THE GOOSE VOYAGE

“Are you ready Greg?” Shane asked. “It’s going to be one long adventure!”

“I was born ready!” I answered. We were all getting ready for our yearly migration south. The days were growing shorter, the weather was getting colder, and we all just felt like it was time to move. Somehow, we all knew there’d be more food and we’d be more comfortable if we flew south for the winter.

This was mine and Shane’s first time migrating. We were a little nervous about going, but everyone in the flock reassured us that we’d know exactly what to do when the time came. We had a lot of questions: why do we go south every year; what happens on the way; and how do we know when we’re there? We got a lot of different answers, so we still weren’t exactly sure what to expect.

“Well, let’s go!” Shane said. We met up with the rest of the flock. Shane’s mom was going to be the point of the flock first. We were all going to fly in a “V” shape, because they all said it makes it easier on everyone else to fly behind the point. Almost everyone would take a turn being the point, so that no one goose would get too tired. Shane’s mom took off, and we all followed.

Higher and higher we flew, then everyone started leveling off. We were in our “V!” Flying always felt great, it was fun to look at everything far below us, and it felt good to stretch out our wings. Soon enough, I could see why we were flying in the “V.” Flying for this long was tiring, but it was much easier to fly in the “V” than by myself! It was also pretty cold up here, which wasn’t too bad, but wasn’t exactly fun either.

On and on and on we went. Nothing exciting happened, we were just flying along for miles. It was too hard to talk to each other, we just followed the point. I was getting really hungry, and couldn’t wait for a break. Finally, we
started heading down to land. I knew somehow that this wasn’t our final
destination, but I was glad for the break.

I went to find Shane as soon as we landed, but my mom and dad stopped
me to ask how I was doing. “I’m fine,” I answered. “Migrating isn’t as
exciting as I thought it would be.”

“Be glad for that, Greg,” Mom answered. “If it’s exciting, that means there
are problems. Problems are great in stories you hear, but it’s stressful to be
in those situations. I’m happy with a boring migration!”

Dad agreed with mom. “OK,” I sighed, “I’m going to find Shane.”

Shane was by the water, eating some plants.

“How’s the migration going for you so far?” I asked him.
“I’m glad we have a break, we need it. I’m shaken up!” he answered.

“Shaken up? Why? It’s been pretty boring so far!” I said.

“Didn’t you see the eagle? It was coming after us! It almost got Lucy!”
Shane exclaimed.

“What? I didn’t see that! What happened?”

“Well, I must have been flying behind you if you didn’t see it. We were just
minding our own business, when my dad spotted the eagle. We decided to
move closer together, but Lucy didn’t notice. The eagle started circling
above her, then it dove! Luckily we all honked, and she got out of the way,
but it was a close call! I’m ready to be done migrating,” said Shane. I
thought about how terrified Lucy must have been, and if I’d have seen it, I’d
probably be just as shaken up as Shane. I was glad I didn’t see it.

“Hopefully that will be the only crazy thing that happens during this
migration,” I said. “Let’s get some rest. We have another busy day of flying
tomorrow.”
Answer each question:

1. How have Greg and Shane’s migration experiences been different thus far?

2. Retell the story in your own words.

3. What does “final destination” mean in the 6th paragraph? How do you know?

4. How would a different point of view have changed the story?

5. What problems could Greg and Shane encounter on day 2 of their migration? Create your own ending, including the problems they encounter and how they make it to their destination.