



Name: _____

Date: _____

TICK...TICK...TICK...Can time really stand still? This feels like an eternity. I swear the clock has stopped. It's trying to move forward but an invisible force is blocking its every attempt.

MacGallagher's office was the last place I wanted to be but what choice did I have? I had to make a move, I couldn't have kept going the way I was, and it had become too dangerous. Plus, better someone else than me. I had to look after myself, put me number one.

The more I tried to convince myself, the guiltier I felt. My legs were feeling weak and I thought that my knees would buckle under the weight that had moved from my head down into the pit of my stomach. I turned my head and began to take in my surroundings. I'd never been inside the principal's office before and was surprised at how the bulky wooden furniture filled the entire room. It seemed like the walls were closing in on me and in the darkness I began to feel extremely claustrophobic. I couldn't believe that anyone would want to be in here...I knew I didn't.

At that moment the door swung open and a broad-shouldered man wearing a grey pin-striped suit swiftly entered the room, ducking to ensure he did not hit his head on the doorway. MacGallagher was a middle-aged man with a fiery temper. With one hand he lowered his blue-rimmed spectacles to the edge of his nose, his eyes fixated on mine. In his other hand he held a plain manila folder with the name Tim Egglestein written on the top left-hand corner. The wooden floorboards creaked with every step he took; he was circling me like an eagle ready to swoop on its prey. It was obvious that he had plenty of experience in this type of situation. He stopped by the blinds and slowly twisted them until the sunlight illuminated my face. I began to raise my hand to shield...

"SIT!" commanded MacGallagher's deep voice.

I felt uneasy as I began to lower myself onto the leather lounge that sat under the drab painting of London.

"OVER THERE!" boomed the principal who was now seated in his comfortable executive chair. The manila folder was open on the desk and with his hands he pointed the wooden cane that had been resting on the bookshelf behind him to a fragile stool that stood alone on the persian rug in front of his mahogany desk.

What was the passage about?

What would make a good title for this passage? Explain why.

This passage reminded me of...

Write five "I wonder..." statements about the passage.

What do you think is going to happen next?



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Draw three images from the passage.

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Where is this story set? Why do you think this? (use information from the text and your ideas)

What has the character done? Why do you think this? (use information from the text and your ideas)

Has the character been in this place before? Why do you think this? (use information from the text and your ideas)

How does the character feel? Why do you think this? (use information from the text and your ideas)

Who is Tim Egglestein? Why do you think this? (use information from the text and your ideas)

Writing Task – maximum 1 page

- Write the next two paragraphs of this text. Make sure the story remains incomplete to keep the reader guessing.

