

European Adventure

Monroe Montessori School Elementary Play 2008

Beginning of Play:

All students enter the auditorium and stand in the aisles. A few students come up to the stage and say the following lines (or something of this type.)

Jessica: Welcome to Mrs. Kernkamp's students' European Adventure.

Phoebe: The music is written and played by Mr. Joseph Seserko and the play was written by Mrs. Sally Simmons.

Cierra: After the last song, we will introduce ourselves and answer questions.

Jessica: Please do not use your flash during the show, we will pose for you afterwards.

Phoebe: This year we have learned so much about Europe. Come join our European Adventure!

Music starts and students enter singing, go to their places and remain standing...

♪ **SONG: European ABC**

There are many countries in Europe
I'm sure we'll learn them soon
So now just for kicks
Let's learn 26,
Can you sing along with our tune?

A-B-C

Four countries we can see-
Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Croatia

D-E-F

So try to catch your breath-
Denmark, Estonia, France, and
Finland

G-H-I

Five countries can we spy-
Greece, Germany, Hungary, Ireland,
and Italy

L-M-N

We're half way to the end-
Luxembourg, Moldova, The Nether-
lands, and Norway

P and R

Four countries, here they are
Poland, Portugal, Russia, and Roma-
nia

S, and U,

The last ones we will try
Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Ukraine
and United Kingdom.

There are many countries in Europe
I'm sure we'll learn them soon
So now just for kicks
We've learned 26,
We're glad you have followed our
tune!

Sally Simmons

Teegan: It sure has been fun studying about Europe this year!

Katie: I wish we could go there.

ALL: Yeah!

Katelyn: We could see all of the places we've been studying about.

(Magic Carpet music. Children look right, then left as carpet flies)

A.J.: Hey! What's that?

Colin: It's a carpet- But it's flying!

Shannon: Maybe it's a magic carpet!

Chase: Maybe it could take us to Europe!

Isabel: Let's get on and see if it's magic!

♪ **SONG:** Magic Carpet Song

We have a magic carpet
That will whiz us through the air
To Spain or Maine or Africa
If we just tell it where

It flies and guides by magic
That is made by dreams and
thoughts
We tell it where to take us to
Great places we have sought

We think we'll go to Europe now
And see the wondrous sights
Of seas and hills and polar bears
Hot sun, and northern lights

We have a magic carpet
That will whiz us through the air
To Spain or Maine or Africa
If we just tell it where.

Shel Silverstein with additions by Sally Simmons

ALL: Yea!

Devon: Where should we go?

(Music plays while the students think a few say "hmm" or name a few countries?)

Phoebe: I know! Let's go to Italy. That's where Tuscany is, and Roman ruins and great art.

ALL: Let's go!

Shannon: Did you know that the country of Italy is shaped like a boot?

Poem: Italian Boot

Isabel:

Florence, Naples, Rome, Milan
Italy pulls her long boot on,

Teegan:

And people down in Sicily
know,
Italy boots it with her TOE.

Mitchell: Really, I never noticed that before!

Poem: Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

Ben:

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
You're wonderful stuff
I love you spaghetti,
I can't get enough.

Colin:

You're covered with sauce
And you're sprinkled with
cheese,
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
Oh, give me some Please.

Mitchell:

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
Piled high in a mound,
You wiggle, you wriggle,
You squiggle around.

Ben:

There's slurpy spaghetti
All over my plate,
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
I think you are great!

Colin:

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
I love you a lot,
you're slishy you're sloshy,
Delicious, and hot.

Mitchell:

I gobble you down,
Oh, I can't get enough
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
You're wonderful stuff!

Angelina: Remember when we studied Roman Art and went to the Seattle Art Museum to see those great sculptures? Let's go to the Roman Forum!

Isabel: I remember that the Forum was the public square of Ancient Rome!

Poem: The Forum

Lyndsay: In the Forum they would talk,
converse, discuss.
In the Forum they would argue,
even fuss.

Katelyn: In the Forum they'd debate,
Scheme, make plans,
pontificate,
And analyze at length affairs of
state.

Lyndsay: In the Forum you could hear a
lively speech.
All the senators were right
within your reach.

Katelyn: You could hear the latest news,
Pay attention, or just snooze,
Or stand up and give the
leaders your own views.

Susan Altman and Susan Lechner

Noah: We have been sightseeing all day. I'm really hot!

Lyndsay: I wish we could wear togas like the Romans did! They look comfortable.

Poem: *The Toga*

Chase: The Roman man was simply dressed.
No suit, no tie, no pants, no vest.

Devon: The toga was made of a white woolen sheet.
It fell in folds from neck to feet.

Shannon: A sign of the Empire, known world wide,
The Roman toga---worn with pride!

Susan Altman and Susan Lechner

Nathan: I think we should go to the Alps and cool off.

Teegan: Where are the Alps again?

Katelyn: They're the mountains in northern Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and Germany.

All: Let's go!

Poem: *How to Tell the Top of a Hill*

Nathan: The top of a hill
Is not until
The bottom is below

Katie: And you have to stop
When you reach the top
For there's no more UP to
go

A.J.: To make it plain
Let me explain
The one most reason why

Nathan: You have to stop
When you reach the top-is:
The next step up is sky.

Colin: Oh, you can see so far from here

♪ **SONG: On a Mountaintop**

You find wondrous things on a mountain top
You find trees, and their cool spreading shade---
You find wondrous things on a mountain top
You find birds, and the nests that they've made.

And if you flush through the underbrush
You may find---a turtle who's sleeping—
Or a snake who's creeping—
Or perhaps a bear---
Better take care!

You find wondrous things on a mountain top
You find stones and rocks, all shapes and sizes.
You find wondrous things on a mountain top

And beneath these stones are some surprises!

And if you look underneath the rocks
You may find---the trail of a snail,
Or an ant who can't rest—
Or a slimy old slug—
Or a weird doodlebug!

You find wondrous things on a mountain top
There is sunshine, and sometimes there is rain.
You find wondrous things on a mountain top
That you know you may never find again.

And if you stand on a mountaintop
You can see---the journey you've taken—
What a wonderful view!
Most important of all-----
Watch out you don't fall!

Colin: Oh no, It's getting dark! We read stories about big bad wolves. Maybe there are wolves around here. (*Sound of howling*)

Poem: The Wolf

Angelina:
When the pale moon hides and the
wild wind wails,
And over the treetops the nighthawk
sails,

Cierra:
The gray wolf sits on the world's far
rim,
And howls: and it seems to comfort
him.
The wolf is a lonely soul, you see,
No beast in the wood, nor bird in the
tree,

Phoebe:
But shuns his path; in the windy
gloom
They give him plenty, and plenty of
room.

Angelina:
So he sits with his long, lean face to
the sky,
Watching the ragged clouds go by.

Cierra:
There in the night, alone, apart,
Singing the song of his lone, wild
heart.

Phoebe:
Far away, on the world's dark rim,
He howls, and it seems to comfort
him.

Georgia Roberts Durston

Lyndsay: (Fearfully) OK, We've enjoyed nature, now I'm ready for some culture.

Noah: What's culture?

Cierra: Symphonies, good food, interesting ideas-that's culture!

Mitchell: Where will we find some?

Jessica: How about Austria? It's the home of many classical composers like Beethoven,
Bach. . . . and Mozart!

ALL: Let's go!

Ben: Here we are in Austria. There's Mozart's house!

♫ **SONG: If Mozart were alive/RR
Band**

*If Mozart were alive,
He'd be playing lead guitar,
Dancing in the spotlight
And prancing like a star.
His hair would be dyed purple
And his music would be bold
If Mozart were alive
He'd be playing ROCK AND ROLL!*

If we were a rock 'n' roll band
We'd travel all over the land
We'd play and we'd sing and wear
spangly things.
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.

If we were a rock 'n' roll band
And we were up there on the stand
The people would hear us and love us
and cheer us
Hurray for that rock 'n' roll band

If we were a rock 'n' roll band
We'd have a million fans

We'd sign autographs
For our rock 'n' roll band
The rock 'n' roll band
Would have a million fans
We'd be millionaires
In our rock 'n' roll band

If we were a rock 'n' roll band
We'd travel all over the land
We'd play and we'd sing and wear
spangly things.
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.

But we ain't no rock 'n' roll band
We're just a bunch of kids in the sand
With homemade guitars and pails and
jars
And drums of potato chip cans

Just a bunch of kids in the sand
Talking' and wavin' our hands
And dreamin' and thinkin' oh wouldn't
it be grand
If we were a rock 'n' roll band

Shel Silverstein

Chase: We might not be Mozart but we can play the recorder!

Lauren: Hey, you want to see someone with culture, (pointing) THERE's someone with culture!

♪ SONG: I Met A Rat of Culture

I met a rat of culture
Who was elegantly dressed
In a pair of velvet trousers
And a silver-buttoned vest,
He related to ancient proverbs
And recited poetry,
He spoke a dozen languages,
Eleven more than me.

The rat was perspicacious,
And had cogent things to say
On bionics, economics,
Hydroponics, and ballet,
He instructed me in sculpture,
He shed light on keeping bees,
Then he painted an acrylic
Of an abstract view of cheese.

He had circled the equator,
He had visited the poles,
He extolled the art of sailing
While he baked assorted rolls,

He was vastly more accomplished
Than the billions of his kin,
He performed a brief sonata
On a tiny violin,
But he squealed and promptly vanished
At the entrance of my cat,
For despite his erudition,
He was nothing but a rat.

Jack Prelutsky

Katie: Hey, let's go to France!

Cierra: Why would we go to France, what is there to see?

A.J.: Just follow me and I will show you.

Poem: Eiffel Tower

Lauren: Standing beneath it to see
The beauty of its structure
A complex lattice

Noah: It is a beautiful form
The stairs through the tower
A great experience

Jessica: Each step up and up
Into the structure more and
more
What a great experience

Lauren: Different from standing on the
ground
More fascination to look
inwards
Into the structure of the tower

Noah: On each landing we read
A brief historical note
As tourists rush by

Jessica: As children scrambling to find
their way up
We finally reach the top
We look out over Paris

Cierra: Wow! We had a lot of fun exploring France. Now let's fly to the United Kingdom. Or, should we take the Chunnel?

Nathan: What is the Chunnel?

Angelina: Remember when Mrs. Kerncamp told us about the tunnel they dug under the English Channel? Well, it is a tunnel that connects France to the United Kingdom that is all under water.

Shannon: It sounds exciting. Let's go.

Poem: London Town

Katie: London is a busy town,
A capital with a queen and
crown,

Chase: With a huge glass wheel
called the London Eyes,
A big brick clock named Big
Ben,

Teegan: With a stone made statue of
Napolean,
A huge range of schools for
children to learn,

Nathan: With restaurants and cafes to
eat,
So come on down to London
town

Jessica: What else is there in London to see?

Lauren: Well, I think there is a famous bridge!

Noah: I know, it's called the London Bridge!

Chase: I heard that it was built out of wood and clay...

Devon: Oh, but I heard it was built out of stone...

Phoebe: You are both right. London Bridge has been re-built many times since the first Century.

Colin: Remember the song?

SONG: London Bridge

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair Lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Wood and clay, wood and clay,
Build it up with wood and clay,
My fair Lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Wash away, wash away,
Wood and clay will wash away,
My fair Lady.

Build it up with bricks and mortar,
Bricks and mortar, bricks and mortar,
Build it up with bricks and mortar,
My fair Lady.

Bricks and mortar will not stay,
Will not stay, will not stay,
Bricks and mortar will not stay,
My fair Lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Iron and steel, iron and steel,
Build it up with iron and steel,
My fair Lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Bend and bow, bend and bow,
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
My fair Lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Silver and gold, silver and gold,
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair Lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Stolen away, stolen away,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
My fair Lady.

Set a man to watch all night,
Watch all night, watch all night,
Set a man to watch all night,
My fair Lady.

Unknown

Mitchell: Let's go to Germany where the Grimm's fairy tales came from. I love the ones about fairies and giants.

ALL: Let's go!

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Lyndsay: Here we are in the Black Forest. Look, there's a giant!

Poem: Giants

Colin: Giants sometimes get lost in a cloud.

Lyndsay: Giants never get lost in a crowd.

Shannon: Giants when thirsty can swallow a lake.

Lauren: Giants can step on a moose by mistake.

Nathan: Giants are robust. Giants are tall.

Isabel: Giants can never buy "one size fits all."

♪ SONG: Me and My Giant

I have a friend who is a Giant
And he lives where the tall weeds
grow
He's high as a mountain and wide as
a barn
And I only come to his toe, you know,
I only come up to his toe.

And when the daylight's dim, I talk to
him
Way down in the marshy sands
And his ear is too far away to hear
But he still understands, he stands, I
know he understands

For we have a code called the scratch
-tap code
And here is what we do
I scratch his toe, once means hello
And twice means how are you
Three means does it look like rain
And four means don't cry
Five times means I'll scratch you a
joke
And six times means goodbye, good-
bye, and six times means goodbye

And then I scratch a thousand times
And he taps a bappity bim
And he laughs so hard he shakes the
sky
That means I'm tickling him, that
means, that means I'm tickling him
For we have a code called the scratch
-tap code
And here is what we do
He taps his toe, once means hello
And twice means how are you
Three means does it look like rain
And four means don't cry
Five means I'll tap you a joke
And six times means goodbye, good-
bye, and six times means goodbye

I have a friend who is a Giant
And he lives where the tall weeds
grow
He's high as a mountain and wide as
a barn
And I only come to his toe, you know,
I only come up to his toe.

Shel Silverstein

Isabel: What about Fairies?

Teegan: I love stories about fairies!

Poem: Have You Watched the Fairies?

Lyndsay: Have you watched the fairies
When the rain is done
Spreading out their little wings

To dry them in the sun
Katie: I have, I have! Isn't it fun?

Lyndsay: Have you ever heard the
fairies
All among the limes
Singing little fairy tunes
To little fairy rhymes

Katie: I have, I have, Lots and lots of
times!

Lyndsay: Have you seen the fairies
Dancing in the air,
And dashing off behind the
stars

To tidy up their hair
Katie: I have, I have! I've been
there!

Poem: Magic (act out the part)

Teegan: seen a leprechaun

Chase: touched a troll

Isabel: danced with witches
once

A.J.: found some goblin's
gold

Nathan: heard a mermaid sing

Devon: spied an elf

Colin: but all the magic I have
known
I've had to make
myself

Shel Silverstein

Katelyn: I just loved studying about knights and castles in the middle Ages! I'll give you a quiz—I'll describe a castle and you guess which one it is.

Castle Quiz

Down the road from London Bridge
And Pudding Lane and Puddle Dock,
There dwells a place of infamy—
Of dungeon chain and chopping block.

Ben: I know! The Tower of London!

Katelyn: Right! How about this one---

A castle calls from Princes Street
Like a page from a story book.
Out of a forest, splendors rise---
Stone and stair and nook.

Angelina: Edinburgh Castle in Scotland?

Devon: Right again!

I see a Gothic castle stand,
Known as the castle of the man
The world knows as Count Dracula,
Vampire of Transylvania.

Castle quiz from poems by J. Patrick Lewis & Rebecca Kai Dotlich

Phoebe: OOOO, that's Bran Castle in Romania!

Noah: Let's not talk about vampires, let's talk about DRAGONS!

***Poem: I Chases a Dragon
Through the Woods***

Lauren: I chased a dragon through
the woods
Haranguing him all day
"I'll catch you soon! I taunted.
"You can never get away.

Ben: There's no escaping me, my
friend,"
I confidently cried.
"You might as well stop
running,
There's nowhere you can
hide."

Lauren: "I think that I will simply lop
Your head off with my
sword."
The dragon stopped and
whirled about
And ominously roared.

Ben: "You'd better think again," he
boomed,
And glared into my eyes.
"In case you hadn't
noticed,

Lauren: I'm a dozen times your size.
It's evident that I'd prevail
If ever we should fight,
I'm quite accomplished with
my claws,
And furthermore, I bite!"

Ben: I thought about the dragon's
words,
And I couldn't disagree-
I chased a dragon through the
woods,
And now he's chasing me.

Jack Prelutsky

(The one who is not the dragon says, "Tag, you're it" and then the dragon chases him/her around the stage area.)

♪ **SONG: The Dragons Are Singing Tonight**

Tonight is the night all the dragons
Awake in their lairs underground,
To sing in cacophonous chorus
And fill the whole world with their
sound.

OOOOO—OOOO-OOOOOO-OOOO

They sing of the days of their glory,
They sing of their exploits of old,
Of maidens and knights, and of fiery
fights,
And guarding vast caches of gold.

OOOOO—OOOO-OOOOOO-OOOO

Some of their voices are treble,
And some of their voices are deep,
But all of their voices are thunderous,
And no one can get any sleep.

OOOOO—OOOO-OOOOOO-OOOO

I lie in my tent and I listen,
Enchanted and filled with delight,
To songs I can hear only one night a
year---
The dragons are singing tonight!

Teegan: Hmm, where else in Europe can we go?

Chase: How about the Netherlands?

Poem: The Little Toy Land of the Dutch

Jessica:
Away, 'way off" cross the seas and such
Lies the little flat land of the Dutch,
Dutch, Dutch!

Mitchell:
Where the windmills arms go round,
round, round,
and sing to the cows with a creaky
sound.

Jessica:
Where storks live up in the chimney top,
and wooden shoes pound, plop, plop,
plop.

Mitchell:
Where dykes keep out the raging sea
and shut in the land as cozy as can be.

Jessica:
Oh! that little toy land, I like it much,
That prim little, trim little, land of the
Dutch!

Colin: Should we go to Russia? The Eastern half is in Europe.

Poem: *The Russian Dance*

Cierra: The Russian moujik is mad for
music,
For music the moujik is most
enthusic.

Cierra: He squats on his heels, but his
knees don't crack,
and he kicks like a frenzied
jumping jack.

Katelyn: Whenever an instrument
twangs or toots,
He tucks his trousers into his
boots.

Katelyn: My knees would make this
performance tragic
But his have special moujik
magic

**Poem or Song: *The European
City Song***

Angelina: Every heiress goes to Paris—
Fancy Frenchy Fashion Eden!
I declare the air in Stockholm
Is the sweetest scent in
Sweden.

Phoebe: Oh, the Finns are fine in
Helsinki.
And you will have some fun
Scandinavigating Norway— --
Visit Oslo, door by doorway—
See the setting midnight sun.

Phoebe: Take a picture in Pamplona
Of the running of the bulls.
And in Glasgow, thank the
Scottish
For the whimsically oddish
Highland kilts in tartan wools.

Angelina: Then be open to a Copen-
Hagen Danish walkabout.
Meet your relatives in
Brussels,
Kiss their little Brussels
sprout.
European cities offer

Angelina: Get together in the Nether-
Lands beside the
Amsterdam!
If you'd like to bike to Zurich,
Stop for lunch—Swiss cheese
and ham.

Phoebe: You the perfect picture show
That will tantalize and tickle,
But it puts you in a pickle
Just deciding where to go!

J. Patrick Lewis

Lauren: That's it! Let's go to Scandinavia! Home of polar bears, Norse mythology, and the Aurora Borealis.

Nathan: and we learned a Scandinavian Dance, too!

ALL: Let's go!

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Do the Scandinavian dance. Insert dialog as appropriate.

A.J.: OOOO, there's a polar bear!

Poem: Polar Bear

Shannon: The Polar Bear never makes
his bed;
He sleeps on a cake of ice
instead.

Noah: He has no blanket, no quilt, no
sheet
Except the rain and snow and
sleet.

Shannon: He drifts about on a white ice
floe
While cold winds howl and
blizzards blow
And the temperature drops to
forty below.

Noah: The polar bear never makes
his bed;
The blanket he pulls up over
his head
In lined with soft and feathery
snow.

Shannon: If he ever rose and turned on
the light,
He would find a world of bath
tub white,
And icebergs floating through
the night.

William Jay Smith

Katie: Hey, it is starting to snow!

Poem: *The More It Snows*

Cierra: The more it SNOWS
Isabel: tiddely-pom,
Cierra: The more it GOES
Isabel: tiddely-pom,
Cierra: The more it GOES
Isabel: tiddely-pom

Cierra: And nobody KNOWS
Isabel: tiddely-pom
Cierra: How cold my TOES
Isabel: tiddely-pom
Cierra: How cold my TOES
Isabel: tiddely-pom
Cierra & Isabel: Are growing!

A. A. Milne

Shannon: Oh, we're surrounded by wonderful shimmering lights!

Phoebe: Yes, that's the Northern Lights. Also called the aurora borealis, named after the Roman goddess of the dawn, Aurora.

Poem: *Aurora Borealis*

A.J.: When sunlight dances
Down the sky
To take the evening air,
Devon: We sit and watch
As clouds go by
In colored thunderwear!
Nathan: Sweden has
A ringside seat
For taking in the sights,

A.J.: All lemon-yellows,
Greens and reds,
No cloudy grays or whites.
Devon: As Mother Nature
Now presents---
"the Dancing Northern Lights"!

J. Patrick Lewis

Angelina: I'm getting cold, really, really, cold. I want to go somewhere warm.

Mitchell: Let's go to Portugal, it's warm there.

ALL: Let's go!

Isabel: Such lovely sunshine!

Poem: Sunflakes

Colin: If sunlight fell like snowflakes,
Gleaming yellow and so bright,
We could build a sunman,
We could have a sunball fight,

Teegan: We could watch the
sunflakes
Drifting in the sky.
We could go sleighing
In the middle of July

Chase: Through sundrifts and
sunbanks,
We could ride a sunmobile
And we could touch
unflakes—

Colin, Teegan, & Chase:
I wonder how they'd feel.

Frank Asch

Cierra: I learned that Ferdinand Magellan was born in Portugal. He and his crew were the first people to circumnavigate the world.

Poem: Ferninand Magellan

Noah:
To sail around the world—
That was Magellan's quest!
To bend the compass east
By navigating west.

Ben:
The Americas loomed there,
So did Magellan's fame.
He crossed the southern tip
Through straits that bear his name.

Mitchell:
Into the blue Pacific,
His sailing ships were bound
To find conclusive proof
That Earth indeed is round.

J. Patrick Lewis

Lyndsay: Wow, we visited a lot of different places in Europe!

Jessica: Europe is a beautiful continent filled with wonderful history and geography!

Angelina: Yah, it's important for people to take care of the Earth so everyone can enjoy all of the wonderful places we have seen.

Poem: Walk Lightly

Colin: Make the Earth your companion

Katelyn: Walk lightly on it, as other creatures do

Phoebe: Let the sky paint her beauty,

Ben: She is always watching over you

Isabel: Learn from the sea how to face harsh forces

Nathan: Let the river remind you that everything will pass

Lauren: Let the lakes instruct you in stillness

Noah: Let the mountain teach you grandeur

Shannon: Make the Woodland your house of peace

A.J.: Make the Rainforest your house of hope

Angelina: Meet the wetland on twilight ground

Mitchell: Save some small piece of Grassland

Devon: For a red kite on a windy day.

Lyndsay: Watch the icecaps glisten with crystal majesty

Teegan: Hear the desert whisper hush to eternity

Jessica: Let the town bring you togetherness

Chase: Make the Earth your companion

Katie: Walk lightly on it,

Cierra: As other creatures do.

J. Patrick Lewis

ALL: Let's go HOME!

Reprise of beginning song- Magic Carpet with some changes—see below:

♪ SONG: Magic Carpet Song

We have a magic carpet
That will whiz us through the air
To Spain or Maine or Africa
If we just tell it where

It flies and guides by magic
That is made by dreams and thoughts
We tell it where to take us to
Great places we have sought.

Changes in this verse:

We've been all over Europe now
And seen the wondrous sights
Of seas and hills and polar bears
Hot sun, and northern lights

We have a magic carpet
That will whiz us through the air
To Spain or Maine or Africa
If we just tell it where.

Shel Silverstein with additions by Sally Simmons

Bow, introduce selves (name and age) ...

Introduce Playwright & Composer