Piggie Pie!
by Margie Palatini • illustrated by Howard Fine

Gritch the Witch has a hankering for Piggie Pie and flies off to grab some pork on Old MacDonald’s Farm.

“... colorful and action-filled ... a thoroughly enjoyable romp.”
STARRED REVIEW, School Library Journal

“The wry, peppery dialogue is simply great ... a sardonically humorous rip-roarin’ yarn.”
STARRED REVIEW, Booklist

“More fun than a rasher of bacon.”
STARRED, Kirkus Reviews

“... memorable, high-powered language ...”
The Horn Book Magazine

NEA EDUCATORS’ TOP 100 BOOKS
NEA CHILDREN’S TOP 100 BOOKS
ALA NOTABLE
NCTE NOTABLE
BOOKLIST EDITORS’ CHOICE
NY PUBLIC LIBRARY 100 BEST BOOKS FOR READING & SHARING
ONE BOOK NEW JERSEY AWARD
PA. KEYSTONE STATE AWARD
KENTUCKY BLUEGRASS AWARD
VERMONT RED CLOVER AWARD
KANSAS, BILL MARTIN JR. AWARD
COLORADO CHILDREN’S CHOICE AWARD
MARYLAND BLACK-EYED SUSAN AWARD
FLORIDA READING ASSOC. AWARD HONOR BOOK
NEBRASKA GOLDEN SOWER AWARD HONOR BOOK
CALIFORNIA YOUNG READERS’ MEDAL NOMINEE
WASHINGTON CHILDREN’S CHOICE AWARD NOMINEE
OHIO BUCKEYE AWARD NOMINEE
GEORGIA CHILDREN’S BOOK AWARD NOMINEE
INDIANA YOUNG HOOSIER AWARD NOMINEE
WYOMING BUCKAROO AWARD NOMINEE
NAESP BEST READ ALOUD NOMINEE

More Fun With Gritch the Witch!

ZOOM BROOM
“The text fairly sings with alliteration, rhyming words, onomatopoeia, puns, allusions, and plenty of bold-text bellowing. It begs to be read aloud, at the top of your lungs.”
School Library Journal

BROOM MATES
“Fans of Gritch’s previous misadventures will scream - with laughter.”
STARRED REVIEW, Kirkus
Reader’s Theater

Piggie Pie!

by Margie Palatini • illustrated by Howard Fine

Adapted from the book, PIGGIE PIE! by Margie Palatini & Howard Fine
Clarion Books for Children
Permission granted by the author for non-profit use only

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GRITCH THE WITCH: She wants Piggie Pie!
EIGHT PLUMP PIGGIES: Very clever porkers
BIG BAD WOLF: Enough said.

NARRATORS
NARRATOR 1: Gritch the Witch woke up GROUCHY.

NARRATOR 2: GRUMPY.

NARRATORS 3: And VERY HUNGRY.

NARRATOR 1: Her belly grumbled for something delicious.
       Something delightful.
       Something SPECIAL.

NARRATOR 2: But, what?

NARRATOR 3: It wasn’t purple mouse-tail stew.

NARRATOR 1: No … she ate that YESTERDAY for lunch.

NARRATOR 2: Maybe some mashed dragon-tongue pudding?

NARRATOR 1: No … Gritch wasn’t in the mood for anything quite that sweet.

NARRATOR 3: Perhaps a taste of BOILED BLACK BUZZARD FEET?
       That always made her mouth water.

NARRATOR 1: No. Not today. TODAY, Gritch wanted something TRULY TASTY.

NARRATOR 2: Something REALLY YUMMY.

NARRATOR 3: Something SPECIAL!

NARRATORS TOGETHER: And that could only mean • • •
GRITCH: **Piggie Pie!**  
Yes! Yes! Piggie Pie!  
I can taste those plump, juicy,  
pink piggies right now.

**NARRATOR 1:** She hurried to the pantry  
and pulled down her  
Old Hag Cookbook  
from the top shelf.

**NARRATOR 2:** She picked off a spider,  
blew off the dust ....

**NARRATOR 3:** And turned to the SECRET RECIPE on page 342.  
Gritch ran her bony finger with the long green nail  
down the list of ingredients.

GRITCH: 1 eye of a fly ... NO PROBLEM.  
2 shakes of a rattlesnake's rattle ... NO PROBLEM.  
3 belly hairs of a possum ... NO PROBLEM.  
8 plump piggies ... 8 plump piggies? ...

I don’t have ANY PIGGIES!  
How can I make Pleggie Pie!  
without even  
ONE PUNY PINK PIG?
NARRATOR 1: Gritch pulled her hair.

NARRATOR 2: She stomped her feet.

NARRATOR 3: She paced the floor.

NARRATOR 1: She WANTED Piggie Pie.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: She wanted Piggie Pie VERY MUCH!

GRITCH: *(Taps her chin)* Now where would I find eight plump piggies?

NARRATORS TOGETHER: Gritch thought. And thought ... And THOUGHT.

GRITCH: Aha! The circus! Yes, yes, the circus! ... The CIRCUS?

NARRATOR 1: No, no, not the circus.

GRITCH: Aha! The Zoo! Yes, yes, the zoo! ... The ZOO?

NARRATOR 2: No, no, not the zoo.

GRITCH: *(Thinking very hard)* The ... FARM?

NARRATOR 3: Yes! Yes! The farm!

NARRATORS TOGETHER: There was just ONE teeny, tiny, little ...

GRITCH: Problem!

NARRATORS 1: Where to FIND a farm?
GRITCH: Where else?
THE YELLOW PAGES!
I'll just let my bony fingers do the walking!

Old MacDonald's Farm. Call El-Ei-O.
We have ducks, chickens, cows, and

PIGGIES!

NARRATOR 1: Gritch put her broomstick in gear and headed over the river and through the woods to Old MacDonald's farm.

GRITCH: I've got you in my sights now you little porkers!

SURRENDER PIGGIES!

NARRATOR 2: The piggies ran off.

NARRATOR 3: But they didn't SURRENDER!

NARRATORS TOGETHER: No indeed!
They had a PLAN of their own!
NARRATOR 1: Gritch zoomed in for a
THUMP-P-P THUMP-P-P-P! ERRRRCH-CH! landing.

NARRATOR 2: She spit straw, fanned her still smoking tootsies,
and lifted her goggles.

NARRATOR 3: There wasn't a pig in sight!

GRITCH: Where did they all go?
Hey, DUCK! I said, WHERE are ALL the piggies?
I need eight plump piggies for piggie pie.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: The DUCK went ...

(PIGGIE) DUCK: QUACK. QUACK.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: Here. And ...

(PIGGIE) DUCK: QUACK. QUACK.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: There.
Here it --

(PIGGIE) DUCK: QUACKED.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: There it --

(PIGGIE) DUCK: QUACKED

NARRATORS TOGETHER: Everywhere it

(PIGGIE) DUCK: QUACK QUACKED --- NO PIGGIES!
GRITCH: What do you mean, NO PIGGIES, you DIZZY DUCK? I just saw a passel of piggies down here not a minute ago. Hand over those hogs, you LITTLE QUACKER.

(PIGGIE) DUCK: NO PIGGIES.

NARRATOR 1: Gritch pulled her hair.

NARRATOR 2: She stomped her feet.

NARRATOR 3: She even threatened the duck with one of her most EVIL SPELLS!

NARRATOR 1: The duck was not IMPRESSED. It wasn’t even scared.

(PIGGIE) DUCK: QUACK.

GRITCH: So, who needs a dumb duck.

NARRATOR 2: Being careful where she stepped, Gritch wandered across the meadow and called to a COW.

GRITCH: YOOOOOOO --- HOOOOO!

(PIGGIE) COW: MOO?

GRITCH: YOU! Where are the piggies? I need eight plump piggies for piggie pie.
NARRATORS TOGETHER: The COW went ...

(PIGGIES) COW: MOO MOO

NARRATORS TOGETHER: Here. And ...

(PIGGIES) COW: MOO MOO

NARRATOR 3: There. Here it --

(PIGGIES) COW: MOOED.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: There it ---

(PIGGIES) COW: MOOED.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: Everywhere it --

(PIGGIES COW:) MOO MOOED. NO PIGGIES.

GRITCH: What do you mean, NO PIGGIES, you LUMPY LOOKING COW? I need eight plump piggies for piggie pie! Now, FORK OVER THE PORK, YOU WALKING MILK MACHINE, or I'll CURdle your CREAM!

(PIGGIES) COW: NO PIGGIES.

NARRATOR 1: Gritch pulled her hair.

NARRATOR 2: She stomped her feet.

NARRATOR 3: She even threatened the COW with one of her most evil spells.
NARRATORS TOGETHER: The COW didn’t care.

(PIGGIES) COW: MOO.

GRITCH: COWS! Who needs ‘em?

NARRATOR 1: So, Gritch tried the barnyard, where she stopped a chicken in its tracks.

GRITCH: Okay, BIRDBRAIN.
   Where are the PIGGIES?
   I need eight plump piggies for piggie pie.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: The CHICKEN went ...

(PIGGIE) CHICKEN: CLUCK CLUCK

NARRATORS TOGETHER: Here. And ...

(PIGGIE) CHICKEN: CLUCK CLUCK

NARRATORS TOGETHER: There. Here it ---

(PIGGIE) CHICKEN: CLUCKED.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: There it ---

(PIGGIE) CHICKEN: CLUCKED.

NARRATORS TOGETHER: Everywhere it --

(PIGGIE) CHICKEN: CLUCK CLUCKED ... NO PIGGIES!
GRITCH: What do you mean, NO PIGGIES, you FEATHERED DRUMSTICK?
What’s going on here?
Who’s the BOSS of this HEAP OF A HAY?

NARRATOR 1: The CHICKEN flapped a wing to OLD MACDONALD.

GRITCH: You’re OLD MACDONALD?
Don’t look much like your picture, do you?

Now look, SHORTY.
I’ve been QUACK-QUACKED here, MOO-MOOED there,
and CLUCK-CLUCKED everywhere all over this farm.
I need eight plump piggies for PIGGIE PIE!
WHERE ARE THOSE PIGGIES?

NARRATORS TOGETHER: The FARMER LOOKED here. He LOOKED there.
Here he LOOKED. There he LOOKED
Everywhere he LOOK-LOOKED.

(PIGGIES) FARMER: NO PIGGIES.

GRITCH: What do you mean, NO PIGGIES --- you FLEA-BITTEN SEED SPREADER?
YOU MUST HAVE PIGGIES!
NARRATOR 1: Gritch’s stomach growled.

NARRATOR 2: It grumbled.

NARRATOR 3: But ... there were no piggies. There would be no Piggie Pie.

GRITCH: NOW what am I going to eat?

      Excuse me, Little Lady. Wolf’s the name. Let me give you some ADVICE. 
      ... Forget about those PIGS!

GRITCH: Forget about the PIGS?

WOLF: (nods) They’re too tricky. TRUST me. 
      I’ve been chasing three little pigs for days!

NARRATORS TOGETHER: He huffed and puffed.

WOLF: I’m starving! Look at me. I’m nothing but SKIN AND BONES!

GRITCH: (pinches the wolf’s arm testing his meatiness) Well, not quite. 
      ... Mr. Wolf --- I have the most WONDERFUL IDEA! 
      I was thinking ... since you haven’t eaten ... 
      and I haven’t eaten ... Why don’t you come home with me for lunch? 
      ... I’m a VERY GOOD COOK.

WOLF: Why, that does sound TEMPTING. 
      Are you sure it wouldn’t be any 
      ... PROBLEM?
GRITCH:  **PROBLEM?**
Why it's no **PROBLEM**, at all.

. . . I ALWAYS enjoy having a wolf ... for LUNCH.

**NARRATORS TOGETHER:**  THE END?
Throughout the story PIGGIE PIE, Gritch keeps asking, “What do you mean?”
Circle your answers for what Gritch REALLY means!

1. “HEAP OF HAY”
   haystack    farm    pillow

2. “I’LL CURDLE YOUR CREAM”
   turn sweet    turn sour    turn purple

3. “FEATHERED DRUMSTICK”
   chicken    an order of KFC    music maker

4. “MILK MACHINE”
   refrigerator    cow    grocery store

5. “LITTLE QUACKER”
   duck    salty cookie    funny joke

6. “FLEA-BITEN SEED SPREADER”
   bugs    corn kernels    Old MacDonald

7. “I ALWAYS ENJOY HAVING A WOLF FOR LUNCH”
   as her guest    to eat    not for breakfast

8. “FORK OVER THE PORK”
   I need my utensils!    hand over those piggies    pass me the bacon

ANSWERS: