

# Passages

## Reading Level 5



**Title:** Voices After Midnight

**Author:** Richard Peck

### Sample From The Book

In my usual dream I'm riding a Honda Gyro. I've got on big boots, and I'm thundering through the nights down interstate highways with the wind whistling in my crash helmet. My shirttail's flapping under my flight jacket, and I'm sitting on a lot of horsepower. And that Gyro is mine. Look, I'm fourteen. I can dream, can't I?

But for many nights before we went to New York, my dream-machine moped was nowhere in sight. Instead, I dreamed about snow. The minute my head hit the pillow, I was up to here in white drifts. It was like drowning in frozen yogurt, cool and smooth and standing up in peaks. And here in California, we don't see much snow except on the slopes.

One morning when I woke up from a blizzard dream, my sister Heidi was standing down at the foot of my bed. She'd reached in under the sheet and had one of my big toes in a death grip.

"Chad, get up. Like now. It's after ten."

My toe was coming out of its socket, and it really shook the snowflakes out of my head. I could either hop out of bed on the other foot, or I could be in corrective shoe for the rest of my life.



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