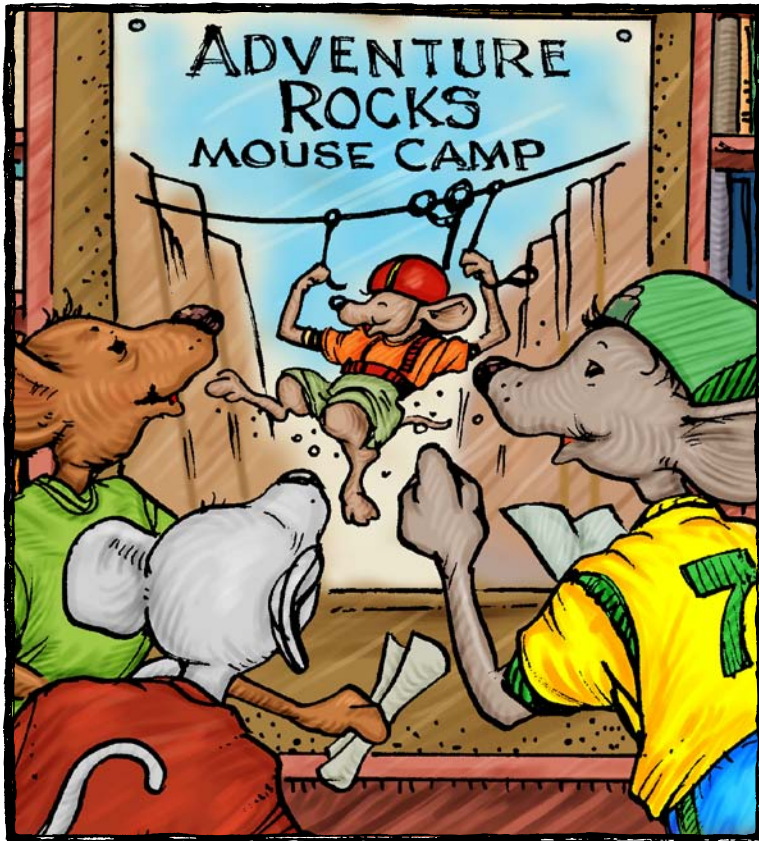


# Morty's Roadside Refreshments

A Reading A-Z Level R Leveled Book  
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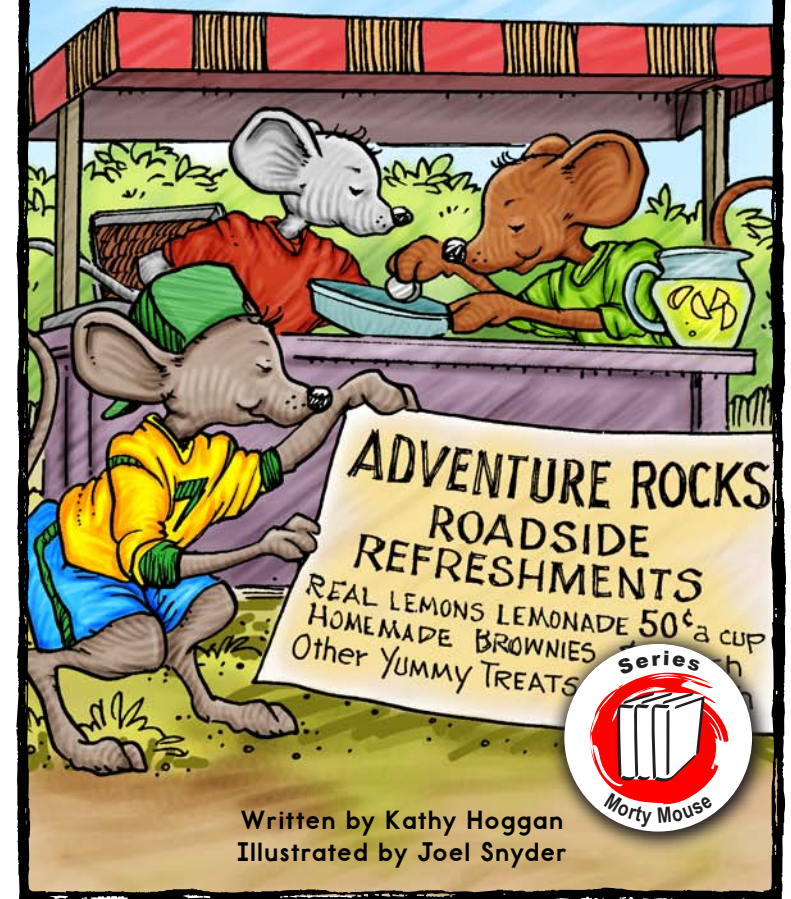


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LEVELED BOOK • R

# Morty's Roadside Refreshments



Written by Kathy Hoggan  
Illustrated by Joel Snyder

[www.readinga-z.com](http://www.readinga-z.com)



# Morty's Roadside Refreshments

## Math Minute

Did you do the math? How much money did Morty, Fred, and Ben make with their roadside refreshment stand?

Morty kept cutting the brownies into fourths until they had sold a total of 54 brownies at 1 dollar each. The mice also sold 19 yummy treats for 50 cents each, and 4 more yummy treats for 80 cents each. They sold 84 cups of lemonade for 50 cents each, and 36 more cups for 80 cents each.

How much money did the mice earn above the amount that they started with?



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Morty Mouse’s stories began with author Kathy Hoggan telling her children about the adventures of a mischievous mouse, inspired by her grandmother’s tales of Suzette Scamper. Now, more than a decade after she shared the first Morty Mouse stories with students, you too can enjoy the exciting adventures of mischievous Morty Mouse in this series from ReadingA-Z.com.

Morty’s Roadside Refreshments  
A Morty Mouse Story  
Level R Leveled Book  
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Illustrated by Joel Snyder

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LEVEL R	
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Reading Recovery	30
DRA	30

“Yeah,” agreed Morty and Fred.

“Your customers understood you were trying to make right what you had done wrong,” Morty’s father said from the doorway, grinning with pride at Morty.

“Let’s take it to the limit!” Morty said to his best buddies.



In the middle of the afternoon, they had run out of lemonade, brownies, and cookies, but somehow they had collected a huge pile of donated cash.

“Your customers were generous today, Morty,” Morty’s father said when he collected the mice in the Mouse Minivan. “I hope you appreciate their kindness.”

Morty looked at Ben and Fred, whose grins stretched from ear to ear.

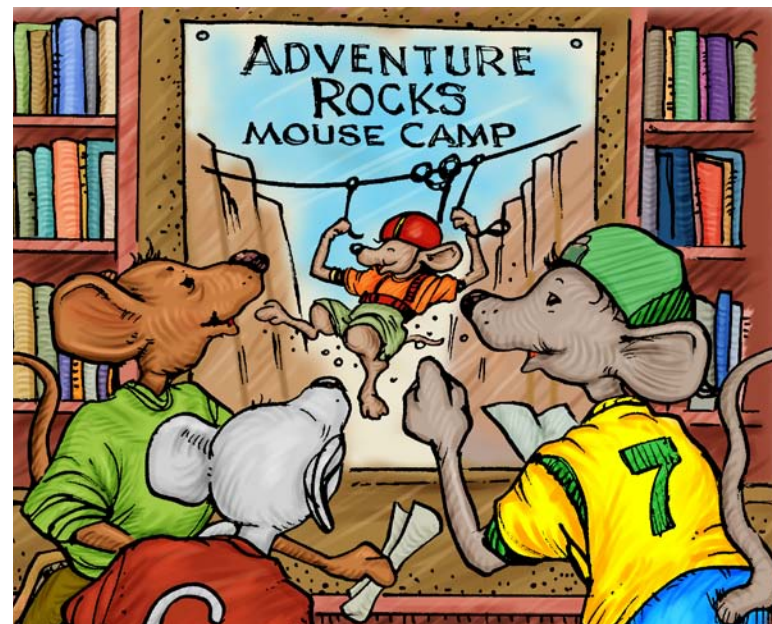
That evening Morty, Fred, and Ben counted the donations in Morty’s kitchen.

“Two hundred ninety-eight, two hundred ninety-nine, three hundred,” Fred said as he placed the last bill on the table.

Morty’s ears perked up.

Three hundred dollars meant that each of them could go to camp for one day and take the ultimate adventure hike—crossing the canyon on a zip line, rappelling from the rocks, and shooting the rapids in a raft.

“Wow,” Ben said.



Morty was checking out his library books when it caught his eye—a poster for Adventure Rocks Mouse Camp.

“Check this out!” Morty called to Ben and Fred as he grabbed three brochures and scampered to catch up with his best buddies. They all stopped, books in paws, to stare at the pictures of mice flying above canyons suspended from zip lines. They instantly believed the brochure’s headline: Summer won’t be complete until you *Take it to the Limit* at Adventure Rocks Mouse Camp.



Ben broke the silence, “We have less than two weeks until registration opens, and it says the camp fills up fast.”

“I have an idea,” Morty announced. “Tonight we all talk to our parents. It will take our best pitch ever to persuade them to let us go AND to pay for it.” The mice all nodded. Morty scratched his ear, “Let’s all report back in the morning.”

Ben, Fred, and Morty were munching on crispy cheese squares in Morty’s kitchen the next morning as they summarized the situation.

Morty needed to earn the entire amount for six days at camp. Ben’s parents offered to pay for half the price if Ben earned the other half. Fred’s mother had no problem letting him go to camp; but she couldn’t pay for it, and Fred had to leave camp two days early for a family reunion.



“Oh wow, I did that when I was your age,” one mouse said.

“How great!” said another.

“Here, I’d like to donate ten dollars for your registration fees,” a third mouse said. Soon all the mice in line were offering to donate money.

“Really, we just want to make up for overcharging everyone. We can’t take your money,” Morty said. But after trying to refuse several times and mice still offering money, Morty, Ben, and Fred knew they needed to show they were grateful.



“Next Saturday is supposed to be a really warm day. Let’s use the money we earned to offer free treats at another roadside stand. Maybe some of the same mice we unfairly charged this weekend will get free treats next weekend,” Morty said.

“That’s a really nice idea,” Morty’s father said.

Ben, Fred, and Morty bought more lemons, sugar, and cups. They shopped for brownie and cookie ingredients, which Morty’s sister showed them how to bake. Morty made a new sign that read: FREE brownies, cookies, and lemonade! By Saturday morning they were ready.

They set up their stand in the same spot and were soon swamped with customers. The surprised mice smiled broadly as they walked away with a treat and cup of lemonade. Morty felt like he could skip all around.

One mouse waiting in line asked why they were giving away treats for free. “Well, we were trying to raise money for Adventure Rocks Mouse Camp, but . . .” Morty said before he was interrupted.

“Let’s figure this out,” Morty said, grabbing a pencil. Camp was \$500 for a whole week or \$100 per day if you stayed less than six days.

Mouse	Length of Stay	Cost
Morty	whole week	\$500
Ben	whole week	\$500 (x 1/2)
Fred	4 days	\$400

Morty added up the total cost:

\$500

\$250

+ \$400

\$1,150



“Okay, we need to earn \$1,150 in two weeks,” Morty said with a sigh.

The usually noisy friends sat quietly staring at the sum.

Then an idea popped into Morty's head. "Why don't we sell lemonade and snacks by the side of the road? We can pool our allowance savings to buy supplies."

"That's a great idea," Ben said.

"Everyone get their savings and meet back here right away," Morty said.

Ben, Fred, and Morty returned to Morty's kitchen to count their combined funds. In total they had 13 wrinkled dollar bills, 32 quarters, 60 dimes, 23 nickels, and 476 pennies.

It was Fred's turn to do the math.

"Thirty-two times twenty-five cents equals . . ." said Fred.

"Wait!" said Ben, "There is an easier way. Use thirty-two divided by four, since there are four quarters in one dollar."

Fred continued with the math.



The next morning, Morty sat with Ben and Fred around the table in Morty's kitchen counting their earnings. All three mice looked grim.

Ben was the first to speak. "Wow! I thought we made lots more than that! At that rate, we would have to have lemonade stands for ten Saturdays to get enough money for camp."

"What's up?" Morty's father asked as he eyed a cheese pastry on the table. The grim-faced mice didn't answer. Father took a bite and, looking from face-to-face, quipped, "Has the cat got your tongue?"

Morty spoke up, "I have an idea." Ben and Fred looked up. Usually Morty's ideas weren't to be shared with a grown-up around.



“Morty, your integrity in our community is much more important than a week at camp,” his father said. “It was unfair to charge so much for so little.”



Morty felt terrible. He took down the sign and sat with Ben and Fred. *Third-grade mice don't cry over weak lemonade*, he thought as the tears welled up in his eyes.

“Let’s get together in the morning and count the money in the muffin tin. I doubt we have enough money for camp, but I am sure that we need to do something to make it up to the mice we ripped off.”

Fred stared at the number and asked, “How will we turn \$32.91 into \$1,150?”

“We can do it!” Morty said. “Let’s take the money and buy lemons, sugar, and paper cups. We can save our treats from school lunches this week to sell.”

“I’ll make you a pan of brownies,” his sister offered as she reached for a crispy cheese square.

“Thanks!” Morty said.

“We should have the sale next Saturday—that is the day that everyone is out and about—on Main Street,” Ben advised.

“It’s a plan. I have some poster board, so I’ll make a sign,” Morty offered.

“I’ll buy the lemons, sugar, and cups,” Ben volunteered.

“I’ll borrow a table and chairs from my mom,” Fred said.

“By this time next week, we’ll be counting our money! Then we can count the days until we ‘Take it to the Limit!’” Morty was shouting with excitement.

The sun had barely come up on Saturday morning when the mice set up their business. They chose a spot, asked permission from the homeowner, and then asked to use her garden hose for water to make lemonade.

They had 24 lemons, and it would take three for each pitcher of lemonade. They could get 12 cups of lemonade per pitcher. All week they saved the treats from their lunches and begged their friends for their treats, too. They had 23 yummy treats to sell.



“Morty, can I speak with you over here?” His father motioned Morty over to the minivan. He had the brownie in the palm of one hand and was clutching his cup of lemonade in the other.

“Son, have you been taking money from our friends and neighbors for THIS?” he asked.

Now, there is one thing about Morty, HE ALWAYS TELLS THE TRUTH.

“Yes.” Morty looked at his toes. His father waited for further explanation. “This morning we set fair prices for good products, but we were running out of lemons and brownies, so we kept trying to make what we had go further. This afternoon some customers were grumbling as they walked away.”



“Hmm,” Morty was thinking out loud, “I’ll change the sign and make the fives into eights and charge 80 cents for the treats and lemonade.”

Fred was refilling the pitcher with water for the third time when they sold the last of the treats. With only two brownies left, and two hours until sundown, Morty decided to cut the last two brownies into quarters, making each brownie the size of a quarter. After all, this was their last chance to try and make the money they needed for camp.

Just as Morty finished cutting the brownies, a vehicle rounded the corner. Morty saw the Mouse Minivan with his father at the wheel and his family inside. They pulled up to the curb, and his brothers and sisters jumped out, each clutching a coin or two. They were eager to support their brother’s bustling business. Morty’s family bought the last of the brownies and drank the last drop of watered-down lemonade.

Morty wanted to hide.

Now the three mice stared at the brownie pan and discussed how to cut the brownies.

“We could do three rows of four,” suggested Fred, thinking how he would like a large brownie.

“No, we should do four rows of four,” said Ben.

“We need to sell LOTS of brownies. I think we should make it six rows of six,” Morty said.

“That will make some mighty small brownies,” Fred argued.

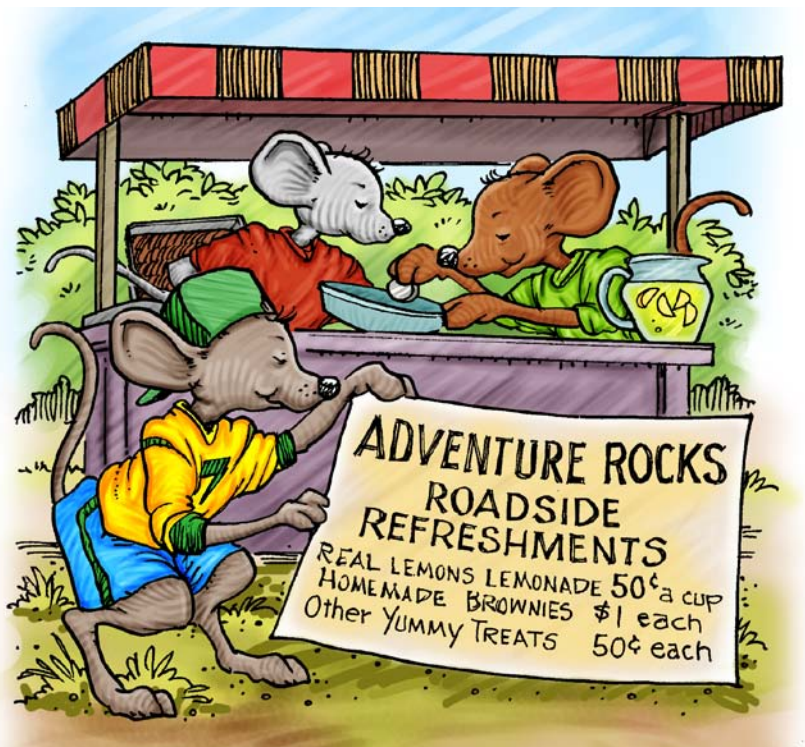
“Yeah, but do the math,” Morty said. “We could sell 36 brownies instead of 12.”

“You’re right,” Fred agreed. “The brownies would be a fair size for a fair price.”





Morty hung the sign, and Ben sorted the change from shopping into the muffin tin that Fred brought. They would need to make change for their customers.



Morty was too busy greeting the first customer to do the math. A little calculation would have saved them from being surprised shortly after noon when Ben announced, "We only have one row of brownies left," as he held up a not-so-big pile of bills.

"We only have four cookies left, too, and we used the last three lemons on this pitcher," Fred added.

Morty looked at the small pile of bills. *We can't give up now*, he thought. There was only one thing to do, he decided—make their inventory go further.

"Ben, cut each of those brownies into fourths. If there are six now, we can get 24 by dividing the ones we have."

"Fred, when the pitcher gets down to one-fourth full, just fill it to the top with the water hose. I don't know how to stretch the cookies into more. They're so stale they'll probably crumble if we cut them."

