



Ron's Big Storm



Ron went to the store for his horse, Storm.
He needed to get more corn.



Storm was born on the north side of the land,
and he was fond of corn.



Ron saw the corn he wanted, but it was on a tall shelf.



It was too short a shelf for a man, but too tall for Ron. “Oh no,” Ron said.



“How can I get the corn for Storm?” He looked around. He saw a thick, short crate.



It looked like a little fort. Ron had a plan. He pushed the crate and stood on top of it.



He grabbed a long stick from a bin. He used the stick to poke the bag of corn.



It fell down! “I got it, Storm!” he said. Storm gave a glad snort.