

THE HAUNTED YO-YO

I think my yo-yo is haunted. Every time I give it a spin, it goes crazy. It tries to mess up the tiles when our family plays Scrabble and my dad is about to win — again. Or it tries to knock the socks off our clothesline after my sister has spent a long time putting them up. Once it tried to open the birdcage and make the parakeet dance. And it always wants to hit my big brother on the head, especially when he is asleep. Today at school it tried to drink from the water fountain the same time as Tommy Jennings. Oooh, that was a mess! But I told my teacher that my yo-yo has a ghost inside it, and she believed me! She said, “It is the ghost of a small child who wanted very badly to get attention without earning it.” “Gosh,” I asked, “is the ghost stuck inside the yo-yo forever?” And my teacher said, “No. It will leave after its owner has spent every recess the rest of the entire year cleaning erasers.” I didn’t say anything then, but just between you and me, I bet that crazy ghost stops haunting my yo-yo sooner than that.

BUTTERCUP

One day my friend Jamie and I were in a field near my house picking wildflowers. We found a big patch of buttercups. We picked a whole handful of them, and I counted the petals. "Guess what?" I said to Jamie. "All the buttercups have five petals." And just as I put them in our collecting sack, I felt something brush my hand. I thought maybe it was a bug. But when I looked down, there was one little buttercup sticking out above the others — and it had six petals! I think it heard what I said, and it wanted to tell us "No, not me, I have six petals! I'm special! Can't you see how special I am?" and it stretched its little head up extra tall so my hand would feel its stem, and I would see how special it was. Jamie said, "I don't know why that buttercup wanted so much to feel special." But I think everyone in the world wants to feel special some time, even a flower.

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CAT AND MOUSE

I walked into my room last night and saw my cat Cocoa playing with a mouse. Hiss! Mrrrowww! Eeeek! It was terrible! She chased the poor little thing all over the desk. Up and down and down and up, Hiss! Mrrrowww! Eeeek! Hiss! Mrrrowww! Eeeek! till finally — she caught it! Then she got on the Internet and ordered some new cat toys. You see, my cat was playing with a computer mouse! When my dad finds out Cocoa used *his* credit card to order those toys, she's going to be in the dog house!