

Happy Producers

by Brod Bagert

We're producers! Yes-siree!
We're as happy as can be!
Always in a happy mood
cause we turn sunshine into food.

We never rave, we never rant;
it's very cool to be a plant.
We're producers! Yes-siree!
We're as happy as can be!

SC.1.0001
PRIMARY

Big Green Candy Machine

by Brod Bagert

Photosynthesis! I can't wait!
How I love what you create!
You're so useful, you're so handy,
You make sugar for my candy.

First a stem. (*It's such a thrill.*)
Then some leaves with chlorophyll.
Morning rain and midday sun.
(*Now the magic has begun.*)
Gasses mixing in the air,
CO₂ is everywhere,
then BAM! My very favorite food—
SUGAR FOR THE MULTITUDE!

Photosynthesis! I love you!
Oh what magic you can do!
Mother Nature's Sugar Queen!
BIG! GREEN! CANDY MACHINE!

SC.2.0002
INTERMEDIATE

Hungry Consumers

by Brod Bagert

We're consumers! Yes-siree!
We're as hungry as can be!
Our life is hard but we survive
by eating food that was alive.

It's not so nice, and yet it's true;
we're animals, it's what we do.
We're consumers! Yes-siree!
We're as hungry as can be!

SC.1.0003
PRIMARY

The Food Cheer

by Brod Bagert

Carnivores! Carnivores!
We eat meat!

Herbivores! Herbivores!
Plants taste sweet!

Omnivores! Omnivores!
Hear us sing—
WE EAT ALMOST EVERY THING!

SC.1.0004
PRIMARY

What's for Dinner?

by Brod Bagert

Meat is what we like to eat.
Meat from fingers, meat from feet.
Oh so nice. Oh so sweet.
We just love to eat our meat.
That's what makes us what we are—
CARNI... CARNI... CARNIVORE!

If you are a pretty flower
you're a thing we might devour.
Oh so nice. Oh so sweet.
Plants are what we love to eat.
That's what makes us what we are—
HERBI... HERBI... HERBIVORE!

Everybody hold your nose.
We eat flowers. We eat toes.
We eat birdies on the wing.
We will gobble anything.
That's what makes us what we are—
OMNI... OMNI... OMNIVORE!

We must eat or we get thinner.
Everybody needs some dinner.
It's just like we said before —
WHAT WE EAT IS WHAT WE ARE!

SC.2.0005
INTERMEDIATE

Note:

This is another example of scientific terms that come directly from ancient Latin:

<i>carnis</i>	=	<i>meat</i>	+	<i>vorare</i>	=	<i>to devour</i>
<i>herba</i>	=	<i>plant</i>	+	<i>vorare</i>	=	<i>to devour</i>
<i>omnis</i>	=	<i>all</i>	+	<i>vorare</i>	=	<i>to devour</i>

Mother Nature, Predator, and Prey

by Brod Bagert

I'm the older sister,
I'm stronger than my brother,
but if you think "*the strong survive*"
you've never met my mother.

When I caught him with my diary
it was predator and prey.
I pounced just like a panther,
but my brother ran away.

So I started chasing after him,
I leaped across the floor,
but I ran into my mother
standing right outside the door.

She growled just like a grizzly bear ,
I swear, that's how it sounded.
She closed her eyes, took one long breath, and said,
"That's it, you're grounded."

If you live by the law of survival
there's quite a price to pay,
cause mother nature's predator
can soon become the prey.

SC.2.0006
INTERMEDIATE

Food Chain Justice

by Brod Bagert

It starts with worms, all long and lean.
They poop in grass and make it green.
Then hungry crickets come in mass
to nibble on those blades of grass.

Then baby chickens, two weeks old,
they gobble up those crickets whole.
And some of those chickens meet their fate
as chicken nuggets on my plate.

Now don't be sad, and please don't cry,
but someday I will surely die,
and there beneath my graveyard stone
those worms will eat me to the bone.

Food chain, food chain, everywhere,
sometimes sad but always fair.
Worm or cricket, chicken or dude,
We all end up as someone's food.

SC.2.0007
INTERMEDIATE

The Clean Up Crew

by Brod Bagert

We're the decomposers!
We shout it near and far,
cause when you do important work
you're proud of who you are.

Whenever something living dies,
we make it fertilizer.
To us that stinky rotten stuff
is like an appetizer.

FUNGI! BACTERIA!
We work for our success,
and if we didn't work so hard
the world would be a mess.

We're the decomposers!
We shout it near and far,
cause when you do important work
you're proud of who you are.

SC.1.0008
PRIMARY

The Pond

A Short Play

POND:

Hello.

I am a pool of water in the middle of a beautiful forest.

You might call me... a POND.

But I am more than just a pool of water.

I am a very complicated AQUATIC HABITAT.

CLASS:

What's an AQUATIC HABITAT?

POND:

An aquatic habitat is a WATERY HOME to a whole COMMUNITY of living creatures.

I have lots of plants:

plants under the water,

plants at the edge of the water,

and teeny-tiny plants that float around in the water.

I have insects:

Some grownup insects,

and a zillion insect larvae, baby insects that look like little worms.

I have snails and worms;

fish, frogs, turtles, and snakes;

birds and raccoons;

I even have an old, grumpy alligator.

CLASS:

What do all your creatures eat?

POND:

Hmm... that's complicated.

Let me give you an example.

Those tiny floating plants make their own food out of sunshine,

then they get eaten by those wormy looking insect larvae,

then the fish eat the larvae,

and frogs eat the fish,

and snakes eat the frogs,

and raccoons eat the snakes,

and that old alligator will eat fish, frogs, snakes, raccoons, even birds.

CLASS:

We know about that,

that's a FOODCHAIN!

POND:

Exactly!

And not just one food chain.

There are a whole bunch of food chains,

all crisscrossing and overlapping like a big-ole WEB.

(Continued.)

CLASS:

One last question:
why do you call yourself an AQUATIC HABITAT?
Why don't you just call yourself a WATERY HOME?

POND:

I don't know.
That's what everybody says.
You children ask too many questions.
Go away now and leave me alone.

CLASS:

Ok, little pond,
but before you go:
Little pond, full of fish,
I would like to make a wish.
I wish for something fun to do—
someday I want to swim in you.
And one more thing we want to say—
ALLIGATOR, STAY AWAY!

SC.2.0009
INTERMEDIATE

Note:

The phrase “aquatic habitat” is an English phrase that comes from two Latin words:
aqua (water) + habitare (to live in), or “water to live in.”

Dodo Bird Goodbye

by Brod Bagert

I was big as a turkey, with two stubby legs,
and wings too small to fly,
but you won't find a bird like me
no matter how you try.

Now please try not to be upset,
I just want you to think—
it's impossible to find me
cause my species is extinct.

Which means we're gone forever.
Forever gone away.
I was the last of the Dodo Birds....
That's all I have to say.

SC.2.0010
INTERMEDIATE

*My name is Teresa Torres, and I've been
watching the news on television about the
big oil spill and I'm very upset, and I've
decided to take a stand.*

If I...

(Written In the voice of Teresa Torres— 4th Grade Powerhouse.)
by Brod Bagert

If I were a porpoise with a powerful tail,
I'd slap you human beings in jail.

If I were a pelican all covered with goo,
I'd want to smear some oil on you.

If I were an oyster... you'd see me cry...
I had to watch my whole world die.

But I am a human, and I'm making a fuss,
cause this whole stink began with us.
Every-place we go! Every-thing we touch!
Do we have to mess things up so much?

Now I'm just a kid, but I'm taking a stand,
for the good of the sky and the sea and the land,
and from where I stand it's plain to see,
the future starts today... with me.

And someday I'll know,
when that future is past,
I was one of the first;
DON'T YOU BE THE LAST.

SC.2.0011
INTERMEDIATE

We Can Do It!

by Brod Bagert

Gooley oil, sticky brown,
floating in from all around.
Yucky water! Stinky air!
Sticky sand! It's everywhere!

Sticky me! Sticky you!
Sticky-sticky-sticky goo!
Listen now to what I say:
We can make it go away!

Energy without a mess?
Yes-oh-yes-oh-yes-oh-yes!
Solar cells? Windmills too?
Happy things that we can do!

Do it now! Don't delay!
Make the sticky go away!
Do it right! Keep it clean!
MAKE IT, MAKE IT, MAKE IT GREEN!

SC.1.0012
PRIMARY

So Easy

by Brod Bagert

Don't worry, daddy,
I'm ready for the test.

There are living and nonliving things,
and living things are either producers or consumers,
and producers are plants,
and consumers are either carnivores, herbivores, or omnivores,
and they can also be predators or prey,
but everybody's part of a food chain,
and there's a whole lot of food chains that overlap and make webs,
and when something dies the decomposers turn it into fertilizer,
and they all live in communities,
and those communities are not exactly peaceful,
but everything balances out,
until some disease or invading species comes along,
then everything gets all messed up,
and some creatures might go extinct,
which is a pretty horrible thing to happen.

You see, Dad,
it's easy.
So don't worry.

I AM READY FOR THE TEST!

SC.2.0013
INTERMEDIATE

Survival of the Species

by Brod Bagert

We were doing biology reports,
and Belinda Baylor was standing in front of class
giving a report on marine habitats,
places like coral reefs and kelp forests and sandy shores,
and when she got to sandy shores my brain took off on its own:
sandy shores...
beaches...
bathing suits...
little-bitty bikinis...
BELINDA BAYLOR IN A LITTLE-BITTY BIKINI!

Habitat:

*An environment that provides the necessities of life
conducive to the survival of a species.*

It's nowhere in our textbooks,
and it ain't what teachers teach,
but for me survival's bikinis and babes,
and my habitat's the beach.

SC.3.0014
MIDDLE SCHOOL

Protein Passion

(Written in the voice of Alvin Lofton—7th Grad Genius)

by Brod Bagert

She said it to my face.
“Alvin,” she said.
“Stop flirting with me.”
And I was flabbergasted.

First of all,
I was not flirting with her.
I was being nice to her.
She’s new at our school
she was sitting on a bench by herself,
and she looked lonely.
I spend most of my life being lonely,
so I know how it feels,
and I thought a little conversation might help.

So I sat down beside her,
picked up a leaf,
and said the first thing that popped in my head.
“Roshanda,” I began, “this leaf is capable of photosynthesis
because it contains a remarkable protein that scientists call...”

“Alvin,” she said, interrupting my explanation.
“I know all about RuBisCO.
It’s probably the most abundant protein on Earth,
it’s important for its ability to catalyze the chemical reaction
by which inorganic carbon enters the biosphere,
and if we ever engineer a more efficient version
we’ll have the power to feed the world.”
Which is when she told me to stop flirting with her
and walked away.

I thought I was the only twelve-year-old in the world
who knew anything about RuBisCO,
and now I discover there’s another,
her name is Roshanda,
we go to the same school,
and she assumes a conversation about catalytic protein is flirtatious.

Okay Roshanda, have it your way,
for now I’m just a friend.
But I promise you this, in a few more years,
we’ll be talking RuBisCO again.

SC.3.0015
MIDDLE SCHOOL

Computer Game Habitat

by Brod Bagert

If I were born a little fish,
I know exactly what I'd wish—
a sleek aquatic acrobat,
I'd want a water habitat.

If I were born a chimpanzee,
I know what would be best for me—
of all the places, coast to coast,
the jungle's what I'd like the most.

If I were born a rattlesnake,
I wouldn't want a bellyache—
so for a home I would demand
a desert world of gentle sand.

But I was born a human child,
a little tame, a little wild,
The game-room is my favorite place,
It's where I wear my happy face.

The game-room? Yes! It's really true.
There's so much there for me to do.
A human-born computer brat,
the game-room is my habitat.

*SC.3.0016
MIDDLE SCHOOL*