

Beetle's Surprise



Reader's Theater Script

5 Readers:

Narrator

Paca

Beetle

Most of the Crowd (MOC)

Rest of the Crowd (ROC)

Narrator: Come over here. Come. Sit a while. We'll tell you a tale that may bring a smile. You know about two creatures who once ran a great race. You know that the slow one, he came in first place. But here is a story from south in Brazil. It's a race with two others. You'll like it. You will!

Paca: I am Paca. I am a little brown animal. I am truly, truly, truly, truly, truly, truly something!

Narrator: A paca is small, like a groundhog or squirrel. It's found in the South American part of the world.

Beetle: I am Beetle. I am a little brown animal. I am very, very, very, very, very, very little.

Narrator: The beetle was a little, round bug, just sitting on the ground. He was slight compared to Paca. He did not even weigh one pound. The paca looked at beetle and thought he was so very small.

Paca: Hey there, little beetle. You're hardly anything at all!

Narrator: The beetle did not like this-- insulted just because he's small. He was ready to save face when some neighbors paid a call.

MOC: Fight! Fight! This looks like a fight! The beetle is too little. Paca has speed and strength and might!

Beetle: It is true. I am little. I am very, very, very, very, very, very little. I am not so strong. I am not so mighty. But I am proud. I am not nothing. I am something. I will not pout! I will show you.

Paca: The only thing you can show us is how you are nothing and how I am something. I am truly, truly, truly, truly, truly, truly something.

ROC: We know!

Narrator: ...said the rest of the crowd of neighbors.

ROC: We know! We know! We know! Why not try a race? How strong and fast you are will show! A paca-beetle race will show us all who has the might! A paca-beetle race will end this nothing-something fight.

Narrator: And so the match was set. To the race, they both agreed. They would see who had the might, and the strength, and the most speed.

MOC: Race to the low hills, out by the old, nut tree. Race from here to there, and we will watch you. We will see!

ROC: Race to see who's something! Get on your marks. Let's see!

Paca: I'm all set... and now I'm off. That nothing beetle won't catch me!

Narrator: That small, brown paca was off in a bound, right down the trail. The beetle was not in sight. Paca knew he could not fail.

Paca: Why am I running so hard? I almost forgot. I am Paca. I am something. That little beetle-- he is NOT! I don't have to run so hard. I'll sit a while, by the flowing brook. If I find still water, at myself I will look. I will sit and smile about how truly, truly, truly, truly, truly, truly special I am. I will sit and nap and nap and sit...I am not worried... not a bit.

Narrator: Beetle did not rest. And beetle could not run! But Beetle had hatched a plan before the race had even begun.

Beetle: I have a little plan. I love my little plan. My plan is very, very, very, very, very, very little. And it is just the right size to win this race. I'll snatch the win. Paca cannot match my pace!

Paca: No sign of Beetle. I will sail right down the trail. Oh, look! I've found the nut tree. I knew I would not fail! Now I come in to the finish. Just watch me win it all. Beetle will be frowning. Being better is a ball!

MOC: There's Paca! We see Paca! The mighty winner is near! Come across the finish line! We're waiting right here!

ROC: We see, Paca, too. He's kicking up the dust. But what is that up in the sky... coming toward us?

Narrator: You guessed it. It was Beetle... very, very small and brown. Beetle did not run his race down low on the ground. Beetle had a plan to show the world his strength and might. Beetle had a plan to spread his wings and Beetle won by taking flight.

MOC: It's Beetle... in for a landing... right at the old, nut tree. It's that very little beetle... winning the race. How can this be?

ROC: He won! He took the win! Can you hear our happy cry? The beetle beat the paca, because the Beetle chose to fly!

Beetle: Thank you! Thank you! Thank you, one and all. I think that you can see now just how hard the mighty fall.

Paca: Hold on. How is this fair? My legs are much faster than yours!

Beetle: And my wings are stronger still! I chose to blow right past your snores. You were busy being special, fast asleep, sprawled on the ground. I flew right above your nose and you did not hear a sound!

Paca: Not fair! No one told me Beetle knows how to fly!

Beetle: Did you ask how I was special? I had no chance to say. Did I?

Narrator: When you assume that you are better, because of how others might look...when you assume and take a seat, admiring yourself down by the brook... then you take a chance that others who are special... just like you... will find a way to rise above and leave you feeling foolish, too.

Paca: I learned a lesson.

MOC: We learned a lesson.

ROC: We learned a lesson, too.

Beetle: Each of us is special. I think it's time you knew.

Paca: I will not fill my time thinking how truly great I am.

MOC: You thought that you were something! Your stall caused a traffic jam.

ROC: It's fine to know you're special and to like yourself a lot.

Beetle: But don't ever think that YOU are special while others are NOT.

Narrator: And that wraps up our tale... from the south, down in Brazil. We hope you'll share the lesson. Indeed, we hope you will.

Beetle: About a paca who was something...

Paca: About a beetle who was, too...

MOC and ROC: They were very, truly, very, truly, very, truly special.

Narrator: And so are you. And now our tale is through.

A Reader's Theater Script
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