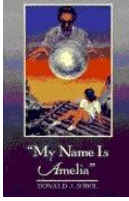


Passages

Reading Level 5



Title: My Name is Amelia

Author: Donald J. Sobol

Sample From The Book

She recalled the crash. Just before she'd fallen overboard, Childhood II had hit something. The impact had thrown off a sickening crunch and clatter. The thirty-two foot sloop had bucked violently, knocking her off her feet and into the ocean.

Whatever Childhood II had hit was still out there.

She worked around until she spotted a dark form in the water.

She approached fearfully, using underwater strokes to avoid splashing. She could not be sure of it yet. It might be a plank. It might be a man-eater stunned by the collision.

She paused, pedaling in place, straining her eyes. It remained motionless, ignoring her.

She splashed. It did not move.

She swam again, quivering inside. Fifty yards more brought her within reach.

She stretched out an arm and touched a miracle - a log raft.

"Well, how do!" she gasped, not quite believing what sight and touch told her was there.

She groped for a hold, slipped, and dragged herself aboard on the second try. She rolled on her back, sprawling, limbs all apart, and let herself go. She stood and stared after Childhood II.

The muffled beat of the thirty-horse diesel engine had faded out. When the wind had died at sunset, her sixth day at sea, she had dropped sail and gone to motoring. The unmanned sloop was following blindly the course she had set, throttle opened to five knots and rudder fixed.



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