Jelly

Too Many Apples

LITTLE READERS



Mia and Mom walk
to an apple orchard.
Mia carries an empty basket.



Red apples hang
from the green trees.
“Look at them!” says Mia.



"May we pick some?"
Mia asks. Mom nods.
"We can pick a few."



Mia looks up at
the low branches.
The apples look ready.



Mia reaches for
a shiny red apple.
She twists it gently.



Plop! The apple comes off.
Mia puts it carefully
in the basket.



Mom picks an apple, too.
Soon there are several
in the basket.



"Just one more," says Mia.
She adds another red apple
to the growing pile.



Mia tries to lift
the basket. It feels
very heavy.



"Oh!" says Mia.
Two apples roll out
onto the grass.



The apples roll
down the little hill.
Mia watches them go.



“We picked too many
for one basket,” she says.
Mom smiles kindly.



Mia picks up one apple.

Mom picks up the other.

They put them together.



“How can we carry
all these apples?”
Mia asks Mom.



Mom thinks for a moment.

"I have an idea,"

she says.



She goes to get another basket. Mia waits beside the apples.




Mom brings an empty basket.
Mia puts some apples
into the new basket.


Mom moves some, too.
Now each basket has
a smaller pile.


Mia lifts her basket.
It is much lighter.
"I can carry it!"


Mom lifts the other one.
"We can carry them
together," she says.


They walk down the path,
each with a basket
of red apples.


Soon Mia sees
a little blue house.
"That is our neighbor's!"


"Would she like
some apples?" Mia asks.
"Let us find out," says Mom.


They stop at the door.
Mia holds her basket
and waits with Mom.

Their neighbor opens
the blue door.
"Hello!" she says.



“We have many apples,”
Mia tells her.
“Would you like some?”



"I would love some,"
the neighbor says.
She brings out a bowl.



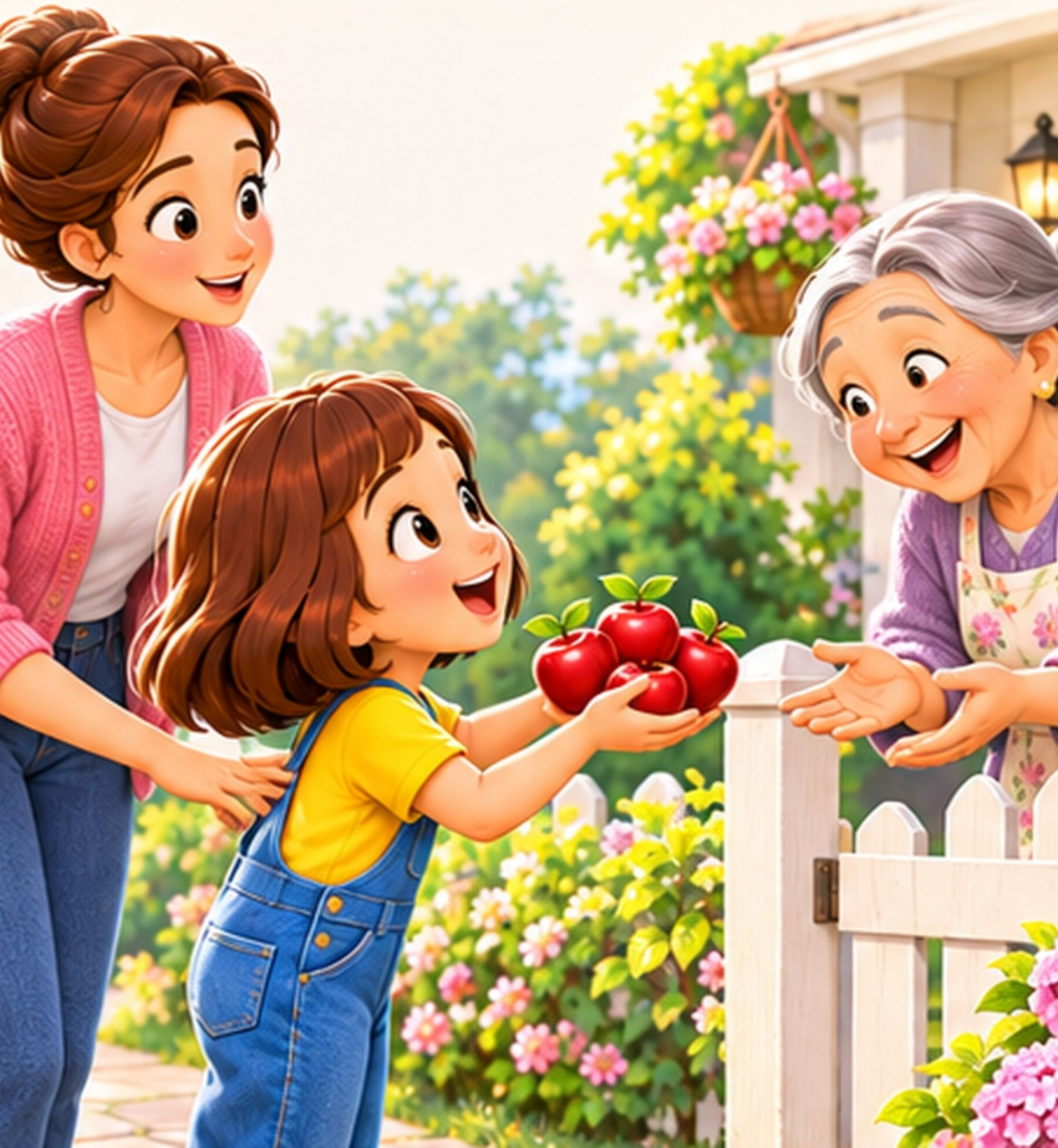
Mia puts red apples
into the bowl.
Her neighbor smiles.



“Thank you, Mia,”
the neighbor says.
“These look delicious.”



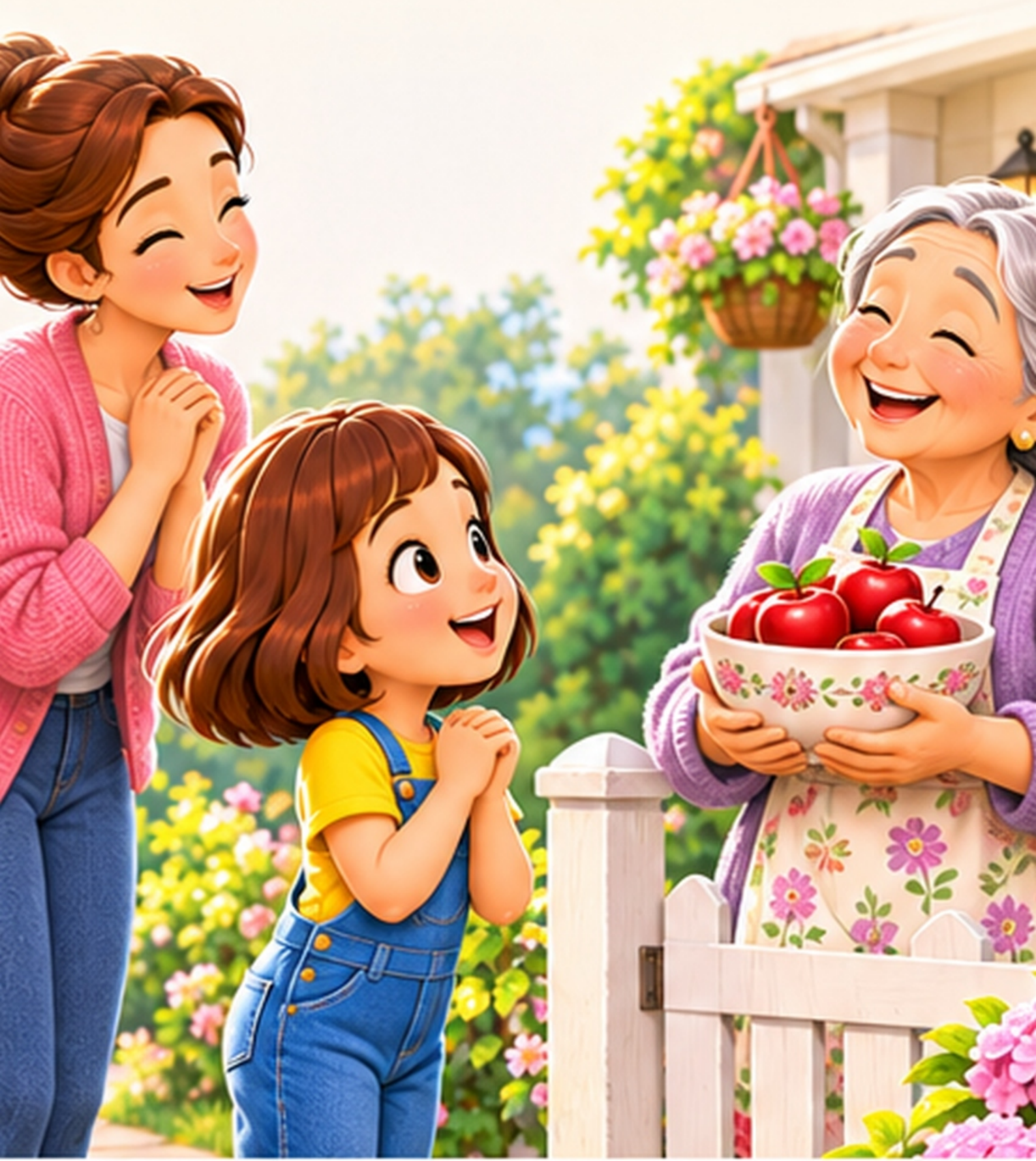
"You are welcome,"
Mia says. She is glad
they have apples to share.



At home, Mia and Mom
wash the apples.
Water runs over them.



Mom cuts an apple
into little slices.
Mia puts them on a plate.



“Can we eat outside?”
Mia asks. “Yes,” says Mom.
“Let us set the table.”



Mia carries the plate
to the garden table.
Mom brings the baskets.



Their neighbor joins them.

Mia gives her a slice.

"Please have one," she says.



They taste the apples.

"Crunch!" says Mia.

"They are sweet."



The three friends sit
together in the garden.
A soft breeze blows.



“We had so many apples,”
Mia says. “I am glad
we shared some.”



"Me, too," says Mom.
Their neighbor reaches
for another slice.



Mia smiles at her friends.
There are enough apples
for everyone to enjoy.



Where do Mia and Mom
go together?
What do they pick?



What happens when
Mia tries to lift
the full basket?



How do Mia and Mom
solve the problem
of the heavy basket?



Where do Mia and Mom
go with their apples?
Who lives there?




What does Mia give
their neighbor?
How does she feel?


What do Mia and Mom
do with the apples
when they get home?

Who joins Mia and Mom
at the garden table?
What do they eat?



Why is Mia glad
they had many apples?
Tell the story in order.



The End

