

The Silliminators

by Ms M's Class & Mr. H

It started out as an ordinary Friday in Ms M's super-duper first grade class. We had finished all our homework and Ms M said go have fun. We went right to the X7 computer that Mr. Hocklenutty had left here when he visited earlier that morning. It was the coolest looking laptop we'd ever seen. Silver and black with a blue light that flashed when you touched the keys.

Julian was the first one to get to the machine. He started clicking keys like some whiz kid. The screen turned bright purple and a deep, deep mechanical voice said "the port to the universe is now open." All of us jumped back. All except Julian. He kept tapping keys. The screen kept changing and filling with strange looking creatures and colors that we'd never seen before.

All the kids gathered around Hocklenutty's computer. We were amazed and just a little bit afraid. Ms M came to see what all the commotion was about. Armani said "some crazy stuff is going down on Mr H's gizmo."

"Nothing Julian can't handle," said Jadon. "Julian's got a big, big brain."

"Did Mr. Hocklenutty give you permission to use his machine?" asked Ms M.

"No," said Brian.

"But he didn't say we couldn't use it either," countered Anaya.

“What do you think, Brandon?” asked Ms M.

“I think Mr. Hocklenutty wouldn’t mind,” said Brandon, but then wisely added, “but I don’t think we should be using it without asking him.”

They all looked at each other and agreed. Julian got up from the machine and we all headed back to our seats. I could tell, Ms M was proud of us for being so considerate. Just as I was thinking we’re all going to get to put a marble in the party jar, we heard a blaring, whirring, whining, whizzing, sonic crash.

It was Jadon. He couldn't help himself. He just had to touch a key or two. He must have hit some crazy cosmic one-in-a-gazillion key combination, because the most amazing, fantastic, frightening thing happened.

The computer glowed red-orange-yellow-red and things came flying out of the screen. There were one... two... three... four... FIVE of them. They looked like very, very small, tiny dots... at first. Then, right before our eyes, they grew bigger. They seemed to inflate, kind of like balloons. Like those animal shaped balloons clowns make at parties. And, like balloons, the five floated around the room.

We all looked at Jadon wondering what was happening. Jadon looked at Ms M. Ms M looked at Julian. Julian just shrugged as if it to say not even his big brain knew what in the world was going on. Ms M made an executive decision. She reached for the wall phone to call the office. She clicked it once... twice... three times.

“That’s odd,” she mumbled. She put the wall phone down and picked up her cell phone. She punched in the number for the office. Then 911.

Nothing worked. The always cool and calm Ms M started to look a little worried.

“Julio honey,” said Ms M. “Please go down to the office and ask them to send Mr. Randy down here.” Mr. Randy, or "Handy Randy" as we called him, could fix or figure out anything. When we can't get the shades down or the get the lights to stop flickering or the map won't go back up, Mr. Randy fixes the problem in seconds. And he's nice, too. When you help him, he gives you an eraser top or a rubber band... and respect.

Julio headed out. But she couldn't get past the door. It wasn't locked. It just wouldn't move. Then the lights shut off and the shades went down. The five growing balloons floating through the air suddenly burst. They were replaced by five aliens! Four were bigger than Ms M and bluish green. The other one was not much taller than a ruler, golden in color and he smelled like buttered popcorn.

We all ran to the front of the room and hid behind Ms M's steel desk. Ms M picked up a yardstick and raised it like a bat ready to swat the aliens. The aliens made some crazy noise, that kind of sounded like laughing. Then they spoke.

“That's not English,” said Brandon.

“Not Spanish either,” said Renaldo.

"It's some far out alien talk," cried Kai, the smallest boy in the class with the largest imagination.

“It's jibberish,” said Dorothy.

“Do you speak it?” asked Beth.

“Everybody speaks it,” said Dorothy.

“The problem is, nobody understands it,” Erica added quickly.

Yet we kind of did understand it, not because we knew the words, but because the aliens' thoughts were filling our minds. Within seconds we knew all about them. They were four cousins and one uncle. The small golden one was the Uncle. They “told” us to call him Uncle G. They were from the planet Sillimina. They called themselves Silliminators. They lived for one thing: to have fun!

They had never traveled to Earth before, but they heard that earthlings, young earthlings, loved to have fun. Within minutes we were having fun together. First, they showed us how they danced. Before we knew it, they had us moving back and forth, jumping up and down, tearing papers into confetti and tossing it into the air. The radio wasn't on. There was no CD playing. No sound filled the air, but inside our heads we all heard the same amazing music. We all made the same moves at the same time. Even Ms M.

To "stop the music," Uncle G removed his nose (or what we thought was his nose) from his face. We all stopped dancing at the same time. We looked around. The room was a complete mess: desks pushed aside, chairs upside down, paper ripped up and scattered across the floor. Ms M did not look very happy. In fact, it looked like her head was going to explode. The Silliminators knew why and they knew what to do. Before you could say “go to the principal's office right now,” the four cousins had turned themselves into dust pans and brooms and all the paper was picked

up. Meanwhile Uncle G flew from chair to chair and turned them right side up. At the same time, he flicked the desks back into place.

You should have seen Ms M's face. I bet she was thinking, "well if we had to get invaded by aliens at least they were neat aliens." After everything was cleaned up, they asked us what we'd like to do. Immanuel yelled out "learn to fly like you guys." Uncle G said he'd teach us, if we'd teach him how to color.

Milton, Fiona, Ta'mia, Jareell, Makaiyah, Anjolie, James, Kyla, and Simeon had those little guys coloring in no time. Once they got the hang of it they flew to different corners of the room and colored faster than Sonic Hedgehog runs. I shut my eyes for a few seconds. When I opened them, every crayon in the Crayola 64 box had touched some part of the floor, wall or ceiling. We asked what they had drawn. The youngest cousin gleefully shouted, "the entire universe." And now they were going to teach us how to fly through it.

We were so busy flying and crashing that we didn't even notice Mr. Hocklenutty had slipped back into the room. He was smiling and laughing as he watched us bounce into each other and carom off the walls. He took off his coat and tried to fly, too. He crashed hard into Ms M's desk and got knocked silly for a few seconds. When he came to, little Uncle G was hovering in the air above him to see if he was okay. Mr. H sniffed and smelled the delicious aroma of popcorn. He opened his eyes, still a little groggy from the crash, he mistook Uncle G for a kernel of popcorn. Yeah, you guessed it. When Mr. Hocklenutty accidentally ate Uncle G everyone fell from their flights to the floor. The four cousins vanished. The shades

flew up. The lights went on. The door swung open and the laughter and music stopped.

Everyone yelled, "Mr. Hocklenutty, you just ate Uncle G!"

He tried to cough him up, but it was too late. Man, did Mr. Hocklenutty feel bad. He knew he could never make up for the loss of the Silliminators, but he promised to try by coming every week to read to us... and let us play games on his computer.

- the end -

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