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 eight or more students. Ask the remaining children to be the audience. [Note: Challenged readers will find the role of Mama or a role in the chorus least challenging.] 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**

- Twiga
- Mama
- Narrator One
- Narrator Two
- Narrator Three
- Chorus (three or more readers)
Stay Close to Mama Script

Narrator One: Beneath the bright yellow sun
Narrator Two: in the high dry grass,
Narrator Three: Twiga peeks from under his tall, tall Mama.
Twiga: Oh!
Narrator One: Far off, Twiga smells something---
Twiga: sweet.
Narrator Two: Twiga looks away from his tall, tall Mama.
Narrator Three: Mama leans close and whispers a warning,
Mama: NO, little Twiga. Stay close, stay safe.
Chorus: But Twiga is so curious.
Narrator One: Twiga swings his long neck around.
Narrator Two: He blinks just once at his tall, tall Mama.
Narrator Three: Then he lopes away across the dusty plain.
Narrator One: Twiga brushes past
Narrator Two: a termite mound
Narrator Three: where hyena rests in the shade.
Narrator One: Mama’s legs swish
Narrator Two: in the tall brown grass.
Twiga: Oh!
Narrator Three: Over there, Twiga hears something--
Twiga: sing.
Mama: NO, little Twiga. Stay close, stay safe.
Chorus: But Twiga is so curious.

Narrator One: Twiga trots off
Narrator Two: across shimmering sand
Narrator Three: right past his tall, tall Mama.
Narrator One: Dust swirls up from Twiga’s hard hooves.
Narrator Two: His nostrils close tight as he lopes downhill.
Twiga: Oh!
Narrator Three: Coming near, Twiga hears the music.
Mama: NO, little Twiga. Stay close, stay safe.
Chorus: But Twiga is so curious.
Narrator One: Twiga’s hooves clatter
Narrator Two: as the thorny tree whistles
Narrator Three: across from his tall, tall Mama.
Twiga: OUCH!
Narrator One: Stinging ants stream
Narrator Two: from the whistling thorns.
Narrator Three: Twiga shakes,
Narrator One: Twiga shivers,
Narrator Two: Twiga runs.
Twiga: Oh!
Narrator Three: Down below, Twiga spots—
Twiga: a sparkle.
Mama: NO, little Twiga. Stay close, stay safe.
Chorus: But Twiga is so curious.

Narrator One: Twiga gallops down

Narrator Two: the long brown slope

Narrator Three: far from his tall, tall mama.

Narrator One: Ground grows muddy as Twiga draws nearer.

Narrator Two: Twiga sees the sunlight shining up at him.

Twiga: Oh!

Narrator Three: Just ahead, Twiga sees something—

Twiga: glitter.

Mama: NO, little Twiga. Stay close, stay safe.

Chorus: But Twiga is so curious.

Narrator One: Twiga steps along

Narrator Two: the squishy slippy shore

Narrator Three: far from his tall, tall mama.

Narrator One: He stretches his neck

Narrator Two: and reaches his tongue

Narrator Three: and then . . .

Chorus: KA-SPLOSH

Twiga: Oh no! Wet all around.

Narrator One: Twiga splashes,

Narrator Two: Twiga kicks,

Narrator Three: Twiga stands.

Narrator One: Two eyes stare above snapping jaws.
Narrator Two: Twiga swings his head around from side to side.

Narrator Three: He searches for his tall, tall Mama.

Narrator One: Suddenly, on the wind,

Twiga: that delicious smell

Narrator Two: tickles Twiga’s twitchy nose again.

Chorus: And Twiga is still curious.

Twiga: Oh!

Narrator Three: Up ahead, a sausage tree towers.

Mama: NO, little Twiga! Stay close! Stay safe!

Chorus: But Twiga is so curious.

Narrator One: Twiga takes a slipping step like a hippo walking.

Narrator Two: Twiga takes a sliding step toward the tasty smell.

Twiga: At last!

Narrator Three: He grabs sweet fruit from the towering tree,

Narrator One: then gallops away from the danger lurking.

Twiga: Oh! Right here, Mama is waiting.

Narrator Two: She licks his head and nuzzles him close.

Mama: My little Twiga! Now you’re here and safe.

Narrator Three: Twiga snuggles up against her tall warm side.

Narrator One: He’s here to stay.

Narrator Two: Then he looks away from his tall, tall Mama

Narrator Three: at the wide, shining world.

Chorus: And Twiga is so curious.