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red, Jake!," yelled my mother, she's such a bossy boots. "Father will come and tuck you in". "Okay" I said as I climbed into my bed.

Father then came to tuck me in. Once he'd finished he said, "'Night, bud. Don't let Jack Frost bite" "There is no such thing as Jack Frost" I said. "'Night, bud" he said, as he closed the door.

I had a hard time falling asleep that night. I checked my alarm clock. It said 12 o'clock. Wow, it's 12 o'clock already? MY parents will be asleep by now, I thought. Then I heard something. A very faint noise. It sounded like someone was walking outside. I thought about opening the shutters and having a look outside, but then I thought that it might be mother or father playing a trick on me.

But no! I could hear both of them snoring (Loudly) If it wasn't mother or father...then who was it? I decided to open the shutters.

So I climbed out of my bed and opened the shutters and I saw a man with white hair all spiked up, he had light blue eyes, he was wearing a dark blue coat, dark

blue pants and white shoes. And it seemed that he was blowing frost out of his mouth. He was blowing frost all through our back yard. He blew frost over our pond, our flower garden and my bike. Once he had finished everything was covered in a thin layer of ice.

Was he...no it couldn't be...but it was..."Jack Frost" I said out loud. Then he quickly turned his head and looked at me. His eyes were transfixed into mine. It sent shivers down my spine.

I felt afraid. But there was one thing I could do. So as quick as a flash I slammed the shutters shut and jumped into my bed and pulled the covers over my head, hoping he wouldn't come back.

That was the first and last time I ever saw Jack Frost and that was the last time I said he wasn't real.

