

Craig & Ooola – One giant leap

By Martin S. Beckley

Hello, my name is Craig and I am four, and my best friend Ooola is an alien. Last month we visited Ooola's planet and I came back with a new pet – George. He is an alien fish that looks like a raisin and lives in a cup of cola. I have to keep adding cola because George drinks it. At the weekend, Mum said we were going to visit Nanny and Granddad for a week. They live far away and we have to travel by train. Dad had to go to work so he stayed at home. I asked him to look after George and keep his cup full of cola for me.

The first few days at Nanny and Granddad's were fun. Ooola and I played in the park every day. I ate lots of ice cream and Ooola ate lots of newspaper. Then on Wednesday, Dad did something very silly. Just before bedtime I phoned him. 'Hello Dad how is George?' I asked. 'I'm not sure; I cannot see him at the moment. Can I talk to Mummy please?' he asked. 'Why can't you see George, where is he?' 'He is in the garden,' said Dad. 'Why?' I asked. 'Please Craig, go and get Mummy.' 'Why?' I asked again. 'Because I'm floating in the sky and I can't get down,' he said. I had to ask, 'Why?' I think Dad was getting upset because his voice was squeaky. 'Ok Craig, we ran out of cola so I put water in George's cup. George grew to the size of a melon and when I squeezed him to get the water out he squirted sticky goo over me. Then I stood up to answer my mobile and I just kept going up. Now I'm

floating in the sky so please get Mummy.' 'Ok, but how is George?' I asked. 'Craig please!' begged Dad. I told Ooola what happened and she laughed so much she fell over. Mum took the phone and Dad said 'Help.' Then his battery power ran out. Mum packed everything and we caught the next train home.

It was dark when we got home and I had to use a torch to find George. He was alive and back to his normal size. I put him in my pocket and climbed into the blue cardboard spaceship with Ooola. We zoomed off into the night sky to find Dad. We searched cloud after cloud, lighting up each one with my torch. When I was not shining my torch on a cloud I circled it around my head like a lighthouse, hoping Dad might see it and call to us. Then the torch batteries lost power and we were in the dark. We called out, 'Dad!' until our throats hurt. Just then we heard snoring. Ooola steered her spaceship toward the sound; it was Dad asleep on top of a cloud. I grabbed his shoelace and we flew home with Dad floating behind like a big Dad shaped balloon.

