

Craig & Ooola – A new pet

By Martin S. Beckley

Hello, my name is Craig and I am four. My best friend is an alien, and she was missing her friends back on her own planet. One day Ooola said, 'You come visit Ooola home.' So we climbed into her blue cardboard spaceship and blasted off.

It was a very strange planet that Ooola lived on. The sky was a bright lemon yellow with pink candyfloss clouds. Below us there was a long line of wooden crates. We landed next to one of them. 'This Ooola home,' she said proudly. Ooola climbed out of the spaceship. 'Come on, we buy food then friends we find,' She said. We bounced off down the street. The path was red and wobbly. I knelt down and broke off a bit of path. It smelt of raspberries. I touched it to my tongue – it was raspberry jelly. 'Oh Yuck!' cried Ooola, 'You eat path?' 'It tastes yummy,' I said. Then I noticed all the other people staring at me. I looked at them, some were bananas like Ooola, and the others were oranges, apricots, apples and plums. They pointed at me and babbled in their alien language to each other. 'What are they saying?' I asked. Ooola gave me her translator disc and suddenly I could understand them. 'Look at that strange alien eating the path – yuck!' Ooola dragging me into a shop, 'Let's buy some food,' she said. She bought a roll of food and tore off a piece for me to try. 'Yuck, it

tastes like wallpaper,' I thought, 'Yum,' I said and Ooola was happy. We found Ooola's friends in the park. As we strolled across the field of cress, an apple ran past me and stole the translator disc. I ran fast after the apple but these fruit people are very quick. Ooola called to a passing policeorange who gave chase with his attack grapes. The apple bounded along the path near the bubbly brown lake – it looked like fizzy cola. I bounced on the jelly path a bit too much and landed in the lake. 'SPLASH!' I found it difficult to swim; the bubbles kept going up my nose. 'Help' I called. 'Ibble pip yam,' said someone behind me. I turned and saw a plum floating toward me in a boat made from a yoghurt pot. He waved at me to climb in. Once I was aboard, the plum person pulled in a net that hung over the side of his boat. It was full of little swimming raisins which he emptied on to the floor of the boat. He gave me a raisin and then rowed us ashore. The policeorange had caught the bad apple and gave Ooola her translator disc.

When we got back to Earth, I put some cola and the raisin into a cup. It swam around, happy in its new home. Now I had an alien banana as a friend and an alien raisin as a pet. 'I think I will call him George!'

