

Name _____ Date _____

Down the Grand Canyon

The Grand Canyon was too enormous for words. My uncle, my aunt, my cousin, and I were planning to go down to the bottom of it.	13 26
“Why do we have to go down on mules?” Rick asked.	37
“The canyon is a mile deep! We can’t carry our equipment down a trail that drops a mile in elevation without using mules,” Uncle Paul said.	51 63
We were on the South Kaibab trail, which drops off suddenly beyond Yaki Point. The trail zigzags in a path down the canyon wall, called switchbacks. The drop on the downhill side of the trail is so steep that it kind of forces you to look all the way down to the bottom of the canyon. Being another five feet in the air on the back of a swaying mule made it seem even farther and more dangerous.	75 88 104 120 137 141
We hadn’t gone far when Rick called, “Fossil tracks!” Uncle Paul, Aunt Carla, and I got off our mules and walked over to a slab of limestone that lay beside the trail.	153 170 173
“They were lizards,” Aunt Carla explained, pointing at the tracks. Uncle Paul got out his guide to fossils and identified these as the tracks of a lizard that had lived two hundred million years ago!	184 200 208
“For every few hundred feet we descend on the trail, we go back a few million years in time,” Uncle Paul said.	223 230
I thought about the distance we were traveling down. “That means we’re going back millions and millions of years in time!” I shouted.	242 253
I bent down and picked up a handful of sand. “Uncle Paul,” I said, “the thickness of a grain of sand is equal to how old you are!”	268 281
Uncle Paul chuckled, “Nice math, Kim!”	287

