

Tuesday

Jess was the only one awake. She gazed out from the gentle, misty pond, as an autumnal day came to an end. The glowing moon wrapped its comforting, silver arms over the glistening, sapphire-blue pond. As she pondered over the day she whispered, softly to herself, "Tonight feels a bit different." Then, with a sudden jolt, the frogs began to rise up into the cold, breezy air of midnight.

Soaring through the sparkling night sky, black, hidden figures appeared in the distance - they were dark like when the night falls over the town. Trying to make a commotion, Jess screamed, "Birds up ahead!" The others froze in fear. Waving her arms about, she laughed and yelled merrily, "Cheer up. This is the best night ever!" Eventually, they were doing somersaults in mid-air - up, down, left, right - EVERWHERE! As Jess and the other frogs approached the silent town, she smiled.

Getting closer to the town, they flew more freely and jumped wildly up and down. "That man must be very confused," explained Jess' best friend Isha, pointing at a man eating a sandwich in a house beside them. She burst out laughing as the man froze, dropped his sandwich and was left completely speechless. "That's hilarious!" cried Isha.

"Why is he even eating at this time of night?" asked Jess, puzzled. They flew down to an old empty chimney and entered a house. As they slid down the chimney, they encountered an elderly lady, fast asleep on a floral armchair in front of the television. The lady flinched and nearly woke up as they turned on a new channel. The frogs ventured out of the house, on to the street only to be chased by a wild dog. Finally, they gathered up enough courage to turn around and chase the dog back.

They flew into an old oak tree at the end of a field and fell into a pile of beautiful leaves, just as Jess sobbed with a tear on her face. "Oh no, the magic has worn off." The sun rose proudly and shone, enveloping everything in its warmth. Soon after they had left the oak tree, the frogs leaped joyfully through the foggy farm, over grassy meadows and into the pond. Hopping happily over the pond, the frogs discussed their adventure. "I want to go back," complained Isha.

"Stop whining. Just appreciate that we had such an amazing trip and had so much fun," Jess said happily. "But I wonder what will happen next Tuesday?"

By Ivy and Zahara