

Suspense Paragraph

A door banged. Claire jumped. What was that? It wasn't Mr Jakes because she could now hear him whistling at the other end of the playground. Out of the silence, she heard steps. Somebody was coming closer. Somebody, or something, was coming down the corridor. Nearer. She stood still, so still that even the chairs and tables froze with her. Carefully, she peered around the edge of the door. A shadow sipped, quick as a knife, into the next classroom. Claire clenched her fist around the pen, her heart racing faster.

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