

****Reader's Theatre created by Marsha Diane Arnold
"Hugs on the Wind" Group Reading**

Theme: Coping with separation

Grade Level: 1-3

Roles: Narrator, Little Cottontail, Mama Cottontail

Narrator 1: Little Cottontail looked across the Great

Narrator 2: Green

Narrator 3: Meadow

Narrator 4: to where the sky touches the grass.

Little Cottontail: "Mama, I wish Grandfather Cottontail hadn't gone so far away. He misses me too much."

Mama Cottontail: (gathering sweet red clover) "I am sure he does."

L.C.: "What do you think Grandfather misses most about me?"

M.C.: "He always loved your snuggly hugs."

Narrator 1: Little Cottontail felt the Wind

Narrator 2: tickle his ears

Narrator 3: and ruffle his fur.

L.C.: "I have an idea, Mama! I will wrap my hugs around the Wind. The Wind will blow them to Grandfather, all the way across the Great Green Meadow."

(L.C. makes a circle with his arms and lifts it high in the air.)

M.C.: "What a clever Cottontail you are."

L.C.: "What else do you think Grandfather misses?"

M.C.: "Your smiles always made him happy."

L.C.: (looking up at the clouds and smiling) "I have an idea, Mama! Cloud smiles can travel miles, all the way to Grandfather. I will send my smiles up to the Clouds."

L.C.: "What else does Grandfather miss?"

M.C.: "Remember how he laughed at your jokes?"

L.C.: (listening to the River murmuring) "I have an idea, Mama! I will tell my funniest joke to the River. The River will carry it to him."

M.C.: (collecting lettuce) "That is a good idea."

L.C.: (whispers his funniest joke into the water) "Now the River and Grandfather and I have a joke together."

L.C.: (twirling around, then listening to the leaves.)

"Listen, Mama. The Trees are singing. I think Grandfather is singing to the Trees, far across the Meadow, and they are singing to each other, all the way to us."

Narrator 1: Mama stopped

Narrator 2: in a patch of wild lettuce

Narrator 3: and listened.

M.C.: "Yes. He always sang it when we were together."

Narrator 1: Little Cottontail and Mama listened

Narrator 2: until orange

Narrator 3: and yellow sun ribbons

Narrator 4: touched the earth.

Narrator 1: Mama Cottontail started to hop home.

Narrator 2: Little Cottontail hopped happily beside her.

Narrator 3: Soon, the lights of a thousand Stars

Narrator 4: winked across the sky.

Little Cottontail: “Grandfather always winked at me when he tucked me into bed. I think Grandfather is winking to the Stars, so they can wink to me.”

Narrator 1: Mama kissed Little Cottontail’s nose

Narrator 2: and nestled him into his

Narrator 3: soft,

Narrator 4: warm bed.

Narrator 1: Little Cottontail looked deep into the Moon,

Narrator 2: hanging bright

Narrator 3: and bold

Narrator 4: in the sky.

Little Cottontail: “Let’s blow our kisses to the Moon, Mama, so the Moon can blow them to Grandfather.”

Narrator 1: Together, they blew kisses all the way to the Moon.

Narrator 2: Then they dreamed

Narrator 3: of Wind hugs,

Narrator 4: Cloud smiles

Narrator 1: River jokes

Narrator 2: and Tree songs

Narrator 3: as Stars winked above

Narrator 4: and Moon kisses floated

Narrators 1, 2, 3, 4: down from the sky.