

# Passages

## Reading Level 4



**Title:** Chancy

**Author:** Louis L'Amour

### Sample From The Book

When I rode out of the timber I fell in with a cow outfit, and a sorry lot of rawhidlers they were.

They had a fire going and coffee on, and the smell of the coffee and of bacon frying set my stomach to asking questions of my face. I'd come a far piece with nothing to chew on but my thoughts.

When I came up to the fire not one of them upped to say aye, yes, or no. They just sat there looking beat. This was a played-out hand if ever I saw one.

"Howdy," I said. "You folks taking on any help?"

There was a thin, stooped-down man, with every bone showing through his thin cotton shirt, who looked around at me. If that man's cattle were as poor as he was, there'd not be fat enough on nary one of them to grease a skillet.

"Was I to hire you, I couldn't pay. We're fresh out of everything a man needs most."

Well, I could have fetched him some ideas on that score, because I'd already seen the girl who stood with her back against the chuck wagon.

"Where you driving the herd?"

"We ain't." Not no more. We were headed for a valley out yonder where the grass stands high. Now it looks like we ain't a-goin anywhere at all."



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