

Don't Forget to Vote

BY SIMON COOKE



Scene One. The royal throne room. **KING SNOOZE** is snoring loudly on his throne. He is holding Mr Teddykins, his royal teddy bear. The **ROYAL ADVISOR** runs in.

ROYAL ADVISOR. King Snooze! Wake up! It's an emergency!

KING SNOOZE (yawning). What is it, Royal Advisor? Is another short-sighted monster knocking over my statues and destroying my city?

ROYAL ADVISOR. No, sire. It's worse. Your citizens say they don't want you as king!

KING SNOOZE (clutching his teddy bear tightly). What? They can't live without a king!

ROYAL ADVISOR. They don't want to. They want to hold an election and vote in someone else as king.

KING SNOOZE. Are they crazy? Bring them to me! (Speaking to his teddy bear) Oh, Mr Teddykins, I hope this is all just a bad dream.

Three **CITIZENS** file in and bow.



CITIZENS (together). King Snooze, we want a new king.

KING SNOOZE. Ridiculous! I'm a great king.

CITIZEN ONE. Great at doing nothing.

CITIZEN TWO. All you do is have statues made of yourself.

CITIZEN THREE. And spend the rest of your time snoozing.

KING SNOOZE. Snoozing is important kingly work. If I'm asleep, I can't start a war or raise taxes. I'm *helping* people by being asleep!

CITIZEN ONE. It's not enough – we want an election. We want someone else to be our king.

KING SNOOZE. Who is this traitor you want to elect?

ROYAL ADVISOR (*loudly*). Traitor, the king will see you now.

The **MONSTER** walks in, looking very embarrassed.



KING SNOOZE. Him? The monster? He knocked down our city!

CITIZEN ONE. Yes, but he rebuilt it – bigger and better.

CITIZEN TWO. And he put in sewers so we don't have to hold our noses any more.

CITIZEN THREE. And he scared off the goblin army that tried to invade last Tuesday.

MONSTER. I'm sorry, King Snooze. I just like helping people. Now they want me to be their king.

KING SNOOZE (*angrily*). Get out of my throne room! Call my royal knights, Sir Hides-a-lot and Sir Speedy. Call my clever daughter, Princess Biffelda!



The **CITIZENS** and the **MONSTER** leave. **SIR HIDES-A-LOT**, **SIR SPEEDY**, and **PRINCESS BIFFELDA** enter.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA (*sobbing*).

Oh, Daddy, is it true the citizens want to get rid of you?

KING SNOOZE (*hugging Mr Teddykins tightly*). Yes. If only we hadn't told the people about voting.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. This is your fault, Daddy. You make people vote on too many things.

SIR SPEEDY. Like whether you should have scrambled or poached eggs for breakfast.

SIR HIDES-A-LOT. And which royal socks you should wear.

KING SNOOZE. But voting is such a good idea. I never have to decide anything, and if things go wrong, it's no longer my fault.

ROYAL ADVISOR. But now they want to vote for someone else to be their king.



PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Don't worry, Daddy, all is not lost. We can help you.

SIR SPEEDY. Indeed. I, Sir Speedy, shall run around the city at top speed, telling everyone what a wonderful king you are and that they should vote for you.

SIR HIDES-A-LOT. And I, Sir Hides-a-lot, shall search every secret place where people might be hiding and get them to vote, too.

SIR SPEEDY and **SIR HIDES-A-LOT** run out of the throne room.

KING SNOOZE. And I'll have a snooze.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. No, you're coming with me, Daddy. The people have to see you. You have to explain why they should vote for you.

ROYAL ADVISOR. Oh, dear. I think it might be better if he went to sleep after all.



Scene Two. The town square. Everyone has gathered for the announcement of the vote.

KING SNOOZE. I'm worried (*hugging his teddy bear*). So is Mr Teddykins.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Relax, Daddy, I've worked it out. If everyone who promised to vote for you does vote, it will be a draw. That means you will stay king.

KING SNOOZE. Phew, that's a relief.

ROYAL ADVISOR. Ladies and gentlemen, the votes have been counted. King Snooze has 320 votes.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA, SIR HIDES-A-LOT, and SIR SPEEDY. Hurrah!

ROYAL ADVISOR. Monster has ... 321 votes.

CITIZENS (*together*). Hurrah for King Monster!

PRINCESS BIFFELDA (*shocked*). We lost by one vote! I was sure we had enough!

ROYAL ADVISOR. I've checked the electoral roll, sire. One person didn't vote.

KING SNOOZE (*furious*). Who? I demand to know!

ROYAL ADVISOR. Forgive me for asking, sire, but did you vote?

KING SNOOZE (*suddenly looking worried*). Did I vote? Let me think ...

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Oh, Daddy, it's too late if you haven't! It's after 7 p.m., so you can't vote now. The polls have closed!

KING SNOOZE. Oops! I was so busy telling everyone else to vote, I forgot to do it myself.

CITIZENS (*together*). Hurrah for King Monster!

KING SNOOZE (*to MONSTER, sadly*). I suppose you want my crown?

MONSTER (*kindly*). King Snooze, you forgave me when I accidentally knocked down your city. Instead of punishing me, you found my glasses so I could see again. I never wanted to take your job.

KING SNOOZE (*sobbing*). But you have.

MONSTER. Yes, and now that I'm king, I declare you to be my co-king.

EVERYONE. What?

MONSTER. I can't snooze as well as you. And I can't design statues. You can look after those royal tasks. I'll look after the easier ones, like building hospitals and protecting the city.

KING SNOOZE (*puffing his chest out grandly*). I accept.



The **ROYAL ADVISOR** hands **MONSTER** a second crown.

EVERYONE. Hurrah for the kings! Hurrah for voting!

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Let's celebrate with a royal banquet.

SIR HIDES-A-LOT. I want chocolate cake.

SIR SPEEDY. No, let's have doughnuts.

CITIZENS (together). Let's vote on it!



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by Simon Cooke

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