

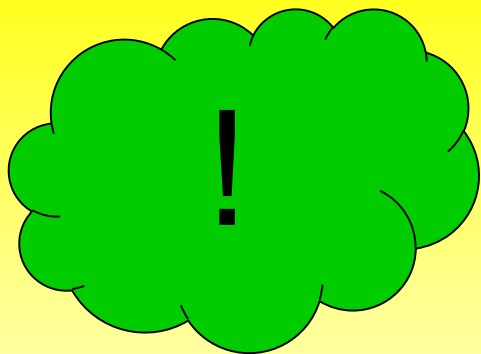
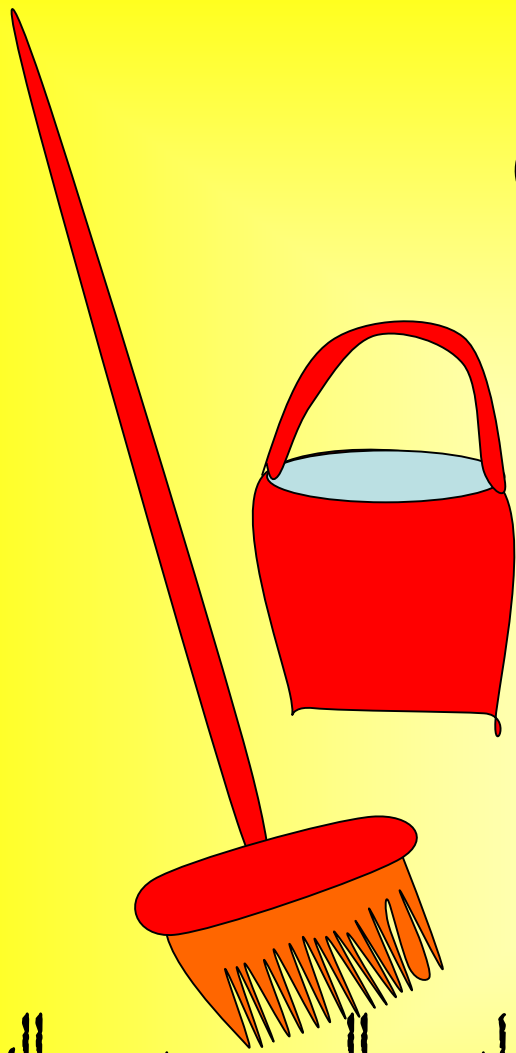
“The
Sorcerer’s
Apprentice.”

with music by
Paul Dukas.

Pronounced Dewkáh

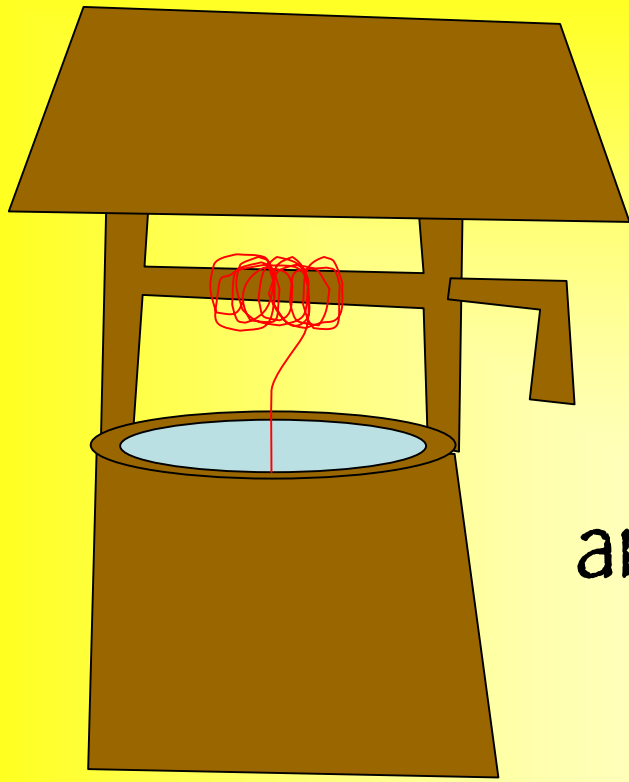
The Sorcerer left his apprentice
to mop all the floors in his castle.
The apprentice was not happy.



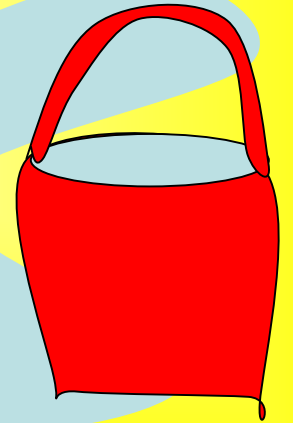


After a while
he had a brainwave.

"I'll cast a spell on the broom and it can do the work for me."
He looked for the spell in his master's spell book.



At first the broom did not move,
but after a few false starts
it began to mop the floor
and fetch clean water from the well.



The apprentice was happy now.
He relaxed while the broom
did all the work.







The apprentice did not notice
that the broom had fetched too much water.
When he did he was horrified -
he didn't know how to stop the spell!

He tried a few spells,
but none of them worked.

He chopped the broom into pieces,
and finally the broom stopped.

"Phew!"



The apprentice watched in horror,
as all the pieces of broom
turned into new brooms.



Now they were all fetching water
and emptying it onto the floor.
The apprentice was frantic!





Just as the apprentice was about to be washed away in the flood, the Sorcerer returned. He sent the water back to the well, and got rid of all the brooms.

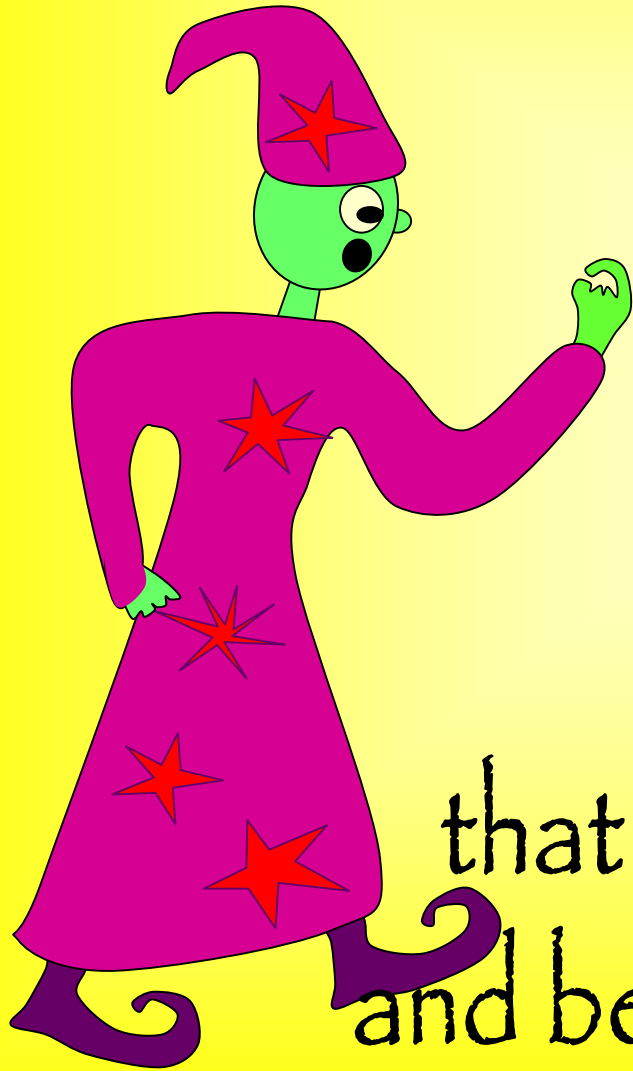
The Sorcerer was very angry,

and told

the apprentice

that he was sacked.





After a while,
the sorcerer could see
that the apprentice was sorry,
and beckoned him to come back.

