



DID YOU HEAR THAT? STORY

Optional: Read this story to your class if you choose not to play a recorded story for this workout.

As the wind picked up, Norman began to worry that in fact they might not make it out in time. He could see, even by the moonlight, the haze was thickening. By morning, it might be too late.

He paused, realizing that the worst thing he could do was create a panic. He began to calculate in his mind how many they were. He recalled at least 10 kids. There was one mom who had 3 with her, one couldn't have been older than two. And at least one, that teenager with the "NY Yankees" shirt on, seemed to be on his own. There were a few folks he thought might help if he could convince them they needed to move. That woman with the short brown hair, she seemed pretty level-headed. And those guys coming back together from that business meeting. They sure were loud when they boarded, but by now they must have sobered up. There were a few folks who seemed like they might have trouble walking over the brush, but perhaps they could set up a buddy system. That might work.

He wondered whether the crew that had left for help had even made it. He knew they'd gone in that general direction, but even if they reached a town or say a remote convenience store chances were most everyone would have evacuated by now. Perhaps the company had alerted the authorities that they hadn't arrived on time at the next station. But with everything going on, who knew if anyone had even noticed.

Just then Norman heard a sound just to his left. Like a twig snapping, or something falling. Did something follow him? He was just a few yards from where the train had stopped, but the forest was pretty dark. "Is someone out there?" he heard a kid's voice call. "You shouldn't really be out here alone, there might be snakes or something." "Over here," Norman replied, "just getting some air."

Norman could make out a tall, thin figure scrambling towards him in the darkness. It was that teen, what was his name? He couldn't quite recall. He came into the small clearing next to Norman and followed his gaze. "Is that smoke? From the fire? That seems like it's getting sorta close, don't you think?"

Norman turned to the kid, keeping his voice level. "It does, but I have a plan to get us out of here. Want to help?"