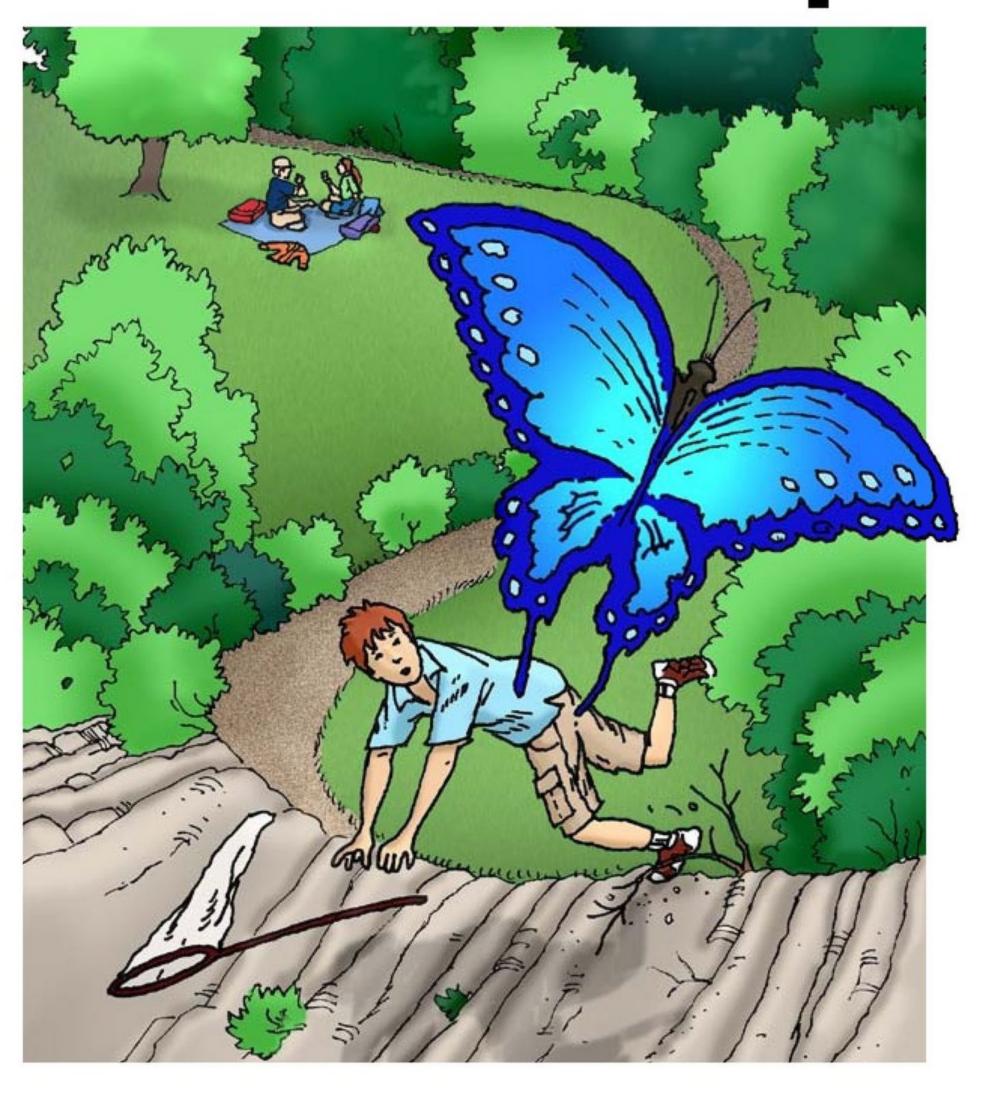


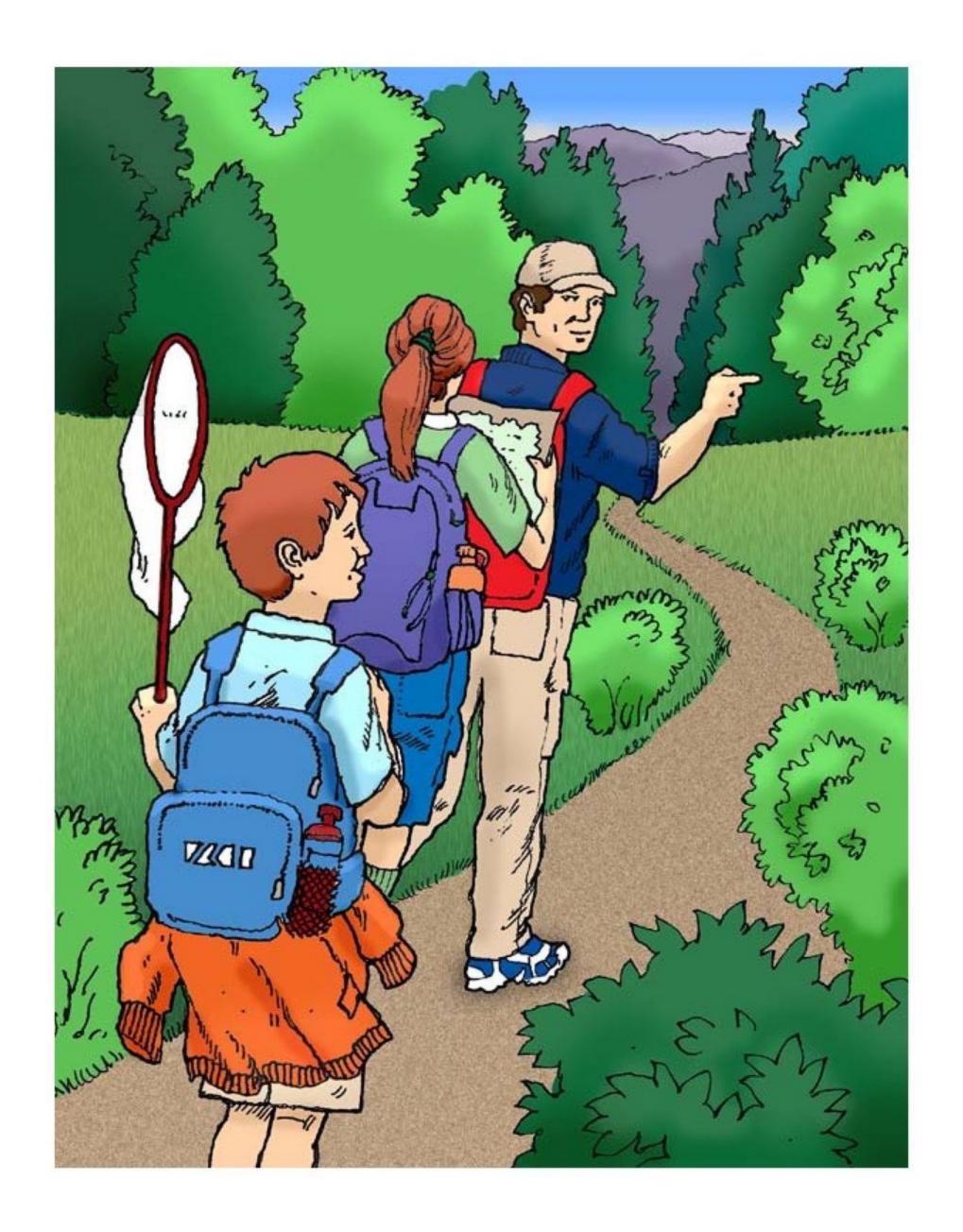
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The Day I Neded Help



Written by Ann Weil Illustrated by Stephen Marchesi

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Mom, Dad, and I like to walk in the woods.

We like to find new trails.

We like to find new places to picnic.

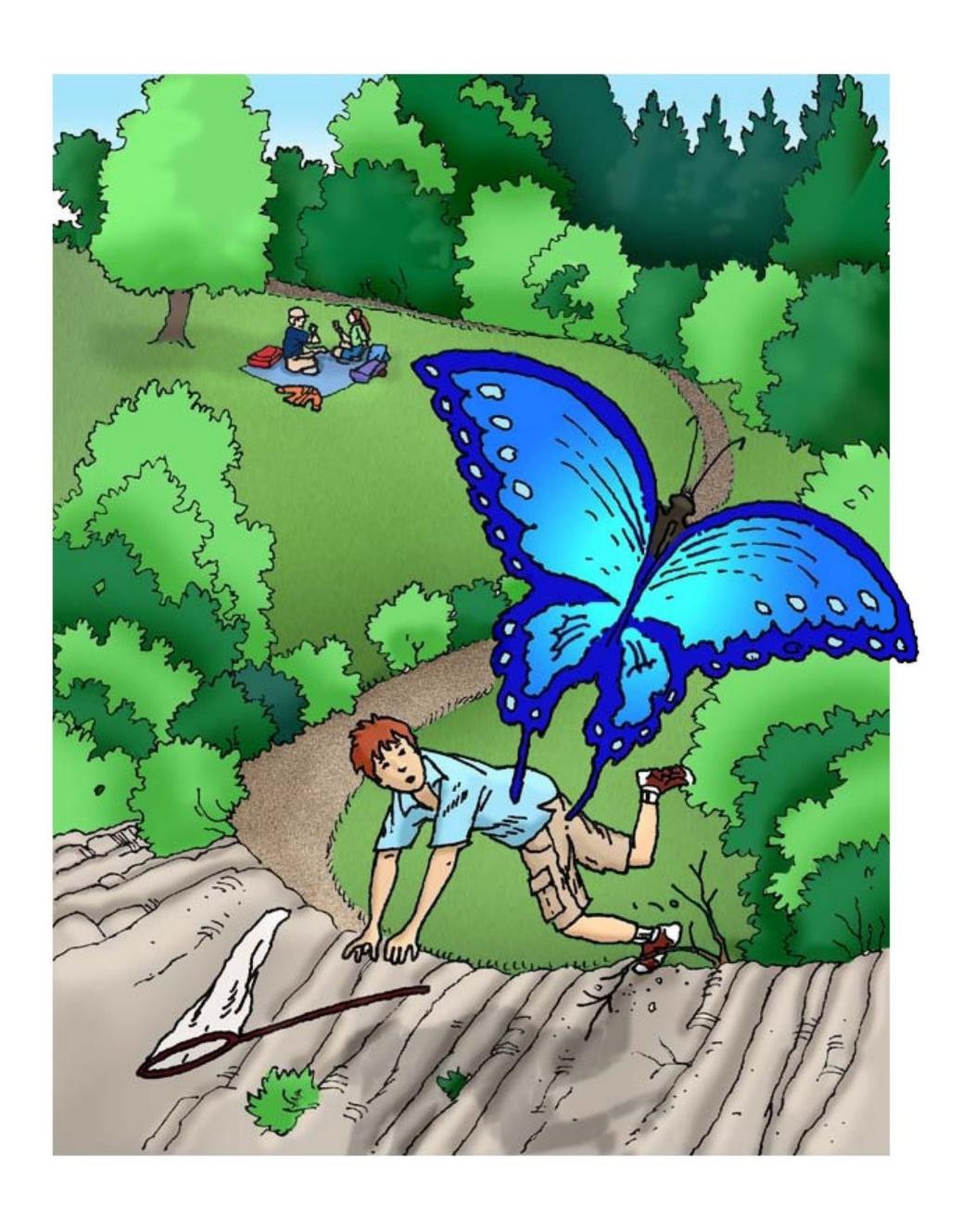


I walk down a trail after lunch.

I see a big blue butterfly.

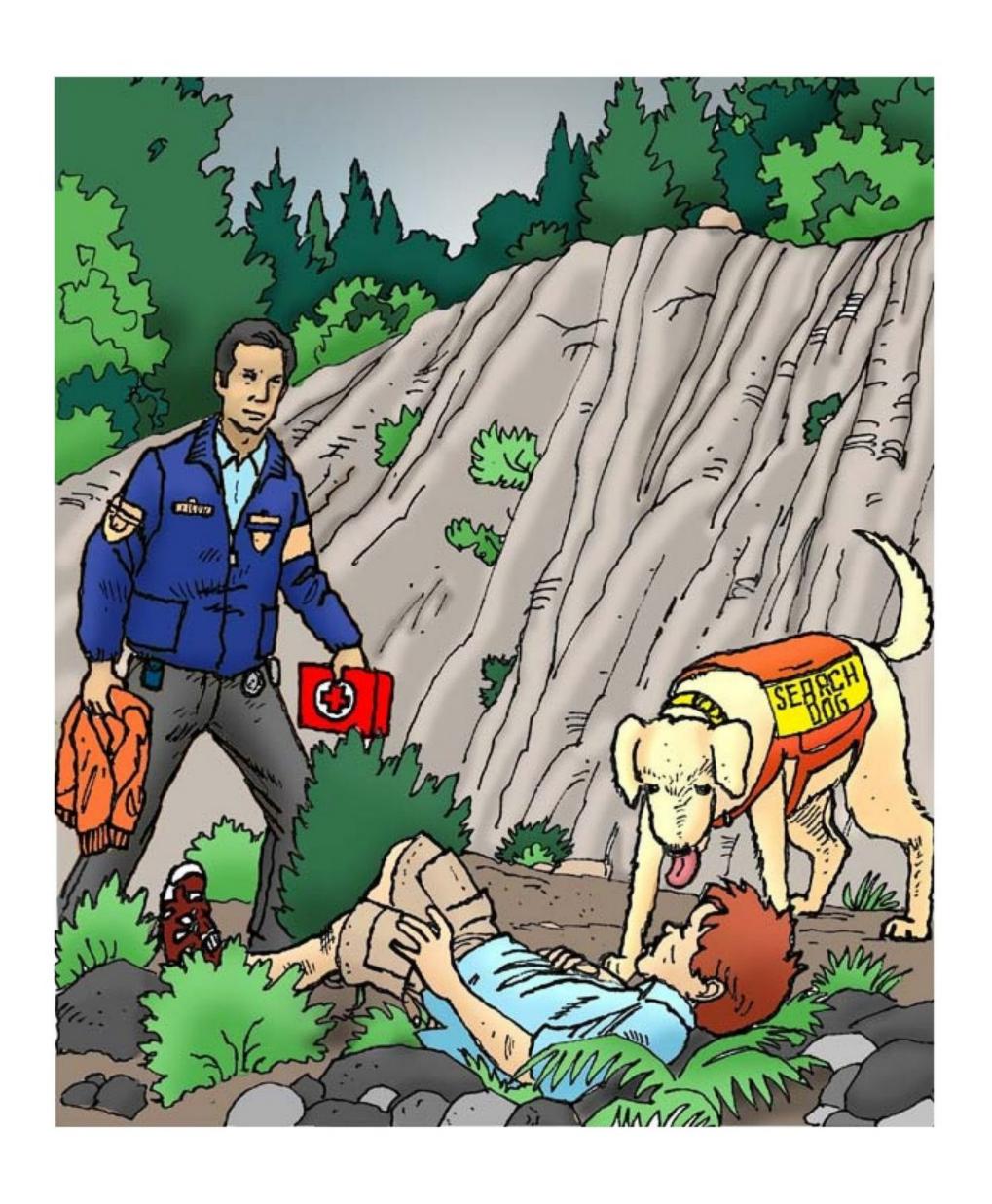
"Look!" I call out.

Mom and Dad don't hear me.



This butterfly is beautiful. I'll follow it and catch it. Which way is it going?

Oops! I tripped!



The sky looks dark.
Have I been asleep?
I know I tripped and fell.
I see a man wearing
a big blue jacket.



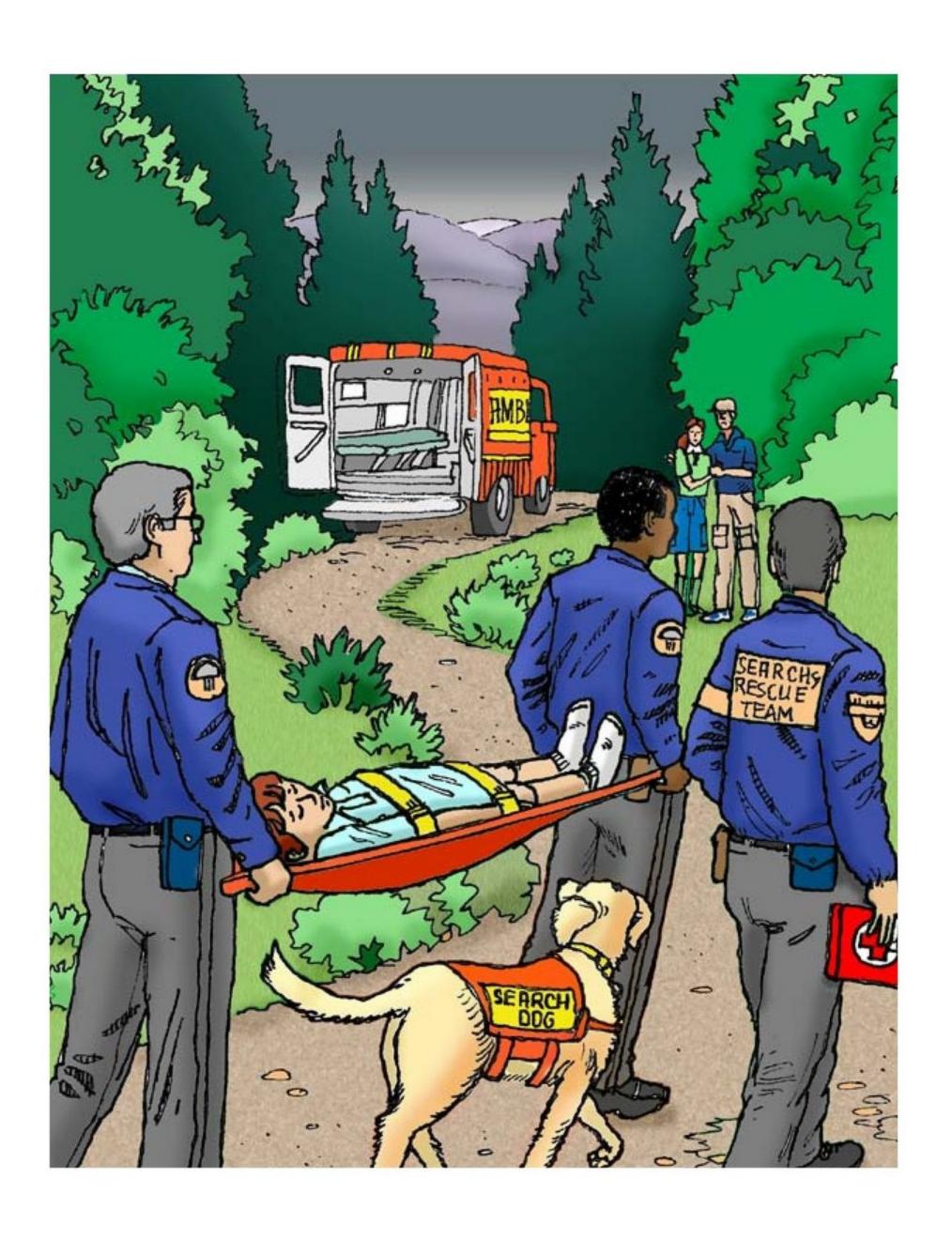
"Your mom and dad called Search and Rescue," the man says.

"How did you find me?" I ask.

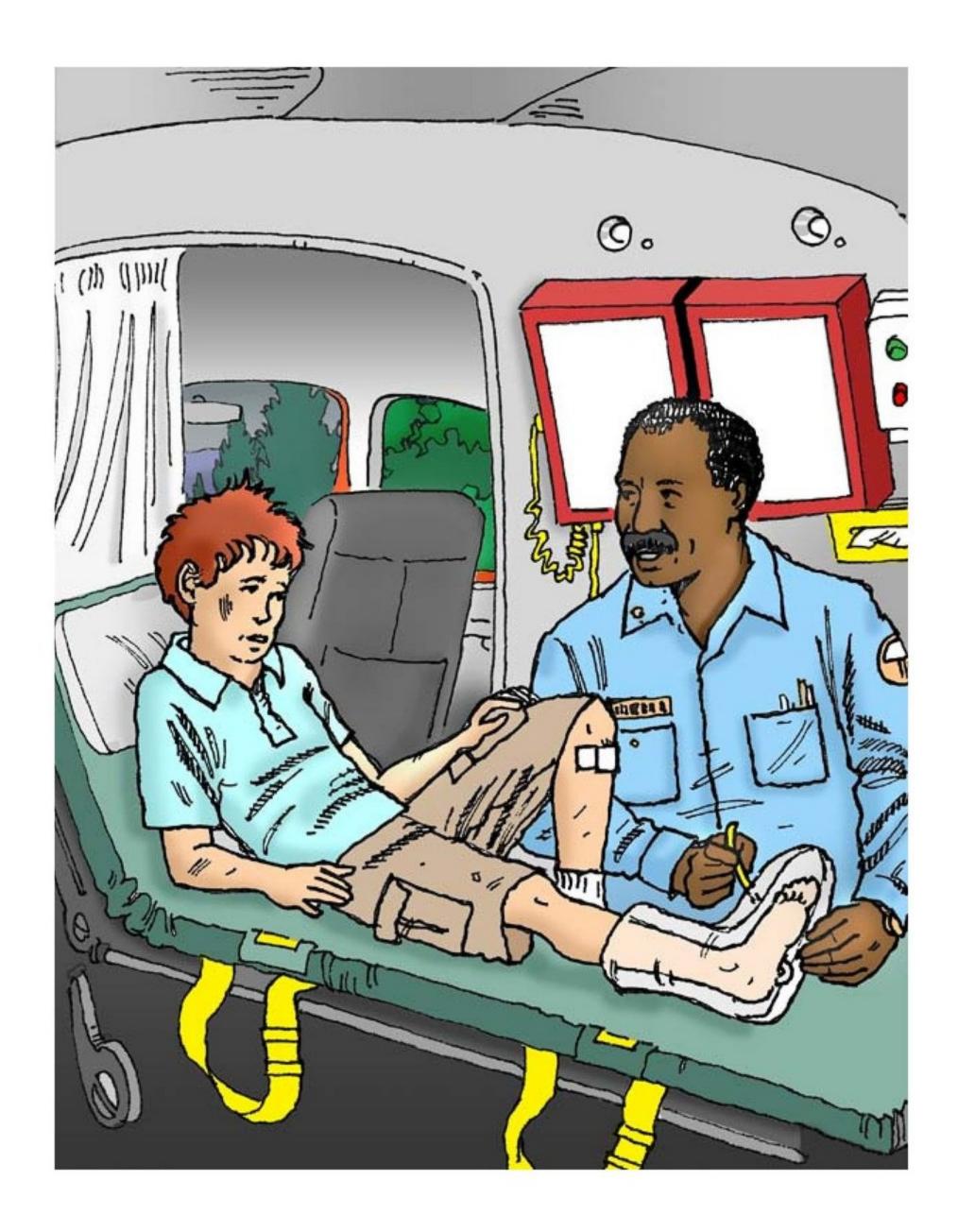
"They let Goldie smell your jacket.

Goldie followed your smell,"

he says.



The ambulance team finds us, too.
They put me on a stretcher.
They carry me to the ambulance.
Goldie comes with us.



My ankle looks big.

The ambulance man puts a balloon thing around my ankle.

"We'll ride to the hospital," he says.



The doctor meets us at the hospital.

Mom and dad look at my ankle.

The doctor looks at my ankle.

"I don't think you broke it," she says.



The nurse helps me get an X-ray of my ankle.
I didn't break it, but I have a bad sprain.



My ankle will get better.

Mom and Dad thank

everyone who helped me.

We stop to thank Goldie, too!

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