

Craig & Ooola – The Park

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 when I took her to the park. One morning after breakfast – I had cornflakes and Ooola had Dad's newspaper – I said to Ooola, 'Today we are going to feed the ducks.' 'Feed ducks newspaper?' Ooola asked. 'No. Bread.' 'Oh. What is bread?' Ooola asked. I gave Ooola a loaf of bread from the kitchen. 'Ok, let's go,' she said. 'No, we have to wait for Mum and Dad,' I said. Eventually, they were ready and we could go. We stood at the edge of the lake and the ducks swam up to us quacking. 'What we now do?' asked Ooola. 'We throw the bread so the ducks can eat it,' I said. 'Ok,' said Ooola and pulled her arm back. 'No,' Dad called, but it was too late. Ooola had already thrown the whole loaf. 'SPLASH!' Ooola looked confused. 'You say throw bread, me throw bread. Now Dad say no. What I do?' Dad told Ooola that you only throw little bits of bread for the ducks. Ooola tried to get the bread back and it took Mum, Dad and me to stop her getting in the lake. The soggy loaf bobbed around in the water. One duck quacked at it but when the bread did not quack back, the duck swam away.

Later, Mum asked if we wanted ice cream. Ooola ran around in circles 'Aaaaagghhhhhh, waaaagghhhhhh, aaaaagghhhhhh.' 'What are you doing?' I asked. 'I scream, I scream,' said Ooola. 'No not "I scream," "ICE CREAM," you eat it,' I said. 'Oh,' said Ooola and took a big bite of her ice cream. She changed colour from bright orange to pale blue, 'Me cold,' she said and started shivering before turning orange again. Just then, Ooola spotted an old man walking his dog across the park. He threw a stick for the dog to chase and the dog bounded after it and brought it back to him. The man threw the stick again. This time Ooola chased the stick as well. I chased after Ooola but she could run very fast. The dog picked up the stick. 'STOP, bark bark,' Ooola shouted and chased the dog. 'Me

turn with stick, you have cream ice.' The dog dropped the stick at her feet and Ooola gave the dog her ice cream. Then she bent down and picked up the stick in her mouth. 'Oh yuck,' I said. 'Mmmmm, slimy,' Ooola said. She ran up to the old man and dropped the stick at his feet. 'Come on,' I said, 'Let's go on the seesaw.' Ooola ran very fast and climbed on first. The seesaw did not move because Ooola was not very heavy. I ran and jumped on the other end. Ooola shot up in the air and landed in a tree. Dad had to climb up and get her down. 'Let's go home for tea,' he said.

