

# MySELF Bookshelf

## Reader's Theater

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### Kanga and Anger

By: HoJeong Kim

Characters:  
Kanga  
Mother Kangaroo  
Frisled Lizard  
Koala  
Joey



KANGA:  
I am Kanga, a baby kangaroo.

MOTHER KANGAROO:  
I am Kanga's mother. Kanga is a cute baby. He hops everywhere, and he likes to play games. But sometimes he is different. Sometimes he gets angry.

KANGA:  
I am making pictures in the sand. Along comes Frilled Lizard. He walks on my pictures. My heart goes thump, thump. My feet go stomp, stomp. I yell at him. I am angry, Lizard!

FRILLED LIZARD:  
I'm sorry, Kanga. I didn't mean to walk on your pictures.

KANGA:  
Go away, Lizard! I am angry!

FRILLED LIZARD:  
Kanga, you must do something about your anger or you will have no friends.

MOTHER KANGAROO:  
My little Kanga was unhappy. But now he's making a pile of leaves. He stacks it very high.

KANGA:  
This stack is taller than me! It is like a big tower.

KOALA:

Look out everyone! I'm falling out of my tree! Down, down, down! Oh good! I have landed on a soft heap of leaves.

KANGA:

My stack of leaves is a mess! Thump, thump, goes my heart. Stomp, stomp, go my feet. Look what you did, you clumsy Koala! I am angry!

FRILLED LIZARD:

Kanga, you get angry too easily and too often.

KOALA:

When you get angry you are very scary. We don't want to be with you.

KANGA:

Frilled Lizard and Koala are mean! They make me very, very angry. Thump, thump, thump! Stomp, stomp, stomp! I am angry!

MOTHER KANGAROO:

Kanga is so angry, he is stomping on my flowers. He has squashed my garden. Now I am angry. I need to count, One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Kanga, come here!

KANGA:

Okay, Mom, I'm coming.

MOTHER KANGAROO:

Kanga, everyone gets angry. But when we get angry, we make our problems grow. When I get angry, I count slowly to ten. Then the anger dies down and I can think clearly.

KANGA:

I can count to ten, too. Thanks, Mom.

JOEY:

Hello, Kanga. Do you want to play kickboxing?

KANGA:

Sure, Joey. That will be fun. Hey, Joey! You punched me! I am angry! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Mom was right. I have counted my anger away. My heart has stopped thumping. My feet are not stomping. I can talk calmly to Joey. Joey, we were only playing. You didn't have to be so rough.

JOEY:

I'm sorry, Kanga. It was my fault. I'm glad you didn't get angry.

KANGA:

I'm glad too, Joey. I'll tell you the secret. Can you count to ten?