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Unusual Chickens for the Exceptional Poultry Farmer

Written by Kelly Jones, Illustrated by Katie Kath
Script Adaptation by Gail Shipley, TBA Committee Member

Readers:

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Narrator 4

Narrator 5

Narrator 6

Narrator 1: Dear Great-Uncle Jim, You know that chicken I told you about? It can use the Force.

Narrator 2: I would worry that you wouldn't believe me, but I think it used to be yours, so you must know already. Besides, you're dead.

Narrator 3: First of all, the little chicken house wasn't where I left it last night. It's up on four stumps now, and it's stuck on tight. I thought Dad moved it (Mom's working - she hasn't been outside in days), and that worried me, because I haven't told them a chicken showed up yet. But then I remembered Dad had gone to town right after breakfast.

Narrator 4: Then I realized the door was shut and latched, and I know I unlatched it and left it open last night. That didn't make me very happy. I started looking around for Henrietta, and when I came back around the big junk pile, the door was open.

Narrator 5: I almost started running then. Only dumb kids in movies wait around for evil strangers to pick them off. But what about Henrietta? (That's what I'm calling her. Hope that's okay.) I couldn't leave her behind if there was stranger danger around.

Narrator 6: There was a noise from inside the little house, kind of a thump, and I froze. Henrietta stuck her head out the door and hopped down on the ground, bawking and cackling and having a huge old chicken conversation. I tried to shush her as quietly as I could, and kept my eyes wide open so I could try and grab her if anything moved at all. She walked over to her jam jar and glared at me and bawked some more.

Narrator 1: And then I guess she got tired of asking nicely. She got real quiet, so I stared at her. And then she glared at the jam jar - which, I suddenly realized, had tipped over so there was no more water for her to drink - and...Well, I'm just going to say it. The jam jar floated off the ground, sailed over, and landed at my feet.

Narrator 2: As soon as it landed she squawked and went back to pecking at the dandelions in the blackberry bushes.

Narrator 3: I don't know what I was thinking, but when Henrietta looked up and glared at me, I grabbed the jam jar and ran for the hose. After I filled it up, I stared at it for a while, in case it was a magic jam jar. But I couldn't make it move at all.

Narrator 4: I guess I might as well tell you I was kind of afraid to go back. I've read a lot of books about kids who find magic stuff. A lot of scary things happen to them. And I don't even know how to take care of regular chickens yet, let alone chickens with superpowers. I might have freaked out for a bit, and I wrote to that company you probably got her from. I told them to come get her.

Narrator 5: But I couldn't leave her out there without any water or anything. Gregory's fast, but the mail is still slow. I got another apple and picked up the jam jar again (I put my gloves on first this time, just in case) and I took them back by the little house.

Narrator 6: Henrietta wasn't hurting anything, or even floating anything. She was just scratching in the dirt with her big old scaly dinosaur feet and pouncing on bugs. She didn't even look mad. I gave her the apple and the water and she had a drink. Chickens look really funny when they drink, like people gargling.

Narrator 1: I know I'm not a hero. I just moved to a farm, and I wanted to have chickens. But, you know what? There are books about kids like me, too. Sometimes they're boring, but sometimes they're not. And sometimes they're sad at the end, especially the ones with animals. But not always.

Narrator 2: I'm going to write back to that company and tell them never mind, I'll keep her. Then I'll tell Mom and Dad. Only, not about the superpowers.

Narrator 3: I have to go now - I think I see Gregory coming up the street.

Narrator 4: Love, Sophie

PS I wish you could tell me if you have any tips. I'm pretty sure the library won't have any books on what to do next.

Narrator 5: Does Sophie's Great Uncle Jim answer her letters from the grave?

Narrator 6: Does she figure out how to take care of a chicken with superpowers?

Narrator 1: If you like crazy chickens

Narrator 2: and solving mysteries

Narrator 3: then *Unusual Chickens for the Exceptional Poultry Farmer* is for you.

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