

## My Imaginary Friend, Po

by Amy, seventh grade writer

When I got home from a long and tedious day of school, my imaginary friend Po was waiting for me in my room. Po was a pinky-peach color, with an antenna attached to her head that was shaped like a circle, and she had a magic carpet that could go anywhere you want. I did some homework and Po helped me with a bit of it, but considering that she is intsy-weensy and just the size of a newborn panda cub, it was pretty hard for her to hold an eight-inch pencil. Mom, Dad and my sisters weren't home yet, so I decided to do a good deed by cooking dinner. Po and I decided to cook a mouth watering steak, boiled corn, and cake for dessert.

"Po," I asked, "where are the recipes for baking strawberry cake?"

"It's in the cupboard," Po replied.

As Po and I were cooking the steak, we got gravy splatter from wall to wall and from ceiling to floor. We finished cooking the mouth-watering steak and the boiled corn. We had to put the butter on the hot boiled corn, but in the midst of that task, the slippery spoon of butter flew across the kitchen and landed on the door. When we used the electronic batter to mix the cake, it splattered all over the counter and our faces.

"What are we going to do now?" I asked.

"I don't know but we will find a way to fix this," Po said.

Before I could reply, the front door swung open. It was my parents. I could see the shock on their faces.

"How the heck did you make a mess so big *by yourself?*" *they asked me.*

"I didn't do it myself. Me and Po did it together," I told them, but they wouldn't listen. They told me that this imaginary friend was way out of control. They scolded me some more and told me to clean up this mess. After I finished cleaning it, up Po came up to me and told me that she going to leave.

"But you can't," I pleaded.

"It's the least I could do." And with that, Po disappeared into the night, never to return again.



## The Crazy Hair Day with Lala

by Jody, seventh grade writer

On a cloudy, gloomy Saturday morning, I was doing my hair and I couldn't think of a hairstyle to do. I was starting to get impatient and frustrated when all of a sudden, my imaginary friend—Lala-- popped up in front of the mirror riding her magic carpet. Lala was a bright neon yellow color, was as round as a bowling ball yet was as light as a feather.

"I don't know what to do Lala," I said frustrated.

Lala suggested that I should practice a hairstyle on a doll to see if I liked it or not. So I grabbed my favorite doll—the one with long, silky, golden hair that bounced when I moved her.

Lala was on her magic carpet so I hopped on. The carpet went straight to the bathroom, bumping into couple of things along the way. When we made the final turn, not surprisingly, it made a dramatic stop. I stood up and grabbed a pair of scissors and started to cut the doll's hair.

Lala helped me give my doll an outrageous haircut. Her hair turned out to be a bit awkward and now it looked dull. Then Lala grabbed a blue hair dye and splattered it all over the doll. Lala was flying like crazy, finding different colored dyes.....from ruby fire red to slimy green. We were busy and the room was getting messier with each minute.

After a while, Lala started to do my hair. It was turning into a crazy hair day! We were having so much fun...until my mom stepped into the room looked at my hair and all the mess Lala and I had made. She screamed first, frowned, and then groaned. I looked at my doll's hair, and it was not glamorous or silky anymore. She asked me why I had done this.

I told her about Lala. "She is a small friend of mine and she is as light as a feather and is neon yellow. She also has a magic carpet."

My mom froze for a minute and then smiled. "She used to be my little friend. So many good memories," my mom said happily.

After, my mom fixed my hair and began cleaning the rainbow stained room, Lala flew away in the dark night on her little magic carpet.

