



Tacky the Penguin

by Helen Lester,
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Parts: 5 Narrators, Tacky, Goodly, Lovely, Angel, Neatly, Perfect, 4 Hunters

Narrator 1: There once lived a penguin.

Narrator 2: His home was a nice icy land he shared with his companions.

Narrator 3: His companions were named Goodly, Lovely, Angel, Neatly, and Perfect.

Narrator 4: The penguin's name was Tacky. Tacky was an odd bird.

Narrator 5: Every day Goodly, Lovely, Angel, Neatly and Perfect greeted each other politely.

Goodly: Hi!

Lovely: Hi!

Angel: Hi!

Perfect: Hi!

Narrator 1: Tacky greeted them with a hearty slap and a loud

Tacky: WHAT'S HAPPENING?!?!?!?!?

Narrator 2: Goodly, Lovely, Neatly, Angel, and Perfect always marched.

Goodly: 1-2-3-4

Lovely: 1-2-3-4

Neatly: 1-2-3-4

Angel: 1-2-3-4

Perfect: 1-2-3-4

Narrator 3: Tacky always marched 1-2-3 4-2 3-6-0 2 1/2 - 0.

Narrator 4: His companions were graceful divers.

Narrator 5: Tacky liked to do splashy cannonballs.

Narrator 1: Goodly, Lovely, Angel, Neatly and Perfect always sang songs like "Sunrise on the Iceberg."

Narrator 2: Tacky always sang songs like "How Many Toes Does a Fish Have?" Tacky was an odd bird!

Narrator 3: One day the penguins heard the thump, thump, thump of feet in the distance.

Narrator 4: This could only mean one thing.

Narrator 5: Hunter's had come!

Narrator 1: They came with maps and traps and rocks and locks, and they were rough and tough.

Narrator 2: As the thump...thump...thump drew closer, the penguins could hear growly voices chanting.

Hunter 1: We're gonna catch some pretty penguins,

Hunter 2: And we'll march them with a switch,

Hunter 3: And we'll send them for a dollar,

Hunter 4: And get rich, rich, RICH!

Narrator 3: Goodly, Lovely, Angel, Neatly, and Perfect ran away in fright.

Narrator 4: They hid behind a block of ice.

Narrator 5: Tacky stood alone.

Narrator 1: The hunters marched right up to him, chanting,

Hunter 1: We're gonna catch some pretty penguins,

Hunter 2: And we'll march them with a switch,

Hunter 3: And we'll sell them for a dollar,

Hunter 4: And get rich, rich, RICH!

Tacky: What's happening?

ALL Hunters: We are hunting for penguins. That is what's happening.

Tacky: PENGUINS? Do you mean those birds that march neatly in a row? 1-23 4-2 3-6-0 2 1/2 0

Narrator 2: The hunters looked puzzled.

Tacky: Do you mean those birds that dive so gracefully?

Narrator 3: And he did a splashy cannonball. The hunters looked wet.

Tacky: Do you mean those birds that sing such pretty songs?

Narrator 4: Tacky began to sing and from behind the block of ice came the voices of his companions, all singing as loudly and dreadfully as they could.

Goodly: How many toes does a fish have?

Lovely: And how many wings on a cow?

Angel: I wonder, yup.

Neatly: I wonder!

Narrator 5: The hunters could not stand the horrible singing.

Narrator 1: This could not be the land of the pretty penguins.

Narrator 2: They ran away with their hands clasped tightly over their ears,

Narrator 3: leaving behind the traps and rocks and locks,

Narrator 4: and not looking at all rough and tough.

Narrator 5: Goodly, Lovely, Angel, Neatly and Perfect hugged Tacky. Tacky was an odd bird but a very nice bird to have around.

Poems and Songs:

The Penguin
by Roxanne Williams

I am a bird you know quite well,
All dressed in black and white.
And even though I do have wings
They're not designed for flight.

I waddle, waddle, waddle,
On my funny little feet.
Across the icy snow I go
To find a fishy treat!

The Penguin that Couldn't Fly

I saw a penguin.
He walked right by.
He had a tear in his eye.
I heard him cry and softly sigh,
Oh I wish I could fly.

Penguin Parade

Waddle, waddle, waddle
From side to side
Penguins go a-walking
Slip, slip slide, slide.
With a funny jump
The penguins dash
Down to the water
Splash! Splash! Splash! Splash!
Waddle from the water
With a rock n' roll
Penguins go parading
On a wintry stroll.

I'm a little penguin

I'm a little penguin
Black and white,
Short and wobbly
An adorable site.

I can't fly at all
but I love to swim,
So I'll waddle to the water
and dive right in!

Have You Ever Seen a Penguin
(tune: Have you Ever Seen a Lassie)

Have you ever seen a penguin? a penguin? a penguin?
Have you ever seen a penguin swim this way and that?
Swim this way and that way and this way and that?
Have you ever seen a penguin swim this way and that?
(make swimming motions with arms)

Repeat

substitute "swim" with "slide" (make sliding motions with arms)
"waddle" (take tiny steps, swinging body from side to side)
"dress" (boys bow and girls curtsy)

Ten Little Penguins
(tune: Ten Little Indians)

One little, two little, three little penguins,
Four little, five little, six little penguins,
Seven little, eight little, nine little penguins,
Ten little penguin chicks.

Penguins Acrostic Poems (examples)

Perky
Exciting
Nodding
Growing
Unbelievable
Interesting
Nest-building
Parading penguins
Each one soon
Nesting on the cold
Ground with stones
Underneath and
In between for a
Nest. It is
Spring in Antarctica.

Percy Penguin
written by Catherine Y. Hongey

Percy Penguin looks so proper,
In his long black tails,
Stiff white shirt, and neatly groomed,
Correct in all details.
He's so important, chest way out,
As he pitter patters by,
But here is something very funny--
He forgot his TIE!

A Penguin
(Children are standing)

A penguin when he goes somewhere,
(waddle from side to side)
Will walk or swim; here's why:
(waddle first, then "swim")
Although he has two bird-like wings,
(hold up two fingers)
He simply cannot fly!
(tuck hands into armpits and "flap" wings)

I Met a Penguin

I met a penguin yesterday
So jolly, fat and fine.
I pinned a red heart on his chest,
And named him "Valentine".

Penguin
written by, Meish Goldish

I know a bird
That cannot fly:
Penguin is its name.

It cannot fly,
But it can swim
With speed that wins it fame!
I know a bird
That lives on ice
And waddles by the sea.
It looks so cute
In its black and white suit,
As handsome as can be!

In Praise of Penguins
written by, Robin Bernard

These funny birds in fancy clothes
may waddle in the snow,
but when they reach the icy sea
Just watch how fast they go!
Their song sounds like a donkey's bray,
they cannot soar or fly,
yet penguins manage very well,
and let me tell you why...
Their feathers keep out water,
their blubber keeps out cold,
their wings make perfect paddles
because they do not fold!
Their tails are good for steering,
they brake with both their feet-
So tell me now, from all you've heard...
Aren't penguins NEAT?

Penguins
written by Helen H. Moore

The penguins' habitat is freezing-
You'll like it there
If you don't mind sneezing.
(I, myself, don't find it pleasing.)

If you have a Reader's Theater script, or penguin activity that you would like to include on this page, submit it to me at readinglady1@aol.com.

Tacky the Penguin script and poems sent in by Deb Smith.

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