

Fox Spills the Stars



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When time was just starting, there was a sun.



But there were no stars. When the sun set, the sky turned as black as tar.



It was so dark that it was hard to see. The people didn't like it.



So they asked Father Sky for help.



Father Sky was very smart. He thought and he thought.
Then he held a meeting.



“I have thought and thought,” said Father Sky.
“And I have a plan.”



Father Sky held out a shining jar. It was sealed with a cork.



“We will hang some stars,” he said. “I will tell you where to put each one.”
And he did.



The stars formed shapes like a bear or a hunter.
Father Sky gave each shape a name.



The people still had more stars to hang. No one saw Fox hiding.



Fox saw the sky and thought, “The dark is good for tricks. No more stars!”



Fox grabbed the jar and ran toward home.



He tripped! The cork popped out, and the rest of the stars
darted up to the sky.



There, they still shine. But most of them have no names.



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