

I crouch close to the bittersweet straw in the cowshed, last night's strange dream racing through my heart. The cows shuffle to make room as I steady myself and duck low along the floor. I prise my fingers under the heavy stone, pulling out the small wooden box.

My hands tremble as I lift the lid, carefully unfold Papa's last letter and trace his address across the fragile yellow paper.

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*Extract: Asha and the Spirit Bird by Jasbinder Balin*

*Read the text above and think about the pictures it creates in your imagination.*

*Draw the picture and label the things that are in that visualisation. Is there anything that you can't visualise because there aren't enough clues?*