

Even more terrible sounds filled the air. . . . A bellowing sound, like a giant beast was dying a terrible death. (p. 3)

The wood was so shiny and polished, curving around like a ride at the fair. (p. 13)

"I'm not letting you out of my sight," she announced. . . . "I'm your guardian angel." (p. 17)

Thinking about Mama was like standing close to a fire. Warm at first. But get too close and it hurt too much. (p. 41)

The cat dropped the branch and came after him, like a shadow with glowing eyes. (p. 31)

The shaking got stronger and stronger, the noise louder and louder, like thunder exploding all around them. (p. 39)

People fell, toppling like dominoes. (p. 61)

The water was so cold it felt like millions of needles were stabbing him. (p. 74)