

A Visitor for Bear

by Bonnie Becker

illustrated by Kady MacDonald

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

Characters: Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3 Narrator 4
 Narrator 5 Narrator 6 Bear Mouse

Narrator 1: No one ever came to Bear's house. It had always been that way, and Bear was quite sure he didn't like visitors. He even had a sign.

Narrator 2: NO VISITORS ALLOWED.

Narrator 3: One morning Bear heard a tap, tap, tapping on his front door.

Narrator 4: When he opened his door, there was a mouse, small and gray and bright-eyed.

Bear: No visitors allowed. Go away.

Narrator 5: He closed the door and went back to the business of making his breakfast.

Narrator 6: He set out one cup and one spoon. But when he opened the cupboard to get one bowl...

Narrator 4: *there was the mouse!* Small and gray and bright-eyed.

Bear: I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE!

Mouse: Perhaps we could have just a spot of tea?

Bear: OUT!

Mouse: Most sorry. I'll be going now.

Narrator 1: Bear showed him to the door and shut it firmly.

Narrator 2: Then he went back to the business of making his breakfast. But when he opened the bread drawer for one slice of bread...

Narrator 4: *there was the mouse!* Small and gray and bright-eyed.

Bear: UNBELIEVABLE!
AWAY WITH YOU! VAMOOSE!

Mouse: I do like a bit of cheese.

Narrator 3: Bear pointed a rigid claw toward the door.

Mouse: Yes, then. Here I go. Farewell.

Narrator 3: And the mouse whisked out the door.

Narrator 5: This time Bear shut the door very firmly and locked it tight.
He locked the windows, too, for good measure.

Narrator 6: Then once again he went back to the business of making his breakfast.
But when he opened the fridge to get one egg...

Narrator 4: THERE WAS THE MOUSE!
Small and gray and bright-eyed, of course.

Bear: BEGONE!

Mouse: A crackling fire?

Bear: THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! INTOLERABLE!
INSUFFERABLE!

Narrator 1: cried Bear, shaking with anger and disbelief.

Mouse: Terribly sorry. Now you see me, now you don't.
I am gone.

Narrator 2: And the mouse looked very sorry indeed while he waited for Bear to unbolt the door and let him out again.

Narrator 3: This time, before he went back to the business of making his breakfast, Bear shut the door very, VERY, VERY firmly, locked it, boarded the windows shut, stopped up the chimney, and even plugged the drain in the bathtub.

Narrator 5: Carefully, Bear set about the business of making his breakfast.
He opened the cupboard. No mouse. AHHHH.
He opened the bread drawer. Nothing. WHEW!
He opened the fridge. Mouse-free.
YES, INDEED!
He lifted the lid to the teakettle.

Narrator 4: THERE WAS THE MOUSE! Small and gray and, well, you know the rest.

Narrator 6: Bear fell to the floor and wept.

Bear: I GIVE UP. YOU WIN. I AM UNDONE.

Mouse: So sorry. But perhaps if I could have just a bit of cheese and a cup of tea, and do you think we could unstopper the chimney and have a nice fire?

Narrator 6: Bear blew his nose with a loud honk.

Bear: But then you must go. No visitors allowed.

Mouse: You have my word.

Narrator 1: Bear unshuttered and unboarded the windows,
unlocked the door,

Narrator 2: unstoppered the chimney,
and unplugged the drain.

Narrator 3: He brought out two pieces of cheese and two
teacups, and he made a crackling fire in the
fireplace for two sets of toes.

Narrator 4: The mouse warmed his feet and nibbled and
sipped, and Bear did, too.

Narrator 5: They sat for a long while. The clock in Bear's
house ticked loudly.

Narrator 6: Bear cleared his throat. The mouse looked most
attentive. No one had ever been most attentive
to Bear.

Bear: The fire is nice.

Mouse: Lovely.

Narrator 1: No one had ever said the Bear's fires were lovely.

Bear: I can do a headstand.

Mouse: Very impressive.

Narrator 2: Bear told a joke. The mouse laughed heartily. No one had ever laughed at Bear's jokes before. Bear began to think of another joke.

Narrator 3: The mouse set down his teacup. Bear quickly lifted the teapot.

Bear: There's plenty more.

Mouse: So sorry. Most kind, but I must be on my way.

Bear: Really, you needn't go.

Mouse: I am off.

Narrator 4: said Mouse, springing up from his chair.

Bear: WAIT!

Narrator 5: But the mouse stepped out the door.

Mouse: Toodle-oo.

Bear: DON'T GO!

Narrator 6: wailed Bear, throwing his body across the path.

Mouse: But I gave you my word,

Narrator 1: said the mouse, pointing at the NO VISITORS sign.

Bear: Oh, that!

Narrator 2: Bear pulled down the sign and tore it up.

Bear: That's for salesmen. Not for friends.

Mouse: Not for friends?

Narrator 4: asked the mouse, small and gray and bright-eyed.

Narrator 5: Bear nodded. The mouse's bright eyes glowed brighter. Bear smiled.

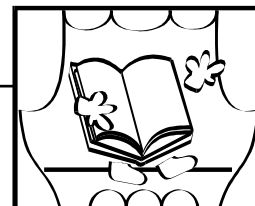
Narrator 6: So they returned to the table, sat down and Bear asked,

Bear: Do you like one lump or two?

Mouse: I like two.

Narrators: And Bear agreed.





Pete & Pickles by Berkeley Breathed

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

Characters: Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3 Narrator 4
 Narrator 5 Narrator 6 Pete

Narrator 1: Pete was a perfectly predictable pig.

Narrator 2: He was also a perfectly practical pig. And a perfectly uncomplicated pig.

Narrator 3: Being all those perfect things, Pete might have run for the hills if he had known what was coming that night.

Narrator 4: The storm arrived first. Pete cut the evening's fun off early and went to bed to get the nightmare out of the way...the same terrifying watery nightmare all pigs dream during stormy nights.

Narrator 5: For pigs are known for doing only one thing well in water:

All: Drowning.

Narrator 6: And this is exactly what Pete dreamt he was doing when a sudden sound woke him.

Narrator 1: The window was open. Pete pulled the light switch.

Narrator 2: Nothing happened.

Narrator 3: He had an odd feeling...

Pete: pigs are very smart in this way...

Narrator 3: that something was a little...

All: wrong.

Pete: MMMMPH!

Narrator 4: Pete was suddenly grabbed...

Pete: hugged really...

Narrator 4: by a wet nose, at the other end of which was a wet elephant.

Narrator 5: The beast whispered, "Shhh."

Narrator 6: She said nothing else, but her eyes spoke clearly:
Help me.

Narrator 1: Then...a knock at the door.

Narrator 2: A clown asked Pete if he'd seen any sign of an escaped elephant named Pickles.

Pete: THERE! Under the couch! Look carefully!

Narrator 3: As the circus man led the sad, slumping elephant away, Pete was startled when she looked back at him...and smiled.

Narrator 4: The next morning, Pete was disinfecting his house when he noticed his midnight visitor had left behind a gift.

Narrator 5: Dandelions!

Pete: Ridiculous!

Narrator 6: thought Pete as he scrubbed.

Narrator 1: That afternoon, Pete took his usual short stroll. He looked down at the evening mist rolling in and saw a circus tent.

Narrator 2: He looked at the dandelion.

Pete: Ridiculous!

Narrator 3: Today, however, Pete would take a longer walk.

Narrator 4: He soon found himself amidst the circus tents, watching a long nose plucking every dandelion within reach.

Pete: I know that nose!

Narrator 5: And it knew him. It plucked Pete's hat and disappeared.

Narrator 6: Seconds before Pete called the police, his hat was pushed back.

Pete: Improved!

Narrator 1: With dandelions and flowers on it.

Narrator 2: Pete looked in to see Pickles sitting in a very dark corner of a very dark tent wearing a very locked chain.

Narrator 3: Pete suddenly, unexplainably, found himself reaching for the key.

Narrator 4: Now free and outside, Pickles dove to hide while a panicked Pete whispered...

Pete: TEA was on my schedule today! NOT elephants!

Narrator 5: Being a practical pig, however, he knew they needed a disguise.

Narrator 6: Something!

Narrator 1: Anything!

Narrator 2: Pete thought fast...

Narrator 3: So he stood on Pickles' shoulders and put on a long coat that covered both of them.

Narrator 4: It worked!

Narrator 5: Too well!

Narrator 6: A policeman suggested dinner.

Narrator 1: They reached Pete's house by nightfall. A weary Pickles retired after making herself comfortable in a pair of Pete's favorite pajamas.

Narrator 2: Understand this...

Narrator 3: You have not heard snoring until you have had an elephant nap on your couch.

Narrator 4: Pete was a perfectly unpleased pig.

Pete: Tomorrow, the big girl leaves.

Narrator 5: Pete awoke the next day to find Pickles doing a little morning tai chi...as if she were in China.

Narrator 6: Which she certainly was not.

Narrator 1: On the other hand, Pete noted that his houseguest had made a few changes to the grounds.

Narrator 2: She had planted lots of colorful flowers.

Narrator 3: This time Pete did NOT say...

Pete: Ridiculous.

Narrator 4: Later that morning, Pete experienced the goosebumpily joy of a back scrubbing with his newspaper and coffee.

Narrator 5: He also discovered the limits of his bathtub.

Narrator 6: Pickles showed Pete a magazine article about high diving. She pointed to Pete and then to herself.

Pete: Ridiculous. Pigs and elephants sink like bricks.

Narrator 1: Pickles smiled. After lunch they would swan dive off Niagara Falls.

Narrator 2: And they did. Sort of.

Narrator 3: They did the swan dives into the fountain.

Narrator 4: On Tuesday, they sledged down the Matterhorn in Switzerland. Sort of.

Narrator 5: Pete was learning that Pickles had lots of plans.

Narrator 6: On Sunday, they went to Tahiti for brunch. Sort of.

Narrator 1: Pickles, as always, shared her tropical refreshment with the natives.

Narrator 2: After Paris, it was on to the lazy canals of Venice. Pete did not know any romantic Italian songs, which did not stop him from singing them.

Narrator 3: Pickles sniffed a fragrant Venetian lily and shared it with Pete in a manner nicely suited for elephants and pigs.

Narrator 4: It was when Pete returned home one evening and found ballet tryouts in Moscow...

Narrator 5: soaring para-cows over Tuscany...

Narrator 6: and housepainters on his roof that his thoughts turned to his earlier life.

Pete: A less complicated life.

Narrator 1: Soon after, Pete discovered Pickles getting into things she shouldn't have been in.

Narrator 2: He snapped...

Pete: I am a predictable, practical, uncomplicated pig!
Or I was BEFORE!

Narrator 3: As a shocked Pickles fell back into the bathtub, the last words she remembered hearing were the worst.

Pete: IT'S TIME YOU PROBABLY LEFT!

Narrator 4: Pickles fell into the bathtub. Something broke.

Narrator 5: A pipe gushed water in a spewing torrent!

Narrator 6: The house filled with water while a panicky Pete screamed...

Pete: Pickles! The mop! Buckets! Sponges! Never mind!
HEAD UP FOR HIGHER GROUND!

Narrator 1: Pete worried that the high ground would run out.

Narrator 2: And as a matter of fact...

Narrator 3: it did.

Narrator 4: And when all the snouts and snoots in the now flooded house were fully stretched to their furthest reach...only one had found the refuge of sweet air.

Narrator 5: That was Pete. He was standing on Pickles' trunk.

Narrator 6: Pete clung tightly to the last open window. He looked back down into the face of one far too heavy to join him...and noticed, once again, as always...a smile.

Narrator 1: At that terrible moment, what occurred to Pete was NOT how his life had become so unpredictable, so un-practical...and so completely complicated with Pickles.

Narrator 2: No, what occurred to Pete was his life without her.

Narrator 3: That endless night would be the longest of all their great journeys.

Narrator 4: And when the fireman finally climbed to the window the next morning, he could not believe what he found.

Narrator 5: He found a very small pig breathing for a very large elephant.

Narrator 6: All night. Every hour. Every minute. Every breath shared.

Narrator 1: When they finally emptied the house, the firemen looked down in puzzlement at the exhausted pair of sleeping friends.

Narrator 2: They tried but could not pull Pete from the mighty grasp of Pickles.

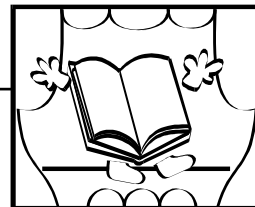
Narrator 3: The two slept all day...

Narrator 4: through the night and on until morning,

Narrator 5: when they awoke to pick blueberries on the Dandelion Moons of Pluto.

Narrator 6: And Pete sang Italian love songs.





Duck by Randy Cecil

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

Characters: Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3
 Narrator 4/Duckling Duck

Narrator 1: Duck was a carousel animal who longed to fly. She knew her carved wooden wings were not made for flying. But she couldn't stop thinking about it, even when the carousel was whirling around.

Narrator 2: At night, after the crowds had gone home and the amusement park was quiet, Duck would leave her place on the carousel. She loved to watch real ducks soar across the sky.

Narrator 3: She would lie down on the cobblestones and look up at the stars. She wondered how close flying ducks could get to the stars.

Narrator 4: And when Duck fell asleep, she dreamed she was among them.

Narrator 1: Then one spring day, everything changed. A little lost duckling ambled through the front gate and walked right up to Duck.

Narrator 2: Duck wondered...

Duck: What's this? It has a bill like a duck... and feet like a duck. I have never seen such a small duck before...or one so yellow and fuzzy.

Narrator 3: She picked up the tiny thing to consider it more closely.

Duck: Are you a duck?

Duckling: Quack!

Narrator 1: ...said Duckling.

Narrator 2: From that moment on, Duck and Duckling were always together.

Narrator 3: They laughed together.

Narrator 4: They played together.

Narrator 1: They even dreamed the same dreams together.

Narrator 2: As time passed, Duckling's yellow fuzz turned into beautiful white feathers and his little wings began to look like flying ducks' wings.

Narrator 3: Soon he was mastering real duck things...like shoveling through the mud for bugs.

Narrator 4: But he showed no signs of flying.

Duck: If Duckling is ever going to fly, I will have to teach him.

Narrator 1: So they began Duckling's training.

Narrator 2: In the mornings, they worked on jumping. A good jump is essential for takeoff.

Narrator 3: Next came the flapping practice. Anyone will tell you how important flapping is to flying.

Narrator 4: Then Duck would help Duckling climb up on her back so Duckling could feel the wind on his wings as the carousel turned.

Narrator 1: There were wonderful moments when it looked like Duckling might take off and fly straight up to the clouds.

Narrator 2: But he never quite did.

Narrator 3: Duck knew it was time to find the ones who could teach Duckling what she could not.

Narrator 4: So Duck strapped Duckling tightly to her back with her scarf and set off in search of real ducks.

Narrator 1: She walked and walked. Then suddenly she saw them...a group of ducks floating in a stream.

Duck: Now remember to be polite. You're going to do fine.

Narrator 2: She said to Duckling as she straightened some of his new feathers.

Narrator 3: But when she looked for the ducks again, they were gone.

Duck: WAIT!

Narrator 4: Duck cried as she raced to the top of a hill.

Narrator 1: The real flying ducks were high in the sky, heading south.

Duck: What if I never found them again? How would Duckling learn to fly?

Narrator 2: Then something magical happened.

Narrator 3: They were flying! Sort of...

Narrator 4: Duckling was flying...

Narrator 1: But actually they were sinking more than they were flying.

Narrator 2: Duck was just too heavy for Duckling.

Narrator 3: As they sank lower and lower, Duck realized what she had to do.

Narrator 4: She freed herself from the scarf.

Narrator 1: Right away, Duckling went UP!

Narrator 2: And Duck went down.

Narrator 1: Up, up, up went Duckling.

Narrator 2: Down, down, down went Duck.

Narrator 3: Duck kept going until she hit the ground and skidded to a stop.

Narrator 4: She looked up just in time to see Duckling taking his place among the other real ducks.

Narrator 1: A moment later they were gone.

Narrator 2: Duck limped back home to the amusement park, alone and scarless, to face the long winter ahead.

Narrator 3: And a long winter it was.

Narrator 4: It snowed and snowed.

Narrator 1: It snowed so much...Duck almost disappeared.

Narrator 2: But finally, spring returned. The snow melted away, and Duck was awakened by the bright sun.

Narrator 3: The real ducks were returning, too.

Narrator 4: But Duck no longer wanted to watch them fly. It was flying that had taken Duckling away from her.

Narrator 1: Duck sat at the edge of the carousel and lowered her head.

Narrator 2: Then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw something...

Narrator 3: It was a real flying duck. But not just any duck.

Narrator 4: This one was wearing Duck's scarf and flying right towards her.

Duck: Duckling!

Duckling: Quack!

Duck: Let me look at you. You're all grown up!

Narrator 1: Duckling preened as Duck patted his head and smoothed his tail feathers.

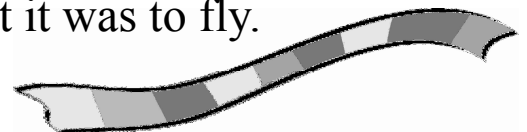
Narrator 2: All that day they laughed together...

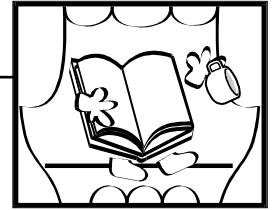
Narrator 3: and played together...

Narrator 4: just as they had so many times before.

Narrator 1: As night came, Duckling prepared to leave again with his flock. But first, Duckling helped Duck climb up on his back.

All: And finally, Duck knew what it was to fly.





***Martina the Beautiful
Cockroach:
A Cuban Folktale***
retold by Carmen Deedy
illustrated by Michael Austin

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

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3	Narrator 4
	<i>Abuela</i>	Martina	Don Gallo	Don Cerdo
	Pérez	Don Lagarto		

Narrator 1: Martina Josefina Catalina Cucaracha was a beautiful cockroach.

Narrator 2: She lived in a cozy street lamp in Old Havana with her big, lovable family.

Narrator 3: Now that Martina was 21 days old, she was ready to give her leg in marriage. The Cucaracha household was crawling with excitement! Every *señora* in the family had something to offer.

Narrator 4: *Tía Cuca* gave her *una peineta*, a seashell comb.

Narrator 1: *Mamá* gave her *una mantilla*, a lace shawl.

Narrator 2: But *Abuela*, her Cuban grandmother, gave her *un consejo increíble*, some shocking advice.

Martina: You want me to do WHAT?

Narrator 3: Martina was aghast.

Abuela: You are a beautiful cockroach! Finding husbands to choose from will be easy...picking the right one could be tricky.

Martina: B-b-but...how will spilling COFFEE on a suitor's shoes help me find a good husband?

Abuela: It will make him angry! Then you'll know how he will speak to you when he loses his temper. Trust me, Martina. The Coffee Test never fails.

Martina: I'm not so sure.

Narrator 4: Meanwhile, *Papá* sent *el perico*, the parrot, to spread the word.

Narrator 1: Soon all Havana...from the busy sidewalks of El Prado to El Morro castle...was abuzz with the news.

Narrator 2: Martina the beautiful cockroach was ready to choose a husband.

Narrator 3: As was the custom, Martina would greet her suitors from the balcony...under her family's many watchful eyes.

Narrator 4: Daintily, she sat down...

Narrator 1: ...and crossed her legs...

Narrator 2: ...and crossed her legs...

Narrator 3: ...and crossed her legs.

Narrator 4: She didn't have long to wait.

Narrator 1: Don Gallo, the rooster, strutted up first.

Narrator 2: Martina tried not to stare at his splendid shoes.

Narrator 3: Keeping one eye on his reflection, Don Gallo greeted her with a sweeping bow.

Don Gallo: *¡Caramba!* You really are a beautiful cockroach. I will look even more fabulous with you on my wing.

Narrator 4: With that, he leaned forward and crooned...

Don Gallo: Martina
Josefina
Catalina
Cucaracha,
Beautiful *muchacha*,
Won't you be my wife?

Narrator 1: Martina hesitated only for an instant.

Martina: Coffee, *señor*?

Narrator 2: Right on cue, *Abuela* appeared.

Narrator 3: With a quick glance at her grandmother, Martina nervously splattered coffee onto the rooster's spotless shoes.

Martina: Oh, my! I'm all feelers today.

Don Gallo: ¡*Ki-ki-ri-kiiii!* Clumsy cockroach! I will teach you better manners when you are my wife.

Narrator 4: Martina was stunned. The Coffee Test had worked!

Martina: A most humble offer, *señor*, but I cannot accept. You are much too cocky for me.

Narrator 1: Don Cerdo, the pig, hoofed up next. His smell curled the little hairs on Martina's legs.

Martina: What an unimaginable scent! Is it some new pig cologne?

Don Cerdo: Oh, no, *señorita*. It's the sweet aroma of my pigsty. Rotten eggs! Turnip peels! Stinky cheese!

Narrator 2: Don Cerdo licked his chops and sang,

Don Cerdo: Martina
Josefina
Catalina
Cucaracha,
Beautiful *muchacha*,
Won't you be my wife?

Narrator 3: Martina had already left in search of coffee.

Narrator 4: She wasted no time with the pig. She spilled the coffee onto his shoes.

Don Cerdo: ¡Gronc! ¡Gronc!

Narrator 1: squealed Don Cerdo as he dabbed at the coffee on his shoes.

Don Cerdo: What a tragedy for my poor loafers!

Martina: He really is quite a ham...

Narrator 2: thought Martina.

Martina: Calm yourself, *señor*. I'll clean them for you!

Don Cerdo: I'll say you will. When you are my wife, there'll be no end to cleaning up after me!

Narrator 3: Martina rolled her eyes in disbelief.

Martina: A most charming offer, *señor*, but I must decline. You are much too boorish for me.

Narrator 4: The Coffee Test had saved her from yet another unsuitable suitor.

Narrator 1: The pig was scarcely out of sight when Don Lagarto, the lizard, crept over the railing. His oily fingers brushed the little cockroach's lovely *mantilla*.

Martina: You shouldn't sneak up on a lady like that!

Don Lagarto: I don't sneak. I creep.

Narrator 2: He circled Martina.

Narrator 3: For some reason this fellow really bugged Martina.

Martina: I've had enough of creeps for one day. *Adiós.*

Don Lagarto: But I need you! Wait!

Narrator 4: The lizard fell on one scaly knee and warbled...

Don Lagarto: Martina
Josefina
Catalina
Cucaracha,
Beautiful *muchacha*,
Won't you be my wife?

Martina: Let me see if there's any coffee left.

Narrator 1: This time she wasn't taking any chances. Martina returned with TWO cups for the lizard. She spilled it on his shoes.

Don Lagarto: *¡Psssst! ¡Psssst!*

Narrator 2: Don Lagarto was livid. He changed colors three times before he finally found his true one.

Don Lagarto: And to think, I was going to eat—er—MARRY you!

Narrator 3: Martina stared at the lizard. You could have heard a breadcrumb drop.

Martina: Food for thought, *señor*, but I must refuse. You are much too cold-blooded for me.

Narrator 4: When her grandmother returned to collect the day's coffee cups, Martina was still fuming.

Martina: I'm going inside, *Abuela*.

Abuela: So soon?

Martina: ¡*Sí!* I'm afraid of whom I might meet next!

Narrator 1: *Abuela* drew Martina to the railing and pointed to the garden below.

Abuela: What about him?

Narrator 2: Martina looked down at the tiny brown mouse, and her cockroach heart began to beat faster.

Narrator 3: *Ti-ki-tin, ti-ki-tan.*

Martina: Oh, *Abuela*, he's adorable. Where has he been?

Abuela: Right here all along.

Martina: What do I do?

Abuela: Go talk to him...and just be yourself.

Narrator 4: Martina handed *Abuela* her *peineta* and *mantilla*, then scurried down to the garden. The mouse was waiting.

Narrator 1: *Ti-ki-tin, ti-ki-tan.*

Pérez: *Hola*, hello. My name is *Pérez*.

Narrator 2: His voice was like warm honey.

Martina: *Hola*. I'm Martina...

Pérez: ...the beautiful cockroach.

Martina: You think I'm beautiful?

Narrator 3: The little mouse turned pink under his fur.

Pérez: Well, my eyes are rather weak, but I have excellent EARS. I know you are strong and good, Martina Josefina Catalina Cucaracha.

Narrator 4: Then he squinted sweetly.

Pérez: Who cares if you are beautiful?

Narrator 1: *TI-KI-TIN, TI-KI-TAN.*

Abuela: Martina-a-a-a-a-a! Don't forget the coffee!

Narrator 2: Martina didn't want to give the Coffee Test to Pérez!

Abuela: Martina Josefina Catalina Cucaracha!

Martina: *Sí, Abuela.*

Narrator 3: Martina knew better than to argue with her Cuban grandmother.

Narrator 4: With a heavy heart, she reached for the cup.

Narrator 1: But Pérez got there first.

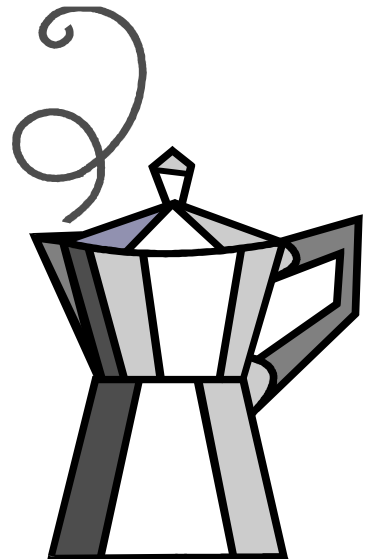
Narrator 2: Quick as a mouse, he splashed *café cubano* onto Martina's shoes.

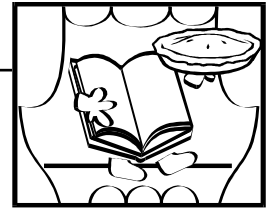
Narrator 3: Now the coffee was on the other foot.

Narrator 4: Martina was too delighted to be angry. At last, she'd found her perfect match. But she had to ask...

Martina: How did you know about the Coffee Test?

Pérez: Well, *mi amor*, my love...
I, too, have a Cuban grandmother.





***Thelonius Monster's
Sky-High Fly Pie***

by Judy Sierra

illustrated by Edward Koren

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

Characters: Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3 Narrator 4
 Narrator 5 Thelonius Monster/Spider/Cousin

Narrator 1: Thelonius Monster once swallowed a fly, and decided that flies would taste GRAND in a pie.

Narrator 2: That silly guy!

Narrator 3: Thelonius urgently e-mailed a spider.
 He wanted advice from a savvy insider.

Spider: You'll need something sticky...

Narrator 4: was her reply...

Spider: to catch a fly.

Narrator 5: Thelonius Monster concocted a goo of molasses and sugar and honey and glue...

Narrator 1: and he rolled out a crust of astonishing size.

Narrator 2: Now for the flies...

Narrator 3: Thelonius stealthily followed a horse and a dog and a cat and a cow...

Narrator 4: and, of course, he dived in a Dumpster.

Narrator 5: He circled a sewer...

Narrator 1: and spent several hours near a pile of manure.

Narrator 2: He lured hundreds and thousands of succulent flies, and their footsies all stuck to his fly-catching pie.

Narrator 3: Perhaps they'll die.

Narrator 4: Thelonius Monster addressed invitations to all his disgusting-est friends and relations.

Thelonius: PLEASE COME TO MY MANSION THIS SUNDAY FOR PIE. DON'T WEAR A TIE.

Narrator 5: On Sunday, Thelonius opened the door to eleventeen ravenous monsters, or more...

Narrator 1: his aunties, his uncles, his cousins, his chums.

All: How it glistens!

Narrator 2: they shouted.

All: And listen...it hums!
 It's the tunefullest pie that has ever been made.
 We shall march to the buzz in a monster parade.

Narrator 3: As they picked up their forks and they circled the room,
 the pie full of flies lifted off with a VOOOOM.

Narrator 4: UP, UP the staircase...

Narrator 5: it whirred and it whined...

Narrator 1: ...with all of the monsters galumphing behind.

Narrator 2: It whizzed out the window.

Narrator 3: It whooshed to the sky.

All: Bye-bye, fly pie!

Narrator 4: Thelonius Monster started to cry...

Thelonius: Now no one will taste my sensational pie.

Narrator 5: For though it had taken him so long to make it, the
 monster had somehow forgotten to BAKE it.

Narrator 1: But then, by a stroke of incredible luck,
 in the sky all the flies' little feet came unstuck.

Narrator 2: When the pie fell to earth in a huge cloud of dust,
 eleventeen monsters devoured the crust.

Narrator 3: Thelonus' creepiest cousin declared with a roar...

Cousin: A dessert like this never existed before...
a pie that could sparkle,
could sing, and could soar.
It's despicably sweet
with a slight hint of fly.
You're a fabulous cook!
You're a wonderful guy!

All: WE LOVE YOUR PIE!

