

Main Activity Material: Chapter 5 Lesson 7



Descriptive Paragraphs Activity

Highlight the words that describe what is going on.

- 1) The red flashing light bounced off the shadows of his face. The sweat felt cold under his armpits and the pit of his stomach was clenched in an angry fist waiting for its chance to lay a low blow on someone. *Surely the switch must be here somewhere*, he thought. His sweaty fingers hovered over the flashing control panel and he knew if he didn't make a decision fast that would be it for all of them. The distant sound of running steps was enough to make his stomach pull tighter. He could hear whimpering sounds from his friend, who had been knocked unconscious from the first strike on their ship. The moaning sounds increased and Pete had a hard time focusing on the panel in front of him. Should he help his friend or stay and make that hard, hard decision? Yes – of course the decision, but what if he made the wrong one? A whizzing sound graced his ears and he braced himself for another blast. The uniform steps of troopers getting closer seized his body and every muscle tensed in response. His friend's moans became more rhythmic and staccato and he knew this was it. He raised a shaky index finger and shut his eyes. The pressure on his finger was a relief. It was done.
- 2) The lone, black figure hugged the stone wall as the lights clicked on. Beads of sweat clung to his forehead as he gripped the stone waiting for the lights to turn off. Quickly and quietly, the slender, black shadow slid towards the shining piece of glass and opened the window without a sound. He landed on his feet and glided over to the flashing alarm. With a quick flurry of movements, he had calmed down the blinking lights and peered down the dark corridor. A distant clock ticked and the rushing sound of water in the pipes could be faintly detected. Gracefully, he turned his body in the direction of the dark hallway and headed towards the bedroom. As he turned the corner, he caught sight of a large, fat black cat lounging on the bed. Just as he put a black covered index finger to his lips to relay the message of quiet, the cat sprang into motion and launched itself on the unwanted ninja.