

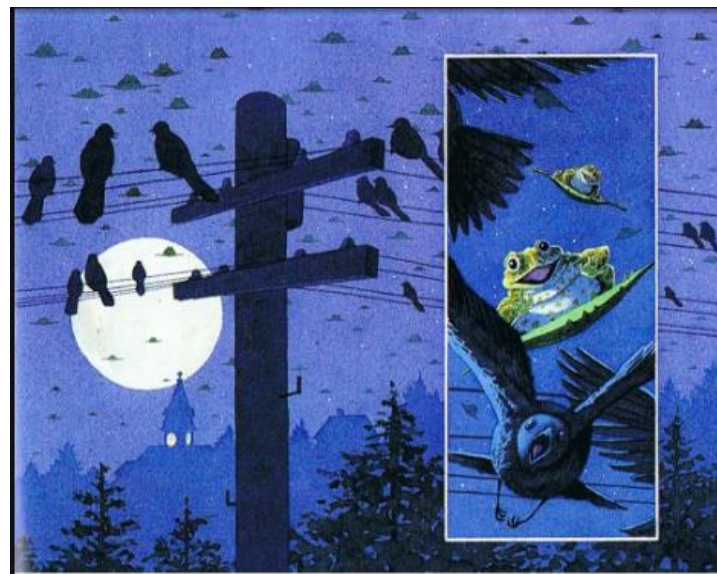
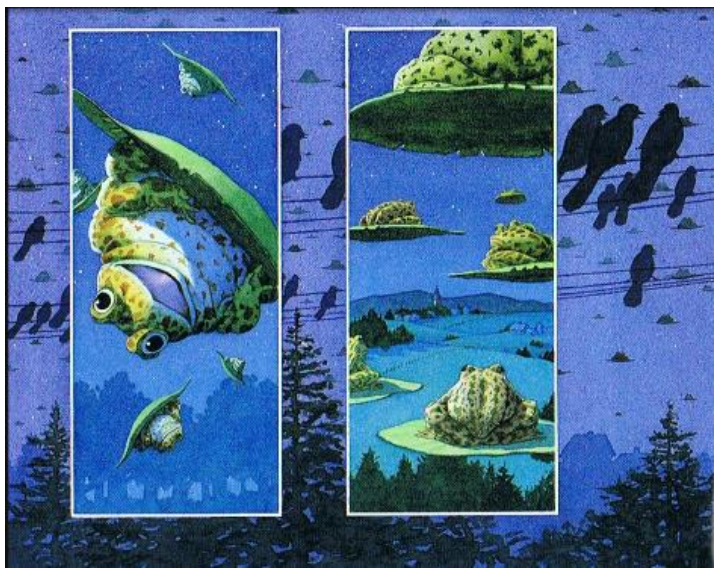
By Darshan



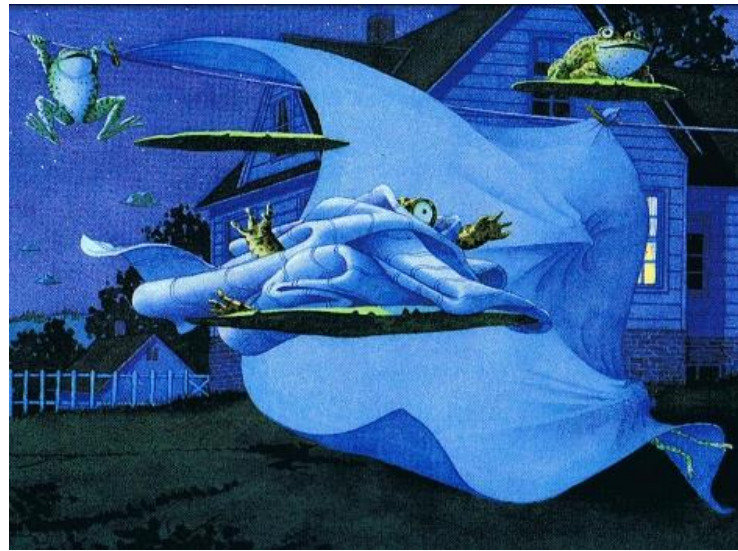
Shh! The wind began to whistle a soothing melody; even the raging sun broke into a deep slumber and sadly its warming glow faded. Darkness began to wrap around the Earth. The Moon began to rise and towered over the night. Weary stars awoke and began to whisper. The glimmering Moon illuminated the murky lake, which had a serene turtle on a hollow, lifeless log. But soon that peace would change.

Buzz! Buzz! Suddenly, a slumbering toad felt a barrage of vibrations course through his body. Quite understandably, the toad was ready to erupt from being disrupted. Peering at the edge of his lily pad, he realised he had been floating. As he levitated higher and higher, he saw his friends and family floating too...



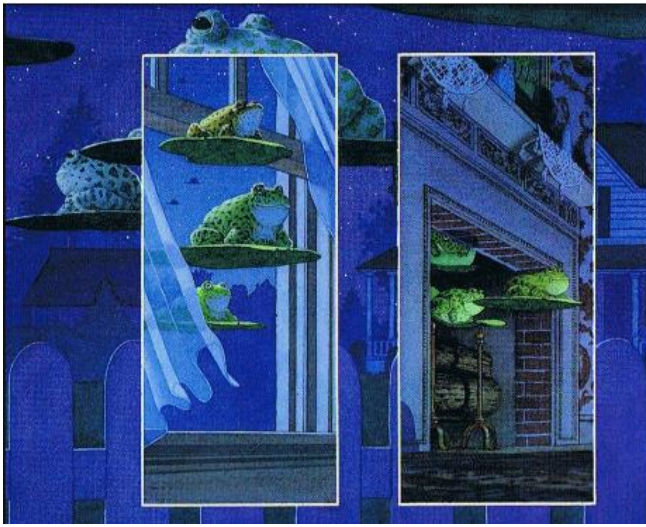


WOOSH! Chaos here, mayhem there and frogs causing pandemonium everywhere. Like maniacs, they twirled, they swirled, they shot through the magnificent, magenta sky. The wind began to rage, blasting gusts of wind, invisible hands tossing the frogs around. Frogs swarmed the crows with unruly smirks. The crows slowly felt a sensation of hysteria crawl onto their backs. The crows screamed, fled and begged for mercy. The genocidal army of frogs were bulls and charged at the crows. As the crows soared and soared out of sight, the frogs cackled hysterically like lunatics. Then they went to town to cause some more chaos.

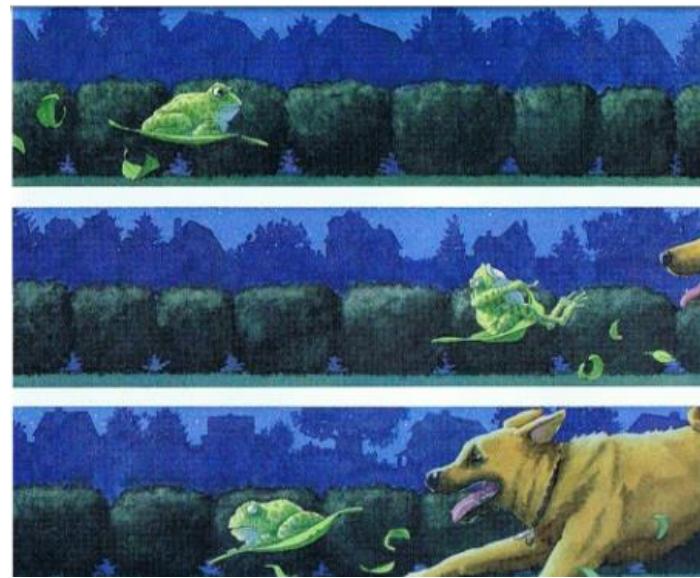
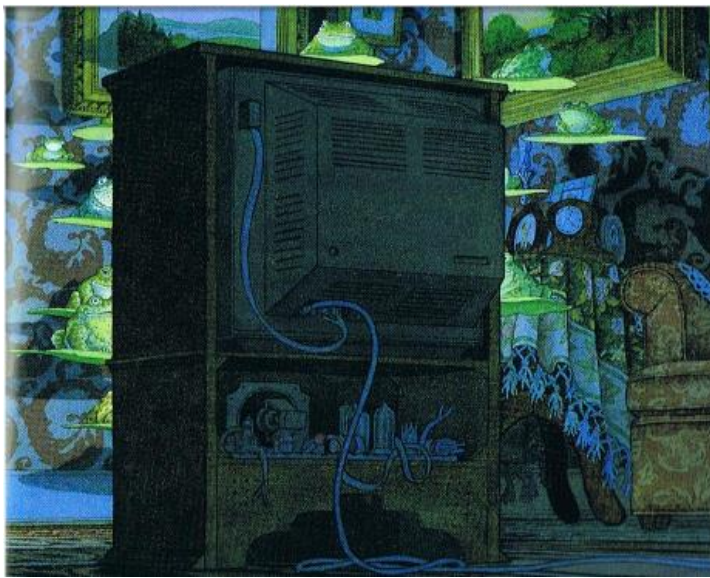


Bob, wondering what strange ingredient, he'd put in his sandwich, saw a platoon of frogs storming, charging, zooming past his window. Unable to move, Bob was paralysed in bewilderment, his eyes glued to the sight that was now engraved in his mind. As the frogs continued their journey, they encountered an obstacle (oh no!) Blankets of snow. Then, 1, 2, 3. FIRE! The frogs barrelled into the sheets and were blinded by a vision of white. They began to stumble, tumble and fall to the ground. ZOOM! They recovered and were off again. Courageously, they powered through and into the next house.





Getting closer to the light of the house, the stealthy, nosey frogs flew through the window. Gazing in astonishment, they saw a wrinkly humanoid figure with bony fingers. It had grey strands of hair reaching out of its head. The sag of flesh just snored like any of them. The cat was alarmed: it had never seen floating frogs before. In front of the old lady was a box with streaming strings pouring out and into the outlet. The frogs were frozen and eyed the box: they thought it may have been a trap. Shuffling closer to screen, the frogs immediately fell in love with the moving pictures: there was a nature channel all about their magnificent species. They would not move, nor blink for they were intent on watching. The frogs dared to stay: they were addicted to mechanism. Then tragically the light faded and the box was automatically deactivated. Glumly, they left: they had nothing else to do.



A wondering frog found himself exploring the garden: it still had nothing to do. It hovered around; it waited for something to happen. Unbelievably bored, it zoomed, dashed, powered through the garden. STOP! The frog encountered another obstacle. (oh come on!) A furry, vicious, beady-eyed dog. The frog fled for his life; the dog craved for his prey. The frog was gone and escaped. Silence crept up, then... FIRE! Frogs began to swarm the dog. One by one, they popped out of nowhere; the retreating dog, who regretted his decision, saw only flashes of green.





Without warning, they were sent plummeting to their death. As they tumbled and stumbled out of the sky, a warming glow slowly arose. The fuming, raging sun was back. Its blazing rays of heat illuminated the sky. It shared its warmth with the world once again. SPLASH! They crashed into their pond. Grumpily, they returned to their normal lives but what might happen next Tuesday...