



I was angry that day. I leaned against the window of my room and looked aimlessly out at our garden, overgrown with apple trees and hazel nut bushes.



Oh, I was mad!

A half hour earlier, my father had taken the computer from my room. Because I got a C in mathematics. He said that without a computer I would have more time to study. That I could have it back during vacation – *if* I fixed my grades.

So now what was I going to do? I didn't want to study. Especially not now! I decided to lean against the window until midnight. Precisely because I was supposed to study! And because I was so mad.

The clock in the belfry at the nearby church had just chimed three o'clock in the afternoon when something flashed above our garden. The next moment there appeared – silently and as light as a feather – a gigantic POTATO.

“What?” I gasped in disbelief. I rubbed my eyes. I pinched my cheeks. No. I wasn't asleep. A potato really had just landed in the garden.

I thought about whether I should run down and touch it, or whether I should stay in the safety of room? I stayed in my room.

This potato could be from outer space. If it broke open, hundreds of slimy worms might crawl out of it like the ones that live in the sea. But this would be on dry land, their slithering tentacles gobbling up the apple trees, then the hazel nut bushes, the wooden fence, the passer-bys



