

# Passages

## Reading Level 4



**Title:** The Unicorn Chronicles

**Author:** Bruce Coville

### Sample From The Book

"Take it," said her grandmother sternly. "Put it on. You may need it before this is over."

"Before what is over?"

"No time to talk," hissed her grandmother. "Take it!"

Trying not to make a sound, Cara placed her books on the pew. Then, reluctantly, she closed her hand over the bauble. Her fingers began to tingle.

Beneath the amulet's crystal lid lay a tightly coiled strand of white hair. "It came from a unicorn's mane," her grandmother had told her when she was little, and Cara had believed it until sometime around second grade, when she finally understood that unicorns were imaginary.

"What will I need it for?" she asked as she slipped the chain over her head.

Grandmother Morris leaned forward and rubbed her brow with her fingertips. "Do you think I'm crazy?" she whispered.

Cara felt another twinge of fear. What kind of question is that? She wondered. Before she could decide how to answer, they heard a step in the hall, followed by the creak - ever so slight - of a door swinging open. It was the same door, Cara was sure, that they themselves had come through when they entered the sanctuary.

Silence.

Was their hunter standing there, waiting for them?



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