

# The snowball-throwing sentry

*The following extract is from the book *Septimus Heap Magyk* by Angie Sage. In this passage a young boy, who is a sentry guarding the tower where wizards live, has thrown a snowball that accidentally hit a very important wizard called Marcia.*

Marcia looked at the snowball-throwing sentry. His hat was too big for him; it had slipped down and come to rest on his ears, which conveniently stuck out at just the right places to stop the hat from falling over his eyes. The hat gave the boy's thin, pinched face an unhealthy yellow tinge. His two deep grey eyes stared out from under it in terror as the boy realised that his snowball had hit the ExtraOrdinary Wizard.

He looked, thought Marcia, very small to be a soldier.

"How old are you?" she said accusingly.

The sentry blushed. No one like Marcia had ever looked at him before, let alone spoken to him.

"T-ten, Madam."

"Then why aren't you in school?" demanded Marcia.

The sentry looked proud. "I have no need of school, Madam. I am in the Young Army. We are the Pride of Today, the Warriors of Tomorrow."

"Aren't you cold?" Marcia asked unexpectedly.

"N-no Madam. We are trained not to feel the cold." But the sentry's lips had a bluish tinge to them, and he shivered as he spoke.

"Humph." Marcia stomped off through the snow, leaving the boy to another four hours on guard.

