Reading!

LO: To retrieve key information from the text.



Brief outline of the text:

This is a short story, which is taken from a Mexican legend about the sun and the moon. It is often spoken about in legends like these, that the sun and moon are in love, but they only get to see each other as one is setting, and the other is rising in the sky. Because this is a Mexican legend, some of the words are in Spanish. Can you work out what they mean?

Questions:

1. How does the sun feel about the moon?
2. What sort of clothes does the moon say the sun can bring her?
3. Who made the clothes the sun was bringing to the moon?
4. How long did the sun try to get clothes for?
5. What words are used to describe the moon's weight and size?

Glossary:

- longed – wanted really badly
- condition – a thing you must do to get something else
- huipiles – a top worn by some women in Mexico, that is loose fitting.
- blouses – shirts for women
- gazing – staring lovingly
- woven – sewn
- envy – be jealous of
- sliver – a thin slice or part
- tailor – someone who makes clothes
- streak – layer with lines





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.



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.





Questions:

1. How does the sun feel about the moon?
2. What sort of clothes does the moon say the sun can bring her?
3. Who made the clothes the sun was bringing to the moon?
4. How long did the sun try to get clothes for?
5. What words are used to describe the moon's weight and size?