

I SURVIVED

TRUE STORIES

NATURE ATTACKS!

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SCHOLASTIC PRESS / NEW YORK

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557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data available

ISBN 978-0-545-85231-9

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

15 16 17 18 19

Printed in the U.S.A. 23

First edition, October 2015

Book design by Deborah Dinger and Yaffa Jaskoll



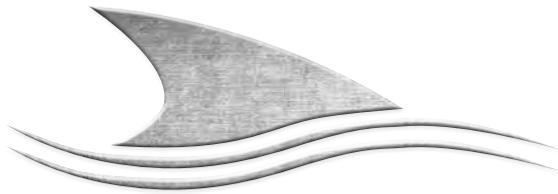
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SUMMER OF TERROR

THE TRUE STORY OF THE

SHARK ATTACKS OF 1916



It was July 12, 1916, and twelve-year-old Joseph Dunn was sprinting toward Matawan Creek. Behind him were his fourteen-year-old brother, Michael, and their buddy Jerry Hollohan. It was a wild race to get into the water, and Joe was determined to win.

They reached the dock and Joe leaped off.

Splash!

Joe hit the cool water, sinking down, down, down. He let his toes touch the mucky bottom before blasting himself back up with a splash.

What could be better than this?

Joe and Michael lived in New York City, but they came out to Cliffwood, New Jersey, as often as they could. Their aunt lived there, and lucky for Joe and Michael, she was always happy to have them. The tiny town of Cliffwood wasn't a fancy place, not like those towns on the south New Jersey shore where rich people went for the summer. There were no hotels, no white-sand beaches with pounding waves. Matawan Creek was a muddy waterway whose banks were lined with brick and tile factories.

During the hot summer of 1916, New York City kids find cool relief in a fountain.



But to Joe and Michael, Cliffwood was paradise, a happy escape from the misery of summer in New York City.

It was blazing hot up and down the East Coast—nobody could remember such brutal heat so early in the summer. The heat wave brought particular suffering to city dwellers, and not just the humans. In New York City and Philadelphia, horses fainted in the streets. Dogs yelped in pain as they walked along the stove-hot sidewalks. Even the cockroaches in the Dunns' roasting apartment seemed to drag in the stifling air.

Out in Cliffwood, Joe and Michael could forget all about that. They could play pickup baseball games with Jerry and other local kids. They could buy nickel ice-cream cones on Main Street. And best of all, they could always cool off in the creek.

Joe was looking forward to an afternoon of swimming and racing with the guys. But their

carefree mood was interrupted by the sound of a voice shouting at them to get out of the water.

A man appeared on the dock, sweat-soaked and out of breath.

The look on his face sent chills down Joe's spine.

He looked terrified. And what he said next nearly stopped Joe's heart.

"There's a shark in the creek!"

A shark? In the creek?

Before Joe could even get his mind around such a horrifying idea, he was swimming frantically toward shore. He made it to the dock, where Michael and Jerry were already out of the water. Michael reached out to help Joe climb up, but before Joe could lift his legs onto the ladder, a dark shape suddenly appeared in the water next to him.

Seconds later, Joe felt something grab hold of his leg, like a giant pair of scissors.

He felt a crunch. The water around him suddenly turned bright red.