

Passages

Reading Level 3



Title: Soup in the Saddle

Author: Robert Newton Peck

Sample From The Book

"Higher," said Soup.

"It's no use," I said, looking down at him. "We're just going to have to add one more barrel."

Soup was safe on the ground. But I was standing on a trembling stack of four apple barrels, trying to reach the second-floor window of the old red barn.

"Try jumping," Soup told me.

"I'll fall and bust my butt."

Soup scratched his neck. From up where I was clinging to a loose board, I could see that my pal, Luther Vinson, was urging his brain into a higher gear.

"I'm climbing down," I said.

"No," said Soup, "I'm climbing up."

"You best not do it, Soup. This stack of barrels is already shaking enough with just me up here."

"Don't worry, Rob. I'm half steeplejack."

As I felt the pile of barrels shake even worse, I wanted to tell Soup that his other half was jackass. It wouldn't help. Soup had earlier said that he'd heard there was a big surprise up in the loft of this old deserted barn.

Up he came.

Our tall column of barrels felt as if they didn't want to play a part in Soup's crazy idea any more than I did.



GreatLeaps.com
<http://www.GreatLeaps.com>
E-mail: 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