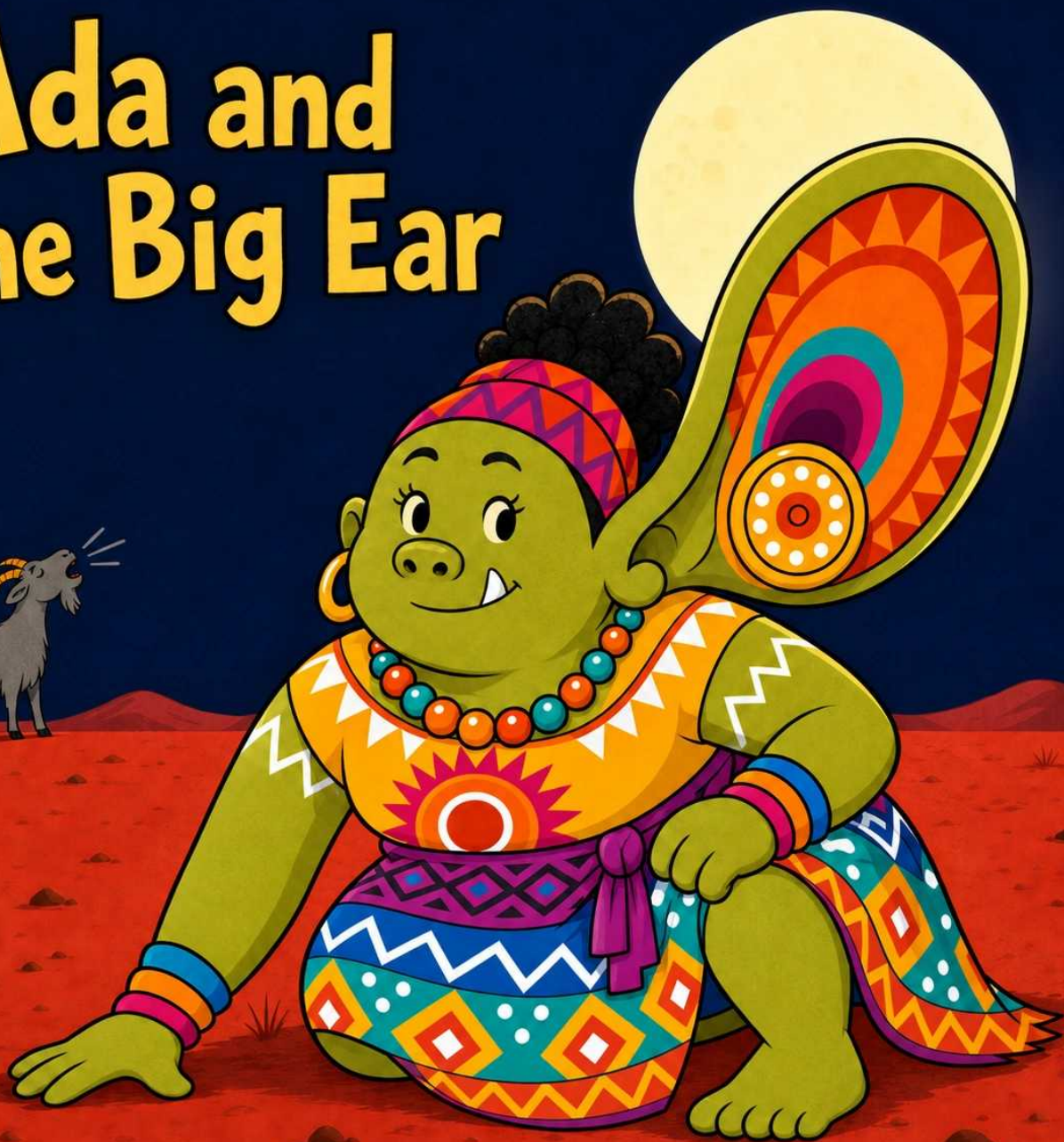


Ada and the Big Ear



A bad hag lives on the
red sand. Her name is
Dhegdheer. Her one big
ear can hear a goat
groan far off.





A girl named Ada
lives by the plains
with her mother. One
night her mother is
not home. Ada finds
her mother's jug by
the road. By it sits
one big print.

Ada runs to old Nuur. 'Dhegdheer has her mother,'
Nuur says. He gives Ada a seed pod. It clicks like
goat bells. 'Keep it,' he says. 'Sound can be a
door. Sound can be a wall.'



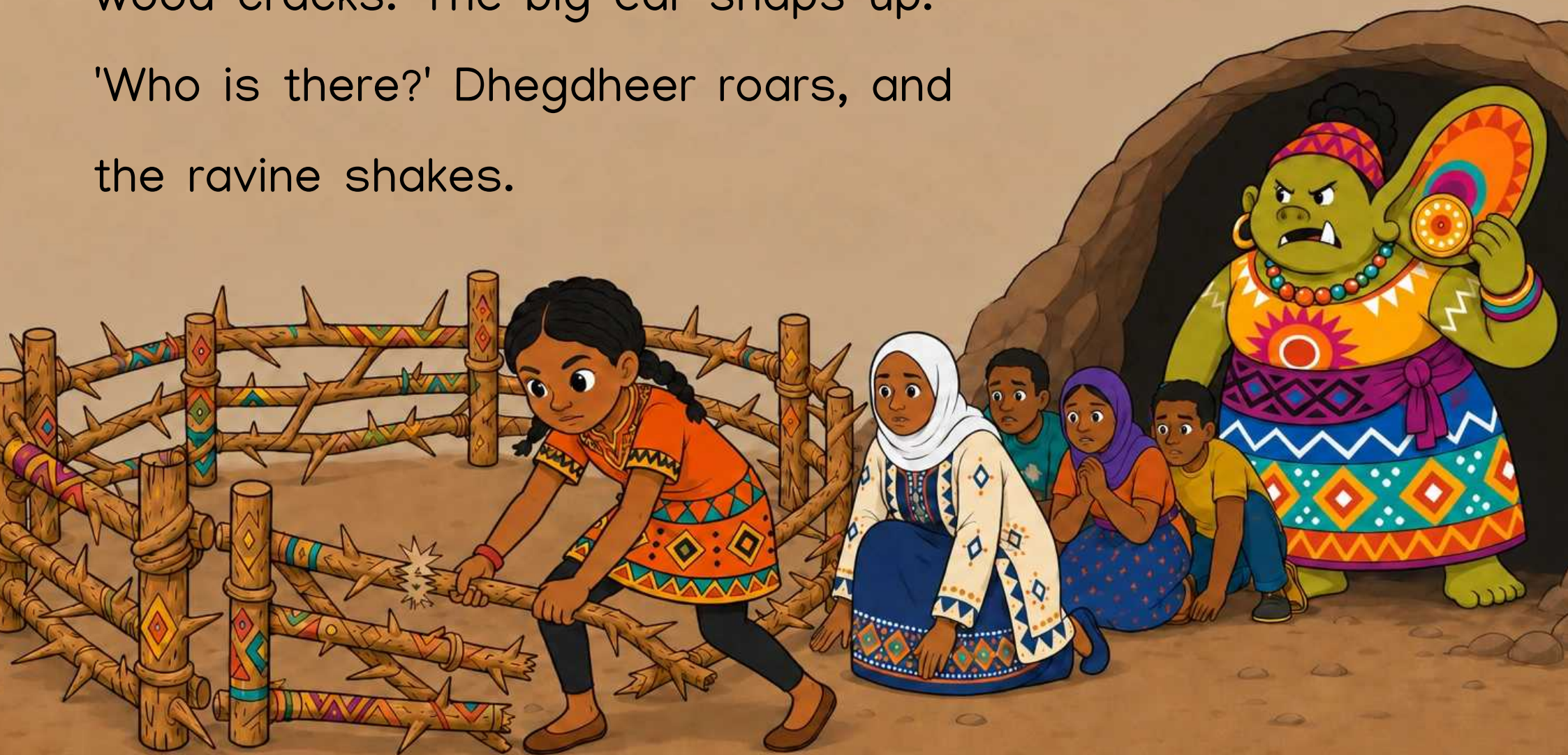
Ada ties the pod
to her hand. She
roams north on the
big tracks. The trail
leads to a white
salt pan. Here each
step rings out
sharp and clear.





By a dry ravine, Ada finds the hag's cave. A thorn pen sits by it. Sad folk are stuck in the pen, and her mother is at the back. Dhegdheer sleeps, her big ear draped like a cloak.

Ada creeps down to the pen. She tugs the thorn twigs free, but the dry wood cracks. The big ear snaps up. 'Who is there?' Dhegdheer roars, and the ravine shakes.



Ada runs.

Dhegdheer is right on her heels, that big ear locked on each step. Ada can not hide. Not on soft sand, not on the road, not on the flat plain.



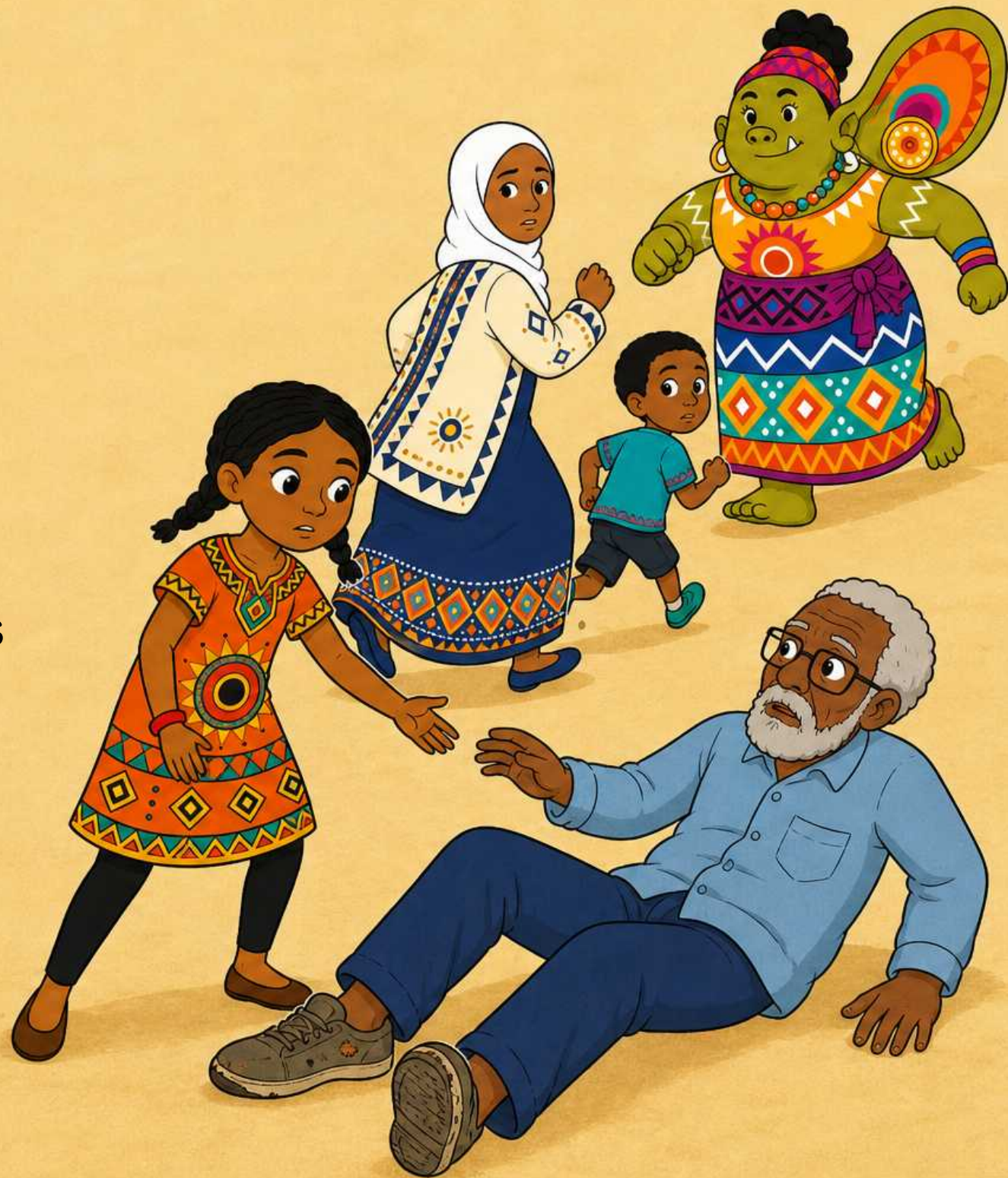


Then Ada's feet hit the salt pan. crack, crack, crack. A plan sparks in her mind. She flings the pod far off. It clicks like bells. The sound coaxes the big ear off the wrong way, off from Ada and the cave.

Ada sprints back to the pen. She takes her mother's hand. 'Move! Stay still and move!' she calls. The folk stream out to the dark. Her **goal** is the soft sand, where feet make no sound.



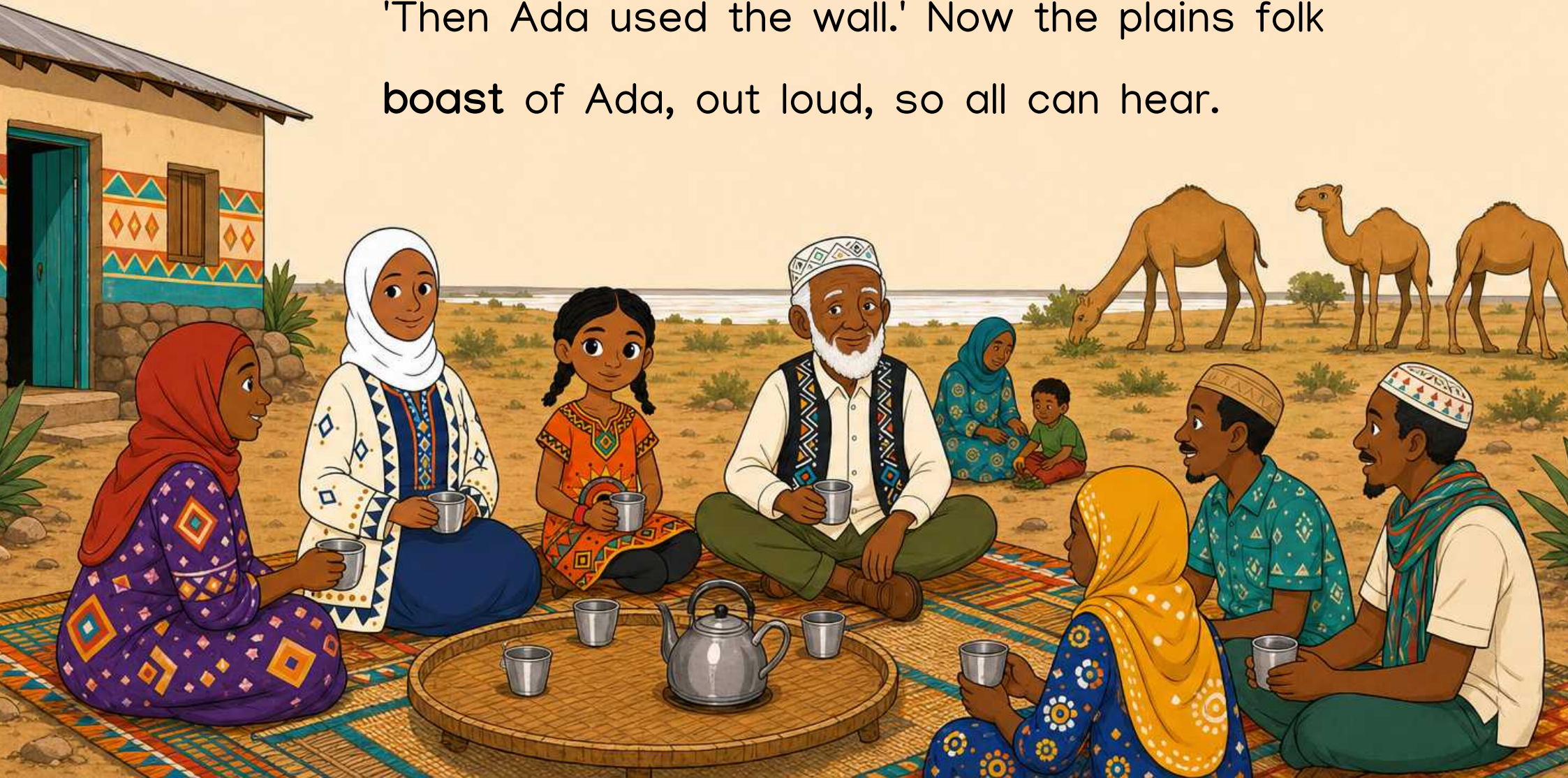
A big howl splits the night. Dhegdheer finds the pod. Still. No sound. A trick. Now her ear hears feet on soft sand. She wheels back fast. An old man trips and falls with a groan. Dhegdheer is close, too close.





Ada runs back. She hauls the old man to the salt pan, where all sound rings out sharp. She stamps and slides and drags her feet. A storm of sound fills the flat. Dhegdheer's ear spins left, right, left. Too much sound! The hag moans and runs north, and is seen no more.

By dawn, all the folk are home. Ada's mother makes tea. Old Nuur comes to sit. He smiles at Ada's bare hand. 'Ada used the door,' he says. 'Then Ada used the wall.' Now the plains folk boast of Ada, out loud, so all can hear.





Ada and the Big Ear

When Asad's mother vanishes into the night, the only clue is a single giant footprint left by Dhegdheer, the ogress whose one enormous ear can hear a whisper a hundred miles away. How can one clever girl creep past a monster who hears every sound, and free everyone trapped in the thorn pen? Could a rattling seed pod be the trick that saves them all? This Bookbot OA level practices the 'oa' sound in words like 'goat', 'groan', 'road', and 'moan'.

Reading Skills: <oa>

boast, cloak, coax, goal, goat, groan, moan, road, roam, roar

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