

TEN WORD TALES EASTER SPECIALS

The Panama Frog

by The Story Spinner

CHAPTER 1



When Priya walked home from school on the last day of term she was very fed up indeed. Her dog, Jack, greeted her when she arrived but Priya only patted his shaggy head absent-mindedly. Her mum called up from her studio in the basement. “Priya, is that you?” Priya ignored her and stomped up the four flights of stairs to her attic bedroom, her bad mood getting worse as she stomped. This was going to be the worst summer holiday ever.

Oceans of time stretched ahead, without any oceans. While her school friends spoke of trips to Florence or Florida, while her friend Hamish went to see his granny in Scotland and her friend Sasha prepared to set off to Devon tomorrow, she, Priya, would be stuck in the soulless summer of a deserted Wandsworth with no friends.

She quite understood why.

It was the roof.

Priya lived close to her school, The Roche, in a short row of beautiful old houses. The other houses in the row were tall and wide. Priya's house was tall and very thin. The roof in question was Priya's roof: Priya slept at the top of the house with a window facing the river and a skylight through which she and Jack loved to gaze at the stars or moon or at windy clouds on deep blue or at just the plain airy brightness of the sky. This roof was going to collapse if it was not repaired.

Currently the roof and windows were covered in dark sheeting. Monday to Thursday mornings, Priya was not allowed in her room because of the roof men, working away. Priya's mum, Amira, had to work because they needed to pay for the roof, and because they needed to pay for the roof there was no money for a holiday.

It was no one's fault; still, Priya felt cross. Jack arrived at her door, wagging his tail and panting; followed by Amira, also panting, with bran muffins and two mugs of hot chocolate balanced precariously.

“Of course you're cross,” said Amira, listening to Priya's complaints. “I'm fed up too. I don't like having to work on three projects at once; it muddles my head.” Amira, a party designer, was currently working on a jungle-themed party in Peckham, a pirate-themed party in Putney and a rainbow-themed wedding in Wimbledon. “But you never know. Something might happen.”

Something was to happen that very night.

Watch out for Chapter 2 tomorrow!