

# Where Is the Sears Tower?

## *READER'S THEATER*

**BY TAD MITCHELL**

March 10, 2013

Adopted from the book *Where Is the Sears Tower?* by the author, Tad Mitchell

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# UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

## Reader's Theater (1 of 13)

Adapted for reader's theater by Tad Mitchell, from his picture book, *Where Is the Sears Tower?*, published in 2011.

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon's mother explains to Peter what his inner compass is before he leaves to visit his Grandfather in Chicago.   |
| CHARACTERS       | Peter, Peter's Mother   |
| PROPS            | Apron for Peter's Mother, birthday hat for Peter  |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult   |
| TIME             | 5 minutes   |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Precisely, shoreline</i>   |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)  |
| THEME            | Inner Compass   |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Peter's mother told him to always follow his inner compass and it would guide him. What is our inner compass?</li><li>• What are other names for our inner compass?</li><li>• How does our inner compass guide us?</li><li>• Do all our thoughts come from our inner compass?</li></ul> |

**PETER'S MOTHER:** (addressing audience) Hello everyone. I need your help to sing Happy Birthday to Peter.

**PETER:** (waving and jumping around) That's me! I'm Peter!

**PETER'S MOTHER:** (leads the audience in Happy Birthday) 1, 2, 3, Happy birthday...

**PETER:** (as they sing) It's my birthday! (flies around, waves) I'm one year old today! (flies around, waves) Happy Birthday to me! I'm Peter!

**PETER:** (as the song ends, addressing his mother) Can I leave to go see Grandpa now? (flies around room)

**PETER'S MOTHER:** Yes, but I need to tell you something first. (commanding) Come here and stand still while I tell you how to get there.

**PETER:** (lands next to his mother)

**PETER'S MOTHER:** Fly to the great lake and then follow the *shoreline* west until you see the large buildings of Chicago. Once you are there, ask where the Sears Tower is. That is where Grandpa lives.

**PETER:** That's easy, Mom. I know I can do it. (fly around again) Can I go now?

**PETER'S MOTHER:** Not yet. Come here, and pay attention. I have one more thing to tell you.

PETER: (lands next to his mother)

PETER'S MOTHER: Every time I left home, your grandfather would tell me, "Remember your inner compass."

PETER: That's easy, Mom. I always do. I don't even think about it. I can fly in the dark. I can fly in the fog. (fly with your eyes closed) I can even fly with my eyes closed.

PETER'S MOTHER: (smiling) That compass is very important, but I am talking about another compass.

PETER: Two compasses? You mean one compass tells me to fly one way (moves in one direction) and the other compass tells me to fly another way? (moves in another direction, throws his arms up) That's silly.

PETER'S MOTHER: (laughs and then becomes serious) Grandpa was talking about a different kind of compass—a feeling in your heart that helps you decide what to do and fills you with peace once you have made the right choice.

PETER: Like the time those boys were being mean to Patty and I stood up for her? I was afraid they would be mean to me too, but something told me I should help her anyway. When they were hurtful to me, it didn't seem to matter after all, because helping her made me feel so warm inside.

PETER'S MOTHER: Exactly. You are so smart, Peter.

PETER: (waving to the audience) I am pretty smart, aren't I, Mom?

PETER'S MOTHER: (laughs) Yes, you are. When you go out into the world, you will meet all sorts of animals with all sorts of ideas about what you should do. Sometimes it will be confusing. It will feel like you are flying in the fog or the dark. You will need your inner compass to help you make the right choices.

PETER: So if I am ever confused about what I should do, all I need to do is to listen to my inner compass.

PETER'S MOTHER: *Precisely*, and when you make the right choice you will feel good inside. (leaning toward Peter, sincerely) I love you, Peter.

PETER: I love you, too, Mom. Can I go now?

PETER'S MOTHER: (smiling and nodding head) Yes, you may go. Be careful. Have a nice visit with Grandpa, and give him a big hug for me.

PETER: Yippee! (start flying away) Thank you so much for letting me go, Mom. I love you! Goodbye! (wave)

PETER'S MOTHER: I love you, too! Goodbye, Peter! (sigh) I will miss you so much. (tears in eyes)

# SOLDIER FIELD

## Reader's Theater (2 of 13)

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|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Major Stink directions to the Sears Tower and learns about dealing with fear.  |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Major Stink   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, Military hat for Major Stink  |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult  |
| TIME             | 5 minutes  |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Instinctively, dissipate, judicious, marvel, envelope</i>   |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)   |
| THEME            | Fear   |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Why was Peter afraid of Major Stink?</li><li>• Are you afraid of anything? Why?</li><li>• What did Peter realize that made his fear go away?</li><li>• What replaced Peter's fear?</li><li>• Can our inner compass always make our fear go away?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter flew all morning. Finally, he noticed large buildings and a stadium ahead. He could hardly wait to see his grandfather. He spotted what he thought was a cat walking along a wall and decided to ask directions to the Sears Tower.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Mr....

**MAJOR STINK:** (cut Peter off) Halt!

**NARRATOR:** Major Stink's tail popped up revealing that he was a skunk, not a cat.

**PETER:** (freeze)

**MAJOR STINK:** (glare into Peter's eyes) Who do you think you are? You do not have clearance to fly in my airspace, you do not have clearance to land here, and you did not address me as 'Sir.' I am Major Stink, the commanding officer of this sector. Son, don't you know how to follow protocol?

**NARRATOR:** Peter trembled. His feathers shook. He was afraid Major Stink might hurt him. *Instinctively* he was about to fly away when he had the thought that he was in no real danger. He realized he could fly away in an instant, and it was impossible for Major Stink to follow him. Peter's fear *dissipated* and confidence filled him.

**PETER:** (puzzled) Sir, how can this be your airspace if you cannot even fly?

MAJOR STINK: (visibly upset, shouting) I am the commander of this sector! No one questions me! What I say goes! When I talk, people listen! If I say the airspace is mine, it's mine!

NARRATOR: The shouting frightened Peter again, but he quickly remembered he had nothing to fear. Peter proceeded more *judiciously* this time.

PETER: Sir, since you are in charge of this sector, you must know the location of the Sears Tower.

NARRATOR: Major Stink regained his composure. He liked that Peter had recognized that he was in charge.

MAJOR STINK: (with pride) Of course, I know the coordinates of the Sears Tower...but that is classified information.

PETER: Why is the location of the Sears Tower classified information?

MAJOR STINK: (lose temper and shout again) It is classified because I say it is classified!

NARRATOR: Still at peace and no longer afraid, Peter realized he needed to be more careful with Major Stink.

MAJOR STINK: Boy, do you see that stadium? What's written on it?

PETER: Soldier Field.

MAJOR STINK: You need to be a better soldier. You need to be brave and listen to orders.

PETER: Yes, Sir. (stand straight, salute major)

NARRATOR: Aware that Major Stink was not going to help him find the Sears Tower and anxious to get on with his trip, he politely excused himself.

PETER: Thank you, Sir. I need to get going now.

NARRATOR: Peter flew away. Startled by Peter's sudden departure, Major Stink fired words at Peter as if he were trying to shoot him out of the sky.

MAJOR STINK: (shouting) This is my airspace! I told you! You do not have clearance! Land immediately!

NARRATOR: As Peter flew away, he *marveled* at the comforting peace that *enveloped* him, protecting him from the harsh words of Major Stink.

# SHEDD AQUARIUM

## Reader's Theater (3 of 13)

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|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Professor Owl directions to the Sears Tower and learns about patience.   |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Professor Owl   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, graduation cap for Professor Owl  |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult  |
| TIME             | 5 minutes  |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Magnificent, marvel, dialect, fidget, stump</i> (verb)  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)   |
| THEME            | Patience   |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Why did Peter become impatient with Professor Owl?</li><li>• Why are we sometimes impatient?</li><li>• Who are we thinking about when we are impatient? When we are patient?</li><li>• How does our inner compass help us to be patient?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter continued flying along the lake looking for someone else to ask directions. He saw an owl perched in a tree. He was excited because he knew that owls were very wise. Certainly the owl would know the directions to the Sears Tower.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Mr. Owl...

**PROFESSOR OWL:** (clear your throat) Professor Owl.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Professor Owl. Where is the Sears Tower?

**PROFESSOR OWL:** (turn slowly towards Peter and speak at a determined pace) I love the Sears Tower. It is such a *magnificent* structure, an architectural *marvel*. Built between 1971 and 1973, the Sears Tower is the tallest building in the United States. It has 108 stories and stands 1,451 feet tall. With its antenna, it is 1,730 feet tall.

**PETER:** Wow! That's very interesting. I can't wait to see it. I've come all the way from Notre Dame to visit...

**PROFESSOR OWL:** Notre Dame! (delighted) I once did a study on *dialects* with Professor Mockingbird of Notre Dame. Have you read his book, *Say It Again?*

**PETER:** No. (flap wings and act impatient)

NARRATOR: Peter flapped his wings and *fidgeted* on the branch. He was anxious to get going. He was about to give up on Professor Owl like he did with Major Stink. Then he had the feeling he should be patient and let Professor Owl speak his mind. Although Peter wanted to find his grandfather quickly, he knew in his heart that Professor Owl was only trying to help. Peter tried again nicely.

PETER: Professor Owl, you are so wise that I'm sure you know where the Sears Tower is.

PROFESSOR OWL: Of course I do, but there is something you need to know first: there is no more Sears Tower.

PETER: No more Sears Tower? (shocked) How could it just disappear? Did they knock it down? How will I find my Grandfather now?

PROFESSOR OWL: (smile in a satisfied way)

NARRATOR: Professor Owl smiled. He finally had the young pigeon's undivided attention.

PROFESSOR OWL: No, it did not disappear. They did not knock it down.

PETER: (confused, throw hands in air) So where is it then?

PROFESSOR OWL: (smile)

NARRATOR: Professor Owl smiled broadly. He was very pleased that he had *stumped* Peter.

PROFESSOR OWL: They renamed it. On July 16, 2009, at 10:00 AM Central Time, the Sears Tower was officially renamed the Willis Tower, but it will always be the Sears Tower to me.

PETER: (slowly to make sure you get it right) Willis Tower. So, where is the Willis Tower?

PROFESSOR OWL: (straighten feathers and clear throat) The Willis Tower is between Jackson and Adams on Wacker. (motion toward the city with wing) Did you know that all the East/West streets in that part of Chicago are named after United States presidents? There is Jackson, Adams, Madison, Monroe, Van Buren, and Harrison.

PETER: Thank you for your help, Professor Owl. You are so wise. I'd like to stay longer, but I can't wait to see my grandfather at the Willis Tower, which was completed in 1973 and stands 1,730 feet tall. (wink)

PROFESSOR OWL: Class dismissed. Come back sometime, and I will give you a tour of Chicago's Museum Campus. It has some of the best museums in the world: (pointing at each) the Shedd Aquarium, the Adler Planetarium, and the Field Museum.



# BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN

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|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Mrs. Rabbit directions to the Sears Tower and learns about inspiration.  |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Mrs. Rabbit   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, Apron for Mrs. Rabbit   |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult  |
| TIME             | 5 minutes  |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Gaze, loop, perplexed, mind</i> (verb)  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)   |
| THEME            | Inspiration  |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• How did Peter figure out the Loop was not a dangerous place for birds?</li><li>• How long do you typically ponder before ideas come to you?</li><li>• How can you tell a good idea from a bad idea?</li><li>• Where might bad ideas come from?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter *gazed* down, saw a beautiful fountain, and thought that he would stop for a drink. As he came in for a landing, he saw a rabbit on the grass nearby. He stopped short of the fountain to ask the rabbit directions. Now that he knew the correct name of the Sears Tower, he thought his search would go more quickly.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Mrs. Rabbit. Where is the Willis Tower? My grandfather lives there.

**MRS. RABBIT:** Willis Tower! (panicking) That's in the Loop. (whisper) It's dangerous. You don't want to go there. (look concerned)

**PETER:** (look around) The Loop? Where is the Loop? I don't see any *loops*.

**MRS. RABBIT:** (hop closer to Peter, with authority) The Loop is the business district of Chicago. It's called the Loop because there is a circular train line that loops around the area. (businesslike) Technically Grant Park is in the Loop too, but it's not dangerous here.

**PETER:** (puzzled) Why is the Loop so dangerous?

**MRS. RABBIT:** (somber tone) No rabbit that has gone into the Loop has ever returned. (bow head and look like you are going to cry) My son, Hoppy, was too curious. He sneaked away into the Loop. He hasn't been seen since.

**PETER:** (bow head) I'm sorry.

MRS. RABBIT: Hoppy should have stayed here in Grant Park. There are 319 acres of safe parkland right along Lake Michigan, but he couldn't resist exploring the Loop.

PETER: (confused)

NARRATOR: Still, Peter was confused. Why would his grandfather live in such a dangerous place?

MRS. RABBIT: When is the last time you heard from your grandfather?

PETER: It has been a while.

MRS. RABBIT: (confidently) I told you. It is dangerous. Stay away from the Loop. You won't come back.

NARRATOR: Peter was *perplexed*. What Mrs. Rabbit was saying did not make sense. Was the Loop dangerous? Was his grandfather okay? He thought as hard as he could, but his mind was blank. Then, suddenly, everything became clear to him.

PETER: (excited) I figured it out! I know the truth now. The city is dangerous for rabbits since they can't fly, but the city is a great place for pigeons. There is plenty of food and many safe places to perch. In fact, it's more dangerous for me here than in the city.

MRS. RABBIT: (scolding) Listen here, young man. If you want to live as long as I have, you had better *mind* your elders. (hop toward Peter and look him in the eyes) Does your mother know you are here?

PETER: Of course she does. She sent me to Chicago to visit my grandfather at the Willis Tower.

MRS. RABBIT: (upset) I can't believe it! (thinking) You stay here with me until we figure out what to do. We can't have a young pigeon like you roaming around the city all alone.

NARRATOR: Just then there was a loud noise. Mrs. Rabbit froze.

MRS. RABBIT: (frozen) Follow me.

NARRATOR: Mrs. Rabbit took off. She left so quickly that Peter had no idea where she went. After looking around for a while, he gave up. He fluttered over to the fountain, had a drink, and continued on his way.

# CLOUD GATE (“THE BEAN”)

## Reader’s Theater (5 of 13)

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|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Chuck the woodchuck directions to the Sears Tower and learns about anger.  |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Chuck   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, bow tie for chuck   |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult  |
| TIME             | 5 minutes  |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Coast, reflective, distorted, distressed, limp, mock</i>  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)   |
| THEME            | Anger  |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Why was Peter angry with Chuck when he played dead?</li><li>• What can cause us to become angry?</li><li>• What is the opposite of anger?</li><li>• How can our inner compass help us from becoming angry?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter continued flying over the park, *coasting* alongside the lake. Something bright caught his attention. It was a giant mirror in the shape of a bean. He had seen small *reflective* balls in flower gardens, but he had never seen one this large before. He landed on a nearby rose bush to admire it. As Peter was looking at the *distorted* buildings mirrored in the bean, he heard a voice.

**CHUCK:** (pop up behind Peter surprising him) Hi, I’m Chuck. How do you do?

**PETER:** Hi, I’m Peter. I’m fine. How are you?

**CHUCK:** Super duper! It’s a great day to have some fun...and to eat! Every day’s a great day for eating.

**PETER:** (chuckle) Chuck, do you know where the Willis Tower is?

**CHUCK:** (serious tone) Why? Did you lose it? (pause and then explode in laughter) Get it? Did you lose it?

**PETER:** (laugh with Chuck)

**CHUCK:** Try this. (as fast as you can) How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? A woodchuck would chuck all the wood he could chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood!

**PETER:** (laugh) How much wood would a wood...wood...could...I can’t do it. (frustrated)

CHUCK: It's not hard. You just have to practice. I practice all the time. Last year I won the Rapid Repeat Tongue-Twister Competition.

PETER: Wow! You're good. Chuck, seriously, do you know where the Willis Tower is?

CHUCK: Yes, of course I do. (on narrator's queue, make eyes large, look distressed, and fall on floor)

NARRATOR: Suddenly Chuck's eyes got very large. He looked *distressed*. His body went *limp* and he fell flat on his face. It looked as if he were dead. Peter was shocked. He did not know what to do.

PETER: Chuck! Chuck! Are you okay? (kneel down by Chuck) Chuck! Chuck! Are you okay? (stand up and look around for help) Help! Help! Can someone help?

CHUCK: (stands up laughing) I had you, didn't I? You thought I was dead, didn't you? That one gets everyone.

PETER: (act out what narrator says)

NARRATOR: Peter was shaking from the shock of Chuck's *mock* death. At first Peter felt relieved. Then anger filled him. How could Chuck be so mean to scare him like that? His heart was still racing. His natural reaction was to want to peck Chuck. Turning away for a moment to try to calm down, Peter saw a rose in the bush. As he reflected on its beauty, he realized Chuck was a rose, not a thorn. Chuck did not mean to hurt Peter. He was just trying to make him laugh even though he had gone a bit too far. Peter's anger left him.

CHUCK: (proud of yourself) I am pretty funny, aren't I?

PETER: Yes, you are. Playing dead wasn't so funny for me, but otherwise you're very amusing. Thanks for making me laugh. I'm glad we met, but I need to get going now. (start to fly away) Try this one: Peter Pigeon pecks perfect purple plums.

CHUCK: (waving) That's pretty good. Keep practicing.

# CHICAGO RIVER

## Reader's Theater (6 of 13)

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Sammy Seagull directions to the Sears Tower and learns about talents.   |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Sammy Seagull  |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball hat for Peter, fishing pole for Sammy Seagull   |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult   |
| TIME             | 5 minutes   |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Webbed, cop-out, soar</i>  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)  |
| THEME            | Talents   |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Why did Peter want to be like Sammy?</li><li>• Have you ever wanted to be like someone else? Why?</li><li>• What talents do you have?</li><li>• Why is it important to develop and use our talents?</li><li>• How can our inner compass help us find our talents?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter decided to stop flying alongside the lake and to fly toward the buildings. He flew a couple of blocks and then was surprised when he saw a river, right in the middle of the city. He noticed a seagull perched on one of the river's bridges, and stopped to make sure he was heading in the right direction.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Mr. Seagull. Where is the Willis Tower?

**SAMMY:** Hello. I'm Sammy Seagull, the best fisherman in Chicago. How can I be of assistance to you?

**PETER:** I'm trying to find the Willis Tower.

**SAMMY:** Willis Tower! (disgusted) The fishing is no good by the Willis Tower. Let me tell you where you can find some good fishing holes. No one knows the Chicago River like Sammy.

**PETER:** Thanks, but I don't know how to fish. I'm looking for my grandfather who lives at the Willis Tower.

**SAMMY:** I know you don't know how to fish. Look at yourself. I used to be small like you. I started eating fish every day and look at me now. I'm almost twice as big as you.

PETER: (stand tall and puff chest) I wish I were as big as you, but I can't fish because I can't swim.

SAMMY: (shake head back and forth) I'm disappointed in you. With an attitude like that, you'll never learn to fish. Anyone who practices enough can be great like me. It's all about how hard you try.

PETER: I wish I had *webbed* feet like yours. Then I could swim.

SAMMY: (with conviction) That's a *cop-out*, son. You just need to paddle harder. If you try hard enough, you can do anything.

NARRATOR: Peter was jealous. He wanted to be big like Sammy. He wanted *webbed* feet. Most of all, he wanted to be confident like Sammy. His friends would think he was so cool.

PETER: How can I learn to fish?

NARRATOR: Peter fully believed in the impossible because he wanted so badly to be like Sammy.

SAMMY: The first thing you need to learn is your approach. Let's fly down the river and practice by the Willis Tower. The fishing is not good there, so no one will be in our way. (yell) *Geronimo!* (fly off the set quickly)

NARRATOR: There were dozens of seagulls in the air, flying in every direction. Peter lost track of which one was Sammy.

PETER: (to himself) Where did he go? How will I find the Willis Tower now? At least I know the river leads to the Willis Tower...except which way do I go? (fly away slowly to your left)

NARRATOR: Peter decided to fly to his left. As he *soared* along the river with renewed hope, it occurred to him that wanting to be a seagull was silly. He would not grow bigger just because he ate fish. Paddling harder would not make him a swimmer. He was a pigeon, and being a pigeon was great. This thought brought peace to his mind. He realized that the peace had come from his inner compass.

# NAVY PIER

## Reader's Theater (7 of 13)

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Ensign Egret directions to the Sears Tower and learns about hope.   |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Ensign Egret   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, Navy hat for Ensign Egret  |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult   |
| TIME             | 5 minutes   |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Breakwater, relay, knot, well (verb), shone, skyline, azure</i>  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)  |
| THEME            | Hope  |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• How did Peter regain his hope after speaking with Ensign Egret?</li><li>• What might cause us to become discouraged?</li><li>• What do you do to restore your hope when you are discouraged?</li><li>• How can we avoid becoming discouraged?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Before too long the river emptied into the great lake. He was disappointed, thinking that he must have flown past the Willis Tower. Just as Peter was about to shift his wings and turn around, he saw an egret standing on a *breakwater* in the middle of the lake. Peter landed next to the egret to ask directions.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Mrs. Egret. Where is the Willis Tower?

**ENSIGN:** It's Ensign Egret. Can you wait a minute? I'm in the middle of something. (snap your neck to different positions along the horizon)

**PETER:** (watching Ensign Egret) What are you doing, Ensign?

**ENSIGN:** (frustrated) Please, do not interrupt me. What I do is very important. I am responsible for the Navy Pier watch. I don't have much time. Please, be brief with your question.

**PETER:** I am looking for my grandfather who lives...

**ENSIGN:** One moment, please. (look to the distance) This is very important. Captain Seagull is *relaying* a critical message. (cup your hand over your ear like you are listening)

**PETER:** What did he say?

**ENSIGN:** He said the wind is south by southwest at five *knots*.

PETER: Why is that important?

ENSIGN: I need to know everything that goes on at Navy Pier.

PETER: What do you do with all the information?

ENSIGN: (irritated) I do not do anything with the information. I just gather it. I am very busy right now. Can we make an appointment for me to help you another time? Does next Tuesday work for you?

PETER: (act out narrator's words)

NARRATOR: Peter was discouraged and sad. He thought for sure he would find the Willis Tower with Sammy's instructions. Now he was perched on a *breakwater* in the middle of the lake far from any buildings, and Ensign Egret was too busy to help him. Tears *welled* up in his eyes. He did not know what to do. He felt like giving up. Just then, the sun *shone* brighter. It reminded Peter of what his mother often told him, "When a door shuts, a window opens." The thought filled him with hope. He was going to go find the window.

PETER: I'm sorry, Ensign. I guess I'll have to ask someone else.

ENSIGN: You could ask someone else, but you won't get as good of an answer. No one knows as much as I do. (ignore Peter, snap your neck to different positions along the horizon)

PETER: Wow! The city is so beautiful from here. I wish I could stay and enjoy the lake, but I need to find my grandfather before evening.

NARRATOR: Ensign Egret was so busy that she did not even acknowledge what Peter had said. Peter flew back toward the city, admiring the magnificent *skyline* against the *azure* lake and feeling the warmth of the sun on his wings. He knew he would find his grandfather. He just needed to be patient and keep trying.



# OHIO STREET BEACH

## Reader's Theater (8 of 13)

Adapted for reader's theater by Tad Mitchell, from his picture book, *Where Is the Sears Tower?*, published in 2011.

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|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Mr. Turtle directions to the Sears Tower and learns about forgiveness.   |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Mr. Turtle  |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, Sunglasses for Mr. Turtle   |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult  |
| TIME             | 5 minutes  |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Peer, high centered, absurd, ignorant, scold, somber</i>  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)   |
| THEME            | Forgiveness  |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• How did Peter feel after pecking Mr. Turtle for criticizing his mother?</li><li>• How do you feel when someone has wronged you? How do you feel after you have forgiven that person?</li><li>• When you do not forgive someone, who suffers more: the other person or you?</li><li>• How does our inner compass help us forgive?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter neared the shore and saw a turtle sunning on the beach below. He decided to land and ask for directions. Peter settled on the sand and tucked away his wings.

**PETER:** (cheerful) Excuse me, Mr. Turtle. Where is the Willis Tower?

**MR. TURTLE:** (act out what narrator describes)

**NARRATOR:** Startled, Mr. Turtle yanked his head inside his shell. After a moment, he slowly peeked out, checked his surroundings, and *peered* nastily at Peter.

**MR. TURTLE:** (angry) You are a cruel little pigeon. Why did you sneak up on me like that? That hurt my neck. (rub neck)

**NARRATOR:** Peter was disturbed that Mr. Turtle had called him cruel. No one had ever called him that. He knew he was not cruel and was determined to show Mr. Turtle how nice he could be.

**PETER:** I'm sorry, Mr. Turtle. I didn't mean to hurt your neck.

**NARRATOR:** Mr. Turtle looked away as if he had not heard Peter. Frustration filled Peter. He could not believe Mr. Turtle had ignored his nice apology. All of a sudden, a wave rushed up the beach.

MR. TURTLE: (moaning) Not now!

PETER: (look around puzzled)

MR. TURTLE: The waves are getting bigger. I just started my sunbath. Now I have to move up the beach. Nothing's ever easy.

PETER: It's a beautiful day for a sunbath.

MR. TURTLE: (grumpy) Sure it's a beautiful day for a sunbath, but I have to walk all the way up the beach to get a good spot. Do you know how hard it is for a turtle to walk on sand? My feet slip. Sometimes my shell gets *high centered*, and I can't even move. Now that I'm old, I can only walk so fast.

PETER: If it's that much work, why bother to take a sunbath?

MR. TURTLE: Not take a sunbath? That's *absurd*. You are *ignorant*. I have to take a sunbath. That is what makes me happy.

NARRATOR: Peter did not like being called cruel and ignorant. He was trying to be nice to Mr. Turtle, but it did not seem to matter. He was ready to give up and fly away. Then the thought came to him that he should not be offended by Mr. Turtle, and that Mr. Turtle was probably grumpy with everyone. Peter's frustration subsided, his mind cleared, and his focus returned to finding his grandfather.

PETER: Do you know where the Willis Tower is? My mother sent me all the way from Indiana to visit my grandfather who lives at the Willis Tower.

MR. TURTLE: (ignore Peter and slowly walk away not looking at Peter, condescendingly) Your mother is a fool. She never should have sent you here. The city is huge. You will never find your grandfather.

PETER: (mad) Nobody speaks badly about my mother. (flap wings and start pecking Mr. Turtle)

NARRATOR: Peter was so mad he flapped his wings and pecked Mr. Turtle's shell. Even though Peter remembered his mother *scolding* him for pecking others, he did not care. He pecked and pecked and pecked. Finally, with tears in his eyes, Peter took to the air. A *somber* feeling weighed Peter down as he drifted through the air. He felt sad, lost, and alone. He did not know which way to fly. He felt like giving up.

# MAGNIFICENT MILE

## Reader's Theater (9 of 13)

Adapted for reader's theater by Tad Mitchell, from his picture book, *Where Is the Sears Tower?*, published in 2011.

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Princess directions to the Sears Tower and learns about vanity.   |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Princess   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, Scarf for Princess   |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult   |
| TIME             | 5 minutes   |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Mindlessly, shoreline, unsettled, condo, sophisticated, wander,</i>  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)  |
| THEME            | Vanity  |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Why did Peter want a gold ankle bracelet?</li><li>• Is it bad to want to look good?</li><li>• Besides physical appearance, how do we try to make ourselves look good?</li><li>• How do we know if we are trying to look good for the wrong reasons?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter flew *mindlessly* up the *shoreline*, *unsettled* about pecking Mr. Turtle. Deep down he knew he should not have pecked him, but Mr. Turtle had insulted his mother. He told himself that he had made the right choice but did not understand why his heart was still heavy. Suddenly he realized that the tall buildings were ending, and he remembered that he needed to find the Willis Tower. He saw a beautiful city dog walking by the lake and thought he would ask for directions. Peter was sure that a city dog would know where the Willis Tower was.

**PETER:** (politely) Excuse me, Miss Dog...

**PRINCESS:** (dignified) Please call me Princess. Miss Dog is so formal.

**PETER:** Princess, where is the Willis Tower? My grandfather lives there and I am going to visit him.

**PRINCESS:** (not sure what he is talking about) The Willis Tower? Oh, you mean the Sears Tower. Have they converted part of the Sears Tower into *condos*? What floor does your grandfather live on? I live on the 60th floor, lakeside view, by the Magnificent Mile.

**PETER:** My grandfather lives on the top.

**PRINCESS:** (in disbelief) Wow! That must be one expensive *condo*, but I still prefer living by the Magnificent Mile.

PETER: What's the Magnificent Mile?

PRINCESS: It's over there. (motion with nose) It is a mile of Michigan Avenue with some of the best shopping in the world. I got my collar there. How do you like it? (raise chin and show off neck) This is my casual collar. I have another one in pink that I wear when I go shopping.

PETER: I have never seen anything so beautiful. It makes you look very *sophisticated*.

PRINCESS: Thank you. (pause, blush, act bashful) You should really get something to dress yourself up, maybe an ankle bracelet. You are a good-looking pigeon. The ankle bracelet will make you look like a rock star.

PETER: Do you really think so? (pretend to have a bracelet on wrist and look at it)

PRINCESS: (confidently) It definitely would. I would go with gold. It will sparkle as you fly.

PETER: Where can I get one?

PRINCESS: There are lots of jewelry stores on the Magnificent Mile. My favorite is...  
(pretend you are still talking until the narrator stops)

NARRATOR: Peter's mind *wandered* as Princess continued to talk. His mother was the most beautiful person he knew because of who she was, not because of what she looked like or what she wore. The ankle bracelet faded from his mind and his focus returned to finding his grandfather.

PETER: Is the Sears Tower by the Magnificent Mile?

PRINCESS: No, but the Magnificent Mile is on the way to the Sears Tower. There are great restaurants there too. If you are not in the mood to go shopping, you should at least stop and have something to eat.

PETER: Thank you for your help, Princess. I can't wait to see the Magnificent Mile.

# ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

## Reader's Theater (10 of 13)

Adapted for reader's theater by Tad Mitchell, from his picture book, *Where Is the Sears Tower?*, published in 2011.

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Mr. Turtle directions to the Sears Tower and learns about making mistakes.  |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Mr. Squirrel   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, hardhat for Mr. Squirrel   |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult   |
| TIME             | 5 minutes   |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Rustle, scurry, mock, cautious, dart</i>   |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)  |
| THEME            | Mistakes  |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• How did Peter know that he had made a mistake when he laughed at Mr. Squirrel?</li><li>• When someone is upset by our actions, how do we know if we are at fault? Does it matter whose fault it is?</li><li>• How can our inner compass help us fix our mistakes?</li><li>• Can we ever get to a point where we make no more mistakes? Why?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter flew straight into the city down Michigan Avenue. Princess was right. Peter had never seen so many stores and cars and people. There was so much to see that Peter lost track of time. Before he knew it, there were no more stores. The Magnificent Mile had ended. He knew he must be closer to his destination, and he needed to ask for directions again. He saw a squirrel by a lion statue and landed to ask him directions. He decided to try calling it the Sears Tower again.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Mr. Squirrel. Where is the Sears Tower?

**MR. SQUIRREL:** Watch out. (run and hide behind something) They're watching us.

**PETER:** (look around confused) Who is watching us?

**MR. SQUIRREL:** (lean towards Peter and whisper) The people. They come here all day long. They stop and stare. They want to capture me and force me to show them where my nuts are.

**NARRATOR:** Peter wanted to laugh. Maybe he had misunderstood Mr. Squirrel. He repeated what Mr. Squirrel had said to confirm.

**PETER:** The people want to capture you, so they can steal your nuts?

**MR. SQUIRREL:** (nod head in agreement)

PETER: (chuckle) That is the funniest thing I have ever heard.

MR. SQUIRREL: (serious and angry) That's fine if you want to ignore the dangers of the world, young man, but I don't take chances. (look around to make sure you are safe) You may want to move closer to the statue.

PETER: (puzzled) What?

MR. SQUIRREL: You may want to move closer to the statue. Do you see that big oak branch above us?

(Peter and Mr. Squirrel look up together)

MR. SQUIRREL: Oak branches are heavy and can crack right off without warning. That's why I stay close to the statue. That way I can always run under the statue for protection if it falls.

NARRATOR: Peter smiled. The tree branch falling was just as ridiculous as the people stealing Mr. Squirrel's nuts. A big breeze *rustled* the leaves in the tree, and Mr. Squirrel dived under the lion statue for protection.

MR. SQUIRREL: (motion with arm to come) Quick, get under here! The branch might break!

PETER: (burst out laughing)

NARRATOR: Mr. Squirrel didn't appreciate Peter laughing at him. He shook his head in disgust and *scurried* off into the trees.

MR. SQUIRREL: (scurry out of sight)

PETER: (stop laughing, look scared then sad)

NARRATOR: Peter's mistake hit him like a brick wall, and he got a sick feeling in his stomach. He did not mean to hurt Mr. Squirrel's feelings. He had laughed without thinking, and in doing so he had accidentally *mocked* Mr. Squirrel. He felt awful, just like he had when he pecked Mr. Turtle. Suddenly it became clear that he had made the wrong choice in pecking Mr. Turtle. He knew he needed to apologize this time.

PETER: (move around looking for Mr. Squirrel) Mr. Squirrel! Mr. Squirrel! I'm sorry. (urgently) Where are you? I'm sorry. (sobbing)

NARRATOR: Peter's cries became more and more desperate until all he could do was sob. It was too late. He had missed his opportunity to apologize.

MR. SQUIRREL: (return to the set) It's okay. A lot of people think I'm overly *cautious*.

NARRATOR: As Peter turned around, a breeze *rustled* the leaves again and Mr. Squirrel *darted* for cover.

MR. SQUIRREL: (scurry off the set again)

PETER: (sniffing) I'm sorry I made fun of you, Mr. Squirrel. I will always respect others from now on.

# THE 'L'

## Reader's Theater (11 of 13)

Adapted for reader's theater by Tad Mitchell, from his picture book, *Where Is the Sears Tower?*, published in 2011.

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Chip directions to the Sears Tower and learns about service.  |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Chip   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, drink with a straw for Chip  |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult   |
| TIME             | 5 minutes   |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Navigate, atop, bearing, crouch, pity, etiquette, burrow, burden, resist, elevated</i>   |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)  |
| THEME            | Service   |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Why didn't Peter want to help Chip get the bun on the sidewalk?</li><li>• Why do we sometimes not want to help other people?</li><li>• Given that we have limited resources and time, how do we know if we should stop and help someone in need?</li><li>• Have you ever felt impressed to contact someone only to find out they needed to talk to you? Where did the impression come from?</li></ul> |

Narrator: Peter carefully *navigated* through the tall buildings. It was much more confusing than flying down Michigan Avenue. There was a train track that went over the road and blocked his line of vision. He thought that must be the train Mrs. Rabbit had told him about. He stopped *atop* a streetlamp to get his bearings and was surprised to find a chipmunk *crouched* in the beautiful flower basket that hung from it. Peter knew he had to be close to the Sears Tower. He just needed someone to point him down the right street.

PETER: Hello, Mr. Chipmunk. Where is the Sears Tower?

CHIP: (friendly) Call me Chip. What's your name?

PETER: Peter.

CHIP: (salesman-like) Peter, you look like a very strong pigeon. I bet you can carry a lot. In fact, I bet you could easily get that bun on the sidewalk for me.

NARRATOR: Peter knew helping Chip was the right thing to do, but he was anxious to see his grandfather, so he pushed the thought out of his mind.

PETER: That would be easy, but I'm in a hurry. I think I'm almost there. Could you please point me toward the Sears Tower.

CHIP: (shake head in disappointment) I guess I was wrong. The bun must be too heavy for you.

NARRATOR: Peter turned around on his perch in frustration. Peter thought that Chip must be very lazy or he would get the bun himself.

PETER: (irritated) The bun is not heavy at all. It's just that I've come all the way from Notre Dame to visit my grandfather...

CHIP: (confidently) Then I am even more shocked. You come from a religious school, yet you do not take *pity* on a poor chipmunk. (frown and turn away from Peter and fold arms)

PETER: (turn away from Chip and fold arms)

NARRATOR: Peter looked around trying to decide which way to fly next. Chip did not know what kind of a pigeon Peter was. The thought to help Chip briefly returned, but Peter pushed it out of his mind again and prepared to find someone else to give him directions.

CHIP: (upset) Don't you know your *etiquette*? You visit my *burrow*, and you don't even bring me a house gift. Who taught you manners, young man?

NARRATOR: Peter ruffled his feathers. His mother had taught him manners. He was being polite to Chip. Chip was the one being rude, not him. About to fly away, the thought to help Chip returned yet again. Instead of pushing it out of his mind this time, he listened to it. He dived down to the bun, picked it up, flew back up to the flower basket, and gave it to Chip.

PETER: (fly down, pick up the bun, and bring it to Chip)

NARRATOR: Peter's bad thoughts about Chip faded. A huge *burden* was lifted from his mind. Warmth filled him. He realized that when he followed his inner compass he felt at peace with himself, and that when he *resisted* his inner compass he felt the need to justify his actions. He realized how much easier it was to follow his inner compass than to *resist* it, even if it was more work sometimes.

CHIP: (pretend you are eating) The Sears Tower is in the direction of the 'L'.

PETER: What's the 'L'?

CHIP: The 'L' is the train. It's short for '*elevated*'. It's that way. (point)

PETER: Enjoy your bread. Thanks for the help. (fly away)



# FLAMINGO

## Reader's Theater (12 of 13)

Adapted for reader's theater by Tad Mitchell, from his picture book, *Where Is the Sears Tower?*, published in 2011.

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|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon asks Miss Butterfly directions to the Sears Tower and learns about judging others.   |
| CHARACTERS       | Narrator, Peter, Miss Butterfly   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, bow for hair for Miss Butterfly  |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult   |
| TIME             | 5 minutes   |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Wing (verb), weave, abandon, console, chrysalis, volatile, pester, illuminate, stunning, dumbfounded, intricate</i>  |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)  |
| THEME            | Judging   |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• How did Peter misjudge Miss Butterfly?</li><li>• Have you caught yourself misjudging someone?</li><li>• What can be the effects of misjudging people?</li><li>• How can our inner compass help us to avoid misjudging people?</li></ul> |

**NARRATOR:** Peter *winged* and *weaved* through the buildings with ease. He sensed he was close now, so close that anyone would know where the Sears Tower was. He saw a butterfly sitting on a sign in a plaza and stopped to ask directions.

**PETER:** Excuse me, Miss Butterfly. Where is the Sears Tower?

**MISS BUTTERFLY:** The Sears Tower? The Sears Tower is... (pause and start to cry) I don't know where the Sears Tower is. (sniffle) My parents *abandoned* me at birth. I had no one to teach me the names of the buildings. I know where the Flamingo sculpture is and where the Blue Line is. Why didn't you ask me that? (sobbing)

**NARRATOR:** Peter had not expected such a dramatic response. He was at a loss for words. Miss Butterfly continued to cry. Peter attempted to *console* her.

**PETER:** It's all right. A lot of people don't know where the Sears Tower is.

**MISS BUTTERFLY:** (angry) You don't think I'm smart! You think that because I spent half my life inside a *chrysalis* that I don't know anything.

**PETER:** I'm sure you're smart. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I'm just trying to find my grandfather who lives at the Sears Tower.

MISS BUTTERFLY: (laughing hysterically) You are trying to find the Sears Tower, and you didn't bring a map? (double over laughing) You silly pigeon, it's not my fault that you're unprepared.

NARRATOR: Peter was becoming uncomfortable due to Miss Butterfly's sudden mood changes. He tried to dismiss himself.

PETER: It's okay. I can ask someone else.

MISS BUTTERFLY: (whining) Someone else? You don't like me, do you? I'm doing the best I can.

NARRATOR: Growing even more uneasy, Peter wondered if Miss Butterfly was in her right mind. Judgments filled his head: "She probably does not have many friends because she is so *volatile*. She probably has nothing better to do than sit on the sign and *pester* people all day."

Suddenly a thought hit Peter stronger than any other thought that day. He knew that even if Miss Butterfly was a little different, she was just as special, important, and loved as him—that they were equals. He knew the thought came from his inner compass and felt a tingling in his body.

The sun reflected off a glass building *illuminating* Miss Butterfly's wings.

PETER: Wow! Your wings are *stunning*!

NARRATOR: Miss Butterfly motioned like she was going to counter what Peter just said, but she was *dumbfounded*.

PETER: (excitedly) The colors are so vibrant. The designs are so *intricate*.

MISS BUTTERFLY: (blushing)

PETER: I'm so glad we met. I've never seen a butterfly close up before. (wave goodbye) Have a wonderful day. I need to go find the Willis Tower now.

MISS BUTTERFLY: Wait! You said Sears Tower before, not Willis Tower. The Willis Tower is right over there. (point) I fly by it every day. There's a huge 'Willis Tower' sign in front of it. (delighted to be of service)

PETER: (amazed) I'm so thankful I met you. You made my day!

# WILLIS TOWER

## Reader's Theater (13 of 13)

Adapted for reader's theater by Tad Mitchell, from his picture book, *Where Is the Sears Tower?*, published in 2011.

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|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| PREVIEW          | Peter Pigeon finds his grandfather at the Sears tower and shares with him all the lessons he has learned about his inner compass.  |
| CHARACTERS       | Peter, Grandpa   |
| PROPS            | Notre Dame baseball cap for Peter, fedora for Peter's Grandfather  |
| READER AGES      | 7-Adult  |
| TIME             | 5 minutes  |
| VOCABULARY       | <i>Beacon, horizon</i>   |
| GENRE            | Fable (original)   |
| THEME            | Inner Compass  |
| POINTS TO PONDER | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Peter's grandfather told him that following his inner compass was the only way to find true happiness. Why is that a true statement?</li><li>• Peter's grandfather also told him that it gets harder to follow our inner compass when we get older. Why does that happen? Does it happen to everyone?</li><li>• How can we practice following our inner compass? How can we tell if we are getting better at following it?</li></ul> |

PETER: Hi, Grandpa! (land next to Grandpa)

GRANDPA: I've been watching for you all afternoon.

PETER: (give Grandpa a big hug) Here's a big hug from Mom. I'm so happy to see you, Grandpa. It was such a long trip.

GRANDPA: Yes. It is long trip from Notre Dame.

PETER: No. Not that part. The long part was when I got to Chicago. It was so hard to find the Sears Tower. I had to ask eleven animals where it was before I found it. I also learned that it's now called the Willis Tower, not the Sears Tower.

GRANDPA: Oh. I forgot to mention that they changed the name. I still call it the Sears Tower. Lots of people do.

PETER: That's okay. It was an adventure.

GRANDPA: An adventure? Did you use your inner compass on your adventure?

PETER: (surprised) How did you know Mom would tell me about the inner compass?

GRANDPA: (grinning)

PETER: (excited) It's so cool. All I do is listen, and it helps me with everything.

GRANDPA: (grinning even bigger) What do you mean it helps you with everything?

PETER: It helped me with each animal I met along the way. (speaking quickly)

When I met Major Stink, it chased away my fears and filled me with peace.

When I met Professor Owl, it helped me be patient.

When I met Mrs. Rabbit, it showed me the truth.

When I met Chuck, it melted away my anger and filled me with love.

When I met Sammy Seagull, it helped me be happy with who I am.

When I met Ensign Egret, it took away my sadness and filled me with hope.

When I met Mr. Turtle, I learned that my inner compass leaves me when I do not listen to it.

When I met Princess, it taught me that true beauty comes from within.

When I met Mr. Squirrel, it reminded me that I should always show respect.

When I met Chip, it helped me forget myself and be kind.

When I met Miss Butterfly, it taught me that everyone is special in their own way.

GRANDPA: (beaming) I'm so pleased with you, Peter. Today you have learned how to listen to your inner compass—the only way to find true happiness. However, your lesson is not over. You need to practice every day.

PETER: Every day?

GRANDPA: Yes, Peter, every day. As you get older and wiser, you may start thinking you're smarter than your inner compass and stop listening. You need to remain teachable and keep listening to it. If you do, your inner compass will be a *beacon* on the *horizon* for you for the rest of your life and you will never be lost.