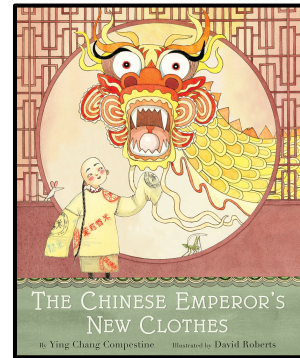


A Reader's Theater Script for
The Chinese Emperor's New Clothes
Written by Ying Chang Compestine, illustrated by
David Roberts

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman
(www.JudyReadsBooks.com)

(For grades 2-5)



From **THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES**, written by Ying Chang Compestine, illustrated by David Roberts (Abrams, 2018). Text © 2018 by Ying Chang Compestine, illustrations © 2018 by David Roberts. Used with Permission from Abrams Books for Young Readers.

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman (www.JudyReadsBooks.com); reprinted with permission of the publisher, Abrams Books for Young Readers.

ROLES: Narrators 1-5, Emperor Ming Da, Agriculture Minister 1, War Minister 2, Trade Minister 3, Old Tailor, Young Tailor, Child 1- 3, Citizen 1-3

HELPFUL ADVICE: When you photocopy this script, be sure to number the pages and run it single-sided so actors have an easier time keeping their places when it's time to turn the page. Double-sided scripts are confusing for children to follow. Be sure to explain to your students how stage directions are written in parentheses and in italics, to be followed by the actors but not to be read aloud. If you need more parts, add more narrators. (When you hand out parts, say, "You are Narrator 1 on pages 1-4, and you are Narrator 1 on pages 5-8," etc.)

NARRATORS 1-5: **Welcome!**

NARRATOR 1: Our story today comes from the picture book, *The Chinese Emperor's New Clothes*.

NARRATOR 2: It was written by Ying Chang Compestine and illustrated by David Roberts

NARRATORS 1-5: We are the narrators.

MING DA: I'm the boy emperor, Ming Da. (*bows to audience*)

MINISTERS 1-3: We are the emperor's ministers. (*bow to each other and rub hands together greedily*)

TAILORS 1-2: We are the emperor's tailors. (*pantomime sewing with needle and thread*)

CHILDREN AND CITIZENS: We are citizens of Ming Da's empire here in China. (*bow to Ming Da*)

NARRATOR 3: By now, you have probably heard the old folktale about the emperor's new clothes.

NARRATOR 4: The one where two sly tailors fool a vain emperor into believing he is wearing magical clothes, when in fact he is parading through town buck naked.

NARRATOR 5: The truth is that the story took place here in China, and without any tricky tailors.

NARRATORS 1-5: **Here is the real story.**

MING DA: When I was nine, I became the emperor of China. My ministers thought I was too young to rule. They took advantage of me.

MINISTER 1: Look at all this beautiful silk. (*rubs hands greedily*) The boy doesn't need all this! I can make myself the finest clothes with it.

MINISTER 2: Look at all these bags of rice in the warehouse. (*rubs hands greedily*) The boy doesn't need all this. I'll just sell them for him.

MINISTER 3: Oohh. Look at all this lovely gold and precious stones. (*rubs hands greedily*) The boy doesn't need all this. I'll just sell them for him.

NARRATOR 1: The three dishonest ministers robbed his treasury and kept the money for themselves.

MING DA: They left me with no cloth to dress the poor, no food to feed the hungry, and no money to run my kingdom.

NARRATOR 2: Ming Da knew if he fired his corrupt ministers, they would rebel against him.

NARRATOR 3: Day and night the boy emperor searched for a way to save his kingdom, but he couldn't think of anything.

NARRATORS 1-5: **UNTIL . . .**

NARRATOR 4: A month before Chinese New Year.

NARRATOR 5: Traditionally, people dress in new clothes on New Year's Day so evil spirits won't recognize them.

MING DA: I was gazing out my window at children begging on the streets.

CHILD 1: Please, kind sir, we are so hungry.

MINISTER 1: Get away from us, you little urchins.

CHILD 2: Could you give us some food for our bowls?

MINISTER 2: Certainly not. It is not our job to feed you.

CHILD 1: But we are so very hungry.

MINISTER 3: Move on, move on, I say!

NARRATOR 1: Just then, the emperor's loyal tailors arrived with cloth designs for his new clothes.

OLD TAILOR: Look at the new embroidered cloth we have brought you. You will look magnificent in the New Year's parade!

YOUNG TAILOR: See the dragon above the fluffy clouds. Notice the crow, monkey, and rat fleeing from him. Do you like it?

NARRATOR 2: Ming Da stared at the scene on the beautiful cloth. It gave him an idea.

MING DA: My ministers are stealing from me. Will you help me outwit them?

TAILORS: Of course!

NARRATOR 3: Ming Da told them his plan.

NARRATOR 4: The next day, Ming Da summoned his three ministers.

MING DA: I want to show you the magical new clothes these fine tailors made for me for the New Year's parade.

MINISTER 1: Magical?

YOUNG TAILOR: Yes! Honest people will see their true splendor, while the dishonest will see only burlap sacks.

MINISTER 2: Really?

MINISTER 3: Please show us.

OLD TAILOR: Certainly.

NARRATOR 5: Ming Da hopped off his throne and stepped behind a screen.

NARRATOR 1: The tailors helped him put on an old rice sack painted with ink and vegetable juices.

NARRATOR 2: When Ming Da stepped out from behind the screen wearing what looked like an old burlap rice sack, the ministers stared at the boy emperor, their mouths agape.

MING DA: Most excellent, don't you think? (*holds out arms*) Feel these sleeves!

NARRATOR 3: The trade minister broke into a cold sweat. He stroked the rough sack.

MINISTER 3: (*strokes Ming Da's sleeve*) Um, it's softer than the softest silk.

MINISTER 2: Th-th-the dr-dragon's eyes are so alive!

YOUNG TAILOR: We used the finest black pearls from the South China Sea.

NARRATOR 4: The ministers exclaimed their approval, each louder than the last.

MINISTER 1: Unbelievable!

MINISTER 2: Astonishing!

MINISTER 3: Magnificent!

MING DA: These fine tailors are at your service. Who wants magical new clothes?

MINISTER 1: (*raises hand*) I do!

MINISTER 2: (*raises hand*) So do I!

MINISTER 3: (*raises hand*) I do, too

!

MING DA: Excellent! Tailors, get to work!

OLD TAILOR: We shall begin at once!

NARRATOR 5: So the tailors set up cutting tables, coffers, and trunks behind a large screen.

NARRATOR 1: They "worked" day and night!

NARRATOR 2: The news about the magical clothes spread like fire in a dry field.

CITIZEN 1: Did you hear about our new emperor's new clothes?

CITIZEN 2: Indeed, I did. His tailors say the robes they are making for the boy emperor and his ministers are not just lavish and beautiful—they are supposed to be magical as well.

CITIZEN 3: They say that only honest people will see the clothing's true splendor.

CITIZEN 1: And if you are dishonest, you will see only burlap sacks.

CITIZEN 2: I'm an honest person. I'm sure I'll see the true splendor of the robes.

CITIZEN 3: I can't wait to see the four of them at the New Year's Day parade!

NARRATOR 3: Soon came the fitting for the ministers.

NARRATOR 4: Ming Da skipped his daily visit to the orphanage and hid behind a screen to watch.

NARRATOR 5: The Trade Minister arrived first. The young tailor held up a rice sack.

YOUNG TAILOR: See how the rubies and pearls in the crow's eyes and beak sparkle in the light?

MINISTER 3: (*glares at tailors*) Why is there only one crow?

OLD TAILOR: We ran out of jewels.

MINISTER 3: I will supply all the jewels you need. Just make mine more splendid than the others!

NARRATOR 1: He stormed out without even trying on his new clothes.

NARRATOR 2: When the War Minister entered, the young tailor held up a rice sack.

YOUNG TAILOR: Don't you love the extravagant details of the clever monkey?

NARRATOR 3: The minister squinted his eyes at the drawing of a sly monkey stealing gold.

MINISTER 2: It is unbelievable! Let me try it on!

NARRATOR 4: The tailors helped him into his robe and tightly wrapped a straw rope around his chubby waist.

OLD TAILOR: How does it fit?

MINISTER 2: (*gasps for air and waves his arms about*) Can you make it bigger?

YOUNG TAILOR: Yes, but we ran out of silk.

MINISTER 2: I will pay with the purest gold. Just make mine more splendid than the others!

NARRATOR 5: When the Agricultural Minister entered, the old tailor was busy trimming the bottom of a rice sack with scissors.

NARRATOR 1: The minister looked at it from all angles. Beads of sweat rolled down his face.

OLD TAILOR: *(holds up the rice sack)* See how the rat's shiny eyes look alive?

MINISTER 1: Yes, it's astonishing!

NARRATOR 2: The minister stared at the drawing of a long-whiskered rat stealing rice.

NARRATOR 3: The tailors helped him into his robe.

YOUNG TAILOR: How does it fit?

NARRATOR 4: The minister looked down at his bare legs and rubbed his knobby knees.

MINISTER 1: Can you make it longer?

OLD TAILOR: We ran out of silk.

MINISTER 1: I will pay you with the best rice that you can trade. Just make mine more splendid than the others!

NARRATOR 5: In the days that followed, the ministers delivered baskets of precious gems, gold, and rice to the tailors who passed them along to the boy emperor.

MING DA: With the jewels and the gold, I was able to buy cloth to dress the poor.

CITIZEN 1: Thank you, kind sir.

CITIZEN 1: And such nice fabric.

CITIZEN 3: Now we will have new clothes for the New Year's parade!

MING DA: With the rice, I was able to feed the hungry children.

CHILDREN 1-3: **Food!**

CHILD 1: Thank you, kind Emperor.

CHILD 2: We were so very hungry.

CHILD 3: We will not forget this.

NARRATOR 1: Soon came the morning of the New Year's Parade.

NARRATOR 2: When Ming Da entered the hall in his new clothes, he found his ministers examining each other's outfits and loudly praising each other.

MINISTER 3: Unbelievable!

MINISTER 2: Astonishing!

!

MINISTER 1: Magnificent!

MING DA: You all look splendid! Let the parade begin!

NARRATOR 3: Lion dancers led the way.

NARRATOR 4: Firecrackers popped and exploded, martial artists punched and kicked, and acrobats jumped and tumbled.

NARRATOR 5: At last the three ministers came marching behind Ming Da, proudly showing off their new robes to the crowd.

CITIZEN 1: *(looking confused)* Oh, those robes are, um, spectacular.

CITIZEN 2: So true. And such beautiful fabric!

CITIZEN 3: Not to mention the lovely design!

CHILD 1: Can you not see? They're wearing rice sacks!

NARRATOR 1: All the children roared with laughter.

NARRATOR 2: They sang and pointed.

CHILDREN: Itchy sacks! Itchy sacks!

NARRATOR 3: The rest of the crowd joined in

CHILDREN AND CITIZENS: **Ha ha ha! Itchy sacks! Itchy sacks!**

MING DA: *(smiles and waves)*

MINISTER 2: *(to Ministers 1 & 3)* You two *are* wearing rice sacks!

MINISTER 3: So are *you*!

MINISTER 1: **We have been tricked!**

MINISTERS 1-3: **RUN!**

NARRATOR 4: The ministers fled China.

NARRATOR 5: Ming Da replaced them with honest counselors and ruled for many years.

MING DA: My people were happy, well fed, and very well dressed.

NARRATOR 1: The emperor marched through town in a rice sack to save his country.

NARRATOR 2: I don't know how people ended up with that old folktale about two sly tailors fooling a vain emperor.

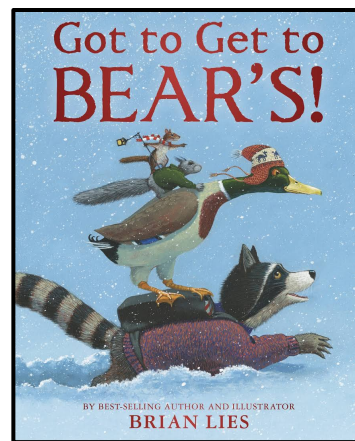
EVERYONE: **Because THIS was the REAL STORY!**

A Reader's Theater Script for
Got to Get to Bear's!

By Brian Lies

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman
(www.JudyReadsBooks.com)

(For grades 1-2)



Adapted from the book, ***Got to Get to Bear's!***, written by Brian Lies, published by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company, ©2018. Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman (www.JudyReadsBooks.com); reprinted with permission of the publisher, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

ROLES: Izzy Chipmunk, Scritch Squirrel, Bingle Mallard, Snaffie Raccoon, Bear
Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Narrator 3, Narrator 4

NOTE: If you need more parts, have two sets of narrators: one for the first 4 pages, and then a second set for the last 3 pages. (When you hand out parts, say, "You are Narrator 1 on pages 1 to 4, and you are Narrator 1 on pages 5 to 7," etc.) You can also choose to have fewer narrators, depending on the size of your group. One group can be tapped to read the script while the rest of the class is the audience. Or you can divide kids into two or three groups and have each group find a quiet place in the room to act out the play together.

When you photocopy this or any script, be sure to number the pages and run it single-sided so actors have an easier time keeping their places when it's time to turn the page. Explain and demonstrate how the actors can make use of the stage directions, which are written in italics and enclosed in parentheses, even though they do not actually read them aloud during the play.

The song the friends sing works fine to the tune of the first two lines of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm": "No matter how steep or tough the climb, / A friend is worth it every time." Have them all practice it with you before you begin the play.

NARRATOR 1: Welcome to our play, based on the book, *Got to Get to Bear's!*, by Brian Lies.

NARRATOR 2: Today, the mailbird delivered a letter to Izzy Chipmunk's house. It read . . .

NARRATORS 1-4: Dear Izzy—Please come at once! Bear.

NARRATOR 3: When Izzy read the note, she knew she had to go.

NARRATOR 4: She put on her red and white scarf and carried a lantern on a pole to light her way and went outside.

IZZY: (*looking up*) Hmm. I don't like the look of that sky. But Bear never asks for anything, so I know it has to be important.

NARRATOR 1: As she started out, snowflakes began to flutter down.

NARRATOR 2: The snow piled deeper . . .

NARRATORS 3-4: And deeper . . .

NARRATORS 1-4: And deeper . . .

IZZY: Oh, dear. This snow is up to my neck. I can't go any further.

NARRATOR 3: Down from a tree jumped Scritch Squirrel.

SCRITCH: Hey, Izzy Chipmunk! Where you headed?

IZZY: Oh, hi, Scritch. I'm trying to get to Bear's place. She asked me to come as soon as I could. But I don't think I can make it.

SCRITCH: (*nodding his head*) It looks a little deep. But, you know how it is—if Bear asks, you *gotta* go. Jump on my back. We'll be there in a jiff. The treetop road is the way.

NARRATOR 4: With Izzy Chipmunk riding on his back, Scritch Squirrel scampered up a tree trunk and leaped from one snow-covered branch to another.

NARRATORS 1-4: Until they couldn't anymore. There was too much snow.

NARRATOR 1: Bingle Mallard landed on a nearby branch.

BINGLE: Greetings, Izzy and Scritch. Fancy meeting you up here. Slippery, innit? Where ya going?

SCRITCH: We're trying to get to Bear's.

IZZY: She sent me a note, asking me to come at once.

BINGLE: *(nodding)* You don't say "no" to Bear. But skyway is better than battling branches. All aboard! I'll get you there!

NARRATOR 2: First Scritch Squirrel climbed on Bingle Mallard's back and then Izzy Chipmunk climbed on Scritch's back.

NARRATOR 3: They held on tight as Bingle spread his wings and flew.

NARRATOR 4: As they went, the sky darkened, the wind grew wild, and snow stung their faces like tiny bees.

BINGLE: Can't see! Can't see!

NARRATORS 1-4: WHOOMFFF!

NARRATOR 1: They came to a sudden stop into a snow-covered rooftop.

BINGLE: Maybe walking is better?

NARRATOR 2: Bingle flew them back to the ground

SCRITCH: Maybe so.

IZZY: Good idea.

NARRATOR 3: But it was slow going with Bingle trying to walk through the snow on her big orange webbed feet.

NARRATOR 4: Snaffie Raccoon caught up with them.

SNAFFIE: Hey there, everybody. I've been following your trail. Having trouble?

IZZY: I've got to get to Bear's.

SCRITCH: But the trees are bad.

BINGLE: And the skyway is bad, and snow's too deep to waddle.

SNAFFIE: Bear isn't far from where I'm going. Let me give you all a ride.

NARRATOR 1: First Bingle Mallard climbed on Snaffie Raccoon's back.

NARRATOR 2: Scritch Squirrel was on Bingle's back.

NARRATOR 3: And Izzy was on Scritch's back.

NARRATOR 4: As Snaffie Raccoon tried to jump over the snow, the four friends sang to keep their spirits up.

EVERYONE: *(to the tune of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm")*
No matter how steep or tough the climb,
A friend is worth it every time!
No matter how steep or tough the climb,
A friend is worth it every time!

SNAFFIE: Jumping's too hard. I'm just going to plow my way under the snow. Bingle, can you steer?

BINGLE: No problem! Hold on tight, Izzy and Scritch!

IZZY & SCRITCH: No problem!

NARRATOR 1: It worked for a while.

NARRATOR 2: But as the snow deepened, Scritch Squirrel had to call out directions.

SCRITCH: Go straight! A little to the left! No, the left!

NARRATOR 3: And then it was just Izzy above the surface, holding on to his lantern and pointing the way.

IZZY: Keep going! I think I see a light!

NARRATOR 4: The glow of Bear's place shone through the dark.

IZZY: We made it! I hope we're not too late!

BINGLE: My bill is f-f-frozen.

SCRITCH: My tail is frozen.

SNAFFIE: My ears are like ice.

NARRATOR 1: Izzy knocked on Bear's front door with her tiny knuckles.

NARRATOR 2-4: **TOK! TOK! TOK!**

IZZY: Come on, Bear. Open up. It's f-f-freezing out here!

NARRATOR 2: Bear opened the door with the saddest look on her face.

NARRATOR 3: The snow had drifted so high up against the door that Izzy was standing on top of it, eye to eye with Bear.

BEAR: Oh, it's you, Izzy. What are you doing here?

IZZY: But, Bear, you sent me that note. You asked for me.

BEAR: Yes, but I didn't think you'd make it with all this snow. Look how deep it is!

IZZY: Am I too late to help?

BEAR: Ah, the storm ruined everything. But you better come in and warm up. It's too bad. I wanted Scritch, Bingle, and Snaffie here, too.

IZZY: But they *are* here! I'm standing on them!

BEAR: You're standing on them? Why didn't you say so!

NARRATOR 3: Bear stepped aside as all four tumbled into the warmth of her den.

SCRITCH: Hey, Bear, how's it going?

SNAFFIE: Hi, Bear! Can't believe we made it!

BINGLE: You can't say we don't deliver!

NARRATOR 4: Bear pushed the door shut.

IZZY: So, what's wrong? How can we help?

NARRATOR 1: Bear cleared her throat.

BEAR: **Harrummpphh.** Well, Izzy, it's not that something's wrong.

NARRATOR 2: A smile crept up the corners of her mouth. She started to chuckle.

BEAR: It's just that the four of us have something to say to you.

NARRATOR 3: Izzy was confused.

IZZY: To me?

BEAR: Yes. To you. We all just wanted to say . . .

ALL: **HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**

IZZY: How did you know it was my birthday?

SCRITCH: We're your friends!

SNAFFIE: We knew!

BINGLE: Hey, Bear—is there cake?

BEAR: Of course there's cake!

NARRATOR 1: The five friends ate cake and told stories through the long night as the storm raged outside.

NARRATOR 2: And in the morning, they climbed atop Bear's tall, broad shoulders.

NARRATOR 3: She plowed through the snow with no difficulty at all to help them get back home again.

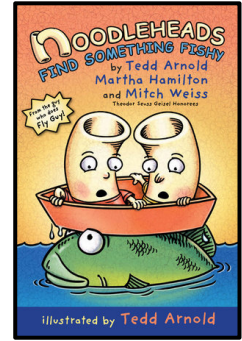
NARRATOR 4: And as they went, they all sang together:

EVERYONE: *(to the tune of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm")*
No matter how steep or tough the climb,
A friend is worth it every time!
No matter how steep or tough the climb,
A friend is worth it every time!

NARRATORS 1-4: THE END!

A Reader's Theater Script for
Noodleheads Find Something Fishy
Written by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton, and Mitch Weiss;
illustrated by Tedd Arnold

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman
(www.JudyReadsBooks.com)
(For grades 1-4)



Text from *The Noodleheads Find Something Fishy* by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton and Mitch Weiss. Copyright ©2018 by permission of authors.

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman (www.JudyReadsBooks.com) of *Noodleheads Find Something Fishy*, written by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton, and Mitch Weiss, illustrated by Tedd Arnold; published by Holiday House, 2018.

ROLES: Mac Noodlehead 1, Mac Noodlehead 2, Mom, Meatball (Chapter 1), Miss Froggy (Chapter 2 & 3), Fish (Chapter 2 & 3)

NOTE: This easy reader is divided into an introduction and three short chapters. Here, then, are four short scripts, each with only two-four characters per script. The parts of Mom and Miss Froggy (which, of course, could also be played as Dad and Mr. Froggy) are short. You can appoint those actors as directors of their respective skits and/or have one person play more than one part. After the children have practiced their scripts, have them perform them for each other in sequence. Fun and easy props would be a fishing pole and a pair of paddles (cut out of cardboard), plus two paper bags (the Noodleheads' snacks), and 2 coins. You can get fancy and cut the side of a boat out of a big piece of cardboard.

HELPFUL ADVICE: When you photocopy this script, be sure to number the pages and run it single-sided so actors have an easier time keeping their places when it's time to turn the page. Double-sided scripts are confusing for children to follow. Be sure to explain to your students how stage directions are written in parentheses and in italics, to be followed by the actors but not to be read aloud.

INTRODUCTION: MEET THE NOODLEHEADS

MOM: Welcome to our play, *Noodleheads Find Something Fishy*, based on the book written by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton, and Mitch Weiss, and illustrated by Tedd Arnold. I'm Mom Noodlehead. Meet my two sons.

MAC 1: I'm Mac.

MAC 2: And I'm Mac.

MAC 1 & 2: We're NOODLEHEADS!

MAC 1: *(points to top of Mac 2's head)* See in here? Nothing! Zippo! Nada!

MAC 2: Hey, Mac, look! Someone is throwing away a perfectly good fish stick.

MAC 1: I wish we knew how to fish.

MAC 2: We can learn!

MAC 1: Okay, let's take it home.

MAC 2: Good thinking. *(holds fishing pole in front of himself, sideways.)* **OOO!** *(falls backwards)* This fish stick won't fit between these two trees!

MAC 1: Let me try. *(takes fishing pole from Mac 2. Holding it the same way, he walks forward)* **OOO!** *(falls backwards)* You're right! It won't fit. How will we ever get it home?

MAC 2: I know! We'll break it into two pieces. *(breaks it in half over his knee)* Two pieces fit through nicely!

MAC 1: Now, when we learn how to fish . . .

MAC 2: We can catch twice as many!

A Reader's Theater Script for
Noodleheads Find Something Fishy

(For grades 1-4)

Text from *The Noodleheads Find Something Fishy* by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton and Mitch Weiss. Copyright ©2018 by permission of authors.

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman (www.JudyReadsBooks.com) of *Noodleheads Find Something Fishy*, written by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton, and Mitch Weiss, illustrated by Tedd Arnold; published by Holiday House, 2018.

ROLES: Mac Noodlehead 1, Mac Noodlehead 2, Mom, Meatball, Miss Froggy

CHAPTER 1: HOW TO GROW A BOAT

MOM: Welcome to the continuing adventure of my sons, Mac and Mac Noodlehead. Chapter 1: How to Grow a Boat. Today, I had a good idea.

MAC 1: I'm bored.

MAC 2: I'm bored, too!

MOM: Don't just sit inside being bored. Go outside and enjoy this beautiful day!

MAC 1 & 2: Aw, Mom!

MOM: Get out there and learn something new today. Here's a snack and a coin for each of you. (*hands each a paper bag and a quarter*) Now, out you go. (*pushes them out the door*)

MAC 2: WOW! I didn't see *that* coming!

MAC 1: Nope, me neither.

MAC 2: It's not fair to make us learn.

MAC 1: It's not even a school day! Hey, Mac, here is our fish stick! Here, take your half. *(picks up the two halves of the fishing pole and hands Mac 2 one of the pieces)* We could learn how to catch a fish! We'll show Mom we can learn something new!

MAC 2: I bet we can even learn three things! So, I guess, first we have to learn where fish live.

MAC 1: I heard that fish live in schools.

MAC 2: They must be smart. *(points)* Hey, is that a fish out there?

FISH: *(fish jumps up in water)*

MAC 2: Wait. Fish live in the water?

MAC 1: Way out there? *(points at fish)* This fish stick won't reach that far.

MAC 2: And we can't swim. What do we do?

MEATBALL: I do.

MAC 1: Oh, hi, Meatball.

MAC 2: Hey, Meatball.

MEATBALL: Hi, guys. Did I hear you want to catch fish in the deep water?

MAC 1: Deep water?

MAC 2: Maybe.

MEATBALL: Then you need a boat! And I have one. *(point to his toy boat floating at the edge of the water)*

MAC 1: A toy boat?

MAC 2: We won't fit in it.

MEATBALL: If you feed it, it will grow. Just put in some food and take a nap. It will grow while you sleep. Bye, now.

MAC 1: Cool!

MAC 2: Sounds fishy to me.

MAC 1: I put my snack in it. *(puts paper bag in the toy boat)* Now we nap.

MAC 2: If you say so.

MAC 1 & 2: *(close eyes and start to snore)*

MEATBALL: Ooh, look! They left me a nice snack. *(picks up bag and tiptoes away)*

MAC 1 & 2: *(wake up and yawn, stretching their arms above their heads)*

MAC 1: Look, Mac! The boat ate my snack!

MAC 2: But the boat didn't grow.

MAC 1: It needs your snack too!

MAC 2: Still sounds fishy to me. *(puts paper bag in the toy boat)*

MAC 1: Now, we nap again.

MAC 2: If you say so.

MAC 1 & 2: *(close eyes and start to snore)*

MEATBALL: Ooh, look! They left me another nice snack. *(picks up bag and tiptoes away)*

MAC 1 & 2: *(wake up and yawn, stretching their arms above their heads)*

MAC 1: Look, Mac! The boat ate your snack!

MAC 2: But it still didn't grow.

MAC 1: It must not like our food. I know! I will put in my coin. *(puts coin in the toy boat)* While we nap, the boat can buy its favorite food.

MAC 2: If you say so.

MAC 1 & 2: *(close eyes and start to snore)*

MEATBALL: Ooh, look! Now they left me a coin. *(picks up toy boat and tiptoes away)*

MAC 1 & 2: *(snoring)*

MISS FROGGY: What a beautiful day to be out in my boat. The sun is shining. The sky is blue. *(paddles up to shore and gets out of boat)* Let me tie this boat up to the anchor and get back to my bait shop. *(looks at two snoring boys)* Look at those two. What a couple of Noodleheads! Sleeping when they could be fishing.

MAC 1 & 2: *(wake up and yawn, stretching arms above their heads)*

MAC 1: Hey, Mac, guess what! The boat grew up!

MAC 1 & 2: **THE BOAT GREW UP!** *(they jump up and down with excitement)* **TIME TO GO FISHING!** *(they climb in the boat with their broken fishing pole)*

A Reader's Theater Script for
Noodleheads Find Something Fishy

(For grades 1-4)

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ROLES: Mac Noodlehead 1, Mac Noodlehead 2, Miss Froggy, Fish

CHAPTER 2: FINDING FISH

MISS FROGGY: Welcome to the continuing adventures of Mac and Mac Noodlehead. I'm Miss Froggy. Right now, those two scamps are sitting in one of my boats from my shop, Miss Froggy's Bait Shop & Boat Rental. **Chapter 2: Finding Fish.**

MAC 1: Boats are fun!

MAC 2: So how do they work?

MAC 1: Let's do what that guy over in that boat is doing.

MAC 2: What? Wear a hat?

MAC 1: No. Look! We can use these two boat sticks to go. Wow! Not only did the boat grow, but it grew boat sticks, too!

MAC 2: Oh, yeah!

MAC 1 & 2: *(paddling with paddles)*

MAC 1: Boating is fun!

MAC 2: *(paddling with paddle)* Boating is **hard!**

MAC 1 & 2: *(paddling with paddles)* **WE AREN'T MOVING!**

MAC 1: Look! A rope is tied to the boat. It won't let us go.

MAC 2: The rope is too short. Here is a longer rope.

MAC 1: *(ties rope to end of shorter rope)* It will reach all the way out to deep water.

MAC 1 & 2: **YAY! NOW WE ARE BOATING!**

MAC 1: Look, Mac, a fish lives here!

FISH: Hi.

MAC 2: Let's catch it!

MAC 1: How?

FISH: You want to catch me? You'll need some nice tasty worms.

MAC 1: We don't have any worms.

MAC 2: Where do we get them?

FISH: You can get worms over at Miss Froggy's Bait Shop.

MAC 1: Back to shore! Let's get some worms!

FISH: *(shakes head)* Silly Noodleheads. They'll never catch me!

MAC 2: Wait, Mac! The fish is gone.

MAC 1: So?

MAC 2: So, if we **leave** this spot, how will we find the fish again?

MAC 1: We need to **mark** this spot.

MAC 2: How?

MAC 1: I have an idea! The fish was right here by the boat. I have a pencil. So-o-o, I will mark this spot on the side of the boat with an X.

MAC 2: Good thinking!

MAC 1 & 2: **Now, back to shore!** *(they paddle to shore and jump out of the boat)* Look out, worms! Here we come!

MISS FROGGY: Hello, boys. Welcome to Miss Froggy's Bait Shop and Boat Rental. I'm Miss Froggy. What can I do for you today.

MAC 2: We want to buy some worms to catch a fish, but we only have one coin left. How many worms can we buy?

MISS FROGGY: This coin will get you three worms, plus the boat rental. Here you go.

MAC 1: Thanks, Miss Froggy. Let's go fishing, Mac!

MISS FROGGY: *(shakes her head)* Noodleheads!

MAC 1: Hey, Mac. Only **three** worms?

MAC 2: Yup. Plus the boat rental.

MAC 1: Wait! What does boat rental mean?

MAC 2: Beats me. Who cares? We've got fish sticks. We've got a grown-up boat. We've got a long rope. And we've got worms!

MAC 1 & 2: **TIME TO GO FISHING!**

A Reader's Theater Script for
Noodleheads Find Something Fishy

(For grades 1-4)

Text from *The Noodleheads Find Something Fishy* by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton and Mitch Weiss. Copyright ©2018 by permission of authors.

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman (www.JudyReadsBooks.com) of *Noodleheads Find Something Fishy*, written by Tedd Arnold, Martha Hamilton, and Mitch Weiss, illustrated by Tedd Arnold; published by Holiday House, 2018.

ROLES: Mac Noodlehead 1, Mac Noodlehead 2, Mom, Fish, Miss Froggy

CHAPTER 3: THE BIGGEST FISH

MOM: Hi, everyone. Welcome back to the rest of the story about my sons, Mac and Mac Noodlehead. If you recall, I sent them outside and told them to learn something new today. Now I'm waiting for them to come home. Chapter 3: The Biggest Fish.

MAC 1: Hey, Mac, are we there yet?

MAC 2: Look for the mark we made. *(looks over the side of the boat into the water)*

MAC 1: Yup! There is our mark. *(points to the X they made on the side of the boat)*

MAC 2: So this is the spot where the fish lives.

MAC 1: *(points to fish)* And there's the fish!

FISH: Did you bring the worms?

MAC 1: We have the worms!

MAC 2: Now what?

FISH: Did you bring hooks to put the worms on?

MAC 1: **HOOKS?** We need hooks?

MAC 2: We're all out of coins.

FISH: Relax! Forget the hooks.

MAC 2: Why?

FISH: Even if you hooked me, you could not pull me into your boats. I'm too big.

MAC 1: Too big? You're being silly.

MAC 2: You're just a tiny fish.

FISH: That's what **you** think! *(ducks his head under the water and calls his friends)* Hey, pals, help me out. I've got a couple of noodleheads above the water. Can you stick out your fin for me over there? Great. And can you stick your tail out over there? Thanks, pals. *(puts his head above water to talk to Mac 1 and Mac 2)* Okay, take a look. Here is my head. Down there is my fin. And all the way over there is my tail.

MAC 1: **WOW!**

MAC 2: You really are too big to fit in our boat! So how do we catch you?

FISH: Just toss me your worms and I will swim to shore.

MAC 2: That sounds fishy.

FISH: I promise! I will see you at the shore. Just toss me the worms!

MAC 2: All of them?

FISH: I'm a very **big** fish!

MAC 2: Okay. *(empties out can of worms into the water)*

FISH: *(ducks his head under the water and calls his friends)* I got us some nice juicy worms, pals. Eat up!

MAC 1: Guess **what**? We are going to take home the biggest fish ever, ever, **ever**!

MAC 2: **EVER!**

MAC 1 & 2: **HIGH FIVE!** *(they jump up, high five each other, and fall out of the boat.)*

MAC 1 & 2: **SPLASH! OOPS!** We missed the boat! *(they climb back into boat and pick up their paddles)* Okay, back to shore!

MAC 1: Here we are!

MAC 2: Where's our fish?

MAC 1: There it is.

FISH: *(pops its head out of the water)* Hi, guys. Nice to see you at the shore. Bye now.

MAC 1: Hey, **wait!**

MAC 2: You promised . . .

FISH: I promised to **see** you at the shore. And I did see you. Thanks for the worms. Bye, guys.

MISS FROGGY: Hello boys. What's happening?

MAC 1 & 2: Hi, Miss Froggy.

MISS FROGGY: So, did your fish get away?

MAC 1: It was the biggest fish **ever**!

MISS FROGGY: Yes, the biggest fish is **always** the one that got away. Don't feel bad. You aren't the first to learn that lesson from a fish.

MAC 1: Really? We **learned** something?

MAC 1 & 2: **High five!** *(they high five each other)* Thanks, Miss Froggy! *(they run off)*

MISS FROGGY: *(shakes her head)* Noodleheads!

MAC 1 & 2: **HEY, MOM!!!**

MOM: Hi, boys. What have you been doing all day?

MAC 1: Mom, we did what you said.

MAC 2: We went out and we learned something!

MAC 1: A fish taught us!

MOM: A fish? Tell me all about it.

MAC 2: We went fishing. And a fish taught us that the biggest fish is **always** the one that got away.

MOM: You don't say.

MAC 1: It's **true**! We had the biggest fish and it got away!

MOM: Oh, my.

MAC 1: Plus, we learned that you need money if you want a big boat!

MAC 2: Also, we found out that if you want to go boating, you have to learn the ropes.

MOM: You two learned **so much!** I bet you need a snack. Here you go.

MAC 1 & 2: Fishy crackers and gummy worms! Thanks, Mom!

MAC 1: Learning is fun. But guess what? We did **not** learn the one thing we **wanted** to learn.

MAC 2: **HOW TO CATCH A FISH!**

MAC 1 & 2: We'll go out and learn **THAT** tomorrow!

A Reader's Theater Script for *Potato Pants!*

Written and illustrated by Laurie Keller

(For Grades 1-4)



Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman (www.JudyReadsBooks.com); reprinted with permission of the publisher, Farrar Straus Giroux Books for Young Readers.

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ROLES: Narrators 1-5; Potato; Other Potatoes, 1-5; Eggplant; Lance Vance; Grocery Store Lady

NOTE: If you need more parts, add five more narrators and/or five Other Potatoes. (When you hand out parts, say, "You are Narrator 1 on pages 1-4, and you are Narrator 1 on pages 5-8." Because Potato's part is so large, you could assign it to two actors, one for pages 1-4 and the other from page 5-8.)

When you photocopy this script, be sure to number the pages and run it single-sided so actors have an easier time keeping their places when it's time to turn the page. Double-sided scripts are confusing for children to follow. Be sure to explain to your students how stage directions are written in parentheses and in italics, to be followed by the actors but not to be read aloud.

NARRATORS 1-5: Welcome!

NARRATOR 1: Our story today comes from the picture book, *Potato Pants!*, written and illustrated by the great Laurie Keller.

NARRATORS 1-5: We are the narrators.

POTATOES 1-5: We are the potatoes. (*they bow*)

EGGPLANT: I'm Eggplant. (*puts hands on hips and looks tough*)

LANCE VANCE: Hi, everybody. I am Lance Vance, owner of Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store. You need fancy pants? I've got 'em! (*gives a "thumbs up" with both thumbs*)

GROCERY LADY: I run the grocery store nearby. Fruits and vegetables are our specialty.

NARRATOR 5: And introducing our main character— (*points to Potato*)

NARRATORS 1-4: POTATO!

POTATO: That's me! (*waves with both hands*)

NARRATOR 1: One potato,

NARRATOR 2: Two potatoes,

NARRATOR 3: Three potatoes,

NARRATOR 4: Four;

NARRATOR 5: Five potatoes,

NARRATOR 1: Six potatoes,

NARRATOR 2: Seven potatoes,

NARRATORS 1-5: **MORE! O-U-T spells OUT!**

NARRATOR 3: We use potatoes for counting,

NARRATOR 4: For making potato prints in art class,

NARRATOR 5: For playing Mr. Potato Head,

NARRATOR 1: And for eating, of course!

NARRATORS 2-5: Oh, right! Eating!

POTATOES 1-5: **EATING?!**

NARRATOR 2: Yup. Potatoes are delicious.

NARRATOR 3: Mashed, baked, roasted, fried.

NARRATOR 4: **Fried! YUM!**

POTATOES 1-5: **NOOOO!!!**

POTATO 1: Maybe you never knew this, but we're here to tell you that potatoes have feelings, too.

NARRATOR 5: Feelings? Really?

POTATO 2: Yes, feelings. And hope and dreams.

POTATO 3: Plus, a love of fashion.

NARRATOR 1: A love of fashion? Really?

POTATO 4: Absolutely. We potatoes are very stylish, as our play will show.

NARRATORS 1-5: Presenting the story, *Potato Pants!*.

POTATO: **Hi. Hey! Look at me, everybody! I'm doing The Robot!** (*moves arms and legs in jerky motions like a robot*)

NARRATOR 2: Potato is excited. That's why he's doing the robot.

POTATO: I call it the PO-bot because I'm a PO-tato!

NARRATOR 3: He's excited because today, for one day only, Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store is selling . . .

POTATOES 1-5: **POTATO PANTS!**

POTATO: EEEEE!!! Potato pants! (pumps arms excitedly)

NARRATOR 4: Potato knows every tater in town will want a pair so he's there early because, like the sign in the store window says—

LANCE VANCE: **ONCE THEY'RE GONE, THEY'RE GONE!**

NARRATOR 5: He runs with all the other potatoes to Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store.

POTATO 5: I came by bus.

POTATO 1: I took a taxi.

POTATO 2: I used Tuber Uber.

POTATO 3: I just came on foot.

NARRATOR 1: Potatoes have feet?

POTATOES 1-5: **YAY! POTATO PANTS!**

POTATO: I want a stripey pair just like the ones in the window, with stripey suspenders for added stripey-ness!

LANCE VANCE: Come right in, potato friends. I, Lance Vance, owner of Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store, have a beautiful selection of potato pants, designed by the one and only Tubérto. He has created a full line of potato fashions for both the active and the couch potato.

NARRATOR 2: Reaching the store's front window, Potato peers inside and he stops doing the robot.

POTATO: **Oh, no! Eggplant has just walked inside the store.** (*looks scared*)

NARRATORS 1-5: **WHAT'S THIS? POTATO IS UPSET!**

POTATOES 1-5: **UH, OH!**

EGGPLANT: **Hey, you potatoes. Has anyone seen Potato?**

POTATO 3: Potato? Nope, haven't seen him.

POTATO 4: Potato? Haven't laid eyes on him.

POTATO: What's *he* doing in there?! Eggplants don't even *wear* pants!

POTATO 5: Yesterday was Eggplant Pants Day.

EGGPLANT: **Potato? Are you in here? Potato? Can you hear me?**

NARRATOR 1: Potato won't go into Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store now because of that eggplant.

POTATO: **THAT EGGPLANT IS NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!** Yesterday, I was walking along, minding my own potato-y business when . . .

EGGPLANT: **OUT OF MY WAY, POTATO!**

POTATO: He ran by and PUSHED ME right into a big trash can! If he sees me in Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store, he'll push me again—and ruin my brand-new potato pants!

NARRATORS 1-5: **POOR POTATO!**

NARRATOR 2: It's not easy for him to watch all the other potatoes walk by in their new potato pants.

POTATO 2: I LOVE my new potato pants!

POTATO 3: I love mine too!

POTATO 4: Mine have polka dots and ruffles!

POTATO 5: Mine have big pockets!

POTATO 1: Mine are kind of scratchy. I may need some potato underpants!

EGGPLANT: **POTATO! WHERE ARE YOU?!**

NARRATOR 3: Potato is losing his patience waiting for that eggplant to leave Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store.

POTATO: What's taking him so long? And if yesterday was Eggplant Pants Day, why is he here on Potato Pants Day?

NARRATOR 4: The grocery store lady, on her way into the grocery store, overhears Potato.

GROCERY LADY: Potato Pants Day? That's **ridiculous!** Potatoes don't even *wear* pants!

POTATO: It's not ridiculous, Grocery Store Lady! Oohhh! The grocery store! They sell potatoes. Maybe they have Potato Pants, too!

NARRATORS 1-5: **What a clever potato!**

NARRATOR 5: He has just figured out a way to avoid Eggplant and still get his Potato Pants!

NARRATOR 1: Potato calls the grocery store on his Spud Phone.

POTATO: Hello, Grocery Store? Do you have any Potato Pants?

GROCERY LADY: POTATO PANTS?

POTATO: Yeah, ya know—PANTS that are made for POTATOES!

GROCERY LADY: We don't have Potato Pants.

POTATO: Well, maybe in your store you call them something more like . . . SPUD SLACKS? TATER TROUSERS? YAM CHAPS? Any of those ring a bell?

GROCERY LADY: No.

POTATO: Heck, maybe I could probably squeeze myself into a pair of CUCUMBER CORDS if I had to. Do you have any CUCUMBER CORDS?

GROCERY LADY: Sorry sir. No clothing here. Just food.

POTATOES 1-5: **POTATO IS NOT GIVING UP!**

POTATO 2: He's sure there's a way to get Potato Pants without having to face that eggplant!

POTATO: **THINK. THINK. THINK. DON'T PANIC. I still have time.**

POTATO 3: Actually, Potato, you don't have much time. There's only one pair of Potato Pants on the rack.

POTATOES 1-5: **ONLY ONE PAIR OF POTATO PANTS ON THE RACK!! WHAT WILL POTATO DO NOW?!**

POTATO: **POTATO PANTS! ONLY ONE PAIR LEFT! OUT OF MY WAY!**

POTATOES 1-5: **WHAT A BRAVE POTATO!**

NARRATOR 2: He's not going to let that eggplant stop him from getting that last pair of potato pants on the rack.

NARRATOR 3: He's throwing open the door.

NARRATORS 1-5: **BAM!**

POTATO: **POTATO PANTS! WHERE ARE THEY?! I NEED POTATO PANTS!**

POTATOES 1-5: **BONK!**

EGGPLANT: **HEYYYYYYY!**

POTATO 4: **Oh, no. That door just hit Eggplant and sent him airborne!**

NARRATORS 1-5: **RIIIIIPPPPPP!**

POTATO 5: And ripped Eggplant's beautiful new yellow, pineapple-covered Eggplant Pants!

NARRATOR 5: Potato may be in for more trouble than he bargained for with that entrance.

POTATO: **POTATO PANTS! Wait. WHERE ARE THEY?!**

POTATO 1: Sorry! I just got the last pair on the rack.

NARRATORS 1-5: **OH NO! Potato is too late!**

POTATO: *(so furious he looks like he's going to explode)*

NARRATORS 1-5: **OKAY. OOOOOKAAAAY!**

NARRATOR 1: Potato, let's take a moment here.

NARRATOR 2: Come on. Deep breaths.

NARRATOR 3: Inhale.

POTATO: *(still looks furious, but breathes in loudly through his nose)*

NARRATOR 4: Exhale.

POTATO: *(breathes out loudly through his mouth)*

NARRATOR 3: Inhale.

NARRATOR 4: Exhale.

NARRATOR 5: That's it. Think of the puffy clouds.

NARRATOR 3: Inhale.

NARRATOR 4: Exhale.

POTATO: *(Inhales and exhales very fast and loud through his mouth, looking angrier with each breath)*

NARRATOR 2: Oh, forget it. This is exhausting.

POTATOES 1-5: **Let it out, Potato!**

POTATO: *(takes a deep breath)* **THAT EGGPLANT RUINED EVERYTHING! It's HIS fault I didn't get potato pants. He has brand new perfect Eggplant Pants but I'm totally pant-less! IT'S! NOT! FFFAAAIHRRR!**

POTATO 2: Actually, Potato, his Eggplant Pants aren't perfect anymore. You hit him with the door and they ripped all the way up the back.

POTATO 3: You can see for yourself. Here he comes.

POTATOES 1-5: **Oh, Potato! It's been nice knowing you.**

EGGPLANT: **I've been looking for you, spud!**

NARRATORS 1-5: **Potato is scared!**

NARRATORS 1: If he had potato boots he'd be shaking in them.

EGGPLANT: **I came back here to do what I should have done YESTERDAY!**

POTATO: What, turn me into mashed potatoes?!

EGGPLANT: **I'm here to APOLOGIZE.**

POTATO: **WHAT?!**

EGGPLANT: I'm sorry I pushed you. I was in a hurry to get these Eggplant Pants. I hope you'll forgive me.

POTATO: ***FORGIVE*** him? Why should I forgive him. He pushed me into a trash can! Errrr . . . but I ripped his brand new Eggplant Pants! Uggghhh. I don't know *WHAT* to do!

POTATOES 1-5: So, will Potato forgive that eggplant or not?

NARRATOR 2: Potato looks at Eggplant.

NARRATOR 3: Eggplant looks at Potato.

POTATO: *(takes a deep breath)* I forgive you, Eggplant.

EGGPLANT: **GREAT! Thanks, Potato.**

POTATO: And I'm sorry for ruining your new Eggplant Pants.

EGGPLANT: *(sadly)* **My beautiful Eggplant Pants are ripped and ruined.**

LANCE VANCE: Excuse me. I couldn't help but overhear. It is I, Lance Vance, owner of Lance Vance's Fancy Pants Store. We can fix your Eggplant Pants and they'll be as good as new.

EGGPLANT: **Wow! Thanks, Lance Vance!**

LANCE VANCE: And Potato, the sale is over, so you can have the green-and-red-striped Potato Pants on the mannequin in the window. Do you like those?

POTATO: **LIKE 'EM? I LOVE 'EM!** *(Steps into and pulls up his new pants)*

NARRATORS & POTATOES: **Now *THAT* is ONE STRIPEY POTATO!**

POTATO 4: Potato's favorite thing about his new Potato Pants—

POTATO: Besides their handsome green and red stripey stripey-ness—

POTATO 5: Is that they also make GREAT . . .

NARRATORS AND POTATOES: **ROBOT PANTS!** *(Potato and Eggplant start doing the Robot)*

POTATO: **No, PO-BOT PANTS!**

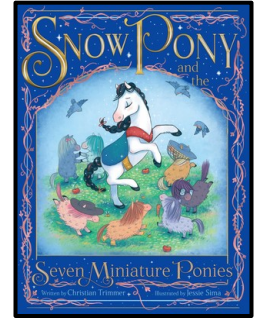
EGGPLANT: **No, EGG-BOT PLANTS!**

EVERYONE: **THE END!**

A Reader's Theater Script for
Snow Pony and the Seven Miniature Ponies
Written by Christian Trimmer, illustrated by Jessie Sima

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman
(www.JudyReadsBooks.com)

(For grades 2-4)



Adapted from *Snow Pony and the Seven Miniature Ponies*, written by Christian Trimmer, illustrated by Jessie Sima; published by Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers, 2018.

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman (www.JudyReadsBooks.com); reprinted with permission of the publisher, Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers.

ROLES: Narrators 1-5, Snow Pony, Charmaine, Hunter the dog, Queenie, Miniature Ponies 1-7

HELPFUL ADVICE: When you photocopy this script, be sure to number the pages and run it single-sided so actors have an easier time keeping their places when it's time to turn the page. Double-sided scripts are confusing for children to follow. Be sure to explain to your students how stage directions are written in parentheses and in italics, to be followed by the actors but not to be read aloud. If you need more parts, add more narrators. (When you hand out parts, say, "You are Narrator 1 on pages 1-4, and you are Narrator 1 on pages 5-8," etc.)

NARRATORS 1-5: **Welcome!**

NARRATOR 1: Our story today comes from the picture book, *Snow Pony and the Seven Miniature Ponies*.

NARRATOR 2: It was written by Christian Trimmer and illustrated by Jessie Sima.

NARRATORS 1-5: We are the narrators.

SNOW PONY: I am Snow Pony, a pony with a coat as white as snow and a mane as black as ebony.

NARRATOR 3: Of course, whenever Snow Pony speaks and whatever she says, all you human children will hear is . . .

SNOW PONY: **NEIGH!**

CHARMAINE: I am Charmaine. I live in the house on the farm where the talented and smart Snow Pony lives.

HUNTER: I am Hunter, Charmaine's dog. Don't be fooled by my name. The only thing I hunt is belly rubs!

NARRATOR 4: Of course, whenever Hunter speaks and whatever she says, all you human children will hear is . . .

HUNTER: **BARK! BARK! BARK!**

QUEENIE: I am Queenie, a very talented horse. I don't know why Snow Pony gets all that attention. It's just not right.

NARRATOR 5: And so we begin.

NARRATORS 1-5: Once upon a time . . .

NARRATOR 1: There was a pony who had a coat as white as snow and a mane as black as ivory.

NARRATOR 2: Her name, as you now know, was Snow Pony.

NARRATOR 3: Not only was she was pretty and sweet, but she was also exceptionally good at braiding hair and line dancing.

SNOW PONY: *(bows and does a dance step)*

NARRATOR 4: All the children loved Snow Pony, and she loved them all in return.

NARRATOR 5: Snow Pony did have a favorite—Charmaine.

NARRATOR 1: Charmaine was gentle and kind and had a lovely singing voice.

NARRATOR 2: Along with Charmaine's dog, Hunter, Snow Pony and Charmaine would put on song and dance shows for the visiting children.

NARRATOR 3: To be fair, there was one animal who did not like Snow Pony.

NARRATOR 4: Her name was Queenie and she was jealous of all the attention Snow Pony Received.

QUEENIE: I have talents, too, you know. If I could get rid of Snow Pony somehow, I could show them off to everyone.

NARRATOR 5: The opportunity presented itself one day when the gate was mistakenly left unlocked.

QUEENIE: I know what I can do. I'll leave a trail of apples deep into the forest. Snow Pony will follow them, and I'll be rid of her at last!

SNOW PONY: Ooohhh! Apples! Don't they look delicious.

NARRATOR 1: One by one, Snow Pony began to eat all the apples Queenie had placed.

QUEENIE: Bye-bye, Snow Pony. My plan is working!

SNOW PONY: Uh, oh. I am completely and utterly lost in this forest. And I think I just ate one too many apples.

NARRATOR 2: Snow Pony was grumpy, agitated, irritable, and ill-tempered from eating too many apples.

SNOW PONY: Plus, now that I think about it, I think I've been tricked!

NARRATOR 3: The sun was beginning to set, and the forest became darker and darker.

SNOW PONY: It's scary out here. How will I ever find my way home?

NARRATOR 4: Thankfully, just then, she stumbled into a clearing.

NARRATOR 5: She found herself at the entrance of a stable of modest stature.

NARRATOR 1: There she discovered . . .

NARRATOR 2: Seven bales of hay,

NARRATOR 3: Seven troughs,

NARRATOR 4: Seven carrots,

NARRATOR 5: and seven stalls.

NARRATOR 1: Usually, Snow Pony would have noticed such an important detail.

NARRATOR 2: You'd think she would've maybe connected it to a story about a princess and some dwarves Charmaine had once told her.

SNOW PONY: This seems familiar somehow. Oooh, look, a whole cabinet full of sugar cubes! I'll just have one.

NARRATOR 3: Feeling safe and warm, snow Pony settled down into the seventh stall and was almost immediately asleep.

NARRATOR 4: Not long after, the owners of the stable returned home.

NARRATOR 5: They were seven miniature ponies, who, aside from being adorable, were also very observant.

PONY 5: Someone has been nibbling at my hay!

PONY 1: Someone has been drinking from my trough!

PONY 6: Someone has taken a bite from my carrot!

PONY 7: Someone has eaten one, two, three . . . seventy-seven sugar cubes!

PONY 4: Someone has been sleeping in my stall . . . and she still is! And right on top of my favorite blankie!

PONY 2: It's a pony! I've never seen one so beautiful!

PONY 3: Or so large!

NARRATOR 1: They agreed to let her sleep.

NARRATOR 2: The next morning, Snow Pony awakened to the sight of seven pairs of eyes watching her.

SNOW PONY: Oh my!

PONY 1: Do not be alarmed.

PONY 2: You are safe here.

PONY 3: What is your name?

SNOW PONY: My name is Snow Pony.

NARRATOR 3: She told them how she had ended up lost in the forest.

PONY 4: That Queenie sounds like a piece of work.

PONY 5: You are welcome to stay with us as long as you want.

NARRATOR 4: The miniature ponies explained how they each contributed to the success of their stable.

PONY 1: I gather water.

PONY 2: I take care of the bees and their bee hives.

PONY 3: I'm a tax attorney.

PONY 4: I collect honey from the bee hives.

PONY 5: I tend the herb garden.

PONY 6: I grow the carrots.

PONY 7: And I keep the sugar cabinet stocked. I've got my eye on you!

NARRATOR 5: Snow Pony thought about her duties back on the farm and smiled.
SNOW PONY: I can help, too!

NARRATOR 1: Day after day the miniature ponies left for their jobs.

NARRATOR 2: And night after night they returned for evenings packed with dancing and braiding, led by with Snow Pony

NARRATOR 3: The miniature ponies had never been happier.

NARRATOR 4: Snow Pony, too, was happy to have so many new friends, but none of the miniature ponies could hit the high notes like Charmaine.

NARRATOR 5: Meanwhile, back at Snow Pony's stable, the children had never been less happy.

NARRATOR 1: Queenie had taken Snow Pony's place, and the children found her "talents" a bit wanting.

NARRATOR 2: Including her "Introduction to Scrapbooking" presentation.

NARRATORS 1-5: **BORING!**

CHARMAINE: This isn't good, Hunter. We need to find Snow Pony.

HUNTER: I am in full agreement. Let us depart at once. With my keen eyes and sense of smell, we are sure to find her in no time. And what a sight for sore eyes she will be! Oh yes, a joyful reunion we shall have!

NARRATOR 3: Of course, what Charmaine heard was . . .

HUNTER: **BARK! BARK! BARK!**

NARRATOR 4: Still, Charmaine recognized something in her dog's eyes.
u

CHARMAINE: I feel like you're trying to tell me something, Hunter. Come on. Let's go into the forest!

HUNTER: **BARK! BARK! BARK!**

NARRATOR 5: The two raced off into the forest.

NARRATOR 1: At that very same moments, Snow Pony made a decision.

SNOW PONY: Dear miniature ponies. I must return home. You have been wonderful friends, but I miss the children, especially Charmaine.

NARRATOR 2: The miniature ponies were devastated.

PONY 1: Please don't go!

PONY 4: You have brought so much joy into our stable!

PONY 5: My mane has never looked better!

PONY 6: I'm so close to learning the electric slide!

NARRATOR 3: Snow Pony looked into their sad, adorable eyes.

SNOW PONY: What if . . . you came with me? There's plenty of room on the farm. Charmaine and I could work you into our act!

PONY 7: We need to consider your very tempting offer.

PONY 3: But what about our stable here?

NARRATOR 4: Asked the miniature pony who was also the tax attorney.

SNOW PONY: Well, you could always use it as a weekend home. And maybe you could rent it for short periods of time to miniature ponies visiting the area who are looking for something more cozy than a hotel. I heard that's very popular these days.

PONY 3: It's settled then. We will join Snow Pony on her return home!

NARRATOR 5: With that, Snow Pony and the seven miniature ponies ventured into the thick forest.

NARRATOR 1: Branches grabbed at Snow Pony's mane.

NARRATOR 2: The miniature ponies, who had never traveled this far, were faring even worse.

NARRATOR 3: The group stopped to rest.

PONY 2: I will run ahead to see what I can learn.

NARRATOR 4: Just a few minutes later he came speeding back.

PONY 2: We must hide! I've just seen a hairless monster who walks on two legs and a slobbery beast with sharp fangs!

NARRATOR 5: Snow Pony and the miniature ponies scrambled to get out of sight.

NARRATOR 1: Snow Pony's heart was pounding.

NARRATOR 2: The rustle of leaves and the snap of twigs announced the arrival of the monster and the beast.

NARRATOR 3: The beast began to bark and the monster was singing.

NARRATOR 4: The sounds were terrifying . . . and familiar.

SNOW PONY: Wait a second.

NARRATOR 5: She peeked out from her hiding spot.

SNOW PONY: Could it be?

NARRATOR 1: It was! Her beloved Charmaine and Hunter the dog!

NARRATOR 2: She raced to her friends and the three of them embraced.

CHARMAINE: Snow Pony! I thought I'd never see you again. Why did you leave us?

SNOW PONY: My dear Charmaine! I would never willingly leave you. I was tricked by that mean ol' Queenie. She lured me out of the stable and deep into the woods. I became oh-so lost and oh-so scared! But I thought of you every day, and I dreamed of this very moment.

NARRATOR 3: Of course, all Charmaine heard was . . .

SNOW PONY: **NEIGH! NEIGH! NEIGH!**

NARRATOR 4: Snow Pony called out to the miniature ponies.

SNOW PONY: You can come out! This is Charmaine and Hunter, a child and a dog, not a monster and a beast. You guys really need to get out more.

NARRATOR 5: One by one, the seven miniature ponies revealed themselves.

CHARMAINE: My goodness! You've brought some friends!

PONY 1: Hi there!

PONY 2: Hello.

PONY 3: Greetings.

PONY 4: Nice to meet you.

PONY 5: Salutations!

PONY 6: Snow Pony has told us so much about you.

PONY 7: So glad you two are harmless!

NARRATOR 1: But, of course, all Charmaine heard was . . .

PONY 1: **NEIGH!**

PONY 2: **NEIGH!**

PONY 3: **NEIGH!**

PONY 4: **NEIGH!**

PONY 5: **NEIGH!**

PONY 6: **NEIGH!**

PONY 7: **NEIGH!**

NARRATOR 2: Charmaine, Snow Pony, and Hunter happily returned home with the miniature ponies in two.

CHARMAINE: From that day forward, life on the farm was better—and busier—than ever.

NARRATOR 3: Children came from even farther and wider to see the pony with a coat as white as snow and a mane as black as ebony perform alongside her best friend and seven miniature ponies.

CHARMAINE: Snow Pony loved all the children just as they loved her.

NARRATOR 4: And what happened to Queenie, you ask?

NARRATORS 1-5: She was put to good use with a big pot of glue . . .

NARRATOR 5: Which she used to put together posters for Snow Pony’s dog and pony shows.

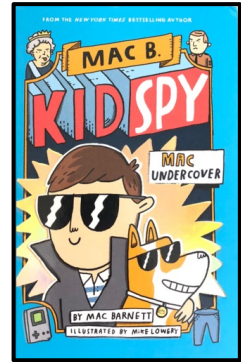
ALL PONIES: **NEIGH! NEIGH!**

HUNTER: **BARK! BARK!**

CHARMAINE: **THE END!**

A Reader's Theater Script for
Mac B., Kid Spy: Mac Undercover
Chapter 1

Reader's Theater adaptation by Judy Freeman
(www.JudyReadsBooks.com)
(For grades 3-6)



Adapted from *Mac B. Kid Spy: Mac Undercover*, written by Mark Teague, illustrated by Mike Lowery, published by Orchard Books, 2018; adapted by permission of Orchard Books, an imprint of Scholastic Inc.

ROLES: **Mac B., Queen of England**

NOTE: When you photocopy this script, be sure to number the pages and run it single-sided. Double-sided scripts are confusing for children to follow. The only props you'll need for this script are two old telephone receivers, one for Mac, one for the Queen. Old flip phones are fine, too. When Mac talks to the Queen on the phone he can hold the phone to his ear. When he addresses the audience, he can hold the phone down by his waist.

MAC B.: Hi. My name is Mac Barnet. I am an author. But before I was an author, I was a kid. And when I was a kid, I was a spy. An author's job is to make up stories. But the story you are about to read is true. This actually happened to me. I grew up in a house at the top of a hill in a little town called Castro Valley. My mom and I lived there. Since it was just the two of us, I had a lot of responsibilities. I did the dishes, cooked our dinners, washed the laundry, dusted, vacuumed, and cleaned out our rabbits' litter boxes. It was also my responsibility to answer the phone. I liked answering the phone even though it was never for me. One afternoon the phone rang, and it was for me. It was the Queen of England.

**MAC &
QUEEN:** **BRRIIINNNGGGG! BRRIIINNNGGGG!**

MAC B.: Hello?

QUEEN: Hullo. Can I speak to Mac?

MAC B.: Speaking.

QUEEN: Mac, this is the Queen of England. I would like to ask you for a favor.

MAC B.: OK. *(to audience)* Whenever somebody asks you for a favor, it is a good idea to ask them what the favor is before you say OK. But I had never talked to a queen before. So I said OK.

QUEEN: Wonderful. I will tell you a secret. Last night, somebody stole the crown jewels!

MAC B.: No!

QUEEN: Yes! This is the favor. You shall find the missing treasure and bring it back to me.

MAC B.: Wow!

QUEEN: Yes!

MAC B.: *(to audience)* This was very exciting. But I had a question. *(to Queen)* I have a question.

QUEEN: I hope it is a quick question.

MAC B.: Why me?

QUEEN: *(sighs deeply)* That is a stupid question.

MAC B.: My teacher says there is no such thing as stupid questions.

QUEEN: *(frowns)*

MAC B.: *(to audience)* The Queen of England frowned. I could tell she was frowning, even over the phone.

QUEEN: That is just something teachers say in America. But I am not a teacher from America. I am a Queen, from England.

MAC B.: Oh. OK. But still. Why me? I am just a kid and I don't even live in England. *(to audience)* Castro Valley is in California. You'd know that if you looked it up.

QUEEN: Mac. You are the smartest kid in your class. You have straight As in every subject, except handwriting.

MAC B.: I'm working on that.

QUEEN: Then it's settled. You shall take the next flight to London.

MAC B.: But tomorrow is a school day.

QUEEN: I shall write a note.

MAC B.: But my mom will be worried about me.

QUEEN: I shall write another note. Goodbye.

MAC B.: She hung up. There as a knock at the front door. When I opened it, nobody was there. But an envelope lay on our welcome mat. It said, “For Mac Barnett’s eyes only.” I opened it, because I was Mac Barnett. I still am. Inside the envelope was a plane ticket and a stack of colorful British money. It seemed like a lot of money. I couldn’t tell for sure, because I wasn’t British. I’m still not. I went upstairs and packed. Like a good spy, I packed light: my Game Boy, three books, a toothbrush, a hat, a shirt, a jacket. I put on my favorite pair of blue jeans. Really, they were my only pair of blue jeans. I picked up my suitcase and went downstairs. When I was walking out the door, the phone rang. Again.

**MAC &
QUEEN:** **BRRIHNNNGGGG! BRRIHNNNGGGG!**

MAC: It was the Queen of England. Again. (*picks up phone*) Hello?

QUEEN: Hullo. Can I speak to Mac?

MAC B.: Speaking.

QUEEN: I forgot to tell you one thing. Be careful. This mission is extremely dangerous, Good-bye.

MAC B.: And that is how it happens. One minute you are just a kid. The next minute you are a secret agent for the Queen of England. To read how it all turned out, read my book, *Mac B., Kid Spy: Mac Undercover*, the first book in a new series all about me, Mac Barnett, written by me, Mac Barnett.