

## Tuesday at 8.27pm

The mesmerising moon appeared slowly in the smoky atmosphere, stretching its glowing fingers over the gently rippling pond. “I have a hunch that something bad is going to happen tonight,” yawned Freddo worriedly, his webbed, spotted feet dangling over the edge of the lily pad. Then unexpectedly, the evening breeze seized him and thrust him into the moonlit night. “Why am I so high up?” trembled Freddo his hands scrabbling on the lily pad. The lily pads, overloaded with confused frogs, took over the night.

Upwards they flew, skimming the stars, emerald green dots against the dark, velvet sky. Peels of laughter erupted from Freddo. “Why are you laughing? This is a life or death situation,” blurted Smartie nervously across the frogs. “It is not like we are going to die,” comforted Freddo clearly enjoying the experience. He let go of the lily pad, stood up and exploded with laughter. They were looping the loop, chasing the petrified birds and slowly but steadily making their way towards the town.” This feels like luxury,” crowed Freddo winking at Smartie.

In the satin of the star imprinted sky, Freddo swiftly glided through the night “I bet inside his microscopic brain he is going bananas,” joked Smartie as they hovered past a shimmering, scarlet door. “I bet he is going to forget to put the jam on his sandwich,” chuckled Freddo grinning broadly at the gaping man, “You’re certainly getting a tad cocky, Freddo,” smiled Smartie going through an open hatch into an old, dusty home. Freddo and Smartie floated calmly through the kitchen. As they entered the living room, they saw a peacefully snoring Grandma as a blazing fireplace lit up the room. As they went for the back door, they heard a thunder-like growl echo behind them. Freddo peered behind to see a feral dog. He was a scruffy, mottled canine and chased them out until finally he gave up and skulked back, tail between his legs, miserably howling to the misty midnight sky.

After they had escaped the feral dogs grasp, Freddo and Smartie climbed into the smoky atmosphere Freddo noticed that they were going head first into a lamppost. “Oh no we are so dead,” shrieked Freddo grasping the lily pad like they were going to die. “What is going on?” responded Smartie peering over the lily pad. “We are going to crash into the . . . Freddo froze as his head bashed against the lamppost and roughly fell through the sky landing with a bone breaking thud.

They miserably hopped back home. “What a disappointment,” complained Freddo. “I have just realised something,” confessed Smartie. “The sun must drain our power.” “Well it was still an adventure. I wonder what will happen next Tuesday,” said Freddo eagerly.

By Hope and Amelia