

1. Outside

“Bye mum. I’m going for my walk”, Phil shouted from the hall to the kitchen where her mother was preparing dinner.

“Okay, darling. Dinner is in about 45 minutes.

5 Don’t be late”, Mrs Doherty, Phil’s mother, answered.

“No, mum, I’ll be on time.”

Phil opened the door and walked into the cool evening. It was a Friday in late October, and the 10 days were getting shorter, so at 6:30 pm it was already beginning to get dark.

Phil’s full Christian name was Philippa Elizabeth, after her two grandmothers. But 15 everybody called her Phil.

She did not like her nickname because it was actually a boy’s short name for Philip, but Phil was a 20 lot better than her full Christian names, which she absolutely hated.

Phil was overweight, and she had been suffering from 25 diabetes for a few years.



Every day she had to inject insulin, which helped her stay strong and gave her energy. In the past, being overweight was never really a problem for Phil. She loved her food after a long and tiring day 30 at school. Her favourites were chocolate and potato crisps, which she ate while watching films on TV after school or at the weekends.

But when she turned 15 and found that all her classmates were dating their first boyfriends, she 35 decided to lose weight because slim girls had better chances to get boyfriends. She fancied Dean, a boy in her class. Dean did not have a girlfriend, but Phil knew he also liked slim girls.

Over the last two months Phil had lost 16 pounds. 40 She had stopped eating crisps, and she only ate one small piece of chocolate every day. She discovered that apples, bananas and oranges tasted good, and in the school cafeteria she preferred a fresh salad to chips with ketchup and 45 mayonnaise.

In the evenings after her homework she liked doing power walking in the park near her neighbourhood. Walking helped Phil lose weight more quickly, and it helped her work off school stress or the annoying 50 arguments she always had with Natalie, her thirteen year old and much slimmer sister.

On her way to the park, Phil passed Park High School, a comprehensive school where all the

boys and girls of this part of the town went. Phil
55 liked her school. It had been renovated two years
ago. Inside the halls and classrooms were brightly
coloured. As a member of the Redecorating Club
she had helped to decorate some of the halls and
classrooms. She had painted bright yellow suns
60 and blue and red flowers on the walls. It had been
great fun.

Phil looked into the sky. Big, heavy clouds hung
over her school and the park ahead, and she
feared that it would start to rain any minute.

65 Suddenly there was a flash of lightning and not
long after that the sound of rolling thunder.

“Oh, damn!” Phil shouted to herself. “Why didn’t I
put on my mackintosh? If it starts raining now I’ll
be wet and soaked within minutes.” Then the first
70 big raindrops began to fall.

Phil stopped walking and looked over to her
school. “I could find shelter under the main
entrance”, she thought aloud. She opened the big
school gate and ran towards the entrance. When
75 she reached it her sweat suit was already wet.
Then a heavy storm with lightning, thunder, and
nasty gusts of wind started, and Phil began to feel
very cold.