

The Real Story of Jack and Jill

by Suzanne Barchers • illustrated by Karl West



Level **M/28**
Lexile® **560L**

Fractured Fairy Tale

Look for the genre features noted below as you read this book. Use the features to help you understand the text.

The story is inspired by a well-known tale.

The story has a different plot from the well-known version.

Fractured Fairy Tale

The story is often told in a humorous way.

Characters or setting may be unique to the story.

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What Happened to Jack?

Jill rushed through the doors of City Hospital, looking for Jack's room. She found him sitting up in bed with a bandage on his head.

"Jack, how are you doing? Do you get to go home soon?" Jill asked.

"I hope so, but my head still hurts a lot," Jack said.

"I want to show you something," Jill said. "There was a newspaper article. It's about the accident. There's even a picture of you leaving in an ambulance!" She touched the screen on her phone.

"What does it say?" Jack asked. "Read it to me." Jill read the message aloud while Jack listened.

“Jack and Jill went over the hill
to get a drink of water.

Jack fell down and broke his crown,
and Jill came tumbling after.”



“What?” Jack exclaimed. “I sound so clumsy, like I can’t walk!”

“Gee, Jack,” said Jill. “I thought you’d be amused. I thought it was kind of funny.”

“Well, it’s not funny to me,” said Jack. “I still don’t know what happened yesterday. One minute, I was filling a pail with water, and then I was in an ambulance.”



“What would make you feel better?”
asked Jill.

“I’m really not sure,” he said.

“Well, maybe I can at least figure out what happened,” Jill said. She looked at the clock on her phone. “I need to go home for dinner. I’ll stop by again and see you tomorrow. Feel better, okay?”



The Root of the Problem

Instead of going home, Jill hiked to Ten Trees Hill. She didn't want to waste any time.

As she walked up to the top of the path, Jill looked around. The park on the hill was trashed. There was garbage everywhere.

At the top, she spotted Jack's flip-flop stuck under the root of a tree. It was clear that he had tripped.





While Jill was taking pictures with the camera on her phone, her friend Mary Mary Quite Contrary arrived.

“Can you believe how bad the hill looks?” Jill said. “It’s really sad that this park is so dirty. It used to be the best park in the city!”

“That’s why I brought my gardening tools,” Mary said. “I wanted to help the flowers grow again. But it will be a long time before the park looks good again.”

Just then, Rym'in Simon arrived. "I say, hello. What do you know?" he said.

"We're thinking the park needs to be cleaned up," said Mary. "But it would be a huge project."

"What if we had a fund-raiser? We could raise money for the park," said Jill.

"We'd need to raise a lot of money to pay someone to clean up the lawn," said Mary. "And we just raised money for the new playground."

Simon said, "You're wasting your time. You won't raise a dime."

"What about asking parents to help?" asked Jill.

"We'd have to work on Saturday, to get everyone to come," said Mary. "People like to have fun on Saturdays, not go to work. No one will come. It's a lost cause."

Jill sighed. "I'll see if Jack has any ideas."

"There's nothing you can do. I'm finished, I'm through," said Simon, waving goodbye.

