

Brave Irene

William Steig

Narrator: Mrs. Bobbin, the dressmaker, was tired and had a bad headache, but she still managed to sew the last stitches in the gown she was making.

Irene: It's the most beautiful dress in the whole world

N: said her daughter, Irene.

Irene: The duchess will love it.

Mother: It is nice,

N: admitted her mother.

Mother: But, dumpling, it's for tonight's ball, and I don't have the strength to bring it. I feel terribly sick.

Irene: Poor Mama, I can get it there!

Mother: No cupcake, I cannot let you. Such a huge package, and it's such a long way to the palace. Besides, it's starting to snow.

Irene: But I love snow.

N: Irene insisted.

Narrator 2: She coaxed her mother into bed, covered her with two quilts, and added a blanket for her feet.

N: Then she fixed her some tea with lemon and honey and put more wood in the stove.

N2: With great care, Irene took the splendid gown down from the dummy and packed it into a big box with plenty of tissue paper.

Mother: Dress warmly pudding.

N: called her mother in a weak voice.

Mother: and don't forget to button up. Don't you know its cold out there, and windy!

N2: And so, Irene put on her fleece-lined boots, her red hat and muffler, her heavy coat, and her mittens. She kissed her mother's hot forehead six times,

N: then once again, made sure she was tucked in snugly, and slipped out with the bib box, shutting the door firmly behind her.

N2: It really was cold outside,

N and N2: very cold

N2: The wind whirled the falling snowflakes about, this way and that, and into Irene's squinting face. She set out on the uphill path to Farmer Bennett's sheep pasture.

N: By the time she got there, the snow was up to her ankles and the wind was worse. It hurried her along and made her stumble. Irene resented this: the box was problem enough.

Irene: Easy does it!

N2: she cautioned the wind, leaning back hard against it.

N: By the middle of the pasture, the flakes were falling thicker. Now the wind drove Irene along so rudely she had to hop, skip, and go helter-skeltering over the knobby ground.

N2: Cold snow sifted into her boots and chilled her feet. She pushed out her lip and hurried on.

All: This was an important errand.

CLICK CLACK MOO COWS THAT TYPE
by Doreen Cronin

Adapted by: Dina Braccio and Allyson Williams

Characters: Narrator, Cows, Farmer Brown, Ducks

Narrator: Farmer Brown has a problem. His cows like to type. All day long he hears...

All: Click, clack, moo. Click, clack, moo. Clickety clack moo.

Narrator: At first, he couldn't believe his ears. Cows that type? Impossible!

All: Click, clack, moo. Click, clack, moo. Clickety clack moo.

Narrator: Then he couldn't believe his eyes. He got a note from the cows.

Cows: Dear Farmer Brown, The barn is very cold at night. We'd like some electric blankets. Sincerely, The Cows

Narrator: It was bad enough the cows had found the old typewriter in the barn, now they wanted electric blankets!

Farmer Brown: "No way. No Electric blankets."

Narrator: So the cows went on strike. They left a note on the barn door.

Cows: Sorry. We're closed. No milk today.

Farmer Brown: "No milk today!"

Narrator: In the background, he heard the cows busy at work:

All: Click, clack, moo. Click, clack, moo. Clickety clack moo.

Narrator: The next day, he got another note.

Cows: Dear Farmer Brown, The hens are cold too. They'd like electric blankets. They left a note on the barn door.

Farmer Brown: "CLOSED, no milk, no eggs!"

Narrator: In the background he heard them.

All: Click, clack, moo. Click, clack, moo. Clickety clack moo

Farmer Brown: "Cows that type. Hens on strike! Whoever heard of such a thing? How can I run a farm with no milk and no eggs!"

Narrator: Farmer Brown was furious. Farmer Brown got out his own typewriter.

Farmer Brown: Dear Cows and Hens: There will be no electric blankets. You are cows and hens! I demand milk and eggs. Sincerely, Farmer Brown

Narrator: Duck was a neutral party, so he brought the ultimatum to the cows.

Narrator: The cows held an emergency meeting. All the animals gathered around the barn to snoop, but none of them could understand moo.

Narrator: All night long Farmer Brown waited for an answer.

Narrator: Duck knocked on the door early the next morning. He handed Farmer Brown a note.

(Duck waddles over to Farmer Brown carrying a note in his beak.)

Cows: Dear Farmer Brown, We will exchange our typewriter for electric blankets. Leave them outside the barn door and we will send Duck over with the typewriter. Sincerely, The Cows

Narrator: Farmer Brown decided this was a good deal. He left the blankets next to the barn door and waited for Duck to come with the typewriter.

Narrator: The next morning he got a note.

Ducks: Dear Farmer Brown, The pond is quite boring. We'd like a diving board.
Sincerely, The Ducks

All: Click, clack, quack. Click, clack, quack. Clickety, clack, quack.

The Little Red Hen

Parts (5): Narrator Hen Pig Duck Cat

NARRATOR: ONCE UPON A TIME, A PIG, A DUCK, A CAT AND LITTLE RED HEN ALL LIVED TOGETHER IN A COZY LITTLE HOUSE ON A PRETTY GREEN HILL.

ALL DAY LONG, THE PIG WALLOPED HAPPILY IN ITS JUICY MUD PUDDLE, THE DUCK SWAM HAPPILY ON HER LITTLE POND, AND THE CAT SLEPT HAPPILY IN THE SUN. THIS LEFT ALL THE WORK OF THE HOUSE FOR THE LITTLE RED HEN TO DO. ONE DAY, AS THE LITTLE RED HEN WAS SCRATCHING ABOUT IN THE YARD LOOKING FOR A NICE BEETLE FOR HER DINNER, SHE CAME UPON A GRAIN OF WHEAT. IT GAVE HER AN IDEA.

HEN: WHO WILL PLANT THIS GRAIN OF WHEAT?

NARRATOR: SHE ASKED OF THE PIG, THE DUCK, AND THE CAT.

PIG: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE PIG.

DUCK: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE DUCK.

CAT: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE CAT. SO, SHE DID. THE GRAIN OF WHEAT SPROUTED, AND IT GREW AND GREW UNTIL IT WAS TALL AND GOLDEN AND READY TO CUT.

HEN: WHO WILL CUT THE WHEAT?

NARRATOR: SHE ASKED OF THE PIG, THE DUCK, AND THE CAT.

PIG: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE PIG.

DUCK: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE DUCK.
CAT: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE CAT. SO SHE DID IT HERSELF. FINALLY, THE WHEAT WAS CUT AND READY TO BE GROUND INTO FLOUR.

HEN: WHO WILL TAKE THE WHEAT TO THE MILL?

NARRATOR: SHE ASKED OF THE PIG, THE DUCK, AND THE CAT.

PIG: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE PIG.

DUCK: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE DUCK.

CAT: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE CAT.

HEN: THEN I WILL.

NARRATOR: AND SHE DID! SOON A LITTLE SACK OF FINE FLOUR CAME BACK FROM THE MILL.

HEN: WHO WILL MAKE THE FLOUR INTO BREAD?

NARRATOR: SHE ASKED OF THE PIG, THE DUCK, AND THE CAT.

PIG: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE PIG.

DUCK: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE DUCK.

CAT: NOT I.

NARRATOR: SAID THE CAT.

HEN: THEN I WILL DO IT MYSELF .

NARRATOR: AND SHE DID. WHEN THE BREAD WAS BAKED, THE LITTLE RED HEN TOOK IT FROM THE OVEN. IT WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, CRUSTY BROWN LOAF SHE HAD EVER SEEN.

HEN: WHO WILL EAT THE BREAD?

NARRATOR: SHE ASKED OF THE PIG, THE DUCK, AND THE CAT.

PIG: I WILL!

NARRATOR: SAID THE PIG.

DUCK: I WILL!

NARRATOR: SAID THE DUCK.

CAT: I WILL!

NARRATOR: SAID THE CAT.

HEN: OH, NO YOU WON'T. I FOUND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT. I PLANTED THE WHEAT. I REAPED THE RIPE GRAIN. I TOOK IT TO THE MILL. I BAKED THE BREAD. I SHALL EAT IT MYSELF!

NARRATOR: AND SHE DID!!

The Three Little Wolves and the Big Bad Pig
By Eugene Trivizas & Helen Oxenbury
Adapted by Elizabeth Gallo

Characters:

Mother Wolf

Black Wolf

Gray Wolf

White Wolf

Kangaroo

Big Bad Pig

Beaver

Rhinoceros

Flamingo

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Nar. 1: Once upon a time, there were three cuddly little wolves with soft fur and fluffy tails who lived with their mother. The first was black, the second was gray, and the third was white.

One day the mother called the three little wolves around her.

Mother: My children, it is time for you to go out into the world. Go and build a house for yourselves. But beware of the big bad pig.

Black wolf: Don't worry, Mother.

Gray wolf: We will watch out for him!

White wolf: Goodbye, mother.

Nar. 2: After they had walked awhile, they met a kangaroo who was pushing a wheelbarrow full of red and yellow bricks.

Black wolf: We need to build a house.

Gray wolf: We want it to be sturdy.

White wolf: Please, will you give us some of your bricks?

Kangaroo: Certainly. Help yourselves.

Nar. 3: So the three little wolves took some and built themselves a house.

Nar. 1: The very next day the big bad pig came prowling down the road and saw the house of bricks that the little wolves had built.

Nar. 2: The three little wolves were playing croquet in the garden.

Nar. 3: When they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside the house and locked the door.

Big Bad Pig: (Knocking on the door.) Little wolves, little wolves, let me come in!

Little wolves: No, no, no! Not by the hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot.

B. B. Pig: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

Nar. 1: So he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed,
but the house didn't fall down.

Nar. 2: But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing.

Nar. 3: He went and fetched his sledgehammer, and he knocked
the house down.

B. B. Pig: There's more than one way to knock down a house. If
huffing and puffing won't work, I'll use this.

Nar. 1: The three little wolves only just managed to escape
before the bricks crumbled, and they were very
frightened indeed.

Black wolf: We shall have to build a stronger house.

Gray wolf: Look! There's a beaver mixing concrete. Maybe he
will give us some to make a new house.

White wolf: Please, will you give us some of your concrete? We
need to build a really strong house!

Beaver: Certainly. Help yourself. Here are some buckets to
carry it in.

Nar. 2: So the three little wolves built themselves a house of
concrete.

Nar. 3: No sooner had they finished than the big bad pig came prowling down the road and saw the house of concrete that the little wolves had built.

Nar. 1: They were playing battledore and shuttlecock in the garden, and when they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside their house and shut the door.

B. B. Pig: (Rings the doorbell.) Little frightened wolves, let me come in!

Little 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.

B. B. Pig: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

Nar. 2: So he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed, but the house didn't fall down.

B. B. Pig: (muttering to himself) Those pigs won't get the best of me. They can't keep me out.

Nar. 3: But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing. He went and fetched his pneumatic drill and smashed the house down.

Nar. 1: The three little wolves managed to escape, but their chinny-chin-chins were trembling and trembling and trembling!

Black wolf: We shall build an even stronger house! But what will we make it out of? What is stronger than concrete?

White wolf: I think I know! Look! There is a truck filled with barbed wire, iron bars, armor plates, and heavy metal padlocks! Maybe the rhinoceros that is driving the truck will give us some!

Gray wolf: Mr. Rhinoceros, will you please give us some of your barbed wire, a few iron bars and armor plates, and some heavy metal padlocks? The Big Bad Pig knocked our brick and concrete houses down. We want to build a house that he cannot destroy.

Rhinoceros: Sure! Help yourselves. I have plenty of stuff. Take some Plexiglas and some reinforced steel chains, too. The big bad pig will never be able to hurt a house made out of steel! Good luck!

Nar. 2: So the three little wolves built themselves an extremely strong house. It was the strongest, securest house one could possibly imagine. They felt absolutely safe.

Nar. 3: The next day the big bad pig came prowling along the road as usual. The three little wolves were playing hopscotch in the garden.

Nar. 1: When they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside their house, bolted the door, and locked all the thirty-seven padlocks.

B. B. Pig: (Dials the video entrance phone) Little frightened wolves, let me come in!

Little 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.

B. B. Pig: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

Nar. 2: So he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed, but the house didn't fall down.

Nar. 3: But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing. He brought some dynamite, laid it against the house, lit the fuse, and . . .

All narrators: the house blew up!

Nar. 1: The three little wolves just managed to escape with their fluffy tails scorched.

Gray wolf: Something must be wrong with our building materials!

White wolf: We have to try something different, but what?

Black wolf: I have an idea. There is a flamingo with a wheelbarrow full of flowers. Let's see if she will give us some.

Gray wolf: Will you please give us some flowers to build a house? The big bad pig has knocked down houses of brick, concrete, and armored steel. Maybe he won't notice a house of flowers.

Flamingo: With pleasure. Here are some roses, and some daffodils. And these sunflowers will make a nice roof.

Nar. 2: The flamingo gave the little wolves lots of flowers, and the three little wolves built themselves a house.

Nar. 3: One wall was of marigolds, one of daffodils, one of pink roses, and one of cherry blossoms.

Nar. 1: The ceiling was made o sunflowers, and the floor was a carpet of daisies. They had water lilies in their bathtub and buttercups in their refrigerator.

Nar. 2: It was a rather fragile house and it swayed in the wind, but it was very beautiful.

Nar. 3: Next day the big bad pig came prowling down the road and saw the house of flowers that the three little wolves had built.

B. B. Pig: (Ringing the doorbell) Little frightened wolves with the trembling chins and the scorched tails, let me come in!

Little wolves: No, no, no! Not by the hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot!

B. B. Pig: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

Black wolf: Oh, man! Here we go again!

Nar. 1: But as he took a deep breath, ready to huff and puff, he smelled the soft scent of the flowers. It was fantastic.

B. B. Pig: This flower house smells fantastic!

Nar. 2: And because the scent was so lovely, the pig took another breath and then another. Instead of huffing and puffing, he began to sniff.

Nar. 3: He sniffed deeper and deeper until he was quite filled with the fragrant scent. His heart grew tender, and he realized how horrible he had been.

B. B. Pig: It was really horrible to wreck the three little wolves' houses. I realize that I was wrong. From now on, I will be a big *good* pig.

Nar. 1: He started to dance the tarantella.

Nar. 2: At first, the three little wolves were a bit worried. It might be a trick.

White wolf: Is he for real? I never saw a pig dance the tarantella before.

Black wolf: Me neither. Maybe he's trying to make us believe that he has changed, and then when we come out, he'll get us.

Gray wolf: I don't know. Let's go out and see what happens.

Nar. 3: So the three wolves came running out of the house. They started playing games with the pig. First they played pig-pog and then piggy-in-the-middle, and when they were all tired, they invited him into the house.

Nar. 1: They offered him tea and strawberries and wolfberries,
and asked him to stay with them as long as he wanted.
Pig accepted.

Three little wolves and B. G. Pig: And we all lived happily ever
after.

Miss Nelson is Missing
By Harry Allard
Designed by Holly Maxwell

Characters:

Narrator	Kid 1
Miss Nelson	Kid 2
Miss Viola Swamp	Kid 3
	Kid 4

Narrator: The kids in room 207 were misbehaving again for Miss Nelson. They were the worst behaved class in the school.

Miss Nelson: Umm, class, now settle down.

Narrator: But they would NOT behave.

Kid 1: Whisper, whisper, whisper!

Kid 2: Ha, ha, giggle, giggle!

Kid 3: Hey, look at this funny face!

Kid 4: Ha, Ha! Look, I can touch my tongue to my nose!

Narrator: They were even rude during story time!

Miss Nelson: Once upon a time there were...

Kid 3: Do we have to do work?

Kid 4: I don't want to!

Miss Nelson: Well, I think something will have to be done about this.

Narrator: The next morning Miss Nelson did not come to school.

Kid 1: Wow! Now we can really act up!

Kid 2: Yeah! Let's be just terrible!

Miss Viola Swamp: NOT SO FAST!

Narrator: A woman in an ugly black dress stood before them.

- Miss V. Swamp:** I am your new teacher, MISS VIOLA SWAMP!
- Kid 3:** Where is Miss Nelson?
- Miss V. Swamp:** Never mind that! Open those books!!
- Narrator:** Miss Nelson's kids did as they were told. Miss Viola Swamp was a real witch. She meant business. She put them to work and gave them lots of homework.
- Miss V. Swamp:** We'll have no story hour today! Keep your mouths shut and be perfectly still. And if you misbehave you'll be sorry!
- Narrator:** Days went by and there was no sign of Miss Nelson. The kids were really missing her! After all, she was pretty nice!
- All kids:** I miss Miss Nelson!
- Narrator:** The kids tried to figure out what happened to her. They thought they would be stuck with Miss Viola Swamp forever! Then one day...
- Miss Nelson:** Hello children. Did you miss me?
- Kid 1 and 2:** We certainly did!
- Kid 4:** Where were you?
- Miss Nelson:** That's my little secret. How about story time?
- All kids:** Oh, yes!
- Narrator:** Miss Nelson noticed that no one was rude or silly during story time.
- Miss Nelson:** What brought about this lovely change?
- All kids:** That's our little secret.
- Narrator:** Back at home Miss Nelson hung up her coat in the closet right next to an ugly black dress. She sang a little song.
- Miss Nelson:** I'll never tell!

Stone Soup A Traditional Tale from Sweden

Written by Alison Hawes.

Illustrated by Gwyneth Williamson

Adapted for readers theater by L.Kearney 11/03

Characters: A narrator, the man, an old woman, a young man, and children.

Narrator: Once upon a time there was a man.

He liked to play tricks. One day, the man came to a town. On his cart, he had a big pot of water. In his pocket, he had a small round stone.

Man: Stone soup. Stone soup for sale!

All: You can't make soup from stones!

(laughing)

Man: Yes, I can. I can make soup from this stone.

Narrator: So the people came to see him make stone soup.

Man: First, I make my pot of hot water.
Then I put in this small, round stone.

Narrator: After a while, the man tasted the soup!

Man: Mmmmm, it tastes good! If I had some onions, it would taste better.

Old Woman: Here are some onions.

Man: Thank you. I will add them to the soup.

Narrator: After a while, he tasted the soup again.

2

Man: Mmmmm, it tastes good! If I had some carrots, it would taste better.

Young man: Here are some carrots.

Narrator: The man put the carrots in the soup.
After a while, the man tasted the soup

again.

Man: Mmmm, it tastes very good. If I had some potatoes, it would taste better.

Children: Here are some potatoes. You can put them in your soup.

Narrator: After a while, he tasted the soup again.

3

Man: Mmmm, this soup tastes very good.
Now it is time for you to taste the soup.

Narrator: The people tasted the soup.

All: Mmmmm, this soup is **very, very** good.

Narrator: The man sold all the stone soup and had lots of money. He took the stone

out of the pot, and put it back into
his pocket. Then he got into his cart,
and he drove quickly away.

Man: What a good trick!