Write a narrative on your selected theme.

I have chosen **never judge a book by its cover.**

She had seemed harmless at first, waltzing into the museum office as if she belonged there, and asking for a job interview. Oh yes, I remember her well. It was the high summer of 1929 when a certain Miss Imogen O'Toole joined our little museum and set into motion a chain of events that turned into something almost worthy of a global crisis.

When she first joined us, it was as if a ray of bright light had shone upon our dusty, old museum, and brought with it new dresses and freshly bobbed hair. It seemed as if she could do no wrong in our eyes, so perfect was she. She charmed us all with her infectious good humour and brilliant smiles, her willingness to stay overtime and tidy up after the day's visitors. Now I look back upon it, she must have committed her crimes then.

A few weeks after her arrival, a string of high profile disappearances occurred. Most were wealthy businessmen and philanthropists. We thought nothing of it at first, as it didn't seem to concern our museum, but what did concern us was the fact that Imogen's mood became fonder with every disappearance, and she jumped everytime they were mentioned. Still, we were so blinded by her beauty that we did all we could to please her, but in vain.

One day, I had inadvertently left my cigarette case behind in the

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museum, and — I must confess, that I am addicted to smoking, so naturally
I had to rush back and get it. Now, let me tell you an interesting thing
about our museum — we are actually curators to the world’s largest collection
of Egyptian mummies, which is actually rather creepy, now that I think of
it. So I slunk quietly into the museum, trying to keep as quiet as possible,
so I wouldn’t disturb the dead, but already, I sensed something was wrong.
There was a thick scent of embalming fluid in the air, and bloodstains on
the floor. I switched on the lights only to see —

There, cowering protectively on the floor was our one and only Brogen O’
Toole, busily humming and wrapping a fresh corpse in bandages while the
bones of old mummies were littered around him. She looked up, and gave
me a truly macabre smile, one only the mentally deranged can manage
to give.

And what did I do, dear reader?

I ran. I ran for my life.