

NARRATOR 1: There once lived a wise old owl who wished for nothing more in life than to find the perfect valentine.

NARRATOR 2: So, he spent most of his days and most of his nights searching, high and low, for the valentine of his dreams.

NARRATOR 3: The wise old owl's name was Oliver.

4/OWL: Whooooooooooooo?

NARRATOR 1: Oliver! An old owl named Oliver!

4/OWL: Whooooooooooooo?

NARRATOR 2: Oliver the owl! He's searching for the perfect valentine! Aren't you listening?

READER 4: Sure, but I'm supposed to read the part of the old owl. Aren't owls supposed to say "Whoooooooo"?

NARRATOR 2: Oh, yes. Sorry! You've got a great sounding "Whoooooooo" there. Now if you don't mind, can we get on with Oliver's story?

4/OWL: Whooooooooo!

(#4 draws line "A" as shown in Teacher Script).

NARRATOR 2: Thank you.

NARRATOR 3: O.K. Now pay attention because here comes the poetry part. We're supposed to clap our hands to a steady beat while part of a picture is drawn over there. Help me out, will you?

(Narrator 3 sets tempo by clapping hands together to a 4/4 beat. Audience and other readers join in. When ready, #3 begins and reads in time with the clapping):

NARRATOR 3: Now clap your hands and join this rhyme.

(Clapping continues without words: clap, clap, clap, clap).

NARRATOR 1: Oliver's name goes on the line.

(Clapping continues without words: clap, clap, clap, clap).

(As reading continues, Reader 4 prints Oliver's name, lines "B", as shown in Teacher Script).

NARRATOR 2: That old bird wasted all his time
Searchin' high and low for a

ALL: VA - LEN -TINE!

(clapping stops).

NARRATOR 3: Old Oliver searched this round wide world from front to front and back to back.