# The WRECK of the ZEBEDIAH




John Parsons

Richard Hoit

Nelson Literacy Directions

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CENGAGE Learning

**NLD Level: 6**
**Reading Age: 8.8–9.0**
**Text Type: Narrative**

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# The Wreck of the Zebediah

**Written by** John Parsons
**Illustrated by** Richard Hoit

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# Meet the Characters



**Jeremiah**

A boy who loves to catch catfish.



**Abigail**

A girl who loves to read books.



**Nathan**

A boy who gets his trousers caught!



**Mother Hildegard**

A nun at the orphanage.



**Scarface**

A smuggler.

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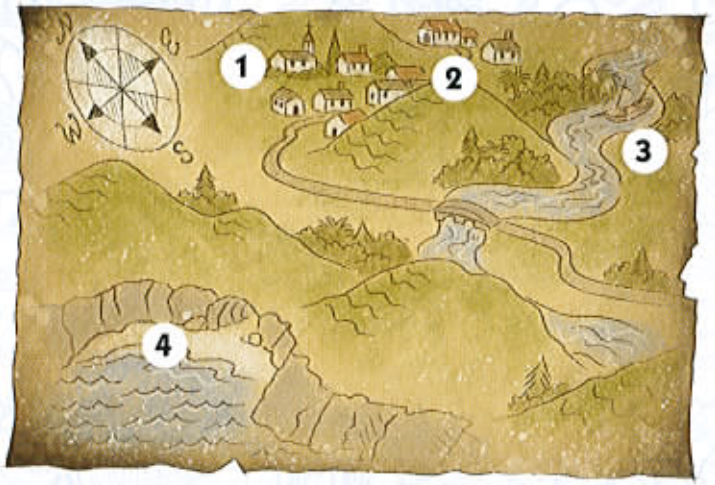
POST CARD

*Dear Reader*

*Wouldn't it be fun to hide out on an old boat, have no chores, and do anything you liked? Here's a story about some friends who do just that – and have an exciting adventure along the way. I hope you enjoy it!*

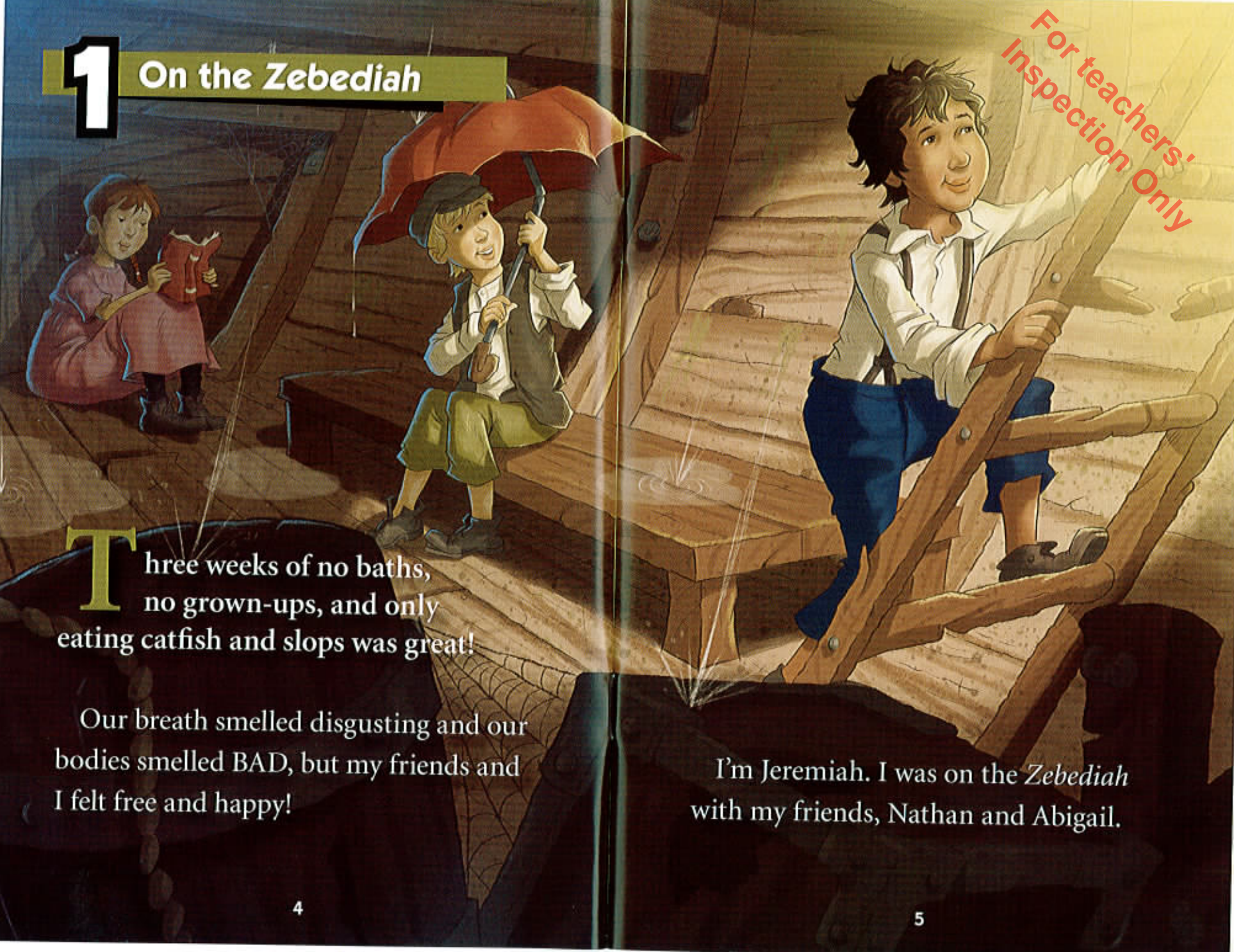
*John Parsons*
*Author*

# Our Old Map




1. The orphanage
2. The town
3. The wreck of the *Zebediah*
4. The smugglers' bay

# 1 On the Zebediah



Three weeks of no baths, no grown-ups, and only eating catfish and slops was great!

Our breath smelled disgusting and our bodies smelled BAD, but my friends and I felt free and happy!



I'm Jeremiah. I was on the *Zebediah* with my friends, Nathan and Abigail.



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Finding the wrecked *Zebediah* wasn't easy, which is why it was our secret hideout. The first painful part was pushing through the thorn bushes along the river bank. If you survived that, a rotten tree trunk acted like a slippery bridge. It took you out to a spooky old willow tree growing right out of the muddy water. Then you could crawl along an overhanging branch, and grab the swing rope we'd tied there. Then, if you got it right, you could swoop in a huge arc, let out a blood-curdling yell, and crash onto the deck.

If you let go at the wrong time, you'd surprise the catfish with a huge splash – and if you were quick enough, you could grab one for dinner!

It felt like we swallowed half that muddy, swirling river before we got the hang of it. But once you'd let go of the rope at the right time, it was easy.





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Mostly, we loved hiding out on "our" own shipwreck in the middle of a wild river. But, today was a grey, rainy day. Below deck, rain dripped through the cracks. It smelled extra BAD down there!

And that's how our adventure began, on the wreck of the *Zebediah*.

Nathan went into town, hunting down cures for the stink below deck. I sat on my bunk, clutching an old umbrella to stop an annoying drip trickling down my neck.

Abby was a short pillow throw away, crammed in the bow. She was reading *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. We only had one book between us, so it was smelly, with crinkled pages. We loved it just the same.

"Are you finished yet, Abby?" Nathan and I would call out, wishing it was our turn for the next read. She'd just poke her tongue out at us, giggle, and keep reading.

