

This task should be completed independently in exam conditions with no notes. You are putting into practice what you have learned.

Wonderstruck

The opening of a novel titled 'Wonderstruck' written by Brian Selznick and published in 2011

A sudden streak of light interrupted Ben's memory. Wide-eyed, he watched from the ledge of Robby's window as a shooting star blazed between the clouds and disappeared. He made a wish about his mom, one that he knew could never come true.

Ben hadn't realized how tightly he'd been gripping the seashell turtle until he felt it digging into his skin. He almost cried out, but he caught himself, not wanting to wake up Robby again.

That's when Ben noticed something very strange. In the black silhouette of his house, eighty-three steps away, a light had come on. The curtains in his mom's room glowed a bright yellow.

Ben stared in disbelief.

Feeling dizzy, he placed the turtle in the box, locked it, and tucked it back under the cot. His heart was pounding as he put on an old tank top and slid into his sneakers without bothering to lace them up.

He grabbed the red flashlight and slipped silently out of his cousins' house.

Water lapped at the dock, and the boats clacked against one another. A loon called across the night, and the stones of Gunflint Lake glittered faintly in the darkness. The woods at night were always spooky, and the weak beam of the flashlight didn't stretch very far. Ben kept moving toward his house, where the one glowing window beckoned, staring back through the darkness like an unblinking eye. Under a vault of shaking black branches, he ran.

The doors to his house, like nearly all the doors along the lake, were unlocked. Ben quietly entered through the back, into the kitchen. He moved his small beam of light around the room. The flowers and food from the funeral had been cleared out, but the owl-shaped cookie jar sat on the counter with its head off, the way it always had. The junk drawer remained closed crookedly. The refrigerator was still covered with his mom's favorite quotes. It was like entering a museum of his old life.

Ben realized that he could hear music playing softly in the distance. He turned his head to hear it more clearly and a chill went down his spine.

*"This is Major Tom to ground control;
I'm stepping thro' the door,
And I'm floating in a most peculiar way.
And the stars look very different today
For here am I sitting in a tin can far above the
world"*

Ben heard footsteps. He turned his good ear toward the direction he thought the sound was coming from ... somewhere near his mother's room, he guessed.

Ben had never really believed in ghosts, although some of the stories his mom had read to him when he was younger had kept him up at night. He tiptoed slowly down

