Mectin























Dialogue and Lyrics by Marcia Trimble











Readers' Theater: For two readers!

One reads the black lines and the other reads the gray lines.

You will find the songs and story read-alongs on the story CDs.

Both readers and audience can sing along.

Dialogue and Lyrics Titles:

* Choreography included.

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Introduction! Stories on Stage

Hey, what you got there? S.O.S.

S.O.S.? What's that? Stories on Stage.

Sit back and listen. What's Stories on Stage?

There's your SOS and our SOS, too.

We heard your SOS that grew and grew.

Make reading fun. Make reading fun.

Our SOS makes reading fun for everyone.

Play your way from A to Z. Reading is fun today. You'll see.

Language has rhythm. Language has beat...

like clapping hands or tapping feet.

Make the words on the page just move.

Now that you're reading, you're in the groove!

Play your way from A to Z. Reading is fun today. You'll see.

Reading is fun for everyone!

So go grab a book and have some fun...

Turn the page...turn the page...turn the page...



Malinda Martha Meets Mariposa

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by John Lund Hello, hello, hello.

| | Hello (Actor's name). | Hello (Actor's name). |
|-----|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| l'm | l'm | And you're THE AUDIENCE |

You're a good quiet-as-a-mouse audience.

We're here because we, AND YOU, have IMAGINATION.

For learning.

You can start anywhere and see where it takes you.

So...welcome...

Λ Caterpillar Chew Chew Λ Λ

(Sung to the tune of The Chattanooga Choo Choo)

Welcome aboard, it is the caterpillar chew chew,
habitat bound, the Monarch wintering ground.

Munch milkweed leaves, aboard the Caterpillar Chew Chew,
you'll get your share...of munching there.

We said goodbye to Canada in chilly October.

Migration destination down to warm California, Wriggle from your old skin, 'til you're shimmerin',

in the chrysalis you'll be resting in.

Take a nap and dream of antennae and wings.

You're about to know the wonder that flying brings.

Snuggle in your own tree, all safe and sound.

Metamorphosis is a-comin' around.

Fly to Pismo with Mary, Maggie, Marco, and Moe, You'll all be the trim...on a eucalyptus limb.

You'll fall in love...and lest your caterpillar babies roam, Yeah...the Caterpillar Chew Chew will just chew chew them home. Hey! Caterpillar Chew Chew, won't you chew chew them home.

What a ride.

I was the caterpillar.

I was Marco Monarch.

Imagination!

I know someone who is VERY imaginative. Kids everywhere can meet her because she's a character in a book.

What's her name?

She's Malinda Martha in MALINDA MARTHA MEETS MARIPOSA. She's in a lot of other books, too.

There's a real Malinda Martha.

Wow, she has a character named after her!

Malinda Martha has a big imagination.

Malinda Martha, in the story, has a BIG imagination.

I have imagination!

I bet everyone has imagination. Like Malinda Martha!

What does she imagine?

Malinda Martha's teacher asks the class to write a story about summer vacation, and Malinda Martha begins daydreaming about the sunflower garden she planted during the summer...when all of a sudden, the sunflowers burst into a curtain of faces on the backyard stage (that's what she imagines).

That's imagination.

AND...she imagines directing a play about the metamorphosis of a Monarch butterfly.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

What did YOU like imagining best?

...that I was riding on the Caterpillar Chew Chew.

And munching milkweed leaves?

Those milkweed leaves were delicious!

I think metamorphosis is cool.

You mean changing?

Yes, changing...into a Monarch butterfly.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

Caterpillar Capers Song A Lyrics available in My Activity Book.

Readers' Theater: Script available in Stories on Stage booklet of scripts or My Activity Book.



CHOREOGRAPHY - Train Dance

Caterpillar Chew Chew



(Train Dance: "Bunny Hop" style—line up in a train. Teacher is the leader. Students put their hands on the shoulders of the person in front of them. Start with right leg, extend out, then bring back. Then left leg, extend out, then bring back. Head tilts from side to side, with each leg extension. Can go around the perimeter of classroom or auditorium, or even weave up and down the desk rows.)

(Start the train)

Welcome aboard! It is the caterpillar chew chew

Habitat bound, the Monarch wintering ground.

Munch milkweed leaves, aboard the Caterpillar Chew Chew

You'll get your share, of growing and munching there. (stop the train)

(Stand in place, keeping rhythm with knee bends)

We said goodbye to Canada (wave goodbye)

In chilly October (shiver, with arms cradled, "brrr")

Migration destination down to warm California ("wipe" forehead of imaginary sweat)

Wriggle from your old skin 'til you're shimmerin' (wriggle the way they want to)

In the chrysalis you'll be resting in (place cheek on hands, tipping head down toward the side, close eyes to "sleep")

Take a nap and dream about antennae and wings (continue "sleeping")
You're about to know the wonder that flying brings (knee bends

while "sleeping", start smiling)

Snuggle in your own tree, all safe and sound (with hands in a rolling muffler motion, stoop down into a little capsule...)

Metamorphosis is a-comin' around. (...then stand upright and extend arms up into a "Ta DA" type of stretch, and start your arms flying)

Fly to Pismo, with Mary, Maggie, Marco & Mo (start the train dance again, this time with your arms flying instead of arms on person in front)

You'll be all the trim on a eucalyptus limb (stop train)

You'll fall in love (put hands over heart)

and let your caterpillar babies roam (with one hand or alternating hands, hand-wrist movement like a worm, up and down, across from right to left)

Yeah...the Caterpillar Chew-Chew will just chew-chew them home (resume train)

Hey! Caterpillar chew-chew, won't you chew-chew them home! (keep the train dance going until end of song)





Witchy's Turned Around House

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Chad Cameron

I know a VERY imaginative character.

You have to be thinking of Witchy!

One and the same. It's that spinning contest she enters that tweaks her imagination. Being VERY imaginative, she doesn't want to spin webs (spider webs OR web sites) or yarns.

Too UNimaginative?

She tries to spin a house around, instead. Only there is a midnight deadline. She stirs the brew with all her might and wails a spell into her cauldron.

Let Witchy be clever. Brew stormy weather, without a sliver of shine...Brew winds that blow the spinning sign...Blow children's laughter in the Mix and whirl it, and swirl it, and spin it. Hurry! quick as a mouse. "Poof! Spin the Dow's house."

Wauwinet is far from town...so getting children's laughter is a challenge.

Does Witchy win the contest?

She has big problems, but in the end, you bet she wins.

Don't give away how she wins.

It IS pretty imaginative.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D. I think Witchy still gives midnight tours in her broom buggy.

Cool.

There really is a house that was turned around after a storm.

On Nantucket Island. The DOW's house. Mrs. Dow read WITCHY'S TURNED AROUND HOUSE to her grandchildren and they asked her if Witchy really turned the house around!

That's imagination. Speaking of imagination, what did YOU like imagining? Riding in a broom buggy was fun.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

A Witchy's Song A

I'm Witchy. I'm Witchy. Witchy is my name.

I spin webs. I spin yarns.

I can spin a house around.

A breeze. An unexpected sneeze...

and Wowie, Whizzie, Whew...

Children's laughter filled my brew

with its spinning power...at the midnight hour...

just in time to get the winning spin.

See me grin. Step right in.

Ride in my broom buggy...on a midnight ride.

With joy and pride...I'll show you my medals 1...2...3...

and my house by the sea...turned around, turned around,

turned around, turned around house...

by the sea...turned around, turned around,

turned around, turned around house...by the sea.

CHOREOGRAPHY - Sing and move!

√ Witchy's Song √

Suggested space: Create a circle. Spread arms to fingertips.

22 counts (Stand in place. Feet together.

Arms at side. Knee bends.)

On count 23, start with right heel toe, singing: I'm Witchy. I'm Witchy. Witchy is my name. (heel toe, 8 counts, alternating feet.)



I can spin webs. (Spin to one side.)

I can spin yarns. (Spin to the other side.)

I can spin a house around. (Spin all the way around.)



A breeze.

(Stand in place. Feet together. Roll hands, muffler position)

An unexpected sneeze. (Faster hands roll, knee bend on "sneeze".)

And Wowie, Whizzie, Whew. (Twirl hands outward to the side. Make 3 circle rings.)



6 counts – Stand in place. Feet together. Arms at side. Knee bends.
On count 7, Children's laughter filled my brew. (heel toe, heel toe)
With its spinning power...(Spin all the way around.)

At the midnight hour...just in time (heel toe, heel toe or 2 knee bends) to get the winning spin. (Spin around the other way.)

See me grin...(Lift hands, palms up and outward, thumbs toward face, to show off your grin.)



Step right in...(Step forward with 2 steps, right, left.)

Ride in my broom buggy...(Stand in place. Knee bends.)

On a midnight ride...(Hands at side.)

With joy and pride...(Hands at side, shoulders back, stand tall.)



I'll show you my medals 1...2...3... (extend hand with palm upward, fingers away from the face, and raise fingers to count 1, 2, 3)

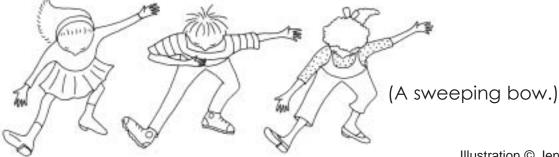
and my house by the sea...(knee bend)
turned around, turned around, turned around,
turned around house...by the sea...

(turn all the way around)

turned around, turned around, turned around, turned around house...by the sea.

(Turn all the other way around.)







Hello Sun

A True African Travel Tale

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Susan Arciero

Reading is such an adventure.

You can travel to far-off places.

You can travel to Africa in HELLO SUN...

and meet Clicky, the camera,

and you can find out why Clicky talks to the sun.

Shh! Listen!

(Clicky voice) "Good Morning, Sun. I have the greatest eye in the land. Give me light, lend me a hand. I record memories for my fun. I'm ready... for the cubs to run."

So...Clicky asks the sun for light?

Light is a big deal.

What does Clicky do when the sun goes down?

He rests his eye when the day is done. But he doesn't close his eyes before he says, "Good-bye, Sun."

Ahh! In his own way, he's thanking the sun. Such good manners.



I'm Clicky. I'm Clicky. Clicky is my name.

Recording memories is my game.

For...I'm a camera...I have the greatest eye in the land when the sun gives me light and you lend me a hand.

I bid the sun good morn, good noon.

Click click click is my kind of tune.

I say good-bye to the setting sun
and rest my eye when the day is done.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D. What did you like imagining best?

I liked having the greatest eye in the land.

I bet it was like front row seats.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

∧ Clicky's Song #2 ∧

Zoom zoom zoom click click click in the shining sun.
Zoom zoom zoom click click click til the day is done.
Clickity click is my favorite song

as my Landrover bounces along...on a safari ride...
open to the sky for my clickity eye...

clicking far and wide...

clickity click on the lion pride...

lion cubs 1...2...3...running free...

maybe more...maybe four.

Zoom zoom click click click in the shining sun.

Zoom zoom zoom click click click til the drive is done.

Recording memories is lots of fun.

Recording memories is lots of fun.

Click click click...Click click click click click...

CHOREOGRAPHY

TAP, SNAP, RATTLE 'N SHAKE RHYTHM BAND.

Clicky's Song. (hand,

finger, and wrist

movements)

Picture bongo drum

tapping, finger

snapping, and a

shaker/rattle tube

(made easily from a

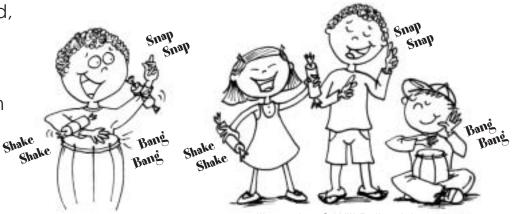


Illustration © Will Pellegrini

tissue tube or rolled typing paper filled with rice). You can tie the rattle to your wrist. There are 4 counts of 6 (1...2...3, 1...2...3.) before the singing starts.

Zoom zoom (tap your hands as on a drum for 3 counts, on a desk, or on your lap)

Click, click (snap your fingers for 3 counts)

in the shining sun. (shake and rattle a tube that you hold in your hand or tie on your wrist, shaking to the beat of 1...2...3...1...2...3)

REPEAT for Zoom Zoom Zoom click click click til the day is done.

ADD sway and bounce body movements as you shake your wrist rattle.

Clickity click is my favorite song (sway and shake the rattle for 4 counts of 1...2...3...)

Clickity click (shake the rattle for 2 counts of 1...2...3...)

as my Landrover bounces along (bounce up and down AND shake the rattle, 3 counts of 1...2...3...)

on a safari ride (put your hands forward as if you are holding the wheel and in an up and down movement shake the rattle in each hand, 2 counts of 1...2...3...)

open to the sky (reach arms up to the sky and shake your rattles, 2 counts of 1...2...3...)

for my clickity eye (shake the rattle to the side of your eye, 2 counts of 1...2...3...)

clicking far (reach out to the right and shake your rattle to the beat, 1...2...3...)

and wide (and then reach to the left, continue shaking the rattle to the beat, 1...2...3...)

clickity click (snap fingers 1...2...3...1...2...3...)

on the lion pride (bounce up and down and shake rattles, 1...2...3...)

lion cubs 1...2...3...**running free** (sway back and forth and reach both arms out to the sides. Shake rattles out to both sides to give the impression of running free, 1...2...3...1...2...3...)

maybe more... (repeat sway and reach arm out to the right side to give the impression of more, 1...2...3...)

maybe four. (repeat sway and reach arm out to the left, 1...2...3...)

Zoom zoom click click in the shining sun. Zoom zoom zoom click click til the drive is done. (same as at the beginning, tap, snap, shake rattle to the count of 1...2...3...)

Recording memories is lots of fun. (Shake rattles, 4 counts of 1...2...3...)
Recording memories is lots of fun. (Repeat)

Click click (snap fingers 1...2...3...and shake rattles 4...5...6...1...2...3... 4...5...6...)

Click click (repeat above rhythm)

Click click (repeat above rhythm to the end)



Jonah's Riddle

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by George Ulrich

Kids meet great characters in books.

I like Once-Upon-a-Time and Happily-Ever-After stories.

They never go out of style.

Listen to Paloma. She reminds me of me. (Paloma voice: "Papa, tell me the story of Jonah's Riddle...please, just the way you always tell it.") Sound familiar? And Papa begins, just as always.

(Papa voice) Once upon a time...a cowboy was listening to the wind whispering on the prairie...and as his mare Calliope trotted along, he sang with the wind.

A Cowboy Song #1 A

Papa/cowboy voice

I have a horse to ride, a bunk for lyin' on my side...
spurs to keep Calliope ridin' far 'n wide...
a hat to shade my eyes from the prairie sun...
and stars to guide me home when day is done.

And Papa tells Paloma about the cowboy's adventure with a sailor named Sid, and with the islander named Jonah who teaches them what to do with stories that are locked in their heads.

How do stories get locked in their heads?

Well, they both listen to a seashell and hear the song of the sea. And they imagine! Jonah says their song sleeps in their imaginations.

Jonah says, (Jonah voice) Your song is destined to a fate, such as befalls a tree toppled in a deserted forest.

What happens to the tree?

They don't figure out the riddle at first. So Jonah makes a flowery speech.

(Jonah voice) Ah! A storyteller who sings like a bird can soothe a listener with every word. Sing your song of the sea. Save it from the silence that can befall a tree.

I'd be the storyteller.

I'd be the listener.

I bet their stories come alive. I bet it's a Happily-Ever-After story.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D. You know, stories are alive...just about everywhere.

Stories stay alive in our imagination.

Papa and Paloma stay alive in MY imagination.

(Papa, cowboy voice) Can you believe that I abandoned my horse for a sailboat? It was extraordinary meeting Jonah, the Riddleman. But I sure was happy to see my horse, Calliope, again.

(Paloma voice) I can't believe that Calliope came to the dock to meet you.

I'd like to meet the Islander with his riddles and flowery speeches.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION.

On the way home, the cowboy is still thinking about the riddleman. Clippity cloppin' along, he smiles and sings with the wind.

🖍 Cowboy Song #2 🏑

(Sung to the tune of The Muffin Man) cowboy voice

Oh, I have met a riddleman, a riddleman, a riddleman.

Oh, I have met a riddleman who lives far out to sea.

Oh yes, I know the riddleman, the riddleman.

Oh, yes, I know the riddleman...'n his riddle of the tree.

Song of the Sea



(The mermaid and the prince/song bird)

Characters: Dialogue A character. Dialogue B character. Seashell. Prince.

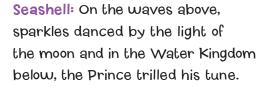


Seashell: Sing my song. Sing my song. Sing my song of the sea.

- A. What is the song of the sea?
- B. The song of the sea is whatever you imagine it to be. It could be a story about the creatures of the deep. Do you agree?
- A. I don't know. Where does YOUR imagination take you?
- B. I'll listen to the sea shell. Sea shell, sea shell, what's the song I hear when I press you close to my ear? Seashell: Hush! It's my song of the sea. Listen...carefully. (SEASHELL echo-y voice and

choreographed sound effects) Once upon a time...a songbird sang to a beautiful princess and then flitted off to the sea. The beautiful princess, lured by the song, followed the songbird to the sea and swam far into the deep where she met the Prince of the Water Kingdom who sang like a bird and soothed the princess with every word.

Prince: Princess, princess, the waves above lap a lullaby and a song rolls below. Catch the call, high or low and hear the roll fast or slow. The rhythm of the sea rolls at your feet. The song rolls loud or soft 'n sweet.



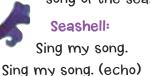
The Prince of the Water Kingdom sang until the princess fell asleep in a coral cave.

The princess slept until sunlight danced on the sand of the cave where she awoke as a beautiful mermaid...and the beautiful mermaid-princess lived happily ever after in the Water Kingdom with the handsome prince.

B. Ah, the mermaid and the songbird. A song of the sea.

Seashell: Sing my song. Sing my song. (echo) Sing my song of the sea. Sing my song. Sing my song. (echo)

B. Seashell, seashell, I'll sing your song of the sea.



- B. I wonder if the songbird was the Prince of the Water Kingdom.
 - A. I know. The answer is in your imagination. Do you agree?
 - B. Together, a listener and a storyteller make the story come alive. That's the key.















Song of the Sea

lyrics by Marcia Trimble



CHORUS Seashells sing stories.
Seashell, oh, seashell...
Please sing your song of the sea.
Please sing your stor-y to me.



The story I hear...with my imaginative ear... that is the song of the sea.



It's a creation
My 'magination.
ONCE UPON A TIME...
(chimes...background instrumental)
"BEGIN!" (spoken)
There's a story...in the wind.



My favorite place...is the magical space...where the song of the sea snuggles in.



I hear my story.

It's a sen-sa-tion.

I'm the new mermaid-to-be.

A prince of the deep sings to me.



We'll live hap-pi-ly...if you listen to me...telling the song of the sea.

EVERYBODY NOW! (spoken)



CHORUS Seashells sing stories.
Seashell, oh, seashell...
Please sing your song of the sea.
Please sing your stor-y to me.



It's a sensation...in my imagination...and that is the song of the sea.
Oh, yes, the song of the sea is a story, you see.





Serendipity Says To know Me Is To Love Me

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Susi Grell

Rent a cottage at the seashore during the summer and there's bound to be a special book tucked away on the bookshelf.

Waiting to be found!

Malinda Martha finds a book at Doc's Box the summer she's vacationing at the seashore with her parents.

Have you heard how a good cover sells a book?

You mean, choose a book by its cover?

Right. That's what happens. Malinda Martha spots Serendipity, the sea serpent, on the cover of one of the books and her eyes slither right into the story.

Ser-en-dip-i-ty. Ser-en-dip-i-ty. Pretty long name.

Ser-en-dip-i-ty has a pretty long tail, too.

And a tale to tell.

To make a long tale short, Serendipity falls under a spell and he is waiting for a child, who loves him and understands him, to break the spell. Having a great imagination, Malinda Martha imagines she is the child, and she plays a game at the beach with her parents, looking for Serendipity. But Daddy says,

(Daddy voice) He comes when you're not looking, when you're looking for something else.

Wow.

Malinda Martha knows that she has to go along with the rule of the game if she's going to save Serendipity. She likes skipping and clapping so she skips this jingle. (Malinda Martha's voice) Serendipity, Serendipity, I'm not looking. I'm not looking for a clue. I can never look for you. I'll be looking for something else, when you come into view.

(note: maybe skip in place or jump rope to this jingle)

Does Malinda Martha save Serendipity? I mean, does she win the game?

I think she figures out that the good things that happen when you're not looking for them, when you're looking for something else, are called SERENDIPITY.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

SERENDIPITY SINGS: Hello. Hello.

There's someone I want you to know. It's me. Serendipity.

I'm Serendipity. Creature of the sea. Frolicking and free.

I'm wavy and strong with a tail that is long and a tale to tell in my song.

Once upon a time I was under a spell
for many nights and many days
commanded to rise and fall with the endless waves...

all tired out from hundreds of rides.

I was lonely ruler of the tides.

But I longed to be in my Kingdom of the Sea.

SERENDIPITY SPEAKS:

And then along came a Cutie with a heart like Sleeping Beauty.

CUTIE SINGS:

Serendipity. Serendipity. I can break your spell.

I can't look for you but you can look for me. I know this well.

You can frolic and be free and you can roam the sea

if I don't look for you...but...you can look for me.

NARRATOR:

And the power of knowing Serendipity well broke the spell at last, just like a kiss awakens the fairy tale Miss.

SERENDIPITY SINGS:

Oh Serendipity. I'm Serendipity. Creature of the sea. There's a spirit, a very special spirit, named after me.

And I owe all my glory to the Cutie in my story.

I'll find you and surprise you. You'll know me.

And you'll love me. You'll love Ser-en-dip-it-y.

NARRATOR:

The fortunate discoveries that you make when you aren't looking for them, when you are looking for something else, are INDEED called serendipity.

Speaking of good fortune, I think Serendipity is really fortunate, because he gets a special name AND a wonderful spirit named after him.

I hope Serendipity finds me and surprises me real soon.

(Serendipity voice) I never could have guessed that Malinda Martha would fall in love with me, a sea serpent no less, and break that spell.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!



Malinda Martha and Her Skipping Stones

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Susi Grell

Say, what would you do with a pocketful of skipping stones?

Decorate a sandcastle. Decorate sand faces.

How about skipping them?

Find a stone along the shore,
lying on the seaweed floor.

Flick your wrist and just like that,
Skip the stone that is smooth and flat.

Make it skim and skip and spin.
Skip 1-2-3 the stone that is thin.

Watch the rings as they fade away.
then skip some more if there's time to play.

Could be that skipping again will end up in a skip of 8-9-10.

Mine always go kerplunk.

Malinda Martha skips hers five times.

Guess what! I've got a tongue twister. Skipping stones skim 'n skip 'n spin shapes that shimmer. Skipping stones spin shapes that shimmer.

Hey, say it as fast as you can, try saying it really fast. Five times! (tries to say it five times...laughter)

Malinda Martha has a big imagination. She imagines the stones are stealing far away to a kingdom in the sea. She is so excited, she skips along the beach...and claps a jingle.

(Clap along if you're the audience.)

✓ Jingle Song ✓ Skipping stones, skipping stones, flat and thin, Skipping stones, spin rings on the sea.

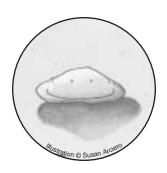
Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

I can hardly believe that MY skipping stones skipped five times.

Especially since YOURS usually go kerplunk.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!





The Smiling Stone

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Susan Arciero

Did you know you're never really dressed without a smile? You can read about a stone that wears a smile. In THE SMILING STONE.

I know the wee tiny stone that travels along the beach, smiling at everything and everyone.

The fun illustrations help you guess how the stone gets from place to place.

The smiling stone gets to do all sorts of cool things, for a stone.

Decorate a castle, be the sinker on a fishing line, ride over a pond, and sit by a doghouse smiling up at a dog.

Exciting life for a stone.

Well, the smile makes all the difference.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

All of the characters have smiles that brighten the world day...or...night.

Do you think there's a message in their smiles?

I can imagine quite a few messages.

The answer is definitely in your imagination. Hey, YOUR smile...casts forever a beam of light.

And YOUR smile...casts forever a beam of light. That's not imagination. That's a fact.

What did you like imagining?

Flying over a pond was fun. And I liked the big friendly dog. Can you believe, no one guessed what I was saying with that smile I was wearing.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

Inspired by the tune, Oh Playmate, Come Out and Play With Me.

CHORUS: Hey, hey, I'm the smiling stone.

Come on and smile with me...beside the sea.

Smile through the raindrops. Smile through the castle door and we'll be smiling friends forever more and more.

Hey, hey, oh smiling fish, I like the way you swim and swish.

Hey, hey, oh Smiling Stone, we're friends in the sea.

Hey, hey, oh Seagull, when did you sneak up on me? When did you sneak up on me?

I was lying under the climbing tree smiling up at Timothy.

REPEAT CHORUS

Hey, hey, now smiling dog, when did you sneak up on me? When did you sneak up on me?

Hey, hey, oh, Smiling Stone, lie down by my doghouse with me.

Hey, hey, now orange cat,

when did you sneak up on me? I did not see now!

Hey, hey, oh Smiling Stone, smile a while with me.

Hey, hey, oh, little girl, friend of Smiling Stone, with a smile of your own.

Hey, hey, oh, Smiling Stone, Smile by the gate with me.

I wanna smile through the raindrops.

I wanna smile through the castle door.

It's time to leave the shore. But we'll be friends forever more.

Smiles brighten up the world, day or night.
All you've got to do is open up...cast your beam of light.

REPEAT CHORUS

CHOREOGRAPHY

Hand clapping pattern for the chorus. Just the CHORUS.

Try to feel the rhythm, feel the 1...2...1...2...beat, as you and your partner clap hands to the music of the chorus.

- 1. Clap your own hands together.
- 2. Clap both of your hands against your partner's hands.
- 3. Clap your own hands together.
- 4. Clap your partner's right hand with your right hand.
- 5. Clap your own hands together.
- 6. Clap your partner's left hand with your left hand.

1...2, 1...2, 1...2...3...

Hey (Clap your hands together twice.) hey.

I'm the smiling stone. (Clap both of your hands against your partner's hands twice.)

Come on (Clap your own hands together.)

and smile with me (Clap your partner's right hand with your right hand.)

beside the sea (Clap your own hands together.)

Smile through... (Clap your partner's left hand with your left hand.)

the raindrops. (Clap your own hands together.)

Smile through the castle door (Clap both of your hands against your partner's hands.)

And we'll be smiling friends (Clap your own hands together.)

For ev-er (Clap your partner's right hand with your right hand.)

more and more. (Clap your own hands together.)



A Name for Kitty

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Gloria Lapuyade

I wonder how many kids have a kitty.

Books can remind you of you and your kitty. Even make you remember how you got your kitty.

That's what makes the story A NAME FOR KITTY everybody's story.

In the story, Malinda Martha goes to a pet shop.

To buy DOG food.

But while she's there, she falls in love with a kitten.

Sound familiar?

You mean Malinda Martha goes to the pet shop to get dog food and finds something special that she isn't really looking for?

A fortunate discovery!

Sounds like serendipity!

Getting a kitten includes the responsibility of naming the kitten.

It can be a big deal to find Kitty a name.

A cat should have a sensible everyday name.

Fancy or plain, but sensible all the same.

And a particular name. A one-of-a-kind name.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D. What did you like imagining?

(Kitty voice) Trying out names was exciting. Cosmo was great fun when I was speeding around in a spaceship. And I liked my catnip quilt. I wonder if anyone caught on that I was pretending.

You were pretending?

(Kitty voice)...that I was dreaming about those minty catnip leaves.

Cats really do love the smell of those minty leaves.

(Kitty voice) I'm glad Malinda Martha finally figured out the name that I liked for my everyday name.

Really choosing your own name would be cool.

It COULD happen...In YOUR IMAGINATION!

∧ Kitty's Song ∧

A name. A name. I needed a name.

I zoomed around. I liked to play.

I was Cosmo for one whole day.

I jumped up on the counter...

I froze in my tracks...

when the flower vase shattered.

I wasn't flattered to beee.....Catastropheee.

I was afraid of my shadow on the wall.

Shadow didn't fit me at all.

I caught Cybermouse on her cybermat.

Not my kind of mouse.

I'm not Cybercat.

I caught a catnap in my own catnip patch.

But Patches wasn't the perfect match.

I climb trees.

I walk on the roof.

I'm independent but not aloof.

I grew up as kitties do.

I'm a gentlecat...with a name I answer to.

I grew into a name

that sticks sticks sticks like glue.

Oh, by the way, look for the CATIONARY game at the end of A NAME FOR KITTY.

My favorite cat phrase is CAT'S PAJAMAS. What's your favorite cat phrase? I'll be wondering.

(OPTIONAL ACTIVITY: Counting kitty names.)

You can use your imagination if you don't have a kitty yet, and imagine the name you would choose. Think about how you happened to choose that name. Write your kitty's name on a card (or have someone write it for you) and then hold up the card. Everyone gets a minute.

Have the teacher or helper count and report how many different names there are on the cards.





P. Hermit Claims a Castle

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by George Ulrich

What would you do if you were a hermit crab, and you were taken out of your tidepool and dropped into a sandpail?

Scary.

And just as you were about to get a new home, a silver turban with a pearl on the top.

I'd try to escape.

Hermit tries to escape. But he tumbles onto a rock and a vision dazzles his senses. He thinks he's in a sea of shells. He thinks he's a prince. One after another, he tries to claim a brightly colored shell for a castle in his kingdom of the sea.

Wow, Prince Hermit.

Not just any shell is good enough for a prince. But the shells aren't empty. They're turtles. The turtles say, "I beg your pardon, this shell is occupied." And P. Hermit says, "Well, one shell is not good enough for me."

Does he get back to his tidepool?

My guess is that Hermit gets a silver turban with a pearl on the top, a castle fit for a prince.

My imagination tells me that P. Hermit claims a castle, just like in the title.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

Can't you just imagine Hermit telling his story every time a new hermit crab happens onto the tidepool.

I imagine the hermit crabs never forgot how much Hermit loved that turban with a pearl on the top.

(P. Hermit voice) I liked talking to the turtle. But I was REALLY excited about my new shell, (brag) a TURBAN with a PEARL on top.

You were so happy. You snuggled in and drifted off to sleep.

I could get excited about a home that's a TURBAN with a PEARL on top.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

I'm Hermit. P. Hermit. Prince Hermit is my name.

I'm especial-ly tame 'cause I'm a hermit crab.

I'm the crab you mustn't grab.

My house is a turban.

It's not in Zanzibar or anywhere urban.

Don't be disburbin' me in the sea...where I am free.

That's the rule of the tidepool.

Don't even knock when I'm taking a walk in my turban with my pearl on the top.

Please...be my tidepool cop.

Please...be my tidepool cop.

I'd be a tidepool cop.

Cool. Hermit would like that.

CHOREOGRAPHY Hermit's Song

Twist and bounce pincer dance

I'm Hermit, P. Hermit. Prince Hermit is my name. I'm especially tame...
(For first four measures, move head from side to side, face forward.)





'cause I'm a hermit crab. I'm a crab you musn't grab.

(Then, keep moving head from side to side, add entire body wiggling [twist and bounce] side to side in synch with the

head movements. Curl arms down in front of body, fingers/hands like pinchers on a crab, opening and closing)

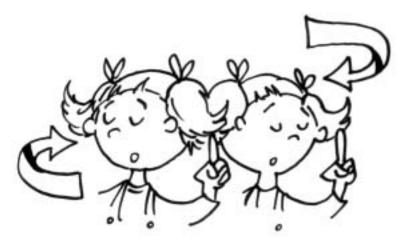
My house is a turban. It's not in Zanzabar. or anywhere urban. Don't be disturbin' me in the sea where I am free...



(Put arms up above head, fingers/hands still like pinchers opening/ closing, body still wiggling [twist and bounce] back and forth with head.)

That's the rule of the tidepool. (left hand on hip, right hand in a finger shake)

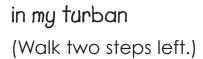


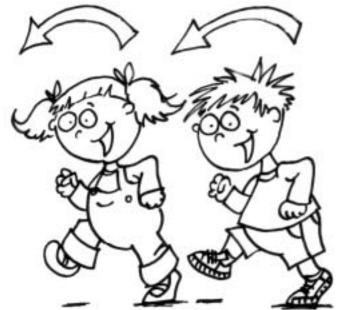


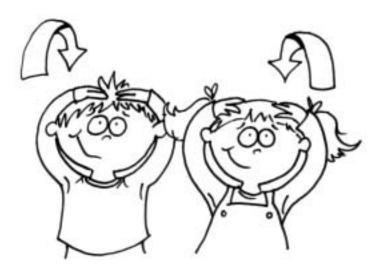
Don't even knock (stop shaking finger, but keep it up and still. Then...shake head as if saying "no.")



when I'm taking a walk (Walk two steps right.)







with my pearl on top (On the word "top", put hands on top of head. Shake head left to right, as in the beginning.)

Please be my tidepool cop. (Resume crab movements, as in beginning, down low first.)

Please be my tidepool cop. (Make crab movements with arms above head.)





Moonbeams for Santa

written by Marcia Trimble Illustrated by Sid Bingham

Dialogue also accompanies Moonbeams for Moonster



Say, do you ever look up at the moon?

Of course.

On those moonlight nights when the moon is big and round and bright, I automatically yell out, Look. Full moon!

Do you know there are 153 songs about the moon on the moon songs web site?

Wow. I suppose all the moon songs are about Full Moon.

Well, he's the most popular of the moon's eight phases.

Do you ever look up at the Gibbous phase and say, "LOOK, there's Gibbous"?

Of course not.

No wonder Gibbous feels left out.

Would you know Gibbous Moon if you saw him?

You take Crescent Moon (that's the moon the cow jumps over) away from Full Moon, and you get Gibbous Moon.

I can understand why Gibbous would be a little jealous of Full Moon.

Gibbous doesn't like wearing his shadow. He wants more shine.

How can Gibbous get more shine?

He can't change his phases, but he can discover his inner shine.

Inner shine. That's worth discovering.

Gibbous discovers his inner shine...that was there all the time.

Stories shine.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

Or choose the Moonster play, a play for all seasons. Beyond the Pages of the Book, there's MOONBEAMS FOR MOONSTER, a Readers' Theater version for all seasons. (D available with Gibbous's song only.

From now on I'll notice the shadow that Gibbous wears.

What did you like imagining best?

(Gibbous voice)...that my inner glow was at its greatest! After I found it, I actually got a kick out of wearing my shadow.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

Gibbous sings his own tune!

A Gibbous Moonface Song A

Song also accompanies Moonbeams for Moonster, a play adapted from Moonbeams for Santa

I'll tell you a story, but first I must tell you my name.

(I'm Gibbous Moonface.)

A humpy bumpy moon once was I,

(just sitting in the sky.)

Oh, and I was stuck with the shadow I wear.

Wanting more glow, wanting more flair!

Full Moon was in style, year after year.

(He grinned from ear to ear.)

Nobody ever OOOH'd and AHHH'd at me.

Silly you, you thought Full Moon put on a cape over his round face to change his shape...

when it was me...Gibbous, taking a turn, you see.

More than half a moon, but always less than full...
Oo-oo-oo, waxing and waning, always complaining...
But LOOK AT ME NOW.

My tears are all gone now. I'm happily rolling along.

A shower of moonbows brightens my song.

I've found my glow hidden here inside

warming my toes on my monthly ride.

I'm the brightest moon waxing 'n waning my tune!

I feel like a kid tagging along with earth.

Oh, and at last I know just what my shine is worth.

I'm a happy Gibbous Moonface...and guess what I know?

It takes kidshine and moonshine together

to make this world go!

But with moonbeams inside me, who cares if you stare?

Next time you'll notice the shadow I wear.

Give me a wink, I'm a Gibbous, the Gibbous you know.

That's me.

(Gibbous voice) And that makes 154 songs about the moon and at least one about Gibbous.

Readers' Theater: Script, Moonbeams for Moonster, available in Stories on Stage booklet of scripts.



Peppy's Shadow

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Will Pellegrini

Say, do you know what it means to walk in your own shadow?

Walk in your own shoes. Be one unique dude.

I want all the kids to love the feeling of walking in their own shoes.

I know a puppy in the book PEPPY'S SHADOW that walks in HER own shadow. Doing the things that puppies love to do. Oo la la!

How does she do that?

One day, when she is playing with jiggling light patterns and shadows, which she loves to do, she chases the shadow of her tail into a shadow box in the theater and becomes the hit of the show. Her antics take on a style of their own. Chasing and gnawing and barking and pulling, too.

Cool. Her antics turn into positive talents.

And she gets praised.

It's great to be appreciated for what you like to do.

And wow, be the star of the show.

Peppy is one unique dude!

And Peppy feels an "air of satisfaction," walking in her own shadow.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

(Peppy voice) I loved all the praise I got for chasing and gnawing and barking and pulling. GOOD GIRL? Oo la la. I couldn't believe my ears.

Oo la la! you were one funny puppy.

I'm Peppy. I'm Peppy. Peppy's my name...

I love to yodel about my fame.

I love to yodel far and wide, about my theatrical ride.

I play with the lights, the shadows that jiggle and wiggle under my nose...

I chased a shadow that's renowned. I'm a theatrical hound.

··-·- CHORUS -----

I balance my talents, skillfully...
doing what comes naturally.
I add a dose of individuality.

The kids smile from A to Z.

My shadow and I are extraordin-ar-y (extror din air eee).

I bark and gnaw and chase and chew and my shadow does everything, too. All the kids clap when my antics mix along with Pepito's gymnastic tricks.

As you can see, I'm the rage of the shadow puppet stage.

------ CHORUS ------

I balance my talents, you can see...
doing what comes naturally.
I add a dose of individuality.

Finally...I pull the Big Bad Shadow out of the shadow box.

The kids laugh and laugh when the shadow talks.

My tail wags from my ears to my paws

when I hear the loud applause.
I'm the hit of the show!
And I bow oo la la...like a pro!

I balance my talents, skillfully...

doing what comes naturally.

I add a dose of individuality.

Hey...Peppy found a recipe for walking in YOUR own Shadow.

Just wiggle your fingers and wriggle your toes like the light that jiggles under Peppy's nose.

And balance YOUR talents, skillfully...doing what comes naturally with a dose of YOUR individuality!

Readers' Theater: Script available in Stories on Stage booklet of scripts.



Tag: 0000, La La! 0000, La La! (Kick up feet, right and left, as if doing a stationary skip.)

I'm Peppy, I'm Peppy's my name. (Continue skipping on counts one-two-three-four.)

I love to yodel about my fame. (right hand around right side of mouth while "yodeling")

I love to yodel far and wide. (From the mouth, extend right hand/arm out on "far", left arm out on "wide".)

about my theatrical ride. (Keep arms out, start skipping again, right and left, on counts one-two-three-four.)

I play with the lights, the shadows. (While continuing to skip, hands "grab" in the air at the lights and shadows in front of you [under your nose].)

that jiggle and wiggle under my nose. (Look at nose/point at nose—cross-eyed? [silly face].)

I chased the shadow that's renowned. (Go in a circle, "chasing a shadow" skipping on counts one-two-three-back around on four.)

I'm a theatrical hound. (Go in a circle again, come around to front on four and stop.)

CHORUS

I balance my talents skillfully... (Make a "scale" with arms extended out to the side as if playing the piano keys do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-ti-do. Bend at waist, tilt to the right, then left, then right, then left, OR...balance as if you have something [like a stack of dishes] on the top of your head.)

doing what comes naturally. (Add the skip with the balancing tilt, then stop...)

I add a dose of individuality. (...make two fists, extend thumb out, bring thumbs into shoulders and point to self with the thumbs on the four counts.)

The kids smile from A to Z. (Smile a "cheesy" smile—toothy grin.)

My shadow and I are extraordinary. (While still smiling, nod head as if to agree "yes".)

I bark, and gnaw, and chase, and chew. (Skip around in a circle to the right, just like above on "chasing a shadow".)

And my shadow does everything, too. (Skip with feet going back, and, as the foot comes up, touch the ankles on counts one-two-three-four.)

All the kids clap when my antics mix (Clap on counts two & three for four measures.)

along with Pepito's gymnastic tricks. (Pirouette around to the right, one kick then pirouette around to the left, one kick. If the music goes too fast to do, then just pirouette around to the right once and kick twice, side to side.) As you can see I'm the rage (Point to self with right hand index finger on "I'm the rage.)

of the shadow puppet stage! (Sway side to side, with hands next to ears, like a puppet.)

CHORUS

(Repeat chorus movements)

I balance my talents, you can see...
doing what comes naturally.
I add a dose of individuality.

Finally...I pull the big bad shadow out of the shadow box. (Throw hands up in surprise.)

The kids laugh and laugh when the shadow talks. (Everyone laughs.) My tail wags from my ears to my paws when I hear the loud applause... (Kids all clap.)
I'm the hit of the show! And I bow "Ooooo-wooo"... like a pro! (All kids join in with the "Ooooo-wooo".)

CHORUS

(Repeat chorus movements)

I balance my talents skillfully,...
doing what comes naturally,
I add a dose of individuality.

Tag: 0000, La La! (With right hand up to side of mouth again, skip around in circles until end of song.)
0000, La La!



MRS. PICASSO'S POLLIWOG

A Mystery

written and Illustrated by George Ulrich

Oo la la! Can you recognize your friends and the members of your family with your eyes closed? I mean, by the sound of their voices?

You know MY voice, right?

The sound of your voice is UNIQUE!

Do you realize that everyone has a unique sound?

I know a family with LOTS of unique sounds.

I bet you're thinking of Mrs. Picasso and her pets. In the book MRS. PICASSO'S POLLIWOG.

I kept wondering when Mrs. Picasso would catch on to the new sound in her family. That's what makes the story so much fun.

I think George Ulrich, the author, is very imaginative.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D.

What did you like imagining best?

I liked having my own sound. Ribid!

I can just imagine Mrs. Picasso laughing and laughing until her tears rolled down her cheeks when she finally caught on to your new sound.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION.

(Pets talk the whole world around. That's for real.)

CHORUS

Pets talk the whole world 'round.

Pets use the very same sounds.

High da dee! Low da do!

They're the sounds that kids know.

Kids seem to understand, understand in every land the sound of the around-the-world band.

I'm Poochie the hound with the woof woof sound.

I bark the whole world around.

I'm Pickles the cat with the purring sound. I meow the world around.

I'm Tweety the bird. Haven't you heard the sounds I chirp.

They're my words.

I'm Polliwog Polly who's too young for a sound, but I'll grow up to be Polly the frog, and you'll hear me Ribid the world 'round.

----- CHORUS -----

Pets talk the whole world 'round.

Pets use the very same sounds.

High da dee! Low da do!

They're the sounds that kids know.

Kids seem to understand, understand in every land

the sound of the around-the-world band,

the sound of the around-the-world band.

We can sing a round with all their sounds. (optional)

(A round is a fun kind of song. Ask your teacher or helper how it works.)

A Round for Mrs. Picasso's Polliwog ∧

(Not available on CD; Sung to the tune of Row Row Row Your Boat)

Poochie is my name. Woof woof is my sound.

Barking and barking and barking and barking.

Woof woof, I'm a hound.

Pickles is my name. Meow is my sound.

Purring and purring and purring.

I can climb around.

Tweety is my name. Tweet tweet is my sound.

Chirping and chirping and chirping.

I can fly around.

Polly is my name. I don't make a sound.

Humm...mmm...mmm...I just swim around.

See me grow and change. Ribid is my sound.

Croaking and croaking and croaking and croaking.

I can hop around.

Readers' Theater: Script available in Stories on Stage booklet of scripts.

CHOREOGRAPHY Note: Pets' Song Country Line Dance style

(Facing front of room, hands on hips, four knee bends in synch with 4-measure intro.)

Chorus:

Pets talk the whole world 'round. (right foot, heel toe, heel toe)

Pets use the very same sounds. (left foot, heel toe, heel toe)

Hi dee dee! Lo dee do! (knee bend with a lean to yright, then knee bend with a lean to left)

They're the sounds that kids know. (Jump and turn to the left, so you're facing the left wall.)

Kids seem to understand, (right foot, heel toe, heel toe) understand in every land (left foot, heel toe, heel toe) the sound of the around-the-world band (turn all the way around 360° in four counts, left hand on hip, right arm twirling around above head as if you have a lasso over your head)

I'm Poochy the Hound (knee bends, both elbows go up on counts 1 and 4) with a woof-woof sound. ("woof-woof")

I bark the whole world around. (Turn a circle to face the back wall.)

I'm Pickles the Cat (knee bends, both elbows go up on counts 1 and 4) with a purrin' sound

I meow the world around (Turn a circle to face the right wall, then "meow".)

I'm Tweety the Bird. (knee bends, both elbows go up on counts 1 and 4) Haven't you heard... (Whistle randomly.)

The sounds I chirp. They're my words. (Turn a circle to face the front.)

I'm Pollywog Polly (hands together, making little fish-like movements) who's too young for a sound (Add knee bends with the fish movements.)

but I'll grow up to be Polly the Frog and you'll hear me "ribid" the world 'round!

(CHORUS...same choreography as before.)
Tag:

The sound of the around-the-world (stop the 'lasso' turns, then...) band (right foot heel-toe step, left foot heel-toe step, right foot heel-toe step, hands on hips with knee bend to end.)





Free As a Butterfly

written by Sheila Boone • Illustrated by Susi Grell Knox

I'm curious. Do you have a hero?

Sometimes, when someone does something wonderful, I say, "You're my hero!"

You can read about heroes in books.

I like the heroes in the book FREE AS A BUTTERFLY.

Who are the heroes in FREE AS A BUTTERFLY?

They are children who become heroes to the Monarch butterfly.

How do children become heroes to the Monarch butterfly?

The children plant butterfly gardens so the Monarchs will have milkweed plants to lay their eggs and flowers for nectar...so they will be able to continue their migration from Canada to their overwintering sites in California.

I think children everywhere who help to save the Monarch migration are heroes.

I can picture the Monarchs flying free. That's my wish for the whole world. To be free as a butterfly.

Free...Free as a butterfly.

Free.....

Peace and hope and spirit soar high for all the world to see, in a red and white and blue sky, you and me and those yet to be.

Our hearts beating together under the same wing, as one.

A rainbow of colors shimmering in the morning sun.

Free...Free as a butterfly.

Free...In a red and white and blue sky. Free...Monarchs of the air. Free...Flying on the wings of prayer. Oh Monarch, flying free, angel of the sky, will you someday fly above me? America's favorite butterfly. Fly for all the world to be free. Under the same wing, we're one. A rainbow of colors shimmering in the morning sun. Free...Free as a butterfly. Free...In a red and white and blue sky. Free...Monarchs of the air. Free...Flying on the wings of prayer. On the wings of prayer. Free Free..... Free...On the wings of prayer.

Time for the story: Please read the book and color the story in your book or listen and read along on the (D.

What did you like imagining best?

I liked flying into the school garden and finding the flowers that loved me and sipping the nectar.

I can understand why your new friends who planted the butterfly garden would be your heroes.

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

Special CD available. Song only. Available by donation only. Please visit www.butterflypalace.org.



Flower Green A Flower for All Seasons

written by Marcia Trimble • Illustrated by Jill Dubin

Can you imagine a world without gardens or flowers or butterflies?

There will always be gardens and flowers and butterflies...at least in books... like FLOWER GREEN.

Flower Green throws a fantastic garden party.

In her garden. The Garden of the Dancing Flowers.

Her friends bring their colors and fragrances to share.

Her garden is really the garden of the world. A place where uniqueness and blending are beautiful.

Flower Green says that's the Magic of Life.

Flower Green reminisces about her party.





Flower Flower, Flower Green.

I was once a party Queen...in my dream.

I was a seed. I was a sprout.

The sun smiled down on me, and I grew up.

It was a wonderful dream...a potluck affair.

My friends were all there, with fragrance and colors to share.

What a surprise...a rainbow of dancers dazzling my eyes in my garden of the world. We danced and we danced.

We twirled and twirled for hours and hours in The Garden of the Dancing Flowers!

Flower Flower, Flower Green, Flower Green, the Party Queen.

I'd like to go to Flower Green's party.

I think her party would be better than I can ever imagine.

Time for the story: Please read the book OR listen and read along on the (D. What did you like imagining best?

...that I had a great time at my party in the Garden of the Dancing Flowers. The dancers of the rainbow really dazzled my eyes. And dancing with them was definitely magical. What would YOU think of having a fairy godmother?

It COULD happen...IN YOUR IMAGINATION!

Repeat A Flower Green's Song A

Readers' Theater: Script available in Stories on Stage booklet of scripts.

CHOREOGRAPHY

In my dream, I was a seed. (feet are in First Position, head is bowed, arms criss-crossed on chest with hands on shoulders) I was once a party Queen. (arms slowly go up, out, up, and circle around head)



Verse:

Flower, Flower Green. (with arms still up surrounding head, head tilts right, then left)

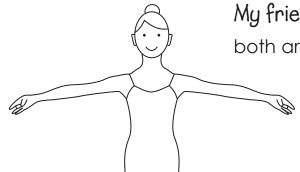
I was once a party Queen... (tilt right and left again) in my dream, I was a seed. (quickly bow head and criss-cross arms on chest again)

I was a sprout (on "sprout", lift head and smile)

The sun smiled down on me, (with arms still criss-crossed on chest, close eyes, look up and smile, as if the sun is shining down warmly on your face)

and I grew up. (deep knee bend on "I grew..." from First Position, and then tip-toe on "up", arms immediately go up, encircling head)

It was a wonderful dream... (put hands, palms down, under chin) a potluck affair. (right hand extends right...)



My friends were all there, (left arm extends left, both arms are extended out at the sides)

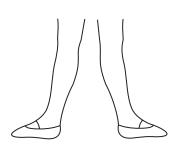
with fragrance and colors to share.
(Slowly bring arms in as if to hug yourself)

What a surprise...a rainbow of dancers (With both arms/hands together, slowly make a rainbow motion over head from left to right)



dazzling my eyes (make a 'finger mask' to encircle eyes, remaining fingers extended, tilt head back and forth, left and right, 4 times) in my garden of the world.

We danced and we danced. (Twirl a full circle right...)
We twirled and we twirled (Twirl a full circle left...)
for hours and hours (On tip-toes, in Second Position, with arms up above, encircling head—have the arms float slowly down to the chest, where they criss-cross again on the chest)



in the garden of dancing flowers! (Bow head, as in the beginning)

Flower, Flower Green, (on tip toes, still in Second Position, slowly unfold arms, extend up, over head...)

Flower Green the party Queen! (...arms slowly float down each side, as if petals opening a flower.

Tip toes go down, legs/feet end in Second Position, then stop, as if an open flower.)

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Sing it or say it!



