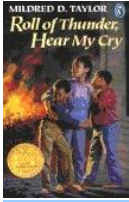


Passages

Reading Level 9



Title: Roll of Thunder, Hear my Cry

Author: Mildred Taylor

Sample From The Book

“Little Man, would you come on? You keep it up and you’re gonna make us late,”

My youngest brother paid no attention to me. Grasping more firmly his newspaper-wrapped notebook and his tin-can lunch of cornbread and oil sausages, he continued to concentrate on the dusty road. He lagged several feet behind my two other brothers, Stacey and Christopher-John, and me, attempting to keep the rusty Mississippi dust from swelling with each step and drifting back upon his shiny black shoes and the cuffs of his corduroy pants by lifting each foot high before

setting it gently down again. Always meticulously neat, six-year-old Little Man never allowed dirt or tears or stains to mar anything he owned. Today was no exception.

“You keep it up and make us late for school, Mama’s gonna wear you out,” I threatened, pulling with exasperation at the high collar of the Sunday dress Mama had made me wear for the first day of school – as if that event were something special. It seemed to me that showing up at school at all on a bright August-like October morning made for running the cool forest trails and wading barefoot in the forest pond was concession enough; Sunday clothing was asking too much.



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E-mail: info@greatleaps.com

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