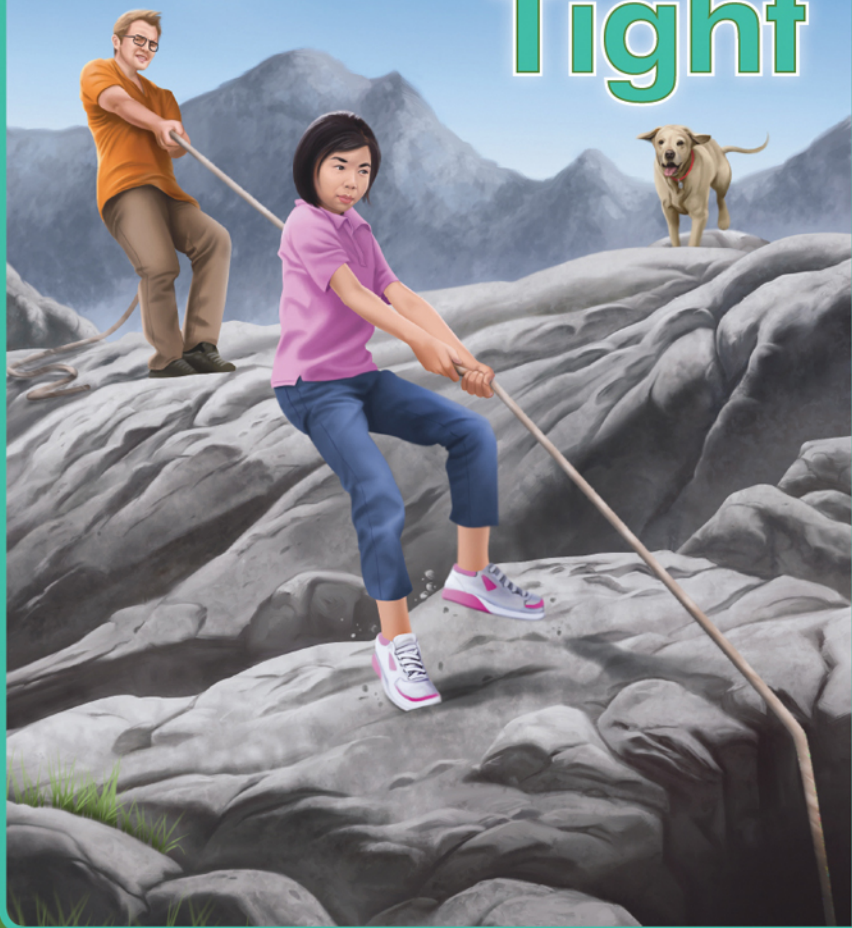


# Hang on Tight



Matt Sims

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## **Sandy at the Door**

“Grace, will you please let Sandy in?” Mom called. “He’s scratching at the back door.”

Grace strolled down the rear hallway.

“Sandy, where have you been all day?” Grace

scolded the frisky yellow Lab.

Grace held open the screen door for Sandy. But the Lab didn't budge. He just stared at her.

“Come on, Sandy,” Grace coaxed. “Want a treat?”

But Sandy held his ground. He whined and



*Grace held open the screen door  
for Sandy.*

paced back and forth.

“What’s the matter, Sandy?” Grace asked.

Sandy barked. He had something to say.

At last Grace gave in. She put on a sweatshirt and grabbed the leash. “OK, Sandy,” Grace sighed, as she hooked on the leash. “You lead the way.”

## **A Mining Hole**

Sandy led Grace to the rocky hills at the end of their street. Grace had been told never to go there by herself. There were coal mines inside the hills. The earth on top was full of air holes.

One time Grace's dad had dropped a can into one of the holes. They heard it roll and roll.

Grace took great care hiking the paths. Each step was risky. Yet Sandy pulled her on.

“Where are you taking me, Sandy?” Grace kept asking, trying not to be scared.



At last, the Lab stopped near a hole about two feet wide. Grace leaned over the edge. What she saw made her heart leap.

Not more than ten feet into the hole stood a boy about ten years old. He was clinging hard to the sides.

“Help me!” he cried.



*He was clinging hard to the sides.*

“The ground isn’t going to hold.”

Grace thought fast. Then she shouted, “Hang on! I’ll go find someone who can get you out.”

“Quick!” Grace urged her dog. “Show me the way out of here.”

## **Grace Finds Help**

Grace banged on door after door. But no one came. At last, a door swung open. A high school boy named Scott greeted her.

“Can I help you?” the tall lad asked.

“Oh, please, yes,” Grace pleaded, now short of breath. “A boy is trapped in a deep hole near the mines. He doesn’t have much time. The soil is starting to cave in.”

“I’ll call 9-1-1,” said Scott, rushing to the phone. “You can lead them to the site.”

Grace thought fast. “No, there isn’t time,” she blurted out. “Tell them my dog Sandy will lead them to the hole. He’ll wait for them at the end of the street.”

Grace knew the trapped boy needed help right away. “Scott, do you have a long piece of rope?” she asked.

## High Frequency Words

about	done	only
again	from	please
all	going	put
are	have	said
around	here	show
away	into	some
been	of	their
call	oh	they
come	once	there
could	one	to

two	when
want	where
were	yellow
what	you