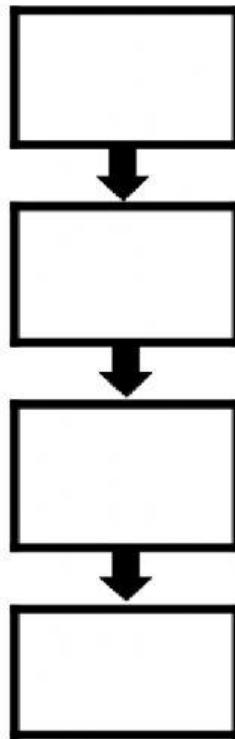


Directions: Drag and drop the events from the story into the boxes in the correct, sequential order.

The Crow and the Pitcher

Adapted from AESOP

1. It was the middle of August. There had not been rain in weeks. The small pond near the woods had dried up. The animals in the forest were very thirsty, including Crow.
2. Crow searched the forest looking for the tiniest puddle. His mouth was so dry. He looked beneath bushes and behind trees. He could not find any water.
3. Crow decided to fly to the meadow. He carefully searched. He hoped to find something to drink in between the grasses. The grass in the meadow was brown. The dirt was dry and dusty. There was no water.
4. Past the meadow was a small house. Crow decided to fly around the house in search of water. As he got closer, he spied a tall pitcher of water on a picnic table. Crow's mouth felt dry. He imagined drinking cool water. Crow landed on the table and walked toward the pitcher to get a drink. When he looked in the pitcher, there was only a small amount of water left in the bottom of the pitcher. No matter how hard Crow tried, he could not reach the water. Crow thought he might die of thirst!
5. Crow stared at the pitcher. He got ready to fly away. He saw pebbles all over the ground. All of a sudden he had an idea. He picked up a pebble and put it in the pitcher. The water rose a tiny bit in the pebble. Crow picked up another pebble and dropped it in the pitcher. The water rose again. Crow continued to drop pebbles into the pitcher. Each time he added a pebble, the water rose higher. At last, the water was high enough. Crow was able to stick his head in and get a long, long drink of water. Crow sighed with relief.



Crow spied a pitcher of water on a picnic table.	The water in the pitcher was too shallow for Crow to drink.	The pebbles on the ground gave Crow an idea.	Crow searched the forest looking for water.
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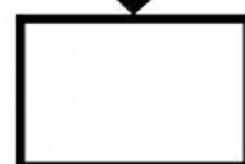
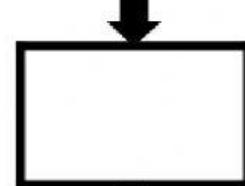
Why Anansi Has No Hair

A Folk Tale from Ghana (Adapted)

1. A long time ago, there live a spider named Anansi. Anansi, who had a handsome head of brown curls, lived with his wife. Anansi and his wife were invited to his mother's house for a picnic after the fall harvest. Anansi and his wife left and began the long walk along the dusty road to his mother's house. Before he left, he placed his favorite hat upon his head to protect him from the sun. Anansi's stomach began to rumble. How he wished he was at home relaxing in his web with a nice pot of beans. His stomach growled again. The journey soon came to an end. Anansi and his wife walked up to the small brown hut and knocked on the door. Anansi could smell something mouth-watering cooking. He hoped it was his mother's delicious beans. As he pushed through the door, Anansi bellowed, "Mama! I am hungry. Let me have some beans."
2. "The beans are not ready," his mother said. "We must harvest the crops first." Anansi's stomach rumbled louder than before. He knew he had to get some of those beans before anyone else.
3. Everyone was crouched in the field picking the crops. Anansi picked a few vegetables then said, "Excuse me. I am going to grab a drink of water." Anansi strolled into the house. He could smell the delicious beans cooking on the stove. He crept over and tasted a bite. They were delicious. He took another bite.
4. Suddenly Anansi heard footsteps coming toward the door. He refused to share these delicious beans with the others. He quickly grabbed the hot pot of beans, and hid them beneath his hat. "I'll sneak them out to the field. They will be hidden among the plants. Then I can eat them all by myself."
5. The door of the hut opened. It was his family and neighbors. Anansi's mother said, "We decided to take a break to eat the beans. I know you are hungry as usual, Anansi." Anansi didn't say a word as his mother walked to the stove to get the beans. "Where have the beans gone?" his mother said in disbelief. Again, Anansi didn't say a word.
6. The family began to search the hut. Anansi pretended to help. The hot pot of beans was becoming more than he could handle. "Let's go back to the field and finish the harvest," said Anansi. The pot was burning his head, but he could not wait to eat the beans. He refused to remove the pot from his head. No one listened to Anansi. The heat of the pot was unbearable. Anansi began to move side to side trying to distract himself from the pain. Steam started to appear around his hat. He could no longer take the burning of the pot on his head. He quickly threw off his hat. The pot dropped off of his head and spilled all over the floor.
7. "Anansi! The beans! Your hair!" his wife yelled. Anansi's hair was frizzled and burned. Anansi's wife grabbed his hand and quickly took him outdoors. "You will finish the harvest on your own as punishment for your greed." As Anansi picked the crops, his family watched. Gradually, his head cooled, but as he worked, locks of his beautiful curled hair dropped to the ground and his poor, empty stomach rumbled and growled. Today, Anansi is bald as a reminder of his greediness, yet his hunger still gets the best of him.

Lexile 500-600

Anansi hid the pot of beans beneath his hat.



The pot of beans spilled onto the floor.

Anansi's mother said they must harvest the crops first.

The family searched the hut for the pot of beans.

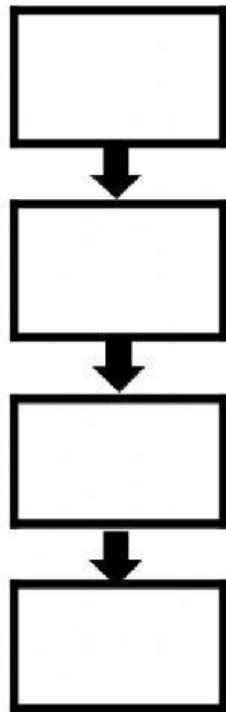
Anansi's burnt hair fell out as he picked the crops.

Anansi left the field to get a drink of water.

The Lion and the Mouse

Adapted from AESOP

1. Lion had just finished an afternoon walk in the woods. The warm sun made him feel sleepy and he decided to take a rest under a tree. He curled up in the shade and rested his large, furry head on his paws. Just as he started to drift off to sleep, Lion felt something on his paw.
2. A tiny mouse was crawling across Lion's huge paw. He opened one eye and looked at the mouse. He felt angry that this tiny creature was interrupting his nap. Suddenly, Lion lifted his other paw and grabbed the tiny mouse.
3. "Please don't hurt me!" squeaked the tiny mouse. "I didn't mean to wake you. I was sure a creature as tiny as me would be felt by a beast as large as you!"
4. The lion picked up the tiny mouse by its tail and held it near his large mouth. "Please spare me! I promise I will repay your kindness one day!" the mouse begged.
5. Lion chuckled. *How could a tiny mouse ever help a beast like me?* Lion wanted to back to sleep, so he decided to let the mouse go. The mouse scurried as fast as he could into the underbrush of the forest.
6. Days later, Lion was walking through the forest. He was heading toward the river to get a cool drink when he stepped on something sharp. "Roarrrrrr!" he cried out in pain. Lion could hardly walk. He limped toward the river.
7. The mouse heard the lion's roar and came running. "Lion! I heard your cry. How can I help you?" The lion lifted his paw. The mouse saw what was causing the pain. He used his sharp teeth to gently bite the sharp thorn and pull it out. "You should feel better now," said the mouse. "Try taking a step."
8. Lion took a step. His paw no longer hurt. "You helped me, my little friend. Now I see that even the tiniest creatures can do great things." Lion smiled and patted the mouse gently.



The mouse begged Lion to set him free.	The mouse disturbed Lion's rest.	Lion cried out in pain.	The mouse was able to repay the Lion for setting him free.
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