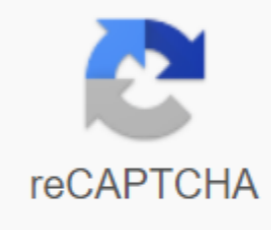




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## Dark water rising pdf by marian hale

The author of *The Rise of Dark Water* is Marian Hale. It was published by Henry Holt and Company LLC in 1866 and has 221 pages. The setting is in Galveston, Texas. The main character is Seth and other characters Ella Rose, Kate, Henry, Ezra, Josiah, Mr. Farrell, Aunt Julia, Uncle Nate, Ben, Seth's parents, Ella Rose's father, etc. It was published by Henry Holt and Company LLC in 1866 and has 221 pages. The setting is in Galveston, Texas. The main character is Seth and other characters Ella Rose, Kate, Henry, Ezra, Josiah, Mr. Farrell, Aunt Julia, Uncle Nate, Ben, Seth's parents, Ella Rose's father, etc. Everyone is thrilled with the move, everything except Seth. Seth wants to be a carpenter, but his father wants him to go to college and become a doctor, Seth is not happy with this idea. Here's what happened during the story: Seth and his family arrive in Galveston. Seth's father tells him that he got a job for him as a carpenter, but only during the summer and only to save money for college. There he meets Mr. Farrell (boss), Henry and Josia (workers). It won't take long until Seth meets a girl; she goes by the name of Ella Rose, they become friends. Everything seems to be great for Seth, his family and his friends, that is, until the bay starts to act funny and beggins rain. Here's what happened at the end of the story: Hurricane! Galveston is being hit by a hurricane! Seth and Josiah go and save Ella Rose and his family. Once they do so, they take them to Ezra's house (Grandpa Josia) They all survive the storm, but some lives are lost. Ella Rose and Seth are getting closer at the end of the story, but you have to read it to find out what happened and also read it to find out if Seth is going to college or not. Why do I like Seth? Well, Seth was an inspirational character; he risked his life with Josia to save the people he loved. Why did I decide to read this book? Well, I started reading because I had to do a book report, but then the book became interesting and I decided to read it for fun. I liked the book for that reason: Even though it doesn't have much romance it's still a drama and believe me, this book is filled with drama from the beginning! ... the more I looked and saw the water rushing out of Galveston Bay on one side and out of the bay on the other. Two seas met in the middle of Broadway, swirling over wooden pavers, and I couldn't help but shudder at the sight. All galveston were under water. Galveston, Texas, could be a booming city entirely 20th century, but Seth, it's the end of a dream. Dreams. long to be a carpenter like his father, but his family moved to Galveston so he could go to a good school. However, the last few weeks of summer may not be so bad. Seth has a real job as a builder and the beach is a short walk away. Things seem to be looking up until a storm warning rises one sweltering day. No one could have imagined anything like that. Giant walls of water crash in from the sea. Turtles and bricks - deadly rockets flying through the air. People who are not affected by the flying wreckage are swept away by the fast water. Forget about the future, Seth and his family will be lucky to survive the next twenty-four hours. Dark Water Rising 2007 Bank Street - Best Children's Book of the Year. The Harbour Chapter 1 Train pressed the tracks, crashing past cow pastures and summer parched fields of grain and hay. Open windows sent dust and straw into my face, and all around me, sweaty children whining about their discomfort. Moms dug into bunches for crackers and cheese, bread and jam-all to distract their little varmints from the sticky heat. I looked around the crowded train. You'd think every dang person from Lampasas to Houston wanted to go to Galveston this hot August day. Everyone but me. I slipped under the dormant weight of four-year-old Kate, lame and sweaty on her knees, and dark curls fell on her face. I don't think I could breathe twice anymore if my mom hadn't said, Seth, could you zip up Kate's shoes for me? Or Fast, Seth! Wipe that runny nose. And every time Mom's hands were white with flour, she was screaming, Seth, you're going to have to try Kate at home for me while I'm done with bread. Just thinking about it got my dander up. Why God could not send this child only one older sister, not three brothers, was beyond my comprehension. Opposite me, Matt's warm red face shrivelled in a deep frown. He elbowed Lucas for more space and when he didn't get it, he put a quick boot to his leg. I came back to kick before Lucas could even open his mouth to complain. You're twelve years old, I washed in Matt. We're so. He glanced across the aisle at mom and dad, making sure they didn't see it, and then turned to me with a sneer. Where's your apron, Seth? he whispered. If you're going to sound like Mom, you should look like her, too. He pushed Lucas again. Besides, you can have it, can't you, Big Luke? Lucas shrugged. He rarely let Matt get him into contention, but things have changed lately. He shot so much this summer that it was impossible to tell who was above. In ten years, his new height became a sore spot with Matt, causing some ornerly evil. Most of the time I ignored him, but today was different. The train sped toward a spinning overpass strung across Galveston Bay and rumbled onto a fragile network of piles and rails. Mom froze and reached for Dad's hand. I glanced from the windows at the green water all around and felt a little like a kite flying too close to dragged to the k long, narrow island, which was sure of my doom. And it was my uncle's fault. Galveston is fast becoming New York Texas, Uncle Nate said to Dad just two weeks ago. It is the third richest city in the country by population. We have electric lights, electric trams, local and long-distance telephone service, and three large concert halls. I peered into the miles of squats in front, crowded with steamers, schooners and fishing boats, and behind the forest masts, I saw three huge grain elevators. Twelve hundred ships load and unload cargo there every year, Uncle Nate was quick to add. Further proof, I assumed that Galveston was a thriving city of the new twentieth century. It's true my uncle's lumber business did well, but Uncle Nate thought Galveston could improve a lot of his little brother's life, too. I watched him that day through the porch window, spouting his case to move like some highfalutin Philadelphia lawyer. The 1900 Census, he said, would be better than thirty-seven thousand, punctuating its words with a chewing cigar, and all these people need homes, shops and offices. There's a lot of money out there, Thomas. This foreman's job can open the door for your own contracting business. At that point, Dad didn't say a word, and his eyes didn't register an opinion in any way, which gave me hope. He was a good carpenter, one of the best in Calloway and Sons, a company with which I planned an apprentice as soon as my education was on the sidelines. Remember, Uncle Nate went on, Seth almost seventeen. Time to decide your future. I waited for My dad's answer, but he was always in no hurry to share his mind and slower to change it. As the seconds ticked away, Uncle Nate's face took on color. He blushed from deep red and let go with Hellfire, Thomas! I jumped, almost giving my position on the porch. The first medical college in Texas right there in Galveston! He screamed. Take a bloody stand and send all your boys to college! This latest statement created a fierce flutter within me. Dad already knew that working under blue skies, forming raw lumber into walls and doors, roofs and stairs, was all I ever wanted. But he also made it clear what he wanted for his sons. If he thought Galveston could provide any of us with a medical profession, we'd definitely be on the next train from Lampasas. I'd probably end up spending years delving into books and corpses, and for the rest of my life shut up in a little white room, patch boiling and broken hands. The likelihood of that happening wiggled inside me is like the belly of maggot worms. Uncle Nate poked a cigar between his teeth and gave Dad a lopsided scum. I can give you a nice furnished rental close to the beach. You know how Eliza and the kids will love this. Mom would love it. I held my breath while the vacant expression on Dad's weathered face shifted. I've seen it. a glimmer of excitement but it's hunger in his eyes that finally made me squeeze my teeth with fear, the same hunger that always sharpened his words and defined his face when he talked about the future of his sons. If I hadn't thought of something quickly, my Calloway apprenticeship would have been good as it had gone. I wasn't much of a shake-up at the controversy point with my dad, and thanks to my uncle, it might have been easier to clear the Lampasas River with a bucket than to change my mind about my acceptance for more schooling. By the time Uncle Nate left, Dad was convinced that Galveston could provide enough money to see all three of his sons through college, and he was running full of chisel to make sure we had that chance. However, I had to try. I waited until I caught him sitting alone on the porch to remind him how much he had already taught me how much woodworking he had, and how most I wanted to be a builder, like him. He let me talk, but I saw it wasn't good. I finally got my hands up. I just don't have what it takes to be a doctor, Dad. I don't know, Seth. The correct verb doesn't have. I blew out my broken breath. My whole life just broke out, and he's correcting my grammar. I knew Dad never had a chance to get a formal education, but I saw him study every book and paper we brought to the house. There was not much he did not know, and little he would tolerate when it came to the wrong language or bad manners. He is known to rap the knuckles of an adult with the handle of a knife only to reach across the table for salt rather than ask for it. Later, his mother told him that he was lucky that the man was good-natured enough not to put him in the apartment. I knew early on how much dad valued education. That's why I got stuck at school when all my friends went on to find paid work. I promised him I'd finish school before applying for a carpenter's apprenticeship in Calloway, more for peace of mind than for me. It was a promise I planned to keep, but I definitely didn't want to put my life on hold for a longer period. If you don't like medicine, he said, then we'll look into the law, or maybe engineering. But, Dad, that's not what I want. You know that. His jaw tightened, and his leather face took on a hard, whittled look. You're too young to know what you want, he said, and the discussion was over. Far ahead, the engine burp steam and the train slowed down. Kate blinked, smothered by a scuffle of passengers washing up the leftovers of food, picking up beams and straightening hats. She raised her head, and the wet curls stuck on her warm-reddened cheek. I pushed her off her knees and onto the seat next to me, but she scrambled back up. She leaned over my shoulder, looking out the window to take a better look at what was ahead. Is that Galveston, Seth? Yes, it's Galveston. Sit down. Where's Uncle Nate? Don't worry; He'll be there. And now Just like I said. But I can't see him. Where is he? Matt, always quick to show his impatience, rolled his eyes and let out I looked at him, sitting there, as he was the biggest toad in a puddle. What did he complain about? I was the one who always had to keep an eye on Kate. I was the one who had to answer all her fool questions. He was waiting for us at the train station, I said I seemed to satisfy her at the moment. She slid on the seat, but it wasn't long before she tugged at my wet sleeve. Seth? she asked in that child's voice of hers. Can I sit with my mom? I gladly chased her across the aisle, where she squeezed past her dad and climbed into her mom's lap. We left the bay and overpass behind, along with the fresh heat that pumped through the windows, and pulled into Union Passenger Station. The air inside the car appeared to be sluggish and stuffy, driving everyone to the door like cattle in water gutters, but there was little relief. A close, noisy crowd mingled around the station platform, blocking the breeze that swept out of the Gulf of Mexico, making it almost impossible to find Uncle Nate. I caught the smell of freshly cut wood and turned to get a quick look down the harbour. Lumber, grain and mountains of canvas-covered cotton bales sat waiting to be loaded onto large coal ships bound for foreign ports. Further down the wharf, I saw boxes of black tea inscriptions, beet sugar and large bundles of sisal for the rope. Dark people, beaming afterwards, worked to tow them into long tin-roofed sheds lining the docks. Matt climbed to the bench, looking across the sea for a bowler, straw hats, and bonnets piled high with ribbons and feathers. I think I see him, Dad, he said, pointing outside. He brought a stroller. Looks like he brought some boars for the trunks. Mom slipped next to me and pushed Kate's hand into mine. I moaned, but I felt an immediate sense of guilt. Mum looked pale and wilted in her heavy grey mobile suit. Dad tried to get her to wear something cooler, but she refused. First impressions are important, Thomas, she claimed, pointing the finger at him. And you should wear Sunday better as well. While Dad waited for his mom to pass Kate to me, he ran his finger around his tight collar, clearly uncomfortable in his only suit. He served him properly, I thought. Take it for me, Seth, Mom said, until I catch my breath. She applied an embroidered handkerchief to the sweat rising on her forehead and upper lip, patted me on the shoulder with a glove and headed for the carriage with her father. Matt and Lucas ran after them, leaving me to pull Kate through the noisy crowd alone. By the time I got to the street, Mom and Dad had finished their congratulations and Uncle Nate was briefing him hired a man, Ezra, to help them in the wagon. As they sat, the old man picked up Kate and put her next to her mom with There You'll Be, little miss. She stared into his watery eyes with wide-eyed look all the children, it seems, for those who It made me realize how few colored men she had seen in her short four years, and none of them had ever been close enough to lift her in