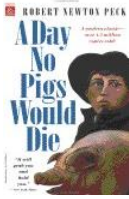


# Passages

## Reading Level 5



**Title:** A Day No Pigs Would Die

**Author:** Robert Newton Peck

### Sample From The Book

I should have been in school that April day.

But instead I was up on the ridge near the old spar mine above our farm, whipping the gray trunk of a rock maple with a dead stick, and hating Edward Thatcher. During recess, he'd pointed at my clothes and made sport of them. Instead of tying into him, I'd turned tail and run off. And when Miss Malcolm rang the bell to call us back inside, I was halfway home.

Picking up a stone, I threw it into some bracken ferns, hard as I could. Someday that was how hard I was going to light into Edward Thatcher, and make him bleed like a stuck pig. I'd kick him from one end of Vermont to the other, and sorry him good. I'd teach him not to make fun of Shaker ways. He'd never show his face in the town of Learning, ever again. No, sir.

A painful noise made me whip my head around and jump at the same time. When I saw her, I knew she was in bad trouble.

It was the big Holstein cow, one of many, that belonged to our near neighbor, Mr. Tanner. This one he called "Apron" because she was mostly black, except for the white along her belly which went up her front and around her neck like a big clean apron.



GreatLeaps.com  
<http://www.GreatLeaps.com>  
E-mail: [info@greatleaps.com](mailto:info@greatleaps.com)

US Toll Free: (877) GRLEAPS (475-3277)  
Canada: 1 (352) 271-9720  
Fax: 1 (352) 384-3883

Postal Mail  
Diarmuid, Inc.  
P.O. Box 357580  
Gainesville, FL 32635