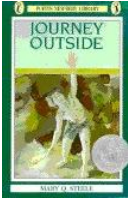


Passages

Reading Level 7



Title: Journey Outside

Author: Mary Q. Steele

Sample From The Book

Something brushed against his leg in the water, something big, and he swam faster. Were there really such things as willimars? Grandfather was always claiming that he had seen one, seen a great fin above the water, or a huge tentacle stealing alongside the raft, or a big beaklike mouth opening to tear the nets and let the fishes escape right into its jaws.

Dilar had never seen any such thing. Never. Not even a shadow.

But it would be rather exciting if such a thing did exist, he admitted to himself. It would make swimming from raft to raft an adventure.

Now he walked the long raft from end to end, rather than running. At the far end he slipped quietly into the water and swam to his own craft. As he grasped the edge he noticed again that the outermost log was rotting, and a little piece of it came away in his fingers. Several times lately he had seen his father looking at that log in a worried fashion.

He ran his hands over his fishskin pants and swept the water from them. Grandfather didn't like to have him come near the cooking fire when he was wet. It was hard enough to keep a fire going without Dilar dripping into it, he complained.



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US Toll Free: (877) GRLEAPS (475-3277)
Canada: 1 (352) 271-9720
Fax: 1 (352) 384-3883

Postal Mail
Diarmuid, Inc.
P.O. Box 357580
Gainesville, FL 32635