FORT GOODE BOOK 1

Lang Ford is moving, again. He's leaving his school, friends, and community for his dad's new post at Fort Goode Military Base in Virginia. As Lang settles into his new life and meets new friends, he learns that as long as his family is together, he is home.

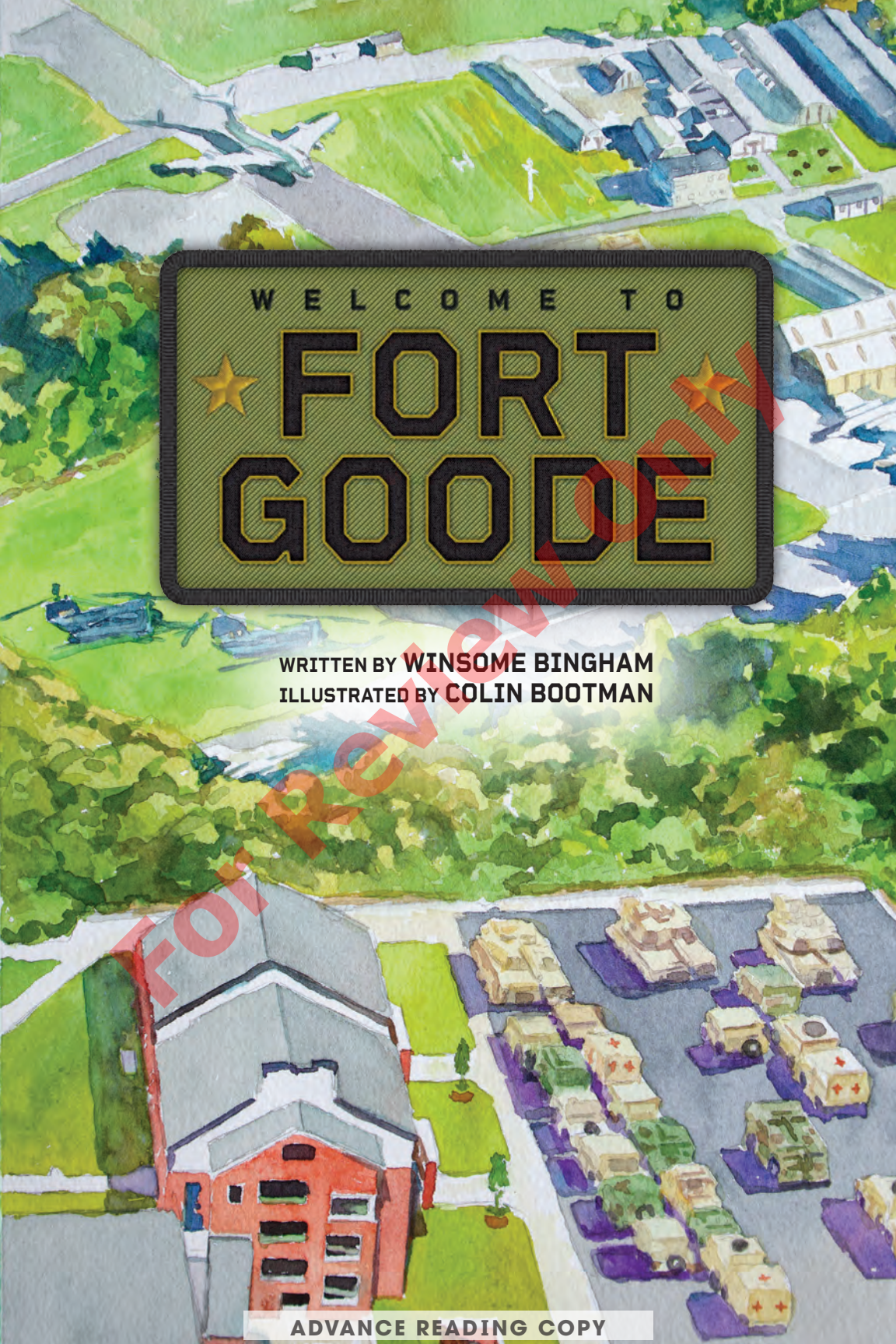
WELCOME TO FORT GOODE · WINSOME BINGHAM · COLIN BOOTMAN

WELCOME TO FORT GOODE

WRITTEN BY **WINSOME BINGHAM**
ILLUSTRATED BY **COLIN BOOTMAN**

REYCRAFT BOOKS

ADVANCE READING COPY



WRITTEN BY WINSOME BINGHAM
ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN BOOTMAN

For Review Only

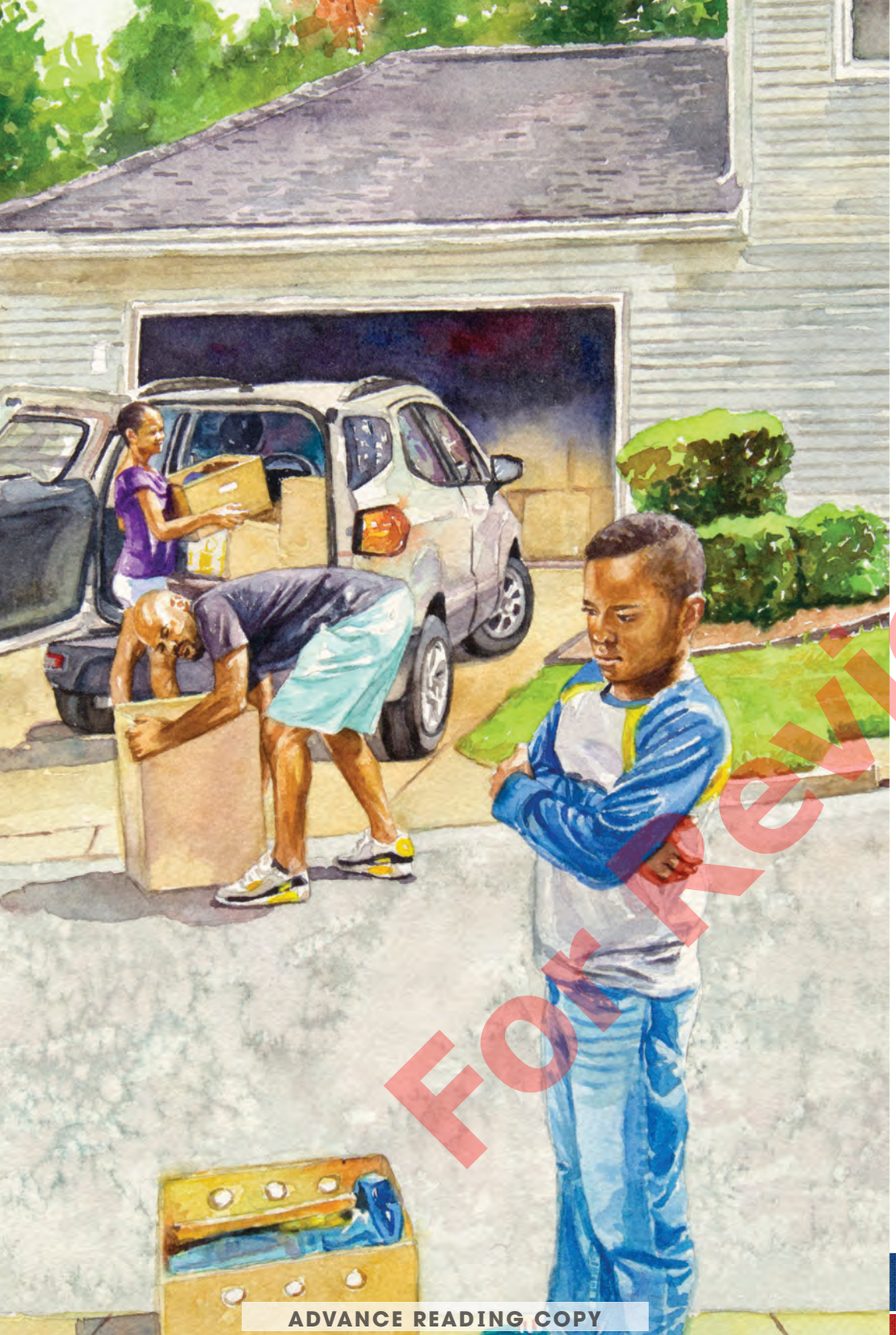
ADVANCE READING COPY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1 – GOODE-BYE OLD 5
CHAPTER 2 – THE GOODE HOUSE 11
CHAPTER 3 – GOODE FRIENDS 19
CHAPTER 4 – CO-CO NUT 27
JAMAICAN GRATER CAKE RECIPE 44
GLOSSARY 46
BIOS 48

For Review Only

ADVANCE READING COPY



GOODE-BYE OLD

1

Lang Ford and his family said good-bye to their old post.

They were moving – AGAIN

His Dad was PCS-ing, a Permanent Change of Station,

from one military post to the next.

They were leaving their old post behind.

Their community.

Their work and school.

Their home.

And Lang was leaving his friends which he wasn't happy about.

For Review Only

ADVANCE READING COPY

They had been driving for a long, long time.

From sunlighty day to dark starry night to sunlighty day again.

Their new home was in Virginia.

Lang pointed at the sign.



He scooted closer to the window. "Is this it, Dad? Are we here?"

His father pulled up to the checkpoint and stopped. "We're here, son. We're home."

He rolled the window down,

dug into his wallet,

and pulled out his ID, a military identification card.

An MP walked up to the car.

Her weapon slung across her back.

"ID, please," she said.

"Sergeant First Class Ford reporting for duty," he said and handed her his ID.

First, she scanned the bar code on the front.

Then she looked at the picture,

looked at him,

looked at the picture again,

and handed it back.

She was making sure Lang's father was who he said he was.

For Review Only

Lang rolled his window down and handed her his ID. “I’m Lang.”

“Hi, Lang,” she said taking the ID.

She looked at the picture,

looked at Lang,



looked at the picture again,

and handed it back.

Lang pointed at his mother.

“And that’s Momma. She’s a scientist.”

“Now, baby, the woman didn’t ask you all my business,” said Momma.

The MP smiled and nodded. “Ma’am.”

Lang’s Momma smiled, nodded, and gave up her ID.

The MP did the same with Momma’s ID as she did with the rest.

Then she handed back the ID,

gave them a map,

and said,...

“Welcome to Fort Goode.”

For Review Only



THE GOODE HOUSE

2

Lang's dad drove slowly,

passing barracks and boats,

tanks and trucks,

chinooks, cargo carriers, and combat vehicles.

He waved at the motorpool. "See you next week."

He turned on Armstrong Street and parked in front of a two-story house

with its reddish-brown bricks, a red door with a gold knocker, and big, bay windows.

For Review Only