

Reader's Theatre Scripts

Grades 3-5

By Meg Mechelke, Iowa Reading Research Center Communications Assistant



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**Iowa Reading
Research Center**

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Introduction

Reader's theatre is an excellent way to provide students with the opportunity to practice important fluency skills, especially when paired with assisted and repeated reading strategies. The following scripts include roles for 6–8 readers and are written for Grades 3–5. Each script includes a list of potentially unfamiliar vocabulary words. Students may benefit from teachers or caregivers preteaching these words due to their difficult pronunciation and/or definition. Some scripts also feature a list of idiomatic or colloquial expressions used within the piece, which teachers and caregivers can pre-teach, especially for bilingual students.

For more information on how to incorporate these scripts into a lesson plan, see our blog post titled ["Drama in the Classroom: Reader's Theatre as Fluency Practice."](#)

The Gingerbread Man



An American Fairytale

Characters:

NARRATOR 1	OLD BAKER
NARRATOR 2	FARMER JOE
NARRATOR 3	LITTLE SUSIE
GINGERBREAD MAN	CLEVER FOX

Vocabulary:

licorice [LIK-er-ish] – a sweet-tasting candy, often rolled into a long rope

sugary [SHOOG-uh-ree] – sweet-tasting

delicious [dih-LISH-uhs] – something that tastes good

odorous [sent] – smell

sweaty [SWET-ee] – covered with sweat

roam [roh-m] – to walk or travel around a lot

Idioms:

off to – going to

couldn't help but – a phrase used when one feels they must do something

hit the ground running – to start something quickly and with a lot of energy

you don't say – a phrase used to express amazement or excitement

this was it – this was the end

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there was an old, old baker.

NARRATOR 2: He lived by himself in a cottage by the river.

NARRATOR 3: The old man baked all sorts of treats. But gingerbread cookies were his favorite.

OLD BAKER: Gingerbread! Fresh gingerbread! Get your gingerbread here!

NARRATOR 1: One day, the old man had an idea.

NARRATOR 2: He took a piece of leftover gingerbread batter and made it into the shape of a man.

OLD BAKER: I will bake this batter into a gingerbread man! He will be a good friend to me.

NARRATOR 3: The old man gave the gingerbread man gumdrop eyes and a licorice mouth. Then, he put the cookie in the oven to bake.

OLD BAKER: Soon, my gingerbread man will be done. I can't wait to meet him!

NARRATOR 1: But when the old baker opened the oven, the gingerbread man jumped off the tray and started running.

OLD BAKER: Wait! Gingerbread man! Come back!

NARRATOR 2: But the gingerbread man didn't listen. He ran right out the door!

NARRATOR 3: The old baker chased after his gingerbread man, but he could not catch him. The gingerbread man laughed as he looked back at the old baker.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Run, run, run, as fast as you can! You'll never catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!

OLD BAKER: Wait! I don't want to eat you! I just want to be friends!

NARRATOR 1: But it was too late. The gingerbread man couldn't hear him.

NARRATOR 2: The gingerbread man ran and ran.

NARRATOR 3: He ran over the hill and down the road.

NARRATOR 1: Then he ran right into Farmer Jo's field!

FARMER JO: Howdy stranger! Where are you off to?

GINGERBREAD MAN: I'm running away from the old, old baker.

FARMER JO: Hey, I know the baker! He makes those delicious cookies. I especially like his gingerbread...

NARRATOR 2: Farmer Jo looked at the gingerbread man. He saw the gingerbread man's gumdrop eyes and licorice mouth. Soon, his stomach began to rumble.

FARMER JO: You know... you look pretty delicious yourself.

NARRATOR 3: Uh oh! The gingerbread man knew what that meant. Faster than you could say gingersnap, the gingerbread man took off running.

FARMER JO: Wait! Don't run away! I'm hungry!

NARRATOR 1: Farmer Jo ran after the gingerbread man, but it was no use. Once again, the gingerbread laughed and shouted over his shoulder.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Run, run, run, as fast as you can! You'll never catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!

NARRATOR 2: As the gingerbread man sprinted off into the distance, the old, old baker caught up with Farmer Jo.

OLD BAKER: Hello Farmer Jo. Have you seen a gingerbread man around these parts?

FARMER JO: Yes! He looked so delicious, but when I tried to eat him, he ran away.

OLD BAKER: You tried to eat him?!

NARRATOR 3: The old, old baker began to feel worried for the gingerbread man. He followed after his cookie creation, hoping he would catch up in time to keep the gingerbread man safe from harm.

NARRATOR 1: Meanwhile, the gingerbread man ran out of the fields and into the town. Soon, he ran right into Little Susie's backyard!

LITTLE SUSIE: Why, hello there!

NARRATOR 2: Little Susie was having a tea party with all of her toys. She invited the gingerbread man to join them.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Don't mind if I do!

NARRATOR 3: The gingerbread man sat down next to Little Susie and poured himself a cup of tea.

NARRATOR 1: Soon, Little Susie noticed a delicious, sugary smell.

LITTLE SUSIE: Mmmm. Something smells yummy!

GINGERBREAD MAN: Oh, that's just me. I'm made of gingerbread, you see.

NARRATOR 2: Little Susie smiled a wide, hungry smile.

LITTLE SUSIE: You don't say. You know, nothing goes better with a cup of tea than some warm, fresh gingerbread.

NARRATOR 3: The gingerbread man knew what this meant. He got up to run, but before he could take off, Little Susie scooped him up in her sweaty hands.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Hey! Let me go!

NARRATOR 1: The gingerbread man kicked little Susie in the thumb as hard as he could. She dropped him with a cry, and he hit the ground running.

LITTLE SUSIE: Hey! No fair! That hurt!

NARRATOR 2: But the gingerbread man didn't hear her. He was already dashing out of the yard, yelling over his shoulder as he ran.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Run, run, run, as fast as you can! You'll never catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!

NARRATOR 3: As the gingerbread man made his escape, the old, old baker ran, huffing and puffing, into Little Susie's backyard.

OLD BAKER: Little Susie! Have you seen a gingerbread man run through here?

LITTLE SUSIE: Yes! And he kicked me right in the thumb!

OLD BAKER: Which way did he go?

NARRATOR 1: Little Susie pointed in the direction the gingerbread man had run, and the old, old baker took off after him, as fast as he could.

NARRATOR 2: Meanwhile, the gingerbread man had run past the library and out of town. Soon, he ran right up to the edge of a big, blue river.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Now here's a problem. I've got to keep going, or else they will eat me. But I can't swim!

NARRATOR 3: Just then, a clever fox swam up to the gingerbread man.

CLEVER CLEVER FOX: I couldn't help but overhear your problem. Can't swim, you say? I think I know how to help with that.

GINGERBREAD MAN: How so?

CLEVER CLEVER FOX: Jump onto my tail. I'll carry you across the river.

GINGERBREAD MAN: How do I know I can trust you?

NARRATOR 1: Just then, the old, old baker appeared in the distance.

OLD BAKER: Wait! Stop!

NARRATOR 2: The gingerbread man knew he had no choice but to trust the fox. He jumped onto the fox's tail and held on tight.

NARRATOR 3: As the fox began to swim across the river, the gingerbread man could feel the icy cold water nipping at his toes.

CLEVER FOX: Oh, gingerbread man! The water is getting deeper. You should climb onto my back so that you do not drown.

NARRATOR 1: The gingerbread man did as the fox said. As the fox swam, the water grew darker and colder.

CLEVER FOX: Oh, gingerbread man! The water is even deeper now. You should climb onto my nose so that you do not drown.

NARRATOR 2: Again, the gingerbread man did as the fox said. He climbed right up to the fox's nose. He could smell the fishy scent of the fox's breath and see the animal's white teeth sparkling in the sunlight. Suddenly, his little gingerbread heart began to beat faster and faster.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Actually, I'm not sure this is a good idea.

NARRATOR 3: But it was too late.

CLEVER FOX: Aha! I've tricked you. I'm sure you will make a delicious snack!

NARRATOR 1: The fox tossed the gingerbread man up into the air and opened its mouth wide, ready to snap him up in one big bite.

NARRATOR 2: As the gingerbread man flew into the air, he felt sure this was it for him. He closed his eyes and prepared for the end.

NARRATOR 3: But just then, a wrinkled old hand snatched him out of the air and away from the fox's waiting jaws.

OLD BAKER: Got you!

NARRATOR 1: The old, old baker had found a boat and rowed across the river. He had arrived just in time to save the gingerbread man!

CLEVER FOX: Darn you, baker! That was going to be my afternoon snack!

NARRATOR 2: Defeated, the fox swam away. The old baker set the gingerbread man down inside the boat.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Thank you for saving me, baker. But aren't you also going to eat me?

OLD BAKER: No! That's what I've been trying to tell you! I never wanted to eat you. I just want to be friends!

GINGERBREAD MAN: Friends?

OLD BAKER: Yes. As long as you stick with me, I promise no one will ever eat you.

GINGERBREAD MAN: That sounds like a good deal to me!

NARRATOR 1: The old baker rowed the boat back to shore and carried the gingerbread man back to his cottage.

NARRATOR 2: There, he poured the gingerbread man a cup of tea and listened to the tales of all the adventures he had had during the day.

NARRATOR 3: That night, the baker man settled down into his human bed, and the gingerbread man settled down into a tiny gingerbread bed that the old baker had made for him.

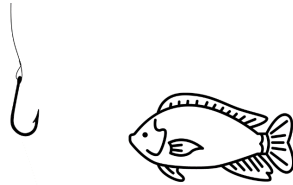
NARRATOR 1: And as he watched the sun set through the windows of the old baker's cottage, the gingerbread man knew he was done running.

GINGERBREAD MAN: I'm a gingerbread man, and I used to roam, but this old baker's house is my gingerbread home!

NARRATOR 2: And they all lived happily ever after.

NARRATOR 3: The end!

The Talking Fish



An Armenian Folktale

Characters:

NARRATOR 1

NARRATOR 2

NARRATOR 3

FISHERMAN

MONSTER

FISH/STRANGER

Vocabulary:

delicious [dih-LISH-uhs] – something that tastes good

strength [strengkth] – how strong someone or something is

pity [PIT-ee] – to feel sorry for someone

stomach [STUHM-uhk] – the body part that holds and digests food

muscles [MUHS-uhlz] – the body parts used to lift and push things

startled [STAHR-tld] – suddenly surprised or scared

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there lived a poor, old fisherman in a tiny shack by the sea.

NARRATOR 2: The fisherman did not have very much money to buy food, so he was often very hungry.

NARRATOR 3: One day, the fisherman went out to the sea to try to catch a fish for dinner.

FISHERMAN: I haven't had a good meal in weeks! I sure hope I can catch a big, delicious fish to fry for my supper.

NARRATOR 1: Soon, the fisherman felt a tug on his line.

NARRATOR 2: He reeled in the line, pulling with all his strength.

NARRATOR 3: With a loud splash, the fisherman yanked the fish into his boat.

NARRATOR 1: And it was the largest, most beautiful fish he had ever seen!

FISHERMAN: I can't believe my luck! This fish will feed me for days!

NARRATOR 2: But then, something strange happened. The fish began to speak!

FISH: Dear fisherman, I know you are hungry, and a fish like me must look very tasty. However, I was just down there in the water playing with my friends and family, and I know they must miss me terribly. Please have pity on me and throw me back into the water!

NARRATOR 3: The fisherman felt sorry for the fish, so, as hungry as he was, he tossed it back into the sea.

NARRATOR 1: As he was walking home, his stomach grumbled and rumbled. He searched his pockets, but he had no money for food, not even a quarter!

NARRATOR 2: As the fisherman rounded the corner towards his shack, he ran into a strange, tall creature with huge muscles and sharp teeth.

NARRATOR 3: Behind the monster was a strong, young cow on a rope. The fisherman's mouth watered as he thought about the delicious milk and cheese he would have to eat and sell if he had a cow like that.

MONSTER: Hello there, fisherman. I am off to the market to sell my cow. Would you like to buy it?

FISHERMAN: Oh, would I ever! But sadly, I don't have any money.

MONSTER: How about we make a deal? I will give you this cow now, for free. I promise that she is a good cow who produces lots and lots of milk every day.

FISHERMAN: And what do I have to do for you?

MONSTER: In three years' time, I will come to your shack and ask you some questions. If you can answer them, the cow will be yours forever, and you will never go hungry again.

FISHERMAN: And if I can't answer them?

NARRATOR 1: The monster smiled a wide, sharp-toothed smile.

MONSTER: Then you and the cow will be my prisoners forever!

NARRATOR 2: The fisherman thought about this offer. He felt a little scared of the monster, but he also knew he needed to eat to live.

NARRATOR 3: At last, the fisherman made his choice.

FISHERMAN: It's a deal. This cow will keep me alive for the next three years, and I'm sure I can figure out the answer to a few simple questions.

NARRATOR 1: The deal was done. The fisherman took the cow home, and, sure enough, she made more milk than any cow he had ever seen before. He took the milk to the market the next day and traded it for bread, meat, and all kinds of other things.

NARRATOR 2: For the next three years, the fisherman and his cow lived happy lives in their cottage by the sea. But the fisherman knew the monster would soon be back.

NARRATOR 3: One night, a handsome stranger knocked on the fisherman's door.

FISHERMAN: Can I help you?

STRANGER: I have traveled a long way, and I have much farther to go. However, it is getting late, and I am very tired. May I spend the night here?

FISHERMAN: Of course.

NARRATOR 1: The fisherman invited the stranger inside for dinner.

STRANGER: You have the most beautiful cow I have ever seen.

FISHERMAN: Thank you. She makes the best milk in the town. But you won't believe how I got her!

NARRATOR 2: The fisherman told the stranger all about the monster, the cow, and the deal he had made.

NARRATOR 3: Just then, there was a loud banging at the door.

MONSTER: Fisherman! Let me in! Three years have passed. It is time for your questions!

NARRATOR 1: The fisherman was frozen with fear. Luckily, the stranger jumped into action.

STRANGER: I will answer your questions, monster.

FISHERMAN: What are you doing?

STRANGER: You did me a kindness by inviting me into your home and feeding me your food. Now, it is time for me to repay you.

NARRATOR 2: From outside, the monster growled.

MONSTER: Who are you?

STRANGER: No one important.

MONSTER: Where did you come from?

STRANGER: From over the sea!

MONSTER: How did you get here?

STRANGER: On the back of a flea.

MONSTER: Then the sea must have been very small, if a flea was able to cross it.

STRANGER: Not at all. The sea is so large that even an eagle would have a hard time flying across it.

MONSTER: You mean a baby eagle?

STRANGER: No. Even an eagle whose wings could cover an entire city would struggle to fly across the sea that I am from.

MONSTER: You must be talking about the smallest of cities, then, right?

STRANGER: Not at all. The city I speak of is so large that a rabbit could not run from one end of it to the other.

MONSTER: Then that rabbit must be very small.

STRANGER: Not at all. That rabbit is as large as you and me together!

NARRATOR 3: The fisherman and the monster both were confused and startled by the stranger's wacky answers. The monster felt overwhelmed. He did not know what other questions to ask. He stood there in silence for a while, and then he disappeared into the darkness.

FISHERMAN: You've outsmarted the monster! How in the world did you do that?

NARRATOR 1: The stranger smiled.

STRANGER: It is not so hard to outsmart a monster, so long as you are confident in yourself. The monster just said I had to answer the questions, not that my answers had to be correct!

NARRATOR 2: At this, the fisherman laughed, and the stranger did too.

FISHERMAN: You have saved my life. How can I ever repay you?

STRANGER: There is no need to repay me.

FISHERMAN: Well, will you at least tell me who you are?

NARRATOR 3: The stranger smiled again, and this time, the fisherman thought he saw something familiar in the sparkle of the stranger's eyes.

STRANGER: Don't you recognize me? I am the talking fish that you took pity on and threw back into the ocean! This is my way of saying thank you. Now, I must be on my way. I have to return to my family in the sea.

NARRATOR 1: With that, the stranger vanished. The fisherman could not believe what had happened to him. He never saw the stranger or the monster ever again.

NARRATOR 2: Still, the fisherman never forgot the lessons that the strange events had taught him, even when he grew old and gray in his shack by the sea.

NARRATOR 3: The end.

The Bojabi Tree



An African Fable

Characters:

NARRATOR 1	GIRAFFE
NARRATOR 2	ELEPHANT
NARRATOR 3	MONKEY
SNAKE	TORTOISE

Vocabulary:

- tortoise [TAWR-tuhs] – a large turtle that lives on land
- giraffe [juh-RAF] – a tall, long-necked animal native to Africa
- delicious [dih-LISH-uhs] – something that tastes good
- boast [bohst] – to brag or speak well of oneself
- humble [HUHM-buhl] – not overly proud or braggish
- bojabi [boh-JAW-bee] – a made-up word used in this story

Idioms:

- negative – no, nope
- on behalf of – representing, in place of
- of no use – didn't work

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there lived a wise, old snake who created a huge forest for all the animals to live in.

NARRATOR 2: The snake filled the forest with all kinds of fruit trees from which the animals could eat.

NARRATOR 3: But the snake had one important rule.

SNAKE: You can only eat fruits of trees whose names you know. Otherwise, you will not be able to reach them.

NARRATOR 1: For a while, the animals were happy. They ate mangoes and papayas and pomegranates.

NARRATOR 2: But there was one tall tree in the middle of the forest that no one knew the name of.

NARRATOR 3: And this tree had the ripest, juiciest looking fruit of all the trees in the forest.

NARRATOR 1: One day, the elephant, the monkey, the tortoise, and the giraffe gathered under the tree.

GIRAFFE: I wish we could eat this fruit. But even I, with my long, long neck, cannot reach it.

ELEPHANT: I cannot reach it with my trunk either.

MONKEY: And every time I try to climb the tree, I fall.

TORTOISE: Remember the rule: we must know the name of the tree if we want to eat its fruit. Does anyone know what this tree is called?

GIRAFFE: Nope.

ELEPHANT: Not me.

MONKEY: Negative.

TORTOISE: Well, then we will have to send someone to ask the wise, old snake.

GIRAFFE: I will go and ask. I am the tallest animal in the forest, so I know the snake will trust me with the answer.

TORTOISE: If you want, I could go with you.

GIRAFFE: You, tortoise? There is no need. I can handle this on my own.

NARRATOR 2: So, the giraffe set out to find the wise, old snake. He climbed over tall hills and squirmed under low hanging branches.

NARRATOR 3: At last, the giraffe found the cave where the wise, old snake lived.

GIRAFFE: Wise, old snake, I am here on behalf of all the animals in the forest. Will you please tell us the name of the tall tree in the center of the forest?

SNAKE: Yes, of course. The answer to the question that you ask of me is that the tree you seek is the bojabi tree.

GIRAFFE: Thank you, snake!

NARRATOR 1: The giraffe returned to the forest, excited to tell the other animals what he had learned. But first, he stopped for a snack of mangoes and papayas.

GIRAFFE: Yum, yum, yum! I sure love mangoes and papayas!

NARRATOR 2: When the giraffe arrived back in the center of the forest, the other animals all gathered around.

ELEPHANT: What have you learned?

MONKEY: Yes, tell us!

TORTOISE: What is the name of the tree?

GIRAFFE: Um...

NARRATOR 3: But all the giraffe could think of were the delicious mangoes and papayas he had eaten on his way back. He had completely forgotten the name of the tree!

ELEPHANT: You silly giraffe! How could you have forgotten? Never mind. I am the strongest animal in the forest. I will go to the wise, old snake, and I will make sure to remember what he tells me.

TORTOISE: If you want, I could go with you to help you remember.

ELEPHANT: You, tortoise? You're so small. What could you possibly do to help me?

NARRATOR 1: So, the elephant set out to find the wise, old snake. He climbed over tall hills and squirmed under low hanging branches.

NARRATOR 2: At last, he found the cave where the wise, old snake lived.

ELEPHANT: Hello, snake.

SNAKE: Back again so soon?

ELEPHANT: That silly giraffe forgot the name of the tree. Do you think you could remind me? I promise I won't forget.

SNAKE: I'll tell you again but listen closely: the tree that you seek is the bojabi tree.

ELEPHANT: Great, got it. Thanks!

NARRATOR 3: And the elephant returned to the forest, eager to tell the others what he had learned.

ELEPHANT: I won't forget. Bojabi tree. Bojabi tree. Bojabi...

NARRATOR 1: But on the way back, the elephant happened upon a huge puddle of nice, cool mud.

ELEPHANT: You know, a bath would be refreshing after this long journey.

NARRATOR 2: The elephant splashed around in the mud for a while. At last, he made his way back to the center of the forest. All the other animals gathered around.

TORTOISE: So? What did you find out?

ELEPHANT: Um...

NARRATOR 3: But all that he could think of was how refreshing the mud bath had been. The elephant had completely forgotten the name of the tree!

MONKEY: I can't believe you, elephant. How could you be so careless? I will have to take care of this myself. I am the cleverest animal in the forest, so there is no way I will mess this up.

TORTOISE: If you want, I could go with you. I could help you stay focused.

MONKEY: You, tortoise? You would only slow me down.

NARRATOR 1: So, the monkey set out to find the wise, old snake. He climbed over tall hills and squirmed under low hanging branches.

NARRATOR 2: At last, he found the cave where the wise, old snake lived.

MONKEY: All right, wise, old snake. Tell me the name of this tree.

SNAKE: Again, with the tree? I already told two of your friends.

MONKEY: Well, now tell me. I'm the cleverest animal there is. You can be sure I will not forget.

NARRATOR 3: The wise, old snake was not impressed by the monkey's boasts.

SNAKE: You are too proud, monkey. I will not tell you the name of the tree. You animals have had your chance. Now, it is too late.

NARRATOR 1: So, the monkey returned to the forest empty handed. He slumped and slouched and grumbled to himself all the way back to the center of the forest.

NARRATOR 2: The other animals were excited to see him.

GIRAFFE: You're back so soon, monkey. You must remember what the wise, old snake said.

ELEPHANT: Tell us! What is the name of this tree?

MONKEY: That silly old snake didn't tell me anything. You know, I don't think he's that wise after all.

GIRAFFE: That's a good point. If he were so wise, wouldn't he have named the tree something more memorable?

ELEPHANT: And why do we have this ridiculous rule anyway?

NARRATOR 3: While the other animals were arguing, the tortoise decided to take matters into his own hands.

NARRATOR 1: He climbed over tall hills and squirmed under low hanging branches.

NARRATOR 2: At last, he found the cave where the wise, old snake lived.

TORTOISE: Hello, wise, old snake.

SNAKE: Hello, tortoise. I suppose you are here about the tree as well?

TORTOISE: Yes. I offered to come along and help the others, and each time they told me I would be of no use. However, I still want to help. Will you please tell me the name of the tree so that my friends and I can eat its fruits?

NARRATOR 3: The snake considered this. He had felt frustrated with the other animals, but the tortoise seemed kind and humble. The snake decided he would give the animals one last chance.

SNAKE: All right, tortoise, repeat after me: the name of the tree is bojabi!

TORTOISE: The name of the tree is bojabi!

NARRATOR 1: The tortoise hurried back to the forest, repeating the words to himself over and over.

TORTOISE. The name of the tree is bojabi. The name of the tree is bojabi.

NARRATOR 2: The tortoise did not let himself get distracted by mangos or papayas or mud baths or anything else. He made it back to the center of the forest in record time.

GIRAFFE: Where have you been, tortoise?

ELEPHANT: We were worried about you.

TORTOISE: I went to see the wise, old snake.

MONKEY: You? But you're so slow.

ELEPHANT: And so small.

GIRAFFE: I'm sure you've forgotten the name by now. There is no way you could have remembered.

NARRATOR 3: But the tortoise had stayed focused on his task, and he did remember!

TORTOISE: Well, my friends, I tell you with glee, the name of the tree is bojabi!

NARRATOR 1: With that, the ripe, juicy fruits of the bojabi fruits fell from the tree like rain, and all of the animals ate their fill.

NARRATOR 2: And never again did they underestimate the tortoise or the other small, slow animals of the forest.

NARRATOR 3: The end!

El Puma Learns a Lesson



A Mexican Folktale

Characters:

NARRATOR 1

NARRATOR 2

NARRATOR 3

PUMA

TORTUGA

RATÓN

GRILLO

Vocabulary:

frightened [FRAHYT-nd] – scared

fierce [feers] – strong, brave, wild

considerate [Kuhn-SID-er-it] – kind,
thoughtful

behavior [bih-HEYV-yer] – the way one acts

Idioms:

in my sleep – easily, without difficulty

Spanish Vocabulary:

el puma [el POO-muh] – the mountain lion

la tortuga [la tohr-TOO-gah] – the turtle

el ratón [el rah-TOHN] – the mouse

el grillo [el GREE-yoh] – the cricket

las avispas [las ah-VEES-pahs] – the wasps

amigos [uh-MEE-goes] – friends

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there was *un puma* who lived in a large forest.

NARRATOR 2: El puma was the biggest, strongest, fiercest creature in the area. All of the other animals were frightened of him.

PUMA: Roar!

NARRATOR 3: El puma loved to play tricks on the other animals. One day, el puma saw *la tortuga* sunning herself on her rock.

PUMA: Ready or not, here I come!

NARRATOR 1: Suddenly, el puma jumped in the river to splash her.

TORTUGA: Hey! Now I'm all wet!

NARRATOR 2: El puma laughed and laughed.

PUMA: Ha ha ha!

TORTUGA: You know, Puma, you're not very nice.

PUMA: So? What are you going to do about it?

NARRATOR 3: La tortuga was angry, but el puma was the biggest, strongest, fiercest creature in the forest. So she did nothing.

TORTUGA: Just don't do it again!

NARRATOR 1: Then, el puma spotted *un ratón* playing in the grass.

PUMA: That silly ratón will never hear me coming.

NARRATOR 2: El puma crept quietly through the grass. Then, he jumped out at el ratón.

PUMA: Roar! I'm going to eat you!

RATÓN: Ahhh! Why did you do that, Puma? You scared me!

NARRATOR 3: El puma laughed and laughed.

PUMA: Ha ha ha!

RATÓN: I wish you would be nicer. It isn't kind to sneak up on your friends like that.

NARRATOR 1: But el puma didn't care.

PUMA: So? What are you going to do about it?

NARRATOR 2: El puma continued traveling through the forest. He thought about how much fun he was having.

PUMA: What a great day to be me, the biggest, strongest, fiercest creature in the forest! Ha ha ha!

NARRATOR 3: As he laughed, el puma ran, skipped, and jumped across the forest floor.

NARRATOR 1: Suddenly, he felt something crunch under his paws.

PUMA: Oops.

NARRATOR 2: While he was busy thinking about himself, el puma had stepped on the house of *el grillo*.

NARRATOR 3: When he saw what he'd done, el puma laughed and laughed.

PUMA: Ha ha ha. Look at this! His house is so tiny that I crushed it with one paw! Ha ha ha!

NARRATOR 1: But when el grillo saw what el puma had done, he was filled with anger.

GRILLO: This is the last straw, Puma! First you splashed la tortuga, then you startled el ratón, and now you've squashed my house! We are tired of all your tricks. Don't you ever think about anyone other than yourself?

NARRATOR 2: But el puma just shrugged and said:

PUMA: What are you going to do about it?

NARRATOR 3: To which el grillo said:

GRILLO: I'll fight you.

NARRATOR 1: This made el puma laugh even harder.

PUMA: Ha ha ha ha ha. You are going to fight me? Impossible! You are so tiny, and I am so fierce!

NARRATOR 2: But el grillo was not afraid.

GRILLO: Meet me by the river in one hour.

NARRATOR 3: Then, he hopped off to find his friends and tell them of his plan to teach el puma a lesson once and for all.

NARRATOR 1: However, the other animals were not so confident.

TORTUGA: I don't know, Grillo. Puma is the biggest, strongest, fiercest animal in the forest. Aren't you afraid of him?

RATÓN: I agree. Puma is way bigger than any of us. There is no way we can stand up to him and win.

NARRATOR 2: But el grillo had a plan.

GRILLO: Yes, Puma is big and strong. But size is not everything.

NARRATOR 3: El grillo whispered his plans to la tortuga and el ratón.

TORTUGA: You know, Grillo, that just might work.

RATÓN: To the river!

NARRATOR 1: The animals headed to the river, where el puma was waiting for them.

PUMA: Are you sure you don't want to give up, Grillo? There is no shame in knowing when to run away from a fight.

NARRATOR 2: But el grillo had no plans to run away.

GRILLO: I am not afraid of you, Puma. But I hope you don't mind that I've brought some friends with me.

PUMA: Those two? Please! I could fight all three of you in my sleep!

NARRATOR 3: But la tortuga and el ratón were not the only friends el grillo had brought.

NARRATOR 1: El grillo rubbed his legs together, and a swarm of *avispas* buzzed into view.

GRILLO: Do you remember *las avispas*, Puma? You crushed their nest last week, and you never even apologized.

PUMA: Well maybe they should not have built their nest right in the middle of my favorite walking path!

GRILLO: You are not very nice, Puma. You do whatever you want, and you never think about anyone else's feelings.

PUMA: Stop your chirping, Grillo. Are you here to talk or are you here to fight?

GRILLO: We don't have to fight, Puma. You just need to apologize.

PUMA: I'm the biggest, strongest, fiercest creature in the forest. I don't have to apologize for anything!

NARRATOR 2: El grillo sighed. He knew what he had to do.

GRILLO: Okay, Puma. If you insist.

NARRATOR 3: El grillo rubbed his legs together one more time, and *las avispas* flew at el puma's face.

PUMA: Hey, stop! Don't do that!

NARRATOR 1: One of *las avispas* stung el puma right on the nose.

PUMA: Ouch!

NARRATOR 2: Puma was so surprised that he fell over backwards, splashing right into the river.

NARRATOR 3: The other animals could not help but laugh.

TORTUGA AND RATÓN: Ha ha ha!

PUMA: Stop laughing at me!

GRILLO: It doesn't feel good to get hurt or to have people laugh at you, does it Puma?

PUMA: Look, I'm sorry okay! I'm sorry that I splashed you, Tortuga, and that I startled you, Ratón. And I'm really sorry about your house, Grillo. It's just that you guys always spend so much time together, and you never invite me. It makes me feel left out.

TORTUGA: We don't invite you to spend time with us because you aren't very nice, Puma.

RATÓN: But if you promise to stop playing tricks on us and to be a little more considerate of our feelings, we would be happy to be your *amigos*.

PUMA: Really?

GRILLO: Of course!

NARRATOR 1: El grillo called off las avispas, and el puma climbed out of the river.

PUMA: In that case... I promise I will be on my best behavior from here on out. I'll start by helping you build a new house, Grillo, if you would like me to.

GRILLO: I would love that!

NARRATOR 2: And so, el puma and the other animals helped el grillo build a new house.

NARRATOR 3: This was the start of a fantastic new friendship.

NARRATOR 1: El puma stopped playing tricks, and the other animals invited him to spend more time with them.

NARRATOR 2: And they all lived happily ever after.

NARRATOR 3: The end!