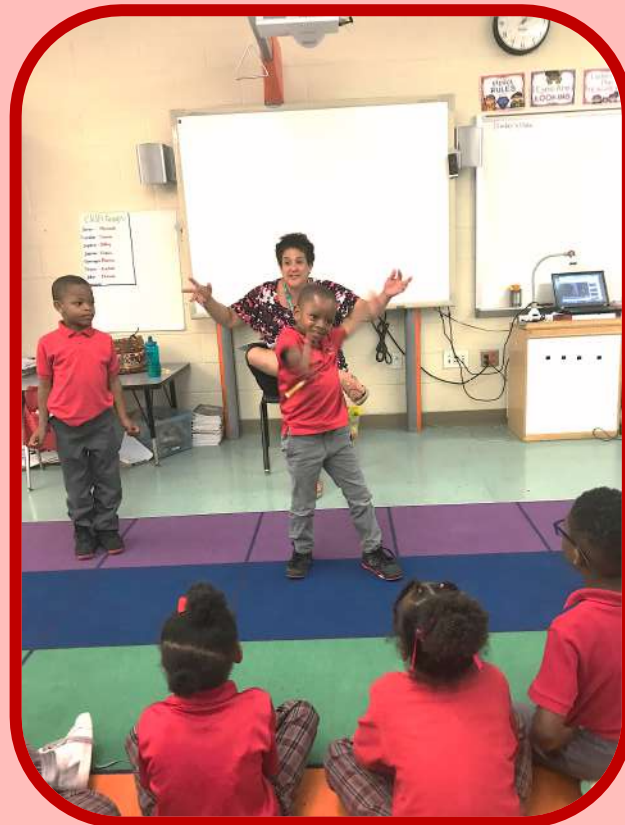


Interactive Read-Alouds

With
Samantha King



Rehearsal



We taught the older students how to do interactive read-alouds for the younger students



Performance



Alive Reading

Repeated Words

Every time you hear AAIIIIEEEEEE! **Wave your hands in the air**



Sound Effects

“They ran and they ran” **stomp your feet**



Choral reading

“Oh, yes it can...”



TOO MUCH TALK

ANGELA SHELF MEDEARIS



illustrated by
STEFANO VITALE

One day a farmer in West Africa
went out to gather some yams.

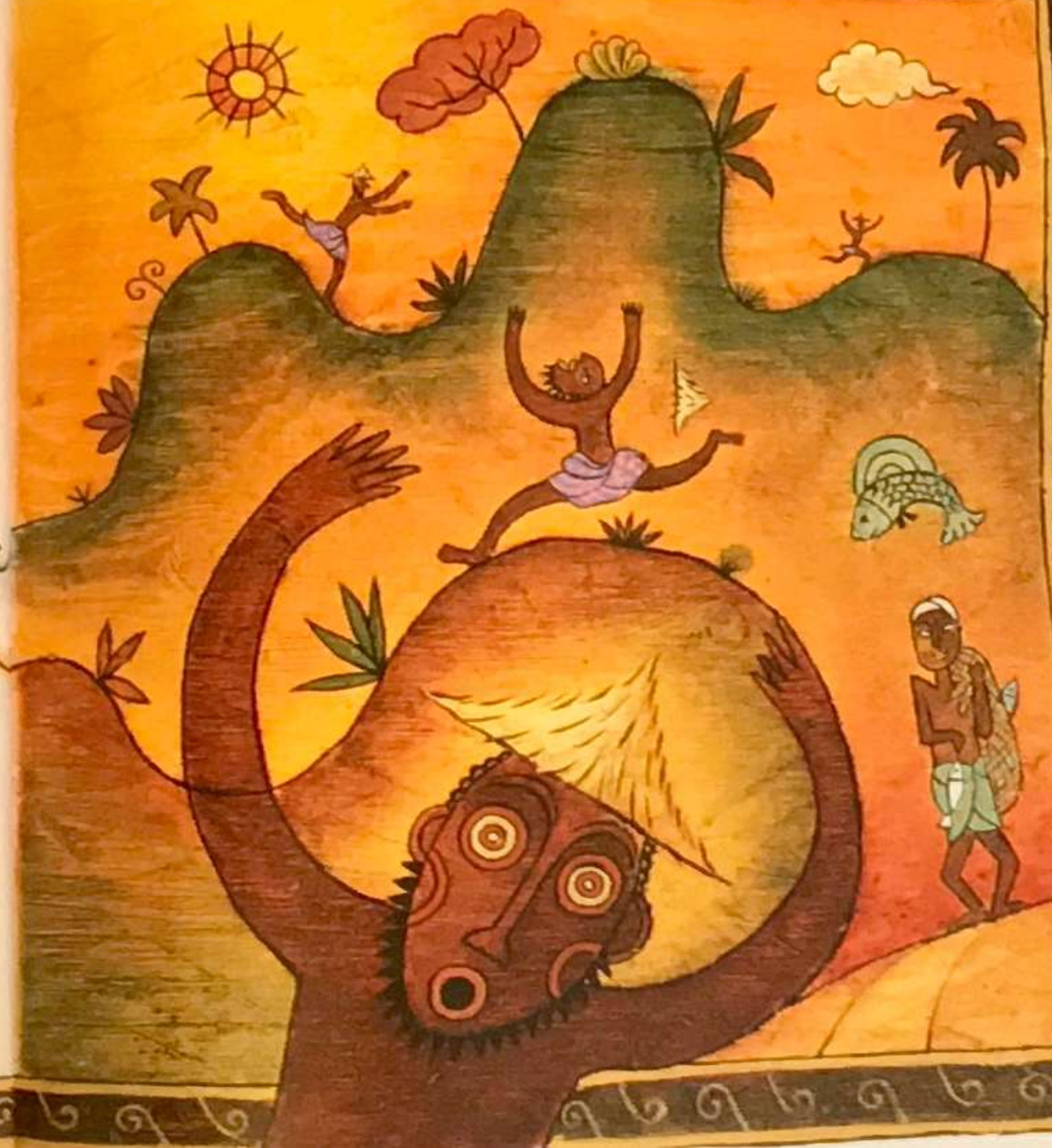


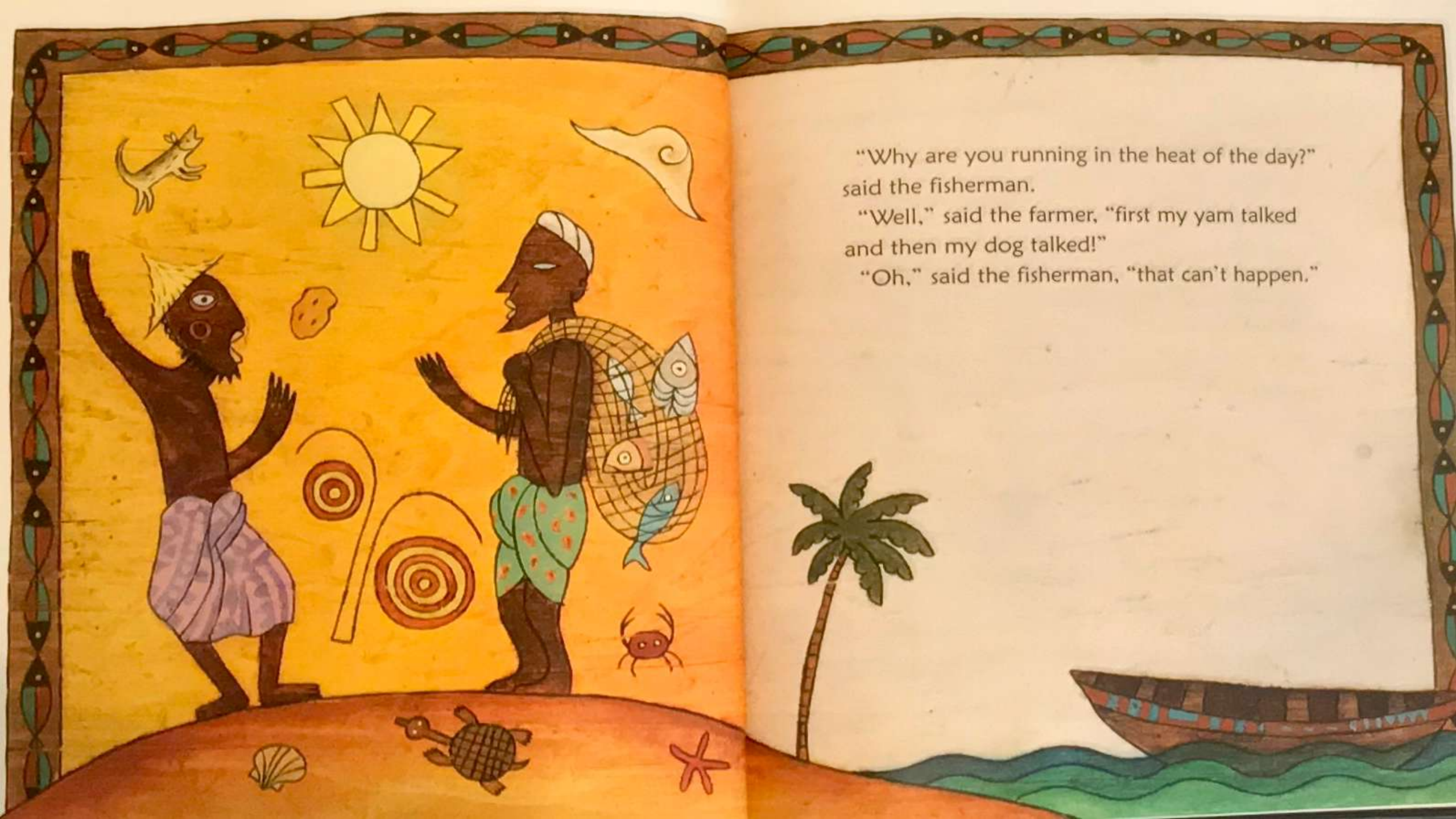
While he was digging, a yam said to him,
"You did not water me. You did not weed
me. And here you come to dig me up!"

"Well!" said the farmer. First he looked
around. Then he looked at his dog and
said, "Were you talking to me?"



"No." barked the dog. "It was the yam."
"Aiyeee!" screamed the farmer.
He ran and he ran, uphill and downhill.
And he ran and he ran, downhill and
uphill. He ran until he met a man who
was carrying some fish.



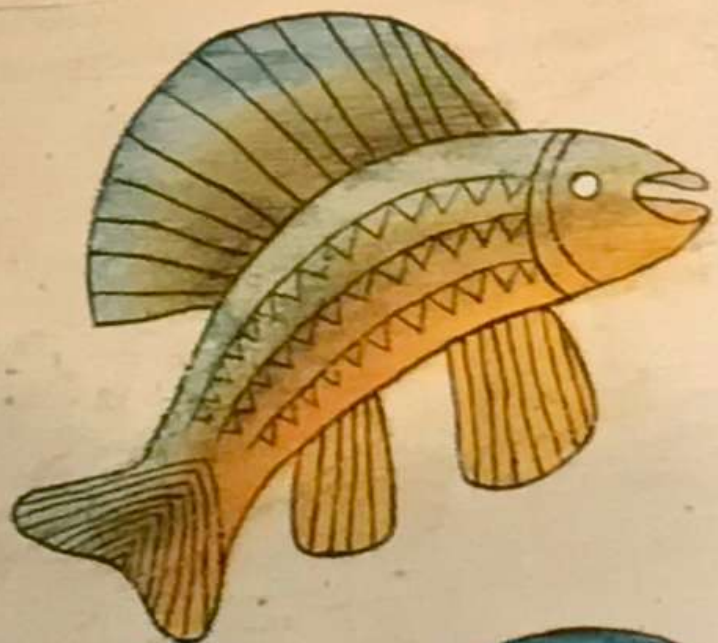


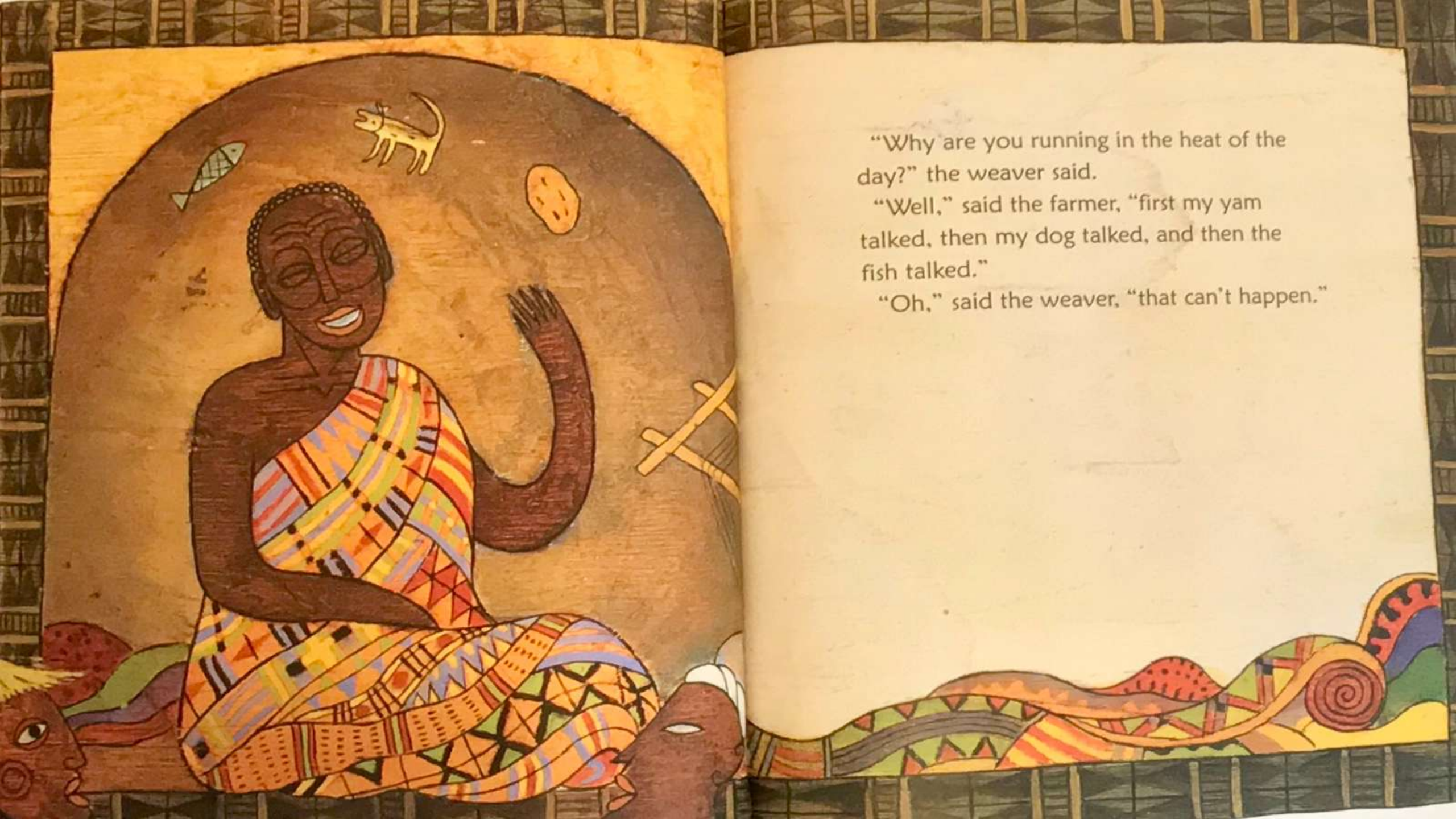
"Why are you running in the heat of the day?"
said the fisherman.

"Well," said the farmer, "first my yam talked
and then my dog talked!"

"Oh," said the fisherman, "that can't happen."

"Oh, yes it can," the fish said to them.
"Aiyeee!" screamed the farmer and
the fisherman. They ran and they ran,
uphill and downhill. And they ran and
they ran, downhill and uphill. They ran
until they met a man who was weaving
some cloth.





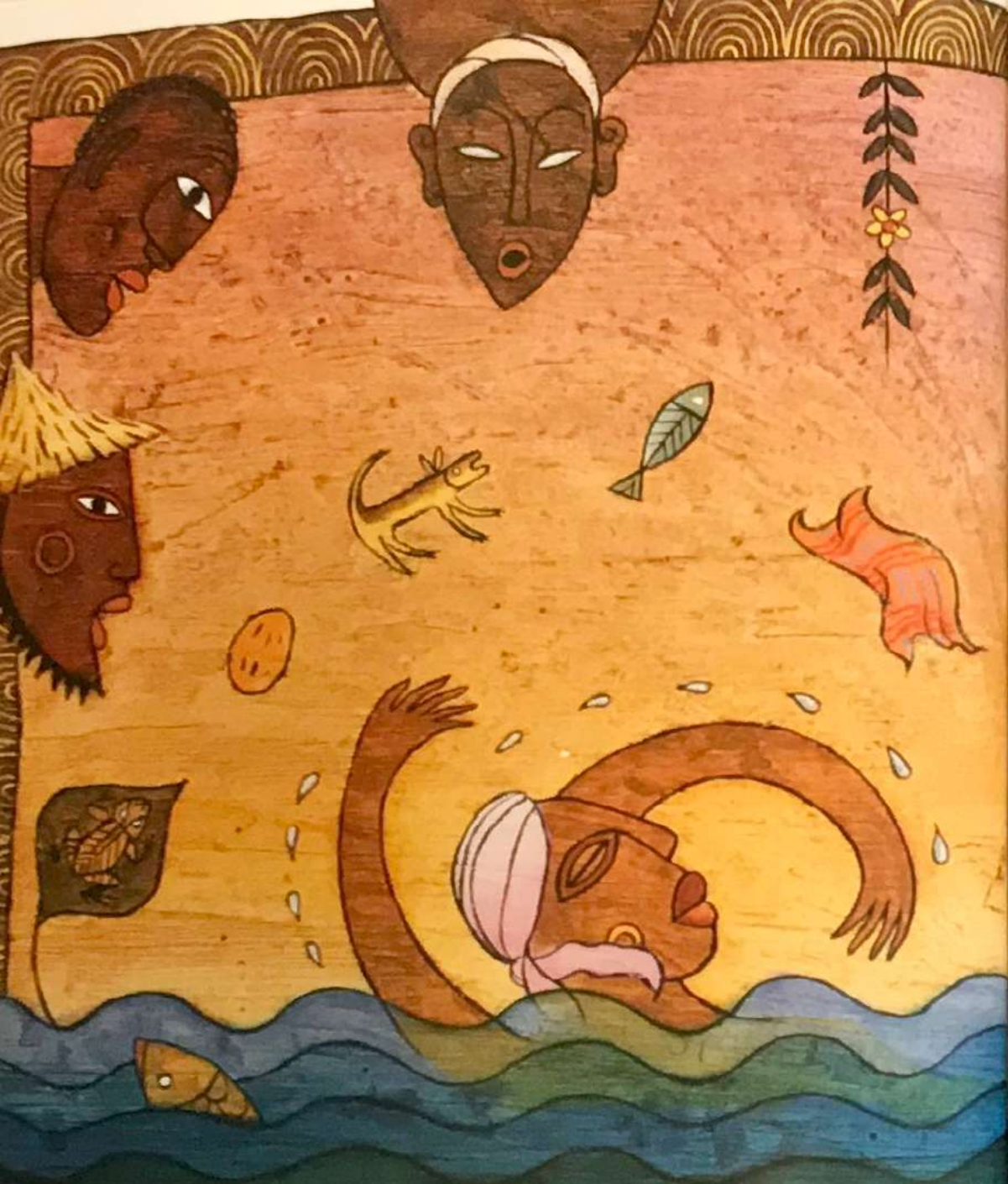
"Why are you running in the heat of the day?" the weaver said.

"Well," said the farmer, "first my yam talked, then my dog talked, and then the fish talked."

"Oh," said the weaver, "that can't happen."

"Oh, yes it can," the cloth said to them.
"Aiyeee!" screamed the farmer and the
fisherman and the weaver. They ran and they
ran, uphill and downhill. And they ran and
they ran, downhill and uphill. They ran until
they came to a woman who was swimming.





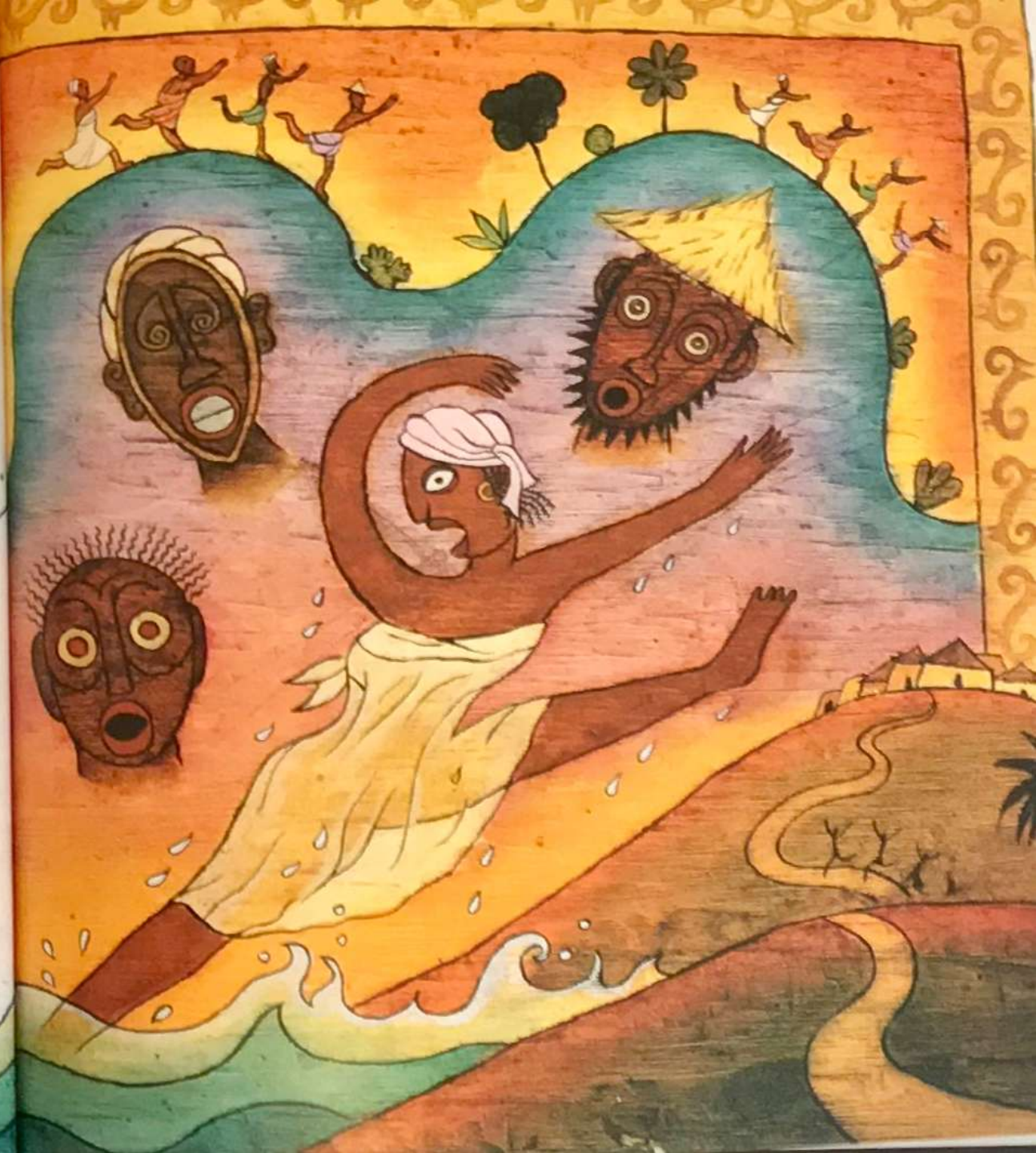
"Ahhhh," said the swimmer as she glided through the water. "Why are you running in the heat of the day?"

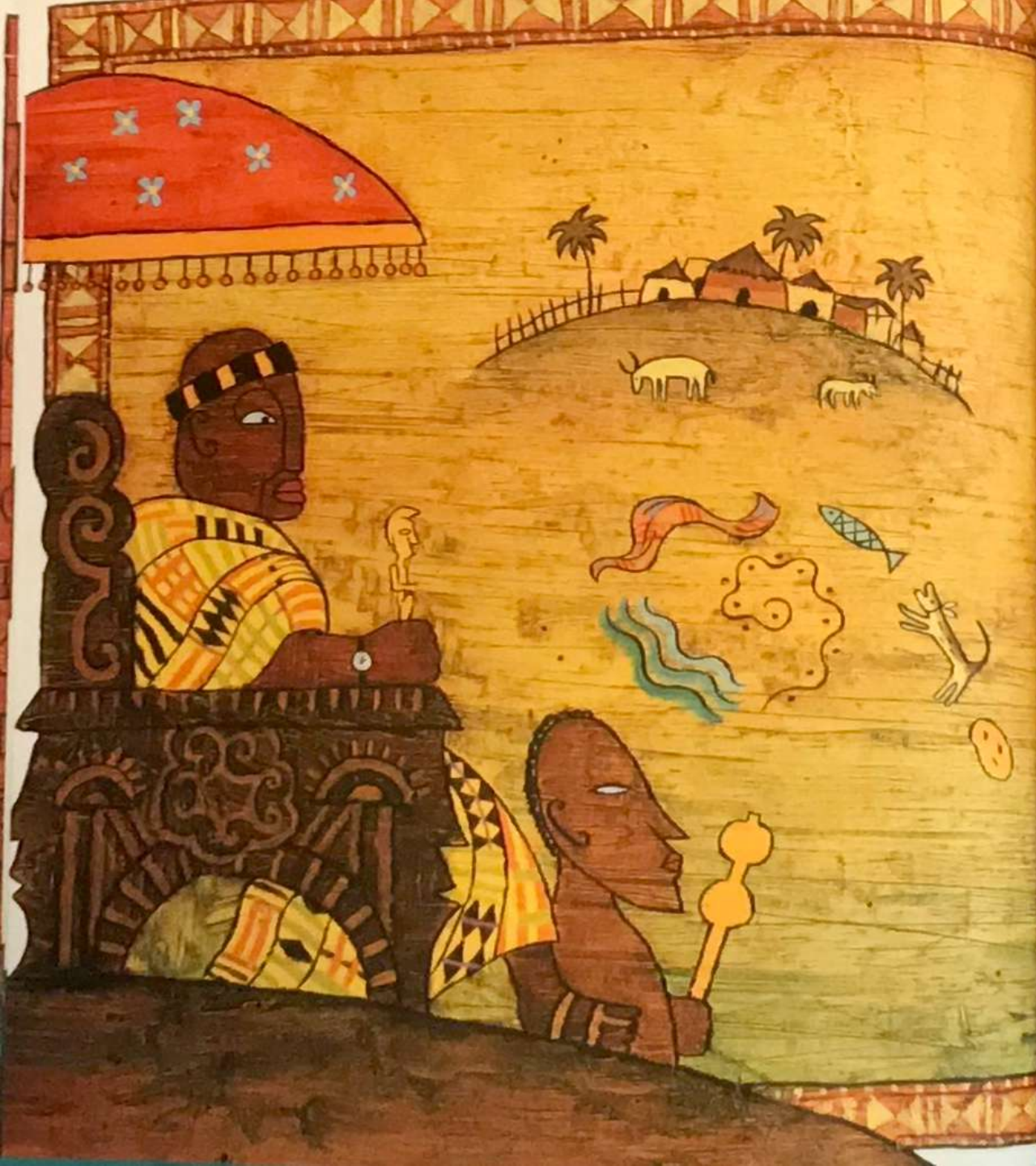
"Well," said the farmer, "first my yam talked, then my dog talked, then the fish talked, and then the cloth talked."

"Oh," said the swimmer as she did the backstroke, "that can't happen."



"Oh, yes it can," the water said to her.
"Aiyeee!" screamed the farmer
and the fisherman, the weaver and the
swimmer. They ran and they ran, uphill
and downhill. And they ran and they
ran, downhill and uphill. They ran until
they came to the house of the chief.





The chief came out and sat on his royal chair. He said to them, "Why are you running in the heat of the day?"

"Well," said the farmer, "first my yam talked, then my dog talked, then the fish talked, then the cloth talked, and then the water talked."

"Talk, talk, talk!" said the chief. "Too much talk! Yams don't talk! Fish don't talk! Cloth doesn't talk! And water doesn't talk! All this foolish talk will disturb the village! Go away, before I throw you in jail!"



So they all ran away.
"Imagine," said the chief, "a talking
yam! How can that be?"
"So true," said the chair. "Whoever
heard of a talking yam?"



“Aiyeee!” screamed the chief.
And he ran uphill and downhill and
was never seen again.

