

LEVEL
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Shelly Rows to Ben

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Shelly sat in a little red ship on the lake. Her yellow vest was snug. Ben stood on the dock on the far side.



"Row over to me!" he yelled. "Then I will show you the frog pond!" Shelly gave a big tug. She pulled fast with one hand and slow with the other.



The ship did not go to Ben. It spun round and round! She tried once more and pulled one hand as fast as she could. The ship spun again.



A black crow sat on a post and looked at her. Shelly felt her face get red. "Let me think," she said. She sat still, and the ship rocked on the lake.



One hand had pulled fast, and the other had pulled slow. "That is why I spin!" she said.
"The fast side pushes the ship around."



This time she bent her elbows and pulled both hands back at the same slow pace. "Row, row," she said with each stroke. "Row, row." The ship did not spin.



It slid over the lake as small waves flowed past. Fish swam below her. Ben's dock grew big and then huge. At last the ship bumped the dock.



Ben grabbed the rope. "You did it!" said Ben. "Now follow me to the frog pond." Shelly grinned and hopped out. "Slow and together," she said. "That is the trick!"