

## **DRAMA: THE GREAT BOG MISERY**

**Cast: Newsreader 1, Newsreader 2, Christian and Faithful**

**Props: Knapsack, Scroll and Guidebook**

*(Use picture of Faithful helping Christian out of the bog as a backdrop)*

**Newsreader 1:**

Good afternoon to you - This is the ..... News *(name your group)*  
at ..... *(time)*

My name is ..... and I am reporting to you from .....*(name your town)*

We have had some reports of trouble with a mysterious bog that is situated just off the Straight and Narrow Way, which I believe is part of the Pilgrim Way.

I understand travellers need only to slightly lose their way to find themselves in deep trouble, floundering and being sucked into a bog of sorrow and misery.

Apparently there have been lots of Pilgrims who have come to grief here.  
Let's go over to our outside reporter, ..... *(name)*, who is near the spot.

**Newsreader 2:**

Good afternoon – I have my feet firmly planted on the Straight and Narrow Way near where this mysterious bog is claimed to be. I cannot see it very well from where I am standing.

I have heard that the King sends cartloads of hardcore down here every day for tipping into the bog. Things like advice, wisdom, experience, old heads, visions, books, saints, art, and parables....twenty thousand cartloads so far....but the bog just swallows it all up and continues to grow.

**Newsreader 1:**

Apparently all the doubts and fears, the misgivings and worries of the world trickle down into it. Is there really nothing the King can do about it?

**Newsreader 2:**

Apparently not! It's a natural phenomenon. Even as I speak to you, I have seen cartloads rattling down the hill on the far side of the bog every few minutes, laden with what appears to be stone statues, oil paintings in heavy gilt frames, whole libraries of books and the rubble of ruined buildings as well as any amount of beautiful marble – all dumped in the hope it will turn the bog into solid ground. I understand, too, the King pours in advice, wisdom and experience.

**Newsreader 1:**

Does it seem to have any effect?

**Newsreader 2:**

None at all! There is so much putrid slurry running off the fields that the bog continues to bubble like a stew-pot and never gets any smaller. It's a bad state of affairs and one I would not wish to investigate further.

This is ..... *(name)* reporting for the.... ..... *(name your group)* news....now back to..... in the studio.

**Newsreader 1:**

Worrying indeed! I have here in the studio, Christian, a Pilgrim who recently got stuck in the bog and was lucky to escape with his life. He's here with his friend and rescuer, Faithful. Christian, can you tell us a little about your ordeal?

**Christian:**

It's hard to tell you exactly....it all happened so suddenly....I was taken unawares.

I was with my friend, Mr Bendy – well, I thought he was my friend. We were jogging along, chatting as we went. The land ahead was very green against the darker fields and forests and we were busy enjoying the view.

Suddenly, it became springy and damp underfoot and, before we knew it, we were knee deep in the bog which was sucking at our boots and dragging us in deeper and deeper. Because of the Knapsack on my back, I was unable to get back on my feet and out of the bog.

Mr Bendy was no help to me and seemed to hold me responsible for having got him into this mess although he was able to get out of it, as he had no pack on his back to hold him down.

But he wouldn't help me and soon disappeared. I expect he decided to go back from where he had come.

I felt such desolation and disappointment. After all, I had only come such a short way....and here I was....completely defeated.

It seemed that my hope of ever reaching the City of Gold was gone forever.

**Newsreader 1:**

Disappointing indeed....how awful for you.

**Christian:**

It certainly was. Each time I reached the edge, the quagmire dragged me back. I cried out for help. My eyes were blinded by my tears and the slurry was up to my ears. I was doomed. I was done for. I certainly could not make it on my own.

**Newsreader 1:**

So tell us what happened.

**Christian:**

Suddenly I heard a voice say to me, "Here give me your hand", and through the blur of my tears, I could only just make out a tall figure standing over me. I reached out to him, but my fingers were so slippery and I was so full of misery I couldn't quite reach him. I cried out, "I can't do it! Leave me! I'm a lost man!"

**Newsreader 1:** *(says to the audience)*

May I introduce you to Faithful. It was he who rescued Christian.

*(Then he turns to Faithful and directs these questions to him)*

How were you able to help him? Didn't you get sucked into the bog too?

**Faithful:**

I was OK because I was standing on firm ground. I was able to grab him by the collar of his coat and drag him out.

*(Faithful continues)*

I am a new Pilgrim myself, but I had read in the Guidebook about this bog and how dangerous it was, so I was looking out for it.

There are patches of safe ground, like stepping stones, right across the bog. They are shown on the map in this Guidebook which I used to take us back to the Straight and Narrow Way.

**Newsreader 1:**

Lucky for Christian that you were passing.

**Faithful:**

I was glad to be of help.

**Newsreader 1:**

Thank you gentlemen – I am so glad it turned out as it did.

*(Newsreader turning to the audience)*

I wonder how many others are stuck in the bog?

That is all for now – a very good afternoon to you – this is ..... *(name)*  
at .....*(name your group)* News.

Mind where you are walking and make sure you read the Guidebook before venturing out on any adventures.

*(After the drama....Leader please continue)*