

Rain Romp

• Reader's Theater •

by | Toni Buzzeo

Read the book aloud to children first, so that they can enjoy the illustrations and become familiar with the story. Then, hand out a set of photocopied scripts to nine children. Ask the remaining children to be the audience. Have performers face the audience and simply read their parts on the first run-through. (Select one of your strong readers as Narrator One. If this reader is a boy, change the personal pronouns of the three Chorus lines that use "her.") Once all readers are comfortable with their parts, have a second reading with the opportunity to use props or costumes, if desired, and to act out the story while reading.

Roles

Mom

Dad

Narrator One

Narrator Two

Narrator Three

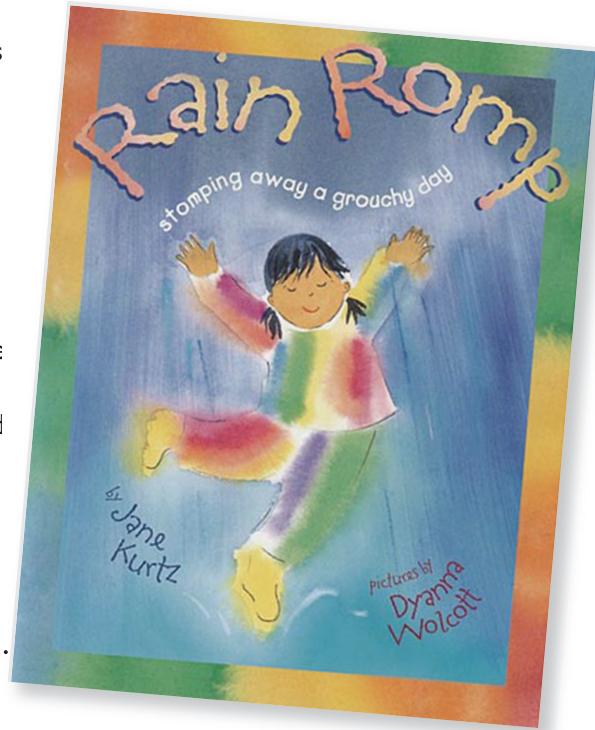
Chorus (four readers)

After Reading

Visit www.librarysparks.com for an interview with Jane Kurtz about *Rain Romp*. Also visit Jane Kurtz's Web site at www.janekurtz.com.

◆ ◆ ◆

Toni Buzzeo, MA, MLIS, is an author as well as a career library media specialist and member of the Maine Association of School Libraries Executive Board. She is the author of four picture books, most recently Ready or Not, Dawdle Duckling (Dial, 2005) and many professional books and articles. Visit www.tonibuzzeo.com.



Rain Romp

Chorus: Gray day.
Gray, grouchy day.

Narrator One: Mom tugs my toes.

Mom: Time to rise and shine!

Narrator One: I won't get up.
I don't feel shiny.

Chorus: The sky agrees with her.

Narrator Two: Dad hums a snazzy, jazzy tune.

Dad: (Croon.) Ohhh, it's nice to get up before nine. Or noon.

Narrator One: No way.
Nooooo way!

Reader's Theater

Chorus: The window-rattling wind agrees with her.

Narrator Two: Mom and Dad waltz up and down.

Narrator Three: Dad yodels.
Mom laughs.

Narrator One: I snarl and frown.

Chorus: Drip drop. Drip drop.
The rain agrees with her.

Mom: Mad as a wet hen.

Dad: Definitely!

Mom and Dad: I think we'd better just let her be.

Narrator One: Wet hen?
Pooh!
The sky and I are two ...

Chorus: howling prowling scowling wolverines.

Narrator One: I leap out of bed,
knock over my chairs,
rush down the stairs,
burst out of the house.

Chorus: RAAAAAIN STOMP!

Narrator Two: Mom's and Dad's faces bob in the window like two balloons.

Narrator One: Scolding
frowning
puzzling
smiling
laughing.

Mom and Dad: Hey!

Chorus: RAAAAAIN ROMP!

Narrator One and Mom and Dad:
We dance in whooshing, swooshing leaves.
The thunder rumbles, shaking our bones.
Little silver worms of rain
wiggle and slither under our shirts.

Narrator Two: The whole world smells like dark,
wet dirt.

Narrator One: I stretch out my hands to Dad
and Mom.

Narrator Three: The grouchiness is almost gone.
And gradually the storm is, too.

Chorus: The thunder quits grumbling.
The wind fizzles.
The rain drizzles,
drips
and finally stops.

Narrator Two: The wolverines have wandered off.

Narrator One: The sky and I are soft gray moths.
I think it's time to go inside.
I wave the sky good-bye.

Narrator Three:
Dad builds a fire that cracks and clicks,
nibbles the middles out of sticks.

Narrator One:
We hold our fingers to the strands.
The warmth leaps out and licks our hands.

Narrator Three: Dad yodels.
Mom laughs.

Narrator One: I start to sing.

Narrator Two: It's time for games and giggling.

Narrator One:
When I'm cold, and when I'm hot,
when I'm cheerful, when I'm not—

Narrator One and Mom and Dad:
the three of us will always be,
an all-weather
stick-together,
stomp-it-out,
romp-it-out,

All: love-you, hug-you family.