

Lilly's Native American

"Wake up!" shouted Mum as she left my room in a hurry.

"You're late for school!"

"I'm so tired, we were up for ages watching that new film," I said with a yawn.

All I wanted to do was stay on my soft, silky bear blanket. (One that I got when I was a baby).

Mum raced back up to my room wondering why I was taking so long. Her footsteps pattered quickly like rain softly punching the roof. They seemed quiet, but ferocious.

She stormed into my room extremely annoyed. "Why aren't you ready?"

"I feel sick," I replied, my face pale and burning.

Immediately, I left to go outside to breathe in some air. I lay down on the fresh, green grass. Suddenly, a bright idea popped into my head. Maybe Lilly will cheer me up! I thought to myself. Lilly was my best friend. We were different in good ways.

Lilly had light blonde hair, extremely long. She had freckles spotted around lightly on her rosy red cheeks and her tiny button nose. She wore neon pink glasses, and loved fashion. Lilly was sensitive, and wouldn't like to stand up to anyone. I like her that way.

Me on the other hand, I'm quite confident and outgoing! My hair is chocolate brown, and I normally put it in a messy bun. I am always found outside in the garden exploring, wearing my gooey, mud covered wellies and worn-out denim dungarees.

I zoomed back inside. Then I asked Mum if I could stay home. "Ok fine! But you've got to be good," she replied.

"Of course!" I said quickly. "But one question..." I said. "Will you let me go to Lilly's house because I don't feel well so she can cheer me up?"

"Well, they have to invite you over, it's rude to ask."

"Oh..." I sighed

My face lowered to stare at the clean carpet. But just at that moment, I heard a ping on Mum's phone. It was a message. I asked who the message was from. My face shot up with excitement thinking it might be Lilly's Mum. Mum told me that the message *was* from Lilly's mother and she asked if I wanted to come over. She even said that we were going to make chocolate chip cookies and raspberry smoothies!

"Oh, it also says it's a sleepover so you have to bring pyjamas," she said with hesitation on the word 'sleepover'. That means I won't be able to do the sleepover bit because Mum doesn't let me go to sleepovers I thought to myself grumpily. My face turned cute and I immediately did puppy eyes. Mum knew what I was up to.

"Ok fine! You can go to the sleepover as well you lucky girl," she said. "Now start packing, they want you to be over by 1 o'clock."

Excitedly, I started packing the things I needed. I packed my bear blanket, pjs, my favourite teddy bear Tim, and my pillow for bed. Then I packed my swimsuit just in case we got to swim in Lilly's pool! Finally, I packed some midnight feast chocolates! (I didn't tell Mum about them)

"Mum!" I called. "I'm ready!"

"Ok honey, get in the car," she replied.

Then I hopped in the car, ready to go.

"Lets go!" I said cheerfully.

I felt better, and I didn't feel sick because I was going to see my best friend.

As Mum reversed the car, I could see Lilly, slowly walking out of the house to stand on the doorstep. I leapt out of the car with joy. Then I hugged Lilly softly.

While my Mum and Lilly's Mum talked, Lilly and I went inside. Lilly went to the kitchen bench.

"Mum," she said quietly.

"Yes Lilly?" she replied.

"Please can we bake the cookies now?"

"Ok sure, I'll be right there.

"I'll go now," Mum said. "Bye sweetie," she said to me.

As quick as lightning, Lilly's Mum raced inside because she didn't want us to bake the cookies alone.

When we took the cookies out of the oven, we saw that they were a crisp golden colour. Lilly's Mum said that she would make the raspberry smoothies while Lilly and I got ready to watch a film. She finished making the smoothies, and we all watched the film together, enjoying the snacks.

A few hours later the film was at its end point and it was getting extremely late.

"Time for bed now! It's getting late!" Lilly's Mum said.

Like angels, Lilly and I put our pjs on and went to bed.

Tap!.. Tap!.. Tap!.. I woke up alarmed to see what terrible creature was tapping on my head while I was sleeping. I looked around on the bed. I look around everywhere.

Strangely, there was absolutely nothing to be found. So I went back to bed. Then again. TAP!.. TAP!.. TAP!.. Even louder that time. I sat bolt upright in fright. To my surprise, I saw a little Native American, I was sure of it.

Shaking horrendously with terror, his brave little face looked delicate and fragile. He was holding a sharp pin knife, with bright red blood dripping crazily from it. His hair was a cold black and blue snake slithering down his neck in a thick plait. He was wearing silky moccasins, and his chest was bare. His legs were covered with buckskin leggings, which did have some decoration, but it was too small to see properly. He wore a tight headband with one lonely feather on it.

Even though you might think that no one could ever possibly be afraid of a tiny Native American, I felt at that point that he was quite scary and mighty, and I *was* afraid of him.

The Native American and I just stared at each other for a few minutes. I knew he was more scared of me, than I was afraid of him. So I just stared.

With the tension building up every second, I just couldn't bear it. I HAD to say something.

"What's your name?" I questioned waiting for a reply.

"Lit..little F..fire." He replied with hesitation.

I thought he said Little Fire but I couldn't be sure.

"Little Fire?"

"Ye..yes," he said. "Who are you?"

"Oh, my name is Bella," I replied starting to feel quite intrigued.

"Anyway, I better go to bed now, I'm tired. See you in the morning.. Well hopefully."

So I lay back down and slowly fell to sleep.

I woke up in the morning to see Lilly sitting down playing with her toys. She let me sleep on the top bunk of her bunk bed for the night. I cautiously climbed down the wooden rungs of the ladder trying not to fall.

"Lilly."

"Yes?" she said.

"Do you happen to somehow know a little Native-I mean person?" I questioned.

"Well, yes I do know a little person. He's a Native American. Why do you ask?"

"He was tapping on my head last night," I said.

"He plays tricks like that," she said quietly.

So many questions were churning and burning through my head like: Where did you find him? Or. Where does he sleep? I asked her where she found him, but she had had enough of talking so she wrote it instead. It said:

My friend gave me a plastic Native American figure that she made and I put it on my special things shelf and went to bed. Then when I woke up, something was tapping on my head, like what happened to you, but I spotted him when he was hiding. Now he is my Native American friend. It's quite cool.

"I wish I could have my own Native American friend. It must be fascinating," I said.

"Lilly! Bella's Mum is here. Please get Bella to pack up all of her stuff quickly." Lilly's Mum said.

As I packed all of my stuff up, I gave Lilly something.

"Here, take it," I whispered. "It was supposed to be for a midnight feast but we didn't have one. You and Little Fire can share them!"

I handed Lilly the chocolates.

"Bye!" I said

"Bye!" she replied sadly.

I headed outside, and I saw Lilly waving sadly through her bedroom window. She mouthed a 'thank you for the

chocolates!' I understood her. In slow motion I walked to the car because I didn't want to leave.

"Hurry up Bella!" Mum said. "I've got an important meeting to go to."

Sadly I went into the car, and we drove off into the distance.

By Jess