

Craig & Ooola – Food

By Martin S. Beckley

Hello, my name is Craig and I am four. My best friend is an alien, and this is the story of how I met her. I was playing with my cars in the garden when I heard a loud crash. A large blue cardboard box had landed in the corner near my swing. 'Waaaaaaa, burble burble,' said a voice in the box. I walked over to the box and said 'Hello.' 'Wombie burble wibble wobble,' yelled the voice and a large banana popped out the top. It had two legs, two arms and a big face. However, the strange thing about the banana was the colour – it was bright orange. 'Ooogle googol ubel Ooola,' said the banana and smiled. 'What?' I said. The banana blinked and quickly climbed back inside the box. A few moments later, the banana climbed out again. It had a small silver disc on a chain around its neck. 'Ooogle googol ubel Ooola,' said the banana again. 'Pardon,' I said. The banana shook the disc and spoke again. 'Hello, me name's Ooola!' 'Hello,' I said, 'My name is Craig.' Ooola smiled and pointing at the blue box she said 'Spaceship broken, me stay with you until fix ok?' Fantastic, I thought, I am the only boy to have an alien for my friend. 'Cool,' I said. 'Me no cool, me is hot,' Ooola said. Just then, Ooola's tummy made a gurgling sound, like the last bit of water burping down the plughole. 'Lunchtime!' said Ooola. We went into the kitchen and saw my cat – Mr. Tom – sniffing at his food bowl. Mr. Tom decided he would rather find something else to eat so he strolled outside. Ooola bent down and sniffed the cat

food. 'Yum yum,' she said. 'Yuck! That's only for cats,' I said. 'What me eat?' Ooola asked. I opened the bottom cupboard where the crisps were kept. 'Here try these,' I said and gave Ooola a packet of cheese and onion crisps. Ooola bit the bag. 'Yum yum,' she said. 'No, you're supposed to open it first.' I said and showed Ooola what to do. Ooola put a crisp in her mouth. 'Yuck,' she said. Just then my Dad walked in. 'Dad, Dad, this is my new friend Ooola – she's an alien.' 'That's nice Craig,' said Dad. He didn't even look; he was still reading his newspaper. He put the paper on the table, and filled the kettle to make some tea. Dad turned around to pick up his paper but it was not there. That was when Dad saw Ooola. 'Wha, wha, what's that?' he asked. 'Dad, I told you, this is my friend Ooola, she's an alien.' 'Hello,' said Dad nervously. Ooola smiled, a little bit of newspaper was sticking out of her mouth. 'Mmmmm, much tasty,' she said, 'Me eat this everyday.' So now, when the paperboy delivers the newspaper in the morning, both Dad and Ooola race downstairs to be the first one to get it.

