

Iggy Peck, Architect

• Reader's Theater •

Grades
2-5

by | Toni Buzzeo

Read the book aloud to children first, so that they can enjoy the illustrations and become familiar with the story. Then, hand out a set of photocopied scripts to ten students. (For challenged readers who may need group support, consider a role in the Chorus; for challenged readers to whom you'd like to assign a brief part, consider Father.) Ask the remaining children to be the audience. If you have plenty of time set aside, allow students to practice their parts individually or as a group until they are reading fluently. If time is limited, have performers face the audience and simply read their parts on the first run-through. Because the text is written in rhyme, you will want to emphasize the necessity of maintaining the rhythm throughout, as well. Once all readers are comfortable with their parts, have a second reading with the opportunity to use props or costumes if desired, and to act out the story while reading.

Roles

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Iggy Peck

Narrator One

Mother

Narrator Two

Father

Narrator Three

Miss Lila Greer

Chorus (three readers)

After Reading

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Visit www.librarysparks.com for an interview with Andrea Beaty about *Iggy Peck, Architect*. Also visit Andrea's Web site at www.andreabeaty.com.



Toni Buzzeo, MA, MLIS, is an author as well as a career library media specialist and member of the Maine Association of School Libraries Executive Board. She is the author of eight picture books, most recently *The Library Doors* (UpstartBooks, 2008) and many professional books and articles. Visit www.tonibuzzeo.com or e-mail Toni at tonibuzzeo@tonibuzzeo.com.

Adapted from the book *Iggy Peck, Architect* by Andrea Beaty, illustrated by David Roberts. Abrams, 2007. Text ©2007 Andrea Beaty. Illustrations ©2007 David Roberts. Reprinted with the permission of Abrams Books for Young Readers www.abramsyoungreaders.com.

Iggy Peck, Architect

Narrator One:

Young Iggy Peck is an architect
and has been since he was two,

Narrator Two:

when he built a great tower—

Chorus:

in only an hour

Narrator Two:

—with nothing but diapers and glue.

Mother:

Good Gracious, Ignacious!

Chorus:

His mother exclaimed.

Mother:

That's the coolest thing I've ever seen!

Narrator Three:

But her smile faded fast as a light wind blew past
and she realized those diapers weren't clean!

Mother:

Ignacious, my son! What on Earth have you done?
That's disgusting and nasty! It stinks!

Narrator One:

But Iggy was gone. He was out on the lawn
using dirt clods to build a great Sphinx.

Narrator Two:

When Iggy was three, his parents could see
his unusual passion would stay.

Iggy Peck:

I built churches and chapels from peaches
and apples,
and temples from modeling clay.

Father:

At dinner one night, to my certain delight,
Iggy got a bright gleam in his eye
and out on the porch built the St. Louis Arch
from pancakes and coconut pie.

Narrator Three:

Dear Ig had it made until second grade
when his teacher was Miss Lila Greer.

Narrator One:

On the very first day, she had this to say:

Miss Lila Greer:

We do not talk of buildings in here!
Gothic or Romanesque, I couldn't care less
about buildings—ancient or new.

Iggy Peck: (*Shocked.*)

She said in her lecture about architecture
that it had no place in grade two!

Narrator Two:

That might seem severe, but she was sincere.
For when she was no more than seven,

Narrator Three:

she'd had a great fright at a dizzying height
in a building so tall it scraped Heaven.

Narrator One:

On an architect's tour on the ninety-fifth floor,
young Lila got lost from the group.

Narrator Two:

She was found two days later in a stuck elevator,
eating cheese ...

Chorus:

with a French circus troupe.

Miss Lila Greer:

After that day—it's quite safe to say—
I thought all building-lovers were nuts.

Narrator Three:

As a teacher, she taught that above all, one ought
to avoid them.

Chorus:

No *ifs*, *ands*, or *buts*!

Reader's Theater

Narrator One:

As you might guess, it would cause Iggy stress to hear such terrible talk.

Narrator Two:

But he didn't hear. He sat in the rear while building a castle of chalk.

Miss Lila Greer:

You! Iggy Peck! Your desk is a wreck!
Tear down that castle right now!
You will not build in here. Is that perfectly clear?
Do you need to see Principal Howe?

Iggy Peck:

"No, Ma'am," I just said. I lowered my head, and my heart sank down to the floor.

Narrator Three:

With no chance to build, his interest was killed.

Chorus:

Now second grade was a bore.

Narrator One:

After twelve long days that passed in a haze of reading, writing, and arithmetic,

Miss Lila Greer:

I herded the class to Blue River Pass for a hike and an old-fashioned picnic.

Narrator Two:

They crossed an old trestle to a small island nestled in the heart of a burbling stream.

Narrator Three:

But they no sooner passed than the footbridge collapsed and Miss Lila Greer started to ...

Chorus: scream!

Miss Lila Greer:

We're trapped here! Oh my! Alas, kids, good-bye!

Narrator One:

Her eyeballs rolled back in her head. She dropped to the ground with a vague groaning sound.

Chorus:

Luckily fainted—not dead.

Narrator Two:

The class was amazed. They stood there quite dazed, uncertain of what they should do.

Iggy Peck:

I'm a bright young man. I was hatching a plan, which started with Miss Lila's shoe.

Narrator Three:

Soon each lad and lass there at Blue River Pass was working together as one.

Miss Lila Greer:

And when I came to, I most certainly knew that something quite brave had been done.

Narrator One:

She looked in the air and saw hanging there a structure with cables and braces.

Narrator Two:

And on the far side—beaming with pride—were seventeen smiling young faces.

Iggy Peck:

Boots, tree roots and strings, fruit roll-ups and things—

Chorus:

some of which one should not mention—

Iggy Peck:

were stretched ridge to ridge in a glorious bridge dangling from shoe string suspension.

Miss Lila Greer:

It all became clear to me, Lila Greer, as I crossed that bridge over the stream. There are worse things to do when you're in grade two than to spend your time building a dream.

Narrator Three:

Now every week at Blue River Creek Elementary in second grade,

Narrator One:

all the school kids can hear—

Miss Lila Greer:

with me, Lila Greer—

Narrator Two:

how the world's greatest buildings were made.

Narrator Three:

The weekly guest speaker, in t-shirt and sneakers, talks of buildings from Rome to Quebec.

Iggy Peck:

Of course, I'm the guy who builds towers from pie.

Chorus:

He's that brilliant young man, Iggy Peck.



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