

We pushed off from the shore. Some clouds had come up and it began to rain. *Great*, I said to myself. *All this, and now we're getting soaked.*

Still, we kept going. We paddled until our hands were like raw meat. My shoulders ached. Even my butt and knees hurt. But we saw nothing on the shore, nothing ahead of us. The rain kept falling, and our hopes seemed to get washed away.

I think it was five o'clock when I heard my brother Timmy sniffing. He was up at the front of the canoe, so I couldn't see him.

"Timmy, are you okay?" I asked him.

"Yes ..." he said at first. Then he turned back at me and I saw the hurt in his eyes. He'd been crying, but in the rain I couldn't see his tears. "No ..." he said, and then he began wailing.

"Crying won't do any good," I said.

"But what ... what are we going to do?" he wailed. "We've got no food. We're lost. Dad's sick ..." and then the tears began again.

"It'll be okay," I told him.

"Connor, I'm scared," my brother cried.

I said nothing more. The simple truth was too awful to say out loud. I was scared too.

*From **Shooting the Rapids** by Paul Kropp*

**PLACE**

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**PERFORMANCE  
(ACTION)**

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**POINT IN TIME**

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**PERSON  
SPEAKING**

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**POINT OF VIEW**

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