

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp

A Reading A-Z Level T Leveled Book

Word Count: 2,084



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Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp



Adapted by Katherine Follett
Illustrated by Maria Voris

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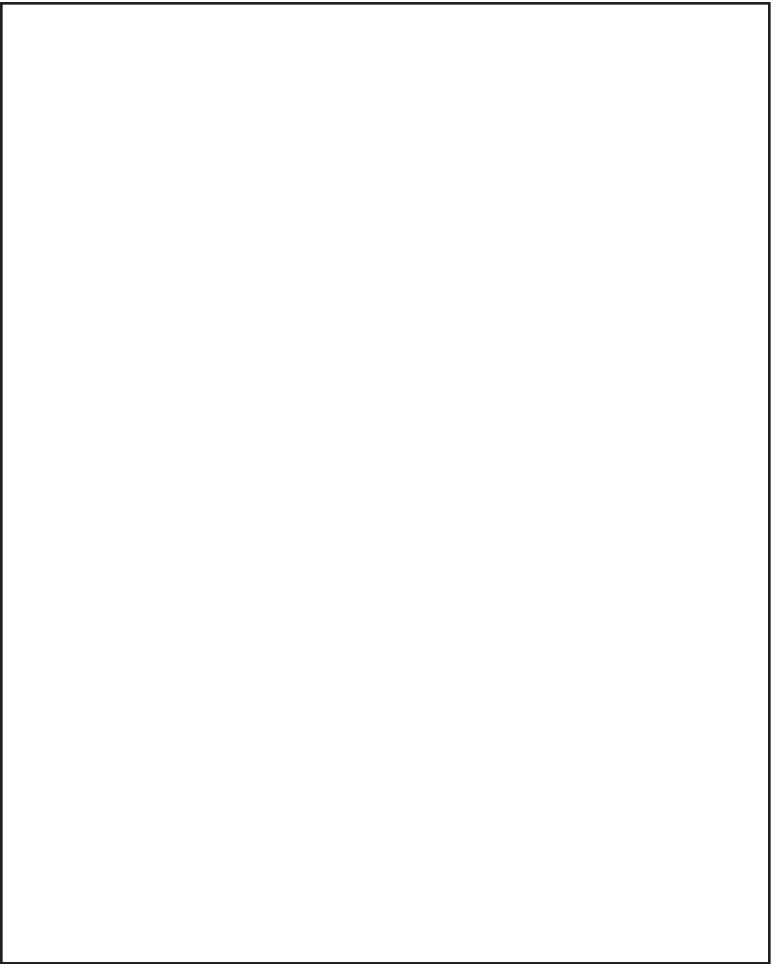
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Correlation	
LEVEL T	
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Reading Recovery	38
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Glossary

delectable (<i>adj.</i>)	delicious; tasty (p. 13)
flattered (<i>v.</i>)	impressed and pleased by another person's praise (p. 24)
incense (<i>n.</i>)	substance that releases a pleasant smell when burned (p. 7)
labor (<i>n.</i>)	difficult physical work (p. 6)
obey (<i>v.</i>)	to follow all the rules; to carry out all the instructions (p. 8)
peddler (<i>n.</i>)	a traveling salesman who sells and trades many kinds of objects (p. 20)
procession (<i>n.</i>)	train of people; a formal parade (p. 19)
shutter (<i>v.</i>)	to cover a window with wooden shutters (p. 14)
sorcery (<i>n.</i>)	magic (p. 22)
summoned (<i>v.</i>)	called something or someone to you; invited (p. 21)
sumptuous (<i>adj.</i>)	rich and delicious (p. 19)
trade (<i>n.</i>)	profession; skill; job (p. 4)

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Chapter 1

Aladdin was the son of a poor tailor. His father tried to teach him the **trade**, but the boy was so lazy, he refused to do any work. Because Aladdin never lifted a finger, his father worked himself to exhaustion until he died. But even then, Aladdin would not change his lazy ways and played with the naughty boys in the street while his mother spun cotton.

When Aladdin was fifteen, a magician arrived in the kingdom. The magician wandered through the streets, looking for some foolish boy to trick. When he saw Aladdin, he pounced on him immediately.



“Why don’t you give me that old lamp you carry around, so we may dine by its flame?” The magician, numbed by the potion, handed her the magic lamp. She summoned the genie immediately.

“Take me and Aladdin and my palace back to the Sultan’s kingdom, and leave this horrid magician in the desert where he will never find his way out!” she ordered. The genie did as she asked, and they were all returned to their home safe and sound.

The Sultan was so pleased to see his daughter again, he made Aladdin the heir to his throne. After the Sultan passed on the crown, Aladdin and Buddir ruled the kingdom for many happy years.

"I have a plan to get our lamp back," whispered Aladdin. He gave Buddir a pouch filled with a potion that made its victims slow and sleepy.

Buddir then invited the magician to eat with her. **Flattered** by her sudden kindness, the magician allowed the princess to pour his drink. She secretly added the powder, and soon the magician was nodding in his soup.

"My dear," said Buddir, "doesn't it seem awfully dark in here?"

The magician's eyelids were half-closed, so it did seem dark to him. "Why yes, it does," he mumbled.



"You there, your face looks familiar," he called. "Tell me who your father is."

"My father is Mustapha, the tailor. But he's been dead for two years," Aladdin replied.

"Oh, dear me, it can't be true! I've come all this way to see my brother, Mustapha, only to find out he is dead!" cried the magician. He hugged Aladdin close and pretended to weep. "And you, fine boy, must be my nephew. You've surely taken over your poor father's tailor shop."



“Bah!” said Aladdin. “I can’t stand working! I prefer to play in the streets with my friends.”

“What? That’s no good for a young boy. Let me make you an offer. If you come with me tomorrow, I’ll buy a shop and make you a shopkeeper. That way, you can earn money without doing **labor**.”

Aladdin liked the sound of that and agreed to follow his false uncle the next day.



“What would you have? I am the slave of whoever wears the ring.”

“Please, return my palace as it was!”

“Only the Genie of the Lamp can undo what the Genie of the Lamp has done,” the genie answered.

“Then take me to my palace,” Aladdin said. Before he could blink, Aladdin stood at the front door of his palace, which now sat in a lonely desert in Africa. He snuck inside and reunited with his Princess Buddir, and they both shed tears of joy.



When the Sultan looked out his window, he gasped in horror. His daughter's palace had vanished in a puff of smoke! He ordered that Aladdin be brought before him.

The Sultan raged. "Whatever **sorcery** you used to produce your riches has made my daughter disappear! If you cannot bring her back in five days, I'll chop off your head!"

Aladdin pleaded his innocence, but the Sultan would hear none of it. Sadder than he had ever been, Aladdin wandered the city for three days. He asked everyone if they had seen his princess. On the fourth day, he decided to pray, and he rubbed the magic ring, which he had almost forgotten about.



Chapter 2

In the morning, the magician led Aladdin out of the city, across the countryside, and into the mountains. Eventually they came to a ledge on the edge of a cliff.

"Uncle, where is my shop? Why are we out here?" Aladdin asked.

"Gather some firewood, boy, and you'll be thankful you're here." So Aladdin gathered wood and built a small fire. The magician sprinkled **incense** over the flames, waved his hands, and murmured mysterious words. Before Aladdin's eyes, the earth opened up, revealing a stone with a brass ring attached. "Take hold of the ring and lift the stone!" ordered the magician.

Aladdin was quite afraid, for he was sure this was no ordinary uncle. He lifted the stone and saw a passageway leading down stone stairs into the darkness.

“Now, Nephew, you must do exactly as I say. Go down the stairs and into a golden hall, but do not touch the walls! Even brushing your sleeve against the gold will kill you instantly. At the end of the hall, you will come to a fruit orchard with a path leading to a small lamp sitting on a stone. Blow out the flame, empty the oil, and bring the lamp to me. I’ll give you my ring, which will keep you from harm as long as you **obey** me.”



“Won’t Aladdin be surprised when he finds a shiny new lamp instead of that dull one he keeps in his chamber?” She took the magic lamp from Aladdin’s room and brought it to the peddler. Immediately, the magician rubbed the lamp and **summoned** the genie.

“What would you have? I am the slave of whoever owns the lamp.”

“Take this princess and her palace and servants and send us all to Africa!” the magician cried. With a flash, the palace vanished.





Chapter 4

They would have lived like this forever, but Aladdin loved riding among the streets of the city throwing gold to everyone he met. This made him quite famous. Soon, the magician heard of this boy who seemed to have riches as if by magic. He knew Aladdin had stolen his ring and lamp to gain his wealth.

The magician disguised himself as a **peddler**, filled a basket with shiny lamps, and came to the palace door while Aladdin was out. "Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?" he called. Buddir peeked out the window.

Aladdin took the ring and went down the stairs, careful not to touch the golden walls of the beautiful hall. At the end of the hall, he entered a bright orchard with fruit trees bearing the most colorful, delicious fruit Aladdin had ever seen.

He could not resist plucking a bright red apple. As soon as he took it from the tree, the apple changed into a solid ruby! At the next tree, he plucked a bunch of golden grapes, which changed to a cluster of pearls. Lemons turned to diamonds, and limes to emeralds.



Aladdin gathered as much fruit as he could before following the path to the lamp. He piled the lamp on top of the treasure in his arms and returned to the stairs where his uncle waited.

"Uncle, my load is heavy; help me up," he said.

"First give me the lamp!" demanded the magician.

"I told you, Uncle, my hands are full. I cannot give you anything until you help me."



And so it was that Aladdin and the princess were married. All the kingdom came to the wedding **procession**. Musicians led the Princess Buddir down the carpet toward Aladdin's palace, and four hundred torches lit the street as bright as day. Inside Aladdin's palace, they ate a **sumptuous** feast on solid silver plates. It was the most joyful occasion the kingdom could remember, and Aladdin and Buddir had happiness for many years.

“Again, you have impressed me,” the Sultan said. “But I must know that he will keep my daughter happy. Tell your son to have a splendid palace ready for her by the end of the week.”

In a flash, Aladdin ordered the genie to build a magnificent palace in the garden across from the Sultan’s window. The genie even ran a soft red carpet from the door of Aladdin’s palace to the door of the Sultan’s. Aladdin himself, dressed in the finest silk, rode to the Sultan’s door on a horse more beautiful than any in the Sultan’s stables.

“It would be unfair to my daughter if I did not allow her to marry such a worthy man,” said the Sultan.



“Foolish boy! Give me the lamp or stay down there forever!” The magician knew the lamp’s magic would not work if he took it from someone by force.

“But Uncle!” protested Aladdin. Before he could finish, the magician muttered more magic words, and SLAM! the stone flew shut, locking Aladdin inside the cavern.





Aladdin called and called, but his uncle would not answer. Finally he decided to pray, but when he put his hands together, he accidentally rubbed the magician's ring. Instantly, a frightful genie stood before him. "What would you have? I am the slave of whoever wears the ring."

Aladdin was terrified, but he immediately replied, "Bring me home!" In no time, he stood at his front door, his worried mother weeping with joy to see him. Aladdin was starving, and he begged his mother to sell one of the treasures—the dusty lamp, perhaps—for food.

"I am very impressed. Perhaps your son is worthy after all. But before I allow my daughter to marry him, he must truly prove his worth. Tell him he has seven days to deliver forty trays of these same gems. Each tray must be solid gold. Each gold tray must be carried by two slaves, and each slave must be dressed in the richest clothing."

Aladdin's mother went back to her son and told him what the Sultan had said. Aladdin laughed, for the power of the lamp could get him anything. Instantly, the genie produced a train of eighty slaves carrying trays of gold and jewels. A crowd gathered to watch them march to the Sultan's palace behind Aladdin's ragged mother.



Aladdin's mother bowed low, holding up the rag bundle, which was scarcely distinguishable from her clothing. "Sultan, my son begs for your daughter's hand in marriage."

The Sultan burst out laughing. "Even if I allowed it, my daughter would be insulted to live with someone as poor as your son. But before I toss you out, unwrap your bundle and show me what you have brought."

Aladdin's mother unwrapped the package, and the enormous jewels glittered in the sunlit hall. The Sultan's jaw fell open as he admired a gold pear, for he had never seen such treasures.



His mother began to polish the lamp with an old rag, and another enormous genie appeared. "What would you have? I am the slave of whoever owns the lamp."

His mother was terrified, but Aladdin knew what to do. "Bring us a satisfying feast!" he shouted. In an instant, the genie brought dozens of solid silver trays overflowing with food. Buttery rolls, **delectable** pastries, and steaming roasts filled their table. When Aladdin and his mother finished, enough food still remained for many days. They would never be hungry again. When the food ran out, they sold a piece of beautiful silverware or one of the trays for more.





Chapter 3

They would have lived like this forever if Aladdin had not been on the street when he heard the town crier shouting, “Back to your houses, all! **Shutter** your windows! Princess Buddir will go to the bath!” No one was allowed to see the Sultan’s daughter without her veil. Aladdin hid himself behind the wall of the bathhouse, eager to see the princess’s face. When she came by with her servants, Aladdin was so struck by her beauty, he vowed he would marry her.

“Have you lost your senses?” cried his mother when he told her his plans.

“Only my heart,” Aladdin replied. “Take this silver tray from our meal and load it with fruit from the cavern. Wrap it carefully in rags and take it to the Sultan to ask for his daughter’s hand in marriage.”

Though she grumbled that a tailor’s wife would never be allowed to see the Sultan, Aladdin’s mother piled the tray with gleaming jewels and wrapped it in rags. The Sultan’s guards would have thrown her out, but the Sultan was curious as to what was hidden inside the bundle. He ordered Aladdin’s mother into his hall.

