Sadko and the Sea Kingdom

A Reading A–Z Level K Leveled Book
Word Count: 426

Connections

Writing

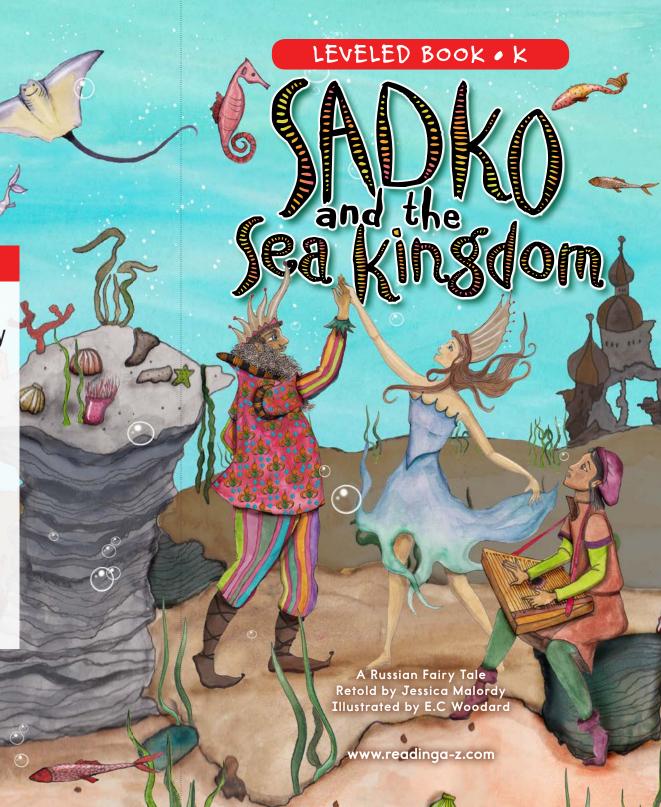
The story of Sadko is a Russian fairy tale. Write about how this story compares with another fairy tale you have read. Share your writing with a classmate.

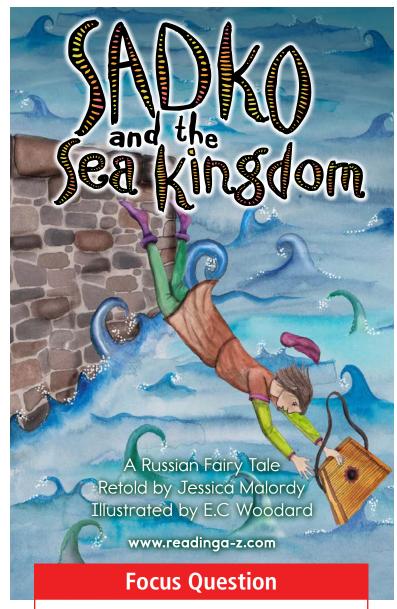
Music

As a class, research to learn more about guslis. Find out what they look like, what they sound like, and where they come from.

Reading A-Z

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What choices does Sadko make? Do you think the choices are hard or easy? Why?

Words to Know

churned gusli disobey lowly

flooded strumming

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Correlation

LEVEL K	
Fountas & Pinnell	J
Reading Recovery	17
DRA	18

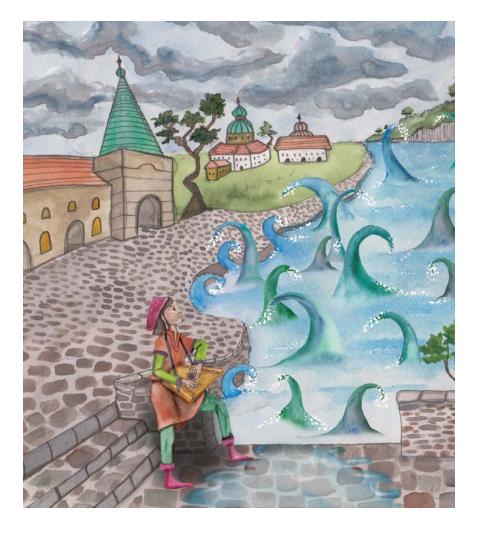


My name is Sadko. I earn my living by playing music. The sweet sound of my **gusli** makes everyone dance. Everyone, that is, except me. No girl would ever dance or fall in love with a **lowly** musician.

The Gusli

The gusli (GOOS-lee) is one of the oldest Russian stringed musical instruments. It sounds like a harp. A gusli is placed on the lap and played by plucking or strumming the strings. Guslis come in many shapes and sizes.



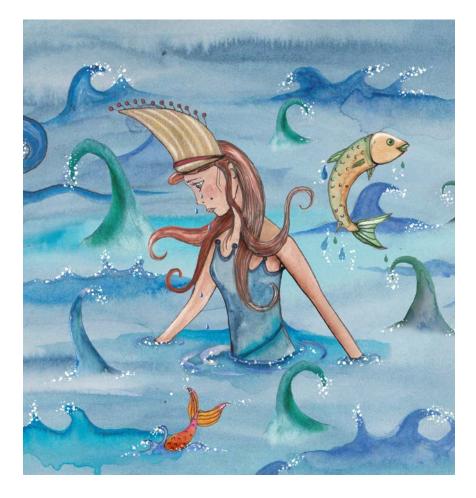


Some days, I sit alone by the sea, strumming my gusli. One day, I was strumming away when all of a sudden, thunder clapped and the water churned. The swelling waves nearly flooded my village.

Although I was afraid, I watched as two dancing forms rose from the sea.



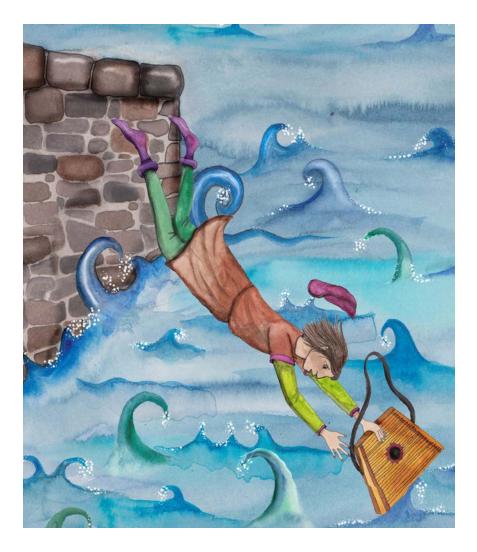
"I am Volkva, the Sea King's daughter. The only thing that stops my tears is the sound of your gusli," she said. "Would you play for me at our palace beneath the sea?"



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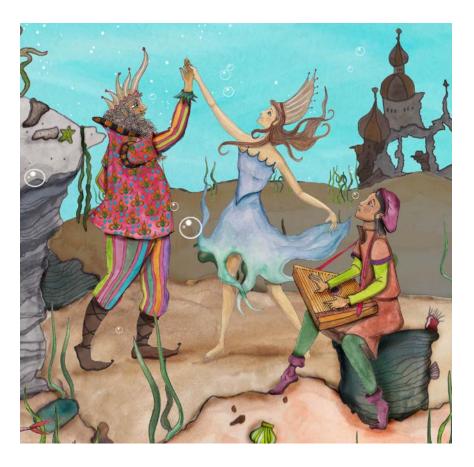


"My daughter is the love of my life," added the Sea King. "I can't stand to see her sad. You must play for us until I say stop. If you play, the sea will churn, we will dance, and nothing more will happen. If you disobey, however, the sea will churn and flood your village."



I had no choice. I jumped into the sea and drifted down to the Sea King's palace.

"Play for us!" commanded the Sea King.



So I did. All night and all day I played, and Volkva and the Sea King danced. The water churned violently overhead, worse than ever. I feared for the safety of my village and dared not disobey the Sea King. I played and played until the strings on my gusli snapped.

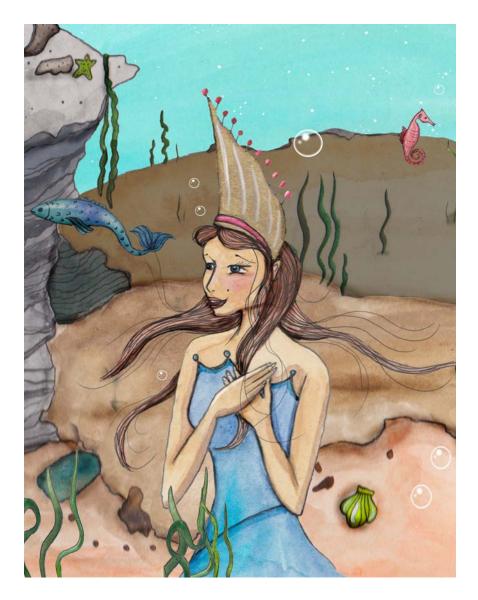


"You will have as many gusli strings as you need, and my Volkva's hand in marriage. You must stay beneath the sea and play for us always."

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Volkva held out her hand. I slowly shook my head no. I wanted to stay with her but knew I could not. My real home was on land, far above the seafloor. I could not, however, return to a village in ruins.



"I know you must go, though you are my love. You have taken away my sadness, and I am forever grateful," Volkva added.

"My Volkva loves you and cries no more, so I suppose you may go," the Sea King said.

"We will dance more carefully from now on," Volkva added.



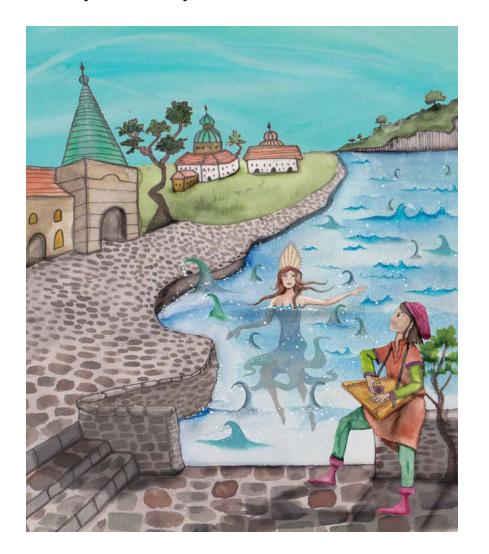


"Though I must go, I promise to play my gusli by the sea for you every day," I replied.

Now, every day, I sit by the sea and play my gusli for Volkva.

Every day, the water churns just a little bit.

I know she is still dancing—very carefully.



Glossary

churned (*v.*) moved or stirred powerfully or violently

(p. 4)

disobey (v.) to not follow an order,

request, rule, or law

(p. 7)

flooded (v.) covered with water

(p. 4)

gusli (n.) a Russian stringed

musical instrument that

has similarities to a

harp and a guitar (p. 3)

lowly (*adj.*) low in social position

or importance (p. 3)

strumming (v.) playing a stringed

instrument by brushing

one's fingers across the

strings (p. 4)