Box of Frogs is group of middle- and high-school actors who meet once a week at our local community theater, Playhouse in the Park, and participate in a variety of acting activities. The actors range in age from 12 to 17. This year, five of the Box of Frogs actors took on two brief scenes from *As You Like It.* These scenes will be familiar to many of you, who have studied the play in your English and Humanities classes; many of you will see these scenes presented by the American Shakespeare Theater tonight at Lovett Auditorium; and some of you may be presenting these scenes in my ENG 221 class on Friday.

In the first scene, Murray High School students Alix Bloodworth portrays Rosalind, and Hannah Riley portrays Celia. As the scene begins, Orlando is plastering the Forest of Arden with his love poems...

For this scene, we have conflated two scenes from the end of the play, and, to accommodate the acting company, we have focused on just two of the four couples: here Calloway County High School student Logan English plays Orlando, Hannah Riley returns, this time as Rosalind, and Murray Middle Schoolers Logan Dick and Phoebe Zimmerer play Silvius and . . . Phebe.

From the east to western Ind, No jewel is like Rosalind. Her worth being mounted on the wind, Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lined Are but black to Rosalind. Let no fair be kept in mind But the fair of Rosalind.

For it is unpeopled? No.

Tongues I'll hang on every tree

That shall civil sayings show.

Some how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,
Will I "Rosalinda" write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Who but Rosalind to love Would any lover give his heart? Who divinest from above Will make me stop, and make me start?

Nature presently distilled Helen's cheek, but not her heart, Cleopatra's majesty, Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have
And I to live and die her slave.
Rosa, Rosa, Rosalind
Makes me sing and dance;
Rosa, Rosa, Rosalind,
Makes me hop and prance.
Such a beauty has my heart,
Such a beauty steals my breath,
So I play my little part
Until I come to welcome death.