

Read the short story below.

Maritta's Box

Behind that big house, there was an old tiny box that was once owned by a powerful witch called Maritta. It was deep buried under the ground. Since her death, Maritta's box became a national treasure but only the Great Mountain Deity knew where it was. One who held it, would take over the world. She looked for the Maritta's box everywhere but it was nowhere to be found. One day, she went to seek help from the Deity who was known for his mighty. She offered him her old jade ring as a gift but she was refused to be helped. The Deity insisted that the box couldn't be treasured as it brought strong power to the holder that could cause a great chaos. The Deity believed, ordinary human being couldn't be any more of greed once they've got the taste of power. The poor lady then returned to her small house, worried. Later on the next day, she came back to him, she plead for her daughter's life. Her daughter was once the Queen of the nation, but later she was exiled by the King for delivering a baby girl instead of a boy. The King was furious and ordered for a deadly disease cursed upon her. Upon hearing the King's ruthlessness, the Great Deity decided to help her but with one condition, she must return the box or she would die of greed. Then, that poor woman pulled out her ring, and gave it to the Deity. She insisted if she was meant to die of no dignity, she would still wanted to have her jade stone on her. So she asked him a favor to help her put the ring on if she died of power. The Deity then cluelessly agreed.

When the morning light came, she knew her power only grew stronger. Soon as her power got stronger enough, she barged into the palace, casting black magic all over the place. The King's men were falling. The forces were failing, the King had fallen and she finally rose to reign. Everyone bowed down before her, glorified her power, chanting her name. She had the King slaughtered, and his head hung for the people. The curse on her daughter then revoked, she rose from her death bed but too bad she didn't even recognize her own mother. The mother who was once old and poor had become fierce and fiercer. She ordered the slaughter of the sorcerers across the country. She only wanted to keep the power to herself. She stole the people's goods in their dimes. She possessed anyone that rose against. She only became greedy and more greedy until the palace became dark and dull.

Upon her greediness, the Deity finally came to remind her of their oaths but the mother only became more furious, it was a terror that she couldn't control herself. As promised, the Great Deity pulled out his mighty sword and struck it into the mother's heart. In her pain, the Deity stood low on his knees beside her lays, pulling her jade ring and slid it in on her finger. A tear, rolled down her cheek, she she whispered "Thank you" to the Deity. Soon, as she closed her lovely eyes, the dark turned to whirling dust and vanished. The lights finally came into the palace and there laid a monument of a great woman. Her daughter came, and mourned over her mother and the jade stone.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Class: _____

SETTINGS!



Based on the short story, there are settings.
Sort them according to whether it's the setting of time or place.



THE GROUND
OLD
EVERYWHERE
MORNING
SMALL HOUSE

NOWHERE
DICES
ONE DAY
ONCE
PALACE

HER FINGER
NEXT DAY
BIG HOUSE
SOON
THE COUNTRY



TIME

PLACE

