

Name:

Date:

### Can you continue the story?

On a quiet day, you can sometimes hear them. Every now and then, there's be a tapping or a scraping or a rustling from behind the door. Occasionally (if you're patient enough to sit for the whole day and watch), movement can be glimpsed through the dark windows. Once, just once, the faint sound of whispering in hushed tones was heard.

The boy had spent his entire summer holidays wishing for something to emerge from the mysterious door. He had spent yet another sunny morning hiding in the tall grass at the bottom of his garden just staring at the door, hoping to catch a glimpse of something or someone extraordinary.

The moment he had been waiting for had finally arrived...The door began to slowly creak open...

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

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