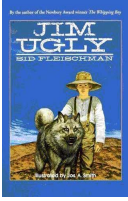


Passages

Reading Level 5



Title: Jim Ugly

Author: Sid Fleischman

Sample From The Book

I was hiding in the tall weeds. It was about the only place on the desert to hide from everybody. I remember when we first came to Blowfly, Nevada, my dad squinted one eye at the flat countryside and said, "Jake, I believe if you climbed a tree, you could see clear to Mexico. If you could find a tree."

I looked up at the hot, windy sky and watched a lone chicken hawk drifting like a speck of dust, hunting. Yesterday there had been a pair of them. I wondered what had happened to the other. Someone might have taken a shot at it. I wondered if birds of prey grieved.

I turned over and thought about what was going to happen to me and to Dad's dog, Jim Ugly.

Jim Ugly was a big sandy, mongrel, part elkhound, part something else, and a large helping of short-eared timber wolf. There was wolf in his throat, too, for he never barked. He might yip or bay or wolf-howl, but mostly he was silent. I'd never seen such a quiet, keep-to-himself dog. You just never knew when he was going to behave like a dog or like a wolf.



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