Gretchen took a deep, shaky breath as she peeked out from behind the stage curtain. The auditorium was full. Everyone was there to hear the piano recital.

What if she messed up? What if she forgot the correct notes to play? What if the whole night was ruined?

"You'll do great. Your performance will be music to the audience's ears." He grinned at his own statement. It was a joke in their class: since their performances were literally music to people's ears.

Mr. Harold stepped toward her. He was the music teacher, and he oversaw all the students who would be performing tonight.

"Are you alright, Gretchen?" he asked.

She gulped. "I think so," she said.

"You’ll do great. You are doing great," Mr. Harold said.

Gretchen wiped her sweaty hands on her dress. She was a bundle of nerves.

"What if I make a mistake? It will ruin everything," she said. It was hard to admit her anxiety.

Mr. Harold patted her shoulder. "You can do it, Gretchen. I believe in you."

She nodded, and he moved on to give encouragement to the next student.

Gretchen moved toward the back of the stage to wait for her turn. She heard snifflers and frowned.
Gretchen stepped toward him. “What’s wrong, Matthew?”

He sniffed again and wiped his tears. “I’m scared.”

A sympathetic smile spread across Gretchen’s face. “I understand. I’m nervous, too. I know you’ll knock it out of the park,” she said.

As she said the words, she realized she meant them very much. Matthew always did a great job. She believed in him.

Maybe that was how Mr. Harold felt about her, too.

“Everyone will enjoy your performance,” she said. “And remember to smile. Your smile always lights up the room.”

Matthew smiled then, and Gretchen smiled back. It was going to be a great recital.

Soon the curtain had raised. A few others went before Gretchen, including Matthew. He did fabulously and didn’t miss a single note.

As she said the words, she realized she meant them very much. Matthew always did a great job. She believed in him.

A sympathetic smile spread across Gretchen’s face. “I understand. I’m nervous, too. I know you’ll knock it out of the park,” she said.

Peeking around the corner, she saw Matthew. He was only seven years old, but he was a budding piano maestro.

“Everyone will enjoy your performance,” she said. “And remember to smile. Your smile always lights up the room.”

Matthew smiled then, and Gretchen smiled back. It was going to be a great recital.

Soon the curtain had raised. A few others went before Gretchen, including Matthew. He did fabulously and didn’t miss a single note.

When Gretchen’s turn came, she took a deep breath to steady her nerves. Then she played for the audience.

Use any four metaphors you have underlined in sentences of your own.

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2) ___________________________________________________________

3) ___________________________________________________________

4) ___________________________________________________________
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