"Startull: The Story of an Average Yellow Star"

for kids and/or adults

Evolutionary Parable by Connie Barlow:

original 3 June 2006; revised 20 June 2013

This parable can be performed with **no advance rehearsal**. Just call for volunteers.

http://thegreatstory.org/stardust-parable.pdf

Detailed stage directions at: http://thegreatstory.org/startull-instructions.pdf

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1. ROLES: Following are individual scripts for the **4 roles**:

Narrator, **Startull**, **Elder Yellow Star**, and **Big Blue**.

Note: Big Blue has the shortest script and can be the least proficient reader — but needs to enjoy moving explosively. The most proficient readers should be given the Elder Yellow Star and Narrator roles. Startull also needs to be a good reader, but the words are simpler.

2. PROPS:

- **Bright scarves** of these colors, made from purchased fabric (1/4 yard width), to drape around the necks of the 3 actors: 2 yellow scarves, 1 red, 1 blue.
- **New Periodic Table of Elements** (see next page) should be copies and passed out to actors and audience or made into a large poster.

3. ADVANCE INSTRUCTION:

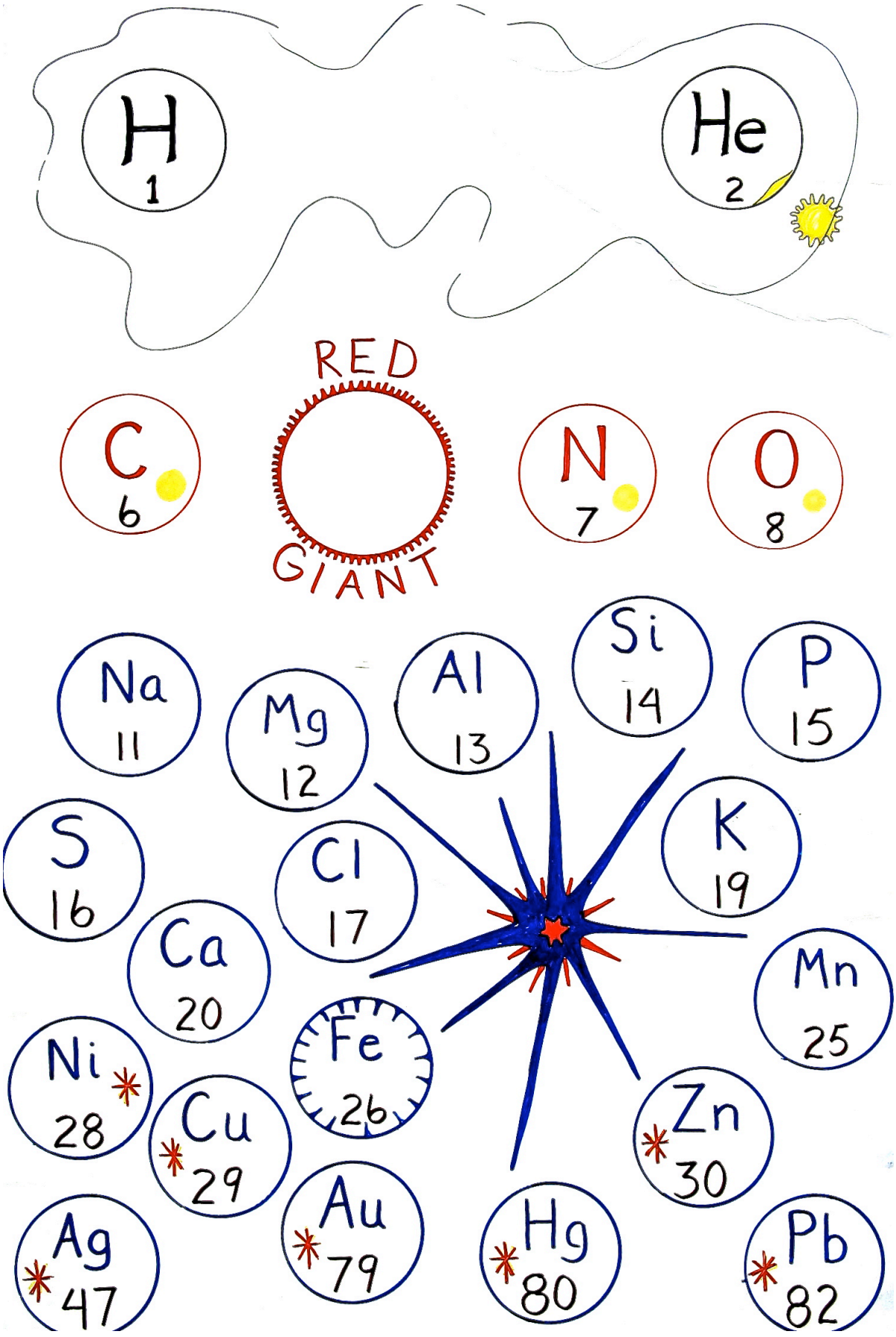
- **For children in a classroom setting**, this parable is intended as a follow-up to the Lesson of Stardust. Participants would then be familiar with the idea that the chemical elements were forged inside of stars — and different elements inside different kinds of stars. http://www.thegreatstory.org/stardust-kids.html
- **For children or adults with no advance instruction**: Display or hand out the New Periodic Table chart and announce that this play will be done as a kind of guessing game to learn what this science chart is about. As the play proceeds, you as the instructor will point to the elements as they are spoken.

4. THE SCIENCE TEACHING (birth of chemical elements inside stars):

In watching or acting in this play, participants will learn that average yellow stars (including our sun) fuse hydrogen into helium; that yellow stars become red giant stars and then fuse helium into carbon; and that big blue stars create the heavier elements and then explode as supernovas.

5. VALUES TEACHING:

a. Accepting self and others.
b. Balancing humility and pride.
c. Trust in the ways of the universe.
d. Finding your cosmic task.
e. Understanding that death is inevitable for self and loved ones, and that death plays an important role in the Circle of Life.
f. Learning that each one of us can contribute to the well-being of all.
g. The importance of having a mentor and then becoming a mentor.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Narrator

*There are **2 Acts** to this play. You are in charge of making sure that all the actors are ready before you start narrating each Act.*

*If you are in charge of **a classroom of kids**, quickly look ahead to the end of Act 1, and decide if you want to do the optional movement activity for the audience of kids (it is marked in red).*

*If there is a **CHART of chemical elements** onstage, you or the instructor or a volunteer should be prepared to point to the chemical elements whenever an actor mentions them during the play. So know in advance where to see on the chart these elements:* Hydrogen (H), Helium (He), Carbon (C), Oxygen (O), Silicon (Si), Calcium (Ca), Iron (Fe).

What you need to read is always in BOLD type.

Stage directions for you are in [italics] type.

Read your part at a normal pace — not slowly or melodramatically.

Act 1 (Narrator)

[Only the NARRATOR and STARTULL are onstage to begin. Position Startull to be center stage or at a good microphone. NARRATOR stands off a bit to the side during the whole play, so that only the 3 characters are acting together.]

NARRATOR: Act 1 of "Startull: The Story of an Average Yellow Star."

Once upon a time, in our very own galaxy, The Milky Way Galaxy, an average yellow star was born, amidst a cluster of bright, blue sibling stars. Let us call this average yellow star, Startull — because any star that is to be the hero of a story deserves to have a proper name.

STARTULL: Hello! My name is Startull, and I don't want to be an average yellow star!

NARRATOR: Startull and its sibling stars were all born at the same time. They were jolted into existence by the exploding shock wave from a nearby supernova star that was dying. In this way, one generation of stars gives birth to the next. This, it seems, is the way of the Universe.

STARTULL: I am the same age as my sibling stars, but all of them are big, bright, and the most beautiful color of all: blue!

NARRATOR: Startull, the average yellow star, looked a lot like our own star the Sun would have looked at an early age. We Earthlings know that our Sun is powerful. We know that the Sun is big and that it is bright. But Startull didn't feel powerful. Startull felt small and dim and weak compared to its sibling stars — who were all big, blue, and a thousand times brighter.

STARTULL: Oh, I want to be big! I want to be bright! And most of all, I want to be blue!

NARRATOR: Soon after they were born, the sibling stars began to wander away from their place of birth — and from one another. After 20 million years, they were still close enough to carry on a conversation, but not for much longer. So Startull, the average yellow star, called out to one of its big, blue siblings . . .

STARTULL: Hey, Big Blue!

BIG BLUE: Hey, Startull. What's up?

STARTULL: Nothing much. How about you?

BIG BLUE: Something strange is happening to me. I'm not sure what it is. I've been squeezing HYDROGEN into HELIUM all my life. . .

STARTULL: Me too!

BIG BLUE: Well, I'm not doing much of *that* anymore.

STARTULL: What? If you're not making HELIUM anymore, how do you stay so bright?

BIG BLUE: I seem to be squeezing HELIUM into lots of other stuff — especially OXYGEN, and even some SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: I wonder whether that will happen to me? After all, you and I are the same age. So I should be changing too!

NARRATOR: Just then, a stranger wandered near the pair of sibling stars.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Enter the stage.]* Perhaps I might be of assistance?

BIG BLUE: Who are you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I am an elder yellow star. I am 5 billion years old.

STARTULL: Oh no! I am only 20 million years old. Does that mean I'm going to stay average and yellow *forever* — just like you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not quite forever — but long enough.

BIG BLUE: Hey, you old star! You're upsetting my sib! Just leave us alone!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Young One: I don't have time to explain, but be prepared for a tumble. I'll see you again after things settle down.

NARRATOR: The Elder Yellow Star swung around and headed back into the galaxy.

BIG BLUE: Uh . . . Startull. I feel strange — like I'm getting sick. Maybe you should keep your distance.

STARTULL: Okay, Big Blue. I hope you feel better soon.

NARRATOR: Startull turned and saw Elder Yellow Star retreating into the distance. Having nothing better to do, Startull began to follow. . . Then, all of a sudden, there was a terrible explosion! *[Big Blue will mimic an explosion and run past the stars and off-stage, while you say:]* **Startull lost balance and began to tumble! . . . Startull tumbled so fast and so far that when the young yellow star finally regained consciousness, it was right alongside the Elder Yellow Star.** *[Help Startull and Elder Yellow Star return to center stage (or microphone) before they continue the dialogue.]*

STARTULL: Uh . . . What happened?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such a powerful shock wave and enormously bright light can mean only one thing: I am *very sorry* to report that one of your sibling stars has just gone supernova.

STARTULL: How can you be *sorry*?!! That bright light is awesome!!! I'd love to be able to do that!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Supernova is indeed a noble path for a star. Supernovas generously send back into the galaxy all the complex atoms that they made during their short lives.

STARTULL: What do you mean by *short* life?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: When a star goes supernova, it explodes violently and sends back into the galaxy most of what it has made inside itself — things like OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: Hey, that's what Big Blue was making! . . . *[begin to look very sad]* . . . Oh . . . Big Blue was making OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM, but then started to feel sick.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes, my Young Friend. I am sorry to say that your sibling has died. And the others will die, too, very soon.

STARTULL: How can that be?!! My blue siblings are so much bigger than I ever was! They have so much more HYDROGEN to use! They can't possibly have burned it all!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh yes they can! Think about it: If your big, blue siblings are a thousand times brighter than you are, then they must be using up their hydrogen fuel a thousand times faster. That is why they are so bright. And so, their lives are very short.

NARRATOR: Startull grew quiet, and very sad. The Elder Yellow Star tried to offer some comfort.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such is the way of the Universe, my Friend. We all die. Even so, we all have the opportunity to create something important before we go, and to leave our gifts for the next generations of stars to use.

STARTULL: Of what use is CALCIUM?! Of what use is OXYGEN?! And of what use is STUPID HELIUM?!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh, dear! It looks like another one of your siblings is about to go. . . There is no time left to continue our conversation. But I shall see you again, my Young Friend. In the meantime, I suggest you watch for . . .

NARRATOR: Just then came a shockwave from a second supernova explosion!

BIG BLUE: *[explosively runs onto stage]*

NARRATOR: Startull and the Elder Yellow Star both lost their balance and began tumbling in different directions.

STARTULL & ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Wildly move off the stage in opposite directions.]*

NARRATOR: *[Make sure Startull and Elder Yellow Star chaotically move offstage. Then quickly return and speak excitedly directly to AUDIENCE . .]*

NARRATOR: *[Encourage audience to move as you speak.]* **The shock wave from the exploding supernova continues to travel — like waves in the ocean. . . I see the shock wave is moving farther into the galaxy. . . Oh yes! The shock wave is reaching all of YOU OTHER STARS out there, right now!** *[Encourage the audience to feel the shock wave. Then settle them back down.]*

NARRATOR: That's then end of Act 1. Let us begin Act 2 of "Startull: The Story of an Average Yellow Star."

END OF ACT 1

Act 2 (Narrator)

NARRATOR: *[Motion for Startull to return to center stage and for Elder Yellow Star (who is now wearing a **red scarf**), to be ready to enter at the edge of the stage very soon.]*

STARTULL: *[Return to center stage or where microphone is.]*

NARRATOR: Our sad young star was now alone. . . . Many years would pass, and, thankfully, so would the grief. In fact, billions of years would pass before the two yellow stars would meet again. But this time, Startull would not recognize the elder star. *[Step away to allow the other two characters to talk by themselves, and try not to look at your script till your next part is near. Just enjoy watching them act.]*

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Return to stage with RED SCARF on.]* Hello, my Friend! I see that you have made something of yourself, indeed!

STARTULL: Oh! You startled me! Who are you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: : Of course you do not recognize me, because I am no longer yellow! In my old age, I have turned RED. I have become a RED GIANT STAR!

STARTULL: Oh, it's you! . . . Hey, I'm sorry I was rude to you back when I last saw you — 5 billion years ago.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: You have matured very well, Startull.

STARTULL: Thank you!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I am thrilled to see that, in your 5 billion years as an Average Yellow Star, you have actually created more than I have done in 10 billion years.

STARTULL: What do you mean?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh! You must not have heard me when that second supernova shock wave struck us both. I tried to tell you to watch that third planet of yours . . .

STARTULL: Do you mean this little speck that keeps circling around me?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Indeed!

STARTULL: It is colder than even the weakest of stars! How could anything exciting possibly happen there?! It can't even make HELIUM!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I suggest you examine that little planet carefully.

STARTULL: Hmmmmm . . . It has turned a lovely shade of blue. I still love the color blue — though I no longer wish to be anything other than yellow.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Look closer . . .

STARTULL: Oh! . . . I see many things moving around on the brown and green stuff. And I see different things moving in the big blue pools.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Ah, my Friend! Such is the way of the Universe! You produced a steady supply of starshine during all your years of squeezing HYDROGEN into HELIUM. That starshine permitted LIFE to evolve on that planet of yours! Well done!!!

STARTULL: *[Jump up and down joyfully.]* I created Life! I created Life!

NARRATOR: *[Return to stage and speak to audience to encourage applause.]* **Let's all congratulate Startull for a job well done!!!**

AUDIENCE APPLAUDS . . .

NARRATOR: *[Motion for audience to quiet down.]*

STARTULL: Wow! . . . I now see that being average, dim, and yellow is actually *better* than being big, bright, and blue!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not so fast, my Friend! Look at your planet again and then answer this question: What is the atom that makes the bones inside those moving things strong?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: *[Speak to audience and encourage correct response ("Calcium") if necessary.]* . . . **Who can help Startull learn which kind of atom makes bones strong?**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Wait for audience to say "Calcium"]* Yes! It is CALCIUM that makes strong bones. . . . Now, Startull, answer this question: What atom is at the very center of the red blood cells in those moving things?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: *[Encourage audience to answer, if they do not spontaneously call out correct answer: "IRON."]*

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes! It is IRON that is in the blood of those creatures. . . . Now tell me this*:* Where did those CALCIUM and IRON atoms come from?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: *[Encourage audience to answer, if they do not spontaneously call out correct answer: "BLUE STARS."]*

STARTULL: *[after audience gives the answer]* Ah! . . . I understand! CALCIUM and IRON are made inside of Big Blue stars! So *all* of us are important!

BIG BLUE (as ghost): *[Runs directly across the stage, waving scarf in happy victory – not as an explosion.]*

STARTULL: Yes! I now see that Big Blue Stars are very important, too. But what about you, Old One? Are you doing anything important now that you have turned red?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Look again at your little planet and answer this question: What atom is inside every cell of every living creature?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: *[Encourage audience to answer, if they do not spontaneously call out correct answer: "CARBON." Give a hint that it starts with a "C" if the audience doesn't know the answer.]*

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Indeed! CARBON is precisely what I am now creating as a Red Giant Star.

STARTULL: That is a wonderful gift! Will I ever make carbon?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes. But that won't happen for a very long time. During the next 5 billion years, you will remain an AVERAGE YELLOW STAR — but you will be an average yellow star with a very important responsibility.

STARTULL: I will do my job well! I will keep sending starshine to the life on my little planet.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Very good! . . . Now, my Friend, I must go.

STARTULL: Why?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: It will soon be time for me to recycle back into the galaxy the gift of carbon that I have created. And maybe, just maybe, an Average Yellow Star who is yet to be born will be surrounded by planets. Perhaps one of those planets will put to use the carbon atoms that I create. Perhaps that planet will evolve Life!

STARTULL: But will you have to die for that to happen?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes. . . But my way of dying will be much gentler than that of a supernova explosion. Even so, much of what I have created will go back into the galaxy.

STARTULL: Are you afraid to die?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I used to be afraid. But now that I am old, I am very satisfied with the star life I have already lived. As a RED GIANT, what matters to me most is that this whole amazing process continues. I want NEW STARS to continue to be born. I want LIFE to continue to evolve. . . . I am sure you will feel the same way in another 5 billion years.

STARTULL: So . . . I am going to die, too?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such is the way of the Universe. Everything dies eventually. And that is what makes possible this whole grand Circle of Life! Without death, there could be no more birth.

STARTULL*:* The Circle of Life: I think I understand that part.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: My Friend, know this: Another 5 billion years will pass before it is your time to recycle the stardust atoms you have created. So, carry on! Carry on as a magnificently average yellow star! And continue with your COSMIC TASK of helping one of your planets evolve life!

STARTULL: You can count on me for that!

NARRATOR: The Red Giant Star, who was once just an Average Yellow Star, turned away and began to wander gracefully into the abyss. Startull watched its friend grow dimmer and dimmer until there was nothing left to see. Perhaps the star had simply ventured out of sight. Or perhaps the Red Giant had shed its cloak of hydrogen and helium and carbon, and was cooling into a very dim White Dwarf. . .

Millions of years would pass. Startull continued to make more helium and was very busy watching how life evolved on its little planet. Startull often remembered with affection the Elder Yellow Star. And Startull remembered, too, its big bright blue siblings — all of whom had long ago died in glorious supernova explosions.

One day, while wandering through the galaxy, Startull saw a very young and very average yellow star in the distance. . .

You know what happens next: Startull began to move toward the young star. . .

STARTULL: *[Walk toward audience and cheerily wave.]* Hey! Hello there, Young One!

NARRATOR: Such is the way of the Universe! . . . The End!

ALL COME TOGETHER: *[**bow for applause**.]*

Startull

Wear the YELLOW SCARF for the entire play. *You will be on-stage the entire play. In* ***Act 1*** *you are a very young and average Yellow Star. In* ***Act 2*** *you become mature and you enjoy learning from the Elder Yellow Star.*

What you need to read is always in BOLD type.

Stage directions for you are in [italics] type.

Read your part at a normal pace — not slowly or melodramatically.

Act 1 (Startull)

STARTULL: *[Begin the play at center stage, or wherever the NARRATOR directs you to stand (possibly by a microphone).]*

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, in our very own galaxy, The Milky Way Galaxy, an average yellow star was born, amidst a cluster of bright, blue sibling stars. Let us call this average yellow star, Startull — because any star that is to be the hero of a story deserves to have a proper name.

STARTULL: *[Speak to audience.]* **Hello! My name is Startull, and I don't want to be an average yellow star!**

NARRATOR: Startull and its sibling stars were all born at the same time. They were jolted into existence by the exploding shock wave from a nearby supernova star that was dying. In this way, one generation of stars gives birth to the next. This, it seems, is the way of the Universe.

STARTULL: I am the same age as my sibling stars, but all of them are big, bright, and the most beautiful color of all: blue!

NARRATOR: Startull, the average yellow star, looked a lot like our own star the Sun would have looked at an early age. We Earthlings know that our Sun is powerful. We know that the Sun is big and that it is bright. But Startull didn't feel powerful. Startull felt small and dim and weak compared to its sibling stars — who were all big, blue, and a thousand times brighter.

STARTULL: Oh, I want to be big! I want to be bright! And most of all, I want to be blue!

NARRATOR: Soon after they were born, the sibling stars began to wander away from their place of birth — and from one another. After 20 million years, they

were still close enough to carry on a conversation, but not for much longer. So Startull, the average yellow star, called out to one of its big, blue siblings.

STARTULL: Hey, Big Blue!

BIG BLUE: Hey, Startull. What's up?

STARTULL: Nothing much. How about you?

BIG BLUE: Something strange is happening to me. I'm not sure what it is. I've been squeezing HYDROGEN into HELIUM all my life. . .

STARTULL: Me too!

BIG BLUE: Well, I'm not doing much of *that* anymore.

STARTULL: What? . . . If you're not making HELIUM anymore, how do you stay so bright?

BIG BLUE: I seem to be squeezing HELIUM into lots of other stuff — especially OXYGEN, and even some SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: I wonder whether that will happen to me? After all, you and I are the same age. So I should be changing too!

NARRATOR: Just then, a stranger wandered near the pair of sibling stars.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Perhaps I might be of assistance?

BIG BLUE: Who are you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I am an elder yellow star. I am 5 billion years old.

STARTULL: Oh no! I am only 20 million years old! Does that mean I'm going to stay average and yellow *forever* — just like you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not quite forever — but long enough.

BIG BLUE: Hey, you old star! You're upsetting my sib. Just leave us alone!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Young One: I don't have time to explain, but be prepared for a tumble. I'll see you again after things settle down.

NARRATOR: The Elder Yellow Star swung around and headed back into the galaxy.

BIG BLUE: Uh . . . Startull. I feel strange — like I'm getting sick. Maybe you should keep your distance.

STARTULL: Okay, Big Blue. I hope you feel better soon.

NARRATOR: Startull turned and saw Elder Yellow Star retreating into the distance. Having nothing better to do, Startull began to follow. . .

STARTULL: *[begin to follow Elder Yellow Star.]*

NARRATOR: Then, all of a sudden, there was a terrible explosion! *[Big Blue will mimic an explosion.]* Startull lost balance and began to tumble!

STARTULL: *[move in a crazy way toward Elder Yellow Star.]*

NARRATOR: Startull tumbled so fast and so far that when the young yellow star finally regained consciousness, it was right alongside the Elder Yellow Star.

STARTULL: *[Make sure you and Elder Yellow Star return to center stage (or microphone) before you speak.]* **Uh . . . What happened?**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such a powerful shock wave and enormously bright light can mean only one thing: I am *very sorry* to report that one of your sibling stars has just gone supernova.

STARTULL: How can you be *sorry*?!! That bright light is awesome!!! I'd love to be able to do that!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Supernova is indeed a noble path for a star. Supernovas generously send back into the galaxy all the complex atoms that they made during their short lives.

STARTULL: *[hesitantly]* **What do you mean by *short* life?**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: When a star goes supernova, it explodes violently and sends back into the galaxy most of what it has made inside itself — things like OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: Hey, that's what Big Blue was making! . . . *[begin to look very sad]* **. . . Oh . . . Big Blue was making OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM, but then started to feel sick.**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes, my Young Friend. I am sorry to say that your sibling has died. And the others will die, too, very soon.

STARTULL: *[with anger]* **How can that be?!! My blue siblings are so much bigger than I ever was! They have so much more HYDROGEN to use! They can't possibly have burned it all!**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh yes they can! Think about it: If your big, blue siblings are a thousand times brighter than you are, then they must be using up their hydrogen fuel a thousand times faster. That is why they are so bright. And so, their lives are very short.

NARRATOR: Startull grew quiet, and very sad. The Elder Yellow Star tried to offer some comfort.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such is the way of the Universe, my Friend. We all die. Even so, we all have the opportunity to create something important before we go, and to leave our gifts for the next generations of stars to use.

STARTULL: *[angrily]* **Of what use is CALCIUM?! Of what use is OXYGEN?! And of what use is STUPID HELIUM?!**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh, dear! It looks like another one of your siblings is about to go. . . There is no time left to continue our conversation. But I shall see you again, my Young Friend. In the meantime, I suggest you watch for . . .

NARRATOR: Just then came a shockwave from a second supernova explosion!

BIG BLUE: *[runs explosively onto stage.]*

STARTULL & ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Wildly move off the stage in opposite directions.]*

NARRATOR: Startull and the Elder Yellow Star both lost their balance and began tumbling in different directions.

STARTULL & ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Stay OFF-STAGE until you are called back in Act 2.]*

Act 2 (Startull)

NARRATOR: *[Motion for Startull to return to stage.]*

STARTULL: *[Return to center stage or where microphone is.]*

NARRATOR: Our sad young star was now alone. . . . Many years would pass, and, thankfully, so would the grief. In fact, billions of years would pass before the two yellow stars would meet again. But this time, Startull would not recognize the elder star.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Hello, my Friend! I see that you have made something of yourself, indeed!

STARTULL: Oh! You startled me! Who are you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Of course you do not recognize me, because I am no longer yellow! In my old age, I have turned RED. I have become a RED GIANT STAR!

STARTULL: *[Smile and be happy.]* **Oh, it's you!** *[HUG the elder star.]* **Hey, I'm sorry I was rude to you back when I last saw you — 5 billion years ago.**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: You have matured very well, Startull.

STARTULL: Thank you!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I am thrilled to see that, in your 5 billion years as an Average Yellow Star, you have actually created more than I have done in ten billion years.

STARTULL: What do you mean?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh! You must not have heard me when that second supernova shock wave struck us both. I tried to tell you to watch that third planet of yours.

STARTULL: *[Pretend there is a tiny planet near your waist. Point to it.]* **Do you mean this little speck that keeps circling around me?**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Indeed!

STARTULL: It is colder than even the weakest of stars! How could anything exciting possibly happen there?! It can't even make helium!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I suggest you examine that little planet carefully.

STARTULL: *[Look at your planet.]* **Hmmmmm . . . It has turned a lovely shade of blue. I still love the color blue — though I no longer wish to be anything other than yellow.**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Look closer . . .

STARTULL: *[Look again.]* **Hmmmm . . . I see many things moving around on the brown and green stuff. And I see different things moving in the big blue pools.**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Ah, my Friend! Such is the way of the Universe! You produced a steady supply of starshine during all your years of squeezing HYDROGEN into HELIUM. That starshine permitted LIFE to evolve on that planet of yours! Well done!!!

STARTULL: *[Jump up and down joyfully.]* **I created Life! I created Life!**

NARRATOR: Let's all congratulate Startull for a job well done!!!

AUDIENCE APPLAUDS . . .

NARRATOR: *[Motion for audience to quiet down.]*

STARTULL: *[Wait for quiet.]* **Wow! . . . I now see that being average, dim, and yellow is actually *better* than being big, bright, and blue!**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not so fast, my Friend! Look at your planet again and then answer this question: What is the atom that makes the bones inside those moving things strong?

STARTULL: *[Look at your planet.]* . . . **I don't know.**

NARRATOR: *[Speaks to audience]* Who can help Startull learn which kind of atom makes bones strong?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes! It is CALCIUM that makes strong bones. . . . Now answer this question: What atom is at the very center of the red blood cells in those moving things?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: *[Speaks to audience]* Who can help Startull answer this question?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes! It is IRON that is in the blood of those creatures. . . . Now tell me this*:* Where did those CALCIUM and IRON atoms come from?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull learn where CALCIUM and IRON atoms come from?

STARTULL: *[after audience answers "Blue Stars"]* **Ah! . . . I understand! Calcium and iron are made inside of Big Blue stars! So *all* of us are important!**

BIG BLUE (as ghost): *[Runs across the stage, waving scarf . . .]*

STARTULL: *[Big Blue is invisible to you]* **. . . Yes! I now see that Big Blue Stars are very important, too. . .** *[speak to Elder Star]* **But what about you, Old One? Are you doing anything important now that you have turned RED?**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Look again at your little planet and answer this question: What atom is inside every cell of every living creature?

STARTULL: *[Look at your planet.]* . . . **I don't know.**

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull answer this question?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Indeed! Carbon is precisely what I am now creating as a Red Giant Star.

STARTULL: That is a wonderful gift! Will I ever make carbon?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes. But that won't happen for a very long time. During the next 5 billion years, you will remain an AVERAGE YELLOW STAR — but you will be an average yellow star with a very important responsibility.

STARTULL: I will do my job well! I will keep sending starshine to the life on my little planet.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Very good! . . . Now, my Friend, I must go.

STARTULL: Why?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: It will soon be time for me to recycle back into the galaxy the gift of CARBON that I have created. And maybe, just maybe, an Average Yellow Star who is yet to be born will be surrounded by planets. Perhaps one of those planets will put to use the carbon atoms that I create. Perhaps that planet will evolve Life!

STARTULL: *[with sadness]* **But will you have to die for that to happen?**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes. . . But my way of dying will be much gentler than that of a supernova explosion. Even so, much of what I have created will go back into the galaxy.

STARTULL: Are you afraid to die?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I used to be afraid. But now that I am old, I am very satisfied with the star life I have already lived. As a RED GIANT, what matters to me most is that this whole amazing process continues. I want NEW STARS to continue to be born. I want LIFE to continue to evolve. . . . I am sure you will feel the same way in another 5 billion years.

STARTULL: So . . . I am going to die, too?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such is the way of the Universe. Everything dies eventually. And that is what makes possible this whole grand Circle of Life! Without death, there could be no more birth.

STARTULL*:* The Circle of Life! I think I understand that part.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: My Friend, know this: Another 5 billion years will pass before it is your time to recycle the stardust atoms you have created. So, carry on! Carry on as a magnificently average yellow star! And continue with your COSMIC TASK of helping one of your planets evolve life!

STARTULL: *[salute]* **You can count on me for that!**

NARRATOR: The Red Giant Star, who was once just an Average Yellow Star, turned away and began to wander gracefully into the abyss. Startull watched its friend grow dimmer and dimmer until there was nothing left to see.

STARTULL: *[Watch your Friend leave the stage and wave goodbye silently. . . .]*

NARRATOR: Perhaps the star had simply ventured out of sight. Or perhaps the Red Giant had shed its cloak of hydrogen and helium and carbon, and was cooling into a very dim White Dwarf.

STARTULL: *[Stay on-stage and act what the narrator says about you . . .]*

NARRATOR: Millions of years would pass. Startull continued to make more helium and was very busy watching how life evolved on its little planet. Startull often remembered with affection the Elder Yellow Star. And Startull remembered, too, its big, bright, blue siblings — all of whom had long ago died in glorious supernova explosions. . . . One day, while wandering through the galaxy, Startull saw a very young and very average yellow star in the distance.

STARTULL: *[Look at audience with surprise & delight.]*

NARRATOR: You know what happens next: Startull began to move toward the young star. . .

STARTULL: *[Cheerily wave into audience.]* **Hey! Hello there, Young One!**

NARRATOR: Such is the way of the Universe! . . . The End!

STARTULL (with others): *[All join together **and bow for applause**.]*

Elder Yellow Star

*In **Act 1** you wear the **YELLOW scarf.** For **Act 2** you will switch to the **RED scarf** before coming onstage. So hide the red scarf somewhere offstage right now, and put on the yellow scarf.*

*You are wise and gentle, like an elder. Begin the play off-stage. Enter when you see the first **bold type** in this script. Look now for where your part begins on **the second page**.*

What you need to read is always in BOLD type.

Stage directions for you are in [italics] type.

Read your part at a normal speed — not slowly or melodramatically.

Act 1 (Elder Yellow Star)

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, in our very own galaxy, The Milky Way Galaxy, an average yellow star was born, amidst a cluster of bright, blue sibling stars. Let us call this average yellow star, Startull — because any star that is to be the hero of a story deserves to have a proper name.

STARTULL: Hello! My name is Startull, and I don't want to be an average yellow star!

NARRATOR: Startull and its sibling stars were all born at the same time. They were jolted into existence by the exploding shock wave from a nearby supernova star that was dying. In this way, one generation of stars gives birth to the next. This, it seems, is the way of the Universe.

STARTULL: I am the same age as my sibling stars, but all of them are big, bright, and the most beautiful color of all: blue!

NARRATOR: Startull, the average yellow star, looked a lot like our own star the Sun would have looked at an early age. We Earthlings know that our Sun is powerful. We know that the Sun is big and that it is bright. But Startull didn't feel powerful. Startull felt small and dim and weak compared to its sibling stars — who were all big, blue, and a thousand times brighter.

STARTULL: Oh, I want to be big! I want to be bright! And most of all, I want to be blue

NARRATOR: Soon after they were born, the sibling stars began to wander away from their place of birth — and from one another. After 20 million years, they were still close enough to carry on a conversation, but not for much longer. So Startull, the average yellow star, called out to one of its big, blue siblings.

STARTULL: Hey, Big Blue!

BIG BLUE: Hey, Startull. What's up?

STARTULL: Nothing much. How about you?

BIG BLUE: Something strange is happening to me. I'm not sure what it is. I've been squeezing HYDROGEN into HELIUM all my life. . .

STARTULL: Me too!

BIG BLUE: Well, I'm not doing much of *that* anymore.

STARTULL: What? If you're not making HELIUM anymore, how do you stay so bright?

BIG BLUE: I seem to be squeezing HELIUM into lots of other stuff — especially OXYGEN, and even some SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: I wonder whether that will happen to me? After all, you and I are the same age. So I should be changing too!

NARRATOR: Just then, a stranger wandered near the pair of sibling stars.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Enter stage and speak to both stars; use microphone always if one is provided.]* **Perhaps I might be of assistance?**

BIG BLUE: Who are you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I am an elder yellow star. I am 5 billion years old.

STARTULL: Oh no! I am only 20 million years old. Does that mean I'm going to stay average and yellow *forever* — just like you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not quite forever — but long enough.

BIG BLUE: Hey, you old star! You're upsetting my sib! Just leave us alone!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[speak to Startull]* **Young One: I don't have time to explain, but be prepared for a tumble. I'll see you again after things settle down.** *[Move off the stage and stay there until your next part.]*

NARRATOR: The Elder Yellow Star swung around and headed back into the galaxy.

BIG BLUE: Uh . . . Startull. I feel strange — like I'm getting sick. Maybe you should keep your distance.

STARTULL: Okay, Big Blue. I hope you feel better soon.

NARRATOR: Startull turned and saw Elder Yellow Star retreating into the distance. Having nothing better to do, Startull began to follow. . . Then, all of a sudden, there was a terrible explosion! *[Big Blue will mimic an explosion.]* Startull lost balance and began to tumble!

STARTULL: *[move in a crazy way toward Elder Yellow Star.]*

NARRATOR: Startull tumbled so fast and so far that when the young yellow star finally regained consciousness, it was right alongside the Elder Yellow Star.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Make sure both you and Startull return to near center stage (or microphone) before the dialogue continues.]*

STARTULL: Uh . . . What happened?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such a powerful shock wave and enormously bright light can mean only one thing: I am *very sorry* to report that one of your sibling stars has just gone supernova.

STARTULL: How can you be *sorry*?!! That bright light is awesome!!! I'd love to be able to do that!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Supernova is indeed a noble path for a star. Supernovas generously send back into the galaxy all the complex atoms that they made during their short lives.

STARTULL: What do you mean by *short* life?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: When a star goes supernova, it explodes violently and sends back into the galaxy most of what it has made inside itself — things like OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: Hey, that's what Big Blue was making! . . . Oh . . . Big Blue was making OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM, but then started to feel sick.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[comforting]* **Yes, my Young Friend. I am sorry to say that your sibling has died. And the others will die, too, very soon.**

STARTULL: How can that be?!! My blue siblings are so much bigger than I ever was! They have so much more HYDROGEN to use! They can't possibly have burned it all!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh yes they can! Think about it: If your big, blue siblings are a thousand times brighter than you are, then they must be using up their hydrogen fuel a thousand times faster. That is why they are so bright. And so, their lives are very short.

NARRATOR: Startull grew quiet, and very sad. The Elder Yellow Star tried to offer some comfort.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[comforting]* **Such is the way of the Universe, my Friend. We all die. Even so, we all have the opportunity to create something important before we go, and to leave our gifts for the next generations of stars to use.**

STARTULL: Of what use is CALCIUM?! Of what use is OXYGEN?! And of what use is STUPID HELIUM?!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh, dear! It looks like another one of your siblings is about to go. . . There is no time left to continue our conversation. But I shall see you again, my Young Friend. In the meantime, I suggest you watch for . . .

NARRATOR: Just then came a shockwave from a second supernova explosion! *[BIG BLUE runs explosively onto stage.]*

ELDER YELLOW STAR & STARTULL: *[Feel shockwave & wildly exit stage.]*

NARRATOR: Startull and the Elder Yellow Star both lost their balance and began tumbling in different directions.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Stay OFF-STAGE until the NARRATOR announces that Act 2 will begin. Meanwhile take off your yellow scarf and put on the* ***RED SCARF****, as you will become a "Red Giant Star."*

Act 2 (Elder Yellow Star)

NARRATOR: *[Motion for Startull to return to stage.]*

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[With the **RED SCARF** on, begin off-stage, ready to quickly enter and resume conversation near Startull or at microphone.]*

NARRATOR: Our sad young star was now alone. . . . Many years would pass, and, thankfully, so would the grief. In fact, billions of years would pass before the two yellow stars would meet again. But this time, Startull would not recognize the elder star.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Enter stage & stand next to Startull or microphone.]* **Hello, my Friend! I see that you have made something of yourself, indeed!**

STARTULL: Oh! You startled me! Who are you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[smiles and laughs]* **Of course you do not recognize me, because I am no longer yellow! In my old age, I have turned RED. I have become a RED GIANT STAR!**

STARTULL: Oh, it's you! *[Startull might hug you now.]*

STARTULL: Hey, I'm sorry I was rude to you back when I last saw you — 5 billion years ago.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: You have matured very well, Startull.

STARTULL: Thank you!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I am thrilled to see that, in your 5 billion years as an Average Yellow Star, you have actually created more than I have done in 10 billion years.

STARTULL: What do you mean?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh! You must not have heard me when that second supernova shock wave struck us both. I tried to tell you to watch that third planet of yours . . .

STARTULL: *[Startull points to planet.]* Do you mean this little speck that keeps circling around me?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Indeed!

STARTULL: It is colder than even the weakest of stars! How could anything exciting possibly happen there?! It can't even make helium!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I suggest you examine that little planet carefully.

STARTULL: Hmmmmm . . . It has turned a lovely shade of blue. I still love the color blue — though I no longer wish to be anything other than yellow.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Look closer . . .

STARTULL: Hmmmmm . . . I see many things moving around on the brown and green stuff. And I see different things moving in the big blue pools.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Ah, my Friend! Such is the way of the Universe! You produced a steady supply of starshine during all your years of squeezing HYDROGEN into HELIUM. That starshine permitted LIFE to evolve on that planet of yours! Well done!!!

STARTULL: I created Life! I created Life!

NARRATOR: *[Speak to audience to encourage applause.]* Let's all congratulate Startull for a job well done!!!

AUDIENCE APPLAUDS . . .

NARRATOR: *[Motions for audience to quiet down.]*

STARTULL: Wow! . . . I now see that being average, dim, and yellow is actually *better* than being big, bright, and blue!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not so fast, my Friend! Look at your planet again and then answer this question: What is the atom that makes the bones inside those moving things strong?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: *[Speak to audience.]* . . . Who can help Startull learn which kind of atom makes bones strong?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Wait for audience to say "Calcium"]* **Yes! It is calcium that makes strong bones. . . . Now, Startull, answer this question: What atom is at the very center of the red blood cells in those moving things?**

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull answer this question?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Wait for audience to say "IRON"]* **Yes! It is IRON that is in the blood of those creatures. . . . Now tell me this, Startull*:* Where did those CALCIUM and IRON atoms come from?**

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull learn where CALCIUM and IRON atoms come from?

STARTULL: *[Wait for audience to say "BLUE STARS."]* Ah! . . . I understand! Calcium and iron are made inside of Big Blue stars! So *all* of us are important!

BIG BLUE (as ghost): *[Runs across stage, waving scarf in victory.]*

STARTULL: Yes! I now see that Big Blue Stars are very important, too. But what about you, Old One? Are you doing anything important now that you have turned RED?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Look again at your little planet and answer this question: What atom is inside every cell of every living creature?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull answer this question?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Wait for audience to say "CARBON"]* **Indeed! Carbon is precisely what I am now creating as a Red Giant Star.**

STARTULL: That is a wonderful gift! Will I ever make carbon?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes. But that won't happen for a very long time. During the next 5 billion years, you will remain an AVERAGE YELLOW STAR — but you will be an average yellow star with a very important responsibility.

STARTULL: I will do my job well! I will keep sending starshine to the life on my little planet.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Very good! . . . Now, my Friend, I must go.

STARTULL: Why?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: It will soon be time for me to recycle back into the galaxy the gift of CARBON that I have created. And maybe, just maybe, an Average Yellow Star who is yet to be born will be surrounded by planets. Perhaps one of those planets will put to use the carbon atoms that I create. Perhaps that planet will evolve Life!

STARTULL: But will you have to die for that to happen?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes. . . But my way of dying will be much gentler than that of a supernova explosion. Even so, much of what I have created will go back into the galaxy.

STARTULL: Are you afraid to die?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I used to be afraid. But now that I am old, I am very satisfied with the star life I have already lived. As a RED GIANT, what matters to me most is that this whole amazing process continues. I want NEW STARS to continue to be born. I want LIFE to continue to evolve. I am sure you will feel the same way in another 5 billion years.

STARTULL: So . . . I am going to die, too?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such is the way of the Universe. Everything dies eventually. And that is what makes possible this whole grand Circle of Life! Without death, there could be no more birth.

STARTULL: The Circle of Life! I think I understand that part.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[pat Startull gently on the back, and say cheerfully]* **My Friend, know this: Another 5 billion years will pass before it is your time to recycle the stardust atoms you have created.**

[with excitement] **So, carry on! Carry on as a magnificently average yellow star! And continue with your COSMIC TASK of helping one of your planets evolve life!**

STARTULL: You can count on me for that!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Step backward slowly a few steps while waving goodbye to Startull; then turn and slowly walk off-stage, not looking back.]*

NARRATOR: The Red Giant Star, who was once just an Average Yellow Star, turned away and began to wander gracefully into the abyss. Startull watched its friend grow dimmer and dimmer until there was nothing left to see. Perhaps the star had simply ventured out of sight. Or perhaps the Red Giant had shed its cloak of hydrogen and helium and carbon, and was cooling into a very dim White Dwarf.

Millions of years would pass. Startull continued to make more helium and was very busy watching how life evolved on its little planet. Startull often remembered with affection the Elder Yellow Star. And Startull remembered, too, its big, bright, blue siblings — all of whom had long ago died in glorious supernova explosions.

One day, while wandering through the galaxy, Startull saw a very young and very average yellow star in the distance.

You know what happens next: Startle began to move toward the young star. . .

STARTULL: . . . Hey! Hello there, Young One!

NARRATOR: Such is the way of the Universe! . . . The End!

ELDER YELLOW STAR (with all others): *[All join together **and bow for applause**.]*

Big Blue

*You will wear (or wave) the **BLUE SCARF** during the entire play. You have the shortest part.*

You begin the play offstage, but you come onstage soon.

*In **Act 1**, you will "explode" twice as a supernova star (that means you die). So you will have to make noise and jump around waving your blue scarf and then run off stage each time.*

*In **Act 2** you will come onstage only briefly — as a "ghost" Big Blue Star, who will happily run across the stage like a sports star winning a gold medal. During that run, you will make no sound and you will not interact with anybody on stage or in the audience. You will just be a ghost running across the stage, with your blue scarf waving in victory.*

***What you need to read is always in BOLD type.** Turn to page 2 right now to see the **bold type** where your part begins. Then come back here and continue reading instructions.*

Stage directions for you are in [italics] type.

Read your part at a normal speed — not slowly or melodramatically.

Act 1 (Big Blue)

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, in our very own galaxy, The Milky Way Galaxy, an average yellow star was born, amidst a cluster of bright, blue sibling stars. Let us call this average yellow star, Startull — because any star that is to be the hero of a story deserves to have a proper name.

STARTULL: Hello! My name is Startull, and I don't want to be an average yellow star!

NARRATOR: Startull and its sibling stars were all born at the same time. They were jolted into existence by the exploding shock wave from a nearby supernova star that was dying. In this way, one generation of stars gives birth to the next. This, it seems, is the way of the Universe.

STARTULL: I am the same age as my sibling stars, but all of them are big, bright, and the most beautiful color of all: blue!

NARRATOR: Startull, the average yellow star, looked a lot like our own star the Sun would have looked at an early age. We Earthlings know that our Sun is powerful. We know that the Sun is big and that it is bright. But Startull didn't feel powerful. Startull felt small and dim and weak compared to its sibling stars — who were all big, blue, and a thousand times brighter.

STARTULL: Oh, I want to be big! I want to be bright! And most of all, I want to be blue!

NARRATOR: Soon after they were born, the sibling stars began to wander away from their place of birth — and from one another. After 20 million years, they were still close enough to carry on a conversation, but not for much longer. So Startull, the average yellow star, called out to one of its big, blue siblings . . .

STARTULL: Hey, Big Blue!

BIG BLUE: *[enter stage]* **Hey, Startull. What's up?**

STARTULL: Nothing much. How about you?

BIG BLUE: Something strange is happening to me. I'm not sure what it is. I've been squeezing HYDROGEN into HELIUM all my life. . .

STARTULL: Me too!

BIG BLUE: Well, I'm not doing much of *that* anymore.

STARTULL: What? If you're not making HELIUM anymore, how do you stay so bright?

BIG BLUE: I seem to be squeezing HELIUM into lots of other stuff — especially OXYGEN, and even some SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: I wonder whether that will happen to me? After all, you and I are the same age. So I should be changing too!

NARRATOR: Just then, a stranger wandered near the pair of sibling stars.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[Enter the stage.]* Perhaps I might be of assistance?

BIG BLUE: Who are you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: I am an elder yellow star. I am 5 billion years old.

STARTULL: Oh no! I am only 20 million years old. Does that mean I'm going to stay average and yellow *forever* — just like you?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not quite forever — but long enough.

BIG BLUE: *[angrily]* **Hey, you old star! You're upsetting my sib. Just leave us alone!**

ELDER YELLOW STAR: *[speaking to Startull]* Young One: I don't have time to explain, but be prepared for a tumble. I'll see you again after things settle down.

NARRATOR: The Elder Yellow Star swung around and headed back into the galaxy.

BIG BLUE: Uh . . . Startull. I feel strange — like I'm getting sick. Maybe you should keep your distance.

STARTULL: Okay, Big Blue. I hope you feel better soon.

BIG BLUE: *[Pretend to EXPLODE!!!!! Make NOISE! Wave your scarf! Then run off the stage.]*

NARRATOR: Startull lost balance and began to tumble! Startull tumbled so fast and so far that when the young yellow star finally regained consciousness, it was right alongside the Elder Yellow Star

STARTULL: Uh . . . What happened?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such a powerful shock wave and enormously bright light can mean only one thing: I am *very sorry* to report that one of your sibling stars has just gone supernova.

STARTULL: How can you be *sorry*?!! That bright light is awesome!!! I'd love to be able to do that!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Supernova is indeed a noble path for a star. Supernovas generously send back into the galaxy all the complex atoms that they made during their short lives.

STARTULL: What do you mean by *short* life?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: When a star goes supernova, it explodes violently and sends back into the galaxy most of what it has made inside itself — things like OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM.

STARTULL: Hey, that's what Big Blue was making! . . . Oh . . . Big Blue was making OXYGEN and SILICON and CALCIUM, but then started to feel sick.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes, my Young Friend. I am sorry to say that your sibling has died. And the others will die, too, very soon.

STARTULL: How can that be?!! My blue siblings are so much bigger than I ever was! They have so much more HYDROGEN to use! They can't possibly have burned it all!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh yes they can! Think about it: If your big, blue siblings are a thousand times brighter than you are, then they must be using up their hydrogen fuel a thousand times faster. That is why they are so bright. And so, their lives are very short.

NARRATOR: Startull grew quiet, and very sad. The Elder Yellow Star tried to offer some comfort.

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Such is the way of the Universe, my Friend. We all die. Even so, we all have the opportunity to create something important before we go, and to leave our gifts for the next generations of stars to use.

STARTULL: Of what use is CALCIUM?! Of what use is OXYGEN?! And of what use is STUPID HELIUM?!

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Oh, dear! It looks like another one of your siblings is about to go. . . There is no time left to continue our conversation. But I shall see you again, my Young Friend. In the meantime, I suggest you watch for . . .

NARRATOR: Just then came a shockwave from a second supernova explosion!

BIG BLUE: *[EXPLODE!!!!!! make NOISE, wave SCARF, and (if you can) RUN between the two other stars, pushing them apart, then RUN off the stage.]*

NARRATOR: Startull and the Elder Yellow Star both lost their balance and began tumbling in different directions.

END OF ACT 1

Act 2 (Big Blue)

BIG BLUE: *[You will enter Act 2 about 8 minutes after it begins. You will have only one thing to do:* ***Run across the stage one final time, acting like a Big Blue Star GHOST.*** *Do not make any noise or explode. Just act like a gold-medal athlete in a victory run, waving your scarf.]*

The first 5 minutes of dialogue are missing from your script. *So just enjoy watching this part of the play. But be prepared to do your part when you hear the actors say what follows.*

- - - 5 MINUTES INTO ACT 2 - - - -

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Not so fast, my Friend! Look at your planet again and then answer this question: What is the atom that makes the bones inside those moving things strong?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull learn which kind of atom makes bones strong?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes! It is CALCIUM that makes strong bones. . . . Now answer this question: What atom is at the very center of the red blood cells in those moving things?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull answer this question?

ELDER YELLOW STAR: Yes! It is IRON that is in the blood of those creatures. . . . Now tell me this*:* Where did those CALCIUM and IRON atoms come from?

STARTULL: I don't know.

NARRATOR: Who can help Startull learn where CALCIUM and IRON atoms come from?

STARTULL: Ah! . . . I understand! Calcium and iron are made inside of Big Blue stars! So *all* of us are important!

BIG BLUE (as ghost, *not* an explosion): *[Suddenly run across the stage, waving your blue scarf in happy victory. Then stay off-stage for the rest of the play. So just enjoy watching it, until you return to bow at the end.]*

- - - -

BIG BLUE: *Return to stage and* ***take a bow*** *after Narrator says "THE END."]*