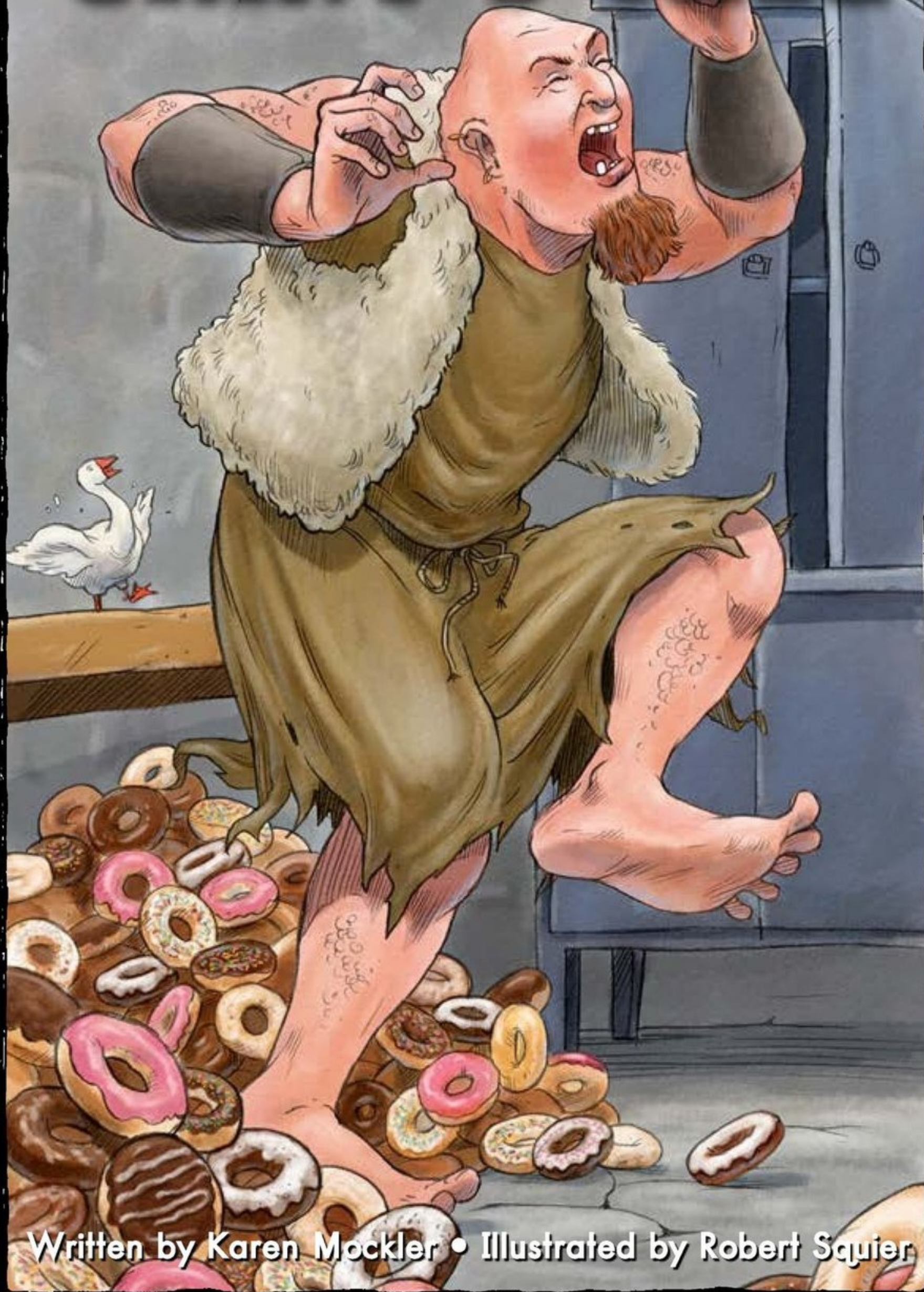


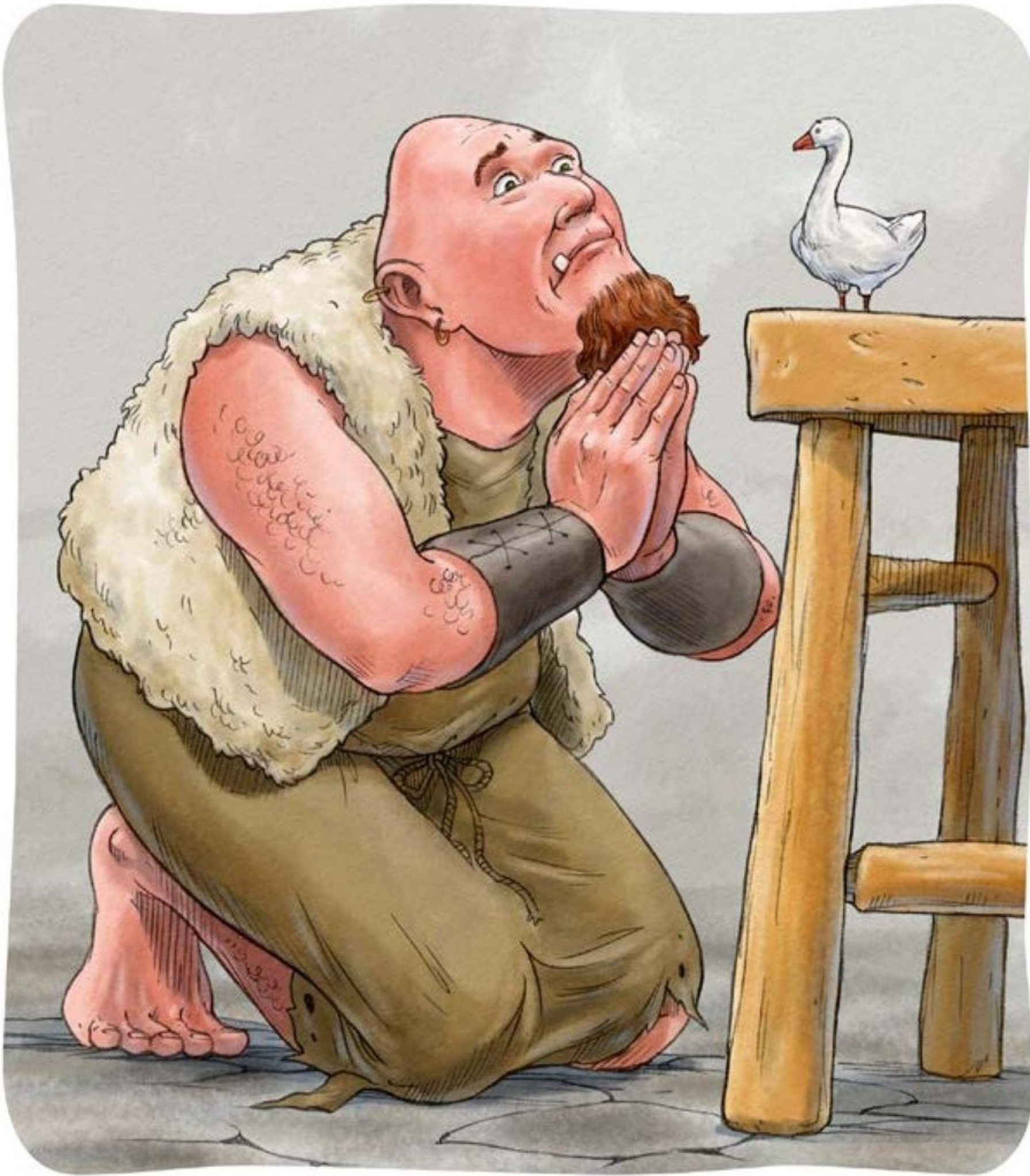
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GIANT'S TALE



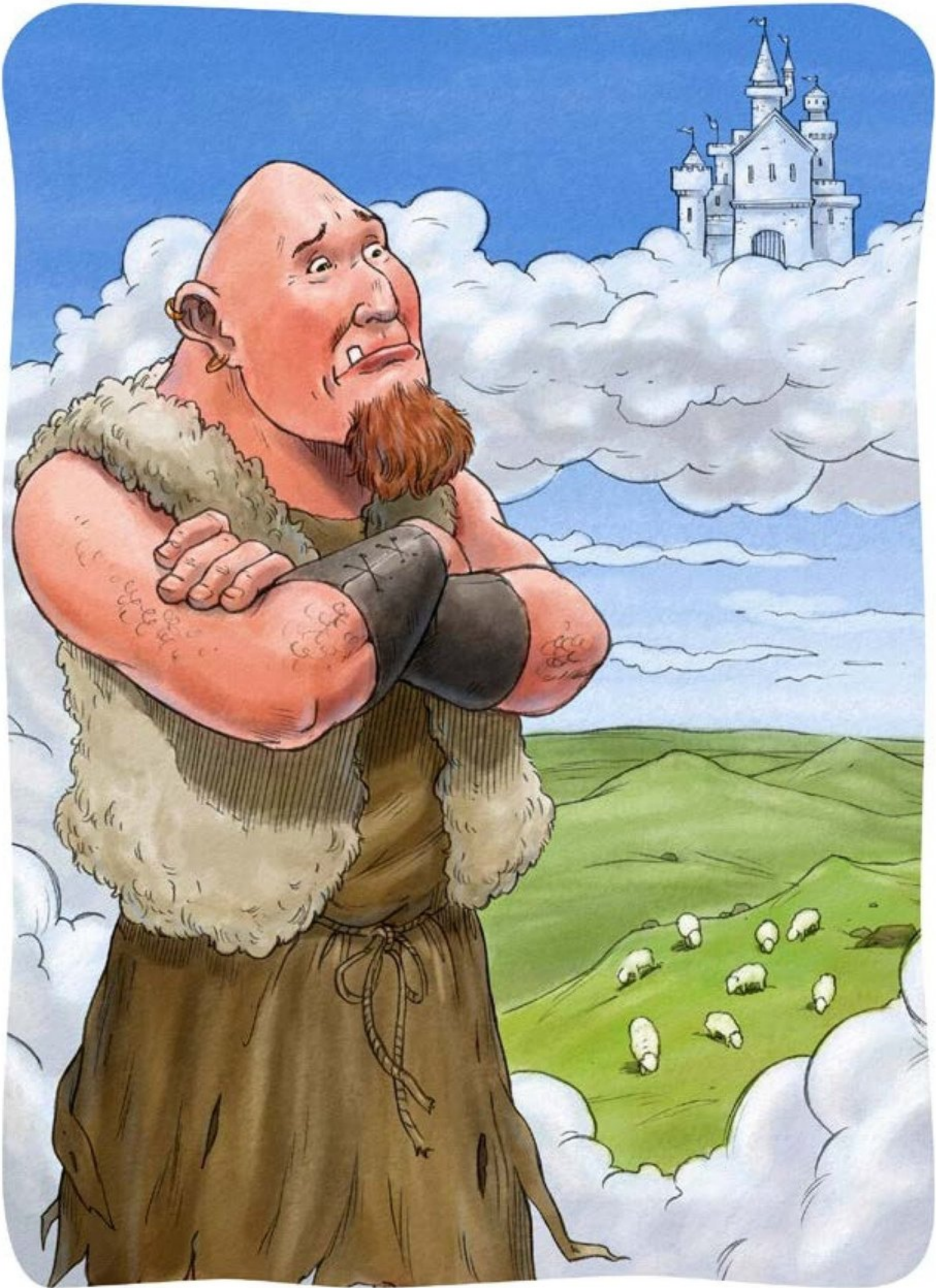
Written by Karen Mockler • Illustrated by Robert Squier

Giant's Tale



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Illustrated by Robert Squier

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Hello. I'm George the Giant.
Morning, noon, and night, I used to
eat nothing but sheep. I was sick of
sheep, even in my dreams.

One day, out in my yard, I met a funny little man. (He was littler than most.) I was holding some beans in my hand at the time. I was thinking of starting a vegetable garden.

“Those are some fine-looking beans,” he said.

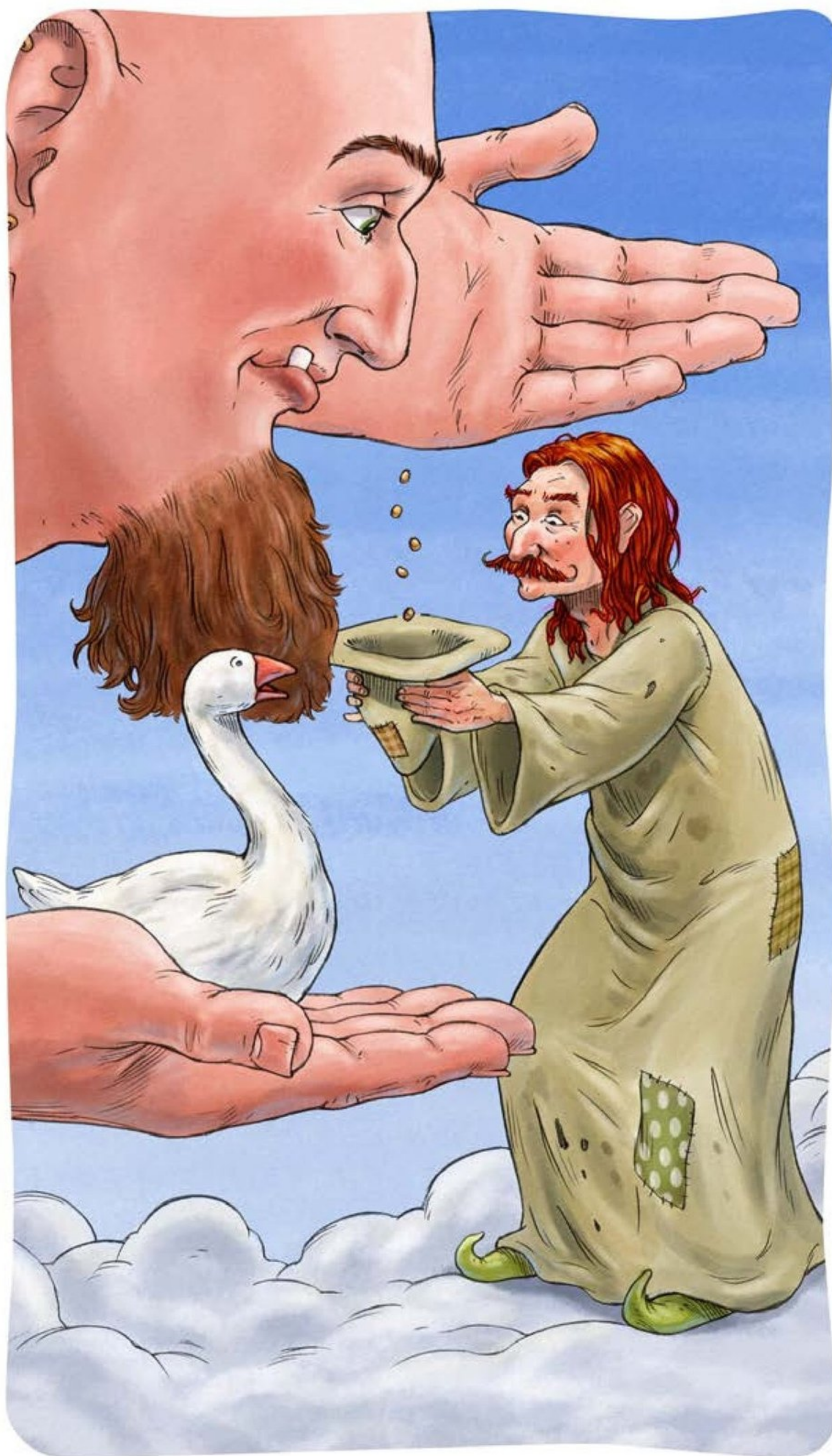
“Thanks,” I said.

“If you give me those beans,” said the man, “I’ll give you a special goose.”

“What’s so special about her?” I asked.

“Wait and see,” said the man. “But know this, George. She’ll **cure** you of sheep.”

He knew my name! I’d had it with sheep! I **traded** the beans for that goose and returned to the castle. I set her on the kitchen table.





“Now, Goose,” I said, “do your stuff.”

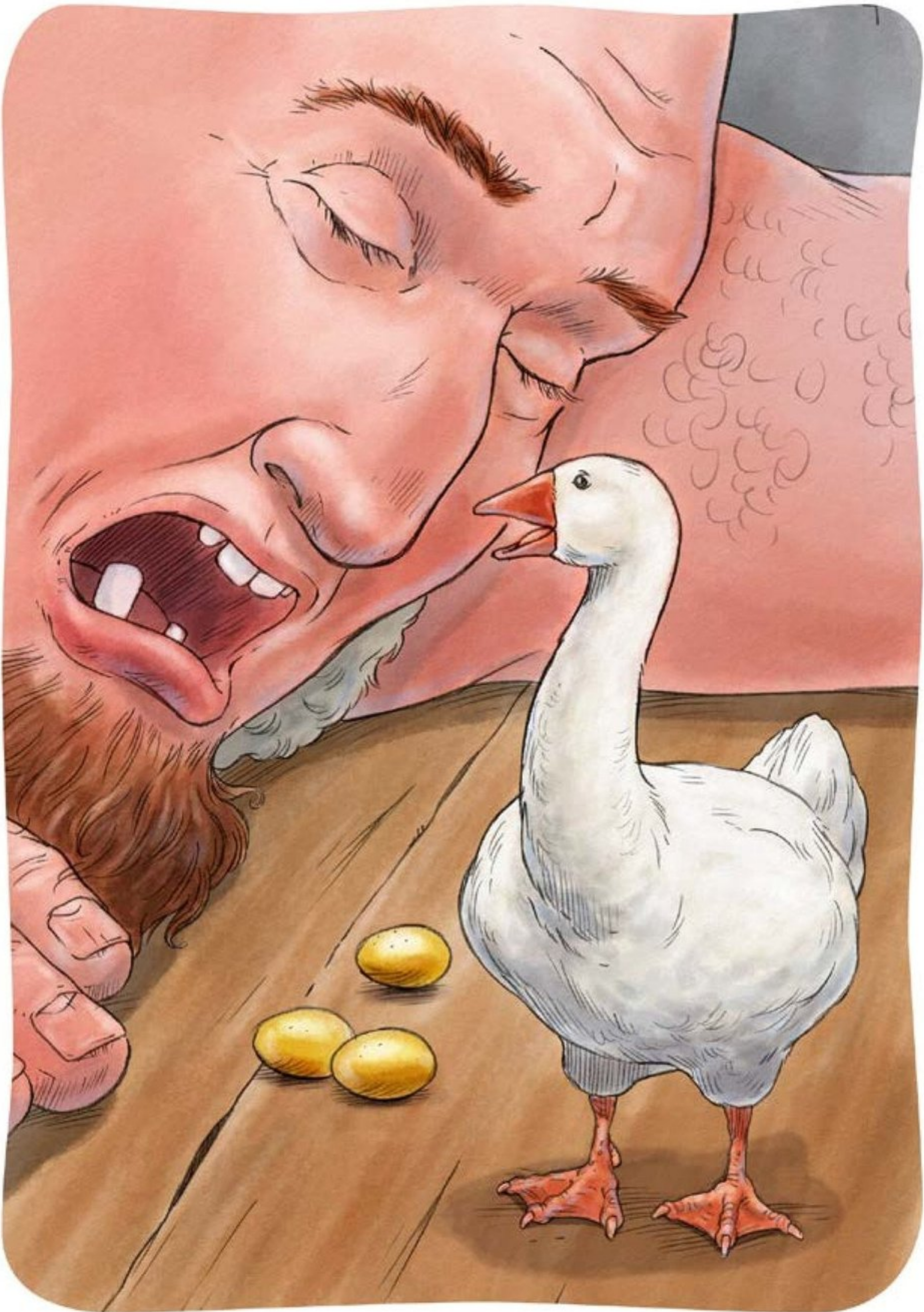
The goose just looked at me.

“Pretty please,” I said.

Nothing.

“Razzle-dazzle me,” I said.

I thought about roasting her up for dinner. But during my afternoon nap, she laid three golden eggs.



I traded those eggs for a **wagonload** of doughnuts. No more sheep for me!

For months, I ate nothing but doughnuts. Then one day, coming into the kitchen for lunch, I smelled a weird smell. Stinky. Wrong. Human.

Some giants like the taste of humans. Me, I've never tried one. I can never get past that smell.

Still, I sang the song all giants learn in school to scare humans away.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum,

I smell the blood of an Englishman!

Be he alive or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"



I sat down and ate some doughnuts.
Then I took my nap so Goose could
lay more eggs.

Suddenly, I woke to that human
smell. I saw a boy grab Goose and
tiptoe away. I shouted and chased
them.



The boy jumped onto a **beanstalk** I'd never noticed before. He and Goose dropped into a cloud. I was halfway down after them when I heard him shout to his mom.

For an **ax**.





The beanstalk **toppled**. I fell from the sky and landed with a crash. Ow-wow-wow-wow. Wow.

The boy and his mom stepped forward. We argued a bit. His mom looked from me to Goose to the boy—Jack—and back again. I looked at my leg. It was broken.

“I can fix your leg,” Jack’s mom said at last. “But you’ll have to stay here until it **heals**.”

“Then what?” I said. “How do I get back to my castle?”

Jack pulled a bean from his pocket. It looked just like the ones I traded to that funny little man.



“Fine,” I grumbled.

That first night, they didn’t know what to feed me.

“Anything but sheep,” I said. “Or doughnuts.”

Turns out they didn’t have sheep, doughnuts, or much else. So the mom threw a bunch of green beans in a pot. She cooked up the best soup I’ve ever tasted.

For the next six weeks, Jack took Goose’s eggs to **market** almost every day. He brought home a bunch of different foods. Jack’s mom cooked and cooked. By the time my leg was healed, I’d had some of the best meals of my life.



Now Goose and I are back at the castle. But Jack's mom is teaching me how to cook. When we visit, Goose always lays them a golden egg. And when we sit down to dinner, we all enjoy a bowl of green bean soup.

Glossary

ax (<i>n.</i>)	a tool often used to chop wood (p. 11)
beanstalk (<i>n.</i>)	the stem of a bean plant (p. 11)
cure (<i>v.</i>)	to correct or heal a sickness or problem (p. 4)
grumbled (<i>v.</i>)	complained about something, usually in a low, quiet voice (p. 14)
heals (<i>v.</i>)	becomes well or healthy again (p. 13)
market (<i>n.</i>)	a public place where people buy and sell things. (p. 14)
toppled (<i>v.</i>)	collapsed (p. 12)
traded (<i>v.</i>)	exchanged one thing for another (p. 4)
wagonload (<i>n.</i>)	a load that fills a wagon (p. 8)

Giant’s Tale
Level M Leveled Book
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