

# Creative Writing Original Prose

## Red The Apple

Written by Sophie Meng

“Hey apple,” said a nearby banana. “I would like to be closer to you, but you’re sitting on my head!” Said Red.

Red looked for a way out, but there was no way. With no warning a hand reached out and grabbed Red...and plopped her in a bag. Red noticed some other fruits were stuck too, in this dark, scary place, that bounced up and down as the hand-creature walked. It wasn’t long before she tumbled out onto a flat surface; a flat surface that MOVED!!! Then something scarier happened: she was held by the hand creature again, but soon was being handled by MORE hand-creatures. Before long she was tumbled into a rumbling room which also moved! That evening, Red was in a bowl by herself on the table, when she saw a pretty little hand-creature looking at her. “Hi. My name is Red. Please save me from this scary place!” Red exclaimed.

“Hi, little apple, I’m so hungry. But... Holy Guacamole!!!” said the little girl.

“Please don’t eat me!” Red said in a squeaky voice.

“But... you’re FOR eating! You’re an apple.”

“I’m not an ordinary apple. I’m your friend, Red.” So from that evening on, the two friends played together (even though Red had no arms. Or feet.) And the little girl did keep Red safe until...

Mom was just about to chop Red in half, when the little Girl dropped her mint chocolate chip ice cream to the floor with a splash that sounded full of ping pong balls. She panicked from across the kitchen.

“Mom please don’t eat her! She’s my friend!”

Mom was very confused. “Your ‘friend’? An APPLE?”

The little girl said, “Yes, she’s my friend. She can talk!”

Red said, in a tiny voice: “Hello?”

Mom dropped her knife.

Mom stepped away from the counter.

Mom did not look amazed - more like she was terrified!

While mom was frozen still, Red had a moment to study the girl's sketchbook.

She saw the comic the little girl had created: pictures of the apples playing with bananas, an apple playing with the little girl, and even a picture of an apple eating a piece of pizza, just like she had herself, the night before!

Red was confused:

"Why would you draw these pictures of me? How do you know so much about my life? ...is this my future?"

The little girl started to explain everything... She said that she was very surprised that what she had drawn and written actually came true!

"But when I met you, you became my best friend. It's like: I drew, and drew, and drew, and one day you appeared. I wanted that magical feeling to appear every day."

Red panicked and started to notice the scent of smelly socks! She was worried that maybe everything the girl drew was her destiny!

"What if I don't have any of my own control?" Red feared, out loud.

"What if I have too much control?" The girl feared, in her head.

The little Girl was about to answer when they both heard heavy feet stomping down the stairs. It was the girl's FATHER!

"Who in the world are you talking to, in here? I was sleeping and you've woken me up." Grumbled Dad.

"My friend, Red, the apple." Said the girl.

"Don't be silly, that's just what you imagine, from a book or something. How can there be a talking apple?"

"You never believe me!" The little girl said

"I'm listening now, I want to believe you now." Dad said.

Red shouted: "Yeah, don't call my friend a liar!"

Dad's hands shot up like a police officer stopping a thief, but then he immediately cleared his throat and scratched one shoulder.

"Just stretching. But how can an apple talk? That's just silly."

The girl ignored the question and turned back to Red.

“I don’t know how, Red, but you’ve changed my life. I just wish I knew how my drawings and ideas came to life.”

Suddenly, the ceiling started glowing as if there was a giant star shining there. Dad and the girl hesitated, and looked up with their mouths open, in amazement. From the center of the light, the shape of a person riding on a white cloud appeared, floating down to the floor.

Apple said:

“Oh, I think I remember something like this... from when I was just a seed!”

The person-shaped thing stood up - she turned out to be dressed in a dark blue cloak and hat, with golden stars sparkling in the fabric.

“Hello,” she said in a soft and kind voice. “It’s nice to see you again, Red. It’s been so long since I first enchanted you.”

The girl and her father, looked at each other with the same look of amazement on each of their faces.

“Who are you?” Dad squeaked. “And, if you just broke our ceiling, you’re paying for it...”  
“Oh! No, no, no! I am here to answer your little daughter’s question.”

Mom finally spoke: “What was the question ...again?”

The Magician tilted her head and smiled: “That answer is a long story. Do you have enough ice cream for everyone?”