

LEVELED BOOK • N

🔊 Crows Share a Pie



Written by Robert Charles
Illustrated by Chris Baldwin



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One delightfully sunny day, a large crow flew over Mrs. McNutty's house. Looking down, he spotted a big, freshly baked pie cooling on the windowsill. Because pie was about his favorite thing in the world, he swooped down for a closer look.

As the crow glided by, he could tell that nobody was home. He safely landed on the windowsill and eyed the wonderful-smelling pie. The crow became especially excited to see that it was a cherry pie.

“Oh boy, delicious cherry pie. My favorite,” he said. “And it’s all mine.”





Just as he was about to take his first bite, a second crow flapped down and landed on the windowsill with a thump.

“That’s a mighty big and tasty-looking pie,” she cawed. “You don’t intend to eat it all by yourself, do you?”

“Well, I was sure thinking I would,” answered the first crow. “Since I found it first, it’s all mine.”

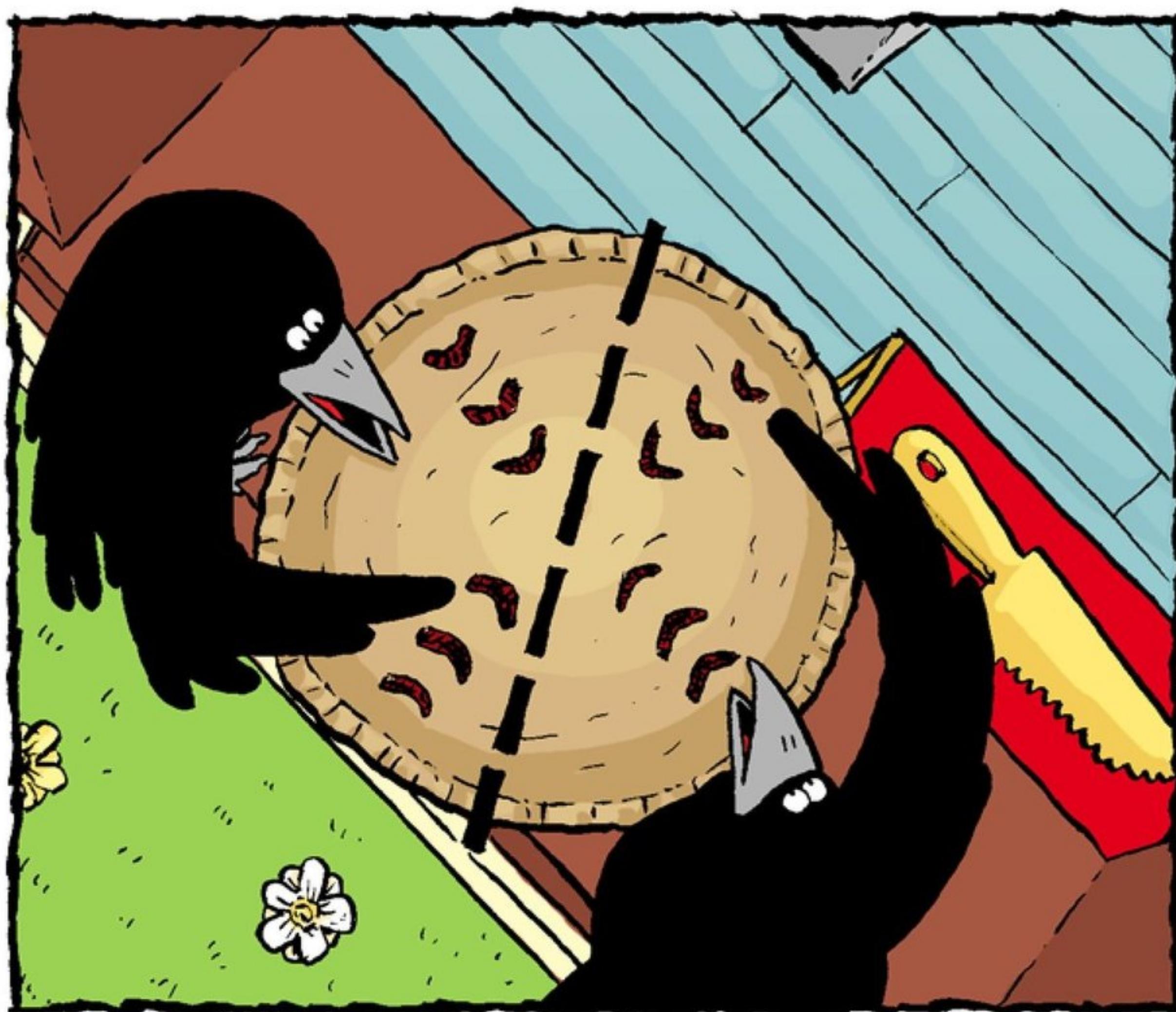


“Don’t be so selfish,” replied the second crow. “You can certainly see that there’s enough pie for two hungry crows. Besides, you’ll feel far better sharing the pie than you will getting a tummy ache from eating the entire thing. So how about giving some of it to me?”

The first crow took a few moments to think.

“I suppose I could share it with you. After all, it is a very large pie. How do you propose we divide it?” he asked.

“Let’s just split it down the middle,” offered the second crow. “That way you get one half, and I get the other half. It’s fair if we each get equal halves of the pie, isn’t it?”



🔊 “I suppose so,” said the first crow.

The crow sliced the pie in half. Just as he finished cutting, two more crows landed with a flutter of black wings. They stared at the pie with bright, greedy eyes.





“How about offering some of that tasty-looking pie to us?” they begged.



The first and second crows glanced at each other, wondering whether or not they could bear to give away some of the pie. They finally agreed that sharing was a good thing, so they decided to split the pie with the other two crows.

“How do we cut up the pie now?” asked the first crow.

The second crow, being the smarter of the two, suggested dividing each of the halves down the middle.

“Cutting each half into two pieces will make four equal slices. Each of us will have one-fourth of the pie,” she said.



“Brilliant idea,” said the first crow, and he cut the two halves in half, making fourths. “There—we’ve got four equal pieces. Now everyone should be happy. Let’s eat!”





But before the first four crows could take even one bite of pie, four more crows sailed down and perched on the ledge beside them. They stared hungrily at the pie.

“How about being generous and sharing that lovely pie with some poor, hungry crows?” they pleaded.



There was a bunch of squawking and cawing among the first four crows. But they, too, agreed that sharing was a good thing, and they decided to give a portion of the pie to the four other hungry crows.

“Now what are we going to do to make sure everyone gets an equal piece?” asked the first crow.



The second crow declared, “No problem. We just make eight equal pieces by cutting each of the fourths in half. That will mean we each get one-eighth of the pie. That’s the fairest way to do it, and everyone should be happy.”



“Sounds good to us,” shouted all the crows. “Now, let’s hurry and eat our pieces of pie before we have to split them into even smaller fractions.”

Each hungry crow gobbled down one-eighth of the pie, and then they all flew off in search of more.

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Level N Leveled Book
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