



The Little “Read” Hen Story Theater Script

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Storyteller 1: Twice upon a time, there lived a Little “Read” Hen. She loved to read and she loved to write!

Storyteller 2: She saw her friends in the coffee shop and said,

Little Read Hen: I am writing a story. Who will help me *brainstorm* my story?

Story Chorus: “Not I,” said the Dog.
“Not I,” said the Cat.
“Not I,” said the Pig.
And that was that.

Little Read Hen: I’ll brainstorm it myself.

Storyteller 3: She bought a double-mocha-cocoa flappuccino with whipped cream and sat down. She started winging it and created a brainstorm bubble. She scrawled furiously across the paper and the ideas flocked to her. She was ready to research!

Storyteller 4: The next day, the Little Read Hen saw her friends at the library and asked,

Little Read Hen: Who will help me *research* my story?

Story Chorus: “Not I,” said the Dog.
“Not I,” said the Cat.
“Not I,” said the Pig.
And that was that.

Little Read Hen: I’ll research it myself.

Storyteller 5: She cooped herself up, cracked open some books, and powered up the Internet. When she was done googling, poring over articles, and reading reference books, the Little Read Hen asked her friends . . .

Little Read Hen: Who will help me *outline* my story?

Story Chorus: “Not I,” said the Dog.
“Not I,” said the Cat.
“Not I,” said the Pig.
And that was that.

Little Read Hen: I’ll outline it myself.

Storyteller 6: She would not let her friends get her in a fowl mood. She was unflappable. She had a story to write! She arranged her ideas in a way that made sense and placed them in the proper pecking order.

Storyteller 7: The next day, the Little Red Hen saw her friends at the farmers’ market. She asked them,

Little Read Hen: Who will help me create a rough *draft* for my story?

Story Chorus: “Not I,” said the Dog.
“Not I,” said the Cat.
“Not I,” said the Pig.
And that was that.

Little Read Hen: I’ll draft it myself.

Storyteller 8: She opened her laptop and feathers fluttered across the keyboard. She clicked and she clucked. When she was done typing the words and placing the paragraphs, the Little Read Hen asked her friends,

Little Read Hen: Who will help me *edit* the story?

Story Chorus: “Not I,” said the Dog.
“Not I,” said the Cat.
“Not I,” said the Pig.
And that was that.

Little Read Hen: I’ll edit it myself.

Storyteller 9: This chick was on a roll! When the sentences were rearranged, the grammar was corrected, and the spelling was checked, the Little Read Hen asked her friends,

Little Read Hen: Who will help me *proof* this story?

Story Chorus: “Not I,” said the Dog.
 “Not I,” said the Cat.
 “Not I,” said the Pig.
 And that was that.

Little Read Hen: I’ll proof it myself.

Storyteller 10: She busted her tail feathers and combed over the story. She scanned it closely, searching for any poultry mistakes. Finally, she was finished! She found her friends at the Barnyard Bookstore and asked,

Little Read Hen: Who will help me *read* the story?

Story Chorus: “I will!” said the Dog.
 “I will!” said the Cat.
 “I will!” said the Pig.
 And that was that.

Little Read Hen: Oh no you won’t! You didn’t help me brainstorm the story, research the story, outline the story, draft the story, edit the story, or proof the story. So I’ll read it myself!

Storyteller 11: The Little Red Hen’s friends gawked as she squawked off. All alone, she began reading her story, but something was missing . . .

Storyteller 12: The Little Read Hen decided to share her story with her friends, who are now all well read.

Storyteller 13: This is an egg-cellent story!