

LEVELED BOOK • K

Mongo's Migration



Written by Torran Anderson
Illustrated by Hugh Jamieson

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“When will we reach Mexico?”
Mongo asked.

“It takes days to get to warmer
weather,” his father said.

“I’m tired,” Mongo said.

“Hurry up!” his mother said.

“There’s a storm coming.”

“I don’t care,” Mongo said. “Next
year, can I stay home for **winter**?”

Before his parents could answer,
a gust of wind blew Mongo way
off **course**.

“I don’t know the way to Mexico!”
Mongo screamed.





When the storm ended, he was
all alone.

Mongo landed on a tree and saw
a yellow frog.

“Hey, frog,” Mongo said. “I’m lost
and you need to help me.”

The frog jumped away without
saying a word.





Next, Mongo saw an alligator.

“Tell me how to get to Mexico!”

Mongo **demanded**.

“I have the **directions** right here
in my mouth,” the alligator said.

“Just climb inside.”



Snap! The alligator slammed his mouth shut.

“You almost bit me!” Mongo yelled.

“No one bosses me around,” the alligator said.

Mongo soared into the air. He flew over an ocean and landed on a whale's back to rest.

“Hand over your map!” Mongo yelled. “I have no clue where I’m going.”

“I don’t help rude birds,” the whale said. He shot water out of his blowhole and launched Mongo back into the sky.





“The frog ignored me. The alligator tried to eat me. The whale shot me into the air. Maybe I’m not asking in the right way,” Mongo said.

Mongo saw a big bird flying over the ocean.

“Can you please help me?” Mongo said. “I need to get to Mexico.”





“The Sun rises in the east and sets in the west,” the bird said.
“Keep the Sun on your left in the morning. In the afternoon, keep the Sun on your right. If you do this, you’ll fly **south** and reach Mexico.”

“Thank you,” Mongo said.

“It’s a pleasure to help someone who’s so **polite**,” the bird said.

Mongo flew for three days. He kept the Sun on his left in the morning. In the afternoon, he kept the Sun on his right.

Finally, Mongo could fly no farther and collapsed on a beach.

“When will I reach Mexico?” Mongo cried.



“Mongo?” his parents called.

Mongo jumped up and saw his parents snacking on bugs.

“What took you so long?” his dad asked.

“I had to learn how to ask for directions nicely,” Mongo said.





“I’m glad you found us,” his mother said. She handed him a juicy bug.

“I love Mexico!” Mongo yelled.

“Can we come again next year?”

Glossary

course (<i>n.</i>)	a direction or path that someone or something travels along (p. 4)
demanded (<i>v.</i>)	asked as if giving a command (p. 7)
directions (<i>n.</i>)	instructions on how to do something or how to get to a place (p. 7)
polite (<i>adj.</i>)	having good manners or showing common courtesy (p. 12)
south (<i>n.</i>)	the direction to the right of east; the opposite of north (p. 12)
winter (<i>n.</i>)	the season between fall and spring; the coldest season of the year (p. 3)

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