What if a truck carrying ten thousand frogs tipped over outside your school and the frogs got inside? Pretend this happens. Write a story for your teacher telling all about what happens when the frogs get inside your school. Be sure your story has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

I was just an ordinary sixth-grade girl at an ordinary school until last Friday. Something amazing happened! A truck making a delivery to the science department crashed into the cafeteria and tipped over, and I ended up saving the day.

I was at my locker getting ready to go to lunch when it happened. The crash sounded like thunder. “That’s strange,” I thought. “It’s not even cloudy.” One minute later, I heard an even stranger sound, croaking. It was not the regular croaking that one frog might make. It sounded more as if the whole school was croaking!

Teachers came out of their classrooms with the same question I had on my mind. “What’s going on?” they asked nervously. I ran down the hall toward the sound, leaving my backpack on the ground and forgetting to close my locker. I was too filled with curiosity to remember things like that at a time like this.

When I got to the cafeteria, I couldn’t believe my eyes. Everywhere I looked there were slimy green frogs, as big as softballs. They hopped under the tables, against the windows, along the floor, and onto the lunch trays. Students and teachers were pouring in from the hallway to see what was going on. To add to the noise and confusion, the lunch monitors kept screaming, “Don’t eat anything. Your lunches are contaminated with frog germs!”

I don’t know who was more panicked, the frogs or the students. The kids from the Science Club thought it was pretty cool, but the rest of us were really scared. Some kids had up to ten frogs dangling off their hair and their clothing. Everyone was screaming and running. The more noise we made, the crazier the frogs got.

The next thing I knew, a frog jumped on my shoulder and grabbed my hair in its mouth. Then it started croaking in my ear. I thought I heard it said, “Help!” I was afraid but brave enough to pull it off and take it gently
in my hands. The moist, squishy lump didn't even try to jump away. Instead, it sat in my hands, trusting me not to hurt it. Suddenly, I got it. These frogs were not trying to hurt us; they were just scared.

I tried to explain this, but nobody was listening. I decided to run down to the principal's office for help, but she was hiding under her desk. After getting permission to use the PA system, I made an announcement. “Please, be quiet,” I begged in my calmest voice. “The frogs will not harm you.” If anything, the students got louder. Then I tried something else. Disguising my voice as the principal's, I promised, “If you make an orderly line by the door, school will be dismissed early!”

It worked. The students were ready do anything to get away from this mess of confusion. When the principal and I got back to the cafeteria, the kids were as straight and silent as statues. The frogs were still croaking, but they had stopped hopping and didn't seem scared anymore. Volunteers from the Science Club scooped them up with trays and carried them outdoors.

For days kids were finding frogs in their backpacks, lockers, and desks. My locker was absolutely full of quivering, croaking frogs. Kids and teachers had to spend most of their time each day opening doors and windows to free the frogs. Finally, after about three weeks, everyone could relax. The frogs had all returned to the outside where they belonged. We were all sick of them, but nobody was ever afraid of frogs again.