

A PLAY

KING MIDAS' TOUCH



based on a Greek myth

A dialogue script for a beginning reader to read with an accomplished reader
Just read it together, or go all out and make costumes and put on a play.

It is also fun to read this into a tape recorder.

FOCUS:

words with "ind", "ild", "old", "olf", "ost"

PHONICS SCRIPT

The following script is based on an old Greek myth. It is formatted as a drama-script, which the child reads with a tutor or another accomplished reader. The adult dialogue lines carry the plot, while the child's lines are written in phonetically controlled text.

It is hard for controlled-text phonics books to tell a good story. The restricted vocabulary of a phonics story limits the storyteller's ability to capture a child's imagination with a good plot and good characters. By separating the story text into adult and beginning reader parts, these phonics scripts give beginning readers the experience of participating in the reading of an enjoyable story.

BREAKING PHONICS RULES

A general phonics rule is that if a syllable ends in a consonant, the preceding vowel is short. This is evident in words like sit, cap, picnic.* Even kids who have not been taught phonics often have internalized this rule and will decode unfamiliar words with this principle. However, there are exceptions to this rule. The endings "ild" "ind", "old", "olt", "ost" all end in consonants, but the vowels can often be long. For example, in the word "cost" the "o" is short, however, in the word "host" the "o" is long. The word "wind" can have a long or a short vowel depending on the meaning (a blustery wind, or a pitcher's wind up). There is no rule to deal with these exceptions, students will become familiar with these deviations with exposure. This script about King Midas will focus on these long vowel anomalies.

(*a syllable that ends in a consonant is called a "closed syllable", a syllable that ends in a vowel is called an "open syllable")

SHORT VOWEL IN CLOSED SYLLABLE EXCEPTIONS:

LONG VOWELS IN: IND OLT OLD ILD OST

ild:

mild wild child

ind:

bind find hind kind mind rind wind blind grind

old:

bold cold fold gold hold mold old sold told scold

olt:

bolt colt jolt molt volt dolt

ost:

host most post ghost (short vowel in cost lost frost)

King Midas' Touch Word Bank

short vowel: three sound words (consonant-vowel-consonant)

sun	hot	had	nap
moss	get	will	bad
sit	in	bed	men
man	mad	fed	did
not	miss	mess	cut
kick	can	back	sad
chop	wish	tap	yes
nut	gum	bed	sock
wig	den	fan	pen
lock	fun	bit	ham
dog	gag	Pam	hug
sat	lap	kid	sob
mud	kiss	it	am

short vowel: consonant blends

mint	horns	lots	stuff
grass	plums	pots	clock
desk	stop	snack	milk
drink	lips	just	glad

King Midas' Touch Word Bank ...continued

long vowel (exceptions to short vowel rule)

cold	told	dolt	scold
kind	gold	hold	most
find	wild	posts	bolt
child			

sight word and story words

the	go	and	my
garden	see	by	to
is	there	goat	have
of	be	all	give
look	he	that	you
are	ate	no	into
off	your	out	come
more	they	tree	house
too	eat	oh	me
do	want	now	love

King Midas' Touch

Student reads the parts of King Midas. Tutor reads Marsyas.

Marsyas: *I want to tell you a story that was first told many hundreds of years ago in ancient Greece. This story is about me and about a good hearted, but also foolish king named King Midas.*

My name is Marsyas. I am a satyr. There are many of us in Greek myths. We satyrs are not completely human. My feet and legs are goat. The rest of me is human ... except for the horns on my head and my pointy ears.

King Midas was a rich king who had a kind heart, but he could also be greedy and bad tempered.

I lived in the court of King Midas. He liked satyrs and many of us lived in his castle. It was a great life. The king never gave us any work to do except to play our flutes for him on Saturday nights. The rest of the time we could do what we wanted and go wherever our goat feet wandered....except into King Midas' garden. We were absolutely not allowed in King Midas' garden.

King Midas loved three things above all else. For now I'll tell you that one of those three things was his garden. King Midas spent hours in his garden and was very proud of it. We satyrs were never, never allowed in those gardens. I think King Midas thought that he could not trust anyone who was half goat to be anywhere near tasty garden plants. Any satyr who was found in the gardens was to have his horns cut off and be sent away forever from the castle.

Having a double nature (goat and human), we satyrs do shift back and forth from more human moods sometimes to more goaty moods other times. One morning I was feeling much more goat than human and a whiff of fresh cropped grass came in from the garden into the castle through an open window. I could not resist. Before you could say baa, I leaped through the window and landed in the forbidden garden. I happened to land in a bed of mint.... and on the ground there was some thick, soft moss. Mint and moss are even tastier than grass (if you can believe that) and ... the story starts here:

King Midas: The sun is hot, I am cold, I will go and sit in my garden.

Marsyas: *You might think that with my extra big, pointy ears I would have heard the king coming out to warm himself in the garden, but what happened was that I had eaten so much mint and so much moss that I got sleepy from all that eating and I had fallen asleep*

right in the middle of the mint bed. I did not hear King Midas come in to his garden.

King Midas: I will go and see my mint and my moss. I will sit by the mint and get hot in the sun.

Marsyas: I was in big trouble, but I was asleep and didn't know it.

King Midas: THERE IS A GOAT IN MY MINT BED! HE HAD A NAP IN MY MOSS! I WILL GET THAT BAD, BAD GOAT!

Marsyas: I woke up with the king roaring right in my face.

Oh King, your awesome majesty ... hi..

King Midas: You are a bad, bad man-goat! You ate my mint and my moss!

Marsyas: O your majesty! ...uh I must have... uh fallen out of the window while I was sleep walking and ...uh. ... landed with my mouth open on top of your plants ...uh I'm sooooo sorry!

King Midas: I told you: no goat men in my garden! No goat men in my garden! I am mad, mad, mad!

Marsyas: Really your majesty I am so, so sorry, really, really sorry...double sorry.

King Midas: You fed on my mint. You did not miss the moss. My garden is a mess! You are a dolt!

Marsyas: Triple sorry.

King Midas: I told you not to go into my garden!

Marsyas: Quadruple sorry.

King Midas: I told you I will cut off your horns and kick you out and you can not come back!

Marsyas: Please, please don't do that! Don't cut off my horns or kick me out of your castle forever, please forgive me!

King Midas could get really mad, but he also had a good heart and when he saw how upset I was about getting my horns cut off and about getting kicked out of the castle, he took a deep breath and forgave me.

King Midas: You are sad, I will not scold you. I am a kind man, I will not chop your horns, I will not kick you out.

Marsyas: Well you can imagine how happy I was! I am very proud of my horns and I loved the life at the castle, so I was so happy to find that I wasn't going to lose any of that. Now, there are a few satyrs who have magical powers. I was one of the magical few. I could grant wishes. I was so happy to be forgiven by King Midas that I told him that because he was so kind to forgive me I would grant him any one wish he wanted.

*I told you that King Midas love three things above all else. I told you that one of those things was his garden. Well, now I'll tell you that the second of the three things he loved was **gold**. King Midas loved his garden and King Midas loved gold. He had lots of it, but he always wanted more, much more. So I guess I wasn't surprised when he told me that the wish he wanted me to grant him was:*

King Midas: My wish is to have gold. I want to hold lots and lots of gold!

Marsyas: You have a lot of gold, your majesty

King Midas: I want the most gold! I want to tap stuff and it will be gold.

Marsyas: You want every thing you tap, everything you touch, to turn into gold?

King Midas: Yes! I will tap ALL my stuff and it will be gold! I will have the most gold!

Marsyas: That might not be a good idea, Your Majesty.

**King Midas: You told me I can have a wish. That is my wish!
Give me my wish!**

Marsyas: Okay, Your Majesty, but there might be some problems with this wish. But you insist, so I will grant it, from now on everything you touch will turn into gold.

The king was so happy. He started touching stuff right away. We were still in the garden so the first things he touched were his precious plants. Every plant he touched turned into gold. I must admit they looked very beautiful.

King Midas: Look! I tap the mint and it is gold. Gold mint, gold moss, gold grass!

Marsyas: Wow, they look really stunning in gold, your Majesty!

King Midas: I will find more stuff to tap. All my stuff will be gold!

Marsyas: King Midas started walking all around his garden touching things and turning them into gold.

King Midas: I tap my wild plums and they are gold. I tap and I have a gold nut tree and a gold gum tree. I have gold pots, gold posts.

Marsyas: They are beautiful, Your Majesty.

King Midas: I will go in and tap stuff in my house.

Marsyas: We went inside. The king was determined to turn everything into gold. We started in his bedroom.

King Midas: Now I have a gold bed. My bed post is gold, too! I have gold socks and a gold wig!

Marsyas: Then we went into the King's den.

King Midas: I will have a gold den: a gold clock, a gold fan, a gold pen, a gold desk. The lock and the bolt on my gold desk will be gold, too!

Marsyas: We spent all morning going through each room and turning everything into gold. We were having a great time, but around lunch time the king started getting hungry.

King Midas: This is fun, but I will stop a bit and get a snack.

Marsyas: We went into the kitchen and I made the king a ham sandwich and poured him some milk. The king picked up the tasty looking sandwich and went to take a big hungry bite...

**King Midas: AAAAG...I just bit gold. My ham is gold!
I can not eat my ham!**

Marsyas: I realized the problem right away. As soon as the king touched the food it turned to gold. Gold is good for a lot of things, but you can't chew it! King Midas realized this, too, and looked frightened. There had to be a way to eat without the food turning into gold or he would starve. He thought that maybe if I held the food instead of him and fed him, the food would not turn into gold.

King Midas: Give me my milk. You hold it.

Marsyas: Unfortunately, it wasn't just his fingers that turned things to gold. As soon as the milk that I held up to his mouth touched his lips it hardened into gold.

King Midas: Oh no, my cold milk is cold gold. I can not drink it!

Marsyas: This was a serious problem. My king was going to starve if we couldn't figure out a way to have him eat something without it turning into gold. I had the idea of tying a hot dog on a string and trying to drop in down his mouth without touching his lips. Would that work?

King Midas: The hot dog will not tap my lips. It will not turn to gold.

Marsyas: I hope you are right!

I started to carefully drop the hot dog down his mouth, not touching the king's lips.

King Midas: AAAAAG ! Gag, gag!

Marsyas: *It didn't work. I avoided the king's lips, but as soon as the hot dog touched his tongue the hot dog turned to gold. King Midas started choking on it.*

King Midas: No, no the hot dog is gold. I can not eat the hot dog.

Marsyas: *Things looked pretty bad. It looked like the great King Midas was going to slowly starve to death. As bad as things were, something suddenly happened that made things get much, much worse.*

Before I go on to tell you what happened, it is time for me to remind you that the king loved three things above all else. I told you that one was his garden, the other was gold and I haven't yet told you the third thing yet. This third thing he loved much, much more than either his garden or his gold. The third thing he loved above all else was Princess Pam, his only child.

Well, as the King was coughing up the golden hot dog, Princess Pam ran into the kitchen to get a hug from her father King Midas.

King Midas looked up and saw his precious daughter running up to him. He knew immediately what would happen.

King Midas: No, No Pam, my child, stop! Do not hug me! I do not want you to be gold!!!

Marsyas: *It was too late, before the King could stop her, Pam jumped into his lap. The moment she landed she turned into a solid gold statue. It was horrible!*

King Midas: My Pam, my Pam, my child. You sat in my lap. Now you are a gold kid. I am so sad. I sob and sob.

Marsyas: As you know I have magical powers, but I never had to undo my own magic. Could I undo my own magic spell this time? I was really very fond of the King and he had forgiven me for eating his garden. There are always ways you can wiggle out of spells if you think hard enough. I thought very, very hard and got an idea. I turned to the king and said:

Your majesty, it will be hard to undo this magic wish, but I think that if you are willing to lose all your gold, I can turn Pam back in to a real girl. To get Pam back you will have to let all the gold you have turn into mud. You will have no more gold at all. Everything you turned into gold today will be mud. That will include all the rooms in your castle you turned into gold today and your beautiful garden which you turned into gold before that. And furthermore, all the gold you had before today will also turn to mud. You will have no gold: not in the castle, not in your coin rooms, not in your royal bank, even your gold crown will turn into mud. The king did not even hesitate:

King Midas: Yes, yes! I do not want gold. All my gold can be mud. I just want my Pam!

Marsyas: And so it happened. Instantly there was real, live, wiggly Pam on the King's lap, kissing and hugging him. But on the king's head was a pile of mud. In fact all around him was a lot of mud. A mud sandwich was on the table as well as a glass of mud and a long lump of mud on a string.

The great King Midas no longer had any gold, and his precious garden was a big pile of mud, but King Midas was never happier.

King Midas: My gold is mud, my garden is mud, but I am not sad. My child is not gold. I am so glad she is not gold!! I love my Pam. I will hug my child. I will kiss my child! I am glad. I am glad!

Marsyas: So that is the story of the great King Midas....and me ... THE END