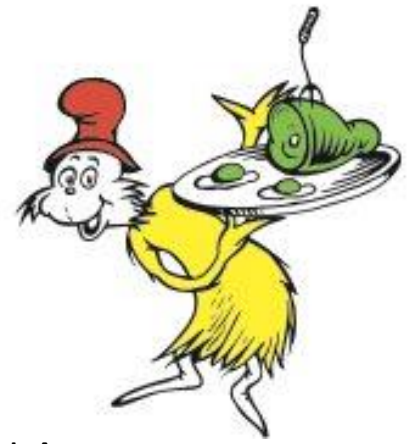


Green Eggs and Ham

By: Dr. Seuss



Sam: I am Sam. Sam I am.

Grouch: That Sam-I-Am! That Sam-I-am. I do not like that Sam-I-Am.

Sam: Do you like green eggs and ham?

Grouch: I do not like them, Sam-I-Am. I do not like green eggs and ham.

Sam: Would you like them here or there?

Grouch: I would not like them here or there. I would not like them anywhere. I do not like green eggs and ham. I do not like them, Sam-I-Am.

Sam: Would you like them in a house? Would you like them with a mouse?

Grouch: I do not like them in a house. I do not like them with a mouse. I do not like them here or there. I do not like them anywhere. I do not like green eggs and ham. I do not like them, Sam-I-Am.

Sam: Would you eat them in a box? Would you eat them with a fox?

Grouch: Not in a box. Not with a fox. Not in a house. Not with a mouse. I would not eat them here or there. I would not eat them anywhere. I do not like green eggs and ham. I do not like them, Sam-I-Am.

Sam: Would you? Could you? In a car? Eat them! Eat Them! Here they are.

Grouch: I would not, could not, in a car.

Sam: You may like them. You will see. You may like them in a tree!

Grouch: I would not, could not, in a tree. Not in a car! You let me be. I do not like them in a box. I do not like them with a fox. I do not like them in a house. I do not like them with a mouse. I do not like them here or there. I do not like them anywhere. I do not like green eggs and ham. I do not like them, Sam-I-Am.

Sam: A train! A train! A train! A train! Could you, would you, on a train?

Grouch: Not on a train! Not in a tree! Not in a car! Sam! Let me be! I would not, could not, in a box. I could not, would not with a fox. I will not eat them with a mouse. I will not eat them in a house. I will not eat them here or there. I will not eat them anywhere. I do not eat green eggs and ham. I do not like them, Sam-I-Am.

Sam: Say! In the dark? Here in the dark? Would you, could you, in the dark?

Grouch: I would not, could not, in the dark.

Sam: Would you, could you, in the rain?

Grouch: I would not, could not, in the rain. Not in a car. Not in a tree. I do not like them, Sam, you see. Not in a house. Not in a box. Not with a mouse. Not with a fox. I will not eat them here or there. I do not like them anywhere!

Sam: You do not like green eggs and ham?

Grouch: I do not like the, Sam-I-Am.

Sam: Could you, would you, with a goat?

Grouch: I would not, could not, with a goat.

Sam: Would you, could you, on a boat?

Grouch: I could not, would not, on a boat. I will not, will not, with a goat. I will not eat them in the rain. I will not eat them on a train. Not in the dark! Not in a tree! Not in a car! You let me be! I do not like them in box. I do not like them with a fox. I will not eat them in a house. I do not like them with a mouse. I do not like them here or there. I do not like them ANYWHERE! I do not like green eggs and ham! I do not like them, Sam-I-Am.

Sam: You do not like them. So you say. Try them! Try them! And you may. Try them and you may, I say.

Grouch: Sam! If you will let me be, I will try them. You will see. Sam! I like green eggs and ham! I do! I like them, Sam-I-Am! And I would eat them in a boat. And I would eat them with a goat ... and I will eat them in the rain. And in the dark. And on a train. And in a car. And in a tree. They are so good, so good, you see! SO I would eat them in a box. And I will eat them with a fox. And I will eat them in a house. And I will eat them with a mouse. And I will eat them here or there. And I will eat them ANYWHERE! I do so like green eggs and ham! Thank you! Thank you, Sam-I-Am.

Horton Hears a Who!

By: Dr. Seuss



Jo-Jo 1

Jungle Monkey 5

Kangaroo 10

Narrator 1 14

Vlad Vlad-i-Koff 2

Mayor Who 6

Narrator 2 13

Horton 19

Who 3

Baby Kangaroo 8

Narrator 3 13

Narrator 1: On the fifteenth of May, in the Jungle of Nool, in the heat of the day, in the cool of the pool, he was splashing ... enjoying the jungle's great joys ... when Horton the elephant heard a small noise.

Narrator 2: So Horton stopped splashing. He looked toward the sound.

Horton: That's funny, there's no one around.

Narrator 3: Then he heard it again! Just a very faint yelp as if some tiny person were calling for help.

Horton: I'll help you. But *who* are you? *Where* are you?

Narrator 1: He looked and he looked.

Narrator 2: He could see nothing there but a small speck of dust blowing past through the air.

Horton: [murmuring] I say! I've never heard tell of a small speck of dust that is able to yell. So you know what I think? ... Why, I think that there must be someone on top of that small speck of dust! Some sort of a creature of very small size, too small to be seen by an elephant's eyes ... some poor little person who's shaking with fear that he'll blow in the pool! He has no way to steer! I'll just have to save him. Because, after all, a person's a person, no matter how small.

Narrator 3: So, gently, and using the greatest of care, the elephant stretched his great trunk through the air, and he lifted the dust speck and carried it over and placed it down, safe, on a very soft clover.

Kangaroo: Humpf!

Narrator 1: Twas a sour kangaroo and a young kangaroo in her pouch.

Baby Kangaroo: Humpf!

Kangaroo: Why, that speck is as small as the head of a pin. A person on *that*? ... Why, there never has been!

Horton: Believe me. I tell you sincerely, my ears are quite keen and I heard him quite clearly. I *know* there's a person down there. And, what's more, quite likely there's two. Even three. Even four. Quite likely ... a family, for all that we know! A family with children just starting to grow. So, please, as a favor to me, try not to disturb them. Just please let them be.

Kangaroo: [laughing] I think you're a fool.

Baby Kangaroo: Me, too!

Kangaroo: You're the biggest blame fool in the Jungle of Nool!

Narrator 2: And the kangaroos plunged in the cool of the pool.

Horton: [frowning] What terrible splashing! I can't let my very small persons get drowned! I've got to protect them. I'm bigger than they.

Narrator 3: So he plucked up the clover and hustled away.

Narrator 1: Through the high jungle tree tops the news quickly spread.

Jungle Monkey: He talks to a dust speck! He's out of his head! Just look at him walk with that speck on that flower!

Narrator 2: And Horton walked, worrying, almost an hour.

Horton: Should I put this speck down? ... If I do, these small persons may come to great harm. I *can't* put it down. And I *won't*! After all a person's a person. No matter how small.

Narrator 3: Then Horton stopped walking. The speck-voice was talking! The voice was so faint he could just barely hear it.

Horton: Speak *up*, please.

Narrator 1: He put his ear near it.

Who: My friend, you're a *very* fine friend. You've helped all us folks on this dust speck to no end. You've saved all our houses, our ceilings, and floors. You've saved all our churches and grocery stores.

Horton: [Gasping] You mean ... you have *buildings* there, *too*?

Mayor Who: Oh, yes. We most certainly do ... I know, I'm too small to be seen but I'm Mayor of a town that is friendly and clean.

Who: Our buildings, to you, would seem terrible small but to us, who aren't big, they are wonderfully tall.

Mayor Who: My town is called *Who*-ville, for I am a *Who* and we *Whos* are all thankful and grateful to you.

Horton: You're safe now. Don't worry. I won't let you down.

Narrator 2: But just as he spoke to the Mayor of the speck, three big jungle monkeys climbed up Horton's neck!

Narrator 3: The Wickersham Brothers came shouting.

Jungle Monkey: [shouting] What rot! This elephant's talking to *Whos* who are *not*! There *aren't* any *Whos*! And they *don't* have a Mayor! And *we're* going to stop all this nonsense! *So There!*

Narrator 1: They snatched Horton's clover! They carried it off to a black-bottomed eagle named Vlad Vlad-i-koff, a mighty strong eagle, of very swift wing.

Jungle Monkey: Will you kindly get rid of this thing?

Narrator 2: And, before the poor elephant even could speak, that eagle flew off with the flower in his beak.

Narrator 3: All that late afternoon and far into the night that black-bottomed bird flapped his wings in fast flight, while Horton chased after, with groans, over stones that tattered his toenails and battered his bones.

Horton: [begging] Please don't harm all my little fold, who have as much right to live as us bigger folks do!

Narrator 1: But far, far beyond him, that eagle kept flapping.

Vlad Vlad-i-koff: Quit your yapping. I'll fly the night through. I'm a bird. I don't mind it. And I'll hide this, tomorrow, where *you'll* never find it.

Narrator 2: And at 6:56 the next morning he did it. It sure was a terrible place that he hid it. He let that small clover drop somewhere inside of a great patch of clovers a hundred miles wide!

Vlad Vlad-i-koff: [sneering] Find THAT! But I think you will fail.

Narrator 3: And he left with a flip of his black-bottomed tail.

Horton: [crying] I'll find it! I'll find it or bust! I SHALL find my friends on my small speck of dust!

Narrator 1: And clover, by clover, by clover with care he picked up and searched them.

Horton: [yelling] Are you there?

Narrator 2: But clover, by clover, by clover he found that the one that he sought for was just not around. And by noon poor old Horton, more dead than alive, had picked, searched, and piled up, nine thousand and five.

Narrator 3: Then, on through the afternoon, hour after hour ... till he found them at last! On the three millionth flower!

Horton: [crying] My friend! Tell me! Do tell! Are you safe? Are you sound? Are you whole? Are you well?

Mayor Who: We've *really* had trouble! Much more than our share. When that black-bottomed birdie let go and we dropped, we landed so hard that our clocks have all stopped.

Who: Our tea-pots are broken. Our rocking-chairs smashed. And our bicycle tires all blew up when we crashed.

Mayor Who: [pleading] So, Horton, *please!* Will you stick by us *Whos* while we're making repairs?

Horton: Of course. Of Course I will stick. I'll stick by you small folks through thin and through thick!

Kangaroo: Humpf!

Baby Kangaroo: For almost two days you've run wild and insisted on chatting with persons who've never existed.

Kangaroo: Such carryings-on in our peaceable jungle!

Baby Kangaroo: We've had quite enough of your bellowing bungle!

Kangaroo: And I'm here to state, [snapping] that your silly nonsensical game is all through!

Baby Kangaroo: Me, too!

Kangaroo: With the help of the Wickersham Brothers and dozens of Wickersham Uncles and Wickersham Cousins and Wickersham In-Laws whose help I've engaged, you're going to be roped!

Baby Kangaroo: And you're going to be caged!

Jungle Monkey: And, as for your dust speck ... *hah!* *That* we shall boil in a hot steaming kettle of Beezle-Nut oil!

Horton: [gasping] *Boil* it? ... Oh, that you *can't* do! It's full of persons! They'll *prove* it to you! - Mr. Mayor! Mr. Mayor! Mr. Mayor! You've *got* to prove now that you really are there! So call a big meeting. Get everyone out. Make every *Who* holler! Make every *Who* shout! Ake every *Who* scream! If you don't, every *Who* is going to end up in a Beezle-Nut stew!

Narrator 1: And, down on the dust speck, the scared little Mayor quick called a big meeting in *Who*-ville Town Square.

Narrator 2: And his people cried loudly. They cried out in fear.

All Whos: We are here! We are here! We are here! We are here!

Horton: [smiling] That was clear as a bell. You kangaroos surely heard *that* very well.

Kangaroo: All I heard, was the breeze, and the faint sound of wind through the far-distant trees. I heard no small voices. And you didn't either.

Baby Kangaroo: Me, neither.

Jungle Monkey: [shouting] Grab him! And cage the big dope! Lasso his stomach with ten miles of rope! Tie the knots tight so he'll *never* shake loose! Then dunk that dumb speck in the Beezle-Nut juice!

Narrator 3: Horton fought back with great vigor and vim but the Wickersham gang was too many for him.

Narrator 1: They beat him! They mauled him! They started to haul him into his cage!

Narrator 2: But he managed to call to the Mayor.

Horton: Don't give up! I believe in you all! A person's a person, no matter how small! And you very small persons will *not* have to die if you make yourselves heard! *So come on, now, and TRY!*

Narrator 3: The mayor grabbed a tom-tom. He started to smack it.

Narrator 1: And, all over *Who*-ville they whooped up a racket. They rattled tin kettles! They beat on brass pans, on garbage pail tops and old cranberry cans!

Narrator 2: They blew on bazookas and blasted great toots on clarinets, oom-pahs and boom-pahs and flutes!

Narrator 3: Great gusts of loud racket rang high through the air. They rattled and shook the whole sky! And the Mayor called up through the howling mad hullabaloo.

Mayor Who: Hey, Horton! *How's this?* Is our sound coming through?

Horton: I can hear you just fine. But the kangaroos' ears aren't as strong, quite, as mine. They don't hear a thing! Are you *sure* all your boys are doing their best? Are they ALL making noise? Are you sure every *Who* down in *Who*-ville is working? Quick! Look through your town! Is there anyone shirking?

Narrator 1: Through the town rushed the Mayor, from the east to the west. But *everyone* seemed to be doing his best.

Narrator 2: *Everyone* seemed to be yapping or yipping! *Everyone* seemed to be beeping or bipping! But it *wasn't enough*, all this ruckus and roar! He HAD to find someone to help him make more. He raced through each building! He searched floor-to-floor!

Narrator 3: And, just as he felt he was getting nowhere, and almost about to give up in despair, he suddenly burst through a door and that Mayor discovered one shirker!

Narrator 1: Quite hidden away in the Fairfax Apartments (Apartment 12-J) a very small, *very* small shirker named Jo-Jo was standing, just standing, and bouncing a Yo-Yo! Not making a sound! Not a yipp! Not a chirp! And the Mayor rushed inside and he grabbed the young twerp!

Narrator 2: And he climbed with the lad up the Eiffelberg Tower.

Mayor Who: [crying] This, is your town's darkest hour! The time for all *Whos* who have blood that is red to come for the aid of their country! We've GOT to make noises in greater amounts! So, open your mouth, lad! For every voice counts!

Narrator 3: Thus he spoke as he climbed. When they got to the top, the lad cleared his throat.

Jo-Jo: [shouting] YOPP!

Narrator 1: And that Yopp ... that one small, extra Yopp put it over! Finally, at last! From that speck on that clover *their voices were heard!* They rang out clear and clean.

Horton: [smiling] Do you see what I mean? ... They've proved they ARE persons, no matter how small. And their whole world was saved by the Smallest of All!

Kangaroo: How true! Yes, how true. And, from now on, you know what I'm planning to do? ... From now on, I'm going to protect them with you!

Baby Kangaroo: Me too! From sun in the summer. From rain when it's fall-ish, I'm going to protect them. No matter how small-ish!



What was I Scared of?

A Glow-in-the-Dark Encounter

By: Dr. Seuss

Reader 1

Reader 2

Reader 3

Reader 4

Reader 1: Well ... I was walking in the night and I saw nothing scary. For I have never been afraid of anything. Not very.

Reader 2: Then I was deep within the woods when, suddenly, I spied them. I saw a pair of pale green pants with nobody inside them!

Reader 3: I wasn't scared. But, yet, I stopped. What *could* those pants be there for? What *could* a pair of pants at night be standing in the air for?

Reader 4: And then they moved! Those empty pants! They kind of started jumping. And then my heart, I must admit, it kind of started thumping.

Reader 1: So I got out. I got out fast, as fast as I could go, sir. I wasn't scared. But pants like that I did not care for. No, Sir.

Reader 2: After that, a week went by. Then one dark night in Grin-itch (I had to do an errand there and fetch some Grin-itch spinach) ... Well, I had fetched the spinach. I was starting back through town when those pants raced round a corner and they almost knocked me down!

Reader 3: I lost my Grin-itch spinach but I didn't even care. I ran for home! Believe me, I had really had a scare!

Reader 4: Now, bicycles were never made for pale green pants to ride'em, especially spooky pale green pants with nobody inside'em!

Reader 1: And the NEXT night, I was fishing for Doubt-trout on Roover River when those pants came rowing toward me! Well, I started in to shiver.

Reader 2: And by now I was SO frightened that, I'll tell you, but I hate to ... I screamed and rowed away and lost my hook and line and bait, too!

Reader 3: I ran and found a Brickel Bush. I hid myself away. I got brickles in my britches but I stayed there anyway.

Reader 4: I stayed all night. The next night, too. I'd be there still, no doubt, but I had to do an errand so, the *next* night, I went out.

Reader 1: I had to do an errand, had to pick a peck of Snide in a dark and gloomy Snide-field that was almost nine miles wide.

Reader 2: I said, "I do not fear those pants with nobody inside them." I said, and said, and said those words. I said them. But I lied them.

Reader 3: Then I reached inside a Snide bush and the next thing that I knew, I felt my hand touch someone! And I'll bet that you know who.

Reader 4: And there I was! Caught in the Snide! And in that dreadful place those spooky, empty pants and I were standing face to face!

Reader 1: I yelled for help. I screamed. I shrieked. I howled. I yowled. I cried "Oh, save me from these pale green pants with nobody inside!"

Reader 2: But then a strange thing happened. Why, those pants began to cry! Those pants began to tremble. They were just as scared as I!

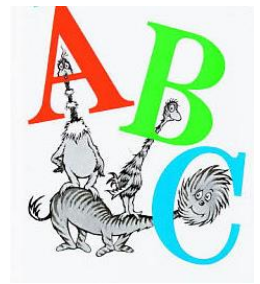
Reader 3: I never heard such whimpering and I began to see that I was just as strange to them as they were strange to me!

Reader 4: I put my arm around their waist and sat right down beside them. I calmed them down. Poor empty pants with nobody inside them.

All Readers: And, now, we meet quite often, those empty pants and I, and we never shake or tremble. We both smile and we say "Hi!"



ABC



An Amazing Alphabet Book – *By: Dr. Seuss*

For 2-26 readers – readers should read in a round, when there are less than 26 readers, each reader will read multiple lines.

Reader A: Big A, little a. What begins with A? Aunt Annie's alligator A...a...A

Reader B: Big B, little b. What begins with B? Barber baby bubbles and a bumble bee
....B...b...B

Reader C: Big C, little c. What begins with C? Camel on the ceilingC...c....C

Reader D: Big D, little d. What begins with D? David Donald Doo dreamed a dozed donuts
and a duck dog, too.

Reader E: ABCDE...e...e ear egg elephant e....e....E

Reader F: Big F, little f. f.....F.....f Four fluffy feathers on a Fiffer-feffer-feff.

Reader G: ABCDEFG Goat girl googoo goggles G.....g.....G

Reader H: Big H, little h. Hungry horse. Hay. Hen in a hat. Hooray! Hooray!

Reader I: Big I, little i. i...i....i...i Icabod is itchy. So am I.

Reader J: Big J, little j. What begins with j? Jerry Jordan's jelly jar and jam begin that way.

Reader K: Big K, little k. Kitten. Kangaroo. Kick a kettle. Kite and a king's kerchoo.

Reader L: Big L, Little l. Little Lola Lopp. Left leg. Lazy lion licks a lollipop.

Reader M: Big M, little m. Many mumbling mice are making midnight music in the
moonlight.... Mighty nice.

Reader N: Big N, little n. What begins with those? Nine new neckties and a nightshirt and a nose.

Reader O: O is very useful. You use it when you say: "Oscar's only ostrich oiled an orange owl today."

Reader P: ABCDEFGHIJKLMNO P Painting pink pajamas. Police men in a pail. Peter Pepper's puppy. And now Papa's in the pail.

Reader Q: Big Q, little q. What begins with q? The quick Queen of Quincy and her quacking quacker-oo.

Reader R: Big R, little r. Rosy Robin Ross. Rosy's going riding on her red rhinoceros.

Reader S: Big S, little s. Silly Sammy Slick sipped six sodas and got sick sick sick.

Reader T: T....T....t.....t What begins with t? Ten tired turtles on a tuttle-tuttle tree.

Reader U: Big U, little u. What begins with u? Uncle Ubb's umbrella and his underwear, too.

Reader V: Big V, little v. Vera Violet Vinn is very very very awful on her violin.

Reader W: W....w.....W Will Waterloo washes Warren Wiggins who is washing Waldo Woo.

Reader X: X is very useful if your name is Nixie Knox. It also comes in handy spelling ax and extra fox.

Reader Y: Big Y, little y. A yawning yellow yak. Young Yolanda Yorgenson is yelling on his back.

Reader Z: ABCDEFG.....HIJKLMNPO.....QRSTUVWXYZ.....W..X...Y...and....Z Big Z, little z. What begins with z? I do. I am a Zizzer-Zazzer-Zuzz as you can plainly see.



Fox in Socks

By: Dr. Seuss



Mr. Knox 14

Chick 5

Bim 4

Ben 3

Slow Joe Crow 2

Fox in Socks 11

Sue 5

Luke Luck 3

Tweetle Beetle 3

Goo-Goose 2

ALL Characters: Take it SLOWLY. This book is **DANGEROUS!**

Fox in Socks: Fox. Socks. Box. Knox.

Mr. Knox: Knox in Box. Fox in Socks.

Fox in Socks: Knox on fox in Socks in box.

Mr. Knox: Socks on Knox and Knox in box.

Fox in Socks: Fox in socks on box on Knox.

Chick: Chicks with bricks come. Chicks with blocks come. Chicks with bricks and blocks and clocks come.

Fox in Socks: Look, sir. Look, sir. Mr. Knox, sir. Let's do tricks with bricks and blocks, sir. Let's do tricks with chicks and clocks, sir.

Chick: First, I'll make a quick trick brick stack. Then I'll make a quick trick block stack. You can make a quick trick chick stack. You can make a quick trick clock stack.

Fox in Socks: And here's a new trick, Mr. Knox ... Socks on chicks and chicks on fox. Fox on clocks on bricks and blocks. Bricks and blocks on Knox on box.

Chick: Now we come to ticks and tocks, sir. Try to say this Mr. Knox, sir Clocks on fox tick. Clocks on Knox tock. Six sick bricks tick. Six sick chicks tock.

Mr. Knox: Please, sir. I don't like this trick, sir. My tongue isn't quick or slick, sir. I get all those ticks and clocks, sir, mixed up with the chicks and tocks, sir. I can't do it, Mr. Fox, sir.

Fox in Socks: I'm so sorry, Mr. Knox, sir. Here's an easy game to play. Here's an easy thing to say

Sue: New socks. Two socks. Whose socks? Sue's socks.

Mr. Knox: Who sews whose socks?

Sue: Sue sews Sue's socks.

Mr. Knox: Who sees who sew whose new socks, sir?

Chick: You see Sue sew Sue's new socks, sir.

Mr. Knox: That's not easy, Mr. Fox, sir. Who comes?

Slow Joe Crow: Crow comes. Slow Joe Crow comes.

Mr. Knox: Who sews Crow's clothes?

Sue: Sue sews Crow's clothes.

Mr. Knox: Slow Joe Crow sews whose clothes?

Sue: Sue's clothes. Sue sews socks on fox in socks now.

Slow Joe Crow: Slow Joe Crow sews Knox in box now.

Fox in Socks: Sue sews rose on Slow Joe Crow's clothes. Fox sews hose on Slow Joe Crow's nose. Hose goes. Rose grows. Nose hose goes some. Crow's rose grows some.

Mr. Knox: Mr Fox! I hate this game, sir. This game makes my tongue quite lame, sir.

Sue: Mr. Knox, sir, what a shame, sir.

Fox in Socks: We'll find something new to do now. Here is lots of new blue goo now. New goo. Blue goo. Gooley. Gooley. Blue goo. New goo. Gluey. Gluey.

Goo-Goose: Gooley goo for chewy chewing! That's what that Goo-Goose is doing. Do you choose to chew goo, too, sir? With the Goo-Goose, chew, sir. Do, sir.

Mr. Knox: Mr. Fox, sir, I won't do it. I can't say it. I won't chew it.

Fox in Socks: Very well, sir. Step this way. We'll find another game to play.

Bim: Bim comes. Ben comes. Bim brings Ben broom. Ben brings Bim broom.

Ben: Ben bends Bim's broom. Bim bends Ben's broom. Bim's bends. Ben's bends. Ben's bent broom breaks. Bin's bent broom breaks.

Bim: Ben's band. Bim's band. Big bands. Pig bands.

Ben: Bim and Ben lead bands with brooms. Ben's band bangs and Bim's band booms.

Bim: Pig band! Boom band! Big band! Boom band!

Mr. Knox: My poor mouth can't say that. No, sir. My poor mouth is much too slow, sir.

Fox in Socks: Well then ... bring your mouth this way. I'll find it something it can say.

Luke Luck: Luke Luck likes lakes. Luke's duck likes lakes. Luke Luck licks lakes. Luke's duck licks lakes.

Ben: Duck takes licks in lakes Luke Luck likes. Luke Luck takes licks in lakes duck likes.

Mr. Knox: I can't blab such blibber blubber! My tongue isn't made of rubber.

Fox in Socks: Mr. Knox. Now come now. Come now. You don't have to be so dumb now

Luke Luck: Try to say this, Mr. Knox, Please Through three cheese trees three free fleas flew. While these fleas flew, freezy breeze blew. Freezy breeze made these three trees freeze. Freezy trees made these trees' cheese freeze. That's what made these three free fleas sneeze.

Mr. Knox: Stop it! Stop it! That's enough, sir. I can't say such silly stuff, sir.

Luke Luck: Very well, then, Mr. Knox, sir. Lets have a little talk about tweetle beetles

Tweetle Beetle: What do you know about tweetle beetles? Well ... When tweetle beetles fight, its called a tweetle beetle battle.

Chick: And when they battle in a puddle, it's a tweetle beetle puddle battle.

Bim: AND when tweetle beetles battle with paddles in a puddle, they call it a tweetle beetle puddle paddle battle

Tweetle Beetle: AND ... When beetles battle beetles in a puddle paddle battle and the beetle battle puddle is a puddle in a bottle ...

Goo-Goose: ... they call this a tweetle beetle bottle puddle paddle battle muddle.

Tweetle Beetle: AND ... When beetles fight these battles in a bottle with their paddles and the bottle's on a poodle and the poodle's eating noodles ...

Goo-Goose: ... they call this a muddle puddle tweetle poodle beetle noodle bottle paddle battle. AND ...

Mr. Knox: Now wait a minute, Mr. Socks Fox! When a fox is in the bottle where the tweetle beetles battle with their paddles in a puddle on a noodle-eating poodle, THIS is what they call ... a tweetle beetle noodle poodle bottled paddled muddled duddled fuddled wuddled fox in socks, sir! Fox in socks, our game is done, sir. Thank you for a lot of fun, sir!

ALL Characters: Now is your tongue numb?



Written by: Dr. Suess

Reader 1 **Reader 2** **Reader 3** **Reader 4** **Reader 5** **Reader 6**

Reader 1: One fish two fish red fish blue fish.

Reader 2: Black fish blue fish old fish new fish.

Reader 3: This one has a little star. This one has a little car. Say! What a lot of fish there are.

Reader 4: Yes. Some are red. And some are blue. Some are old. And some are new. Some are sad. And some are glad.

Reader 5: And some are very, very, bad. Why are they sad and glad and bad? I do not know. Go ask your dad.

Reader 6: Some are thin. And some are fat. The fat one has a yellow hat.

Reader 1: From there to here, from here to there, funny things are everywhere.

Reader 2: Here are some who like to run. They run for fun in the hot, hot sun.

Reader 3: Oh me! Oh my! Oh me! Oh my! What a lot of funny things go by.

Reader 4: Some have two feet and some have four. Some have six feet and some have more.

Reader 5: Where do they come from? I can't say. But I bet they have come a long, long way.

Reader 6: We see them come. We see them go. Some are fast. And some are slow.

Reader 1: Some are high. And some are low. Not one of them is like another. Don't ask us why. Go ask your mother.

Reader 2: Say! Look at his fingers! One, two, three ... How many fingers do I see? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. He has eleven! Eleven! This is something new. I wish I had eleven, too!

Reader 3: Bump! Bump! Bump! Did you ever ride a Wump? We have a Wump with just one hump.

Reader 4: But we know a man called Mr. Gump. Mr. Gump has a seven hump Wump. So... if you like to go Bump! Bump! Just jump on the hump of the Wump of Gump.

Reader 5: Who am I? My name is Ned. I do not like my little bed. This is no good. This is not right. My feet stick out of bed all night.

Reader 6: And when I pull them in, Oh, dear! My head sticks out of bed up here!

Reader 1: We like our bike. It is made for three. Our Mike sits up in back, you see.

Reader 2: We like our Mike and this is why: Mike does all the work when the hills get high.

Reader 3: Hello there, Ned. How do you do? Tell me, tell me what is new? How are things in your little bed? What is new? Please tell me, Ned.

Reader 4: I do not like this bed at all. A lot of things have come to call. A cow, a dog, a cat, a mouse. Oh! What a bed! Oh! What a house!

Reader 5: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I can not hear. Will you please come over near? Will you please look in my ear? There must be something there, I fear.

Reader 6: Say, Look! A bird was in your ear. But he is out. So have no fear. Again your ear can hear, my dear.

Reader 1: My hat is old. My teeth are gold. I have a bird I like to hold. My show is off. My foot is cold.

Reader 2: My shoe is off. My foot is cold. I have a bird I like to hold. My hat is old. My teeth are gold. And now my story is all told.

Reader 3: We took a look. We saw a Nook. On his head he had a hook. On his hook he had a book. On his book was "How to Cook."

Reader 4: We saw him sit and try to cook. He took a look at the book on the hook. But a Nook can't read, so a Nook can't cook. SO... what good to a Nook is a hook cook book?

Reader 5: The moon was out and we saw some sheep. We saw some sheep take a walk in their sleep.

Reader 6: By the light of the moon, by the light of a star, they walked all night from near to far. I would never walk. I would take a car.

Reader 1: I do not like this one so well. All he does is yell, yell, yell. I will not have this one about. When he comes in I put him out. This one is quiet as a mouse. I like to have him in the house.

Reader 2: At our house we open cans. We have to open may cans. And that is why we have a Zans. A Zans for cans is very good. Have you seen a Zans for cans? You should.

Reader 3: I like to box. How I like to box! So, every day, I box a Gox.

Reader 4: In yellow socks I box my Gox. I box in yellow Gox box socks.

Reader 5: It is fun to sing if you sing with a Ying. My Ying can sing like anything. I sing high and my Ying sings low, and we are not too bad, you know.

Reader 6: This one, I think, is called a Yink. He likes to wink, he likes to drink.

Reader 1: He likes to drink, and drink, and drink. The thing he likes to drink is ink. The ink he likes to drink is pink. He likes to wink and drink pink ink. SO...if you have a lot of ink, then you should get a Yink, I think.

Reader 2: Hop! Hop! Hop! I am a Yop. All I like to do is hop from finger top to finger top. I hop from left to right and then ... Hop! Hop! I hop right back again.

Reader 3: I like to hop all day and night from right to left and left to right. Why do I like to hop, hop, hop? I do not know. Go ask your Pop.

Reader 4: Brush! Brush! Brush! Brush! Comb! Comb! Comb! Comb! Blue hair is fun to brush and comb. All girls who like to brush and comb should have a pet like this at home.

Reader 5: Who is this pet? Say! He is wet. You never yet met a pet, I bet, as wet as they let this wet pet get.

Reader 6: Did you ever fly a kite in bed? Did you ever walk with ten cats on your head?

Reader 1: Did you ever milk this kind of cow? Well, we can do it. We know how. If you never did, you should. These things are fun and fun is good.

Reader 2: Hello! Hello! Are you there? Hello! I called you up to say hello. I said hello. Can you hear me, Joe?

Reader 3: Oh, no. I can not hear your call. I can not hear your call at all. This is not good and I know why. A mouse has cut the wire. Good-bye!

Reader 4: From near to far from here to there, funny things are everywhere. These yellow pets are called Zeds. They have one hair up on their heads. Their hair grows fast ... so fast, they say, they need a haircut every day.

Reader 5: Who am I? My name is Ish. On my hand I have a dish. I have this dish to help me wish.

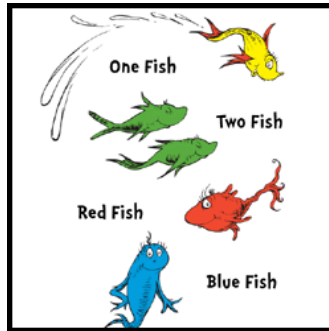
Reader 6: When I wish to make a wish I wave my hand with a big swish swish. Then I say, "I wish for fish!" And I get fish right on my dish. So...if you wish to wish a wish, you may swish for fish with my Ish wish dish.

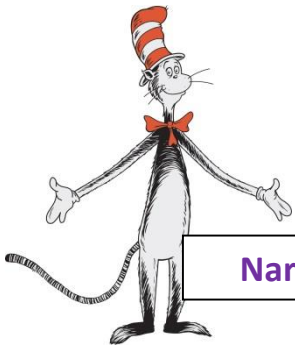
Reader 1: At our house we play out back. We play a game called Ring the Gack. Would you like to play this game? Come down! We have the only Gack in town.

Reader 2: Look what we found in the park in the dark. We will take him home. We will call him Clark. He will live at our house. He will grow and grow. Will our mother like this? We don't know.

Reader 3: And now good night. It is time to sleep. So we will sleep with our pet Zleep.

ALL READERS: Today is gone. Today was fun. Tomorrow is another one. Every day, from here to there, funny things are everywhere.





The Cat in the Hat

Written by: Dr. Suess



Narrator 11 **Boy** 18 **Sally** 14 **Cat** 12 **Fish** 9 **Things** 1 **Mother** 1

Narrator: The sun did not shine. It was too wet to play. So they sat in the house all that cold, cold, wet day.

Boy: I sat there with Sally. We sat there, we two. How I wish we had something to do! Too wet to go out and too cold to play ball. So we sat in the house. We did nothing at all.

Sally: So all we could do was to Sit! Sit! Sit! Sit! And we did not like it. Not one little bit.

Narrator: And then something went BUMP! How that bump made them jump!

Boy/Sally: We looked! Then we saw him step on the mat! We looked! And we saw him! The Cat in the Hat!

Cat: Why do you sit there like that? I know it is wet and the sun is not sunny. But we can have lots of good fun that is funny! I know some good games we could play. I know some new tricks. A lot of good tricks. I will show them to you. Your mother will not mind at all if I do.

Narrator: Sally and Boy did not know what to say. Their mother was out of the house for the day.

Fish: No! No! Make that cat go away! Tell that Cat in the Hat you do not want to play. He should not be here. He should not be about. He should not be here when your mother is out!

Cat: Now! Now! Have no fear. Have no fear! My tricks are not bad. Why, we can have lots of good fun, if you wish, with a game that I call Up-up-up with a fish!

Fish: Put me down! This is not fun at all! Put me down! I do not wish to fall!

Cat: Have no fear! I will not let you fall. I will hold you up high as I stand on a ball. With a book on one hand! And a cup on my hat! But that is not ALL I can do! Look at me! Look at me now!

Boy: With a cup and a cake on the top of his hat! He can hold up two books! He can hold up the fish! And a little toy ship! And some milk on a dish! And look!

Sally: He can hop up and down on the ball!

Cat: But that is not all! Oh, no. That is not all... Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me now! It is fun to have fun but you have to know how.

Sally: He can hold up the cup and the milk and the cake! He can hold up these books! And the fish on a rake! He can hold the toy ship and a little toy man! And look!

Boy: With his tail he can hold a red fan! He can fan with the fan as he hops on the ball!

Cat: But that is not all. Oh, no. That is not all....

Narrator: That is what the cat said... then he fell on his head! He came down with a bump from up there on the ball.

Sally: Boy and I, we saw ALL the things fall.

Boy: And our fish came down, too. He fell into a pot!

Fish: Do I like this? Oh, no! I do not. This is not a good game. No, I do not like it, not one little bit!

Sally: Now look what you did! Now look at this house! Look at this! Look at that!

Boy: You sank our toy ship, sank it deep in the cake. You shook up our house and you bent our new rake.

Fish: You should NOT be here when our mother is not. You get out of this house!

Cat: But I like to be here. Oh, I like it a lot! I will not go away. I do not wish to go! And so ... I will show you another good game that I know!

Narrator: And then he ran out. And, then, fast as a fox, the Cat in the Hat came back in with a box. A big red wood box. It was shut with a hook.

Cat: Now look at this trick, take a look!

Narrator: Then he got up on top with a tip of his hat.

Cat: I call this game FUN-IN-A-BOX. In this box are two things I will show to you now. You will like these two things. You will see something new. Two things. And I call them Thing 1 and Thing 2. These Things will not bite you. They want to have fun.

Narrator: Then, out of the box came Thing 2 and Thing 1!

Sally: And they ran to us fast.

Things: How do you do? Would you like to shake hands with Thing 1 and Thing 2?

Boy: Sally and I did not know what to do. So we had to shake hands with Thing 1 and Thing 2. We shook their two hands.

Fish: No! No! Those Things should not be in this house! Make them go! They should not be here when your mother is not! Put them out! Put them out!

Cat: Have no fear, little fish. These things are good things. They are tame. Oh, so tame! They have come here to play. They will give you some fun on this wet, wet, wet day. Now, here is a game that they like. They like to fly kites.

Fish: No! Not in the house! They should not fly kites in a house! They should not. Oh, the things they will bump! Oh, the things they will hit! Oh, I do not like it! Not one little bit!

Boy: Sally and I saw them run down the hall. We saw those two things bump their kites on the wall! Bump! Thump! Thump! Bump! Down the wall in the hall.

Narrator: Thing 2 and Thing 1! They ran up! They ran down!

Boy: On the string of one kite we saw mother's new gown! Her gown with the dots that are pink, white and red. Then we saw one kite bump on the head of her bed!

Sally: Then those things ran about with big bumps, jumps, and kicks and with hops and big thumps and all kinds of bad tricks.

Boy: I do not like the way that they play! If mother could see this, oh, what would she say?

Fish: Look! Look! Your mother is on her way home! Do you hear? Oh, what will she do to us?

Boy: What will she say?

Sally: Oh, she will not like it to find us this way!

Fish: So, do something! Fast! Do you hear? I saw her. Your mother! Your mother is near! So, as fast as you can, think of something to do! You will have to get rid of Thing 1 and Thing 2!

Boy: So, as fast as I could, I went after my net.

Sally: With your net you can get them I bet. I bet, with your net, you can get those Things yet!

Boy: I let down my net. It came down with a PLOP! And I had them! At last! Those two Things had to stop.

Sally: Now you do as I say. You pack up those things and you take them away!

Cat: Oh dear! You did not like our game ...Oh dear. What a shame! What a shame! What a shame!

Narrator: Then he shut up the Things in the box with the hook. And the Cat went away with a sad kind of look.

Boy: That is good, He has gone away.

Fish: Yes. But your mother will come. She will find this big mess! And this mess is so big and so deep and so tall, we can not pick it up. There is no way at all!

Narrator: And then! Who was back in the house? Why, the Cat!

Cat: Have no fear of this mess, I always pick up all my play things and so ... I will show you another good trick that I know!

Boy: Then we saw him pick up all the things that were down.

Sally: He picked up the cake, and the rake, and the gown, and the milk, and the strings, and the books, and a dish, and the fan, and the cup, and the ship, and the fish.

Boy: And he put them away.

Cat: That is that.

Narrator: And then he was gone with a tip of his hat. Then mother came in.

Mother: Did you have any fun? Tell me. What did you do?

Boy: Sally and I did not know what to say.

Sally: Should we tell her the things that went on here today?

Boy/Sally: Should we tell her about it? Now, what should we do?

ALL CAST: Well ... What would you do if your mother asked you?



The Sneetches

By: Dr. Seuss

Reader 1

Reader 2

Reader 3

Reader 4

Reader 5

Reader 1: Now, the Star-Belly Sneetches had bellies with stars. The Plain-Belly Sneetches had none upon thars.

Reader 2: Those stars weren't so big. They were really so small you might think such a thing wouldn't matter at all.

Reader 3: But, because they had stars, all the Star-Belly Sneetches would brag "We're the best kind of Sneetch on the beaches."

Reader 4: With their snoots in the air, they would sniff and they'd snort "We'll have nothing to do with the Plain-Belly sort!"

Reader 5: And whenever they met some, when they were out walking, they'd saunter straight past them without even talking.

Reader 1: When the Star-Belly children went out to play ball, could a Plain Belly get in the game ...? Not at all.

Reader 2: You only could play if your bellies had stars and the Plain-Belly children had none upon thars.

Reader 3: When the Star-Belly Sneetches had frankfurter roasts or picnics or parties or marshmallow toasts, they never invited the Plain-Belly Sneetches.

Reader 4: They left them out cold, in the dark of the beaches. They kept them away, never let them come near and that's how they treated them year after year.

Reader 5: Then ONE day, it seems ... while the Plain-Belly Sneetches were moping and dopping alone on the beaches, just sitting there wishing their bellies had stars ... a stranger zipped up in the strangest of cars!

Reader 1: "My friends," he announces in a voice clear and keen, "My name is Sylvester McMonkey McBean. And I've heard of your troubles. I've heard you're unhappy. But I can fix that. I'm the Fix-it-Up Chappie.

Reader 2: I've come here to help you. I have what you need. And my prices are low. And I work at great speed. And my work is one hundred percent guaranteed!"

Reader 3: Then, quickly, Sylvester McMonkey McBean put together a very peculiar machine. And he said, "You want stars like a Star-Belly Sneetch ...? My friends, you can have them for three dollars each!"

Reader 4: "Just pay me your money and hop right aboard!" So they clambered inside. Then the big machine roared and it klonked. And it bonked. And it jerked. And it berked and it bopped them about.

Reader 5: But the thing really worked! When the Plain-Belly Sneetches popped out, they had stars! They actually did. They had stars upon thars!

Reader 1: Then they yelled at the ones who had stars at the start, "We're exactly like you! You can't tell us apart.

Reader 2: We're all just the same, now, you snooty old smarties! And now we can go to your frankfurter parties."

Reader 3: “Good grief!” groaned the ones who had stars at the first. “We’re still the best Sneetches and they are the worst.”

Reader 4: But, now, how in the world will we know,” they all frowned, “If which kind is what, or the other way round?”

Reader 5: Then up came McBean with a very sly wink and he said, “Things are not quite as bad as you think. So you don’t know who’s who. That is perfectly true. But come with me, friends. So you know what I’ll do?”

Reader 1: I’ll make you, again, the best Sneetches on beaches and all it will cost you is ten dollars eaches.”

Reader 2: “Belly stars are no longer in style,” said McBean. “What you need is a trip through my Star-Off Machine. This wondrous contraption will take off your stars so you won’t look like sneetches who have them on thars.”

Reader 3: And that handy machine working very precisely removed all the stars from their tummies quite nicely.

Reader 4: Then, with snoots in the air, they paraded about and they opened their beaks and they let out a shout, “We know who is who! Now there isn’t a doubt. The best kind of sneetches are Sneetches without!”

Reader 5: Then, of course, those with stars all got frightfully mad. To be wearing a star now was frightfully bad.

Reader 1: Then, of course, old Sylvester McMonkey McBean invited them into his Star-Off Machine. Then, of course from THEN on, as you probably guess, things really got into a horrible mess.

Reader 2: All the rest of that day, on those wild screaming beaches, the Fix-it-Up Chappies kept fixing up Sneetches.

Reader 3: Off again! On again! In again! Out again! Through the machines they raced round and about again, changing their stars every minute or two.

Reader 4: They kept paying money. They kept running through until neither the Plain nor the Star-Bellies knew whether this one was that one ... or that one was this one or which one was what one ... or what one was who.

Reader 5: Then, when every last cent of their money was spent, the Fix-it-Up Chappie packed up and he went.

Reader 1: And he laughed as he drove his car up the beach, “They never will learn. No. You can’t teach a Sneetch!”

Reader 2: But McBean was quite wrong.

ALL Readers: I’m quite happy to say that the Sneetches got really quite smart on that day, the day they decided that Sneetches are Sneetches and no kind of Sneetch is the best on the beaches. That day, all the sneetches forgot about stars and whether they had one, or not, upon thars.



Too Many Daves

By: Dr. Seuss



Reader 1

Reader 2

Reader 1: Did I ever tell you that Mrs. McCave had twenty-three sons and she named them all Dave?

Reader 2: Well, she did. And that wasn't a smart thing to do. You see, when she wants one and calls out, "Yoo-hoo! Come into the house, Dave!" she doesn't get one. All twenty-three of hers come on the run!

Reader 1: This makes things quite difficult at the McCaves' as you can imagine, with so many Daves.

Reader 2: And often she wishes that, when they were born, she had named one of them Bodkin Van Horn.

Reader 1: And one of them Hoos-Foos. And one of them Snimm. And one of them Hot-Shot. And one Sunny Jim.

Reader 2: And one of them Shadrack. And one of them Blinkey. And one of them Stuffy. And one of them Stinkey.

Reader 1: Another one Putt-Putt. Another one Moon Face. Another one Marvin O'Gravel Balloon Face.

Reader 2: And one of them Ziggy. And one Soggy Muff. One Buffalo Bill. And one Biffalo Buff.

Reader 1: And one of them Sneepy. And one Weepy Weed. And one Paris Garters. And one Harris Tweed.

Reader 2: And one of them Sir Michael Carmichael Zutt. And one of them Oliver Boliver Butt

Reader 1: And one of them Zanzibar Buck-Buck McFate ...

Reader2: But she didn't do it. And now it's too late.



The Zax

By: Dr. Seuss

Reader 1

Reader 2

Reader 1: One day, making tracks in the prairie of Prax, came a North-Going Zax and a South-Going Zax.

Reader 2: And it happened that both of them came to a place where they bumped.

Reader 1: There they stood. Foot to foot. Face to face.

Reader 2: “Look here, now!” the North-Going Zax said.

Reader 1: “I say! You are blocking my path. You are right in my way.

Reader 2: I’m a North-Going Zax and I always go north. Get out of my way, now, and let me go forth!”

Reader 1: “Who’s in whose way?” snapped the South-Going Zax, “I always go south, making south-going tracks. So you’re in MY way!

Reader 2: And I ask you to move and let me go south in my south-going groove.”

Reader 1: Then the North-Going Zax puffed his chest up with pride. “I never.” He said, “take a step to one side.

Reader 2: And I’ll prove to you that I won’t change my ways if I have to keep standing here fifty-nine days!”

Reader 1: “And I’ll prove to YOU,” yelled the South-Going Zax, “That I can stand here in the prairie of Prax for fifty-nine years!

Reader 2: For I live by a rule that I learned as a boy back in South-Going School. *Never budge!* That’s my rule.

Reader 1: *Never budge in the least! Not an inch to the west! Not an inch to the east!* I’ll stay here, not budging!

Reader 2: I can and I will if it makes you and me and the whole world stand still!”

Reader 1: Well... Of course the world didn’t stand still.

Reader 2: The world grew. In a couple of years, the new highway came through and they built it right over those two stubborn Zax and left them there, standing un-budged in their tracks.