

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO TITLES

Directions for locating and making copies of Reader's Theater selections.

- A. To locate any title use "Edit" and scroll to "Find."
- B. Type in several words of the title and click on "Find Next."
- C. The first page of your selection will appear with the title highlighted.
- D. Scroll through the selection and record first and last pages.
- E. To "Print" selection put first page number in the "From" box and last page number in the "To" box.
- F. Click on "Print."
- G. Your printer should produce a complete copy of your selection.
- H. Make copies sufficient for students (I suggest you highlight individual parts with highlighter to facilitate oral reading).

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OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!: by Dr. Seuss;(Adapted by Stephanie Davies)

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SMART: by Shel Silver stein; (Adapted by Janis Hart & Denise Doberdruk)

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STONE SOUP: by Tony Ross; (Adapted by Karena L. Baroutsis)

STOP THOSE PANTS: by Mordicai Gerstein; (Adapted for Reader's Theater by Michele Shipley)

THE STORIES JULIAN TELLS:(p.785-791). by Ann Cameron; (Adapted by Kelly Miller)

MORE STORIES JULIAN TELLS: "THE BOX": by Ann Cameron; (Adapted by Rachel Strand)

THAT DREADFUL DAY: by James Stevenson; (Adapted by Sharon Karkoska)

THE TEACHER FROM THE BLACK LAGOON: by Mike Thaler; (Adapted by Mike Corte)

THERE'S A BEAR IN THE BATH!: by Nanette Newman; (Adapted by Katrina Baughman)

THOMAS' SNOWSUIT: by Robert Munsch; (Adapted by Erin McPhail, 5th Grade student in Mr. Servis' class)

THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF: a Folk Tale; (Adapted by James Servis)

THE THREE LITTLE JAVELINAS: by Susan Lowell; (Adapted by Noreen Cayayan).

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS: by Roald Dahl; (Adapted by James Servis)

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS: Written for Reader's Theater by Paul Destino.

THE STORY OF THE THREE PIGS (FROM WOLF'S POINT OF VIEW): by Roald Dahl; (Adapted by J. Servis)

THE TREE DOCTOR: Written for Reader's Theater by Elizabeth Black

THE TRUE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS: by A. Wolf as told to Jon Scieszka; (Adapted by Kristin McAuliffe)

THE THREE LITTLE WOLVES AND THE BIG BAD PIG: by Eugene Trivizas; (Adapted by Rosemary Bateman, Marcia Clark, Alice Marthe and Linda Morey)

TIKKI TIKKI TEMBO: by Arlene Mosel; (Adapted by Andrea Roberts)

TOO MUCH NOISE: by Ann McGovern; (Adapted for Reader's Theater by Tracy Hall)

TWO FOR STEW: by Laura Joffe Numeroff; (Adapted for Reader's Theater by Pam Ralston)

THE TWITS: by Roald Dahl; (Adapted by Gordon Petronsky)

'UH-OH!' SAID THE CROW: by Joanne Oppenheim; (Adapted for Reader's Theater by Eileen Sellers)

THE VANISHING PUMPKIN: by Tony Johnston; (Adapted by Cathy Conrad)

THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR: by Eric Carle; (Adapted by Tammie Deurlein, Kathy Oravec, and James Servis)

WE'LL TEACH OUR DOGS 100 WORDS: by Michael Frith; (Adapted by Tonya Huffman)

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE: by Maurice Sendak; (Adapted by Amy Cavato)

WHO PUSHED HUMPTY?: Written by H.O.O. Durnit, (Alias: Diane Bates and Mary Small);(Adapted by Kris Bender, Joy Wiersma, Sabrina Rowan & Doreen Fischer)

WHO WILL BE MY MOTHER?: by Joy Cowley; (Adapted by Allison Perod)

THE WILD BABY: by Jack Prelutsky; (Adapted by Michael Acomb)

WRESTLING FEATS: by Johanna Hurwitz; (Adapted by Dave Bors)

THE COMPLETE TALES OF WINNIE THE POOH: by A.A. Milne; (Adapted by Vittoria Coccoli)

WITH HIS MOUTH FULL OF FOOD: by Shel Silver stein; (Adapted by Susie Marsick)

THE YEAR MOM WON THE PENNANT: by Matt Christopher; (Adapted by Michael Bokovitz)

THE ZAX: by Dr. Seuss; (Adapted by Michelle McNamara)

(Complete Reader's Theater to April ?, 2000)

Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day

by Judith Viorst;

Adapted by Christine Novosel

Alexander
Narrator 2

Narrator 1
Narrator 3

Alexander: I went to sleep with gum in my mouth and now there's gum in my hair.
And, when I got out of bed this morning, I tripped on the skateboard and, by mistake, dropped my sweater in the sink while the water was running.

Narrator 1: Alexander could tell: *it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.*

Narrator 2: At breakfast, Anthony found a Sting Ray Car Kit in his cereal box.
Nick found a Junior Undercover Agent code ring in his cereal box, but all Alexander found was....

Alexander: Breakfast cereal. **I think I'll move to Australia.**

Narrator 3: In the car pool, Mrs. Gibson let Becky have a seat by the window.
Audrey and Elliot got seats by the window too.

Alexander: I said I was being scrunched. I said I was being smushed.
I said If I don't get a seat by the window I am going to be SICK.

Narrator 3: But no one even answered.
Alexander could tell it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

Alexander: At school, Mrs. Dickens liked Paul's picture of the sailboat better than my picture of the invisible castle.

Narrator 1: At singing time:

Narrator 2: Alexander, you are singing too loud!

Narrator 3: At counting time:

Narrator 1: Alexander, you skipped sixteen.

Alexander: Aw... who needs sixteen?

Narrator 2: *Alexander could tell it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.*

Narrator 3: And do you know what Paul said...?

Narrator 1: Alexander, you're not my best friend anymore.
You are my third best friend.

Alexander: On yeah! I hope you sit on a tack.
I hope you get a double decker strawberry ice cream cone and the ice cream part falls off the cone part **and lands in Australia!**

Narrator 2: Philip Parker's lunch bag had two cupcakes in it.
Albert got a Hershey bar with almonds in his lunch bag.
Paul got a jelly roll with coconut sprinkles on top.

Alexander: I guess mom forgot to put my dessert in my lunch bag!

Narrator 3: Poor Alexander.
It definitely was a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

Narrator 1: After school, Alexander's mom took Alexander and his brother and sister to the dentist. Dr. Field's only found one cavity... too bad it was in Alexander's tooth!

Narrator 2: Come back next week Alexander and I'll fix it.

Alexander: Next week...**I'm going to Australia!**

Narrator 3: Poor Alexander...
the elevator closed on his foot, and Anthony made him fall in the mud, AND THEN he cried, AND Nick called him a cry baby.

Narrator 1: Then Alexander punched NICK for calling him a crybaby and mom scolded him for being muddy AND for fighting.

Alexander: *I am having a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.*

Narrator 2: No one even answered!

Alexander: And guess what else...lima beans for dinner!

Narrator 3: Alexander hated lima beans.

Alexander: Kissing on T.V.,

Narrator 1: Alexander hated kissing.

Alexander: My bath was too hot.
I got soap in my eyes.
I lost my marble down the drain AND I had to
wear my railroad train pajamas.

Narrator 2: Alexander hates his railroad train pajamas.

Alexander: Nick took back the pillow he gave me.
My night light turned out.
I bit my tongue.

Narrator 3: The cat wanted to sleep with Anthony, not
Alexander !

Narrator 1: *Alexander had a terrible, horrible, no good,
very bad day.*

Narrator 2: Alexander's mom said some days are just like
that.

Alexander: **Even in Australia!!!**

THE END!

**Alexander, Who's Not
(Do you hear me? I mean it!)
Going to Move**

Written by: Judith Viorst

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Jen Lehman**

<u>Speakers:</u>	Alexander	Mom
	Narrator 1	Narrator 2
	Nick	Anthony
	Dad	

Alexander: They can't make me pack my baseball mitt or my "I Love Dinosaurs" sweatshirt or my cowboy boots. They can't make me pack my ice skates, my jeans with eight zippers, my compass, my radio, or my stuffed pig. My dad is packing. My mom is packing. My brothers Nick and Anthony are packing. I am **NOT** packing. I'm not going to move!

Narrator 1: Alexander's father needed to move to where his new job is which is about a thousand miles away.

Mom: We have to move to where our new house is.
That house is a thousand miles away.
Right next door to the new house there's a boy who is Anthony's age.
Down the street there's a boy the same age as Nick.

Alexander: There's no one next door or down the street or maybe for a thousand miles who is **MY** age.
I'm not...**DO YOU HEAR ME? I MEAN IT!**... going to move.

Narrator 2: Alexander thinks he will never have a best friend like Paul again.
He'll never have a great sitter like Rachel again.
Or even a soccer team or a pool again.
He's afraid he'll never have kids that know him, except his brothers, and sometimes they don't even want to know him.

Alexander: I am not packing. I'm not going to move.

Nick: You are being a fool. You should get a brain transplant.

Anthony: You're being immature.

Mom & Dad: After a while you will get used to living a thousand miles away!

Alexander: Never. Not ever. No way. Uh uh. N. O.

Narrator: Alexander thought of all the other places he could live so he didn't have to move away.

Alexander: I could maybe stay here and live with the Baldwins.
They've got a dog. I always wanted a dog.
Or...maybe I could stay here and live with the Rooneys.
They've got six girls.
They always wanted to have a boy.

Narrator 1: He thought of staying with Mr. and Mrs. Oberdorfer because they always give great treats on Halloween.
He also thought of living by himself in a tree house or maybe a tent or even a cave.

Nick: You could live in a zoo with all the other animals.

Anthony: You are being immature!

Dad: You should take a last look at all your special places, Alexander.

Alexander: I am taking a look...but it won't be my last!

Narrator 2: He looked at the Rooney's roof where he once climbed out on but had to wait until the Fire Department came and got him down.
Then he looked at Pearson's drug store where his mom once had to pay \$80 because Alexander threw a ball in the air and *almost* caught it.
He moved on to the lot next to Albert's house, where he fell and found out he got poison ivy.
Then, he looked at his school, where Ms. Knoop, his teacher that he spilled the goldfish bowl on, said she'd miss him.

Alexander: I looked at my special places where a lot of different things happened...not just different bad but different good too! !
Like winning the sack race.
Like finding the flashlight...

Alexander: Like spitting farther than Jack three times in a row.
Like selling so much lemonade that my dad said...

Dad: You will probably have to pay taxes.

Narrator 1: Alexander knew that his dad was joking about having to pay taxes.
He only wished he was just making jokes about having to move.

Alexander: I'm not...**DO YOU HEAR ME? I MEAN IT!**... going to move.

Nick: You are acting like a puke face.

Anthony: You are being immature!

Mom: Say a last good-bye to all your special people, Alexander.

Alexander: I'm saying goodbye...but it won't be my last!

Narrator 2: He said goodbye to all his friends, especially Paul, who was almost like having a third brother, except he doesn't say puke face or immature...

Narrator 1: He said goodbye to his neighbors, especially Swozie, who was almost like having a dog, except it was the Baldwins not his.
He said goodbye to Rachel, who taught him how to stand on his head and whistle with two fingers.
He said goodbye to Seymour the cleaners, who even if it's gum wrappers or an old tooth, always saves him the stuff he leaves in his pockets.

Alexander: I said lots of goodbyes to a lot of people and got a lot of hugs and kisses, enough hugs and kisses to last for a person's whole life.
I said a lot of goodbyes...except I am staying right here.
I'm not going to move!

Narrator 2: Then the movers came to put his bedroom furniture on their truck...

Alexander: Maybe I'll barricade my bedroom door.
Then when my dad wants to tie my
bicycle to the roof rack on top of the
station wagon, maybe I'll lock up my
bike and bury the key.

Narrator 1: Alexander thought...

Mom: Finish packing up, it's time for us to get
going!

Alexander: Maybe she'll look around and she won't
see me!
I know places to hide where they'd never
find me.
Like behind the racks of clothes at
Seymour the cleaners.
Like underneath the piano in Eddie's
basement.
Like inside the pickle barrel at Friendly's
market.
Or maybe I could hide in the weeds in
the lot next to Albert's house, now that I
know how to tell which is poison ivy.
I'd rather have poison ivy than have to
move.

Dad: It might take a while but you'll find a
new soccer team.
It might take a while but you'll find boys
your age.
Sometimes, when a person moves away,
his father may need to get him a dog to
be his friend until he makes some people
friends...

Dad: Swozie Two would be a good name...
don't you think Alexander?

Mom: It might take a while but we'll find a great sitter.
And we'll find a cleaners who will even save gum wrappers and old teeth.
Sometimes, when a person moves away, his mother might let him call his best friend long-distance.

Alexander: I already know the telephone number by heart.

Narrator 2: He thought... Paul gave him his baseball cap.
Rachel gave him a backpack that glows in the dark.
Mr. and Mrs. Oberdorfer gave them treats to eat for a thousand miles.

Nick: Alexander, if you are ever lonesome in your new room all by yourself,
I might let you sleep with me for a little while.

Anthony: Nick, **YOU** are being immature.

Alexander: My dad is packing. My mom is packing. My brothers Nick and Anthony are packing.
I don't like it but I am packing too. They better not try to move anymore when we get to where we are going to go.

THE END

ALEXANDER, WHO USED TO BE RICH LAST SUNDAY

by: Judith Viorst

Adapted by James Servis

CAST:

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Narrator 4

Narrator 5

Narrator 1: It isn't **fair** that my brother Anthony has two dollars and three quarters and one dime and seven nickels and eighteen pennies.

Narrator 2: It isn't **fair** that my brother **Nicholas** has one dollar and two quarters and five dimes and five nickels and thirteen pennies.

Narrator 3: It isn't fair because what I've got is...bus tokens.

Narrator 4: And most of the time what I've mostly got is...bus tokens.

- Narrator 5: And even when I'm very rich, I know that pretty soon what I'll have is...bus tokens. I know because I used to be rich...last Sunday.
- Narrator 1: Last Sunday Grandma Betty and Grandpa Louie came to visit from New Jersey. They brought lox because my father likes to eat lox. They brought plants because my mother likes to grow plants.
- Narrator 2: They brought a dollar for me and a dollar for Nick and a dollar for Anthony because...Mom says it isn't nice to say this...we like money.
- Narrator 3: A **lot!** Especially **me!** My father told me to put the dollar away to pay for college.
- Narrator 4: He was kidding.
- Narrator 5: Anthony told me to use the dollar to go downtown to a store and buy a new face. **Anthony stinks!**
- Narrator 1: Nicky said to take the dollar and bury it in the garden and in a week a dollar tree would grow. **Ha, ha, ha!**
- Narrator 2: Mom said if I really want to buy a walkie-talkie, save my money. Saving money is **hard!**

Narrator 3: Because last Sunday when I used to be rich, I went to Pearson's Drug Store and got bubble gum.
And after the gum stopped tasting good, I got more gum.
And after **that** gum stopped tasting good, I got more gum.
And even though I told my friend David I'd sell him all the gum in my mouth for a nickel, he still wouldn't buy it.

Narrator 4: Good-bye...fifteen cents.

Narrator 5: Last Sunday, when I used to be rich, I bet that I could hold my breath till 300.
Anthony won.
I bet that I could jump from the top of the stoop and land on my feet.
Nicky won.

Narrator 1: I bet that I could hide this purple marble in my hand and my mom would never guess which hand I was hiding it in.
I didn't know that moms made children pay.

Narrator 2: Good-bye...another fifteen cents.

Narrator 3: I **absolutely** was saving the rest of my money.
I **positively** was saving the rest of my money.
Except that Eddie called me up and said that he would rent me his snake for an hour.
I always wanted to rent his snake for an hour.

Narrator 4: Good-bye...twelve cents.

Narrator 5: Last Sunday, when I used to be rich, by accident I flushed three cents down the toilet. A nickel fell through a crack when I walked on my hands.
I tried to get my nickel out with a butter knife and also my mother's scissors.

Narrator 1: Good-bye...eight cents.

Narrator 2: And the butter knife.

Narrator 3: And the scissors.

Narrator 4: Last Sunday, when I used to be rich, I found this chocolate candy bar just sitting there. I rescued it from being melted or smashed. Except the way I rescued it from being melted or smashed was that I ate it.
How was I supposed to know it was Anthony's?

Narrator 5: Good-bye...eleven cents.

Narrator 1: I **absolutely** was saving the rest of my money.
I **positively** was saving the rest of my money.
But then Nick did a magic trick that made my pennies vanish in thin air...the trick to bring them back he hasn't learned yet.

Narrator 2: Good-bye...four cents.

Narrator 3: Last Sunday, when I used to be rich, Cathy around the corner had a garage sale.
I **positively** only went to look. I looked at a half melted candle.
I **needed** that candle.
I looked at a bear with one eye.
I **needed** that bear.
I looked at a deck of cards that was perfect except for no seven of clubs and no two of diamonds.
I **didn't need** that seven or that two.

Narrator 4: Good-bye...twenty cents.

Narrator 5: I **absolutely** was saving the rest of my money.
I **positively** was saving the rest of my money.
I **absolutely positively** was saving the rest of my money.
Except I needed to get some money to save.

Narrator 1: I tried to make a tooth fall out...I could put it under my pillow and get a quarter.
No loose teeth.

Narrator 2: I brought some non-returnable bottles down to Friendly's Market.
Friendly's Market wasn't very friendly.

Narrator 3: I told my grandma and grandpa to come back soon.

Narrator 4: Last Sunday, when I used to be rich, I used to
have a dollar.
I do not have a dollar any more.
I've got this dopey deck of cards.
I've got this one-eyed bear.
I've got this melted candle.

ALL: And...some bus tokens!

THE END!

Ben Finds A Friend

by Anne Marie Chapouton

Adapted for Reader's Theater

by Jenny Miller

Narrator
Mom

Ben
Dad

Doctor

Narr: More than anything in the world, Ben wanted a pet that would be his friend.
First, he asked his mother about a dog.
A little brown dog with floppy ears and a wagging tail.
But his mother said,

Mom: I'm sorry, Ben, but dogs are too much trouble.
They tear up the furniture.
They bark at the neighbors.
And you have to walk them everyday.

Narr: So he asked his father about a cat.
Just a small, purring cat with soft, soft fur.
But his father said,

Dad: Oh, dear, Ben. Cats are terrible!
They scratch and bite and they steal food from the refrigerator.
I'm sorry but we just can't have a cat.

Narr: A few days later, Ben had an idea.

Ben: How about a monkey?

Narr: he asked his mother.

Ben: A small, funny monkey to play with me all day long.

Narr: But his mother said,

Mom: A monkey! Don't be silly, Ben!
Monkeys are dirty and messy.,
And they have fleas.
We most certainly cannot have a monkey!

Narr: Then Ben had another idea.

Ben: Could we get a parrot?

Narr: he asked his father.

Ben: Parrots don't have fleas, they don't steal food, and you don't have to take them out for walks.
A nice blue and yellow parrot could talk to me all day long.

Narr: But his father said,

Dad: No parrots!
They screech and squawk and say terrible things!

Narr: The next morning, Ben had another idea.

Ben: A hamster in a cage!

Narr: he called to his mother.

Ben: A hamster is quiet and small.
And I could take care of it all by myself.

Narr: But his mother said,

Mom: Hamsters smell and they do nothing but sleep all day.
I don't like hamsters at all!

Narr: Ben decided he would think of something else
something very, very small.
But the next day, Ben couldn't get out of bed.
His head hurt.
His throat hurt.
His stomach hurt.

Doctor: It's a bug,

Narr: declared the doctor.

Ben: Maybe it's come to keep me company.

Narr: Ben giggled.

Ben: When I grow up...

Narr: Ben decided.

Ben: ...things will be different.
I'll have all the pets I want.
I'll have a friendly old turtle and big fuzzy spiders
that hang from the ceiling.
I'll keep a parrot in my closet, a hippo in the
bathtub, and a giant snake will keep me company
on the sofa.

Narr: The next morning Ben felt a little better.
But he couldn't think of any new ideas.

Ben: I'll never have a pet...

Narr: ...he sighed. And he felt all alone.
Until he heard a noise outside his window.
Coo, Coo, coo.
On the windowsill was a big blue and gray pigeon.
It hopped along the sill, turned, and hopped back
again.
It blinked and looked right at Ben.
And then it flew away.

Ben: I have an idea,

Narr: said Ben. And he asked his mother for some
bread crumbs.

Ben: I think...

Narr: Ben said,

Ben: I've finally found a friend.

Narr: And then he smiled and crawled back into bed.

THE END

The Brakeman

by Christian Ziegler

CAST

Narrator

Tony, 11 year old boy
Tex, 12 year old boy
Sarah, 12 year old girl

Narrator

(Loud to whisper) In a deep dark house, there was a deep dark door. Past the deep dark door was a deep dark hallway. Off the deep dark hallway was a ...

Tex

(Enters dragging left foot, holds right arm above head, jokingly)
Come on guys, this house is great!
If there were such things as monsters, and there's not, this would definitely be the place to find them.
Look at this...

Narrator

Sarah, Tony and Tony's dog, Morris, a huge German shepherd, enter the house.

Sarah

I don't like this Tex. I don't like it at all. Something tells me we shouldn't be here. I like being scared, but this is different.

Tex Aw, is Sarah too scared?
You're the one who said it would be cool to
check out this house.
It was your idea.

Tony Sarah's right, Tex.
Besides, my parents would kill me if they
knew I snuck out and came here.
Even Morris seems on edge.

Narrator There was a deep dark door.
Past the deep dark door was a deep dark
staircase.
Past the deep dark staircase was a deep dark
basement.
In the deep dark basement was a...

Tex Hey! This is where that reporter and camera
man from "Ghost Sightings" said they saw
the one armed brakeman.
(Nervously) I'll...I'll tell you what.
We'll check this out, then go home.
At least we can tell everybody we came down
here.

Sarah You guys saw that reporter! He was terrified!
He just sat in the back of that ambulance
rocking back and forth, moaning.
I don't want to be like that.

Tony (Whispering) Look, Morris won't even come
down here and he's never been scared of
anything.
I'm out of here!

Narrator As the three begin to approach the stairs, Morris begins to growl and bark.
The hair on his back is standing straight up.

Sarah Uuuugh!!! Look under the stairs.
Please tell me this is a joke!?!?!

Tony Oh my God!! Oh my God!! He's real!

Narrator From under the stairs came a red glow of a lantern.
The light illuminated the outline of an enormous man with one arm.
His face was contorted into a grimace of pain.
Fifteen years ago Mike Tucker had been working as a brakeman.
There had been a horrible accident and all that was found of old Tucker was his left arm.

Tex He's got my ankle! He's got my ank...!

Tony (Glancing back) Run, Sarah! Tex is gone!
We can't help him!!!

Narrator Good Morning. This is Channel 8's Steve Torris with the news.
Tex Riggins, a twelve year old boy from Stark County, is missing today after apparently entering an abandoned house on Moss Lane...

The End!

Brown Bear, Brown Bear, What Do You See?

by Bill Martin Jr. and Eric Carle

adapted for Reader's Theater
by Tonda Campbell

Narrator	Yellow Duck	Green
Frog	Brown Bear	Purple
Cat	Red Bird	White Dog
Black Sheep	Goldfish	Teacher

Narrator Brown Bear, Brown Bear. what do you see?

Brown Bear I see a red bird looking at me.

Narrator Red Bird, Red Bird, what do you see?

Red Bird I see a yellow duck looking at me.

Narrator Yellow Duck, Yellow Duck, what do you see?

**Yellow
Duck**

I see a green frog looking at me.

Narrator

Green Frog, Green Frog, what do you see?

**Green
Frog**

I see a purple cat looking at me.

Narrator

Purple Cat, Purple Cat, what do you see?

Purple Cat

I see a white dog looking at me.

Narrator

White Dog, White Dog, what do you see?

White Dog

I see a black sheep looking at me.

Narrator

Black Sheep, Black Sheep, what do you see?

**Black
Sheep**

I see a goldfish looking at me.

Narrator Goldfish, Goldfish, what do you see?

Goldfish I see a teacher looking at me.

Narrator Teacher, Teacher, what do you see?

Teacher I see children looking at me.

Narrator Children, Children, what do you see?

All! We see a **brown bear**, a **red bird**, a **yellow duck**, a **green frog**, a **purple cat**, a **white dog**, a **black sheep**, a **goldfish**, and a teacher looking at us. That's what we see!

THE END!

The Bully Brothers Trick the Tooth Fairy

Written by Mike Thaler

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Mary McKeon

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2
	Bubba	Bumpo
	Rodney	Dr. Molar
	Cynthia	Mrs. Applegate

Narrator 1: Bubba and Bumpo were always on the lookout for an easy way to make some money.

Narrator 2: But when they both lost a tooth their mother told them to put the teeth under their pillows for the Tooth Fairy.
They had no idea what would happen.

Bubba: "Thithy thuff"

Narrator 1: said Bubba

Bumpo: "Baby thuff"

Narrator 2: said Bumpo

Narrator 1: Much to their surprise, when they awoke, the teeth were gone.
And there were silver dollars in their place!

Narrator 2: Bubba looked at Bumpo.
Bumpo looked at Bubba.

Narrator 1: They both ran to the mirror and counted their
teeth.

Bubba: "I have twenty-three"

Narrator 2: said Bubba

Bumpo: "I have twenty-three too"

Narrator 1: said Bumpo

Bubba: "That's FORTY-SIX DOLLARS!"

Bumpo: "Get the hammer"

Bubba: "Wait"

Narrator 2 said Bubba, scratching his crew cut.

Bumpo: "Wait?"

Narrator 1: said Bumpo, scratching his.

Bubba: "How many friends do we have?"

Bumpo: "None"

Bubba: "Okay, how many kids do we know?"

Bumpo: "Lots"

Narrator 2: said Bumpo, beginning to see the light.

Bubba: "They all have teefh!"

Narrator 1: The Bully Brothers gave each other a high five.

Narrator 2: Then they put on their purple leather jackets with the ten-inch fringe, got on their "Li'l Hawg" bikes, and cruised the neighborhood.

Narrator 1: They looked in the mouth of every kid they met.

Narrator 2: They listened...

Narrator 1: They watched...

Narrators 1 & 2: Then they pounced.

Bubba & Bumpo: "What's the matter?"

Narrator 2: they asked Rodney Fish.

Rodney: "My tooth is loose."

Bubba: "Oh my"

Bumpo: "Oh my"

Bubba: "Have some taffy"

Narrator 1: said Bubba, handing him some.

Rodney: "Gee, thankth"

Narrator 2: Rodney bit down.

Narrator 1: Bubba and Bumpo yanked the taffy.

Narrator 2: Out popped Rodney's tooth.

Rodney: "Give me my tooth!"

Bubba: "It's in our taffy"

Narrator 1: said Bubba as they pedaled away.

Narrator 2: That night they put Rodney's tooth under the pillow.
And the next morning they found another silver dollar.

Narrator 1: At school they circled the cafeteria on tooth patrol.
They found Cynthia Melnick eating applesauce.

Bubba: Loose tooth?

Narrator 2: asked Bubba

Cynthia: "Yeth"

Bumpo: "Too bad you can't eat"

Bubba: "Here, have some bubble gum"

Narrator 1: They each gave Cynthia five pieces.

Narrator 2: She put them in her mouth and chewed.

Bubba: "Lets see you blow a bubble"

Narrator 2: Cynthia blew hard, and in the big bubble was her tooth.

Narrator 1: Bumpo popped the bubble, and Bubba caught the tooth.

Narrator 2: That night it went under the pillow.

Bumpo: The Tooth Fairy's going to get suspicious

Narrator 1: Bubba went to his treasure chest and came back with some black wax.

Bubba: "Put this over your teeth, then it will look like you've lost more."

Narrator 2: As business improved, the row of black wax spread across Bumpo's mouth.

Bubba: "It looks like a black hole in space"

Narrator 1: Soon Bubba had a black hole too. Business was great.
But then they got greedy.

Bubba: "Where do people with loose teeth go?"

Bumpo: "To the dentist!"

Narrator 2: So the Bully brothers put on white coats, grabbed a bag of disguise stuff, and pedaled over to Dr. Molar's office.

Narrator 1: They found an empty room.
Bumpo lost the toss, so he had to be the nurse.
He put on a red wig and went into the waiting room.

Bumpo: (in a disguised voice) "The dentist will see you now"

Narrator 2: He said to the old lady who was sitting there.
Mrs. Applegate followed him.
She sat down in the chair and took out her
false teeth.

Bubba: "Bingo!"

Bumpo: "Bingo!"

Narrator 1: Bumpo grabbed the teeth and ran for the
door.
Mrs. Applegate screamed as best as she
could.
In ran Dr. Molar...

Narrator 2: Out the door shot Bubba and Bumpo in their
long white coats.
Dr. Molar ran after them.
Mrs. Applegate ran after Dr. Molar.

Narrator 1: They nearly got away, but at the top of the
stairs,
Bubba tripped over his white coat,
Bumpo tripped over Bubba,
Mrs. Applegate's teeth went flying,
and the Bully brothers rolled over and over,
hitting their teeth on every step all the way
downstairs.

Narrator 2: Soon Dr. Molar stood over them.

Dr. Molar: "All right, boys, hand over the teeth!"

Narrator 1: Bubba spit out some teeth in his hand.
So did Bumpo.

Dr. Molar: "Not those teeth"

Mrs.
Applegate: Theeth teeth!

Narrator 2: Shouted Mrs. Applegate.
They were in the potted palm tree.

Narrator 1: As it all turned out,
Bubba lost three teeth,
Bumpo lost four,
and Mrs. Applegate lost five,
which had to be replaced.

Narrator 2: The bill came to exactly forty-six dollars.
So from then on instead of putting silver
dollars under their pillows, the Tooth fairy sent
a check to Dr. Molar.

Bubba: "Thith ith not the American way"

Narrator 1: said Bubba, sadly lifting up his pillow, about to
hit Bumpo.

Bumpo: "No"

Narrator 1: said Bumpo, hitting Bubba with his.

THE END!

The Butter Battle Book

by: Dr. Seuss

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Kristina Valaitis

Characters:

Boy
Grandfather
Chief Yookeroo
Van Itch
Everyone
Right-Side-Up Song Girls
Chief Drum Majorette, (Miz Yookie
Ann Sue)

Boy

On the last day of summer, ten
hours before fall...
my grandfather
took me out to the Wall.
Then he finally said,
with a very sad
shake of his very old head,

Grandfather

"As you know, on this side of the
Wall we are Yooks.
On the far side
of the Wall live the Zooks."

Boy

Then my grandfather **said**,

Grandfather

"It's high time that you **knew**
of the terrible thing that Zooks **do**.
In every Zook house
and in every Zook **town**
every Zook eats his **bread**
with the butter side **down!**

"But we Yooks, as you know,
when we breakfast or **sup**,
spread our bread
with the butter side **up**.
That's the right honest way!"

Boy

Grandpa gritted his **teeth**.

Grandfather

"So you can't trust a Zook
who spreads bread **beneath!**
Every Zook must be watched!
He has kinks in his **soul!**
That's why, as a youth,
I made watching my **goal**,
watching Zook for the Zook-Watching
Border **Patrol!**"

In those days, of course,
the Wall wasn't so **high**
and I could look any Zook
square in the **eye**.

Grandfather
(continued)

If he dared to come close
I could give him a twitch
with my tough-tufted
prickly Snick-Berry **Switch**.
For a while that worked fine.
All the Zooks stayed away
and our country was safe.

Grandfather
(continued)

Then one terrible day a very rude
Zook by the name of Van **Itch**
snuck up and slingshotteed
my Snick-Berry **Switch!**
With my broken-off switch,
with my head in **shame**,
to the Chief Yookeroo
in great sorrow I **came**.
But our Leader just smiled.
He said, Chief Yookeroo
"You're not to **blame**.
And those Zooks will be sorry
they started this **game**.
"We'll dress you right up
in a fancier **suit!**
We'll give you a
fancier slingshot to **shoot!"**

Grandfather
(continued)

And he ordered the Boys
in the Back Room to **figger**
how to build me some sort of
triple-sling **jigger**.
With my Triple-Sling **Jigger**
I sure felt much better.

Grandfather
(continued)

I marched to the Wall
with great vim and great **vigor**,
right up to Van Itch
with my hand on the **trigger**.
"I'll have no more nonsense,"
I said with a **frown**,
"from Zooks who eat bread
with the butter side **down!**"
Van Itch looked quite **sickly**.
He ran off quite **quickly**.
I'm unhappy to **say**
he came back the next **day**
in a spiffy new suit
with a big new **machine**,
and he snarled as he said,
looking frightfully **mean**,

Van Itch

"You may fling those hard rocks
with your Triple-Sling **Jigger**.
But I, also,
now have my hand on a **trigger!**
"My wonderful weapon, the Jigger-
Rock **Snatchem**,
will fling 'em right back just as quick
as we **catch 'em**.
We'll have no more nonsense.
We'll take no more **gupp**
from you Yooks who eat bread with
the butter side **up!**"

Grandfather "I have failed, sir," I sobbed
as I made my **report**
to the Chief Yookeroo
in the headquarters **fort**.
He just laughed,

Chief Yookeroo "You've done nothing
at all of the **sort**.
Our slingshots have failed.
That was old-fashioned **stuff**.
Slingshots, dear boy,
are not modern **enough**.

"All we need is some
newfangled kind of a **gun**.
My boys in the Back Room
have already **begun**
to think up a walloping
whizz-zinger **one!**
My Bright Boys are thinking.
They're on the right **track**.
They'll think one up quick and
we'll send you right **back!**"

Grandfather They thought up a great one!
They certainly **did**.
They thought up a gun
called the Kick-a-Poo **Kid**
which they loaded with
powerful Poo-a-Doo **Powder**

Grandfather
(continued)

and ants' eggs and bees' legs
and dried-fried clam **chowder**.
And they carefully trained a real
smart dog named **Daniel**
to serve as our country's
first gun-toting **spaniel**.
Spaniel, and I marched
back towards the Wall
with our heads held up **high**
while everyone cheered and
their cheers filled the **sky**:

Everyone

"Fight! Fight for the Butter Side Up!
Do or **Die**!"

Grandfather

Well...We didn't do.
And we didn't quite **die**.
But we sure did get worsted
poor Daniel and I.
Van Itch was there too!
And he said, the old **pig**,

Van Itch

"The Boys in my Back Room
invented this **rig**
called the Eight-Nozzled,
Elephant-Toted Boom **Blitz**.
It shoots high explosive
sour cherry stone **pits**
and will put your dumb
Kick-a-Poo Kid on the **fritz**!"

Grandfather

Poor Daniel and I
were scared out of our **witz**!
Once more, by Van **Itch**
I was bested and **beat**.

Grandfather
(continued)

Once again I limped home
from the Wall in **defeat**.
I dragged and I sagged
and my spirits were **low**,
as low as I thought
that they ever could **go**

when I heard a Boom-Bah!
And a Diddle-dee-**dill!**
And our Butter-Up Band marched
up over the **hill!**
The Chief Yookeroo had
sent them to meet **me**
along with the Right-Side-Up
Song Girls to greet **me**.
They sang:

Right-Side Up
Song Girls

"Oh, be faithful!
Believe in thy **butter!**"

Grandfather

And they lifted my spirits
right out of the **gutter!**

Chief Yookeroo

"My boy, we've just **voted**
and made you a general!
You've been **promoted**.
Your pretty new uniform's ready.
Get in **it!**

Chief Yookeroo
(continued)

The Big War is coming.
You're going to begin **it!**
And what's more, this time you are
certain to win **it**.

Chief Yookeroo
(continued)

"My Boys in the Back Room
have finally found how.
Just wait till you see
what they've puttered up now!
In their great new machine
you'll fly over that Wall
and clobber those Butter-Down Zooks
one and all!"

Grandfather

Those Boys in the Back Room
sure knew how to putter!
They made me a thing
called the Utterly Sputter
and I jumped aboard
with my heart aflutter
and steered toward the land
of the Upside-Down Butter.
This machine was so modern,
so frightfully new,
no one knew quite exactly
just what it would do!
But it had several faucets that
sprinkled Blue Goo
which, somehow, would sprinkle
the Zook as I flew
and gum up that upside-
down butter they chew.
I was racing pell-mell
when I heard a voice yell,

Van Itch

"If you sprinkle us Zooks,
you'll get sprinkled as well!"

Grandfather

Van Itch had a Sputter
exactly like mine!
And he yelled,

Van Itch

"My Blue-Gooer is working just fine!
And I'm here to say
that if Yooks can goo Zooks,
you'd better forget it.
'Cause Zooks can goo Yooks!"

Grandfather

I flew right back home and,
as you may have guessed,
I was downright despondent,
disturbed and depressed.
And I saw, just as soon
as I stepped back on land,
so were all of the girls
of the Butter-Up Band.
The Chief Drum Majorette,
Miz Yookie Ann Sue,
said,

Chief Drum
Majorette

"That was a pretty
sour flight you flew.
And the Chief Yookeroo
has been looking for you!"

Grandfather

I raced to his office.
The place was a sight.
The Chief said,

Chief Yookeroo

"Have no fears.
Everything is all right.
My Bright Back Room Boys
have been brighter than bright.
They've thought up a gadget
that's Newer than New.
It is filled with mysterious
Moo-Lacka Moo
and can blow all those Zooks
clear to Salamagoo.

Chief Yookeroo
(continued)

THEY'VE INVENTED THE BITSY
BIG-BOY BOOMEROO!

"You just run to the Wall
like a nice little man.

Drop this bomb on the Zooks
just as fast as you can.

I have ordered all Yooks
to stay safe underground
while the Bitsy Big-Boy
Boomeroo is around."

Grandfather

As I raced for that Wall,
with the bomb in my hand,
I noticed that
every last Yook in our land
was obeying our Chief Yookeroo's
grim command.

Grandfather

They were all bravely marching,
with banners aflutter,
down hole! For their country!
And Right-Side-Up Butter!

Boy

That's when Grandfather found me!

Grandfather

"You should be down a hole!
And you're up here instead!
But perhaps this is
all for the better, somehow.
You'll see
me make history!
RIGHT HERE!
AND RIGHT NOW!"

Boy Grandpa leapt up that with a
lopulous **leap**
and he cleared his hoarse throat
with a bopulous **beep**.
He screamed,

Grandfather "Here's the end of that terrible **town**
full of Zooks who eat bread
with the butter side **down!**"

Boy And at that very instant we heard a
klupp-klupp of feet on the Wall,
and old Van Itch klupped up!
The Boys in his Back Room had
made him one **too!**
In his fist was another
Big-Boy Boomer**oo!**
He yelled,

Van Itch "I'll blow you into pork and wee
beans!
I'll butter-side up you
to small smithere**ens!**"

Boy "Grandpa!" I shouted. "Be careful!
Oh, **gee!**
Who's going to drop it?
Will you...? Or will **he?**"
Grandpa said,

Grandfather "Be patient.
We'll see. We'll **see..**

THE END

Catch Me, Catch Me.

by the Rev. W. Awdry

Adapted by Anthony Maniccia

Characters:

Thomas the train
Gordon the train
Narrator 1
Narrator 2

Narrator 1	Gordon is big.
Narrator 2	Gordon is <u>blue</u>
Narrator 1	Thomas the Tank Engine is blue <u>too</u> .
Gordon	I am fast. And you are <u>slow</u> . I will race you. Go, go, <u>go</u> . You will not catch me. You are too <u>slow</u> . Catch me, catch me. Go, go, <u>go</u> .
Thomas	I will catch you, I will, I <u>will</u> . Even over a big, big <u>hill</u>
Narrator 2	Here is a bridge. Slow down. Go <u>slow</u> . Can Thomas catch Gordon? Go, go, <u>go</u> .

Narrator 1 Over the bridge
Gordon is **fast**.
Gordon is first
and Thomas is **last**.

Narrator 2 Here is a stop.
Slow down. Go **slow**.

Gordon Catch me, catch me.
Go, go, **go**.

Narrator 1 Up the hill.
Will Gordon **stop?**

Narrator 2 No.
Not even at the **top**.

Narrator 1 Here comes Thomas
up the **hill**.

Thomas I will catch you.
I will, I **will**.

Narrator 2 Down comes Gordon.
Down the **hill**.

Gordon Catch me, catch me.

Thomas I will, I **will**.

Gordon Catch me, catch me
if you **can**.

Narrator 1 But Thomas
has a big, big **plan**.

Narrator 2 Will Thomas go
up to the **top?**
Thomas the Tank Engine
comes to a **stop.**

Thomas Look, a tunnel.
A tunnel for **me.**
A tunnel,
Gordon did not **see.**
You may be **fast**
I may be **slow.**
But I am first.
And you are **last.**

The Choo-Choo End!

CHICKEN LITTLE

The World's Best Fairy Tales
A Reader's Digest Anthology

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Meredith Krejci

Characters: **Narrator Chicken Little**
 Henny Penny
 Ducky Lucky **Goosey Loosey**
 Turkey Lurkey **Foxy Loxy**

Narrator Once upon a time, there was a tiny little chicken whom everyone called Chicken Little.
 One day, while she was out in the garden (where she had no right to be), a rose leaf fell on her tail.
 Away she ran in great fright, for she thought the sky was falling.
 As she ran along she met Henny Penny.

Chicken Little Oh, Henny Penny, the sky is falling!

Henny Penny How do you know that?

Chicken
Little

Oh, I saw it with my own eyes;
I heard it with my ears; and part of
it fell on my tail.

Henny
Penny

Let us run and tell the King.

Narrator

So they ran along together until they met
Ducky Lucky.

Chicken
Little

Oh, Ducky Lucky, the sky is falling!

Ducky
Lucky

How do you know that?

Chicken
Little

Oh, I saw it with my own eyes,
I heard it with my ears; and part of
it fell on my tail and we are going
to tell the King.

Ducky
Lucky

May I go too?

Chicken
Little

Oh, yes!

Narrator

And they all ran along together.
Presently, they met Goosey Loosey.

Chicken
Little

Oh, Goosey Loosey, the sky is
falling!

Goosey
Loosey

How do you know that?

Chicken
Little

Oh, I saw it with my own eyes, I
heard it with my ears; and part of
it fell on my tail, and we are going
to tell the King.

Goosey
Loosey

May I go too?

Chicken
Little

Oh, yes!

Narrator

And they all ran along together.
Presently, they met Turkey Lurkey.

Chicken
Little

Oh, Turkey Lurkey, the sky is
falling!

Turkey
Lurkey

How do you know that?

Chicken
Little

Oh, I saw it with my own eyes, I
heard it with my ears; and part of
it fell on my tail, and we are going
to tell the King.

Turkey
Lurkey

May I go too?

Chicken
Little

Oh, yes!

Narrator

And they all ran along together.
Presently, they met Foxy Loxy.

Chicken
Little

Oh, Foxy Loxy, the sky is falling!

Foxy Loxy

How do you know that?

Chicken
Little

Oh, I saw it with my own eyes, I
heard it with my ears; and part of
it fell on my tail, and we are going
to tell the King.

Foxy Loxy

Come with me and I will show you
where the King lives.

Narrator

So Chicken Little, Henny Penny,
Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey and
Turkey Lurkey all followed Foxy Loxy;
but Oh!
he led them into his den,
and they never, never,
came out again!

THE END

Cinderella

by Roald Dahl
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by J. Servis

Nar. 1
Nar. 3

Nar. 2
Nar. 4

Nar. 1 I guess you think you know this story.
You don't. The real one's much more gory.
The phony one, the one you know,
Was cooked up years and years ago,
And made to sound all soft and sappy
just to keep the children happy.

Nar. 2 Mind you, they got the first bit right,
The bit where, in the dead of night,
The Ugly Sisters, jewels and all,
Departed for the Palace Ball,

Nar. 3 While darling little Cinderella
Was locked up in the slimy cellar,
Where rats who wanted things to eat
Began to nibble at her feet.

- Nar. 4 She bellowed, "Help!" and "Let me out!"
The Magic Fairy heard her shout.
Appearing in a blaze of light,
She said, "My dear, are you all right?"
- Nar. 1 "***All right?***" cried Cindy. "Can't you see
I feel as rotten as can be!"
She beat her fist against the wall,
And shouted, "Get me to the Ball!"
There is a Disco at the Palace!
The rest have gone and I am jealous!
I want a dress! I want a coach!
And earrings and a diamond broach!
And silver slippers, two of those!
And lovely nylon pantyhose!
Thereafter it will be a cinch
To hook the handsome Royal Prince!
- Nar. 2 The Fairy said, "Hang on a tick."
She gave her Wand a mighty flick
And quickly, in no time at all,
Cindy was at the Palace Ball!
- Nar. 3 It made the Ugly Sisters wince
To see her dancing with the Prince.
She held him very tight and pressed
Herself against his manly chest.
- Nar. 4 The Prince himself was turned to pulp,
All *he* could do was gasp and gulp.
- Nar. 1 Then midnight struck. She shouted "Heck!"
I've got to run to save my neck!"

- Nar. 2 The Prince cried, “No! Alas! **Alack!**”
He grabbed her dress to hold her back.
- Nar. 1 As Cindy shouted, “Let me **go!**”
The dress was ripped from head to toe,
- Nar. 2 She ran out in her underwear,
But lost one slipper on the stair.
The Prince was on it like a dart,
He pressed it to his pounding heart,
- Nar. 3 “This girl this slipper fits,” he **cried**,
“Tomorrow morn shall be my bride!
I’ll visit every house in town
Until I’ve tracked the maiden down!”
- Nar. 4 Then rather carelessly, I fear,
He placed it on a crate of beer.
- Nar. 2 At once, one of the Ugly **Sisters**,
(The one whose face was blotched with blisters)
Sneaked up and grabbed the dainty shoe,
And quickly flushed it down the loo.
- Nar. 3 Then in its place she calmly put
The slipper from her own left foot.
- Nar. 4 Ah-ha, you see, the plot grows thicker,
And Cindy’s luck start looking sicker.
- Nar. 2 Next day, the Prince went charging down
To knock on all the doors in town

- Nar. 3 In every house, the tension grew.
Who was the owner of the shoe?
- Nar. 4 The shoe was huge and frightfully wide.
(A normal foot got lost in side.)
- Nar. 2 Also it smelled a wee bit icky.
(The owner's feet were hot and sticky.)
- Nar. 3 Thousands of eager people came
To try it on, but all in vain.
- Nar. 4 Now came the Ugly Sisters' go.
One tried it on. The Prince screamed "No!"
- Nar. 2 But she screamed "Yes! It fits! Whoopee!
So now you've got to marry me!"
- Nar. 3 The Prince went white from ear to ear.
He muttered, "Let's get out of here."
- Nar. 4 "Oh no you don't! You've made a vow!
There's no way you can back out now!"
- Nar. 2 "Off with her head!" the Prince roared back.
They chopped it off with one big whack.
- Nar. 3 This pleased the Prince. He smiled and said,
"She's prettier without her head."
- Nar. 4 Then up came Sister Number Two,
Who yelled, "Now I will try the shoe!"
- Nar. 2 "Try this instead!" the Prince yelled back.
He swung his trusty sword and smack!

- Nar. 3 Her head went crashing to the ground.
It bounced a bit and rolled around.
- Nar. 4 In the kitchen, peeling spuds,
Cinderella heard the thuds
Of bouncing heads upon the floor,
And poked her own head round the door.
- Nar. 1 “What’s all the racket?” Cindy cried.
- Nar. 2 “Mind your own bizz,” the Prince replied.
- Nar. 1 Poor Cindy’s heart was torn to shreds.
My Prince!, she thought. He chops off heads!
How could I marry anyone
Who does that sort of thing for fun?
- Nar. 2 The Prince cried, “Who’s this dirty slut?
Off with her nut! Off with her nut!”
- Nar. 3 Just then, all in a blaze of light,
The Magic Fairy hove in sight,
Her Magic Wand went swoosh and swish!
- Nar. 4 “Cindy!” she cried, “Come make a wish!
Wish anything and have no doubt
That I will make it come about!”
- Nar.1 Cindy answered, “Oh kind Fairy,
This time I shall be more wary.
No more Princes, no more money.
I have had my taste of honey.
I’m wishing for a decent man.
They’re hard to find. D’you think you can?
- Nar. 2 Within a minute, Cinderella

Was married to a lovely feller,

Nar. 3 A simple jam-maker by trade,
Who sold good homemade marmalade.

Nar. 4 Their house was filled with smiles and laughter
And they were happy ever after.

THE END

Daisy-Head Mayzie

by Dr. Seuss

(adapted by Laura Weber)

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3
Mrs. McGrew
Mayzie

Butch
Agent
Mr. Grumm
Miss Sneetcher
Einstein

Narrator 1:

**It's hard to believe such a
thing could be true.
And I hope such a thing
never happens to you.
But it happened, they say,
to poor Mayzie McGrew.
And it happened like
this....**

Narrator 2: She was sitting one day,
at her desk, in her school,
in her usual way,
when she felt a small
twitch on the top of her
head.
So Mayzie looked up. And
almost dropped dead.
Something peculiar was
going on there...

Narrator 3: A daisy was sprouting
right out of her hair!
Behind her was sitting
young Herman (Butch)
Stroodel.

Butch: This looks like a daisy up
here on her noodle!
It doesn't make sense! Why
it couldn't be so!
A noodles no place for a
daisy to grow!

Narrator 1: Then up spoke another boy,
Einstein Van Tass,
the brightest young man in
the whole of the class.

Einstein: It's a very odd place to be
sprouting a daisy.
But nevertheless, one is
growing on Mayzie!

Butch: This looks like a daisy up here on her noodle!
It doesn't make sense!
Why, it couldn't be so!
A noodles no place for a daisy to grow!

Narrator 1: Then up spoke another boy,
Einstein Van Tass,
the brightest young man in the whole of the class.

Einstein: It's a very odd place to be sprouting a daisy.
But nevertheless, one is growing on Mayzie!

Butch: Hey! Look it, right here in this room!
Daisy-Head Mayzie!
She is bursting in bloom.

Narrator 2: Miss Sneetcher, the teacher, came rushing up quick.

Miss Sneetcher: Such nonsense!
Some child here is playing a trick!
Which one of you boys stuck that thing in her hair?
You know that a daisy could never grow there!

Butch: But Teacher,
I saw the thing rise right
out of her head with my
very own eyes.
Just give it a yank if you
think I tell lies!

Narrator 3: But Miss Sneetcher had
heard quite enough of this
talk.

Miss Sneetcher: Mayzie! Hold Still!
Let me get at that stalk!

Mayzie: OUCH!

Butch: Quit yanking,
you're giving her pains.
I'll bet that those roots go
way down in her brains!

Narrator 1: The kids in her class
started yelling like crazy:

**Butch and
Einstein:** Daisy-Head!
Daisy-Head!
Daisy-Head Mayzie!

Miss Sneetcher: Children be quiet! Good
grief and alas!

Narrator 2: Miss Sneetcher was

shocked by the noise in
her class.

Miss Sneetcher: I've taught in this room
twenty years. Maybe more.
But, I've never seen
anything like this before!
I'll have to report it.
You'll have to come to the
principal's office and show
Mr. Grumm!

Mr. Grumm: My word! It's a genuine
daisy!
I've seen them quite often
in fields growing wild.
But never before on the
head of a child.
Now what in the world ever
made this thing sprout?
I have no idea. But I'm
going to find out

Mayzie: Say, look it!

Miss Sneetcher: It's wilting! It's drooping!
How wonderful Mayzie!
It soon will be dead!
You'll get rid of that daisy!

Mr. Grumm: In just a few minutes, our
troubles will pass.
Take her back to class.

Narrator 1: Then the principal saw a most terrible sight.
The daisy was dying and that was all right.
But the daisy was part of poor Mayzie McGrew,
and Mayzie was starting to wilt away too!

Mr. Grumm: Teacher, you know what I think..!
They're both going to die!
Hurry! Bring them a drink!

Mr. Grumm: That daisy!
That girls the worst problem in town.
You take her away and you make her lie down!
You lock her up tight in that room down the hall.

Mr. Grumm: There are quite a few numbers that I've got to call!
Get Mayzie's parents on the end of the line.
I need them here quickly while there is still time!

Narrator 3: Meanwhile, poor Mayzie lay
down on a couch,
the daisy slumped down on
its leaves in a slouch.
And the sweet-smelling
daisy attracted a swarm of
bees.
Bees, bees!

Narrator 1: The faster she ran, then faster
they flew.
So Mayzie kept running.
What else could she do?
She ran all the way back to
school

Narrator 2: Principal Grumm didn't
know what to do.

Mrs. McGrew: My poor little daughter!
The daisy! It's true!
I'm going to faint!

Narrator 3: cried Mrs. McGrew.

Narrator 1: Then the door opened wide
and Finagle the Agent
stepped inside.

Agent: I am Finagle the Agent.
You've heard of me, I'm
sure.
Mayzie, you're so special
let me shake your hand.
Your talent is a wondrous
thing-unique in all the
land.

Agent: Daisy-Head Mayzie, you've
got quite an act!
Just stick with me, kid,
and sign this contract.
Your flower needs to sign
too.

Mrs. McGrew: Mayzie! Don't be a fool!

Narrator 3: Daisy-Head fever was gripping
the nation.
It had quickly become a
worldwide sensation!

Narrator 1: Daisy-Head burgers, and
Daisy-Head drinks.
Daisy-Head stockings,
and Daisy-Head sinks.
Daisy-Head Buttons,
and Daisy-Head bows.
Mayzie was famous,
the star of her shows.

Narrator 2: But what is money without friends?
A dream had led her far astray.
That was the price she had to pay.
Poor Mayzie said:

Mayzie: I can never go home.
Nobody loves me.

Narrator 3: Nobody loved her...?
Poor Mayzie McGrew!
It's hard to believe such a thing could be true.
And maybe that's why, then, this daisy above,
when Mayzie, below, began talking of love....
Well, you know about daises.
When your love is in doubt,
the job of a daisy is, try and find out!

Narrator 1: They love her. They love her not!
They love her. They love her not!
Don't worry Mayzie. They love you!

Mayzie: They love me.

Narrator 2:

**Well. that's how it happened,
the thing went away.
And Mayzie McGrew is quite
happy today.**

Narrator 3:

**And concerning that daisy...
you know that it never grows
out of her head ever again!
Errr... well, it practically
never popped up there again,
Excepting, occasionally, just
now and then.**

Mayzie:

**And after all.... I'm getting
used to it!**

THE END

Daughter He would if he were too busy yelling at the pigs to get off our school bus.

Mom What were the pigs doing on the bus?

Daughter Eating our lunches.

Mom Why were they eating your lunches?

Daughter Because we threw their corn at each other, and they didn't have anything to eat.

Mom Well, that makes sense, but why were you throwing corn?

Daughter Because we ran out of eggs.
Mom Out of eggs? Why were you throwing eggs?

Daughter Because of the boa constrictor.

Mom **THE BOA CONSTRICTOR!**

Daughter Yeah, Jimmy's pet boa constrictor.
Mom What was Jimmy's pet boa constrictor doing on the farm?

Daughter Oh, he brought it to meet all the farm animals, but the chickens didn't like it.

Mom You mean he took it into the hen house?

Daughter Yeah, and the chickens started squawking and flying around.

Mom Go on, Go on. What happened?

Daughter Well, one hen got excited and laid an egg, and it landed on Jenny's head

Mom The hen?

Daughter No, the egg. And it broke-yuckey... all over her hair.

Mom What did she do?

Daughter She got mad because she thought Tommy threw it, so she threw one at him.

Mom What did Tommy do?

Daughter Oh, he ducked and the egg hit Marriane in the face. So she threw one at Jenny, but she missed and hit Jimmy, who dropped the boa constrictor

Mom Oh, and I know, the next thing you knew, everyone was throwing eggs, right?

Daughter Right.

Mom And when you ran out of eggs, you threw corn, right?

Daughter Right again.
Mom Well, what finally stopped it?

Daughter Well, we heard the farmer's wife screaming.

Mom Why was she screaming?

Daughter We never found out, because Mrs. Stanley made us get on the bus, and we sort of left in a hurry without the boa constrictor.

Mom I bet Jimmy was sad because he left his pet boa constrictor.

Daughter Oh, not really. We left in such a hurry that one of the pigs didn't get off the bus, so now he's got a pet pig.

Mom Boy, that sure sounds like an exciting trip.

Daughter Yeah, I suppose, if you're the kind of kid who likes class trips to the farm.

THE END

Elbert's Bad Word

by Audrey Wood

Adapted by Allison Chill

CHARACTERS:

- Narrator 1**
- Narrator 2**
- Narrator 3**
- Elbert**
- Elbert's mother**
- Gardener**

NARRATOR 1: One afternoon at an elegant garden party, young Elbert heard a word he had never heard before.

NARRATOR 2: The word floated by like a small storm cloud.

NARRATOR 3: It was ugly and covered with dark, bristly hairs.

NARRATOR 4: With a swift flick of his wrist, Elbert snatched the word from the air and stuffed it into his back pocket.

NARRATOR 1: Forgetting about it, the boy went on his way.

NARRATOR 2: But the word waited patiently.

NARRATOR 3: When Aunt Isabella sang opera in soprano, the word made itself small and flew into Elbert's mouth like a little gnat.

NARRATOR 4: That's when the trouble began.

NARRATOR 1: Chives, the butler, tried to balance too many trays of deviled eggs.

NARRATOR 2: He dropped them all onto Madame Friatta's gown.

NARRATOR 3: Madame Friatta spilled her spritzer on Sir Hilary's bald head.

NARRATOR 4: Sir Hilary threw his croquet mallet up into the air.

NARRATOR 1: Then, with a terrible thud, the mallet landed on Elbert's great toe.

NARRATOR 2: Elbert opened his mouth to scream, but the bad word sprang out, bigger and uglier than before.

NARRATOR 3: Everyone at the party was shocked.

NARRATOR 4: They couldn't believe their ears.

ELBERT'S MOTHER: Come with me, young man!

NARRATOR 1: Elbert's mother said with a frown.

NARRATOR 2: The word made itself small again, about the size of a rat, and followed in the boy's shadow.

NARRATOR 3: In the lavatory Elbert's mother handed him a bar of soap.

ELBERT'S MOTHER: We do not say bad words,

NARRATOR 3: she said.

ELBERT'S MOTHER: Clean it out of your mouth, and never use it again!

NARRATOR 4: While Elbert scrubbed his tongue, the bad word sat on his shoulder, snickering wickedly.

NARRATOR 1: Elbert knew something had to be done.

NARRATOR 2: He ran down a cobbled path, past the reflecting pool, beyond the gazebo, and knocked at the gardener's cottage.

NARRATOR 3: The gardener, who was also a practicing wizard, opened the door with a smile.

GARDENER: Come in,

NARRATOR 4: he said,

GARDENER: and bring that thing with you.

NARRATOR 1: The wizard gardener knew right away that Elbert had caught a bad word and needed a cure.

NARRATOR 2: Opening his desk, he pulled out a drawer filled with words that crackled and sparkled.

GARDENER: Sometimes we need strong words,

NARRATOR 3: he said,

GARDENER: to say how we feel. Use these, and perhaps you won't get into trouble.

- NARRATOR 4: Taking the sparkling words from the drawer, the wizard gardener tossed them in a bowl with flour and honey.
- NARRATOR 1: He added some raisins, milk, and eggs, mixed them all together, then baked a little cake.
- NARRATOR 2: The cake was delicious, so Elbert ate every last crumb.
- NARRATOR 3: And as he did, the ugly word shriveled to the size of a flea and hopped onto his necktie.
- NARRATOR 4: Everyone was enjoying Cousin Rudolph's oboe solo in D minor when Elbert returned to the party.
- NARRATOR 1: But soon the trouble began anew.
- NARRATOR 2: Chives, the butler, tripped on Madame Friatta's feathered boa.
- NARRATOR 3: Madame Friatta dropped her chocolate mousse on Sir Hilary's bald head.

NARRATOR 4: Sir Hilary threw his croquet mallet up into the air.

NARRATOR 1: Then, with a terrible thud, the mallet landed on Elbert's great toe.

NARRATOR 2: The music stopped.

NARRATOR 3: Everyone stared at the boy.

NARRATOR 4: Elbert's face grew red with anger.

ELBERT:
MY STARS!
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
RATS AND BLUE BLAZES!
SUFFERING CATS!
BLISTERING HOP TOADS!
ZOUNDS AND GADZOOKS!

NARRATOR 1: he shouted.

NARRATOR 2: Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and gave Elbert three rousing cheers. . .

NARRATOR 3: ...but no one was more pleased than Elbert.

NARRATOR 4: As the music began again, he saw something that looked like a little spider scurry down a dark hole, and disappear.

THE END

Escape

from the novel, *Charlotte's Web*
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narrator#1	Narrator #2	Narrator #3	Narrator #4
Wilbur (the pig)		Goose (a rabble rouser)	
Mrs. Zuckerman		Mr. Zuckerman	

Narrator #1 One afternoon in June,
when Wilbur was
almost two months old,
he wandered out
into his small yard
outside the barn.
Fern had not arrived
for her usual visit.
Wilbur stood in the sun
feeling lonely and bored.

Wilbur There's never anything to do
around here,

Narrator#2 he thought.
He walked slowly
to his food trough and sniffed
to see if anything
had been overlooked at lunch.
He found a small strip
of potato skin and ate it.

Narrator #3 His back itched,
so he leaned against the fence
and rubbed against the boards.
When he tired of this,
he walked indoors,
climbed to the top
of the manure pile,
and sat down.

Narrator #4 He didn't feel
like going to sleep,
he didn't feel like digging,
he was tired of standing still,
tired of lying down.

Wilber I'm less than two months old
and I'm tired of living.

Narrator #1 He walked out
to the yard again.

Wilber When I'm out here
there's no place to go
but out in the yard.

Goose That's where you're wrong,
my friend,

Narrator #2 said a voice.

Narrator #3 Wilber looked through the fence and saw the goose standing there.

Goose You don't have to stay in that dirty-little, dirty-little, dirty-little yard.

Narrator #4 said the goose, who talked rather fast.

Goose One of the boards is loose. Push on it, push-push-push on it, and come on out!

Wilber What? Say it slower!

Goose At-at-at, at the risk of repeating myself, I suggest that you come on out. It's wonderful out here.

Wilber Did you say a board was loose?

Goose That I did, that I did.

Narrator #1 Wilbur walked up to the fence and saw that the goose was right—one board was loose. He put his head down, shut his eyes, and pushed, The board gave way.

Narrator #2 In a minute he had squeezed
through the fence
and was standing
in the long grass outside his yard.
The goose chuckled.

Goose How does it feel to be free?

Wilbur I like it,
That is, I *guess* I like it.

Narrator #3 Actually, Wilbur felt queer
to be outside his fence,
with nothing between him
and the big world.

Wilbur Where do you think
I'd better go?

Goose Anywhere you like,
Anywhere you like.
Go down through the orchard,
root up the sod!
Go down through the garden,
dig up the radishes!
Root up everything!
Eat grass! Look for corn!

Goose Run all over!
Skip and dance,
jump and prance!
Go down through the orchard
and stroll in the woods!
The world is a wonderful place
when you're young.

Wilbur I can see that!

Narrator #4 He gave a jump in the air, stopped, looked all around, sniffed the smells of afternoon, and then set out walking down through the orchard.

Narrator #1 Pausing in the shade of an apple tree, he put his strong snout into the ground and began pushing, digging, and rooting.

Narrator #2 He felt very happy. He had plowed up quite a piece of ground before anyone noticed him.

Narrator #3 Mrs. Zuckerman was the first to see him. She saw him from the kitchen window. She immediately shouted for the men.

Mrs. Zuckerman Homer! Pig's out! Lurvy! Pig's out! Homer! Lurvy! Pig's out. He's down there under that apple tree.

Wilbur Now the trouble starts. Now I'll catch it.

Narrator #4 The goose heard the racket and she, too, started hollering.

Goose Run-run-run downhill,
 make for the woods, the woods!
 They'll never-never-never
 catch you in the woods.

Narrator #1 The cocker spaniel
 heard the commotion,
 and he ran out from the barn
 to join the chase.
 Mr. Zuckerman heard,
 and he came out
 of the machine shed
 where he was mending a tool.

Narrator #2 Lurvy, the hired man,
 heard the noise and came up
 from the asparagus patch
 where he was pulling weeds.
 Everybody walked
 toward Wilbur,
 and Wilbur didn't know what to do.

Narrator #3 The woods seemed a long way off,
 and anyway,
 he had never been down there
 in the woods,
 and wasn't sure he would like it.

Mr.
Zuckerman Get around behind him, Lurvy,
 and drive him toward the barn!
 I'll go
 and get a bucket of slops.

- Narrator #4 The news of Wilbur's escape spread rapidly among the animals on the place. Whenever any creature broke loose on Zuckerman's farm, the event was of great interest to the others.
- Narrator #1 The goose shouted to the nearest cow that Wilbur was free, and soon all the cows knew. Then one of the cows told one of the sheep, and soon all the sheep knew.
- Narrator #2 The lambs learned about it from their mothers. The horses, in their stalls in the barn, pricked up their ears when they heard the goose hollering.
- Narrator #3 "Wilbur's out," they said. Every animal stirred and lifted its head and became excited to know that one of his friends had got free and was no longer penned up or tied fast.
- Narrator #4 Wilbur didn't know what to do or which way to run. It seemed as though everybody was after him.

Wilbur If this is what it's like
to be free,
I believe
I'd rather be penned up
in my own yard.

Narrator #1 The cocker spaniel
was sneaking up on him
from one side.
Lurvy, the hired man,
was sneaking up on him
from the other side.

Narrator #2 Mrs. Zuckerman stood ready
to head him off
if he started for the garden,
and now Mr. Zuckerman
was coming down toward him
carrying a pail.

Wilbur This is really awful.
Why doesn't Fern come?

Narrator #3 He began to cry.
The goose took command
and began to give orders.

Goose Don't just stand there!
Dodge about, Wilbur!
Skip around,
run toward me,
slip in and out,
in and out, in and out!
Make for the woods!
Twist and turn!

- Narrator #4 The cocker spaniel sprang for Wilbur's hind leg. Wilbur jumped and ran. Lurvy read out and grabbed. Mrs. Zuckerman screamed at Lurvy.
- Narrator #1 The goose cheered for Wilbur. Wilbur dodged between Lurvy's legs. Lurvy missed Wilbur and grabbed the spaniel instead.
- Goose Nicely done, nicely done! Try it again, try it again!
- Narrator #2 "Run downhill!" suggested the cows.
- Narrator #3 "Run toward me!" yelled the gander.
- Narrator #4 "Run uphill!" cried the sheep.
- Goose Turn and twist!
- Narrator #1 "Jump and dance!" said the rooster.
- Narrator #2 "Look out for Lurvy!" called the cows.
- Narrator #3 "Look out for Zuckerman!" yelled the gander.
- Narrator #4 "Watch out for the dog!" cried the sheep.
- Goose Listen to me, listen to me!

- Narrator #1 Poor Wilbur was dazed and frightened by this hullabaloo. He didn't like being the center of all this fuss. He tried to follow the instructions his friends were giving him, but he couldn't turn and twist when he was jumping and dancing, and he was crying so hard he could barely see anything that was happening.
- Narrator #2 After all, he was a very young pig—not much more than a baby, really. He wished Fern was there to take him in her arms and comfort him.
- Narrator #3 When he looked up and saw Mr. Zuckerman coming with a pail of warm slops, he felt relieved.
- Narrator #4 He lifted his nose and sniffed. The smell was delicious—warm milk, potato skins, wheat middlings, Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and a popover left from the Zuckermans' breakfast.
- Mr. Zuckerman Come, pig! Come pig!
- Narrator #1 Wilbur took a step toward the pail.

Goose No-no-no!
 It's the old pail trick, Wilbur.
 Don't fall for it,
 don't fall for it!
 He trying to lure you
 back into captivity-ivity.
 He's appealing to your stomach.

Narrator #2 Wilbur didn't care.
 The food smelled appetizing.
 He took another step
 toward the pail.

Mr.
Zuckerman Pig, pig!

Narrator #3 said Mr. Zuckerman
 in a kind voice,
 and began walking slowly
 toward the barnyard,
 looking all about him
 innocently,
 as if he didn't know
 that a little white pig
 was following along behind him.

Goose You'll be sorrysorrysorry.

Narrator #4 Wilbur didn't care
 He kept walking
 toward the pail of slops.

Goose You'll miss your freedom.
 An hour of freedom
 is worth a barrel of slops.

Narrator #1 When Mr. Zuckerman reached the pigpen, he climbed over the fence and poured the slops into the trough. Then he pulled the loose board away from the fence, so that there was a wide hole for Wilbur to walk through.

Goose Reconsider, reconsider!

Narrator #2 Wilbur paid no attention. He stepped through the fence into his yard.

Narrator #3 He walked to his trough and took a long drink of slops, sucking in the milk hungrily and chewing the popover. It was good to be home again.

Narrator #4 While Wilbur ate, Lurvy fetched a hammer and some 8-penny nails and nailed the board in place.

Narrator #1 Then he and Mr. Zuckerman leaned lazily on the fence, and Mr. Zuckerman scratched Wilbur's back with a stick.

Mr. Zuckerman He's enjoying that. He'll make a good pig.

Narrator #2 Wilbur heard
the words of praise.
He felt the warm milk
inside his stomach.
He felt the pleasant rubbing
of the stick along his itchy back.

Narrator #3 He felt peaceful
and happy and sleepy.
This had been
a tiring afternoon.

Narrator #4 It was still only about four o'clock
but Wilbur was ready for bed.

Wilbur I'm really too young
to go out into the world alone.

THE END

Even That Moose Won't Listen to Me!

by Martha Alexander
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Paula Lutz

Characters:

Rebecca
Mom

Gregory
Dad

Narrator

Rebecca

Gregory, come quick! There's a giant moose in the yard!

Gregory

Who are you kidding, Rebecca? Last week you saw a rocket ship, yesterday it was a two-headed frog. And now it's a moose!

Rebecca

If you don't believe me, smarty, just come outside and see for yourself.

Gregory

I'm busy, Rebecca. I'm making a scarecrow to keep the crows out of the garden. I don't have time for your silly games.

Rebecca

You better make a scarecrow for the **MOOSE** or there won't be any garden.

Narrator Rebecca and Homer...that's her dog, stomp off to warn their dad about the moose.

Rebecca **Dad, come help!** There's a giant moose standing in the spinach!

Narrator But Dad was acting like any other male during a football game, and ignored her.

Dad Sure, Rebecca...when the game is over.

Rebecca He didn't hear a word I said.

Narrator Rebecca and Homer eagerly ran to see mom, who was busy painting.

Rebecca **Mom! Come, hurry!** There's a giant moose eating all the vegetables!

Mom **Nonsense!** Rebecca, you know there are no moose around here.

Rebecca It is **NOT NONSENSE...IT'S A MOOSE!**
You don't believe your own child.

Narrator Rebecca decided to solve the problem with her dog since no one else cared to help, because they were **tooooo** busy.

Rebecca If I were big, she would listen to me. When I have a little girl, I will always listen to her. I guess we'll just have to chase that moose ourselves.

Narrator Rebecca searched through her toy box trying to find something that would scare a moose.

Rebecca I have a great idea! I'll put on my hairy monster costume. That moose will be scared out of his wits!

Narrator Rebecca put on the costume and jolted out to the garden where the moose was eating all the vegetables and flowers.

Rebecca **Hey you, Moose!** Get out of this garden right this minute or I'll eat you up!

Narrator But the moose didn't flinch.

Rebecca Nobody listens to me...not even the **Moose!**

Narrator Rebecca decided that she wasn't going to be his dessert...so she got in his face and shouted...

Rebecca **Now, listen, Moose! I'm getting really angry!**
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
NOW CLEAR OUT!!!

Narrator The moose dropped the flower and scampered away.

Rebecca Look at that, Homer. He listened to me.

Narrator Rebecca and Homer skipped away to find Gregory.

Rebecca **GREEEEG-O-RIEEEEEE! You don't need the scarecrow anymore. The garden is all gone!**

Mom & Dad What in the world happened to the garden?

Rebecca I'm busy now. When I'm finished building my rocket ship, I'll tell you all about it.

THE END

THE FANTASTIC MR. FOX

By Roald Dahl

(A Chapter Book)

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Jennifer Guzik, Christine Miller,
and James Servis

CHARACTERS:

Farmer Bean
Mr. Fox
Narrator 2
Small Fox
Spectator 1

Farmer Bunce
Mrs. Fox
Narrator 3
Badger
Spectator 2

Farmer Boggis
Narrator 1
Narrator 4
Rat
Spectator 3

Act 1 **The Three Farmers**

Narrator 1

Down in the valley there were three farms. The owners of these farms had done well. They were rich men. They were also nasty men. All three of them were about as nasty and mean as any men you could meet. Their names were Farmer Boggis, Farmer Bunce and Farmer Bean.

Narrator 2

Boggis was a chicken farmer. He kept thousands of chickens. He was enormously fat. This was because he ate three boiled chickens smothered with dumplings every day, for breakfast, lunch and supper.

Narrator 3

Bunce was a duck-and-goose farmer. He kept thousands of ducks and geese. He was a kind of pot-bellied dwarf. He was so short his chin would have been under water in the shallow end of any swimming pool in the world. His food was doughnuts and goose livers. He mashed the livers into a disgusting paste and then stuffed the paste into the doughnuts. This diet gave him a tummy-ache and a beastly temper.

Narrator 4

Bean was a turkey-and-apple farmer. He kept thousands of turkeys in an orchard full of apple trees. He never ate any food at all. Instead, he drank gallons of strong cider which he made from the apples in his orchard. He was as thin as a pencil and the cleverest of them all.

Narrator 1

This is what the children round about used to chant when they saw them:

“Boggis and Bunce and Bean
One fat, one short, one lean.
These horrible crooks
So different in looks
Were nonetheless equally mean.”

Act 2

Mr. Fox

- Narrator 2 On a hill above the valley there was a wood.
 In the wood there was a huge tree.
 Under the tree there was a hole.
 In the hole lived Mr. Fox and Mrs. Fox
 and their four Small Foxes.
- Narrator 3 Every evening as soon as it got dark, Mr. Fox would say to Mrs. Fox,
- Mr. Fox Well, my darling, what shall it be this time? A plump chicken from Boggis? A duck or a goose from Bunce? Or a nice turkey from Bean?
- Narrator 4 And when Mrs. Fox had told him what she wanted, Mr. Fox would creep down into the valley in the darkness of the night and help himself.
- Narrator 1 Boggis and Bunce and Bean knew very well what was going on, and it made them wild with rage. They were not men who liked to give anything away. Less still did they like anything to be stolen from them. So every night each of them would take his shotgun and hide in a dark place somewhere on his own farm, hoping to catch the robber.

Narrator 2	But Mr. Fox was too clever for them. He always approached a farm with the wind blowing in his face, and this meant that if any man were lurking in the shadows ahead, the wind would carry the smell of that man to Mr. Fox's nose from far away.
Narrator 3	Thus, if Mr. Boggis was hiding behind his Chicken House Number One, Mr. Fox would smell him out from fifty yards off and quickly change direction, heading for Chicken House Number Four at the other end of the farm.
Farmer Boggis	Dang and blast that lousy beast!
Narrator 4	cried Boggis.
Farmer Bunce	I'd like to rip his guts out!
Narrator 1	said Bunce.
Farmer Bean	He must be killed!
Narrator 2	cried Bean.
Farmer Boggis	But how?
Narrator 3	said Boggis.
Farmer Boggis	How on earth can we catch the blighter?
Narrator 4	Bean picked his nose delicately with a long finger.

Farmer Bean I have a plan.

Narrator 1 he said.

Farmer Bunce You've never had a decent plan yet!

Narrator 2 said Bunce.

Farmer Bean Shut up and listen!

Narrator 3 said Bean.

Farmer Bean Tomorrow night we will all hide just outside the hole where the fox lives. We will wait there until he comes out. Then...Bang!...Bang-Bang-Bang!

Farmer Bunce Very clever.

Narrator 4 said Bunce.

Farmer Bunce But first we shall have to find the hole.

Farmer Bean My dear Bunce, I've already found it.

Narrator 1 said the crafty Bean.

Farmer Bean It's up in the wood on the hill. It's under a huge tree!

Act 3

The Shooting

Mr. Fox Well, my darling.

Narrator 2 said Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox What shall it be tonight?

Mrs. Fox I think we'll have duck tonight.

Narrator 3 said Mrs. Fox.

Mrs. Fox Bring us two fat ducks, if you please. One
for you and me, and one for the children.

Mr. Fox Ducks it shall be!

Narrator 4 said Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox Bunce's best!

Mrs. Fox Now do be careful.

Narrator 1 said Mrs. Fox.

Mr. Fox My darling!

Narrator 2 said Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox I can smell those goons a mile away. I can even smell one from the other. Boggis gives off a filthy stink of rotten chicken-skins. Bunce reeks of goose livers, and as for Bean, the fumes of apple cider hang around him like poisonous gases.

Mrs. Fox Yes, but don't get careless.

Narrator 3 said Mrs. Fox.

Mrs. Fox You know they'll be waiting for you, all three of them.

Mr. Fox Don't you worry about me.

Narrator 4 said Mr. Fox

Mr. Fox I'll see you later.

Narrator 1 But Mr. Fox would not have been so cocky had he know exactly where the three farmers were waiting at that moment. They were just outside the entrance to the hole, each one crouching behind a tree with his gun loaded.

Narrator 2 And what is more, they had chosen their positions very carefully, making sure that the wind was not blowing from them towards the fox's hole. In fact, it was blowing in the opposite direction. There was no chance of being 'smelled out.'

- Narrator 3 Mr. Fox crept up the dark tunnel to the mouth of his hole. He poked his long handsome face out into the night air and sniffed once.
- Narrator 4 He moved an inch or two forward and stopped.
- Narrator 1 He sniffed again. He was always especially careful when coming out from his hole.
- Narrator 2 He inched forward a little more. The front half of his body was now out in the open.
- Narrator 3 His black nose twitched from side to side, sniffing and sniffing for the scent of danger. He found none, and he was just about to go trotting forward into the wood when he heard or thought he heard a tiny noise, a soft rustling sound, as though someone had moved a foot ever so gently through a patch of dry leaves.
- Narrator 4 Mr. Fox flattened his body against the ground and lay very still, his ears pricked. He waited a long time, but he heard nothing more.
- Mr. Fox (Softly, to himself) It must have been a field-mouse, or some other small animal.

Narrator 1 He crept a little further out of the hole...then further still. He was almost right out in the open now. He took a last careful look around. The wood was murky and very still. Somewhere in the sky the moon was shining.

Narrator 2 Just then, his sharp eyes night-eyes caught a glint of something bright behind a tree not far away. It was a small silver speck of moonlight shining on a polished surface. Mr. Fox lay still... watching it.

Narrator 3 What on earth was it?

Narrator 4 Now it was moving. It was coming up and up...

Narrator 1 Great heavens! It was the barrel of a gun!

Narrator 2 Quick as a whip, Mr. Fox jumped back into his hole and at that same instant the entire wood seemed to explode around him.

Narrator 3 Bang-bang! Bang-bang! Bang!-bang!

Narrator 4 The smoke from the three guns floated upward in the night air. Boggis and Bunce and Bean came out from behind their trees and walked towards the hole.

Farmer Bean Did we get him?

Narrator 1 asked Bean.

Narrator 2 One of them shone a flashlight on the hole, and there on the ground, in the circle of light, half in and half out of the hole, lay the poor tattered bloodstained remains of...a fox's tail. Bean picked it up.

Farmer Bean We got the tail but we missed the fox.

Narrator 3 he said, tossing the thing away.

Farmer Boggis Dang and blast!

Narrator 4 said Boggis.

Farmer Boggis We shot too late. We should have let fly the moment he poked his head out.

Farmer Bunce He won't be poking it out again in a hurry.

Narrator 1 said Bunce.

Narrator 2 Bean pulled a flask from his pocket and took a swig of cider. Then he said,

Farmer Bean It'll take three days at least before he gets hungry enough to come out again. I'm not sitting around here waiting for that. Let's dig him out.

Farmer Boggis Ah!

Narrator 3 said Boggis.

Farmer Boggis Now you're talking sense. We can dig him out in a couple of hours. We know he's there.

Farmer Bunce I reckon there's a whole family of them
down that hole.

Narrator 4 Bunce said.

Farmer Bean Then we'll have the lot.

Narrator 1 said Bean.

Farmer Bean Get the shovels!

Act 4

The Terrible Shovels

- Narrator 2 Down the hole, Mrs. Fox was tenderly licking the stump of Mr. Fox's tail to stop the bleeding.
- Mrs. Fox It was the finest tail for miles around.
- Narrator 3 She said between licks.
- Mr. Fox It hurts!
- Narrator 4 said Mr. Fox.
- Mrs. Fox I know it does, sweetheart. But it'll soon get better.
- Small Fox And it will soon grow again, Dad.
- Narrator 1 said one of the Small Foxes.
- Mr. Fox It will never grow again, I shall be tail-less for the rest of my life.
- Narrator 2 said Mr. Fox. He looked very glum.
- Narrator 3 There was no food for the foxes that night, and soon the children dozed off. Then Mrs. Fox dozed off. But Mr. Fox couldn't sleep because of the pain in the stump of his tail.
- Mr. Fox Well,

Narrator 4 he thought,

Mr. Fox I suppose I'm lucky to be alive at all. And now they've found our hole, we're going to have to move out as soon as possible. We'll never get any peace if we. . . What was that?

Narrator 1 He turned his head sharply and listened. The noise he heard now was the most frightening noise a fox can ever hear...
the scrape-scrape-scraping of shovels digging into the soil.

Mr. Fox Wake up!

Narrator 2 he shouted.

Mr. Fox They're digging us out!

Narrator 3 Mrs. Fox was wide awake in one second.
She sat up, quivering all over.

Mrs. Fox Are you sure that's it?

Narrator 4 she whispered.

Mr. Fox I'm positive! Listen!

Mrs. Fox They'll kill my children

Mr. Fox Never!

Narrator 1 said Mr. Fox

Mrs. Fox But darling, they will! You know they will!

Narrator 2 sobbed Mrs. Fox

Narrator 3 Scunch, scunch, scunch went the shovels above their heads. Small stones and bits of earth began falling from the roof of the tunnel.

Small Fox How will they kill us, Mummy? Will there be dogs?

Narrator 4 asked one of the small foxes. His round black eyes were huge with fright. Mrs. Fox began to cry. She gathered her four children close to her and held them tight.

Narrator 1 Suddenly there was an especially loud crunch above their heads and the sharp end of a shovel came right through the ceiling. The sight of this awful thing seemed to have an electric effect upon Mr. Fox. He jumped up and shouted,

Mr. Fox I've got it! Come on! There's not a moment to lose!
Why didn't I think of it before!

Small Fox Think of what, Dad?

Mr. Fox A fox can dig quicker than a man.

Narrator 2 said Mr. Fox, beginning to dig.

Narrator 3	The soil began to fly out furiously behind Mr. Fox as he started to dig for dear life with his front feet. Mrs. Fox ran forward to help him. So did the four children.
Mr. Fox	Go downwards! We've got to go deep! As deep as we possibly can!
Narrator 4	ordered Mr. Fox
Narrator 1	The tunnel began to grow deeper and longer. It sloped steeply downward. Deeper and deeper below the surface of the ground it went. The mother and the father and all four of the children were digging together.
Narrator 2	Their front legs were moving so fast you couldn't see them. And gradually the scrunching and scraping of shovels became fainter and fainter.
Narrator 3	After about an hour, Mr. Fox stopped digging.
Mr. Fox	Hold it!
Narrator 4	he said. They all stopped! They turned and looked back up the tunnel they had just dug. All was quiet.
Mr. Fox	Phew!
Narrator 1	said Mr. Fox.
Mr. Fox	I think we've done it! They'll never get as deep as this. Well done, everyone!

Narrator 2

They all sat down, panting for breath.
And Mrs. fox said to her children,

Mrs. Fox

I should like you to know that if it wasn't
for you father we should all be dead by
now. Your father is a fantastic fox.

Narrator 3

Mr. Fox looked at his wife and she
smiled. He loved her more then ever
when she said things like that.

Act 5

The Terrible Tractors

- Narrator 4 As the sun rose the next morning, Boggis and Bunce and Bean were still digging. They had a hole so deep you could have put a house into it. But they had not yet come to the end of the fox's tunnel. They were all very tired and cross.
- Narrator 1 Boggis said,
- Boggis Dang and blast! Whose rotten idea was this?
- Narrator 2 Boggis and Bunce both stared at Bean. Bean took another swig of cider, then put the flask back into his pocket without offering it to the others. Bean said,
- Bean Listen, I want that fox! I'm going to get that fox! I'm not giving in till I've strung him up over my front porch, dead as a dumpling!
- Narrator 3 Fat Boggis said,
- Boggis We can't get him by digging, that's for sure. I've had enough of digging.

Narrator 4 Bunce, the little pot-bellied dwarf,
looked up at Bean and said,

Bunce Have you got any more stupid ideas,
then?

Narrator 1 Bean replied,

Bean What? I can't hear you.

Narrator 2 Bean never took a bath. He never
even washed. As a result, his ear holes
were clogged with all kinds of muck and
wax and bits of chewing-gum and dead
flies and stuff like that. This made him
deaf.

Bean Speak louder.

Narrator 3 he said to Bunce, and Bunce shouted
back,

Bunce Got any more stupid ideas?

Narrator 4 Bean rubbed the back of his neck
with a dirty finger. He had a boil coming
there and it itched. He said,

Bean What we need on this job, is machines....
mechanical shovels. We'll have him out
in five minutes with mechanical shovels.

Narrator 1 This was a pretty good idea and the
other two had to admit it.

Narrator 2 Bean took charge and said,

Bean All right then. Boggis, you stay here and see the fox doesn't escape. Bunce and I will go and fetch our machinery. If he tries to get out, shoot him quick.

Narrator 3 Soon, two enormous caterpillar tractors with mechanical shovels on their front ends came clanking into the wood. Bean was driving one. Bunce the other. The machines were both black. They were murderous, brutal-looking monsters.

Bean Here we go, then!

Narrator 4 shouted Bean.

Bunce Death to the fox!

Narrator 1 shouted Bunce.

Narrator 2 The machines went to work, biting huge mouthfuls of soil out of the hill. The big tree under which Mr. Fox had dug his hole in the first place was toppled like a match stick. On all sides, rocks were sent flying and trees were falling and the noise was deafening.

Narrator 3 Down in the tunnel the foxes crouched, listening to the terrible clanging and banging overhead.

Small Fox What's happening Dad? What are they doing?

Narrator 4	Mrs. Fox cried,
Mrs. Fox	It's an earthquake!
Narrator 1	One of the small foxes said,
Small Fox	Look! Our tunnel's got shorter! I can see daylight!
Narrator 2	They all looked round, and yes, the mouth of the tunnel was only a few feet from them now, and the circle of daylight beyond they could see the two huge black tractors almost on top of them.
Mr. Fox	Tractors!
Narrator 3	shouted Mr. Fox.
Mr. Fox	And mechanical shovels! Dig for you lives! Dig, dig, dig!

Act 6

The Race

- Narrator 4 Now there began a desperate race, the machines against the foxes. In the beginning, the hill looked like it had been bombed by a hundred airplane bombers.
- Narrator 1 After about an hour, as the machines bit away more and more soil from the hilltop, it had gotten smaller and smaller.
- Narrator 2 Sometimes the foxes would gain a little ground and the clanking noises would grow fainter and fainter and Mr. Fox would say,
- Mr. Fox We're going to make it! I'm sure we are!
- Narrator 3 But then a few moments later, the machines would come back at them and the crunch of the mighty shovels would get louder and louder. Once the foxes actually saw the sharp metal edge of one of the shovels as it scraped up the earth just behind them.
- Mr. Fox Keep going, my darlings!
- Narrator 4 panted Mr. Fox.
- Mr. Fox Don't give up!
- Boggis Keep going!

Narrator 1 the fat Boggis shouted to Bunce and Bean.

Boggis We'll get him any moment now!

Narrator 2 Bean called back,

Bean Have you caught sight of him yet?

Narrator 3 Boggis shouted,

Boggis Not yet! But I think you're close!

Bunce I'll pick him up with my bucket!

Narrator 4 shouted Bunce.

Bunce I'll chop him to pieces!

Narrator 1 But by lunchtime the machines were still at it. And so were the poor foxes. The size of the hill was now very small. The farmers didn't stop for lunch; they were too keen to finish the job.

Bunce Hey there, Mr. Fox!

Narrator 2 yelled Bunce, leaning out of his tractor.

Bunce We're coming to get you now!

Narrator 3 Boggis yelled,

Boggis You've had your last chicken! You'll never come prowling around my farm again!

Narrator 4 A sort of madness had taken hold of the three men. The tall skinny Bean and the dwarfish pot-bellied Bunce were driving their machines like maniacs, racing the motors and making the shovels dig at terrific speed. The fat Boggis was hopping about like a dervish and shouting,

Boggis Faster! Faster!

Narrator 1 By five o'clock the hill had almost disappeared. The hole the machines had dug was like the crater of a volcano. It was such an extraordinary sight that crowds of people came rushing out from the surrounding villages to have a look. They stood on the edge of the crater and stared down at Boggis and Bunce and Bean.

Spectator 1 Hey there, Boggis! What's going on?

Spectator 2 We're after a fox!

Spectator 3 You must be mad

Narrator 2 The people jeered and laughed. But his only made the three farmers more furious and more obstinate and more determined than ever not to give up until they had caught the fox.

Act 7

“We’ll Never Let Him Go”

- Narrator 3 At six o’clock in the evening, Bean switched off the motor of his tractor and climbed down from the driver’s seat. Bunce did the same. Both men had had enough. They were tired and stiff from driving the tractors all day. They were also hungry.
- Narrator 4 Slowly they walked over to the small fox’s hole in the bottom of the huge crater. Bean’s face was purple with rage. Bunce was cursing the fox with dirty words that cannot be printed. Boggis came waddling up and said,
- Boggis Dang and blast that filthy stinking fox. What the heck do we do now?
- Narrator 1 Bean said,
- Bean I’ll tell you what we don’t do! We don’t let him go!
- Bunce We’ll never let him go!
- Narrator 2 declared Bunce and Boggis cried,
- Boggis Never never never!
- Narrator 3 Bean yelled, bending low and shouting down the hole,

Bean Did you hear that, Mr. Fox! It's not over yet, Mr. Fox! We're not going home till we've strung you up dead as a ding bat!

Narrator 4 Whereupon the three men all shook hands with one another and swore a solemn oath that they would not go back to their farms until the fox was caught.

Narrator 1 Bunce, the pot-bellied dwarf asked them,

Bunce What's the next move?

Narrator 2 Bean replied,

Bean We're sending you down the hole to fetch him up. Down you go, you miserable midget!

Narrator 3 Running away, Bunce screamed.

Bunce Not me!

Narrator 4 Bean made a sickly smile. When he smiled you saw his scarlet gums. You saw more gums than teeth. Bean said,

Bean Then there's only one thing to do. We starve him out. We camp here day and night watching the hole. He'll come out in the end. He'll have to.

Narrator 1 So Boggis and Bunce and Bean sent messages down to their farms asking for tents, sleeping bags and supper.

Act 8

The Foxes Begin To Starve

- Narrator 2 That evening three tents were put up in the crater on the hill...one for Boggis, one for Bunce and one for Bean. The tents surrounded Mr. Fox's hole.
- Narrator 3 And the three farmers sat outside their tents eating their supper. Boggis had three boiled chickens smothered in dumplings, Bunce had six doughnuts filled with disgusting goose-liver paste, and Bean had two gallons of cider. All three of them kept their guns beside them.
- Narrator 4 Boggis picked up a steaming chicken and held it close to the fox's hole and shouted,
- Boggis Can you smell this, Mr. Fox? Lovely tender chicken! Why don't you come up and get it?
- Narrator 1 The rich scent of chicken wafted down the tunnel to where the foxes were crouched.
- Narrator 2 One of the small foxes pleaded to Mr. Fox,

Small Fox	Oh, Dad, couldn't we just sneak up and snatch it out of his hand?
Narrator 3	Mrs. Fox, who was frightened, exclaimed,
Mrs. Fox	Don't you dare! That's just what they want you to do!
Small Fox	But we're so hungry! How long will it be till we get something to eat?
Narrator 4	Their mother didn't answer them. Nor did their father. There was no answer to give.
Narrator 1	As darkness fell, Bunce and Bean switched on the powerful headlamps of the two tractors and shone them on the hole. Bean said,
Bean	Now, we'll take it in turn to keep watch. One watches while two sleep, and so on all through the night... What's your question, Boggis?
Boggis	What if the fox digs a hole right through the hill and comes out on the other side? You didn't think of that one, did you?
Narrator 2	Bean, pretending he had, said to Boggis,
Bean	Of course I did.
Boggis	Go on, then, tell us the answer.

Narrator 3 Bean picked up something small and black out of his ear and flicked it away, and asked Boggis,

Bean How many men have you got working on your farm?

Boggis Thirty-five.

Bunce I've got FORTY-SIX.

Bean And I've got thirty-seven. That makes one hundred and eight men altogether. We must order them to surround the hill. Each man will have a gun and a flashlight. There will be no escape for Mr. Fox.

Narrator 4 So the order went down to the farms, and formed a tight ring around the bottom of the hill. They were armed with sticks and guns and hatchets and pistols and all sorts of other horrible weapons. This made it quite impossible for a fox or indeed for any other animal to escape from the hill.

Narrator 1 The next day, the watching and waiting went on. Boggis and Bunce and Bean sat upon small stools, staring at the fox's hole. They didn't talk much. They just sat there with their guns on their laps.

Narrator 2 Every so often, Mr. Fox would creep a little closer towards the mouth of the tunnel and take a sniff. Then he would creep back again and say,

Mr. Fox

They're still there.

Narrator 3

Mrs. Fox would ask,

Mrs. Fox

Are you quite sure?

Mr. Fox

Positive. I can smell that man Bean a mile away. He stinks.

Act 9

Mr. Fox Has a Plan

- Narrator 4 For three days and three nights this waiting-game went on.
- Narrator 1 On the third day Boggis asked,
- Boggis How long can a fox go without food or water?
- Narrator 2 Bean told him,
- Bean Not much longer now. He'll make a run for it soon. He'll have to.
- Narrator 3 Bean was right. Down in the tunnel the foxes were slowly but surely starving to death.
- Small Fox If only we could have just a tiny sip of water. Oh Dad, can't you do something ? Couldn't we make a dash for it, Dad? We'd have a bit of a chance, wouldn't we?
- Narrator 4 Mrs. Fox replied angrily,
- Mrs. Fox. No chance at all. I refuse to let you go up there and face those guns. I'd sooner you stay down here and die in peace.

Narrator 1 Mr. Fox had not spoken in a long time. He had been sitting quite still, his eyes closed, not even hearing what the others were saying. Mrs. Fox knew that he was trying desperately to think of a way out. And now, as she looked at him, she saw him stir himself and get slowly to his feet. He looked back at his wife. There was a little spark of excitement dancing in his eyes.

Mrs. Fox What is it darling?

Narrator 2 said Mrs. Fox quickly.

Narrator 3 Mr. Fox said carefully.

Mr. Fox I've just had a bit of an idea.

Small Fox What? Oh, Dad, what is it?

Mrs. Fox Come on! Tell us quickly!

Mr. Fox Well...

Narrator 4 said Mr. Fox, then he stopped and sighed and sadly shook his head. He sat down again, and said,

Mr. Fox It's no good. It won't work after all.

Small Fox Why not, Dad?

Mr. Fox Because it means more digging and we aren't any of us strong enough for that after three days and nights without food.

Small Fox Yes we are, Dad!

Narrator 1 cried the small foxes, jumping up and running to their father.

Small Fox We can do it! You see if we can't! So can you!

Narrator 2 Mr. Fox looked at the four small Foxes and he smiled. What fine children I have, he thought. They are starving to death and they haven't had a drink for three days, but they are still undefeated. I must not let them down. He said,

Mr. Fox I...I suppose we could give it a try.

Small Fox Let's go, Dad! Tell us what you want us to do!

Narrator 3 Slowly Mrs. Fox got to her feet. She was suffering more than any of them from the lack of food and water. She was very weak, and said,

Mrs. Fox I am sorry, but I don't think I am going to be of much help.

Mr. Fox You stay right where you are, my darling. We can handle this by ourselves.

Act 10

Boggis's Chicken House Number One

- Narrator 4 Mr. Fox, pointing sideways and downward said,
- Mr. Fox This time we must go in a very special direction.
- Narrator 1 So he and his four children started to dig once again. The work went much more slowly now. Yet they kept at it with great courage, and little by little the tunnel began to grow.
- Small Fox Dad, I wish you would tell us where we are going.
- Mr. Fox I dare not do that, because this place I am hoping to get to is so marvelous that if I described it to you now you would go crazy with excitement. And then, if we failed to get there (which is very possible), you would die of disappointment. I don't want to raise your hopes too much, my darlings.

Narrator 2 For a long time they kept on digging. for how long they did not know, because there were no days and night down there in the murky tunnel. But at last Mr. Fox gave the order to stop and said,

Mr. Fox I think we had better take a peep upstairs now and see where we are. I know where I want to be, but I can't possibly be sure we're anywhere near it.

Narrator 3 Slowly, wearily, the foxes began to slope the tunnel up towards the surface. Up and up it went...until suddenly they came to something hard above their heads and they couldn't go up any further. Mr. Fox reached up to examine this hard thing. He whispered to the small foxes,

Mr. Fox (whispering) It's wood... Wooden planks!

Small Fox What does that mean, Dad?

Mr. Fox It means, unless I am very much mistaken, that we are right underneath somebody's house. Be very quiet now while I take a peek.

Narrator 4 Carefully, Mr. Fox began pushing up one of the floorboards. The board creaked most terribly and they all ducked down, waiting for something awful to happen. Nothing did. So Mr. Fox pushed up a second board. And then, very very cautiously, he poked his head up through the gap. He let out a shriek of excitement.

Mr. Fox I've done it! I've done it first time? I've done it! I've done it!

Narrator 1 He pulled himself up through the gap in the floor and started prancing and dancing with joy. He sang out,

Mr. Fox Come on up! Come up and see where you are, my darlings. What a sight for a hungry fox! Hallelujah! Hooray! Hooray!

Narrator 2 The four Small Foxes scrambled up out of the tunnel and what a fantastic sight it was that now met their eyes! They were in a huge shed and the whole place was teeming with chickens. There were white chickens and brown chickens and black chickens by the thousand!

Mr. Fox Boggis's Chicken House Number One! It's exactly what I was aiming at! I hit it slap in the middle! First time! Isn't that fantastic! And, if I may say so, rather clever!

Narrator 3 The Small Foxes went wild with excitement. They started running around in all directions, chasing the stupid chickens.

Mr. Fox Wait! Don't lose your heads! Stand back! Calm down! Let's do this properly! First of all, everyone have a drink of water!

Narrator 4 They all ran over to the chickens' drinking-trough and lapped up the lovely cool water. Then Mr. Fox chose three of the plumpest hens, and with a clever flick of his jaws he killed them instantly.

Mr. Fox Back to the tunnel! Come on! No fooling around! The quicker you move the quicker you shall have something to eat!

Narrator 1 One after another, they climbed down through the hole in the floor and soon they were all standing once again in the dark tunnel. Mr. Fox reached up and pulled the floorboards back into place. He did this with great care. He did it so that no one could tell they had ever been moved. He said, giving the three plump hens to the biggest of his four small children,

Mr. Fox My son, run back with these to your mother. Tell her to prepare a feast. Tell her the rest of us will be along in a jiffy, as soon as have made a few other little arrangements.

Act 11

A Surprise for Mrs. Fox

- Narrator 2 The Small Fox ran back as fast as he could, carrying the three plump hens. He was exploding with joy. “Just wait!” he kept thinking, “just wait till Mummy sees these!” He had a long way to run but he never stopped once on the way and he came bursting in upon Mrs. Fox. He cried, out of breath,
- Small Fox Mummy! Look, Mummy, look! Wake up and see what I’ve brought you!
- Narrator 3 Mrs. Fox, who was weaker than ever now from lack of food, opened one eye and looked at the hens. She murmured,
- Mrs. Fox I’m dreaming.
- Narrator 4 and closed her eye again.
- Small Fox You’re not dreaming, Mummy! They’re real chickens! We’re saved! We’re not going to starve!
- Narrator 1 Mrs. Fox opened both eyes and sat up quickly. She cried,
- Mrs. Fox But, my dear child! Where on earth...?

Small Fox Boggis's Chicken House Number One!
We tunneled right up under the floor and
you've never seen so many big fat hens
in all your life! And Dad said to prepare a
feast! They'll be back soon!

Narrator 2 The sight of food seemed to give new
strength to Mrs. Fox. She stood up and
said,

Mrs. Fox A feast it shall be! Oh, what a fantastic
fox your father is! Hurry up, child, and
start plucking those chickens!

Narrator 3 Far away down in the tunnel, the
fantastic Mr. Fox was saying,

Mr. Fox
do Now for the next bit, my darlings! This
one'll be as easy as pie! All we have to
is dig another little tunnel from here to
there!

Small Fox To where, Dad?

Mr. Fox Don't ask so many questions. Start
digging!

Act 12

Badger

- Narrator 4 Mr. Fox and the three remaining Small Foxes dug fast and straight. They were all too excited now to feel tired or hungry. They knew they were going to have a whacking great feast before long and the fact that it was none other than Boggis's chickens they were going to eat made them churgle with laughter every time they thought of it.
- Narrator 1 It was lovely to realize that while the fat farmer was sitting up there on the hill waiting for them to starve, he was also giving them their dinner without knowing it. Mr. Fox said,
- Mr. Fox Keep digging. It's not much further.
- Narrator 2 All of a sudden a deep voice above their heads said,
- Badger Who goes there?
- Narrator 3 The foxes jumped. They looked up quickly and they saw, peeking through a small hole in the roof of the tunnel, a long black pointed furry face. Mr. Fox cried,

Mr. Fox Badger!

Badger Foxy! My goodness me, I'm glad I found someone at last! I've been digging around in circles for three days and nights and I haven't the foggiest idea where I am!

Narrator 4 Badger made the hole in the ceiling bigger and dropped down beside the foxes. A Small Badger (his son) dropped down after him.

Badger Haven't you heard what's happening up on the hill! It's chaos! Half the wood has disappeared and there are men with guns all over the countryside! None of us can get out, even at night! We're all starving to death!

Narrator 1 Mr. Fox asked,

Mr. Fox Who is we?

Badger All us diggers. That's me and Mole and Rabbit and all our wives and children. Even Weasel, who can usually sneak out of the tightest spots, is right now hiding down my hole with Mrs. Weasel and six kids. What on earth are we going to do, Foxy? I think we're finished!

Narrator 2 Mr. Fox looked at his three children and smiled. The children looked back at him, sharing his secret. Fox said,

Mr. Fox My dear old Badger. This mess you're in is all my fault...

Badger I know it's your fault. And the farmers are not going to give up till they've got you. Unfortunately, that means us as well. It means everyone on the hill.

Narrator 3 Badger sat down and put a paw around his small son.

Badger We're done for. My poor wife up there is so weak she can't dig another yard.

Mr. Fox Nor can mine. And yet at this very minute she is preparing for me and my children the most delicious feast of plump juicy chickens...

Badger Stop! Don't tease me. I can't stand it!

Small Fox It's true! Dad's not teasing! We've got chickens galore!

Mr. Fox And because everything is entirely my fault, I invite you to share the feast. I invite everyone to share it...you and Mole and Rabbit and Weasel and all your wives and children. There'll be plenty to go round, I can assure you.

Narrator 4 Mr. Badger cried,

Badger You mean it! You really mean it

Narrator 1 Mr. Fox pushed his face close to Badger's and whispered darkly,

Badger	Where?
Mr. Fox	Right inside Boggis's Chicken House Number One!
Badger	No!
Mr. Fox	Yes! But that is nothing to where we are going now. You have come just at the right moment, my dear Badger. You can help us dig. And in the meanwhile, your small son can run back to Mrs. Badger and all the others and spread the good news.
Narrator 2	Mr. Fox turned to the Small Badger and said,
Small Badger	Yes, Mr. Fox! Yes sir! Right away sir! Oh, thank you, sir!
Narrator 3	And he scrambled quickly back through the hole in the roof of the tunnel and disappeared.

Act 13

Bunce's Giant Storehouse

- Badger My dear Foxy!
- Narrator 4 cried Badger
- Badger What in the world has happened to your tail?
- Mr. Fox Don't talk about it, please. It's a painful subject.
- Narrator 1 They were digging the new tunnel. They dug on in silence. Badger was a great digger and the tunnel went forward at a terrific pace now that he was lending a paw. Soon they were crouching underneath yet another wooden floor. Mr. Fox grinned slyly, showing sharp white teeth. He said,
- Mr. Fox If I am not mistaken, my dear Badger, we are now underneath the farm which belongs to that nasty pot-bellied dwarf, Bunce. We are, in fact, directly underneath the most interesting part of that farm.

Narrator 2	The Small Foxes, licking their lips, cried out,
Small Fox	Ducks and geese! Juicy tender ducks and big fat geese!
Narrator 3	Mr. Fox added,
Mr. Fox	Ex-actly !
Badger	But how in the world can you know where we are?
Narrator 4	asked Mr. Badger. Mr. Fox grinned again, showing even more white teeth,
Mr. Fox	Look, I know my way around these farms blindfolded. For me it's just as easy below ground as it is above it.
Narrator 1	He reached high and pushed up one wooden floorboard, then another. He poked his head through the gap. He jumped up into the room above and shouted,
Mr. Fox	I've done it again! I've hit it smack on the nose! Right in the bull's-eye! Come and look!
Narrator 2	Quickly Badger and the three Small Foxes scrambled up after him. They stopped and stared. They stood and gaped. They were so overwhelmed they couldn't speak; for what they saw was a kind of fox's dream, a badger's dream, a paradise for hungry animals.

- Mr. Fox This, my dear old Badger, is Bunce's Mighty Storehouse! All his finest stuff is stored in here before he sends it off to market.
- Narrator 3 Against all the four walls of the great room, stacked in cupboards and piled upon shelves reaching from floor to ceiling, were thousands and thousands of the finest and fattest ducks and geese, plucked and ready for roasting! And up above, dangling from the rafters, there must have been at least a hundred smoked hams and fifty sides of bacon!
- Narrator 4 Mr. Fox, dancing up and down, cried out,
- Mr. Fox What d'you think of it, eh? Pretty good grub!
- Narrator 1 Suddenly, as though springs had been released in their legs, the three hungry Small Foxes and the ravenously hungry Badger sprung forward to grab the luscious food. Quickly, Mr. Fox ordered,
- Mr. Fox Stop! This is my party, so I shall do the choosing.
- Narrator 2 The others fell back, licking their chops. Mr. Fox began prowling around the storehouse examining the glorious display with an expert eye. A thread of saliva slid down one side of his jaw and hung suspended in mid-air, then snapped,

Mr. Fox We mustn't overdo it. Mustn't give game away. Mustn't let them know what we've been up to. We must be neat and tidy and take just a few of the choicest morsels. So, to start with we shall have four plump young ducks.

Narrator 3 He took them from the shelf.

Mr. Fox Oh, how lovely and fat they are! No wonder Bunce gets a special price for them in the market... All right, Badger, lend me a hand to get them down... You children can help as well... There we go... Goodness me, look how your mouths are watering... And now... I think we had better have a few geese... Three will be quite enough... We'll take the biggest... Oh my, oh my, you'll never see finer geese than these in a king's kitchen... Gently does it... that's the way... And what about a couple of nice smoked hams... I adore smoked ham, don't you Badger?... Fetch me that step-ladder, will you please?

Narrator 4 Mr. Fox climbed up the ladder and handed down three magnificent hams and said,

Mr. Fox And do you like bacon, Badger?

Badger I'm mad about bacon! Let's have a side of bacon! That big one up there!

Small Fox And carrots, Dad! We must take some of those carrots.

Mr. Fox Don't be a twerp, you know we never eat things like that.

Small Fox It's not for us, Dad. It's for the Rabbits. They only eat vegetables.

Mr. Fox My goodness me, you're right! What a thoughtful little fellow you are! Take ten bunches of carrots!

Narrator 1 Soon, all this lovely loot was lying in a neat heap upon the floor. The Small Foxes crouched close, their noses twitching, their eyes shining like stars.

Mr. Fox And now, we shall have to borrow from our friend Bunce two of those useful push-carts over in the corner.

Narrator 2 He and Badger fetched the pushcarts, and the ducks and geese and hams and bacon were loaded on the them.

Narrator 3 The animals slid down after them. Back in the tunnel, Mr. Fox again pulled the floorboards very carefully into place so that no one could see they had been moved.

Mr. Fox My darlings, take a cart each and run back as fast as you can to your mother. Give her my love and tell her we are having guests for dinner...the Badgers, the Moles, the Rabbits and the Weasels. Tell her it must be a truly great feast. And tell her the rest of us will be home as soon as we've done one more little job.

Small Fox

Yes, Dad! Right away, Dad!

Narrator 4

they answered, and they grabbed a trolley each and went rushing off down the tunnel.

Act 14

Badger Has Doubts

Narrator 1	Mr. Fox cried,
Mr. Fox	Just one more visit!
Small Fox	And I'll bet I know where that'll be!
Narrator 2	said the Small Fox now left, the smallest Fox of all.
Badger	Where?
Small Fox	Well, we've been to Boggis and we've been to Bunce but we haven't been to Bean. It must be Bean.
Mr. Fox	You are right, but what you don't know which part of Bean's place we are about to visit.
Small Fox & Badger	Which? Which?
Mr. Fox	Ah-ha, just you wait and see.
Narrator 3	The tunnel was going forward fast. Suddenly Badger said,
Badger	Doesn't this worry you just a tiny bit, Foxy?

Mr. Fox Worry me? Why worry? Worry about what?

Badger All this...this stealing.

Narrator 4 Mr. Fox stopped digging and stared at Badger as though he had gone completely dotty. He said,

Mr. Fox My dear old furry frump, do you know anyone in the whole world who wouldn't swipe a few chickens if his children were starving to death?

Narrator 1 There was a short silence while Badger thought deeply about this. Then Mr. Fox added,
You are far too respectable.

Badger There's nothing wrong with being respectable.

Mr. Fox Look, Boggis and Bunce and Bean are out to kill us. You realize that, I hope?

Badger I do, Foxy, I do indeed.

Mr. Fox But we're not going to stoop to their level. We don't want to kill them.

Badger I should hope not, indeed.

Mr. Fox We wouldn't dream of it. We shall simply take a little food here and there to keep us and our families alive. Right?

Badger I suppose we'll have to.

Mr. Fox If they want to be horrible, let them. We down here are decent peace-loving people.

Narrator 2 Badger laid his head on one side and smiled at Mr. Fox and said,

Badger Foxy, I love you.

Mr. Fox Thank you. And now let's get on with the digging.

Narrator 3 Five minutes later, Badger's front paws hit against something flat and hard. He said,

Badger What on earth is this? It looks like a solid stone wall.

Narrator 4 It was a wall. But it was built of bricks, not stones. The wall was right in front of them, blocking their way.

Badger Now who in the world would build a wall under the ground?

Narrator 1 asked Badger.

Mr. Fox Very simple. It's the wall of an underground room. And if I'm not mistaken, it is exactly what I'm looking for.

Act 15

Bean's Secret Cider Cellar

Narrator 2 Mr. Fox examined the wall carefully. He saw that the cement between the bricks was old and crumbly, so he loosened a brick without much trouble and pulled it away. Suddenly, out from the hole where the brick had been, there popped a small sharp face with whiskers. It snapped,

Rat Go away! You can't come in here! It's private!

Narrator 3 Badger exclaimed,

Badger Good Lord! It's Rat!

Narrator 4 Mr. Fox said,

Mr. Fox You saucy beast! I should have guessed we'd find you down here somewhere.

Rat Go away! Go on, beat it! This is my private pitch!

Mr. Fox Shut up!

Narrator 1 said Mr. Fox.

Rat I will not shut up! This is my place! I got here first!

Narrator 2	Mr. Fox gave a brilliant smile, flashing his white teeth, and said,
Mr. Fox	My dear Rat. I am a hungry fellow and if you don't hop it quickly I shall eat-you-up-in-one-gulp!
Narrator 3	That did it. Rat popped back fast out of sight. Mr. Fox laughed and began pulling more bricks out of the wall. When he had made a biggish hole, he crept through it. Badger and the smallest Fox followed him in. They found themselves in a vast, damp, gloomy cellar. Mr. Fox cried,
Mr. Fox	This is it!
Badger	This is what?
Narrator 4	said the Badger.
Badger	The place is empty.
Small Fox	Where are the turkeys?
Narrator 1	asked the Smallest Fox, staring into the gloom.
Small Fox	I thought Bean was a turkey man.
Mr. Fox	He is a turkey man, but we're not after turkeys now. We've got plenty of food.
Small Fox	Then what do we need, Dad?
Mr. Fox	Take a good look around. Don't you see anything that interests you?

Narrator 2 Badger and the Smallest Fox peered into the half darkness. As their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they began to see what looked like a whole lot of big glass jars standing upon shelves around the walls. They went closer. They were jars. There were hundreds of them, and upon each one was written the word CIDER.

Narrator 3 The Smallest Fox leaped high in the air and cried out,

Small Fox Oh, Dad! Look what we've found! It's cider!

Mr. Fox Ex-actly!

Badger Tremendous!

Narrator 4 shouted Mr. Badger.

Mr. Fox Bean's Secret Cider Cellar!

Narrator 1 said Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox But go carefully my dears. Don't make a noise. This cellar is right underneath the farmhouse itself.

Badger Cider, is especially good for Badgers. We take it as medicine...one large glass three times a day with meals and another at bedtime.

Mr. Fox It will make the feast into a banquet.

Narrator 2 While they were talking, the Smallest Fox had sneaked a jar off the shelf and had taken a gulp. He gasped,

Small Fox Wow! Wow-ee!

Narrator 3 You must understand this was not the ordinary weak fizzy cider one buys in a store. It was the real stuff, a home-brewed fiery liquor that burned in your heart and boiled in your stomach.

Narrator 4 The Smallest Fox gasped,

Small Fox Ah-h-h-h-h-h! This is some cider!

Mr. Fox That's quite enough of that,

Narrator 1 said Mr. Fox, grabbing the jar and putting it to his own lips. He took a tremendous gulp and whispered,

Mr. Fox It's miraculous! It's fabulous!

Narrator 2 fighting for breath, he continued,

Mr. Fox It's beautiful!

Badger It's my turn,

Narrator 3 said Badger, taking the jar and tilting his head well back. The cider gurgled and bubbled down his throat.

Badger It's. . . it's like melted gold! Oh, Foxy, it's . . . like drinking sunbeams and rainbows!

Narrator 4 Rat shrieked,

Rat You're poaching! Put that down at once! There'll be none left for me!

Narrator 1 Rat was perched upon the highest shelf in the cellar, peering out from behind a huge jar. There was a small rubber tube inserted in the neck of the jar, and Rat was using this tube to suck out the cider.

Mr. Fox You're drunk!

Narrator 2 said Mr. Fox.

Rat Mind your own business! And if you great clumsy brutes come messing about in here we'll all be caught! Get out and leave me to sip my cider in peace!

Narrator 3 At that moment they heard a woman's voice calling out in the house above them.

Narrator 4 The voice called, "Hurry up and get that cider, Mabel! You know Mr. Bean doesn't like to be kept waiting! Especially when he's been out all night in a tent!

Narrator 1 The animals froze. They stayed absolutely still, their ears pricked, their bodies tense. Then they heard the sound of a door being opened. The door was at the top of a flight of stone steps leading down from the house to the cellar.

Narrator 2 And now someone was starting to come down those steps...

Act 16

The Woman

- Mr. Fox Quick! Hide!
- Narrator 3 said Mr. Fox. He and Badger and the Smallest Fox jumped up on to a shelf and crouched behind a row of big cider jars. Peering around the jars, they saw a huge woman coming down into the cellar.
- Narrator 4 At the foot of the steps, the woman paused, looking to right and left. Then she turned and headed straight for the place where Mr. Fox and Badger and the Smallest Fox were hiding. She stopped right in front of them.
- Narrator 1 The only thing between her and them was a row of cider jars. She was so close, Mr. Fox could hear the sound of her breathing. Peeping through the crack between two bottles, he noticed that she carried a big rolling-pin in one hand.
- Narrator 2 “How many will he want this time, Mrs. Bean” the woman shouted. And from the top of the steps the other voice called back,
- Narrator 3 “Bring up two or three jars.”
- Narrator 4 “He drank four yesterday, Mrs. Bean.

- Narrator 1 "Yes, but he won't want that many today because he's not going to be up there more than a few hours longer. He says the fox is bound to make a run for it this morning. It can't possibly stay down that hole another day without food."
- Narrator 2 The woman in the cellar reached out and lifted a jar of cider from the shelf. The jar she took was next but one to the jar behind which Mr. Fox was crouching.
- Narrator 3 "I'll be glad when the rotten brute is killed and strung up on the front porch. And by the way, Mrs. Bean, your husband promised I could have the tail as a souvenir."
- Narrator 4 "The tails been all shot to pieces. Didn't you know that?"
- Narrator 1 You mean it's ruined?
- Narrator 2 "Of course it's ruined. They shot the tail but missed the fox."
- Narrator 3 "Oh heck! I did so want that tail!"
- Narrator 4 "You can have the head instead, Mabel. You can get it stuffed and hang it on your bedroom wall. Hurry up now with that cider!"
- Narrator 1 Yes, Ma'am, I'm coming.

Narrator 2 and she took a second jar from the shelf.

Narrator 3 Mr. Fox thought,

Mr. Fox If she takes one more, she'll see us!

Narrator 4 Mr. Fox could feel the Smallest Fox's body pressed tightly against his own, quivering with excitement.

Narrator 1 "Will two be enough, Mrs. Bean, or shall I take three?"

Narrator 2 "My goodness, Mabel, I don't care so long as you get a move on!"

Narrator 3 Then two it is." said the huge woman, speaking to herself now," He drinks too much anyway."
Carrying a jar in each hand and with the rolling-pin under one arm, she walked away across the cellar. At the foot of the steps she paused and looked around, sniffing the air. "There's rats down here again, Mrs. Bean. I can smell em"

Narrator 4 "Then poison them, woman, poison them! You know where the poison's kept."

Narrator 1 "Yes, Ma'am."

Narrator 2 She climbed slowly out of sight up the steps. The door slammed.

Narrator 3 Mr. Fox quickly said,

Mr. Fox Quick! Grab a jar each and run for it!

Narrator 4 Rat stood on a high shelf and shrieked,

Rat What did I tell you! You nearly got nabbed, didn't you? You nearly gave the game away! You keep out of here from now on! I don't want you around! This is my place!

Mr. Fox You,

Narrator 1 said Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox are going to be poisoned.

Rat Poppycock! I sit up here and watch 'er putting the stuff down. She'll never get me.

Narrator 2 Mr. Fox and Badger and the Smallest Fox ran across the cellar clutching a gallon jar each. "Goodbye, Rat!" they called out as they disappeared through the hole in the wall. "Thanks for the lovely cider!"

Rat Thieves! Robbers! Bandits! Burglars!

Act 17

The Great Feast

- Narrator 3 Back in the tunnel they paused so that Mr. Fox could brick up the hole in the wall. He was humming to himself as he put the bricks back in place. He said,
- Mr. Fox I can still taste that glorious cider. What an impudent fellow Rat is.
- Badger He has bad manners.
- Narrator 4 said Badger. He said,
- Badger All rats have bad manners. I've never met a polite rat yet.
- Narrator 1 They grabbed their jars of cider and off they went. Mr. Fox was in front, the Smallest Fox came next and Badger last. Along the tunnel they flew...past the turning that led to Bunce's Mighty Storehouse...past Boggis's Chicken House Number One and then up the long home stretch towards the place where they knew Mrs. Fox would be waiting.
- Mr. Fox Keep it up, my darlings! We'll soon be there! Think what's waiting for us at the other end! And just think what we're bringing home with us in these jars! That ought to cheer up poor Mrs. Fox.

Narrator 2

Mr. Fox sang a little song as he ran:

*'Home again swiftly I glide,
Back to my beautiful bride.
She'll not feel so rotten
As soon as she's gotten
Some cider inside her inside.'*

Narrator 3

Then Badger joined in:

*'Oh poor Mrs. Badger, he cried,
So hungry she very near died.
But she'll not feel so hollow
If only she'll swallow
Some cider inside her inside'*

Narrator 4

They were still singing as they rounded the final corner and burst in upon the most wonderful and amazing sight any of them had ever seen. The feast was just beginning. A large dining-room had been hollowed out of the earth, and in the middle of it, seated around a huge table, were no less than twenty-nine animals.

Narrator 1

They were:

Mrs. Fox and three Small Foxes.
Mrs. Badger and three Small Badgers.
Mole and Mrs. Mole and four Small Moles.
Rabbit and Mrs. Rabbit and five Small Rabbits.
Weasel and Mrs. Weasel and six Small Weasels.

The table was covered with chickens and ducks and geese and hams and bacon, and everyone was tucking into the lovely food.

Mrs. Fox

My darling!

Narrator 2 cried Mrs. Fox, jumping up and hugging Mr. Fox.

Mrs. Fox We couldn't wait! Please forgive us!

Narrator 3 Then she hugged the Smallest Fox of all, and Mrs. Badger hugged Badger, and everyone hugged everyone else. Amid shouts of joy, the great jars of cider were placed upon the table, and Mr. Fox and Badger and the Smallest Fox sat down with the others.

Narrator 4 You must remember no one had eaten a thing for several days. They were ravenous. So for a while there was no conversation at all. There was only the sound of crunching and chewing as the animals attacked the succulent food. At last, Badger stood up. He raise his glass of cider and called out,

Badger A toast! I want you all to stand and drink a toast to our dear friend who has saved our lives this day...Mr. Fox!

Narrator 1 “To Mr. Fox!” they all shouted, standing up and raising their glasses. “To Mr. Fox! Long may he live!”

Narrator 2 Then Mrs. Fox got to her feet and said,

Mrs. Fox I don't want to make a speech. I just want to say one thing, and it is this: MY HUSBAND IS A FANTASTIC FOX!

Narrator 3	Everyone clapped and cheered. Then Mr. Fox himself stood up.
Mr. Fox	This delicious meal...
Narrator 4	he began, then he stopped. In the silence that followed, he let fly a tremendous belch. There was laughter and more clapping. He went on,
Mr. Fox	This delicious meal, my friends is by courtesy of Messr's Boggis, Bunce and Bean.
Narrator 1	More cheering and laughter.
Mr. Fox	And I hope you have enjoyed it as much as I have.
Narrator 2	He let fly another colossal belch.
Badger	Better out than in.
Narrator 3	said Badger.
Mr. Fox	Thank you. But now, my friends, let us be serious. Let us think of tomorrow and the next day and the days after that. If we go out, we will be killed. Right?
Everyone	Right!
Badger	We'll be shot before we've gone a yard.

Mr. Fox Ex-actly! But who wants to go out, anyway; let me ask you that? We are all diggers, every one of us. We hate the outside. The outside is full of enemies. We only go out because we have to, to get food for our families. But now, my friends, we have an entirely new set-up. We have a safe tunnel leading to three of the finest stores in the world!

Badger We do indeed! I've seen 'em!

Mr. Fox And you know what this means! It means that none of us need ever go out into the open again!

Narrator 4 There was a buzz of excitement around the table.

Mr. Fox I therefore invite you all, to stay here with me for ever.

Everyone For ever!

Narrator 1 All said, "My goodness! How marvelous!" And Rabbit said to Mrs. Rabbit, "My dear, just think! We're never going to be shot at again in our lives!"

Mr. Fox

We will make a little underground village, with streets and houses on each side...separate houses for Badgers and Moles and Rabbits and Weasels and Foxes. And every day I will go shopping for you all. And every day we will eat like kings.

Narrator 2

The cheering that followed this speech went on for many minutes.

Act 18

Still Waiting

- Narrator 3 Outside the fox's hole, Boggis and Bunce and Bean sat beside their tents with their guns on their laps. It was beginning to rain. Water was trickling down the necks of the three men and into their shoes.
- Narrator 4 Boggis said,
- Boggis He won't stay down there much longer now.
- Bunce The brute must be famished.
- Narrator 1 said Bunce.
- Bean That's right!
- Narrator 2 said Bean.
- Bean He'll be making a dash for it any moment. Keep your guns handy.
- Narrator 3 They sat there by the hole, waiting for the fox to come out.
- Narrator 4 And so far as I know, they are still waiting.

THE END!

FARLEY DREXEL MEETS THE RAT FACE
(A portion of Chapter 6)
from
SUPER FUDGE
by Judy Blume
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by J. Servis

CAST

Narrator

Peter, 6th Grade Boy

Mrs. Hildebrandt, Kindergarten Teacher

Ms. Ziff, Kindergarten Teacher

Fudge, Peter's Brother

Mr. Green, Principal

NARRATOR: It was the first day of school. Peter had just met his 6th-grade teacher and classmates when a message came over the intercom asking him to come to the principal's office.

PETER: You wanted to see me? I mean.....see me?

NARRATOR: Said Peter to Mr. Green, the principal.

MR. GREEN: Hello, Peter. We're having a bit of a problem with your brother.

NARRATOR: Explained Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN: We've tried to get your mother or father on the phone, but there's no answer, so we were hoping you'd be willing to help us.

PETER: What'd he do this time?

MR. GREEN: A number of things. Come on down to the kindergarten. I'll show you.

NARRATOR: They walked down the hall together and entered the kindergarten. All of the children were busy...some building blocks, others painting, and a group playing house in the corner. Peter's brother, Fudge, was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Hildebrandt, the teacher, came limping toward Mr.Green and Peter.

Mrs. H.: Oh, Mr. Green, I'm so glad you're here. I can't do a thing with him. He still refuses to come down.

NARRATOR: Peter looked up. There was Fudge perched on top of the cabinets, just inches from the ceiling.

FUDGE: (Waving to Peter) Hi, Pee-tah!

PETER: What are you doing up there?

FUDGE: Resting

PETER: Come on down.

FUDGE: No, I don't like this school. I quit!

MR. GREEN: You can't quit.

NARRATOR: Said Mr. Green.

FUDGE: Why not?

MR. GREEN: Because going to school is your job. Otherwise what will you be when you grow up?

FUDGE: A bird!

MR. GREEN: (Laughing) Creative, isn't he?

MRS. H.: I wouldn't necessarily call it that.

PETER: Why'd he climb up there in the first place Mrs. Hildebrandt?

MRS. H.: Well, that is a long story.

FUDGE: Because she's mean. (Spelling) M...E...A...N, Mean!

MRS. H.: Mr. Green, you've known me for a long time and I ask you, have I ever been mean to a child...knowingly, consciously, intentionally mean? Especially on the first day of school?

FUDGE: (Interrupting) She wouldn't call me FUDGE! That's why I had to kick her.

PETER: He kicked you?

NARRATOR: Peter asked Mrs. Hildebrandt in a horrified manner.

MRS. H.: (Lifting her skirt and pointing to her bruised shin) And I don't mind telling you that I was in great pain. I almost passed out...right in front of the children.

PETER: Is that when he climbed to the top of the cabinet?

MRS. H.: (Primly) That is correct.

FUDGE: (Loudly) Because she wouldn't call me FUDGE!

MRS. H.: It's not a proper name. And it's not as if he hasn't got a proper name. He has!....FARLEY DREXEL HATCHER. I told him I would call him Farley.....or I would call him Drexel.....or I would call him F.D.

FUDGE: (Louder) But she wouldn't call me FUDGE!

NARRATOR: All the little kids turned around and suddenly the room was very quiet.

MRS. H.: That's right. Fudge is a good name for candy. It is not a good name for a boy.

FUDGE: (Shouting) I told you. I'm a bird!

MRS. H.: There is something very definitely wrong with that child.

PETER: (Explaining) There's nothing wrong with him! My mother calls him Fudge. My father calls him Fudge. My grand-mother calls him Fudge. My friends call him Fudge. I call him Fudge.....He calls himself Fudge...

MR. GREEN: Yes, we get the picture.

MRS. H.: I can't imagine a parent actually deciding to call a child Fudge!

PETER: You don't know my parents.

MR. GREEN: (Decisively) I think what we have here is a basic personality conflict. So I suggest that we transfer Fudge to Ms. Ziff's kindergarten.

MRS. H.: Splendid idea! The sooner the better.

PETER: (To Fudge) You can come down now. You're going into the other kindergarten.

FUDGE: Will the teacher call me Fudge?

MR. GREEN: As long as you want her to.

FUDGE: And will she let me use the round blocks?

MRS. H.: (Explaining to Mr. Green) I never let them use the round blocks on the first day. It's one of my rules.

FUDGE: You can't build anything good without the round blocks.

MR. GREEN: (To Fudge) We'll ask Ms. Ziff. But we do have rules here...and you will have to obey them.

FUDGE: As long as I can use the round blocks.

NARRATOR: Mr. Green loosened his shirt collar and wiped off his forehead with a handkerchief. Just then Fudge started climbing down. Mr. Green reached up and lifted him the rest of the way down.

MRS. H.: Good-bye, Farley Drexel.

FUDGE: Good-bye, Rat Face.

PETER: (Nudging Fudge and whispering) You don't go around calling teachers Rat Face.

FUDGE: Not even if they have one?

PETER: Not even then.

NARRATOR: Mr. Green and Peter took Fudge next door to Ms. Ziff's kindergarten. Mr. Green handed her Fudge's registration card.

MR. GREEN: His name is Farley Drexel. But everybody calls him Fudge.

MS. ZIFF: (Smiling at Fudge) And I'll bet you're as sweet as your name.

FUDGE: (Agreeing) I am.

PETER:

(To himself) Just ask Mrs. Hildebrandt!

THE END

THE FAT CAT: A DANISH FOLK TALE

by Jack Kent
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Shane Chapman

Characters: Narrator Cat
 Five Birds Skohottentot
 Parson Seven Girls
 Old Woman
 Skolinkenlot

Narrator There once was an old woman who was cooking some gruel. She had some business with a neighbor woman and asked the cat if he would look after the gruel while she was gone.

Cat I'll be glad to.

Narrator But when the old woman had gone, the gruel looked so good that the cat ate it all. And the pot, too. When the old woman came back she said to the cat,

Old Woman Now what has happened to the gruel?

Cat Oh, I ate the gruel and I ate the pot, too. And now I am going to also eat YOU!

Narrator And he ate the old woman. He went for a walk and on the way he met Skohottentot.

Skohottentot What have you been eating, my little cat? You are so FAT!

Cat I ate the gruel and the pot and the old woman, too. And now I am going to also eat YOU!

Narrator So he ate Skohottentot. Afterwards, he met Skolinkenlot.

Skolinkenlot What have you been eating, my little cat? You are so FAT!

Cat I ate the gruel and the pot and the old woman, too, and Skohottentot. And now I am going to also eat YOU!

Narrator So he ate Skolinkenlot. Next, he met five birds in a flock.

Five Birds What have you been eating, my little cat? You are so FAT!

Cat I ate the gruel and the pot and the old woman, too, and Skohottentot and Skolinkenlot. And now I am going to also eat YOU!

Narrator And he ate the five birds in a flock.
Later, he met seven girls dancing.
And they, too, said to him,

Seven Girls Gracious! What have you been
eating, my little cat. You are so
FAT!

Cat I ate the gruel and the pot and the
old woman, too, and Skohottentot
and Skolinkenlot and five birds in a
flock and seven girls dancing. And
now I am going to also eat YOU!

Narrator And he ate the lady with the pink
parasol. And a little later he met a
person with a crooked staff.

Parson Dear me! What have you been
eating, my little cat? You are so
FAT!

Cat Oh. I ate the gruel and the pot and
the old woman, too, and
Skohottentot and Skolinkenlot and
five birds in a flock and seven girls
dancing and the lady with the pink
parasol.
And now I'm going to eat you!

THE END!

The Fox and His Friends

READER'S THEATER

(an original play)

by Debbie Mayer

Characters:

Narrator

Fox

Louise

Mom

Narrator

Fox went to the park and sat down on a bench.

Fox

This is awful! Today is Saturday, but there is no one to have fun with, no one at all!

Narrator

Fox thought long and hard.

Fox

Nothing to do here, come on Louise.

Narrator

But Louise did not answer.

Fox

She must be hiding. (as he looked around, but Louise was not there). This is serious! (then he looked all over the park...Louise was gone). Oh, Dear, this is very serious (fox left the park).

Louise

YOO-HOO!

Narrator Fox looked up...it was Louise.

Fox COME DOWN THIS MINUTE!

Louise COME AND GET ME!

Fox COME DOWN RIGHT NOW!

Louise NO!

Fox All right, I'm coming up. (fox took a deep breath and climbed the telephone pole).
I don't like high places.

Narrator Fox and Louise came down the
Fox! You are in trouble!

Narrator On the way home, fox had a terrible thought. What if Louise tells? (he said to himself). I will really get it. Fox bought Louise the biggest ice cream cone he could buy.

Fox You must not tell.

Louise Maybe I will and maybe I won't.

Mom What have you two been up to?

Narrator Fox held his breath.

Louise We went to the park.

Mom And?

Louise And...fox bought me an ice cream
 cone.

Mom And?

Louise And...then we came home.

Mom How sweet, fox.

Fox You're OK, Louise!

The End

Franklin Goes to School

by Paulette Bourgeois

and Brenda Clark

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Susan Driscoll

Narrator
Franklin
Mother Bear

Father
Beaver Fox

Rabbit
Mr. Owl

Narr. Franklin could count by twos and tie his shoes.
He could zip zippers and button buttons.
But Franklin was worried about starting school.
And that was a problem because Franklin was going to school for the very first time.
Franklin woke up with the sun.

Franklin It's my first day of school!

Narr. he told Goldie, his fish.
Franklin packed his new pencil case with a ruler, a pencil, an eraser, and twelve colored pencils that he had sharpened himself.
Then he woke his parents.

Franklin Hurry,

Narr. he said to his parents.

Franklin I cannot be late for school.
Franklin's mother looked at the clock.

Mother Even the teacher is not awake,

Narr. she laughed.

Mother It is too early.

Father You must be very excited,

Narr. said Franklin's father. Franklin
nodded.
It was so early that there was no time to
make a big breakfast.

Father You'll need a full tummy to work at
school,

Narr. said Franklin's father.
Franklin was not hungry.

Franklin I already have a full tummy,

Narr. he said.

Franklin It feels like it is full of jumping frogs.

Narr. Franklin's mother gave him a hug.

Mother I felt that way on my first day of school.
But the funny feeling went away.

Narr. Franklin ate a little.
He double-checked his book bag.
Finally, it was time to go school.
Halfway to the bus stop, Franklin
clutched his tummy.

Franklin I don't want to go,

Narr. he said. Franklin's father gave him a hug.

Father That's how I felt when I started school,

Narr. he said.

Father Look.
All of your friends are waiting for the bus.

Narr. There was a big crowd at the bus stop.
There were brothers and sisters and
mothers and fathers.
Beaver was carrying her favorite book.

Beaver I can read it,

Narr. she said.

Bear All of it?

Narr. asked Bear.

Beaver Yes,

Narr. she answered proudly.
Franklin rubbed his tummy.
Rabbit pulled out a brand new notebook.

Rabbit My big sister showed me how to write my numbers,

Narr. he said.

Fox All of them?

Narr. asked Fox.

Rabbit Most of them,

Narr. boasted Rabbit.
Franklin looked at his mother.

Franklin I want to go home,

Narr. he said.

Mother We will be here after school to hear about all the things you did today,

Narr. she said.
When the bus arrived, Rabbit grabbed his sister's hand and climbed aboard. Bear stood on the steps and waved good-bye again and again. Franklin hugged his mother, then his father.

Narr. He kept hugging even after his friends had found seats.
As the bus pulled away, Franklin looked out the window.
He didn't know if he was ready for school.

Rabbit Do you think the teacher will yell?

Narr. wondered Rabbit, who jumped at loud noises.

Beaver Do you think there is a bathroom at school?

Narr asked Beaver, fidgeting in her seat.

Bear I hope somebody has an extra snack,

Narr. said Bear, who had already eaten his. Franklin did not say anything. The bus ride seemed very, very long. When they arrived, their teacher was waiting. Mr. Owl said hello in a gentle voice. He showed them where to hang their coats and where to sit. He showed them where to find the bathroom and offered everyone a piece of fruit. Then, Beaver and Bear went to the reading and writing center. Rabbit went to the play kitchen.

Mr. Owl What would you like to do today, Franklin?

Narr. asked Mr. Owl.

Franklin I don't know,

Narr. said Franklin, rubbing his tummy.

Franklin I cannot write all the numbers like Rabbit can.
I cannot read like Beaver can.

Mr. Owl Rabbit and Beaver will learn new things
 at school, and so will you.

Narr. Franklin started to doodle.

Mr. Owl I can see that you are a very good artist,
Narr. said the teacher.
 Franklin sat up taller.

Franklin I know all my colors too,
Narr. he said.

Mr. Owl What color is this?
Narr. asked Mr. Owl, holding up a colored
 pencil.

Franklin It's a special blue,
Narr. said Franklin.

Franklin It is turquoise.

Mr. Owl Now you have taught me something,
Narr. said Mr. Owl.

Mr. Owl Is there something special you would like
 to learn?

Narr. There were so many things Franklin wanted to learn that he had trouble deciding.
Finally, he asked Mr. Owl to help him read his favorite book.
Franklin made a building of blocks.
He sorted the money in the classroom store and painted four pictures.
One for the teacher, one for himself, and two for his parents.
It was a wonderful day.
Franklin sat at the back of the bus all the way home.
He bumped up and down.
He was so busy having fun that he almost forgot to get off at his stop.
His parents were waiting.

Mother How is your tummy?

Narr. his mother asked.
Franklin looked puzzled.
It had been such a good day that he had forgotten all about his jumpy tummy.

Franklin My tummy is empty !

Narr. he said.

Father That's a feeling that will go away too,

Narr. said Franklin's father.

Mother I made this for you,

]

Narr. said Franklin's mother.
 She gave Franklin his favorite snack, fly
 pie.

Franklin And I made this for you,

Narr. said Franklin.
 He gave his parents two pictures and two
 big hugs.

The End

THE FROG PRINCE CONTINUED

by: Jon Scieszka
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by: Sandy Dauer, Dave Ehrbar, Debbie Mayer, Jennifer Shoda

Characters: Narrator Princess
 Prince Witch 1
 Witch 2 Witch 3
 Fairy Godmother

Narrator The princess kissed the frog. He turned into a prince. And they lived happily ever after...
Well, let's just say they lived sort of happily for a long time. Okay, so they weren't so happy. In fact they were miserable!

Princess (nagging) Stop sticking your tongue out like that!

Prince (whining) How come you never want to go down to the pond anymore?

Narrator The Prince and Princess were so unhappy. They didn't know what to do.

Princess I would prefer that you not hop around on the furniture. And it might be nice if you got out of the castle once in a while to slay a dragon or giant or whatever.

Narrator The Prince didn't feel like going out and slaying anything. He just felt like running away. But then he reread his book. And it said right there at the end of his story:

Prince They lived happily ever after...
The End.

Narrator So he stayed in the castle and drove the Princess crazy. Then one day, the Princess threw a perfectly awful fit.

Princess First you keep me awake all night with your horrible croaking snore. Now I find a lily pad in your pocket. I can't believe I actually kissed your slimy frog lips. Sometimes I think we would both be better off if you were still a frog.

Prince (thinking to self) Still a frog...Yes!
That's it!

Narrator And he ran off into the forest, looking for a witch who could turn him back into a frog. The Prince hadn't gone far when he ran into just the person he was looking for.

Prince Miss Witch...Miss Witch. Excuse me, Miss Witch. I wonder if you could help me?

Witch 1 Say, you're not looking for a princess to kiss, are you?

Prince On, no. I've already been kissed. I'm the Frog Prince. Actually, I was hoping you could turn me back into a frog.

Witch 1 Are you sure you're not looking for a beautiful sleeping princess to kiss and wake up?

Prince No, No! I'm the Frog Prince.

Witch 1 That's funny. You don't look like a frog. Well, no matter. If you're a prince, you're a prince. And I'll have to cast a nasty spell on you. I can't have any princes waking up Sleeping Beauty before the hundred years are up.

Narrator The Prince didn't stick around to see which nasty spell the witch had in mind. He ran deeper into the forest until he came to a tiny cottage where he saw another lady who might help him.

Prince Miss Witch...Miss Witch. Excuse me, Miss Witch. I wonder if you could help me. I'm a prince and...

Witch 2 Eh? What did you say?.....Prince?

Prince No. I mean, yes. I mean, no. I'm not the prince looking for Sleeping Beauty. But yes, I'm the Frog Prince. And I'm looking for a member of your profession who can turn me back into a frog so I can live happily ever after.

Witch 2 Frog Prince, you say? That's funny. I thought frogs were little green guys with webbed feet. Well, no matter. If you're a prince, you're a prince. And I can't have any princes rescuing Snow White. Here...eat the rest of this apple.

Narrator The Prince, who knew his fairy tales (and knew a poisoned apple when he saw one), didn't even stay to say, "No thank you!" He turned and ran deeper into the forest. Soon he came to a strange-looking house with a witch outside.

Prince Ahem... Miss Witch...Miss Witch..... Excuse me, Miss Witch. I wonder if you could help me? I'm the frog...

Witch 3 If you're a frog, I'm the King of France!

Prince No, I'm not a frog. I'm the Frog Prince. But I need a witch to turn me back into a frog, so I can live happily ever after...can you do it?

Witch 3 (licking lips) Why, of course, dearie. Come right in. Maybe I can fit you in for lunch.

Prince (Walks up witch's steps, breaks off a corner of house). I hope you don't mind my asking, Miss Witch. But do you happen to know any children by the name of Hansel and Gretel?

Witch 3 Why yes, Prince darling, I do. I'm expecting them for dinner.

Narrator The Prince, who, as we said before, knew his fairy tales, ran as fast as he could deeper into the forest. Soon he was completely lost. He saw someone standing next to a tree.

Prince (cautiously) Madame. I am the Frog Prince. Could you help me?

Fairy Godmother Gosh, do you need it! You are the worst-looking frog I've ever seen!

Prince (annoyed) I am not a frog! I am the Frog Prince. And I need someone to turn me back into a frog, so I can live happily ever after.

Fairy Well, I'm on my way to see a girl in the village Godmother, about going to a ball, but I suppose I could give it a try. I've never done frogs before, you know.

Narrator And with that, the Fairy Godmother waved her magic wand, and turned the Prince into beautiful...carriage. The Prince couldn't believe his rotten luck. The sun went down. The forest got spookier. And the Prince became more and more frightened.

Prince Oh, what an idiot I've been . I could be sitting at home with the Princess, living happily ever after. But instead, I'm stuck here in the middle of this stupid forest, turned into a stupid carriage.

Prince Now I'll probably just rot and fall apart and live unhappily ever after!

Narrator The Prince thought these terrible, frightening kinds of thoughts (and a few worse...too awful to tell), until far away in the village, the clock struck midnight. The carriage instantly turned back into his former Prince-self, and ran by the light of the moon until he was safe inside his own castle.

Princess

Where have you been? I've been worried sick! You're seven hours late! Your dinner is cold! Your clothes are a mess!

Narrator

The Prince looked at the Princess who had believed him when no one else in the world had, the Princess who had actually kissed his slimy frog lips. The Princess who loved him.

Prince and Princess Kiss!!!

Narrator

The Prince kissed the Princess. They both turned into frogs. And they lived happily ever after!

THE END!

FROG AND TOAD TOGETHER
by Arnold Lobel
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by David Ehrbar

Characters:

Narrator

Toad

Frog

- | | |
|----------|--|
| Narrator | Toad and Frog are best friends. One evening, Toad decided to bake cookies. |
| Toad | These cookies smell very good and they taste even better. |
| Narrator | Toad ran to Frog's house to give him the cookies. |
| Toad | Frog! Frog!...taste these cookies that I have made! |
| Narrator | Frog ate one of the cookies. |
| Frog | These are the best cookies that I have ever eaten! |
| Narrator | Frog and Toad ate many cookies...one after another. |
| Frog | You know, Toad, I think we should stop eating. We will soon be sick. |

Toad You are right, let us eat one last cookie,
and then we will stop.

Narrator Frog and Toad ate one last cookie, but
there were still many cookies left in the
bowl.

Toad Frog, let us eat one very last cookie and
then we will stop.

Narrator Frog and Toad ate one...very last cookie.

Toad We must stop eating!

Frog Yes, we need will power!

Toad What is will power?

Frog Will power is trying hard not to do...
something that you really want to do.

Toad You mean...like trying not to eat all of
these cookies?

Frog Right!

Narrator Frog put the cookies in a box.

Frog There, now we will not eat any more
cookies.

Toad But we can open the box.

Frog That is true.

Narrator Frog tied some string around the box.

Frog There, now we will not eat any more cookies.

Toad But we can cut the string...and open the box.

Frog That is true.

Narrator Frog got a ladder. He put the box up on a high shelf.

Frog There, now we will not eat any more cookies.

Toad (spoken slowly and deliberately) But, we can climb the ladder...and take the box down from the shelf...and cut the string...and open the box!

Frog That is true.

Narrator Frog climbed the ladder and took the box from the shelf. He cut the string and opened the box. Frog took the box outside and shouted:

Frog HEY BIRDS... HERE ARE COOKIES!

Narrator Birds came from everywhere. They picked up all the cookies in their beaks and flew away.

Toad Now we have no more cookies to eat...
not even one!

Frog Yes, but we have lots and lots of...
will power!

Toad You may keep it all, Frog. I am going
home now to bake a cake.

The End

The Generals

by Shel Silverstein

Adapted for Reader's Theater

by Amy Harwood

Characters:

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

General Clay

General Gore

Narrator 1: Said General Clay to General Gore,

Clay: Oh must we fight this silly war?
To kill and die is such a bore.

Gore: I quite agree,

Narrator 2: said General Gore.

Narrator 1: Said General Gore to General Clay,

Gore: We could go to the beach today.
And have some ice cream on the way.

Clay: A grand idea,

Narrator 2: said General Clay.

Narrator 1: Said General Clay to General **Gore**,

Clay: we'll build sand castles on the **shore**.

Narrator 2: Said General **Gore**,

Gore: we'll splash and **play**.

Clay: Let's leave right now,

Narrator 1: said General **Clay**.

Narrator 2: Said General Gore to General **Clay**,

Gore: But what if the sea is closed **today?**
And what if the sand's been blown **away?**

Clay: A dreadful thought,

Narrator 1: said General **Clay**.

Narrator 2: Said General Gore to General **Clay**,

Gore: I've always feared the ocean's **spray**,
And we may drown!

Clay: It's true we **may**.
It chills my blood,

Narrator 1: Said General **Clay**.

Narrator 2: Said General Clay to General **Gore**,

Clay: My bathing suit is slightly **tore**.
We'd better go on with our **war**.

Gore: I quite agree,

Narrator 1: said General Gore.

Narrator 2: Then General Clay charged General Gore.
As bullets flew and cannons roared.
And now, alas! there is no more.
Of General Clay or General Gore.

**The
End**

Geography? Just Ask Me!

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

GROUP 1 GROUP 2 PARTS FOR 16 CHILDREN

All: Geography, can you believe,
Some think we know none of it?
But we will show how much we know.
In fact, we'll prove we love it!

Group 1:
(shouting) The continents! We know all seven!

Group 2: Let's hear them if that's so.

Group 1: Antarctica, Australia,

Group 2: Two down and five to go.

Group 1: North America, South America, Asia, Europe,
too, Africa...that says them all!

Group 2: But wait, now we'll show you
The states! There are fifty of them.
We'll stand here and list them,
Count them as we say them,
To be sure we haven't missed them.

Child 1: Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas,

Child 2:
(rubbing California, Colorado, Connecticut
(oh, my tired jaw!)

- Child 3: Florida, Georgia, Hawaii,
- Child 4: Idaho and Illinois
Indiana, Iowa, Kansas
(16 done, oh boy!)
- Child 5: Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Maine,
- Child 6: Maryland and Delaware
(pointing
to temple) (they're all here in my brain)
- Child 7: Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Michigan...
and of course,
- Child 8: Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri
(rubbing
throat) (I feel hoarse!)
- Child 9: Montana, Nebraska, Nevada
(19 more to go!)
- Child 10: New Hampshire and Vermont,
New Jersey, New Mexico!
- Child 11: New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, too,
- Child 12: Ohio, Oklahoma,
(10 more and we're through!).
- Child 13: Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and...
- Child 14: South Dakota, Texas, Utah,
(almost to the end!)
- Child 15: Virginia, Washington, and West Virginia, too..

Child 16: Wisconsin and Wyoming!

All: There! We said them all for you!
Geography! Can you believe it?
Some think we never learned it?
But we get A's and lots of praise.
Now, clap if you think we've earned it!

(They all clap and pat each other on the back, ad libbing,
"Good job!", "You were great!", etc.)

THE END!

The Gingerbread Man

retold by Brenda Parkes and Judith Smith

Adapted for Reader's Theater by
Allison Chill
Mary McKeon
Gina Di Gennaro
Kristina Valaitis

Characters:

Narrator	Boy
Old Woman	Girl
Old Man	Dog
Gingerbread Man	Cat
	Fox

Narrator: Once upon a time there lived a little old woman and a little old man. They had no boys or girls of their own, so they lived all by themselves in a little old house.
One day the little old woman said,

Old Woman: "I'm going to bake some gingerbread."

Old Man: "Good, I love Gingerbread,"

Narrator: said the old man. So the little old woman got some flour and some sugar, some ginger and some butter, and some milk.
Then she got bowl and a spoon and a cup.
She measured and she mixed.
Then she made a Gingerbread Man. He had a head and a body, and two arms and two legs.
Then she gave him eyes and a mouth of raisins and currents and stuck on a cinnamon drop for a nose.
She put a row of cherries down his jacket for buttons.
Then she put the Gingerbread Man in the oven to bake.
Soon the little old man and the little old woman smelled the gingerbread cooking.

Old Man: "Mmmm,"

Narrator: said the little old man

Old man "That smells good. Is it ready to eat?"

Old woman: "Soon"

Narrator: But the little old man was hungry. So he opened the oven door. Out jumped the Gingerbread Man. He ran through the door and down the steps.

Old Man: "STOP!"

Old Woman: "STOP!"

Narrator: But the gingerbread man ran faster and FASTER...
As he ran he called,

Gingerbread Man: "Run, run, as fast as you can. You can't catch me I'm the Gingerbread Man."

Narrator: The Little old man and woman both ran after him. And they couldn't catch him.
The Gingerbread man ran past a boy and a girl.

Boy: "Um! um! You smell good! Stop little Gingerbread Man! I want to eat you."

Girl: "Um! um! You do smell good! I want to eat you too."

Narrator: But the little Gingerbread Boy laughed and said:

Gingerbread Man: "Run run as fast as you can. You can't catch me I'm the Gingerbread man."

Narrator: The little old man and woman, the boy and girl, all ran after him.
The Gingerbread Man ran past a dog and a cat.

Dog: "Stop! I want to eat you!"

Narrator: Barked the dog.

Cat: "Stop! I want to eat you!"

Narrator: Meowed the cat.
But the Ginger man ran faster and said:

Gingerbread Man: "Run run as fast as you can. You can't catch me I'm the Gingerbread Man.

Narrator: The little old man and woman, the boy and the girl, the dog and the cat, all ran after him.
The Gingerbread man ran on and on.
Until suddenly, he came to a wide river.

Gingerbread Man: "What am I going to do?"

Narrator: The little old man and woman, the boy and the girl, the cat and the dog, all came Closer and CLOSER.
Then along came a fox.

Fox: "Don't worry, I'll carry you over the river."

Gingerbread Man: "Thank you"

Narrator: He climbed on the fox's back.

Fox: Hold on tight.

Narrator: The Gingerbread man held on tightly while the fox swam and swam.

Gingerbread Man: "Help! My feet are getting wet. I'll melt."

Fox: "Climb on to my head."

Narrator: But soon the Gingerbread Man said:

Gingerbread Man: "Help! My body is getting wet. I'll melt."

Fox: "Climb onto my nose."

Narrator: So the Gingerbread Man climbed out on to the fox's nose.

ALL: SNIP SNAP!

Narrator: The fox gobbled up the Gingerbread Man in one bite.

THE SAD END

The Gingerbread Man
By Child's Play
Illustrated by Pam Adams

ADAPTED FOR READER'S THEATER
BY EMILY J. HASHIER

Narrator	Old Woman	Fox
	Black Cat	Gingerbread Man
	Dog	Children

Narrator: An old couple did not have any children. One day, the wife made a gingerbread man.
She mixed flour and butter, treacle and sugar, and eggs.

She gave him bright currant eyes and a cheeky smile.
Then she put him in the oven.
A little while later, the old woman heard a tiny voice:

Gingerbread Man: I'm ready, I'm ready. Let me out. Let me out!

Narrator: She opened the oven door and out jumped the gingerbread man.

Old Woman: Stop !

Narrator: called the old woman

Old Woman: Please don't leave us!

Narrator: But he laughed out loud:

Gingerbread Man: Run, run as fast as you can.
You can't catch me.
I'm the gingerbread man!

Narrator: And he jumped out of the window.
In the street, the gingerbread man met a black cat.

Black Cat: It's my lucky day,

Narrator: meowed the cat

Black Cat: stop and play with me.

Narrator: The gingerbread man just laughed:

Gingerbread Man: Run, run, as fast as you can.
You can't catch me.
I'm the gingerbread man!

Narrator: And he disappeared beneath a cart.
Next, the gingerbread man met a dog.

Dog: Stop!

Narrator: Barked the Dog.

Dog: You smell good! Let me sniff you!

Narrator: But the gingerbread man only laughed.

Gingerbread Man: Run, run, as fast as you can.
You can't catch me.
I'm the gingerbread man!

Narrator: And he escaped into the market.
When they saw the old couple, the cat and the dog chasing the gingerbread man, all the stallholders joined in.
But the gingerbread man just laughed:

Gingerbread Man: Run, run, as fast as you can.
You can't catch me.
I'm the gingerbread man!

Narrator: And he left them all behind.
The children were coming out of school.

Children: Look! A real live gingerbread man.
Let's catch him!

Narrator: But the gingerbread man laughed even louder:

Gingerbread

Man:

Run, run, as fast as you can.
You can't catch me.
I'm the gingerbread man!

Narrator:

And he set off across the fields.
But when the gingerbread man
reached the river, he couldn't swim.

Fox:

Jump on my tail.
I'll take you across,

Narrator:

Said a fox, who was sitting there.
The crowd came nearer and nearer,
so he did as the fox said.
Halfway across, the gingerbread
man called out:

Gingerbread

Man:

Mr. Fox, your tail is getting wet!

Fox:

Don't worry jump on my back!

Narrator:

Said the fox.
And the gingerbread man did as he
was told.
But the fox's back was soon wet, too.

Fox:

Quick,

Narrator:

Said the sly fox.

Fox:

Jump on my nose, before it's too
late!

Narrator: As the gingerbread man jumped, the
Into the fox' s mouth went the
gingerbread man.

Gingerbread
Man: I'm a quarter gone, I'm a half gone,
I'm three-quarters gone!

Narrator: He cried .
Then he said no more.
And that was the end of the
gingerbread man....
Or was it?

THE END

A GIRAFFE AND A HALF

BY: Shel Silverstein

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Theresa Kosik

Narr. 1 Narr. 2 Narr. 3 Narr. 4 Narr. 5

- Narr. 1 If you had a giraffe...
- Narr. 2 and he stretched another half...
- Narr. 3 you would have a giraffe and a half.
- Narr. 4 If he put on a hat,
and inside lived a rat...
- Narr. 5 you would have a giraffe and a half
with a rat in his hat.
- Narr. 1 If you dressed him in a suit,
and he looked really cute...
- Narr. 2 you would have a giraffe and a half
with a rat in his hat,
looking cute in a suit.
- Narr. 3 If you glued a rose,
on the tip of his nose...

Narr. 4 you would have a giraffe and a half
with a rat in his hat,
looking cute in a suit,
with a rose on his nose.

Narr. 5 If a bumbley old bee,
stung him right on the knee...

Narr. 1 you would have a giraffe and a half
with a rat in his hat,
looking cute in a suit,
with a rose on his nose,
and a bee on his knee.

Narr. 2 If he put on a shoe,
and then stepped in some glue...

Narr. 3 you would have a giraffe and a half
with a rat in his hat,
looking cute in a suit,
with a rose on his nose,
and a bee on his knee,
and some glue on his shoe.

Narr. 4 f you gave him a flute,
and he played tooty-toot...

Narr. 5 you would have a giraffe and a half
with a rat in his hat,
looking cute in a suit,
with a rose on his nose,
and a bee on his knee,
and some glue on his shoe,
playing toot on a flute.

- Narr. 1 If he used a **chair**,
to comb his **hair...**
- Narr. 2 you would have a giraffe and a **half**
with a **rat** in his **hat**,
looking **cute** in a **suit**,
and a **bee** on his **knee**,
and some **glue** on his **shoe**,
playing **toot** on a **flute**,
with a **chair** in his **hair**.
- Narr. 3 If he tripped on a **snake**,
who was eating some **cake...**
- Narr. 4 you would have a giraffe and a **half**
with a **rat** in his **hat**,
looking **cute** in a **suit**,
with a **rose** on his **nose**,
and a **bee** on his **knee**,
and some **glue** on his **shoe**,
playing **toot** on a **flute**,
with a **chair** in his **hair**,
and a **snake** eating **cake**.
- Narr. 5 If he found an old **trunk**,
and inside was a **skunk...**
- Narr. 1 you would have a giraffe and a **half**
with a **rat** in his **hat**,
looking **cute** in his **suit**,
with a **rose** on his **nose**,
and a **bee** on his **knee**,
and some **glue** on his **shoe**,
playing **toot** on a **flute**,

- \Narr. 2 with a chair in his hair,
and a snake eating cake,
and a skunk in a trunk.
- Narr. 3 If he fell in a hole,
that was dug by a mole...
- Narr. 4 you would have a giraffe and a half
with a rat in his hat,
looking cute in a suit,
with a rose on his nose,
and a bee on his knee,
and some glue on his shoe,
playing toot on a flute,
with a chair in his hair,
and a snake eating cake,
and a skunk in a trunk,
in a hole with a mole.
- Narr. 5 But...if you brought him a pole
to climb out of the hole...
- Narr. 1 and he gave his chair,
to a tired old bear...
- Narr. 2 and traded the flute,
to a bird for some fruit...
- Narr. 3 and he told that old snake,
to go jump in the lake...
- Narr. 4 and a man who bought junk,
bought the trunk with the skunk...
- Narr. 5 and he gave the rose,
to a girl he chose...

- Narr. 1 while the bee on his **knee**,
flew away with a **flea...**
- Narr. 2 and he put the **shoe**,
with the **glue**,
on **you...**
- Narr. 3 and that silly old **rat**,
ran away with his **hat...**
- Narr. 4 and he put his **suit**,
in the laundry **chute...**
- Narr. 5 and he shrank another **half...**
- Narr. 1 you would have a **giraffe!**

The End

The Giving Tree

By: Shel Silverstein
Adapted for Reader's Theater

by Laura Murphy, Jennifer Randazzo & Jennifer E. Stephens

Tree
Narrator 2

Boy

Narrator 1
Narrator 3

- N-1 Once there was a tree...and she loved the little boy.
- N-2 And every day the boy would come and he would gather her leaves and make them into crowns and play king of the forest.
- N-3 He would climb up her trunk and swing from her branches and eat apples.
- N-1 And they would play hide-and-go-seek.
- N-2 And when he was tired, he would sleep in her shade.
- N-3 And the boy loved the tree...very much.
- N-1 And the tree was very happy.
- N-2 But time went by.
- N-3 And the boy grew older.
- N-1 And the tree was left all alone.

N-2 Then one day the boy came to the tree and the tree said.

Tree Come, Boy, come and climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and eat apples and play in my shade and be happy.

Boy I am too big to climb and play. I want to buy things and have fun. I want some money. Can you give me some money?

Tree I'm sorry. But I have no money. I only have leaves and apples. Take my apples, Boy, and sell them in the city. Then you will have money and you will be happy.

N-3 And so the boy climbed up the tree and gathered her apples and carried them away.

N-1 And the tree was happy.

N-2 But the boy stayed away for a long time...and the tree was sad.

N-3 And then one day the boy came back and tree shook with joy and she said.

Tree Come, Boy, climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and be happy.

Boy I am too busy to climb trees. I want a house to keep me warm. I want a wife and I want children, and so I need a house. Can you give me a house?

Tree I have no house. The forest is my house, but you can cut off my branches and build a house. Then you will be happy.

N-1 And so the boy cut off her branches and carried them away to build his house.

N-2 And the tree was happy.

N-3 But the boy stayed away for a long time.

N-1 And when he came back, the tree was so happy she could hardly speak.

Tree Come, Boy. (whispered) Come and play.

Boy I am too old and sad to play. I want a boat that will take me far away from here. Can you give me a boat?

Tree Cut down my trunk and make a boat. Then you can sail away and be happy.

N-2 And so the boy cut down her trunk and made a boat and sailed away.

N-3 And the tree was happy...but not really.

N-1 And after a long time the boy came back again.

Tree I am sorry, Boy. But I have nothing left to give you. My apples are gone.

Boy My teeth are too weak for apples.

Tree My branches are all gone. You cannot swing on them-

Boy I am too old to swing on branches.

Tree My trunk is gone, you cannot climb.

Boy I am too tired to climb.

Tree I am sorry. (Sigh) I wish that I could give you something...but I have nothing left. I am just an old stump. I am sorry...

Boy I don't need very much now, just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired.

Tree Well.

N-2 Straightening herself up as much as she could.

Tree Well, an old stump **is** good for sitting and resting. Come, Boy, sit down. Sit down and rest.

N-3 And the boy did.

N-1 And the tree was happy.

All: The End!!!

“Goldilocks”
taken from
Politically Correct Bedtime
Stories

by **James Finn Gardner**
A Dramatization

Adapted for Reader’s Theater
by James Servis

Characters:

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Goldilocks

Papa Bear

Mama Bear

Baby Bear

Narrator 1: Through the thicket, across the river, and deep, deep, in the woods, lived a family of bears...a Papa Bear, a Mama Bear, and a Baby Bear... and they lived together anthropomorphically in a little cottage as a nuclear family.

Narrator 2: They were very sorry about this, of course, since the nuclear family has traditionally served to enslave womyn, instill a self-righteous moralism in its members, and imprint rigid notions of heterosexualist roles onto the next generation. Nevertheless, they tried to be happy and took steps to avoid these pitfalls, such as naming their offspring the non-gender-specific "Baby."

Narrator 1: One day, in their little anthropomorphic cottage, they sat down to breakfast. Papa Bear had prepared big bowls of all-natural porridge for them to eat. But straight off the stove, the porridge was too thermally enhanced to eat. So they left their bowls to cool and took a walk to visit their animal neighbors.

Narrator 2:

After the bears left, a melanin impoverished young woman emerged from the bushes and crept up to the cottage.

Her name was Goldilocks, and she had been watching the bears for days.

She was, you see, a biologist who specialized in the study of anthropomorphic bears.

At one time she had been a professor, but her aggressive, masculine approach to science... ripping of the thin veil of Nature, exposing its secrets, penetrating its essence, using it for her own selfish needs, and bragging about such violations in the letters columns of various magazines...had led to her dismissal.

Narrator 1:

The rouge biologist had been watching the cottage for some time.

Her intent was to collar the bears with radio transmitters and then follow them in their migratory and other life patterns, with an utter disregard for their personal (or rather, animal) privacy.

With scientific espionage the only thing in mind, Goldilocks broke into the bears' cottage.

In the kitchen, she laced the bowls of porridge with a tranquilizing potion.

Then, in the bedroom, she rigged snares beneath the pillows of each bed.

Her plan was to drug the bears and, when they stumbled into the bedroom to take a nap, lash radio collars to their necks as their heads hit the pillows.

Goldilocks: “These bears will be my ticket to the top!!
I’ll show those twerps at the university the kind of guts it takes to do real research!!!”

Narrator 2: She crouched in a corner of the bedroom and waited.
And waited, and waited some more.
But the bears took so long to come back from their walk that she fell asleep.

Narrator 1: When the bears finally came home, they sat down to eat breakfast.
Then they stopped.

Papa Bear: “Does your porridge smell...off, Mama?”

Mama Bear: “Yes, it does. Does yours smell off... Baby?”

Baby Bear: “Yes, it does. It smells kind of... chemical-y”

Narrator 2: Suspicious, they rose from the table and I went into the living room.

Papa Bear: (Sniffing) “Do you smell something else, Mama?”

Mama Bear: “Yes, I do. Do you smell something else, Baby?”

Baby Bear: “Yes, I do. It smells musky and sweaty and not at all clean.”

Narrator 1: They moved into the bedroom with growing alarm.

Papa Bear: “Do you see a snare and a radio collar

under my pillow, Mama?”

Mama Bear “Yes I do. Do you see a snare and a radio collar under my pillow, Baby?”

Baby Bear: “Yes I do, and I see the human who put it there!”

Narrator 2: The bears growled, and Goldilocks awoke with a start. She sprang up and tried to run, but Papa Bear caught her with a swing of his paw, and Mama Bear did the same. With Goldilocks now mobility non possessor, Mama and Papa Bear set on her with fang and claw. They gobbled her up, and soon there was nothing left of the maverick biologist but a bit of yellow hair and a clipboard.

Narrator 1: Baby bear looked on with astonishment. When they were done Baby Bear asked,

Baby Bear: “Mama, Papa, what have you done? I thought we were vegetarians.”

Papa Bear: “We are but we're always ready to try new things. Flexibility is just one more benefit of being multicultural.”

The End!

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

by Roald Dahl
adapted for Reader's Theater
by Amy Shiever & James Servis

Narrator 1
Narrator 4

Narrator 2
Narrator 5

Narrator 3
Narrator 6

Narr. 1 This famous wicked little tale
Should never have been put on sale.
It is a mystery to me
Why loving parents cannot see
That this is actually a book
About a brazen little crook.

Narr. 2 Had I the chance I wouldn't fail
To clap young Goldilocks in jail.
Now just imagine how you'd feel
If you had cooked a lovely meal,
Delicious porridge, steaming hot,
Fresh coffee in the coffee pot,

Narr. 3 With maybe toast and marmalade,
The table beautifully laid,
One place for you and one for Dad,
Another for your little lad.
Then Dad cries, "Golly-gosh! Gee-Whiz!
Oh cripes! How hot this porridge is!

- Narr. 4 Let's take a walk along the street
Until it's cool enough to eat."
He adds, "An early morning stroll
Is good for people on the whole.
It makes your appetite improve,
It also helps your bowels to move."
- Narr. 5 No proper wife would dare to question
Such a sensible suggestion,
Above all not at breakfast time
When men are seldom in their prime.
No sooner are you down the road
Than Goldilocks, that little toad,
- Narr. 6 That nosey thieving little louse
Comes sneaking in your empty house.
She looks around. She quickly notes
Three bowls brimful of porridge-oats.
And while still standing on her feet,
She grabs a spoon and starts to eat.
- Narr. 1 I say again, how would you feel
If you had made this lovely meal
- Narr. 2 And some delinquent little tot
Broke in and gobbled up the lot?
- Narr. 3 But wait! That's not the worst of it!
Now comes the most distressing bit.
- Narr. 4 You are of course a house-proud wife,
And all your happy married life
- Narr. 5 You have collected lovely things
Like gilded cherubs wearing wings,

- Narr. 6 And furniture by Chippendale
Bought at some famous auction sale.
- Narr. 1 But your most special valued treasure,
The piece that gives you endless pleasure,
- Narr. 2 Is one small children's dining chair,
Elizabethan, very rare.
- Narr. 3 It is in fact your joy and pride,
Passed down to you on Grandma's side.
- Narr. 4 But Goldilocks, like many freaks,
Does not appreciate antiques.
- Narr. 5 She doesn't care, she doesn't mind,
And now she plonks her fat behind
- Narr. 6 Upon this dainty precious chair,
And crunch! It busts beyond repair.
- Narr. 1 A nice girl would at once exclaim,
"Oh dear! Oh heavens! What a shame!"
- Narr. 2 Not Goldie. She begins to swear.
She bellows, "What a lousy chair!"
- Narr. 3 And uses one disgusting word
That luckily you've never heard.
- Narr. 4 (I dare not write it, even hint it.
Nobody would ever print it.)
- Narr. 5 You'd think by now this little skunk
Would have the sense to do a bunk.

- Narr. 6 But no. I very much **regret**
She hasn't nearly finished **yet.**
- Narr. 1 Deciding she would like a **rest**
She says, "Let's see which bed is **best.**"
- Narr. 2 Upstairs she goes and tries all **three.**
(Here comes the next catastrophe.)
- Narr. 3 Most educated people **choose**
To rid themselves of socks and **shoes**
- Narr. 4 Before they clamber into **bed.**
But Goldie didn't give a **shred.**
- Narr. 5 Her filthy shoes were thick with **grime,**
And mud and mush and slush and **slime.**
- Narr. 6 Worse still, upon the heel of **one**
Was something that a dog had **done.**
- Narr. 1 I say one more, what would you **think**
If all this horrid dirt and **stink**
- Narr. 2 Was smeared upon your eider**down**
By this revolting little **clown?**
- Narr. 3 (The famous story has no **clues**
To show the girl removed her **shoes.**)
- Narr. 4 Oh, what a tale of crime on **crime!**
Let's check it for a second **time.**
- Narr. 5 Crime One, the prosecution's **case:**
She breaks and enters someone's **place.**

- Narr. 6 Crime Two, the prosecutor **notes**:
She steals a bowl of porridge-**oats**.
- Narr. 1 Crime Three, She breaks a precious **chair**
Belonging to the Baby **Bear**.
- Narr. 2 Crime Four, She smears each spotless **sheet**
With filthy messes from her **feet**.
- Narr. 3 A judge would say without a **blink**,
“Ten years hard labor in the **clink!**”
- Narr. 4 But in the book, as you will **see**,
The little beast gets off scot-**free**,
- Narr. 5 While tiny children near and **far**
Shout “Goody-good! Hooray! **Hurrah!**”
- Narr. 6 “Poor darling Goldilocks!” they **say**,
“Thank goodness that she got **away!**”
- Narr. 1 Myself, I think I’d rather **send**
Young Goldie to a sticky **end**.
- Narr. 2 “Oh Daddy!” cried the Baby **Bear**,
“My porridge’s gone! It isn’t **fair!**”
- Narr. 3 “Then go upstairs, “the Big Bear **said**,
“Your porridge is upon the **bed**.
- Narr. 4 But as it’s inside mademois**elle**,
You’ll have to eat her up as **well**.”

THE END!

Good Families Don't

by Robert Munsch

Adapted for Reader's Theater

by Heather Stang

Narrator

Carmen

Mom

Dad

Police

NARRATOR

One night Carmen walked up the stairs to her bedroom. There, lying on her bed was a great big purple, green and yellow **FART**. She ran down the stairs yelling,

CARMEN

Mommy-Daddy!
Mommy-Daddy!
Mommy-Daddy!
There is a fart up on my bed.

DAD

Don't be ridiculous! Good families like ours do not have farts.

NARRATOR

Said her father. Nevertheless, he walked up the stairs to see what was going on. When he opened the door to the bedroom, the fart jumped on him. He said,

DAD

Awk! Glach! Argggg!

NARRATOR and fell right down. After a while Carmen began to wonder how her father was doing. She crawled up the stairs very slowly, looked over the top step and saw her father's feet sticking out from underneath the fart. So, Carmen ran downstairs yelling,

CARMEN Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!
There is a fart on top of Daddy!

MOM Don't be ridiculous. Good families like ours do not have farts. What would the neighbors say?

NARRATOR said the mother. Nevertheless, she went upstairs to see what was going on. She opened the door and the fart jumped on her. She said,

MOM **Awk! Glach! Argggg!**

NARRATOR And fell right down. Carmen ran to the phone and called the police.

CARMEN Help, Help! There is a fart on top of Mommy and Daddy.

POLICE Don't be ridiculous. Good Canadians do not have farts.

NARRATOR said the police. Nevertheless, three police drove over to see what was going on. They knocked on the door.

POLICE **BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM.**

NARRATOR Carmen opened the door and said,

CARMEN It's upstairs.

NARRATOR When the police were halfway up the stairs, the fart started to jump on them. They pulled out their badges and yelled,

POLICE **STOP!**

NARRATOR But everyone knows that farts don't listen to cops. It jumped on them. They went,

POLICE **Awk! Glach! Argggg!**

NARRATOR And fell right down. Carmen decided it was time to leave. She was going to run completely away. She ran through the living room, through the kitchen into the backyard and...crashed into her mother's favorite rose bush. She got an idea. She picked the biggest rose and gave it a smell:

CARMEN **MMMMMMM!**

NARRATOR Carmen held the rose out in front and walked back through the kitchen and into the living room. She found the fart hiding behind the piano eating a can of beans. Carmen walked up and stuck the rose in the fart's nose. It said,

EVERYBODY **Awk! Glach! Argggg! What a terrible smell!**

NARRATOR

And it ran out the front door. Then the mother got up off the floor, the father got up off the floor, and the police got up off the floor. They all looked at Carmen and yelled,

MOM, DAD

THAT WAS A FART!

CARMEN

Don't be ridiculous. Good families like ours do not have farts.

NARRATOR

said Carmen. And she walked up the stairs and went to bed.

THE END!

GREEN EGGS AND HAM

by Dr. Seuss

Adapted for Reader's Theater by
Mary Adamo

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Narrator 4

N-1 I am Sam.

N-1 Sam I am.

N-2 That Sam-I-am!
That Sam-I-am!
I do not like that Sam-I-am!

N-1 Do you like green eggs and ham?

N-2 I do not like them Sam-I-am.
I do not like green eggs and ham.

N-1 Would you like them here or there?

N-2 I would not like them here or there.

N-2 I would not like them anywhere.

N-2 I do not like green eggs and ham.

N-2 I do not like them Sam-I-am.

N-1 Would you like them in a house?
Would you like them with a mouse?

- N-3 I do not like them in a **house**.
I do not like them with a **mouse**.
- N-3 I do not like them **here** or **there**.
I do not like them any**where**.
- N-3 I do not like green eggs and **ham**.
I do not like them **Sam-I-am**.
- N-1 Would you eat them in a **box**?
Would you eat them with a **fox**?
- N-4 Not in a **box**, not with a **fox**,
Not in a **house**, not with a **mouse**.
- N-4 I would not eat them **here** or **there**,
I would not eat them any**where**.
I would not eat green eggs and **ham**.
I would not like them, **Sam-I-am**.
- N-1 Would you? Could you? In a **car**?
Eat them! Eat them! Here they **are!**
- N-2 I would not...could not...in a **car**.
- N-1 You may like them, you will **see**.
You may like them, in a **tree!**
- N-3 I would not...could not...in a **tree**,
Not in a car! You let me **be!**
- N-4 I do not like them in a **box**.
I do not like them with a **fox**.
- N-2 I do not like them in a **house**.
I do not like them with a **mouse**.

- N-3 I do not like them here or there.
I do not like them anywhere.
- N-4 I do not like green eggs and ham.
I do not like them, Sam-I-am.
- N-1 A train! A train! A train! A train!
Could you...would you...on a train?
- N-2 Not on a train! Not in a tree!
Not in a car! Sam, let me be!
- N-3 I would not...could not...in a box.
I could not...would not...with a fox.
- N-4 I will not eat them with a mouse.
I will not eat them in a house.
- N-2 I will not eat them here or there.
I will not eat them anywhere.
- N-3 I do not eat green eggs and ham.
I do not like them, Sam-I-am.
- N-1 Say?
In the dark?
Here in the dark?
Would you...could you...in the dark?
- N-2 I would not...could not...in the dark.
- N-1 Would you...could you...in the rain?
- N-2 I would not...could not...in the rain.
Not in the dark. Not on a train.
Not in a car. Not in a tree.

- N-2 I do not like them, Sam, you **see!**
Not in a **house**. Not in a **box**.
Not with a **mouse**. Not with a **fox**.
I will not eat them **here** or **there**.
I do not like them any**where!**
- N-1 You do not like green eggs and **ham?**
- N-2 I do not like them, **Sam-I-am**.
- N-1 Could you...would you...with a **goat?**
- N-3 I would not...could not...with a **goat!**
- N-1 Would you...could you...on a **boat?**
- N-4 I could not...would not...on a **boat**.
I will not...will not...with a **goat**.
I will not eat them in the **rain**.
I will not eat them on a **train**.
- N-2 Not in the dark! Not in a **tree!**
Not in a car! You let me **be!**
I do not like them in a **box**.
I do not like them with a **fox**.
- N-3 I will not eat them in a **house**.
I do not like them with a **mouse**.
I do not like them **here** or **there**.
I do not like them **ANYWHERE!**
- N-4 I do not like green eggs and **ham!**
- N-2 I do not like them, **Sam-I-am**.
- N-1 You do not like them, so you **say**.
Try them! Try them! And you **may**.

- N-2 Try them and you may, I **say**.
Sam! If you will let me **be**,
I will try them, you will **see**.
- N-3 Say! I like green eggs and **ham**!
I do! I like them, **Sam-I-am**!
And I would eat them in a **boat**.
And I would eat them with a **goat**.
- N-4 And I will eat them in the **rain**.
And in the dark, and on a **train**.
And in a car, and in a **tree**.
They are so good, so good, you **see**!
- N-2 So I will eat them in a **box**.
And I will eat them with a **fox**.
- N-3 And I will eat them in a **house**.
And I will eat them with a **mouse**.
- N-4 And I will eat them **here** and **there**.
Say! I will eat them **ANYWHERE**!
- N-2 I do so like green eggs and **ham**!
- N-3 Thank you!
- N-4 Thank you!
- ALL: **Sam-I-am**!

THE END

Gregory

THE TERRIBLE EATER

by Mitchell Sharmat

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Jennifer Shoda

Characters:

Narrator

Gregory

Mother Goat

Father Goat

Dr. Ram

Narrator

Once there was a goat named Gregory. Gregory liked to jump from rock to rock, kick his legs into the air, and butt his head against walls.

Gregory

I'm an average goat.

Narrator

said Gregory. But Gregory was not an average goat. Gregory was a terrible eater. Every time he sat down to eat with his mother and father, he knew he was in for trouble.

Mother Goat

Would you like a tin can, Gregory?

Narrator

asked Mother Goat.

Gregory

No, thanks.

Narrator said Gregory.

Father Goat How about a nice box, a piece of rug, and a bottle cap?

Narrator asked Father Goat.

Gregory (unhappily) Baaaaaaaa.

Mother Goat Well, I think this is a meal fit for a goat.

Narrator said Mother Goat as she chewed on an old shoe.

Father Goat It certainly is. I don't know why you're such a fussy eater, Gregory.

Narrator said Father Goat, as he ate a shirt, buttons and all.

Gregory I'm not fussy. I just want fruits, vegetables, eggs, fish, bread, and butter. Good stuff like that.

Narrator Mother Goat stopped eating the shoe and asked,

Mother Goat Now what kind of food is THAT, Gregory?

Gregory It's what I like!

Father Goat IT'S REVOLTING!

Narrator said Father Goat. He wiped his mouth with his napkin. After Gregory was excused from the table, Father Goat said,

Father Goat Gregory is such a terrible eater.

Mother Goat I wonder what's wrong with him.

Narrator said Mother Goat. Mother and Father Goat ate their evening newspaper in silence. The next morning, Mother and Father Goat were enjoying a pair of pants and a coat for breakfast. Gregory came to the table. Mother and Father Goat said:

Father and Mother Goat Good morning, Gregory!

Gregory Good morning. May I have some orange juice, cereal, and bananas for breakfast, please?

Mother Goat Oh, No! Do have some of this nice coat.

Narrator said Mother Goat.

Father Goat Take a bite out of these pants.

Narrator said Father Goat.

Gregory Baaaaaaa!

Narrator said Gregory. And he left the table. Father Goat threw down his napkin and said:

Father Goat That does it! Gregory just isn't eating right. We must take him to the doctor.

Narrator Father and Mother Goat took Gregory to the doctor. Dr. Ram was munching on a few pieces of cardboard.

Dr. Ram What seems to be the trouble?

Mother Goat Gregory is a terrible eater. We've offered him the best...shoes, boxes, magazines, tin cans, coats, pants. But all he wants are fruits, vegetables, eggs, fish, orange juice, and other horrible things.

Dr. Ram What do you have to say about all this, Gregory?

Narrator asked Dr. Ram.

Gregory I want what I like!

Dr. Ram Makes sense.

Narrator said Dr. Ram. He turned to Mother and Father Goat and told them:

Dr. Ram I've treated picky eaters before. They have to develop a taste for good food slowly. Try giving Gregory one new food each day until he eats everything.

Narrator That night for dinner Mother Goat gave Gregory spaghetti and a shoelace in tomato sauce.
Gregory said:

Gregory Not too bad.

Narrator The next day, she gave him string beans and a rubber heel cut into small pieces.

Gregory The meal was good and rubbery.

Narrator said Gregory. The next day after that
Mother Goat said:

Mother Goat We have your favorite today. Vegetable
soup. But there is one condition. You
also have to eat the can.

Gregory Okay. What's for dessert?

Father Goat Ice cream. But you have to eat the box,
too.

Narrator said Father Goat.

Gregory Yummy!

Father Goat I'm proud of you. You're beginning to eat
like a goat.

Narrator said Father Goat.

Gregory I'm learning to like everything.

Narrator One evening Father Goat asked:

Father Goat Has anyone seen my striped necktie?

Mother Goat Not since breakfast. Come to think of it, I
haven't seen my sewing basket today. I
left it in the living room after supper last
night.

Narrator said Mother Goat. Father Goat turned to
Gregory:

Father Goat Gregory, have you been eating between meals?

Gregory Yes. I can't help it. Now I like everything.

Mother Goat Well, it's all right to eat like a goat, but you shouldn't eat like a pig.

Narrator said Mother Goat.

Gregory Oh.

Narrator said Gregory. After Gregory went to bed, Mother Goat said:

Mother Goat I'm afraid Gregory will eat my clothes hamper.

Father Goat Yes, and then my tool kit will be next. He's eating too much. We'll have to do something about it.

Narrator said Father Goat. The next evening, just before supper, Mother and Father Goat went to the town dump. They brought home eight flat tires, a three-foot piece of barber pole, a broken violin, and half a car. They piled everything in front of Gregory's sandbox. When Gregory came home for supper he said:

Gregory What's all that stuff in the yard?

Father Goat Your supper.

Narrator Father Goat said.

Gregory It all looks good!

Narrator said Gregory. Gregory ate all the tires and the violin. Then he slowly ate the barber pole. But when he started in on the car, he said:

Gregory I've got a stomach ache. I have to lie down.

Narrator Gregory went to his room. Father Goat said:

Father Goat I think Gregory ate too much junk.

Mother Goat Let's hope so.

Narrator said Mother Goat. All night Gregory tossed and twisted and moaned and groaned. The next morning he went down for breakfast. Father Goat asked:

Father Goat What would you like for breakfast today, Gregory?

Gregory Scrambled eggs and two pieces of waxed paper and a glass of orange juice.

Mother Goat That sounds just about right!

Narrator said Mother Goat. AND IT WAS !!!

THE END!

Grizzly and the Bumble-bee by Joy Cowley

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Melissa Irwin

Narrator 1
Narrator 2

Grizzly Bear
Park Keeper

Shop Woman
Old Mother Grizzly

- Narrator 1 Grizzly Bear was in the park looking for honey, when a ***bumble-bee*** stung him on his paw.
- Narrator 2: Grizzly Bear ran out of the park shouting:
- Grizzly Bear: Help! Help! I've been stung by a ***grumble-bee!***
- Park Keeper: You mean a ***bumble-bee***
- Narrator 1: said the park keeper
- Grizzly Bear: That's right, a ***mumble-bee.***
- Narrator 2: said Grizzly, who was not good at names.
- Narrator 1: Down the street ran Grizzly yelling-

Grizzly Bear: Help! Help! I've been stung by a ***crumble-bee!***

Shop Woman: Don't you mean a ***bumble-bee?***

Narrator 2: said the shop woman.

Grizzly Bear: That's what I said!

Narrator 1: cried Grizzly as he ran past.

Narrator 2: Home he went to Old Mother Grizzly.

Grizzly Bear: Help! Help! I've been stung by a ***grumble-rnumble.***
Look--at my paw!

Mother: What you need is something cool.

Narrator 1: said Old Mother Grizzly.

Mother: Here, put your paw in this bucket of ice cream.

Grizzly Bear: What a good idea!

Narrator 2: said Grizzly Bear

Grizzly Bear I'm feeling better already

Narrator 1: When Old Mother Grizzly came back, all the ice cream was gone.

Mother: I didn't tell you to eat it!

Narrator 2: she cried.

Grizzly Bear: I needed something cool on the inside as well as the outside.

Narrator 1: said Grizzly Bear

Grizzly Bear Ice cream is very good when you get stung by a ***beeble-bum!***

THE END

The Hallo-Wiener

by Dav Pilkey

Adapted for Reader's Theater

by **Arika R. Walker**

ED 461-A/Servis
27 October 1997

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2
	Narrator 3	Narrator 4
	Oscar	Oscar's Mom
	Dogs	Cats

Narr. 1: There once was a dog named Oscar who was half-a-dog tall and one-and-a half dogs long.

Narr. 2: Because of his unusual shape and size all the dogs made fun of him.

Dogs: "Wiener Dog! Wiener Dog!"

Narr. 3: they called him. And Oscar did not like it one bit.

Narr. 4: Oscar's mom was no help either. Every morning when the dogs went to obedience school, Oscar's mom stood in the front yard calling out,

Mom: "Farewell, my little Vienna Sausage!"

Narr. 1: Instead of being upset, today, all Oscar could think about was trick-or-treating and the scary costume he had hoped to wear tonight.

Narr. 2: When Oscar got home, he dashed upstairs to start working on his Halloween costume.

Narr. 3: A surprise was waiting for Oscar in his room.

Mom: "Happy Halloween, my little sausage link. I've made you a costume to wear for trick-or-treating."

Narr. 4: When Oscar saw the costume, he nearly fainted.

Narr. 1: It was a giant hot-dog bun, complete with mustard.

Narr. 2: And guess who was supposed to fit in the middle?

Narr. 3: Oscar did not want to hurt his mom's feelings, so he decided to wear the silly costume.

Narr. 4: That night all the dogs gathered to show off their costumes.

Narr. 1: Everyone was looking quite scary, while Oscar was looking quite frank.

Narr. 2: When the dogs saw Oscar in his silly costume, they howled with laughter.

Dogs: "Look at Oscar. He really is a Wiener Dog!"

Narr. 3: And off went the dogs trick-or-treating, leaving behind poor and embarrassed Oscar, without any goodies.

Narr. 4: Soon trick-or-treating was over, and the dogs walked home past a spooky graveyard.

Narr. 1: A horrible hissing sound filled the air, that stopped the dogs dead in their tracks.

Cats: "Hssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!"

Narr. 2: Then out of the graveyard rose a ghastly monster.

Narr. 3: Screaming for their lives, the dogs jumped into a nearby pond.

Dogs: "Please don't eat us!"

Narr. 4: cried the dogs as the monster moved closer.

Dogs: "Somebody save us!"

Narr. 1: they yelled, and right then...
Oscar showed up.
Oscar "That's no monster!"

Narr. 2: howled Oscar.
He waddled, tugged, and chomped to
the rescue.

Narr. 3: RrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrRip!

Narr. 4: And there, standing in the moonlight
were a couple of cats.

Cats: "Help! We're being attacked by a giant
frankfurter!"

Narr. 1: screamed the cats as they ran through
the yard.

Dogs: "We've been chased into a pond by a
couple of cats!"

Narr. 2: the dogs admitted.
But Oscar was a true friend. He leaped in
the water and swam out to the dogs.

Narr. 3: Oscar's silly costume made a wonderful
life raft.

Narr. 4: Back on dry land, the dogs changed
Oscar's nickname from "Wiener Dog" to
"Hero Sandwich."

Narr. 1: Oscar was now the top dog and never to be
made fun of again.

THE END

The Happy Prince by Jane Ray

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Katie Kilroy

Narr. 1
Mayor

Narr. 2
Eagle

Prince
Pres. of U.S.A.

Narr. 1: High above the city stood the statue of the Happy Prince.
He was made of gold with two sapphires for his eyes and a ruby on his sword.

Narr. 2: One night, an Eagle flew over the city.
He saw the statue and sat between the feet of the Happy Prince.
The Eagle said,

Eagle: I have a golden home!

Narr. 1: As the Eagle was falling asleep, a large drop of water fell on him.
Another one fell.
He looked up.

Narr. 2: The Happy Prince was crying.
His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the Eagle was filled with pity.

Eagle: Who are you?

Prince: I am the Happy Prince.

Eagle: Why are you weeping then?
You have drenched me.

Prince: When I was alive and had a heart, I didn't
know what tears were.
I never cared about anything outside of my
palace.
Everything about me was beautiful.
Now that I am dead, I am placed up here so
high and can see the ugliness outside of my
palace.
I do not choose to weep.
There is a poor, ill boy in the city.
His mother has nothing to give to him.
Eagle, will you please bring them the ruby
from my sword?

Eagle: I am waited for in Cleveland.
My friends are flying up and down the
Cuyahoga River.
Soon they will go sleep in the lights of Jacob's
Field.

Prince: Eagle, Eagle, little Eagle, will you not stay
here with me for one night and be my
messenger?

Narr. 1: The Eagle took the ruby and flew across the
city until he found the home of the little boy.
He laid the great ruby on the table.
Then he flew back to the Happy Prince.

Eagle: I feel very warm now.

Narr. 2: The night passed and the sun rose in the
morning.

Eagle: I must be leaving for Cleveland now.

Prince: Eagle, Eagle, little Eagle, will you not stay here with me for one more night and be my messenger?

Eagle: My friends are waiting for me at the Rock-n-Roll Hall of Fame.

Prince: But Eagle, there is a man across the city in a garrett.
He is trying to finish a play, but is too cold to write anymore.
You must take him one of my sapphires that I have for eyes.

Narr. 1: So, the Eagle took the Prince's eye and flew to the garrett.
The student looked up and saw the beautiful sapphire on his desk.

Eagle: I must say good-bye.
I am going to Cleveland.

Prince: Eagle, Eagle, little Eagle, will you not stay here with me for one more night and be my messenger?
In the square, there is a little match-girl.
She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare.
Pluck out my other eye and give it to her.

Narr. 2: So the Eagle plucked out the other eye and slipped the jewel into the palm of the little girl's hand. The Eagle flew back to the Prince.

Eagle: You are blind now. I will stay with you always.

- Narr. 1: The Eagle sat on the Prince's shoulder and told him of all the things he has seen. He told of Shaker Lakes and the brightly colored fish, of the beautiful, green trees and rolling hills of the Metro parks, and of the happy children marveling over the creatures at the Cleveland Metropolitan Zoo.
- Prince: Dear Eagle, you tell me of marvelous things, but more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. Fly over my city and tell me what you see.
- Narr. 2: So the Eagle flew over the city and saw the rich in their beautiful homes while the beggars were sitting at their gates. He saw white faces of starving children looking out into the black streets. Then, he flew back to the Prince to tell him what he saw.
- Prince: I am covered with fine gold. Take it off of me and give it to the poor.
- Narr. 1: So the Eagle took the gold off, leaf by leaf, till the Happy Prince looked dull and gray. He brought the gold leaves to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street.
- Narr. 2: When the snow came, everybody went out in furs, and little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice. The poor Eagle grew colder, but wouldn't leave the Prince. He loved him too well. The Eagle knew he was going to die.

Eagle: Good-bye, dear Prince.
Narr. 1: He kissed the Happy Prince and fell down dead at his feet.

Narr. 2: At that moment, curious cracks sounded inside the statue.
The leaden heart snapped in two.
It was a dreadfully hard frost.

Narr. 1: The next morning, the Mayor was walking on the square below.

Mayor: Dear me! How shabby the Happy Prince looks!
And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!
We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not allowed to die here!

Narr. 2: So, they pulled down the Happy Prince.
They melted the statue in a furnace.
The broken heart would not melt, so it was thrown on a dust heap, where the dead Eagle was also lying.
Then the President of the United States said to his secretary,

Pres.: Bring me the two most precious things in the city.

Narr. 1: The secretary brought him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

Pres.: You have already chosen, for in my country this little bird shall sing and the Happy Prince shall live for evermore.

THE END

Harry and the Terrible Whatzit by, Dick Gackenbach

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Amy Happ

Characters: Harry Mother Narrator Whatzit

Harry: I knew there was something terrible down in the cellar. I just knew, because the cellar was dark and damp and it smelled.
"Don't go down there" I told my mother.

Mother: Why?

Narrator: she asked,

Harry: There is something terrible down there.

Mother: I have to go down in the cellar, we need a jar of pickles

Narrator: she said.

Harry: She never believes me I waited and waited and waited at the cellar door. She never came back up.
Someone had to do something, so I took a broom and went down the cellar steps. It was very black and gloomy.
And it smelled.
"I know there is something here!"

Narrator: Harry called out.

Harry: "What did you do with my mother?" Then I saw it! A double-headed, three-clawed, six-toed, long-horned Whatzit. It was hiding behind the furnace.
"Where is my mother?"

Narrator: Harry asked.

Whatzit: "The last time I saw your mother,

Narrator: The Whatzit said.

Whatzit: she was over by the pickle jars, Runt."

Harry: I was sure the Whatzit was lying. "What did you do with her?"

Narrator: Harry shouted and he gave the Whatzit a swat with the broom. WHAM!!! That made the Whatzit really mad and it came after Harry. Harry swung the broom again.
WHAM!!!
The Whatzit didn't like that at all. It climbed up on the washer and Harry hit it...
RIGHT WHERE IT SITS DOWN!

Harry: I noticed the Whatzit was getting smaller. And when I pulled its tail, it got even smaller. Now the Whatzit was down to my size. "Okay, you better tell me what you did with my mother...OR ELSE!!!"

Whatzit: "Kid, you are crazy?"

Narrator: One of the Whatzit's head made a face at Harry. Just for that, Harry twisted its nose and the Whatzit shrank some more.

Harry: Whatzit, why are you getting so small?

Whatzit: Because your are not afraid of me anymore. That always happens just when I am beginning to feel at home in a closet or a cellar.

Narrator: The Whatzit looked very sad. The Whatzit got smaller and smaller and smaller. Just when it was about the size of a peanut, Harry called out..

Harry: "Try Sheldon Parker's cellar next door. He's afraid of everything."

Whatzit: "Thanks"

Narrator: Then the Whatzit was gone.

Harry: The Whatzit disappeared before it could tell me what it had done to my mother. I looked in the washer.

Narrator: She was not in there.

Harry: I looked behind some boxes.

Narrator: She was not there either.

Harry: I looked inside the wood bln.

Narrator: No mother in there.

Harry: I was very worried. Then I found her glasses beside the pickle jars. But what had happened to the rest of her? I was searching for more clues when I discovered the back cellar door was open. I looked outside and there in the bright sunlight....

Narrator: was Harry's mother picking flowers.

Harry: "I found your glasses in the cellar."

Mother: "Thank you, Harry. But I thought you were afraid of the cellar."

Harry: "Not anymore. The terrible Whatzit is gone. I chased it away with the broom."

Mother: "Well, I never saw a Whatzit down there"

Harry: She never believes me.
I helped her carry the pickles into the kitchen where she gave me some milk and cookies.

Mother: "You know what, Harry, I will never worry about a Whatzit as long as you are around."

Harry: Maybe she did believe me.
Later I heard an awful yell coming from the
house next door.
I'll bet Sheldon looked in the cellar.

THE END!

Hattie and the Fox

by Mem Fox

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Natalie Berardinelli

Narrator
Hattie

Goose
Sheep

Pig
Horse

Cow

Narrator: Hattie was a big black hen.
One morning she looked up and said,

Hattie: Goodness gracious me! I can see a nose in
the bushes!

Goose: Good Grief.

Narrator: said the goose.

Pig: Well, well!

Narrator: said the pig.

Sheep: Who cares?

Narrator: said the sheep

Horse: So what?

Narrator: said the horse.

Cow: What next?

Narrator: said the cow. And Hattie said,

Hattie: Goodness gracious me! I can see a nose and two eyes in the bushes!

Goose: Good Grief!

Narrator: said the goose

Pig: Well, well!

Narrator: said the pig.

Sheep: Who cares.?

Narrator: said the sheep.

Horse: So what?

Narrator: said the horse.

Cow: What next?

Narrator: said the cow. And Hattie said,

Hattie: Goodness gracious me! I can see a nose, two eyes, and two ears in the bushes!

Goose: Good grief!

Narrator: said the goose.

Pig: Well, well!

Narrator: said the pig.

Sheep: Who cares ?

Narrator: said the sheep.

Horse: So what?

Narrator: said the horse.

Cow: What next?

Narrator: said the cow. And Hattie said.

Hattie: Goodness gracious me! I can see a nose, two eyes, two ears, and two legs in the bushes!

Goose: Good grief!

Narrator: said the goose.

Pig: Well, well!

Narrator: said the pig.

Sheep: Who cares?

Narrator: said the sheep.

Horse: So what?

Narrator: said the horse.

Cow: What next?

Narrator: said the cow. And Hattie said,

Hattie: Goodness gracious me! I can see a nose, two eyes, two ears, two legs, and a body in the bushes!

Goose: Good grief!

Narrator: said the goose.

Pig: Well, well!

Narrator: said the pig.

Sheep: Who cares?

Narrator: said the sheep.

Horse So what?

Narrator: said the horse.

Cow: What next?

Narrator: said the cow. And Hattie said,

Hattie: Goodness gracious me! I can see a nose, two eyes, two ears, a body, four legs, and a tail in the bushes!

It's a fox! It's a fox!

Narrator: And she flew very quickly into a nearby tree.

Goose: Oh, no!

Narrator: said the goose

Pig: Dear me!

Narrator: said the pig.

Sheep: Oh, dear!

Narrator: said the sheep.

Horse: Oh, help!

Narrator: said the horse. But the cow said,

Cow: MOO!

Narrator: so loudly that the fox was frightened and ran away.
And they we're all so surprised that none of them said anything for a very long time.

THE END

Tom
Cat "That's right!"

Nar. 2 he purrs,

Tom
Cat "because I am the House Cat!"

Nar. 1 But what's happening now?

Nar. 2 Two men are loading the downstairs furniture into a big green truck.

Nar. 1 This isn't good!

Nar. 2 Tom Cat hurries to investigate, because he is the House Cat.

Tom
Cat "I'll hiss and I'll claw!!!

Nar. 1 growls Tom Cat when he sees what's going on. But Mrs. Barrister picks him up and squashes him into a-cardboard box.

Tom
Cat "You can't do this to me!"

Nar. 2 he snarls.

Tom
Cat I am the House Cat."

Nar. 1 The Barristers are moving and they are taking Tom Cat with them.

Nar. 2 But they have not asked his permission about anything!

Tom
Cat "Miawwoieeeeeoooooweeoooooww,"

Nar. 1 he wails,

Tom
Cat "What's happening?"

Nar. 2 The box is hard, his claws hurt. Then...

Nar. 1 ... he smells something good.

Nar. 2 He sees big white birds.

Nar. 1 He hears a noisy highway

Nar. 2 He senses DOGS!

Nar. 1 He knows this is not his house.

Nar. 2 Tom Cat's box is opened. He stretches, he sniffs...

Nar. 1 This is not his house, not his room, not his carpet.
He sinks his claws into it.

Mr.
Barrister "That bad cat will have to go!"

Nar. 2 Yells Mr. Barrister when he sees the scratched-up
mess.

Nar. 1 Mrs. Barrister agrees.

Mrs.
Barrister "Yes, he really doesn't match our new carpet.
Perhaps we should get a poodle instead."

Nar. 2 They hurry around their new home. They have no time for cats.

Tom
Cat "This is not my house!"

Nar. 1 Tom Cat says.

Tom
Cat "I will go home!"

Nar. 2 And, somehow, in his mind, he knows the way

Nar. 1 Quick!

Nar. 2 Across the street.

Nar. 1 Quick!

Nar. 2 Over the wall.

Nar. 1 Cat-quick!

Nar.2 But wait! There are no sidewalks, no path, no catwalk.

Nar. 1 And where are the big white birds?

Nar. 2 Here they come

Nar. 1 and...they don't like cats!

Nar. 2 Tom Cat must swim. He hates the water. He finds a cat raft. He sits and spins and shivers in the cold wind. He is lost.

Nar. 1 But here comes a boat. People reach over and rescue him. They love him, and wonder if he'll be their Boat Cat and live in their cabin.

Tom
Cat

"But I am a House Cat, not a Boat Cat,"

Nar. 2 he says, sniffing the night air. He sniffs again, sniffs a whiff of something good. He knows that smell!

Nar. 1 Now he's off, tail up , ears back, he's Hunting Cat, he's Tracking Cat. He tracks the smell, all's well. Now he knows the way back... home!

Nar. 2 Jennifer thinks he has come back to be her cat. A new family has moved in downstairs... and they think that Tom Cat is going to be their cat.

Nar. 1 But Tom Cat lives in ***all*** the house

Nar. 2 **because he is... the House**

Cat!

How the Grinch Stole Christmas! by Dr. Seuss

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Danielle Specca

Characters:

Narrator 1
The Grinch

Narrator 2
Cindy-Lou Who

Narrator 1 Every Who down in Who-ville,
liked Christmas a lot.
But the Grinch,
who lived just North of Who-ville,
did NOT!

Narrator 2 The Grinch hated Christmas!
The whole Christmas season!
Now please don't ask why.
No one quite knows the reason.

It could be his head,
wasn't screwed on just right.
It could be, perhaps,
that his shoes were too tight.

But I think that,
the most likely reason of all
May have been that his heart,
Was two sizes too small.

Narrator 1 But, whatever the reason,
his heart or his **shoes**,
he stood there on Christmas Eve,
hating the **Who's**.

Staring down from his cave,
with a sour, Grinchy **frown**,
at the warm lighted windows below,
in their **town**.

For he knew every Who
Down in Who-ville **beneath**,
was busy now,
hanging a mistletoe **wreath**.

Grinch And they're hanging their stockings!

Narrator 2 He snarled with a **sneer**.

Grinch Tomorrow is Christmas!
It's practically **here!**

Narrator 1 Then he growled,
with his Grinch fingers,
nervously **drumming**.

Grinch I MUST find some way,
to stop Christmas from **coming!**

Narrator 2 For, tomorrow, he knew,
all the Who girls and **boys**,
would wake bright and early.
They'd rush for their **toys!**

And then! Oh, the noise!
Oh, the Noise! Noise! Noise! **Noise!**
That's the one thing he hated!
The Noise! Noise! Noise! **Noise!**

Narrator 1 The the Whos, young and old,
would sit down to a feast.
AND THEY'D FEAST!
And they'd FEAST!
And they'd FEAST!
FEAST! FEAST! FEAST!

Narrator 1 They would feast on Who-pudding,
and rare Who-roast-**beast**.
Which was something the Grinch
couldn't stand in the **least!**

Narrator 2 And THEN they'd do something,
he liked least of **all!**
Every Who down in Who-ville,
the tall and the **small**,

would stand close together,
with Christmas bells **ringing**.
They'd stand hand-in-hand.
And the Whos would start **singing!**

Narrator 1 They'd sing! And they'd sing!
And they'd SING! SING! SING! **SING!**
And the more the Grinch thought,
of this Who-Christmas-**Sing**,
the more the Grinch thought,

Grinch I must stop this whole **thing!**

Grinch Why for fifty-three years,
I've put up with it **now!**
I MUST stop the Christmas from coming!
But...**HOW?**

Narrator 2 Then he got an idea!
An awful **idea!**
THE GRINCH GOT A WONDERFUL,
AWFUL, **IDEA!**

Grinch I know just what to do!

Narrator 1 The Grinch laughed in his **throat.**
And he made a quick,
Santy Claus hat and a **coat.**
And he chuckled, and chucked,

Grinch What a great Grinchy **trick!**
With this coat and this hat,
I look just like Saint **Nick!**

All I need is a reindeer...

Narrator 2 The Grinch looked **around.**
But, since reindeer are scarce,
there was none to be **found.**
Did that stop the old Grinch?

Grinch NO!

Narrator 1 The Grinch simply **said,**

Grinch If I can't find a reindeer,
I'll make one **instead!**

Narrator 2 So he called his dog Max.
Then he took some red **thread**,
And he tied a big horn,
on the top of his **head**.

Narrator 1 THEN he loaded some bags,
and some old empty **sacks**,
on a ramshackle sleigh,
and he hitched up old **Max**.

Narrator 2 Then the Grinch said,

Grinch Giddyap!
Narrator 2 And the sleigh started **down**,
toward the homes,
where the Whos lay a-snooze,
in their **town**.

Narrator 1 All their windows were dark.
Quiet snow filled the **air**.
All the Whos were all dreaming,
sweet dreams without **care**,
when he came to the first,
little house on the **square**.

Grinch This is stop number one!

Narrator 1 The old Grinchy Claus **hissed**,
and he climbed to the roof,
empty bags in his **fist**.

Narrator 2 Then he slid down the chimney.
A rather tight **pinch**.
But, if Santa could do it,
then so could the **Grinch**.

Narrator 2 He got stuck only once,
for a moment or **two**.
Then he stuck his head,
out of the fireplace **flue**,
where the little Who stockings,
all hung in a **row**.

Grinch These stockings,

Narrator 2 He grinned,

Grinch Are the first things to **go!**

Narrator 1 Then he slithered and slunk,
with a smile most **unpleasant**,
around the whole room,
and he took every **present!**
Pop guns and **bicycles**
roller skates, **drums**,
checkerboards **tricycles**,
popcorn and **plums!**
And he stuffed them in bags.
Then the Grinch, very **nimbly**,
stuffed all the bags,
one by one, up the **chimbley!**

Narrator 2 Then he slunk to the icebox.
He took the Who's **feast!**
He took the Who-pudding!
He took the roast **beast!**
He cleaned out that icebox,
as quick as a **flash**.
Why that Grinch even took,
their last can of Who-**hash!**

Narrator 1 Then he stuffed all the food,
up the chimney with glee.

Grinch And NOW!

Narrator 1 Grinned the Grinch.

Grinch I will stuff up the tree!

Narrator 2 And the Grinch grabbed the tree,
and he started to shove,
when he heard a small sound,
like the coo of a dove.
He turned around fast,
and he saw a small Who!
Little Cindy-Lou Who,
who was not more than two.

Narrator 1 The Grinch had been caught,
by this tiny Who daughter,
who'd got out of bed,
for a cup of cold water.
She stared at the Grinch and said,

Cindy-Lou
Who Santy Claus, why,
Why are you taking our Christmas tree?
Why?

Narrator 2 But you know that old Grinch,
was so smart and so slick,
he thought up a lie,
and he thought it up quick!

Grinch Why, my sweet little tot.

Narrator 2 The fake Santy Claus lied.

Grinch There's a light on this tree,
 that won't light on one **side**.
 So I'm taking it home,
 to my workshop, my **dear**.
 I'll fix it up there.
 Then I'll bring it back **here**.

Narrator 2 And his fib fooled the child.
 Then he patted her **head**,
 and he got her a drink,
 and he sent her to **bed**.

 And when Cindy-Lou Who,
 went to bed with her **cup**,
 HE went to the chimney,
 and stuffed the tree **up**.

Narrator 1 Then the last thing he took,
 was the log on the **fire!**
 Then he went up the chimney,
 himself, the old **liar**.
 On their walls he left nothing,
 but hooks and some **wire**.

Narrator 2 And the one speck of food,
 that he left in the **house**,
 was a crumb that was even,
 too small for a **mouse**.

Narrator 1 Then he did the same thing,
 to the other Who's **houses**.
 Leaving crumbs much too small,
 for the other Who's **mouses!**

Narrator 2 It was a quarter past dawn,
all the Who's still a-bed,
all the Who's still a-snooze,
when he packed up his sled.
Packed it up with their presents,
the ribbons, the wrappings,
the tags, and the tinsel,
the trimmings, the trappings.

Narrator 1 Three thousand feet up!
Up the side of Mt. Crumpit,
he rode with his load,
to the tiptop to dump it!

Grinch Pooh-Pooh to the Who's!

Narrator 1 He was grinch-ish-ly humming.

Grinch They're finding out now,
that no Christmas is coming!
They're just waking up!
I know just what they'll do!
Their mouths will hang open,
a minute or two,
then the Who's down in Who-ville,
will all cry, "BOO-HOO!

Narrator 2 That's a noise, grinned the Grinch,

Grinch That I simply must hear!

Narrator 2 So he paused. And the Grinch,
put his hand to his ear.
And he did hear a sound,
rising over the snow.
It started in low.
Then it started to grow.

Narrator 1 But the sound wasn't sad!
Why, this sound sounded merry!
It couldn't be so!
But it WAS merry! VERY!

He stared down at Who-ville,
the Grinch popped his eyes!
Then he shook! What he saw,
was a shocking surprise!

Narrator 2 Every Who down in Who-ville,
the tall and the small,
was singing!
Without presents at all!

Narrator 2 He HADN'T stopped Christmas,
from coming! IT CAME!
Somehow or other,
it came just the same!

And the Grinch,
with his grinch-feet,
ice-cold in the snow,
stood puzzling and puzzling:

Grinch How could it be so!
It came without ribbons!
It came without tags!
It came without packages,
boxes or bags!

Narrator 1 And he puzzled three hours,
till his puzzler was sore!

Grinch Maybe Christmas,

Narrator 1 He thought,

Grinch Doesn't come from a store.

Grinch Maybe Christmas...perhaps...
means a little bit more!

Narrator 2 And what happened then? Well,
in Who-ville they say,
that the Grinch's small heart,
grew three sizes that day!

And the minute his head,
didn't feel quite so tight,
he whizzed with his load,
through the bright morning light.

And he brought back the toys!
And the food for the feast!
And he...HE HIMSELF...
the Grinch carved the roast beast!

THE END!

Merry Christmas!

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too

by Shel Silverstein

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Beth Weist

Characters:

Narrator 1
Ickle Me
Tickle Me

Narrator 2
Pickle Me

Narrator 1 Ickle Me, Pickle Me,
Tickle Me too,
Went for a ride in a
flying shoe.

Ickle Me Hooray!

Pickle Me What fun!

Tickle Me It's time we flew!

Narrator 2 Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Narrator 1 Ickle was captain, and Pickle was crew,

Narrator 2 And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew,

Narrator 1 As higher,

Narrator 2 And higher,

Narrator 1 And higher they flew,

Narrator 2 Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Narrator 1 Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,
Over the sun and beyond the blue.

Ickle Me Hold On!

Pickle Me Stay In!

Tickle Me I hope we do!

Narrator 1 Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Narrator 2 Ickle Me, Pickle Me,
Tickle Me too,
Never returned to the
world they knew

Narrator 1 And nobody knows
what happened to,
Dear Ickle Me, Pickle
Me, Tickle Me too.

The End

If You Give A Moose A Muffin

by **Laura Joffe Numeroff**

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by **James Servis**

Four (4) Narrators Needed

- Narrator 1 If you give a moose a muffin,
- Narrator 2 he'll want some jam to go with it.
- Narrator 3 So you'll bring out some of your mother's
homemade blackberry jam.
- Narrator 4 When he's finished eating the muffin,
he'll want another.
- Narrator 1 And another.
- Narrator 2 And another.
When they're all gone,
he'll ask you to make more.
- Narrator 3 You'll have to go to the store
to get some muffin mix.
He'll want to go with you.

Narrator 4 When he opens the door and feels how chilly it is,
he'll ask to borrow a sweater.

Narrator 1 When he puts the sweater on,
he'll notice one of the buttons is loose.
He'll ask for a needle and thread.

Narrator 2 He'll start sewing.
The button will remind him of the puppets
his grandmother used to make.

Narrator 3 So he'll ask for some old socks.

Narrator 4 He'll make sock puppets.

Narrator 1 When they're done,
he'll want to put on a puppet show.

Narrator 2 He'll need some cardboard and paints.

Narrator 3 Then he'll ask you to help make scenery.

Narrator 4 When the scenery is finished,
he'll get behind the couch.
But his antlers will stick out.
So he'll ask for something to cover them
up.

Narrator 1 You'll bring him a sheet from your bed.

Narrator 2 When he sees the sheet,
he'll remember,
he wants to be a ghost for Halloween.
He'll try it on and shout,

Narrator 3 BOO!
It'll scare him so much,
he'll knock over the paints.

Narrator 4 So he'll use the sheet,
to clean up the mess.
Then he'll ask for some soap to wash it
out.

Narrator 1 He'll probably want to hang the sheet up
to dry.

Narrator 2 He'll go outside to put it on the
clothesline.

Narrator 3 When he's out in the yard,
he'll see your mother's blackberry
bushes.

Narrator 4 Seeing the blackberries will remind him
of her jam.

Narrator 1 He'll probably ask you for some.

Narrator 2 And chances are...

Narrator 3 if you give him the jam,

Narrator 4 he'll want a muffin to go with it.

THE END

READER'S THEATER

If You Give A Mouse A Cookie

by
Laura Joffe Numeroff

Adapted for Reader's Theater by James Servis

Five (5) Narrators needed

- All If you give a mouse a cookie,
1. he's going to ask for a glass of milk.
 2. When you give him the milk,
 3. he'll probably ask you for a straw.
 4. When he's finished, he'll ask for a napkin.
 5. Then he'll want to look in the mirror
-
1. to make sure he doesn't
 2. have a milk mustache.
 3. When he looks into the mirror,
 4. he might notice his hair needs a trim.
 5. So he'll probably ask
-
1. for a pair of nail scissors.
 2. When he's finished giving himself a trim,
 3. he'll want a broom to sweep up.
 4. He'll start sweeping.
 5. He might get carried away

1. and sweep every room in the house.
2. He may even end up washing the floors as well!
3. When he's done.
4. he'll probably want to take a nap.
5. You'll have to fix up a little box for him

1. with a blanket and a pillow.
2. He'll crawl in,
3. make himself comfortable
4. and fluff the pillow a few times.
5. He'll probably ask you to read him a story.

1. So you'll read to him from one of your books,
2. and he'll ask to see the pictures
3. When he looks at the pictures,
4. he'll get so excited he'll want to draw
5. one of his own.

1. He'll ask for paper and crayons
2. He'll draw a picture.
3. When the picture is finished.
4. he'll want to sign his name
5. with a pen.

1. Then he'll want to hang
2. his picture on your
3. refrigerator.
4. Which means he'll need
5. scotch tape.

1. He'll hang up his drawing
2. and stand back to look at it.
3. Looking at the refrigerator
4. will remind him that
5. he's thirsty.

1. So...
2. he'll ask for a glass of milk.
3. And chances are if he asks for
4. a glass of milk,

All: he's going to want a cookie to go with it !!!!!!!

THE END!

READER'S THEATER

Invisible Ned: By Bill Maynard

(Adapted by Sarah Nichols)

Characters: Narrator 1 Ned Mom/Principal
 Narrator 2 Father
 Narrator 3 Teacher/Art Teacher

Narrator 1: Incredible Ned. You could see what he said.

Narrator 2: Every "thing" that he spoke appeared over his head,

Narrator 3: Or right next to his chair. Or a few yards away,

Narrator 1: And his friends would all shout:

All: "WE CAN SEE WHAT YOU SAY!"

Narrator 2: When Ned said,

Ned: "gorilla"

Narrator 2: the kids all jumped **back**,

Narrator 3: For they saw a gorilla and feared an **attack**.

Narrator 1: And when Ned said

Ned: "bananas"

Narrator 1: bananas were **there**

Narrator 2: On the stove, in the sink, in his hair,
everywhere!

Narrator 3: If a word that Ned said was the name of a
"thing,"

Narrator 1: Then that "thing" might float by on the
end of a **string!**

Narrator 2: He could say "and" or "the" and have
nothing to **fear**,

Narrator 3: It was words like "baboons" that made
baboons **appear**.

Narrator 1: It started when Ned was a child of **one**.

Narrator 2: His father came home and asked,

Father: "What has Ned **done?**"

Narrator 2: And his mother replied,

Mother: "Well, it may sound absurd, but today was the day that I saw his first word."

Father: "You saw his first word? You saw his first word?
YOU SAW HIS FIRST WORD?
Don't you really mean 'heard'?"

Narrator 3: Ned's problems began on the first day of school:

Narrator 1: Every time that he spoke he felt like a fool.

Narrator 2: When the things that he said appeared over his head, or on top of his desk. Or a few rows away.

Narrator 3: Then his classmates would shout:

All: "WE CAN SEE WHAT YOU SAY!"

Narrator 1: When Ned said,

Ned: "giraffe"

Narrator 1: you could see a giraffe, and its neck was so long it made everyone laugh.

Narrator 2: When Ned said,

Ned: "parade"

Narrator 2: one appeared by the wall, and marched straight through the class and out into the hall.

Narrator 3: No wonder the children didn't get their books read:

Narrator 1: It was so much more fun just to watch what Ned said.

Narrator 2: Then his teacher complained:

Teacher: "We're not getting work done." With young Ned in the class school is much too fun.
I can't get him to stop. Every day it gets worse.

Narrator 3: But she had one last hope

Narrator 1: For there was someone who wasn't the same.
So, she made one call and the PRINCIPAL came.

Narrator 2: The Principal? Wow! That made Ned feel real sad.

Narrator 3: In your school, she's the law.
In your school, she's the boss,
and the last thing you want is for her to feel cross.

Principal: "Ned,"

Narrator 1: the principal said,

Principal: "I will have to be **stern**,
for we want the class calm
so the children can **learn**.
And whenever you speak, the whole
class comes **apart**,
since you can't seem to stop what you
didn't mean to **start**.
I have made up a rule that should satisfy
all:
**YOU'LL SAY NOTHING AT ALL.
OR GO STAND IN THE HALL.**"

Narrator 2: Say nothing at all or go stand in the **hall**?
Ned must never say "bat"?
Never even say "**ball**"?

Ned: "Then that's it!"

Narrator 3: Ned decided.

Ned: "I guess I won't **speak**."

Narrator 3: And he sat there in silence for almost a
week.

Narrator 1: 'Til the art teacher came on her usual
day,
and they told her why poor Ned had
nothing to **say**.

Art Teacher: "Oh, my goodness, let me stop those
complaints."

Narrator 2: And she gave Ned some pencils and paper and paints.
Then she watched what Ned did, and she liked what she **saw**, when he picked up a pencil and started to draw.

Narrator 3: He drew fish. He drew birds. He drew flowers and trees.
He drew lions and tigers and monkeys and bees.

Art Teacher: "What is that?"

Narrator 1: asked the teacher.

Ned: "A lion,"

Narrator 1: said Ned. And *nothing*, but *nothing*, showed over his head.

Art Teacher: "What is that?"

Narrator 2: asked the teacher.

Ned: "A tree,"

Narrator 2: Ned replied.
And *nothing*, but *nothing*, appeared at his side.
The art teacher smiled.
She could understand Ned.
And she knew why those things had shown over his head.

- Art Teacher:** "Ned's an artist, that's what Ned's all about.
When your head's full of pictures, they have to come out."
- Narrator 3:** Now to show those great pictures that I lived in his head,
Ned didn't need to use words. He could draw them instead.
(Because painting and talking are equally real.
They're just two different ways to show how folks feel.)
- Narrator 1:** And as long as Ned colored and painted and drew.
He could speak just like me. He could talk just like you.
- Narrator 2:** And nothing he said appeared over his head, or right next to his desk or a few yards away.
And his classmates complained:
- All:** "We can't see what you say."
- Narrator 3:** But, at times, when young Ned is at home late at night,
When he's opened his window and turned out his light,
- Narrator 1:** With his pens put away and his paints on the shelf,
When he's sure he's alone, he'll say "moose" to himself.

Narrator 2:

And a moose will appear at the foot of his
bed,
and he'll know that he still is *Incredible*
Ned.

THE END

The Irish Cinderlad by Shirley Climo

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Colleen Devine

Narr. 1
Bull
Princess

Narr. 2
Step-Mom

Becan
Gentleman/Giant

Narr. 1 In Ireland, in the old times, there lived a lad named Becan. His mother loved him and carried him about in her egg basket for safekeeping. Red hair flamed on his head. His skinny legs got rounder, and his tiny feet got longer until his toes poked out of the basket.

Narr. 2 Although the rest of him stayed small, his feet kept on growing. By the time Becan was thirteen years old, they were so large he'd splash a puddle dry just by stepping in it. Still, Becan's worries were few enough until his mother died.

Narr. 1 His father came home one day with a new wife and her three nearly grown daughters. They all spied on him and called him "Little Bigfoot."

Step-Mom We'd be better off without that good-for-nothing boy.
Your big feet are always in the way!
It's time you went off to tend to the cows.

Becan Cows are fine company, but I've heard talk of a mean speckled bull.
A kick from him can send a man sailing over the rainbow.

Step-mom Stop fretting, not even a cow could mistake you for a man.

Narr. 2 So, Becan became a herd boy.
One misty morning, Becan heard a bellow louder than a thunderclap.
When he dared to look, it was right into the angry eyes of an enormous bull.

Narr. 1 The creature's face was white, but splashed with rusty red like the freckles on Becan's nose.
The hoofs were big and broad like Becan's feet.
He twitched his long tail and pawed the ground, ready to knock down the tree and the boy with it.
Quickly, Becan stretched out his hand and scratched him behind the ear, in the place that Cows like best.

Becan We could be cousins, you and I, for we look to be patched together from the same odds and ends.

- Narr. 2 The bull lowered his head with the wicked curved horns.
But instead of tossing Becan, he nuzzled his cheek.
From that moment, the bull and the boy were fast friends.
Becan told his troubles, while the speckled bull listened, chewing thoughtfully.
- Becan The sisters tattle, the stepmother scolds.
I'm only fed scraps and will soon shrink down to nothing.
- Bull Not while I am about.
Look into my left ear and pull out what you find there.
- Narr. 1 Becan wasn't surprised to hear the bull talk, for he had begun to suspect that his friend was no ordinary animal.
Seeing something white poking from the animal's ear, Becan tugged on it.
Out came a tablecloth, and wrapped inside it was a whole meal.
- Bull Eat what you will.
- Narr. 2 Becan ate every crumb and licked his fingers clean.
Each day thereafter, Becan had a noontime meal fit for a chieftain.
Each evening, he turned down the crust of bread his stepmother set out for his supper.

Step-Mom That boy's filling his stomach some way.
Tomorrow, hie yourself up to the pasture and
find out how.

Narr. 1 So the stepsisters went and did just that.
At midday, the speckled bull arrived.
She saw Becan Pat him, put a hand to his ear,
and pull out a feast. They told their mother
about the bull that night.

Step-Mom Then we shall butcher that old speckled bull.
He'll make a grand stew for us.

Narr. 2 Becan heard every word that was said.
At the first light of day, he ran to warn his
friend.

Bull I'll not end in a soup pot!
Get on my back, lad, and we'll soon be gone
from here.

Narr. 1 With Becan holding tight to his horns, the bull
trotted up the hill, over a steep mountain, and
through a wood of beech trees.
In a meadow, many days from home, the bull
stopped.

Bull Here we bid good-bye, for it is here that the
gray bull and I must fight.

Narr. 2 Becan screamed **NO** and threw his arms
around the bull's neck.

Bull The gray bull shall kill me, for my fate has
 been foretold.
 When I am dead, you are to twist off my tail.
 Wear my tail as a belt.
 Use it when you need my help the most.
 Do as I say.

Narr. 1 Early the next morning, the gray bull came
 charging through the trees.
 The two bulls locked horns and fought.
 By evening, the speckled bull lay dead.
 Becan sat beside his friend all night.
 He cautiously twisted his tail, and it came off
 at once.
 He wrapped it twice about his waist and then
 reached into the animal's ear.
 He pulled out the tablecloth, now bare of food
 and carefully covered the bull.
 Slan, he whispered, which is the Irish word for
 good-bye.

Narr. 2 Alone Becan began his journey.
 A gentleman on horseback offered him a ride.

Gentleman Where are you bound lad?

Becan I'm going anywhere at all.

Gentleman You could come along with me, I am in want
 of a cowherd.

Becan Herding is what I do best.

Gentleman I've got to warn you.
I have a giant on my land.
My last herd boy, a lad far bigger and stronger
than you...

Narr. 1 Although he knew quite well what was meant,
Becan took the job anyway.
One day Becan climbed a tree to pick an
apple and a voice bellowed...

Giant Got you !!!

Narr. 2 A sword slashed through the tree, chopping
limbs into kindling and sending Becan
tumbling to the ground.
He remembered the speckled bull's last
words.
He pulled off his belt and flung it at the giant.
As if it were alive, the bull's tail coiled like a
snake about the giant's neck.
The giant dropped his sword.

Giant Call it off!

Becan Not until you give me your boots

Narr. 1 The giant kicked off his boots and swore he
would never come back.

Becan Just my size

- Narr. 2 Becan buckled on the giant's huge boots and went home.
Some time later, the gentleman told Becan to stay home because it was the Day of the Dragon.
Every seven years the wicked lizard rises from the ocean and swallows the fairest maiden in the land.
If she is not there the dragon will blow the sea onto the land, wash away the village, and drown all the people.
This year the lass is Princess Finola, the king's daughter.
- Narr.1 Going was what Becan had in mind.
While his master slept, he put on the giant's boots and thrust the sword into his bull-tail belt.
He got on his donkey and rode off to Kinsale.
- Narr. 2 As Becan got into town he saw the princess tied to a post at the water's edge.
The scene was silent except for the princess pleading for someone to help her.
- Becan I shall help you, let me sharpen my sword on that dragon, I'll...
- Princess **Look behind you!!!!**
- Narr. I The sea was bubbling, as if coming to a boil, and suddenly a monstrous dragon burst from the water
Flames flashed from its mouth.
Becan raised his sword with trembling hands.

Becan Beware Serpent!!!

Narr. 2 Becan's sword drew blood several times, but the creature acted as if the strikes from the sword were pinpricks.
By afternoon, Becan was so tired he could hardly lift the blade.
Grabbing his tail instead, he hurled it at the dragon.
The bull's tail wrapped itself around the fiery jaws, tying them shut.
With a sizzle, the monster sank beneath the waves, taking the tail of the speckled bull down with it.

Narr. 1 People cheered and rushed to Becan.
He heard someone shout "Little Bigfoot" and saw his three stepsisters.
He jumped on his donkey to take off.

Princess Wait, I want to thank you.

Narr. 2 The princess grabbed him by the boot, but in a hurry Becan kicked the donkey and left the princess holding his boot.
The next day, Becan took his herd to pasture, just as always.
Now he had only one boot, his bull-tail was gone forever, and the tip of his sword was bent.
He dug a hole and buried the sword under an apple tree.

Becan That's the end of it all.

Narr. 1 But it wasn't.
Princess Finola still had the other boot, and
she was determined to find its owner.

Princess I'll marry the one whose foot fits the boot, and
none other.
It was he alone who saved me from the
dragon.

Narr. 2 The king sent a royal messenger to crisscross
the country from sea to mountains to find the
owner of the boot. The boot was too big for
everyone that was trying it on.
"Tis' giant-sized" they grumbled.

Narr. 1 A year passed before the messenger arrived
at the gentleman's house.
Of course the boot fit Becan snug as his own
skin.
He kicked up his heel, grinned at his master,
and said to the astonished messenger...

Becan I've the mate to it in the couched.

Narr. 2 Soon enough, Becan was on his way to
Kinsale again, wearing both boots and astride
the gentleman's fine horse.

Princess How grand!!
We're just the same height, sir, so I know we'll
see eye to eye on everything.

Becan You can call me Becan, for that is what my
mother named me.

Princess You shall, be *Prince* Becan!

Narr. I The princess hugged him, and the lad
blushed as red as the hair on his head.

**The
End**

It's Mine!

A fable by Leo Lionni

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Mary Gleason**

CHARACTERS:

Narrator 1
Milton
Lydia

Narrator 2
Rupert

Narrator 1: In the middle of Rainbow Pond there was a small island. Smooth pebbles lined its beaches, and it was covered with ferns and leafy weeds.

Narrator 2: On the island lived three quarrelsome frogs named Milton, Rupert, and Lydia. They quarreled and quibbled from dawn to dusk.

Milton: Stay out of the pond! The water is mine.

Rupert: Get off the island! The earth is mine.

Lydia: The air is mine!

Narrator 2: And so it went.

Narrator 1: One day a large toad appeared before them.

Toad: I live on the other side of the island, but I can hear you shouting 'It's mine! It's mine! It's mine!' all day long.
There is no peace because of your endless bickering.
You can't go on like this!

Narrator 1: With that the toad slowly turned around and hopped away through the weeds.

Narrator 2: No sooner had he left than Milton ran off with a large worm.
The others hopped after him.

Rupert & Lydia: Worms are for everybody!

Milton: Not this one. It's mine!

Narrator 2: Milton croaked defiantly.

Narrator 1: Suddenly the sky darkened and a rumble of distant thunder circled the island.
Rain filled the air, and the water turned to mud.
The island grew smaller and smaller as it was swallowed up by the rising flood.

Narrator 2: The frogs were scared.
Desperately they clung to the few slippery stones that still rose above the wild, dark water.

Narrator 1: But soon these too began to disappear.

Narrator 2: There was only one rock left and there the frogs huddled, trembling from cold and fright.
But they felt better now that they were together, sharing the same fears and hopes.

Narrator 1: Little by little the flood subsided. The rain fell gently and then stopped altogether.
But look! The large rock that had saved them was no rock at all.

Milton
& Rupert
& Lydia: You saved us!

Narrator 2: shouted the frogs when they recognized the toad.

Narrator 1: The next morning the water had cleared.
Sunrays chased silver minnows on the sandy bottom of the pond.

Narrator 2: Joyfully the frogs jumped in, and side by side they swam all around the island.
Together they leaped after the swarms of butterflies that filled the air.
And later, when they rested in the weeds, they felt happy in a way they had never been before.

Milton: Isn't it peaceful.

Rupert: And isn't it beautiful!

Lydia: And do you know what else?
Milton
&Rupert: No, what?

Lydia: It's ours!

THE END!

Jack and the Beanstalk by Roald Dahl

adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Characters: Jack Jack's Mother
 Giant Narr.

Narr. Jack's mother said,

Mother "We're stony **broke!**
 Go out and find some wealthy **bloke**
 Who'll buy our cow. Just say she's **sound**
 And worth at least a hundred **pound.**
 But don't you dare to let him **know**
 That she's as old as **billy-o.**"

Narr. Jack led the old brown cow **away,**
 And came back later in the **day,**
 And said,

Jack "Oh Mumsie dear, guess **what**
 Your clever little boy has **got.**
 I got, I really don't know **how,**
 A super trade-in for our **cow.**"

Narr. The mother said,

Mother “You little **creep**,
I’ll bet you sold her much too **cheap**.”

Narr. When Jack produced one lousy **bean**,
His startled mother, turning **green**;
Leaped high up in the air and **cried**,

Mother “I,m absolutely stupe**fied!**
You crazy boy! D’you really **mean**
You sold our Daisy for a **bean?**”

Narr . She snatched the bean. She yelled,

Mother “You **chump!**”

Narr. And flung it on the rubbish **dump**.
Then summoning up all her **power**,
She beat the boy for half an **hour**,
Using (and nothing could be **meaner**)
The handle of a vacuum **cleaner**.

At ten p.m. or there**about**,
The little bean began to **sprout**.
By morning it had grown so **tall**
You couldn’t see the top at **all**.
Young Jack cried,

Jack “Mum, admit it **now!**
It’s better than a rotten **cow!**”

Narr. The mother said,

Mother You **lunatic!**
Where are the beans that I can **pick?**”
There’s not **one bean!** It’s bare as **bare!**”

Jack No no!"

Narr. cried Jack.

Jack "You look up **there!**
Look very high and you'll **behold**
Each single leaf is solid **gold!**"

Narr. By gollikins, the boy was **right!**
Now, glistening in the morning **light,**
The mother actually **perceives**
A mass of lovely golden **leaves!**
She yells out loud,

Mother "My sainted **souls!**
I'll sell the Mini, buy a **Rolls!**
Don't stand and gape, you little **clot!**
Get up there quick and grab the **lot!**"

Narr. Jack was nimble, Jack was **keen.**
He scrambled up the mighty **bean.**
Up up he went without a **stop,**
But just as he was near the **top,**
A ghastly frightening thing **occurred...**
Not far above his head he **heard**
A big deep voice, a rumbling **thing**
That made the very heavens **ring.**
It shouted loud,

Giant "FEE FI FO **FUM**
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISH**MAN!**"

Narr. Jack was frightened, Jack was **quick,**
And down he climbed in half a **tick**

Jack “Oh Mum!”

Narr. he gasped.

Jack “Believe you **me**
There’s something nasty up our **tree!**
I saw him, Mum! My gizzard **froze!**
A Giant with a clever **nose!**”

Mother “***A clever nose!***”

Narr. His mother **hissed.**

Mother “You must be going round the **twist!**”

Jack “He smelled me out, I swear it, **Mum!**
He said he **smelled** an English**man!**”

Narr. The mother said,

Mother “And well he **might!**
I’ve told you every single **night**
To take a bath because you **reek!**
But would you listen to me **speak?**
You even made your mother **shrink**
Because of your unholy **stink!**”

Narr. Jack answered,

Jack “Well, if you’re so **clean**
Why don’t **you** climb the crazy **bean?**”

Narr. The mother cried,

Mother “By gad, I **will!**
There’s life within the old dog **still!**”

Narr. She hitched her skirts above her **knee**
And disappeared right up the **tree**.
Now would the Giant smell his **mum**?
Jack listened for the *fee-fo-**fum***.

He gazed aloft. He wondered **when**
The dreaded words would come... And **then...**
From somewhere high above the **ground**
There came a frightful crunching **sound**.
He heard the Giant mutter **twice**,

Giant “By gosh, that tasted very **nice**.
Although,”

Narr. (and this in grumpy **tones**),

Giant “I wish there weren’t so many **bones**.”

Jack “By Christopher!”

Narr. Jack cried.

Jack By **gum!**”
The Giant’s eaten up my **mum!**
He smelled her out! She’s in his **belly!**
I had a hunch that she was **smelly**.”

Narr. Jack stood there gazing **longingly**
Upon the huge and golden **tree**.
He murmured softly,

Jack “Golly-**gosh**,
I’ll guess I’ll **have** to take a **wash**
If I am going to climb this **tree**
Without the Giant smelling **me**.

Narr. In fact, a bath's my only hope...
He rushed indoors and grabbed the soap.
He scrubbed his body everywhere.
He even washed and rinsed his hair.
He did his teeth, he blew his nose
And went out smelling like a rose.

Once more he climbed the mighty bean.
The Giant sat there, gross, obscene,
Muttering through his vicious teeth
(While Jack sat tensely just beneath)
Muttering loud,

Giant ***"FEE FI FO FUM,
RIGHT NOW I CAN'T SMELL ANYONE."***

Narr . Jack waited till the Giant slept,
Then out along the boughs he crept
And gathered so much gold, I swear
He was an instant millionaire.

Jack "A bath,"

Narr. He said,

Jack "does seem to pay.
I'm going to have one every day!"

THE END

JUMANJI

by Chris Van Allsberg

ADAPTED FOR READER'S THEATER

By Maria Sergi

Characters:

Narrator

Judy

Peter

Narrator

While Judy and Peter were out playing in the woods, they found a game under a tree named Jumanji: A Jungle Adventure Game. At home, the children spread the game out on a table. There was a board that unfolded, revealing a path of colored squares. The squares had messages written on them. The path started in the deepest jungle and ended up in Jumanji, a city of golden buildings and towers.

The directions read:

- (A) Player selects piece and places it in deepest jungle.
- (B) Player rolls dice and moves piece along path through the dangers of the jungle.
- (C) First player to reach Jumanji and yell the city's name aloud is the winner.
- (D) Very important: Once a game of Jumanji is started it will not be over until one player reaches the Golden City.

Peter OH, big deal!

Narrator said Peter, who gave a bored yawn.

Judy Peter, you go first!

Narrator said Judy, handing her brother the dice. Peter casually dropped the dice from his hand.

Judy Seven!

Narrator said Judy, Peter moved his place to the seventh square.

Judy Lion attacks, move back two spaces.

Narrator read Judy.

Peter (in a bored voice) Gosh, how exciting.

Narrator said Peter, in a very exciting voice. As he reached for his piece, he looked up at his sister. She had a look of absolute horror on her face.

Judy (whispering) Peter...turn around... very...very...slowly.

Narrator The boy could not believe his eyes. Lying on the piano was a lion, staring at Peter and licking his lips. The lion roared so loud it knocked Peter right off his chair. The big cat jumped to the floor. Peter was up on his feet, running through the house with the lion at whisker's length behind. He ran upstairs and dove under a bed. The lion tried to squeeze under, but got his head stuck. Peter scrambled out, ran from the bedroom, and slammed the door behind him. He stood in the hall with Judy, gasping for air.

Peter I don't think.

Narrator said Peter, in between gasps of air.

Peter that...I...want...to...play...this...game....
anymore!

Judy But we have to!

Narrator said Judy, as she helped Peter back
downstairs.

Judy I think that's what the instructions
mean. That lion won't go away until one
of us wins the game.

Peter Can't we just call the zoo and have him
taken away?

Narrator From upstairs came the sounds of
growling and clawing at the bedroom
door.

Peter Or maybe we could wait until father comes home.

Judy No one would come from the zoo because they wouldn't believe us and you know how upset mother would be if there was a lion in the bedroom. We started the game, and now we have to finish it.

Narrator Peter looked down at the game board. What if Judy rolled a seven? Then there'd be two lions. For an instant, Peter thought he was going to cry. Then he sat firmly in his chair and said,

Peter Let's play!

Narrator Judy picked up the dice, rolled an eight, and moved her piece.

Judy Monkey steal food, miss one turn.

Narrator she read. From the kitchen came the sounds of banging pots and falling jars. The children ran in to see a dozen monkeys tearing the room apart.

Peter OH BOY!

Narrator said Peter.

Peter This would upset mother even more than the lion!

THE END!

King Bidgood's in the Bathtub by Audrey Wood

Adapted for Reader's Theater by Christine Dziak

Characters:

Page	King	Duke
Knight	Queen	Court (3 people)

Page: Help! Help!

Narrator: Cried the Page when the sun came.

Narrator King Bidgood's in the bathtub, and he won't get out!
Oh!, who knows what to do?

Knight: I do!

Narrator: Cried the Knight when the sun came up.

Knight: Get out! It's time to battle?

King: Come in!

Narrator: Cried the King, with a boom, boom, boom.

King: Today we battle in the tub!

Page : Help! Help!

Narrator: Cried the page when the sun got hot.

Page: King Bidgood's in the bathtub, and he won't get out!
Oh!, who knows what to do?

Queen: I do!

Narrator: Cried the Queen when the sun got hot.

Queen: Get out! It's time to lunch!

King: Come in!

Narrator: Cried the King, with a yum, yum, yum.

King: Today we lunch in the tub!

Page: Help! Help I

Narrator: Cried the Page when the sun sank low.

Page: King Bidgood's in the bathtub, and he won't get out.
Oh!, who knows what to do?

Duke: I do!

Narrator: Cried the Duke when the sun sank low.

Duke: Get out! It's time to fish!

King: Come in!

Narrator: Cried the King, with a trout, trout trout.

King: Today we fish in the tub!

Page: Help! Help!

Narrator: Cried the Page when the night got dark.

Page: King Bidgood's in the bathtub, and he won't
get out!
Oh!, who knows what to do?

Court: We do!

Narrator: Cried the Court when the night got dark.

Court: Get out for the Masquerade Ball!

King: Come in!

Narrator: Cried the King, with a jig, jig, jig.

King: Tonight we dance in the tub!

Court: Help! Help!

Narrator: Cried the Court when the moon shone bright.

Court: King Bidgood's in the bathtub, and he won't
get out!
Oh!, who knows what to do?
Who knows what to do?

Page: I do!

Narrator: Said the Page when the moon shone bright,
and then he pulled the plug.
Glub...glub...glub.

THE END

THE KITTEN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A MOUSE

by Miriam Norton

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
BY MINDY HOANG**

CHARACTERS:

Mother	Father	Mickey	Lester
Sister (s)	Hazel	Narrator 1	Narrator 2

Narrator 1

There were five Miggses: Mother and Father Miggs, Lester, and two sisters. They had, as field mice usually do, an outdoor nest for summer in an empty lot and an indoor nest for winter in a nearby house.

Narrator 2

They were very surprised on a summer day to find a strange bundle in their nest. They knew by its meowing that the bundle must be a kitten, a lost kitten with no family and no name.

Sisters	Poor kitty!
Lester	Let him stay with us.
Mother	But a cat?
Father	Why not? We can bring him up to be a good mouse. He need never find out he is really a cat. You'll see, he'll be a good thing for this family.
Lester	Let's call him Mickey.
Narrator 1	That's how Mickey Miggs found his new family and a name. After his eyes opened, he began to grow up just as mice do, eating all kinds of seeds and bugs and drinking from puddles and sleeping in a cozy pile of brother and sister mice.
Narrator 2	From the distance, Father Miggs showed him his first tomcat.
Father	Remember to keep away from all cats, dogs, and people.
Narrator 1	When they moved to the indoor nest that fall, Mother Miggs showed Mickey his first mousetrap.

Mother	The most dangerous thing of all is a mousetrap. Be careful around them.
Narrator 2	Mickey was too clumsy to steal bait from traps himself, so Lester and the sisters had to share with him what they stole.
Narrator 1	But Mickey was useful in fooling the household cat, Hazel. He practiced up on meowing, for usually, of course, he squeaked, and became clever at what he thought was imitating a cat. He would hide in a dark corner and then...
Mickey	Meow, Meow!
Hazel	Where is that sound coming from? I have to leave this area to find the other cat.
Narrator 2	Hazel would poke around, leaving the pantry shelves unguarded while she looked for the other cat. That gave Lester and his sisters a chance to make a raid on the leftovers. Mickey feared Hazel as much as the mousiest mouse would, because he didn't know he was a cat.

Narrator 1 Mickey Miggs grew, became very much like a mouse and enjoyed eating the same foods that mice would eat. One day, coming from a nap in the wastepaper basket, Mickey met the children of the house, Peggy and Paul. He squeaked in terror like a mouse. The children could not understand why the kitten had been so mouse-like, but they decided to try to make friends with him by placing a dish of milk for him that night.

Mickey What is it?

Lester I don't know. Let me taste it.
Yuk! No good! (shaking his head)

Narrator 2 Mickey tried it, tried some more, then some more, until it was all gone.

Mickey Let me have a taste too. Mmmmmmm!
What wonderful stuff!

Lester It's probably poison and you'll get sick.

Narrator 1 But it wasn't poison and Mickey had a lovely feeling in his stomach from drinking it, which was milk. And every night that week, Mickey found a saucer of milk outside that same hole. He licked up every drop.

Narrator 2 At first, Mickey would drink the milk only when he was sure Peggy and Paul were nowhere around.
Soon he grew bolder and began to trust them in the room with him.
He began to trust them.
He didn't feel scared when Peggy scooped him up in her arms.
He felt a queer noise rumble up his back and all through him.

Narrator 1 It was Mickey's first purr.
Peggy and Paul took Mickey to the mirror and Mickey saw his reflection.

Mickey I don't look like my brother and sisters.
I look like Hazel.
I'm a cat, not a mouse!
(He pouted)
Meow! Meow!

Narrator 2 He made a mewling wail and not a squeak when he cried.
The next morning, he crept back through his old hole straight to Mother Miggs.

Mickey Am I really a cat?

Mother Yes, you are! We had found you in a bundle in front of our door.
We adopted you and brought you up as a mouse.
We loved you and wanted you to love us.
It was the only safe and fair way to bring you up.

Narrator 1 After talking with Mother Miggs,
Mickey decided to be a cat in all ways.
He now lives with Peggy and Paul
who also love him.
Mickey can't really forget his
upbringing, however.
He takes an old rubber mouse off of
Peggy's bed with him.

Narrator 2 He often visits the Miggses in the
indoor nest, where he nibbles cheese
tidbits and squeaks about old times.
And of course, he sees to it that Hazel no
longer prowls in the pantry at night!

Father Oh, I'm so fat and stuffed from eating so
much in Hazel's pantry.

Mother I always said our Mickey would be a good
thing for the family...and he is!

The End

THE KNEE-HIGH MAN

By Julius Lester and Caroline
Feller Bauer

Adapted for Reader's Theater by:
P. Bordelon, M. Dane, & J. Wilcoxon

CHARACTERS

Narrator	Bull	Knee-High-Man	Owl
	Horse		

Narrator	Once upon a time there was a knee-high man. He was no taller than a person's knees. Because he was so short, he was very unhappy. He wanted to be big like everybody else. One day he decided to ask the biggest animal he could find how he could get big. He went to see Mr. Horse.
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Knee-High Man	Mr. Horse, how can I get big like you?
---------------	--

Mr. Horse	Well, eat a whole lot of corn. Then run around a lot. After a while, you'll be as big as I am.
-----------	--

Narrator	The knee-high man did just that. He ate so much corn that his stomach hurt.
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Knee-High Man	(groans and hold stomach)
---------------	---------------------------

Narrator Then he ran and ran and ran until his legs hurt. But he didn't get any bigger. He decided that Mr. Horse had told him wrong. He decided to ask Mr. Bull.

Knee-High Man Mr. Bull, how can I get big like you?

Mr. Bull Eat a whole lot of grass. Then bellow as loud as you can. The first thing you know, you'll be as big as I am.

Narrator So the knee-high man ate a whole field of grass. That made his stomach hurt.

Knee-High Man (groans and holds stomach)

Narrator He bellowed, and bellowed and bellowed all day and all night. That made his throat hurt. But he didn't get any bigger. So he decided that Mr. Bull was all wrong, too. Now he didn't know anyone else to ask. One night he heard Mr. Owl hooting, and he remembered that Mr. Owl knew everything.

Knee-High Man Mr. Owl, how can I get big like Mr. Horse and Mr. Bull?

Mr. Owl What do you want to be big for?

Knee-High Man I want to be big so that when I get into a fight, I can whip everybody!

Mr. Owl Anybody ever try to pick a fight with you?

Narrator The Knee-High Man thought a minute.

Knee-High Man Well, now that you mention it, nobody ever did try to start a fight with me.

Mr. Owl. Well, you don't have a reason to fight. Therefore you don't have any reason to be bigger than you are.

Knee-High Man But, Mr. Owl, I want to be big so I can see far into the distance.

Mr. Owl If you climb a tall tree, you can see into the distance from the top.

Narrator The Knee-High Man was quiet for a minute.

Knee-High Man Well, I hadn't thought of that.

Narrator Mr. Owl hooted.

Mr. Owl. And that is what's wrong, Mr. Knee-High Man, you haven't done any thinking at all. I'm smaller than you are, and you don't see me worrying about being big. Mr. Knee-High Man, you wanted something that you didn't need.

Narrator The moral of this story is...Knee-High Man wanted to be big like everyone else, but Mr. Owl helped him to see that he is just fine the way he is.

THE END

READER'S THEATER

“Ladies First” by Shel Silverstein

Adapted by James Servis

Readers:

Pamela Purse
Narrator 1

Narrator 2
Narrator 3

Pamela Purse: **Ladies First!**

Narrator 1: Pushing in front of the ice cream line.

Narrator 2: Pamela Purse yelled.

Pamela Purse: **Ladies First!**

Narrator 3: Grabbing the ketchup at dinnertime.

Narrator 1: Climbing on the morning bus.

Narrator 2: She'd shove right by all of us.

Narrator 3: Then there'd be a tiff or a fight or a fuss.

Narrator 1: When Pamela Purse yelled.

Pamela Purse: **Ladies First!**

Narrator 2: Pamela Purse screamed.

Pamela Purse: **Ladies First!**

Narrator 3: When we went on our jungle trip.

Narrator 1: Pamela Purse said her thirst was worst.

Narrator 2: And guzzled our water...every sip.

Narrator 3: And when we got grabbed by that wild savage band.

Narrator 1: Who tied us together and made us all stand.

Narrator 2: In a long line in front of the king of the land.

Narrator 3: A cannibal king known as fry-em'-up Dan.

Narrator 1: Who sat on his throne in a bib so grand.

Narrator 2: With a lick on his lips and a fork in his hand.

Narrator 3: As he tried to decide who'd be first in the pan.

Narrator 1: From the back of the line in that shrill voice of hers.

Narrator 2: Pamela Purse yelled.

Pamela Purse:

LADIES FIRST!!!

THE END!

LAMONT, THE LONELY MONSTER

AUTHOR: DEAN WALLEY

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Karen A. Kleysteuber

Narrator
Monsters (general)

Lamont
Uriah the Heap

NARRATOR Once upon a time there was a very lonely monster named Lamont. He was hairy and scary on the outside but on the inside he was good and kind. Lamont wanted a friend and upon the advice of a boy he went to Monster Mansion. He knocked but no one answered, so he opened the door and there was Sam, the Sulky Skeleton.

LAMONT Hello, I'm looking for a friend.

NARRATOR Said Lamont.

MONSTER What a bother, I'm not about to be your friend. But you can look around Monster Mansion if you want to, but you better watch out for Uriah the Heap who eats monsters like you for breakfast!

NARRATOR Said Sam. So Lamont began to explore the mansion

LAMONT Maybe there's a friend in here...

NARRATOR He said, when he saw what looked like a chest. But inside he found...a sleeping vampire.

LAMONT He doesn't look friendly so I better not wake him.

NARRATOR In the next room, Lamont heard heavy breathing from a closet.

LAMONT Maybe that's a new friend trying to get out.

NARRATOR But when he opened the door, there was...a werewolf!

MONSTER Rrrroowwwllll!!!!!!!

LAMONT He doesn't sound very friendly to me!

NARRATOR And he shut the door and went on his way, hoping that he wouldn't run into Uriah the Heap.

LAMONT My, what a lot of books. Here's an interesting one called "Open Here."

NARRATOR Lamont pulled the book and a secret panel opened revealing a pair of ghosts.

MONSTERS It's Uriah the Heap!

NARRATOR They screamed.

LAMONT If people confuse me with that terrible monster, I will never find a friend.

NARRATOR Lamont walked down a hall and opened a door that had smoke coming out of it.

MONSTER How dare you interrupt me when I'm mixing my potion. Be gone and may you meet Uriah the Heap before the day's out. He'll take care of you!

LAMONT That's what I'm afraid of!

NARRATOR Lamont thought that he would try one more door and then give up. He reached out and threw open the door...only to find Uriah the Heap!

URIAH Aha! It looks like I've found another victim!

LAMONT P-p-p-please, Mr. Heap

NARRATOR Stammered Lamont.

LAMONT I'd make a terrible breakfast. Couldn't we be friends?

URIAH Friends? Friends? You and me?
Friends?

LAMONT Well, that is why I am here. I have been looking for a friend.

NARRATOR

A tear trickled down Uriah the Heap's cheek.

URIAH

No one has ever wanted to be my friend before. This is the happiest day of my horrible life

NARRATOR

So Lamont, the Lonely Monster and Uriah the Heap locked arms and walked into the sun shiny world and into the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

THE END!

LITTLE ABIGAIL AND THE BEAUTIFUL PONY

by Shel Silverstein

Adapted for Reader's Theater
BY TRENT COX

CAST

Narrator **Abigail** **Mom** **Dad** **Parents**

Narrator There was a girl named Abigail who was taking a drive through the country with her parents when she spied a beautiful, sad-eyed gray and white pony. And next to it was a sign that said:
FOR SALE--CHEAP.

Abigail Oh, may I have that pony?
May I pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeease?

Parents No, you may not.

Abigail But I must have that pony.

Dad Well, you can't have that pony, but you can have a nice butter pecan ice cream cone when we get home.

Abigail I don't want a butter pecan ice cream cone. **I WANT THAT PONY! I MUST HAVE THAT PONY!**

Mom Be quiet and stop nagging. You're not getting that pony.

Narrator And Abigail began to cry and said...

Abigail If I don't get that pony, I'll die!

Dad You won't die. No child ever died from not getting a pony.

Narrator And Abigail felt so bad that when they got home she went to bed. And she couldn't eat, and she couldn't sleep, and her heart was broken. And she **DID** die...all because of a pony that her parents wouldn't buy.

Dad Oh, what fools we were!

Mom Oh, if she were only alive I would buy her a hundred, a **HUNDRED** ponies!

Narrator This is a good story to read to your folks when they won't buy you something you want.

THE END

THE LITTLE RED HEN

from Walt Disney Productions

THREE FAVORITE TALES

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Becky Lasick

Narrator Little Red Hen Huey Dewey Louie

Narr. One day the Little Red Hen was raking in the yard, and she found a few grains of wheat. She asked,

LR Hen Who will help me plant this wheat?

Huey Not I.

Narr. Said Huey. He was too busy climbing a tree.

Dewey Not I.

Narr. Said Dewey. He was too busy playing with his wagon.

Louie Not I.

Narr. Said Louie. He was too busy lying in the sun.

LR Hen Then I'll do it myself.

Narr. Said the Little Red Hen. And she did. Soon the wheat had grown tall. It was ready to be cut. The Little Red Hen asked,

LR Hen Who will help me cut the wheat?

Huey Not I.

Narr. Said Huey, and he rode off on his hobby horse.

Dewey Not I.

Narr. Said Dewey, and he waved from the top of a tree.

Louie Not I.

Narr. Said Louie, and he yawned.

LR Hen Then I'll do it myself.

Narr. Said the Little Red Hen. And she did. Now the wheat was ready to be ground into flour. Again the Little Red Hen went to Huey, Dewey, and Louie. She asked,

LR Hen Who will help me carry the wheat to the mill to be ground?

Huey Not I!

Dewey Not I!

Louie Not I!

LR Hen Then I'll do it myself.

Narr . Said the Little Red Hen. And she did. When the Little Red Hen came back from the mill, she asked,

LR Hen Who will help me back this flour into bread?

Huey Not !!!

Narr. Said Huey, half asleep, as he was busy taking a nap.

Dewey Not !!!

Narr. Said Dewey, who was busy playing with the pump.

Louie Not !!!

Narr. Said Louie, who was busy playing with a toy cart.

LR Hen Then I'll do it myself.

Narr. Said the Little Red Hen. And she did. When the bread came out of the oven, it smelled SO GOOD! The Little Red Hen asked,

LR Hen Who will help me eat this bread?

Huey I will!!!!

Dewey I will!!!!

Louie I will!!!!

LR Hen Oh, no you won't!

LR Hen I planted the grain and cut it. I carried it to the mill, and I baked it too. Not one of you would help me do the work. I did it all myself, and now I'll eat the bread myself.

Narr. And she did!

THE END!

Little Red Riding Hood

An Original Dramatization by:

Tara Clark

Paula Lutz

Christine Miller

Danielle Specca

ED 461A
Mr. Servis

Characters:

Stepmother

Robber

Narrator

Grandmother

Undercover cop

Little Red Riding Hood: a.k.a. “Harley Queen”

Narrator:

Once upon a time, there was a spoiled little girl who was disliked by all those who knew her; all, that is, except her grandmother, who didn't know what to make of her.

Once, her grandmother gave her a cute little black leather jacket.

It was becoming and she liked it so much that she never took it off, leading to the name, “Harley Queen.”

One day her stepmother said to her:

Stepmother Come here, Harley. Take this soup and bread to your grandmother. She is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly before the soup gets cold. Remember not to talk to any strangers, and if someone approaches you, run and tell someone.

Harley Yeah, Edith...whatever.

Narrator Harley then left and began to head towards her grandmother's house. She lived about half of an hour away in the inner city in a not-so-good neighborhood. As she turned the corner, she was approached by a suspicious looking man.

Robber: Good morning, little girl.

Narrator Harley, being the bold girl that she was, was not afraid and moved closer.

Harley Good morning, mister!

Robber So what is a cute girl like you doing in this part of town at this hour?

Harley I'm going to my grandmother's house. Wait, what's it to you?

Robber So what do you have in that bag, anything that I would like?

Harley No, nothing I'm willing to give you. I just have some soup and bread for my sick grandmother.

Robber: Where does she live?

Harley Huh?

Narrator Saying it sarcastically:

Harley It's none of your business!

Narrator Harley begins to walk to her grandmother's house and the Robber stayed behind, watching her closely out of the corner of his eye. He said to himself:

Robber Hmm. The house this girl is going to would be a prime house to hit.

Narrator His eyes continued to follow Harley, and once she reached the house and entered, he snuck around back trying to find the best entrance. Harley began to yell for her grandmother.

Harley Grandma, I'm here! Where are you?

Narrator Her grandmother shouted:

Grandma Oh, my sweet Harley. I'm upstairs in my room.

Narrator Harley went upstairs and gave her bag of treats to her grandmother.

Harley Good morning, grandma!
How are you feeling?
I brought you some soup and bread.
Hopefully you're feeling well enough to eat them.

Narrator In a low thankful voice . . .

Grandma Oh, darling. How thoughtful that was of you.
I'm feeling much better than yesterday.
Your soup should hit the spot.

Narrator In a sweet voice

Harley Anything for you, grandma.
I was worried about you.
Thanksgiving is coming soon and I'd hate to see you be sick for that.

Narrator All of a sudden, there was a loud crash, and the sound of glass breaking.
Harley and her grandmother froze.
Before they even had time to dial 911, the Robber burst into her grandmother's room and pulled out a gun.
The Robber yelled:

Robber Nobody move ! Hands up !
If you cooperate no one will get hurt!

Narrator Harley and her grandmother cooperated, trying not to look too scared.
In the meantime, there was an undercover cop who saw the robber approach Harley and follow her to her grandmother's house.
The cop burst open the door, ran downstairs, and caught the robber stealing grandmother's jewels.
The cop yells:

Cop

Freeze!

Drop the gun and put your hands on your head!

Narrator

The robber did what the cop said and the cop handcuffed him and read him his rights. Harley and her grandmother hug after regaining their composure, and sat down to enjoy the soup and bread.

THE END

Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf by Roald Dahl

adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

WOLF
RED

GRANDMA
NARRATOR

Narr. As soon as Wolf began to **feel**
That he would like a decent **meal**,
He went and knocked on Grandma's door.
When Grandma opened it, she saw
The sharp white teeth, the horrid **grin**,
And Wolfie said,

Wolf "May I come **in**?"

Narr. Poor Grand mamma was **terrified**,

Grandma "He's going to eat me **up**!"

Narr. She **cried**.
And she was absolutely **right**.
He ate her up in one big **bite**.
But Grand mamma was small and **tough**,
And Wolfie wailed,

Wolf “That’s not **enough!**
I haven’t yet begun to **feel**
That I have had a decent **meal!**”

Narr. He ran around the kitchen **yelping,**

Wolf I’ve got to have a second **helping!**”

Narr. Then added with a frightful **leer,**

Wolf “I’m therefore going to wait right **here**
Till Little Miss Red Riding **Hood**
Comes home from walking in the **wood.**”

Narr. He quickly put on Grandma’s **clothes,**
(Of course he hadn’t eaten **those.**)
He dressed himself in coat and **hat.**
He put on shoes and after **that**
He even brushed and curled his **hair,**
Then sat himself in Grandma’s **chair.**
In came the little girl in **red.**
She stopped. She stared. And then she **said,**

Red “What great big ears you have, Grandma.”

Wolf All the better to hear you with,”

Narr. The Wolf replied.

Red. “What great big eyes you have, Grandma,”

Narr. Said Little Red Riding Hood.

Wolf “All the better to see you with,”

Narr. The Wolf replied.

Narr. He sat there watching her and **smiled**.
He thought, I'm going to eat this **child**.
Compared with her old **Grand mamma**
She's going to taste like **caviar**.
Then Little Red Riding Hood said,

Red "But Grandma, what a lovely great big furry
coat you have on."

Wolf That's wrong!"

Narr. Cried Wolf.

Wolf "Have you **forgot**
To tell me what BIG TEETH I've **got**?
Ah well, no matter what you **say**,
I'm going to eat you **anyway**."

Narr. The small girl smiles. One eyelid **flickers**.
She whips a pistol from her **knickers**.
She aims it at the creature's **head**
And bang bang bang, she shoots him
dead.

A few weeks later, in the **wood**,
I came across Miss Riding **Hood**.
But what a change! No cloak of **red**,
No silly hood upon her **head**.
She said,

Red "Hello, and do please **note**
My lovely furry wolfskin **coat**."

THE END!

Loudmouth George and the Sixth Grade Bully by Nancy Carlson Puffin Books, 1983

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Christopher Moscati

Characters: **Narrator** **Big Mike** **George**
 Harriet **George's Mom**

Narrator It was the first day of school. George was excited. Suddenly an enormous sixth grader jumped out of the bushes. George had never seen him before, but he knew right away that this must be Big Mike, the new kid in town.

Big Mike Hi-ya, squirt! Gimme all your money or I won't let you by!

George I don't have any money.

Big Mike Then gimme your lunch....(pause)....You call this a lunch? You better have something better than this tomorrow!
Now get out of here!

Narrator George ran faster than he ever had before.
Harriet That day George had nothing to eat for lunch. Forget your lunch? Here, you can have half of my peanut butter sandwich.

Narrator After school George raced home. He was afraid that Big Mike would be waiting for him. That night he ate an enormous dinner.

Mom Goodness, you're hungry this evening.

George Maybe you'd better pack me a bigger lunch tomorrow.

Narrator The next morning Big Mike took George's lunch again.

Big Mike Listen, Big Ears, you'd better have more cookies tomorrow!

Narrator That day George had nothing to eat for lunch again. Meanwhile, back in the lunch room.

Harriet Golly, George, I already ate my sandwich. You're sure getting forgetful.

Narrator The next morning George sneaked some extra cookies into his lunch box. Then he took the long way to school, but Big Mike caught him anyway.

Big Mike Don't get tricky with me, Twitch Nose! Gimme your lunch!

Narrator By the end of the week George was a nervous wreck. He couldn't pay attention in class, he jumped when anyone called his name, and he was hungry all the time. On Friday in the lunch room George saw Harriet again.

Harriet Something fishy is going on here. You'd better tell me what it is, George.

Narrator So George told Harriet the whole story. He felt a little better then, but not much.

Harriet We should tell the principal.

George It wouldn't do any good. Big Mike doesn't go to this school.

Harriet Hmm, I think I have an idea. Meet me at my house tomorrow morning.

Narrator Saturday morning, George walked over to Harriet's. He shook all the way there.

Harriet Here's the plan. Come into the kitchen.

Narrator The two of them set to work making a lunch. First, they made two tuna fish sandwiches. They poured half a jar of garlic powder into the tuna fish. Then, they filled a thermos halfway with vegetable soup. They filled it the rest of the way with vinegar. Finally, they mixed hot pepper into some fruit cocktail and put it in a jar.

Narrator On Monday morning George hid his real lunch in his school bag and carried the lunch he and Harriet made. Then he set off for school. Sure enough, Big Mike stole George's lunch again.

George Won't he be surprised! I sure taught Big Mike a big lesson!

The End!

MAKE WAY FOR DUMB BUNNIES

by Sue Denim

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Gina DeGennaro
ED 461A, 1997**

Ideas for Usage:

This reader's theater is a funny ironic tale for children to enjoy.

It targets students at the second or third grade. The pictures in the book help aid the story's humor. Things that can be discussed along with the book are irony, humor, how pictures are important to some text, etc.

Students can easily rewrite this story to a more traditional and predictable book, or be just as creative.

The Bunny family is careless, silly, and foolish, students will enjoy the upside down tale.

Characters:

**Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3**

**Poppa Bunny
Mamma Bunny
Baby Bunny**

Narrator 1: Early one morning, the dumb bunnies were spending some quality time apart.

Narrator 2: Poppa Bunny was watching the Super Bowl.
Momma Bunny was watching the Orange Bowl.
And Baby Bunny was watching the Toilet Bowl.

Poppa Bunny: "That's my boy!"

Narrator 3: said Poppa Bunny.

Narrator 1: Soon it started to rain. Dark clouds rolled in, and thunder flashed brightly all around.

Poppa Bunny: "It looks like a perfect day to go to the beach,"

Narrator 2: said Poppa Bunny.

Narrator 3: So they packed three sack lunches, loaded up the car with everything they needed, and headed off for the beach.

Narrator 1: When they got to the beach, the Dumb Bunnies went in for a swim.

Narrator 2: Baby Bunny took his umbrella, because he didn't want to get wet.

Narrator 3: Afterwards, Momma Bunny combed the beach, Poppa Bunny went fishing in a boat, and Baby Bunny blew up an inflatable raft.

ALL: "KA-BOOM!!!"

Poppa Bunny: "That's my boy!"

Narrator 1: said Poppa Bunny.

Narrator 2: Soon the rain stopped, and the sun came out.

Momma Bunny: "Looks like bad weather,"

Narrator 3: said Momma Bunny.

Narrator 1: So the Dumb Bunnies headed back to town. On their way, they came across the deal of the century!

Poppa Bunny: "Duh, look!"

Narrator 2: said Poppa Bunny.

Poppa Bunny: "A free car! Let's take it!"

Narrator 3: So they did.

Narrator 1: When the Dumb Bunnies got to town, they parked their new car and went to see a movie. Inside the lobby, they bought a tub of popcorn.

Narrator 2: But the Dumb Bunnies didn't enjoy the movie very much.

Poppa Bunny: "The screen is too small,"

Narrator 3: said Poppa Bunny.

Momma Bunny: "And it's too bright,"

Narrator 1: said Momma Bunny.

Narrator 2: After the movie, the Dumb Bunnies could hardly see a thing. They looked all over for their new car.

Poppa Bunny: "Duh, I think I found it,"

Narrator 3: said Poppa Bunny.

Narrator 1: So they all climbed in and drove toward home. It was a very bumpy ride.

Narrator 2: At last, the Dumb Bunnies arrived home safe and sound. It was getting late and was almost time for bed.

Baby Bunny: "Can I watch TV in my pajamas?"

Narrator 3: asked Baby Bunny.

Momma Bunny
and
Poppa Bunny: "Dokey-Okey,"

Narrator 1: said Momma and Poppa Bunny.

Narrator 2: So Baby Bunny put the TV in his pajamas and watched it all night long.

Poppa Bunny: "That's my boy,"

Narrator 3: said Poppa Bunny.

THE END!

Meanwhile Back at the Ranch

by Trinka Hakes Noble

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by John Maxwell

CHARACTERS:

Narrator

Rancher Hicks

ElnaVoice

Narrator Rancher Hicks lived out west. As far as the eye could see there was nothing...not even a roaming buffalo. So nothing much ever happened.

Hicks I think I'll ride into town and see what's happening.

Narrator said Rancher Hicks.

Hicks Want to ride along, Elna?

Narrator He asked his wife.

Elna No. I've got to dig potatoes.

Narrator said Elna. So Rancher Hicks climbed into his truck and drove eighty-four miles to the town of Sleepy Gulch. He stopped at the post office to look at the new 'wanted' posters, but they were the same ones that were there twelve years ago. Meanwhile...back at the ranch...The cat had just had kittens in Elna's sewing basket when the phone rang.

Elna Hello?

Voice Mrs. Elna Hicks?

Elna Yes.

Voice Mrs. Hicks, you have just won a **brand-new wall-to-wall, frost-free, super-cool refrigerator with a built-in automatic food maker!**

Elna Why I never!

Voice The delivery men are on their way.

Narrator Meanwhile...(yawn)...back in Sleepy Gulch...Rancher Hicks strolled on over to the barber shop for a whisker trim and to hear the latest gossip.

Hicks So...what's new, Bob?

Voice Well...back in the spring of '49 we had a rainstorm you wouldn't believe. Why' it rained for pretty near a whole five minutes. Folks thought it'd never stop. Nothin' much been happening since.

Narrator Meanwhile...back at the ranch...the dog had just had puppies when the postman came up the drive with a special delivery. Elna opened it. It was her Great Aunt Edith's will.

Elna *My dear Elna,
I am leaving you my entire estate which is worth a bundle.
Your loving Great Aunt Edith
P.S. Enclosed is a winning lottery ticket. I didn't have time to cash it in.*

Narrator So Elna cashed in the lottery and put new siding on the house. Then she added a new wing for the wall-to-wall refrigerator and a new den for all the puppies and kittens. Meanwhile...(snore)...back in Sleepy Gulch...Rancher Hicks mosied on over to Millie's Mildew Luncheonette.

Hicks
Voice What's on the menu for today, Millie?
Well, we got potatoes mashed and potatoes fried, potatoes boiled and potatoes baked, potatoes roasted and potatoes stewed, potatoes scalloped and potatoes steamed, and one egg.

Hicks Sounds great. I'll have one of each and a side order of fries.

Narrator Meanwhile...back at the ranch...after all the pigs had had piglets, Elna finally started to dig potatoes. She struck oil! The oilmen came and gave her lots of money. They started eight new oil wells and an oil refinery that day! Elna took the money and had a very stylish sty built for all the pigs and piglets. Meanwhile...(sigh)...back in Sleepy Gulch... Rancher Hicks headed on over to the general store to check out the checker game.

Hicks Howdy, boys. What's new?

Voice Well, Bernie here just got a king and it only took him two weeks.

Narrator said Kurt.

Voice And I just jumped two of Kurt's men in a little over two hours!

Narrator said Bernie.

Hicks Wow! What a game! I can't wait to tell Elna!

Narrator Meanwhile...back at the ranch...all the cows had calves when a silver limo swung into the driveway. Out jumped a Hollywood movie producer and his hairdresser.

Voice Elna Hicks, I'm going to make you a movie star!

Narrator So Elna went on a diet and lost twenty pounds. The hairdresser dyed her hair blond and painted her lips red. The movie producer gave her a script, a bikini, and a large stack of dollar bills! So Elna had a glamorous cow palace built for all the cows and calves, and she studied her script. Meanwhile...(ho hum)...back in Sleepy Gulch...Rancher Hicks started to cross Main Street when he saw it!

Hicks Amazing!

Narrator Folks ran to see it.

Everyone Incredible!!!

Narrator A crowd gathered.

Voice This is big news, really big!

Narrator Said the newspaper editor.

Voice We'd better wake up the mayor.

Narrator Said the sheriff. The mayor came.

Voice Why, I've never seen anything like it!

Narrator Said the mayor. So he declared it a town holiday. The whole town watched it for hours and hours until finally...a turtle crossed Main Street! Meanwhile...back at the ranch...all the horses had colts when the President's helicopter landed in Elna's yard.

Voice Elna Hicks, you've got the finest horses west of Washington. I'm making you a diplomat. Please deliver two of your finest horses to the Queen of England!

Narrator The President paid Elna for the horses and gave her a diplomat's diploma and an autographed picture of himself.

Voice Don't forget to vote for me!

Narrator Elna took the money and had a very stately stable built for all the horses and colts. Meanwhile...(zzzzzzzzzz)...back in Sleepy Gulch...the sun began to sink slowly in the west. Rancher Hicks felt bad that Elna had missed all the excitement so he stopped and bought her a box of Cracker Jacks.

Hicks This will make her day.

Narrator Then he climbed into his truck and drove eighty-four miles back to the ranch. Elna met Rancher Hicks down by the mailbox. He gave her the box of Cracker Jacks and told her about all the excitement.

Elna Shoot! I miss everything!

Narrator Then Rancher Hicks turned around.

Hicks What the hay?!?!?!?!?!?

Narrator Meanwhile...Elna opened her box of Cracker Jacks and inside she found...a real diamond ring!!!!

THE END!

Miss Spider's New Car by David Kirk

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Cynthia Papparizos

Miss Spider
Narrator
Me May Fly

Holley
Mik Mantis
Bub Bumble Bee

Hop
Sid Skipper

Miss Spider MOM writes that we should come to tea.
Let's go!

Narrator Miss Spider **cried.**

Miss Spider We'll hire a frog to cross the bog down to
the river **side.**
Among the mice, we might entice a fuzzy
woodland **guide.**

Holley Those mice could bite you!

Narrator Holley howled.

Holley The river's full of **snakes.**
To think of you atop a frog gives me the
quiver **shakes.**
It's much too far.
Let's buy a car instead for heaven's
sakes!

Miss Spider You're brilliant, dear

Narrator Miss Spider cheered.

Miss Snider A car would be **divine**.
With sky blue shells and silver bells and
chiming bits that **shine**.
Look over there!
I do declare that one would suit us **fine!**

Narrator Miss Spider grinned,

Miss Spider we'll take it home!

Narrator But Holley only **frowned**.

Holley Would it be wise to buy the first jalopy
that we've **found?**
I'll ask the bee to wait 'til three so we can
shop **around**.

Narrator Mik Mantis crooned,

Mik Mantis this honey runs on nectar from a **flower**.
Its two- stem engine is equipped with
turbo-bumble **power**,
and capable of reaching speeds near
ninety yards per **hour**.

Narrator Poor Holley shrieked,

Holley it's much too fast!
Please look out where you're **going**.
There might be hungry rats down there.
We have no way of **knowing**.

Miss Spider How fine it is,

Narrator Miss Spider laughed,

Miss Spider to feel my toppy **blowing!**

Holley Slick-tail the snail,

Narrator said Holley,

Holley Calls this gem the Escargot.
It looks all sleek and spirally, but rides so nice and **slow.**

Miss Spider That sales snail,

Narrator said Miss Spider,

Miss Spider Looks familiar, don't you **know?**

Hop The wheel is out of date,

Narrator whooped Hop,

Hop just like a dino**sa****ur.**
Our flexo-flea spring loaded legs are what you're looking **for.**
Just pull the round brown throttle down and hear that engine **roar!**

Me May Fly Why travel on the public roads?
Such trouble that it **brings:**
the bumps and **holes,**
the toads and **moles,**
the snakes and rats and **things.**
It's only sense,

Narrator Meg May Fly bragged,

Me May Fly to buy this car with **wings.**

Holley It's almost three now,

Narrator Holley coughed.

Holley We really ought to **run**.
I'm certain, dear, the first car was by far
the nicest **one**.

Skid Skipper Just try this **dream**,

Narrator Sid Skipper **schemed**,

Sid Skipper and then you shall be done.

Miss Spider The springs are shot,

Narrator Miss Spider moaned.

Miss Spider I bounce with every **bump**.
The steering's locked. The brakes won't
work, no matter how I **pump**.
That tree is getting awfully close...
I think we'd better **jump!**

Narrator Miss Spider wailed,

Miss Spider they'll sell my car. It's nearly half past
three!

Narrator Then Holley spied a dozing moth and
whispered **secretly**,

Holley Excuse me, Sue, but could you do a
courtesy for **me?**

Miss Spider Oh, where's my car? My lovely car!

Narrator She blew her nose and **cried**.

Bub Bumble Bee A moth paid cash and drove it home,

Narrator Bub Bumble Bee **replied**.

Bub Bumble Bee I'm sorry ma'am. Indeed I am.

Miss Spider Me too,

Narrator Miss Spider sighed,
But then upon Miss Spider's lawn. . .
Oh, what a dazzling **sight**
Proud Holley beamed,

Holley Moth Sue came through, the way I hoped
she **might**.
You knew it from the first my love, that
little car's just **right!**

Narrator Beneath the **door**,
upon the **floor**,
Miss Spider found a **note**.

Miss Spider Another message from my mom, I
wonder what she **wrote**. . .

What fun!
She wants to take us both out shopping
for a **boat!**

THE END

THE MITTEN

Author - Alvin Tressalt
Reader's Theater
arranged by
Judith Pearson & Alisa Butcher

Narrator
Mouse
Fox
Bear

Boy
Owl
Frog
Rabbit

Grandmother
Cricket
Wolf
Boar

Narrator It was the coldest day of the winter and a little boy was gathering firewood for his grandmother. As the grandmother sat knitting a pair of mittens she said,

Grandmother Bring back all the wood you can.

Narrator All morning the boy worked picking up sticks, until his sled was well loaded. Then a very strange thing happened.....he dropped one of his mittens in the snow. Now, how a boy could do this on the coldest day of winter, I'll never know, but that's the way my grandfather tells the story. Off he went with his load of wood and the mitten was left lying on a snowdrift. Soon a little mouse came scurrying through the woods. She was very cold and when she spied the little boy's mitten with it's feathery fur cuff she said,

Mouse It looks so warm and just the right size for a little mouse.

Narrator Soon a green frog came hippity-hopping over the snow.

Frog Anybody home?

Mouse Only me...come in, its COLD!

Narrator They had no sooner settled themselves snugly in the red wool lining when an owl flew down.

Owl May I come in the warm mitten?

Mouse If you mind your manners.

Narrator Owls made the tiny mouse very nervous.

Frog And don't wiggle too much because its a bit tight in here.

Narrator Soon a rabbit came down the path and said,

Rabbit mitten? Is there room for me in that nice warm It's very , very cold out here!

All Not much room left. But come on in.

Narrator Even before the rabbit had gotten herself tucked in, a fox trotted up to the mitten and asked,

Fox Is there any room left in the warm mitten for me?

Narrator And after a good deal of trouble she got herself in along with the others. The mouse was beginning to think she

Narrator
(continued) shouldn't have been so generous, but with the winter wind outside, what else could she do?
And now...as if things weren't bad enough, the next visitor was a big gray wolf who asked,

Wolf May I come in too?

Narrator Everyone moved around a bit and finally the wolf was squeezed into the mitten too. It was very, very, very crowded by now...but it was warm.
Everyone had just gotten comfortable when they heard a great snorting. It was a wild boar and he was anxious to get in out of the wind. The mouse cried,

Mouse Oh dear! We have no more room!

Boar I'll be very careful.

Narrator And with that he squinched himself into the mitten with the rest of the animals. I know this is so because my grandfather told me.
But the worst was yet to come for who should appear but a bear.

ALL NO ROOM !!! NO ROOM !!!

Narrator The bear said,

Bear Nonsense! There's always room for one more.

Narrator And without so much as a please or thank-you, he squeezed into the mitten.
Now while all this was going on, along

Narrator
(continued)

came a little black cricket. She was very old and her creaky legs ached with cold. When she saw the mitten she said to herself,

Cricket

That looks like a nice warm place. I'll just hop over and see if I can squeeze in, too.

Narrator

But, ah me! That's all that was needed to finish off the poor old mitten. The cricket had no more than put her first scratchy foot inside when with a rip, and a snap, the stitches came apart. The old leather cracked and the soft red lining split in half popping all the animals into the snow. Well, at this very moment the little boy discovered that he had only one mitten, so he went back to look for it. But all he could find were the ripped apart pieces. He thought he saw a little mouse scurrying away with a little red hat perched on her head that looked just like the thumb of his mitten. As the boy snuggled his cold hand inside his coat he said,

Boy

Oh well, my grandma will have my new mittens all done by now.

Narrator

Then he hurried home with the north wind nipping at his cheeks. And my grandfather says he never did know what really happened to his mittens.

THE END

MISS NELSON IS MISSING!

by Harry Allard

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Lori Lake**

Narrator Miss Nelson Viola Swamp Kid 1 Kid 2

Narrator The kids in Room 207 have been misbehaving all day, as usual, for they are the worst-behaved class in the whole school. Paper planes are flying through the air and spit balls are stuck to the ceiling.

Miss Nelson Please, settle down.

Kid 1 No, we don't want to!

Narrator He said, while making faces and getting laughed at by the rest of the class.

Miss Nelson Everyone gather around for story hour.

Kid 2 No, we want to go outside for recess!

Narrator She said, while standing on her head.

Miss Nelson They refuse to cooperate for everything. Something will have to be done!

Narrator The next morning, Miss Nelson did not come to school.

Kid 1 Wow! Now we can really act up!

Kid 2 Yeah, today let's be just terrible!

Viola Swamp Not so fast!

Narrator Hissed an unpleasant voice. A woman in an ugly black dress stood before them.

Viola Swamp I am your new teacher, Miss Viola Swamp.

Narrator She said, as she rapped on the desk with her ruler.

Kid 1 Where is Miss Nelson?

Viola Swamp Never mind that! Open those arithmetic books!

Narrator The kids did as they were told. They could see that Miss Swamp was a real witch. She meant business! Right away she put them to work. And she loaded them down with homework.

Viola Swamp We'll have no story hour today. Keep your mouths shut. Sit perfectly still, and if you misbehave, you'll be sorry!

Narrator The kids in 207 had never worked so hard. Days went by and there was no sign of Miss Nelson. The kids missed Miss Nelson.

Kid 2 Maybe we should try to find her.

Narrator Some of them went to the police station where Detective McSmogg, who was assigned to the case, was of no help. Other kids went to her house, where the shades were tightly drawn and no one answered the door. While they were there at the door, however, they spotted someone...

Kid 1
us It's Miss Swamp! If she sees us, she'll give more homework. RUN!

Kid 2 Maybe something terrible happened to Miss Nelson! Maybe she was gobbled up by a shark!

Kid 1 Maybe Miss Nelson went to Mars!

Kid 2 I know! Maybe Miss Nelson's car was carried off by a swarm of angry butterflies!

Narrator None of their answers seemed likely. The kids in Room 207 became very discouraged. It seemed as if Miss Nelson was never coming back. And they would be stuck with Miss Viola Swamp forever. They sat disappointed in class as they heard footsteps coming down the hall

Kid 1 Here comes the witch!

Miss Nelson Hello, children.

Narrator Someone said in a sweet voice. It was Miss Nelson.

Miss Nelson Did you miss me?

Kid 2 We certainly did!

Miss Nelson That's my little secret. How about story hour?

Kid 2 Oh, yes!

Narrator Miss Nelson noticed that during story hour no one was silly or rude.

Miss Nelson What brought about this lovely change?

Both Kids That's our little secret!

Narrator Back home, Miss Nelson took off her coat and hung it in the closet right next to an ugly black dress.

Miss Nelson I'll never tell.

Narrator She said to herself with a smile.

THE END

The 90210 Princess

An 'original' dramatization for Reader's Theater, adapted from The Paper Bag Princess, by Robert Munsch

Adapted by: Katrina Baughman, Katie King, Amy Shiever and Jodi Struharik

Characters:

Kelly
Brandon

Val
Narrator

Narrator: Kelly was a beautiful princess. She lived in a beach house and had expensive clothes from Rodeo Drive. She was going to marry the Journalist extraordinaire, Brandon Walsh. Unfortunately, Val Malone threw all of Kelly's designer clothes over the balcony of her beach house and they were carried off into the ocean. Val also stole Kelly's boyfriend, Brandon, and locked him in the basement of the After Dark. Kelly decided to stalk Val and get her boyfriend, Brandon, back.

Narrator: She looked everywhere for something to wear, but the only thing she could find was a burnt paper bag. So she put on the paper bag and followed Val. Val was easy to follow because she left a trail of old boyfriends wherever she went. Finally, Kelly came to the Peach Pit. She went in and sauntered right up to Val. Val stuck out her nose and said,

Val: “Well...a princess! I love to ruin princess's lives. But I have already ruined somebody else's today. I'm a very busy girl...come back tomorrow.”

Narrator: She slammed the door so fast that Kelly almost broke her nail on it. Kelly reached out for the door and banged again. Val stuck her nose out the door and said,

Val: “Go away! I love to ruin princess's lives, but I have already ruined somebody else's today. I'm a very busy girl... come back tomorrow.”

Kelly: “Wait, is it true that you are the smartest, most conniving person in all of Beverly Hills?”

Val: “Yes.”

Kelly: “Is it true that you have the power to steal every girl’s boyfriend in all of Beverly Hills?”

Val: “Why, yes.”

Narrator: And she walked over to David Silver and asked him out. While Val was putting the moves on David, Kelly heard screams coming from the basement of the After Dark, so she busted in.

Narrator: There was Brandon Walsh. He looked at her and said,

Brandon: Kelly. you are a mess. You smell like cheap perfume. Your hair is all tangled, and you are wearing a dirty old paper bag. Come back when you look like a real California princess.

Kelly: Brandon, your clothes are really pretty and your hair is very neat. You look like a real prince, but you are a bum.

Narrator: They didn't get married after all.

THE END

Officer Buckle And Gloria by Peggy Rathman

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Kerry Lynch

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Officer Buckle
Mrs. Toppel
Student 1
Student 2

Narrator 1: Officer Buckle knew more safety tips than anyone else in Napville. Every time he thought of a new safety tip, he would thumbtack it to his bulletin board.

Officer Buckle: "Safety Tip #77 - NEVER stand on a SWIVEL CHAIR."

Narrator 1: Officer Buckle shared his safety tips with the students at Napville School. Nobody ever listened. The kids would make paper airplanes, do their homework or sleep. After one of Officer Buckle's presentations, he was walking through the school and saw the principal, Mrs. Toppel taking down a banner.

Officer Buckle: "NEVER stand on a SWIVEL CHAIR,"

Narrator 1: but she did not hear him.

Narrator 2: Then one day the police department bought a police dog named Gloria for Officer Buckle.
When it was time for Officer Buckle to give the safety speech he took Gloria along with him.

Officer Buckle: "Children, this is Gloria. She obeys my commands. Gloria, SIT!"

Narrator 2: And Gloria sat.
Officer Buckle gave Safety Tip Number One:

Officer Buckle: "KEEP your SHOELACES tied!"

Student 1: (whispering) "That dog is standing up and making a number one with his finger, just like Officer Buckle"

Narrator 2: The children sat up and stared.
When Officer Buckle checked to see if Gloria was sitting at attention, she was.

Officer Buckle: "Safety Tip Number Two: ALWAYS wipe up spills BEFORE someone SLIPS AND FALLS!"

Student 2: (whispering) "Look at that dog standing on his head!"

Narrator 1: All the children's eyes popped.
Officer Buckle checked on Gloria again.

Officer Buckle: "GOOD DOG!
The next tip is NEVER leave a
THUMB TACK where you might SIT on
it!"

Narrator 2: Gloria jumped up in the air as if she had
just sat on a thumbtack.

Narrator 1: The audience roared with laughter.
This pleased Officer Buckle and he
recited the rest of the safety tips with
much expression.
The children clapped, cheered and some
laughed so hard that they cried.
Officer Buckle was surprised.
He did not think that safety tips could be
so much fun.
After this safety speech, there was not a
single accident.
The next day, a huge envelope arrived at
the police station with thank you letters
from the students.
Each letter had a drawing of Gloria on it.

Officer Buckle: "These kids certainly have good
imaginations!"

Narrator 1: Officer Buckle hung up his favorite letter
which was in the shape of a star.
It said, "You and Gloria make a good
team.
Your friend, Claire..."

Narrator 1:
(continued) P.S. I always wear a crash helmet
(Safety Tip #7)."
The phone began ringing.
Grade schools, high schools and day-
care centers were calling asking Officer

Narrator 1:
(continued) Buckle to come and give his safety speech and they wanted him to bring the dog with him.

Narrator 3: Officer Buckle went to 313 different schools.
Everywhere Gloria and him went, the children sat and listened.
After every speech, Officer Buckle would take Gloria out for ice cream.
They were buddies.
Then one day, a television news team videotaped Officer Buckle in the state-college auditorium.
When he finished Safety Tip Number Ninety-nine...

Officer Buckle: "DO NOT GO SWIMMING DURING ELECTRICAL STORMS!"

Narrator 1: Gloria pretended she was being electrocuted.

Narrator 2: The students jumped to their feet and applauded.
Officer Buckle bowed again and again.
That night, Officer Buckle watched himself on the 10 o'clock news.

Narrator 1: The next day, the principal of Napville School telephoned the police station.

Mrs. Toppel: "Good Morning, Officer Buckle It's time for our safety speech!"

Narrator 2: Officer Buckle frowned.

Officer Buckle: "I'm not giving anymore speeches!
Nobody looks at me, anyway!"

Mrs. Toppel: "Oh, well how about Gloria?
Could she come?"

Narrator 1: Another police officer drove Gloria to
Napville.
Gloria sat on
stage by herself looking very lonely.
Then she fell asleep.
So did the audience.

Narrator 2: After Gloria left, Napville School had its
biggest accident ever...
It started with a puddle of banana
pudding...SPLAT,SPLATTER,
SPLOOSH!
Everyone slid smack into Mrs. Toppel,
who screamed and let go of her hammer.

Narrator 1: The next morning, a pile of letters arrived
for Officer Buckle at the police station.
Every letter had a picture of the accident.
Officer Buckle was shocked.
At the bottom of the pile there was
another letter in the shape of a star from
Claire.
It said, "Gloria missed you yesterday!
Your friend, Claire.

Narrator 1:
(continued) P.S. Don't worry, I was wearing
my helmet! (Safety Tip #7)."

Narrator 2: Gloria gave Officer Buckle a big kiss on the nose.
Officer Buckle gave Gloria a nice pat on the back.
Then, Officer Buckle thought of his best safety tip yet...

Officer Buckle: "Safety Tip # 101 "ALWAYS STICK WITH YOUR BUDDY!"

THE END

OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO! BY DR. SEUSS

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Stephanie Davies

Narrator 1
Narrator 3

Narrator 2
Narrator 4

N-1 Congratulations!
Today is your day.
You're off to Great Places!
You're off and away!

N-2 You have brains in your head.
You have feet in your shoes.
You can steer yourself,
any direction you choose.
You're on your own. And you know what you know.
And YOU are the guy who'll decide where to go.

N-3 You'll look up and down streets.
Look 'em over with care.
About some you will say,

N-4 I don't choose to go there.

N-3 With your head full of brains,
and your shoes full of **feet**,
you're too smart to go down,
any not-so-good **street**.

N-4 And you may not find any,
you'll want to go **down**.
In that case, of course,
you'll head straight out of **town**.

N-1 It's opener **there**,
in the wide open **air**.

N-2 Out there things can happen,
and frequently **do**.
To people as brainy,
and footsy as **you**.

N-3 And when things start to happen,
don't worry. Don't **stew**.
Just go right along.
YOU'LL start happening **too**.

N-1 OH! THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!!

N-4 You'll be on your way up!
You'll be seeing great **sights!**
You'll join the high fliers,
who soar to high **heights**.

N-1 You won't lag behind, because you'll have the **speed**.
You'll pass the whole gang and you'll soon take the
lead.
Wherever you fly, you'll be best of the **best**.
Wherever you go, you will top all the **rest**.

N-2 Oh, the places you'll go!
There is fun to be **done!**
There are points to be scored.
There are games to be **won.**
And the magical things you can do with that **ball.**
Will make you the winning-est winner of **all.**

N-3 Fame! You'll be famous as famous can **be,**
with the whole wide world watching you win on **TV!**

N-4 Except when they **don't,**
because sometimes they **won't.**

N-1 I'm afraid that some times,
you'll play lonely games **too.**
Games you can't win,
'cause you'll play against **you.**

N-2 All alone!
Whether you like it or **not.**
Alone will be something,
you'll be quite a **lot.**

N-3 And when you're alone,
there's a very good **chance,**
you'll meet things that scare you,
right out of your **pants!**

N-4 There are some, down the road,
between hither and **yon,**
that can scare you so much
you won't want to go **on.**

N-1 But on you will go,
though the weather be **foul.**

N-2 On you will go,
though your enemies **prowl**.

N-3 On you will go,
though the Hakken-Kraks **howl**.

N-4 Onward up many a frightening **creek**,
though your arms may get sore,
and your sneakers may **leak**.

N-1 On and on you will hike,
And I know you'll hike **far**,
and face up to your problems,
whatever they **are**.

N-2 And will you **succeed**?

N-3 Yes! You will **indeed**!

N-4 98 and three-quarter percent **guaranteed**!

N-1 KID, YOU'LL MOVE MOUNTAINS!

N-2 Sooo...be your name Buxbaum or Bixby or **Bray**,

N-3 or Mordicai Ali Van Allen O'**Shea**,
You're off to Great Places!

N-4 Today is your **day**!

N-1 Your mountain is waiting.

N-2 So...get on your **way**!

THE END!

Oh the Thinks You Can Think!

By: Dr. Seuss

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by: Colleen Forrestal
10 November 1997

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3
Narrator 4

Narrator 1: You can think up some birds.
That's what you can **do**.
You can think about yellow or
think about **blue**. . .

Narrator 2: You can think about red.
You can think about **pink**.
You can think up a horse.
Oh, the thinks you can **think!**

Narrator 3: Oh, the thinks you can
think up if only you **try!**
If you try, you can think up a
guff going **by**.

Narrator 4: And you don't have to stop.
You can think about schlopp.
Schlopp. **Schlopp**.
Beautiful schlopp. Beautiful
schlopp with a cherry on top.

Narrator 1: You can think about gloves.
You can think about snuvs.
You can think a long time
about snuvs and their gloves.

Narrator 2: You can think about Kitty
O'Sullivan **Krauss**
In her big balloon swimming
pool over her house.

Narrator 3: Think of black water.
Think up a white shy.
Think up a boat.
Think of bloogs blowing by.

Narrator 4: You can think about night, a
night in Na-**Nupp**.
The birds are asleep and the
three moons are up.

Narrator 1: You can think about day, a day
in Da-**Dake**.
The water is blue and the
birds are awake.

Narrator 2: Think! Think and wonder.
Wonder and think.
How much water can fifty-five
elephants drink?

Narrator 3: You can wonder. . . How long is the tail of a zong?

Narrator 4: There are so many thinks that a Thinker can **think!**
Would you dare yank a tooth of the Rink-Rinker-**Fink?**

Narrator 1: And what would you do if you met a jibboo?

Narrator 2: Oh the thinks you can **think!**

Narrator 3: Think of Peter the Postman who crosses the **ice.**
Once everyday - and on Saturdays, **twice.**

Narrator 4: Think! You can think any think that you **wish. . .**
Think a race on a horse on a ball, with a **fish!**

Narrator 1: Think of light. Think of **bright.**
Think of stairs in the **night.**

Narrator 2: Think! Think a **ship.**
Think up a long **trip.**
Go visit the Vipper, the Vipper of **Vipp.**

Narrator 3: And left! Think of **left!**
And think about **bef.**
Why is it that beft always go to the **left?**

Narrator 4: And why is so many things
go to the **right**?
You can think about that until
Saturday **night**.

Narrator 1: Think left and think right and
think low and think **high**.
Oh, the thinks you can think
up if only you **try**!

THE END

ONE FINE DAY

by Nonny Hogrogian

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Julie Birmingham

Narrator
Fox
Old Woman

Cow
Field
Stream

Maiden
Peddler
Hen

Narr. One fine day a fox traveled through a great forest. When he reached the other side he was very thirsty. He saw a pail of milk that an old woman had set down while she gathered wood for her fire. Before she noticed the fox, he had lapped up most of the milk. The woman became so angry that she grabbed her knife and chopped off his tail, and the fox began to cry.

Fox Please, old woman, give me back my tail. Sew it in place or all my friends will laugh at me.

Old W. Give me my milk, and I'll give you back your tail.

Narr. So the fox dried his tears and went to find a cow.

Fox Dear cow, please give me some milk so I can give it to the old woman so she will sew my tail in place.

Cow I'll give you some milk if you bring me some grass.

Narr. The fox called to the field,

Fox Oh beautiful field, give me some grass. I'll take it to the cow and she'll give me some milk. Then I'll take the milk to the old woman so she will sew my tail in place and I can return to my friends.

Narr. The field called back,

Field Bring me some water.

Narr. The fox ran to the stream and begged for some water and the stream answered,

Stream Bring me a jug.

Narr. The fox found a fair maiden.

Fox Sweet maiden, please give me your jug so I can fetch some water to give the field to get some grass to feed the cow to get some milk to give the old woman to sew my tail in place so I can return to my friends.

Maiden If you find a blue bead for me, I will give you my jug.

Narr. So the fox found a peddler and said,

Fox There is a pretty maiden down the road and if you give me one blue bead for her she'll be pleased with you and pleased with me. Then she'll give me her jug so I can fetch some water to give the field to get some grass to feed the cow to get some milk to give the old woman to sew my tail in place.

Narr. But the peddler was not taken in by the promise of a pretty smile or the cleverness of the fox and he replied,

Pedd. Pay me an egg and I'll give you a bead.

Narr. The fox went off and found a hen.

Fox Hen, dear hen, please give me an egg to give to the peddler in payment for the bead to get the jug to fetch the water to give the field to get some grass to feed the cows to get the milk that I must give the old woman in return for my tail.

Narr. The hen clucked,

Hen I'll trade you an egg for some grain.

Narr. The fox was getting desperate, and when he found the miller he began to cry.

Fox Oh kind miller, please give me a little grain. I have to trade it for the egg to pay the peddler to get the blue bead to give the maiden in return for her jug to fetch the water to give the field to get the grass to feed the cow to get the milk to give the old woman so she'll sew my tail in place, or all my friends will laugh at me.

Narr. The miller was a good man and felt sorry for the fox.

(Narrator takes a long, loud, deep breath!)

Narr. So he gave him the grain to give to the hen to get the egg to pay the peddler to get the bead to give the maiden to get the jug to fetch the water to give the field to get the grass to feed the cow to get the milk to give the old woman to get his tail back.

(Narrator takes another long, loud, deep breath!)

Narr. Speaking slowly in a regular narrative voice)

The fox returned to the old woman and gave her the milk. Then she carefully sewed his tail in place, and off he ran to join his friends on the other side of the forest.

THE END

The Arrival of Paddington *by Alfred Bradley and* *Michael Bond*

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Lori Fresenko

Characters:

Narrator

Mr. Brown

Mrs. Brown

Paddington

Narrator

Mr. Brown is waiting for Mrs. Brown to return to the platform at Paddington station. While he is standing there, from behind the parcels, he sees something pop up like a jack-in-the-box and quickly down again. When Mrs. Brown returns...

Mr. Brown

Mary, you won't believe this, but I've just seen a bear.

Mrs. Brown

A what?

Mr. Brown

A bear.

Mrs. Brown

A bear? On Paddington Station? Don't be silly, Henry. There can't be!

Mr. Brown But there is. I distinctly saw it.
Over there. Behind those parcels. It
was wearing a funny kind of hat.
Come and see for yourself.

Narrator Humoring him, she peers behind the
parcels.

Mrs. Brown Very well. Why Henry, I believe you
were right after all! It is a bear!

Narrator Paddington stands up suddenly. He
is wearing a bush hat with a wide
brim and has a large luggage label
round his neck.

Paddington Good afternoon.

Mr. Brown Er...good afternoon.

Paddington Can I help you?

Mr. Brown Well...no. Er, not really. As a
matter of fact, we were wondering if
we could help you.

Mrs. Brown You're a very unusual bear.

Paddington I'm a very rare sort of bear. There
aren't many of us left where I come
from.

Mr. Brown And where is that?

Paddington Darkest Peru. I'm not really
supposed to be here at all. I'm a
stowaway.

Mrs. Brown A stowaway?

Paddington Yes. I emigrated you know. I used to live with my Aunt Lucy in Peru, but she had to go into a Home for Retired Bears.

Mrs. Brown You don't mean to say that you've come all the way from South America by yourself?

Paddington Yes. Aunt Lucy always said she wanted me to emigrate when I was old enough. That's why she taught me to speak English.

Mr. Brown But whatever did you do for food? You must be starving.

Narrator Paddington opens his suitcase and takes out an almost empty jar.

Paddington I ate marmalade. Bears like marmalade. And I hid in a lifeboat.

Mr. Brown But what are you going to do now? You can't just sit in Paddington Station waiting for something to happen.

Paddington Oh, I shall be all right...I expect.

Mrs. Brown What does it say on your label?

Narrator Reading it.

Mr. Brown Please look after this bear. Thank you.

Mrs. Brown That must be from his Aunt Lucy. Oh, Henry, what shall we do? We can't just leave him here. There's no knowing what might happen to him. Can't he come and stay with us for a few days?

Mr. Brown But Mary, dear, we can't take him...not just like that. After all...

Mrs. Brown After all, what? He'd be good company for Jonathan and Judy. Even if it's only for a little while. They'd never forgive us if they knew you'd left him here.

Mr. Brown It all seems highly irregular. I'm sure there's a law against it.

Narrator Mr. Brown turns to Paddington.

Mr. Brown Would you like to come and stay with us? That is, if you've nothing else planned.

Paddington Ooooh, yes, please. I should like that very much. I've nowhere to go and everyone seems in such a hurry.

Mrs. Brown Well, that's settled then. And you can have marmalade for breakfast every morning...

Paddington Every morning? I only had it on special occasions at home. Marmalade's very expensive in Darkest Peru.

Mrs. Brown Then you shall have it every morning starting tomorrow.

Paddington Will it cost a lot? You see, I haven't very much money.

Mrs. Brown Of course not. We wouldn't dream of charging you anything. We shall expect you to be one of the family, shan't we, Henry?

Mr. Brown Of course. By the way, if you are coming home with us you'd better know our names. This is Mrs. Brown and I'm Mr. Brown.

Paddington I haven't really got a name, only a Peruvian one which no one can understand.

Mrs. Brown Then we'd better give you an English one. It'll make things much easier. It ought to be something special. Now what shall we call you? I know! We found you on Paddington Station so that's what we'll call you...Paddington!

Paddington Paddington. Pad-ding-ton.
Paddington. It seems like a very long name.

Mr. Brown It's quite distinguished. Yes, I like Paddington as a name. Paddington it shall be.

Mrs. Brown

Good. Now Paddington, I have to meet our young daughter Judy off the train. I'm sure you must be thirsty after your long journey, so while I'm away Mr. Brown will get you something to drink.

Paddington

Thank you.

Mrs. Brown

And for goodness sake, Henry, when you get a moment, take that label off his neck. It makes him look like a parcel. I'm sure he'll get put in a luggage van if a porter sees him.

The End

The Paper Bag Princess by Robert Munsch

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by J. Servis

NARRATOR
RONALD

ELIZABETH
DRAGON

Narr. Elizabeth was a beautiful princess.
She lived in a beautiful castle and had
expensive princess clothes.
She was going to marry a prince named
Ronald.

Narr. Unfortunately, a dragon smashed her
castle, burned all her clothes with his
fiery breath, and carried off Prince
Ronald.

Narr. Elizabeth decided to chase the dragon
and get Ronald back.
She looked everywhere for something to
wear but the only thing she could find that
was not burnt was a paper bag.
So she put on the paper bag and
followed the dragon.
He was so easy to follow because he left
a trail of burnt forests and horses' bones.

Narr. Finally, Elizabeth came to a cave with a large door that had a huge knocker on it. She took hold of the knocker and banged on the door.

Narr. The dragon stuck his nose out of the door and said,

Dragon “Well, a princess! I love to eat princesses, but I have already eaten a whole castle today. I am a very busy dragon. Come back tomorrow.”

Narr. He slammed the door so fast that Elizabeth almost got her nose caught. Elizabeth grabbed the knocker and banged on the door again. The dragon stuck his nose out of the door and said,

Dragon “Go away. I love to eat princesses, but I have already eaten a whole castle today. I am a very busy dragon. Come back tomorrow.”

Elizabeth “Wait, Is it true that you are the smartest and fiercest dragon in the whole world?”

Dragon “Yes”

Elizabeth “Is it true, that you can burn up ten forests with your fiery breath?”

Dragon “Oh, yes!”

Narr. And he took a huge, deep breath and breathed out so much fire that he burnt up fifty forests.

Elizabeth “Fantastic!”

Narr. At this, the dragon took another huge breath and breathed out so much fire that he burnt up one hundred forests.

Elizabeth “Magnificent!”

Narr. And the dragon took another huge breath, but this time nothing came out. The dragon didn’t even have enough fire left to cook a meat ball.

Elizabeth “Dragon, is it true that you can fly around the world in just ten seconds?”

Dragon “Why, yes!”

Narr. And he jumped up and flew all the way around the world in just ten seconds. He was very tired when he got back, but Elizabeth shouted,

Elizabeth “Fantastic, do it again!”

Narr. So the dragon jumped up and flew around the whole world in just twenty seconds. When he got back he was too tired to talk and he lay down and went straight to sleep. Elizabeth whispered very softly,

Elizabeth “Hey, dragon.”

Narr. The dragon didn’t move at all. She lifted up the dragon’s ear and put her head right inside. She shouted as loud as she could,

Elizabeth "Hey, dragon!"

Narr. The dragon was so tired he didn't even move.
Elizabeth walked right over the dragon and opened the door to the cave.
There was Prince Ronald.
He looked at her and said,

Ronald "Elizabeth, you are a mess! You smell like ashes, your hair is all tangled and you are wearing a dirty old paper bag. Come back when you are dressed like a real princess."

Elizabeth "Ronald, your clothes are really pretty and your hair is very neat. You look like a real prince, but you are a bum."

Narr. They didn't get married after all.

THE END

The Paradox

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by J. Servis

- Narr. #1 Three students on the door did **knock**;
With their Professor they would **talk**.
He welcomed them most **cordially**;
- Narr. #2 Asked, "What could the problem **be**?"
- Narr. #3 And in the office of that **Saint**,
They laid before him this **complaint**:
Your course falls short, you can't **deny**,
Since lecture notes you don't **supply**.
So all we do while in your **class**,
Is take dictation, notes **amass**.
- Narr. #4 Preoccupied with pen and **ink**,
We have no time to learn nor **think**.
Your pearls of wisdom, priceless **quotes**,
Slip by while we sit taking **notes**.
- Narr. #2 The good Professor promised **this**,
That they'd have lecture notes **forthwith**.
Six days he toiled and evenings **too**,
And when his task was finally **through**.
Then all his lectures without **fail**,
Were written up in great **detail**,
And basic concepts were **defined**,
Because they were all **underlined**.

Narr. #1 Next year came students as **before**
To knock upon that good man's **door**;
To tell him how he was **remiss**,
And now their grievance read like **this**:
In lecture, everything you **say**
Is in the course notes **anyway**.

Narr. #3 And since we all know how to **read**,
Of hearing you there's little **need**.
We could as well remain at **home**
And learn the subject on our **own**.
Could you not tell us something **new**,
That isn't in the handouts **too**?

Narr. #2 The good Professor promised **this**:
To remedy the flaw forth**with**.
Three days he toiled and evenings **too**,
And when his task was finally **through**,
He'd added data and more **quotes**,
And minor points and **anecdotes**
To supplement and **underscore**
The topic that he'd taught **before**.

Narr. #4 Next year the students came to **bleat**:
His lecture notes were **incomplete**.
For much of what he did **expound**,
Could nowhere in the notes be **found**.

Narr. #2 Although this caused him much **chagrin**,
Soon to their braying he gave **in**,
And once again without **delay**,
He wrote down all that he would **say**.

Narr. #1 And to the the old notes this was **added---**
His outline now was quite well **padded**.
When yet another year had **passed**,
And he thought he'd found peace at **last**,
There welled a cry from student **throats**,
That all he did was read his **notes**.

Narr. #2 The poor Professor paced the **hall**,
Feeling like a ping-pong **ball**.
Thus year by year his lectures **grew**,
And longer were his outlines **too**.

Narr. #3 And students found to their **distress**,
They had to master an **excess**
Of obscure facts, minute **detail**;
Of information dry and **stale**.

Narr. #4 A situation that **attained**
All because they had **complained**.

All: The moral is easy to **observe**:
Students get what they **deserve!**

The End

PARTNERS

By Betty Baker

Adapted for Reader's Theater by:
Anna Berardinelli, Judy Housel & Brenda
Stanley

Characters:

Narrator

Badger

Coyote

Narrator

Long ago when all was new, everyone helped to make the world. Some dug rivers and canyons. Some pushed up dirt to make mountains and hills. Others made rocks and bright stones and sand, or planted trees and rolled out grass. Birds dropped seeds for plants and flowers. Badger was putting the stars in the sky. The bag of stars was big and lumpy. The ladder was long. But badger was strong. He was also neat and very careful. He put out the stars in the right order...

Everyone was helping to make the world. Everyone but Coyote. Coyote was singing to the new moon.

Coyote

Howl! Howl! Howl!

Narrator

Badger went by, pulling the bag and the long ladder.

Coyote

Is there something to eat in that bag?

Badger No! I do not eat now. There will be a dance when the world is finished. I will eat then.

Coyote I will go to the dance with you.

Badger Only those who help make the world will go to the dance.

Narrator Coyote did not like to dig or push dirt, but he wanted to go to the dance.

Coyote You need a partner. You need a partner to move the ladder and hold it for you.

Badger I can do that myself.

Coyote Yes, but if I do it, you can just think about the stars and how to put them.

Badger All right, you will be my partner.

Narrator He took some stars and went up the ladder. He put out the stars - one by one. Then he came down.

Coyote Very pretty, but make it bigger.

Narrator He moved up the ladder. Up went Badger. Up went the stars - one by one.

Coyote That is bigger, but use more stars.

Narrator Badger went up the ladder again. He was up there a long time. He used a lot of stars, and he put them out - one by one.

Coyote Can't you do it faster?

Badger No! The sky must be neat. The stars must go up in the right order.

Narrator Again and again, Coyote moved the ladder. Again and again, Badger went up and put the stars out - one by one. The digging was finished. The mountains and hills had trees and flowers. But Badger was still putting up stars. Coyote could smell the food cooking.

Coyote Hurry! We'll miss the dance.

Narrator But Badger put the stars out - one by one. The bag of stars was still almost full. Coyote took the bag.

Coyote A partner should make things easy for you. I will show you a better way.

Narrator And he threw the stars all over the sky.

Badger The sky is a mess.

Coyote But we are finished, now we can go to the dance.

Narrator And to the dance they went. Coyote told everyone,

Coyote Badger and I were partners. We put up the stars. Badger put up the pretty ones, but I put up the most.

Narrator Then he ate and sang and danced and ate. But Badger dug a hole in the ground so he would not see the messy sky.

THE END

PAUL BUNYAN BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN

adapted for Reader's Theater
by A. Panichi

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3
Narrator 4
Paul

Narr. 1 He rode through the woods on a big blue ox,

Narr. 2 He had fists as hard as choppin' blocks,

Narr. 3 Five hundred pounds and nine feet tall,

Narr. 4 ...that's Paul.

Narr. 1 Talk about workin' when he swung his axe,

Narr. 2 You could hear it ring for a mile and a half.

Narr. 3 They he'd yell,

Paul "Timber!"

Narr. 3 and down she'd fall,

Narr. 4 ...for Paul.

Narr. 1 Talk about drinkin', that man's so mean,

Narr. 2 That he'd never drink nothin' but kerosene,

Narr. 3 And a five-gallon can is a little bit small,

Narr. 4 **...for Paul.**

Narr. 1 Talk about tough, well he once had a fight,

Narr. 2 With a thunderstorm on a cold dark night.

Narr. 3 I ain't sayin' who won, but it don't storm at all,

Narr. 4 ...'round here...**thanks to Paul.**

Narr. 1 He was ninety years old when he said with a sigh,

Paul "I think I'm gonna lay right down and die,
'Cause sunshine and sorrow, I've seen it all"

Narr. 4 **...says Paul**

Narr. 2 He says,

Paul "There ain't no man alive can kill me,
And no woman 'round can thrill me,
And I think heaven just might be a ball"

Narr. 4 **...says Paul**

Narr. 3 So he died...and we cried,

Narr. 1 It took eighteen men just to bust the ground,

Narr. 2 It took twenty-four more just to lower him down,

Narr. 3 And we covered him up and we figured that was all

Narr. 4 **...for Paul.**

Narr. 1 But late one night the trees started shakin',

Narr. 2 The dogs started howlin' and the earth started quakin'.

Narr. 3 And out of the ground with a

Paul **"Hi, ya'll."**

Narr. 4 **...come Paul.**

Narr. 1 He shook the dirt from off of his clothes,

Narr. 2 He scratched his butt and he wiped his nose.

Paul "Y'know, bein' dead wasn't no fun at all"

Narr. 4 **...says Paul.**

Narr. 3 He says,

Paul "Up in heaven they got harps on their knees,
They got clouds and wings but they got no trees.
I don't think that's much of a heaven at all."

Narr. 4 **...says Paul.**

Narr. 1 So he jumps on his ox with a fare-thee-well,

Narr. 2 He says,

Paul "I'll find out if they's trees in hell,"

Narr. 3 And he rode away, and that was **all**,

Narr. 4 ...we ever seen...**of Paul**.

Narr. 1 But the next time you hear a...

Paul “**Timber**”

Narr. 1 **yell**

Narr. 2 That sounds like it’s comin from the pits of **hell**,

Narr. 3 Then a weird and devilish ghostly **wail**,

Narr. 4 Like somebody choppin’ on the devil’s **tail**,

Narr. 1 Then a shout, a call, a crash, a **fall**,

Narr. 2 That ain’t no mortal man at **all**.

Narr. 4 ...**that’s Paul**.

All: THAT’S ALL !

Pierre: a cautionary tale

by Maurice Sendak
adapted for readers theater by
Fred Bolden

the players:

Narrator
Pierre
Pierre's mother
Pierre's father
the lion

Narrator: There once was a boy named Pierre,
who only would say, I don't care!
Read his story, my friend,
for you'll find at the end
that a suitable moral lies there.

Mother: Good morning darling boy,
you are my only joy!

Narrator: Peter's mother said,
as he climbed out of bed.

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Mother: What would you like to eat?

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Mother: Some lovely cream of wheat?

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Narrator: Pierre said as he turned around in his chair.

Mother: Don't sit backwards in your chair!

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Mother: Or pour syrup in your hair.

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Mother: You are acting like a clown

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Mother: And we have to go to town.

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Mother: Don't you want to come my dear?

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Mother: Would you rather stay right here?

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Narrator: So she left him there.

Father: Get off your head
or I will march you to bed!

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Father: I would think that you could see!

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Father: Your head is where your feet should be!

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Father: If you keep standing upside down-

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Father: We'll never get to town.

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Father: If only you would say I CARE.

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Father: I'd let you fold the folding chair.

Pierre: ***I don't care!***

Narrator: So his parents left him there.
They didn't take him anywhere.

Narrator: As the night began to fall
a hungry lion paid a call.
He looked Pierre right in the eye
and asked him if he'd like to die.
To that Pierre said.

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Lion: I can eat you, don't you see?

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Lion: And you will be inside of me.

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Lion: Then you'll never have to bother!

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Lion: With a mother and a father.

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Lion: Is that all you have to say?

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Lion: Then I'll eat you, if I may.

Pierre: *I don't care!*

Narrator: So the lion ate Pierre.

Narrator: Arriving home at six o'clock,
his parents had a dreadful shock!
They found the lion sick in bed,
and cried....

Mother
and
Father:

Pierre is surely dead!

Narrator: They pulled the lion by the hair.
They hit him with the folding chair.
His mother asked,

Mother: Where is Pierre?

Narrator: The lion answered...

Lion: ***I don't care!***

Narrator: His father said,

Father: ***Pierre's in there!***

Narrator: They rushed the lion into town.
The doctor shook him up and down,
and when the lion gave a roar!
Pierre fell out upon the floor.

Narrator: He rubbed his eyes and scratched his head,
and laughed because he wasn't dead.
His mother cried and held him tight.
His father asked...

Father: are you all right?

Pierre: I am feeling fine,
please take me home,
it's half-past nine.

Lion: If you would care to climb on me,
I will take you there happily.

Narrator: Everyone looked at Pierre
who shouted quite loudly...

Pierre: Yes, indeed I care!

Narrator: The lion took them home to rest,
and stayed on as a weekend guest.

Narrator: The moral of Pierre you say?

The moral is that... ***YOU MUST
CARE!***

The End

Play Ball, Amelia Bedelia

by Peggy Parish

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Courtney Zilliweger**

**Narrator
Tom
Tornados**

**Amelia Bedelia
Bob**

**Grizzlies
Jimmy**

Narrator

**Amelia Bedelia walks by the
baseball team. The Grizzlies team
is there.**

**Amelia
Bedelia**

**I never saw such gloomy faces. Did
something terrible happen?**

Jimmy

**We play the Tornados today, and
Donny has the measles.**

Tom

There is no one to take his place

**Amelia
Bedelia**

What about me?

Grizzlies

You! Great!

**Amelia
Bedelia**

**But I do not know much about the
game.**

Tom I will explain it to you. The idea of the game is to hit the ball and to run to each of the bases. The other team tries to get the ball and tag you out.

Amelia Bedelia That is easy enough.

Bob Maybe we should warm her up at bat.

Tom Good idea. Amelia Bedelia, you hit the ball when Bob throws it.

Amelia Bedelia All right.

Narrator Bob pitches the ball, but Amelia Bedelia misses it.

Tom No, no, you must step in to meet the ball.

Narrator Bob pitches the ball again. And Amelia Bedelia steps in to meet it.

Amelia Bedelia Ouch! This game hurts!

Narrator The boys taught Amelia Bedelia how to bat.

Amelia Bedelia All right, I'm warmed up. In fact, I am hot.

Jimmy Then be here at two o'clock. The game starts then.

Narrator Amelia Bedelia goes home and right up to the attic.

Amelia Bedelia I know there is a uniform here.

Narrator There was one.
She takes a nip here and a tuck there.
Soon that uniform was just right.

Amelia Bedelia That's done, now what should I do until it is time to go?
The cookie jar is empty!
Well, I will soon fix that.

Narrator Amelia Bedelia put some of this and a bit of that into a bowl.
Amelia Bedelia mixed and she rolled. Soon her cookies were all baked.

Amelia Bedelia There now, that's done.
My goodness! I better be on my way.

Narrator Amelia Bedelia gets her things and goes to the ball park.

Grizzlies Here she is!
Here's Amelia Bedelia!

Grizzlies Then let's play ball.

Tom The Tornados are up first.
Amelia Bedelia, you stand here.
Catch the ball if it comes your way.

Bob **Batter up!**

Narrator **Bob pitches the ball.
The batter hits it.
He runs to first base.**

Tom **Get the ball, Amelia Bedelia.
Tag Jack before he gets to second
base.**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **I must have a tag in here
somewhere.**

Narrator **She tags Jack.
Another boy comes up to bat.
He hits the ball.
The ball lands near Amelia Bedelia.**

Grizzlies **Throw it to first base.
Put Matt out.**

Narrator **Amelia Bedelia throws the ball to
first base.
Then she ran and grabbed Matt.**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **How far out do you want him?**

Grizzlies **Amelia Bedelia! Put him down.**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **You sure do change your minds
fast.
You told me to put him out !**

Narrator **Matt gets back on first base.
And the game goes on.
The next batter misses the ball.
The catcher throws the ball to the
pitcher.
The pitcher misses it.
But Amelia Bedelia catches it.**

Grizzlies **Hurry, Amelia Bedelia!
Throw the ball!
Matt is trying to steal second base.**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **Steal second base! That's not nice.**

Narrator **Amelia Bedelia runs and picks up
second base.**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **It's all right now, fellows.
Second base is safe.**

Grizzlies **For gosh sakes, Amelia Bedelia!
Put that back.**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **But he was going to steal it.**

Tom **It's all right to steal bases.
That is part of the game.**

Narrator **The Tornados had made two runs.
It is the Grizzlies' turn at bat
Jimmy has his turn.
He hits that ball hard.
He makes it to third base.
Now it is Amelia Bedelia's turn.**

Bob **Come on, Amelia Bedelia.
Make a base hit so Jimmy can
come in.**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **Which base should I hit?**

Tom **Just hit the ball and run to first
base!**

**Amelia
Bedelia** **All right.**

Narrator **That is just what she did.
Jimmy scores for the Grizzlies.
The team cheers.
The next player strikes out.
The Tornados are at bat again.
The score is Tornados 2,
Grizzlies 1.
The Grizzlies call a time-out.**

Jimmy **Amelia Bedelia is not very good in
the field.**

Tom **She gets all mixed-up.**

Bob **Maybe she could be catcher.**

Narrator **The boys turn to Amelia Bedelia**

Jimmy You be the catcher.

Amelia Bedelia What do I do?

Jimmy Stand behind the batter and catch the ball then throw it back to the pitcher.

Narrator Amelia Bedelia stands behind the batter.
The pitcher throws the ball.
The batter was about to hit it.
But Amelia Bedelia pushes him out of the way.
And Amelia Bedelia caught the ball.

Amelia Bedelia I got it, fellows!

Narrator The whole team groans.
The Tornados are very angry.

Tornados Put her someplace else.
Put her way out.

Narrator The Grizzlies put Amelia Bedelia way out in the field.
But the game is not going well for the Grizzlies.
The score is Tornados 8,
Grizzlies 5.
Bases are loaded. Two outs.
The Grizzlies are worried.

Grizzlies Please, Amelia Bedelia.
Please hit that ball hard.

Narrator Amelia Bedelia swings at the ball.
And oh, how she hits that ball!

Grizzlies Run, Amelia Bedelia, run!
Run to first base.

Narrator Amelia Bedelia ran.

**Amelia
Bedelia** Tom says stealing is all right, so I'll
just steal all the bases.
I will make sure the Grizzlies win.
Amelia Bedelia scoops up first
base, and second base, and third
base.
Home! Run home, Amelia Bedelia!

Narrator Amelia Bedelia looks puzzled, but
she did not stop running. And on
her way she scoops up home plate
too.
The boys were too surprised to say
a thing.

Tom We won! We won the game!
Amelia Bedelia, come back! We
won!

Narrator Amelia Bedelia was running too
fast to hear.
She did not stop until she reached
home.

**Amelia
Bedelia** That is a silly game.
Having me run all the way home!

Grizzlies **Hurray! Hurray! Hurray for Amelia Bedelia!**

Jimmy **We won! The score was Grizzlies 9, Tornados 8. You saved the game.**

Amelia Bedelia **I'm glad I could help you boys out.**

Bob **Maybe we should keep Amelia Bedelia on our team. She could be our scorekeeper.**

Amelia Bedelia **I would be happy to keep your score. I have a nice box with a lock on it. Your score would be safe with me.**

Tom **You will never learn baseball. Now can we please have our bases and home plate back?**

Amelia Bedelia **You sure can.**

Narrator **Amelia Bedelia goes inside. She looks at home plate.**

Amelia Bedelia **Now what kind of a home would use a plate like that? But it isn't polite to return an empty plate. I will have to do something. That's it!**

Narrator Amelia Bedelia piles home plate with cookies

Amelia Bedelia Here you are fellows.

Narrator The boys quickly empty home plate.

Jimmy Those are the best cookies I ever ate.

Tom Maybe Amelia Bedelia will never learn baseball, but she sure can cook.

Grizzlies Hurray for Amelia Bedelia!
Hurray for her cookies!

Narrator The boys go on their way.
And Amelia Bedelia goes in to bake.
The cookie jar is empty again!

THE END!

Narr. 2: And we'll buy you

Narr. 4: a wonderful.

All: Jeep-a-Fly-Kite!

Narr.1 & 2: We will! If you'll wait

Narr. 4: til the month is just right.

All: October's the best

Narr. 3: because March is too dusty

All: And April won't do

Narr. 2: because April's too gusty.

Narr. 1: What more do you want?

Narr. 4: Do you and your dog want more time to relax?...

Narr. 3: Less time on your feet
and more time on your backs?

Narr. 2: More time in the air
and less time on the ground?...

Narr. 1: You'll get it as soon as

All: October comes round.

Narr . 2: Want to take a great trip?
Well, I know a great ship.

Narr . 4: It sails to Alaska,

Narr. 1: Nebraska and Sweden,

Narr . 3: making stops in Ga-Dopps and the
Garden of Eden.

All: *And it sails on the First of October!*

the end

Poem and Story Selections for Primary Grades

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

The Teeny Tiny Woman	5 reading parts
Way Down Deep	2 reading parts
Blue Jay	3 reading parts
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat	3 reading parts
Fuzzy Wuzzy Creepy Crawly	2 reading parts
The Difference	2 reading parts
After the Party	4 reading parts
What is Big?	5 reading parts
Mool	4 reading parts

THE TEENY TINY WOMAN

A FOLK TALE

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narrator #1

Narrator #2

Narrator #3

Teeny Tiny Woman

Voice

Narrator #1

Once upon a time there was a teeny tiny woman who lived in a teeny tiny house.

Narrator #2

One day the teeny tiny woman put on her teeny tiny bonnet and went out of her teeny tiny house to take a teeny tiny walk.

Narrator #3

The teeny tiny woman had only gone a teeny tiny way when she came to a teeny tiny gate.

Narrator #1

The teeny tiny woman opened the teeny tiny gate and went into a teeny tiny graveyard.

Narrator #2

Now in this teeny tiny graveyard, the teeny tiny woman found a teeny tiny bone.

Narrator #3

The teeny tiny woman put the teeny tiny bone into her teeny tiny pocket and ran home.

Narrator #1

Then the teeny tiny woman put the teeny tiny bone in her teeny tiny cupboard, and climbed the teeny tiny stairs and got into her teeny tiny bed.

Narrator #2

The teeny tiny woman had slept a teeny tiny time when she was awakened. A voice was saying:

Voice

Give me my bone!

Narrator #3

The teeny tiny woman hid her teeny tiny head under her teeny tiny cover, but the voice spoke again:

Voice

Give me my bone!

Narrator #1

The teeny tiny woman hid her teeny tiny head deeper under her teeny tiny covers, but the voice spoke again:

Voice

**Give my my
bone!**

Narrator #2

Then the teeny tiny woman poked her teeny tiny head out from under the covers, and said:

Woman:

Take

it!

Way Down Deep

by Mary Ann Hoberman

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narrator #1

Narrator #2

Narr. 1 Underneath the water...

Way down **deep**

Narr. 2 In sand and stones and seaweed

Starfish **creep**

Narr. 1 Snails inch slowly

Oysters **sleep**

Narr. 2 Underneath the water...

Way down **deep.**

Blue Jay

by Leland B. Jacobs
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narrator #1

Narrator #2

Narrator #3

Narrator #1

Blue jay, blue jay,

Out in the snow,

Don't you mind

How the sharp winds blow?

Narrator #2

Blue jay,

Don't you care?

That the grass is gone

And the trees are bare?

Narrator #3

Blue jay, blue jay

Can it be

You stayed to

Keep me company?

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat by Edward Lear

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narrator

Owl

Pussy-Cat

Narrator

The owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green **boat**:
They took some **honey**, and plenty of **money**
Wrapped up in a five-pound **note**.
The owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small **guitar**,

Owl

O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy **you are**,
You are,
You are,
What a beautiful pussy **you are!**

Narrator

Pussy said to the **owl**,

Pussy

You elegant **fowl**,
How charmingly sweet you **sing!**
Oh! Let us be **married**; too long we have
tarried:
But what shall we do for a **ring?**

Narrator

They sailed **away**, for a year and **a day**,
To the land where the bong-tree **grows**:

Narrator And there in a wood a Piggy-wig **stood**,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

Pussy Dear Pig, are you willing
to sell for one shilling
Your ring?

Narrator said the Piggy,

Piggy I will.

Narrator So they took it away,
and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
While they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.

ALL **They danced by the light of the moon.**
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light
of the moon.

Fuzzy Wuzzy, Creepy Crawly
by Lillian Schulz Vanada

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narrator #1

Narrator #2

Narrator #1

Fuzzy wuzzy, creepy crawly

Caterpillar funny,

You will be a butterfly

When the days are sunny.

Narrator #2

Wringing, flinging, dancing, springing

Butterfly so yellow,

You were once a caterpillar,

Wiggly, wriggly fellow

The Difference

by Myra Cohn Livingston

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Reader #1

Reader #2

Reader #1

Outside...

the world is sky and air

and trees and flowers everywhere.

Reader #2

But inside...

it is walls and floor

that lead to outside through a door.

AFTER THE PARTY

By William Wise
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Reader #1

Reader #2

Reader #3

Reader #4

Reader #1 Jonathan Blake ate too much cake,
He isn't himself today;
He's tucked up in bed
With a feverish head,
And he doesn't much care to play.

Reader #2 Jonathan Blake ate too much cake,
And three kinds of ice cream too—
From latest reports
He's quite out of sorts,
And I'm sure the reports are true.

Reader #3 I'm sorry to state that he also ate
Six pickles, a pie, and a pear;
In fact, I confess,
It's a reasonable guess
he ate practically everything there.

ALL READERS: **YES,**

Reader #4 Jonathan Blake ate too much cake.
So he's not at his best today;
But there's no need for sorrow—
If you come back tomorrow,
I'm sure he'll be out to play.

WHAT IS BIG?

A story by Anonymous

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Reader 1#-Reader#2-Reader#3-Reader#4-Reader#5

Reader #1 My name is Tommy.
I am not very big.

Reader #2 I am not as big as a goat.
A goat is bigger than I am.

Reader #3 I am not as big as a horse.
A horse is bigger than I am.

Reader #4 I am not as big as a whale.
A whale is bigger than I am.

Reader #5 I am not as big as a dinosaur.

A dinosaur **is the
biggest thing I know!**

Mool

A German Story
by Klaus Winter and Helmut Bischoff
Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narr. 1

Narr. 2

Narr. 3

Narr. 4

Narr. 1 Something in the earth
is digging upward,
digging upward,
moving and lifting,
lifting and pushing,
pressing outward,
pressing upward and downward.

Narr. 2 Who is it that is digging,
that seems to be stuck
in the ground?
It is Mool, the mole.

- Narr. 3 He is small and black,
with tiny eyes
that scarcely see
and two giant flippers
that are good for digging.
He has a snout and a long beard.
His body is covered
with velvety fur.
Mool, the mole,
crafty and shy,
constantly hungry.
- Narr. 4 Mool is a digger.
He digs and rummages deep in the earth.
He digs a tunnel to the sweet ivy roots.
- Narr. 1 He digs a hole to cool the water.
He digs a pipeline,
to the bed of young turnips.
Wherever he goes,
he digs a hole,
a tunnel, a pipeline.
Mool, the mole, is a digger.
- Narr. 2 But where does the earth go,
when Mool is digging a hole?
Up, up, out of the hole.
He pushes the dirt
out of his tunnel.
Up with it! Out with it!
He leaves a mountain of dirt,
at the mouth of his tunnel.
Mool is a perky animal,
if he digs in your yard.

Narr. 3 Now Mool is playing.
He is playing with a centipede,
caught in his passageways.
He is playing with a worm,
and a cricket and a snail.
They, too, are caught in the tunnel.

Narr. 4 Smack! Crackle! Slurp.
Mool has eaten them.
He has filled his stomach,
and now he is drowsy.
The mole is going to sleep.

Narr. 1 From far at the end
of his passageways,
came the sounds
of crawling and puffing,
puffing and scratching.

Narr. 2 Mool hears it.
He's on his feet.
After them!
Out with them!

Narr. 3 The fur tousles!
They squeal!
They squeak!

Narr. 4 He chases the mouse sisters
out of his tunnel.
Mool wants to be alone.
Smack! Slap!
Mool is digging upward.
Suddenly he is out of the ground.

- Narr. 1 Oh, how light it is!
The sun blinds him,
but it is warm on his fur.
He lies down to sleep,
at the mouth of his tunnel.
- Narr. 2 High above him,
high in the clouds,
there is a black spot,
that Mool does not see.
- Narr. 3 The spot has keen eyes,
and sharp, pointed claws.
It dives from the sky,
like a big shadow,
...getting bigger
...bigger
...gigantic!
- Narr. 1 A fierce, hungry buzzard,
is diving down at Mool!
Mool squeals!
He scuttles back into the ground.
The buzzard flies away,
with only a stone in its claws.
- Narr. 2 Mool digs deeper and wider.
He is hungry again.
His stomach can bear
something tasty!

Narr. 3 And what has he found?
 A fat turnip.
 Crunch, crunch!
 A beautiful cabbage.
 Crunch, crunch!
 A garden filled
 with tasty, fresh vegetables.
 Crunch, crunch!

Narr. 1 And here comes the farmer,
 the angry farmer.
 Here he comes with a frown,
 waving his shovel.

Narr. 2 But Mool escapes.
 He scuttles deep in his burrows.
 No one can catch Mool
 with a shovel.

Narr. 3 “If I can’t catch him,”
 says the farmer,
 “then I will drive him away.
 I’ll stick oily rags
 in his burrows,
 to make a terrible smell.
 And I’ll put empty bottles
 in his burrows,
 to whistle in the wind.”

Narr. 4 Mool stops.
 “What do I smell”
 What is that noise?
 Oh, what a foul smell!
 Oh, what a dreadful racket!

- Narr. 1 Away from here,
 as fast as possible!
 My delicate ears,
 my sensitive ears,
 my sensitive nose
 cannot bear this!”
- Narr. 2 Mool runs out of his burrow.
 He swims across the lake,
 his head above the water.
 On the other shore,
 Mool starts burrowing
 a new hole in the ground,
 with passageways all around,
 and a mountain of dirt
 on the grass.
- Narr. 3 This
 is the way
 it is
 with Mool,
 mole
 in the
 ground.

THE END

FOUR POEMS

by Jack Prelutsky
taken from

THE NEW KID ON THE BLOCK

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Christian Bryant**

Suzanna Socked Me Sunday

READER 1

READER 2

READER 3 (Could be a boy)

READER 4 (Could be a girl)

Reader 1 Suzanna socked me Sunday,
she socked me Monday, too,
she also socked me Tuesday,
I was turning black and blue.

Reader 2 She socked me double Wednesday,
and Thursday even more,
but when she socked me Friday,
she began to get me sore.

Reader 3 “Enough’s enough!” I yelled at her,
“I hate it when you hit me!”

Reader 4 “Well then I won’t!” Suzanna said...

Reader 3 that Saturday, she bit me.

Boing! Boing! Boing!

Reader 1 (W R)

Reader 2 (W R)

Reader 3 (W R)

Reader 4

Reader 5

Reader 1 Boing! Boing!

Reader 3 Squeak!

Reader 1 Boing! Boing!

Reader 3 **Squeak!**

Reader 2 A bouncing **mouse** is in my **house**,
it's been here for a week.

Reader 5 It bounced from out of nowhere,
then quickly settled in,
I'm grateful that it came alone,
(I've heard it has a **twin**),

Reader 4 It bounces in the kitchen,
it bounces in the **den**,
it bounces through the living room...
LOOK! There it goes **again**.

Reader 1 Boing! Boing!

Reader 3 Squeak!

Reader 1 Boing! Boing!

Reader 3 **Squeak!**

Reader 2 A bouncing **mouse** is in my **house**,
it's been here for a **week**.

Reader 5 It bounces on the sofa,
on the table and the **bed**,
up the stairs and on the chairs,
and even on my **head**.

Reader 4 That mouse continues bouncing,
every minute of the **day**.
It bounces, bounces, bounces,
but it doesn't bounce **away**.

Reader 1 Boing! Boing!

Reader 3 Squeak!

Reader 1 Boing! Boing!

Reader 3 **Squeak!**

Reader 2 A bouncing **mouse** is in my **house**,
it's been here for a **week**!

Homework! Oh, Homework!

Reader 1 (W R)

Reader 2 (M R)

Reader 3

Reader 4

Reader 1 Homework!

Reader 2 Oh, homework!

Reader 4 I hate you!

Reader 3 You **stink!**

Reader 4 I wish I could wash you away in the **sink,**

Reader 3 If only a bomb would explode you to **bits.**

Reader 1 Homework!

Reader 2 Oh, homework!

Reader 4 You're giving me **fits.**

Reader 3 I'd rather take baths with a man-eating **shark,**
or wrestle a lion alone in the **dark,**

Reader 2 eat spinach and liver, pet ten por**cupines,**
than tackle the homework my teacher
assigns.

Reader 1 Homework!

Reader 2 Oh, homework!

Reader 3 You're last on my list,

Reader 4 I simply can't see why you even exist,
if you just disappeared,
it would tickle me pink.

Reader 1 Homework!

Reader 2 Oh, homework!

Reader 4 I hate you!

Reader 3 You stink!

THE NEW KID ON THE BLOCK

Reader 1

Reader 2 (could be a boy)

Reader 1 There's a new kid on block,
and boy, that kid is **tough**,
that new kid punches hard,
that new kid plays real **rough**,

Reader 2 that new kid's big and strong,
with muscles every**where**,
that new kid tweaked my arm,
that new kid pulled my **hair**.

Reader 1 That new kid likes to fight,
and picks on all the **guys**,
that new kid scares me some,
(that new kid's twice my **size**),

Reader 2 that new kid stomped my toes,
that new kid swiped my **ball**,
that new kid's really bad,
I don't care for her at **all**.

Princess

by Anne Wilsdorf

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Laura Armstrong

Leopold
The Queen
Princess #1
Princess #2

Jubelle
"Princess"
Princess's Mom
Princess's Dad

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3

Nar 1: Leopold was a prince who lived in a castle with his mother, the queen, and his father, the king. He dreamed of adventure, travel, and love.

Queen: Farewell, then.

Nar 2: said the queen.

Queen: But remember, Leopold, no one but a genuine princess can have the honor of marrying my son.

Nar 3: She handed him a list of certified genuine princesses and said,

Queen: Be careful. Each of them is guarded by an evil monster who must be vanquished before the princess will be free to marry.

Nar 1: Then she kissed him and sent him on his way.

Nar 1: The first princess on the list was Marisa Ping. Full of ardor, the prince made his way to her castle. He was greeted by a horrible videopteryx, spitting fire and flames.

Leopold: This should be easy,

Nar 2: said Leopold.
ZIP! He unsheathed his sword.
ZAP! Off came the monster's head.

Leopold: Marisa Ping, will you marry me?

Nar 3: asked Leopold. But the princess was too busy watching television to answer.

Leopold: I wonder what I would have done if she had said yes,

Nar 3: thought Leopold.

Leopold: This princess is not for me.

Nar. 1: He continued on to the next castle on the list.
It was guarded by a ferocious antiseptyx.
Leopold Stunned the antiseptyx with one blow and went into the castle.

Nar 2: The princess appeared, waving a dishcloth and duster.

Princess#1: Don't step on my clean floor with your dirty feet!

Nar 2: she said crossly.

Princess#1: Here is a pair of slippers to put over your shoes.

Leopold: No, thank you,

Nar 3: said the prince, and he turned his horse around.

Leopold: Not my type at all,

Nar 3: he said sadly.

Nar 1: At the castle of the third princess, a threatening bombachyderm blocked the way. Leopold chopped it into slices.

Princess#2: Bravo!
Long live my hero!
Long live violence!
Long live everything horrible!
Kill 'em dead!

Nar 2: shouted the princess.

Leopold: Oh dear, she's too bloodthirsty for me,

Nar 2: said Leopold with a sigh, and rode away. The castle of Jubelle, the fourth princess on the list, was nearby, so the prince decided to try again.
But the three-headed narcissyx wouldn't let him past the gate.

Leopold: This is getting tedious,

Nar 3: said the prince as he prepared to fight.
WHAM!

In no time the terrifying beast was all tied up. While that was going on, Jubelle was staring into her mirror, saying over and over, Jubelle: Oh, but I am beautiful. How beautiful I am. I can't get over my own beauty.

Leopold: This beauty is not for me,

Nar 1: said Leopold.

Leopold: I don't like any of these princesses. I guess I will have to go home without a wife.

Nar 1: On his way back it started to rain. Leopold took cover in a shed.
He was not alone.

Leopold: How do you do?
I am Prince Leopold

"Princess: My father calls me Princess,

Nar 1: said the stranger

"Princess: I am a shepardess.
I have been traveling through the land, looking for a nice shepard to marry.
I haven't found him, so I am going back to my parents and sheep.

Nar 2: The prince told her about his own adventures and they discovered that they had a lot in common.
They looked at each other in wonder.

Leopold
&
"Princess"

You are exactly the one I have been looking for!

Nar 2: each said to the other.
And the prince put Princess on his horse and started home.

Leopold: Mother, I would like you to meet Princess.

Nar 3: The queen looked at the girl.

Queen: A princess?

Nar 3: she said to herself.

Queen: That raggedy girl?
I'll soon find out if she is a genuine princess.
I'll put her to the pea test.
If she is really a princess, she shall marry my son.
If she is not, that will be the end of her.

Nar 1: The queen took the smallest pea she could find. She put it at the bottom of a tall stack of feather mattresses in Princess's bedroom. Only the skin of a genuine princess would be delicate enough to feel the pea and be bruised by it.

Nar 2: Princess climbed up the ladder and into the bed.
But during the night, forgetting how high she was, she started to get up for a drink of water... and fell all the way to the floor.
She was bruised and miserable and had a hard time falling asleep again.

Nar 3: In the morning the queen came running into the bedroom
She saw at once that the Princess had not slept well.

Nar 1: And when the girl got out of bed, the queen saw black-and blue all over her body.

Queen: Princess!

Nar 1. she cried.

Nar 2: And the wedding was arranged at once.
Princess and Leopold set out to live happily ever after...

Princess's parents: He's a nice boy,

Nar 3. Princess's parents agreed later.

Princess's parents. But where did she find herself a shepard who knows so little about sheep?

THE END

The Princess And The Pea by Janet Stevens

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Michelle Zuccaro

Nar. 1
Queen
Nar.2
Princess

- Nar. 1 There once was a prince who wanted to marry a princess.
- Nar. 2 According to his mother, the queen, she had to be a real princess, very much like herself.
- Nar. 1 So they traveled all over the world to find one.
- Queen "They just don't make princesses like they used to,"
- Nar. 2 said the queen. So at last the prince and his mother returned home.
- Nar. 1 The prince was sad that they were unable to find a real princess.
- Nar. 2 The queen was mad and disgusted.
- Nar. 1 One evening, there was a terrible thunderstorm.

Nar. 2 Rain poured down, and a great wind whistled through the town.
When the storm was at its worst, there was a knock at the palace door.

Nar. 1 The old king went to open it.
Standing there was a princess.

Nar. 2 She was soaked, and water spilled out of her shoes and sleeves.

Princess "I am a real princess,"

Nar. 1 she said.

Nar. 2 "You are?" asked the king.
"Then you must meet the queen!"

Nar. 1 When the king introduced them, the queen started to laugh.

Queen. "How can you be a *real* princess when you look like that?"

Nar. 1 she asked.

Princess "But I am,"

Nar. 1 said the visitor.

Queen "Well, my dear, it is very late.
Stay for the night, and we can discuss it in the morning,"

Nar. 1 said the queen.

Nar. 2 The queen had a plan.
She hurried to a guest room and stripped the
mattress from the bed.
She laid a single pea on the bed.

Nar . 1 Then she took twenty mattresses and piled
them on top of the pea.
She piled twenty feather beds on top of the
mattresses.
Now the bed was ready for the princess.

Queen "This is where you are to sleep tonight,"

Nar. 2 said the queen. The princess was very tired.

Princess "I'm sure I'll sleep well on so many mattresses
and beds,"

Nar. 1 she said.

Nar. 2 She climbed slowly up to the top and lay
down.

Queen "Good night,"

Nar. 1 said the queen,

Queen "I **do** hope you sleep well."

Nar. 1 The princess settled down into the bed.

Nar.2 She rolled to the right, and she rolled to the
left.

Nar. 1 She lay on her stomach, and she lay on her
back.

Nar. 2 No matter how hard she tried, she could not find a comfortable position on such a rocky bed.

Nar. 1 In the morning the queen asked,

Queen "Did you sleep well?"

Princess **"No!"**

Nar. 2 said the princess.

Princess "I tossed and turned all night.
My body is covered with bruises this morning!"

Nar.2 the queen gasped.

Queen "You ***didn't*** sleep?
You must have felt the pea!
Then you are a ***real*** princess.
Only a ***real*** princess would have such delicate skin.
She could feel a pea through twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds."

Nar. 1 So the prince married the princess.
The entire kingdom was invited to the wedding.

Nar.2 Even the queen was satisfied.
She was so pleased to find a ***real*** princess.
She put the famous pea in a museum where it can still be seen...

Nar. 1 ***if ...no one has stolen it!***

the end

THE PRINCESS ON THE PEA By Disney

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Jennifer Conahan**

Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Mickey Minnie King Queen

Narrator	Once there was a prince named Mickey. Since he was prince, he wanted to marry a princess.
Mickey	But she must be a real princess.
Narrator 2	He said. He spent many years searching for a real princess. But he was never able to find one he liked, so he came home to his parents' castle. One night, a terrible storm was raging. Rain poured down, and lightning flashed. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Mickey's father went to open it. There stood a stranger, dripping wet.
Minnie	May I come in?
Narrator 1	Asked the stranger.
King	Of course.

Minnie My name is Princess Minnie. I was out riding and I got caught in the storm.

Narrator 2 Prince Mickey heard the word, “princess,” and he came in to see who was there. Minnie smiled at the prince.

Minnie How handsome he is.

Narrator 1 Minnie thought. Mickey smiled back at her.

Mickey How pretty she is.

Narrator 2 Mickey thought.

Mickey Did you say your name is Princess Minnie?

Minnie Yes.

Mickey Are you a real princess?

Minnie Of course.

Narrator 1 Said Minnie, nodding her head and spraying the king with water.

Mickey I hope she is a real princess.

Narrator 2 Meanwhile Mickey’s mother, the queen, was listening at the door.

Queen That wet dishrag doesn’t look like a princess to me, but we’ll soon find out.

Narrator 1 The queen went to make up a bed for the princess. First, she put a tiny pea under a thick mattress. Then, she put four more mattresses on top of the first one. She kept adding more and more mattresses to the bed.

Queen. Good. Now the pea is under twenty mattresses. Only a real princess will be able to feel it.

Narrator 2 Later that night, Princess Minnie climbed on top of the twenty mattresses. She was very tired after riding so far in the storm. But somehow, the bed did not feel comfortable. But she could not fall asleep. Then she turned on her left side. Still she could not fall asleep.

Minnie Maybe flat on my back will be better.

Narrator 1 But still, Minnie stayed awake. The next morning; Minnie ate breakfast with the king, the queen, and the prince.

Mickey Did you sleep well?

Narrator 2 Asked Mickey.

Minnie No, I did not sleep a wink! I was lying on something hard, and it kept me awake all night. I'm quite black and blue all over.

Queen Then you must be a real princess!

Narrator 1 Cried the Queen.

Queen Only a real princess could have felt that pea!

Narrator 2 Prince Mickey had found his real princess
at last! So he asked Princess Minnie to be his
wife.

Narrator 1 Of course she said yes! They had a real
royal wedding and lived happily ever after!

THE END

Purple, Green and Yellow by Robert Munsch

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by J. Servis

Narr. 1
Brigid

Narr. 2
Mother

Narr. 3
Doctor

Narr. 1 Brigid went to her mother and said,
I need some coloring markers.
All my friends have coloring markers.
They draw wonderful pictures.
Mummy, I need some coloring markers.

Mother **Oh No!**

Narr. 2 said her mother.

Mother I've heard about those coloring markers.
Kids draw on walls,
they draw on the floor,
they draw on themselves.
You can't have any coloring markers.

Brigid Well,

Narr. 3 said Brigid.

Brigid There are these new coloring markers.
 They wash off with just water.
 I can't get into any trouble
 With coloring markers that wash off.
 Get me some of those.

Mother Well,

Narr. 1 said her mother.

Mother Alright.

Narr. 2 So her mother went out and got Brigid
 500 washable coloring markers.
 Brigid went up to her room,
 and drew wonderful pictures.
 She drew lemons,
 that were yellower than lemons,
 And roses,
 that were redder than roses,
 And oranges,
 that were oranger than oranges.

Narr. 3 Her mother was amazed. She said,

Mother Wow! My kid is an artist.

Narr. 1 But after a week Brigid got bored.
 She went to her mother and said,

Brigid Mom, did I draw on the wall?

Mother Nnnnooo,

Narr. 2 said her Mother.

Brigid Did I draw on the floor?

Mother Nnnnooo,

Narr. 3 said her Mother.

Brigid Did I draw on myself?

Mother
Narr. 1 Nnnooo,
said her Mother.

Brigid Well,

Narr. 2 said Brigid.

Brigid I didn't get into any trouble,
and I need some new coloring markers.
All my friends have them.
Mommy, there are coloring markers that
smell.
They have ones that smell like roses,
and lemons and oranges,
and even ones that smell like cow plops.
Mom, they have coloring markers,
that smell like anything you want!
Mom, I need those coloring markers.

Narr. 3 Her Mother went out and got
500 coloring markers that smelled.
Then Brigid went upstairs
and she drew pictures.
She drew lemons that smelled like lemons,
and roses that smelled like roses,
and oranges that smelled like oranges,
and cow plops that smelled like cow plops.

Narr. 1 Her mother said,

Mother **Wow!** My kid is an artist.

Narr. 2 But after a week Brigid got bored. She said,

Brigid Mom, did I draw on the floor?

Mother
Narr. 3 Nnnooo,
said her mother.

Brigid Did I draw on the walls?

Mother
Narr. 1 Nnnooo,
said her Mother.

Brigid Did I draw on myself?

Mother
Narr. 2 Nnnooo,
said her mother.

Brigid Well,

Narr. 3 said Brigid.

Brigid I need some new coloring markers.
These are the best kind.
All my friends have them.
They are super-indelible-never-
come-off-till-you're-dead-and-
maybe-even-later coloring markers.
Mom, I need them.

Narr. 1 So her mother went out and got
500 super-indelible-never-
come-off-till-you're-dead-and-
maybe-even-later coloring markers.
Brigid took them and drew pictures
for three weeks.
She drew lemons
and roses that looked better
than roses,
and oranges that looked better
than oranges,
and sunsets that looked better than sunsets.

Narr. 2 And that was so pretty,
she colored her face,
purple, green, yellow and blue.

Narr. 3 And that was so pretty,
she colored her belly-button blue

Narr. 1 And that was so pretty,
she colored herself all sorts of colors
almost entirely all over.

Narr. 2 Then Brigid looked in the mirror
and said,

Brigid **What have I done!**
My mother is going to kill me!

Narr. 3 So she ran into the bathroom,
and washed her hands for
half an hour.

Narr. 1 Nothing came off.
Her hands still looked like
mixed-up rainbows.

Narr. 2 Then she had a wonderful idea.

Narr. 3 She reached way down
into the bottom of the coloring markers
and got a special-colored marker.
It was the same color she was.
She took the marker
and colored herself all over
until she was her regular color again.

Narr. 1 In fact, she looked even better
than before...
almost too good to be true.

Narr. 2 She went downstairs,
and her mother said,

Mother Why Brigid, you're looking
really good today.

Brigid Right,

Narr. 2 said Brigid.

Narr. 3 Then her mother said,

Mother It's time to wash your hands
for dinner.

Narr. 1 But Brigid was afraid that the
special color would not stick
to the colors underneath,
so she said,

Brigid I already washed my hands.

Narr.2 But her mother smelled her hands
and said,

Mother Ahhh. No soap!

Narr. 3 She took Brigid into the bathroom and washed her hands and face. All the special color came off and Brigid looked like mixed-up rainbows.

Mother **Oh No!**

Narr. 1 said her mother.

Mother Brigid, did you color your hands with the coloring markers that wash off?

Brigid Nnnnooo.

Mother Brigid, did you color your hands with the coloring markers that smell?

Brigid Nnnnnoooo.

Mother Did you use the super-indelible-never-come-off-till-you're-dead-and-maybe-even-later, coloring markers!

Brigid Yes!

Mother **Yikes!**

Narr. 2 yelled her mother.

Narr. 3 She called the doctor and said,

Mother **HELP! HELP! HELP!**
My daughter has colored herself
with super-indelible-never-come-off-
till-you're-dead-and-maybe-even-later
coloring markers.

Doctor Oh dear,

Narr. 1 said the doctor.

Doctor Sometimes they never come off.

Narr. 2 The doctor came over and gave Brigid
a large orange pill. She said,

Doctor Take this pill, wait five minutes,
and then take a bath.

Narr. 3 So Brigid took the pill,
waited five minutes,
and jumped into the bathtub.

Narr. 1 Her mother stood outside the door
and yelled,

Mother Is it working? Is it working?

Brigid Yes,

Narr. 2 said Brigid.

Brigid Everything is coming off.

Narr. 3 And Brigid was right,
everything had come off.

Narr. 1 When Brigid walked out
 of the bathroom,
 she was invisible.

Mother **Oh! No!**

Narr. 2 yelled her mother.

Mother You can't go to school
 if you're invisible.
 You can't go to university
 if you're invisible.
 You'll never get a job
 if you're invisible.

Mother Brigid, you've wrecked your life!

Brigid Don't worry,

Narr. 3 said Brigid.

Narr. 1 She ran into her room,
 got the special-colored marker,
 and colored herself
 entirely all over,
 until you couldn't tell the difference.

Narr. 2 In fact,

Narr. 3 she looked even better than before...
 almost too good to be true.

Narr.1 But her mother said,

Mother Brigid, you can't
 go through life like that.
 You're just a picture.
 Everyone will know
 there is something wrong!

Brigid **No they won't**

Narr. 3 said Brigid.

Mother **Yes they will,**

Narr. 1 said her mother.

Brigid **No they won't!**

Narr.2 said Brigid.

Brigid I colored daddy
while he was taking a nap,
and you haven't noticed
anything yet!

Mother **Good heavens!**

Narr. 3 yelled her mother,

Narr. 1 and she ran into the living room
and looked at daddy.

Narr. 2 He looked even better than before...

Narr. 3 almost too good to be true.

Brigid Doesn't he look great?

Narr. 1 asked Brigid.

Mother I couldn't even tell the difference,

Narr. 2 said her mother.

Brigid Right,

Narr. 3

said Brigid,

Brigid

And neither will he...

As long as he doesn't get wet!

THE END

Ramona the Brave

Chapter 8

“Ramona Says a Bad Word”
by Beverly Cleary

Adapted for Reader’s Theater
by Gretchen Watts

Characters: Ramona Quimby
Mrs. Quimby
Mr. Quimby
Beezus (Ramona’s older sister,
a.k.a., Beatrice)
Mrs. Griggs (Ramona’s 1st Grade
teacher)

Narrator Mrs. Griggs handed each member of Room One a long sealed envelope.

Mrs. Griggs These are your progress reports for you to take home to your parents.

Narrator Ramona made up her mind then and there that she was not going to show any progress report to her mother and father, if she could get out of it. As soon as she reached home, she hid her envelope at the bottom of a drawer under her summer playclothes.

Beezus Mr. Cardoza gave us our progress reports today.

Narrator Beezus leaned across the dinner table and proudly handed her father her progress report. Mr. Quimby tore open the envelope and pulled out the yellow sheet of paper.

Mr. Quimby M-m-m-m. Very good, Beezus. I'm proud of you.

Beezus What did my teacher say about me?

Mr. Quimby He said, "Beatrice has shown marked improvement in math. She is willing and a conscientious pupil, who gets along well with her peers. She is a pleasure to have in the classroom."

Ramona May I please be excused?

Mr. Quimby Just a minute young lady.

Mrs. Quimby Yes, what about your progress report?

Ramona Oh...that old thing.

Mr. Quimby Yes, that old thing. Bring it here.

Ramona I don't want to.

Narrator Ramona turned and walked slowly to her room and slowly returned with the envelope.

Ramona Does Beezus have to hear?

Mrs. Quimby Beezus, you may be excused. Run along and do your homework.

Narrator Ramona scowled more ferociously as her father pulled out the sheet of yellow paper.

Mr. Quimby If you don't look out, your face might freeze that way.

Narrator He studied the yellow paper and frowned. He then handed the paper to Mrs. Quimby.

Ramona Well, what does it say?

Mrs. Quimby "Ramona's letter formation is excellent, and she is developing good word-attacking skills. She is learning her numbers readily. However, Ramona sometimes shows more interest in the seat work of others than in her own. She needs to learn to keep her hand to herself. She also needs to work on self-control."

Mrs. Quimby Now Ramona, you must try to grow up.

Ramona What do you think I'm doing?

Mr. Quimby You don't have to be so noisy about it.

Narrator Beezus comes butting in to see what all the fuss is about.

Beezus What did Mrs. Griggs say?

Ramona You mind your own business.

Mr. Quimby Ramona, don't talk that way.

Ramona I will **too** talk that way, I'll talk any way I want!

Mr. Quimby **Ramona!!!**

Ramona **Well, I will!!!**

Mr. Quimby Now you see here, young lady.

Ramona I'm going to say a bad word!

Narrator That silenced her family.

Mrs. Quimby Go ahead Ramona and say the bad word if it will make you feel better.

Narrator Ramona clenches her fists and yells...

Ramona **GUTS! GUTS! GUTS! GUTS!**

Mrs. Quimby: Ha, ha, ha, ha...

Mr. Quimby: Ha, ha, ha, ha...

Beezus: Ha, ha, ha, ha...

Ramona It isn't funny. Don't you dare laugh at me!

Narrator In tears, Ramona threw herself face down on the couch. She kicked and she pounded the cushions with her fists.

Mrs. Quimby Ramona, what are we going to do with you?

Ramona Love me!

Mrs. Quimby Dear heart. We **DO** love you.

Ramona You do not, you love Beezus.

Mrs. Quimby Of course we love Beezus. We love you both.

Ramona You love her more. A whole lot more.

Mrs. Quimby Love isn't like a cup of sugar that gets used up. There is enough love to go around. Loving Beezus doesn't mean we don't have enough love left for you.

Ramona You don't laugh at Beezus all the time.

Beezus They used to. They always laughed at the funny things I did, and it used to make me mad. Like the time I was about your age and thought frankincense and myrrh were something the three Wise Men were bringing to the baby Jesus to put on his rash like that stuff Mom used on you when you were a baby. Mom and Dad laughed, and Mom told her friends, and they laughed too.

Mrs. Quimby Oh dear, I had no idea I upset you that much.

Beezus Well, you did. And there was the time I thought toilet water was water out of the toilet. You practically had hysterics.

Mrs. Quimby Now you're exaggerating.

Ramona Mama, if you really love me, why do I have to go to school?

Mrs. Quimby Ramona, everyone has to go to school. Loving you has nothing to do with it.

Ramona Then why can't I be in the other first grade, the one in Room Two? Mrs. Griggs doesn't like me.

Mrs. Quimby Of course she likes you.

Ramona No she doesn't. If she liked me, she wouldn't make me tell Susan in front of the whole class that I was sorry I scrunched her owl and she would ask me to lead the Pledge of Allegiance.

Beezus She'll get around to asking you to lead the flag salute. She asks everybody.

Mrs. Quimby Beezus, you got along with Mrs. Griggs when you had her.

Beezus I guess so. She wasn't my favorite teacher, though.

Ramona Why can't I change to Room Two?

Mr. Quimby Because Mrs. Griggs is teaching you to read and do arithmetic and because the things she said about you are fair. Maybe Mrs. Griggs doesn't understand how you feel, but you aren't always easy to understand. Did you ever think of that?

Ramona Please, Daddy. Please don't make me go back to Room One.

Mr. Quimby Buck up, Ramona. Show us your spunk!

Narrator Mrs. Quimby led Ramona out of the room and helped her into bed.

Ramona Stay with me, Mama.

Narrator Mrs. Quimby turned off the light and sat on the bed.

Ramona Mama?

Mrs. Quimby Yes, Ramona.

Ramona Isn't **GUTS** a bad word?

Mrs. Quimby I wouldn't say its exactly a bad word. It isn't the nicest word in the world, but there are much worse. Now go to sleep.

THE END

RAMONA QUIMBY, AGE 8

by Beverly Cleary

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Tara Clark

CHARACTERS:

Narrator
Mrs. Quimby

Marsha
Mrs. Larson

Ramona Quimby
Mrs. Whaley

Narrator Ramona Quimby is an ordinary third-grade student.
The fad of the week in her classroom is bringing in hard-boiled eggs to eat at lunch.

Ramona
egg Did you remember to give me a hard-boiled in my lunch like I asked?

Mrs. Quimby Yes, I remembered the hard-boiled egg, you little rabbit.
I'm glad you have finally learned to like them.

Narrator Ramona did not feel it was necessary to explain to her mother that she still did not like hard-boiled eggs, and she only wanted one because it was the fad of the week. When lunchtime came, Ramona collected her lunch box and went to the cafeteria and sat with the other third-grade girls. She opened her lunch box and there, tucked in a paper napkin, snug between her sandwich and an orange, was her hard-boiled egg, smooth and perfect, the right size to fit her hand.

Ramona Oh good, now it is time to eat our eggs. Watch me crack mine against my head!

Narrator Ramona took a firm hold of her egg and waited until everyone at her table was watching and WHACK! - she found herself with a handful of crumbled shell and something cool and slimy running down her face.

Ramona "Gasp, gasp!" as she angrily tries to brush egg out of her hair.

Marsha It's all right Ramona. I'll take you to the bathroom and help you wash off the egg.

Ramona (rudely) No, you go away!

Marsha (pulling Ramona) Come on Ramona, I'll take you to the office and Mrs. Larson will help you.

Ramona (jerking away) I can go by myself!

Narrator Ramona ran out of the cafeteria.
She was so angry she was able to ignore the giggles and a few sympathetic looks of the other children.
Ramona was mad at herself for following a fad.
Most of all, she was furious at her mother for not boiling the egg.

Mrs. Larson Well, you need a little help, don't you?

Narrator Ramona nods gratefully.

Mrs. Larson Let's see. How shall we go about this?
I guess the best way is to wash your hands, then dunk your head.
You've heard of egg shampoos, haven't you?
They are supposed to be wonderful for the hair.

Ramona (yelping) Yow! The water's cold!

Mrs. Larson It's probably a good thing we don't have warmer water. You wouldn't want to cook the egg in your hair, would you?

Narrator She rubbed and Ramona snuffled.
She rinsed and Ramona sniffled.
Finally, Mrs. Larson said:

Mrs. Larson That's the best I can do.
Dry yourself off the best you can with these towels.
You can wash your hair when you get home.

Narrator Ramona accepted the towels and began to calm down.
Toward the end of the lunch period, Ramona heard teachers drift into the office to leave papers or pick up messages from their boxes. Then, Ramona heard her teacher, Mrs. Whaley, say to Mrs. Larson:

Mrs. Whaley I hear my little show-off came in with egg in her hair.
(laughing) What a nuisance!

The End

RAPUNZEL! RAPUNZEL! GET OUT OF MY HAIR!

**Written by: Sue Espisito,
Janice Harchalk,
Pat Richards, and Wanda Voelker**

CHARACTERS:

**Witch
Man(Rapunzel's Father)**

Frieda

**Prince
Rapunzel**

WITCH

Once upon a time I lived a life of peace and quiet. I know witches have a bad reputation, but I never bothered anyone until these idiots came into my life. Other than an occasional flight during the full moon with my pet frog, Frieda, I spend most of my time puttering around my garden. I grow prize-winning vegetables. They're known all over the kingdom.

It all started one day when I was tending my tomatoes. I saw an intruder skulking around my garden. Of course, my first reaction was to cast a spell and turn the man to stone.

MAN

Please, madam, forgive me. I just came to borrow some rampion, and everyone knows you grow the best.

FRIEDA I don't believe the word is borrow. I think it's time to call the cops.

MAN It's not for me. It's for my wife. Rampion, rampion, that is all I hear. Night and day! She hasn't given me any peace in weeks! If I don't come home with some rampion my life will be torture!

WITCH Torture!...I like the sound of that. You've trampled on three rows of rue and ruined next year's crop of coriander. Torture!...hhmmm. No, I'd better call the police.

MAN No, No, please don't call the police! It will ruin me. Just give me a minute to think here...I know! I'll give you my golden goose.

WITCH What do I need with **another** golden goose? I've already got 6!

MAN Well, how about some magic boots so you can travel anywhere?

FRIEDA Excuse me, she's a witch remember? She **does** have her broom.

MAN The only thing I have left is my daughter. She could cook and clean for you. She could help you in your garden, too.

WITCH Well, I'm not getting any younger and bending down to weed the garden is getting difficult. It might be nice to have someone to wash the pots and pans for me.

TWO WEEKS LATER:

WITCH I can't believe it! That girl didn't do the dishes again. Some big help she is. Rapunzel, Rapunzel, where are you?

RAPUNZEL What is it this time? This place is the pits!
Why don't you get someone in here to clean up this house?

WITCH **YOU** were supposed to do the dishes!

RAPUNZEL I had to wash my hair, and it takes forever to dry in this cold, drafty place.

WITCH Why don't you work in the garden, the sun will dry your hair in no time.

RAPUNZEL **THE SUN?** Do you know what the sun will do to my complexion? Plus, the ultraviolet light isn't good for my hair. Just look what all those years of working in that **yucky** garden has done for you!

WITCH I give up, let's see if the mail has come. Another letter has been returned from your parents. My eyes aren't so good anymore. What's this note on the envelope say?

RAPUNZEL Moved with no forwarding address. Why were you writing to my parents?

WITCH I thought it was time for you to go on a long visit.

RAPUNZEL Visit? I couldn't leave here, especially after you build my tower. It will be a perfect place for me. No drafts, plenty of mirrors, and lots of room for my **exquisite** hair!

FRIEDA You might as well build her a tower. At least we won't be able to hear her complain from up there.

LATER

WITCH Frieda, I'm too old to climb that hair three times a day to take that girl's meals and laundry to her. She won't let me put in stairs, because the door would create a draft. We've got to **do something!**

FRIEDA Why don't you marry her off?

WITCH Great idea, but where will we find a husband?

FRIEDA Let's do what everyone does...run an ad in the personals.

WITCH How does this sound?
S W F seeking adventurous prince-type who is looking for new heights in a relationship. Send photo to Ivory Tower in the deep, dark, woods.

TWO WEEKS LATER

WITCH Frieda, I think we've found our victim. I've seen a lot of princes in my time, but even I'm **impressed** by this guy!

FRIEDA You know, I've always had a special affection for princes. I don't know why, but I do. Let's have him come tomorrow.

THE NEXT NIGHT

PRINCE Hallooo, anyone here? No one seems to be here. What a pity! I look especially handsome tonight. The moon is the perfect lighting for my hair. Speaking of hair, this hair is **resplendent!** So strong...with no split ends! I wonder who is at the other end? Well, there appears to be only one way to find out..... I hope this doesn't muss my clothes!

FRIEDA Well, he's been up there for hours now. Do you think with all those mirrors they've noticed each other yet?

WITCH I have a feeling those two will be perfect for each other if they can stop looking at themselves.

RAPUNZEL Witch, Witch, where are you? I have wonderful news! I've met this prince and we're getting married and I know we'll live happily ever after.

SIX MONTHS LATER

FRIEDA Life is peaceful and quiet again. That world cruise was a **great wedding gift!**

THE END!

LON PO PO A RED RIDING HOOD STORY FROM CHINA BY ED YOUNG

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Carol Hochman

Narrator
Tao
Mother

Wolf
Paoze
Shang

NARRATOR

Once, long ago there was a woman who lived alone in the country with her three children, Shang, Tao, and Paoze. On the day of their grandmother's birthday, the good mother set off to see her, leaving the three children at home. Before she left she said,

MOTHER

Be good while I am away, my heart-loving children; I will not return tonight. Remember to close the door tight at sunset and latch it well.

NARRATOR But an old wolf lived nearby and saw the good mother leave. At dusk, disguised as an old woman, he came up to the house of the children and knocked on the door twice. Shang, who was the eldest, said through the latched door.

SHANG Who is it?

WOLF My little jewels, this is your grandmother, your Po Po.

SHANG Po Po, Our mother has gone to visit **you!**

WOLF To visit me? I have not met her along the way. She must have taken a different route.

SHANG Po Po! How is it that you come **so late?**

WOLF The journey is long, my children, and the day is short.

SHANG Po Po, why is your voice so low?

WOLF Your grandmother has caught a cold, good children, and it is dark and windy out here. Quickly open up, and let your Po Po come in.

NARRATOR Tao and Paoitze could not wait. One unlatched the door and the other opened it.

TAO AND
PAOTZE
NARRATOR Po Po, Po Po, come in!
At the moment he entered the door, the wolf blew out the candle.

SHANG Po Po, why did you blow out the candle?
The room is now dark.

NARRATOR The wolf did not answer. Tao and Paoitze
rushed to their Po Po and wished to be
hugged. The old wolf held Tao.

WOLF Good child, you are so plump.

NARRATOR He embraced Paoitze.

WOLF Good child, you have grown to be so
sweet.

NARRATOR Soon the old wolf pretended to be
sleepy.
He yawned.

WOLF All the chicks are in the coop. Po Po is
sleepy too.

NARRATOR When he climbed into the big bed,
Taoitze climbed in at one end with the
wolf, and Shang and Tao climbed in at
the other. When Shang stretched, she
touched the wolf's tail.

SHANG Po Po, Po Po, your foot has a bush on it.

WOLF Po Po has brought hemp strings to
weave you a basket.

NARRATOR Shang touched grandmother's sharp
claws.

SHANG Po Po, Po Po, your hand has thorns on it.

WOLF Po Po has brought an awl to make shoes
for you.

NARRATOR At once Shang lit the light and the wolf blew it out again, but Shang had seen the wolf's hairy face.

SHANG Po Po, Po Po, you must be hungry. Have you eaten ginkgo nuts?

WOLF What is ginkgo?

SHANG Ginkgo is soft and tender, like the skin of a baby. One taste and you will live forever. The nuts grow on the top of the tree just outside the door.

WOLF Oh, dear. Po Po is old, her bones have become brittle. No longer can she climb trees.

SHANG Good Po Po, we can pick some for you.

NARRATOR The wolf was delighted. Shang jumped out of bed and Tao and Paotze came with her to the ginkgo tree. There, Shang told her sisters about the wolf and all three climbed up the tall tree. The wolf waited and waited. Plump Tao did not come back. Sweet Paotze did not come back, and no one brought any nuts from the ginkgo tree. At last the wolf shouted.

WOLF Where are you, children?

PAOTZE Po Po, we are on the top of the tree eating ginkgo nuts.

WOLF Good children, pluck some for me.

TAO But Po Po, ginkgo is magic only when it is plucked directly from the tree. You must come and pluck it from the tree yourself.

NARRATOR The wolf came outside and paced back and forth under the tree where he heard the three children eating the ginkgo nuts at the top.

PAOTZE Oh, Po Po, these nuts are so tasty! The skin is so tender.

NARRATOR The wolf's mouth began to water. Finally, Shang, the eldest and most clever child, said,

SHANG Po Po, Po Po, I have a plan. At the door there is a big basket. Behind it is a rope. Tie the rope to the basket, sit in the basket and throw the other end to me. I can pull you up.

NARRATOR The wolf was overjoyed and fetched the basket and the rope, then threw one end of the rope to the top of the tree. Shang caught the rope and began to pull the basket up and up. Halfway she let go of the rope, and the basket and the wolf fell to the ground.

SHANG I am so small and weak Po Po, I could not hold the rope alone.

TAO This time I will help. Let's do it again.

NARRATOR The wolf had only one thought in mind, to taste a ginkgo nut. He climbed into the basket again. Now Shang and Tao pulled the rope on the basket together, higher and higher. Again, they let go, and again the wolf tumbled down, down, and bumped his head. The wolf was furious. He grumbled and cursed.

TAO We could not hold the rope, Po Po. But only one ginkgo nut and you will be well again.

PAOTZE I shall give a hand to my sisters this time. This time we shall not fail!

NARRATOR Now the children pulled the rope with all of their strength. The basket rose straight up, higher than the first time, higher than the second time, higher and higher and higher until it nearly reached the top of the tree. When the wolf reached out, he could almost touch the highest branch. At that moment Shang coughed and they all let go of the rope. The basket fell down and down and down. Not only did the wolf bump his head, but he broke his heart to pieces.

SHANG Po Po?

NARRATOR There was no answer.

TAO Po Po?

NARRATOR There was no answer.

PAOTZE Po Po?

NARRATOR

There was still no answer. The children climbed to the branches just above the wolf and saw that he was truly dead. Then, they climbed down, went into the house, closed the door, locked the door with the latch and fell peacefully asleep.

On the next day, their mother returned with baskets of food from their real Po Po and the three sisters told her the story of the Po Po who had come.

THE END!

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narr. 1

Narr. 2

Narr.3

Darzee

Rikki-Tikki-Tavi

Nag

Nagaina

Episode One: Rikki-Tikki-Tavi

Narr. 1 Teddy found Rikki-Tikki-Tavi
in a ditch
one summer morning
after a heavy rain.
The rising water had washed
the little mongoose from its burrow,
and Teddy
had carried it home
inside his shirt.
Teddy and his father
and his mother
were English.

Narr. 2 They were living
in India
where Teddy's father
was doing business for the King.
Teddy begged
to keep
the little mongoose for a pet,
but Teddy's mother
was fearful
about having a mongoose
in the house.

Narr. 3 When Teddy's father
came home that evening,
he reassured his wife
that a mongoose
would be good protection
against the danger
of snakes in the garden,
and so Teddy
was given permission
to keep
the homeless little mongoose.

Episode Two: **Rikki-tikki meets Nag.**

Narr. 1 Every morning
 after his breakfast
 of bits of banana and boiled egg,
 Rikki-tikki-tavi
 scuttled around the bushes
 in the garden
 just to see what was to be seen.
 He was rather like a little cat
 in his fur and tail,
 but quite like a weasel
 in his head and habits.

Narr. 2 His eyes
 and the end of his restless nose
 were pink;
 he could scratch himself
 anywhere he pleased
 with any leg, front or back;
 and his war cry
 as he scuttled
 through the long grass
 was:

Rikki- Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!

Narr. 3 One morning
when Rikki-tikki-tavi
was in the garden,
he heard Darzee, the tailor bird,
sitting on her nest
in the pine tree, crying.
A tailor-bird looks and sounds
something like a catbird.
Rikki-tikki stood up
on his hind legs and asked,

Rikki “What’s the matter with you?”

Darzee “Oh, Rikki,
a terrible thing has happened.

Darzee One of my babies
fell out of the nest yesterday
and Nag ate him.”

Nikki “Hm-m!
That is very sad -
but I am a stranger here.
Who is Nag?”

Narr. 1 Just then the little mongoose
heard a cold, horrid sound
behind him
that made him jump
two feet into the air
and whirl around.

- Narr. 2 Inch by inch
 out of the grass
 rose up the head
 and spread hood
 of Nag, the black king cobra,
 who was five feet long
 from tongue to tail.
- Narr. 3 When he had lifted
 one third of himself
 clear of the ground,
 he stayed balancing to and fro
 exactly as a dandelion tuft
 balances in the wind,
 and he looked at Rikki-tikki
 with wicked eyes
 that never changed expression,
 whatever the snake
 might have been thinking.
- Nag “Who is Nag?
 I am Nag.
 Look, and be afraid!”
- Narr. 1 It is true
 that Rikki-tikki was afraid
 for a moment;
 but it was impossible
 for him to stay frightened
 for any length of time.

Narr. 2 Though Rikki-tikki had never met
a live cobra before,
his mother had fed him
on dead ones,
and he knew
that a grown mongoose's
business in life
was to fight and eat snakes.

Narr. 3 Nag knew that, too, and
at the bottom of his cold heart,
he, too, was afraid.
Suddenly
Darzee, the tailor-bird,
who was sitting on her nest
in the pine tree
watching the two below,
cried out:

Darzee "Behind you, Rikki!
Look behind you!"

Narr. 1 Fortunately
Rikki-tikki knew better
than to waste time in looking.
He jumped up into the air
as high as he could go,
and just under him
whizzed the black blur
of another snake.

- Narr. 2 It was another cobra,
Nagaina,
Nag's wicked mate.
She had crept up behind Ricki
as he was talking
to make an end of him;
and he heard her savage hiss
as the stroke missed.
- Narr. 3 Rikki-tikki came down
almost across her back.
If he had been
a wise, full-grown mongoose,
he would have known
that then was the time
to scramble up the snake's back
and to break her neck
by biting sharply
just above her spread hood.
He bit, indeed,
in the middle of her back
where it did little damage.
- Narr. 1 Then he jumped clear
of the snake to avoid
the terrible lashing return-stroke
of the cobra,
which sometimes can be
just as deadly to a mongoose
as the cobra's bite.
Nagaina was left torn and angry.

Narr. 2 Now it is said that
 when a cobra misses its stroke,
 it never says anything
 or gives any sign
 of what it means to do next.
 Without a word
 Nagaina slithered off
 through the tall grass
 to reconnoiter,
 and Nag followed her.

Episode Three: Nag and Nagaina plan their attack

- Narr. 3 That night
Teddy carried Rikki-tikki
off to bed with him.
Rikki-tikki was too well bred
to bite or scratch,
but as soon as Teddy was asleep,
he went off for his night walk
around the house.
- Narr. 1 Instantly Rikki-tikki knew
that something was strange
about this night.
The house was as still as still,
but he thought he could hear
the faintest scratch-scratch
in the world,
a noise as faint as that of a fly
walking on a windowpane.
- Narr. 2 He listened.
Then he recognized the sound
as that of snake scales
scratching on brickwork.
He knew immediately
that it was Nag or Nagaina
trying to enter the house.
But where?

Narr. 3 He remembered a loose brick at the back of the bathroom; the brick could be pulled out to drain the bath water from the tub to the creek near the house. Plumbing facilities in India are not always the same as ours.

Narr. 1 Rikki-tikki crept down the dark hall and turned into the bathroom. Pressing his lithe body against the plastered wall, he listened

Narr. 1 and heard Nag and Nagaina whispering together outside in the moonlight. Nag was saying,

Nag “You go back to our nest
 in the melon patch
 at the back of the garden,
 Nagaina.
 Take care of our eggs.
 They have been left alone too long.
 I will creep into the bathroom
 and wait
 until the master comes in
 for his bath in the morning.
 Then I’ll kill him
 and his wife and his child.
 When the family is dead,
 the bungalow will be empty,
 and Rikki-tikki will leave here.
 And once again
 the garden will belong to us.’

Episode Four (Nag is killed in a battle with the little mongoose)

Narr. 2 Rikki-tikki heard
Nagaina slither off

Narr. 2 toward the melon patch
at the back of the garden.
Then he saw,
or thought he saw,
the black beady eyes
of the cobra.
as Nag pushed his head
around the loose brick
and pulled
the cold five feet of his body
into the room after him.

Narr. 3 Rikki-tikki heard the cobra
rise up and lap water
from the water jar.
Then he heard the cobra
wrap himself, coil by coil,
around the bulge
at the bottom of the water jar.
After an hour
Rikki-tikki began to move,
muscle by muscle,
towards the jar.

Narr. 1 Nag was asleep,
and Rikki-tikki looked
at his big back, wondering
which would be the best place
for a good hold.

Nikki “If I don’t break his back
at the first jump,
he can still fight;
and if he fights—O Rikki!”

Narr. 2 He looked at the thickness
of the neck below the hood,
but that was too much for him;
and a bite near the tail
would only make Nag savage.

Nikki “It must be the head,”
The head above the hood:
and, when I am once there,
I must not let go.”

Narr. 3 Then he jumped
and sank his teeth deep
into Nag’s head
which was lying a little clear
of the water jar.

- Narr 1 It took Nag only a moment
to uncoil.
Then he battered Rikki-tikki
to and fro,
as a rat is shaken by a dog,
to and fro on the floor,
up and down,
and around in great circles.
- Narr. 2 Rikki-tikki thought
he would surely be killed
in the encounter,
but he was certain of one thing,
when the family found him,
he would still be clinging
to the snake's head,
- Narr. 3 Then Rikki-tikki saw
a ball of fire shoot past him,
and he felt its hot breath...
When he regained consciousness,
Teddy was holding
the little mongoose
in his arms,
showering him
with praise and affection.

Narr. 1 He was saying that Rikki-tikki had saved the family. Teddy's father had been awakened by the fight in the bathroom, and he had fired two shots into the cobra's hood. Nag, the black king cobra was dead.

Episode Five: **Rikki-tikki finds Nagaina's nest in the garden**

- Narr. 1 Without waiting for breakfast,
Rikki-tikki escaped
to the veranda
and nursed his tired
and bruised body
in the warm sunshine.
He stretched out
- Narr. 1 on the brickwork
and was almost asleep
when he heard Darzee singing,
- Darzee “Nag is dead—is dead—
is dead!”
- Narr. 2 The news of Nag's death
was all over the garden,
and the frogs and birds joined
in the chorus,
- Frogs
&
Birds “Nag is dead—
is dead—is dead!”

Darzee “Yes!
The maid has thrown
Nag’s lifeless body
out on the rubbish heap.
Nag will never eat my babies
again.”

Rikki “Oh, you stupid
tuft of feathers,
Is this the time to sing?
Where is Nagaina?”

Darzee “Nag is dead—is dead—
is dead!”

Narr. 3 Darzee went on,
singing at the top of her voice.

Darzee “The valiant Rikki-tikki
caught Nag by the head
and held fast.
The big man brought
the bang-stick,
and Nag fell in two pieces.”

Rikki “Stop singing a minute, Darzee,
Where is Nagaina?”

Darzee “What is it,
O killer of the terrible Nag?”

Rikki “Where is Nagaina?”

Darzee “On the rubbish heap
by the stables,
mourning for Nag.
Great is Rikki-tikki
with the white teeth.”

Rikki “Bother my white teeth!
Have you ever heard
where she keeps her eggs?”

Darzee “In the melon bed,
on the end nearest the wall,
where the sun strikes
nearly all day,
She hid them there
three weeks ago.”

Narr. 1 Rikki-tikki turned
and flew down the garden path,
past the stable
and the tool shed,
on to the melon patch
near the wall.
There,
underneath the melon leaves,
he found Nagaina's nest
very cunningly concealed.
In it were twenty-six cobra eggs.

Narr. 2 A cobra's nest
is nothing more than a hole
scooped out in the soft earth.
The cobra eggs
looked not unlike the eggs
that we keep in our refrigerator
at home,
except that cobra eggs
were encased
in a soft, white, transparent skin
instead of in a hard shell.

Narr. 3 Inside of each egg
Rikki-tikki could see
a baby cobra curled up,
and he knew
that the eggs would hatch
within the day.

Narr. 1 The little mongoose
 chuckled to himself
 as he clipped the end
 of the first egg
 and killed the little snake
 within it.
 He remembered
 that his mother had told him
 that a baby cobra
 can kill a man or a mongoose.

Narr. 2 Methodically,
 Rikki-tikki fished egg after egg
 from the nest
 and destroyed them.
 All the while
 he was keeping a sharp watch
 lest Nagaina should return.
 At last
 there was but one egg left.

Narr. 3 As Rikki-tikki pulled it
 from the nest,
 Darzee, the tailor-bird,
 flew to him
 from her nest in the pine tree,
 screaming,

Darzee “Rikki-tikki!
Come! Come!
Nagaina has gone
onto the veranda!
Oh, come quickly!
She means killing!”

Narr. 1 Rikki-tikki grasped the last egg
in his mouth
and scuttled up the garden path
as hard
as he could put foot to ground.
He bounded up the veranda steps
two at a time.

Episode Six: Rikki-tikki fights Nagaina on the veranda.

Narr. 2 What he saw
 caused him to stop so short
 that he skidded
 halfway across the brickwork.
 Teddy, his father and mother
 were seated there
 at early breakfast,
 but Rikki-tikki saw
 that they were not eating.
 They sat stone-still,
 and their faces were white.

Narr. 3 Coiled at the foot
 of Teddy's chair
 within easy striking distance
 of Teddy's bare leg
 was Nagaina.
 She was swaying to and fro,
 singing a song of triumph.

Nagaina “Son of the big man
that killed Nag!
Wait a little.
Keep very still,
all you three!
If you move
I strike,
and if you do not move
I strike.
Oh, foolish people
who killed my Nag!”

Narr. 1 Teddy’s eyes
were fixed on his father,
and all his father could do
was to whisper,
“Sit still, Teddy.
You mustn’t move.
Teddy, you mustn’t move.”

Narr. 2 Rikki-tikki
bounded out onto the veranda
behind Nagaina
and spit the last egg
from his mouth.

Rikki “Turn around, Nagaina.
Turn and fight!
Look at the last of your eggs.
I found your nest in the melon
patch and destroyed all
of the eggs but this one.”

Narr. 3 Nagaina spun clear around,
forgetting everything
for the sake of her one egg.
At the same moment
Teddy's father
shot out a big hand,
caught Teddy by the shoulder,
and dragged him across the table,
spilling the dishes and the food
to the floor with a clatter.

Rikki "Tricked! Tricked! *Rikki-tch-tch!*"
The boy is safe now,
and it was I-I-I
that caught Nag by the hood
last night in the bathroom'

Narr. 1 The little mongoose began
to jump up and down,
all four feet together,
his head close to the floor.

Nikki "Nag threw me to and fro,
but he couldn't shake me off.
He was dead before the big man
blew him in two.
I did it!
Rikki-tikki-tck-tck!
Come, then, Nagaina.
Come and fight with me.
You shall not be a widow long."

Narr. 2 Now the family drew back
 against the porch railing,
 watching the battle
 of life and death
 that was taking place
 before them.
 Nagaina was striking
 again and again.
 After each strike
 she would recoil
 as quickly as a watch-spring,
 ready to strike again.

Narr. 3 Rikki-tikki
 was bounding all around Nagaina,
 keeping just out of reach
 of her stroke.
 His little pink eyes
 had turned red,
 like hot coals.
 He was standing up
 on his hind feet
 like a little kangaroo,
 ready to spring
 at the snake's neck
 whenever he found the opening.
 All the while
 he was sounding his battle cry,

Rikki *"Rikki-tikki-tch-tch!"*

- Narr. 1 Again and again and again
 she struck.
 Each time her head came
 with a whack
 on the brickwork of the veranda,
 she gathered herself
 together to strike again.
- Narr. 2 Rikki-tikki danced in a circle
 to get behind her,
 and Nagaina spun round
 to keep her head to his head.
 Rikki had forgotten the egg.
 He had moved so far from it,
 that Nagaina came nearer
 and nearer to it.
- Narr. 3 At last, she caught the egg
 in her mouth,
 turned to the veranda steps,
 and flew like an arrow
 down the path—
 with Rikki-tikki right behind.
- Narr. 1 It is said
 that when the cobra
 runs for its life,
 it goes like the whiplash
 flicked across the horse's neck.
 But Rikki-tikki was even faster.
 He caught Nagaina by the tail
 so she plunged into the rat hole
 where she and Nag used to live.

Narr. 2 Rikki-tikki tried to pull her back,
but Nagaina was the stronger
of the two,
and inch by inch,
she pulled the little mongoose
into the hole with her.
And Darzee, the tailor-bird,
who was sitting in the pine tree
watching the battle
taking place below,
set up a mournful chant:

Darzee “Its all over
with Rikki-tikki-tavi!
Brave Rikki-tikki-tavi!
Even a wise, full-grown mongoose
would not follow a cobra
into its own hole.”

Episode Seven: Rikki's triumph is complete

Narr. 3 Presently
the grass
that grew around the rat hole
quivered,
and Rikki-tikki-tavi,
covered with dirt,
dragged himself out of the hole
leg by leg.

Narr. 4 He stopped
to shake the dust
from his whiskers;
then he looked up at Darzee,
the tailor-bird,
and said:

Nikki "It's all over.
Nagaina is dead."

Narr. 1 And the red ants that lived
between the grass stems
heard him
and began trooping down
one after another
to see
if what Rikki-tikki-tavi had said
was true.

Narr. 2 And as for Rikki-tikki-tavi,
 he lay down in the sunshine
 beside the rat hole
 and went to sleep.

Narr. 3 He slept all of that morning
 and half of the afternoon,
 because
 for a little mongoose
 he had done a hard day's work.

THE END

The Second Princess **by Hiawyn Oram and Tony** **Ross**

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Katie Schenck

Characters:

Narrator
2nd Princess
Gray Wolf

Brown Bear

Cook
King
Queen

Narrator

Once there were two princesses, the First Princess and the Second Princess. The First Princess liked being first, but the Second Princess did not like being second. So the Second Princess ran into the woods to find the Gray Wolf.

2nd Princess

Gray Wolf, Gray Wolf, you must come to the palace in the dead of night and gobble up my sister so that I can be first.

Gray Wolf

Goodness gracious,

Narrator said the Gray Wolf.

Gray Wolf what a wicked thought. I would never do a thing like that. Never!

Narrator So the Second Princess went to find the Brown Bear.

2nd Princess Brown Bear, Brown Bear, you must come to the palace and marry my sister so she'll have to move away from home and I can be first...

Brown Bear Oh, must I, indeed?

Narrator said the Brown Bear.

Brown Bear Well, let me tell you, I wouldn't marry your sister if she were the last person on earth. Besides, as you can see, I'm already happily married.

Narrator So the Second Princess stomped into the palace kitchen.

2nd Princess Cook, Cook!

Narrator she said,

2nd Princess Bake her in a pie or flip her like a pancake, I don't care. I want my sister out of the way so I can be first--and that's an order!

Cook Very well,

Narrator said the Cook.

Cook but I shall want something in return.

2nd Princess Like what?

Cook Jewels.

Narrator she said with a greedy grin.

Cook I want your mother's jewels. All of them. Jewels, jewels, and more jewels!

2nd Princess I'll try.

Narrator said the Second Princess. So the Second Princess crept into her mother's bedroom and took what she could...cramming and stuffing and pocketing glittering gorgeous things...and though her heart was beating like a loud clock and her knees were trembling like jelly, she grew so busy with all her mother's jewels she did not notice the Maid, the Queen, two Ladies-in Waiting, two Guards, the Lord High Chamberlain, and the King come into the room. In fact, only when the Maid sobbed, the Queen gasped, the Ladies-in-Waiting fainted, the Guards shouted,

Narrator (continued) "Who goes there?" and the King marched her off to the Throne Room did the Second Princess realize she was caught...red-handed!

King Well, I am waiting, I am waiting, I am waiting.

Narrator But of course, the one thing in the world the Second Princess could NEVER DO WAS TELL what she had been doing with the Queen's jewels.

Queen If you cannot tell us what you were doing with the jewels, then we shall have to guess. Was it to polish them?

Narrator The Second Princess shook her head.

King Was it to play Kings and Queens with your sister?

Narrator The Second Princess shook her head.

Queen Did you want to give the jewels to someone in return for something you wanted very, very much?

2nd Princess (soft whisper) Yes..to..be..first.

Narrator And to her surprise the sky did not fall in and the world did not come to an end. Instead the Queen sighed gratefully and the King said,

King Thank goodness we know. Now run along and help Mother put away her tiaras, and from now on you will be first on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

King
(continued)

And the First Princess will be first
on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and
Saturdays.
And on Sundays we'll all be first!

Narrator

They all lived happily ever after,
except for the greedy cook, who
stormed off in a huff because all
she wanted was jewels, jewels, and
more jewels, and because she never
knew which day of the week it was
anyway.

The End

The Seven Chinese Brothers by Margaret Mahy

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Stacy Bongini

Narrator
3rd Brother
6th Brother

1st Brother
4th Brother
7th Brother

2nd Brother
5th Brother
Emperor

Narrator

Once upon a time, when Ch'in Shih Huang was emperor of all China, seven remarkable brothers lived together.

The brothers looked exactly alike except each brother had one amazing power that was all his own.

First Brother could hear a fly sneeze from a hundred miles away, while Second Brother could look right across the hundred miles and see the fly sitting on the Great Wall of China. Third brother was a man of unusual strength. Fourth Brother was strong, too, for he had bones of iron.

Fifth Brother had legs that could grow as tall and thick as tree trunks, while Sixth Brother never, ever, became too hot, no matter how hard he worked under the sun.

The Seventh Brother was always happy, and when he was unhappy he wept great big warm salt-water tears, and each tear was large enough to drown an entire village.

One day when the brothers were working, First Brother lifted his head and...

First
Brother

I can hear such a moaning and a groaning
one hundred miles away, by the Great Wall of
China.

Second Brother, take a look and tell me what
you see.

Second
Brother

Ai ya! There is an enormous hole in the
Great Wall of China!

I see a hundred poor men working, working
day and night, night and day.

They look so tired and weak.

Perhaps they are not allowed to sleep or eat
until the hole in the Great Wall of China is
repaired.

Seventh
Brother

Ai ya! I can't bear it!

Narrator

The Seventh Brother is always hungry
himself.

It looked as if he was about to cry.

Third
Brother

Don't cry! I'll go and help them.

Narrator

He got there in no time at all and began to
work.

He started tossing great stones as if they
were feathers.

By the time the sun set he had finished
repairing the hole. Third Brother lay down to
take a nap.

Narrator

The emperor heard the news that one man
had fixed the hole and was not happy.

Narrator He got there in no time at all and sneaked past the two armies and traded places with the Third Brother.
The next day the officers tried over and over to behead the Fourth Brother.
They had to report to the emperor that they had no luck.

Emperor A man with bones of iron!
Drown him in the deep sea!

Fourth Brother Bones of iron won't bend or buckle or break, but they will sink.

Narrator He began to cry.

First Brother Fourth Brother is crying!

Second Brother **Ai ya!** Tomorrow morning they are going to drown Fourth Brother.
No wonder he is crying!

Fifth Brother Don't worry! I will change places with him.
The mighty emperor can try and drown me as many times as he likes.
Perhaps that might make him feel better.

Narrator Off he went. He was there in no time at all.
The brothers switched places.
The next day the two armies threw him in the sea.
However, his legs began to grow.
They tried throwing him in deeper waters but this didn't work either.
Finally, they threw him in the deepest part of the sea.
The water only came up to his neck.

Fifth Brother Ahhhhh! How lovely and cool is the deepest sea water of all.

Emperor He is more dangerous than I imagined.
He won't drown, but he might burn.
Into the fire with him, tomorrow morning.

Narrator When he was told his fate, he burst into tears.

First Brother Fifth Brother is crying.

Second Brother **Ai ya!** Tomorrow morning they are going to burn Fifth Brother alive.
No wonder he is crying.

Sixth Brother Don't worry! I will take his place.
The splendid emperor can bake me all day long if he likes.
Perhaps that will make him feel better.

Narrator He got there in no time at all.
Sixth Brother took his place.
The next day the two armies tried everything possible to burn the Sixth Brother.
They built such a big fire that the smoke from it drifted from one end of China to the other.
However, Sixth Brother was not bothered by it.

Sixth Brother How kind of the noble emperor to let me warm myself in his very own fire.

Emperor Send for the royal archers!
In the morning, we will shoot this man full of arrows.

First Brother Sixth Brother is crying.
Second Brother, what do you see?

Second Brother **Ai ya!** Tomorrow morning they are going to shoot Sixth Brother full of arrows.

First Brother There is nothing for it.
We cannot leave Sixth Brother to die alone.
We will all go to the noble emperor.
He can shoot arrows through all of us.
At least we will be together.

Narrator The brothers started their journey to the palace, but poor Seventh Brother was so upset, that he couldn't help crying just a little. His first tear was as big as the longest river in China.
His second tear was as big as the second longest river.
Both tears were as salty as the sea.
The two huge tears swept down the road ahead of the brothers.
It swept on for a hundred miles.
Seventh Brother's first tear swept out army north.
His second tear swept out army south.
The emperor was tossed so high and so far that he is still trying to return to his palace.
The flood of tears swept over the Great Wall of China, flowed all the way out into the Yellow Sea, and all the way back again.
Sixth Brother was free! All seven brothers were reunited at the Great Wall.

Fifth
Brother Fish!

Narrator The wave had washed up hundreds of fish.

Third
Brother Wood!

Narrator Third Brother gathered a forest so they could have a fire.
Fourth Brother snapped his iron finger and his iron thumb to start the fire.

Seventh

Brother Oh, I'm so hungry.
Now that we are together again, we can have
dinner and forget about our troubles.
I promise never to cry again, unless I
absolutely must.

Narrator The seven Chinese brothers sat themselves
down around the warm fire and feasted on
delicious fried fish...for after such a worrying
week they were all very, very hungry!

The End

The Skipping Pot

By Caroline Feller Bauer

Adapted for Reader's Theater
By Stephen Gut

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Field Hand

Farmer
Wife
Rich Man

Cow
Stranger

Pot
Cook

Narrator 2 Welcome to our presentation of "The Skipping Pot."

Narrator 1 There was once a poor farmer...

Narrator 2 who had a wife

Narrator 1 They had a cow...

Cow Moo

Wife Husband, we must sell the cow.
We need money for food.

Farmer You are right, Wife. Come along Cow.

Cow Moo

Stranger Good morning, sir. What a fine cow you have there.

Farmer He is for sale for only ten golden.

Stranger I have no money to give you but I have this pot.

Farmer No thank you. We need money.

Pot Please take me. You'll not be sorry.

Farmer A talking pot. If you can talk, you must be able to do other things too.

Narrator 1 The farmer exchanged the pot for the cow and said goodbye to his cow.

Farmer Bye, cow

Cow Moo

Narrator 1 The farmer brought the pot home to his wife.

Farmer Look wife, I have traded our cow for this pot.

Wife Silly man, what good is a pot?

Pot I'm very useful. You shall see.

Wife A talking pot?

Pot I skip! I skip!

Wife Where do you skip?

Pot I skip to the rich man's house.

Narrator 2 The pot skipped out of the door and up the path to the rich man's house.
The cook was preparing a plum pudding.

Cook What have we here?
The perfect pot for my pudding.

Narrator 2 The cook put the pudding into the pot.

Pot I skip! I skip!

Cook Where do you skip?

Pot Home, home to my friends.

Narrator 2 The cook just had time to say,

Cook Wait!

Narrator 2 before the pot skipped back to the
farmer's house.
The farmer and his wife were overjoyed to
see the pot.

Wife Welcome, pot. What a fine pudding you
have brought.

Farmer What a fine meal we will have.

Narrator 2 The farmer and his wife ate the pudding
and cleaned the pot.

Pot I skip! I skip!

Wife Where do you skip?

Pot To the rich man's house.

Narrator 1 The pot skipped to the rich man's barn.
The field hand was getting ready to store a
wagon load of grain.

Field Hand What have we here?
The perfect pot for this grain.

Narrator 1 The field hand put some grain into the pot.

Pot I skip! I skip!

Field Hand Where do you skip?

Pot Home, home to my friends.

Narrator 1 The field hand just had time to say...

Field Hand Wait!

Narrator before the pot skipped back to the farmer's
house.

Farmer Welcome, Pot. What a fine load of grain you
have brought.

Wife Enough grain to make bread for a long
time.

Narrator 1 The farmer and his wife stored the grain and
cleaned the pot.

Pot I skip! I skip!

Wife Where do you skip?

Pot To the rich man's house.

Narrator 2 The pot skipped to the rich man's house
and right into the treasure room.

Rich Man What have we here?
 The perfect pot for money.

Narrator 2 The rich man filled the pot with gold coins.

Pot I skip! I skip!

Rich Man Where do you skip?

Pot Home, home to my friends.

Narrator 2 The rich man just had time to say...

Rich Man Wait!

Narrator 2 before the pot skipped back home to the
 farmer's house.

Wife Welcome Pot.
 What a big load of gold you have brought.

Farmer That is a lot of gold. Thank you, Pot.

Narrator 2 The farmer and his wife lived happily for
 many years, and the pot stayed in a corner
 and slept.

Pot My skipping days are over.

Everyone:

THE END!

SMART

by Shel Silverstein

**Adapted for Reader's Theater
by
Janis Hart and Denise Doberdruk**

Characters:

**Smart Sam
Dad
Mom
Betty Lou
“Fool-Around” Fred
Billy Bob
Teacher
Narrator**

SCENE 1:

(Narrator reads the following poem as characters act out the motions):

My dad gave me one dollar bill
'Cause I'm his smartest **son**,
And I traded Mom for two shiny quarters
'Cause two is more than **one!**

I took the two quarters to the school lunchroom
And traded them to Betty **Lou**
for three dimes...I guess she don't know
That three is more than **two!**

And then, I swapped them with "Fool-Around" Fred
In math he got a "**D!**"
He gave me four nickels for my three dimes,
And four is more than **three!**

Then I took the four nickels to Billy Bob
Boy, is he a **bore!**
That fool gave me five pennies for them,
And five is more than **four!**

And then I went and showed my math teacher
And she got red in the **face**,
Then closed her eyes and shook her head,
And said, "This is a **disgrace!**"

SCENE 2

So the next day in the lunchroom
I got red in the **face!**
I marched up to my lunch table and said,
Yesterday's transactions we must re**trace!**

I started in on Billy Bob,
Agreeing that five is more than **four**
But five cents is less than four nickels
So he owed me three nickels **more!**

I then confronted "Fool-Around" Fred,
And agreed that compared to three, four is **more**
But four nickels is less than three dimes,
So he owed me ten cents **more!**

I then lazed into Betty Lou,
saying, “Your trick was the worst of **crimes!**”
although it’s true that three is more than two,
You owe me two **dimes!**

I went home to my mother, and
We agreed that two is more than **one**
But two quarters is much less than one dollar
so another two quarters she owed her **son!**

At bedtime I admitted to my dad,
That my mistakes were more than **one.**
But since I corrected all of them
I’m still his smartest **son!**

THE END

The Sneetcher

By Dr. Seuss

Adapted for Reader's Theater
By Katie Garcia

Narr. 1 Star-Belly Sneetcher (SBS)
Narr. 2 Plain-Belly Sneetches (PBS)
Narr. 3 Sylvester McMonkey McBean

Narr. 1 Now, the Star-Belly Sneetches had bellies
 with **stars**.
 The Plain-Belly Sneetches had none upon
 thars.

Narr.2 Those stars weren't so big. They were really
 quite **small**,
 you might think such a thing wouldn't matter
 at **all**.

Narr.3 But, because they had stars, all the Star-Belly
 Sneetches would brag.
 We're the best kind of Sneetch on the
 beaches.
 We'll have nothing to do with the Plain-Belly
 sorts.

Narr. 1 And whenever they met some, when they were out **walking**, they'd hike right on past them without even **talking**.
When the Star-Belly children went out to play **ball**, could a plain belly get out in the game..?
Not at **all**.

Narr.3 You only could play if your bellies had **stars** and the Plain-Belly children had none upon **thars**.

Narr. 1 When the Star-Belly Sneetches had frankfurter **roasts** or picnics or parties or marshmallow **toasts**, they never invited the Plain-Belly Sneetches.

Narr.2 They left them out cold, in the dark of the beaches.
They kept them away.
Never let them come **near**.
And that's how they treated them year after **year**.
Then one day, it seems while the Plain-Belly **Sneetches** were moping and dopping alone on the **beaches**,

Narr. 1 Just sitting they're wishing their bellies had **stars**...
A stranger zipped up in the strangest of **cars**!

McBean My friends, my name is Sylvester McMonkey,
And I've heard of your troubles.
I've heard you're **unhappy**.
But I can fix that.
I'm the Fix-it-Up **Chappie**.
I've come here to help **you**.
I have what you **need**.
And my prices are **low**.
And I work at great **speed**.
And my work is one hundred per cent
guaranteed!

Narr.2 Then, quickly, Sylvester McMonkey **McBean**
put together a very peculiar **machine**.

McBean You want stars like a Star-Belly **Sneetch**.
My friends, you can have them for three
dollars **each!**
Just pay me your money and hop right
aboard!

Narr.3 So they clambered inside.
Then the big machine **roared**,
and it klonked, and it **bonked**
and it jerked and it **berked**.

Narr. 1 And it bopped them **about**.
But the thing really **worked!**
When the Plain-Belly Sneetches **popped out**,
they had **stars!**

Narr.2 They actually did, they had stars upon **thars!**
Then they yelled at the ones who had stars at
the start.

PBS We're all just the same, now, you snooty old **smarties!** And now we can go to your frankfurter **parties.**

SBS Good grief.
We're still the best Sneetches and they are the worst.
But now, how in the world will we know, if which kind is what, or the other way round?

Narr.3 Then up came McBean with a very sly **wink.**

McBean Things are not quite as bad as you **think.**
So you don't know who's **who.**
That is perfectly **true.**
But come with. **me,** friends.
Do you know what I'll **do?**
I'll make you, again, the best **Sneetches** on **beaches** and it will only cost you ten dollars **eaches.**
Belly stars are no longer in style.
What you need is a trip through my Star-Off Machine.
This wondrous contraption will take off your **stars.**
So you won't look like Sneetches who them on **thars.**

Narr. 1 And that hand machine working very **precisely** removed all the stars from their tummies quite **nicely.**

Narr.2 Then, with snoots in the air, they paraded **about** and they opened their beaks and they let out a **shout.**

- SBS We know who is who! Now there isn't a **doubt**.
The best kind of Sneetches are Sneetches **without!**
- Narr.3 Then, of course, those with stars all got frightfully **mad**.
To be wearing -a star now was frightfully **bad**.
- Narr. 1 Then, of course, old Sylvester McMonkey **McBean** invited them into his Star-Off **Machine**.
- Narr. 2 Then, of course from then on, as you probably **guess**, things really got into a horrible **mess**.
- Narr.3 All the rest of that day, on those wild screaming **beaches**,
The Fix-it-Up Chappie kept fixing up **Sneetches**.
- Narr. 1 Off again! On again! In again! Out **again!**
Through the machine they raced round and about **again**, changing their stars every minute or **two**.
- Narr.2 They kept paying money. They kept running **through**,
until neither the Plain nor the Star Bellies **knew**
- Narr.3 Whether this one was that **one**...or that one was this **one**...or which one was what **one** ... or what one was **who**.

- Narr. 1 Then, when every last cent of their money was **spent**, the Fix-it-Up Chappie packed up and he **went**.
- Narr.3 And he laughed as he drove in his car up the **beach**.
- McBean They never will learn. No. You can't teach a **Sneetch**.
- Narr. 1 But McBean was quite wrong.
I'm quite happy to **say**
that the Sneetches got really quite smart on that **day**.
- Narr.2 The day they decided that Sneetches are **Sneetches**,
and no kind of Sneetch is the best on the **beaches**.
- Narr.3 That day, all the Sneetches forgot about **stars** and whether they had one, or not, upon **thars**.

The End

The Snopp On the Sidewalk

by: Jack Prelutsky

Adapted for Reader's Theater

by Kathleen King

Characters:

Narrator 1 Narrator 3
Narrator 2 Narrator 4

Narrator 1: It was lying on the sidewalk
Narrator 2: Like a gray old ragged **mop**,
Narrator 3: But the second that I saw it,
Narrator 4: I was sure I'd found the **snopp**.

Narrator 1: It did not move a fiber
Narrator 2: Of its long and shaggy **hair**,
Narrator 3: As if seeming not to notice
Narrator 4: That I stood and watched it **there**.

Narrator 1: At first I thought, "I'll touch it,"
Narrator 2: And then I thought, "I **won't**,"
Narrator 3: But when again I thought, "I will,"
Narrator 4: The snopp said softly, "**Don't**."

Narrator 1: This startled me so greatly
Narrator 2: That I turned to run away,
Narrator 3: But as I started down the street,
Narrator 4: The snopp called after, "Stay."

Narrator 1: I asked, "What do you want of me,
Narrator 2: Poor snopp, I cannot guess?"
Narrator 3: The snopp, still never stirring,
Narrator 4: Only answered me with, "Yes."

Narrator 1: I did not understand this
Narrator 2: So I tried once more to go
Narrator 3: But I'd barely started homeward
Narrator 4: When the snopp said sweetly, "No."

Narrator 1: And so I stayed that day and night,
Narrator 2: And yes, I stayed a week,
Narrator 3: And nevermore in all that time
Narrator 4: Did either of us speak.

Narrator 1: At last I said, "Oh snopp, dear snopp,
Narrator 2: I really have to go."
Narrator 3: The snopp showed no emotion
Narrator 4: As it whispered only, "Oh."

Narrator 1: I headed home, not looking back,
Narrator 2: Afraid to ever stop.
Narrator 3: I knew that if I paused but once
Narrator 4: I'd never leave the snopp.

Narrator 1: But the snopp remains within my mind,
Narrator 2: I'm sure it always will...
Narrator 3: That strange thing on the sidewalk
Narrator 4: Just sitting there so still.

THE END

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs by Roald Dahl

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by J. Servis

Nar. 1
Nar. 3
King
Mirror
Huntsman

Nar. 2
Nar. 4
Queen
Snow White
Dwarf (Gnome)

Nar. 1 When little Snow White's mother died,
The king, her father, up and cried,

King "Oh, what a nuisance! What a life!
Now I must find another wife!"

Nar. 2 (Its never easy for a king
To find himself that sort of thing.)
He wrote to every magazine.
And said,

King "I'm looking for a Queen."

Nar. 3 At least ten thousand girls replied
And begged to be the royal bride.

Nar. 4 The king said with a shifty **smile**,

King I'd like to give each one a **trial**."

Nar.1 However, in the end he **chose**
A lady called Miss Maclah**ose**,
Who brought along a curious **toy**
That seemed to give her endless **joy**...

Nar. 2 This was a mirror framed in **brass**,
A MAGIC TALKING LOOKING GLASS.
Ask it something day or **night**,
It always got the answer **right**.

Nar. 3 "Oh Mirror, what's for lunch today?"

Nar. 4 The thing would answer in a **trice**,

Mirror "Today it's scrambled eggs and **rice**."

Nar. 1 Now every day, week in, week **out**,
The spoiled and stupid Queen would **shout**,

Queen "Oh Mirror Mirror on the **wall**,
Who is the fairest of them **all**?"

Mirror "Oh Madam, you're the Queen sublime.
You are the only one to charm **us**,
Queen, you are the cat's pajamas."

Nar. 3 For ten whole years the silly **Queen**
Repeated this absurd **routine**.
Then suddenly, one awful **day**

Nar. 3 She heard the Magic Mirror **say**,

Mirror "From now on, Queen, you're **Number two.**
Snow White is prettier than **you!**

Nar. 4 The Queen went absolutely **wild.**
She yelled,

Queen "I'm going to scrag that **child!**
I'll cook her flaming goose! I'll **skin 'er!**
I'll have her rotten guts for **dinner!**"

Nar. 1 She called the Huntsman to her **study.**
She shouted at him,

Queen "Listen **buddy!**
You drag that filthy girl **outside,**
And see you take her for a **ride!**
Thereafter slit her ribs **apart**
And bring me back her bleeding **heart!**"

Nar. 2 The Huntsman dragged the lovely **child**
Deep deep into the forest **wild.**
Fearing the worst, poor Snow White **spake.**
She cried,

Snow White "Oh please give me a **break!**"

Nar. 3 The knife was poised, the arm was **strong,**
She cried again,

Snow White "I've done *no* **wrong!**"

Nar. 4 The Huntsman's heart began to **flutter.**
It melted like a pound of **butter.**
He murmured,

Hunts man "Okay, beat it, **kid,**"

Nar. 2 And you can bet your life she **did**.

Nar. 3 Later, the Huntsman made a **stop**
Within the local butcher's **shop**,

Nar. 1 And there he bought, for safety's **sake**,
A bullock's heart and one nice **steak**.

Hunts
man "Oh Majesty! Oh Queen!"

Nar. 4 he **cried**,

Hunts
man "That rotten little girl has **died!**
And just to prove I didn't **cheat**,
I've brought along these bits of **meat**."

Queen The Queen cried out, "Bravissimo!
I trust you killed her...nice and **slow**."

Nar. 1 Then (this is the disgusting **part**)
The Queen sat down and ate the **heart!**

Nar. 2 (I only hope she cooked it **well**.
Boiled heart can be as tough as **hell**.)

Nar. 3 While all of this was going **on**,
Oh where, oh where had Snow White **gone?**

Nar. 4 She'd found it easy, being **pretty**,
To hitch a ride into the **city**,

Nar. 1 And there she'd got a job, **unpaid**,
As general cook and parlor **maid**

- Nar. 2 With seven funny little **men**,
Each one not more than three foot **ten**,
Ex-horse-race jockeys, all of **them**.
- Nar. 3 These Seven Dwarfs, though awfully **nice**,
Were guilty of one shocking **vice**...
- Nar. 4 They squandered all of their **resources**
At the race track backing **horses**.
- Nar. 1 (When they hadn't backed a **winner**,
None of them got any **dinner**.)
- Nar. 2 One evening, Snow White said,
- Snow
White “Look here,
I think I've got a great idea.
Just leave it all to me, **okay?**
And no more gambling till I **say**.”
- Nar. 3 That very night, at eventide,
Young Snow White hitched another **ride**,
And then, when it was very **late**,
She slipped in through the Palace **gate**.
- Nar. 4 The King was in the counting house
Counting out the **money**,
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and **honey**,
- Nar. 1 The footmen and the servants **slept**
So no one saw her as she **crept**
On tip toe through the mighty **hall**
And grabbed THE MIRROR off the **wall**.

- Nar. 2 As soon as she had got it **home**,
She told the Senior Dwarf (or **Gnome**)
To ask it what he wished to **know**.
“Go on!”
- Nar. 3 she shouted.
- Snow
White
Nar. 4 He said,
- Gnome “Oh Mirror, please don’t **joke!**”
Each one of us is stony **broke!**
Which horse will win tomorrow’s **race**,
The Ascot Gold Cup Steeple**chase?**”
- Nar. 1 The mirror whispered sweet and **low**,
- Mirror “The horse’s name is Mistle**toe**.”
- Nar. 2 The Dwarfs went absolutely **daft**,
They kissed young Snow White fore and **aft**,
Then rushed away to raise some **dough**
With which to back old Mistle**toe**.
- Nar. 3 They pawned their watches, sold the **car**,
They borrowed money near and **far**,
(For much of it they had to **thank**
The manager of Barclay’s **Bank**).
- Nar. 4 They went to Ascot and of **course**
For once they backed the winning **horse**.
- Nar. 1 Thereafter, every single **day**,
The Mirror made the bookies **pay**.

Nar. 2 Each Dwarf and Snow White got a **share**,
And each was soon a **millionaire**,

Nar. 3 Which shows that gambling's not a **sin**

Nar. 4 **Provided...that you always win!**

THE END

SOMETHING GOOD

by Robert Munsch

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Beth Szymanowicz

Narrator
Father
Tyya

lady
man
cashier

NARRATOR Tyya went shopping with her father. She pushed the cart up the aisle and down the aisle, up the aisle and down the aisle.

TYYA Sometimes my father doesn't buy good food. He gets bread, eggs, milk, cheese, spinach...nothing any good! He doesn't buy **ICE CREAM! COOKIES! CHOCOLATE BARS!** or **GINGER ALE!**

NARRATOR So Tyya quietly snuck away from her father and got a cart of her own. She pushed it over to the ice cream. Then she put 100 boxes of ice cream into her cart. Tyya pushed the cart up behind her father and said,

TYYA Daddy, **LOOK!**

NARRATOR Her father turned around and yelled,

FATHER **YIKES!**

TYYA **DADDY! GOOD FOOD!**
FATHER On no! This is sugary junk. It will rot your teeth. It will lower your IQ. Put it **ALL BACK!**

NARRATOR So Tyya put back 100 boxes of ice cream. She meant to go right back to her father, but on the way she had to pass the candy. She put 300 chocolate bars into her cart. Tyya pushed that cart up behind her father.

TYYA Daddy, LOOK!

FATHER YIKES!

TYYA DADDY! GOOD FOOD!

FATHER Oh no! This is sugary junk. Put it ALL BACK!

NARRATOR So Tyya put back all of the chocolate bars.

FATHER Okay, Tyya, I have had it. You stand here and DON'T MOVE!

NARRATOR Tyya knew she was in BIG TROUBLE, so she stood there and DIDN'T MOVE. Some friends came by and said hello. Tyya didn't move. A man ran over her toe with his cart. Tyya still didn't move. A lady who worked at the store came by and looked at Tyya. She looked her over from the top down, and she looked her over from the bottom up. She knocked Tyya on the head...and Tyya still didn't move.

LADY This is the nicest doll I have ever seen. It looks almost real.

NARRATOR She put a price tag on Tyya's nose that said \$29.95. Then she picked Tyya up and put her on the shelf with all the other dolls. A man came along and looked at Tyya.

MAN This is the nicest doll I have ever seen. I'm going to get that doll for my son.

NARRATOR He picked up Tyya by the hair...

TYYA STOP!

MAN EYAAAH! IT'S ALIVE!

NARRATOR The man ran down the aisle, knocking over a pile of 500 apples. Then Tyya's father came along looking for his daughter.

FATHER Tyya? Tyya? Where are you? TYYA! What are you doing on that shelf?

TYYA It is all your fault. You told me not to move and people are trying to buy me. WAAAHHH!

FATHER Oh, come now. I won't let anybody buy you.

NARRATOR He gave Tyya a big kiss and a big hug; then went to pay for all the food. The man at the cash register looked at Tyya and said,

CASHIER Hey Mister, you can't take that kid out of the store. You have to pay for her. It says so right on her nose: \$29.95.

FATHER Wait! This is my own kid. I don't have to pay for my own kid.

CASHIER If it has a price tag, you have to pay for it.

FATHER I won't pay!

CASHIER You've got to!

FATHER NNNO!

CASHIER YYYES!

FATHER NNNO!

CASHIER **YES!**

FATHER **NO!**

NARRATOR Then Tyya quietly said,

TYYA Daddy, don't you think I'm worth \$29.95?

FATHER Ah...Um...I mean...Well, of course you're worth \$29.95.

NARRATOR He reached into his wallet, got out the money, paid the man, and took the price tag off Tyya's nose. Tyya gave her father a big kiss and a big hug.

TYYA Daddy, you finally bought something good after all!

The End

Stephanie's Ponytail by Robert Munsch

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Jodi Struharik

Characters:

Narrator
Stephanie
School Kids
Stephanie's Mom

Narrator: One day Stephanie went to her mom and said,

Stephanie: "None of the kids in my class have a ponytail. I want a nice ponytail coming right out the back."

Narrator: So Stephanie's mom gave her a nice ponytail coming right out the back. When Stephanie went to school the other kids looked at her and said,

Kids "Ugly, ugly, very ugly."

Narrator: Stephanie said,

Stephanie: "It's my ponytail and I like it!"

Narrator: The next morning when Stephanie went to school all the other girls had ponytails coming out the back.
Stephanie looked at them and said,

Stephanie: “You are all a bunch of copycats. You just do whatever I do. You don’t have a brain in your heads.”

Narrator: The next morning her mom said,

Mom: "Stephanie would you like a ponytail coming out the back?"

Narrator: Stephanie said,

Stephanie: "No."

Mom: Then that’s that.”

Narrator: said her mom.

Mom: “That’s the only place you can do ponytails.”

Stephanie: “No, it’s not.”

Narrator: said Stephanie.

Stephanie: “I want one coming out the side, just above my ear.”

Mom: “Very strange. Are you sure that is what you want?”

Stephanie:

“Yes.”

Narrator:

said Stephanie.

So her mom gave Stephanie a nice ponytail coming out right above her ear.

When she went to school the other kids saw her and said,

Kids:

“Ugly, ugly, very ugly.”

Narrator:

Stephanie said,

Stephanie:

“It’s my ponytail and I like it!”

Narrator:

The next morning when Stephanie came to school all the girls, and even some of the boys, had nice ponytails coming out just above their ears. The next morning the mom said,

Mom:

“Stephanie, would you like a ponytail coming out the back?”

Narrator:

Stephanie said,

Stephanie:

“NNNO.”

Mom:

“Would you like one coming out the side?”

Stephanie:

“NNNO!”

Mom:

“Then that’s that. There is no other place you can do ponytails.”

Stephanie: "Yes there is, I want one coming out the top of my head like a tree."

Mom: "That's very, very strange, are you sure that is what you want?"

Stephanie: "Yes."

Narrator: said Stephanie. So her mom gave Stephanie a nice ponytail coming out the top of her head like a tree. When Stephanie went to school, the other kids saw her and said,

Kids: "Ugly, ugly, very ugly."

Narrator: Stephanie said,

Stephanie: "It's my ponytail and I like it."

Narrator: The next day all of the girls and all of the boys had ponytails coming out the top. It looked like broccoli was growing out of their heads. The next morning the mom said,

Mom: Stephanie, would you like a ponytail coming out the back?

Narrator: Stephanie said,

Stephanie: "NNNO."

Mom: "Would you like one coming out the top?"

Stephanie: "NNNO ! "

Mom: "Then that is definitely that.
There is no other place you can do
ponytails."

Stephanie: "Yes, there is, I want one coming
out the front and hanging down in
front of my nose."

Mom: "But nobody will know if you are
coming or going."

Narrator: her mom said.

Mom: "Are you sure that is what you want?"

Stephanie: "Yes."

Narrator: said Stephanie.
So her mom gave Stephanie a nice
ponytail coming out the front.
On the way to school she bumped
into four trees, three cars, two
houses and one Principal.
When she finally got to her class
the other kids saw her and said,

Kids: "Ugly, ugly very ugly."

Narrator: Stephanie said,
Stephanie: "It's my ponytail and I like it."

Narrator: The next day all of the girls and
all of the boys, and even the
teacher, had ponytails coming out
the front and hanging down in
front of their noses.
None of them could see where
they were going...

Narrator:
[continued]

They bumped into the desks and they bumped into each other. They bumped into the walls, and, by mistake, three girls went into the boys' bathroom. Stephanie yelled!

Stephanie:

"You are a bunch of brainless copycats. You just do whatever I do. When I come tomorrow I am going to have...SHAVED MY HEAD!"

Narrator:

The first person to come the next day was the teacher. She had shaved her head and she was bald. The next to come were the boys. They had shaved their heads and they were bald. The next to come were the girls. They had shaved their heads and they were bald...

Narrator:

The last person to come was Stephanie, and she had... a nice little ponytail coming right out the back.

THE END

THE STINKY CHEESE MAN

Author - John Scieszka & Lane Smith

Adapted for Reader's Theater

by:

Desiree Dickinson
Barb Swanson

Dawn O'Connor
Dianna Winton

Lyn Purtz

NARRATOR
STINKY CHEESE MAN
COW
FOX

OLD LADY
OLD MAN
LITTLE GIRL
LITTLE BOY

Narrator Once upon a time there was a little old woman and a little old man who lived together in a little house. They were lonely. So the little old lady decided to make a man out of stinky cheese.

Narrator She gave him a piece of bacon for a mouth and two olives for eyes and put him in the oven to cook. When she opened the oven to see if he was done, the smell knocked her back.

Old Lady Phew! What is that terrible smell?

Narrator The Stinky Cheese Man hopped out of the oven and ran out of the door calling:

Stinky Run, run, run as fast as you can! You can't catch me, I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!

Narrator The little old lady and the little old man sniffed the air...

Old Man I'm not really very hungry.

Old Lady I'm not really all that lonely.

Narrator So they didn't chase the Stinky Cheese Man. The Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran until he met a cow eating grass in a field.

Cow Wow! What's that awful smell?

Stinky I've run away from a little old lady and a little old man and I can run away from you, too, I can! Run, Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me. I'm the Stinky Cheese Man!

Cow I'll bet you could give someone two or three stomach aches. I think I'll just eat weeds.

Narrator So the cow didn't chase the Stinky Cheese Man either. The Stinky Cheese Man ran and ran until he met some kids playing outside school.

Little Girl Gross! What's that nasty smell?

Stinky I've run away from a little old lady and a little old man, and a cow, and I can run away from you too, I can! Run, run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I'm the Stinky Cheese man!

Little Boy If we catch him, our teacher will probably make us eat him. Let's get out of here.

Narrator So the kids didn't chase the Stinky Cheese Man either. By and by the Stinky Cheese Man came to a river with no bridge.

Stinky How will I ever cross this river? It's too big to jump, and if I try to swim across I'll probably fall apart.

Narrator Just then the sly fox (who shows up in a lot of stories like these) poked his head out of the bushes.

Fox Why, just hop on my back and I'll carry you across, Stinky Cheese Man.

Stinky How do I know you won't eat me?

Fox: Trust me.

Narrator So the Stinky Cheese Man hopped on the fox's back. The fox swam to the middle of the river and said...

Fox Oh, Man! What is that funky smell?

Narrator The fox coughed, gagged, and sneezed...and the Stinky Cheese Man flew off his back and into the river where he fell apart.

THE END

STONE SOUP

By Tony Ross

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Karena L. Baroutsis

Narrator 1
Narrator 2

Big Bad Wolf
Mother Hen

N-1 The Big, Bad Wolf was taking a walk one day when he saw Mother Hen hanging out her wash. He gazed at the things hanging on the line, and he had to admit that they looked very fine indeed.

Wolf Hmm...

N-2 Thought the Wolf.

Wolf There are goodies to be had here.

N-1 So he stopped for a chat.

Wolf Good morning! How about if I eat you up and steal all your goodies?

Hen Thank you very much.

N-2 Squawked Mother Hen.

Hen But wouldn't you like a nice bowl of soup first?

Wolf That's very kind of you.

N-2 Said the Big, Bad Wolf...smiling.

Wolf First, I'll have some soup, and **then**, I'll eat you.

N-1 Mother Hen picked up a stone from the yard.

Hen I'll make Grandmother's favorite stone soup. It's a very special treat.

Wolf It must be. I've had soup at all the best places, and I've never heard of it.

N-1 Mother Hen boiled some water and dropped the stone into the pot. The Wolf didn't believe you could make soup from a stone, so he sipped a spoonful.

Wolf **Peeee-eeeww!**

N-2 He spat.

Wolf It just tastes like hot water.

Hen Of course it does.

N-2 Snapped Mother Hen.

Hen It needs a little salt and pepper to bring out the flavor of the stone. While I season it, why don't you wash some dishes?

Wolf Okay!

N-2 Said the Big, Bad Wolf... laughing.

N-1 When the Wolf had finished the dishes, he tasted the soup again.

Wolf **Yeee-uccch!**

N-2 He howled.

Wolf It's **worse!** Now it's just hot **salty** water!

Hen Maybe a couple of carrots will help the stone to cook. While you're waiting, perhaps you could vacuum the house.

Wolf Okay!

N-2 Said the Big, Bad Wolf... grinning.

N-1 The Wolf took another taste.

Wolf It isn't much better.

Hen **Potatoes!**

N-2 Cried Mother Hen.

Hen Bless me, I forgot the potatoes.

N-1 And she went to dig some up.

Hen While you're waiting, you **could** bring the wash inside before it rains.

Wolf Okay.

N-2 Said the Big, Bad Wolf.

N-1 Mother Hen let the Wolf taste the soup again.

Wolf It's better.

Hen But not quite right.

N-2 Fussed Mother Hen.

Hen While I get some turnips, could you just cut that into a few logs?

N-1 She handed him a tiny ax and pointed to a huge tree.

Hen And by the time you're finished, the stone soup should be just about ready.

Wolf Okay.

N-2 Muttered the Big, Bad Wolf.

N-1 When the tree was chopped into logs, the Wolf took yet another taste.

Wolf It's fine. Let's eat it **now**.

N-1 Mother Hen took a sip.

Hen Not yet. A little barley will really add to the flavor of the stone. While you're waiting, be an angel and fix the TV antenna on the roof.

Wolf Okay.

N-2 Groaned the Big, Bad Wolf.

Wolf The soup smells delicious!

N-2 Panted the Wolf when he came down from the roof.

Hen Hmmm...

N-2 Sniffed Mother Hen.

Hen There's something missing..err...**mushrooms**, that's what it needs...**mushrooms!**

N-1 The Wolf just stared.

Hen While you're waiting for the mushrooms to simmer, you just have time to sweep the chimney.

N-2 Said Mother Hen, smiling.

Wolf Okay.

N-2 Snarled the Big, Bad Wolf.

N-1 By the time the Wolf had finished with the chimney, Mother Hen had thrown some beans, a little cabbage, a handful of lentils, and a zucchini into the pot. Proudly, she gave the Wolf a taste. He was delighted.

Wolf Who would have thought...

N-2 He sighed.

Wolf ...that a simple **stone** could make such a glorious soup?

Hen I'm glad you liked it.

N-2 Said Mother Hen when the Wolf had finished the soup.

Hen And now you can eat me.

Wolf **I couldn't!**

N-2 Burped the Wolf.

Wolf **I'm too full.**

Hen Imagine that. Then you'll just have to steal my goodies and get away.

N-1 All at once the Big, Bad Wolf leaped to his feet. He gave a terrible roar and then...

N-2 He snatched the stone and ran away.

THE END

Stop Those Pants

by Mordicai Gerstein

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Michele Shipley.

**Murray
Pants**

**Narrator
Belt**

**Mother
Underwear
Sneakers**

**Shirt
Socks**

Mother: Murray, are you up? It's time to get dressed.

Narrator: Murray woke up.

Mother: Did You hear me? It's late.

Murray: I'm up mom. I am getting dressed.

Narrator: Murray slid out of bed.

Murray: Where are those pants?
I'm sure I left them on the chair.

Narrator: He saw a pant leg sticking out from under his bed.
He grabbed for it, but it slid farther under.

Murray: Get over here

Narrator: Murray said to his pants

Pants: Why?

Murray: Because I have to get dressed.

Pants: Why?

Murray: Cut that out and come here !

Pants: Can't make me.

Narrator: said his pants, hopping onto the bed.

Pants: Besides, you don't even have your underwear on yet.

Murray: Oops you are right

Narrator: said Murray.
The pants bounced on the bed.
Murray took off his pajamas and looked in his drawer.

Murray: Any clean underwear in here?

Underwear: No!

Narrator: yelled the underwear, and out jumped all his socks

Murray: I see you...

Narrator: Murray said to the underwear he saw hiding under a T-shirt.

Underwear: Where are we going today?

Murray: School

Underwear: Not again!

Murray: Stop wriggling! I can't get you on.

Pants: Guess who?

Narrator: asked the pants, as they jumped on Murray's head.

Murray: Get off!

Pants: Catch me!

Narrator: giggled the pants

Murray: I Will!

Socks: We'll help!

Narrator: cried the socks.
They chased the pants over the bed and around the room.
Murray put a gorilla shirt on.
Unfortunately he put it on backwards.

Murray: Oops!

Narrator: He struggled to turn the shirt around.

Shirt: Careful! You're twisting my arm.

Murray: Sorry

Pants: Wait'll we put you in the washer.
You'll see what twisted is.

Narrator: sneered the pants as they jumped up to the light on the ceiling.

Murray: Come on you guys, HELP!

Belt: I'll get him down. Make me into a lasso, and we'll rope him!

Narrator: yelled the belt

Murray: Good plan.

Pants: Ha ha, you can't get me.

Narrator: yelled the pants.
Murray made a lasso, twirled it and...

Pants: Missed!!!

Belt: Get me down!

Narrator: yelled the belt

Pants: This is FUN.
I love FUN!
I've been...BORED!
I want to JUMP, LEAP, RUN ... I'm sick of SITTING!

Murray: I feel the same way.

Narrator: Said Murray.

Mother: Murray, breakfast is on the table.

Narrator: Murray's mother shouted

Murray: Look,

Narrator: Murray said to his pants

Murray: I'll run all the way to school.
I'll roll down the biggest hill in the park on
the way home.
I'll fill your pockets with wonderful things.
Please come down.

Pants: What wonderful things?

Murray: Pennies, pistachios, puzzles, seashells,
a flashlight, a race car,
a tiny Swiss army knife.

Pants: Yes!!!!
How about a yo-yo?
I LOVE YO-YO's.
Let's go!

Belt,
shirt,
and socks: Yaay!!!

Narrator: The pants jumped onto Murray's legs.

Socks: Are you ready for us?

Narrator: yelled the socks

Murray: One purple and one orange please.

Narrator: said Murray. The socks jumped onto his
feet.

Murray: Sneakers!!

Sneakers: Is it time to go? I overslept.

Murray: Where is your partner?

Sneakers: How should I know?

Narrator: said the sneaker, and hopped onto Murray's foot.

Sneakers: Regular knot or double?

Murray: Double

Narrator: said Murray, looking around the room while his shoe tied a neat double knot.

Mother: MURRAY!! This is It.
Come down and have your breakfast.
Your left sneaker is under the table waiting for you.

Murray: We're coming

Narrator: And they all slid down the banister to breakfast.

THE END

THE STORIES JULIAN TELLS

by Ann Cameron

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Kelly Miller

Father Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Julian Huey Mother

Father I'm going to make something special for your mother.

N-1 Julian and Huey's mother were out shopping. His father was in the kitchen, looking at the pots and the pans and all the jars.

Julian What are you going to make?

N-2 Said Julian.

Father A pudding.

N-1 Julian's father is a big man. When he laughs, the sun laughs in the window panes. However, when he is angry, Julian and his little brother, Huey, shiver to the bottom of their shoes.

Huey What kind of pudding will you make?

N-2 Huey asked.

Father A wonderful pudding. It will taste like a whole raft of lemons. It will taste like a night on the sea.

N-1 Julian's father began cracking eggs and mixing all the ingredients. He even squeezed fresh lemons. Once finished mixing, he put the pudding on the stove. The pudding began to boil and cream splashed on the stove.

Father Wipe that up, Huey!

N-2 The pudding began to boil. As Julian's father stirred it, it got thicker and thicker.

Father Just right, it is finished!

N-1 Julian's father and the boys began to clean up.

Father Now I am going to take a nap. If something happens, bother me. If nothing important happens, don't bother me. And...the pudding is for your mother. Leave the pudding alone!

N-2 He went to the living room and was asleep in a minute, sitting straight up in his chair. Huey and Julian guarded the pudding.

Huey Oh, it is a wonderful pudding.

N-2 Said Huey.
Huey With waves on top like the ocean.

N-1 Said Julian.

Huey I wonder how it tastes?

Julian Leave the pudding alone.

Huey If I just put my finger in-there-I'll know how it tastes.

N-2 And Huey did it.

Julian You did it! How did it taste?

Huey It tastes like a whole raft of lemons, it tastes like a night on the sea.

Julian **You made a hole in the pudding!**

N-1 Julian shouted.

Julian But since you did it, I'll have a taste.

N-2 And it tasted like a whole night of lemons. It tasted like a floating sea.

Huey It's such a big pudding.

N-1 Said Huey.

Huey It can't hurt to have a little more.

Julian Since you took more, I'll have more.

Huey That was a bigger lick than I took.

N-1 Exclaimed Huey.

Huey I'm going to have more again!

Julian **Whoops!**

Huey Julian, you put your whole hand in it! Look at the pudding you spilled on the floor!

Julian I'm going to clean it up!

N-1 And he took a rag from the sink and began to clean.

Huey Julian, that is not very clean.

Julian It is the best I can do!

Huey Now look at the pudding.

N-1 It looked like craters on the moon. Julian and Huey took spoons and began to smooth the pudding over.

N-2 The two boys evened it and evened it and ate some more.

Julian Hey Huey, there isn't much pudding left! We better get out of here!

N-1 The two boys ran to their bedrooms and crawled underneath a bed. After a long time they heard their father's voice.

N-2 Julian and Huey's mother were home. They heard their father open the refrigerator door to show her the pudding.

Father **WHERE ARE THE BOYS!!!**

N-1 His voice went through every corner of the house.

Father **WHERE ARE YOU? I SAID!**

N-2 Huey whispered.

Huey *I'm scared.*

N-1 They heard their father walking slowly through each room.

Huey **HUEY! JULIAN!**

N-2 They could see his feet coming into their room.

N-1 He lifted the bedspread and shouted.

Father **STAND UP!** What do you want to tell me?

Huey Julian and I were outside and when we came back in, the pudding was gone!

Father Then, why were you hiding under the bed?

N-2 The boys didn't say a word, they just looked at each other.

Father I can tell you one thing, there is going to be a beating here and now! There is going to be some whipping! Go into the kitchen.

N-1 They both hurried into the kitchen.

Father See these eggs, crack'em and beat them!

N-2 Huey started to cry, his tears fell in the egg yolks.

Father Huey, are you ready for a whipping? **Come here!**

N-1 Huey approached his father.

Father **Whip these egg whites!**

N-2 Huey and Julian whipped and beat the eggs until they could whip and beat no more.

Father Congratulations boys, your whipping and beating are over!

N-1 He took the newly whipped and beaten eggs and mixed them in with the old pudding. Then he passed the pudding over to his wife.

Mother What a wonderful pudding!

N-2 Said Huey and Julian's mother.

Mother Would you boys like some?

N-1 The two boys looked at each other with a smile and said.

Julian & Huey: **NO THANK YOU!!!**

The End

MORE STORIES JULIAN TELLS

by Ann Cameron
“The Box”

Adapted for Reader’s Theater
by Rachel Strand

Characters:

Narrator
Julian

Father
Gloria

Kids

Huey

Narrator Julian, his brother Huey, and best friend Gloria, were left home on their own while mother attended a meeting and their father ran an errand.

Father Will you kids be all right till I get back?

Kids Sure!

Father Fine. I may have a surprise for you.

Kids Great!

Gloria I wonder what your surprise will be!

Huey Me too!

Narrator
off the All of the kids stayed in the back yard jumping swing. They didn’t hear their dad come back. It started getting dark and hard to see.

Huey I jumped farther than you did!

Julian No you didn't!

Huey Did too.

Julian Did not...BEAN SPROUT!

Father Did not...WHAT?

Narrator Father had already come home and was sitting on the porch while Julian and his brother were arguing.

Julian I only said, "did not."

Huey He called me, "BEAN SPROUT!"

Father BEAN SPROUT? HE CALLED YOU BEAN SPROUT?

Gloria I think I'll go home.

Narrator Father sat on the porch and looked at the children with a sly smile. He set a box down next to them.

Father Gloria, wait just a minute! I have something to share with the boys. Come back.

Huey (softly) We can forget about the surprise.

Narrator Huey whispered to Julian.

Huey A surprise is coming. But it won't be nice.
Narrator All of the children followed their father into the house.

Julian Are you going to send us to our room?

Father No.

Narrator He said with a scary smile.

Huey Are you going to make us wash windows?

Father No.

Narrator Father said...smiling like a tiger.

Gloria What are you going to do?

Father I have an idea for these boys.

Narrator He grinned at Gloria...as if they were best friends.

Father I think they need to go through a potentially dangerous situation together. Then they may like each other more.

Julian What do you mean, "a potentially dangerous situation?"

Father I mean one that could be dangerous if you don't handle it right. I know you boys like animals. It wouldn't be anything much. Something like...live alligators. Maybe...sharks!

Huey Sharks!

Narrator Huey grabbed onto Julian's hand.

Father Now you boys make yourselves comfortable. Gloria and I will be back in a minute.

Narrator Gloria looked back at Julian and Huey as if saying goodbye forever. The boys sat on the couch for what seemed like a million years, waiting for Gloria and father to return. When they finally returned, they were carrying the box father had left on the porch.

Father Hold it level, Gloria.

Narrator Inside the package something skittered.

Huey Not sharks. Maybe...live snakes.

Narrator Gloria and father set the box down in front of everyone. It was tied with a strong cord. Julian moved his feet away from it.

Father Now your job...will be to open the box.

Julian I don't want to.

Narrator Gloria looked at Julian sympathetically and even father looked a little bit sorry.

Father I don't want you to go into this without a fighting chance.

Narrator Father went into the kitchen to retrieve something.

Julian Gloria! Do you know what's inside there? Would you say it's really dangerous?

Gloria I would say that if I were you. I would say my prayers.

Father Well, here you are. I figured two kitchen knives would help you. But the knives are for later. You have to open the box with your bare hands. And be gentle. That's a good box. I may want to use it again. Here, I'll help you a little bit.

Narrator Father took one of the knives and cut the cord on the box. That left only a little piece of tape on top between... whatever it was...and the box. They took hold of one top flap of the box. They pulled in opposite directions so hard they fell on the floor. Nothing came out of the box at them.

Huey It's the surprise! They're baby rabbits!

Father Well, what are their names?

Julian Mine is Jake.

Father And what about you, Huey?

Huey Wait a minute. I have to think.

Narrator With a big grin on his face, he exclaimed,

Huey BEAN SPROUT!

THE END

That Dreadful Day by James Stevenson

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Sharon Karkoska

CAST

Grandpa **Louie** **Mary Ann** **Teacher**

Grandpa Hello, Mary Ann! Greetings, Louie!
How was your first day at school?

Mary Ann Terrible Grandpa!

Louie I hated every minute!

Grandpa That bad, eh?

Mary Ann The boys made faces at me. It was no
fun at all.

Louie The teacher told me to sit down and be
quiet.

Grandpa Maybe tomorrow will be better.

Mary Ann I don't think I'm going back.

Louie Me either.

Grandpa Well, the first day is always hard.

Louie It is?

Mary Ann Was your first day hard, Grandpa?

Grandpa Dreadful! I don't even like to think about it!

Mary Ann What part don't you like to think about, Grandpa?

Grandpa On that dreadful day, I got up very early so I'd be right on time.
There was a drizzle and a dense fog.
I walked and walked, but I couldn't find the school.
Somewhere the school bell was ringing.
It made a dismal sound.

Mary Ann Maybe you should have gone home!

Grandpa Perhaps, but just then the fog cleared, and there was the school!

Louie Did it look nice Grandpa?

Grandpa It looked Ghastly!
Suddenly a girl ran out the door.
"Where are you going?" I asked.
"I'm being sent home for bad behavior,"

Grandpa she said. (In a feminine voice).
(continued) "What did you do?" I asked her.
"I smiled," she said (feminine voice)

Louie You shouldn't have gone into that school, Grandpa!

Grandpa Well, you two went into yours, didn't you?

Mary Ann Yes, but ours isn't at all scary!

Grandpa I looked inside. The room was huge and still. As I walked through the door, something grabbed me!

Teacher You're late!

Grandpa It said in a scary voice.

Teacher Sit down and be **AB - SO - LUTE - LY** silent!
Now class, are we ever late for school?

All **No, Mr. Smeal! (loud)**

Teacher Are we always right on time?

All **Yes, Mr. Smeal! (louder)**

Teacher **Louder!**

All **Yes, Mr. Smeal! (loudest)**

Teacher Softer! (quietly)

All Yes, Mr. Smeal (whisper)

Teacher All together now!

All **Yes, Mr. Smeeeaaal!**

Teacher Lovely.

Teacher What's the school cheer?

All (in rhythmic cadence):

Sis boom ba
 Sis boom ba
 We have the most rules...
 Ha-ha-ha
 Yeah!

Teacher And each rule is more important than
 the other!

All **Yes, Mr. Smeal!**

Teacher But what's the most important rule of
 all, class?

All **(loudly) Never squeak the chalk!**

Teacher Correct! And why?

All **Because you hate that sound, Mr.**
 Smeal.

Teacher Yes...yes...it makes me get...upset.

Mary Ann **Our** teacher isn't anywhere near as bad
 as Mr. Smeal, Grandpa!

Grandpa Oh, I'm glad to hear that.

Louie Did things get better as the day went on,
 Grandpa?

Grandpa No...

Teacher You (Pointing at Grandpa). What is the largest country in the world?

Grandpa (as a child) Uh...Chicago? No wait..... Switzerland?

Teacher Oh, I love it when they don't know!
Read this book aloud! (Hands a book to Grandpa)

Grandpa (as a child) I...I don't know these words.

Teacher You're reading it upside down and backwards!
I'll give you one minute to answer this question! When did Columbus discover America?
Time's up! When was it?

Grandpa Uh...Quarter of six?

Teacher Here's one last chance...What's 765 times 312?

Grandpa Ummm...17...no wait...319...no...6?

Teacher Now class, what do we call a stupid child like this?

All **A DUNCE, Mr. Smeal!**

Grandpa (as himself) I was put in the back of the room.

Mary Ann Gee, Grandpa, our teacher would never do that to us.

Grandpa I should hope not!

Teacher It is time for my mid-morning fig newton. You children sit absolutely still until I come back!

All **Yes, Mr. Smeal!**

Teacher Don't speak...Don't move! (leaves)

All **Yes, Mr. Smeal!**

Grandpa (as a child) He's opening the box...he's.... munching...All right, here's what we do!

Mary Ann But what if Mr. Smeal caught you Grandpa?

Grandpa That's just what happened a few moments later...

Teacher What are you doing at the blackboard, children?

All **Getting ready to write with our chalk, Mr. Smeal! Everybody all together now! (make chalk noises on the chalkboard)**
(Teacher runs out of room screaming!)

Grandpa We watched Mr. Smeal go running down the road. He got smaller and smaller, and was never seen again!
The next day, we had a new teacher who was very, very nice!

Mary Ann Do you think our teacher may turn out to be nice, Grandpa?

Grandpa They generally do!

Mary Ann You know what? I think I might go to school tomorrow.

Louie It can't hurt to give it one more try.

Grandpa Sounds like a pretty good idea!

THE END

The Teacher from the Black Lagoon

by Mike Thaler

Adapted for Reader's Theater by Mike Corte

Characters:

*Hubie
Narrator 2
Randy Potts
Mrs. Green*

*Narrator
Derek Bloom
Penny Weber
Eric Porter*

Hubie It's the first day of school. I wonder who my teacher is . I hear Mr. Smith has dandruff and warts, and Mrs. Jones has a whip and a wig. But Mrs. Green is supposed to be a real monster. Oh my, I have her!!!

Narrator Mrs. Green...Room 109.

Hubie What a bummer!!!

Narrator Hubie sits at a desk, folds his hands, and closes his eyes.

Hubie I'm too young to die!

Narrator Suddenly a shadow covers the door. It opens...in slithers Mrs. Green. She's really green!! She has a tail. She scratches her name on the blackboard with her claws!!

Narrator 2 Freddy Jones throws a spitball. She curls her lip and breathes fire at him. Poof!! Freddy's gone.

Hubie There is just a little pile of ashes on his desk.

Eric Porter **(giggles)** Talk about bad breath!

Narrator 2 She slithers over, unscrews his head, and puts it on the globe stand.

Hubie I bet she gives homework the first day of school.

Mrs. Green Your homework for today is pages 1 to 200 in you math book...**all the fraction problems!**

Derek Bloom We've never **had** fractions!

Mrs. Green **Come up here!**

Narrator Derek stands by her desk.

Mrs. Green This is a whole boy.

Narrator She takes a big bite.

Mrs. Green. This is half a boy. **Now...you've had fractions!**

Randy Potts What about spelling?

Mrs. Green Spelling can be fun! Spell, Abracadabra
Kazam.

Randy Potts That's **tough to spell!**

Narrator 2 Suddenly there's a flash of light, a
puff of smoke, and Randy's a **frog!**

Narrator Penny Weber raises her hand.

Penny Weber Can I go to the nurse?

Mrs. Green **What's wrong?**

Penny Weber I have a huge headache.

Narrator 2 Mrs. Green wriggles her fingers.
There's another flash of light and Penny's
head is the **size of a pin!**

Mrs. Green Better?? Now it's nap time. Everyone
who still has one, put your head on your
desk.

Hubie I hope to make it to recess!

Mrs. Green ***SWEET DREAMS!!!***

Narrator Suddenly the bell rings. Hubie wakes up.
There's a pretty woman writing her name
on the black board. She has a real skin
and no tail.

Mrs. Green I'm Mrs. Green, your teacher.

Narrator

He jumps out of his chair, runs up and hugs her.

Mrs. Green

Well, thank you! I'm glad to be here!

Hubie

Not as glad as I am!!!

THE END

THERE'S A BEAR IN THE BATH!

By Nanette Newman,
Illustrated by Michael Forman

Adapted by Katrina Baughman

Characters:

Narrator	Liza's Mother
Liza	Jack (one line)
Bear (Jam)	

Narrator: Liza looked out the window and saw a bear sitting in the garden, so she went outside and asked him,

Liza: What are you doing in my garden!

Bear: I'm here for a visit.

Liza: Why?

Bear: Why not?

Liza: Don't know exactly.

Bear: Exactly... and by the way, when bears come to visit they usually get invited in.

Liza: Oh, please come in.

Narrator: The bear looked around the kitchen.

Liza: Would you like something to eat?

Bear: Like what?

Liza: Porridge.

Bear: What makes you think bears like porridge?

Liza: Well. . . When Goldilocks went to the three bears' house. . .

Bear: Oh, that, you didn't believe any of that, did you?
Next, you will be saying that all bears like honey.

Narrator: The bear poured himself a cup of coffee.

Liza: What's your name?

Bear: Jam.

Liza: Nobody is called Jam.

Bear: I am.

Liza: How come?

Narrator: The bear helped himself to a cookie and said,

Bear: My mother loved jam more than anything in the world then she had me and loved me more than anything in the world, so she called me Jam.

Liza: I see, it just seems like a funny name for a bear.

Narrator: But Liza didn't see at all and bear wasn't listening. He'd turned on the radio and was dancing and spilling potato chips everywhere. He danced into the hall, twisting and twirling, and into the living room, and then lay down on the sofa.

Liza: You're a good dancer.

Bear: I know.

Narrator: He then picked up the newspaper.

Bear: I am also brilliant at crossword puzzles.

Liza: That's showing off.

Bear: What is?

Liza: Boasting about how good you are at something.

Bear: Oh no, boasting is very unattractive in a child, but boasting when you're a bear is quite acceptable.

Liza: Really!

Bear: Yes, really. Now, what is the word for something you can't stand... ten letters?

Liza: I don't know.

Bear: Unbearable.

Liza: That's brilliant.

Bear: Yes, I told you I was.

Narrator: He jumped up and started to dance again.

Bear: I dance the tango best of all.

Liza: What's the tango?

Narrator: The bear took a rose from the vase, placed it between his teeth and grabbed Liza around the waist, and marched up and down the room singing and leaping and swirling Liza around with, him until she fell down in a breathless heap.

Bear: Now that was the tango. Of course, you have to practice a lot before you can do it as well as me. What's upstairs?

Narrator: Bear asked even though he was already upstairs.

Liza: My room.

Bear: It needs trees.

Liza: Trees?

Bear: Definitely. A few big trees growing in here would give it style, make it more like a forest.

Liza: But people don't have trees growing in their rooms, and who'd want to live in a forest?

Narrator: The bear picked up Liza's school jacket. He tried to put it on and it split right down the middle.

Bear: Badly made.

Liza: You're too big for it.

Bear: No, no. If a jacket doesn't fit a bear, there's something wrong with the jacket, not something wrong with the bear.

Narrator: Always remember that. He went into the bathroom and climbed into the tub. It was a very tight fit.

Bear: This tub is too small.

Liza: Well, it's big enough for me.

Bear: What's the use of that if it's not big enough for a bear?

Narrator: Just then, Liza heard her mother come in; she'd been chatting with their next-door neighbor.

Mother: Time for dinner.

Liza: There's a bear in the bath!

Mother: Is there, sweetheart? That's nice. What's his name?

Liza: Jam.

Mother: Oh, I forgot it. Never mind, I'll get some tomorrow.

Narrator: When Liza went back into the bathroom the bear was drinking shampoo and wearing frilly underwear on his head.

Bear: How do I look?

Liza: You look like a bear with frilly underwear on his head.

Narrator: Before Liza was finished the bear had gone into her brother's room. Jack was standing up in his crib, looking rosy from his nap.

Jack: Teddy!

Narrator: Jack was very excited to see Jam.

Bear: No! Jam. He's not very bright, is he?

Liza: Well, he's only two.

Bear: When I was two, I could count up to 1,104 and play the violin.

Narrator: Bear scooped Jack out of his crib and Liza's mother called from downstairs.

Mother: Liza have you finished your homework yet?

Liza: Mommy, there's a bear in Jack's room giving Jack a bear hug.

Mother: That's nice, tell Jack to say thank you.

Bear: I think it's time to go.

Liza: Where to?

Bear: Oh, just somewhere. I lead a very busy life, you know. I've got a singing lesson at four.

Liza: I didn't know that bears sang.

Bear: Let's face it, you didn't know much at all about bears until you met me.

Liza: That's true.

Bear: What will you do when I've gone?

Liza: I have to do my homework, I have to write about what I've done today.

Bear: That's easy, just write that you met this totally wonderful, clever, fascinating bear.

Liza: No one would believe me.

Narrator: And they didn't.

THE END

THOMAS' SNOWSUIT

Author - Robert Munsch

(Arranged for Reader's Theater by Erin McPhail)
(Student in Mr. Servis' Class - 5th Grade)

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Thomas

Mother
Principal
Teacher

Narrator 1 One day Thomas' mother bought Thomas a nice new brown snowsuit.

Mother Thomas, here is your nice new brown snowsuit.

Thomas Ugh! That is the ugliest thing I've ever seen. If you think I'm going to wear that you're the weirdest mom in this solar system!

Mother **We'll see about that!**

Narrator 2 It is now the next day and time to go to school.

Mother Thomas, go put on your nice new brown snowsuit.

Thomas **Nnnnnnnno!**

Narrator 1 Thomas' mother jumped up and down.

Mother **Thomas... put on that snow suit or else!**

Thomas **Nnnnnnnno!**

Narrator 2 Thomas' mother picked him up in one hand and the snowsuit in the other hand, she tried to stick them together. They had an enormous fight and when it was done... Thomas was in his snowsuit!

Thomas **You win!**

Narrator 1 Thomas went off to school and hung up his snowsuit. When it was time to go outside all the other kids jumped into their snowsuits and ran out the door. **But, not Thomas!** The teacher looked at him.

Teacher Thomas, please put on your snowsuit.

Thomas **Nnnnnnnno!**

Narrator 2 The teacher jumped up and down.

Teacher Thomas, **PLEASE PUT ON YOUR SNOWSUIT!**

Thomas **Nnnnnnnno!**

Narrator 1 So the teacher picked up Thomas in one hand...picked up the snowsuit in the other hand and tried to stick them together.
They had an enormous fight...and when they were done... the teacher had on Thomas' snowsuit and Thomas was wearing the teacher's dress.

Narrator 2 When the teacher found out what she was wearing, she picked up Thomas in one hand and tried to get Thomas in his snowsuit.
They had an enormous fight and when they were finished... the dress and snowsuit was in a knot on the floor.
The teacher and Thomas were in their underclothes.
Then the principal walked in.

Teacher. It's Thomas.
He won't put on his snowsuit.

Narrator 1 The principal gave him his best principal look.

Principal Thomas, put on your snowsuit.

Thomas **Nnnnnnnno!**

Narrator 2 So the principal picked up Thomas in one hand and he picked up the teacher in the other hand...
and he tried to get them back in their clothes.
When he was done...
the principal was wearing the teacher's dress...
the teacher was wearing the principal's suit...
and Thomas was still in his underwear.

Narrator 1 Someone from the playground called for Thomas to come out and play, so Thomas put on his snowsuit, got his boots on in two seconds and ran out the door.

Thomas Bye!

Principal Hey, you have my suit on .
Take it off right now!

Teacher Oh, no! You have on my dress.
You take off my dress!

Narrator 2 Well, they argued and argued and argued...
but neither one wanted to change first.

Narrator 1 Thomas came in from recess.
Thomas picked up the principal in one hand, the teacher in the other.
They had an enormous fight!
When it was over...
everyone was in their clothes.

Narrator 2

The next day the principal quit his job and moved to Arizona where nobody ever wore a snowsuit!

All:

The End!

Three Billy Goats Gruff

Folk Tale

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Characters:

Narrator

Small Billy Goat

Middle-sized Billy Goat

Large Billy Goat

Troll

Narrator

Once upon a time, there were three billy goats.

One was very small, one was middle-sized, and one was very large.

They were all named GRUFF, so people simply called them THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF.

Small

Billy Goat

This morning, lets go to the hillside beyond the bridge. The grass over there is especially tall and green and tender.

Narrator

BUT UNDER THAT BRIDGE was a deep, swift river and A GREAT BIG, UGLY TROLL!

Small

Billy Goat

Troll

I shall cross that bridge first. (stomp feet)
Who's that tripping across my bridge?

**Small
Billy Goat**

It's only me, the smallest Billy Goat Gruff.
I'm going over to yonder hillside where the
grass is so tall and green and tender.

Troll

NO YOU'RE NOT, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO
EAT YOU UP!

**Small
Billy Goat**

Oh, no! Please do not eat me up!
I'm much too small to make a meal for you
Wait for the second Billy Goat Gruff... he's
MUCH bigger than I am!

Troll

Well, maybe you're right, so be off with you!

(troll goes back under the bridge)
(small billy goat runs to the green hillside)

**Middle-sized
Billy Goat**

I shall cross over the bridge to reach the
greener hillside. (stomp feet)

TROLL

WHO'S TRIPPING ACROSS MY BRIDGE?

**Middle-sized
Billy Goat**

It's me, the second Billy Goat Gruff.
But please don't eat me.
The biggest Billy Goat Gruff is right behind
me, and he is MUCH bigger!

Troll

Well, get on with you. I'll wait for the big one!

(Troll goes back under the bridge)
(middle-sized billy goat runs to the green
hillside)

**Biggest
Billy Goat**

I shall cross the bridge to reach the green
hillside. (stomp feet loudly)

Troll WHO'S THAT TRAMPING OVER MY BRIDGE?
Biggest Billy Goat It's me, the BIGGEST BILLY GOAT GRUFF!
(loud voice)

Troll WHOEVER YOU ARE, I'M GOING TO EAT YOU UP RIGHT NOW!
(climb on top of bridge)

Biggest Billy Goat Well, come on then!
I've got sharp horns to bull you with!
And hard hooves to trample you with!

Narrator THAT'S WHAT THE BIG BILLY GOAT SAID.
THEN THE BIG BILLY GOAT RAN AT THE TROLL AND THE TROLL RAN AT THE BILLY GOAT!
The big billy goat butted the ugly troll with his sharp horns and trampled him with his sharp hooves.
Then he butted him again and knocked him off the bridge and into the DEEP, SWIFT RIVER BELOW.

(biggest billy goat stomps across the bridge and onto the hillside)

Narrator The great ugly troll was never seen again, and if the three Billy Goats Gruff haven't gone away, they are still on that hillside, getting fatter every day.

THE END

THE THREE LITTLE JAVELINAS by Susan Lowell

**ADAPTED FOR READER'S THEATER
by Noreen Cayayan**

CHARACTERS:

**Narr. 1
1st Javelina
3rd Javelina**

**Narr. 2
2nd Javelina
Bad Coyote**

Narr. 1

Once upon a time there were three little javelinas (ha-ve-LEE-nas). Javelinas are wild, hairy, southwestern cousins of pigs. The javelinas were walking in the desert to find their fortune until they came to a path that was divided. They were all separated.

Narr. 2

The first javelina built a house out of tumbleweeds, but to no avail. Along came a coyote who laughed when he saw the tumbleweed house and smelled the javelina inside.

Bad Coyote	Mmmm! A tender juicy piggy!
Narr. 1	The coyote called out sweetly.
Bad Coyote	Little pig, little pig, let me come in!
1st Javelina	Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin
Narr. 1	Said the first javelina.
Bad Coyote	Then I'll huff and I'll pig, and I'll blow your house in!
Narr. 1	And he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the little tumbleweed house away. Fortunately the first javelina was able to escape and ran to his second javelina brother's house.
Narr. 2	The second javelina built his house out of parts from a giant cactus plant called saguaros (sa-WA-ros). The first javelina arrived, soon after his brother finished his house out of saguaros. Pretty soon the bad coyote found the house and again he called:
Bad Coyote	Little pig, little pig, let me come in!
1st Javelina	No! not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!
Narr. 1	Said the first javelina.
Bad Coyote	Bah! I am not goin' to eat your hair.

Narr. 1	So he huffed and he puffed and the saguaro came tumbling down. Fortunately, once again the two javelinas were able to escape in time into the desert to their sister javelina's house.
Narr. 2	The third javelina built herself a solid little adobe house, cool in summer and warm in winter. When her brothers found her, she welcomed them in and locked the door behind them. The coyote followed their trail and again he knocked on the door and yelled:
Bad Coyote	Little pig, little pig, let me come in!
Narrator	This time the Coyote pretended to be very old and weak, with no teeth and a sore paw. They weren't fooled.
3rd Javelina	No! Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!
Bad Coyote	Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.
Narr. 2	Said the Bad Coyote.
3rd Javelina	Just try it!
Narr. 1	The three little javelinas peeked out the window but nothing happened.
Narr. 2	The Coyote decided to climb upon the tin roof and use his magic to make himself very skinny in order to climb down the stove pipe.

3rd Javelina The stove pipe!

Narr. 1 Gaspd the third javelina. Quickly she lighted a fire inside her wood stove.

Bad Coyote I think I'll eat them with red hot chile sauce!

Narr. 1 Said the bad Coyote

Narr. 2 As the bad Coyote swept down the stove pipe the three little javelinas heard an amazing noise. It was not a scream or a howl, it was all the sounds put together.

Bad Coyote Yiiiipp! Yaaaapp! Yeee-oowww-oooooooooooo!

Narr. 1 Away ran a puff of smoke shaped like a coyote. The three little javelinas lived happily after in the adobe house.

Narr. 2 And if you ever hear Coyote's voice, way out in the desert at night. . . well, you know what he's remembering!

The End

The Three Little Pigs by Roald Dahl

adapted for Reader's Theater
by James Servis

Narrator
Pig 1
Pig 3

Wolf
Pig 2
Red Riding Hood

Narr.

The animal I really **dig**
Above all others is the **pig**.
Pigs are noble. Pigs are **clever**,
Pigs are courteous. **However**,

Now and then, to break this **rule**,
One meets a pig who is a **fool**.
What, for example, would you **say**
If strolling through the woods one **day**,

Right there in front of you you **saw**
A pig who'd built his house of **STRAW?**
The Wolf who saw it licked his **lips**,
And said,

Wolf

*"That pig has had his **chips**."*

*"Little pig, little pig, let me come **in!**"*

Pig 1 *“No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-**chin!**”*

Wolf *“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house **in!**”*

Narr. The little pig began to **pray**,
But Wolfie blew his house **away**.
He shouted,

Wolf “Bacon, pork and **ham!**
Oh, what a lucky Wolf I **am!**”

Narr. And though he ate the pig quite **fast**,
He carefully kept the tail till **last**.
Wolf wandered on, a trifle **bloated**.
Surprise, surprise, for soon he **noted**
Another little house for **pigs**,
And this one had been built of **TWIGS!**

Wolf *“Little pig, little pig, let me come **in!**”*

Pig 2 *“No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-**chin!**”*

Wolf *“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house **in!**”*

Narr. The Wolf said,

Wolf “Okay, here we **go!**”

Narr. He then began to blow and **blow.**
The little pig began to **squeal**.
He cried,

Pig 2 “Oh Wolf, you’ve had one meal!
Why can’t we talk and make a deal?”

Narr. The Wolf replied,

Wolf “Not on your nelly!”

Narr. And soon the pig was in his belly.

Wolf “Two juicy little pigs!”

Narr. Wolf cried,

Wolf “But still I am not satisfied!
I know full well my tummy’s bulging,
But oh, how I adore indulging.”
So creeping quietly as a mouse,
The Wolf approached another house,
A house which also had inside
A little piggy trying to hide.

But this one, Piggy Number Three,
Was bright and brainy as could be.
No straw for him, no twigs or sticks.
This pig had built his house of BRICKS.

Pig 3 “You’ll not get me!”

Narr. The Piggy cried.

Wolf “I’ll blow you down!”

Narr. The Wolf replied.

Pig 3 “You’ll need,”

Narr. Pig said,

Pig 3 “A lot of **puff**,
And I don’t think you’ve got **enough**.”

Narr. Wolf huffed and puffed and blew and
blew.
The house stayed up as good as **new**.

Wolf “If I can’t blow it *down*,”

Narr. Wolf **said**,

Wolf “I’ll have to blow it *up* **instead**.

I’ll come back in the dead of **night**
And blow it up with dynam**ite**!”

Narr. Pig cried,

Pig 3 “You brute!
I might have **known**!”

Narr. Then, picking up the tele**phone**,
He dialed as quickly as he **could**
The number of Red Riding **Hood**.

Red “Hello,”

Narr. She said.

Red “Who’s speaking? **Who**?
Oh, hello Piggy, how d’you **do**?”

Narr. Pig cried,

Pig 3 “I need your help, Miss **Hood**!
Oh, help me, please! D’you think you **could**?”

Red "I'll try, of course,"

Narr. Miss Hood **replied**.

Red "What's on your mind...?"

Pig 3 "*A Wolf!*"

Narr. Pig **cried**.

Pig 3 "I know you've dealt with wolves **before**,
And now I've got one at my **door!**"

Red "My darling Pig,

Narr. She said,

Red "My **sweet**,
That's something *really* up my **street**.
I've just begun to wash my **hair**.
But when it's dry, I'll be right **there**."

Narr. A short while later, through the **wood**,
Came striding brave Miss Riding **Hood**.
The Wolf stood there, his eyes **ablaze**
And yellowish, like mayonnaise.

His teeth were sharp, his gums were **raw**,
And spit was dripping from his **jaw**.
Once more the maiden's eyelid **flickers**.
She draws the pistol from her **knickers**

Narr. Once more, she hits the vital **spot**,
And kills him with a single **shot**.
Pig, peeping through the window, **stood**
And yelled,

Pig 3

“Well done, Ms. Riding **Hood!**”

Narr.

Ah Piglet, you must never **trust**
Young ladies from the upper **crust**.
For now, Miss Riding Hood, one **notes**,
Not only has **two** wolfskin **coats**,

But when she goes from place to **place**,
She has a PIGSKIN TRAVELING **CASE!**

The End

The Three Little Pigs

Written for Reader's Theater
by Paul Destino

CAST

Narrator

Wolf

Pig 1

Pig 2

Pig 3

Narrator

There was an old sow with three little Pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out into the world to seek their fortune.

Narrator

The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw and said to him...

Pig 1

Please, man, give me that straw to build a house with it.

Narrator

Which the old man did, and the little Pig built a house with it.

Narrator

Presently along came a Wolf, who knocked at the door and said...

Wolf

Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in.

Narrator

To which the Pig answered...

Pig 1 No, no, not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!

Narrator The wolf answered to that...

Wolf Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in.

Narrator So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little Pig.

Narrator The second little Pig met a man with a bundle of twigs and said...

Pig 2 Please, man, give me those twigs to build a house.

Narrator Which the man did, and the Pig built his house...Then came the wolf and said...

Wolf Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in.

Pig 2 No, no, not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!

Wolf Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in.

Narrator So he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he ate up the little Pig.

Narrator The third little Pig met a man with a load of bricks and said...

Pig 3 Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with.

Narrator The man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them...So the wolf came, as he did to the other little Pigs, and said...

Wolf Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in.

Pig 3 No, no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin!

Wolf Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in.

Narrator Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, but he could not get the house down.

All **And so the Little Pig lived happily ever after!**

THE END

THE STORY OF THE THREE PIGS (From the Wolf's Point of View) By Roald Dahl

Adapted by J. Servis

CAST

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3

Narrator 4
Wolf
Pig

- N-1: I have had plenty of time from my bed here, at Canine Hospital, to think about the unfortunate accident I had after meeting the three pigs. My bad luck started the day I met them.
- N-2: I'd lived in the woods for a long time. I'd never had neighbors...but that's because no one else had ever moved in. I was so happy when I saw the first little pig. There he was...building his house of straw...right there in my neighborhood.
- WOLF: Finally, I'll have neighbors!
- N-3: It didn't take him long to finish his house and move in his furniture. I was so happy! I skipped up, politely knocked on his door, and said in my softest voice,

WOLF: Little pig! Little pig! Please let me come in!

N-4 The walls of the house trembled as he answered in the loudest voice I'd ever heard.

Pig: **NO! NO! NO! NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN!**

N-1: Hearing that, I turned around to leave! But to my surprise, down fell the straw house...smothering the little pig. Well, I thought of all the starving wolves all over the woods. I couldn't just leave the pig lying there...so I sat down and ate him for dinner...right down to the last hair on his chinny chin chin.

N-2: I was so sad about losing a neighbor...even one I hadn't gotten to know. I thought of all the fun he and I could have had together. By then, the sound of hammering caught my ear. I stood behind a tree, just to see what was going on, and couldn't believe what I saw! Another little pig was busily building a house of sticks.

N-3: I watched him as he worked. He took a little longer building his house than the first little pig had taken. But then he finished and moved in his furniture.

N-4: I watched him, my mind filled with happy thoughts of the wonderful friendship he and I would have!

N-1 I thought excitedly. Nervously, I walked up to the door and knocked on it. Using my **sweetest** voice, I said,

WOLF: Little pig! Little pig! Please let me come in!

N-2: I could hardly believe it when this pig yelled louder than the first one had. The walls shook as he shouted,

PIG: **NO! NO! NO! NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN!**

N-3: All of a sudden, the whole house fell right down before my very eyes. The poor pig was killed instantly! And again, thinking of all those starving wolves throughout the woods; I ate him too...right down to the last hair of his chinny chin chin.

N-4: I continued my walk homeward making plans to pack my things and move to another neighborhood! I felt that I didn't have a friend in the world...and I'm a likeable fella. But the sound of whistling interrupted me.

N-1: That's when I saw the third little pig...whistling away while he built his house of bricks. He worked and worked...while I watched and watched. I wanted to go and help him, but he seemed to take such pride in doing it all by himself. He probably could have finished quicker had he not whistled so much, but finally he finished and moved in his furniture.

N-2: I didn't know if I should risk introducing myself to him, but I did! Shyly, I went up to the house, knocked on the door, and in my **nicest** voice asked,

WOLF: Little pig! Little pig! Will you please let me come in?

N-3: Well, this pig was even louder than the other two.
He yelled,

PIG: **NO! NO! NO! NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY
CHINNY CHINNY CHIN!**

N-4: I stood there...shocked! Why had he yelled at me? I hadn't done anything to him. Why did he hate me so much? I stepped back, waiting for the house to fall down from all of his yelling. It didn't, and I really wanted to meet him. I knew he'd like me if he met me. That's why I ran and jumped on top of the roof.

WOLF: I could go down the chimney and meet him in no time. I could hardly wait!

N-1: But, how was I to know he would have a big kettle of hot water boiling in the fireplace? Waiting just for me... and not for tea either!

N-2: So that's why I'm lying here in the hospital...furless, bandaged up with three broken legs, and no front teeth.
You know...I guess some pigs...(slowly)...
just don't want to make friends!

**THE
END**

THE TREE DOCTOR

written for Reader's Theater
by Elizabeth Black

CAST:

Narrator Mrs. Apple Tree Doctor Townspeople

Narrator Mrs. Apple's heart was heavy. Outside her house, it was summer. The air was filled with birds and bees and butterflies. But inside, the house was dark and damp. Mrs. Apple had a brick yard with no grass at all. There was no room for summer.

Mrs. Apple I need cheering up...I know! I'll buy a tree in a tub!

Narrator Mrs. Apple bought a little green tree. She weeded it, and watered it, but the tree hung its head. Its leaves drooped. It needed summertime.

Mrs. Apple I must send for the tree doctor.

Narrator The tree doctor came to call. He swung from tree to tree over all the backyards of the city.

Townspeople	There goes the tree doctor! Someone has got a sick tree, but he will cure it. The tree doctor landed in Mrs. Apple's brick yard. He tapped the tree trunk and listened to its little green voice, which no one else could hear.
Tree Doctor	What this tree needs is some of my famous pepper-upper. Then it will make its own summertime.
Narrator	The pepper-upper came in a green bottle.
Tree Doctor	One dose now and another at bedtime.
Narrator	And with that, he swung away in the backyard trees.
Mrs. Apple	I will give the tree a big dose of pepper-upper now, and then again before bed...hopefully that'll do the trick.
Narrator	Then she got under her patchwork quilt and went to sleep. Morning came, the sun rose. Mrs. Apple woke up. But where was she? Where was her dark bedroom?
Everyone	Gone! All Gone!

Narrator She was still in her bed, but not in her bedroom. She was up among the leaves of a tree. Birds perched at the foot of her bed. Butterflies sat on her patchwork quilt. Summer was all around her! Far below, was a brick yard and a damp, dark house. The tree doctor's pepper-upper had made the tree grow in the night. One of the branches had grown through the bedroom window and carried Mrs. Apple away.

Mrs. Apple I don't mind! I feel happy!

Narrator She was out in the summer with the birds and the butterflies.

Mrs. Apple I shall sit here forever!

Narrator She said to the birds:

Mrs. Apple I will make a nest for myself and have an umbrella in case it rains! After all, the proper place for an apple is in a tree, isn't it?

Everyone **Especially in summertime!**

THE END

THE TRUE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

by A. Wolf as told to Jon Scieszka

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Kristin McAuliffe

Narrator
Wolf

Pig 2
Pig 3

Narr. Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs. Or at least they think they do. But no one hears the wolf's side of the story

Wolf I'm the wolf. Alexander T. Wolf. You can call me Al. I don't know how this Big Bad Wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong. Maybe it's because of our diet. Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies, sheep, and pigs. That's just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were Big and Bad, too. The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar...You'll see!

Narr. Way back once upon a time, the wolf was making a birthday cake for his dear old granny. He had a terrible sneezing cold, and he ran out of sugar. So he walked down the street to ask his neighbor (a pig) for a cup of sugar.

Wolf This pig must not be too bright, he built his house out of straw. Can you believe it? Who in his right mind would build a house of straw?

Narr . Of course the minute the wolf knocked on the door, it fell right in. The wolf didn't want to just walk into someone else's house, so he called...

Wolf Little Pig, Little Pig, are you in?

Narr. There was no answer. The wolf was just about to leave without the cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake when he felt a sneeze coming on. He huffed and he snuffed, and sneezed a great sneeze. The whole darn straw house fell down, and right in the middle of the pile of straw was the first little pig. He had been home the whole time.

Wolf It seems like such a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. I'd better eat it up. Hey... think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.

Narr. The wolf was feeling a little bit better, but he still didn't have his cup of sugar. So he went to the next neighbor's house. The neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter, but not much. His house was built out of sticks. The wolf rang the doorbell on the stick house. Nobody answered. So the wolf called...

Wolf Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?

Pig 2 Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hair on my chinny chin chin.

Narr. Just then the wolf felt another sneeze coming on. He huffed and he puffed and he tried to cover his mouth, but he sneezed a great sneeze. And you won't believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's. When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig - dead as a doornail.

Wolf I know food will spoil if you just leave it out in the open. There is only one thing to do...have dinner again! Just think of it as a second helping.

Narr. The wolf was feeling awfully full, but his cold was feeling a little bit better. He still didn't have that cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake, so he went to the next house. This was the First and Second Little Pig's brother. He must have had the brains in the family. He built his house out of bricks. The wolf knocked on the brick house. Nobody answered, so he called...

Wolf Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?

Narr. And the rude little porker answered...

Pig 3 **Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again.**

Narr. The wolf knew the pig probably had a whole sackful of sugar, and he wouldn't even give him one little cup. He thought to himself...

Wolf Talk about impolite! What a pig! Maybe I'll just go home and make a nice birthday card instead of a cake for my dear old granny.

Narr. Just then the wolf felt his cold coming on. He huffed, and he snuffed, and he sneezed once again. Then the Third Little Pig yelled...

Pig 3 **And your old granny can sit on a pin!**

Narr. Now the wolf is usually a pretty calm fellow, but when someone talks about his granny like that, he goes a little crazy. When the cops drove up, of course he was trying to break down this Pig's door. And the whole time he was huffing and puffing and making a real scene. The rest, as they say, is history.

Wolf The news reporters found out about the two pigs I had for dinner. They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very exciting. So they jazzed up the story with all of that "Huff and puff and blow your house down.' And they made me the Big Bad Wolf.

Narr. That's it. The real story.

Wolf I was framed...but maybe **you** could loan me a cup of sugar.

THE END

THE THREE LITTLE WOLVES AND THE BIG BAD PIG

Author - Eugene Trivizas

Adapted for Reader's Theater by;
Rosemary Bateman, Marcia Clark,
Alice Marthe & Linda Morey

Characters: Narrator Pig 3 Wolves

Narrator: Once upon a time there were 3 soft cuddly little wolves who lived with their mother. One day, she sent them out into the world with a warning to beware of the Big Bad Pig.

Narrator: The first house they built was of red and yellow bricks given to them by a kangaroo.

Narrator: The very next day as the 3 little wolves were playing croquet in their garden, a big bad pig came prowling down the road. Remembering their mother's warning the 3 little wolves ran inside and locked their door.

Pig: **Little wolves, little wolves, let me come in!**

3 Wolves: **No, no, no!** By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot.

Pig: **Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!**

Narrator: So the pig huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed and the house didn't fall down. But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing.
He went and fetched his sledgehammer, and he knocked the house down.

Narrator: The little wolves decided to build a stronger house.
They used buckets and buckets full of messy, slurry concrete from their friend the beaver.

Narrator: The very next day they were playing badminton in the garden when a big bad pig come prowling down the road.
Remembering their mother's warning, the 3 little wolves ran inside and locked the door.

Pig: **Little frightened wolves, let me come in!**

Wolves: **No, no, no!** By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot.

Pig: **Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down.**

Narrator: So the pig huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed, but the house didn't fall down. But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing.
He went and fetched his pneumatic drill and smashed the house down.

Wolves: We shall build an even stronger house!

Narrator: So they built themselves an armored house.

Narrator: The very next day they were playing hopscotch in the garden.
This time when they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside their house and they locked the door with 37 padlocks.

Pig: **Little frightened wolves let me come in!**

Wolves: **No, no, no!** By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins we will not let you come in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot.

Pig: **Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down.**

Narrator: So he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed, but the house didn't fall down.
But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing.
He bought dynamite and blew it up.

Narrator: So the wolves decided to build a house of flowers.
Now when the big bad pig came prowling down the road he saw the house of flowers.

Pig: **Little frightened wolves, let me come in!**

Wolves: **No, no, no!** By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins we will not let you come in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot.

Narrator:

As the big bad pig took a deep breath, he smelled the flowers.

It was fantastic!

So he sniffed deeper and deeper and he grew tender.

Right then, he decided to become a good pig. He started to sing and dance.

So the 3 little wolves realized the big bad pig had truly changed and they invited him to live with them as long as he wanted.

THE END

TIKKI TIKKI TEMBO

By Arlene Mosel

Adapted for Reader's Theater
By Andrea Roberts

Characters: **Narrator 1** **Narrator 2** **Tikki Tikki**
 Mother **Chang**

Narrator 1 Once upon a time it was the custom for the fathers and mothers in China to give their first sons great long names, but second sons were given hardly any name at all.

Narrator 2 In a small mountain village there lived a mother who had two sons. Her second son she called Chang which means little or nothing. Her first and honored son she called Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo, which means the most wondrous thing in the whole wide world.

Narrator 1 Every morning the mother and her little boys went to wash clothes in a little stream near their home. On the bank was an old well.

Mother Don't go near the well or you will surely fall in.

Narrator 2 The mother warned her little boys.

Narrator 1 The boys did not always listen to their mother. One day they were playing on the well and Chang fell in.

Narrator 2 Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo ran as fast as his little legs could carry him to his mother.

Tikki Tikki Most honorable mother, Chang has fallen into the well!

Narrator 1 But his mother could not hear him over the roar of the water. So Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo yelled again over the roar of the water.

Tikki Tikki Most honorable mother, Chang has fallen into the well!

Mother Run and get the Old Man with The Ladder to fish him out!

Narrator 2 So Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo ran as fast as his little legs could carry him to the Old Man with The Ladder.

Tikki Tikki Old Man with The Ladder, Chang has fallen into the well. Will you come fish him out?

Narrator 1 The Old Man ran as quickly as his old legs could carry him. He went into the well and picked up little Chang. Chang was just as good as ever.

- Narrator 2 The two boys stayed away from the well for several months, but after the Festival of the Eighth Moon they ran to the well to eat their rice cakes. This time Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo fell into the well! Chang ran as fast as his little legs could carry him to his mother and said:
- Chang Most Honorable Mother, Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo has fallen into the well!
- Narrator 2 But the waters roared and his mother could not hear him. He tried again louder, but she still could not hear him. Finally he tried again, but he was so out of breath... he said:
- Chang Honorable Mother, Chari bari rembo tikki tikki pip pip has fallen into the well!
- Mother Unfortunate Son, surely the evil spirits have bewitched your tongue. Speak your brother's name with reverence.
- Chang Most Honorable Mother, Tikki tikki...tembo-no...sa rembo...chari bari...ruchi pip...peri pembo...is at the bottom of the well!
- Narrator 1 His mother told him to run to the Old Man with The Ladder. So he ran as fast as his little legs could carry him. He yelled as loudly as he could that his brother had fallen into the well. But the Old Man was sleeping and could not hear him. He tried again, and finally the Old Man was awakened.

Narrator 1 The Old Man ran with Chang and pulled the little boy from the well. Then he pumped the water out of him and pushed the air into him. But little Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo had been in the water so long, all because of his great long name. The moon rose many times before he was quite the same again.

Narrator 2 And from that day on the Chinese have always thought it was wise to give all their children little, short names instead of great long names.

The End

Too Much Noise

By: Ann McGovern

Adapted for Reader's Theater
By: Tracy Hall

Narrator 1	Peter	Wise Man	Narrator 2
Donkey	Dog	Cow	Hen
Sheep	Cat		

Nar 1 A long time ago there was an old man. His name was Peter, and he lived in an old, old house.
The bed creaked.
The floor squeaked.
Outside, the wind blew the leaves through the trees.
The leaves fell on the roof. **Swish. Swish.**
The tea kettle whistled. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Peter Too noisy!

Nar 2 said Peter.

Nar 1 Peter went to see the wise man of the village.

Peter What can I do?

Nar 2 Peter asked the wise man.

Peter My house makes too much noise.
My bed creaks.
My floor squeaks.
The wind blows the leaves through the trees.
Swish. Swish.
My tea kettle whistles. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Wise Man I can help you,

Nar 1 the wise man said.

Wise Man I know what you can. do.

Peter What?

Nar 2 said Peter.

Nar 1 Get a cow.

Nar 2 said the wise man.

Peter What good is a cow?

Nar 1 said Peter.

Nar 2 But Peter got a cow anyhow.

Nar 1 The cow said,

Cow Moo. Moo.

Nar 2 The bed creaked.
The floor squeaked.
The leaves fell on the roof **Swish. Swish.**
The tea kettle whistled. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Peter Too noisy!

Nar 1 said Peter.

Nar 2 And he went back to the wise man.

Wise Man Get a donkey.

Nar 1 said the wise man.

Peter What good is a donkey'?

Nar 2 said Peter.

Nar 1 But Peter got a donkey anyhow.

Nar 2 The donkey said,

Donkey Hee-Haw.

Nar 1 The cow said,

Cow Moo. Moo.

Nar 2 The bed creaked.
The floor squeaked.
The leaves fell on the roof. **Swish. Swish.**
The tea kettle whistled. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Peter Still too noisy,

Nar 1 said Peter.

Nar 2 And he went back to the wise man.

Wise Man Get a sheep,

Nar 1 said the wise man.

Peter What good is a sheep?

Nar 2 said Peter.

Nar 1 But Peter got a sheep anyhow.

Nar 2 The sheep said,

Sheep Baa. Baa.

Nar 1 The donkey said.,

Donkey Hee-Haw.

Nar 2 The cow said,

Cow Moo. Moo.

Nar 1 The bed creaked.
The floor squeaked.
The leaves fell on the roof. **Swish. Swish.**
The tea kettle whistled. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Peter Too noisy!

Nar 2 said Peter.

Nar 1 And he went back to the wise man.

Wise Man Get a hen,

Nar 2 said the wise man.

Peter What good is a hen?

Nar 1 said Peter.

Nar 2 But Peter got a hen anyhow.

Nar 1 The hen said,

Hen Cluck. Cluck.

Nar 2 The sheep said,

Sheep Baa. Baa.

Nar 1 The donkey said,

Donkey Hee-Haw.

Nar 2 The cow said,

Cow Moo. Moo.

Nar 1 The bed creaked.
The floor squeaked.
The leaves fell on the roof. **Swish. Swish.**
The tea kettle whistled. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Peter Too noisy!

Nar 2 said Peter.

Nar 1. And he went back to the wise man.

Wise Man Get a dog,

Nar 2 the wise man said.

Wise Man And a cat too.

Peter What good is a dog?

Nar.1 said Peter.

Peter Or a cat?

Nar 2 But Peter got a dog and a cat anyhow.

Nar 1 The dog said,

Dog Woof. Woof.

Nar 2 The cat said,

Cat Mee-ow. Mee-ow.

Nar 1 The hen said,

Hen Cluck. Cluck.

Nar 2 The sheep said,

Sheep Baa. Baa.

Nar 1 The donkey said,

Donkey Hee-Haw.

Nar 2 The cow said,

Cow Moo. Moo.

Nar 1 The bed creaked.
The floor squeaked.
The leaves fell on the roof. **Swish. Swish.**
The tea kettle whistled. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Nar 2 Now Peter was angry.

Nar 1 He went to the wise man.

Nar 2 I told you my house was way too noisy,

Nar 1 he said.

Peter I told you my bed creaks.
My floor squeaks.
The leaves fall on the roof **Swish. Swish.**
The tea kettle whistles. **Hiss. Hiss.**

Peter You told me to get a cow. All day the cow
says,

Cow Moo. Moo.

Peter You told me to get a donkey. All day the
donkey says,

Donkey Hee-Haw.

Peter You told me to get a sheep. All day the sheep
says,

Sheep Baa. Baa.

Peter You told me to get a hen. All day the hen
says,

Hen Cluck. Cluck.

Peter You told me to get a dog. And a cat. All day
long the dog says,

Dog Woof. Woof.
Peter All day the cat says,

Cat Mee-ow. Mee-ow.

Peter I AM GOING CRAZY!!!

Nar 2 said Peter.

Nar I The wise man said,

Wise Man Do what I tell you.
Let the cow go.
Let the donkey go.
Let the sheep go.
Let the hen go.
Let the dog go.
Let the cat go.

Nar 2 So Peter let the cow go.
He let the donkey go.
He let the sheep go.
He let the hen go.
He let the dog go.
He let the cat go.

Nar 1 Now no cow said,

Cow Moo. Moo.

Nar 2 No donkey said,

Donkey Hee-Haw.

Nar 1 No sheep said,

Sheep Baa. Baa.

Nar 2 No hen said,
Hen Cluck. Cluck.

Nar 1 No dog said,

Nar 2 Woof. Woof.

Nar 1 No cat said,

Cat Mee-ow. Mee-ow.

Nar 2 The bed creaked.

Peter Ah,

Nar 1 said Peter.

Peter What a quiet noise.

Nar 2 The floor squeaked.

Peter Oh,

Nar 1 said Peter.

Peter What a quiet noise

Nar 2 Outside, the leaves fell on the roof.

Swish. Swish.

Inside the Tea kettle whistled.

Hiss. Hiss.

Peter Ah!

Nar 1 said Peter.

Peter How quiet my house is.

Nar 2 And Peter got into his bed and went to sleep
and dreamed a very quiet dream.

(Finally...finally... the *quiet, peaceful ending*)

Two for Stew

by

Laura Joffe Numeroff

Adapted for Reader's Theater

by

Pam Ralston

Narrator

Waiter

Woman

Chef

Manager

Waiter: Good evening, Madame.
And how do you do?

Woman: I'd like a table,
A table for two.

Waiter: I'll bring you a menu
In a minute or two.

Woman.: No need to bother.
We came for the stew.

Waiter: There is no more stew,

Narrator: I'm sorry to say.
We do have some noodles,
Will that be okay?

Woman: No. thank you, kind sir,
We never touch **noodles.**

They're messy to eat,
And not fit for **poodles.**

Waiter: I think you'd enjoy
Our ham nuggets and **peas.**

Woman: Oh. no, thank you, sir,
Two bowls of stew, **please.**

Waiter: Look through the menu,
Won't something else **do?**

Woman: But we had our hearts set
On your world-famous **stew.**

There's nothing quite like it
It's chunky, yet **creamy.**
It tickles our taste buds
It's ever so **dreamy.**

Manager: I'm really quite sorry,
We're all out of **stew.**
A bus load of tourists
From Spain just came **through.**

They ate every drop...
Oh! what could I **do?**
Had I known you were coming,
I'd have saved some for **you.**

Waiter: The special tonight
Is a wonderful **dish.**
Oh, please won't you try
Our gravy and **fish?**

Woman. Fish makes me seasick.
And gives me a **rash**.
The last batch we had
Went right in the **trash**.

Can't your chef make some more?
Oh, please don't say **no**.
We must taste your stew.
One bite and we'll **go**.

Chef: I'm not the one.
Who makes it, you **see**.
His grandmother does,
From an old **recipe**.

Woman: That's why it's so great!
We just never **knew**.
Can we go to her house,
And ask for some **stew?**

Narrator: I guess we can go.
Said the waiter, surprised.

Waiter: My bike's right out**side**.
Hop in, grab a helmet.
I'll give you a **ride**.

Narrator: The waiter thought to himself,
I've never brought guests
To Grandma's **before**
Won't she be surprised
When she opens **the door!**

Waiter: She's a wonderful cook.
She bakes a mean **strudel**.

Woman: Maybe she'll make some
For me and my **poodle!**

Waiter: Uh-oh, there goes Grandma
In that car at the **light.**
I forgot that it's Tuesday,
Her big bowling **night.**

Woman You can't mean it. Bowling?
Then it's no stew for **us?**

Waiter: I've been trying to tell you,
But you made such a **fuss.**

Woman: Well, there is one more thing,
One thing you can **do:**
Follow that grandma!
It's bowling for **two!**

THE END

The Twits

by Roald Dahl

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Gordon Petronsky

Characters:

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Mrs. Twit

Mr. Twit

Narrator 1

Mrs. Twit did not have a hairy face like her husband. It was a pity she didn't because that, at any rate, would have hidden some of her fearful ugliness.

Narrator 2

The funny thing is that Mrs. Twit wasn't born ugly. She'd had quite a nice face when she was young. The ugliness had grown upon her year by year as she got older. Why would that happen?

Narrator 1

If a person has ugly thoughts, it begins to show on the face. And when that person has ugly thoughts every day, every week, every year, the face gets uglier and uglier until it gets so ugly you can hardly bear to look at it.

Narrator 2 A person who has good thoughts cannot ever be ugly. You can have a wonky nose and a crooked mouth and a double chin and stuck-out teeth, but if you have good thoughts they will shine out of your face like sunbeams and you will always look lovely.

Narrator 1 Nothing good shone out of Mrs. Twit's face. In her right hand she carried a walking stick. She used to tell people that this was because she had warts growing on her left sole of her foot and walking was painful. But the real reason she carried a stick was so that she could hit things with it, things like dogs and cats and small children.

Narrator 2 And then there was the glass eye. Mrs. Twit had a glass eye that was always looking the other way.

Narrator 1 You can play a lot of tricks with a glass eye because you can take it out and pop it back any time you like. You can bet your life Mrs. Twit knew all the tricks.

Narrator 2 One morning she took out her glass eye and dropped it into Mr. Twit's mug of beer when he wasn't looking.

Narrator 1 Mr. Twit sat there drinking the beer slowly. The froth made a white ring on the hairs around his mouth. He wiped the white froth onto his sleeve and wiped his sleeve on his trousers.

Mrs. Twit You're plotting something!

Narrator 2 Mrs. Twit said...
 keeping her back turned
 so he wouldn't see that she had taken
 out her glass eye.

Mrs. Twit Whenever you go all quiet like that I
 know very well you're plotting
 something!

Narrator 1 Mrs. Twit was right. Mr. Twit was plotting
 away like mad. He was trying to think up
 a really nasty trick he could play on his
 wife that day.

Mrs. Twit You'd better be careful,because when I
 see you starting to plot, I watch you like
 a wombat!

Mr. Twit Oh, do shut up, you old hag!

Narrator 2 He went on drinking his beer, and his
 evil mind kept working away on the
 latest trick he was going to play on the
 old woman.

Narrator 1 Suddenly, as Mr. Twit tipped the last
 drop of beer down his throat, he caught
 sight of Mrs. Twit's awful glass eye
 staring up at him from the bottom of the
 mug. It made him jump!

Mrs. Twit I told you I was watching you. I've got
 eyes everywhere so you'd better be
 careful.

Narrator 2

They continued to trick and deceive one another for a long time. One day the gas man came to read the meters. He knocked on the door and no one answered. He peered into the unkept residence. He saw only the dead twits.

Narrator 1

Want to know how they died? Easy, just read the book!

The End

"Uh-Oh!" Said the Crow

by Joanne Oppenheim

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Eileen Sellers

Narrator

Goose

Crow

Cat

Mare

Duck

Sheep

Hog

Donkey

Chicks

Goat

Cow

Nar.

WH0000!

It was a dark and windy night.

In the barn, all the animals were sound asleep.

Just before dawn there was a terrible...

THUD!

Crow

Uh-*oh!*

Nar.

cawed **Crow.**

Cat

What was *that?*

Nar.

mewed **Cat.**

Crow

I don't *know,*

Nar.

cawed **Crow.**

Mare It's up *there*,

Nar. whinnied *Mare*.

Nar. As she pointed to the loft, there was another loud **THUD!**

Crow Uh-*oh!*

Nar. cawed *Crow*.

Cat What was *that?*

Nar. mewed *Cat*.

Marc It's up *there*,

Nar. whinnied *Mare*.

Goose Sounds like *spooks!*

Nar. honked *Goose*.

Nar. Now the whistling wind swept around the barn calling
WHOOO! WHOOOO!
And from the loft came the frightening sound of
THUD! THUD! THUD!

Crow: Uh-*oh!*

Nar. cawed *Crow*.

Goat Might be a *ghost!*

Nar. bleated *Goat*.

Cat. Don't say *that!*

Nar. mewed **Cat.**

Mare It's up *there,*

Nar. whinnied **Mare.**

Goose Must be **spooks!**

Nar. honked **Goose.**

Duck What bad **luck!**

Nar. quacked **Duck.**

Sheep Go back to **sleep!**

Nar. baaed **Sheep.**

Nar. But Crow, Goat, Cat, Mare, Goose, and Duck
were too scared to sleep.
They sat side by side, shaking with **fear.**

Crow I know!
Someone has to go up in the loft to see what's
there.

Donkey I'm **afraid!**

Nar. Donkey **brayed.**

Nar. Again, the wind cried
WHOOO! WHOOOO!
And a loud and terrible
THUD! THUD! THUD! rumbled
from above.

Nar.
(continued) Crow tried to stay calm.
But now all the animals in the barn were wide
awake and worrying.
Crow thought and thought.
Finally he had an idea.

Crow Let's draw straws.
The one who draws the longest must go up to
see what's there.

Hog Not my *job!*

Nar. grunted *Hog.*

Chicks Nix! *Nix!*

Nar. peeped the *Chicks.*

Cow Not right *now!*

Nar. mooed *Cow.*

Duck No such *luck,*

Nar. quacked *Duck.*

Donkey I'm *afraid!*

Nar. Donkey *brayed.*

Nar. Again the wind howled
WHOO! WHOOO!
And something overhead went
THUD! THUD! THUMP!

Crow Uh-oh! I guess I know who has to **go**,

Nar. cawed **Crow**.

Nar. And saying that, Crow gathered up his courage, spread his wings, and disappeared into the dark loft above.
Hog, Cow, Duck,, Donkey, Goat, Mare, Goose, Cat, Sheep, and the Chicks sat as still as stones...waiting and listening.
All at once there was a storm of **THUDS** and THUMPS and Crow began to caw,

Crow: Uh-oh! Oh **no!**

Nar. And hearing Crow, they all. ran for the door- mooing and grunting, baaing and peeping, mewling and braying, honking and bleating. And running outside, they heard the thudding sound as the wind hit the apples that hit the barn that hit the ground!

Nar. And up in the treetop they saw brave Crow jumping on the branches, cawing,

Crow Watch out **below!**

Goat Some **ghost**,

Nar. bleated **Goat**.

Goose So much for **spooks!**

Nar. honked **Goose**.

Mare Such a **scare!**

Nar. whinnied **Mare.**

Duck What good **luck!**

Nar. quacked **Duck.**

Crow I saved the **show!**

Nar. cawed **Crow.**

Donkey Glad I **stayed!**

Nar. Donkey **brayed.**

Sheep Let's **eat!**

Nar. baaed **Sheep.**

Cat I'm for **that!**

Nar. mewed **Cat.**

Cow Right **now!**

Nar. mooed **Cow.**

Hog That's my **job!**

Nar. grunted **Hog.**

Chicks First **picks!**

Nar. peeped the **Chicks.**

Nar.

So all that day and into the ***night***,
they munched and crunched apples till the
moon turned ***bright***.

They munched and crunched apples one by
one.

They munched and crunched apples until
there were ***none***.

THE END

The Vanishing Pumpkin by Tony Johnston

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Cathy Conrad

CHARACTERS:

Narrator 1
Ghoul
Varmint

Narrator 2
Old Man
Rapsallion

Wizard
Old Woman

Narrator 1 There was a 700-year-old woman. There was an 800 year-old man. They were rocking by the fire when the sun came up.

Old Woman Old, Man, that sun reminds me of something.

Old Man What?

Old Woman Pumpkins. And pumpkins remind me of Halloween. And that's what day it is.

Old Man **Lucky Lizards!!!** Fetch the pumpkin we've been saving, and let's make a pumpkin pie.

Narrator 2 The old woman would have done that, but the pumpkin had vanished from sight.

Narrator 1 She looked in the coffeepot.

Narrator 2 No pumpkin.

Narrator 1 She looked in the bed.

Narrator 2 No pumpkin.

Narrator 1 She looked in her purse of magic powders.

Narrator 2 No pumpkin. **Not a single one!**

Old Woman **Snitched!**

Narrator 1 She cried in her 700-year-old voice.

Old Woman Our Halloween pumpkin's been **snitched!**

Old Man **Great Snakes!**

Narrator 2 croaked the old man.

Old Man Who would dare snatch a pumpkin from an 800 year-old-man?

Narrator 1 And they set off down the road.

Narrator 2 They went as fast as a 700 year-old-woman and an 800 year-old-man can. In fact, they fairly flew.

Narrator 1 They met a ghoulish creature perched on a fence.

Narrator 2 The old man flew up and hollered out,

Old Man Ghoul, where is it?

Ghoul Dunno.

Narrator 1 And he didn't. He didn't even know what it was.

Old Woman Tell him what it is.

Old Man Our pumpkin. Where is it?

Ghoul Dunno.

Narrator 2 And he began to search for the pumpkin.

Narrator 1 He looked underneath himself.

Narrator 2 He looked behind himself.

Narrator 1 He looked behind the old woman. He
I ooked behind the old man.

Old Man **Stop that,** or I'll do you **such a trick!**

Ghoul Please do.

Narrator 2 So the old man made him thin as an
onionskin. And he peered right through
him, hoping to find the pumpkin hidden in
a sneaky place.

Narrator 1 The old woman clapped.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 2 The Ghoul clapped.

Everyone **CLAP!**

Narrator 1 Even the old man clapped at that trick.

Everyone **CLAP!**

Narrator 2 But they did not find the pumpkin. So the old man made him a normal ghoul again.

Old Man Oh, where is the pumpkin? I want my pumpkin pie!

Narrator 1 So they set off down the road.

Narrator 2 They went as fast as a 700 year-old-woman and an 800 year-old-man can. In fact, they fairly flew.

Narrator 1 The Ghoul came right behind. He wanted to see more tricks (He wanted some pumpkin pie too).

Narrator 2 They met a rascalion picking mushrooms.

Narrator 1 The old man flew up and hollered out.

Old Man Rascalion, where's the...the...the...?

Old Woman **Pumpkin!**

Old Man **Exactly! Where is it?**

Narrator 2 The rascalion thought about that. He looked behind a rock.

Narrator 1 No pumpkin.

Narrator 2 He looked under his feet (Which was hard to do)!

Narrator 1 No pumpkin.

Narrator 2 He looked in his mushrooms basket.

Narrator 1 No pumpkin.

Rapscallion Will a mushroom do?

Old Man **Never!** I shan't eat mushroom pie. **It's pumpkin pie or nothing!**

Rapscallion Then it's nothing.

Narrator 2 He said grinning.

Old Man Rapscallion, don't be fresh with an 800 year-old-man, or I'll do such a **trick!**

Rapscallion Please do.

Narrator 1 So the old man turned him upside down, there between earth and sky, to shake that pumpkin out.

Narrator 2 The old woman clapped.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 1 The ghoul clapped.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 2 The rapscallion clapped.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 1 Even the old man clapped at that fine trick.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 2 But not one single pumpkin fell from the rascalion. So the old man put him down again.

Old Man Oh, where is that pumpkin? I want my pumpkin pie!

Narrator 1 So they set off down the road.

Narrator 2 They went as fast as a 700 year-old-woman and an 800 year-old-man can. In fact, they nearly flew.

Narrator 1 The ghoul and the rascalion came right behind. They wanted to see more tricks (They wanted some pumpkin pie too).

Narrator 2 They met a varmint right then and there.

Narrator 1 The old man flew up and bawled out,

Old Man Varmint, did you see a pumpkin go by? **A big fat one?**

Varmint **A great big fat one?**

Old Man **YES! YES!**

Narrator 2 cried the old man as he jumped up and down.

Varmint Nope.

Old Man **Wicked! Wicked! Wicked!** I'll do you
such a trick for tricking me!

Varmint Please do.

Narrator 1 So the old man turned him into a black cat
and gave him lots of fleas.

Narrator 2 The old woman clapped.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 1 The ghoul clapped.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 2 The rascalion clapped.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 1 Even the old man clapped at his own
trick.

Everyone CLAP!

Narrator 2 The varmint scratched.

Everyone SCRATCHED!

Narrator 1 But no matter how he scratched, he never
scratched a pumpkin. So the old man
brought him back again.

Old Man Oh, where is that pumpkin? I want my
pumpkin pie.

Narrator 2 So they set off.

Narrator 1 They went as fast as a 700 year-old-woman and an 800 year-old-man can. In fact, they nearly flew.

Narrator 2 The ghoul and the rascalion and the varmint came right behind. They wanted to see more tricks (They wanted some pumpkin pie too).

Narrator 1 They met a 900 year-old-wizard, rocking by a fire as the sun went down.

Narrator 2 The old man flew up and he saw that it was no fire at all.

Narrator 1 It was...the pumpkin, carved into a jack-o'-lantern and grinning from ear to ear.

Narrator 2 The old man felt like yelling. But you don't yell at a 900 year-old-wizard.

Narrator 1 He might turn you into a lizard.

Wizard I borrowed your pumpkin.

Old Man **Snitched!**

Wizard ***Borrowed!*** For my jack-o'-lantern. Nothing but the best for me!

Old Man **Great Grizzlies!** I'll never have my pumpkin pie

Wizard Pie? That reminds me of something.

Old Woman **What?**

Wizard Pie reminds me of pie. And when I finished my jack-o'-lantern, that's what I made for you.

Old Man **WHERE!**

Wizard Oh, dear. It was just here.

Narrator 2 And he began to search for the pumpkin pie.

Narrator 1 He looked inside the jack-o'-lantern.

Narrator 2 No pie.

Narrator 1 He looked under his hat.

Narrator 2 And...there it was (along with a bat).

Narrator 1 So they all sat down and gobbled it up.

Narrator 2 Now...**what do you think of that?**

THE END

The Very Hungry Caterpillar by Eric Carle

Adapted by Tammie Deurlein, Kathy Oravec, and James Servis

- N 1: In the light of the moon a little egg lay on a leaf
(flashlight)
- N 2: One Sunday morning the warm sun came up and..
- All: POP! (clap!)
- N 3: out of the egg came a tiny and...
- All: VERY HUNGRY (said slowly)
- N 4: caterpillar. He started to look for some food.
(Hand above eyebrows)
- N 1: On Monday he ate through one apple,
- All: but he...was...**still-hungry!**
- N 2: On Tuesday he ate through two pears,
- All: but he...was...**still-hungry!...hungry!...hungry!**
- N 3: On Wednesday he ate through three plums,
- All: but he...was...**still-hungry!...hungry!...hungry!**

N 4: On Thursday he ate through four strawberries,
All: but he...was...**still-hungry!...hungry!...hungry!**

N 1: On Friday he ate through five oranges,
All: but he...was...**still-hungry!...hungry!...hungry!**

N 2: (read all italics rapidly)
*On Saturday he ate through one piece of
chocolate cake,*

N 3: *one ice-cream cone,*

N 4: *one pickle,*

N 1: *one slice of Swiss cheese,*

N 2: *one slice of salami,*

N 3: *one lollipop,*

N 4: *one piece of cherry pie,*

N 1: *one sausage,*

N 2: *one cupcake,*

N 3: *and one slice of watermelon.*

N 4: That night he had a...

All: *Stomach-ache.* (groan and moan)

N 1: The next day was Sunday, again

N 2: The caterpillar ate through
one...(pause)...nice...(pause)...green...(pause)
...leaf,

N 3: And after that he felt,

All: **much better!** (Crescendo)

N 1: Now he wasn't hungry any more - and he wasn't a
little caterpillar any more.

N 2: He was a **B I G**

N 3: **F A T**

N 4: Caterpillar.

N 1: He built a small house

N 2: called a cocoon

N 3: around himself.

N 4: He stayed inside for more than two weeks.

N 1: Then he nibbled a hole

N 2: in the cocoon,

N 3: pushed his way out

N 4: and...

All:

he

was

a

beautiful...

butterfly!

THE END!

We'll Teach Our Dog 100 Words
adapted for Reader's Theater
from
We'll Teach My Dog 100 Words
by Michal Frith

Adaption by: Tonya M. Huffman

Characters:

Dog Owner 1 Dog Owner 2 Mr. Jones Mrs. Roe
Miss Paton Mr. Leer

Note: all rhyming words in **BOLD FACE**
all 100 words in italics and underlined (can be in bold face if word is
also a rhyming word)

Owner 1 & 2 Today, we'll teach our dog 100 words.

Owner 1 The first 7 words I'll teach my **Spot** is...
obtain good posture, and... *on all four's*
trot!

Owner 2 I'll teach him to...*stand, sit...*and *grin!*
Now that makes **ten**.

Owner 1 And Mr. Jones who lives down the **street**
will say,

Mr. Jones Wow! Let's see more! That's really **neat!**

Owner 2 And I'll teach him to...bark, and...beg,
and scratch his leg,
and...wash his toes, and...
wash his eyes , and even to eat...
Mc Donald's French-fries!
Then Mr. Jones will tell Mrs. **Roe**,

Mr. Jones My goodness, that is the smartest dog I
know!

Owner 1 We won't stop there. No, not at **all**...
I'll teach him the differences between...
big, and...**small**,
and...skinny, and...fat...
and...high, and...low,
and...a **cat**,
and...a rat.

Owner 2 He will know...dark,
from...light..
day from...**night**,
and even...
wrong, from...right.

Owner 1 And then Mrs. Roe will yell to Miss
Paton,

Mrs. Roe This dog is amazing! Watch him in
action.

Owner 2 Then we will give people more to **see**
as Spot...wags his tail, and...follows me.
Awesome! We're up to **43!**

Owner 1 I'll teach him...purple, gray, peach, white
and green, and also...blue and...black,
popular colors of ink. And then Miss
Paton will call Mayor **Leer**.
She will quickly say,

Miss Paton Get over **here!**

Owner 2 And for the mayor, I'll teach my dog to...
spray paint a chair,
and to...hand paint
Uncle Williams underwear!

Owner 1 And then Mr. Leer, the mayor **will say**,

Mayor Leer Today will be declared a **holiday!**

Owners 1 & 2 And everyone will come and **rush**,
to see our amazing dog and **us**.

Owner 2 I'll show them that Spot can...fetch a
bone, write the answer to...
two times two,
blow his nose,
and...fetch a shoe.

Owner 1 He can...clean the zoo, cut the **grass**,
brush his hair, and...take out the **trash!**
We must show people **more**
because we're only up to **84**.

Owner 2 That's not all Spot can do. He will...cook
the dinner, mop the **floor**,
read a book, and...wash the windows
on the back **door**.

Owners 1 & 2 Now there! That makes 100 words. Our
dog will learn those 100 words,
and how our friends will **cheer!**
We'll teach our dog those hundred words
not now, but...next **year**.

THE END

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

by Maurice Sendak

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Amy Cavato

NARRATOR 1
MAX
WILD THING 2

NARRATOR 2
WILD THING 1
MOM

Narrator 1 The night Max wore his wolf suit and
made mischief of one kind...

Narrator 2 and another...his mother called him...

Mom WILD THING!!!

Narrator 1 And Max said...

Max **I'LL EAT YOU UP!!!**

Narrator 2 so he was sent to bed without eating
anything. That very night in Max's room a
forest grew.

Narrator 1 and grew...until his ceiling hung with vines
and the walls became the world all around.

Narrator 2 and an ocean tumbled by with a private boat or Max, and he sailed off through night and day, and in and out of weeks and almost over a year, to where the wild things are.

Narrator 1 And when he came to the place where the wild things are, they roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth, and rolled their terrible eyes and showed their terrible claws, till Max said...

MAX **BE STILL!!!**

Narrator 2 ...and tamed them with the magic trick of staring into all their yellow eyes without blinking once, and they were frightened and called him the most wild thing of all...

Narrator 1 ...and made him king of all wild things.

Max **And now...let the wild rumpus start!!!!**

Narrator 1 Max and the wild things hung from the vines, jumped, danced and paraded all night.

Max **NOW STOP!!**

Narrator 2 Max sent the wild things off to bed without their supper. And Max, the king of all wild things was lonely and wanted to be where someone loved him best of all.

Narrator 1 Then all around from far away across the world he smelled good things to eat, so he gave up being king of where the wild things are.

Narrator 2 But the wild things cried...

Wild Thing 1 Oh...please don't go!!

Wild Thing 2 We'll eat you up, we love you so!!!

Narrator 2 and Max said...

Max **NO!!!**

Narrator 1 The wild things roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth and rolled their terrible eyes and showed their terrible claws, but Max stepped into his private boat and waved goodbye...

Narrator 2 ...and sailed back over a year and in and out of weeks and through a day and into the night of his very own room where he found his supper waiting for him...

Narrator 1 ...and it was still hot!

THE END

Narrator 4 The Duke of York marched all his men,
to the top of the hill and down again.

Narrator 1 And what did that army think of most?
Was it Humpty, served on toast?

All Did they push Humpty?

Narrator 2 There was a little girl,
who had a little curl,
who could
be good,
or horrid.

Narrator 3 In a bad temper, late one night,
did she push Humpty, out of spite?

All Did she push Humpty?

Narrator 4 In the dark, Tom ran by,
with a squealing pig from a farmer's sty.

Humpty "Stop thief!" he cried from the wall.

Tom "Be quiet." he hissed, "or you might fall."

All Did he push Humpty?

Narrator 1 Or maybe, while alone one night,
Humpty saw the strangest sight

Narrator 2 A cow was jumping over the moon,
a dish was running away with a spoon!

Narrator 3 Did Humpty laugh and wobble around?
Could this be how he fell to the ground?

All Maybe no one pushed Humpty!

Narrator 4 But someone else we shouldn't **neglect**,
is little Jack Horner, a prime **suspect**.

Narrator 1 After pie...all sugar and **spice**...
a simple egg might be quite **nice**.

All Did he push Humpty?

Narrator 2 And Little Bo **Peep**,
when she lost her **sheep**,
might have grown tired of **looking**.

Narrator 3 Did she see Humpty on the wall,
and begin to think of **cooking**?

All Did she push Humpty?

Narrator 4 The suspects now have all been **named**.

Narrator 1 Look at them closely. Who's to **blame**?

Narrator 2 You'll have to guess, 'cause we won't **tell**,
how it was that Humpty **fell**.

Narrator 3 But probably you have a **hunch**
and while you're thinking...

All ...we'll have **lunch**!

THE END

WHO WILL BE MY MOTHER?

By Joy Cowley

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Alison Perod

**Narrator
Hen**

**Lamb
Boy**

Horse

Bull

Rabbit

NARRATOR

Mother sheep died, and Lamb had no mother.

LAMB

Maa-maa, maa-maa. Who will be my mother?

NARRATOR

Lamb went to the horse.

LAMB

Horse, Horse, will you be my mother?

HORSE

I am a horse, I can't be your mother.

NARRATOR

Lamb went to the bull.

LAMB

Bull, Bull, will you be my mother?

BULL

I am a bull, I can't be your mother.

NARRATOR

Lamb went to the rabbit.

LAMB

Rabbit, Rabbit, will you be my mother.

RABBIT

I am a rabbit, I can't be your mother.

NARRATOR Lamb went to the hen.

LAMB Hen, Hen, will you be my mother?

HEN I am a hen, I can't be your mother.

NARRATOR Lamb went to the boy.

LAMB Boy, Boy, will you be my mother?

BOY I am a boy, I can't be your mother.

NARRATOR The Lamb cried and cried.

LAMB Maa-maa, maa-maa.

BOY All right, Lamb, I will be your mother!

THE END

The Wild Baby ***adapted from the Swedish*** ***by Jack Prelutsky***

adapted for Reader's Theater
by Michael Acomb

Narrator 1
Mama

Narrator 2
Baby

Narrator 3
Narrator 4

Narrator 1 Mama loved her baby Ben,
Her small and precious child.

Narrator 2 But he always disobeyed her,
he was reckless, loud and wild.

Narrator 3 (said Mama to Baby)

Mama Don't use scissors, don't eat toothpaste,
Don't go climbing on the shelf,
And don't go bumping down the staircase,
You are sure to hurt yourself.

Narrator 4 Baby disappeared one morning,
when she should have been in bed.

- Narrator 1** She found him sleeping soundly,
on the wooden clock **instead**.
- Narrator 2** He crept into her room one night,
she snored and **didn't hear**.
- Narrator 3** Softly as the slyest cat,
he climbed the **chandelier**.
- Narrator 4** He dangled there until it **broke**,
then hurried out as mama **woke**.
- Narrator 1** He fell into the toilet bowl,
and so he had to **shout**:
- Baby** Mama! Hurry! Help! I'm stuck!
Please Mama! Get me **out**!
- Narrator 2** Mama rushed in **terrified**,
and quickly pulled him back **outside**.
- Narrator 3** He clambered up the kitchen sink,
and dove in for a **swim**.
- Narrator 4** He broke a lot of dishes,
Mama really scolded **him**.
- Baby** (to Mama) How come you never let me
play!?
- Narrator 1** He grumbled as he stormed **away**.
- Narrator 2** He crawled into a big, blue sack,
and left without a **sound**.
- Narrator 3** Poor Mama hunted vainly,
baby Ben could not be **found**.

- Narrator 4** But late that night, the big blue sack, marched right into the hall.
- Baby** Hello! I'm back!
- Narrator 1** Mama hugged him sack and all.
- Narrator 2** She took him out to get some air, but all at once he wasn't there.
- Narrator 3** She shuddered as a car sped by, and surely was about to cry.
- Narrator 4** But then she spied him in a tree, relaxing on a limb.
- Narrator 1** She sat below, so when he fell, she softly cushioned him.
- Narrator 2** Soon afterward, at lunchtime, baby Ben grew very ill.
- Narrator 3** He had spots and dots all over, with a fever and a chill.
- Narrator 4** So Mama put her Ben to bed, she held his hand, she stroked his head.
- Narrator 1** She kissed his nose, she rubbed his ears, he soon was well, she dried her tears.
- Narrator 2** What happy noises then were made, as all that night they danced and played.
- Narrator 3** One day she took him for a stroll, they walked and walked for hours.

Narrator 4 And when they reached a grassy **knoll**, she stooped to gather **flowers**.

Narrator 1 But as she picked a small bouquet, he tiptoed off and slipped **away**.

Narrator 2 When Mama saw he wasn't **there**, the tears streamed down her **face**.

Narrator 3 She wept and wept in great **despair**.

Mama He's gone without a **trace**.
I'll never find him in the **wood**,
my baby Ben is lost for **good**.

Narrator 4 Then suddenly out popped his head,

Baby A wolf just licked my **face**!

Narrator 1 He said.

Baby I licked him back, he ran **away**,
we won't see **him** again **today**!

Narrator 2 Mama broke into a **smile**,
and hugged him tightly for **awhile**.

Narrator 3 She bundled home her baby **Ben**,

All Of course, he's since run off **again!!!**

The End

Narrator It wasn't Lucas's idea of a wonderful idea at all, but at least it would be more fun if the whole family went.

Mr. Cott All right.

Narrator Agreed Mr. Cott.

Mr. Cott I could use a haircut myself.

Narrator So they all got into the car and drove to the barbershop. Lucas had been getting his hair cut at the same barbershop ever since he was a small boy. He liked to watch the three barbers at their work. He always wondered if they trimmed one another's hair at times when there were no customers waiting on the chairs that were lined up against the wall.

Marius **No! No!**

Narrator Said Marius when he recognized where they were going. He didn't like haircuts.

Lucas It's fun, Marius.

Narrator Lucas lied to his brother.

Marius No fun!

Narrator Marius said.

Lucas I'll get my hair cut first.

Narrator Suggested Lucas.

Lucas Then you can watch and see that it doesn't hurt at all.

Narrator A barber named Louie finished trimming the hair of a man who was mostly bald. Lucas wondered what it felt like to be bald. His favorite wrestler was Hairless Hairy, who was so bald that his scalp shone on the television screen.

Mr. Cott I like the way Louie cuts my hair.

Narrator Mr. Cott whispered to the others.

Mr. Cott If you don't mind, I'll go first.

Mrs. Cott Sure.

Narrator Said Mrs. Cott.

Mrs. Cott Then you'll be able to give me a hand when the twins get their haircuts.

Mr. Cott You don't need any help from me.

Narrator Said Lucas' father.

Mr. Cott That's what the barbers are for.

Mrs. Cott That's what you think.

Narrator Said Mrs. Cott.

Mrs. Cott Is this the first time you ever came to the barbershop with the boys?

Narrator Mr. Cott looked at Marius and Marcus. They had gotten off their chairs and were making little piles out of the hair on the floor.

Louie Next.

Narrator Called Louie. He looked very pleased when Mr. Cott got onto his chair. The other two barbers kept looking up from their work to see how far along the other was. One of them would avoid cutting the twin's hair if he worked slowly enough and Louie finished cutting Mr. Cott's hair. Finally, the barber named Tony finished working on his customer. He looked anxiously at Mrs. Cott as he said:

Tony Next.

Lucas It's my turn.

Narrator Said Lucas as he got onto the barber's chair. Tony smiled at him with delight.

Tony I like to cut big boys' hair.

Narrator He said as he began snipping away. He worked so well that he forgot to stall. Lucas's hair was finished while Louie was still cutting Mr. Cott's hair.

Tony Next.

Narrator Said Tony. He looked across at the third barber. He was cutting one hair at a time.

Mrs. Cott All right, Marcus, It's your turn.

Narrator Said Mrs. Cott. Marcus looked up from the floor where he was still sitting.

Marcus No haircut!

Narrator He said.

Lucas It's fun.

Narrator Said Lucas.

Lucas I just had mine cut. Now it's your turn.

Mr. Cott Go ahead, Marcus.

Narrator Called Mr. Cott from a damp towel which the barber had placed over his face.

Marcus **No!**

Narrator Marcus howled.

Marius **No?**

Narrator Marius howled too. Mrs. Cott lifted Marcus up and put him onto the special seat that Tony had put on top of his chair. It had a steering wheel and was meant to look like a car.

Marcus **No! No! No!**

Narrator Howled Marcus, and he kept shaking his head so much that Tony was afraid to come near him with the scissors.

Tony I don't want to cut your boy.

Narrator He explained to Lucas' mother.

Mrs. Cott That's all right.

Narrator Said Mrs. Cott.

Mrs. Cott He'll settle down in a minute.

Marcus **No! No! No!**

Narrator Screamed Marcus. From the floor came an echoing howl from Marius.

Tony Come back next week.

Narrator Said Tony.

Tony Not today.

Mrs. Cott No, we're here now and you're not busy either.

Narrator Said Mrs. Cott.

Tony I can't cut the hair of a boy who jumps so much.

Narrator Said Tony.

Lucas Wait!

Narrator Said Lucas.

Lucas I'll help you.

Narrator Lucas went over to Tony's chair and locked his arm around Marcus's neck and shoulder. He pressed his brother against the chair in the best head lock he had ever done.

Lucas Okay. Cut away!

Narrator He instructed Tony. The barber waited a moment to see if the little boy was going to break out of the hold. But Marcus didn't resist. He stayed still the way he always did when Lucas wrestled with him at home.

Tony I think this will work.

Narrator Said Tony, nodding his head, and quickly began to cut.

Lucas See, it's fun!

Narrator Lucas insisted as he held Marcus in place. Some of Marcus's hair fell onto Lucas's face as the barber cut. But Lucas knew better than to let go of Marcus to wipe his face.

Marius **My turn! My turn!**

Narrator Marius began to cry. He had been watching them.

Mrs. Cott You're next.

Narrator His mother promised him. Tony worked fast. Soon, Marcus's hair was quite short. Tony helped him down from the chair and picked up Marius.

Tony Don't go away!

Narrator He called to Lucas.

Lucas Don't worry.

Narrator Said Lucas.

Lucas I know a lot of holds.

Marius **My turn!**

Narrator Marius shouted triumphantly. Lucas reached behind the chair and shot his arms through his brother's.

Lucas This is the double chicken-wing. I just learned how to do it this morning.

Narrator He explained.

Tony It works well.

Narrator Said Tony, snipping away. The third barber finished with his customer. He stood back and relaxed as he watched Tony cutting Marius's hair. Louie finished cutting Mr. Cott's hair, too. Mr. Cott paid the bill for four haircuts.

Mr. Cott See.

Narrator He said to his wife.

Mr. Cott There's nothing to it.

THE END

The Complete Tales of Winnie-the-Pooh by A. A. Milne

“In Which Pooh Goes Visiting and Gets Into a Tight Place”

Adapted for Reader’s Theater
by Vittoria Coccoli

Characters:

Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Pooh Rabbit
Christopher Robin

Narr 1 Edward Bear, known to his friends as Winnie-the Pooh

Pooh or Pooh, for short

Narr 1 was walking through the forest one day, humming proudly to himself. He had made up a little hum that very morning, as he was doing his ‘Stoutness Exercises’ in front of the glass:

Pooh Tra-la-la, tra-la-la

Narr 1 as he stretched up as high as he could go, and then...

Pooh Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, help!-la

Narr 1 as he tried to reach his toes. After breakfast he had said it over and over to himself until he had learnt it off by heart, and now he was humming it right through, properly, It went like this:

Pooh Tra-la-la, tra-la-la
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle, iddle,
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle,
Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.

Narr 2 Well, he was humming this hum to himself, and walking along qaily, wondering what everybody else was doing, and what it felt like, being somebody else, when suddenly he came to a sandy bank, and in the bank was a large hole.

Pooh A-ha! If I know anything about anything, that hole means Rabbit. And Rabbit means Company. And Company means Food and Listening-to-Me-Humming and such like.
Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.

Narr 1 and So he bent down, put his head into the hole called out

Pooh Is anybody at home?

Narr 2 There was a sudden scuffling noise from inside the hole, and then silence.

Pooh What I said was, 'Is anybody at home?'

Rabbit NO!

Narr 1 said a voice, and then added:

Rabbit You needn't shout so loud. I heard you quite well the first time.

Pooh Bother! Isn't there anybody here at all?

Rabbit Nobody.

Narr 2 Winnie-the-Pooh took his head out of the hole, and thought for a little, and he thought to himself

Pooh There must be somebody there, because somebody must have said, 'nobody.'

Narr 1 So he put his head back in the hole

Pooh Hallo, Rabbit, isn't that you?

Rabbit No!

Narr 1 said Rabbit, in a different sort of voice this time.

Pooh But isn't that Rabbit's voice?

Rabbit I don't think so. It wasn't meant to be.

Pooh Oh!

Narr 1 said Pooh. He took his head out of the hole,
and had another think, and then he put it back,
and said

Pooh Well, could you very kindly tell me where
Rabbit is?

Rabbit
is He has gone to see his friend Pooh Bear, who
a great friend of his.

Pooh But this is me.

Rabbit What sort of Me?

Pooh Pooh Bear

Rabbit Are you quite sure?

Narr 2 said Rabbit, still more surprised

Pooh Quite, quite sure

Rabbit Oh, well, then, come in.

Narr 1 So Pooh pushed and pushed and pushed his
way through the hole, and at last he got it.

Rabbit You were quite right.

Narr 2 said Rabbit, looking at him all over.

Rabbit It is you. Glad to see you.

Pooh Who did you think it was?

Rabbit Well, I wasn't sure. You know how it is in the Forest. One can't have anybody coming into one's house. One has to be careful. What about a mouthful of something?

Narr 1 Pooh always liked a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he was very glad to see Rabbit getting out the plates and mugs, and when Rabbit said

Rabbit Honey or condensed milk with your bread?

Narr 2 He was so excited that he said

Pooh BOTH!

Narr 1 And then, so as not to seem so greedy, he added

Pooh but don't bother about the bread, please.

Narr 2 And for a long time after that he said nothing... until at last, humming to himself in a rather sticky voice, he got up, shook Rabbit lovingly by the paw, and said that he must be going on.

Rabbit Must you?

Narr 1 said Rabbit politely

Pooh Well, I could stay a little longer if it-if you-

Narr 2 And he tried very hard to look in the direction of the larder.

Rabbit As a matter of fact, I was going out myself directly.

Pooh Oh, well, then, I'll be going on. Good-bye.

Rabbit Well, good-bye, if you're sure you won't have any more

Pooh Is there any more?

Narr 1 asked Pooh quickly. Rabbit took the covers off the dishes, and said, 'No, there wasn't'

Pooh I thought not.

Narr 2 said Pooh, nodding to himself.

Pooh Well, good-bye. I must be going.

Narr 1 So he started to climb out of the hole. He pulled with his front paws, and pushed with his back paws, and in a little while his nose was out in the open again...

Narr 2 and then his ears

Narr 1 and then his front paws...

Narr 2 and then his shoulders

Narr 1 and then

Pooh Oh help! I'd better go back. OH bother, I shall have to go on. I can't do either.
OH HELP AND BOTHER!!!

Narr 2 Now by this time Rabbit wanted to go for a walk too, and finding the front door full, he went out by the back door, and came round to Pooh, and looked at him. He asked,

Rabbit Hallo, are you stuck?

Pooh N-No, just resting and thinking and humming to myself.

Rabbit Here, give us a paw.

Narr 1 Pooh bear stretched out a paw, and Rabbit pulled and pulled and pulled...

Pooh Ow! You're hurting!

Rabbit The fact is, you're stuck.

Pooh It all comes,

Narr 2 said Pooh crossly

Pooh of not having front doors big enough

Rabbit It all comes

Narr 1 said Rabbit sternly

Rabbit of eating too much. I thought at the time

Narr 2 said Rabbit

Rabbit only I didn't like to say anything, that one of us was eating too much. And I knew it wasn't me. Well, well then, I shall go and fetch Christopher Robin.

Narr 1 Christopher Robin lived at the other end of the Forest, and when he came back with Rabbit, and saw the front half of Pooh, he said,

Chris (lovingly) 'Silly old bear'

Narr 2 in such a loving voice that everybody felt quite hopeful again.

Pooh I was just beginning to think

Narr 1 said Bear, sniffing slightly

Pooh that Rabbit might never be able to use his front door again. And I should hate that.

Rabbit So should I.

Chris Use his front door again? Of course he'll use his front door again!

Rabbit Good.

Chris If we can't pull you out Pooh, we might push you back.

Narr 1 Rabbit stretched his whiskers thoughtfully, and pointed out that, when once Pooh was pushed back, he was back, and of course nobody was more glad to see Pooh than he was, still there it was, some lived in trees and some lived underground, and-

Pooh You mean I'd never get out?

Rabbit I mean...that having got so far, it seems a pity to waste it.

Narr 2 Christopher Robin nodded.

Chris Then there's only one thing to be done. We shall have to wait for you to get thin again.

Pooh How long does getting thin take?

Chris About a week, I should think.

Pooh But I can't stay here for a week.

Chris You can stay here all right, silly old Bear. It's getting you out which is so difficult.

Rabbit We'll read to you

Narr 2 said Rabbit cheerfully.

Rabbit And I hope it won't snow. And I say, old fellow, you're taking up a good deal of room in my house...do you mind if I use your back legs as a towel horse? Because, I mean, there they are...doing nothing...and it would be very convenient just to hang the towels on them.

Pooh A week! What about meals?

Chris I'm afraid no meals, because of getting thin quicker. But we will read to you.

Narr 1 Bear began to sigh, and then found he couldn't because he was so tightly stuck, and a tear rolled down his eye, as he said:

Pooh Then would you read a Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?

Narr 2 So for a week Christopher Robin read that sort of book at the North end of Pooh,

Narr 1 and Rabbit hung his washing on the South end...

Narr 2 and in-between Bear felt himself getting slenderer and slenderer. And at the end of the week Christopher Robin said

Chris NOW!

Narr 1 So he took hold of Pooh's front paws and Rabbit took hold of Christopher Robin, and all Rabbit's friends and relations took hold of Rabbit, and they all pulled together...

Narr 2 And for a long time Pooh only said:

Pooh OW! OH!

Narr 1 And then all of a sudden, he said:

Pooh POP!

Narr 1 just as if a cork were coming out of a bottle.

Narr 2 And Christopher Robin and Rabbit and all Rabbit's friends and relations went head over heels backwards...and on top of them came Winnie-the-Pooh-free!

Narr 1 So, with a nod of thanks to his friends, he went on with his walk through the forest, humming proudly to himself. But Christopher Robin looked after him lovingly, and said to himself

Chris 'Silly old Bear!'

THE END

WITH HIS MOUTH FULL OF FOOD

by Shel Silverstein

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Susie Marsick

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Mother

Father
Milford Dupree

- N-1 Milford Dupree, though he knew it was rude,
always talked with his mouth full of food.
- N-2 He never would burp or walk out in the nude,
But he always talked with his mouth full of food.
- N-1 His mother said,
- Mother Get married or go get tattooed,
But don't talk with you mouth full of food.
If it was a crime you would surely get sued,
If you talked with your mouth full of food.
Why, just ask an animal, you should be zoo'd,
As you talk with your mouth full of food.
For you know we're all put in a terrible mood,
When you talk with you mouth full of food.

N-2 His dad said,
Father Milford, it's **crude** and it's **lewd**,
To talk with your mouth full of **food**.
Why even the cow who **moo'd** as she **chewed**,
Never **moo'd** with her mouth full of **food**.
And the **cuckoo** would never have ever
cuckoo'd,
If he **coo'd** with his mouth full of **food**.

Mother We plead!

Father And we beg!

N-1 But Milford just giggled and chewed and laughed,
With his mouth full of **food**.

N-2 And all they advised him, he simply poo **poo'd**.
He poo poo'd with his mouth full of **food**.

N-1 So they called the gluer.

Mother We need his mouth glued so he cannot talk,
With his mouth full of **food**.

N-2 Now instead of 'Good morning!' he says,

Milford Gnu murnood, I wun tuk mny marf furu **foog**.

THE END

The Year Mom Won the Pennant

by **Matt Christopher**

adapted for Reader's Theater
by **Michael Bokovitz**

Characters:

Narrator Scotty

Jabber Kane

Nick

Jabber Hey, look who's here! Nick, I heard your Mom is coaching the Thunderbirds!

Narrator Jabber was one kid with the perfect nickname.

Nick So what?

Narrator Said Nick. The kid with Jabber was Steve Dale. Both boys played with the Clowns. Jabber laughed as they approached.

Jabber Who ever heard of a woman coaching a boy's baseball team?

Nick What difference does it make?

Narrator Snapped Nick.

Nick She probably knows more about baseball than your whole bunch of Clowns put together.

Narrator Jabber's wide smile showed large teeth in front, teeth that Nick felt like knocking down Jabber's skinny throat.

Jabber I can't wait till we play you guys! I can picture your Mom yelling from the dugout (in a female-like voice).
"Come on, boys! Don't slide unless you have to!
You mustn't get your pants dirty!"
(Jabber's own loud voice): Ha!

Narrator The guys laughed. Including Scotty and Jerry. Nick saw red. He squared his jaw and went after Jabber, his fist clenched. Jabber whisked around on his skate board and sped off down the sidewalk, his laughing trailing after him.

Scotty Forget it, he's only kidding.

Nick I know. But I don't like it. I hope that when we play those Clowns we'll beat them twenty to nothing!

Narrator What he really wished was that someone else were coaching the Thunderbirds. Someone else, not Mom.

THE END

The Zax by Dr. Seuss

Adapted for Reader's Theater
by Michelle McNamara

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

North-Going Zax

South-Going Zax

Narrator 1

One day, making tracks
In the prairie of Prax,
Came a North-going Zax
And a South-Going Zax.

Narrator 2

And it happened that both of them
came to a place where they bumped.
There they stood.
Foot to foot. Face to face.

North-Going Zax

Look here, now! I say!
You are blocking my path.
You are right in my way.
I'm a North-Going Zax and I always go
north.
Get out of my way, now, and let me go
forth!

South-Going Zax

Who's in whose way?

Narrator 1 snapped the South-Going **Zax**.

South-Going Zax I always go south,
making south-going **tracks**.
So you're in MY way!
And I ask you to **move**,
And let me go south,
in my south-going **groove**.

Narrator 2 Then the North-Going Zax,
puffed his chest up with **pride**.

North-Going Zax I never ever take a step to one **side**.
And I'll prove to you that,
I won't change my **ways**,
If I have to keep standing here,
fifty-nine **days!**

South-Going Zax **And I'll prove to YOU.**

Narrator 1 yelled the South-Going **Zax**.

South-Going Zax That I can stand here,
in the prairie of **Prax**,
For fifty-nine years!
For I live by a **rule**,
That I learned as a boy,
back in South-Going **School**.
Never budge! That's my rule.
Never budge in the least!
Not an inch to the west!
Not an inch to the east!
I'll stay here, not budging!
I can and I **will**,
If it makes you and me,
and the whole world stand **still!**

Narrator 2

Well...

Of course the world **didn't** stand still.

The world **grew**.

In a couple of years, the new highway
came **through**.

And they built it right over,
those two stubborn **Zax**.

And left them there,
standing un-budged in their **tracks**.

THE END

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by James Servis