Thanks for helping me

Practice my play, *Norby*.

You do your part,

And i'll read the rest.

"i'm from the family

"that's called brontosaurus.

"we eat so much,

There's not enough for us."

Storylords 04

Quaaack!

Quaaack!

Holy kamoly, mandy! What are you doing?

It says i'm supposed to squawk.

I know,

But why are you clomping around

Like a brontosaurus?

You're supposed to be a pterodactyl!

But i've never heard of a pterodactyl!

It was a bird.

How was *I* supposed to know?

You could have figured it out.

First, it says you squawk.

That's a clue.

There's another one

In your next speech.

"i soar and *I* fly

High up in the sky."

That says bird.

If you don't understand what you're reading,

Stop and look for clues that help.

Ok, let's start over.

I'll come in like this.

Quaaack!

Quaaack!

Quaaack!

Quaaack!

Quaaack!

Squaaarck!

Uh, let's do this after dinner, ok?

I remembered some homework i've got to do.

Ok.

Close the door, ok?

Lexor!

My son,

You are needed again in *Mojuste*.

You could pick better times.

My sister almost caught us.

We have no time to lose.

Hurry, or Thorzuul will claim another victim.

*Norby*.

*Norby*.

"thunder and lightning,

"trumpets and drums.

"readers rejoice!

A storylord comes!"

I mean, who does he think *I* am?

Some sort of detective or something?

Hey, be careful!

You'll ruin my souffle!

Sorry.

Where am I, anyway? A restaurant?

No. A car wash!

Of course it's a restaurant--

Mine! Chef jeff's.

Are you here to peel the potatoes?

I'm Norbert niesenden, apprentice storylord.

Did you say storylord?

Uh, yes.

Great!

First it's Thorzuul,

Now it's a munchkin wearing storylord gloves!

Has Thorzuul been here?

Is broccoli green?

I come in this morning,

And look what *I* find on my oven door.

"from the desk of Thorzuul."

Hmmm.

That's a toughie.

Who does he think *I* am?

Encyclopedia brown?

My goose is cooked,

Or should *I* say microwaved?

Don't worry, chef jeff.

We'll figure this out.

You mean *you* can help *me?*

Is broccoli green?

I'll see you *here* tomorrow.

Home.

My souffle!

Now, before we... Norbert?

You said if something we were reading didn't make sense,

We should stop and read it over.

Yes. We put it on the board.

What if it *still* doesn't make sense?

Good question, Norbert.

If you are patient,

Maybe we can answer it in today's class.

Who can remind us of what we read yesterday?

Angie?

This mother told her kids

That someone was moving in with them,

But she wouldn't tell them who.

Very good, angie.

Jason, will you start reading for us, please?

 *"will you tell us his name?*

 *"please?* Begged sarah.

"their mother nodded.

 *"his name is mr. Muddyface.*

 *"mr. Muddyface!* Said adam.

 *"where will he sleep?* Asked james.

 *"i'll put his bed in the basement*

 *"beside the furnace,* answered their mom.

 *"where will he sit at dinner time?* Asked julia.

 *"i'll put his plate on the floor,*

"said their mother.

 *"he won't stay very long,* said adam.

 *"he'll like it very much,*

Replied his mother."

This doesn't make sense.

No one would like to sleep by the furnace

And have his plate on the floor.

Do you agree with Jason?

Yeah.

I'm glad you stopped reading

When it didn't make sense.

Let's read it over to see if we missed a clue

That might help us understand who mr. Muddyface could be.

If you find a clue, raise your hand.

No? All right, Norbert,

This is what you were asking about.

Since what we are reading

Still doesn't make sense to us,

We read on...

And look for new clues.

Angie, will you read on for us, please?

"suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

 *"here's mr. Muddyface now,* said their mother.

"the children opened the door.

"it was their neighbor mrs. Lockwood

"holding a box with holes in it.

 *"you're not mr. Muddyface,* said sarah.

 *"no. He's in this box,* laughed mrs. Lockwood.

"the children peered in through the holes.

 *meow,* said mr. Muddyface."

Mr. Muddyface is a kitty cat!

That's why he'd sleep by the furnace

And have his plate on the floor.

Right.

Now everything in the story makes sense, doesn't it?

We found out some new clues by reading ahead.

Does this answer your question, Norbert?

  *I* hope so, mrs. Framish.

I'll soon find out.

I've read it and reread it.

I understand all the words,

But it still doesn't make sense.

Here!

"under some ice cream,

Over some meat."

Sounds like spare ribs a la mode.

Yuck!

Gag me with linguine!

Let's read on and search for new clues.

Read on? Where?

Did you check the other side of the note?

Did *I* check--

As a matter of fact, no.

Aha! Look at this!

"if you will heat it, *I* will eat it."

Signed,

Thorzuul.

If it has to be heated,

Then it must be something cold.

It must be something in the fridge!

"under some ice cream."

Is there ice cream in the freezer?

Yes, and there's meat in the bottom drawer.

"over some meat."

"beside some milk."

Look! An apple pie.

Under, over, beside.

That's the treat he wants me to heat!

I hope you have a microwave.

Ha ha ha!

His royal badness... Uh...

His *hungry* royal badness,

Thorzuul.

[sniff]

I don't smell anything cooking.

Ha ha ha!

Ha ha ha!

Enough of this friendly banter.

Where's my treat?

One hot apple pie,

Coming up!

But...

But, but my riddle,

You solved it. How?

When *I* realized *I* couldn't understand your note,

I stopped and read it over

To see if i'd mi ed any clues.

Then *I* reread it and solved it.

It was easy as...

Pie.

You!

I'll get you!

Milkbreath!

Get me out of here!

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