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## Dear Teacher or Parent,

It stands to reason that learning is more effective when the teaching tools are fun. That's why I developed *Storytime Discoveries: Math*. This collection introduces students to various mathematical concepts, while entertaining them with interactive stories and activities.

*Storytime Discoveries: Math* is a collection of original stories, folktales and poems, designed to encourage logical thinking and problem solving from a child's perspective. The stories are well rounded, giving them an edge over regular word problems. Each comes with simple instructions, most needing no extra materials. Whether planned as a lesson or used as a filler, they provide added diversity to the math curriculum.

Let's face it, math is fun. And this collection will help you convey that to your students. Math and storytelling. It all adds up.

Sincerely,



Dotti Enderle



# Cinderella

A Time Tale

## Materials

reproducible page 13  
construction paper  
brad

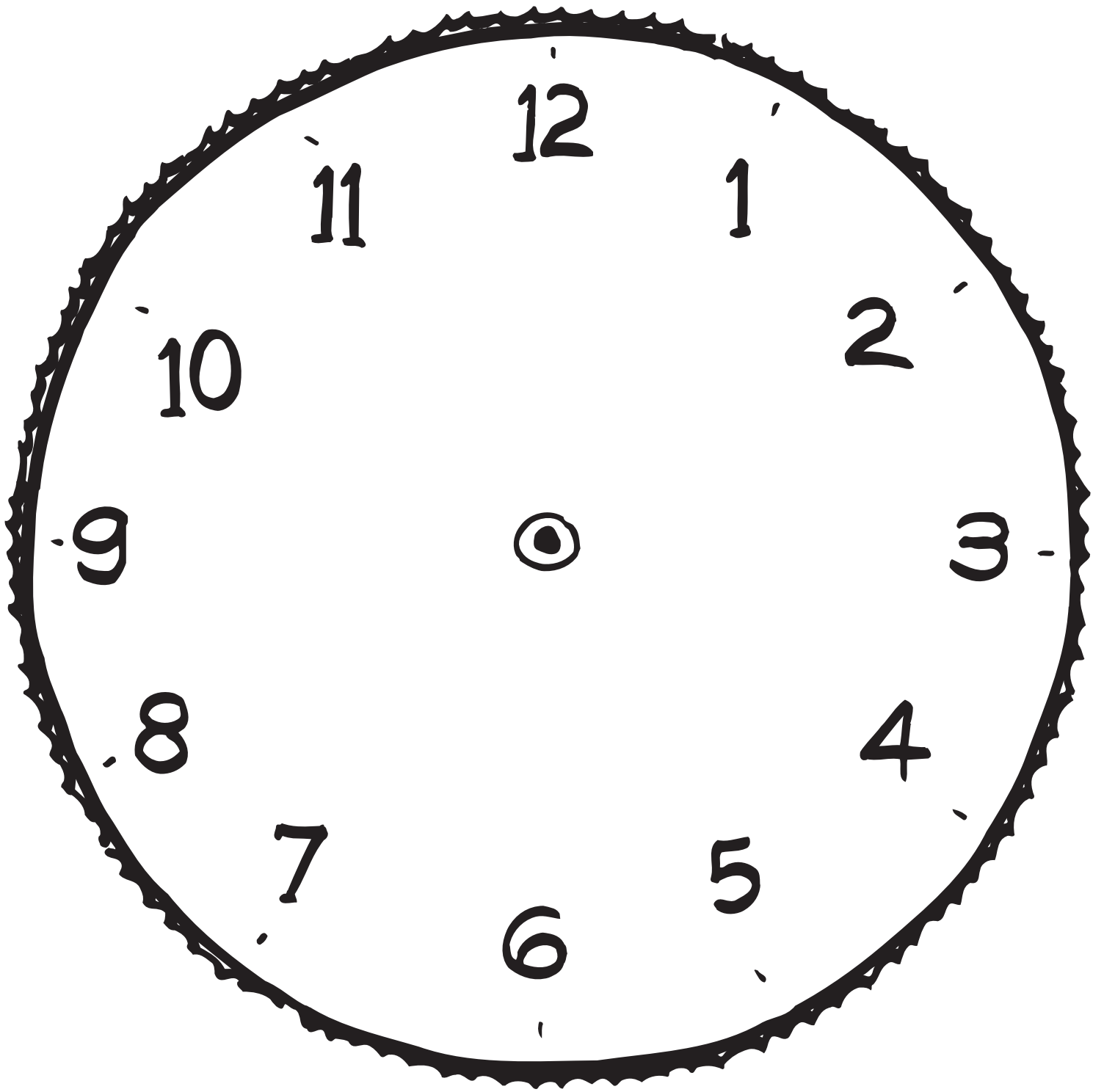
## Concept

Telling time

## Instructions

Photocopy the picture of the clock. Cut clock hands from construction paper and fasten with a brad. Each time Cinderella looks at the clock, ask the students where the hands should be on the clock and move them to the appropriate spots.





# Cinderella

## A Time Tale

Cinderella adjusted the hands on her clock. Five o'clock exactly. Two hours until the royal ball, and she still had work to do. She cooked and cleaned the kitchen. Swept up the crumbs, then went to help her ugly stepsisters get dressed. As she climbed the stairs, she looked back at the clock. Six o'clock. All those chores had taken a full hour.

Her stepsisters waddled and prattled and took their sweet time about getting ready. Cinderella watched the minutes tick away as she tied sashes, fastened beads and clipped in fancy hair combs. At last, the stepsisters were ready. Well, as ready as those ugly stepsisters could be. If she'd had all the time in the world, Cinderella couldn't make those two look pretty.

"Come girls," her stepmother said. "The carriage is waiting."

"But I haven't had time to get ready!" Cinderella said.

Her stepsisters burst into ridiculous fits of laughter, snorting and sniffing.

"You only need time to get our bed warmers ready for when we return," Stepmother said. "Although I'm sure we'll be too excited to sleep. I just know the prince will pick one of these two lovelies for his bride."

Only if he's blind, Cinderella thought.

Her stepmother and stepsisters brushed by her as they hurried out and loaded themselves into the waiting carriage. Cinderella sulked as she trudged down the stairs. She passed by the clock while walking through the kitchen on her way out to the garden. Seven o'clock. The trumpets would be sounding. The grand hall filling up with ladies in beautiful gowns, all hoping to dance with the prince. But there would be no dancing for Cinderella. She plopped down on a bench outside and lowered her head, sobbing.

"Stop that blubbering!" a voice called out.

Startled, Cinderella hopped up. A small plump woman stood beside her. "Who are you?"

"I'm your fairy godmother," the lady said. "And it's about time I showed up, too." She looked at her watch. "It's already 7:15. You'll be late for the ball!"

"I can't go to the ball! Even if I had time to get ready, I have no way to get there."

The fairy godmother grunted. "Then we'll have to do this lickety-split." She waved her magic wand over Cinderella, and with a breath of wind, her dress turned into a pink satin ball gown. Her hair was tied up in flowers and ribbons, and her tiny feet were pressed into a pair of crystal glass slippers. On her wrist was a dainty jeweled watch.

Another quick wave of the wand and a pumpkin in the garden turned into a carriage. A couple of playful mice became the horses.

"Nothing to it," the fairy godmother said. "You'll be at the ball in no time at all."

"This is wonderful!" Cinderella said. "I may dance all night!"

The fairy godmother took Cinderella by the hand. "Not all night, dear. You only have until midnight, then the spell runs out. Keep an eye on your watch. Just make sure you're home by then."

Cinderella smiled. She didn't mind the curfew. She was just thankful to be going.

"My goodness, look at the time!" the fairy godmother exclaimed. "7:20! You must be off!"

Cinderella stepped into the carriage, and waved good-bye as the horses pulled away, swiftly taking her to the palace.

The clock tower chimed just once. Cinderella looked down at her watch. 7:30. The palace was lit like a wonderland, enchanting and beautiful. She stepped out of her carriage and entered through the towering entrance. All eyes turned. Time seemed to stand still. And the prince smiled and stepped forward. "May I have this dance?"

Her heart beat with every tick of the clock as she floated across the ballroom, the prince twirling her round and round. But she was careful. After a while, she looked at her watch. 8:00. Great! She didn't have to be home for four hours.

The night was like a fairy tale. The prince refused to dance with anyone but Cinderella. As they swept past, her ugly stepsisters scoffed and turned up their noses. Her stepmother sneered. Cinderella could practically hear her growling under her breath. But she was sure they had no idea who she was. In all the time she'd lived with them, they'd never seen her look this radiant.

The evening flowed like the music in the ballroom. Cinderella did remember to peek at her watch once more. 9:15. Still plenty of time. But shortly after that is when it happened. Cinderella and the prince stepped out onto the balcony, just the two of them, and he gave her a tender kiss. Time ceased to exist for her. She didn't want to think about midnight . . . or tomorrow . . . or forever. She only wanted this night to never end.

