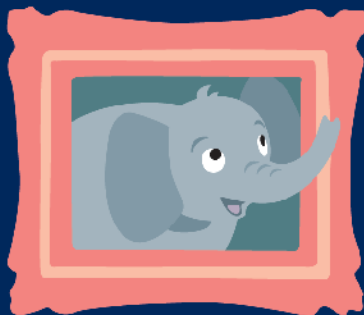
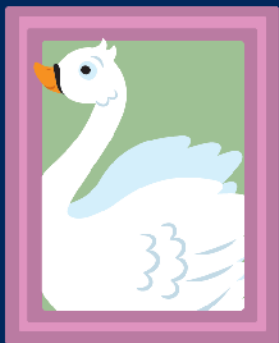


A Night in Acton House

by Vanille H.





The clock struck seven, the doors were locked. Maisie looked around – no-one, she thought, satisfied.

“Time to come out!” she cried, as she bounded out of her portrait.

A few seconds later, the others jumped out of their portraits. “What should we do today?” wondered Octavia.

“We’ve explored the classrooms, the resources room, the music room, the library; where do you want to explore today, Maisie?” Sylvie asked.

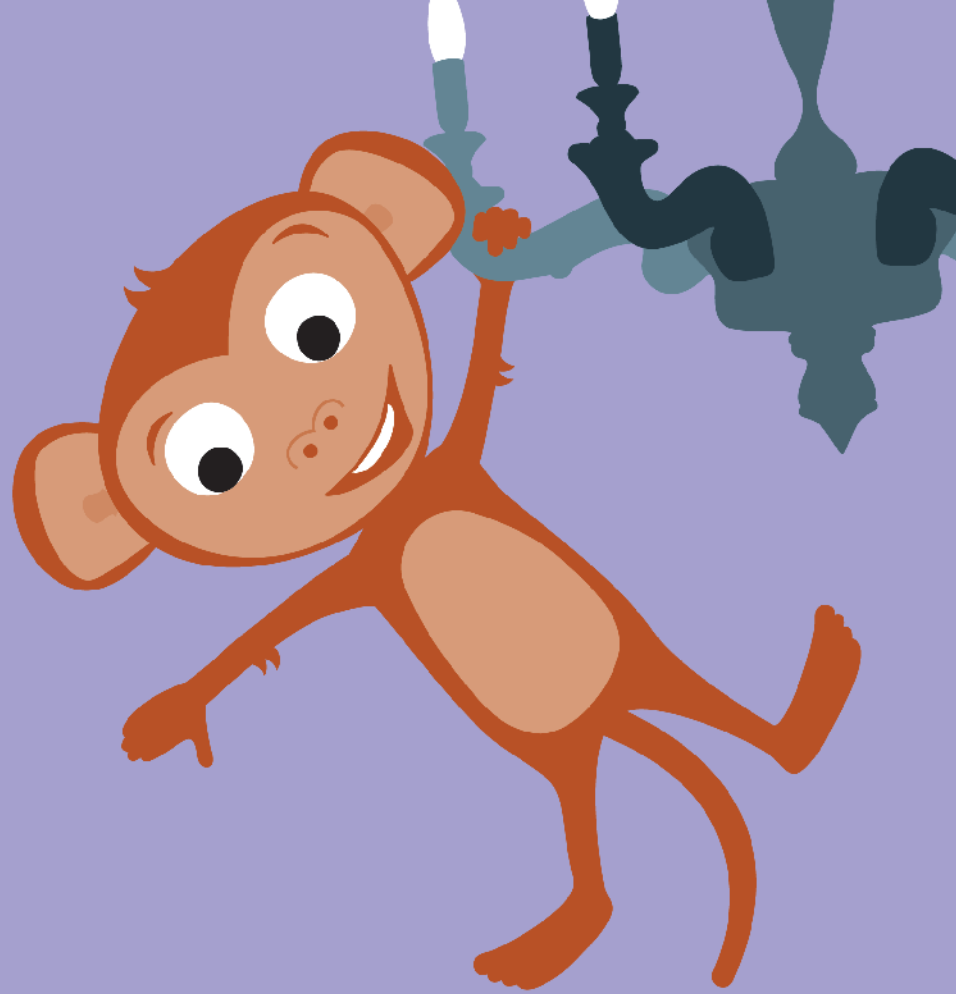
After a moment's pause, Maisie answered, "The art room!"

Maisie swung round the bannisters, then leapt onto the chandelier, waiting for the others to come.

"Maisie, get off that chandelier at once!" Esmerelda boomed.

"Okey dokey," Maisie replied as she sprung off the chandelier, waiting for the others to come.

"The art room is locked!" came Astrid's horrified shout.





Sylvie thought hard but she hadn't seen any keys, and neither had Esmerelda. Octavia thought about where the keys would be, but she couldn't understand where they would be kept in the school.

"Is it just us who comes alive at night?" Astrid asked.

"No, I think it is anything that is drawn, painted, collaged or felted," answered Octavia, wisely.

"So, if Maisie drew a key, we could open the door," Astrid confirmed.

"Probably," Octavia replied.

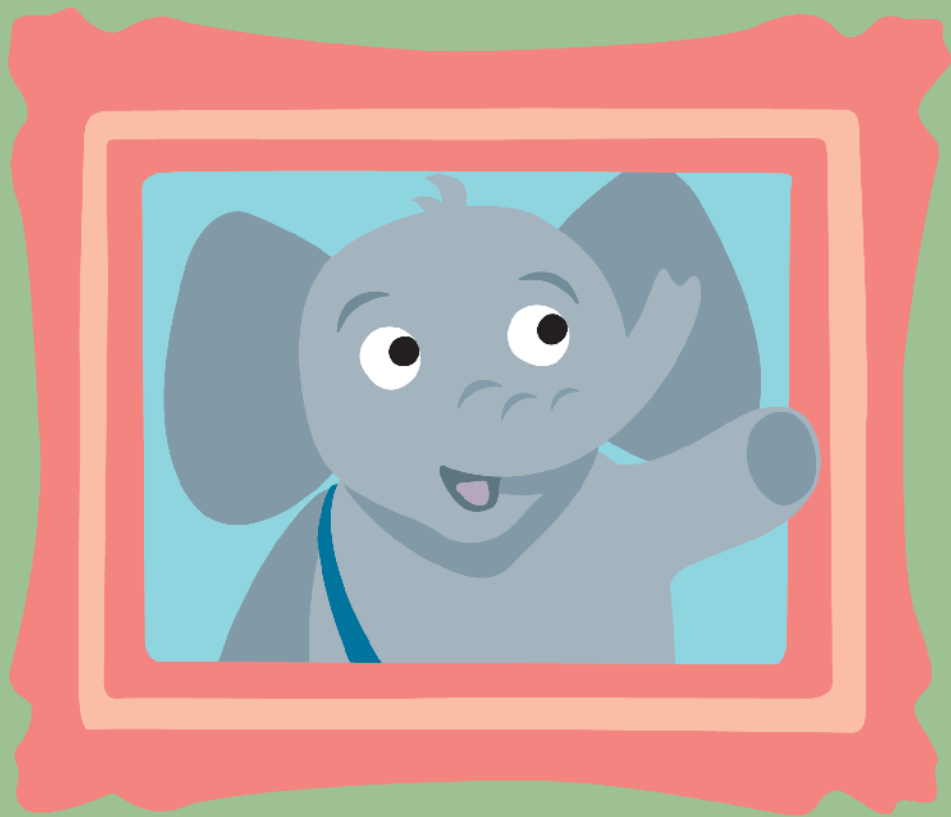
Maisie then drew a key and it popped out of the paper. She placed it in the lock and the door to the art room opened. The animals ran in and tipped every drawer onto the floor.

They made a bubble-wrap sledge, which Esmerelda pulled along, they also made tissue paper piles, which they jumped in. The art room was in absolute mayhem for the rest of the night.

The clock struck seven. “The teachers will be here in half an hour! Clear up, clear up!” shouted Sophie.

Everything was tidy, not a scrap of tissue to be seen, when Astrid asked, “How much time is left?”





Esmerelda checked and realised, “One minute left!”
The animals cantered down the stairs, thirty seconds left.

They heaved open the door to the hall and, with ten seconds to spare, everyone jumped into their portrait, just as the front door opened and Mrs Christian stepped in.

“I wonder what today will bring?” she asked herself.



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Maisie
the Creative Monkey



Sylvie
the Realising Swan



Esmerelda
the Meta-Thinking Elephant



Astrid
the Linking Ant



Octavia
the Analytical Owl