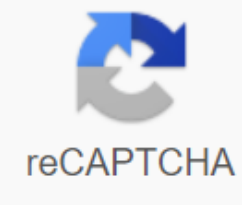




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Gone, #1 part of Michael Grant's Gone Gone series michael Grant for Katherine, Jake, and Julia Content Map One ONE MINUTE Teacher talked about the Civil War. TWO KIDS Poured out of school, alone or in small... Three THIS truck, SAM said, pointing. Another accident. FedEx truck... Four LET'S HEAD for Square, Sam said. He closed... Five NIGHT CAME at Perdido Beach. Six NO ONE SPOKE for several quarters. Seven LANA LAY In the Dark, looking at the stars. Eight SIT STILL, I'm trying to change your diaper, Mary Terrafino ... Nine SAM SLEPT In his clothes and woke up too soon. TEN HUMMER WEAVED back and forth across the road, but... Eleven SAM, KUINN, EDILIO, and Astrid rode off on foot,... Twelve COFFEES. MARY SAID the word as it can be magic. Thirteen of them took NOTHING with them, just ran, with quinn's ... Fourteen SAM, ASTRID, KUINN, and Edilio flopped on the grass... Fifteen JACK was SLOW to understand that he must follow Kane ... Sixteen You have to boil water first. Then you put ... Seventeen I need more pills, Cookie cried in a voice that ... Eighteen ALBERT LEFT Funeral Ceremony and crossed the square to ... Nineteen You don't have to like a dude, sco, but he... Twenty IT JUST HAPPENED, Drake announced. Twenty-one SHOW ME YOUR list, Howard demanded. He was outside... Twenty-two ASTRID wanted to shout at Drake and Diana to denounce ... Twenty-three ASTRID FELT Wave of Relief followed far... Twenty-four ASTRID ALMOST MISSED spotting boats. She went to... Twenty-five IT HAD BEEN two days since Lana survived ... Twenty-six SAM SWAM at full speed and soon his hand ... Twenty-seven IT TOOK LANA much longer than she expected ... Twenty-eight SAM, EDILIO, quinn, Astrid, and Little Pete followed FAY... Twenty-nine LANA'S FOOT CAUGHT root and she fell for her... Thirty QUINN was a SINGING song. The lyrics were kind of... Thirty-one THEY DROVE Crazy Slowness from Perdido Beach to Coates. Thirty-two LANA LIT ONE of the lanterns of hermit Jim and surveyed ... Thirty-three all THROUGH night coyotes slammed on the door,... Thirty-four of them were SIX now. Sam, Edilio, quinn, Lana, Astrid, and ... Thirty-five Where are we? Sam woke up all at once and... Thirty-six HOLD HIM DOWN, Diana screamed. Thirty-seven COOKIES rolled OVER and got up. His legs were still ... Thirty-eight ASTRID, SAID EDILIO. I feel so sorry for your house. Thirty-nine SAM SANG ALONG to Agent Orange melody on his... Forty THEY'LL COME TOMORROW night, Sam said. I believe Kane needs ... Forty-one daylight passed quietly. Forty-two quinn. Quinn. Forty-three DAYS of CARE had no window facing the square. Sam... Forty-four THEY'RE DOING IT, mistake screamed as it broke through... FORTY-five KUINN WATCHED in frozen horror as coyotes attacked... Forty-six CLEAR SHOT. The final FOOD seemed to almost crush the tables. Turkey and... About copyright author About Publisher Map ONE 299 HOURS, 54 MINUTES ONE MINUTE Teacher talked about the Civil War. And the next minute he was gone. At the same time. Went. No poof. No flash of light. No explosion. Sam Temple sat in the third period of class history staring blankly at the board but away in his head. In his head, he was on the beach, he and quinn. Down on the beach with their boards screaming, preparing for this first dip in the cold waters of the Pacific Ocean. For a moment he thought he imagined it, the teacher disappears. For a moment he thought he had fallen into a dream. Sam turned to Mary Terrafino, who sat to his left. You've seen that, haven't you? Mary looked hard at the place where the teacher was. Where's Mr. Trentlake? It was quinn Gaither, Sam's best, maybe only girlfriend. He was sitting right behind Sam. Two of them favored window seats because sometimes, if you are caught just at right angles, you could see a tiny piece of carbonated water between school buildings and homes outside. He must have left, Mary said, without sounding as she believed. Edilio, sam's new baby found potentially interesting, said: No, man. He did a thing with his fingers, which was a pretty good illustration of the concept. The children looked at each other, stretched their necks in this way, and that, giggled nervously. No one was scared. No one was crying. It all seemed funny. Mr. Trentlake poofed? Said quinn, with a suppressed giggle in his voice. Hey, someone said, where's Josh? Heads turned to look. Was he here today? Yes, he was here. He was by my side. Sam recognized the voice. Bette. Bouncing Bette. He just, you know, disappeared, Bette said. Just like Mr. Trentlake. The door to the hallway opened. Every eye is locked on it. But it wasn't Mr. Trentlake. It was Astrid Ellison, known as Astrid Genius, because she was... Well, she was a genius. Astrid was in all THE classes of the AP at the school. In some subjects it takes online From university. Astrid had shoulder-length blonde hair, and loved to wear a starched white short-sleeved blouse that never managed to catch Sam's eye. Astrid was out of his league. Sam knew it. But there was no law against thinking about it. Where's your teacher? Astrid asked. There was a collective shrug. He poofed, quinn said, as maybe it was funny. Isn't he in the hallway? Mary asked. Astrid shook her head. Something strange is going on. My maths team... there were only three of us, plus a teacher. They all just disappeared. A what? Sam said. Astrid looked right at him. He could not answer as usual, because her gaze was not complicated, skeptical, as it usually was: it was scary. Her usually sharp, discerning blue eyes were wide, with too much white showing. They're gone. They're all simple... Disappeared. What about your teacher? Edilio said. She's gone, too, Astrid said. Gone? Poof, said quinn, without giggling so much now, is starting to think maybe it's not a joke after all. Sam noticed the sound. More than one, actually. Long-range car alarms coming from the city. He got up, feeling shy, as if it wasn't quite his place to do so, and went on his hard feet to the door. Astrid walked away to pass her. He smelled her shampoo as he passed by. Sam looked left, down to room 211, the room where the astrid math wonks met. Next door, 213, the child stuck his head out. He had a semi-frightened, semi-dizzying expression, as if someone had buttoned a roller coaster. In the other direction, down on 207, the children laughed too loudly. Freaky loud. Fifth graders. Across the hall, Room 208, three sixth-graders suddenly broke into the hallway and stopped dead. They looked at Sam as if he could yell at them. Perdido Beach School was a small-town school, with everyone from kindergarten to ninth grade all in the same building, elementary and high school together. High schools were an hour away in San Luis. Sam approached Astrid's class. She and quinn were right behind him. The class was empty. The chairs on the table, the teacher's chair, everything is empty. Mathematical books were open on three tables. Laptops too. Computers, a number of six aged Macs, all showed shimmering empty screens. Pauline could be clearly seen on the board. She wrote the word polynomial, Astrid said in a church whisper. Yes, I was going to figure out what, Sam said dryly. I had a polynomial once, said quinn. My doctor deleted it. Astrid ignored a weak attempt at humor. She disappeared in the middle of writing 'O'. I was looking right at her. Sam made a little movement, pointing. A piece of chalk lay on the floor, right where he dropped if someone wrote the word polynomial - whatever that meant - and disappeared before rounding about. It's not normal, said mr. Quinn. He was taller than Sam, stronger than Sam, at least as good as a surfer. But quinn, with his semi-crazy semi-smile and tendency to dress up in what might only be called a costume-today it was baggy shorts, an army of excess desert boots, a pink golf shirt, and a gray fedora he found in his grandfather's attic - put out a strange guy vibe that alienated some and frightened others. It was his own clique, which is why he and Sam clicked. Sam Temple kept in a lower profile. He stuck to jeans and an understated T-shirt, nothing that drew attention to himself. He spent most of his life in Perdido Beach, attending this school, and everyone knew who he was, but few were sure he was. He was a surfer who didn't hang out with surfers. He was bright, but not brain. He was looking good, but not so that the girls thought of him as a hottie. One thing most kids knew about Sam Temple was that he had Sam's school bus. He got that nickname when he was in seventh grade. The class was on its way to the trip when the bus driver suffered a heart attack. They were driving on Highway 1. Sam pulled the man out of his seat, directed the bus to the shoulder of the road, safely drove it to a stop and calmly dialed 911 on the driver's mobile phone. If he had hesitated for even a second, the bus would have fallen off a cliff into the ocean. His picture was in the paper. The other two children, plus the teacher, left. Everyone except Astrid, Sam said. It's definitely not normal. He tried not to wash by her name when he said it, but failed. She had such an impact on him. Yes. It's quiet here, it's snomirs, said Mr. Kwinn. Okay, I'm ready to wake up now. This time, quinn wasn't joking. Someone screamed. Three of them stumbled upon the hall, which is now full of children. A sixth-grader named Becca was screaming. She was holding her cell phone. There's no answer. There is no answer, she exclaimed. There's nothing. For two seconds, everyone froze. Then rustle and knock, followed by the sound of dozens of fingers punching dozens of keyboards. It doesn't do anything. My mom would have been home, she would have answered. He's not even calling. Oh, my God, there's no internet. I have a signal, but nothing. I have three bars. Me too, but it's not there. Someone started crying, a creepy, carnivorous sound. Everyone was talking at once, the chatter grew into screams. Try 911, a frightened voice demanded. Who do you think I called, numbnuts? There's no 911? There's nothing there. I am halfway through my speed is dialing, and there's nothing. The hall was as full of children as it would have been during the class change. But people were in no hurry to the next class, did not spin and did not spin on lockers. There was no direction. People just stood there like a herd of cattle, waiting for a stampede. There was a wake-up call, loud as an explosion. People shuddered as if they had never heard this before. What are we doing? More than one vote asked. There must be someone in the office, a voice shouted. The bell went. It's on a timer, idiot. It's from Howard. Howard was a little worm, but he was the number one toad of the Orca, and Oak was a glowing eighth grader thug, a mountain of fat and muscle that scared even the ninth graders. No one called Howard. Any insult to Howard was an attack on the Orc. They have a TV in the teacher's room, Astrid said. Sam and Astrid, with quinn racing behind them, pelted to the living room. They flew down the stairs, down to the lower floor, where there were fewer classes, fewer children. Sam's hand on the teachers' door, they froze. We don't have to go there, Astrid said. Do you care? She said. Sam broke up the door. The teachers had a refrigerator. It was open. On the floor was boxes of Dannon's blueberry yogurt, the contents of the smoky splashed on the rat carpet. The TV was on, without the image, just static. Sam was looking for a remote control. Where was the remote control? She found it. He started running through the canals. Nothing, nothing and nothing. The cable came out, Sam said, realizing that it was silly to say. Astrid reached behind the set and unscrewed the coaxial cable. The screen flickered and the quality of the static changed a bit, but as the quinn ran the channels there was still nothing and nothing and nothing. You can always get Channel Nine, said mr. quinn. Even without cable. Astrid said: Teachers, some of the children, cable, broadcast, cell phones, all gone at the same time? She frowned, trying to solve it. Sam and quinn waited as if she had an answer. How can she say: Oh, of course, now I understand. After all, she was an Astrid Genius. But all she said was: It doesn't make any sense. Sam picked up the receiver on the wall phone, landline. No set signal. Is there a radio here? It wasn't. The door slammed shut and rushed into two children, fifth-grade boys, their faces wild, excited. We have a school! One shouted and the other gave the answer a hoot. We're going to bust open the candy machine, first announced. It might not be a good idea, Sam said. You can't tell us what to do. Militant, but unsure of himself, not sure he was right. You are right Dude. But look how about we all try to keep it together until we figure out what's going on? Sam said. You hold it together, the child screamed. The other honked again, and they went. I think it would be wrong to ask them to bring me A Twix, Sam muttered. Fifteen, Astrid said. No, man, they were about ten years old, said Mr. Kwinn. Not them. The kids are in my class. Jink and Michael. They both had math whistles, better than me, but they had LSD-trained disabilities, dyslexia, that kept them back. They were both a little older. I was the only 14-year-old. I think maybe Josh was fifteen in our class, Sam said. So? So he was fifteen, quinn. He's just... Just disappeared. Blink, and he's gone. No way, said Mr. Kwinn, shaking his head. Every adult and older child in the whole school just disappears? It doesn't make any sense. It's not just about school, Astrid said. A what? She's got a grip on her. Phones and TV? Astrid said. No, no, no, no, no, said Mr. Kwinn. He shook his head, half-smiling, as if he had been told a bad joke. My mom, Sam said. Man, stop it, said Mr. Kwinn. Ok? That's not funny. For the first time, Sam felt the edge of the panic as a tingling sensation at the base of his spine. His heart pounded in his chest, toiling as if he were running. Sam swallowed a lot. It sucked air, unable to do more than small breaths. He looked at his friend's face. He's never seen quinn so scared. The eyes of quinn were tinged, but his mouth trembled, and a pink stain creeps up his neck. Astrid was still calm, though, frowning, concentrating, trying to figure it all out. We need to check it out, Sam said. He let out a kind of sobbing breath. He was already moving, turning away. Sam grabbed him by the shoulder. Gone Is Michael Grant/Young Adult/Science Fiction/Fantasy Have a Rating of 4 out of 5 / Based on 32 votes

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