

A Reader's Theater Script for
Face Bug
Written by J. Patrick Lewis
Photographs by Frederic B. Siskind
Illustrated by Kelly Murphy
Script Adaptation by Mary Pettit, TBA Committee Member

Suggestion: Clap out the rhythm of the poems below while rehearsing so the children understand better how to read them with rhythm.

Choral reading for poem, "Grand Opening: The Face Bug Museum"

Readers:

Voice 1

Voice 2

Voice 3

Voice 4

Voice 5

Voice 6

Voice 7

Voice 1: This is a choral reading of the poem, "Grand Opening: The Face Bug Museum" from the Texas Bluebonnet Award nominee, *Face Bug* by J. Patrick Lewis.

Voice 2: Climb through windows,

Voice 3: walls,

Voice 4: or basement,

Voice 5: Insects,

Voice 6: Spiders,

Voice 7: guests.

All Voices: It's free!

Voice 1: Our Smithsonian--

Voice 2: from Dragon-,

Voice 3: Horse-,

Voice 4: and Butterfly

Voice 5: to Bee--

Voice 6: is a hoppin', bug eye-poppin' photo show.

All Voices: The place is packed!

Voice 7: We've installed designer lighting for the Moths it will attract.

Voice 1: You may think you've seen our Show Bugs in the trees

All Voices: or in the sky,

Voice 2: But you never really know bugs

All Voices: till you look them in the eye.

Voice 3: Are you Spider writers ready?

All Voices: Cast your vote for FAVORITE BUG.

Voice 4: Cameras welcome.

Voice 5: Penny postcards of each fascinating mug.

Voice 6: Staring at these scary photographs can cause *Insecto-shock*.

All Voices: But don't worry,

Voice 7: Tiny Vet is standing by around the clock.

All Voices: Stale refreshments?

Voice 1: Aphid burgers,

Voice 2: leaf decay,

Voice 3: swamp water, too!

Voice 4: Oh, believe me,

All Voices: THE FACE BUG MUSEUM's looking out for you.

Voice 5: No antennae on the photos, pests.

Voice 6: Just come and face your fear.

Voice 7: Drop whomever you are eating.

All Voices: Our Grand Opening is here!

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Choral reading for poem, "Daddy Longlegs (Phalangium opilio)"

Suggestion: Have a child hold up Frederic B. Siskind's photo of a daddy longlegs face (page 21) while readers are reading the poem below.

Readers:

Voice 1

Voice 2

Voice 3

Voice 4

Voice 5

Voice 6

Voice 7

Voice 8

Voice 1: My head is brown and shiny,

Voice 2: My eyes are black and tiny.

All Voices: Granddaddy says I'm cute.

Voice 3: My eight legs work like wires,

Voice 4: My mouth's a pair of pliers.

All Voices: Don't I look a hoot?

Voice 5: My days are slow and quiet.

Voice 6: I usually watch my diet--

All Voices: And always watch my back.

Voice 7: Of course, I like to pitter-Patter

Voice 8: till some critter Approaches--

All Voices: Daddy's snack!

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**Readers Theater: Daddy Longlegs from "And Now a Word from our Bugs"
from the book *Face Bug* by J. Patrick Lewis (page 34)**

Suggestion: Have a child hold up Frederic B. Siskind's photo of a daddy longlegs face (page 21) while readers are reading the readers theater script below.

Voice 1

Voice 2

Voice 3

Voice 4

Voice 5

Voice 6

Voice 7

Voice 1: And now a word from Daddy Longlegs.

All Voices: WHERE I LIVE:

Voice 2: Oh, I may look like a spider, however I really belong to the order Opiliones.

Voice 3: I'm an eight-legged arachnid but not a spider.

Voice 4: Though only 150 species of us call the U. S. and Canada home, we win an

Olympic medal for Insect Globe-Trotting, since 7,000 species of us leggy wonders slow-foot it on every continent but Antarctica.

All Voices: HOW I GROW:

Voice 5: Mommy daddy longlegs lay their eggs in autumn in the soil or in cracks in wood.

Voice 6: We hatch in the spring.

Voice 7: Young daddy longlegs are called “leatherjackets” because of our hard outer shell, which we must shed regularly to grow.

Voice 1: In the northern U. S., we live only a year, but in the southeast--I’m a Tennessean myself--we can overwinter for up to two years.

All Voices: WHAT I EAT:

Voice 2: I relish any small invertebrate, preferably an aphid or a spider.

Voice 3: Usually, though, I have to resort to scavenging for dead insects, food waste, or vegetable matter.

All Voices: WHAT EATS ME:

Voice 4: I’m not venomous, but the scent glands attached to my hips help scare predators.

Voice 5: If that doesn’t work, I can always detach a bitten leg as I’m running away.

Voice 6: And if that doesn’t work, I’m out of luck: a bird like a starling will be feeding me to her young.

Voice 7: Read the book *Face Bug* for more poems about insects by J. Patrick Lewis, interesting photos of insects taken by Frederic B. Siskind, cute illustrations by Kelly Murphy, and more information about each insect featured in the poems at the back of the book!

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