

A Night at St Mary's

by Tupence J-K.





It was a dark, damp and icy cold night. The humans had left and the night students were about to begin their lessons. The elephant's trunk twitched, the owl's feathers quivered.

"Oh, do hurry up!" hissed Sylvie the Swan. "We're going to be late for our twilight lesson!"

"Sylvie is right you know, we need to go!" hooted Octavia the Owl.

"Last time we were late we were made to do extra sums!" moaned Astrid the Ant.

They rushed to their desks, rummaged in their bright blue seat sacks to find their books, making sure they were ready. Within moments and with no warning the door flung open and in came the Professor. A smoky, grey figure with a long flowing cloak embroidered in the finest gold, round glasses perched on his nose, wispy white hair and a stare that could silence a room.

“Good, you are on time for once,” the Dream Professor growled in a low voice. “Now we shall do the register,” he continued whilst glaring at the students.

The names were called and each answered with “Yes sir!” until “Maisie?” Silence. “Maisie?” Still no answer.

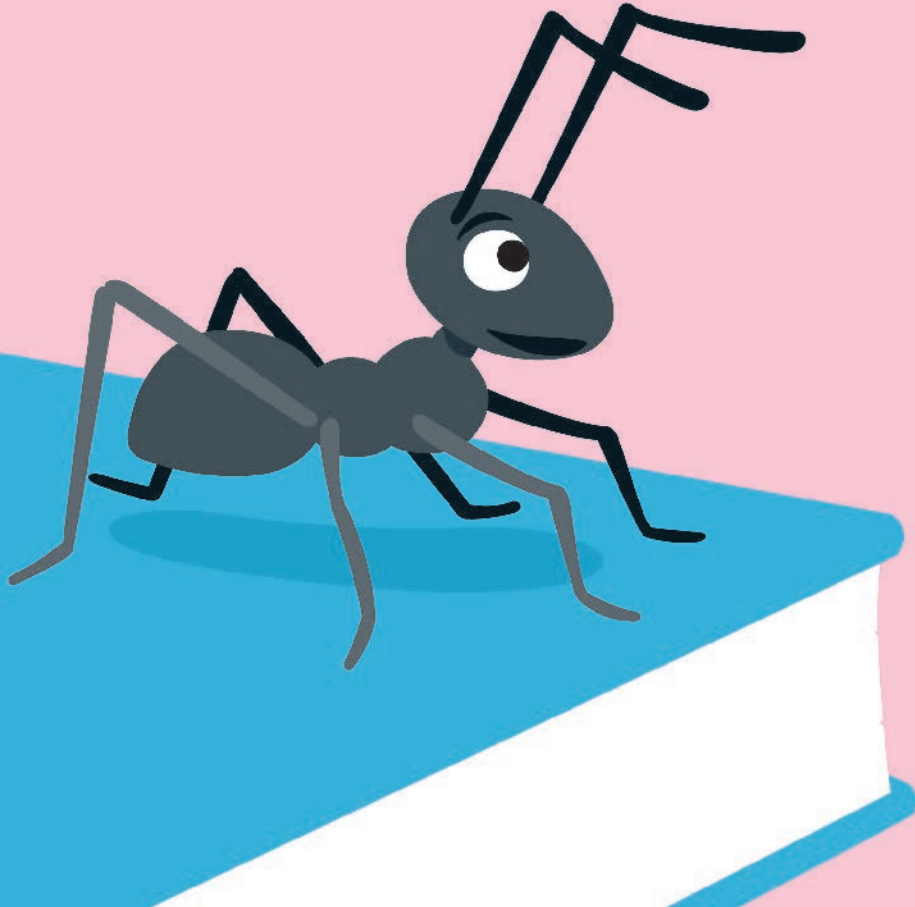
One voice dared to speak up. “Maisie is not here, Professor,” said Esmerelda nervously. “What? Again? I was going to do a creative writing session – we need her to be here,” the frustrated Professor said.

“Where could Maisie be?” questioned Octavia.

“Last time this happened she was found in the gardens, picking flowers to draw,” said Astrid.

“Well, let’s get to it and find her,” Sylvie said.





“Wait!” called out Esmerelda. “We need to work things out slowly.”

Quick as a flash, Sylvie was gone! The others tried to call her back, but she was beyond reach and on a mission to find Maisie. The wise Professor called out, “Don’t go off with Sylvie, we need to work this out together, as a team. Now what information have we got so far?” he asked the eager students.

“Well, I’ve been thinking, if we wander around the school grounds systematically we might find her!” explained Esmerelda.

“I think we need to plan this more precisely,” said Octavia.

“I need to link this to the information we already have on monkeys,” said Astrid.

“Why don’t we simply think about Maisie? She always thinks outside the box so maybe she is doing something no ordinary monkey would,” advised the Professor.

The four friends sat and thought for a while, in silence, each in their own particular way. Each imagining they were Maisie, each trying to work out where she could be.

“Well, she won’t be swinging in the trees, she won’t be eating bananas,” stated Octavia.

“What’s the scariest thing she could do?” questioned Esmerelda.

“Go to the Head’s office, of course!” everybody said at once.

They crept through the dark corridors, the floorboards creaking, past the gloomy school office. Then they saw her, lounging on the comfy, squishy white sofa!





She was sipping a steaming cup of rich hot chocolate, topped with fluffy pink melting marshmallows. Obviously enjoying herself, happily chatting to the Head.

“Of course,” Octavia said. “It’s her turn to have hot chocolate with the Head.”

They returned to the classroom and explained that Maisie had won ‘Word of the Week’.

“Well,” said the Dream Professor. “This just goes to show that we all think in different ways, but when we work together we can achieve anything.”



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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