

# Story Sort

Cut out the story and stick it together in the correct order

The paintbrush, glowing with hues unseen for years, lay at Marren's feet. He picked it up gently. "Let's go home, Moxy." They descended the mountain, wind behind them, the world already beginning to shimmer.

They crossed the Soulless Fields, where butterflies with shimmering wings swooped low. Marren swung a stick, fending them off, but one grazed his cheek. For a second, he forgot who he was. Moxy hissed, swatting it away. "Stay sharp," Marren whispered, shaking the fog from his head.

The mountain loomed ahead, steep and jagged. Strange runes lined the path. "A code," Marren said. He puzzled over the symbols, realizing each one stood for a number. Using logic and math, he calculated the safe steps to take. One wrong move would have meant a fatal fall.

Marren placed the brush in the town's center. Color burst from it like a sunrise, soaking into walls, flowers, even the villagers' cheeks. Moxy purred, chasing a beam of golden light. Children laughed.

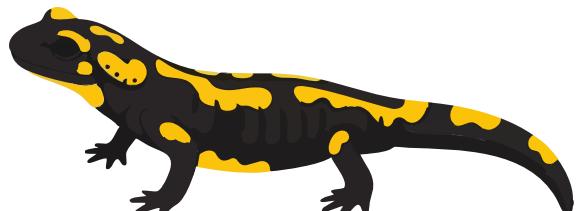
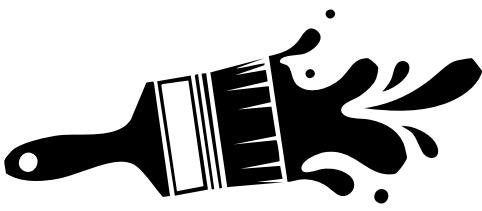
And so, the world bloomed again. The skies turned blue. The trees danced in emerald and amber. Marren and Moxy, forever remembered, sat beneath a crimson maple, watching butterflies that no longer stole souls—but sparkled with wonder.

Marren lived in a grey land. The skies, the trees, even the rivers had lost their color. Long ago, a magical paintbrush gave life to everything around—until it was stolen. Marren, a quiet man with a quick mind, and his clever cat Moxy, lived on the edge of the village, surrounded by wilting flowers and silent birds.

One morning, Marren saw a streak of color in the sky. It vanished quickly, but he knew what it meant: the Big And Scaly Iridescent Salamander was still out there, and the magical paintbrush could be retrieved. Marren packed his satchel and called for Moxy. It was time.

At the peak, the Salamander waited—huge, crackling with fiery rage. "You want color?" it hissed. "Then answer this: Why do humans deserve it?" Marren stepped forward. "Because we create. We imagine. We share beauty, even in darkness." The Salamander snarled, but Marren's words pierced its heart like arrows. It shrieked and vanished into smoke.

In the Whispering Woods, trees twisted and muttered. "Left," one said. "Right," croaked another. Marren gritted his teeth. "They're lying," Moxy mewed. "We trust the moss," Marren decided, recalling an old poem. The moss grew on the north side. They turned north.



**Give a title to the story:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Exposition:**

**Inciting Incident:**

**Rising Actions:**

**Climax:**

**Falling Action:**

**Resolution:**

**Draw a scene, or a cover for the book, on the back.**