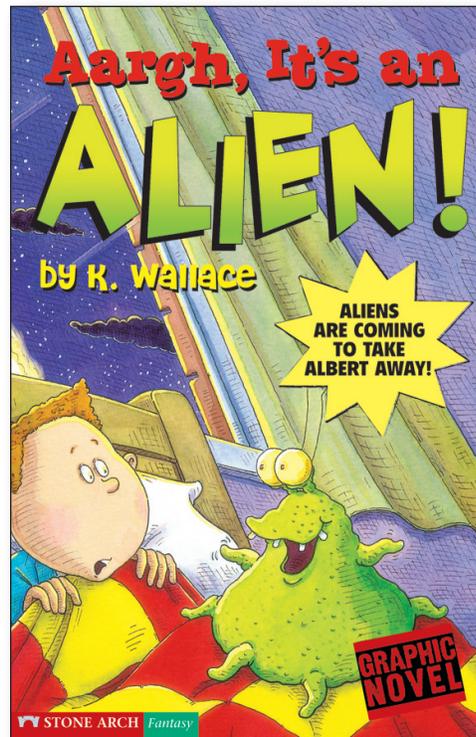




READER'S THEATER



Aargh, It's an Alien by K. Wallace

Characters: **Narrator**
 Friend 1
 Friend 2
 Friend 3
 Albert
 Mr. Twiddle
 Mrs. Twiddle

Genre: **Fantasy**

Ages: **8-11**

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Narrator:

All of Albert Twiddle's friends thought he was the luckiest kid in the world. Albert lived in a house that looked like a palace. It had a swimming pool, a tennis court, and a roller coaster. Albert owned all the best gadgets. He had a room filled with hundreds of video games, a TV with a movie-size screen, and a sound system that could shatter the windows.

Friend 1:

It's like an amusement park!

Friend 2:

It's a hotel for kids!

Friend 3:

It's an arcade!

Narrator:

Albert also had a closet full of the coolest shoes, the coolest jeans, and the most expensive jackets you've ever seen.

Friend 1:

Cool clothes!

Friend 2:

He has more clothes than a movie star!

Narrator:

How did Albert get so many fantastic things? Because Mr. and Mrs. Twiddle were really, really successful. While other kids' dads drove used cars, Albert's father flew around the world in his very own jet. When other kids walked home from school, Albert rode home in a chauffeur-driven limousine.

Friend 3:

My dad never goes to New York on business trips. He stays home and watches TV.

Friend 1:

My mom never goes away to fancy hotels. She cooks supper and makes costumes for the school play.

Mrs. Twiddle:

I'd never make costumes! Sewing machines are like dinosaurs. Aren't they extinct?

Friend 2:

You're so lucky!

Friend 3:

My mom makes me do homework.

Friend 1:

My dad makes me mow the yard.

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- Friend 2:** Your life is perfect, Albert. You don't even have to clean your room!
- Friend 3:** You have servants to do it for you.
- Narrator:** Despite what his friends thought, Albert's life was not perfect. More than anything in the whole world Albert wanted his mom and dad to spend time with him. No matter how well he did in school...
- Albert:** I won a prize for my painting!
- Mr. Twiddle:** Albert, I'm on the phone.
- Albert:** I won first prize in the book-writing contest!
- Mrs. Twiddle:** I'll read it later, Albert.
- Narrator:** No matter what he learned to do...
- Albert:** I can do a handstand!
- Mr. Twiddle:** Do that outside, Albert. You might break something!
- Albert:** I can juggle!
- Mrs. Twiddle:** That's nice Albert. Why don't you go play? I'm kind of busy right now.
- Narrator:** It didn't make any difference. Albert's parents were always too busy. Albert didn't know what to do.
- Friend 1:** Why don't you make an appointment to see your mom and dad? Then they'll have to keep it.
- Friend 2:** Like you have to keep your dentist appointment.
- Albert:** That's a good idea!

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Narrator:

That night while his mom was swimming and his dad was lifting weights, Albert flipped through the pages of his parents' calendars to find a Saturday they were both free. He picked up a thick red pencil, and he wrote, "ALBERT ONLY" in big bold letters across the page. That night Albert went to bed very happy.

Albert:

This is going to be great! We can go to a football game, then we can go shopping, and then we can order pizza and watch a movie together.

Narrator:

Just to be sure, every morning, Albert asked his parents the same question.

Albert:

Still on for Saturday, Dad? Mom?

**Mr. Twiddle and
Mrs. Twiddle:**

Yes, yes, yes.

Narrator:

Would Albert's parents keep their promise or would Albert be disappointed again? What do aliens from outer space have to do with Albert's story? Read the rest of the story, *Aargh, it's an Alien!* to find out everything that happens to Albert on his special Saturday with his parents.

THE END