

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 -ifI 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



on the sidewalk, even the bus and all of its passengers! You can never be too sure with potatoes that land right in the middle of your garden!

"Aha!" I exclaimed when the eyes of the potato began to glitter with all the colours of the rainbow. Then came a loud bzzzzzzzzzzz sound and a door on the potato opened. It sounded like our garage door.

Nothing.

I waited for the Martians to tumble into our garden and point their laser guns at all the molehills.

Still nothing.

What was hiding behind the door of the potato? Something moved. Something green with blue hair.

Oh, no! A green monster! It probably got kicked off its own planet because it carried some contagious disease. Now it had come to Earth. First, I would get the disease. I'd develop a green rash and a high fever. I wouldn't be able to eat anything for a week, except spinach! If I survived, I'd have blue hair for the rest of my life.

The green thing peeked out from behind the door, cautiously, as if it were afraid. What could it possibly be afraid of in our garden?

The next minute, it (or she) was standing in the door of the potato. Ha! It (she) turned out to be a completely ordinary girl, only with green skin and blue tousled hair. She was dressed in a light blue space suit and her shoes looked like snow boots.

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