

Skill focus: Making inferences

## Opening night

Tim took another deep breath. Inside his chest, he could feel his heart pounding like a bass drum. Again, he took slow, deep breaths and picked up his script. Flicking through the pages, he read through his lines quietly to himself, mumbling under his breath. All his hard work over the last few months had been for tonight. Crossing his fingers tightly, he wished for good luck.

"Tim, are you ready? You're on in 2 minutes," said Mr. Smith.

"I think so, Sir," said Tim in a shaky voice.

"Don't worry, you'll be fine, Tim. Break a leg!"

Slowly, Tim stood up and made his way towards the heavy, red velvet curtain. He pulled it to the side and stepped through.