Reading!

LO: To compare two similar texts





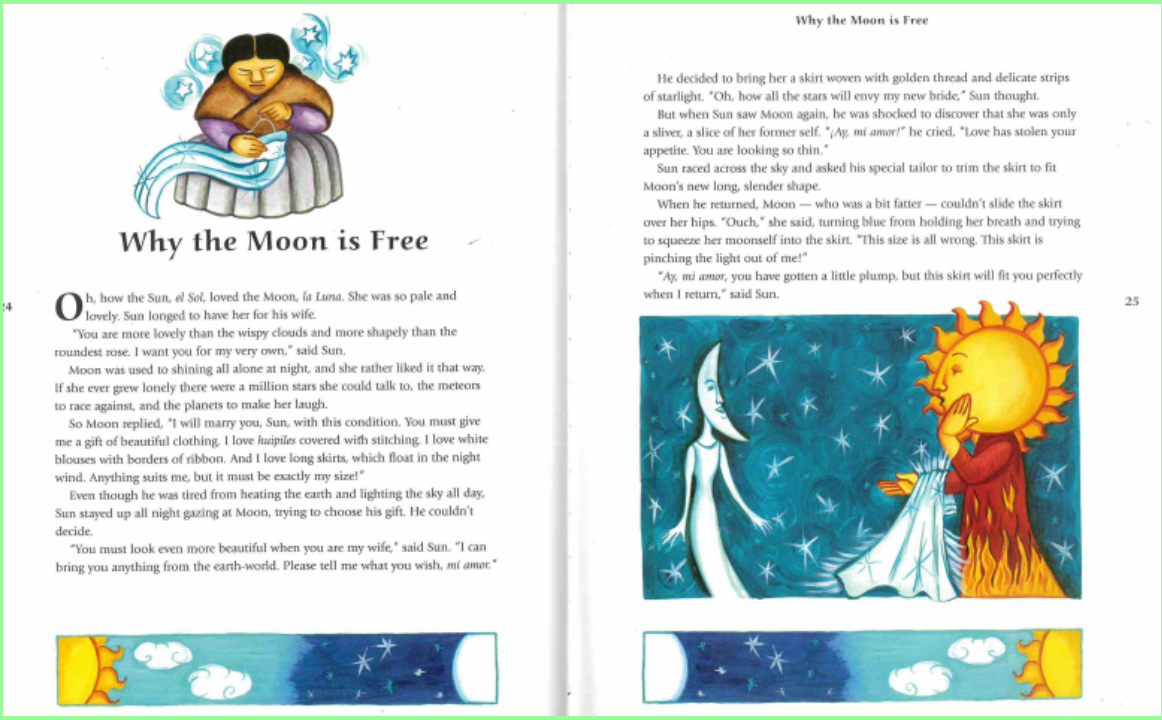
What happens to the moon each month?



What were we reading?
What do you remember about the text?

Thinking about the two stories we have read this week, both legends and folklore tales, what similarities do you notice?

Similarities	Differences



Why the Moon is Free

Oh, how the Sun, *el Sol*, loved the Moon, *la Luna*. She was so pale and lovely. Sun longed to have her for his wife.

"You are more lovely than the wispy clouds and more shapely than the roundest rose. I want you for my very own," said Sun.

Moon was used to shining all alone at night, and she rather liked it that way. If she ever grew lonely there were a million stars she could talk to, the meteors to race against, and the planets to make her laugh.

So Moon replied, "I will marry you, Sun, with this condition. You must give me a gift of beautiful clothing. I love *huipiles* covered with stitching. I love white blouses with borders of ribbon. And I love long skirts, which float in the night wind. Anything suits me, but it must be exactly my size!"

Even though he was tired from heating the earth and lighting the sky all day, Sun stayed up all night gazing at Moon, trying to choose his gift. He couldn't decide.

"You must look even more beautiful when you are my wife," said Sun. "I can bring you anything from the earth-world. Please tell me what you wish, *mi amor*."

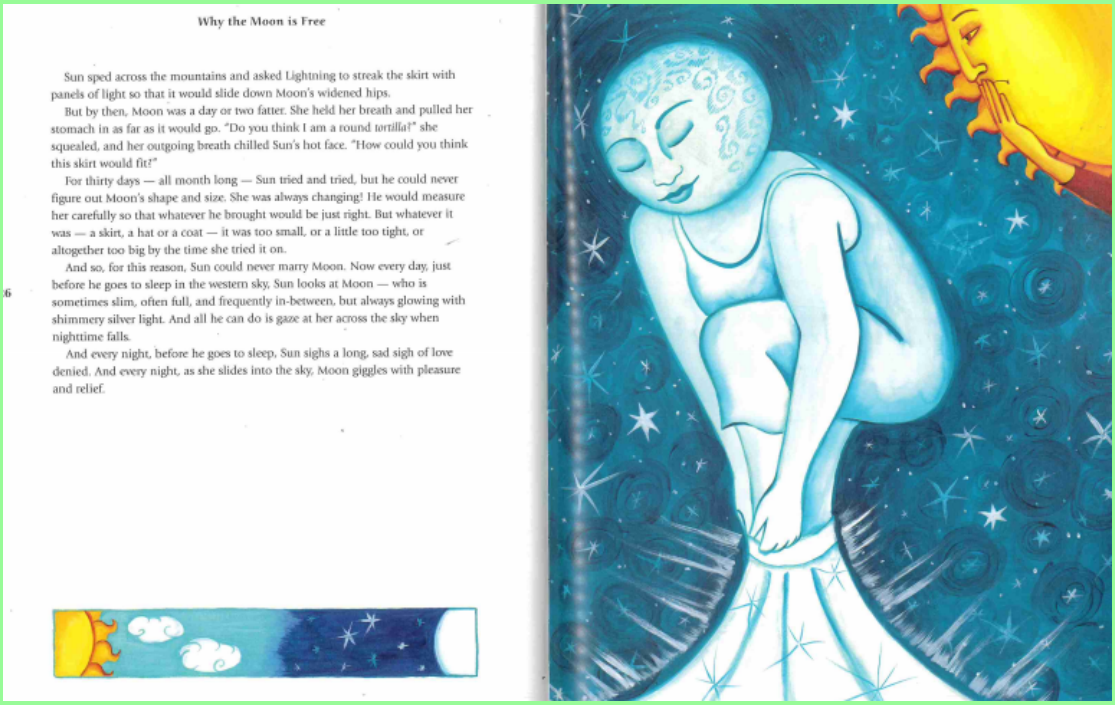
He decided to bring her a skirt woven with golden thread and delicate strips of starlight. "Oh, how all the stars will envy my new bride," Sun thought.

But when Sun saw Moon again, he was shocked to discover that she was only a sliver, a slice of her former self. "¡*Ay, mi amor*!" he cried, "Love has stolen your appetite. You are looking so thin."

Sun raced across the sky and asked his special tailor to trim the skirt to fit Moon's new long, slender shape.

When he returned, Moon — who was a bit fatter — couldn't slide the skirt over her hips. "Ouch," she said, turning blue from holding her breath and trying to squeeze her moonself into the skirt. "This size is all wrong. This skirt is pinching the light out of me!"

"*Ay, mi amor*, you have gotten a little plump, but this skirt will fit you perfectly when I return," said Sun.



Why the Moon is Free

Sun sped across the mountains and asked Lightning to streak the skirt with panels of light so that it would slide down Moon's widened hips.

But by then, Moon was a day or two fatter. She held her breath and pulled her stomach in as far as it would go. "Do you think I am a round *tortilla*?" she squealed, and her outgoing breath chilled Sun's hot face. "How could you think this skirt would fit?"

For thirty days — all month long — Sun tried and tried, but he could never figure out Moon's shape and size. She was always changing! He would measure her carefully so that whatever he brought would be just right. But whatever it was — a skirt, a hat or a coat — it was too small, or a little too tight, or altogether too big by the time she tried it on.

And so, for this reason, Sun could never marry Moon. Now every day, just before he goes to sleep in the western sky, Sun looks at Moon — who is sometimes slim, often full, and frequently in-between, but always glowing with shimmery silver light. And all he can do is gaze at her across the sky when nighttime falls.

And every night, before he goes to sleep, Sun sighs a long, sad sigh of love denied. And every night, as she slides into the sky, Moon giggles with pleasure and relief.

Set the Sun Free

Long, long ago, an ancient Aboriginal tale tells us, the sky was so close to the earth it shut out all light. Dark was the land, dark and cold. So low was the sky, all living things were forced to crawl around in the darkness gathering food with beak, paw and hand, groping to find the way to nest, burrow or cave.

It might still be that way if it hadn't been for the magpies.

"Why can't we raise the sky?" they asked.

"It's too heavy", the others replied.

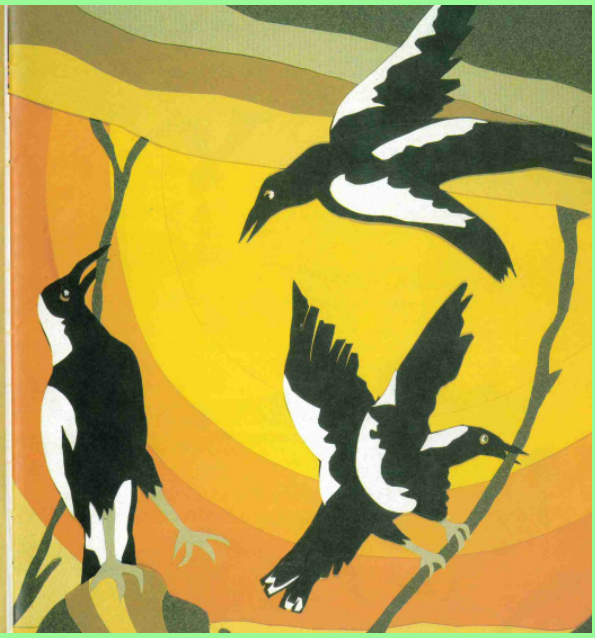
"Not if we all work together," cried the magpies. But as always happens when there is work to do, no one was ready to help.

"Then we'll do it alone" they said.

Patiently they gathered together the longest sticks they could find and slowly, ever so slowly, they lifted the sky by propping it up so that it no longer hung heavy and low across the land. Animals and birds from all around lifted their heads. Kangaroos stood tall on their hind legs for the first time. Emus and brolgas stretched long-cramped legs. Everyone looked up. And at that moment, while the magpies were struggling to lift the sky even higher, it suddenly split open, setting the sun free to shine over the long-dark land. So magical was the sight of earth's first sunrise, the magpies burst into a joyous carol of welcome and, as they sang, the heavy sky blanket of darkness dissolved into wisps of cloud and drifted away.

And to this day, you'll hear the magpies' happy shout each morning the sun brings light and warmth back to earth.

An Aboriginal story, retold and illustrated by Pat Edwards.



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