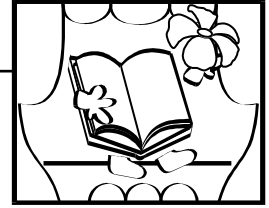


## Readers' Theater

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### *On Meadowview Street* by Henry Cole



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

Characters: Narrator 1   Narrator 2   Narrator 3   Narrator 4  
                  Caroline       Daddy       Mom

---

Narrator 1: It was a big day. Caroline and her family were moving into their new house on Meadowview Street.

Daddy: Everything is unpacked now. But the grass is too tall. I need to get busy mowing the lawn.

Narrator 2: Caroline was about to explore the new street to see if there was a meadow on Meadowview Street when she noticed a small blossom.

Caroline: It's beautiful. And it's all alone.

Narrator 3: The mower was getting closer to the flower.

Caroline: I'd better do something quick!

Narrator 4: The mower came to a halt.

Caroline: Daddy! Couldn't you mow around my flower?

Daddy:           Hmph! Well, that's less mowing for me!

Narrator 1:     Caroline raced inside the house. She poked around the boxes in the basement.

Caroline:        Aha! Some string and some sticks. Just what I need.

Narrator 2:     She put the sticks around the flower. Then she strung the string around the sticks. Before long, Caroline had made a small wildflower preserve.

Narrator 3:     Then she noticed another flower had bloomed nearby.

Caroline:        I'll just make my preserve a little bigger.

Narrator 4:     As more and more flowers appeared, Caroline's preserve got bigger...

Narrator 1:     and bigger...

Narrator 2:     and bigger.

Caroline:        That butterfly seems to like my little garden.

Narrator 3:     ...thought Caroline happily.

Narrator 4: As the grass grew taller, more flowers popped up all over the yard.

Narrator 1: Soon there were different kinds of flowers, in different colors everywhere.

Narrator 2: Caroline's dad had a great idea for the mower. He put it in the tall grass and put a "For Sale" sign on it.

Narrator 3: One day Caroline sat in her preserve, in the heat of the sun.

Caroline: My garden needs a shady spot.

Mom: A shady spot sounds nice.

Narrator 4: Soon a truck made a delivery.

Mom: I'll take lots of pictures.

Narrator 1: As Caroline looked at the maple tree, she said...

Caroline: Welcome to your new home.

Narrator 2: The next day, as Caroline admired the maple tree, a wren landed on the end of her shovel, which was stuck into the ground by the tree. She said to the wren,

Caroline: Oh! You're looking for a home, too!

Narrator 3: Caroline and her dad got to work.

Narrator 4: They found some plans for building bird houses. Caroline helped cut the wood and nail the pieces together.

Narrator 1: They hung the new birdhouse on a branch in the maple tree. Caroline looked at the wren landing on the birdhouse and said...

Caroline: Perfect!

Narrator 2: In no time, there were birds and insects everywhere, around the tree and zipping among the flowers.

Narrator 3: Soon the wren house was full of twigs for a nest.

Narrator 4: Caroline wanted one more thing.

Caroline: We need a place where everyone can get a drink of water.

Narrator 1: The next day she and her dad began building a pond.

Narrator 2: They dug a large, shallow hole and lined it with a heavy plastic sheet.

Narrator 3: Caroline added plants that liked living in water. She lugged large rocks to the edge, making ledges and little caverns for creatures to live in.

Narrator 4: The more Caroline and her family worked on their yard, the more it changed.

Caroline, Daddy, Mom:

It is now a home to many things.

Narrator 4: And soon, the Jackson's yard changed.

Narrator 1: And the Smiths'.

Narrator 2: And the Sotos'.

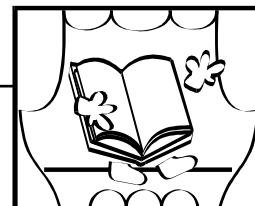
Caroline: Now, there really was a meadow on Meadowview Street.

All: AND A HOME FOR EVERYONE!



## Readers' Theater

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### ***Let's Do Nothing!***

by Tony Fucile

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

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3
	Frankie	Sal	

---

Narrator 1: Frankie and Sal are just lying around.

Sal: What are we going to do now, Frankie?

Frankie: I don't know, Sal. I think we've done it all. We've played every sport ever invented, painted more pictures in a day than Van Gogh did in a lifetime, baked enough cookies to feed a small country, played every board game we could find, read every comic book...

Sal: O.K., O.K. Let's stop talking for ten seconds.

Frankie: All right. Ten seconds of nothing.

Sal: That's it! LET'S DO NOTHING!

Frankie: How do we do nothing?

Sal: Simple. We sit down in these chairs and we do not move. Not an inch. Not a fraction of an inch. Zero movement. NOTHING.

Frankie: Uh-huh.

Sal: We can pretend we're a couple of those statues you see in the park. You know, the ones carved out of stone and stuff.

Narrator 2: So Sal and Frankie sat still as statues, doing nothing. Then, Frankie could feel lots and lots of pigeons sitting all over him.

Narrator 3: Frankie waves his arms around.

Sal: Frankie, what are you doing?

Frankie: SHOOING PIGEONS!!

Sal: Shooing pigeons is NOT doing nothing. Let's try it again, OK? Uh, let's imagine we're in a quiet grove in the middle of an old forest. We'll be two giant redwood trees. You can do that.

Frankie: I can do that.

Narrator 3: So Frankie and Sal become still as redwood trees. Unfortunately, a little dog comes into the forest and decides to go to the bathroom on the trees. Frankie tries to hide behind his chair.

Sal: Frankie?

Frankie: YOUR DOG JUST WENT TO THE BATHROOM ON ME!

Sal: You mean that dog over there? The one sleeping on my bed?

Narrator 1: Frankie looks at Sal sheepishly.

Sal: You know the Empire State Building in New York? You are it. Tall. Heavy. You've been sitting still for years and years. No silly pigeon or puny dog could rattle the likes of you, O Majestic One. Can you do it, sir?

Frankie: YEAH!

Narrator 2: So the two friends sit as quiet as the Empire State Building and another tall building in New York.



Sal: How's it going up there, my friend?

Frankie: Fantastic!

Narrator 3: All of sudden, King Kong himself climbs up the Empire State Building and grabs Frankie's glasses...

Frankie: HELP!!!!

Narrator 1: Sal thinks for a moment...

Sal: OK, OK. New plan. I'm going to make you the King of the Nothing Doers. Lie down on the floor, please.

Frankie: Like this?

Sal: YES. Now don't move. And you've got to hold your breath.

Narrator 2: Then Sal puts blocks on Frankie's head and stomach.

Sal: You've got to hold your breath. That one on your belly is moving up and down.

Frankie: Got it. What if I need to blink?

Sal: Can't blink, my friend. That's not doing nothing.

Frankie: But my eyes are burning.

Sal: Then close them.

Frankie: But that's not doing nothing either.

Sal: OK, then don't close...

Frankie: Sal? Sal?

Narrator 3: Sal gets nose to nose with Frankie. Then he gives a cheer.

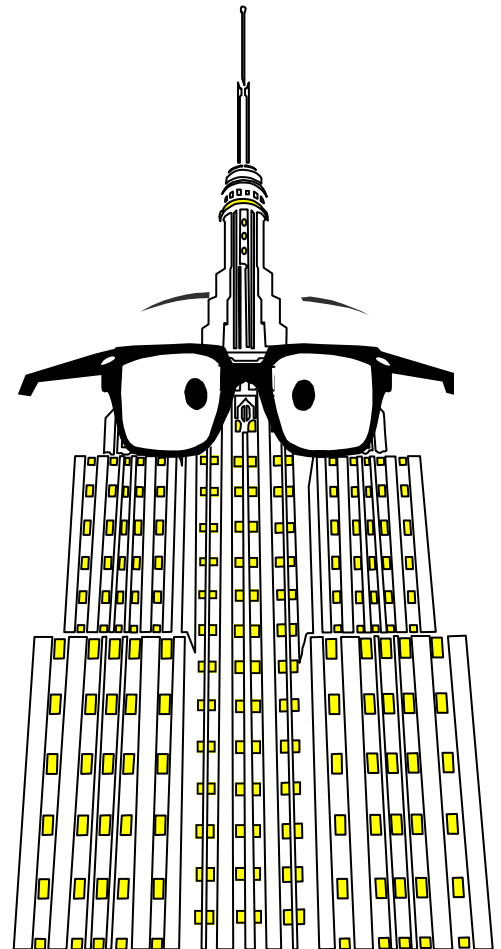
Sal: THAT'S IT!! WE FIGURED IT OUT!  
PEOPLE HAVE HAD IT WRONG FOR  
HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS!  
THERE IS NO WAY TO DO NOTHING! YOU,  
ME, YOUR EYES...WE CAN NEVER DO  
NOTHING!

Narrator 1: Sal gives Frankie a big hug.

Sal: Mmmmmmmmm...  
This is BIG.  
This is REALLY BIG.  
You know what we have to do now, don'tcha?

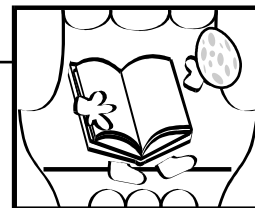
Frankie: Yep.

Together: **LET'S DO SOMETHING!**



## Readers' Theater

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### ***The Odd Egg*** by Emily Gravett

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

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3
	Owl	Chicken	Flamingo
	Parrot	Baby Chick	Baby Owl
	Baby Parrot	Baby Flamingo	Alligator

---

*(Each of the birds (not baby birds) should have a drawing of their eggs and show them at the time of the egg cracking open.)*

Narrator 1: All the birds had laid an egg.

Narrator 2: All except for Duck.

Narrator 3: Then Duck found an egg! He thought it was the most beautiful egg in the whole wide world.

Narrator 4: But the other birds did not.

Owl: That egg is odd.

Chicken: Hee, hee!

Flamingo: It'll never hatch! Ha, ha!

Parrot: Not pretty.

Narrator 1: Then...

Narrator 2: Creak. Crack.

Baby Chick: Cheep, Cheep!

Narrator 3: Creak. Crack.

Baby Owl: Twit minus two times 2, equals 4, divided by 39, minus 8, times 26, plus 6 plus 6, times plus b, times woo minus twoo, plus 0 divided by 0, equals half an egg plus...

Narrator 4: Creak. Crack.

Baby Parrot: I'm a pretty boy!

Narrator 1: Creak. Crack.

Baby

Flamingo: Honk. Honk.

Narrator 2: All the eggs had hatched.

Narrator 3: All except for Duck's.

Narrator 4: Duck waited for his egg to hatch.

Narrator 1: He waited...

Narrator 2: and waited...

Narrator 3: and waited.

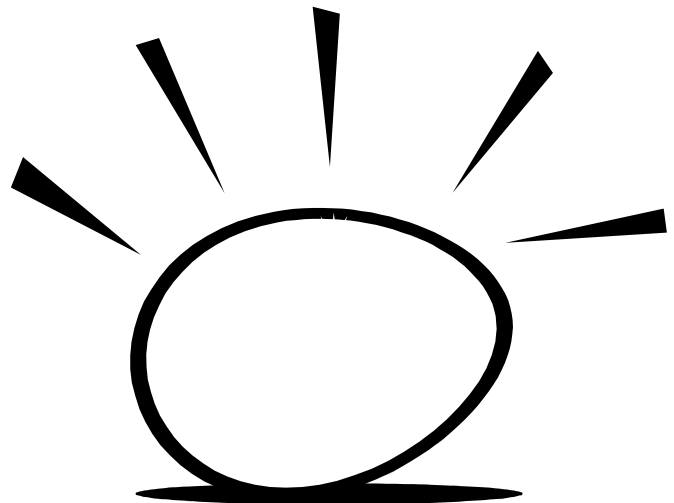
Narrator 4: Until....

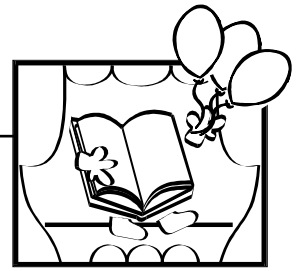
ALL: CREAK. CRACK.

Alligator: SNAP!

*(All the other birds run away to one side. Duck walks to the other side. Alligator follows Duck.)*

Alligator: Mama, mama.





***Princess Hyacinth  
(The Surprising Tale of a Girl  
Who Floated)***

by Florence Heide

illustrated by Lane Smith

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

Characters: Narrator 1    Narrator 2    Narrator 3  
                  Narrator 4    Princess        King  
                  Queen         Boy/Balloon Man

---

Narrator 1: Princess Hyacinth had a problem.

Narrator 2: Well, you're saying, everyone has a problem.  
But this was an unusual problem.

Narrator 3: Oh, she didn't look unusual, that wasn't it. She  
had two eyes, with a nose between them and  
mouth under that—you know, the usual things  
in the usual arrangement.

Narrator 4: In fact, if she wasn't all dressed up in her  
Princess clothes, you'd think she was just  
anybody.

Narrators: SO WHAT WAS THE PROBLEM?

Narrator 1: Princess Hyacinth floated.

Narrator 2: Unless she was attached to something, or weighted down, she just floated...

Narrators: UP...UP...UP.

Narrator 3: So the King and Queen had little golden weights sewn into the hems of Princess Hyacinth's gowns, and little diamond pebbles sewn into the tops of her socks.

Narrator 4: Her crown had the heaviest jewels of the kingdom, and a rhinestone strap under her chin to keep it on.

Narrator 1: As long as she was all dressed up in her Princess things, she didn't float at all. In fact, she could hardly move.

Narrator 2: But the minute her crown was off, and her gown, and all that...

Narrators: UP, UP, UP

Narrator 3: she would go in her Royal Underwear.



Narrator 4: The only time she could take off her royal stuff was when she was in the palace. Then if she floated, and of course she did, she'd just float up to the ceiling and they could always get her down in the morning.

Princess: Why can't I float around outside?

Narrator 1: ...was a question Princess Hyacinth had asked six million times.

Parents: Because you'd just float away altogether.

All: POOR PRINCESS HYACINTH!

Princess: I wish I could run outside, like the children who came to play on the Palace Grounds.

Narrator 2: Instead, she sat at the window in her Royal Bathing Suit wearing a seat belt, looking at all the children having fun.

Narrator 3: One was a redheaded boy who could fly his sky-blue kite higher than all the others. His name was Boy.

Narrator 4: He waved at Princess Hyacinth every day, and she waved back. He smiled at her and she smiled back.

Narrator 1: Boy had painted a gold crown on his kite in honor of the Princess. Wasn't that nice?

Narrator 2: Boy had come over to her window to say hello a couple of times. Well, seven times — she had counted every single one.

Narrator 3: Today he walked over again.

Princess: I like your kite.

Boy: I like your crown.

Narrator 4: He turned to go.

Boy: And I like *YOU*.

Narrator 1: At least, that's what Princess Hyacinth thought he said.

Narrator 2: Maybe he had just said "Toodle-oo."

Narrator 3: Or "Yike-a-doodle-doo."

Narrator 4: She couldn't be sure.

Narrator 1: After a while, the children left the Palace Grounds.

Princess: I'm terribly, horribly, dreadfully bored. I will go to the park.

Narrator 2: Of course, she had to get all dressed up in her Princess clothes first.

Narrator 3: The weights and everything. The crown and everything.

Narrator 4: And then off she went, walking to the park.

Narrator 1: Well, she wasn't exactly walking, she was sort of dragging along.

Narrator 2: She saw a balloon man coming toward her. Suddenly Princess Hyacinth had an exciting idea!

Princess: Mr. Balloon Man, I'd like to float up there with the balloons.

Balloon Man: That is impossible.

Princess: No, it isn't. If I took off all my Princess clothes, you could tie a string to my ankle and I could float.

Balloon Man: Oh, dear.

Narrator 3: But since she was the Princess, she got her way.

Narrator 4: Princess Hyacinth took off everything from tip to toe (except her Royal Underwear) and put it in a neat pile under her umbrella.

Narrator 1: She left a sign:  
Do not touch! Property of the Princess!

Narrator 2: The Balloon Man tied a string to her ankle and held on to the other end, and up she went.

Princess: I feel like a balloon.

Narrator 3: The Balloon Man walked through the park, and Princess Hyacinth bobbed along with the balloons.

Narrator 4: It was pretty exciting.

Narrator 1: But alas and alack!

Narrator 2: Somehow or other, the Balloon Man let go of the string that was attached to Princess Hyacinth.

All: AND UP SHE WENT.

Princess: Oh, wow!

Narrator 3: The Balloon Man ran to tell a policeman.

Narrator 4: The policeman told the Palace Guards.

Narrator 1: The Palace Guards notified the King and Queen.

Queen: Oh, dear.

Narrator 2: The King got out his binoculars so that he could watch the Princess as she floated up and up.

King: As long as I keep an eye on her, she won't get into any trouble.

Narrator 3: Princess Hyacinth floated higher and higher. But hey! She loved this free-bird feeling!

Narrator 4: She whirled and she twirled.  
She swooshed and she swirled.  
She zigged and she zagged  
and she zigzagged.

Narrator 1: She zoomed and caromed and cart wheeled.  
She did handsprings and headstands, flip-flops  
and fandangos.

Princess: This is the most fun I have ever had in my  
whole life.

Narrator 2: And all the time, she was floating up, up, up.

Princess: I can't even see the castle. I never knew the sky  
was so high!

Narrator 3: She saw something nearby. What could it be?

Narrator 4: She looked closer. What was it?

Narrator 1: It was her crown. Her golden crown. What was  
it doing here? She was close enough now to  
touch it.

Narrator 2: Look! It was the boy's kite with the painting of  
her crown! Oh, my. Before she knew it, she  
was tangled up. Now what?

Narrator 3: Down on the ground, Boy felt a tug and started  
to reel in his kite. Princess and all.

Narrator 4: The King, who had been watching her through his binoculars (so that she wouldn't get into any trouble), saw the whole thing.

Parents: Oh, hooray! Princess Hyacinth has been rescued.

Narrator 1: Boy was a hero. The King gave him a bag of gold.

Parents: Now what?

Narrator 2: Well, since Princess Hyacinth had had such a wonderful time floating up there in the air, she wanted to do that every single day.

Narrator 3: And she did.

Narrator 4: Every day she went out to the Palace Grounds in her Royal Underwear, and up, up, up she would float.

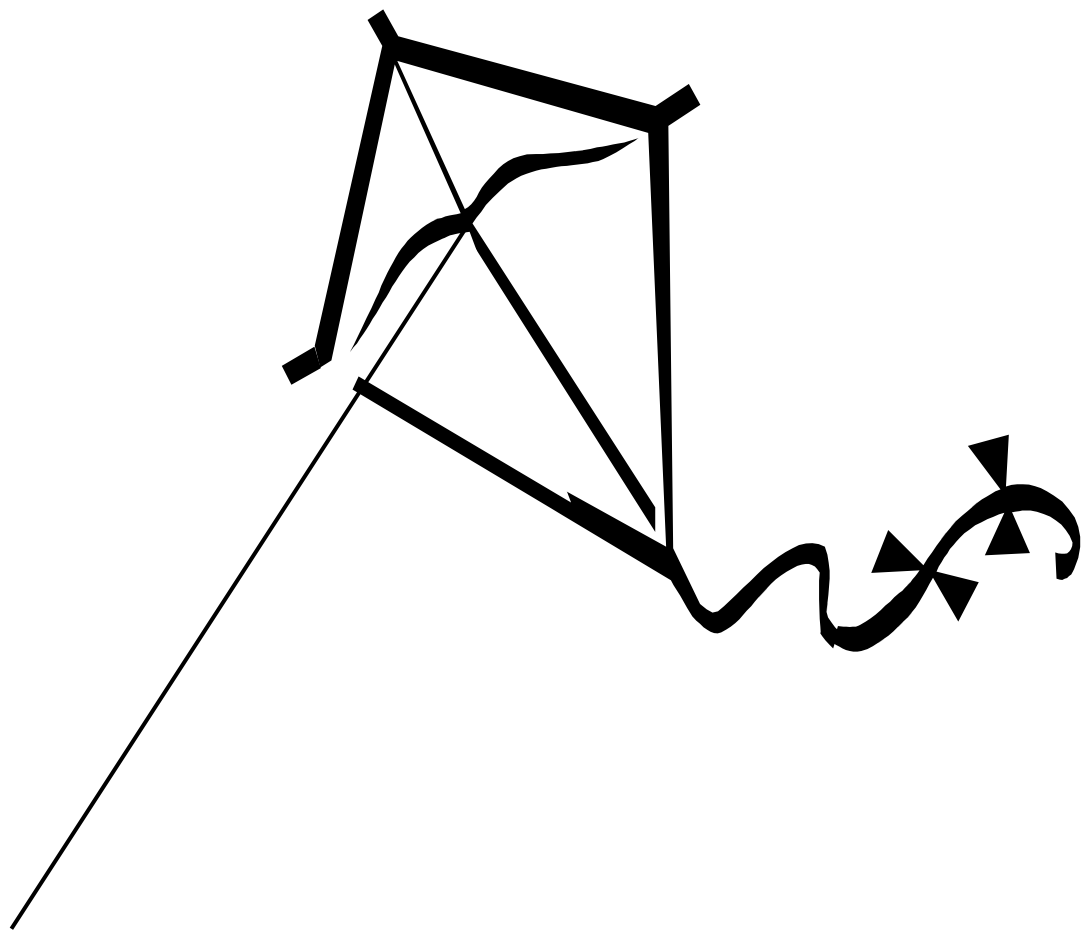
Narrator 1: Then Boy would fly his kite up, up, up right next to her, and reel her in when she wanted to come down.

Narrator 2: And then she would invite him into the palace for tea and popcorn.

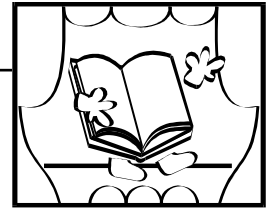
Narrator 3: The problem about the floating was never solved, and that's too bad.

Narrator 4: But Princess Hyacinth was never bored again.

All: GOOD.







## ***I Need My Monster***

by Amanda Noll

illustrated by Howard McWilliam

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

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Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator	Ethan
	Herbert	Ralph	Cynthia	Mack

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Narrator 1: Tonight, when Ethan looked under the bed for his monster named Gabe, he found this note instead.

Narrator 2: Gone fishing. Back in a week. –Gabe

Narrator 3: What was he going to do? He needed a monster under his bed.

Ethan: How am I supposed to get to sleep if my monster is gone?

Narrator 1: He tried to sleep, but it wasn't the same without Gabe. He missed his ragged breathing. His nose-whistling. The scrabbling of his uncut claws.

Ethan: How will I ever get to sleep without Gabe's familiar scary noises and his spooky green ooze?

Narrator 2: It was no use. Gabe would be gone for a week and Ethan just had to have a monster.

Narrator 3: He climbed quietly out of bed so his parents wouldn't hear him. Grown-ups have some strange ideas about monsters under beds. He knocked on the floorboards, then scrambled back under his covers. He waited nervously.

Ethan: Will a new monster appear? What will he look like? Will his snorting be as cheerful as Gabe's?

Narrator 1: When he heard some creaking under his bed, he knew that the substitute monster had arrived.

Herbert: Good evening,

Narrator 2: said a low, breathy voice.

Herbert: My name is Herbert and I will be your monster for the evening.

Ethan: Herbert? What kind of name is that for a monster? You don't sound scary at all. Have you ever scared a kid before?

Herbert: Well, no, but I have read all the best books on the topic.

Ethan: Do you have long teeth and scratchy claws?

Herbert: No, but I have an overbite. And I'm a mouth-breather. Listen...  
Hih-huh, hih-huh, hih-huh, hih-huh,  
hih-huh, hih-huh.

Narrator 3: Herbert's panting was kind of scary, but it wasn't scary enough for Ethan.

Ethan: Listen, Herbert. I'm sorry. I just don't think this is going to work. It's nothing personal, but I really need a monster with claws.

Herbert: Picky, picky. As you wish, I'll go.

Narrator 1: There was some more creaking. Then Herbert was gone.

Narrator 2: Some scratching warned Ethan that a second monster had appeared.

Ralph: Good evening.

Narrator 3: he said in a high, silky voice.

Ralph: My name is Ralph. I understand you need a monster with claws. If you would please lean over, I will hold out an arm for inspection.

Narrator 1: Ethan crouched on the edge of the bed, hoping to see a horrible shaggy arm with sharp, ragged nails. Instead, he was surprised to see sleekly brushed fur with smooth, shiny claws.

Ethan: Excuse me, I don't mean to be rude, but is that nail polish on your claws?

Ralph: Yes, it is. I believe professional monsters should always be well-groomed.

Narrator 2: Ethan could tell that this was not going to work either.

Ethan: I'm sorry to disappoint you, Ralph, but I need a monster with scary claws.

Narrator 3: Like Gabe's, Ethan thought. He heard some more scratching and he knew Ralph was gone.

Narrator 1: A minute later, a third voice from under the bed rasped,

Cynthia: Check out these claws, kid.

Narrator 2: Ethan gathered his courage and peered over the edge. The claws were impressive, jagged and dark and razor-sharp. So far, so good. Ethan was a little nervous.

Ethan: Could you stick out your tail?

Narrator 3: Ethan whispered.

Cynthia: Sure. But don't get scared!

Narrator 1: Ethan peeked through his fingers at the slimy tail slithering over the foot of his bed. That's when he noticed the bow.

Ethan: Are you a girl monster?

Cynthia: Of course, I am. I'm Cynthia. Do you have a problem with that?

Ethan: Um, yeah, I do. I *definitely* need a boy monster. Boy monsters are for boys and girl monsters are for girls. Everybody knows that.

Cynthia: Well, aren't you a picky one?

Narrator 2: She sniffed, and she was gone.

Ethan: Am I being too picky? NO!

Narrator 3: He knew that his monster needed to be well-clawed and menacing.

Ethan: The whole point of having a monster, after all, is to keep me in bed, imagining all the scary stuff that could happen if I got out.

Narrator 1: Then he heard a shuffling noise. And some slobbering. A fourth monster was under his bed.

Mack: Hey. The name's Mack.

Narrator 2: One look at his claws proved that Mack was a big, scruffy BOY monster. Ethan shivered. Maybe this one would work out.

Ethan: Those are excellent claws, but do you have a long tail?

Narrator 3: He leaned over to see.

Mack: No, my tail is stumpy.

Narrator 1: Mack slurped.

Mack: But I do have an unu-u-usually lo-o-o-ng tongue!

Ethan: Why would I be afraid of a long tongue?

Mack: Oh, I don't know.

Narrator 2: Mack said, trying to sound terrifying.

Mack: You never know when I-I-I mi-i-ight...lick you!

Narrator 3: Ethan fell back on the bed, laughing.

Mack: Well, if you're not even going to try-y-y to work with me...

Narrator 1: Mack whined. Ethan held in his giggles.

Mack: I re-e-eally don't think you should send me away. I'm warning you that kids who reject five monsters in one night...

Ethan: I did NOT reject five monsters tonight. My regular monster went fishing.

Mack: Fishing, eh? Maybe he just left because you're SO-O-O picky. Fine. I'm out of here. But I wouldn't expect another monster tonight if I were you.

Ethan: How am I ever going to get to sleep without my monster?

Narrator 2: He was surprised to hear more creaking under the bed. Loud creaking. With scratching.

Ethan: I-I thought no more monsters were going to appear tonight.

Gabe: Sorry I'm late, kid.

Narrator 3: Whew, it was Gabe!

Gabe: I thought I would enjoy fishing, but I didn't. Those fish scare too easily. No challenge at all. You, however, are challenging, my friend. You're almost too old to be afraid of monsters. You keep me on my toes. Ah, toes...a delicious snack.

Narrator 1: The bed quivered as Gabe's stomach rumbled with hunger.



Gabe: Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to start the evening with an ominous puddle of drool.

Narrator 2: Ethan peeked over the edge of the bed. Green ooze spread soundlessly from underneath. Then the bed trembled as Gabe unfurled his spiked tail. He was daring Ethan to guess where he might pop up. Ethan shivered. Gabe sharpened his claws on the bedpost.

Gabe: So you had some substitute monsters tonight. Were you...scaaaaaared?

Narrator 3: Then Gabe started tapping. Ethan could tell that Gabe wanted to know if he still needed him.

Ethan: No other monster can scare me like you!

Narrator 1: Ethan dove under his covers and pulled them up tight. Through the blanket, he heard Gabe's soft, comforting snorts.

Gabe: Ha! I knew it! We're made for each other.

Narrator 2: he growled.

Narrator 3: When Ethan's blanket started to slip off the bed, he knew that Gabe was ready to eat.

Gabe: Now, if you could please stick out your foot. I'd like to nibble your pinkie.

Narrator 1: Ethan yanked his blanket back up and scrunched his feet in so Gabe couldn't get them.

Ethan: No toes tonight, but you can have this.

Narrator 2: He pushed a pillow off the bed. He didn't even hear it hit the floor.

Narrator 3: Gabe was back. The ooze was perfect. Every thing was back to normal. He shivered again. He'd be asleep in no time.

