimlessly

**AMPHITHEATER:** an oval or a round building with tiers of seats around a central open area

**NONCHALANTLY:** casually, indifferently

**Rip Van Winkle:** Oh, these mountain beds do not agree with me. Surely I have not slept here all night? ... It must have been that wicked brew! ... What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle? ... Wolf, is it really morning? ... Wolf?

**Narr 4:** Rip looks around, but his faithful dog is nowhere in sight.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Wolf! ... Wolf! ... Come out, come out, wherever you are!

**Narr 5:** But Wolf does not appear. And, much to Rip's dismay, there is no sign of his mug or the amphitheater!

**Rip Van Winkle:** That's ... impossible.

**Narr 1:** Rip suddenly feels afraid. He makes up his mind to forget the previous evening's events as best he can and get back home as quickly as possible.

**Narr 2:** Bolting down the mountain, he feels out of breath quickly. After only a few hundred steps, he slows to a walk.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Curse that strange brew and those tiny old men!

**Narr 3:** When he at last arrives in his village, there are many people walking about in the streets. Rip recognizes no one.

**Narr 4:** He is **acutely** aware of many people in town stroking their chins as he passes. After the fifth or sixth repeated gesture, Rip does it too.

**Rip Van Winkle:** My stars!

**Narr 5:** What Rip feels on his chin is whiskers. He slowly moves his hand and is astonished to realize he has a very long

beard that reaches halfway down his body.

**Rip Van Winkle:** What is happening to me?

**Narr 1:** Two small children come running at him. They dance around Rip, laughing and pointing at his gray beard.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Who are you children? Why don't I recognize you?

**Child 1:** NA NA na NA NA!

**Child 2:** Ha-ha! It is Old Man Winter! It is still autumn, sir! You are three months early!

**Child 1:** Can I swing from your beard?

**Child 2:** No! I want to!

**Child 1:** Don't be foolish. You're too big! You'll pull the hair right out of his face!

**Child 2:** I'm no bigger than you!

**Rip Van Winkle:** No one will be swinging from my beard today, children. Tell me, why does the village look different to me?

**Child 1:** Different from what?

**Child 2:** It is the same as I remember it!

**Rip Van Winkle:** Where is young Frederick? Where are Jacob and Abigail and dear Anna?

**Child 1:** He's a crazy old man!

**Child 2:** Ha-ha ha-ha ha!

**Narr 2:** The two children run off and leave Rip in a daze.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Surely I am dreaming! The entire village has changed!

**Narr 3:** Indeed, there are rows of houses that he has not seen before. Strange names are over the doors, and strange faces are

at the windows. Everything is strange.

**Rip Van Winkle:** My mind is playing tricks on me. I swear I will never steal strange brew from magical old bowlers again!

**Narr 4:** Rip continues to wander through his village. With some difficulty, he finds his way to his own house.

**Narr 5:** He approaches his home with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle.

**Narr 1:** Rip's house is in shambles. The roof has fallen in, the windows are shattered, and the doors are off their hinges.

**Narr 2:** A half-starved old dog that greatly resembles Wolf is **skulking** about.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Wolf? Is that you?

**Narr 3:** The old dog growls, bares his teeth at Rip, and slowly walks away.

**Rip Van Winkle:** My own dog does not recognize me! If that was, in fact, Wolf ...

**Narr 4:** Rip walks into the house and calls for his wife and son. But it is clear that the place is abandoned.

**Narr 5:** Scared and confused, Rip hurries back into town. He enters the Union Hotel, a building that certainly was not there before his fateful trip up the mountain.

**Narr 1:** On a pole outside the hotel flies a flag with a man's face and the words *General Washington* underneath. Rip enters the hotel and sees many more unfamiliar faces staring at him in wonder.

**Rip Van Winkle:** I am but a poor,

*Rip walks into the house and calls for his wife and son.*

quiet man, a native of this place, and a loyal subject of the king! Can someone please help me?

**Man 1:** He's a spy! Get him!

**Narr 2:** A group of men seize Rip and hold him.

**Rip Van Winkle:** What is the meaning of this? What is happening to me?

**Man 2:** Who are you? What are you doing here in our town?

**Rip Van Winkle:** I don't know what you mean. Where is my wife? Where is my child? Where is my neighbor, Nicholas Vedder?

**Woman 1:** Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these 18 years now!

**Woman 2:** There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell about him, but that's rotten and gone now too.

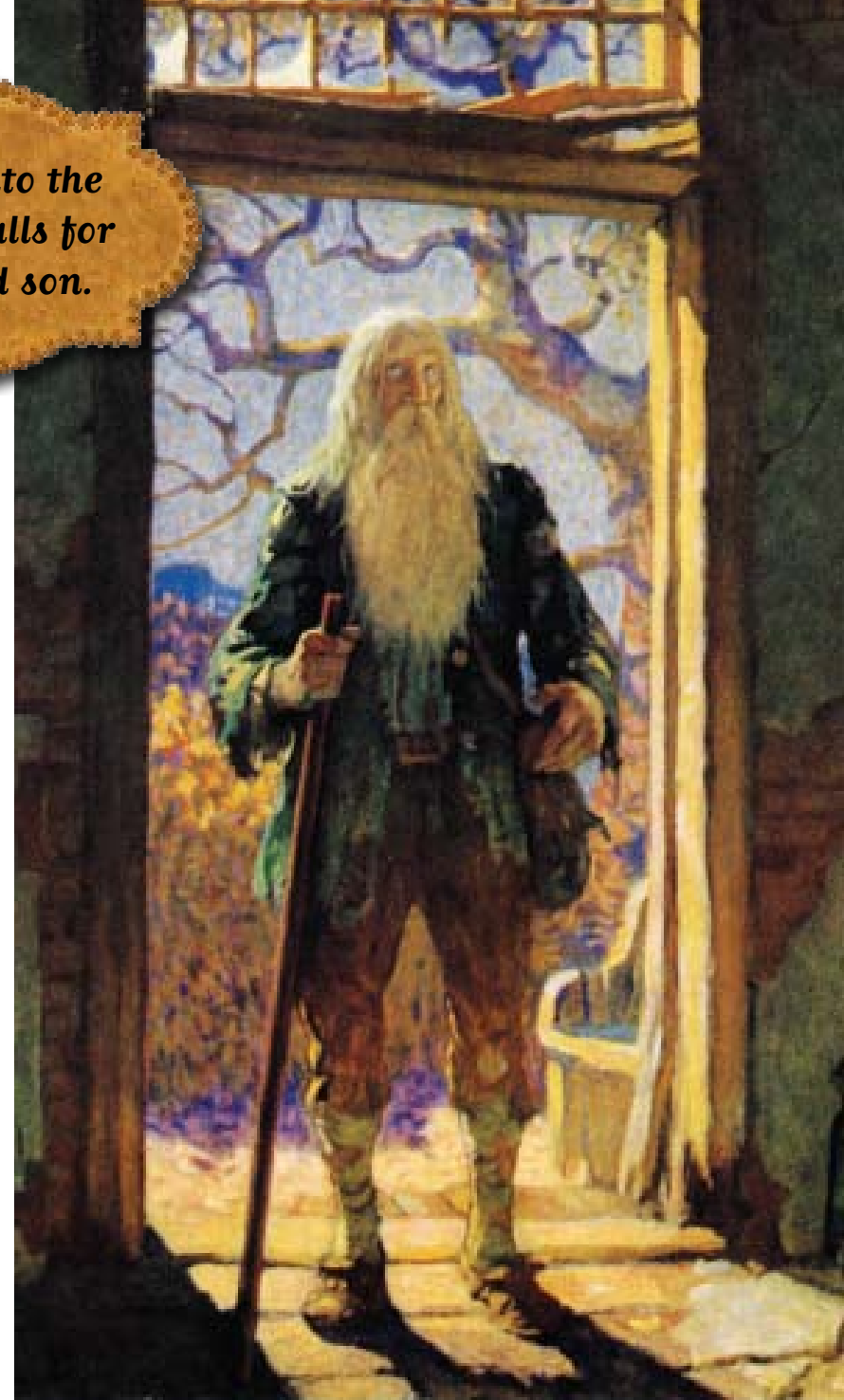
**Rip Van Winkle:** Eighteen years? Whatever do you mean?

**Woman 1:** Let the old man go, gentlemen. He is clearly confused and not a threat to us.

**Narr 3:** The men release their grip on Rip.

**Man 1:** I remember the name Nicholas Vedder as well. He fought and died **valiantly** in the war.

**Rip Van Winkle:** War? Oh, this must be some horrid dream! Does no one know the name Rip Van Winkle?



**Man 2:** Oh, Rip Van Winkle! Oh, to be sure! That's him now, lazily relaxing just outside by that tree.

**Narr 4:** Rip looks out the door and sees a young man who looks exactly as he himself did in his

**\* vocab**

**ACUTELY:** extremely

**SKULKING:** moving in a stealthy manner

**VALIANTLY:** courageously, with honor

youth, apparently daydreaming under a tree.

**Rip Van Winkle:** God knows I'm not myself. I'm somebody else. That's me out there under that tree! No. That's somebody else in my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and now everything's changed!

**Narr 5:** Fearing he has gone mad, Rip goes outside and approaches the young man who bears a striking resemblance to him.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Pardon me, kind sir. I hate to wake you from your imaginations, but I fear I may be trapped in mine.

**Young Rip:** How can I help you, old-timer?

**Rip Van Winkle:** If you please, could you tell me your name?

**Young Rip:** My name is Rip Van Winkle. What's yours?

**Narr 1:** Rip nearly faints but manages to hold steady.

**Rip Van Winkle:** That's impossible. *You* are impossible! Who is your father?

**Young Rip:** My father's name was also Rip Van Winkle.

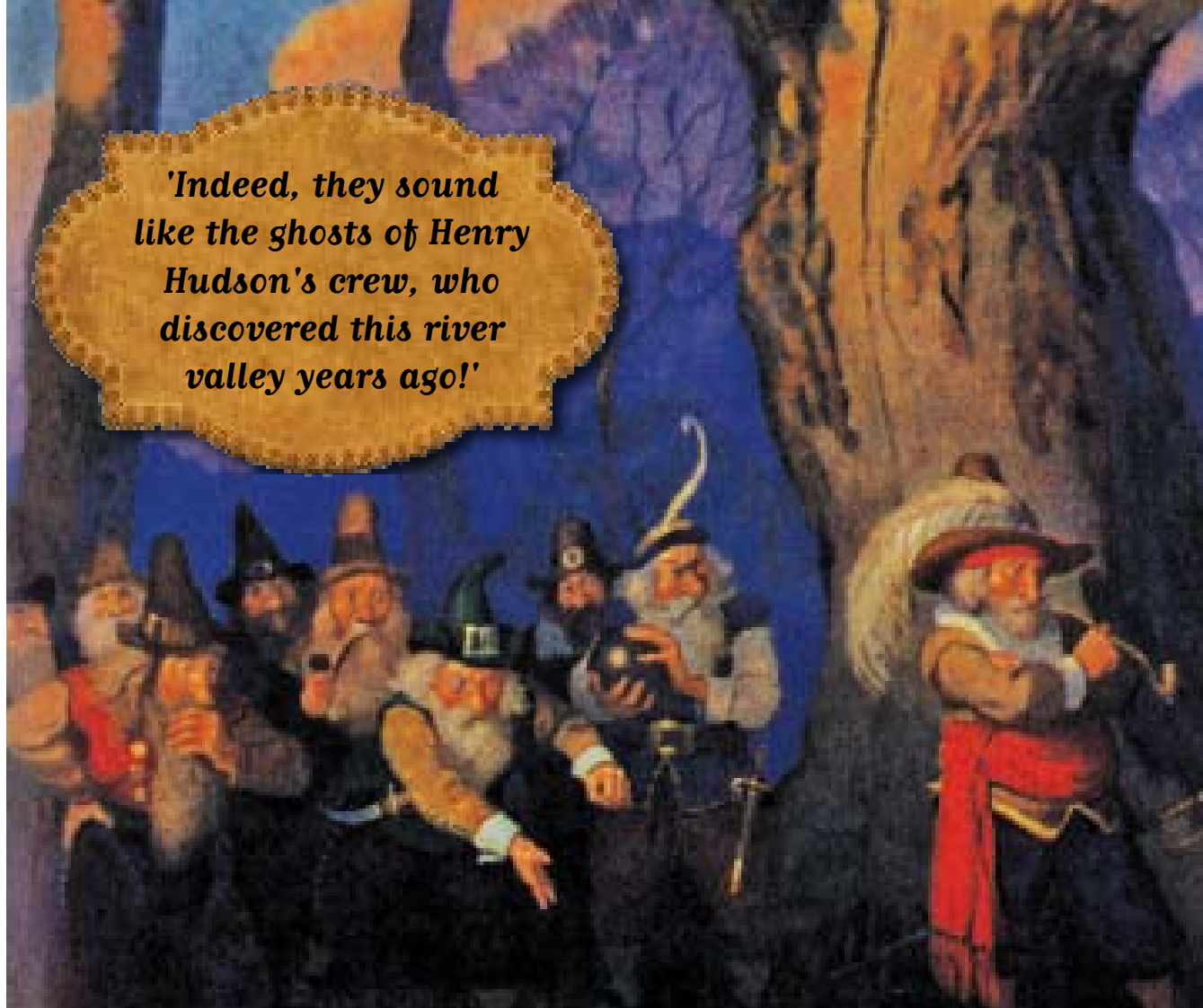
**Rip Van Winkle:** *Was?*

**Young Rip:** Yes. Sadly, when I was just a babe, my father wandered off into the mountains and was never heard from again. That was 20 years ago.

**Narr 2:** Understanding and horror now floods Rip's face.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Where is your mother, Rip Van Winkle?

**Young Rip:** Oh, she died shortly after my father disappeared. She broke a blood vessel in her brain in a fit of passion one night—



yelling her head off about my father's lazy ways.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Oh. Oh no.

**Young Rip:** I was very young, but I remember how she used to curse my father constantly. She believed he went off and fell into a deep, unwakeable sleep. She always said he was lazy.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Well then ... young Rip Van Winkle ... what your mother believed was true. For I am your father. I have returned home after an apparent 20-year nap to find you, my boy, lying about doing nothing with

your valuable time, just as I used to do. Look at me, boy. This is no way to live.

**Narr 3:** Young Rip Van Winkle stands up and looks his father in the eyes.

**Young Rip:** Impossible.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Impossible, yes. But true.

**Narr 4:** A very old man walks up to them. He is Peter Vanderdonk, the oldest inhabitant of the village, and a descendant of the earliest settlers.

**Peter Vanderdonk:** Rip Van Winkle, I recognize you, even

in that beard. Where have you been?

**Narr 5:** Rip tells his son and Peter about the old men, their bowling, and the strange brew he drank so long ago.

**Young Rip:** Indeed, they sound like the ghosts of Henry Hudson's crew, who discovered this river valley years ago!

**Vanderdonk:** Aye, the Kaatskill mountains have always been haunted by strange beings. Why, they say the great Henry Hudson re-appears high up in the hills every 20 years, along with the

crew of his good ship *Half Moon*.

**Rip Van Winkle:** Can that be so?

**Vanderdonk:** Without question! Why, my own father once saw them in their old Dutch dress playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain. And I myself, one summer afternoon, heard the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

**Narr 1:** Peter walks off to assure the townspeople that Rip is telling the truth.

**Narr 2:** Young Rip Van Winkle then goes on to tell his father that he slept through a revolution. They are no longer under British rule but are a free nation—a nation called the United States.

**Rip Van Winkle:** My stars! This is the strangest thing that has ever happened to any man. I have missed out on 20 years of my life. My wife is dead, my boy is a man, and my king is not my king.

**Narr 3:** Another young man comes walking toward Rip and his son. It is Frederick, one of the young boys Rip used to tell stories to in town.

**Frederick:** Hello, Rip Van Winkle! Who is your elderly friend?

**Young Rip:** Frederick, this is my long-lost father, Rip Van Winkle, returned home at last.

**Frederick:** No! Can it be? I don't believe it. The same Rip Van Winkle who used to tell us such crazy stories?

**Rip Van Winkle:** Yes, Frederick, it is I.

**Frederick:** The last time I saw you, you were telling us the story of the talking book from Westminster Abbey! I remember it as

if it were yesterday!

**Rip Van Winkle:** Ah yes, an excellent tale.

**Frederick:** I remember that you were reaching into your overcoat, seemingly about to pull out the talking book, when we children were called away to supper. That was the very night you disappeared more than 20 years ago!

**Narr 4:** Rip remembers the events of that evening as well.

**Narr 5:** He reaches his hand through his long gray beard and into his overcoat. He feels the book, still there in his inside pocket, and brings it out, handing it to Frederick.

**Narr 1:** Frederick reads the title of the book aloud.

**Frederick:** *The Writings of Diedrich Knickerbocker*—who is Diedrich Knickerbocker?

**Narr 2:** Rip is about to answer him. But he is interrupted by a mysterious voice coming from within the pages of the ancient book.

**Mysterious voice:** Who indeed? ■

## Internet Hunt!

Who is Diedrich Knickerbocker? Do some research on the Web and see whether you can figure it out. Was he a real author or an imagined one? For bonus points, search the phrase "The Mutability of Literature," and see what you can find!

## Write About It

Imagine you go to sleep one night and wake up 20 years in the future. What has changed? What has remained the same? How do you think you would adapt?