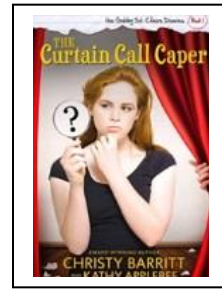


Based on Curtain Call Caper by Christy Barritt and Kathy Applebee

CHAPTER 1, exercise 1

Read the passage about Gabby St. Claire and answer the questions.



A bell rang as I raced around the corner. Bam! I smacked into the seventh grade hall janitor and ricocheted backward. With the dexterity of an acrobat, I caught myself before plunging either a foot or my math book into the murky water of the yellow, rolling bucket Mrs. Whatever-her-name-was had positioned as some kind of hurdle for the unwary.

I managed a “sorry” on the fly and rushed the remaining half a hallway, skidding to an ungraceful stop in front of the auditorium of Oceanside Middle School. I cracked the door open and was surprised to hear someone singing.

Singing and dancing auditions aren’t today . . . are they?

I slid inside, squinting to adjust to the dimness so I could find my BFF. The musty odor of dusty, threadbare, velvet seats combined with the pheromones of sixty or so nervous adolescents made my nose twitch. I could only hope my generic deodorant was working overtime.

I spotted my friend’s pixie haircut midway back on the right side of the darkened auditorium. I tiptoed as stealthily as I could, fervently needing my five foot two frame to remain unseen.

For once, I managed not to trip, slip or spaz out. I slid noiselessly into a seat next to my best friend, Becca Chapman, in the gloomy auditorium.

“What have I missed?” I whispered. “Did she call my name?”

“Three times,” muttered Becca.

“What did you tell her?”

“Bathroom.”

I felt and heard rather than saw the scowl on my best friend’s face. Covering for me while I’d been in detention had been quite the moral dilemma for my scrupulously honest BFF.

When I’d asked her during lunch, she’d hesitated. I’d told her that there was a distinct possibility I could be in the bathroom at the precise moment my name was called and therefore there was hardly any real moral dilemma.

Becca could be a stickler for truth, justice, and the American way at the most inconvenient times.

I had to resort to desperate measures.

I had to beg.

“I’ve waited all my life for a chance to be in a real play, not just some stupid class thing about The Tortoise and the Hare.” I’d summoned up my best acting skills to school my face into what I hoped came off as a pitiful puppy look. “Besides, it was you and your family that got me into theater in the first place.”

That was a stretch. They'd had an extra ticket to South Pacific at Chrysler Hall and invited me along. For two whole hours, I'd forgotten my troubles as I was swept away to Bali Hai and into other people's misfortunes.

RECALL

1. Who is Gabby's best friend ? Becca
2. Why was Gabby late for auditions? She was in detention

DESCRIBE

3. The Oceanside Middle School auditorium musty; old, dark; dusty, threadbare, velvet seats

INFER

4. How does Gabby feel about auditions? She is nervous because she is worried she may perspire
5. Why was the water in the yellow rolling bucket murky? Mopping floors

DECIDE

6. Did Becca lie when she said "bathroom" when Gabby's name was called? Defend your opinion.
Answers will vary