

LEVELED Book • M

Story of the Sun

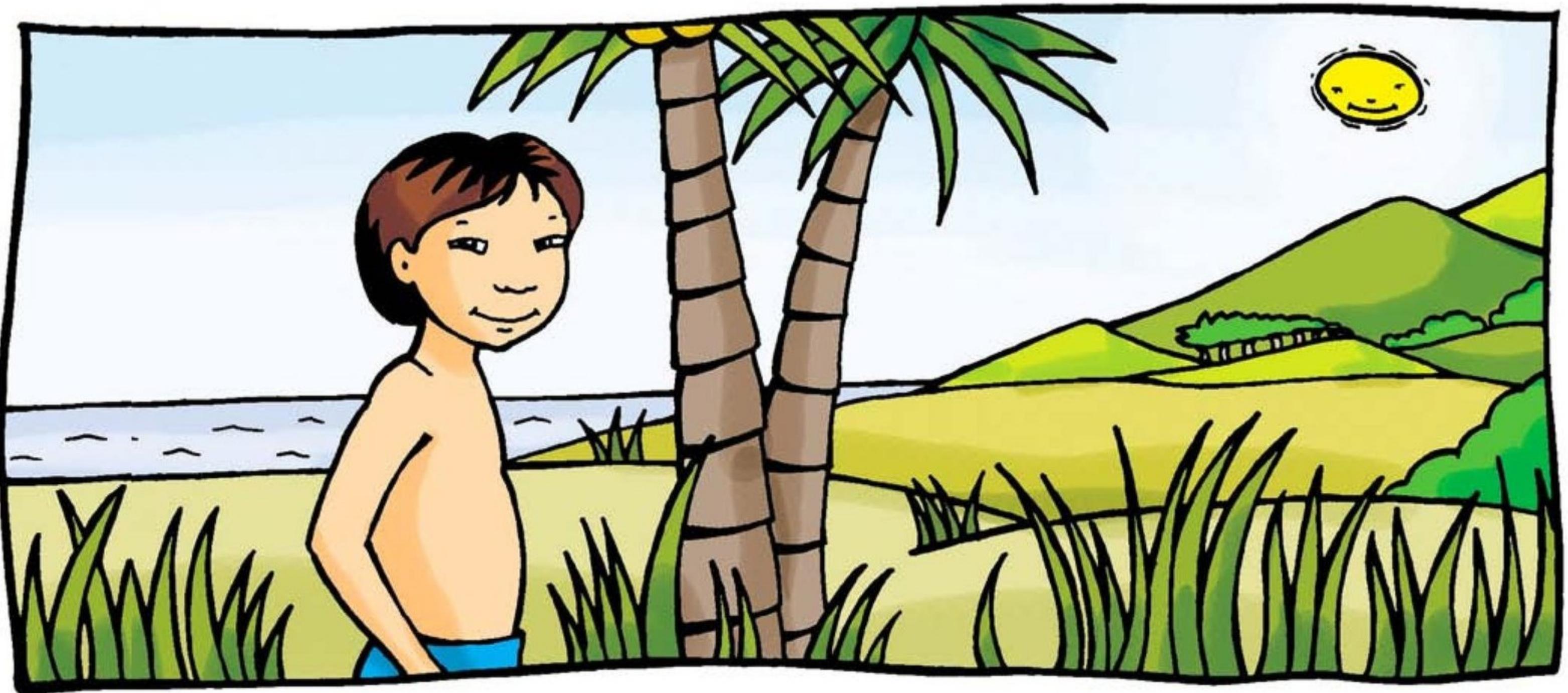


Written by Ned Jensen • Illustrated by Maria Voris

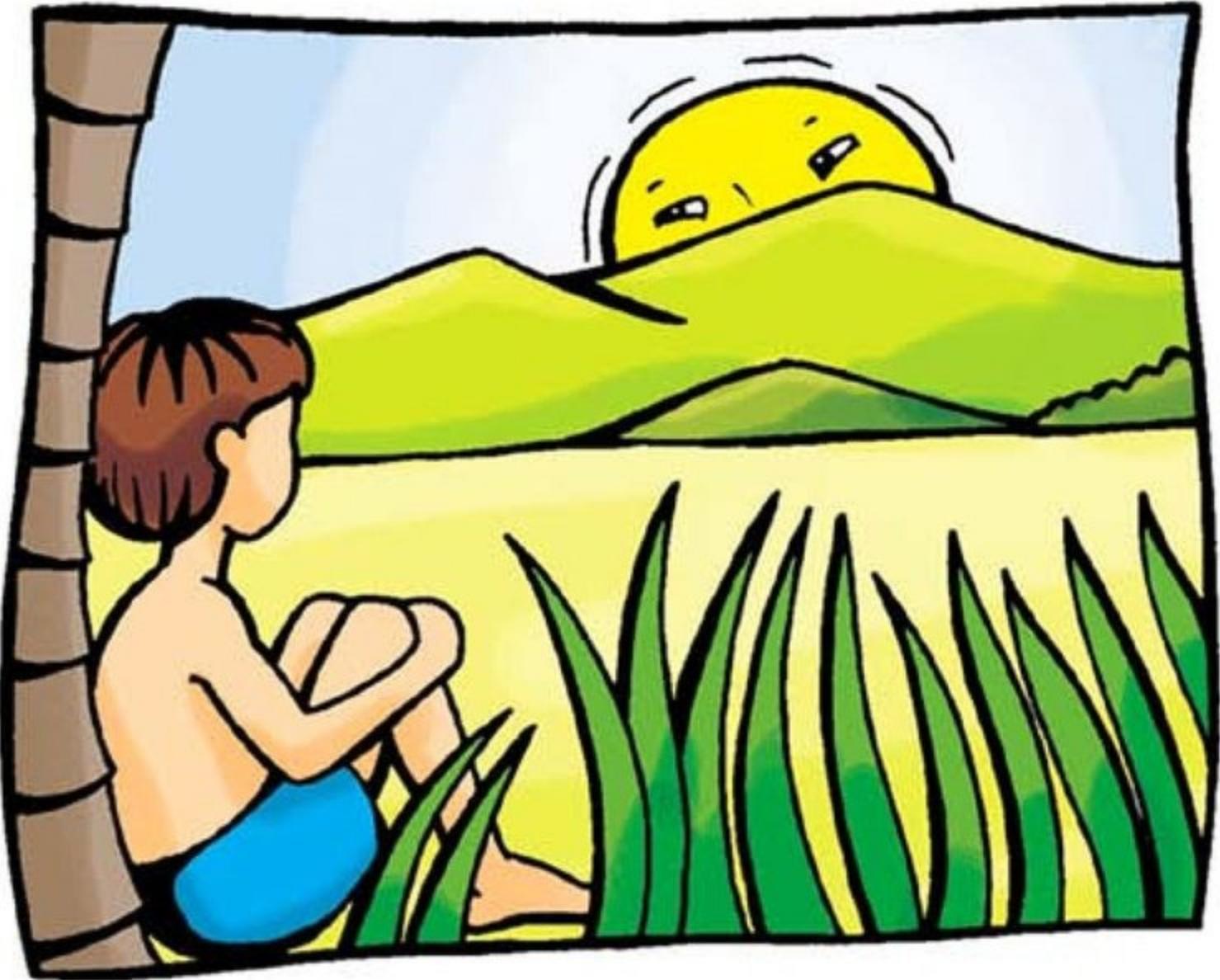
Story of the Sun



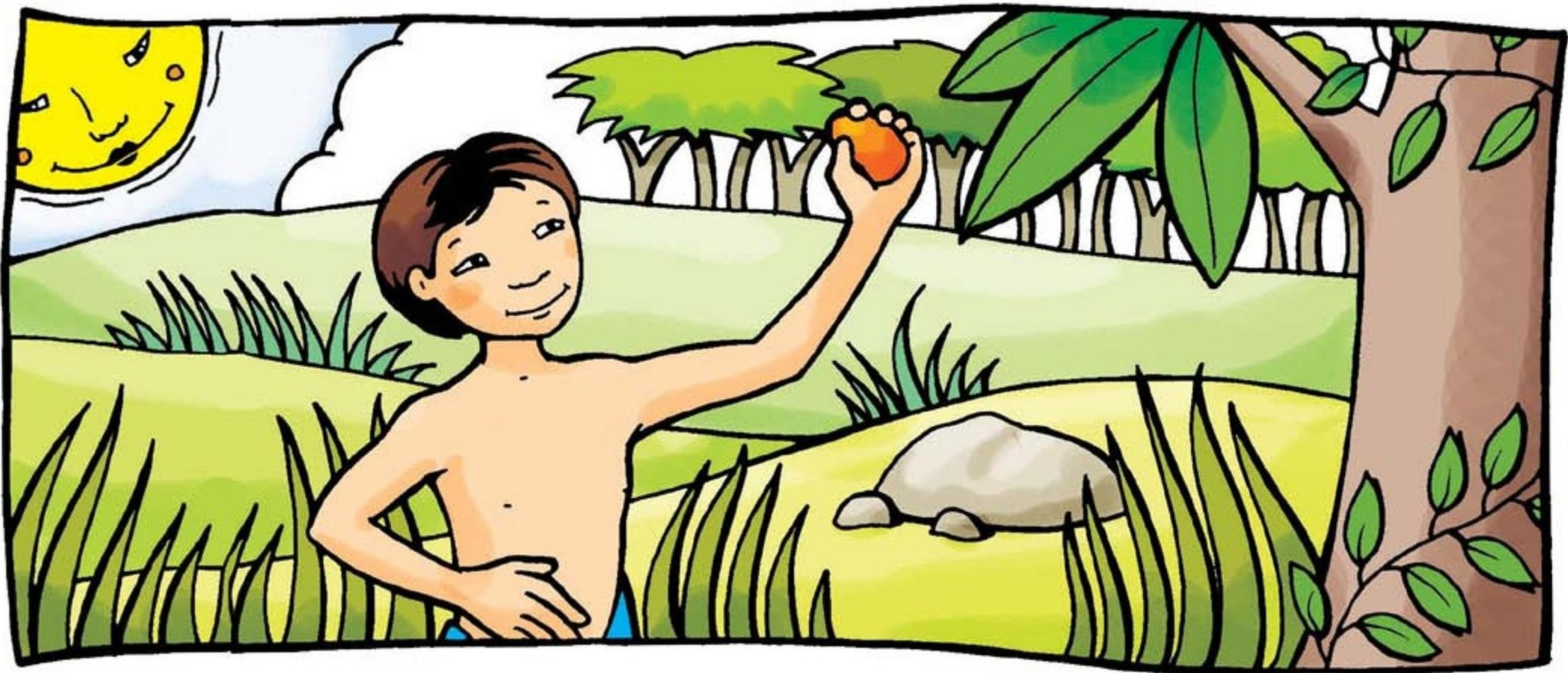
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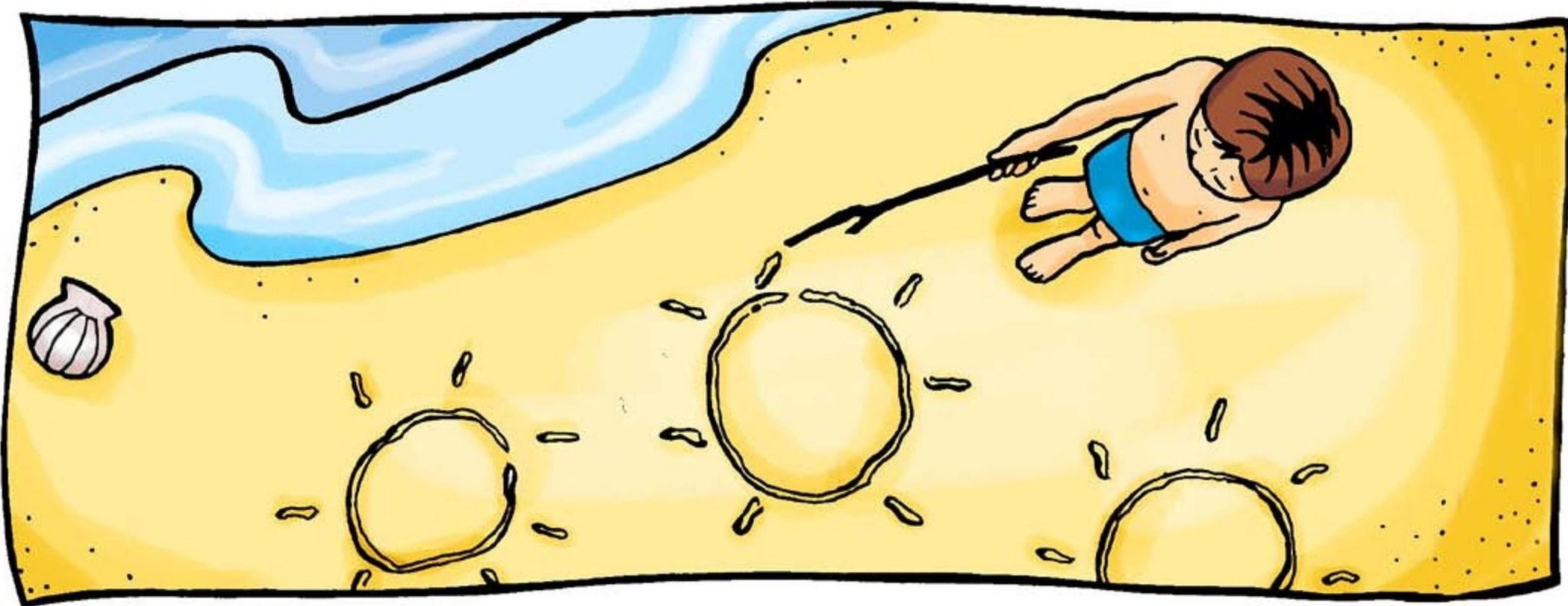
Long ago, a curious young boy lived in a far-off land.
To the east there were mountains.
To the west there was a large sea.



As each day began, the curious young boy sat and looked to the east. He watched the sun rise over the mountains. As each day ended, he looked west. He watched the sun sink into the sea.



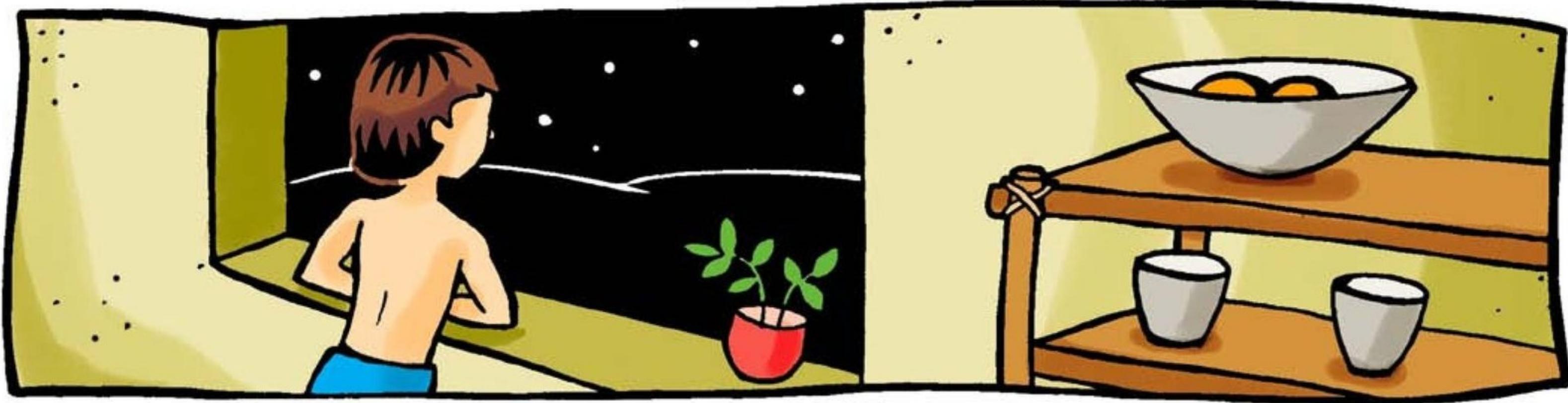
The curious boy's name was Ichiro.
Ichiro wondered where the sun came from.
And he wondered where it went each night.



The harder Ichiro thought, the more confused he became.
He wondered how many suns there really are.
Would there ever be a time when a new sun
would not rise from the east?

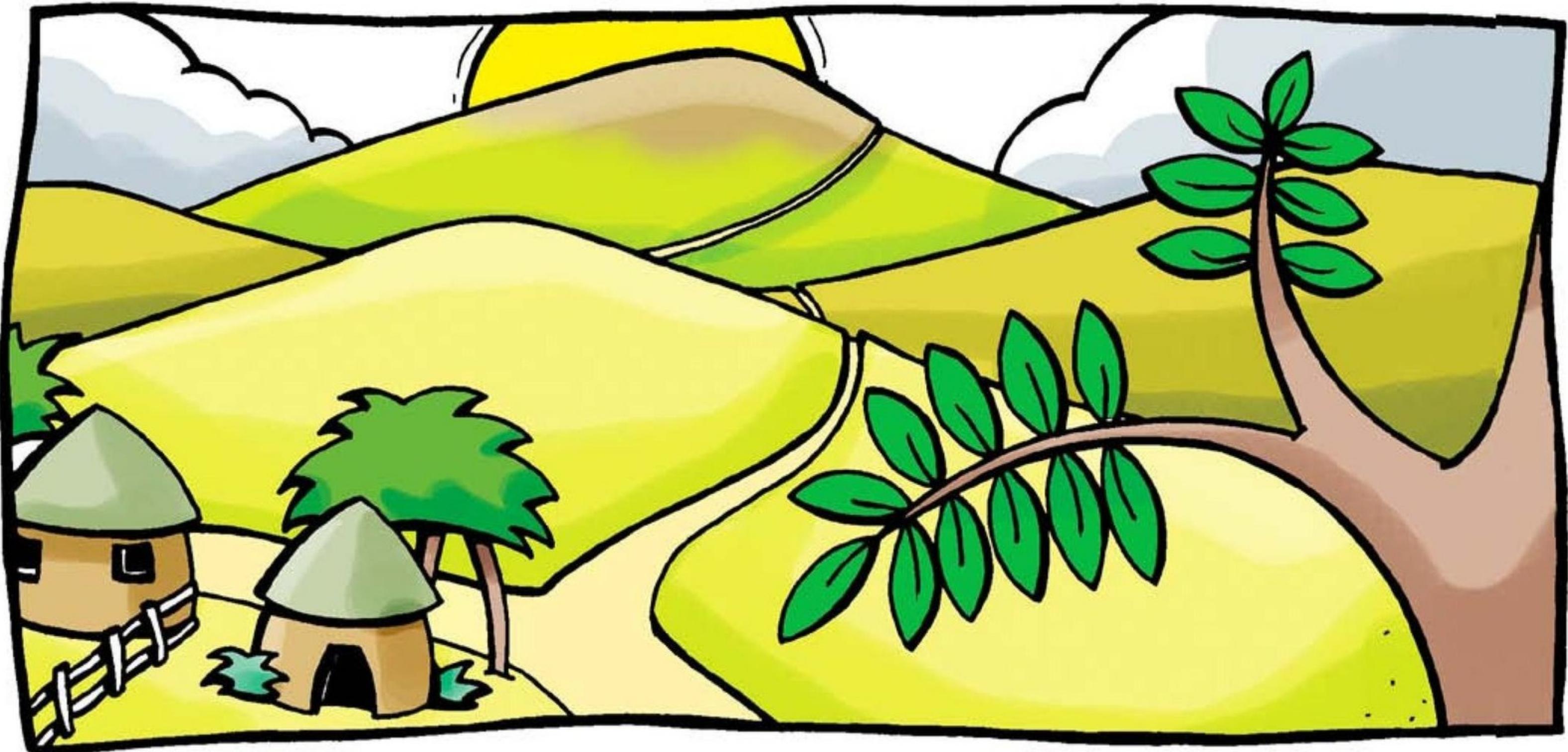


Ichiro was smart. He knew that the sun brought light.
He knew that without the sun, everything would be dark.
He also knew that the sun brought warmth.
He loved to feel the warm sun on his brown skin.



Ichiro worried about a day when a new sun might not rise.
He worried about living in a land of darkness.
He worried about being cold.

Ichiro learned about a wise old woman.
He was told she knew the answers to everything.
So he decided to visit her.



The wise woman lived in a village. The village was near the mountains. It was near where the sun rose each morning.



One morning Ichiro awoke early.
He climbed on his giant pet emu and rode swiftly
to the east. In a few hours, he entered the village.



The wise woman greeted Ichiro warmly.
She took him into her hut.
And she began to answer his questions about the sun.



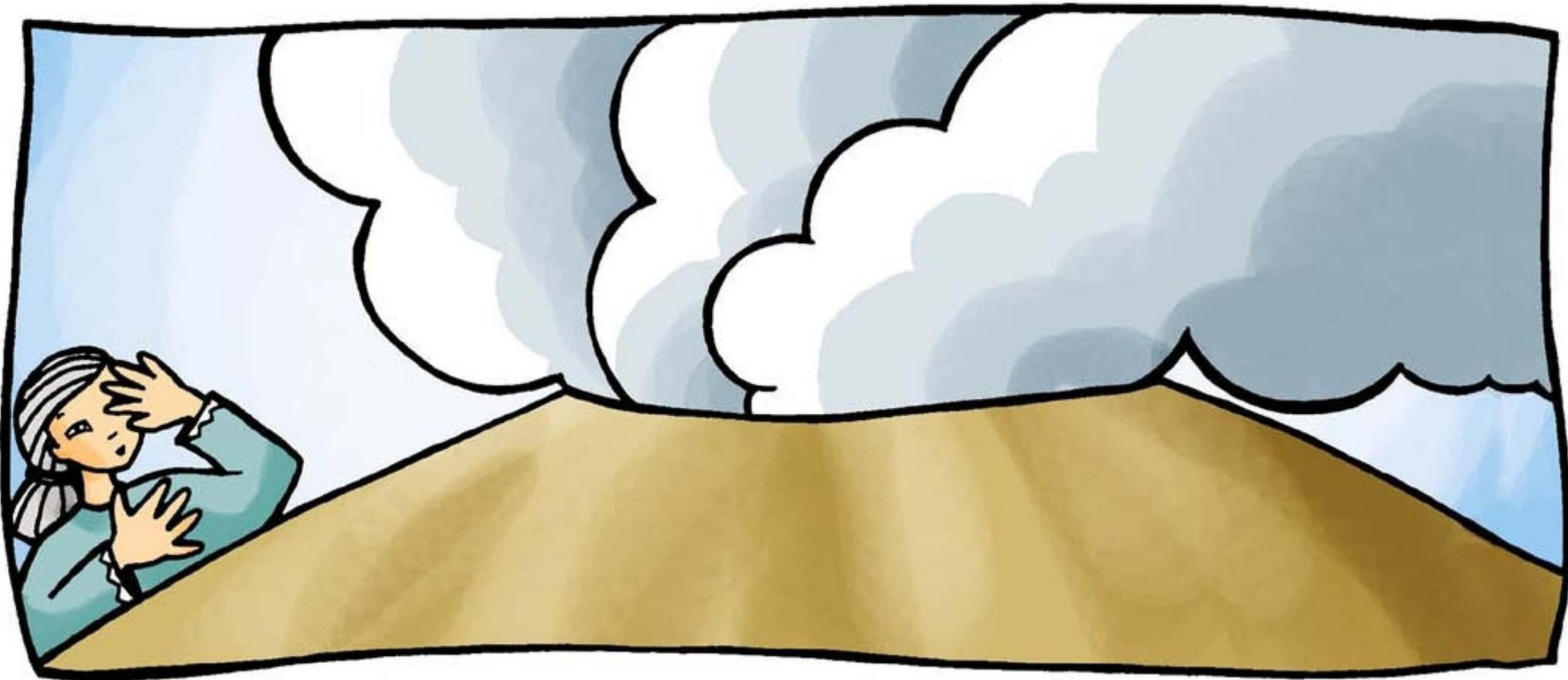
First she explained where the sun came from.

“Do you see that large mountain? The one that is towering above all other mountains?” she asked, pointing east.

Ichiro replied, “Yes, I do. In fact I see the sun rise over that mountain each morning.”



“Well,” said the wise woman, “that is where new suns come from. Each night after the sun sinks into the sea, people from the village go to the mountaintop. They carry large pieces of wood and coal with them.”

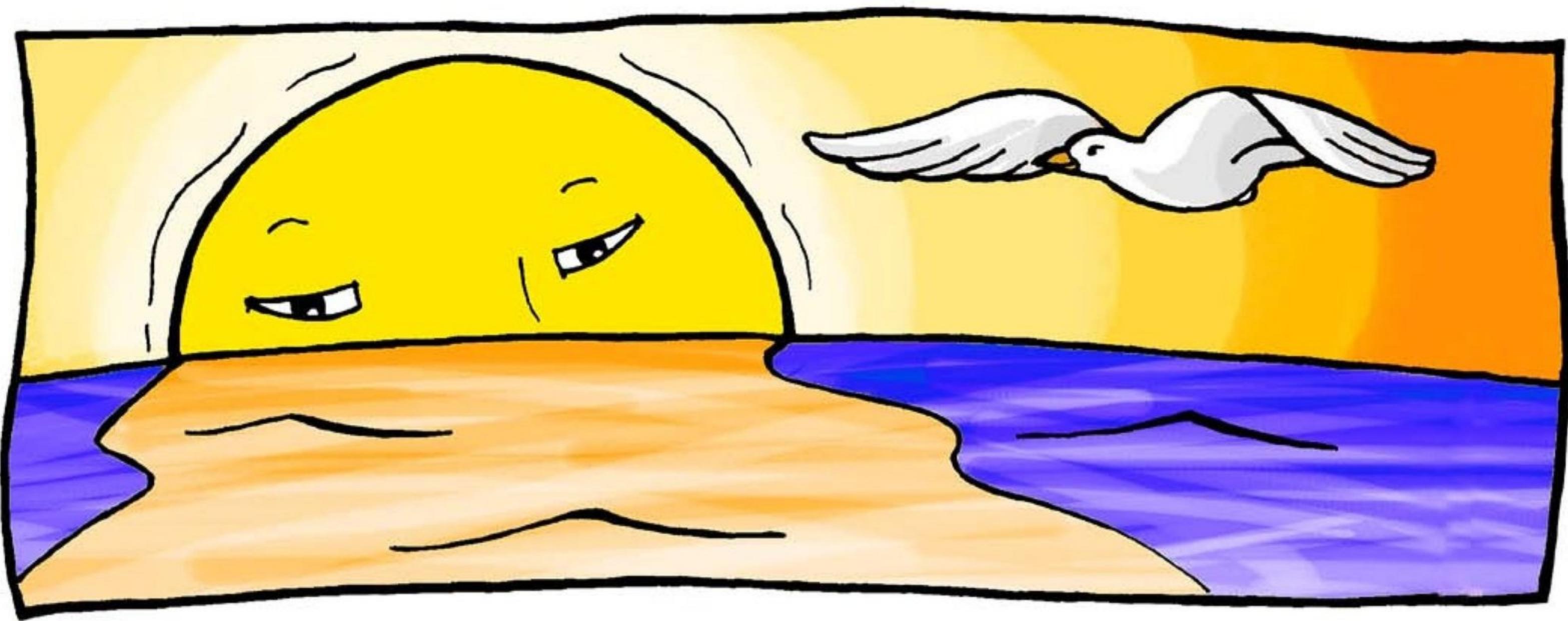


“They drop the wood and coal into a large opening at the top of the mountain,” she said.

“The mountain begins to rumble. It roars and smokes.”



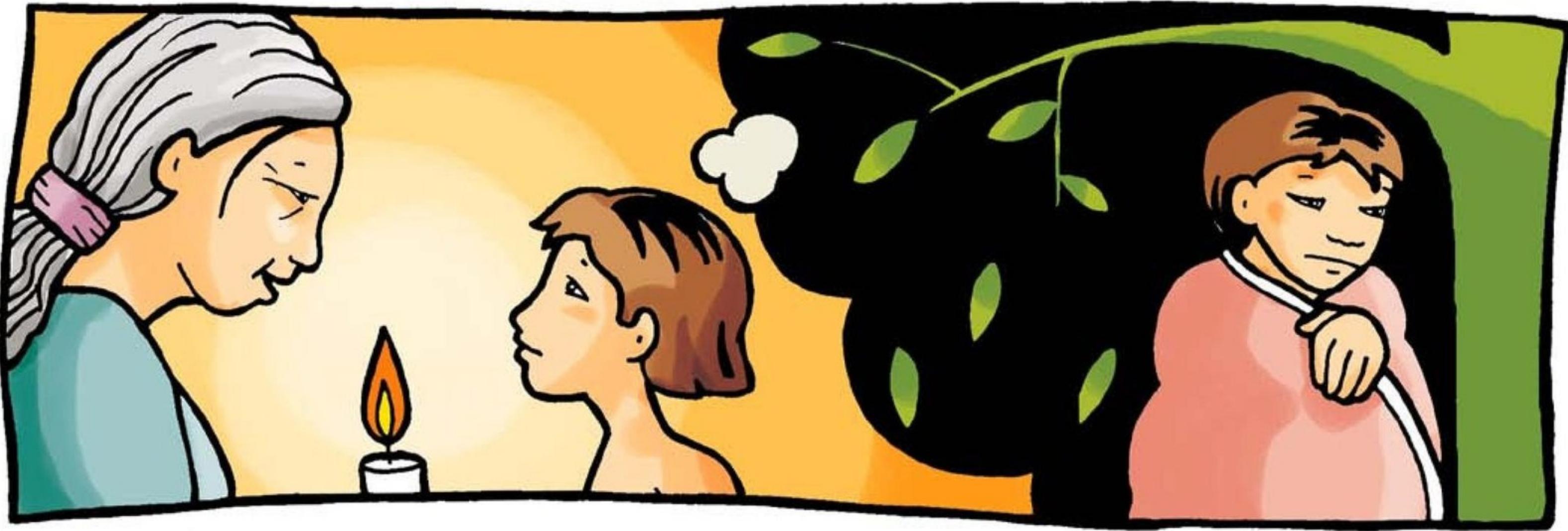
The wise old woman kept telling her story.
“By morning, the rumbling is very loud.
Then suddenly the mountain spits out a giant ball of fire.
The ball is spit out with great force.
It shoots up high into the sky. The fireball lights the land below
as it travels across the sky. It also heats the land.”



“When the ball of fire reaches its highest point, it begins to drop,” she continued.

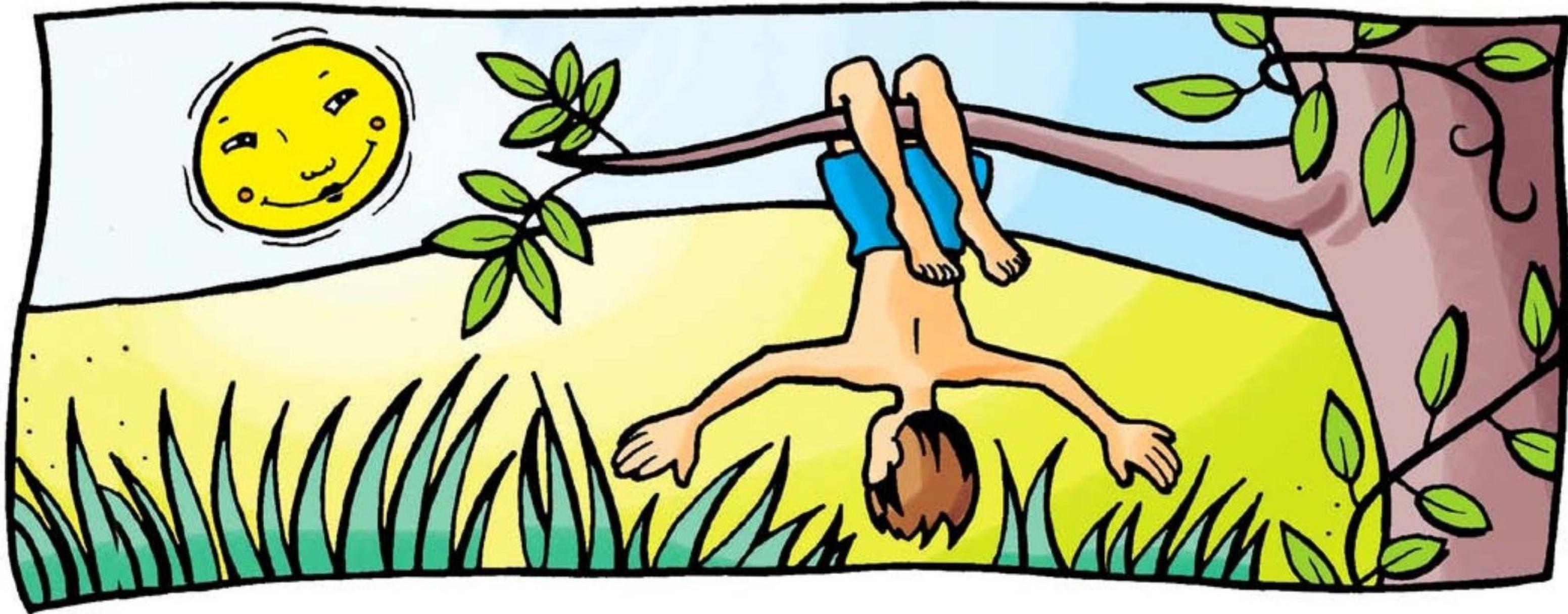
“In a few hours it crashes into the sea.

The cool waters of the sea put out the ball of fire.”



“It is very important that the villagers go to the mountain each night. They must feed it wood and coal,” she said.

“As long as we feed the mountain, it will make a new sun each morning. But if ever we fail to do so, there will be no new sun. Then the land will become dark and cold.”



From that day on, Ichiro worried no more.
He played happily in the trees. He knew there would
always be light and heat as long as the villagers took
coal and wood to the mountain.

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Correlation

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