

# Giant's Tale

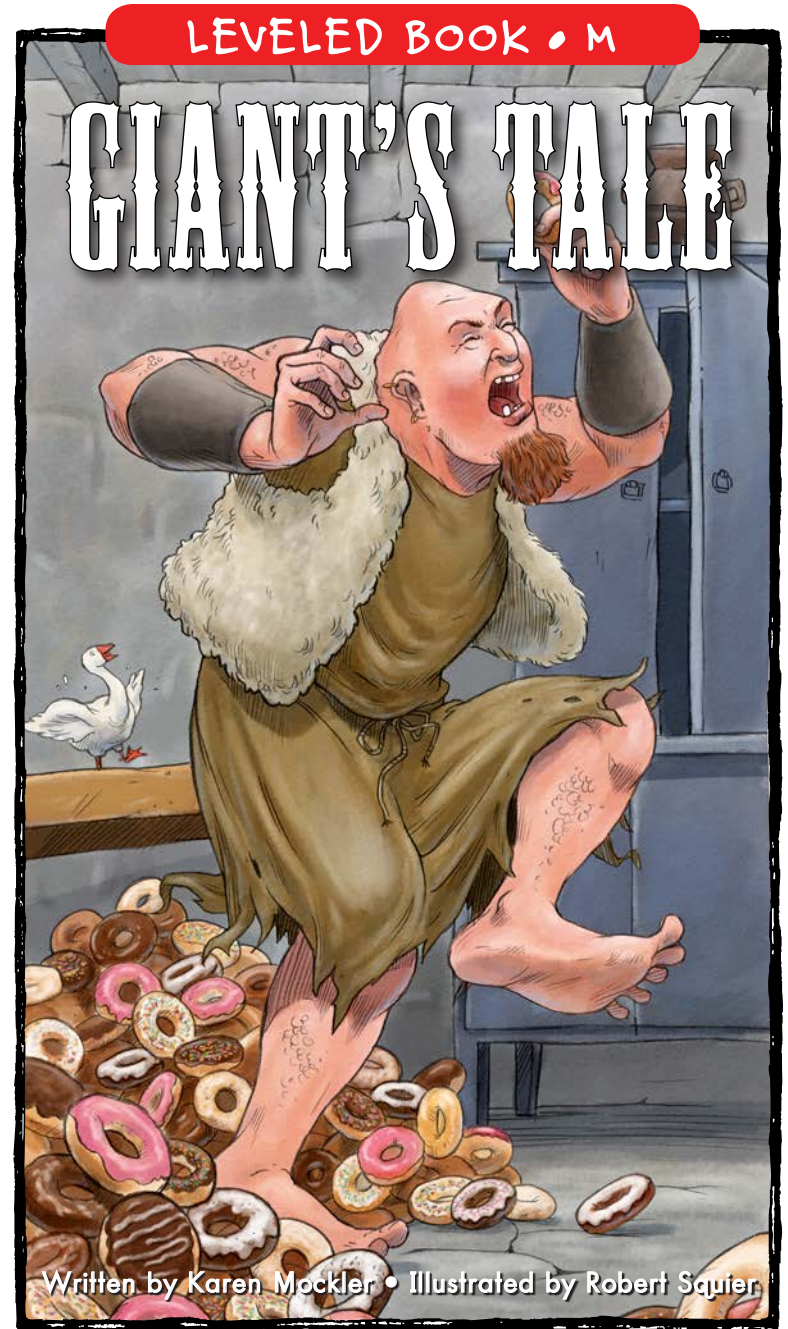
A Reading A-Z Level M Leveled Book

Word Count: 590



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Written by Karen Mockler • Illustrated by Robert Squier

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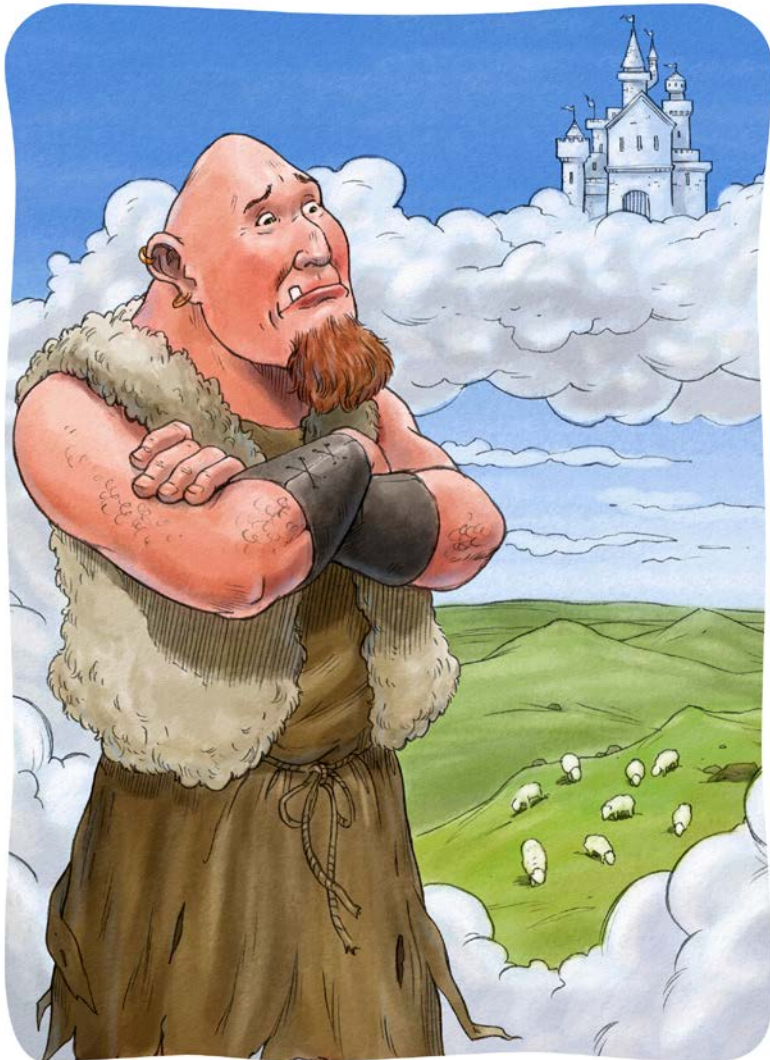
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## Correlation

### LEVEL M

Fountas & Pinnell	L
Reading Recovery	19
DRA	24



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.

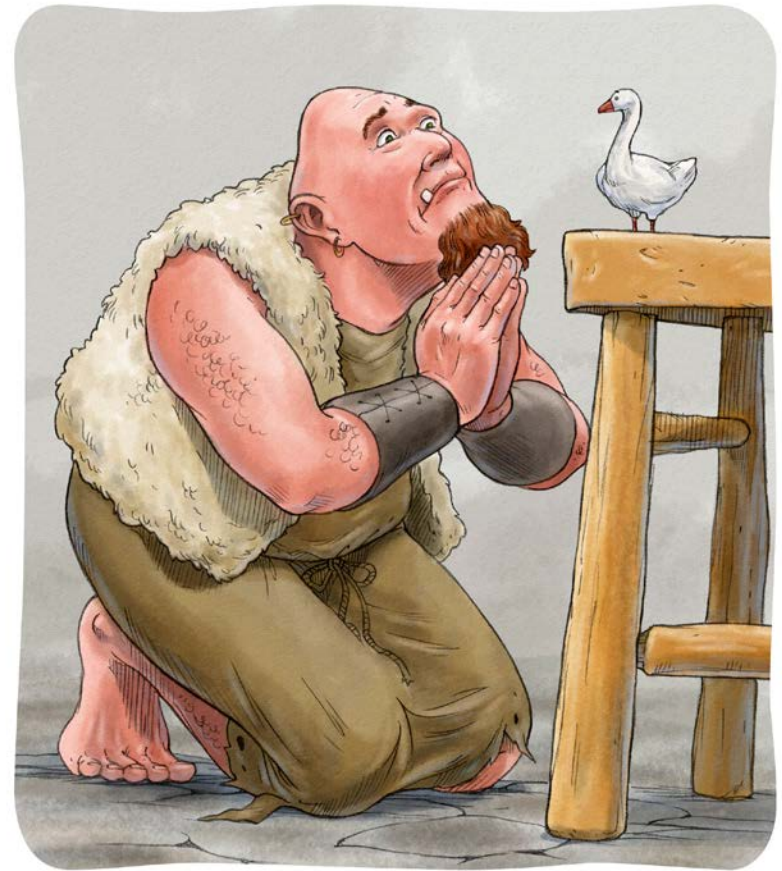
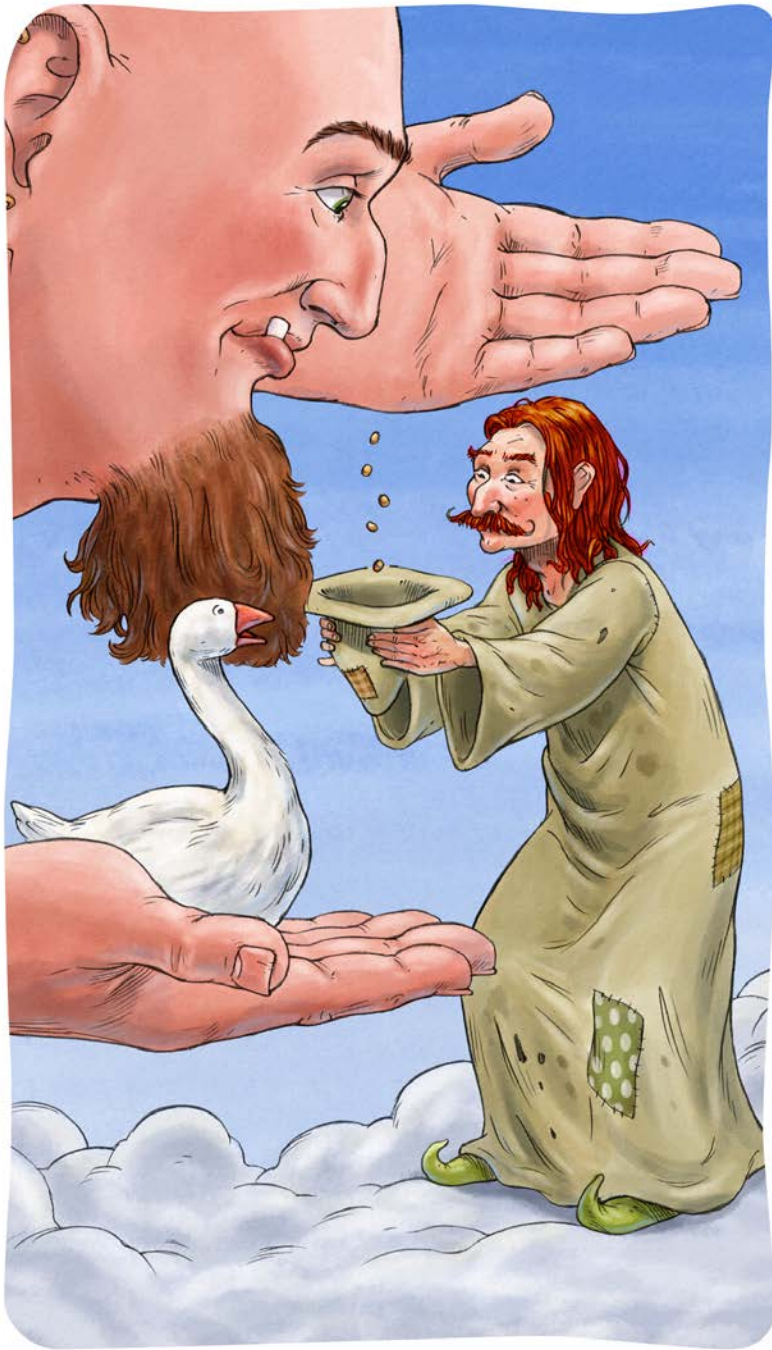
“Thanks,” I said.

“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."

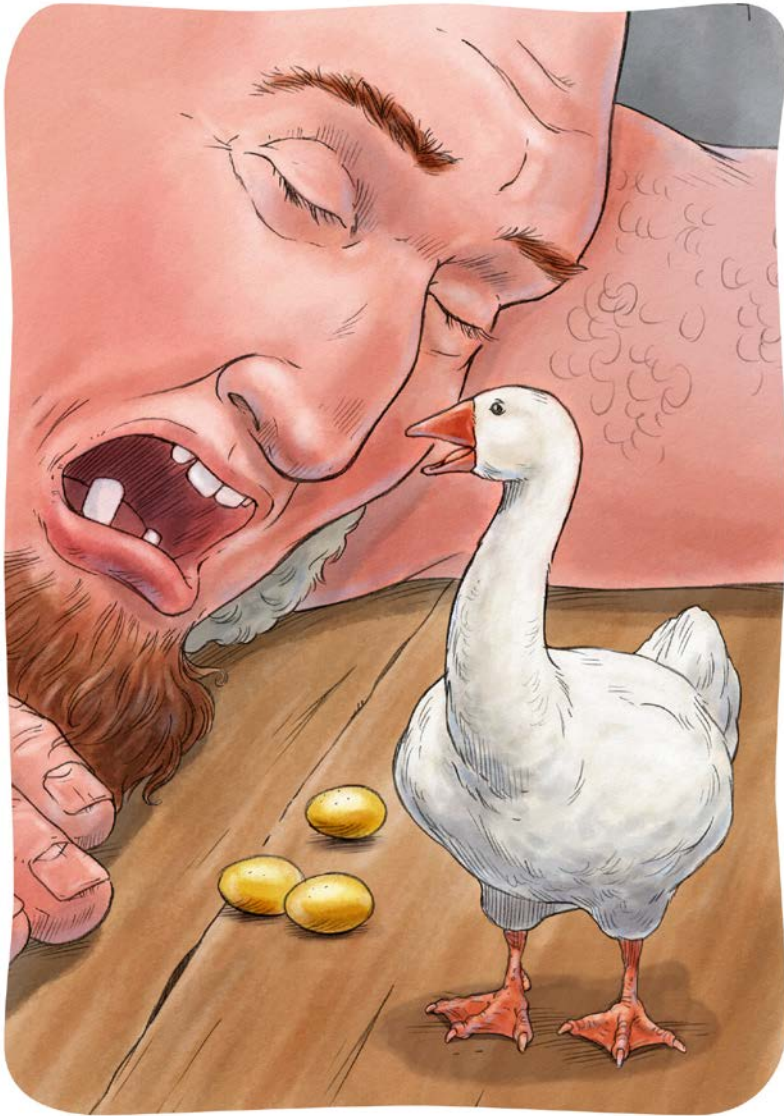
The goose just looked at me.

"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!"*



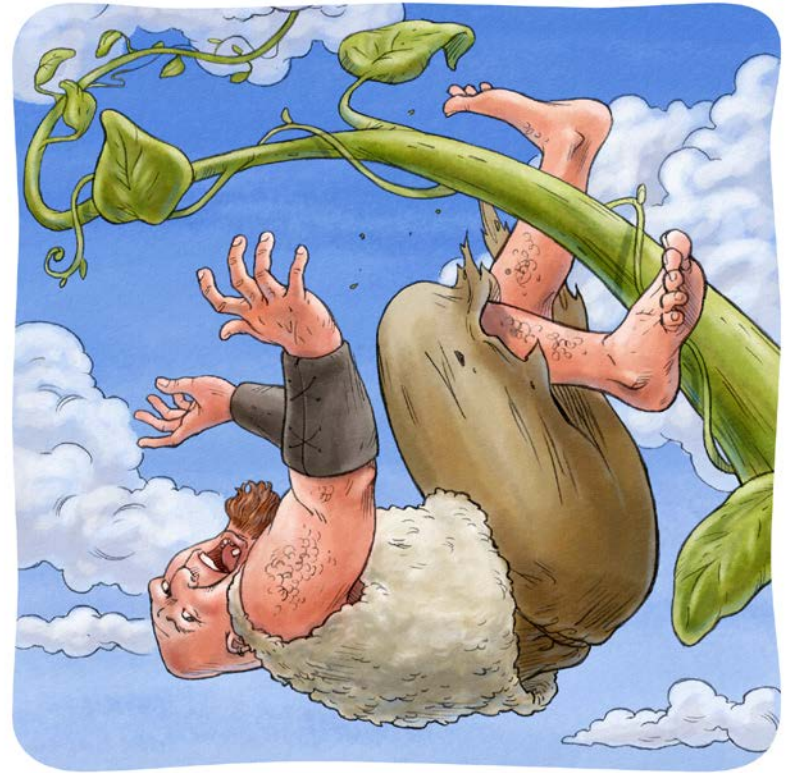
I sat down and ate some doughnuts. Then I took my nap so Goose could lay more eggs.

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