

TEN WORD TALES EASTER SPECIALS

The Panama Frog

by The Story Spinner

CHAPTER 2



That night, Priya lay awake for a while, listening to the sound of the wind rattling in the plastic sheeting and fell asleep to dreams of being attacked by carrier bags.

Suddenly into her dream came the sound of crashing and tearing. Priya was awake in a second, switching on her bedside light, and reaching for Jack, who was barking so hard every part of him was

quivering. Hanging through the plastic sheeting where the roof had been, was a human leg!

In a second Priya's mum was in the room, phone in hand, shouting loudly, "I'm calling the police!" so the owner of the leg could hear, and dialling 999. In another second, the leg had disappeared. Amira and Priya hurried downstairs, jamming the attic door shut behind them for safety.

A few moments later, three police officers arrived. While Priya answered questions about the leg, Amira served hot drinks and cake, feeling, as she said afterwards, as if she was running a police café. A message buzzed through to the officers about a robbery round the corner.

"Got to go. It might be connected to whoever was running over your roof," said the sergeant. "We'll be in touch tomorrow."

Priya and her mum watched the policemen run off round the corner of Armoury Way and into Frogmore.

Being awoken by a dangling leg and having police in the house was oddly exhilarating. Priya was in no mood for sleep. Her mum would not let her stay upstairs in case a whole intruder fell through the

now-torn ceiling. They brought down anything extra precious, like Priya's jewellery box and some favourite books, and Priya and Amira lay on a sofa each, snuggling down to talk about it all.

Priya was worried about the robbery being in Frogmore. It was a little road with lots of large buildings as well as houses and flats. Her school was there; she loved it dearly and could not bear the thought of it being burgled. Her mum suggested perhaps it was the warehouse, Panama Antiques, heavily guarded by high walls, topped by silver spikes that looked sharp as scissors.

“Speaking of antiques, don't forget you're shopping for George in the morning.”

Priya nodded, tired now. As the sun came up and fingered its way through the blinds, they stopped talking and fell asleep.

Watch out for Chapter 3 tomorrow!