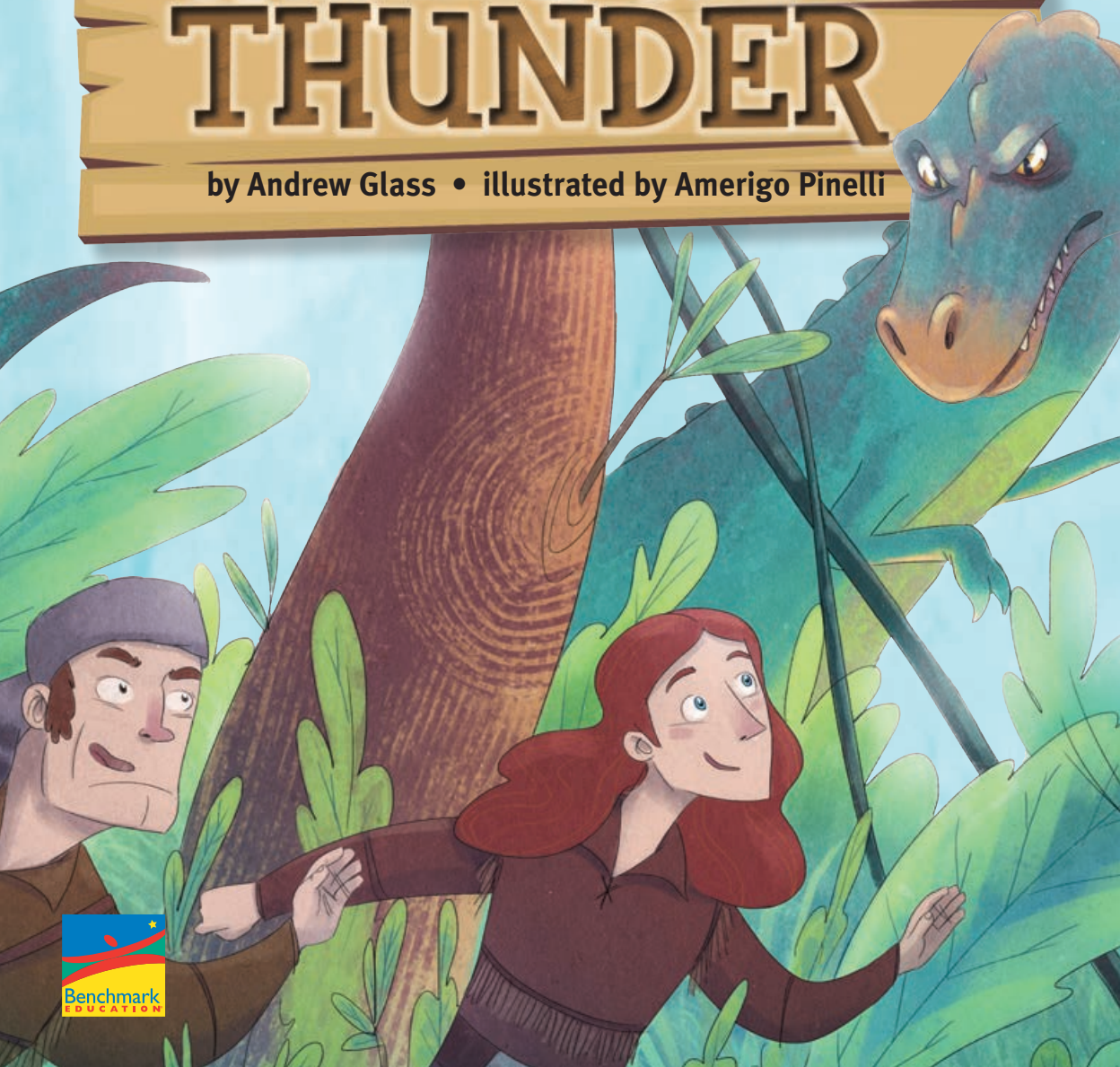


# DAVY CROCKETT and SALLY ANN THUNDER

by Andrew Glass • illustrated by Amerigo Pinelli

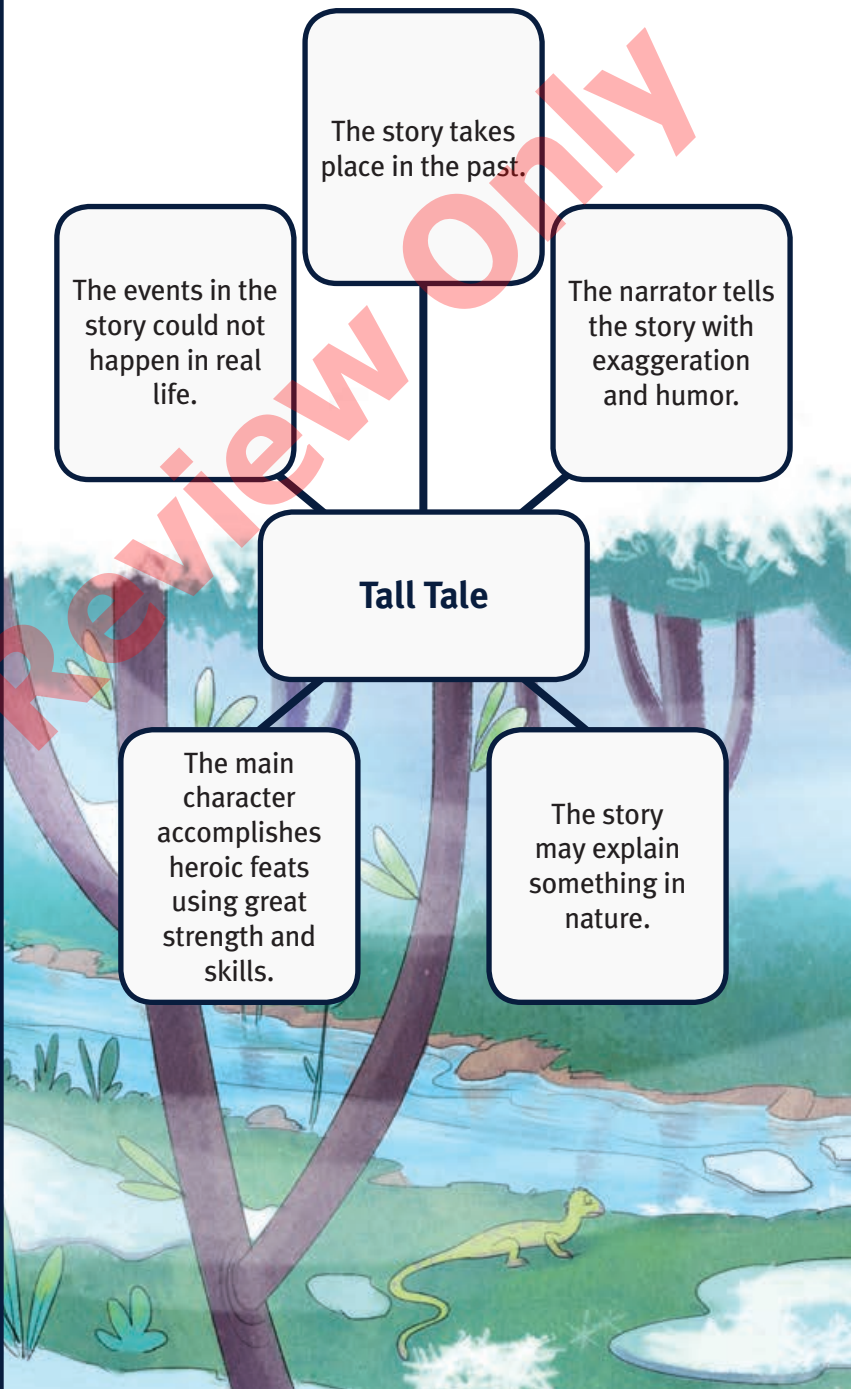


TALL TALE  
LITERATURE

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Tall Tale

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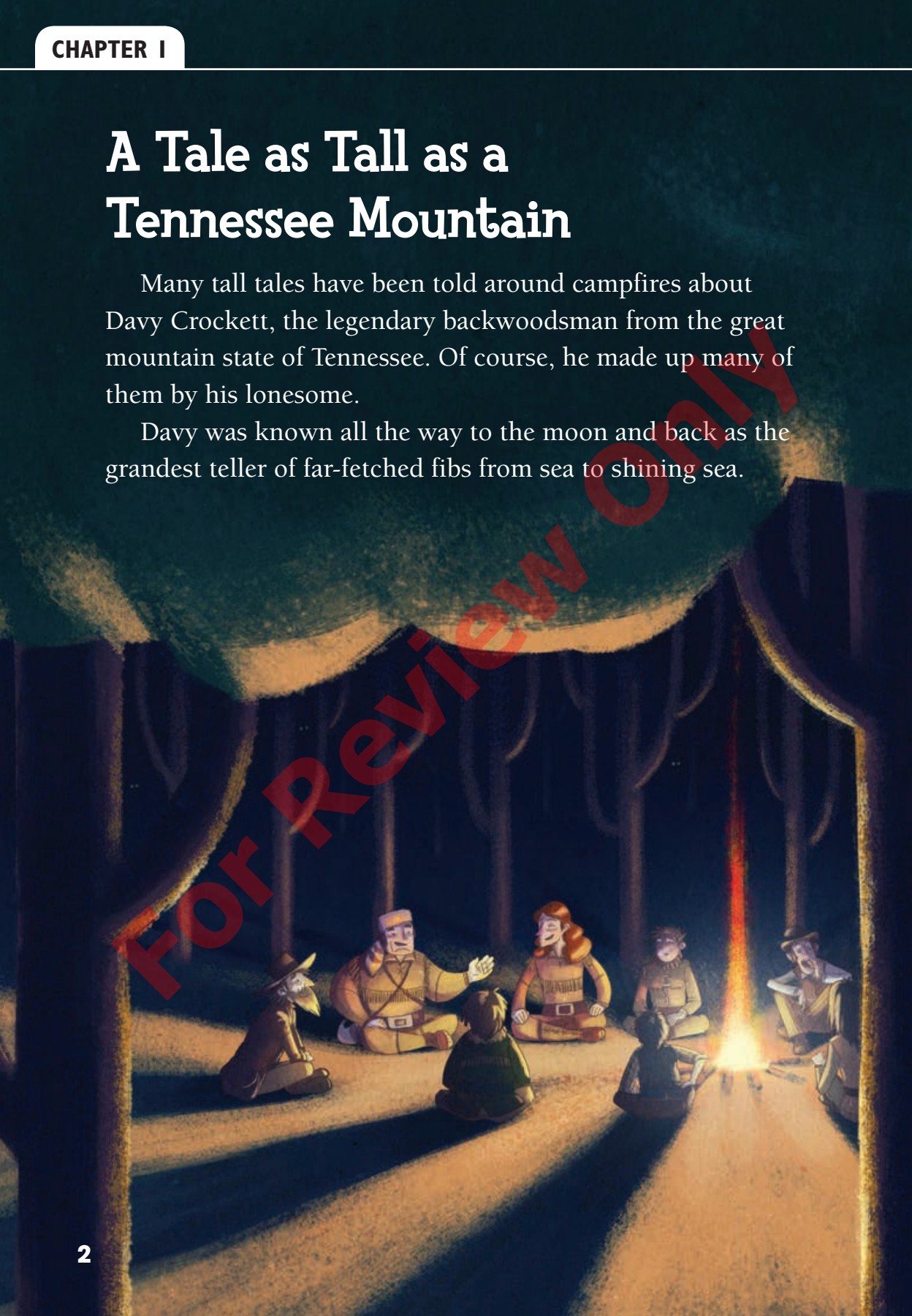
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# A Tale as Tall as a Tennessee Mountain

Many tall tales have been told around campfires about Davy Crockett, the legendary backwoodsman from the great mountain state of Tennessee. Of course, he made up many of them by his lonesome.

Davy was known all the way to the moon and back as the grandest teller of far-fetched fibs from sea to shining sea.



Now as for Sally Ann Thunder, plenty other Tennessee whoppers have been told about her. She was the most remarkable pioneer woman in the land of the free and home of the brave, the boldest too, and as long as you didn't try to arm-wrestle her, she was as sweet as wild honey.

The moment Davy laid eyes on Sally Ann, he knew that she was a pure force of nature, just like him. What else could they do but get themselves hitched?



“You may now kiss,” announced the preacher after he pronounced them the happiest couple ever.

Sally Ann’s family tossed their oversized shoes into the air. Shoe pitching was an old mountain custom, like shouting “Yahoo!” But due to their legendary oversized feet, the family’s humongous shoes nearly blocked out the sun.

Sally Ann whirled herself into the air, spinning like a cyclone. She caught a well-worn pair of sandals, one loose raggedy sock, and the shoes and hurled them back, knocking her family’s Sunday-go-to-meeting hats off.

“That’s my Sally Ann!” laughed her pappy. Her nine barefoot brothers grinned like jack-o’-lanterns.

“I haven’t felt this happy since before my sweet old hound, Major, passed away and went off to chase stars around in the night sky,” exclaimed Davy.



"I'll bet he was a thousand years old in dog years!" laughed Sally Ann, knowing that Davy would just naturally claim to have the oldest dog that ever lived.

"Almost," Davy chuckled. "He was the best hound dog a handsome frontier legend such as myself ever had in this mortal life. As soon as he passed away, Major turned into a puppy-shaped star cluster, chasing shooting stars across the night sky."

"Clumsy ol' Major became a big ol' clumsy constellation?" Sally Ann teased.

"Sure did! Look up and see!" hollered Davy. "Major Dog, Major Dog, Major Dog, dog, dog." His voice echoed through the tree-covered mountains of Tennessee.



Pleased as a pair of peach pies cooling on a windowsill, Davy and Sally Ann opened their wedding presents. First they unwrapped his and hers nightcaps from Sally Ann's brothers. Turns out that every one of her nine big brothers had taken to knitting so enthusiastically that, together, they had all knitted two new nightcaps tall as Clingman's Dome, the tallest mountain in Tennessee.

There were also silver platters and china teapots galore and two splendid pairs of snowshoes.

"The bigger ones are for me I reckon," said Sally Ann.

Davy's Aunt Bea had gift wrapped her famous homemade pickles, each with a bright bow.

There were jars of wild honey and an earthenware jug of Johnny Appleseed's world-famous apple cider. They got a star-studded patchwork quilt sewn by the very same Betsy Ross who'd stitched up the first American flag.



# The Time Machine

The very last wedding present came in a big blue box labeled ANACHRA-GIZMO. The card said: “Happy honeymoon, you lovebirds, from the future or the past, depending on where you stand.” It was not signed.

“Whaddaya suppose an ANACHRA-GIZMO could be, Davy?” asked Sally Ann.

“Sounds to me like a time machine that cranks out far-fetched possibilities,” he answered. “I expect this must be a wrong-place, wrong-time contraption of some sort; a machine meant to transport a body where they’ve got no business being.”



“A time machine! We’d best take a peek then,” declared Sally Ann, “’cause I can’t think of a place on this Earth that I’m not as welcome as springtime.”

The ANACHRA-GIZMO machine was the gimcrackeriest hodgepodge of wires connected to all manner of timepieces, watches, clocks, dials, and assorted number-counters. Below the jumble of wired-up timepieces, a lever pointed toward a dial marked with a wish list of desirable honeymoon destinations. The lever was labeled in fancy letters, “For Time Travel Pull Here.”



Sally Ann read off the list of destinations, "One, the far side of the moon."

"Been thataway twice. Once when she was waxing, once when she was waning," said Davy. "Once it was a blue moon, too."

"Me too!" said Sally Ann in rapid fire, not to be outdone. "Now for number two, we have the Roman Colosseum."

"We'd battle and whomp all those gladiator fellers in no time flat and have nothing to do the rest of the day," Davy declared.

"Three, the day after tomorrow," Sally Ann continued.

"Mother Nature willing and the creek don't rise, we'd get there soon enough without this gizmo," said Davy. "No point to that."

"Four, the end of the rainbow," said Sally Ann.

"You're my pot of gold, Sally Ann," Davy said sweetly. "Sure don't need no rainbow."

"Why golly-gee," blushed Sally Ann, her cheeks redder than a cherry in June. "Now for five, where the grass is always greener."

"The grass couldn't be any greener over yonder than it is right here in Tennessee," they hollered together with pride.

Sally Ann read off a few other bizarre destinations that the couple nixed until she came to "Ten, before the last Ice Age."

"That's the one!" they agreed. "You betcha!"

"Sounds uncrowded, yet kind of cozy, too," mused Davy.

"Sounds perfect," added Sally Ann. "A right-down tropical adventure."