

Name _____

Directions: Read the following passage. Then quote and determine the meaning of three uses of figurative language.

The Honest Truth
By Dan Gemeinhart
Adapted by 5th Grade Teacher

I speared my legs down into the water. They found the bottom and I pushed toward the island with all that my legs had left. My arms swam and pulled, and my legs thrust down again and again hit rock and pushed. My arms and legs were propellers to the surface. Beau whined and I kicked once more and for the first time I got my shoulders clear of the water for a second before my legs were washed out from beneath me like sand on the shore.

I saw in a flash of lightening the end of the island it came to a point and I was close to missing it. A fallen log jutted out into the water from its end and with one more desperate kick, I surged closer and stretched out through the fear and choking blackness. My hands hit wet wood and I grabbed. My body stopped in the water but the water pushed and pulled and tried to drag me back down like a rock dropping in a pond. My feet punched down and the bottom was closer now and I crawled and kicked toward the sand. I felt Beau paddling beside me his teeth still holding on to my shirt.

There was a last stumbling splash and then we tumbled together over the log and onto the soft sand.

My lungs heaved and shuddered from the struggle and frigid water. Beau stood beside me, panting and shaking the river from his fur. The droplets were ice against my cold, recovering body.

I shivered like I never had before. Violent, giant shivers that shook me like a car wreck.

I tried to think. My backpack was still on my back, pressed against the sand. My duffel was gone, yanked away by the hungry water.

Name _____