hazel@hazeledwards.com www.hazeledwards.com

Pop Star

Inspired by Graham Brown.

text by Hazel Edwards

Approximately 600 words

Story to be illustrated

My family misses Pop.

I have a Mum and a Dad and a baby brother,

and a cat called Miaow.

and a dog with three legs called Woof.

And a Grandma, we Skype.

But we don't have Pop anymore.

I used to kick the ball with Pop.

He took me to the park.

And told me REALLY, REALLY bad jokes.

(Add your OWN bad joke here).

And Pop built me a cubby house, but it fell down.

We made a vegetable garden, with just carrots.

Pop liked skinny, new carrots.

He ate them raw.

So did I.

He picked me up from school on Fridays.

And he always went to Grandparents & Special Friends' Day.

'I like the afternoon tea,' said Pop. 'Carrot cake.'

'Did you like my drawings?' I asked.

‘Of course. They were the best in the class.’

A little while ago, he had to go to the doctor for some tests.

He stayed with us at our place for a week or so.

Miaow sat on his feet.

Woof chewed Pop’s slippers.

Pop read me stories at night, if he wasn’t too tired.

Then he went to hospital for a bit.

He lost his hair.

So he wore a cap.

Mum got Pop some Star Wars pyjamas.

Just like mine, only bigger.

I’m taller than Pop when he is lying down in bed.

‘I’m bigger than you now.’

Pop nodded.

We used to put marks on the cubby wall (before it fell down),to show how much I’d grown.

Sometimes I cheated and wore my BIG shoes.

‘We have to drive Pop to hospital again,’ Mum said.

He was having chemo.

That zapped the bad cells in his body.

He looked a bit grey-white but he was still Pop.

Then the ambulance took Pop to hospital.

Beep Beep Beep.

Like a space ship, Pop's hospital bed had lines everywhere and a chart with his name on.

A bit scary.

'Don't come in again ,' said Pop to Mum. 'Too hard to park.'

So we rang him on his hospital bed phone for little chats.

'Hi Pop. Did you have afternoon tea?'

'Not today.'

Miaow sat on his bed.

On Friday, Mum told me the REALLY bad news.

Pop had gone.

'Where has he gone?'

'Pop passed away.'

'Where did he pass to?'

'He died.'

'Can't he get up again, like the actors on TV?'

Mum shook her head. Her eyes looked weepy.

'The funeral will be on Monday.'

'What's a funeral?'

'It's like a party for saying goodbye to someone you love.

Friends say nice things about the person.'

'Why are you crying?'

'Because I won't see Pop any more.'

'Where has he gone?'

'His body got very tired and wore out.'

I get tired after footy but I have a sleep and I'm fine.

'Pop is going to sleep for a long time,' says Mum.

I feel scared.

What if I don't wake up when I go to sleep?

That's a REALLY, REALLY bad worry.

So I stay awake for a long time.

Next night, Mum took me outside after dinner.

The sky was black but there were a few stars.

'Can you see that big star. Over there.' Mum pointed.

'That's Pop's star. You can come out any night and talk to him. Tell him what you have been doing.'

'Will he fall out of the sky?

Dad smiled. 'No.'

So Pop is still around.

We talk about the things he did.

His photo is framed on our family wall.

'Sometimes you laugh like Pop,' says Mum.

Only when I tell Pop's REALLY bad jokes.

I remember them.

And I remember him.

When I crunch raw carrots.

Our carrots are still growing in the vegetable patch.

At the community centre, we put up a star on the Christmas Tree for Pop.

And if I look up, at night, there's my Popstar#

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