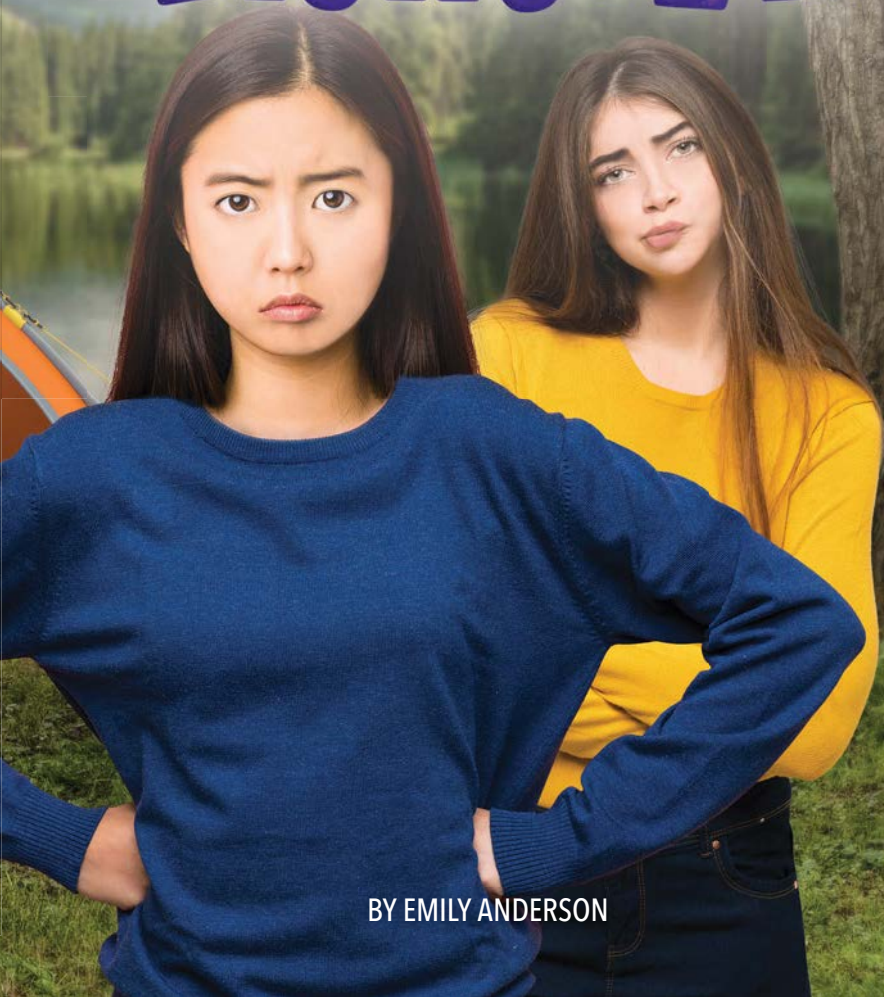


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# CAMPING DISASTER




BY EMILY ANDERSON

Thunder crashed. Tien woke in the dark. Lightning lit up the tent. That's when she saw it. A huge frog sat on her pillow. It was inches from her nose.



Tien froze with **fear**, not daring to scream.  
The creature might jump into her mouth.




A young woman with long, straight, dark brown hair is looking off to her left. She has a slightly concerned or curious expression. She is wearing a light-colored hoodie. The background is a warm, reddish-brown color with some vertical lines, possibly a curtain or a wall. The lighting is soft, highlighting her face.

Slowly, she reached out and shook her friend awake.

Mia turned on her flashlight. The frog hopped off the pillow. It landed on the cooler. Tien yelped.

"Tien, are you okay?"

"There's a toad in here."

A young woman with long, straight black hair is looking directly at the camera with a wide-eyed, surprised expression. She is wearing a bright green hoodie. In her right hand, she holds a black flashlight, which is pointed towards the right side of the frame. The background is a dark, textured brown color.

Mia shined her light. The creature croaked. She grabbed it.

"Yuck. You touched a toad," Tien said.

"This is actually a frog." Mia was **confident**.

"You can tell by the feet. See? They are webbed. Frogs are aquatic. Toads live on land."

"Gross. Get it out of here."



"He's cute." Mia unzipped the tent. She set the frog outside. "Good night, little frog."





Tien lay down, worried. If a frog could get in, what about a snake? Wind hissed through the thin tent. Tien could hear every sound. She covered her ears and tried to fall asleep.