



MOO WHO?

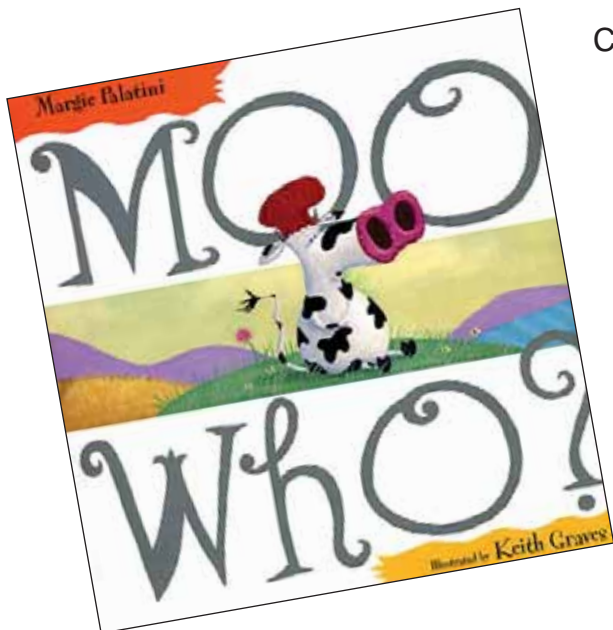
By Margie Palatini
Illustrated by Keith Graves

Published by HarperCollins Children's Books
A Katherine Tegen Book

Reader's Theater adaptation by the Author

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To hear Margie read of MOO WHO?
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

HILDA MAE HEIFER

GOOSE

HEN

CHICKS

PIG

CAT

NARRATORS

Supporting Players

Horse

Bird

Squirrel

Ducks

Rabbit

Visit Margie at www.margiepalatini.com

NARRATOR 1: Hilda Mae Heifer was out to pasture, having a GLORIOUS field day.

NARRATOR 2: She did a little running.

NARRATOR 3: A little jumping.

ALL THREE NARRATORS: And a WHOLE LOT OF SINGING.

HILDA: *(Very loud and off key)* **Mi Mi MI**

NARRATOR 1: She was EXTREMELY enthusiastic.

NARRATOR 2: . . . Just not always on key.

NARRATOR 3: Warnings were out. Cover your ears when Hilda hit a high note.

(“Squirrel” holds up ‘WARNING’ sign)

NARRATOR 1: She was right in the middle of a wailing . . .

HILDA: *(Very loud and off key)* **MI MI MOOOOOOOOO**

NARRATOR 2: When suddenly . . .

NARRATOR 3: From out of nowhere . . .

(“Horse” waves to audience and hold up ‘cow pie’)

NARRATOR 1: A hard and high-flying cow pie came hurtling straight for Hilda!

ALL THREE NARRATORS: WHIZ. WHAM. KLUNK.

NARRATOR 2: It knocked her right on the noggin, and down she went.

HORSE: Yup. It was lights out for Hilda Mae Heifer.

NARRATOR 3: The poor girl came to a bit dazed . . .

NARRATOR 2: . . . a tad dizzy . . .

BIRDIE: *(holding rings)* With a lump on her forehead so high you could play ringtoss!

NARRATOR: . . . *and* without a clue of who she was --- or what she did.

HILDA: (*moan*) Hu-u-u-uh?

NARRATOR 1: Yes, it was sad, but true . . .

ALL THREE NARRATORS: Hilda Mae Heifer had lost her moo!

NARRATOR 1: A little woozy

NARRATOR 2: A whole lot wobbly

NARRATOR 3: And VERY confused

NARRATOR 1: Hilda made her way over to a goose who was landing with a loud HONK.

HILDA: (*very loud low*) **HONK! HONK! HONK! HONK!**

GOOSE: Are you . . . *honking* at me?

HILDA: HONK!

GOOSE: Lady! Enough with the honking! You're a cow. *You* moo.

HILDA: Who? Me? Moo?

GOOSE: Moo. Yes. That's what you do. Stop honking. You're not me.

HILDA: I'm not?

GOOSE: (*shakes head, uses pointer and charts*) Do you have webbed feet?

NARRATOR 1: Hilda looked. No, she didn't.

GOOSE: Do you have two wings?

NARRATOR 2: Hilda looked. No, she did not.

GOOSE: Do you fly to Canada every year?

NARRATOR 3: Hilda was quite certain she had never flown to Canada, not even once.

GOOSE: See? You're no goose. You're a cow. You moo.

NARRATOR 1: Hilda gave it a try.

HILDA: Moo-ooo? Me? Moo?

NARRATOR 2: Hilda was not convinced that mooing was the thing she was supposed to be doing.

NARRATOR 3: That's when she heard some chicks cheeping and peeping with a mother hen.

HILDA: *(Very loud, low and deep)* **PEEP! PEEP. PEEP. PEEP!**

CHICK: Hey! Stop that peeping at us!

HEN: Yes, stop that peeping immediately. You're no spring chicken. You're a cow. You moo.

HILDA: Who? Me? Moo?

HEN: Moo. Yes, that's what you do. You're not a chicken.

HILDA: I'm not?

HEN: *(shakes head)* Well, do you have feathers?

CHICK 1: Hilda looked. No, she didn't.

HEN: Do you hunt and peck?

CHICK 2: No, Hilda did not do that either.

CHICK 3: Have you ever laid an egg before?

NARRATOR 1: No. And Hilda was VERY sure she would have remembered doing that.

HEN: There you have it. You're no chicken. You're a cow. You moo.

NARRATOR 2: So, Hilda gave it another try.

HILDA: MOO-OO. Me? Moo?

(Ducks on either side of Hilda)

DUCKS: Hilda was still not convinced that mooing was what she should be doing.

NARRATOR 3: That's when she saw a pig taking a mud bath. He gave out a loud squeal, snort, grunt, and oink.

ALL THREE NARRATORS: Hilda did the same.

HILDA: OINK!

PIG: (*very snooty sounding*) Pardon me, madam, but did you just *oink* at me?

HILDA: OINK. OINK. OINK!

PIG: My dear, you're no SWINE. You're BOVINE! You Moo!

HILDA: Who? Me? Moo?

PIG: Moo. Absolutely. That's what you do. You're a COW. Not a SOW!

HILDA: I am?

PIG: You're not HAM. . . Why, do you have a curly tail?

NARRATOR 1: Hilda looked. No, she didn't.

PIG: Are you pink and portly?

NARRATOR 2: Hilda looked. No, she wasn't.

PIG: Are your relatives *BIG BOARS*?

NARRATOR 3: Hilda thought . . . (*pause, as Hilda 'thinks'*) Well, YES! Maybe that did describe some members of her family.

PIG: Trust me. You're no pig. You're a COW. You moo.

NARRATOR 1: Hilda gave it one more try.

HILDA: Mooo--oooo. Me? Moo?

NARRATOR 2: Nope. Hilda has no clue that what she was supposed to do was SIMPLY moo.

NARRATOR 3: It was not a very good feeling, not knowing what to say or do.

NARRATOR 1: And then, Hilda saw a cat.

CAT: MEW MEW MEW!

HILDA: Mew too?

CAT: You mean me and you? Heavens no! I MEW. You MOO.

HILDA: I do? I really, really do?

CAT: Good gracious! You're a COW. Not a CAT! Do you have four paws? A face full of whiskers? Do you hiss? Scratch? Purr? Play with yarn? Have a yen for mice? Run up a tree? Hey . . . ever cough up a fur ball?

NARRATOR 1: Hilda had to admit none of that described her.

NARRATOR 2: Especially the part about the fur ball . . .

NARRATOR 3: . . . which she thought sounded particularly distasteful.

CAT: You are a COW! It's true! What you do is MOO!

NARRATOR 1: Hilda looked puzzled.

HILDA: The goose HONKS. The chickens PEEP. The pig OINKS. You MEW. And I . . .
MOO-MOO-MOO-MOO?

CAT: I think you've got it! Not -- MEW MEW MEW. MOO. MOO. MOO!

HILDA: *(very thoughtfully)* MOO-OO-OOO! Hmm.

NARRATOR 2: There was something about the last moo that felt awfully familiar.

HILDA: **MOO-OOOOOO-OOOOOOO!** . . . You know, I think perhaps I do!

NARRATOR 3: So, she did! Hilda sang out with GUSTO!

HILDA: *(very loudly and very very off key)* **MI MI MI MI MI. MOO. MOO. MOO. MOO. MOO.
ME! MOO! MI, MOO. MOOOO-OOOOO-OOOO.
MOO-MOO-MOO-MOO-MOO! MOO! MOO!**

ALL THREE NARRATORS: And that's how Hilda Mae Heifer got back her moo.

RABBIT: And, everyone else --- got earplugs!