

I SURVIVED

THE ATTACK OF THE GRIZZLIES, 1967

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THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII, AD 79

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1776

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, 1863

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE, 1871

THE CHILDREN'S BLIZZARD, 1888

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE, 1906

THE SINKING OF THE *TITANIC*, 1912

THE SHARK ATTACKS OF 1916

THE *HINDENBURG* DISASTER, 1937

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THE NAZI INVASION, 1944

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ST. HELENS, 1980

THE ATTACKS OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

HURRICANE KATRINA, 2005

THE JAPANESE TSUNAMI, 2011

THE JOPLIN TORNADO, 2011

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GRIZZLIES, 1967



by Lauren Tarshis
illustrated by Scott Dawson

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Designed by Yaffa Jaskoll

For Scott Dawson



Grrrrawrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

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Just moments before, Mel had been sitting in the peaceful darkness, surrounded by the magical wilderness of Glacier National Park.

Owls hooted. Night bugs shimmered.

But then there were new sounds. Sounds that made Mel's blood turn to ice.

Massive paws crunching across the ground. Wet, wheezing breaths. Low, thundering growls.

Mel looked into the distance.

And there it was, the grizzly. Its silver-brown fur glittered in the moonlight.

Mel's body filled with panic. And before she could stop herself, she was running as fast as she could. Within seconds the bear was after her, its paws crashing against the ground.

Mel's heart pounded with terror as she sprinted toward a pine tree. It was small and thin. But it was her only hope for staying alive. She prayed that this grizzly didn't climb trees.

The bear was just one leap away when Mel launched herself into the tree. She gripped a low branch, kicked her legs up, and swung them around. But before she could start climbing, the

bear was standing on its hind legs. It swiped at Mel with a giant paw, and the claws tore through the flesh of her leg. Somehow Mel ignored the searing pain, the dripping blood. She clutched the branches with her trembling hands, pulling herself up higher and higher, out of the bear's stabbing reach.

But the grizzly didn't give up.

It pounded the tree trunk, ripped away branches, and bellowed with fury.

Graaaaaawrrrrr!

The spindly tree shook, as though it was as terrified as Mel. And then, *crack*. The branch in Mel's hands broke off. She tipped back. Time seemed to slow as she tumbled through the air, twisting and turning, and screaming for help.

Down, down, down she fell. Mel braced herself for the crushing jaws and ripping claws.

No grizzly had ever killed a human in Glacier National Park.

Until tonight.