

SnapRead!

Stella rode the Red Line in the morning. She sat beside mothers with strollers. She sat next to tall kids with big sneakers. Many people rode the train. They went to work. They went to school. The train took them away from their homes. The windows on the train were old and dirty. The town outside looked old, too.

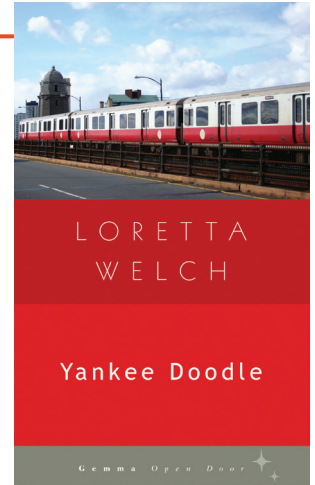
Boston was Stella's new home. She was born in the Midwest. The towns in the Midwest looked the same. Boston looked different.

Stella remembered summer at home. She slept in a hammock. The bed was tied between two trees. She heard trains miles away. Cindy was her friend. Stella and Cindy wanted to ride the train to Chicago. Maybe they would go farther.

Stella's father went away. She was fifteen. She moved to her aunt's house. Her aunt lived near Boston. The ocean surprised her. She saw big fields of corn back home. Sometimes they had no end. Still, the sea was so wide and so deep.

Stella looked at boats in the harbor. How far could they go? Small boats could go to Cape Cod. Bigger ships with puffy sails could go to Canada. The biggest ships could go far. They could go out onto the deep blue sea for weeks.

People have many ways to travel. They have many places to go.



Adapted from
Yankee Doodle
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SR.YD1.5