Fill in the gabs with the words from the box and then share the story with your partners:

igniting	heed	strike out	unsolicited	solace	squarely



I was a deeply unhappy child. Hatred of school, my parents' disastrously bad marriage and 1)_____ **"words of wisdom"** from my relatives, which I took little 2)_____ of, added up to me being extremely angry and withdrawn. The only place I could find 3)_____ was the library. One day, aged 12, I ran away to the library, and found a new shelf: "teenage fiction", they called it. The first book I picked up had an intriguing title: "Fly Pie and the Seventeen Million Pound Baby" and started to read. I immediately forgot I was sad and lonely, because I wasn't in that library any more, I had stepped, instead, into that dark dystopian world the author Melvin Burgess had created for Sham and Fly – "rubbish kids, losers and orphans" – abandoned by their mother in a sprawling, impossible city. I read it in one sitting and then started again. By the end of the second reading, the school day was over. I headed home, and something had changed. I discovered worlds I never thought possible, and the power of words to shape one's destiny. That book became my lifeline, 4)_____ **a fire** within me to face 5) _____ the past and 6) _____ on my own. I'd always hoped that writing could be the one thing I would do in the future, but now I was determined to figure out how to make a place, with words, for someone else to be. And until that happened, I'd found my own place to wait out childhood, which didn't last forever. Dear Harris librarians of the mid-1990s, I stole that paperback and I am not sorry. It saved my life.

LIVEWORKSHEETS