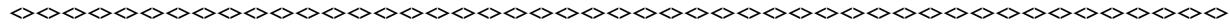


WEMBERLY WORRIED<  
by Kevin Henkes

Parts(10):	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3	Narrator 4	Mother
	Wemberly	Father	Grandmother	Mrs. Peachum	Jewel



Narrator 1: WEMBERLY WORRIED

Narrator 2: Wemberly worried about everything. Big things, little things, and things in between.

Narrator 3: Wemberly worried in the morning. She worried at night. And she worried throughout the day.

Mother: "You worry too much,"

Narrator 4: said her mother.

Father: "When you worry, I worry,"

Narrator 4: said her father.

Grandmother: "Worry, worry, worry. Too much worry."

Narrator 4: said her grandmother.

Narrator 1: At home, Wemberly worried about the tree in the front yard, and the crack in the living room wall, and the noise the radiators made.

Narrator 2: At the playground, Wemberly worried about the chains on the swings, and the bolts on the slide, and the bars on the jungle gym.

Narrator 3: And always, she worried about her doll, Petal.

Mother: "Don't worry,"

Narrator 4: said her mother.

Father: "Don't worry,"

Narrator 4: said her father.

Narrator 1: But Wemberly worried. She worried and worried and worried.

Narrator 2: When Wemberly was especially worried, she rubbed Petal's ears. Wemberly worried that if she didn't stop worrying, Petal would have no ears left at all.

Narrator 3: On her birthday, Wemberly worried that no one would come to her party.

Mother: "See, there was nothing to worry about,"

Narrator 4: said her mother. But then Wemberly worried that there wouldn't be enough cake.

Narrator 1: On Halloween, Wemberly worried that there would be too many butterflies in the neighborhood parade.

Father: "See, there was nothing to worry about,"

Narrator 2: said her father. But then Wemberly worried because she was the only one.

Mother: "You worry too much,"

Narrator 3: said her mother.

Father: "When you worry, I worry,"

Narrator 3: said her father.

Grandmother: "Worry, worry, worry. Too much worry,"

Narrator 3: said her grandmother.

Narrator 4: Soon, Wemberly had a new worry: school. Wemberly worried about the start of school more than anything she had ever worried about before.

Narrator 4: By the time the first day arrived, Wemberly had a long list of worries.

Wemberly: What if no one else has spots? What if no one else wears stripes? What if no one else brings a doll? What if the teacher is mean? What if the room smells bad? What if they make fun of my name? What if I can't find the bathroom? What if I hate snack? What if I have to cry?

Mother: "Don't worry,"

Narrator 1: said her mother.

Father: "Don't worry,"

Narrator 1: said her father. But Wemberly worried. She worried, and worried, and worried. SHE WORRIED ALL THE WAY THERE.

Narrator 2: While Wemberly's parents talked to the teacher, Mrs. Peachum, Wemberly looked around the room. Then Mrs. Peachum said,

Mrs. Peachum: "Wemberly, there is someone I think you should meet."

Narrator 3: Her name was Jewel. She was standing by herself. She was wearing stripes. She was holding a doll.

Narrator 4: At first, Wemberly and Jewel just peeked at each other.

Wemberly: "This is Petal,"

Narrator 1: said Wemberly.

Jewel: "This is Nibblet,"

Narrator 1: said Jewel.

Narrator 2: Petal waved. Nibblet waved back.

Jewel: "Hi,"

Narrator 3: said Petal.

Wemberly: "Hi,"

Narrator 3: said Nibblet.

Wemberly: "I rub her ears,"

Narrator 4: said Wemberly.

Jewel: "I rub her nose,"

Narrator 4: said Jewel.

Narrator 1: Throughout the morning, Wemberly and Jewel sat side by side and played together whenever they could. Petal and Nibblet sat side by side, too.

Narrator 2: Wemberly worried. But no more than usual. And sometimes even less.

Narrator 3: Before Wemberly knew it, it was time to go home.

Mrs. Peachum: "Come back tomorrow,"

Narrator 4: called Mrs. Peachum, as the students walked out the door. Wemberly turned and smiled and waved. She said,

Wemberly: "I will. Don't worry."

Scripted by Jill Jauquet