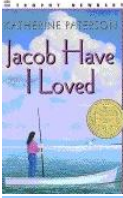


# Passages

## Reading Level 8



**Title:** Jacob Have I Loved

**Author:** Katherine Paterson

### Sample From The Book

The village, in which we Bradshaws lived for more than two hundred years, covers barely a third of our island's length. The rest is salt water marsh. As a child I secretly welcomed the first warm day of spring by yanking off my shoes and standing waist deep in the cord grass to feel the cool mud squish up between my toes. I chose the spot with care, for cord grass alone is rough enough to rip the skin, and ours often concealed a bit of curling tin or

shards of glass or crockery or jagged shells not yet worn smooth by the tides. In my nostrils, the faint hay smell of the grass mingled with that of the brackish water of the Bay, while the spring wind chilled the tips of my ears and raised goosebumps along my arms. Then I would shade my eyes from the sun and search far across the water hoping to see my father's boat coming home.

I love Rass Island, although for much of my life, I did not think I did, and it is a pure sorrow to me that, once my mother leaves, there will be no-one left there with the name of Bradshaw. But there were only the two of us, my sister, Caroline, and me, and neither of us could stay.



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