

Name: _____

Date: _____

Cliff Hanger Story

On. Off. On. Off.

Carlos thought the present his brother gave him was okay, but that was the problem. It was just okay. It was a flashlight. What's so great about a flashlight? *I guess I can say it's mine and keep it in my room.* He'd wrap duct tape around the handle and put his name on it.

That night in bed, he got out his birthday present. *How lame. Why didn't he get me that pellet gun we talked about?* He switched it on and shone it at his closet. He could see his clothes hanging inside. *Oops, I forgot to shut my closet door. I hate that.* Confused, he climbed back in bed.

He aimed his flashlight at the ceiling and switched it on again. he saw cobwebs and beams of wood that made the roof of the house. Carlos shut the flashlight off. There was his ceiling, with the glow-in-the-dark stars stuck to it. He switched it on again. Cobwebs, beams of wood, the roof. *Off.* Ceiling, stars. *On.* Cobwebs, beams, roof. *Off.* Ceiling, stars. *I get it. I can see through things.* He pointed it at the outside wall of his bedroom. There was the backyard, the swing set, the maple tree. *Off.* His wall, and the poster Jump Shot Johnson.

A sneaky grin crossed Carlos's face. He climbed out of bed, and tiptoed out his bedroom door, flashlight in hand.

And then ...