

Failure from “You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown” by Richard Gesner

Lucy: Now Linus, I want you to take a good look at Charlie Brown’s face. Would you please hold still a minute, Charlie Brown, I want Linus to study your face. Now, this is what you call a Failure Face, Linus. Notice how it has failure written all over it. Study it carefully, Linus. You rarely see such a good example. Notice the deep lines, the dull, vacant look in the eyes. Yes, I would say this is one of the finest examples of a Failure Face that you’re liable to see for a long while.

You’re a Very Crabby Person from “You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown” by Richard Gesner

Schroeder: I’m sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it’s true. You’re a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you’re not even aware when you’re being crabby, but it’s true just the same. You’re a very crabby person and you’re crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don’t mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you’re take it in the spirit that it’s meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is ‘Know Thyself’. Well, I guess I’ve said about enough. I hope I haven’t offended you or anything. (*awkward exit*)

Real from “The Velveteen Rabbit” by Gary Peterson

The Skin Horse: It has nothing to do with wheels or things that buzz or any such thing. If a child loves you, you can move faster and jump higher than any you with wheels. Real isn’t how you are made, it’s a think that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but truly loves you, then you become Real.

It takes a very long time. That's why it doesn't often happen to toys who break easily or have sharp edges. Usually by the time you are REal most of your hair has been loved off and your eyes drop out.

Cold from "The Velveteen Rabbit" by Gary Peterson

The Rabbit: Oh it is cold. How I miss the bed. Though most of it seems to be out here with me. So it must be cold too. I never noticed how thin and threadbare my coat has gotten. You tend not to notice such things when you're being hugged tightly in a warm bed. We used to play near here, even though Nana would scold. Why does that happy thought make me sad?

Monologue Title: Bobbing from "Bath Time is Fun Time" by Arthur M. Jolly

Rubber Duckie: I.. I just felt so... I was just... bobbing about. I kept bobbing, up and down and up and down. I started feeling sick. And then... he started splashing.

I was adrift. I couldn't hang onto the side, I couldn't do anything... just tossed to and fro, bobbing... bobbing. Completely out of my control. I tipped over.

I don't know what we did. Maybe, we're born in a state of awhooga, maybe we... maybe there are no answers. Some of us sink, some of us float. We're soaped and squeezed, rubbed, poked into ears...

We bob - adrift. We sink, alone. There are no answers. If he's awhooga, maybe we all are. But eventually the plug was pulled and that terrible - whatever - spiraled away. And we try to take stock, to put our lives back together. To look at ourselves in the distorted reflection of the spout and say... thank you. It is over, and we'll never - never ever- have to go through that again.

***Candyland* by Janet B. Milstein**

Granddaughter: Grandma, can I have a snack? Please?! I'm so hungry 'cause Mom took me to Toys R Us. She said I could pick out one game. Anything I wanted in the whole store! So I looked and looked, and then I found Candyland. I saw the gum drops and the ice cream floats—I was so excited to eat all the candy! But I tasted it, and it all just tastes like cardboard. I guess I must have picked a spoiled box.

***Pick Me!* by Janet B. Milstein**

Schoolkid: Ooooooh, ooh, ooh! Here! Pick me! I wanna go first! Pleeeeease! Miss Janet, can you hear me?? Meeee, go, first! Hey, c'mon! What do I gotta do to get noticed around here? Pick me, not Nick. He's gonna get sick! Well, he always does. Barf, barf, barf! Okay, I'm being good. See? I'm quiet. Hey Miss Janet, I'm being really quiet. Look how quiet I am! I'm as quiet as a mouse. Quieter, 'cause mice squeak. I'm quiet like a bug. They don't talk at all. Miss Janet, you look so pretty. I like your dress. And you have nice hair like my mom's- brown and gray. So can I go? Please? Wow, I can!?! Yes! Cool! Woo! Hey... what were we gonna do again?

***Birthday Wishes* by Elijah Longshore**

Son: Okay mom, are you listening? Sit still, you need to stay still. For my birthday, I want...

A rapid-fire machine nerf gun...I totally promise I won't shoot the dog.

An indoor baseball bat.

Ten baseballs, obviously.

A real bow with about 1,000 arrows...not for inside.

A real magic set...so I can make chores disappear

A heavy drill...for when we go to mines.

A SpongeBob SquarePants alarm clock...dad, you can sleep in.

And a laundry washer...'cause I don't wanna do them anymore!

This might be hard, but I'm including it anyway - I also want a goat. Ok, any questions?

***Annie* by Thomas Meehan**

Annie: No! No please don't make me take my locket off. I don't want a new one. This locket, my Mom and Dad left it with me when... when they left me at the Orphanage. And there was a note, too. They're coming back for me. And, I know, being here with you for Christmas, I'm real lucky. But... I don't know how to say it... The one thing I want in all the world... more than anything else is to find my mother and father. And to be like other kids, with folks of my own.

***Sharing* by Douglas M. Parker**

Kid: Some people think I don't like sharing, but that isn't true at all. I love sharing. I mean, what's not to love about being able to go up to someone and say, "Hey, can I have some of that candy?" And then they give you some! Or, "Can I ride your bike for a while?" And then you get to ride their bike! Sharing is awesome. Sometimes you have to be careful, though. Like if someone comes up to me and says, "Can I have one of your cookies?" Well, if I gave them a cookie, then I might not have any cookies left to share with other people and that would be, like, the opposite of sharing. So I have to say no. Because sharing is really important.

***Mary Poppins* by P.L. Travers**

Jane/Michael: Mary Poppins doesn't care what happens to us. I don't care if she only promised to stay 'til the wind changed. I don't care if the wind has changed. We still need her. Mary Poppins, you can't go now! Mum is crying in her handkerchief. Father's gone missing. The cook and Ellen are running in and out of the house in a panic. The Police are in the living room. Scotland Yard has been called in. And I am NOT exaggerating... It's all because of me I wouldn't give my tuppence to that old goat at the bank.