

A Midnight Adventure. A Story which starts with me looking out of a window.

I was looking out of the window when suddenly, a large gust of wind blew open the nursery window sending me sailing out into the night! I landed onto the grassy floor below and then began to roll over and over down the hill into the garden. Bumpety bump. Bumpety bump.

‘Ow!’ I exclaimed ‘when am I going to stop tumbling?’ Before I could utter another word, I had landed with a splash splash into the garden pond.

‘Oh, oh!’ I cried as I began sinking down, down and further down into the murky depths of the water. I hit the bottom with a thud. Gerald, Emma’s oldest goldfish swam up to me. ‘Gulp, gulp, what are you doing down here?’ he asked curiously.

‘I think I’ve accidently fallen into the pond’ I replied rather hesitantly ‘do you think you could help to get me back home?’ ‘I don’t know’ gulped Gerald ‘but I’ll go and see if any of my friends can help.’ He turned upon his tail and swam away.

Seconds later, Sylvester the water snail glided up to me. ‘Hello, hello, hello, what are you doing down here?’ ‘I’ve fallen into the pond’ I replied sounding crestfallen ‘and I need to go home.’ ‘Oh dear’ slurped Sylvester ‘you have not chosen a very good time to drop in. Willamina, the queen of the water voles is throwing a lavish party tonight and she does not take kindly to pondcrashers. You had better take care.’ And with that, Sylvester slithered away.

I sat thoughtfully at the bottom pondering my fate. ‘Oh my! Whatever shall I do?’ I tried jumping and paddling furiously but seemed to become more stuck in the mud.

Suddenly, I heard music coming from above and with one last grand effort I managed to free myself and shot up towards the surface popping out between a clump of water weed and the pads of a water lily like a cork. Feeling relieved, I swam toward the

melodious sounds which appeared to be coming from a small cavern. I managed to haul myself onto a small ledge and was able to peer into the cavern. The party was about to begin.

A trio of frogs were playing the frog chorus and some of the guests were taking their places on the dance floor. A team of newts wearing waist coats and bow ties were serving trays of chilled champagne, oysters and caviar. Willamina looked magnificent. She was wearing a crystal tiara and chatting and smiling to her guests and paying particular attention to Walter, the king of the water rats. It had been rumoured that he had asked for her paw in marriage.

I was gazing so intently that I suddenly misplaced my feet on the ledge and toppled forward landing in the shallow water, right at the tail of Willamina!

Silence fell over the whole cavern. No one dared to move a whisker.

Willamina's smile disappeared rapidly and large furrows appeared over her eyebrows. She stamped her back paws and wriggled her nose.

'Who are you?' she bellowed 'and what are you doing at my party?'

I was almost too frightened to speak but managed to stammer 'I I I'm afraid I seem to have fallen into your party by mistake.' I began to tremble under her ferocious stare and then suddenly as if by magic I was surrounded by a wall of goldfish – my friend Gerald had not let me down and had rallied the troops.

'W w we have come to take this unfortunate party crasher home' gulped Gerald' who is only here as a result of an accident.' A few seconds of silence followed and then suddenly Willamina sniffed the air and smiled! Everyone stared in amazement.

'Stay and join in the celebrations my friend, for today Walter and I are going to be married. Everyone must stay and join in the fun.'

I could not believe my ears. How fortunate was I?

It was a wonderful evening with dancing, singing and making merry. As the evening wore on, I began to feel a bit worried about leaving Emma all by herself. 'Don't worry' gulped Gerald 'I will make sure you are taken home in time for the morning before Emma wakes up. She will never know you were missing.'

As the celebrations continued into the early hours of the morning, a waiting group of goldfish caught hold of me, by each of my ears, arms and legs and swam back with me to the far bank of the pond where I was able to clamber out onto the lawn. Just as I did so, I bumped into Mr Ben who had just finished his nightly rounds and was heading back to the house for a saucer of milk. 'Hop on my back.' He meowed. I climbed onto his back and held on tightly to Mr Ben's collar as we headed back to the nursery.

We were just in time. I hurriedly settled myself back onto the windowsill just as Emma opened the nursery door. Emma eyed me curiously as she surveyed the open window and noticed my damp ears and paws.

'If I didn't know better' she said laughing 'I would think that you have been for a midnight swim in the pond.'

I winked at Mr Ben. He purred and wrapped himself around Emma's legs as she picked me up and cuddled her favourite teddy bear.

Angela McIntyre. February 2026