



# Read-Aloud The Day of the Wazzle-Squash

2



Thunder rumbled; the sky was dark.

Wazzle-squashes of all shapes and sizes tumbled down onto the town of Faraway. Some were round. Some were long. Some were blue. Some were green with purple spots.

What a noise they made:

*Wheehoo! Wheehoo!*, whistling through the air.

*Galump-barump!* as they bounced off the roofs.

**Ask:** "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"

3



The folks of Faraway were astonished. They had seen snow, and rain, and even ice fall from the sky before. But never wazzle-squashes.

But wonder soon turned into concern. The squashes piled up on the streets. There were squash in drains, and in trees, and in the fields and on top of houses. They filled the rivers and clogged the roads. Soon the townsfolk couldn't step out their door without squishing on a wazzle-squash.

4



No one knew what to do. Some wanted to push the wazzle-squashes into the ocean. Others wanted to move to a new town down the road, where there were no wazzle-squashes. Some even thought the best thing was to ignore the wazzle-squashes altogether!

The townsfolk argued for weeks, and for weeks not a single wazzle-squash budged from their spots. Then little Carmina down by the marina came up with a plan of her own.

5



“It’s true the wazzle-squashes are a great big mess,” she said. “But what if we could turn that mess into something wonderful?”

The townsfolk scratched their heads. *What did she mean? How was it possible?*

“Think of these wazzle-squash as a gift. Let’s celebrate that gift with a Wazzle-squash Festival!” Carmina said.

6



She described a huge event with music and dancing and food and games—all to show off all the clever ways the townsfolk could use the wazzle-squash.

The town listened with interest. At first the idea seemed silly. But as they started to imagine it, the more excited they became.

 **Ask:** “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

7



So the whole town got to work. They took their bags and buckets and gathered every wazzle-squash they could find.

They plucked them from the rivers. They plucked them from the trees. They plucked them from the roofs and streets and parks and playgrounds till there was not a single wazzle-squash left in sight.

8



Day and night, the townsfolk worked, dreaming up fantastic things to do with their wazzle-squashes.

On the day of the festival, Carmina was excited to see what her fellow townsfolk had made.

9



She toured the stalls with her Aunt Marta. What a sight it was!

The baker had baked dozens of wazzle-squash pies. Children weaved past, clutching glasses of wazzle-squash juice and eating roasted wazzle-squash from long, pointy skewers.

10



But it wasn't just food the townsfolk prepared.

There were wazzle-squash sculptures, carved so precise. There were wazzle-squash paintings, made from wazzle-squash ink. People paraded past in wazzle-squash jewelry, and flashy wazzle-squash hats.

11



Carmina watched teams playing wazzle-squash ball, bowling down wazzle-squash pins with wazzle-squash stones.

A wazzle-squash band played a jaunty tune, banging on their wazzle-squash drums and strumming a wazzle-squash lute.

**Ask:** “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

12



Carmina was overcome with joy. The Wazzle-squash Festival WAS a huge success. She had never known how talented and creative all her friends and neighbors were. And best of all, not a single wazzle-squash had gone to waste.

13



Where the wazzle-squash had come from, nobody ever figured out. But now, whenever a storm cloud rolls over Faraway, Carmina and the others look out their windows and wait—not scared or worried, but excited for another chance to take a problem and stand it on its head.