**A strange Day In July**

**By: Emily Johannan**

**It was July 1st 1996 and summer vacation had recently started for six-year-old Sara and 10-year-old James Maxwell. They were both sitting on the brown, leather couch in their family room. James was dealing out a red deck of cards so that they could play their 6th round of war. Sara sat twirling her hair with a bored expression on her face.**

**“Why don’t you two go outside for half an hour while I finish making dinner?” asked their mom.**

**“Okay.” replied James. Sara ran up stairs, quickly selected a book from the wooden bookshelf in her room, and ran back down. She had picked the book the book The Wizard of Oz. Sara and James walked out of the house. They walked into the backyard. They found rocky, narrow path and started to walk down it.**

**Usually when they went for a walk, they walked until they found a comfortable place for Sara to read and place that had some small trees for James to climb. This time they came a cross a small body of fresh, crystal, blue water. A sign next to the water read “ Fern pond”.**

**Sara sat down on a big, round, grey, rock. Her pink dress with dark pink ruffles drooped over almost the entire rock. She opened to the page she had left of on and started to read. She became came completely lost in her book.**

**James knelled down. Ha ran his hand softly through the green, dewy, grass. He picked up three small, grey stones.**

**“ Hey Sara,” he said, “watch this.” He threw the first stone into the air. It fell into the water with a small splash. It skipped two times. The next stone skipped four times. It came flying into the water with an even bigger splash then the first stone. Then “He threw with all his might but the third stone came skipping back”**

**“How’d you do that?” asked Sara stunned.**

**“I don’t know!” replied James equally amazed.**

**They both walked home together each not knowing what to say.**

**“Could it have been magic? Was it just an illusion?” thought James**

**“Maybe it was Santa! Or maybe the leprechaun.” thought Sara.**

**When they got home Sara and James decided they wouldn’t mention anything that had happened at the pond to their parent’s.**

**When they got home they both quickly sipped their bowl of hot French onion soup. Once they were finished they both ran upstairs to the room that they shared and both jumped onto their beds.**

**Sara locked their door. Then James told Sara “We have to go back to the pond tomorrow.”**

**They went to bed that night thinking about what happened. The next morning, when they both woke up, they both quickly devoured their chocolate chip waffles with strawberries and maple syrup. Then they ran back to the pond. They followed the same path as they had yesterday.**

**To their surprise, when they got to the pond, there was a man there. He was kneeling next to the rock Sara had been sitting on. He was neatly putting folded papers in a brief case. He looked up.**

**“What are you to doing here?’ the man asked in a horse, strict voice.**

**“Ummm... nothing. Hey, we were ju-“said Sara**

**“Never mind.” Interrupted the man.**

**He grabbed the rest of the papers and shoved them in his briefcase. Sara and James watched as the man quickly ran away.**

**As the man ran away two things fell out of his briefcase. Two sticky notes.**

**“That was odd.” Sara said.**

**James wasn’t paying attention. He was more concerned with the two sticky notes. He ran to the place where the sticky notes had fallen. They had fallen into the water. He picked up the drenched sticky notes out of the icy, cool water.**

**The first sticky note read “Once you have found this go to Fern Pond.” And the sticky note read “Meet me here at 5:00 on Thursday.”**

**Neither James nor Sara knew who wrote the notes or where the first note was from. They looked all over but they never found the man. That is the story of one of the strangest days in July.**

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