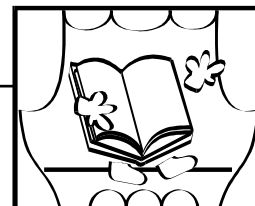


Readers' Theater



The Moon Over Star

by Dianna Hutts Aston
illustrated by Jerry Pinkney

(Arranged for Readers' Theater by CYRM Committee Members, for classroom use only.)

Characters:	Narrator 1 Narrator 5/Cousin Carrie Walter Cronkite	Narrator 2 Mae	Narrator 3 Gramps	Narrator 4/Gran Commander Armstrong
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Narrator 1: Once upon a summer's morning, in 1969, Grandpa led the singing in church, the light of Sunday gleaming on his silvery head. Through the open windows our voices sailed over Star, our town.

Narrator 2: Then we bowed our heads and prayed for the astronauts...
Neil Armstrong,
Edwin Aldrin, Jr.,
And Michael Collins.

Narrator 3: If all went well, a spaceship would land on the moon today.

Mae: And I dreamed that maybe one day... I could go to the moon, too.

Narrator 4: Mae's Gramps thought the space program was a waste of money.

Mae: But I knew he was praying for them, too.

Narrator 5: Mae thought about the astronauts' kids and wondered if they were scared...scared but proud.

Mae: I knew I'd be.

Narrator 1: She slipped her hand into her dad's and whispered so that no one else could hear...

Mae: God, please bless the astronauts' children too.

Narrator 2: Once upon a summer's noon...

Mae: My cousins and I scouted Gran's watermelon patch for the biggest one. It took three of us to carry it to a tub of ice. Well, counting my littlest cousin, Lacey, it took us three and a half.

Narrator 3: We decorated the table with pails of wildflowers.

Narrator 4: When our chores were done, we built our own spaceship from scraps we found in the barn.

Mae: T minus 15 seconds...12, 11, 10, 9...

Narrator 5: As the oldest grandchild, Mae got to be launch controller... and Commander Armstrong.

Mae: Ignition sequence start...6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0.
Liftoff, we have liftoff.

Narrator 1: We closed our eyes, imagining with all our might the rumble, the roar, and the force of the Saturn rocket, blasting the spaceship into the stars.

Narrator 2: Then we were rushing through space at 25,000 miles per hour.

Cousin Carrie: I wonder how many miles it is to the moon.

Narrator 3: Mae had been reading the moon stories in the paper, so she knew.

Mae: About 240,000 miles. Some scientists say it's moving away from us, an inch or so farther every year.

Narrator 4: Mae also knew that in May 1961, President John F. Kennedy had said America would send men to the moon before the decade was out.

Mae: Now that President Kennedy is in heaven, I wonder if he can see the astronauts. Is he smiling to know his dream was about to come true?

Narrator 5: That afternoon, we were helping Gramps with the tractor when Gran hollered...

Gran: Come quick! They're landing!

Narrator 1: Gramps kept right on tinkering with the engine. We ran pell-mell for the house and squirmed around the television screen as it glowed with equal parts moon and the spaceship called *Eagle*.

Narrator 2: We heard the voice of Commander Armstrong directing the landing.

Armstrong: Forward...forward...

Narrator 3: Then the newsman we all knew, Walter Cronkite, exclaimed...

Cronkite: Man on the moon!

Narrator 4: For a split second we were silent—
The universe must have been—
As we waited...waited...waited to hear the voice of an astronaut 240,000 miles away.
And then...

Armstrong: Houston, Tranquility Base here.
The *Eagle* has landed.

Narrator 5: Boy, did we cheer, all of the cousins and even the grown-ups...all except Gramps.

Mae: I remembered something he'd once said..

Gramps: Why spend all that money to go to the moon when there's so many folks in need right here on Earth?

Mae: I almost shouted...because we can...but caught myself. I began to wonder then what Gramp's dreams had been.

Narrator 1: From the time he was little, he had worked the farm,
doing the same jobs,
day to day,
season to season.

Narrator 2: When the crickets began to sing, Gramps took out his pipe.
Mae pulled off his dirt-caked boots for him and stomped around the porch in them.

Mae: Gramps, will you watch it with me tonight...the moon walk?

Gramps: I'm mighty worn out today, but maybe.

Mae: Suddenly, I could see how tired he was. Lifetime-tired.

Narrator 3: There were deep lines in his face...a farmer's face.
An old farmer's face.

Mae: All right, Gramps. It's okay.

Narrator 4: Once upon a summer's night, in 1969, we spread blankets and folding chairs on the edge of the yard, where the buffalo grass grew thick and soft.

Narrator 5: The cornstalks whispered while we gazed at the pearly slice of moon and the stars, gleaming like spilled sugar.

Narrator 1: What were the astronauts seeing, right at this very second?
Could they see beyond the moon, to Mars or Neptune or Jupiter?

Mae: What I could see above me,
and what I could see in my imagination,
were better than any picture show.

Narrator 2: We passed around a bowl of popcorn.

Mae: Later on that summer's night, in 1969, the television screen flashed with words that gave me goose bumps.

Narrator 3: LIVE FROM THE SURFACE OF THE MOON.

Narrator 4: And Mr. Cronkite said...

Cronkite: Neil Armstrong, thirty-eight year-old American, standing on the surface of the moon on this July 20th, 1969!

Mae: I didn't know it then, but there were 600 million people the world over watching with me and listening, when Commander Armstrong said...

Armstrong: That's one small step for man; one giant leap for mankind.

Narrator 5: All of us watched it together,
the astronauts bounding across the moon
like ghosts on a trampoline.

Mae: I felt a hand on my shoulder.

Gramps: I reckon that's something to remember.

Narrator 1: Later, when it was as quiet as the world ever gets, Gramps and Mae stood together under the moon.

Mae: What's mankind?

Gramps: It's all of us. All of us who've ever lived, all of us still to come.

Mae: Just think, Gramps. If they could go to the moon, maybe one day I could, too!

Gramps: Great days! An astronaut in the family. Who'd a thought.

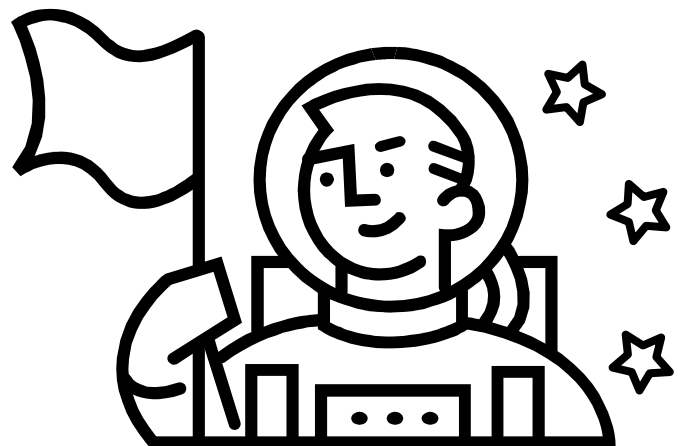
Mae: I smiled in the dark. My gramps was proud of me!

Gramps: First airplane I ever saw...I was your age...
was right over yonder...there in the cornfield.
That was something to see, oh boy...something to see.

Narrator 2: A sigh in Gramps' voice made Mae's heart squeeze.

Gramps: Keep on dreaming, Mae. Just remember, we're here now together on the
prettiest star in the heavens.

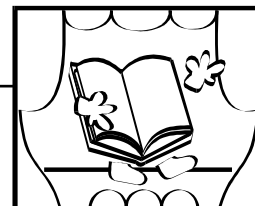
Mae: Gramps had looked at the moon all of his life. It told him when to plant and
when to harvest. And once upon a summer's night, it told me to dream.



Readers' Theater

John, Paul, George & Ben

by Lane Smith



(Arranged for Readers' Theater by CYRM Committee Members, for classroom use only.)

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3	Narrator 4
	Narrator 5	Paul	George	Tom
	Ben	Teacher/Mr. Douglas/George Washington's Father		

Narrator 1: Once there were four lads:
John, Paul, George and Ben.

Narrator 2: Make that five lads.
There was also Independent Tom
(always off doing his OWN thing).

Narrator 3: JOHN was a *bold* lad.

Narrator 4: At the start of every school year, the students were asked to write their names on the chalkboard, and every year it was the same story.

Teacher: John, you have lovely penmanship. John, your confidence is refreshing. But, John, c'mon...

(Display a huge signature of John Hancock)

Teacher: ...we don't need to see it from space!

Narrator 5: PAUL was a *noisy* lad.

Narrator 1: Before fun was invented, people joined bell-ringing clubs. As a member at Boston's Old North Church, Paul spent hours practicing in the belfry tower.

Narrator 2: Over time, that bell-ringing took a toll on young Paul. All day his head was filled with loud *bing*s and *bong*s. He had to practically scream just to hear himself talk.

Narrator 3: Now, that's fine around the belfry...but not at work.

Narrator 4: When Paul was working in a store, a rather large lady asked for some extra-large underwear. And Paul said, in a rather loud voice...

Paul: **EXTRA-LARGE UNDERWEAR? SURE WE HAVE SOME!
LET'S SEE. LARGE...LARGE...EXTRA-LARGE.
HERE THEY ARE. GREAT, BIG EXTRA-
LARGE UNDERWEAR.**

Narrator 5: Paul was like a bullhorn in a china shop.

Paul: **YOUR WIG? YES, IT'S COMING!
AND YOUR POLKA-DOT SHIRTS ARE COMING!
AND THE PINK BREECHES ARE COMING!**

Narrator 1: It took many years and a midnight ride for people to finally appreciate his special talent.

Paul: **THE REDCOATS ARE COMING.**

Narrator 2: Everyone except that big-underwear lady.
She was still mad.

Narrator 3: GEORGE was an *honest* lad.

Narrator 4: One day, he took his shiny new hatchet and chopped down his family's cherry tree. When his father discovered the tree, he asked George...

Father: Son, do you know who killed this beautiful little cherry tree?

George: I cannot tell a lie. T'was I who chopped down this cherry tree.

Father: Then run to my arms, dearest boy, for you have paid me for it a thousand-fold with your honesty.

George: Really? In that case, when I tell you I've taken out the apple orchard, leveled the barn, and made kindling of your carriage, you'll be a wealthy, wealthy man.

Narrator 5: Ben was a *clever* lad.

Narrator 1: Not only did he have a saying for every situation, he generously shared them with anyone. **Anywhere. At any time.**

Ben: Fish and visitors **STINK** after three days.

Narrator 2: He considered it his duty to provide frequent, free advice.

Ben: The sleeping **FOX** catches no poultry.

Those who in **QUARRELS** interpose must often wipe a bloody nose.

If your head is **WAX**, don't walk in the **SUN**.

THREE can keep a secret if **TWO** of them are **DEAD**.

Narrator 3: The townsfolk were so taken by his generosity, they came up with a saying especially for Ben...

ALL (Except Ben): **PLEASE SHUT YOUR BIG YAP!**

Ben: I like it. Short and to the point.
Work a *fox* or *turkey* in there,
and I think you've got something.

Narrator 4: Tom was an *independent* lad.

Narrator 5: One day his teacher, Mr. Douglas, asked the class to make birdhouses by gluing macaroni to ye olde balsa wood.

Narrator 1: Tom happily ignored him and used traditional building materials in a neoclassical design.

Narrator 2: When the class used their palms to make a "palm" tree, Tom took one look and said...

Tom: **NOT ON YOUR LIFE!**

Narrator 3: Then he quickly left to sketch his own tree.

Mr. Douglas: Young Thomas, would you mind explaining to the class why you insist on working so independently?

Tom: Certainly. In fact, I've taken the **LIBERTY** to list the very reasons. Fear not, sir, I've used small words for the benefit of the dullards.

Narrator 4: Tom learned the power of his words that day.

Narrator 5: Mr. Douglas told him to pursue all the **LIFE, LIBERTY and HAPPINESS** he wanted...

Narrator 1: independently...in the corner.
The other students pursued lunch.

Narrator 2: The rest is **HISTORY**.

Narrator 3: Say, you want a revolution?
Well, John, Paul, George, Ben and Tom sure did.
In April of 1775, they got one.

Narrator 4: The Redcoats were coming.
In fact, King George III's army was marching to Lexington and Concord to arrest John and other **SONS OF LIBERTY**...

Narrator 5: Fortunately, Paul Revere was a **NOISY** man. After his midnight ride, every Minute-man, woman, and child knew who was coming and what they'd be wearing. It was the start of the *Revolutionary War*.

Narrator 1: The Americans needed to formally state their separation from King George. Who better than Thomas Jefferson, an **INDEPENDENT** man, to write the Declaration of Independence?

Narrator 2: Simply signing such a document was treasonous. And dangerous. Ben Franklin, a **CLEVER** man, said it best...

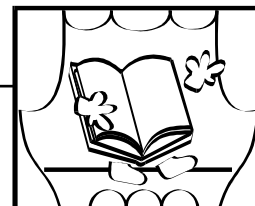
Ben: We must all hang together or...
assuredly we shall all hang separately.

Narrator 3: One might think twice about signing his name.
Not John Hancock. A **BOLD** man, he was the first to scribble his name and, man, just look at the size of that John Hancock!

Narrator 4: The war was won thanks to General George Washington. Everyone thought he would make a great king for the new **UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**. But George Washington was an **HONEST** man.

George: The last thing we need is another King George!





Four Feet, Two Sandals

by Karen Lynn Williams and Khadra Mohammed
illustrated by Doug Chayka

(Arranged for Readers' Theater by CYRM Committee Members, for classroom use only.)

Characters: Lina Feroza Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3
 Narrator 4 Narrator 5/Feroza's grandmother

Narrator 1: The authors want you to know this about the following story. It is based on Khadra's experiences with refugees in Peshawar, a city on the Afghanistan-Pakistan border. People who flee their country because of fear of persecution are called refugees. At the time that this story was written, there were more than 20 million refugees worldwide. The majority of refugees are children. Many of them have to live in makeshift camps. Some eventually are able to find safe haven in other countries in Europe or in the United States.

Narrator 2: Though this story is based on a camp in Peshawar, the experiences of children like Lina and Feroza are shared by refugees around the world. Now, let's get to Lina and Feroza's story;

Narrator 3: Lina raced barefoot to the camp entrance where relief workers threw used clothing off the back of the truck. Everyone pushed and fought for the best clothes. Lina squatted and reached, grabbing what she could.

Narrator 4: The crowd began to leave. In the dust at Lina's feet lay a brand new sandal. It was yellow with a blue flower in the middle. When she slipped it on her foot, it fit perfectly.

Narrator 5: Lina was ten years old, but she had not worn shoes for two years.

Narrator 1: She looked around for the matching sandal. A girl stood nearby. She was thinner and darker than Lina.

Narrator 2: She wore a blue and yellow sandal ... just like Lina's.

Lina: As-salaam alaykum. Peace be with you.

Narrator 3: The girl only stared. She was dressed in a shalwar-kameez. Her feet were cracked and swollen, as Lina's had been when she first arrived in camp.

Narrator 4: Suddenly the girl turned, taking the matching sandal with her.

Narrator 5: In the morning, Lina went to do the washing, wearing one beautiful sandal. She picked her way to the stream, careful to keep her sandal out of the filth.

Narrator 1: Her old shoes had been ruined on the many miles of walking from Afghanistan to Peshawar, the refugee camp in Pakistan. She had carried her brother, Najjib, no bigger than a water jug then, but just as heavy.

Narrator 2: When she looked up from her scrubbing, the girl from yesterday was standing over her. She wore one sandal that she bent over and removed.

Feroza: Grandma says it is stupid to wear only one.

Narrator 3; She placed the sandal at Lina's feet. Then she turned and walked away.

Lina: Wait!

Narrator 3: Lina grabbed both sandals and followed her.

Lina: I am Lina.

Narrator 3: The girl turned slowly.

Feroza: I am Feroza.

Narrator 3: Lina held the sandals out.

Lina: We can share.

Feroza: What good is one sandal for two feet?

Lina: You wear them both today, and I will wear them tomorrow.
Four feet, two sandals.

Narrator 3: Feroza smiled. She took the sandals and put them on.

Feroza: Tomorrow they will be yours.

- Narrator 4: The next day the two girls greeted each other as they carried their jugs for water. Lina put the sandals on and they waited together in the long line.
- Narrator 5: Everyone in the camp was waiting for a new home. Mama went to meetings about being resettled. The girls stayed in Lina's tent with Ismatu and Najiib. They were careful to keep the sandals away from the two boys, for Ismatu wanted to pull at the flowers, and Najiib wanted to chew on them.
- Lina: My father and sister were killed in the war. Mama and I had to run with Ismatu and Najiib in the night.
- Narrator 1: Feroza nodded and two tears ran down her cheek.
- Feroza: I have only my grandmother now.
- Narrator 2: When they did not have work to do, Lina and Feroza crept up to the windows of the school and peeked inside. The school was small with only enough room for the boys to study. The girls practiced their names in the dirt and brushed the marks away, so no one would see their mistakes.
- Narrator 4: Sometimes each girl wore one sandal. Other children pointed and giggled but Lina and Feroza did not care.
- Narrator 5: In the evenings, the sky turned deep blue and the first stars began to sparkle. Lina and Feroza watched for the sliver of the crescent moon that signaled the beginning of Ramadan. They shared memories and whispered their dreams for a new home.
- Narrator 1: One morning they went to the stream and washed their sandals to keep them looking new.
- Narrator 2: Then Feroza's grandmother called to Lina...
- Grandmother: Lina, come quick. Your mother says your name is on the list.
- Narrator 4: Feroza grabbed the sandals. The two girls ran ahead to the office. Lina stood on tiptoes and squinted at the sign.
- Lina: Mama's name! It's here! We are going to America!

Narrator 5: She looked at her friend.

Feroza: My name is not here.

Narrator 1: She spoke quietly and looked at her feet as she spoke.

Narrator 2: Then she bent down and took the sandals off. She handed them to Lina.

Feroza: You cannot go barefoot to America.

Narrator 4: Feroza gave Lina a hug.

Narrator 5: When it was time to leave, the relief worker gave Mama a large square white bag with numbers on it. He told her that all of her important papers were in that bag.

Narrator 1: Feroza and her grandmother came to say good-bye.

Narrator 2: Lina pointed at her feet.

Lina: Look, Mama saved her sewing money. She has bought us shoes for America.

Feroza: Real shoes.

Narrator 3: Feroza admired the new black leather.

Lina: Here, Feroza. It is your day to wear these sandals.

Narrator 4: The tears in her eyes were not for the sandals.

Feroza: As-salaam alaykum. Peace be with you.

Narrator 5: And she took the blue and yellow sandals.

Narrator 1: Lina followed the others to the bus.

Feroza: Wait! You must keep one.

Narrator 2: She handed Lina one sandal.

Lina: What good is one sandal?

Feroza: It is good to remember. Four feet, two sandals.

Narrator 3: Lina felt the tears make a trail down her cheek. She slipped the sandal into her bag and climbed on the bus.

Narrator 4: Feroza ran alongside as the bus began to move.

Narrator 5: Lina leaned out the window.

Lina: We will share again in America!

