

Introduction: Oliver T. Otter

A WHALE OF A TALE

Oliver is in the puppet stage but in a rowboat (see p. 6).

Oliver: Ahoy, ladies and gentlemen and children of all ages! It is my great pleasure to welcome you to the little town with the most fun on the Eastern Seaboard—Big Fish Bay! The bay looks like a postcard from out here on the water.

I'm so excited to have you visit. My name is Oliver T. Otter, and I am president of the Big Fish Bay Tourism Committee, head of the historical society, chief of the volunteer police department, and editor of the *Big Fish Bay Gazette*. And every Saturday morning I sweep seaweed off the pier. I do my part to make this town special.

Now, you may be wondering why we call this place Big Fish Bay. Well, it all has to do with a local legend about a fish called Leviathan [*Lib-VIE-uh-thun*]. Most folks just call him Levi. The old sailors would say he was the biggest fish you ever did see. (*Spreads arms wide.*) He was bigger than a shark, bigger than the biggest whale, bigger than anything to ever swim through these waters. Well, at least that's what the old-timers used to say. But nobody's seen old Levi in years. Nobody's even sure he exists. How about you? Do you think Levi exists? (*Slight pause. Levi appears off to one side; see p. 6.*) I for one don't think he exists.

I'm sure glad you folks decided to visit Big Fish Bay. We're going to have a terrific time together as we learn about God's great mercy. That's something even more amazing than a gigantic fish!

Have fun while you're here in Big Fish Bay—and make sure you keep your eyes open for any sign of old Levi!

Introduction

ALL ABOARD

Oliver and Gramps enter the lantern room, where the light is housed at the top of the lighthouse. Oliver is holding a clipboard.

Oliver: Well, Gramps, on behalf of the Big Fish Bay Tourism Committee, I want to thank you for stepping up and agreeing to do this for us!

Gramps: Us? Oliver, you're the only member of the Big Fish Bay Tourism Committee.

Oliver: I know, I know. I meant "us" as in the whole town—everybody is glad to finally see that someone is going to fix up the old lighthouse!

Gramps: Well, I'm happy to help. And besides, from up here I can get a good view of Big Fish Bay. *(Looking around.)* I can see everything that's going on.

Oliver: Oh, so that's it.

Gramps: What's it?

Oliver: You took this job so you could be up here, looking over the whole bay for any sign of old Levi.

Gramps: Levi?

Oliver: Yes, Levi—or Leviathan [*Lib-VIE-uh-thun*], if you want to be exact. The big fish that gave Big Fish Bay its name. Nobody's seen that fish in over fifty years! I'm not sure he even exists.

Gramps: He does exist. I've seen him! I can't help it if the rest of you haven't seen him. This year I'm gonna prove he exists!

Oliver: So that is why you took this job.

Gramps: Oh, it's one of the reasons. But I also wanted to see the lighthouse get fixed up. When I retired, I told myself that I wouldn't just sit around twiddlin' my thumbs. This will be a great little project for me to work on.

Oliver: Little! There's nothing little about this project! I made a list of all the things that need to be fixed around here, and you wouldn't believe how long it is. *(Pulls out his clipboard.)* Let's see . . . paint peeling off, broken windows, rotting wood, missing stairs, missing doorknobs—not to mention that the lamp here at the top of the tower is no brighter than a firefly. And that's just half of page one!

Gramps: Don't worry, Oliver. Everything will get taken care of.

Oliver: I just don't see how you're going to get all this done by yourself.