

What's on the Ceiling?

By Sierra

When my friends and I were in a treehouse, we learned to expect anything. Me and my friends, Nastia and Erik, and I climbed up an old wooden ladder, at the top of the treehouse. It was rusty and aging with a few loose boards. "Are you sure this place is stable?" asked Nastia. "Sure . . . it's stable" answered Erik. "I hope it is." I replied. We looked around trying to find something fun to do. Nastia looked out at the rest of the party. I looked at the ground. "I'll be right back." Erik said. We both just sat. "Want to play rock-paper-scissors?" asked Nastia. "OK" I mumbled helplessly. "Rock, paper . . . what's that?!" she exclaimed pointing to the ceiling. There was a little black furry creature sleeping there. "A bat!" we both screeched. "What?" Erik said. "There's a BAT!" she answered pointing, "There". "I'll be right back!" he said. Again he ran down the ladder. He was holding a stick when he got back. "Don't poke it" I yelled. He still poked it anyway. "It's waking up." he said. It was soon flying until BANG!! It hit the wall with all its might. It started right back up, but this time it got out the window! That day we learned animals do funny things too.