**Paper Towns by John Green**

Quentin Jacobsen has always loved Margo from afar. So when she climbs through his window to summon him on an all-night road trip of revenge he cannot help but follow. But the next morning, Q turns up at school and Margo doesn’t. She’s left clues to her disappearance, like a trail of breadcrumbs for Q to follow. **(Extract from Prologue to follow)**

**So Margo and I were nine. Our parents were friends, so we would sometimes play together, biking past the cul-de-sacced streets to Jefferson Park itself, the hub of our subdivision’s wheel.**

**I always got very nervous whenever I heard that Margo was about to show up, on account of how she was the most fantastically gorgeous creature that God had ever created. On the morning in question, she wore white shorts and a pink T-shirt that featured a green dragon breathing a fire of orange glitter. It is difficult to explain how awesome I found this T-shirt at the time.**

**Margo, as always biked standing up, her arms locked as she leaned above the handlebars, her purple sneakers a circuitous blur. It was a steam-hot day in March. The sky was clear, but the air tasted acidic, like it might storm later.**

**At the time, I fancied myself an inventor, and after we locked up our bikes and began the short walk across the park to the playground, I told Margo about an idea I had for an invention called the Ringolator. The Ringolator was a gigantic cannon that would shoot big, coloured rocks into a very low orbit, giving Earth the same sort of rings that Saturn has. (I still think this would be a fine idea, but it turns out that building a cannon that can shoot boulders into a low orbit is fairly complicated.)**

**I’d been in this park so many times before that it was mapped in my mind, so we were only a few steps inside when I began to sense that the world was out of order, even though I couldn’t immediately figure out *what* was different.**

**“Quentin,” Margo said quietly, calmly.**

**There was a live oak a few feet ahead of us. Thick and gnarled and ancient looking. That was not new. The playground on our right. Not new, either. But now, a guy wearing a gray suit, slumped against the trunk of the oak tree. Not moving. This was new. He was encircled by blood; a half-dried fountain of it poured out of his mouth. The mouth open in a way that mouths generally shouldn’t be. Flies at rest on his forehead.**

**“He’s dead,” Margo said, as if I couldn’t tell.**

**I took two small steps backward. I remember thinking that if I made any sudden movements, he might wake up and attack me. Maybe he was a zombie. I knew zombies weren’t real, but he sure *looked* like a potential zombie.**

**As I took those two steps back, Margo took two equally small and quiet steps forward. “His eyes are open,” she said.**

**“Wegottagohome,” I said.**

**“I thought you closed your eyes when you died,” she said.**

**“Margowegottagohomeandtell.”**

**She took another step. She was close enough now to reach out and touch his foot.**

**Paper Towns –**

**You are introduced to two characters in the prologue – Margo and Quentin.**

**They are very different personalities.**

**Create a character study of them using the mind-map template below. Complete one for each of them.**

**Remember to quote and expand on what the quote allows you to understand.**

What others say about her.

Her appearance

Shows her confidence

‘Margo, as always biked standing up’

She says/thinks

Her actions

Margo