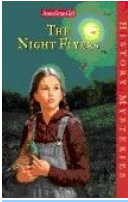


Passages

Reading Level 7



Title: The Night Flyers

Author: Elizabeth McDavid Jones

Sample From The Book

Papa had been gone for many months, but he had only shipped overseas a few months ago. The rest of the time he had been training at Fort Monmouth in New Jersey, one of those tiny states up north. Last winter his letters from camp almost shivered with cold. Having lived in North Carolina all his life, he couldn't get used to the bitter cold of New Jersey.

So far he had written only once from France. Pam pulled Papa's letter from her dress pocket and reread (for the hundredth time) her favorite part:

The countryside is beautiful here, rich green meadows rolling up to cliffs that drop into the sea. The villages scattered along the coast look just like Currituck. Some of the villagers even keep homing pigeons, though nary a one is as handsome and strong as the Lowder pigeons.

Pam could see Papa winking at her as he wrote that. It was a secret joke between them that other pigeon keepers could brag louder, but none could raise better pigeons than she and Papa did. Maybe it was because they did it for pure enjoyment, not to race them as most of the locals did and, heaven forbid, not to fill somebody's dinner table.



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