

BOB

The yacht rocked gently in the faint swell. Kelly and Tina were on deck. Graham, feeling the effects of sunburn, had slipped below. Bob lay sprawled in his usual position on the foredeck in the shade of the dinghy, the occasional flicking of his ears the only indication of life.

Bob was the first to stir. Although the sea remained unchanged, a sudden clattering of lines against the mast awakened him. His warning started as a low growl which quickly changed to an insistent bark.

The girls were oblivious to the approaching danger. Without raising her eyes from the page, Tina snapped at Bob to be quiet. Kelly mumbled into her arm, "What's eating him?"

But Bob's bark had penetrated Graham's dreams. A sudden rolling motion brought him hurrying on deck. The yacht swung violently on its anchor-line. "Grab your belongings and get below - fast!" he shouted. The sea became a roaring frenzy of white and dark green. 'Too late to make a run for it,' he decided, turning the yacht's bow into the oncoming squall and setting the automatic pilot. He then went below, securing the cabin hatch behind him. The storm, fierce though it was, passed quickly.

"Where's Bob?" asked Kelly.

PROBE Copyright TRIUNE PUBLICATIONS 1999

Noun count

Average noun frequency level: 6.81

Approximate age range: 13 to 16 years

This document was created with Win2PDF available at <http://www.daneprairie.com>.
The unregistered version of Win2PDF is for evaluation or non-commercial use only.