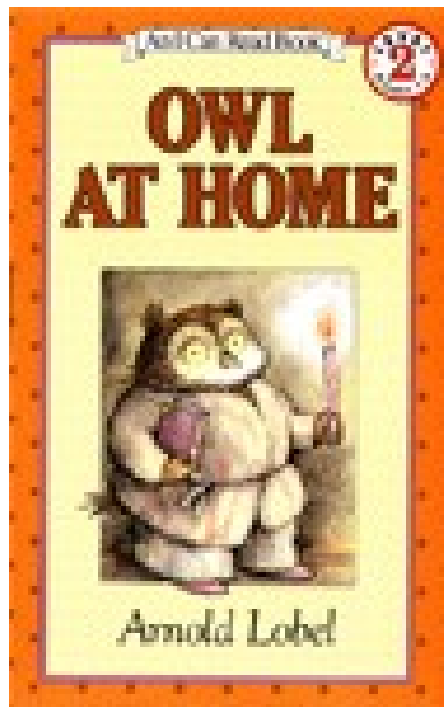


OWL AT HOME

by Arnold Lobel



Readers Theater for 2 Readers

STRANGE BUMPS

Narrator: "Strange Bumps"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl was in bed.

Owl: It's time to blow out the candle and go to sleep.

Narrator: Then Owl saw two bumps under the blanket at the bottom of his bed.

Owl: What can those strange bumps be?

Narrator: Owl lifted up the blanket. He looked down into the bed.

Owl: All I can see is darkness.

Narrator: Owl tried to sleep, but he could not.

Owl: What if those two strange bumps grow bigger and bigger while I am asleep? That would not be pleasant.

Narrator: Owl moved his right foot up and down. The bump on the right moved up and down.

Owl: One of those bumps is moving!

Narrator: Owl moved his left foot up and down. The bump on the left moved up and down.

Owl: The other bump is moving!

Narrator: Owl pulled all the covers off his bed.

Owl: The bumps are gone!

Narrator: All Owl could see at the bottom of the bed were his own two feet.

Owl: But now I am cold. I will cover myself with the blankets again.

Narrator: As soon as he did, he saw the same two bumps.

Owl: Those bumps are back! Bumps, bumps, bumps! I will never sleep tonight.

Narrator: Owl jumped up and down on top of his bed.

Owl: Where are you? What are you?

Narrator: With a crash and a bang, the bed came falling down.

Owl: I'm going downstairs.

Narrator: He sat in his chair near the fire.

Owl: I will let those two strange bumps sit on my bed all by themselves. Let them grow as big as they wish. I will sleep right here where I am safe.

Narrator: And that is what he did.

OWL AND THE MOON

Narrator: "Owl and the Moon"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: One night, Owl went down to the seashore. He sat on a large rock and looked out at the waves. Everything was dark. Then a small tip of the moon came up over the edge of the sea. Owl watched the moon.

Owl: It seems to be climbing higher and higher into the sky.

Narrator: Soon the whole, round moon was shining. Owl sat on the rock and looked up at the moon for a long time.

Owl: If I am looking at you, Moon, then you must be looking back at me. We must be very good friends.

Narrator: The moon did not answer.

Owl: I will come back and see you again, Moon, but now I must go home.

Narrator: Owl walked down the path. He looked up at the sky. The moon was still there. It was following him.

Owl: No, no, Moon. It is kind of you to light my way. But you must stay up over the sea where you look so fine.

Narrator: Owl walked a little farther. He looked up at the sky again. There was the moon coming right along with him.

Owl: Dear Moon, you really must not come home with me. My house is small. You will not fit through the door. And I have nothing to give you for supper.

Narrator: Owl kept on walking. The moon sailed after him over the tops of the trees.

Owl: Moon, I think you do not hear me.

Narrator: Owl climbed to the top of a hill. He shouted as loudly as he could.

Owl: Good-bye, Moon!

Narrator: The moon went behind some clouds. Owl looked and looked. The moon was gone.

Owl: It is always a little sad to say good-bye to a friend.

Narrator: Owl came home. He put on his pajamas and went to bed.

Owl: I am feeling a little sad.

Narrator: Owl looked out of the window. The moon was coming from behind the clouds.

Owl: Moon, you have followed me all the way home. What a good, round friend you are!

Narrator: Then Owl put his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. The moon was shining down through the window.

Owl: Now I don't feel sad at all.

TEAR-WATER TEA

Narrator: "Tear-Water Tea"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl took the kettle out of the cupboard.

Owl: Tonight I will make tear-water tea.

Narrator: He put the kettle on his lap.

Owl: Now I will begin.

Narrator: Owl sat very still. He began to think of things that were sad.

Owl: Chairs with broken legs.

Narrator: His eyes began to water.

Owl: Songs that cannot be sung because the words have been forgotten.

Narrator: Owl began to cry. A large tear rolled down and dropped into the kettle.

Owl: Spoons that have fallen behind the stove and are never seen again.

Narrator: More tears dropped into the kettle.

Owl: Books that cannot be read because some of the pages have been torn out.

Narrator: Owl was crying.

Owl: Clocks that have stopped with no one near to wind them up.

Narrator: Many large tears dropped into the kettle. Owl began to sob.

Owl: Mornings nobody saw because everybody was sleeping.
Mashed potatoes left on a plate because no one wanted to eat them. And pencils that are too short to use.

Narrator: Owl thought about many other sad things. He cried and cried. Soon the kettle was all filled up with tears.

Owl: There, that does it!

Narrator: Owl stopped crying. He put the kettle on the stove to boil for tea. Owl felt happy as he filled his cup.

Owl: It tastes a little bit salty, but tear-water tea is always very good.

THE GUEST

Narrator: "The Guest"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl was at home.

Owl: How good it feels to be sitting by this fire. It is so cold and snowy outside.

Narrator: Owl was eating buttered toast and hot pea soup for supper. Owl heard a loud sound at the front door.

Owl: Who is out there, banging and pounding at my door on a night like this?

Narrator: Owl opened the door. No one was there. Only the snow and the wind. Owl sat near the fire again. There was another loud noise at the door.

Owl: Who can it be, knocking and thumping at my door on a night like this?

Narrator: Owl opened the door. No one was there. Only the snow and the cold.

Owl: The poor old winter is knocking at my door. Maybe it wants to sit by the fire. Well, I will be kind and let the winter come in.

Narrator: Owl opened his door very wide.

Owl: Come in, Winter. Come in and warm yourself for a while.

Narrator: Winter came into the house. It came in very fast.

Owl: Winter, stop pushing me against the wall with your cold, hard wind.

Narrator: Winter ran around the room. It blew out the fire in the fireplace. The snow whirled up the stairs and whooshed down the hallway.

Owl: Winter! You are my guest. This is no way to behave!

Narrator: But Winter did not listen. It made the window shades flap and shiver.

Owl: Oh, my pea soup is now hard, green ice.

Narrator: Winter went in all the rooms of Owl's house. Soon everything was covered with snow.

Owl: You must go, Winter! Go away right now!

Narrator: The wind blew around and around. Then Winter rushed out and slammed the front door.

Owl: Good-bye, and do not come back!

Narrator: Owl made a new fire in the fireplace. The room became warm again.

Owl: Thank goodness! The snow has melted away, and the hard, green ice has turned back into soft pea soup.

Narrator: Owl sat down in his chair and quietly finished his supper.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS

Narrator: "Upstairs and Downstairs"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl's house had an upstairs and a downstairs.

Owl: There are 20 steps on my stairway.

Narrator: Some of the time, Owl was upstairs in his bedroom. At other times, Owl was downstairs in his living room. When Owl was downstairs, he wondered.

Owl: How is my upstairs?

Narrator: When Owl was upstairs he wondered.

Owl: How is my downstairs getting along? I am always missing one place or the other.

Narrator: Owl wondered if there was a way to be upstairs and to be downstairs at the same time.

Owl: Maybe if I run very, very fast, I can be in both places at once.

Narrator: Owl ran up the stairs.

Owl: I am up.

Narrator: Owl ran down the stairs.

Owl: I am down.

Narrator: Owl ran up and down the stairs faster and faster.

Owl: Owl! Are you downstairs?

Narrator: There was no answer.

Owl: No. I am not downstairs because I am upstairs.

Narrator: Owl thought he was no running fast enough. He ran downstairs.

Owl: Owl! Are you upstairs?

Narrator: There was no answer.

Owl: No. I am not upstairs because I am downstairs. I must run even faster. Faster, faster, faster!

Narrator: Owl ran upstairs and downstairs all evening. But he could not be in both places at once.

Owl: When I am up, I am not down. When I am down, I am not up. All I am is very tired.

Narrator: He sat on the tenth step because it was a place that was right in the middle.