**Extract edited and taken from ‘Fahrenheit 451’ by Ray Bradbury**

**He turned the corner.**

**The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger than touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sounds now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting.**

**The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes dark and shining and alive, that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotised by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix-disc on his chest, he spoke again.**

**“Of course”, he said, “you’re a new neighbour, aren’t you?”**

**“And you must be” – she raised her eyes from his professional symbols – “the fireman.” Her voice trailed off. “I’m Clarisse McClellan.”**