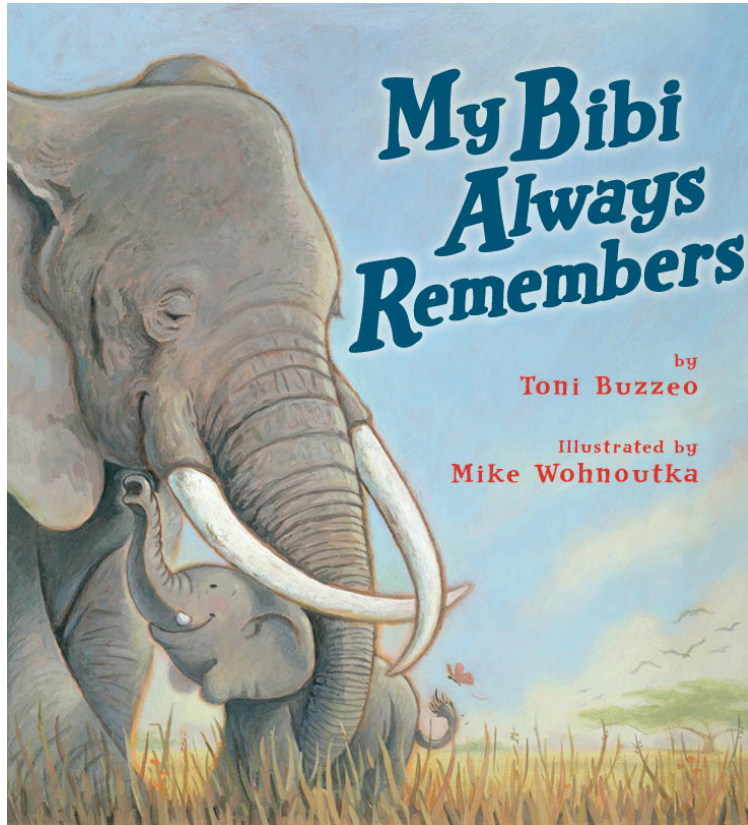


My Bibi Always Remembers Reader's Theater Script



Adapted from the book *My Bibi Always Remembers*
by Toni Buzzeo, illustrated by Mike Wohnoutka. Hyperion, 2014.

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 or more students. [Note: Challenged readers will find a role in the chorus quite manageable or might take on the role of Mama or Auntie who have only one line each.] 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. Once all readers are comfortable with their parts, have a second reading with the opportunity to use props while reading.

Roles

- Tembo
- Bibi
- Mama
- Auntie
- Narrator One
- Narrator Two
- Narrator Three
- Chorus (three or more readers)

My Bibi Always Remembers Script

Note: Bibi is the Swahili word for Grandmother, and Tembo is the word for elephant. Elephants communicate across distances with a long, low rumble.

Bibi: **RUMMMMMBLE!**

Narrator One: Thirsty little Tembo hears her Bibi across the wide parched plain.

Chorus: When Bibi calls, everyone comes—
aunties, sisters, Mama—
one by one.
Step-step.
Searching for wet.

Narrator Two: But Tembo has a better idea!

Tembo: I remember playing jackalberry tag with Mama.

Narrator Three: Tembo chews a mouthful of dark green leaves then pokes her trunk into the jackalberry tree searching for drops of dew.

Narrator One: When Tembo looks up, she is all alone.

Narrator Two: Wind whistles through acacia trees.

Narrator Three: Tembo squeals.

Tembo: *Which way should I go?*

Narrator One: She waits and listens.

Narrator Two: Through the tall brown grass, Mama's soft steps vibrate.

Narrator Three: She wraps Tembo with her long gray trunk.

Mama: *Come along, Little Tembo.
Bibi remembers the way.*

Bibi: **RUMMMMMBLE!**

Chorus: When Bibi calls, everyone comes—
aunties, sisters, Mama—
one by one.
Step-step.
Searching for wet.

Narrator One: But Tembo has a better idea!

Tembo: I remember playing stork chase with Auntie.

Narrator Two: Stork taunts, all flapping wings and bossy squawk.

Narrator Three: Tembo chases, all flapping ears and tiny trumpet.

Narrator One: But when Tembo looks up, she is all alone.

Narrator Two: Baboons chatter in the heat.

Narrator Three: Tembo squeals.

Tembo: *Which way should I go?*

Narrator One: She waits and listens.

Narrator Two: From ten tails far away, Auntie appears through the wavering heat.

Narrator Three: Her trunk curls around Tembo's round rump.

Auntie: *Come along, Little Tembo.
Bibi remembers the way.*

Bibi: **RUMMMMMBLE!**

Chorus: When Bibi calls, everyone comes—
aunties, sisters, Mama—
one by one.
Step-step.
Searching for wet.

Narrator One: But Tembo has a better idea!

Narrator Two: She remembers hide-and-seek under Bibi's broad shade.

Narrator Three: Her small footsteps slow, slip, stop.

Narrator One: She slides into a small patch of cool and drifts into a thirsty dream.

Narrator Two: When Tembo awakes, she is all alone and hyenas laugh near the trees.

Narrator Three: Tembo squeals.

Tembo: *Mama, which way should I go?*

Narrator One: She waits and listens.

Narrator Two: Lions huff in the grass.

Narrator Three: Tembo squeals again.

Tembo: *Auntie, which way should I go?*

Narrator One: She waits and listens.

Narrator Two: Finally, Tembo remembers.

Narrator Three: She squeals one last time.

Tembo: *Bibi, which way should I go?*

Narrator One: In the distance comes a rumbling, closer and closer, until--
Bibi crashes into sight.

Narrator Two: She brings Mama and Auntie and all of Tembo's family.

Narrator Three: Ears flapping, trunks high, they circle Tembo and trumpet.

All: **BRRRRRRRRRRRRRAW!**
Come along, Little Tembo.
Bibi remembers the way.

Narrator One: As sun sinks low in the west, Tembo and Bibi turn to follow.

Narrator Two: They lead the family around one last bend.

Narrator Three: And then—Bibi stops.

Narrator One: Here is the spot she has always remembered.

Bibi: **BRRRRRRRRRRRRRAW!**

Narrator Two: Tembo echoes Bibi's call.

Tembo: **brrrrrrrrrrrrraw!**

Narrator Three: Bibi digs in the sandy riverbed with long, tough tusks.

Narrator One: Tembo digs in the dry sand too with her stubby milk tusks.

Narrator Two: At last, a very small puddle of very muddy water forms.

Narrator Three: Bibi and Tembo dig and dig.

Narrator One: The puddle grows wider and deeper until stars shine back at the sky.

Narrator Two: With her long, strong trunk Bibi draws up a sip.

Narrator Three: She sprays, and the cool water slides slick down Tembo's throat.

Bibi: **RUMMMMBLE!**

Chorus: When Bibi calls, everyone comes—
aunties, sisters, Mama—
one by one.
Step-step.
To drink the wet.

Narrator One: Bibi strokes Tembo with her long gray trunk.

Narrator Two: Tembo nestles snug against Bibi's side.

Tembo: *Someday I will be the Bibi
and then I will always remember.*

Author's Note

Elephants babies live in families of twelve or more elephants that include mothers, daughters, sisters, aunts. They all care for and protect the babies of the family. The oldest, largest, and most experienced elephant—the grandmother—is the matriarch of the family. It is her job to make decisions for the family and to remember where food and water can be found even when there is a long drought. Females remain in the family for their whole lives, but young males leave the family to join a bachelor herd when they are about twelve to fifteen years old.

Because African elephants are threatened, the **Amboseli Trust for Elephants** is dedicated to helping Africa's elephants survive and thrive in their native home. To learn more about their work, visit <<http://www.elephanttrust.org/>>.