



(Before reading the story aloud, conceal a large red apple and a paring knife to use for a demonstration at the end.)

The Little Red House

Once upon a time there was a young boy who played all day long. One day he was especially tired of playing with his toys and games, and so he asked, "Mother, what shall I do?" His dear mother, who was full of wonderful ideas, replied, "I know about a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside. And I think you can find it."

The young boy's eyes grew big with wonder. "Which way shall I go?" he asked. "How do I find the little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?"

"Go down the lane, past the farmer's house, and over the hill," said his mother. "Come back as soon as you can and tell me about your journey."

So the young boy started down the lane. He had not walked far, when he came to a merry little girl who was dancing and singing in the sunshine. "Do you know where I shall find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?" asked the boy.

The little girl laughed and said, "No, I don't know. But ask my father. He's a farmer. He might know."

So the young boy walked on until he came to a big, red barn. The farmer himself was standing in the doorway looking out over his green pastures. "Do you know where I shall find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?" asked the young boy.

The farmer laughed and said, "I've lived a long time and I've never seen one. But ask Granny who lives at the foot of the hill. She knows how to make molasses taffy, popcorn balls, and red mittens. Perhaps she can help you.

So the young boy walked on until he saw Granny sitting in her pretty garden of herbs and marigolds. She was as wrinkled as a walnut and smiling like the sunshine. "Please, dear granny," said the young boy, "where I shall find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?"

Granny was knitting a red mitten, and when she heard the boy's question she laughed so cheerily that her ball of yarn rolled out of her lap. "I should like to find that little house myself," she said. "Perhaps you should ask the wind, for the wind goes everywhere and I am sure it can help you."

The young boy waved to Granny and began walking up the hill. He sadly wondered if his dear mother had made a mistake. Soon the young boy felt the wind at his back and he called out, "Wind! Do you know where I shall find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?"

And the wind replied, "WHOOOOOOOOOOO! WHOOOOOOOOOOO! WHOOOOOOOOOOO!" which sounded like, "Come with me!" to the young boy. So he chased after the wind through a grassy field and into an apple orchard. Here the wind blew to the top of an apple tree and gently shook a large, rosy apple to the ground. The boy picked up the large, round apple. It was as much as his two hands could hold. Then he knew! He ran all the way home, tightly grasping the apple.

"Mother! Mother!" he called as he entered his house. "I found it! I found the little red house with no doors and no windows! But, Mother, how do I know there is a star inside?"

Mother took the apple (reveal your apple) and carefully sliced it in half (cut the apple crossways) "Oh, now I see the star!" exclaimed the little boy.

(Display the sliced apple to your students.) Do you?