

# Who Turned Off the Lights?



The night was **dazzling** with **sparkles** of gold light. A dad in the crowd lifted his **little** boy onto his shoulders. The boy waved a small flag. 'Best night ever!' he shouted. **People** cheered all around. But no one saw the shadow at the back of the crowd, **grumbling**.





From above, the town  
glowed with golden light.  
A warm shine spilled from  
every single window and  
lit the hills for miles. Up  
in the dark sky, someone  
was not happy. 'Look at  
them!' said The Dark.  
'Lights in every window!  
Nighttime belongs to me!'

The Dark crept into a **little** house and flicked off the lights. A boy at the **table** blinked as the room went black. He **stumbled** past the chairs, reaching out with both arms, and dove under his covers. 'Who turned off the lights?!' he whispered.





The Dark slid house to house, putting out every bulb. Some people had to huddle around a single candle, and the cat looked grumpy.

A child read a book by the little flame while two kids settled into bed. 'This,' The Dark said, 'is how nighttime should be.'

Outside, the lamps and signals blinked on and off. Cars and buses rolled along safely while people crossed without trouble.

A little kid sat on the curb with a poodle.

Nearby, The Dark shouted, 'Oh, come on.'

More lights?'





Click. The Dark shut off every single signal in town.

Cars tangled with buses in the middle of the road.

People stumbled between them, waving and yelling.

'Who turned off the lights?!' they shouted. The

Dark just chuckled and moved on.

The fair was next, and it was dazzling. A couple of children giggled on a ride with painted horses. A Ferris wheel glowed against the starry sky, and every single ride was alive with light.

The Dark's eye began to tremble. 'That,' it said, 'is the most dazzling thing I have ever seen.'





CLICK.

The Ferris wheel came to a stop. The rides went still and silent. A couple of kids on the ground held a single balloon, staring at nothing. No music. No fun. Just dark.

'Who turned off the lights?' one little kid said. This time, no one chuckled.

One light still burned out on the water. A tall lighthouse swept its signal across the dark waves. A ferry and a little boat sailed safely by. 'That is the last one,' The Dark growled from the shore.





The Dark swallowed the lighthouse beam. The ferry rushed toward the little boat. A boy in the boat held on tight and screamed.

On shore, the lighthouse stood silent. No signal.

Then The Dark felt a tremble it had never felt before. 'Oh no,' it whispered. 'What have I done?'

The Dark let go.

Every single light came back to life. Cars rolled safely, and houses glowed warm. Far away, the fair gave off a dazzling twinkle.

But The Dark hung back in the sky, alone, feeling very small.





Four children came outside: one with a **sparkle wand**, one **tangled** in string lights, one swinging a **little lantern**, and one waving a glow stick. They were not chasing The Dark away. They were playing right inside it!

'Stars don't **twinkle** without you!' one called up. The Dark smiled for the very first time. At last, it could see the answer to the **riddle**.

The best lights don't **battle** the dark. They dance with it.



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The festival sparkles, the carnival twinkles, and the whole town glows like a bundle of candles - until someone starts flicking the lights off, one by one. Who is grumbling in the shadows, and why does The Dark hate the glow so much? When even the lighthouse goes silent, can anyone set things right before disaster strikes on the waves? This decodable reader practices the le/al/el/il phonogram in words like 'candle,' 'single,' 'sparkle,' 'signal,' and 'twinkle.'

**Reading Skills:** <le> <al> <el> <il>

battle, bundle, candle, candles, chuckled, couple, dazzling, fumbled, giggled, grumbling, huddle, little, middle, people, riddle, rumbled, signal, single, sparkle, sparkled, sparkles, stumbled, table, tangled, total, tremble, twinkle, twinkled

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