

STORMY PASS

Nate and his father lived in the outbacks of Australia on a logging farm. They spent their days clearing the [start/ mix/ land] of the massive red oak trees [that/ help/ want] covered it. One morning, Nate and [why/ his/ use] father noticed that their horses were [month/ uneasy/ ideas]. Nate peered up the side of [sow/ mine/ the] mountain and saw a jet black stallion. [Set/ He/ No] knew the stallion was trying to [knew/ bowl/ call] the mares back to the herd [an/ go/ of] wild horses from which Nate and [be/ his/ done] father had caught them.

A [bingo/ mare/ peel] pulling a load of logs strained [her/ say/ yes] chains and harness too hard, and suddenly [the/ if/ case] chains snapped! "Look out, Nate!" screamed [men/ stop/ his] father. Nate turned just in time [not/ beak/ to] see the logs swing around [mill/ full/ gape] circle and strike his father in [the/ sun/ for] head. "Father, Father, are you hurt?" [power/ asked/ snake] Nate with alarm, but he saw [that/ took/ kneel] his father had been hit in [bog/ the/ up] head by the logs and knew [at/ tan/ we] once that he was dead.

Nate [note/ hate/ wept] and carried his father home, and [sop/ the/ open] next morning he buried him in [be/ to/ a] grave near their log home. "I promise [I/ be/ as] will get the stallion responsible for [back/ this/ glob], Father," said Nate, speaking to the [shiny/ times/ grave].

He packed food and water and mounted [day/ his/ bad] mare and rode off into the mountains. [And/ He/ Fit] followed tracks left by the pack [of/ saw/ did] horses, noting that there must be [flag/ close/ store] to one hundred of them. That [grab/ calls/ night] he pitched camp by a river, [very/ turn/ and] there he cried from the loneliness [he/ at/ go] felt. His mare was restless, and [job/ he/ get] knew he was nearing the herd.

[If/ At/ Hop] dawn he saw the object of [his/ how/ do] search. The black stallion was rearing [jump/ open/ into] the air with the [cent/ ball/ sun] behind him. Nate grabbed his rope [rent/ and/ ask] mounted his mare, and he chased [the/ no/ pot] stallion into a corner of rocks. [Then/ Wing/ Take] he threw a rope around his [must/ flow/ neck], but the stallion fought Nate with [tell/ tot/ all] his frightening might. "Whoa, boy, whoa," [said/ pear/ they] Nate in soothing tones. He looked [load/ phone/ into] the eyes of the stallion and [drink/ three/ knew] at once that he could not [kill/ would/ bet] the horse as he had intended.

[The/ Wear/ Shop] legend has it that Nate named [need/ the/ once] stallion Stormy. Nate and Stormy had [got/ many/ doll] adventures in that area of the mountains, [mix/ how/ and] that is why history refers to Nate as [the/ very/ ship] Man from Stormy Pass.