

The Griffin

A musical presented by

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Prologue

Alice Kuhns

Introduction

Graphic Design

Julie Flogeac

I am the last living Griffin,
The last of a long line of legendary creatures
Of regal mien and noble jaw
Whose mythical powers and strength of character
Have ruled the heavens
And reigned sovereign over Earth
Throughout the history of man.
Like my father,
Like my father,
Like my father's father before him,
And so on back until the beginning of time
When the very first Griffins majestically

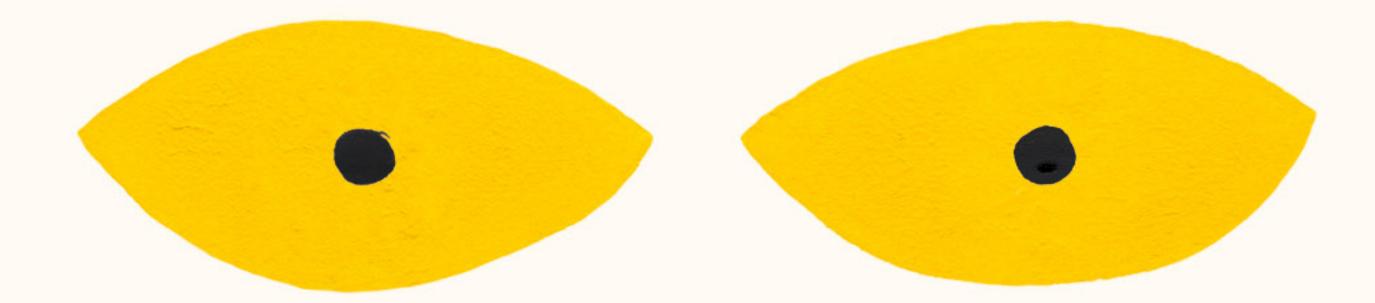
Swarmed the Earth

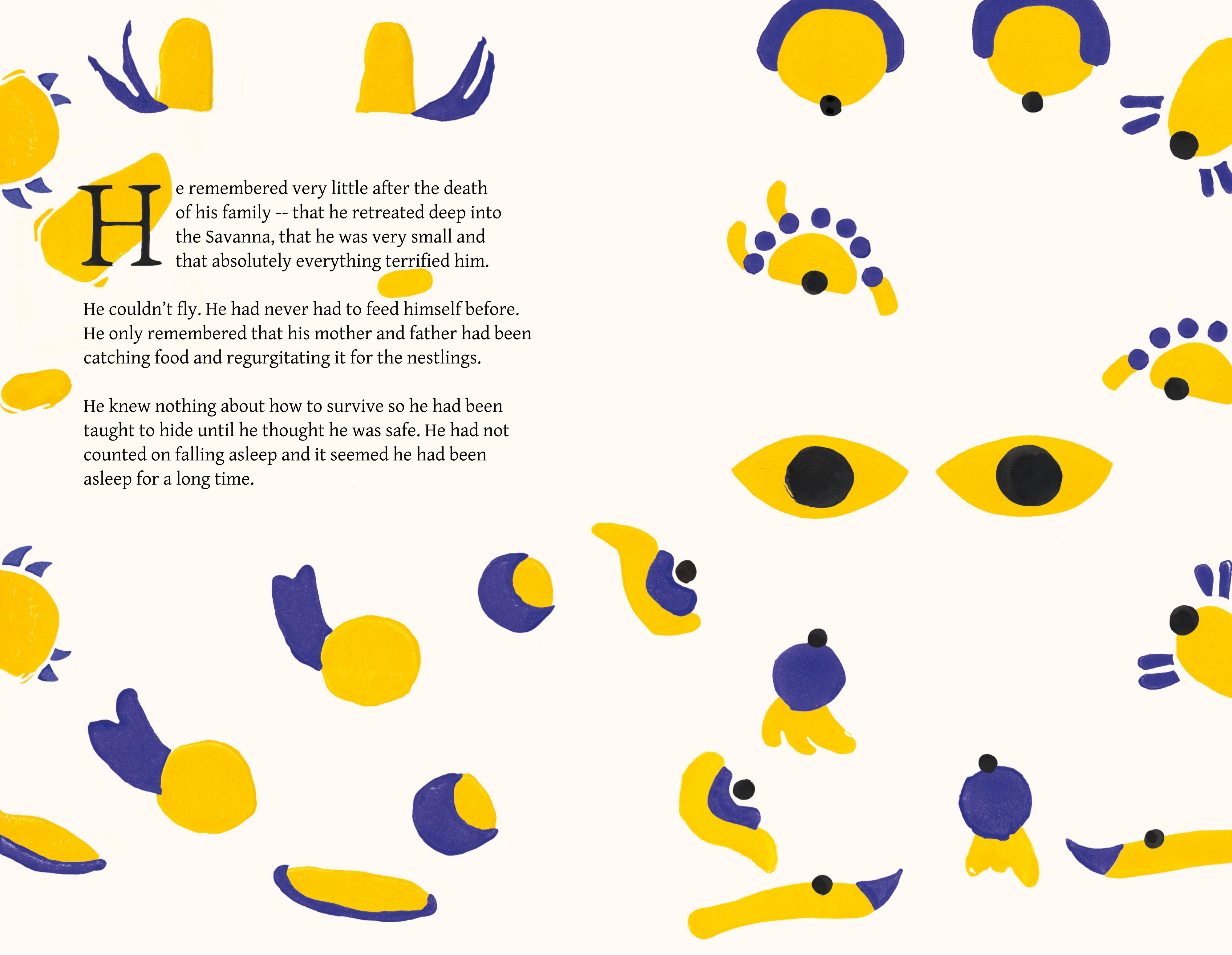
And gladly graced the lands inhabited
by humble humans _

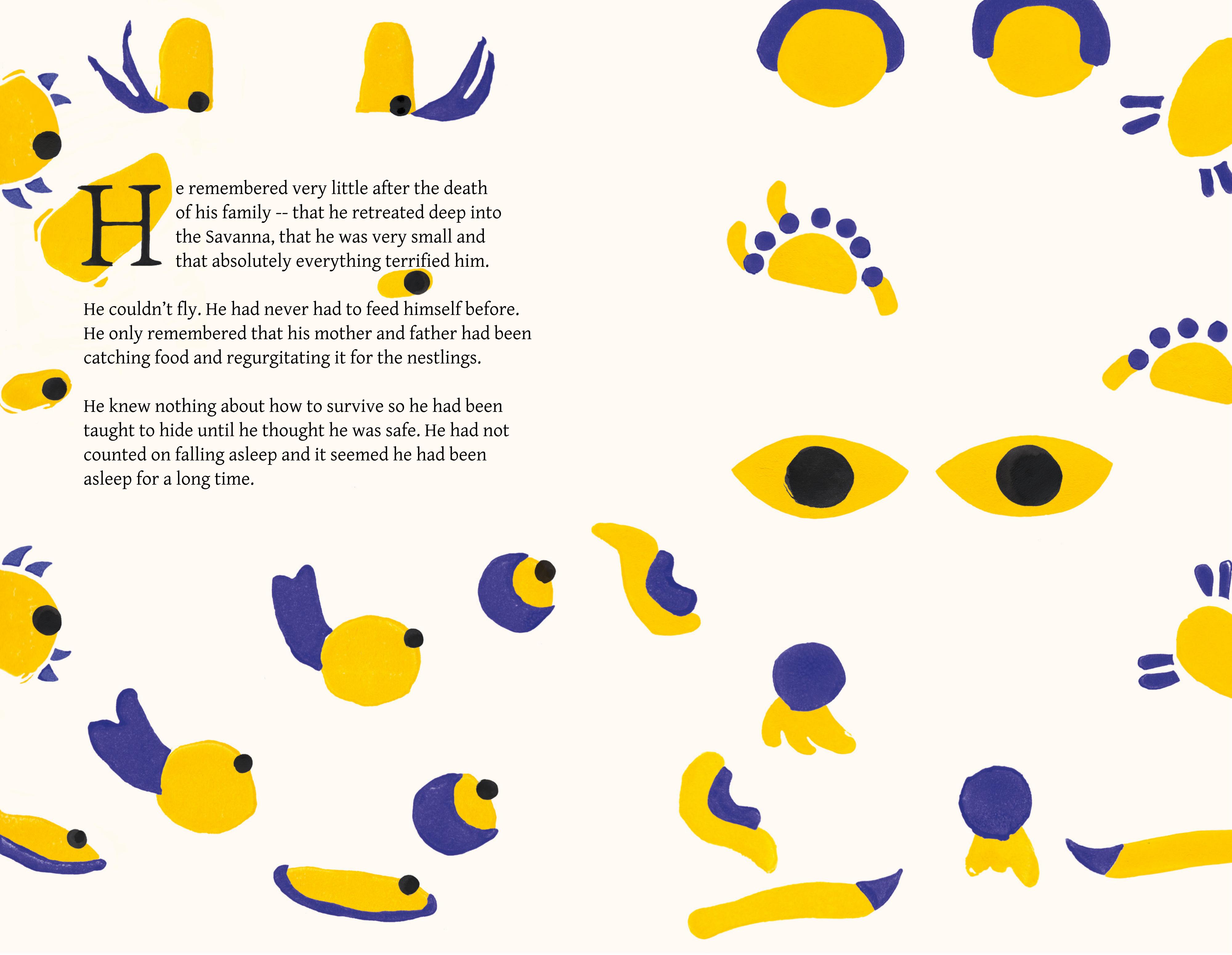
It has been the province of Griffins
To inspire these lesser beings
To aspire to greatness in all things,
To above all be bold and courageous,
To protect the weak,
To avenge the wicked,
And to guest for wisdom in all endeavors,
Great and small.

Griffin

he little Griffin lumbered about awkwardly. He had been hibernating for a year, and this was the first time he woke up without his parents being there.













e watched mother birds teach their young to fly and he climbed up on little hills and rocks and practiced. Gradually his wings grew strong.

He learned to get his tail out of the way and one day, when he jumped off a hillock, he glided and then suddenly he flew. He was so excited he cut the air with turns and capers and flew high up in the trees to find a safe place to perch.

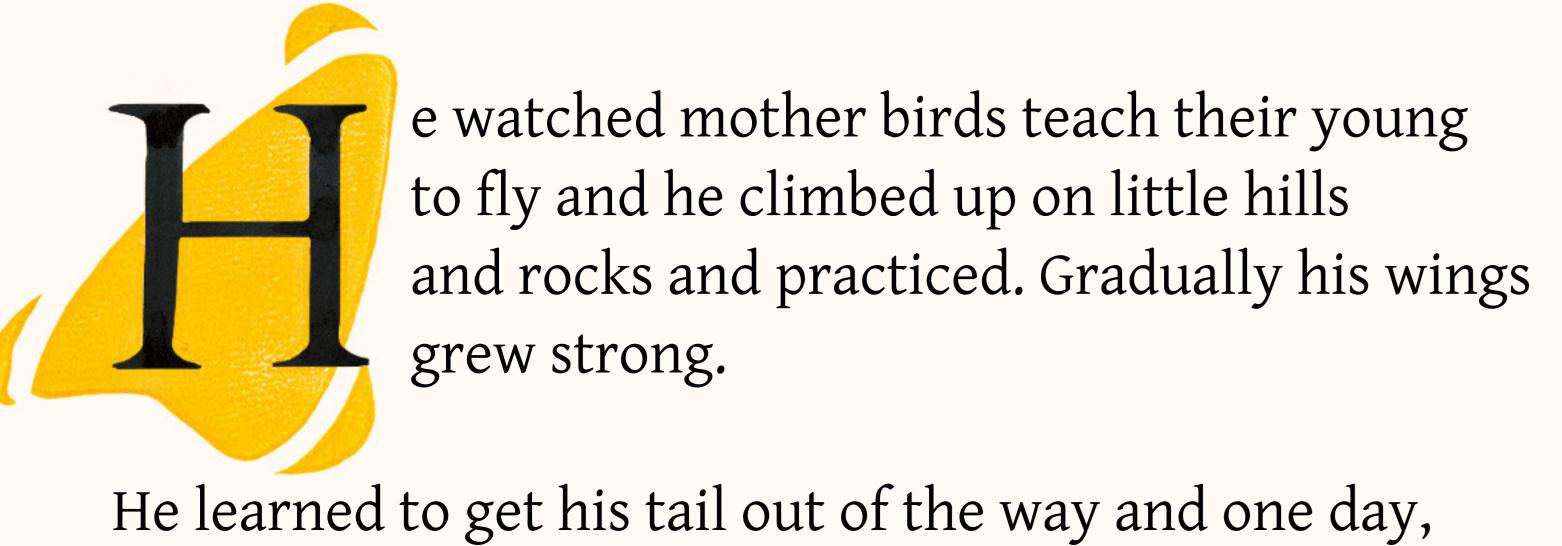
As he grew more experienced he ranged farther afield and his curiosity was insatiable. But he was lonely. He had no friends so he became a keen observer. He watched how baby elephants nursed, how mama lions taught their young to hunt, how eagles regurgitated food for their young. And then he discovered human beings.

One day, while flying over a small African village, the Griffin saw the natives boiling up an unfortunate victim in a pot. As the creature hesitated with curiosity, the villagers, suddenly seeing him, struck him with a barrage of arrows.

Overcome with rage, the Griffin dove down on them killing, and ripping them to pieces. When he had finished devouring them he was elated. For the first time he wasn't hungry, and in one instant a ferocious raptor had been created.

He ranged far and wide eating as he chose and delighting most in diving at people and watching them scatter, terrified, before he caught and ate them. Remembering the natives that tried to kill him, he smiled. Revenge was sweet and revenge was delicious.





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hen a drought overcame the savanna the Griffin moved north. There he discovered the Phoenicians and the purple dye they sold all over the Mediterranean.

After preying on them he went to Abyssinia where the people so feared him that they put up his effigy to guard their temples. Then he discovered the great Persian Empire.

In the middle of the hot dry desert there was an oasis, a beautiful romantic palace of spires, surrounded by lush and lavish fragrant gardens filled with fruit trees. He sucked their nectar like the humming birds. Suddenly he felt a delicious languor. He concealed himself in the heart of a large Pago tree, tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.

He awoke to hear voices. Near him a little princess was learning how to read. Her teacher would pronounce a word. She would repeat it and point it out on the page.

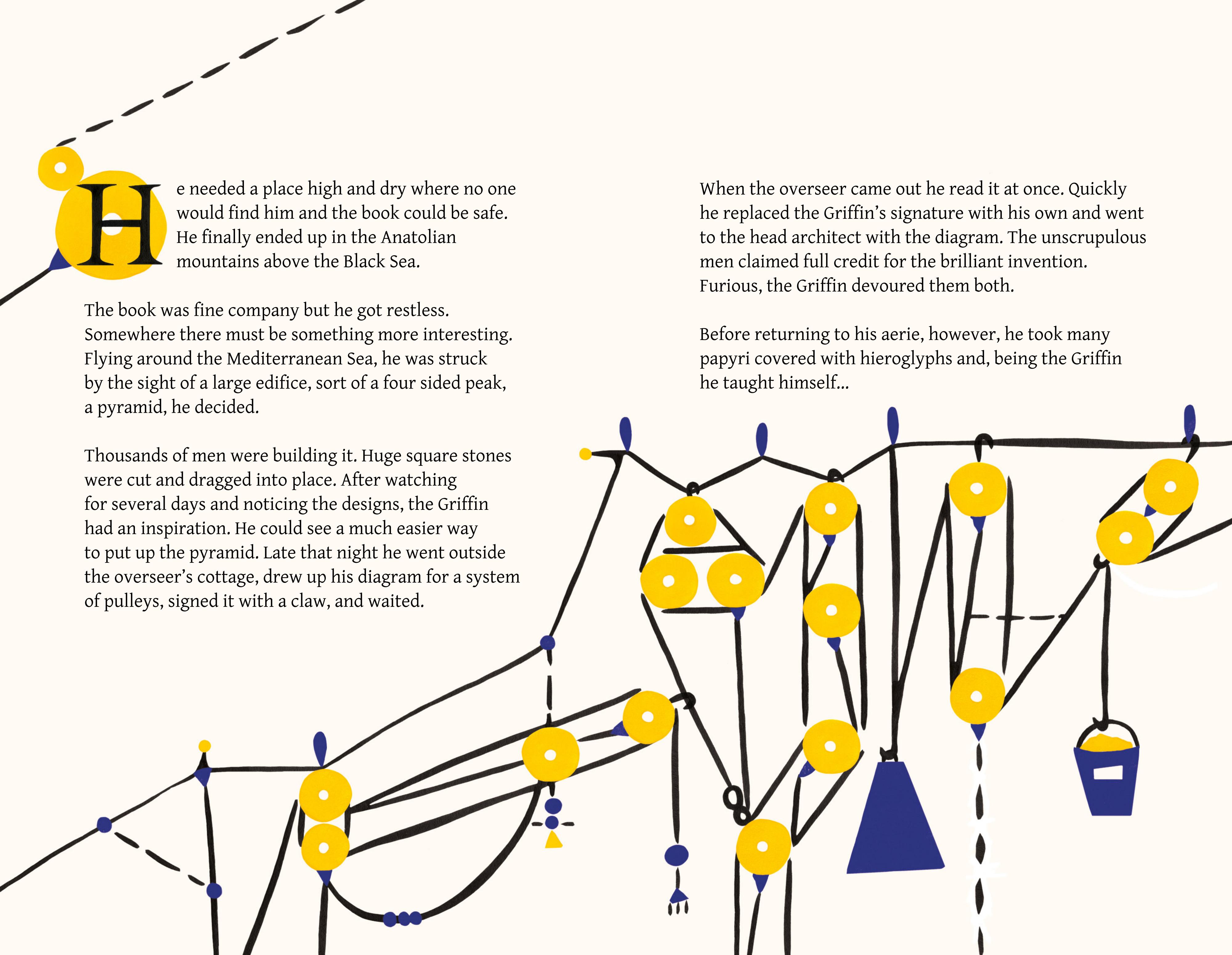
There was also a marvelous illustration of the story and as the story progressed and the little girl picked out more words, the Griffin became fascinated. Here was an epic about the elegant warriors, romantic adventure and as the Griffin's eagle eyes and eagle ears took in the story, he learned to read as well.

He was enthralled. A new world was opening up to him and for several days he was content. The little girl came out every morning for her lessons and as the Griffin learned the language and how to read it, he was amazed with himself. He felt unique and very proud.











HEAU TEAD





n the Dark Ages when the Barbarians overran Rome, the Griffin sought refuge in Ireland, a simple, primitive, poor land where monks spent all their time reading and writing and painting and singing.

He marveled at the tiny loving drawings of mice and flowers and the perfection with which the monks depicted gory historical events and the wonders of heaven and hell.

The Griffin couldn't help himself. So taken was he with the monks' artistry that he swooped down and stole their beautiful manuscripts and hid them in his secret sanctuary. As time went on, the Griffin would still venture out but he was too smart now to put himself at risk. Still, legends grew up around his exploits and his fame pleased him.

One year, as the weather got colder, the Griffin felt himself become torpid. He would fall asleep over a book and wake up several months later, rejuvenated, hungry and feeling very much alive.

However, he started to worry. The feeling seemed unexpected and he needed a place where he was protected when he slept.





This book illustrates the prologue to the musical, The Griffin.

I thank my invaluable friend, Alice Kuhns, for her inspired writing. This project would not have existed were it not for her. Thanks to Mady Jones for her support on this project, and to my friend, Julie Flogeac, for her highly imaginative Graphic Design.

We cannot do anything without others to stimulate our minds and bring passion to our souls. This is something the Griffin knows too much about...

Jana MoNealy

