Rumple-Stilt-Who?

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Mini Version

A timeless tale presented in....

Playbook® Advantage Format

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Being a Star Makes Reading Fun™

Welcome to the world of Playbooks® and the beginning of a wonderful reading adventure! When you read a Playbook®, you and other readers become the characters in the story. As you read your part out loud, you will have fun acting like your character. Together with the other readers, you’ll explore the story plot learning what will happen next. It’s an exciting journey of discovery that pulls you into the story and you’ll want to read it out loud again and again.

HOW DO YOU GET STARTED?

Begin your reading adventure with the character summary, which is located in the front of the book. You’ll notice right away that the words and sentences for each character appear in a different color on this page and throughout the book, which makes it easy to follow along and read your part. As a reminder, the top of each page shows a chart with each character’s name in the assigned color.

It doesn’t matter whether you are a beginning reader or experienced reader, there is a part for everyone. The number of characters in the story may not necessarily match the number of readers in your group. Readers can play more than one main character role, or they can combine a main character role with a shorter role. Have each person read the character summary from his or her own copy of the book to become familiar with all the characters and their personalities. Then, based on each person’s reading comfort level, he or she can pick one or more characters to read out loud. The most experienced reader typically reads the narrator role. It’s important for teachers and parents to refer to the Teacher or Parent Guide when assigning roles. Consult the reference section on the next page for more information.

Sometimes you will see black italicized text inside parenthesis before or in the middle of sentences. These are called “cues” and tell you how to read a sentence with expression. For example, if the “cue” says (with surprise), speak the sentence with surprise in your voice! Cues are not read out loud. Have fun bringing your character to life by bringing your voice up and down, speaking softly or loudly, changing your facial expressions, and moving your hands or body. Trying different voices or accents can also be lots of fun. You can even wear simple costumes to help you get in character. Consider going on a scavenger hunt around your house or in your classroom to find simple items you can wear such as a hat or pair of glasses. Playbooks®, Inc. offers optional mini costume kits at www.playbooks.com.
MAKING THE MOST OF THE STORY

You can start the story by reading it out loud the first time or by practicing your part on your own. As you get better with your role, you may want to change the way you express your character’s personality or you may want to switch roles with another reader. Be creative! When all your readers get comfortable with their roles, you may want to perform in front of a friendly audience.

Reading out loud is so much fun that it’s easy to forget about the other readers. **So be sure to read with good manners!** Here are some helpful hints. Don’t talk when other readers are reading. Keep up and be ready to read when it’s your turn. Speak loudly and clearly so everyone can hear you. Stay in character for the whole story! **Most importantly, enjoy your Reader’s Theater experience.**

You and your cast of characters are ready to begin your Playbook® adventure!

FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

Being an active participant in a story spikes the reader’s curiosity to learn more about the story’s theme. Playbooks®, Inc. provides classroom activity suggestions and worksheets to reinforce concepts from the story and go beyond the story into the content areas of Language Arts, Math, Science, Social Studies, Art, Health, etc., as well as Character Development. Activities range in skill level and age appropriateness, so the teacher or parent can choose activities that best suit the readers. Activities include: comprehension quizzes, crossword puzzles, word search, vocabulary, discussion and writing prompts, story mapping, word problems, etc. To download FREE supplemental activity sheets currently available, please go to: [www.playbooks.com/supplements](http://www.playbooks.com/supplements). Visit the Playbook® website frequently as we are continually updating it with new story-specific supplements.

RESOURCES/RESEARCH

The Playbook® format is based on current instructional research. Using the Department of Education’s published standardized measurement scales as a guide, **credentialed teachers edit and approve all the Playbook® stories and supplemental activity sheets for multiple reading levels and content.**

A **Recommended Reader Assignment chart that identifies the reading level for each story character is included in the group set.** For additional FREE copies, please go to: [www.playbooks.com/rra.htm](http://www.playbooks.com/rra.htm), and locate the story’s title.

Rewarding a child for exceptional effort and performance is an excellent practice for boosting a child’s reading confidence. To download **FREE Award Certificates** to recognize star performers, please go to: [www.playbooks.com/award/certificate.htm](http://www.playbooks.com/award/certificate.htm).

For specific guidance on implementing a Playbook® story in the classroom or in the home, download a FREE Teacher or Parent Guide at the following link.

**TEACHERS:** [www.playbooks.com/schools/teacherguide.pdf](http://www.playbooks.com/schools/teacherguide.pdf)

**PARENTS:** [www.playbooks.com/parents.shtm](http://www.playbooks.com/parents.shtm)

Seeing readers develop a passion for reading while working with the Playbook® format will be one of your greatest rewards.
**Rumple-Stilt-Who?**

*A timeless tale presented in...*

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**Recommended Reader Assignment**

*FOR TEACHER’S USE ONLY - NOT FOR STUDENT USE*

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Hello … I am Gwendolyn (Gwen-do-linn). EEEEH! My father always tells me to quiet down. I get excited very easily … even over the smallest things! EEEEH! I do not seem to be good at anything ... but I must be good at something. Will I ever find out what it is? EEEEH!

My daughter is by far the most beautiful maiden in the land. So why is she still living here with me when she is past marrying age? It is because she is always nervous! Even the smallest worries seem to set her off into fits of shrieks and screams. How will I ever be able to help her calm down and find a husband? I wish someone would appear on my doorstep and take all my worries away!

I have heard it said I am the boldest knight in all the kingdom! At least, that is what I think I heard—maybe they said I am the oldest knight in all the kingdom? I am a bit hard of hearing, so I tend to shout most everything I say. I also seem to get things mixed up now and then. Recently, the King asked me to walk the royal dog, and when I washed the royal hog, the hog was not amused! I just want to be a devoted and faithful knight.
Ben
I am Ben. I help the King. It is my job to make him happy.

Rumplestiltskin
I am a cellar dweller, and I live in the dungeon of the castle. No one knows I am here. It is my secret! I like to stomp around, holler, and do it undisturbed. I also like to sing and dance, and I even know a little magic!

King Neal
As King, it is my job to keep all fair and good. Sir Knight brought me a very beautiful maiden. He told me she could spin straw into gold! Is this possible, or am I being tricked?

Narrator
As the narrator, I am the master storyteller! It’s up to me to keep the story alive and interesting with each exciting detail. So, I must read everything with expression and excitement!
What is Cue Text?  Cue text tells readers HOW to read their lines. Cue text is shown in both italics and parentheses and appears before a line of dialogue. **Cue text is not read aloud.**

NARRATOR:  It was a quiet village in a peaceful kingdom … that is, until….

**GWENDOLYN:**  *(yelling)* EEEEH! Father! Come quickly!

**MR. MILLER:**  *(patiently)* Calm down, my sweet. What is the emergency this time?

**GWENDOLYN:**  *(screaming again)* My hair! It’s tied in knots, and I cannot comb it!

NARRATOR:  Exhausted, Mr. Miller seriously wondered about his only daughter’s future. She was exceptionally beautiful, but so high strung. She was two years past the age to marry. Would she be under his roof forever?

**MR. MILLER:**  *(sighing)* Do you need to comb your hair at this hour?

**GWENDOLYN:**  I heard a creaking sound on the stairs. EEEEH! There it is again!

**MR. MILLER:**  Be still! *(reassuring)* I told you. The creaking is wind blowing the gate. *(sighing)* Go to sleep child.

NARRATOR:  Mr. Miller tiptoed out avoiding the creaky stair. Around
midnight, he heard the sound of horses outside his window. A knight and a young boy riding noble-looking horses were converging upon his property.

**SIR KNIGHT:** (shouting) Pardon me, kind sir! Would you have a cold drink for a pair of weary travelers?

**BEN:** Yes, can we get some water?

**NARRATOR:** Mr. Miller directed the boy to fill his bucket from the local well.

**MR. MILLER:** What causes you to be roaming about at this dark hour, Sir?

**SIR KNIGHT:** (loudly) No, I have not come to pick a flower!

**MR. MILLER:** No, I said … why are you out at this hour?

**SIR KNIGHT:** We have come from the king’s court as Debt Collectors. I have come early to impress his Highness, as he has doubts about my abilities.
MR. MILLER: Why?
SIR KNIGHT: I … ugh, have trouble hearing, so I tend to mix things up.
MR. MILLER: I see what you mean.
SIR KNIGHT: Have I got a bean? Of course not!
MR. MILLER: Not a bean. I said … I see what you mean.
SIR KNIGHT: (hesitantly) Yes … well … I cannot seem to get financial accounts straight.
MR. MILLER: (kindly) I see. (pausing) Sir … where is your next call?
SIR KNIGHT: (puzzled) My next fall? I assure you, I am quite an accomplished equestrian.…
MR. MILLER: (shouting) No, Sir Knight, your next CALL. Who is this poor soul who owes money to the king?
SIR KNIGHT: (looking down at his list) I am down to the “M’s.” Yes … hmmm … ah, do you know a bloke named Miller?
GWENDOLYN: EEEEH!
NARRATOR: Having found himself indebted for taxes he could not pay, Mr. Miller struck an equitable bargain with Sir Knight. After a firm handshake on the deal, Sir Knight and Ben mounted their horses and prepared to leave.
SIR KNIGHT: (shouting) Are you sure? You want me to take your daughter?
MR. MILLER: (smiling) Knowing that my daughter will be safe in the royal courts is comfort enough for me. Be sure to tell the king how clever she is.
NARRATOR:  As they rode off into the distance, Mr. Miller's shouts could still be heard above the clamoring hooves.  

MR. MILLER:  *(shouting)* And tell the king she has been sick with a cold!  
SIR KNIGHT:  *(shouting)* SHE SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD? I cannot wait to tell the king!  

* * * * *

NARRATOR:  Upon her presentation to the king, Gwendolyn found herself unusually quiet.  
KING NEAL:  Mr. Miller paid me with his daughter?  
SIR KNIGHT:  *(loudly)* Yes, Your Highness. As you can see, her beauty is beyond measure *(shouting)* … but her talents are measurable indeed!  
KING NEAL:  *(interested)* No need to shout, Sir Knight. What are you trying to tell me?  
SIR KNIGHT:  She can spin straw into gold!  
KING NEAL:  SHE WHAT? Spins straw into gold?  
SIR KNIGHT:  Yes!  

NARRATOR:  Gwendolyn shook with dread. Should she tell the truth? Before she could decide, the king spoke.  
KING NEAL:  *(smiling)* I want everything to be covered in gold. Royal Page! Ben!  
BEN:  Yes, my King?  
KING NEAL:  Bring fresh straw from the stables. Take this fair maid to the cellar. Give her food and the finest spinning wheel in my kingdom. *(loudly)* Hurry!
**BEN:** Let us go now.

**NARRATOR:** Poor frightened Gwendolyn followed the young man to a dark room in the castle’s cellar.

**BEN:** Can you do it? Can you make gold?

**GWENDOLYN:** *(meanly)* Of course I can! Well … I really … *(crying)* No, I do not even know how to use a spinning wheel. I shall never be free! EEEEH!

**BEN:** Do not cry. I will help.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** *(angrily)* Stop that noise making! My ears hurt! Can you not see that I am sleeping?

**GWENDOLYN:** Who is there? Show yourself, Now!

**NARRATOR:** A small troll of a man tottered over toward Gwendolyn and scowled at her surprised expression.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** *(annoyed)* Stop staring. Have you never seen a cellar dweller? This is my home. Get out! Now!
GWENDOLYN:  (sadly) I would, but the king ordered me here. I must spin this straw into gold. But I do not even know how to spin! EEEEH!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN:  (furiously) Stop shrieking!

GWENDOLYN:  EEEEH!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN:  (sighing) If I spin this into gold, will you stop that terrible shrieking?

BEN:  Yes, will you help?

GWENDOLYN:  (excited) Please, if the straw is spun into gold the king will let me go.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN:  (snorting) Hmm … well in that case…

GWENDOLYN:  (scared) What? What do you want?

NARRATOR:  The troll stood still deep in thought … and finally … he spoke.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN:  (nearly whispering) What I want most in life is to have a son. There are no cellar trolls for me to marry … so when you marry, you must give me your first-born son.

GWENDOLYN:  (upset) You want me to do what? I cannot give you a child!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN:  (angrily) Then stay here forever! I’ll just find another cellar to live in!

BEN:  No! Do not go!

GWENDOLYN:  You must help me and spin the straw into gold!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN:  (gloating) Only if you promise to give me your first-born son.

GWENDOLYN:  (crying) Oh, nobody will ever marry me anyway. Yes … I will agree!
GWENDOLYN: Don’t worry, Sir Knight. That is just the bin where I put all the rumpled pieces of gilded cloth. It’s the rumpled gild bin.

SIR KNIGHT: (shouting) The what…? The clump-of-mold tin? Are you out of your mind? We need gold, not mold!

GWENDOLYN: (shouting slowly) It is the RUMPLED GILD BIN.

SIR KNIGHT: The lump of coal bin…? Oh, dear me! If the king sees this, I will be exiled! He demands perfect gold, not coal! Hide it!

GWENDOLYN: Never mind! I shall hide it under the stairs. Here, Sir Knight, is the roll of golden cloth.

SIR KNIGHT: (relieved) It’s beautiful! The king will be pleased. He is on his way here to review your progress. (panicking) Oh! He is here now!

KING NEAL: Is that my golden cloth? (pausing) How beautiful! You are gifted and beautiful, fair maid. Ben, take the golden cloth to the royal workroom.

BEN: Yes, King.
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**SIR KNIGHT:** *(happily)* Your Highness? Surely her efforts please you?

**KING NEAL:** *(kindly)* Yes, her work pleases me. And, since I keep my word, I shall let her go home, unless….

**GWENDOLYN:** *(worried)* Unless... what, Your Highness? I did what you asked!

**NARRATOR:** The king nervously paced about until he finally came to the maiden, took her hand, and knelt before her.

**KING NEAL:** *(softly)* I was wondering if … well, will you … will you be my Queen?

**GWENDOLYN:** *(shocked)* Your WHAT? EEEEEEEAAHHH!

**NARRATOR:** Gwendolyn proceeded to faint mid-scream, and when she awoke, the presumptuous king already had a royal clergyman there to perform the wedding.
NARRATOR: As in all things of this earth, time passes….

KING NEAL: I cannot believe it has been a year since our wedding, my dear.

GWENDOLYN: (sweetly) I am so happy to be your queen.

KING NEAL: How lucky we are to have our first baby.

GWENDOLYN: He looks just like you, my dear. He has your handsome eyes.

NARRATOR: The king smiled adoringly at Gwendolyn. Suddenly his nose caught a delicious aroma in the air.

KING NEAL: I wonder what is cooking in the royal kitchen. I shall see.

NARRATOR: The king trotted off as an urgent knock was heard at the door.

GWENDOLYN: (happily) Come in!

NARRATOR: The knob turned slowly as if the visitor was having great difficulty. Finally, it opened with a thump as the angry troll kicked his way into the room.

GWENDOLYN: (shocked) EEEEEEH! Go away!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: Stop screaming! And, stop wasting my time! A promise is a promise!

GWENDOLYN: You do not think that I will....
Gwendolyn | Mr. Miller | Sir Knight
---|---|---
Ben | King Neal | Rumplestiltskin

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** *(angrily)* I expect you to keep your promise. Meet me in the cellar in one hour … OR ELSE!

**GWENDOLYN:** Or else, what?

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** The king still thinks that you were able to spin the gold … and if he finds out the truth, will he still love you?

**GWENDOLYN:** *(fearfully)* Oh, please! What can I do? I will give you anything! Anything!

**NARRATOR:** The troll smiled from pointy ear to pointy ear and sang a little song.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** *(singing)*
I know that you have silver and gold,
But, those things I shall not claim.
It’s your newborn son I wish to hold,
That is, unless, you say my name!

**NARRATOR:** He happily trotted toward the door and turned, whispering to the queen.

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN:** *(sneering)* Remember … one hour…..

**NARRATOR:** Having encouraged her husband to go for a walk, the queen secretly arranged a meeting with Sir Knight and Ben.

**GWENDOLYN:** *(worried)* No one knows his name? Please … someone must have an idea!

**BEN:** No, I do not.

**SIR KNIGHT:** *(shouting)* I don’t think he has a name. I think it is a trick!

**GWENDOLYN:** *(hopefully)* Maybe you are right. It is almost time to go to the cellar.
SIR KNIGHT: Would you like us to accompany you?
GWENDOLYN: Yes. Please do. That mean little troll scares me.
NARRATOR: The queen knocked at the cellar door, but when no answer was heard, she carefully pushed it open. Ben looked frantically about the room.
BEN: I do not see him.
NARRATOR: The spry old troll jumped out from behind the splintered staircase.
RUMPLESTILTSKIN: I’ve waited long enough!
GWENDOLYN: I … I am here … Henry … Albert … Wallace … Edward?
SIR KNIGHT: William… Charles… Thomas… David?
BEN: Dan … Bob … Ted … Sam?
NARRATOR: The troll was delighted with this name game and danced merrily as he sang the now familiar tune….
RUMPLESTILTSKIN: (singing)
I know that you have silver and gold,
But, those things I shall not claim.
It is your newborn son I will soon hold,
Because YOU DO NOT KNOW MY NAME!
GWENDOLYN: (worried) I do know it. I just have not said it yet.
NARRATOR: In a desperate attempt, Ben crawled under the stairs looking for a clue as to the Troll’s name. He stumbled over the bin of rumpled threads that had long ago been hidden away.
BEN: Look!
GWENDOLYN: (wondering) What did you find, Ben?
BEN: It is…
NARRATOR: Ben struggled to pull a basket from under the stairs.
GWENDOLYN: What…?
BEN: Oh, it is nothing. It is just …
GWENDOLYN: Oh, it’s the rumpled gild bin.
RUMPLESTILTSKIN: (worried) WHAT? WHAT DID SHE SAY?
SIR KNIGHT: (shouting) She said Rumplestiltskin … but that does not make any sense.
RUMPLESTILTSKIN: (furiously) HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME? How did you know? No one knows my name!
NARRATOR: Everyone looked at each other in confusion.
BEN: Rum-pull-still-skin?
GWENDOLYN: Rumple-stilt-skin?
SIR KNIGHT: Rumplestiltskin?
RUMPLESTILTSKIN: (enraged) Stop saying it! Stop Stop!
NARRATOR: Rumplestiltskin was delirious with anger. He began screaming and stomping his feet frantically. During his terrible fit, smoke began to bellow from his tiny shoes. This made him even angrier, and he began to stomp even harder. Suddenly, Rumplestiltskin burst into a steaming green fog.
GWENDOLYN: Oh, my! Where did he go?
BEN: He is not here!

SIR KNIGHT: Yes, I agree … let us have a cheer. Hip-hip-hooray!

NARRATOR: Relieved, everyone danced for joy. As the mist drifted toward the tiny cellar window, Rumplestiltskin’s shrieking voice could still be heard….

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: EEEEEH! EEEEEH!

The End