MOTHER GOOSE INTERRUPTED

THIS LITTLE PIGGY

By T. P. Jagger
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Mother Goose Interrupted (8-script collection)

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Readers’ Theater Basics

Readers’ theater focuses on developing students’ reading fluency, which has four essential components—accuracy, rate, phrasing, and expression. I call this “ARPE” for short. Of course, that’s mainly because it’s a lot more fun to say, “We’re gonna rock the ARPE!” than it is to say, “Class, today we’re going to work on our accuracy, reading rate, phrasing, and expression.”

As students practice (and then perform!) their readers’ theater scripts, here’s what I encourage them to work toward:

**ACCURACY:** Say all of the words correctly as you read.

**RATE:** Don’t read too quickly or too slowly.

**PHRASING:** Avoid “choppy” reading and pay attention to punctuation.

**EXPRESSION:** Let your voice show your character’s personality and emotions.

Anyway, part of the beauty of readers’ theater is that it requires no memorization or acting by the students—the “acting” simply comes through the expressive reading of their scripts. Likewise, no costumes, props, or sets are needed to perform readers’ theater (although students may elect to add some of those elements for fun).

Two elements within my scripts are specifically designed to guide students’ expression.

1. Bracketed prompts such as [upset] and [annoyed] are used to give readers clues about the underlying attitudes of characters.

2. *Italics* are frequently used to show words readers should emphasize.

Students can be taught to use both of these features of the scripts to improve their performances.

If you’d like to see an example of readers’ theater in action, click the link below to view a 2-reader performance of “Mother Goose Interrupted: Little Miss Muffet”:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yhYW73vad8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yhYW73vad8)
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Watch-out words!
- appendages
- bewildered
- bovine
- divergent
- impressionable
- obligated
- phalange
- philosophy
- simultaneously

Reading Roles:
Mother Goose
Toe 1: Tough guy
Toe 2: Valley girl with an attitude
Toe 3: Dreamy, peace-loving & gentle
Toe 4: Clueless & rather stupid
Toe 5: Nerdy know-it-all

MOTHER GOOSE: Mother Goose Interrupted presents . . .

ALL TOES: “This Little Piggy.”

MOTHER GOOSE: This little piggy—

TOE 1: No way, Mother G. Ain’t no one gonna call me “little piggy.”

MOTHER GOOSE: What?

TOE 1: I’m the big toe. You understand?

MOTHER GOOSE: How do you expect me to finish my nursery rhyme? The “little piggy” thing is part of it.

TOE 1: Don’t care. Not my problem.

MOTHER GOOSE: [clears throat] Well, young man, it is your problem now. I will not have you ruining a timeless classic.

TOE 1: But—

MOTHER GOOSE: Silence! This little piggy went to the market. This little piggy stayed home.

TOE 2: O-M-G.
MOTHER GOOSE: Don’t “Oh, Mother Goose” me, Toe Two.

TOE 2: [with major attitude] But that’s totally sketchy. There’s, like, no way I’m staying home. I’m going market hopping with Toe One. I’ve been completely jazzed for a raspberry smoothie from Franny’s Frozen Fruits, and you are so not stopping me from getting one.

MOTHER GOOSE: But Toe Two is the one who stays home.

TOE 2: As if! Toe Three can stay. She totally sits around and reads, like, all day anyway.

MOTHER GOOSE: Toe Three gets the roast beef.

TOE 2: What! That is so not rad.

MOTHER GOOSE: Still, that’s the way it is. See: This little piggy went to the market. This little piggy stayed home. This little piggy had roast beef, and—

TOE 5: [with a know-it-all attitude] Excuse me, Madame Goose, but I feel obligated to point out that Toe Two’s complaint is ungrounded anyway. It is quite clear that we are connected to the same foot. If Toe One goes to the market, the rest of us must also participate.

TOE 4: [slow & confused] I don’t get it. . . .

MOTHER GOOSE: Don’t worry about it, Toe Four. I’m only reciting a playful rhyme that mothers do with their babies.

TOE 4: I . . . still don’t get it.

TOE 5: The rhyme is based on the ridiculous notion of connected appendages being able to simultaneously participate in divergent journeys. That’s why you’re confused. You’re simply another victim—an impressionable, young mind bewildered by obvious nursery rubbish.

TOE 4: Appenda-whats?

MOTHER GOOSE: Don’t mind him, Toe Four. We can discuss the philosophy of nursery rhymes later. Anyway, this little piggy had roast beef, and—

TOE 3: [dreamily] I’m sorry, but I can’t eat the roast beef.
MOTHER GOOSE:  
[huffs angrily]  Hfff! Why can’t any of you toes let me finish?!?!  

TOE 3:  
[gentle & apologetic] I'm so sorry, Mrs. Goose. Please don’t be angry. But I can’t eat roast beef. . . . I'm vegan.  

MOTHER GOOSE:  
No meat?  

TOE 3:  
No dairy either. Peace, hope, and love for bovines and their beverages. But veggie burgers with tofu cheese are quite tasty.  

TOE 2:  
Gag my toe with tofu! Veggie burgers?  

TOE 4:  
I don’t think I could eat toe food. It would be like eating my own brother.  

TOE 2:  
Tofu, moron. Not “toe food.”  

TOE 4:  
Ohhhh . . . Sorry.  

TOE 1:  
Hey, I’ll eat the roast beef! It’s packed with protein. I’m trying to bulk up my joints.  

TOE 2:  
As if! I totally need the protein to give me a stronger nail.  

TOE 4:  
[completely confused] What’s protein? Is that a professional teenager or something?  

TOE 2:  
Well, duh!  

TOE 5:  
Actually, proteins are large biological molecules—  

TOE 2:  
Don’t get all smarty-pants with me, nerd toe! You’re, like, not the protein professor! If I want roast beef, then—  

MOTHER GOOSE:  
All of you, stop arguing! The roast beef is for Toe Three—she can just pretend to eat it. I don’t have veggie burgers anyway. I’ve already done all the shopping for my nursery rhymes.  

TOE 3:  
You could check with Old Mother Hubbard. She’s vegan, too. I’m sure she’d share.  

TOE 4:  
[still slow & clueless] I like sharing. Do you want half a Cheez-It? I’ve got one in my pocket leftover from last Friday. . . .  

TOE 2:  
Seriously? You totally didn’t just offer a stale Cheez-It to a vegan, did you?
TOE 4: Um. . . . Did you want the other half?

TOE 1: I'll take it, dude! I already did a hundred toe-ups this morning. I'm starving!

MOTHER GOOSE: That's enough! I need all five of you to get quiet and stay in line! Toe One, you go to the market. Toe Two, you're staying home. Toe Three, you pretend to eat the roast beef. And, Toe Four, you'll get none. As for you, Toe Five. . .

TOE 5: I would prefer that you call me “Fifth Phalange.”

MOTHER GOOSE: [sighs] As for you, Fifth Phalange, you will go: “Wee, wee, wee, all the way home.”

TOE 4: [laughing dumbly] Heh-heh! You said wee-wee.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh, I give up!

This is an excerpt from the 8-script “Mother Goose Interrupted” collection.