

Night Terrors in Cairo – questions at end of text.

The night hung like a curtain, heavy and still. The hot and sticky air was almost impossible to force into your lungs. There were no lights, everything was black, deathly black. The gritty sand swept across the streets. Scorpions lurked in the night shadows.

The darkness was unbearable, the night seeping in through the cacti and submerging the desert in its silence. There was no sound, nothing dared to move. Fear hung in the air.

The petrifying peacefulness was suddenly shattered as a jeep came ploughing over the sand dunes, headlights like flickering fireflies. Two men sat bolt upright in its tattered seats. The driver was extremely tall and wiry. His face was a horrible sight, red scars etching his thin face all over. His cracked lips revealed uneven, yellow teeth. The man next to him, broad and muscly with a shaved head. He wore a pair of designer sunglasses, even though it was pitch black, which rested on his repulsive nose - which had clearly been broken several times during earlier escapades. A grim and steely expression showed that nothing would stop him raiding the Pyramids on this sweltering night.

On the back seat lay a dazed museum manager, his crinkled face covered in plum-coloured bruises. This unfortunate man had been kidnapped at exactly midday whilst busily filing papers at his museum. He was grabbed by the scruff of his neck and bundled into the jeep. Before any passers-by could notice, his screams were hastily muffled by a gnarled hand over his mouth and he was aggressively forced into the back of a jeep. He was the only man who knew the secret entrance to the Pyramids of Cairo.

A thousand thoughts were rushing through the man's tortured mind. How could he stop these brutal men from raiding his beloved Pyramids? His thoughts were abruptly interrupted by the tall man's grating voice accompanied by a sharp prod of his skeletal finger, "Get out of the car and show us the entrance. Move!"

The museum manager stumbled out, petrified by what was happening and staggered across the rough sand, his sandals sinking with every step he took. THUD! the entrance boulder, concealed in the face of the pyramid, caved in with a heave.

"Take us to the King's Chamber, NOW!" Hopelessly, the manager shuffled on, winding his way down a particularly twisted passage with the

horror that he was allowing them to make their way to the King's resting place. To rip open the tomb and plunder a mighty pharaoh's history. He had to stop this. Now.

Swiftly he broke free of the shaven-headed man, snarling like a lion. He had no time to see their faces, just to sprint exhaustedly along passages, twisting through this maze using memory alone. Breaking through the entrance he didn't hesitate, just heaved the boulder over the entrance and disappeared into the black curtain of the night...

Night terrors in Cairo reading questions.

1. Which country is the story set in?
2. Give 3 examples of alliteration from this story.
3. Give 3 words that show the night was warm.
4. Give 3 adverbs from the text.
5. What time was the manager kidnapped?
6. Draw a picture of each of the kidnappers based on evidence from the text.
7. The author uses these verbs to describe the manager's movement from the jeep to the tomb – staggered, stumbled, shuffled. What impression do these verb choices give you of how the manager was feeling?
8. The manager is the only person who knows how to get in to – and out of – the Pyramid. Explain how this was a disadvantage to him, and also how it was an advantage.
9. Write a short diary entry as the manager after this event. Think about how he feels about the event and what he did to the two men. Would he feel guilty? Or pleased? Would he be worried about getting caught?