Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ I can compare and contrast how the author presents themes, topics, or

 patterns of events in folktales.

**Why the Sky is Far Away (Africa)**

Long ago the sky was close to the Earth. Men and women did not have to plant their own food. Instead, when they were hungry, they just reached up and broke off a piece of the sky to eat. Sometimes the sky tasted like ripe bananas. Other times it tasted like roasted potatoes. The sky was always delicious.

People spent their time making beautiful cloth. They painted beautiful pictures and sang songs at night. The grand king, Oba, had a wonderful palace. His servants made beautiful shapes out of pieces of sky.

Many people in the kingdom did not use the gift of the sky wisely. When they took more than they could eat, the sky became angry. Some people threw the extra pieces into the garbage.

Early one morning the angry sky turned dark. Black clouds hung over the land, and a great sky voice said to all the people, "You are wasting my gift of food. Do not take more than you can eat. I don’t want to see pieces of me in the garbage anymore or I will take my gift away."

The king and the people trembled with fear. King Oba said, "Let’s be careful about how much food we take." For a long time, all the people were careful.

But one man named Adami wasn’t careful. At festival time, he took so many delicious pieces of sky that he couldn’t eat them all. He knew he must not throw them away.

He tried to give the pieces to his wife. "Here, wife," Adami said. "You eat the rest."

"I can’t," Adami’s wife said. "I’m too full."

Adami asked all his children to help him eat the delicious pieces of sky, but the children couldn’t eat one more bite. So Adami decided to try to hide the pieces at the bottom of the garbage pile.

Suddenly, the sky became angry and the clouds turned black. "You have wasted my gift of food again," yelled the sky. "This time I will go away so you cannot waste me anymore."

All of the people cried, "What will we eat? We might starve!"

The sky said, "You will have to learn how to plant crops in the ground and hunt in the forests. If you work hard, you may learn not to waste the gifts of nature."

Everyone watched as the sky sailed away. From that time on, they worked hard to grow their food and cook their meals. They always tried to remember not to waste the gifts of nature.

**Why the Sky is so High (India)**

Long ago, the Sky was quite low. If you stood on a stool and stretched your hands up as high as they would go, you could touch the sky.

At that time, far on the Horizon, where the Sky was always especially low, there was a village. In that village, in a little mud hut thatched with straw, there lived a bent Old Woman.

This bent Old Woman was the oldest woman in that village, possible the oldest woman in the world. She lived all alone in her little mud hut, for she had neither friend nor family, in this world. She had nowhere to go and no one to talk to. So all day long, she would potter round her hut, first cleaning this corner, now dusting that, now scrubbing this bit of floor, now sweeping that. The bent Old Woman thought of nothing else any more, except more and more ways of sweeping and scrubbing her little mud hut.

One hot summer, the land was dry with thirst. There was dust everywhere-on the trees, on the roofs of huts and houses, in people’s throats and eyes, even in the air. All over the village people were coughing and sneezing and choking with the dust. Even the poor old Sky was not spared-it was so close to the ground that the slightest bit of wind would set it coughing with the dust that rose from the parched land.

The bent Old Woman’s hut too was covered with dust. The old woman swept and swept and swept. But the dust rose all around her in great brown clouds. The more she swept and plied her broom, the more dust that rose from the earth. The poor Sky began to choke with all the dust that the bent Old Woman was raising with her broom. The dust got into its throat and tickled is nose and made it sneeze a great big sneeze that shook the world with its thunder. People covered their heads and ran indoors in fright. But the bent Old Woman barely noticed and kept on weeping with her broom.

The Sky sneezed again. The dust was becoming unbearable. It got into his eyes and made them water, so that great heavy drops of rain began falling in the dry dust below. The bent Old Woman barely noticed till finally a big splodgy raindrop fell right on the patch she had just swept. The Old Woman glared at the sky and wiped the raindrop away, but then another fell, another, and another. This was more than the bent Old Woman could bear. She shook her fist at the Sky, cursed, and threatened it. The bent Old Woman got so angry, that she picked up her broom and thwacked the Sky with it, again, again, and again.

Finally the Sky could take it no more-the dust, the old woman’s cursing, and especially the broom. Sneezing and coughing, thundering and raining, the sky flew up, up, and away-out of the reach of the Old Woman’s broom and threatened never to come back down again.

Choose to compare and contrast the themes, topics, or pattern of events in the texts. Complete the diagram using details from the texts.

 **Chosen Element:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

Why the Sky is Far Away

 Why the Sky is So High

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