

EVOLUTION, ME & OTHER FREAKS OF NATURE

By

Robin Brande

X	X	X	X
Narrator	Casey	Mena	Kayla

Narrator: We are presenting a contemporary fiction *novel* *Evolution, Me, and Other Freaks of Nature* by Robin Brande. Mena, the main character of the story, has been kicked out of her church youth group and her parents are upset with her as well. It's all because of the controversy about teaching evolution. The biology teacher believes students should know about evolution. The town disagrees. The school year has just begun and Mena is visiting the home of her science partner, Casey. Suddenly, Casey's sister, Kayla, who writes for the school newspaper and supports evolution, walks into the house very excited. Mena is read by _____, Casey is read by _____, and Kayla is read by _____. I am your narrator, _____.

Kayla: (excited) Why didn't you tell me? Half your class in revolt and you don't tell me? The creationists come to town and you don't think you'd better get me the information right away? What, are we not related anymore? Did I steal your inheritance or something?

Casey: Be nice.

Kayla: (*shouting*) Nice? You're lucky I don't pummel you, you little worm. Start talking. I want names, profiles, affiliations—everything you know and everything you're gonna find out for me, because now you owe me, you traitor. The school board meeting's tonight, and I need to come prepared.

Casey: Actually Mena knows them a lot better than I do. Ask her.

Kayla: You're Mena? The lab partner? How entirely excellent.

Casey: Fear not. Tranquilizer guns at the ready.

Kayla: Ignore the moron. So nice to meet you. So, you know these lunatics, huh? Unbelievable what society is turning out these days. But they picked the wrong teacher to mess with. I want all the dirt you have. Let's cut 'em off at the legs.

Mena: But I'm not...

Casey: Go with 'no comment'. Then run for the door while I distract her.

Kayla: So they're friends of yours?

Mena: No.

Kayla: Okay enemies? (pause) Great. Enemies. So how do you know them?

Mena: Well, not exactly enemies. Just...not friends anymore.

Kayla: (*diplomatically*) Right. No longer friends. And how did you say you know them?

Mena: Um... from church.

Kayla: Which church?

Mena: Paradise Christian.

Kayla: If you go to the same church, why aren't you part of the protest?

Mena: Um, because... I sort of got kicked out.

Kayla: Interesting. Mena, my love, I think you're my girl.

Mena: (*scared*) Excuse me?

Casey: (*objecting*) Oh no. She's here for our project.

Kayla: Tough. This is more important.

Mena: What is?

Casey: She wants you to write for the paper. She's the editor.

Kayla: Editor in Chief...and you don't have to write it, you just have to be my source.

Casey: (*still objecting*) We don't have time.

Kayla: If you had done even your *minimal* duty as a brother by telling me on Friday, when all this went down—or even Saturday or Sunday, you little twit—I might not be under the gun. As it is, I'm on a deadline, and this *has* to make the front page.

Casey: Too bad. We have work to do.

Kayla: Girl talk. We'll be right back.

Casey: Five minutes! I'm timing!

Kayla: (*whispering*) Hate to break it to you friend, but my little brother has a *huge* crush on you.

Mena: What?

Kayla: (*no longer whispering*) So ignore anything he says—he's just besotted. Look Mena, this is huge—HUGE. This is our own Scopes Monkey Trial, right on our doorstep.

Mena: Our what?

Kayla: It's going on all over the country. Republicans and their Christian taskmasters infiltrating school boards one by one, trying to make sure no one ever hears that there was a man called Darwin or there's such a thing as evolution. They're ripping those sections out of science textbooks and firing teachers who dare speak the word. Can you believe it? Morons. Total rubbish. It's their way of infecting the populace and marginalizing dissent. They want to resurrect theocracy. And they're doing it school by school, book by book, child by child, pretending no one's going to notice and no one's going to stop them. But not this school, buddy boy. Not on my watch. And you, Mena my friend, are the key to it all.

Narrator: So what will come of this controversy? Will Mena gain back her friends? Will she continue to be shunned by her family? What will happen to the teacher who insists on teaching evolution and will Mena's science partner fess up to his feelings for Mena? You can find out by reading *Evolution, Me and Other Freaks of Nature* by Robin Brande.

DIAMONDS IN THE SHADOW

By

Caroline B. Cooney

Narrator	Jared	Mopsy	Mom
X	X	X	X

Narrator: We are presenting a scene from Caroline B. Cooney's mystery *Diamonds in the Shadow*. An American family has agreed to house and assimilate a Sudanese family who is fleeing their war-torn country. Today's scene finds us in the study of the house after everyone has gone to sleep. Jared is silently doing some research, trying to uncover the mysteries of the Sudanese family where things just don't seem like they fit. They do not seem like a loving family. The box they are protecting is supposed to hold the remains of a loved one. The part of Jared is read by _____, Mopsy is read by _____, Mom is read by _____, and the narrator is _____.

Jared: (whispering) What are you sneaking up on me for?

Mopsy: I want to talk. What are you doing?

Jared: Studying up on Sierra Leone and Liberia and all.

Mopsy: (nodding) Because Andre and Celestine and Mattu and Alake are not a father and mother, a son and a daughter.

Jared: I agree. I don't think these four people are related.

Mopsy: I think Celestine and Andre go together. Now tell me what you found out online.

Jared: West Africans don't usually cremate people.

Mopsy: Did you look in those boxes?

Jared: Yes.

Mopsy: Stuff glows.

Jared: I saw. I took one. I think they're raw diamonds.

Mopsy: Take it to a jewelry store and ask.

Narrator: Mopsy and Jared go to bed. When they wake up the following morning Jared corners his mother in the kitchen.

Jared: How long are you going to let this go on?

Mom: Let what go on?

Jared: There is something so wrong with this family. And with you too, Mom. You're lavishing all this care on Mattu and Celestine and Andre but you're pretending Alake isn't alive, just like her own mother and father do. Celestine and Andre figure Alake is dead in heart, and if just they wait long enough, she'll die in body too.

Mom: That's disgusting. Don't you be negative and unchristian to Celestine and Andre, who are doing their very, very, very best. I believe that with love and comfort and counseling, Alake will be herself one day.

Jared: And have you seen Celestine and Andre offer any love or comfort to Alake?

Narrator: What is going on with this strange family? Why does this family so obviously ignore their daughter? Does that have anything to do with the uncut diamonds Mattu keeps in his room? Things are not always as they appear in this fast paced novel written by Caroline B. Cooney. Check out *Diamonds in the Shadow* to discover the story behind the African refugees and the lengths they will go to keep their secrets.

GYM CANDY

By

Carl Deuker

	Peter	Mick
Narrator	X	X
X		

Narrator: We are presenting a readers theater from the book *Gym Candy* by Carl Deuker.

Mick wants to please his dad. Dad wants Mick to be the best running back. Sometimes your natural abilities are not enough to be the best. Mick is tempted to use drugs just until he gets strong enough to beat the competition. We find Mick at the gym with Peter. Mick is read by _____, Peter is read by _____. I am your narrator_____.

Peter: How'd the scrimmage go?

Mick: Could we talk?

Peter: Sure, come into the back. (Pause) Not so good?

Mick: Tell me about that stuff again.

Peter: What stuff?

Mick: You know.

Peter: The Dianabol? What do you want to know?

Mick: You're sure it's safe?

Peter: I took it for a year. I do different things now, but I never had any problems.

Mick: And I'd notice a difference?

Peter: Yeah, definitely. You'll be able to lift more, and you'll be able to lift longer. People know steroids make you stronger. But stamina-that's where they help, big time.

Mick: Could I take them for a while, say until school starts, and then stop?

Peter: Guys go off and on steroids all the time.

Mick: Are you sure? I don't want to get addicted to anything.

Peter: Mick, it's like this. Once guys get going on the candy, they like the results. They keep taking steroids because they don't want to stop, not because they can't stop. But if someday you decide to quit, I promise you that you're not going to roll around on the ground crying and screaming like some wild-eyed heroin user desperate for a fix.

Mick: (Take deep breath and exhale) How much would it cost?

Peter: About the same as what you're spending on the stuff you're taking now.

Mick: No more?

Peter: Maybe ten, twenty bucks a month more.

Mick: Should I keep taking the stuff I'm taking now?

Peter: The protein shakes are good, but dump the pills.

Mick: How soon could I start?

Peter: I've got the product in my locker right now. You could start today.

Mick: Today? You mean right now?

Peter: Why not?

Mick: I've only got twenty dollars on me.

Peter: That's okay. Twenty will get you going. (Pause) Do you want to do this, or not?

Mick: I want to do it.

Peter: Wait here. Guys just call it D-bol.

Mick: So I take these and I get bigger?

Peter: Not that easy. You have to work out even more than before. But it's better, because the results are bang, right there.

Mick: So do I just take them right now?

Peter: Slow down a second. There are things you need to know. You have to be careful about dosage and about how long you're on it-otherwise D-bol will do some gross things to you.

Mick: Gross like what?

Peter: Like you start growing breasts. I know it sounds creepy, but really, it's good. A side effect like that keeps you from abusing the stuff. As soon as you see it starting to happen, you stop taking the D-bol. I'll give you some pills that clean out the bad things. You'll lose some strength, but once your system is cleaned out, you go right back on the D-bol.

Mick: And you have the other stuff, the stuff that keeps me from looking like a girl?

Peter: It's called Nolvadex. And Mick, I would never give you the D-bol without having the Nolvadex ready for when you need it. Never.

Mick: How long before I'll see changes?

Peter: Four or five days. The first thing you'll notice is you'll be able to work out longer and lift more. There are other cool things, too. You got some sore muscle or pain in your back, you take these, and it'll be gone.

Mick: But for sure I'd be stronger by August?

Peter: (Nod) Mick, you do the D-bol and you keep lifting weights and eating right-you do all those things and you will definitely be stronger by August. So what do you say?

Mick: I'm ready.

Narrator: Mick knows there is a risk but his desire to please his dad is all he can think about. The going will not be easy. If you would like to follow Mick's progress and setbacks on the drugs that are promised to make him a star, read *Gym Candy* by Carl Deuker.

DRAGON SLIPPERS

By

Jessica Day George

Narrator	Theoradus	Creel	Amacarin
X	X	X	X

Narrator: We are presenting a Reader's Theater from the book *Dragon Slippers*, by Jessica Day George. Creel and her brother Hagen are living with their aunt and uncle because their parents died of the fever. Since the family is very poor and can't afford to feed everyone, Creel's aunt has decided to give her to the dragon. They are hoping a brave knight will come and rescue her from the dragon's clutches and then have the whole family live in the knight's castle. Hagen has gone with Creel to the dragon's cave. Theoradus has stirred up the pool so that he can see what is going on with Creel's family. The narrator is _____, Creel is read by _____, Theoradus is read by _____ and the dragon, Amacarin, is read by _____.

Theoradus: It *is* a human female. It appeared at the entrance of my cave, demanding that I fight some knight over it. And I never wanted it to begin with.

Creel: Half a moment! I never demanded any such thing! I've been offering to leave quietly, and you wouldn't let me!

Theoradus: Its clan sent it here and now it thinks that a knight will come to save it, even though it is not nobly born!

Amacarin: Coo-ee. It's been years since I've had to fight a knight. I don't know what you're complaining about. She looks tasty enough, and you'll get to eat her champion, too. It's almost enough to make me fly over to your territory to share the feast.

Creel: Beg pardon?

Theoradus: We were not speaking to you.

Amacarin: If you must use the pool, you must. But promise me that you will summon me right back, Theoradus. I am *dying* to know how this is going to turn out.

Theoradus: Very well. Now go.

Theoradus: This is going to be irritating, at the least.

Creel: And at the most?

Theoradus: Painful. But not for me, of course.

Creel: What if he should slay you?

Theoradus: You don't get to be six hundred and seventy years old by being slow or weak.

Creel: Oh! Oh, dear!

Theoradus: The Lord of Carlieff's son is coming to rescue the fair maiden.

Amacarin: *Is she fair?* I never can tell with these humans. Is he decked out in shining armor and already madly in love with the poor maiden?

Theoradus: Yes.

Amacarin: I might come and watch. Earnest young knights are my favorite sport. I love the looks on their faces when they realize that they're being slow-cooked in their own armor.

Creel: If I may suggest something.

Theoradus: No!

Creel: If you would please listen to me, I could save you the inconvenience of having to fight the lord's son.

Theoradus: No one asked you!

Creel: But I don't want to stay here and have you fight him. And you don't want to fight him, either.

Amacarin: What is it trying to say?

Creel: I will happily leave here, and take the lord's son with me. That way, you won't have to worry about me, or fighting the lord's son or any other knight. And all I ask in return is a small trinket from your large and no doubt magnificent hoard.

Theoradus: You want something from my hoard?

Amacarin: What in the name of the Seven Volcanoes do you want a pair of shoes for?

Creel: I beg your pardon? Shoes? A pair of – No...I wanted ... a goblet or some such.

Theoradus: A goblet? I don't collect dinnerware.

Amacarin: She's heard the stories. She thinks we all lounge about on piles of gold.

Theoradus: Of course not. Well, I'm sure there are some who do. It takes all kinds. I myself fancy shoes. There's just something so fascinating about the way they're made, and the way the styles change over the years.

Amacarin: Go on then! Let her take a pair of shoes if she likes, and be off!

Creel: One pair of shoes. And I'll never trouble you again.

Theoradus: Oh, why not? Make your choice. (Pause) (Alarmed) By the Seven Volcanoes! What are you doing?

Creel: You said I could have any pair of shoes that I wanted. And these are the only ones that fit me. I want these.

Theoradus: Any shoes but those!

Creel: No, it was to be any shoes I liked. You never said that there were some pairs I could not have!

Amacarin: What's going on? Which shoes did she pick?

Theoradus: She picked the ----. She picked the ----.

Creel: You said any pair of shoes. Or I will stay here and let my aunt rouse the entire town to come after you. You gave your word just as I gave mine.

Theoradus: You don't know what you're doing.

Creel: They're only shoes. They are very nice. And they are certainly the finest slippers I have ever worn. They fit me perfectly.

Theoradus: Just a pair of shoes, you say? I did indeed give my word. And you will hold me to it?

Creel: Then --- I may keep them?

Theoradus: I gave my word. You wish to have those shoes, and I cannot refuse you.

Amacarin: Oh, come now! Did she winkle out your favorite pair? You look as though your fire has gone out!

Theoradus: Come forward, girl! Show Amacarin which shoes you have chosen.

Amacarin: *Those shoes?* Out of all the foolish human footgear you have collected over the years, she selected those? Why do you even have them?

Creel: What is so remarkable about these shoes?

Theoradus: Those shoes ---. Those shoes were made by a master craftsman, many years ago. And no dragon parts lightly with something he treasures.

Amacarin: Especially something like ----.

Theoradus: *Any* choice would have been difficult for me to see on your feet.

Creel: Er, well, I'm Sorry.... To have upset you.

Theoradus: You have your shoes, girl, now go. And remember to keep your part of the bargain.

Creel: Yes....sir. Thank you, sir. You have been most kind and understanding about this whole, er, business.

Theoradus: I have kept my part of the bargain. Now you must keep yours.

Creel: Yes, indeed.

Narrator: Will Creel be rescued by a brave knight? Why are the slippers so important? Will Creel keep her part of the bargain? Will she marry a knight and save the family? If you would like to find out what happens to Creel and more about the importance of the slippers, then you will have to read the fantasy *Dragon Slippers* by Jessica Day George.

GAMES

By

Carol Gorman

Narrator	Principal	Mick	Boot
X	X	X	X

Narrator: We are presenting a readers theater from the contemporary fiction novel, *Games* by Carol Gorman. School starts out as usual with Mick and Boot constantly getting into fights. However, this year may be different because of the new principal, Mr. Maddox. Mick is read by _____, Boot is read by _____, Mr. Maddox, the principal is read by _____, and I, _____ am your narrator. We find the boys in the principal's office.

Principal: I am Mr. Maddox, your new principal. I understand that you young men have a history of fighting. Is that right?

Mick: Yeah. It's fair to say we have a history of fighting.

Principal: Okay. Is it true that this is the second fight this year?

Mick: Well, actually, it's the fifth or sixth, but only the second at school.

Principal: Thanks for your honesty, but you've had two fights since school started, and it's only September eighth. That must be a record. (Pause) I want to know what happened out there, and I want to hear from both of you. Mick, why don't you go first?

Mick: Okay. Well, I was walking down the hall and saw Boot, who's this really crabby guy. He's got a bad temper, and when he's mad you can hear him a block away. So I told him he reminds me of Yosemite Sam-from the cartoons. He didn't say anything, and I wondered if he knew who Yosemite *is*. So I told him that he's this guy with a long mustache, right? Who's always getting mad and shooting off his guns. Then he said

some really insulting things, so I took a punch at him. That's what was going on when Mr. Jefferson came along.

Principal: Is that what happened?

Boot: He forgot to tell what I said to him first. To tell you the truth, I think my booger comment was pretty funny, so I want it on the record.

Principal: And what was that?

Boot: I said he had a booger in his nose. (Looks at Mick)

Principal: Okay. Then what?

Boot: Well, then he laughs and says I should've hit him or said something really insulting. He gives me this list of things I could've said.

Principal: Really?

Boot: Yeah, So I insulted him back.

Principal: What did you say?

Boot: Well . . . I said I heard about his dad getting picked up for drunk driving. But he was calling me names.

Principal: You probably knew that saying that about his dad would make him pretty mad. Most of us are protective about our families. And calling Boot names made him mad enough to insult your dad. You want to say anything to Boot now?

Mick: I guess I could apologize, but he'll have to say it first. What he said about my dad was a lot worse than me telling him he reminds me of Yosemite Sam.

Principal: What do you have to say about that, Boot?

Boot: I'm not sorry. He's always in my face, trying to make me look stupid.

Principal: You young men need to learn how to get along with each other. I'd like you two to come here tomorrow and maybe for a few days after that. You'll spend some time in this

room and play games. (Pause) That's right. I want you to play games. I'll talk with your teachers and your parents and explain what we're doing. We'll start at eleven o'clock tomorrow. You'll play board games for an hour, walk down to get your lunches, and then you'll come back here to eat and play some more. Got it?

Mick: Got it.

Principal: Boot?

Boot: Yeah.

Narrator: The boys are not expecting this new plan to work. How can you play games with someone you pick on all the time? If you would like to find out what life lessons both Mick and Boot learn while playing together you will have to read *Games* by Carol Gorman.

DO NOT PASS GO

By

Kirkpatrick Hill

Deet Dad

X X

Narrator

X

Narrator: We are presenting a readers theater from the contemporary fiction book, *Do Not Pass Go* by Kirkpatrick Hill. Deet's dad is hardworking, poor, and desperate. Trying to work two jobs, he took drugs to stay awake. They were discovered when he was pulled over because of a headlight. Deet is both concerned for his dad and embarrassed to let anyone know. Finally his mother agrees to let him visit his dad in jail-a new experience Deet is read by _____, Dad is read by _____, and I _____ am your narrator.

Deet: You don't look like you got much sleep.

Dad: (Shakes head) Hard to sleep in here.

Deet: (Looks down) I can't believe I let you in for this. I can't believe my kid has to visit me in jail.

Dad: She said she wasn't going to let you come.

Deet: She doesn't think it's so bad here now. Not as bad as she thought at first. (pause) The girls are fine. It's a pain in the butt to get them ready for school. I'm glad I don't have to do it anymore. (Mimicking girls) This shirt is the wrong color. I don't like this peanut butter. I need money for the book fair. Stupid. (another pause) And I'm learning to cook. Looking around, I'm surprised at the people in here.

Dad: Most of the women in here are here for drugs or drunk driving, shoplifting, bad checks or domestic abuse. For beating someone up, you know, like their husband or boyfriend. I know, you don't think of women doing things like that. But it's just hard to imagine anyone getting so uptight that they want to hit the people they live with. Actually hurt them.

Deet: A few of those women who walked by were old, with gray hair. They look like grandmas.

Dad: I guess you never thought old people could get in trouble, huh? I guess I never did either. There are lots of old people in here. Some of them have been in and out dozens of times. One old guy told me he's spent most of his life in jail.

Deet: (lowers voice) What's it like in there?

Dad: Crowded. I used to think our house was too small. Now it seems like more room than anyone could ever use up. There's eight of us in this one cell, just a little space, about as big as the laundry room at home. Double bunks and a little space in the middle. So all you can do all day is sit in your bunk. If you need anything, you have to call out through this hole in the door. Like if you want a pencil sharpened or something, you stick it through the hole. There's a toilet in there too, behind a little partition. That's all. Couple of times a day you can leave, going to meals and to the gym, showers. Look how clean my hands are. I don't think they've been this clean since I was a little kid. You know, I used to think everyone in jail was a bad guy. But there are some nice guys in here, regular guys, like anyone. There's me, and these seven others in our cell. They were really nice to me when I came in, explaining things, loaning me stuff. There are two Indian guys from different villages, came into town for the dog races, got drunk up, got in a fight. They won't be in long, not that they seem to care how long it is. They're so

cheerful you'd think jail was a Sunday school picnic. Then there's Ben, the bunk under me. Young guy. But this is his zillionth time being in here. He's been busted for everything there is—assault, drunk and disorderly, drugs, vandalism, you name it. He can't seem to stay out of the place. I don't know why. He gave me a couple of books to read, otherwise I would have gone crazy just lying on the bunk all day. Send me some books, will you? You have to mail them. Smuggling rules again.

Deet: Okay.

Dad: There's a black guy, the bunk on top of me. He's the oldest one there. Real quiet and gentle. He just plays solitaire all day on his bunk. Doesn't say much. And then there's Ronny Joseph. He's about as old as me, but he's been in jail most of his life. Started when he was twelve and in juvenile detention. That sounds really bad, doesn't it? But I think he's the nicest guy I ever met. They let us go out for half an hour to walk around the gym at night. Just walk. We can't play in there or anything because they're so overcrowded they have prisoners sleeping in there, mattresses all around the walls. Ronny was walking around with me in the gym last night, telling me about his life. He's part Alaskan Indian, but he wasn't raised here. His mom took him to California when he was a baby. She left him and he was raised in foster homes there, one worse than the other. One jail sentence after another. He said this time was different, though. He has a little girl now, and he wants to make a good life from now on. No drugs, no alcohol. He wants her to have a good family like he never had. I know he'll do it too. Ronny has this sympathy for everyone in here, no matter what they've done. Understanding. I know I had it pretty easy all my life. I mean grandpa was tough to get along with and all, but you wouldn't believe what kind of life these guys had when they were little. I can't even tell you all of it. I'd be sick telling you the things they've had done to them. And sometimes when they're telling this stuff they cry, just like they were still little kids. I never knew stuff like that went on. I've really been sheltered, and that's the truth. I see how easy I had it. Just having fresh air and being outdoors all my life, that's more than most of these guys had. They treat me like I'm a kid, in a way, because I've never been in jail before, never did drugs before, and they say they know I'll never come back over and over like

they did. And they don't feel jealous of me, like you'd think, they just wish me well. You wouldn't think you'd meet people like that in jail, would you?

Narrator: Deet gains a whole new perspective of regular people who face hard times and have to learn to live with what they have done. Insight can lead to forgiveness. If you would like to know how Deet adjusts and finds happiness among the hardships, read *Do Not Pass Go* by Kirkpatrick Hill.

CRACKER! THE BEST DOG IN VIETNAM

by

Cynthia Kadohata

X	X	X	X
Narrator	Madman	Camel	Rick

Narrator: We are presenting Cynthia Kadohata’s book *Cracker*, a historical fiction story about the relationship between a soldier in Vietnam and his war dog, Cracker. Rick and Cracker have been sent on a mission. As Rick hears the details, he begins to realize that this is a high stakes mission. Cracker has continually been proving herself as the best dog in Vietnam and Rick is told this is why they have been chosen for this special assignment. I, _____, will be reading the narrator’s part. Rick will be read by _____. Camel, the head of the Special Forces assignment, will be read by _____ and Madman, another Special Forces soldier, will be read by _____. Hop on the helicopter, hang on, look over the landscape, and lose yourself in the jungle of Vietnam, as Rick and Cracker head out on the mission of their lives.

Camel: Feel good about going on this mission?

Rick: (thinking) Yeah, yeah.

Camel: Good. Listen to your intuition.

Rick: (blurting) I’m a little nervous.

Camel: I wouldn't want to go with anyone who wasn't. Sit down, let's all talk. (Pausing) We need to rescue four captured personnel before the NVA takes them up to Hanoi. If they go to Hanoi, we'll never get to them.

Rick: Right. You said "rescue" earlier? But you didn't say where from...

Camel: A jail – more of a pigpen, really. We have coordinates and a picture of the jail from our agent.

Rick: Yeah, yeah.

Camel: Six of us plus the dog will perform the whole infiltration into the target area. Did you get enough to eat this morning? Need any cigarettes or anything?

Rick: No, I'm fine. Uh, just so I understand. We're infiltrating enemy-held territory with just six men and a dog?

Camel: Absolutely. We'll get you and your dog out of there, don't worry. We appreciate your help, and we'll take good care of you. Our guys are being held in enemy camp with five or six guards at all times. Booby traps everywhere. Cracker's going to have a lot to keep her busy. (Pausing) But it's all gonna work.

Madman: She can handle it. Camel's famous for his intuition.

Camel: Absolutely, she can. (Pausing) (Says modestly) Everybody's got intuition. But, you know, in our line of work, you start to develop it more.

Rick: But, how do you know for sure that the men are there?

Camel: Our agent told us. Vietcong man. Credible source, though. He's never given us bad intel.

Rick: (Shocked) What if he's a double agent and it's an ambush?

Camel: (Laughing wryly) Oh, Yes, we've been ambushed. Oh yes, that has happened. But I survived to tell you about it.

Rick: (Thinking) Well, practice did go smooth. The plan seems solid.

Camel: It's a good plan.

Rick: Do things usually go as planned?

Madman: (Laughing) Remember that time we were surrounded by about two hundred enemy troops and you got pinned down?

Camel: (Laughing) That'll be a great story to tell the grandkids! (Pausing) It's a real good plan. The thing about plans is that you can't predict what the enemy is going to do. You can only plan for what you think is going to happen. So when we get out there, you have to try not to ask yourself whether you can do something. Instead, you have to tell yourself, "I will do this." Not can, but will. (Pausing) I hear you're a good shot.

Rick: Yeah, I did pretty good in AIT.

Madman: (murmuring) Six people and a dog. One creature.

Camel: (rushing) New intel. Gotta move. (Pausing) (Annoyed) Let's move!

Narrator: Will Cracker and Rick survive this special mission? And, if they survive what happens to Cracker when the war is over? This is a question Rick has thought about more than once. Journey with Rick and Cracker through booby traps, bombs, ambushes, and death in Cynthia Kadohata's book *Cracker*.

NIGHT OF THE HOWLING DOGS

By

Graham Salisbury

Mr. Bellows	Reverend Paia	Casey	Dylan	Masa	Cappy
X	X	X	X	X	X

Narrator

X

Narrator: We are presenting Graham Salisbury's adventure novel, *Night of the*

Howling Dogs. Mr. Bellows and Reverend Paia have taken the boys to a small beach below the volcano on the Big Island of Hawaii for a Boy Scout camping trip. One night the boys hear the howling of dogs. When they encounter Masa and Cappy on a trail and invite them to join their campfire, they learn of the legend of Pele who often appears as a small white dog.

That is not a good sign for anyone. Mr. Bellows is read by _____. Reverend Paia is read by _____, Casey is read by _____, Masa is read by _____, Cappy is read by _____, and I am _____ your narrator.

Mr. Bellows: This is Reverend Paia, father of Mike over there.

Masa: Nice to meet you, Reverend.

Reverend Paia: Same here. Have a seat.

Masa: You and John are the first Boy Scout leaders I've ever met.

Mr. Bellows: First time for everything. (pause) Meet Troop Seventy-seven, small but mighty. We're out of Hilo.

Masa: Did they clean this place up? I never seen Halape so spotless.

Mr. Bellows: I think that was the big boys.

Masa: Nice job.

Mr. Bellows: Were you ever a Boy Scout, Masa?

Masa: No, I grew up on a ranch in Kau. Same place I work now. Too far for anything like that. I was chasing cows and pigs by the time I was ten. Cappy, too. Me and him go back to the beginning of time, ah, Cappy?

Cappy: Long time.

Reverend Paia: It's so easy for some boys to get sucked into a bad way of life, you know?
Which is why I'm glad these boys want to be Scouts. . . . We have a good time.

Casey: Mr. Masa, tell us more about the small white dog.

Mr. Bellows: What dog is that?

Casey: Dylan saw it.

Masa: Pele. One of your boys saw a small white dog last night. Down on this end of the island, that means something. You see, Pele often appears as a small white dog.

Mr. Bellows: Listen up, boys. What can you tell us about Pele, Masa?

Masa: Where did you grow up, John?

Mr. Bellows: Arizona. My wife and I came here after I got out of the marines.

Masa: So maybe you might be. . .reluctant to believe? (pause) Pele is. . . Listen. . .see, not everyone believes this, but. . .Pele is something these boys should know about, living on this island. What I know about her is that she was once a goddess, an akua, who was forced away from her home in Tahiti by her bad sister, Namakaokahai. Pele had to flee with her two brothers, who had shark bodies and who guided her safely to these islands.

Casey: Maybe Fred knows them.

Dylan: Maybe Fred's one of them.

Mr. Bellows: Who's Fred?

Dylan: A shark, Dad. Out there by the island. We saw it today. Masa knows it.

Mr. Bellows: This is getting stranger by the minute.

Dylan: Go on, Mr. Masa.

Masa: Well. . . when Pele got to Hawaii, she found a home up at the volcano, right above where we are now. She dug a deep pit to live in. She had many brothers and sisters, and some of them lived with her. For a long, long time she been in this area. Still now she wanders around her volcano home. People have told of running into her on a lonely road in the black of night. She might appear as an elderly woman in your headlights, or sometimes as a beautiful young girl. People who have seen her tell of how she would smile. . . then vanish.

Casey: Spooky.

Masa: People think she's mean, but she just cares about her island home. When she does get angry, she shakes the earth and the ground opens up and fire comes out. . . what we call a volcanic eruption. She has great power. In fact, right now, as we sit here, Pele is at work. . . out there.

Cappy: The underwater volcano.

Masa: That's right. One day it's going to pop up out of the ocean and there it will be. . . a new island. That's Pele's creation. So you can see she's also a generous akua.

Dylan: So if that white dog is her, what's she doing down here.

Masa: That, boy, is what has me worried. You see, it is said that when you spot Pele as a small white dog in a desolate place like Halape, or up in Kalauea or Kau. . . it usually means the volcano is going to blow.

Mr. Bellows: Don't worry, boys. This is legend, not fact.

Masa: Oh no, John. . . Pele is very much present, very real, and very much a part of these islands. If you see that small white dog, something's going to happen.

Narrator: The Boy Scout motto is Be Prepared. But how prepared can you be to battle an underwater volcano? Can this legend come true? The event will test the boys' mental and physical abilities. If you would like to see who survives, ride the storm with the troop in *Night of the Howling Dogs* by Graham Salisbury.

THE WEDNESDAY WARS

By

Gary D. Schmidt

Narrator	Mother	Holling	Father	Sister
X	X	X	X	X

Narrator: We are presenting a scene from Gary D. Schmidt's *The Wednesday Wars*. On Wednesday afternoons, Holling's teacher, Mrs. Baker, attempts to torture him (so he thinks) by making him read Shakespeare while the other students attend their respective religious studies. Holling has agreed to be part of Mr. Goldman's Long Island Shakespeare Company's Holiday Extravaganza. When Holling goes to pick up the script from Mr. Goldman, he discovers that he is going to be playing Ariel, a fairy, in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. The costume includes yellow tights with feathers on the backside. When Holling returns home, he shows the costume to his parents. Holling is read by _____, his mother is read by _____, his father is read by _____, his sister is read by _____, and I am _____ the narrator.

Mother: They're very yellow.

Holling: (sarcastic tone) And they have white feathers all over the –

Mother: Yes, but it will be cute. They'll sort of wave in the breeze when you walk. (very pleased) I still can't get over it- my son playing Shakespeare.

Holling: (very sarcastic) They're yellow tights. I'm playing a fairy. If this gets out, I'll never be able to go back to school.

Mother: No one from Camillo Junior High will be there. And even if they were, everyone will think it's cute.

Father: (in disgust) You're going to wear these?

Holling: That's what they want.

Father: (in disbelief) Yellow tights with white feathers on the—?

Holling: Yup.

Father: Whose idea is this?

Holling: Mr. Goldman's idea.

Father: Mr. Goldman?

Holling: Yes.

Father: The Benjamin Goldman who belongs to Goldman's Best Bakery?

Holling: (annoyed) I guess?

Father : (contemplating) The day might come when Goldman thinks about expanding his business. And then he'd need to hire an architect.

Holling: (annoyed) Dad!

Father: Maybe one that he remembers doing him a favor.

Holling: (whiny) I can't wear these.

Father: Wear them. Just hope no one from your school sees you.

Sister: Mom told me about the tights. Let me see them. When this gets around school...

Holling: It won't get around school.

Sister: Sure it won't. Keep telling yourself that, and maybe it will come true. But if it ever gets over to the high school, you'd better pray that no one knows that I'm your sister.

Narrator: Will Holling wear the yellow tights; will he be able to keep his performance a secret?

For a good story that will keep you laughing, read *The Wednesday Wars* by Gary D.

Schmidt.

UNWIND

By

Neal Shusterman

Narrator	Hayden	Connor	Mai	Roland
X	X	X	X	X

Narrator: We are presenting a readers theater from the science fiction book *Unwind* by Neal Shusterman. In this society, children cannot be harmed until they are 18. But, at the age of 18, parents can give away their teens or those without parents can be donated to the cause. Every piece of them may be harvested to create an ultimate being. The process is called ‘unwinding.’ Hayden is read by _____, Connor is read by _____, Mai is read by _____, Roland is read by _____, and I am _____ your narrator. We find four teens hiding out, hoping to escape from the group that unwinds.

Hayden: I’ve been thinking about kids that get unwound.

Connor: Why would you want to do that?

Mai: Because, he’s a freak.

Hayden: I’m not the one wearing a dog collar. I’ve been thinking about how harvest camps are like black holes. Nobody knows what goes on inside.

Connor: Everybody knows what goes on.

Hayden: No. Everybody knows the result, but nobody knows how unwinding works. I want to know how it happens. Does it happen right away, or do they keep you waiting? Do they treat you kindly, or coldly?

Mai: (sneers) Well, maybe if you're lucky, you'll get to find out firsthand.

Connor: You know what, you think too much.

Mai: Well, somebody has to make up for the collective lack of brainpower down here.

Connor: Fine. Think about stuff until your head explodes. But the only thing I want to think about is surviving to eighteen.

Hayden: I find your shallowness both refreshing and disappointing at the same time. Do you think that means I need therapy?

Connor: No, I think your parents deciding to unwind you just to spite each other means you need therapy.

Hayden: Good point. You have a lot of insight for a Morlock. If I actually get unwound, I think it will bring my parents back together.

Mai: Naah. If you get unwound, they'll just blame each other for it, and hate each other even more.

Hayden: Maybe, or maybe they'll finally see the light, and it will be Humphrey Dunfee all over again.

Mai: Who?

Hayden: You mean you've never heard of Humphrey Dunfee?

Mai: Should I have?

Hayden: Mai, I'm truly amazed that you don't know this. It's *your* kind of story. It's not a campfire, but it will have to do. (beginning slowly) Years ago there was this kid. His name wasn't really Humphrey-it was probably Hal or Harry or something like that-but Humphrey kind of fits, considering. Anyway, one day his parents sign the order to have him unwound.

Mai: Why?

Hayden: Why do any parents sign the order? They just did, and the Juve-cops came for him bright and early one morning. They snatch him, ship him off, and it's over for him.- He's unwound without a hitch.

Mai: So that's it?

Connor: No . . . because there *is* a hitch. See, the Dunfees, they're not what you would call stable people. They were a little bit nuts to begin with, but after their kid is unwound, they lose it completely.

Mai: What did they do?

Hayden: They decided they didn't want Humphrey unwound after all.

Mai: Wait a second. You said they already unwound him.

Hayden: Here's the thing. Like I said, everything about harvest camp is secret-even the records of who receives what, once the unwinding is done.

Mai: Yeah, so?

Hayden: So the Dunfees found the records. The father, I think, worked for the government, so he was able to hack into the parts department.

Mai: The what?

Hayden: (sighs) The National Unwind Database.

Mai: Oh.

Hayden: And he gets a printout of every single person who received a piece of Humphrey. Then the Dunfees go traveling around the world to find them . . .so they can kill them, take back the parts, and bit by bit make Humphrey whole . . .

Mai: No way.

Connor: That's why people call him Humphrey. 'Cause 'all the kings horses and all the king's men . . . couldn't put Humphrey together again.

Hayden: BOO!

Connor: (laughs) Did you see that? She practically jumped out of her skin!

Hayden: Better not do that, Mai, jump out of your skin, and they'll give it to someone else before you can get it back.

Mai: You can both just take a flying leap.

Roland: What's going on here?

Hayden: Nothing, Just telling ghost stories.

Roland: Yeah, well, get to bed. It's late.

Mai: That Humphrey Dunfee thing. It's just a story, right?

Hayden: I knew a kid who used to tell people he had Humphrey's liver. Then one day he disappeared and was never seen again. People said he just got unwound, but then again, maybe the Dunfees got him.

Narrator: There are several stories going around but no one really knows what happens if you are caught and sent to be unwound. To find out what happens to Hayden, Connor, Mai, and Roland, you will have to read *Unwind* by Neal Shusterman.

PEAK

By

Roland Smith

Judge	Traci	Joshua	Peak
X	X	X	X

Narrator

X

Narrator: We are presenting a contemporary fiction novel, Peak by Roland Smith. Peak

is a young boy who has been arrested for scaling a skyscraper in New York

city. His father left his climbing expedition on Mt. Everest to come to his

son's arraignment. The Judge is read by _____, Traci is read by _____,

Joshua is read by _____, Peak is read by _____, and I am

_____the narrator.

Judge: Forget it!

Traci: What if we could arrange for Peak to leave New York today? Out of sight, out of

mind, out of the newspaper. No interviews. The story dies because the story is

gone. Poof!

Judge: (Smiling) A disappearing act, huh? Explain.

Traci: Peak's biological father has offered to take custody of him.

Judge: I take it you're the father?

Joshua: Yes, sir. Joshua Wood.

Judge: The climber?

Joshua: Yes, sir.

Judge: Mr. Wood, how much time have you spent with your son lately?

Joshua: Not much the last few years. When Teri and Rolf got married, we decided it would be best for Peak if I kept a low profile.

Judge: Why do you want to do this?

Joshua: Peak is my son. It's time I stepped forward and took some responsibility.

Judge: What do you think?

Peak: Me? Uh . . . that would be great . . . uh . . . Your Honor.

Judge: Do you have the wherewithal to support and raise a fourteen-year-old boy?

Traci: We've prepared a complete financial statement. As you can see, Mr. Wood is a very successful businessman.

Judge: On paper, where do you live, Mr. Wood?

Joshua: Chiang Mai.

Judge: What state's that in?

Joshua: It's in Thailand.

Judge: What about Peak's schooling?

Joshua: There's an International School less than five miles from my house. I've already enrolled him. He'll begin in August.

Traci: Peak is currently attending the Greene Street School. He only has one requirement left to complete this year. It should be easily accomplished in Thailand.

Judge: The Greene Street School? It just so happens that I went to GSS when I was a kid.

(pause) All right. This is what we're going to do. Peak you are on

probation until you reach the age of eighteen. If, during that time, you break a

law in the state of New York, thus violating your probation, you will immediately

serve out the rest of your time in a juvenile detention facility. Do you understand?

Peak: Yes!

Judge: Furthermore, the court fines you one hundred fifty thousand dollars. The money will be held in escrow by the state and returned if you fulfill the terms of your probation? I assume you can scrape the money together.

Joshua: No problem, Your Honor.

Judge: If I'm going to cut Peak loose, we have to make this look good. I'm putting a gag order on all of you. You are not to discuss any aspect of this case with the media or anyone else, especially the refundable fine. We want to discourage people from copying Peak's idiotic stunt. In other words, we want this to go away.

Poof!

Narrator: Peak leaves the United States with his father for Chiang Mai. His trip takes a sudden turn of events and he is off to an adventure of a lifetime. Peak believes he is an excellent climber and is ready to take on the same challenges his father does. Join Peak as he finds all the strength he can muster just to survive the biggest climb of his life. If you want a true adventure, read *Peak* by Roland Smith.

FIRST LIGHT

By

Rebecca Stead

Narrator	Lucian	Sela	Thea
X	X	X	X

Narrator: We are presenting a reader's theater from the science fiction novel,

First Light by Rebecca Stead. Thea lives in an underground community called Gracehope in Greenland. She is not aware that there is a whole world above her dark, cold one. She begins to have some suspicions that there is more to life than her surroundings. Lucian is finally going to fill her in on why they all dwell underground. Lucian is read by _____, Thea is read by _____, I, _____ am your narrator.

Lucian: I'll begin at the beginning. Some twenty years ago, a group of our young engineers began to study the possibility of enlarging our world. They were not interested at first, in the planet's surface. They considered it nothing more than an inhospitable space. Rather, they hoped to explore the far side of the lake, where, they believed, an almost limitless expanse of ice was available for underground habitation. A daughter of the first line used her influence to secure council approval for the initial exploration. Her name was Mai. Mai lead three voyages by boat far across the great lake. In several years, the voyagers charted almost the entire perimeter of the lake, but they never came across any place where it was possible to disembark. They met sheer wall all around. The blowers are too heavy to be used from boats afloat on the water, and there was great concern about the possibility of polluting the lake, which is, of course, vital to our

survival. Mai decided that the new land would have to be reached from the planet's surface, just as the original settlement had been accomplished many years before. Once the new settlement had been established, a connection to Gracehope could be forged. It was a lifetime of work they proposed, but before any of it could begin, they required the council's permission to find a way to the surface.

Thea: (shocked) Lucian- That's . . .how can that be? Mai, my mother, died on the last voyage across the lake.

Lucian: It was insensitive of me not to warn you: Your mother did not drown. I am here-I asked to be here-to tell you the truth about how she died. (pause)

There was a good deal of support for the expansion. But there were also many who opposed the notion of surfacing. Grace and the Settlers made a peaceable life possible for us, they said, and to surface, even temporarily, was to jeopardize that life. All of this led to a tumultuous political time. The expansion debates, as they were known, were managed to move slowly. He called for public debates and a vote, and vowed to act in accord with the judgment of the people. Then Agis fell victim to rapid-aging disease. He was dead within months. His niece, Mai's mother, Rowen presented herself as a successor and was confirmed largely out of blind allegiance to her uncle's memory. Rowen was vehemently opposed to the expansion. The public debates soon took on a very different spirit. There was a lot of unpleasantness, always with Mai on one side of the argument and her own mother, Rowen, on the other. A full public vote was scheduled according to Agis's original plan. As the date neared, however, fights began to erupt in homes and at workposts. The sides broke down largely along generational lines, and there were several apprentice strikes. There was some fear about what might happen after the vote. Then, just before the vote was to take place, Mai walked into the council chamber and, without explanation, withdrew her motion to begin expansion efforts. There would be no vote. There was an outcry from many of her supporters, but without her leadership, the group scattered, unhappy but willing to take up

life as it was before. What Mai failed to disclose that morning was that she had found- she had discovered that the Settlers' original migration tunnel had been secretly preserved. The tunnel remained unknown to all but those closest to her. Mai and her Chikchu began making regular trips to the surface. Your mother met someone on the surface, Thea. And befriended him. He was a man of the wider world, a researcher, and the two learned a great deal from each other. Their friendship changed Mai-she came to believe that our people might safely rejoin the wider world. But then she fell ill. The nature of her sickness was unknown in Gracehope, and it appeared likely that it was a result of her contact with the surface. She decided to reveal everything to Rowen. But Rowen was more fearful than Mai knew. She used her position as Chief of Council to decree in secret that Mai leave Gracehope until she recovered, claiming that her presence posed a risk to the health of the citizenry. Those of us who knew of Rowen's decision were bitterly opposed to it, arguing that there could be no meaningful care for Mai on the cold surface. Rowen was sentencing her own child to death. The conflict nearly erupted into violence, but Mai herself averted that threat and agreed to go. She had every hope of returning to Gracehope, and to you, Thea. Mai was too weak to ascend the tunnel herself. Mai's sister, her closest friend and ally, went with her into the wider world to nurse her, but Mai died only a fortnight later. Rowen announced that she had drowned on a new charting voyage across the lake. Since that time, the tunnel has remained known only to those in whom Mai originally confided. And to Rowen, of course.

Narrator: Thea is shocked to learn the truth about her mother and the deception that has been going on for years. She has ventured out once, and nearly died. Does she dare try again and connect with the research party that she knows is set up above ground? There is danger in doing that, especially from those who do not want Gracehope exposed to the outside world. If you would like to find out what Thea is willing to do to accomplish her mother's mission, read *First Light* by Rebecca Stead.

FAERIES OF DREAMDARK: BLACKBRINGER

BY

Laini Taylor

Narrator	Magpie	Talon	Orchidspike	Calypso
X	X	X	X	X

Narrator: We are presenting a fantasy, *Faeries of Dreamdark: Blackbringer* written by Laini Taylor. Magpie has spent most of her life as a faerie deep in the forest, that is until humans release the ancient evil of the Blackbringer. Magpie and her band of crows take on the task of saving the world. The fight will not be easy. Talon has just found Magpie injured and takes her to Orchidspike, the healer.

Talon is read by _____, Orchidspike is read by _____, Magpie is read by _____, Calypso is read by _____ and I, _____ am your narrator.

Orchidspike: Bring her in, lad.

Talon: I think her name is something like Pie.

Orchidspike: Pie? Not Magpie! Eyes like aquamarines? Little Magpie Windwitch. I have been wondering when she'd come home.

Talon: Home?

Orchidspike: Aye. Well, she was born in Dreamdark but left as a tiny thing. Her father was a Never Nigh lad. Tis a bad crush, indeed. But I can mend it. Don't frazzle yourself.

Calypso: But Lady, it en't just the wings. I don't like the look in her eyes. It's like she en't inside herself.

Orchidspike: She's in there, dear. She's just gone deep. She's in shock.

Calypso: But what if . . . What if it *did* something to her, right? That devil.

Orchidspike: Do you know what it was?

Calypso: Aye, Lady. D'ye know of it?

Orchidspike: He was just a fireside story, something to frighten bad sprouts. A boheyman, like old Rawhead.

Calypso: Ye're saying he weren't real?

Orchidspike: Neh, I don't know. If he ever was real, it was long before my time. Understand, bird, no devil has troubled Dreamdark all my long life, and much longer still. Not since the Dawn Days.

Calypso: Ye think anyone could remember that far? Remember the old stories?

Orchidspike: I can't think who.

Calypso: We could ask the trees?

Orchidspike: Ah. Bless us, we lost that language long ago.

Calypso: Truly? Flummox me, I had no notion how rare she was.

Orchidspike: Who, bird?

Calypso: Poppy Manygreen, Lady. Magpie's friend. She could speak with 'em.

Orchidspike: What? A Manygreen? A faerie with that gift? Here, in Dreamdark?

Calypso: Yes!

Orchidspike: A lass?

Calypso: Yes!

Orchidspike: But . . . where is she now?

Calypso: Lady? She's the one the devil got last night. She's gone.

Narrator: Will Magpie's desire to save her world be enough to overcome the evil of the cunning imps and tattooed warriors? You will have to read *Faeries of Dreamdark: Blackbringer* by Laini Taylor to find out.

WAY DOWN DEEP

By

Ruth White

Robber Bob

Bird

Peter

Cedar

Jeeter

X

X

X

X

X

Narrator

X

Narrator: We are presenting a scene from a fiction story, *Way Down Deep* by Ruth White.

The story follows a young girl named Ruby June who is found as a small child in the streets of the town Way Down Deep. No one knows anything about her or how she got to town. Miss Arbutus Ward, the proprietor of the local boardinghouse, takes Ruby June in and cares for her like one of her own. In this scene, Ruby June listens to a new family in the community recount a story that sheds some light on her mysterious entrance into town. Robber Bob is read by

_____, Peter is read by _____, Bird is read by

_____, Cedar is read by _____, Jeeter is read by

_____ and I am _____ the narrator.

Peter: He's talking about the girl who was grabbed by a panther on Yonder Mountain.

Bird: Ate her all up.

Robber Bob: Now Dad, don't think that right now.

Bird: Redheaded.

Robber Bob: Yes, that girl, Jolene Hurley, was redheaded, too, just like Ruby June. Lots of people have red hair.

Bird: Real, real red, real real curly.

Cedar: You're real real crazy.

Bird: Just a little bitty thing. (begins to cry)

Robber Bob: What's the matter, Dad? It's not a bit like you to act up the way you're doing.

Peter: Does Ruby June remind you of the girl?

Bird: She favors Jolene.

Robber Bob: Come on, Dad, you're tired, let's get you to bed.

Cedar: I don't know what y'all are talking about.

Jeeter: Me either, who got eat up by a panther?

Narrator: No matter how Ruby June ended up in Way Down Deep, she is loved by the town, especially Miss Arbutus Ward. To compound matters, the family who gave her away now want her back. Will she return to her family or remain with Miss Ward. If you read *Way Down Deep* by Ruth White you will find out why the town loves her and where she decides to live.