

I walked up to my house. The hanging basket filled with ruby, red roses swung in the breeze. Kneeling down, I slid my hand under the welcome mat. I pulled out the key and unlocked the front door. "Where has my shopping gone?" I wondered to nobody but myself. I opened the front door and slipped inside.

I crept in hoping my dog wasn't awake. Too late. She came bounding up to me, jumping up at my shopping. "Ada get off! it is not yours!" I yelled at her. She took a step back like she was scared. I scurried on, dodging the pile of coats stacked up in the middle of the hallway. I stumbled into the kitchen and threw my shopping on the giant table. My shopping moved. Quickly, I chucked all the shopping on the side and pushed my hand in the now empty bag. I felt in and pulled something out. It took a moment then I realised it was a beetle. Its elytra shone in the sun light. My dog was wondering why I was giving more attention to the beetle than her. She started bounding up at it, I shoved her off.

I left the kitchen so I could go and have a proper look at the beetle. "So this is my house, sorry about the mess my brothers never put anything away," I explained to the beetle.

I carefully walked up the stairs trying not to drop the beetle. The beetle fit perfectly in the palm of my hands. I walked to my brother's room hoping he was not home so I could show the beetle around. I opened the door and peeked in. "Yes he is out," I said to the beetle. "He never lets me in his room he is always too busy playing on his x-box, I can never get him off that thing." All of a sudden, I jolted forwards. I turned around and my brother was standing right there. "What you doing in my room, and what is that bug you got there? Can I have it?" my brother said. "Get off it is mine and I was...umm," I stuttered for a moment then came up with a random excuse. "I was coming to...tell you mum wants you." He scurried away. "We better get out of here now," I exclaimed to the beetle. I rushed into my room.

“This is my room it isn’t the best but it will do.” I showed the beetle around. “This is my bed,” I showed the beetle a mattress on the floor. “It does not look the best but we are in the middle in decorating, so it will do for now.” I placed the beetle on my desk beside the pile of my riding clothes that had just been in the wash. I rushed to my cupboard: I swung it open and pulled out a book. “This was my younger brothers when he went through his phase of beetle loving.” It was a book with loads of pictures of beetles. “My mum let him keep a pet woodlouse so I don’t see why I can’t keep you.” I flicked through the pages and then I found it. “So you’re a jewelled frog Beetle!” I said totally amazed. Suddenly, there was banging at my door. “Mum does not need me she is not even home” my brother yelled.

“Just leave me alone” I shot back at him. Then I heard a loud bang. “Sorry about him. He has be really grumpy recently.”

I held the beetle up to the light: its elytra shone in the sun light. The colours were red-green shining in the sun. I knew all about jewelled frog beetle we have been learning about it at school. “So what am I going to do with you?” I wondered.