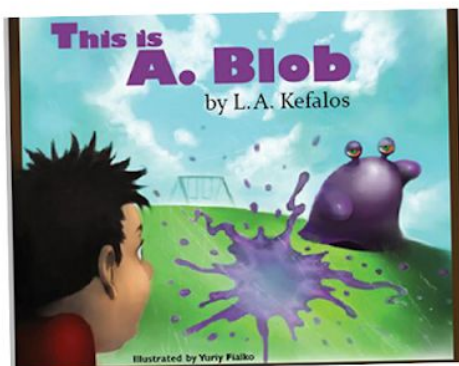


Reader's Theater



This is A. Blob
by, L.A. Kefalos



Laughing
Leopard
P R E S S

This is A. Blob, by L.A. Kefalos

Readers' Theater

Narrator 1: Welcome to Lincoln Elementary School in Manytown, U.S.A. Today we will hear the story of one...unusual student.

Narrator 2: This is the story of A. Blob. When A. Blob is around, ooze and anger abound!

Narrator 1: This is A. Blob. A slimy, purple gob. One day, A. Blob was on the playground when it saw a boy, Michael, about to enjoy his lunch on the grass.

Michael: Yes! A BLT sandwich--my favorite!

Narrator 2: As Michael was about to take a big bite--thwap! Suddenly, the sandwich was snatched out of his hands!

Michael: Hey! What's going on?

Narrator 1: Michael looked around for his sandwich only to see it in the hands of gooey, sticky, A. Blob, the new student.

Narrator 2: A. Blob was whirling and spinning on the merry-go-round, its formless purple body swirling all around the contraption and oozing all over Michael's sandwich.

Michael: Hey! What are you doing? You're going to get my sandwich all slimy!

Narrator 1: It was too late. The sandwich was destroyed. Without saying a word, A. Blob threw the mangled lunch on the ground and walked away. Michael sadly picked up the pieces and threw them in the trash.

Narrator 2: It seemed A. Blob was determined to not make friends. Every day, it did something new to hurt and upset its fellow students.

Stage direction: A. Blob, Audrey, and Sam are playing together. A. Blob leaves a trail of slime.

Audrey: Ew! There is purple slime everywhere!! A. Blob! You got slime all over my teddy bear.

Stage direction: A. Blob looks around at the slime it left. At first it looks sad, but then gets angry and throws a big ball of slime directly at Audrey and runs away. Audrey stomps her foot in frustration.

Sam: A. Blob can't help that it's slimy, Audrey. Maybe we can help it clean up where it oozed.

Audrey: Well, it sure CAN help punching Jaime when he was on the monkey bars! And just yesterday A. Blob threw sticks and stones at 3 kids who were just playing tag. We've tried to play with A. Blob and it just pushes, shoves, and breaks rules over and over again. A. Blob is a bully!

Narrator 1: Sam looked down at his slime covered shoes and wondered if Audrey was right. Was A. Blob a bully? Was that all there was to A. Blob? It sure seemed like it!

Narrator 2: The next day, a game of kickball was about to begin. A. Blob asked to play. The children weren't sure, so they gathered together to discuss what to do.

Michael: No way! A. Blob is way too mean. We don't let bullies play with us.

Sam: I think we should let it play. Maybe A. Blob just needs some friends.

Audrey: What if it hurts us again?

Michael: Hey! What if we let A. Blob play, but we play a trick on it? Let's all pretend like we're going to play and just when A. Blob is up to bat, we all run away?

Audrey: Yeah! That will show A. Blob how it feels to be bullied!

Sam: No! It's not ok to be mean just because someone was mean to us! How does that make us different from a bully? That will only make more people hurt and sad. I think we should let A. Blob play AND be nice to it.

Michael: Ok, but this is A. Blob's last chance!

Narrator 2: The children formed into 2 teams. Tensions were high as the game began. Things went well for a while. A. Blob was playing by the rules and the children were having a good time.

Narrator 1: Finally, it was A. Blob's turn to kick. The ball came at A. Blob and it gave it a good kick. As A. Blob ran for first base, it tripped and ran headfirst into Michael, who was picking flowers and not paying attention to the game.

Michael: That's it! We gave you a chance and all you did was hurt people, just like I thought. You're nothing but a bully.

Narrator 2: All the other children were angry too. They started yelling at A. Blob. A. Blob began to get angry right back. Suddenly, there was slime flying everywhere as A. Blob slung the purple gooey gobs into the crowd that had formed.

Narrator 1: A. Blob stormed away. As it passed the children's lunch boxes that had been left by the school, it dumped each and every one of them.

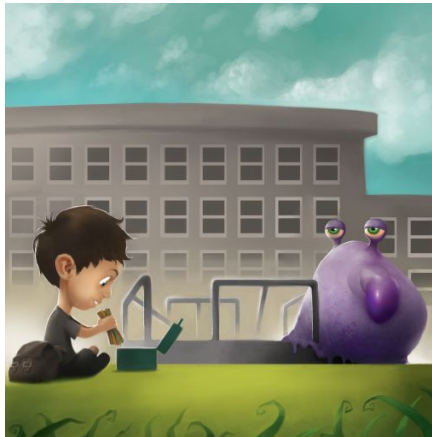
Narrator 1: The next day, Sam looked for A. Blob at recess. He looked by the monkey bars. He looked on the kickball field. He looked by the merry-go-round. A. Blob was nowhere to be found.

Narrator 2: Eventually, Sam gave up looking and went to play with his friends. If he'd looked around the corner of the big brick school, he would have found a scene that surprised him.

Narrator 1: There, sadly throwing a ball against the wall was A. Blob, alone and with a tear in its big, purple eye.

Narrator 2: You see, there was something about A. Blob that no one expected: it was lonely.

Narrator 1 and 2: To be continued!



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