

Passages

Reading Level 6



Title: On the Far Side of the Mountain

Author: Jean Craighead George

Sample From The Book

This June morning is hot and humid with a haze so dense. I can barely see the huge hemlock tree in which I live. I like the haze. It has erased all but the great tree trunks, making my mountaintop home as simple as it was when I first came here more than two years ago.

I lean back in the lounging chair I constructed from bent saplings held together with rope made from the inner bark of the basswood tree, and enjoy the primitive forest.

A wind rises as the sun warms the earth. The haze moves off, and I see my pond, my millhouse, and the root cellar. The first year I lived here I had only a tree, a bed, and a fireplace. But one idea led to another, and the

next thing I knew, I had built myself a habitat. Things just kept evolving. Take this lounging chair, for instance. One day I replaced the old stump I sat on with a three-legged stool, and then I replaced the three-legged stool with this comfortable chair.

The people changed, too. At first I was alone. Then my family arrived and – except for my lively sister, Alice – departed. I don't know where Alice is this morning. She was going to go strawberry picking, but the haze is too dense for that.



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