Quickly, I checked the address again. This was definitely it, number 21. It certainly didn’t look like I expected it to! It didn’t look like anyone lived here, or had been living here for some time. Mossy, worn stairs, leading ominously to a battered, shabby door that looked like someone had already tried to get in – without a key!

I took a deep breath, before sending a couple of texts to let people know where I was. Walking on legs that didn’t feel like mine, I climbed the stairs. Hesitantly I knocked; hearing the sound echo through an empty hallway.

1. Why do you think the author checks the address?
2. Which words, or phrases, make you feel wary of the doorway?
3. Who do you think the author sent texts to? What did they text?
4. Why do you think the author has come to number 21?
5. Think of a time you have taken a deep breath before you did something. What did you do? What advice would you give to yourself if you went through a similar situation?
6. Why might the knock on the door echo through the hallway?