

Craig & Ooola – The Woohoo bird

By Martin S. Beckley

Hello, my name is Craig and I am five. My best friend is an alien and I am a bit worried about her. Today Ooola did not eat all her newspaper for breakfast. Instead, she took it to her blue cardboard spaceship at the bottom of my garden. So I followed her. 'Are you alright?' I asked. 'Me no finish, still making. Please away go,' she said. I tried to peek over her shoulder. 'No peek, surprise,' she said. I decided to play with my cars until she finished. An hour later, Ooola stepped from her spaceship and handed me a beautiful coloured egg she had made from her newspaper. 'Happy Woohoo,' she said. 'Thank you. What is Woohoo?' I asked. 'What is Woohoo? You no know Woohoo? Everyone know Woohoo!' 'I don't know Woohoo,' I said. 'Come, me show you.' She grabbed my hand and ran to her spaceship. 'But I haven't told Mum and Dad where I'm going,' I said. Ooola wrote a note and placed a stone on it so it would not blow away. The note read, 'We go Woohoo. We see you two in hour or few.' 'Hold tight,' Ooola said and we blasted into space. A little while later we arrived at a small purple planet. We landed and climbed out. 'This way,' said Ooola leading me along a narrow track. Finally we arrived at a sandy cove. There were over a hundred banana people, just like Ooola, sitting around the edge. 'We stay here and wait for Woohoo bird,' Ooola said. We waited but nothing happened for ages so I asked, 'Why are we here?' 'This special

time, only happen once a year,' Ooola said quietly. One of the banana people pointed to a dot in the sky. 'Woohoo bird come,' he whispered. The Woohoo bird flew silently onto the beach. 'It's beautiful,' I whispered to Ooola. The Woohoo's feathers sparkled with all the colours you can think off. It made a small dip in the sand and sat down. After a few moments it stood to reveal a large glowing egg. The Woohoo bird took a big egg timer from her flight bag and several glossy magazines. She sat back on the egg, turned the timer over and flicked through the magazines. It took an hour for the sand to run through the timer. All the time she did not make a sound. 'Why is she so quiet?' I asked. 'When Woohoo hatch they shout so loud their voice stop working,' explained Ooola. The egg cracked beneath the Woohoo bird and she stood up. The baby Woohoo bird emerged and stretched her wings. The mother Woohoo bird flew into the sky and hovered. The baby Woohoo flapped her wings. In a blaze of flashing colour, she shot upwards shouting 'WOOOOOOOOOHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!' After the Woohoo birds had gone, the banana people gathered on the beach. They sat down to a feast of delicious glossy paper and wished each other a happy Woohoo.

