

Below, three first graders share their Imaginary Friend stories that were inspired by the Ted lesson at the WritingFix website.

Norman

by Coleman, first grade writer



One time there was a boy named John. John had no brother or sister, and John was very sad. One day there was a *knock, knock, knock* at the door. John said, "Who could that be?" He opened the door and there was no one there. John said, "Hello."

Nobody answered but right before he closed the door there was a "Wait! Don't close the door! I am only two inches tall so you can't see me! Can I come in now? It's freezing!"

"Okay," said John. "What is your name?"

"Norman"

"How about a cup of hot chocolate?" said John.

"Sure," said Norman, "but I like it really hot!"

"Do you like it this hot?" asked John.

"Perrrrrrrrfect," said Norman.

Pip the Ant

by Natalie, first grade writer



Once upon a time, Pip the ant rushed through my chimney.

Splat! Crush! Boom! Down came Pip the ant with a big thud!

The ant was okay, and all the other ants were happy. All the ants came to the hospital to visit him. The injury wasn't so bad.

When the ant got home, he passed out. I tried to wake him up, but he didn't budge. I sat waiting next to his bed.

An hour later he woke up crying.

I asked him, "What's the matter?"

He said, "I don't feel good."

"What can I do to help you?" I asked. Oh no!

"Well, you could go down to the store for me," Pip said.

So I said to him, "I think I could spare some time for that."

He said, "Thank you."

Flay

by Elena, first grade writer



My name is Elena. I'm with Flay and I'm with Ataroulie. I love to play. Ataroulie is a fairy, like me. We have lots of friends. We like to run and jump. It is really fun. We run and run and run. We love to play around. We write poems:

Oh by the way,
I love you, Flay.
You make me giggle.
Let's go and play.
You make me smile.
You wait awhile.

"I love your poem!" Flay says to us.

On Sunday, it is home day. But there is a question. I am scared, really scared. The clouds are dark. The wind is blowing. It starts to thunder. It starts to rain! We run inside. We look out the window. We are scared to fly.

That night we got creeped. We all got nightmares.

Mom came in, "You're ok ay, and Flay and Ataroulie are not real."

"Yes they are!"

"No, they are not!"

Then everything seemed to be good, but not for me and my friends.