

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

Iggy Peck

Narrator One

Mother

Narrator Two

Father

Narrator Three

Miss Lila Greer

Chorus (three readers)

After Reading

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



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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.abramsyounreaders.com.

Iggy Peck, Architect

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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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