



Is It a Monster?

Max had lived in a cave all his life. He had never seen **sunlight** before. But today he had a plan. 'I am going to find a friend,' he whispered. Max clutched the rocky edges and crept into the **bright sunlight** for the very first time. 'This,' he said, blinking in the **daylight**, 'is going to be the best day ever!'





Not far away, Ben was playing with two village kids. Then he saw something big, far off past the trees. Something very big. 'Look!' he whispered. They hid behind the hedge and peeked between the leaves. A village child froze. 'What is that?' It got closer. And bigger. Ben's chest felt tight with fright.

Max walked into the village with a big grin. The sunlight was bright. He saw a bike by a home. It had shiny yellow handles. 'A bike!' Max gasped. He had never seen one before. He gave it a soft pat. Well, soft for somebody very big. 'Hello? Somebody? I am very friendly!'





Behind the hedge, Ben's legs were shaking. 'Is it a monster?' he whispered. 'It is on my bike!' said a village child. Max did not mean to squeeze it. He was only trying to ring the bell. But his fingers were huge, and his grip was **tight**. The wheel crumpled flat. Ben yelled, 'It broke the bike! Run!'

Ben snatched the bike and ran. The village kids ran home. 'Wait!' Max called. 'Don't go! Come back!' But a giant's yell is not a small thing. It made the windows shake and sent a flock of birds from the trees. Max was alone in the yard, fist tight. Not one child turned back.





Max looked at his big hands. The same hands that had bent the bike like a twig. 'I just wanted to play,' he whispered. Max **sighed**. Then he wept. Not a little cry. Big drops fell from his face and splashed into the yard, one after another, like rain from a storm.

Inside the home, Ben and the village kids sat close together. Strange drops hit the tiles and fell on the windows. 'Is it raining?' asked a village child. Ben crept to the porch and peered past the yard. Big drops fell from the sky, but only over the village. Far off, the daylight was bright and still. 'That is not rain,' Ben said softly.



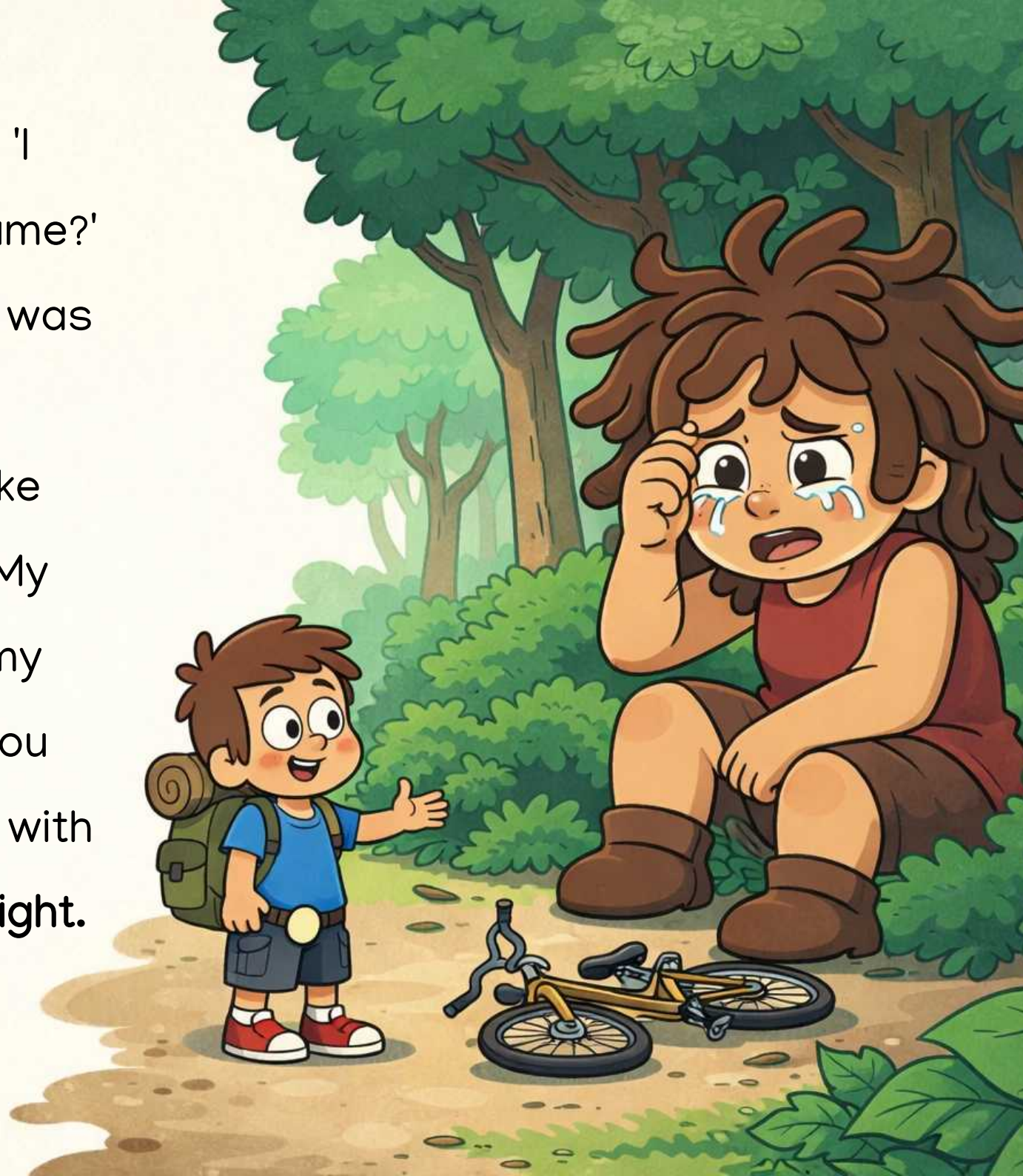


Ben crept from the home and sat by the wall. He turned the bent wheel over in his hands. Far past the village, at the edge of the trees, he could catch **sight** of a big shape still in the grass. 'He is not a monster,' Ben said. 'He is just a kid. A very big kid who wanted to play with us. And we ran away from him.' Ben held the wheel **tight**. But he did not feel **right** inside.

Ben walked to the edge of the trees. He could see Max there, face in his hands. Each sob made the trees shake. Ben's legs wanted to flee. But sometimes you have to **fight** that feeling. 'I am going to talk to him,' Ben said.



'Hi! Up there!' Ben called. 'I am Ben. What is your name?' Max looked up. His face was red and puffy. 'Max,' he sniffled. 'I am sorry I broke the bike. I crush things. My fingers are so big, and my yell is so strong.' 'Yep, you are pretty big,' said Ben with a grin. 'But it will be all right. Bikes can be mended.'



'Would you like to play with me and my friends?' asked Ben. Max looked up. Then at his feet. Then up again. This was just what he had wished for when he crept from that cave. A **bright** smile lit his face. He clenched his fists **tight** with glee. 'I would like that very much,' he whispered, as softly as he could.





They played all day. When the sun got low, Max led his friends to his cave for a feast. Plates were piled **high** on the rocky ledges. 'So much!' said Ben, from up **high** on Max. A village child got up on a rock, arms held **high**. 'This is the best!' 'Have as much as you like,' Max said with a grin. 'But do not let me spill the drink. Last time, I filled the cave.' They all laughed and laughed. And for the first time in his life, Max did not feel so big. He felt just **right**.



Is It a Monster?

Sen has always lived deep in a cave, but today he's decided it's time to find a friend. When he crawls out into the sunlight and wanders into a nearby village, he spots something wonderful by a house, something with shiny yellow handles he's never seen before. What happens when a boy this big tries to say hello? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 87: ie, igh /ī/), this book practices words like 'bright', 'fright', 'sighed', 'sight', 'tight'.

Phonics Focus: ie, igh /ī/

bright, daylight, fight, fright, high, right, sighed, sight, sunlight, tight

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