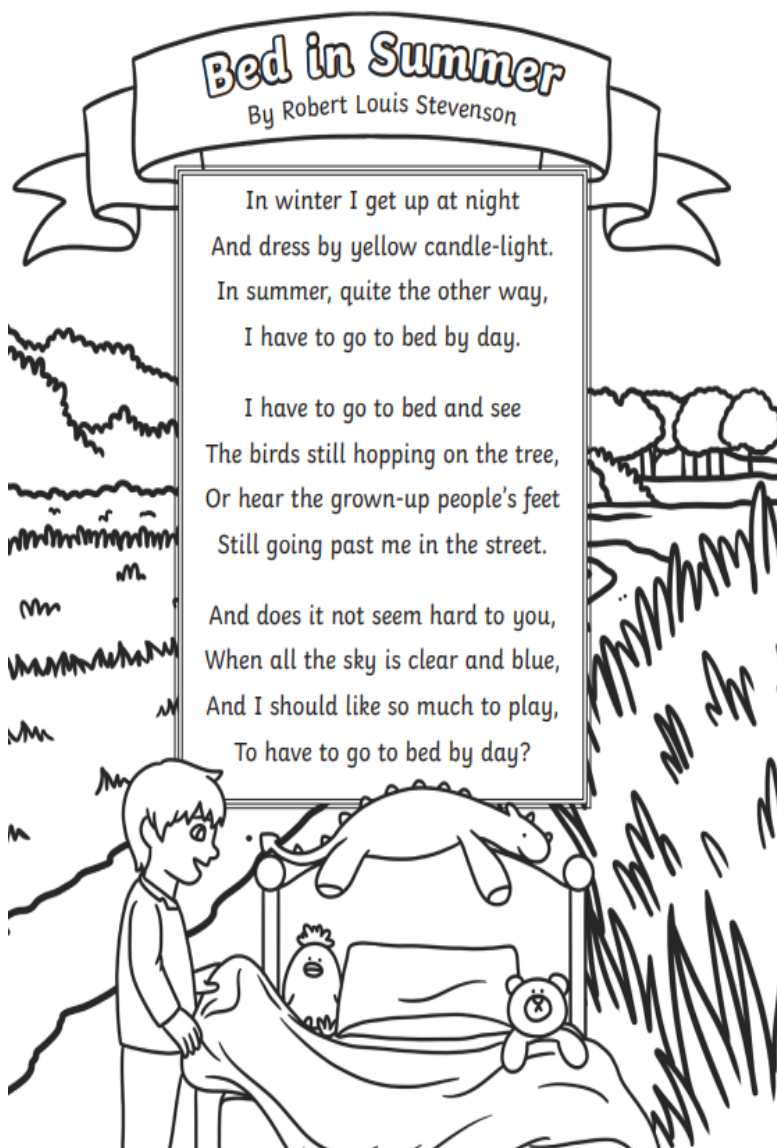


## Grandma's Attic

The attic was long and gloomy and filled with mixed-up shapes and threatening angles. Light seeped in from three grimy skylights and the air swam with dust. Fresh rain tapped its fingertips on the roof and wind whipped through the trees outside. Cole felt very far away from everyone, as if the world and everything in it were trapped within the attic itself. He stuffed Grandma Jenny's keys into his pocket and fumbled around the doorway until he found an old-fashioned light switch on a chain. When he pulled, a smattering of ancient bulbs in ornate light fittings blinked on.

"Woah," Cole breathed.



## PENSILVA'S GOT TALENT!

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> May

- 90 seconds maximum audition!
- Learn the description or poem by heart or choose your own to learn by heart and perform! You can add actions if you wish. Think about how to impress the judging team.
- Alternatively, you could sing a song (no backing track).
- You can perform solo, in a pair or as a small group!