

Comprehension Story – The Bottom of the Stairs



Catherine had never been afraid of the dark. To her, the dark night was where adventures happened, where ogres fought each other in the forest, and where dragons flew through the blackened sky. She had never been afraid of the dark before, so why should she start being afraid now? As she thought about this, Catherine couldn't help but notice shivers of nervousness pass coldly

across her shoulders. She clenched her jaw and moved forwards.

Catherine trod carefully, the air was becoming warm and wet as she descended into the basement, almost as if steam was hanging in the air. "This is just like the stories," she thought. She arrived at the bottom of the stairs and a long, tiled corridor stretched out before her. At the end of the corridor a door stood ajar, with a deep red glow shining through. "The dragon," she said to herself, and crept towards the door curiously...

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