

Level 1

Title: The Storm Giant

it was raining in the vilage. it was bad.

the river was big and fast. people screamd.

the giant came. He helped. he moved a big rock. then he was gone. people clapped.

the giant is nice.

Level 2

Title: The Giant in the Rain

One day a big storm came to the village. It rained a lot and the wind blew strong. The river was flooding and people were scared. Then a giant came. He was tall and strong. He picked up trees that fell and put rocks to stop the water.

The village was safe after that. The people said thank you to the giant. He smiled and went back to the hills.

Some people think he still lives there.

Level 3

Title: The Giant of Thunder Valley

Long ago, the village of Thunder Valley sat peacefully between the hills and the river. One summer, a storm came like no one had seen before. Rain fell in sheets, lightning cracked the sky, and the river began to spill into the village.

As people rushed to save their homes, a loud thud shook the earth. It was the mountain giant. He hadn't been seen in years. Taller than a barn and strong as ten horses, he walked through the storm with thunder in his steps.

The giant picked up fallen trees, carried people to safety, and used boulders to block the river from flooding more homes. When a bridge began to collapse, he held it together long enough for everyone to cross.

By morning, the storm had passed. The village was saved. The giant turned without a word and disappeared into the mist.

To this day, when thunder rumbles in the hills, villagers say the giant is still watching over them.

Level 4

Title: The Watcher of Thunder Valley

In the time when thunder spoke and mountains breathed, there was a village nestled in the shadow of Stormrise Hill. The villagers whispered tales of a slumbering giant—stone-skinned, storm-hearted, and older than the clouds.

One summer, the skies split open. Lightning lashed the ground and rain swallowed the streets. The river roared like a beast, surging toward the village. Just as hope began to slip away, the earth groaned.

The giant awoke.

He moved with grace that defied his size, striding into the storm with a cloak of moss and tree roots trailing behind him. He lifted crumbling homes, carved trenches with his hands, and whispered to the clouds in a language older than time. The rain slowed. The river paused. The winds bowed.

By dawn, the village stood—muddy but whole. The giant turned toward Stormrise and crumbled into the hillside, becoming stone once again.

Now, when thunder rolls across Thunder Valley, children place their hands on the warm rocks and listen.