

Name: _____

Date: _____

Cliff Hanger Story

Voices in My Root Beer

The pizza parlor buzzed with the happy voices of Rachael's soccer team. They had won the last game of the season and were celebrating with a pizza party. Rachael and her teammates crowded into a booth, happily discussing their winning plays.

"I got drinks! Who wants root beer?" her coach asked, holding a pitcher in each hand.

"Right here! I do!" Rachael waved her arm. To her, there was absolutely no better drink in the world than root beer! Rachael loved the foam, the fizz, the spicy sweetness! She grabbed a pitcher and began filling her glass. The foam rose up immediately, and she waited for it to go down before topping it off. She leaned over to smell the lovely root beer smell. The bubbles popped and tickled her nose. But they didn't make a bubble-popping sound. She bent her ear next to the foam. What was she hearing? She closed her eyes and concentrated on the sound. Voices. She heard voices coming from the tiny bubbles! Yes, and she heard words, a little louder now. What were they saying? They were just loud enough to understand.

And then ...