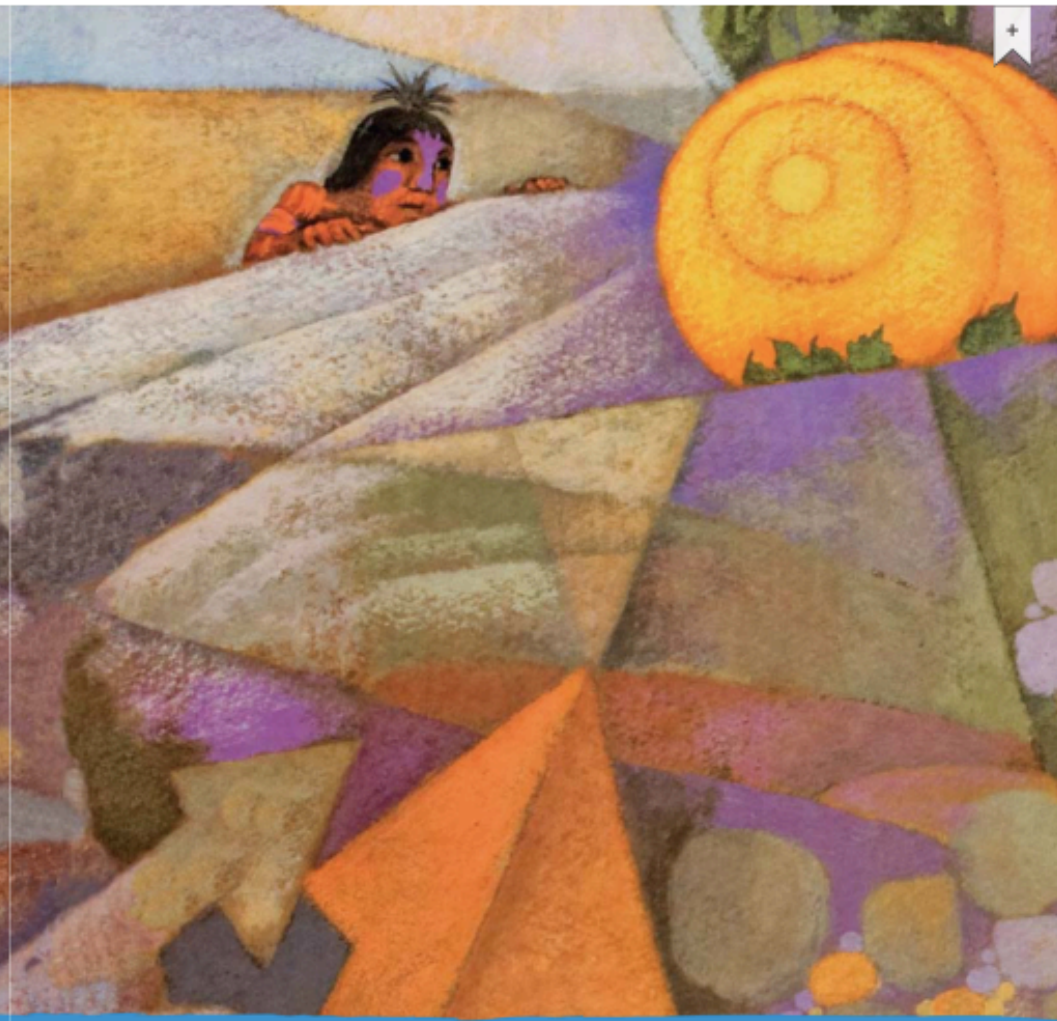


One day, a man walking on the desert plain saw the golden ball. He said, "If that shining ball were mine, I would have the power of the sun. I could light up the sky, or make darkness fall." And he ran toward it, climbing up the rocky mountainside.



On the other side of the mountain, another man saw the shining globe, and he also said, "I want that thing for myself. It will give me great powers." He, too, began to run. Each one climbed quickly. Each one found a footpath that led to the tree.



They both ran without stopping until they reached the shining globe at the same time. But what they found was not really a ball; it was the fruit of the golden flower: a *calabaza*—a pumpkin.

The two men began to fight and argue.

“It is mine!” said one.

“No, it is mine!” said the other.



Each man grabbed the pumpkin. They pushed and pulled. They pulled and tugged until . . .

. . . finally, the vine broke. The pumpkin began to roll down the mountain faster and faster, until it crashed into a sharp rock and burst apart.





Whoosh! Waves of water poured out of the pumpkin. The water bubbled and foamed. The waves began to cover the earth, flooding the desert plain, rising higher and higher.



For it was the sea that had been hidden inside the pumpkin. Out came the creatures: whales, dolphins, crabs, and sunfish. All the people ran to the top of the mountain to hide in the forest of green leaves.



STOP AND CHECK

Make Predictions What do you think will happen after the people run to the top of the mountain? Use the Make Predictions strategy to predict what happens next.



“Will the whole earth be covered?” they cried.

Higher and higher the waters kept rising, up the sides of the mountain.

But when the water reached the **edge** of the magic forest the little boy had planted, it stopped.



The people peeked out from behind the leaves. And what did they see? Small streams running through the trees. A beach of golden sand. And the wide open ocean, sparkling all around them.

Now the people could drink from the cool streams and splash in the rippling waves. Now they could gather fish from the flowing tides and plant their **crops**.



The child laughed and sang as the sun shone down and breezes blew through the green leaves and **rustled** the many-colored flowers. Water had come to the earth!



And that is how, the Taino say, between the sun and the sparkling blue sea, their island home—Boriquén—came to be.

