

# A-CAMPING WE WILL GO

by Rene Saldana • illustrated by Eva Byrne

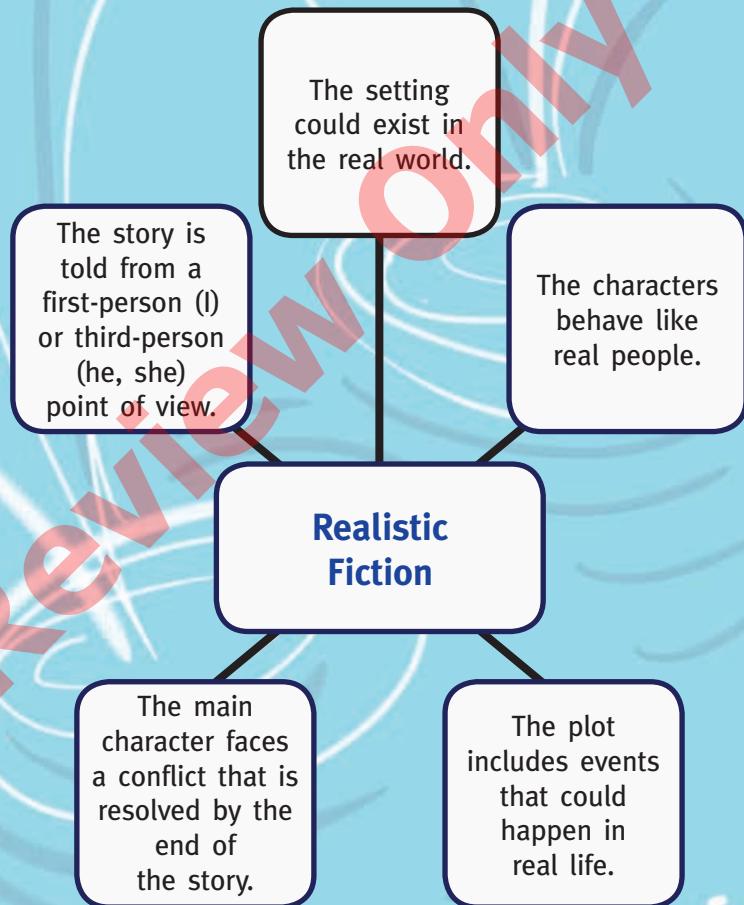


**REALISTIC FICTION  
LITERATURE**

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# Realistic Fiction

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# Fun or Bust

“The cows go marching nine by nine.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!”

The Ordaz family had been driving for hours, and Amá and Apá were still singing.

They were excited to take their kids to one of their favorite childhood places, close to where they had grown up.

“The cows go marching ten by ten.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!”

“You’re at ten already. Isn’t it over?” Junior and Nena asked.

Amá and Apá kept singing that awful song, “The Ants Go Marching One by One.” But they didn’t stop at ten as the song calls for. Instead, they started over with other one-syllable animals, like “cats,” “dogs,” and “goats.”

Then Amá and Apá moved on to two-syllable animals, like turtles, and sang louder.

Junior and Nena looked out the back window. The city and people were miles behind them. They were driving deeper and deeper into the darkness.

When they stopped at a gas station to fill up, Amá and Apá stopped singing. But the moment they were back in the car, they started up again with “kangaroo.”



Suddenly, the headlights shone brightly on wooden signs that read, “Welcome to Lake Roaring Mountain” and “Camping, Canoeing, Hiking: All Fun, All the Time!”

“We’re here,” Apá said.

Junior leaned forward: “What’s that sign say? ‘Lake Boring Mountain’?”

Nena giggled. “More like, ‘Lake Snoring Mountain,’” she added.

“Now, now,” said Amá. “This is going to be fun; I promise you I’m right.”

The kids rolled their eyes. “Whatever,” they said, as Apá turned into the campground.

Junior pouted as they pulled up to their cabin. “This is already the worst vacation ever!” he whispered to Nena.

“At least we’re not sleeping in a tent,” Nena said.

When they stepped into the cabin, it was dark. Apá switched on his flashlight. “Oh, I forgot to tell you. There isn’t any electricity here.”

"Of course there isn't," said Nena.

As Amá and Apá dropped a load of their stuff on the floor, Amá added, "And no running water."

"Big surprise," said Junior.

Camping was the last way the kids wanted to spend their vacation. They didn't care that Amá and Apá had grown up close to here.

When Amá and Apá went back to the car, the kids escaped to their room. The only light came from a battery-powered lantern.



Nena turned to Junior. “When we get back to school, and Bobby’s telling the class about his trip to the beach, I’ll tell them I saw trees, trees, and more trees.”

“Yeah,” agreed Junior. “I’ll get to hear Maria tell us about all the Broadway shows she saw with her family in New York City. I can tell them about catching a disease, like malaria, from giant mosquitoes on Lake Boring, Snoring Mountain.”

Finally, Amá and Apá had brought everything in. “Oh,” Apá called out, “No Wi-Fi either.”

Soon, Apá said, “Lights out, kids.”

“Very funny, Apá.”

Lights out,  
kids.



# Apá the Mummy

“A-campin’ we will go, a-campin’ we will go,  
heigh-ho the-derry-o, a-campin’ we will go!”

Junior and Nena sprung from their beds and ran to the window. Apá was outside, singing into a megaphone.

“What in the world?” said Nena, moaning.

“You almost gave me a heart attack, Apá,” yelled Junior.

Apá smiled and waved. “Breakfast, kids!” he said through the megaphone “Up and at ’em this bright and early morning.”

“Breakfast? The sun isn’t even up,” Junior said, stumbling to the table.

Apá bounded in and started to serve breakfast. Amá was already placing silverware on the table.

“This is what we call the crack of dawn. Just as the sun is rising, we’ll be off on an adventure,” Amá said smiling.

Nena rubbed her eyes. At least Apá had put down the megaphone.

The black, pot-bellied wood stove warmed the whole kitchen. Apá set plates of eggs and bacon in front of them. He poured glasses of orange juice.

“There’s no hurry, kiddos,” said Amá, “but we have a great day ahead of us. We don’t want to miss a thing.”

“Like what?” asked Nena.

“Like canoeing on Lake Roaring Mountain,” said Amá.



“And fishing,” added Apá.

“We’ll eat what we catch for lunch, too,” said Amá.

Junior and Nena yawned. “Yippee,” Junior whispered to Nena. “We get to enjoy nature while everyone else gets to surf and eat at fancy restaurants.”

The moment Apá finished washing the dishes in the tub out by the water pump, the Ordaz family set out.

