

Figure 3.8: Parallelism Activity (Upper Elementary)

<i>My Brother Sam Is Dead Excerpts</i>
He tripped on a headstone and the farmer fell off and broke his neck and was dead a minute later.
So finally he had to stop; and we finished up the service, and I breathed a sigh of relief and got up and started to file toward the stairs.
Covering the poles were hides and rags and . . . patches of straw thatch.
He hardly got the words out before Father jumped over to the man, jerked him out of his chair and pushed him through the door.
Running a farm is terrible hard work—plowing and hoeing and milking cows.
Carefully I slid my hand down the barrel until I got to the stock, gripped it, and gave it a little pull.
Sam was bigger and stronger and faster than me.
Then suddenly he waved, jumped down from the wall, and disappeared into the woodlot.
At first I thought he would come in a few days, but he didn't.
The geese flew south in long, wavering V's.
The door to the taproom was mostly closed, but there was a crack where it was hinged onto the wall.
My father wasn't around, and Mother said, "Tim will bring it right over, Mr. Heron."

Source: Collier, J. L., & Collier C. (1984). *My brother Sam is dead*. New York: Simon & Schuster.