

Passage 1

I curled up in the darkness under the shelter of the wet leaves. They dripped on the top of my head, and the water seeped slowly down my forehead, one wet, tiny stream after another. But I knew I couldn't move or make a sound, or else the hunters would find me. Who could have ever thought that I, a human being, an ordinary boy from Kerrville, would be hunted like an animal, like a rabbit or a deer? No, instead, I would have to act like a leopard. I would have to be silent and fast and fierce.

Passage 2

Philip curled up in the darkness under the shelter of the wet leaves. They dripped on the top of his head and seeped down his forehead, but he knew he couldn't move or make a sound. He shivered suddenly, but bit his lip to keep sound from escaping. In the distance, leaves and branches crackled. Above, in a treetop, an owl hooted, unaware of the events below. For the creatures of the forest, it was just another night of sleep or silent, invisible hunting. But for a boy from Kerrville, who had stumbled into the middle of a crime he knew nothing about, it was a mystery and sheer terror.