Finding a Friend



Written by Khadijah Fair

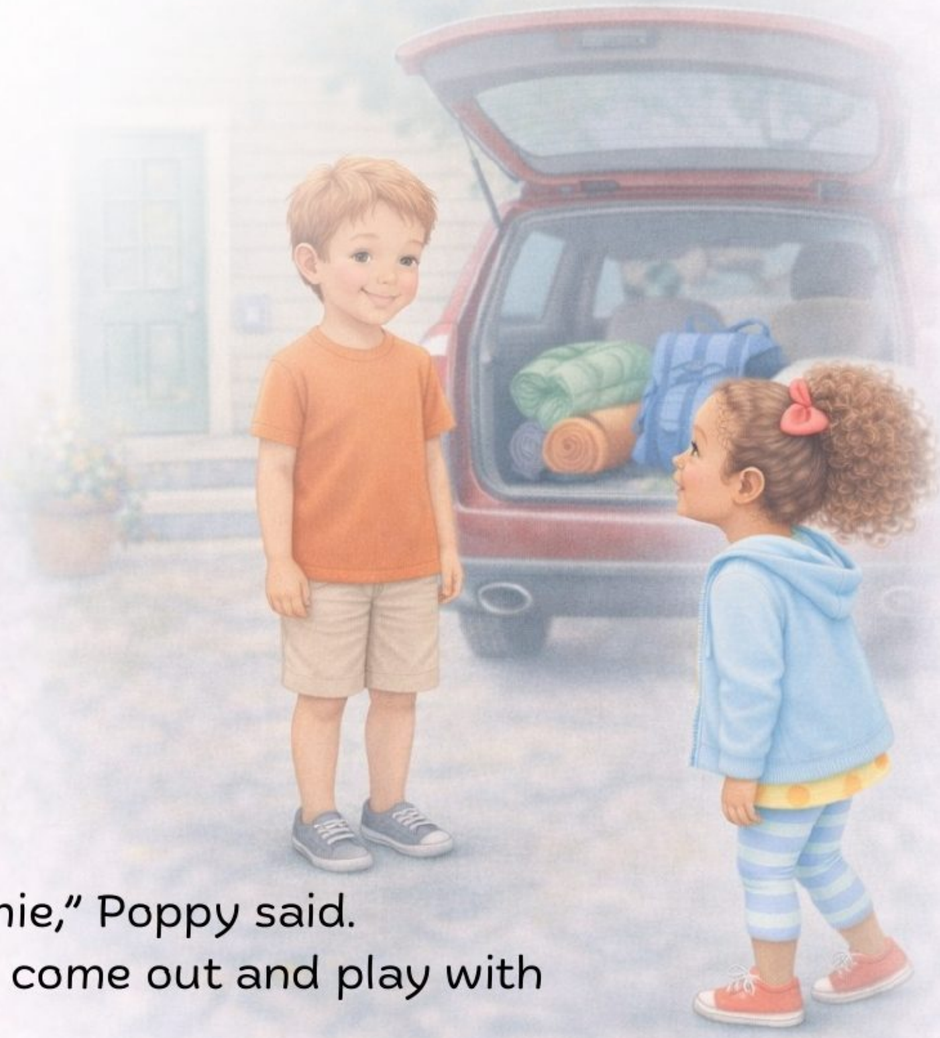


It was an early Saturday morning in a small town.



Poppy woke up ready to play.

She grabbed her jacket and headed outside
to visit her friends in the neighborhood.



"Hi, Sammie," Poppy said.
"Can you come out and play with me?"



Sammie smiled. "I'm sorry, Poppy. My family and I are leaving for a camping trip.
Maybe next weekend."



Hi, Beth," she said.
"Can you come out and play?"

Beth shook her head gently.
"I can't today. I have a dance recital. Maybe next weekend."

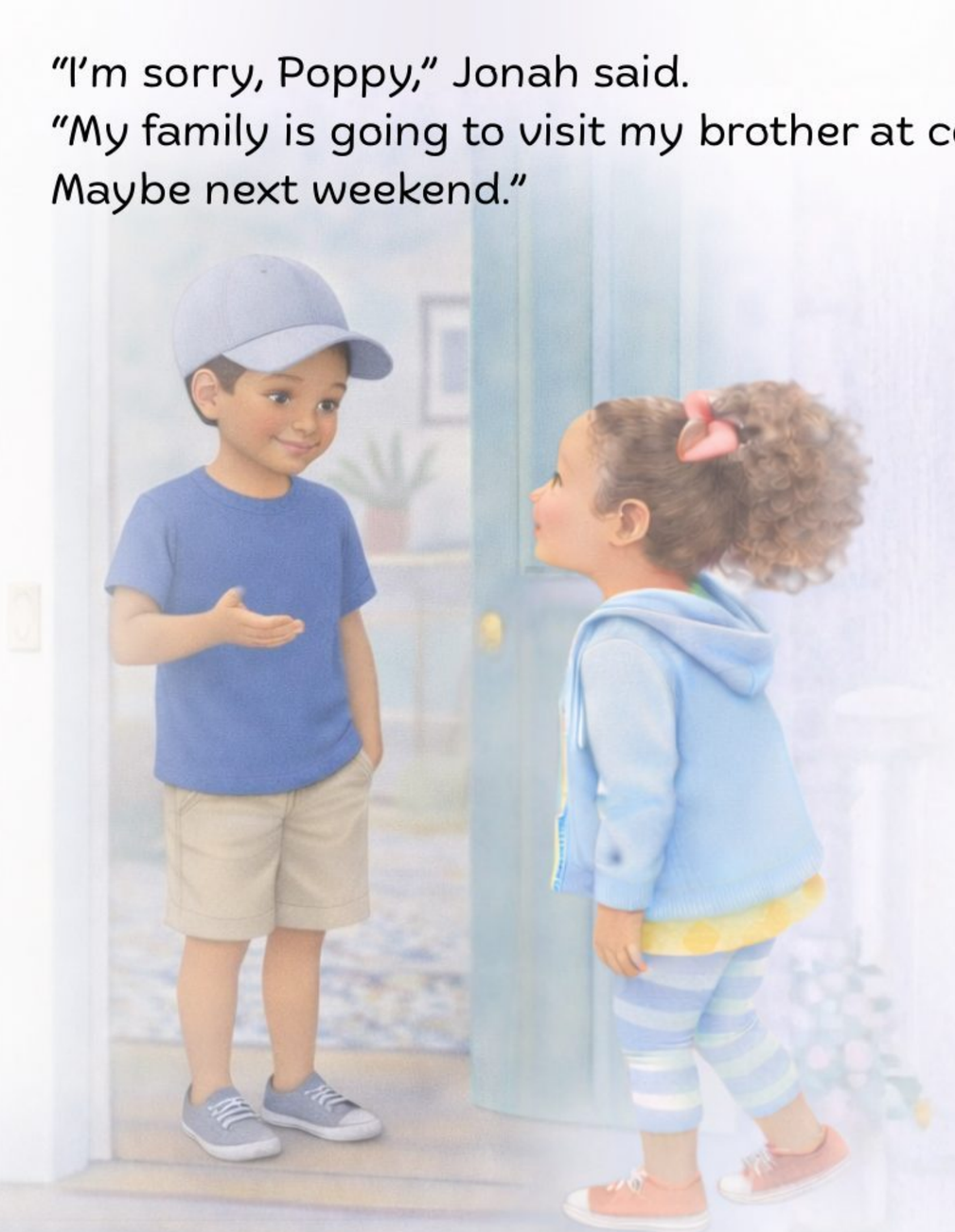


Poppy waved goodbye to Beth and walked a little slower to the next house.



"Hi, Jonah,"
she asked. "Can you come out and play with me?"

"I'm sorry, Poppy," Jonah said.
"My family is going to visit my brother at college.
Maybe next weekend."



Poppy took a deep breath and walked to the last house.

Hi, Faith," she said.
"Sammy, Beth, and Jonah are all busy today. Can you come play with me?"

Faith looked sad too.
"I'm sorry, Poppy. I'm going to my cousin's birthday party. Maybe next weekend."



Poppy walked home feeling discouraged.





She sat quietly on the back porch.



Her mom came over and sat beside her.
“You look sad,” her mom said.
“What’s wrong, my little Poppyseed?



“All my friends are busy today,” Poppy said.
“I can’t find a friend to play with.”

Her mom smiled softly.
“I think you do,” she said.
“There are so many ways to play. You could read, or color… or play your favorite game.”



Poppy's eyes grew wide.
"The imagination game!" she said.



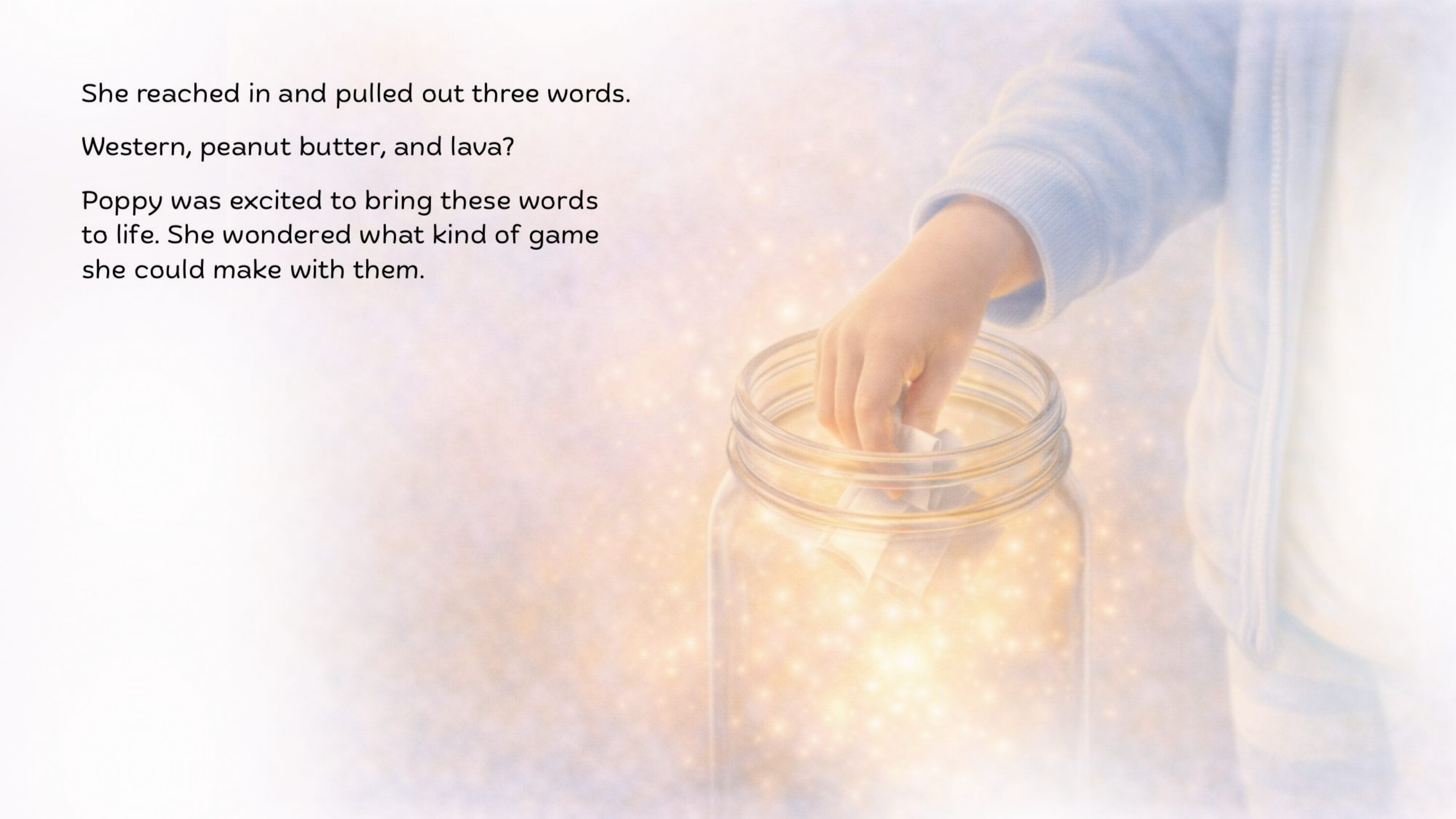
Her mom asked,
“Do you want me to give you three words, or do you want to pick them from the imagination jar?”

“The jar!” Poppy said.

She reached in and pulled out three words.

Western, peanut butter, and lava?

Poppy was excited to bring these words to life. She wondered what kind of game she could make with them.

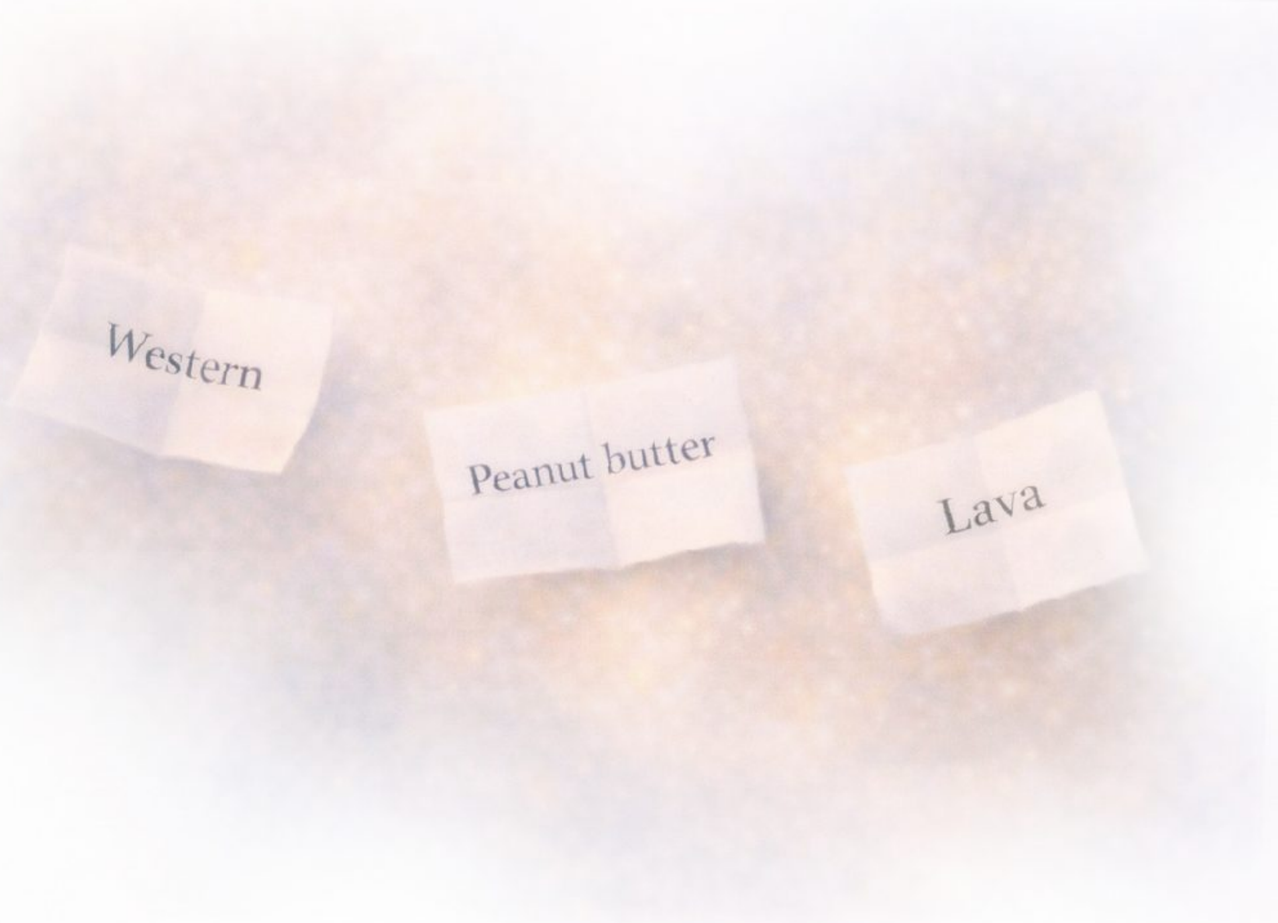


The imagination game goes like this;

You picked three words from the imagination jar.
Then you use those words to make up your own game.

You could play inside or outside.
You could draw, sing, or move.
You could play with friends or play pretend.

It is all up to you.



Poppy grabbed her dog, Boots.
“We’re cowboys,” she said.

Poppy was the sheriff of an old western town where the mines were filled with peanut butter.

A sneaky bandit, the neighborhood squirrel, was trying to steal it all before a volcano erupted and spilled lava everywhere.

With Boots, her trusty horse, by her side,
Poppy knew she had to save the town.



Poppy played and played so much that she almost missed the call for dinner.

"I'll see you around town, Mr. Squirrel. No bandit gets away from Sheriff Poppy!" Poppy said before running inside for dinner.



Her mom asked, “What words did you get today?” Poppy smiled and said, “Western, peanut butter, and lava,” as she told her mom about being the sheriff of an old western town.

Her mom smiled, because she could see Poppy had found a fun way to play all on her own.



Poppy hugged her mom tight.

“I was sad this morning,” she said,
“but then I played.”

Her mom smiled.
“You didn’t wait for someone else,” she said.
“You used your imagination.”

Poppy smiled.

Sometimes, that is enough.





The End