

Across the Wide Dark Sea

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| I stood close to my father as the anchor was pulled | 11 |
| dripping from the sea. Above us, white sails rose against a | 22 |
| bright blue sky. They fluttered, then filled with wind. Our | 32 |
| ship began to move. | 36 |
| My father was waving to friends on shore. I looked | 46 |
| back at their faces growing smaller and smaller, and ahead at | 57 |
| the wide dark sea. And I clung to my father's hand. We | 69 |
| were off on a journey to an unknown land. | 78 |
| The ship was packed tight with people - near a hundred, | 88 |
| my father said. We were crowded below deck in a space so | 100 |
| low that my father could barely stand upright, and so | 110 |
| cramped that we could scarcely stretch out to sleep. | 119 |
| Packed in tight, too, was everything we would need in | 129 |
| the new land: tools for building and planting, goods for | 139 |
| trading, guns for hunting. Food, furniture, clothing, books. A | 148 |
| few crates of chickens, two dogs, and a striped orange cat. | 159 |
| Our family was luckier than most. We had a corner out | 170 |
| of the damp and cold. Some had to sleep in the ship's small | 183 |
| work boat. | 185 |
| The first days were fair, with a stiff wind. My mother | 196 |
| and brother were seasick down below. But I stood on deck | 207 |
| and watched the sailors hauling on ropes, climbing in the | 217 |
| rigging, and perched at the very top of the mast, looking out | 229 |
| to sea. What a fine life it must be, I thought, to be a sailor. | 244 |