

Something *NEW* for Phillip
Mc Q.
By Zoë Richards

There was once a boy named Phillip, and he had everything. He had two parents and four grandparents. He had a set of drums and sticks to play them with. He had one red toothbrush and one extra blue one. He even had friends to use the spare.

Phillip had a very good life that was filled with happy memories and nice things, but he was also very restless. He wanted something more. So one night, when everyone else in his house had padded off to bed, and it was silent outside his door, he asked into his closet "I am so bored of all my things. I want something new. Can you take me somewhere else?" The closet said nothing, because it had nothing to say, and no mouth to say nothing with. So, Phillip asked the same question to his goldfish: "I am so bored of all my things. I want something else. Can you take me somewhere new?" The fish said "glubbb, blubbub, glub" and, since Phillip could not understand them, he turned to his windows and pushed the heavy curtains out of his way. He said into the night sky "I am so bored. Can someone please take me somewhere else?"



"Sure I can." The answer made Phillip jump because he wasn't really expecting the night to answer him. He looked to where the sound had come from, and saw a little man with a bushy beard on his front lawn.

"Who are you?" asked Phillip.

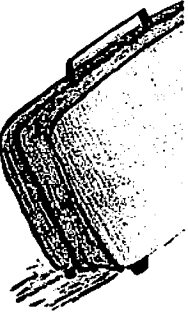
"I am who is going to take you somewhere else."

"Well, where are we going?"



"Somewhere else, silly, I already told you that. Make sure to bring an extra pair of underwear."

So, Phillip quickly packed his suitcase with all of his favorite things, and lots of underwear. He said goodbye to his room and his fish, and quietly said goodbye to his family, careful not to wake them up. The little man was waiting at the front door in a very handsome suit and top hat.



"Why are you so dressed up?" asked Philip.

"You never know what to expect when you go somewhere new. In my experience it's always best to be sharply dressed."

And just like that they left the front lawn and went into the world. When they got to a big forest it was about lunch time, so they stopped for a snack. The little man opened his picnic basket and pulled out two cheese and cucumber sandwiches.



"Blech, I hate vegetables." Phillip said.

"Well then they probably hate you too" said the little man. He ate both the sandwiches in three bites and pulled out his pocket watch.

"Oh my, look at the time! I'll be late to my appointment." The little man said as he jumped to his feet and started off.

"But what should I do?" asked Phillip, realizing he probably should've eaten the sandwich when he had the chance.

"I have no idea, but I'm sure whatever it is, you'll have a wonderful time. Goodbye!"

And just like that Phillip was left alone. So, since he had nothing better to do, he went into the forest and started looking for something else. He walked and walked for a very long



time, until he felt bored again. He said to the forest "I'm so bored, what should I do?" A very tall tree answered him.

"Why don't you climb up to my top? You can see all the way to Wandooserville from there." So Phillip rested his suitcase against the bottom of the tree and started up. He climbed up and up until he got so hot he had to take his shoes and socks off. The branches started to get thinner, and there were less and less trees around him. Once he was at the top he sat down on the very last branch and looked out. He could see very far, even further than Wandooserville. He saw over tall mountains and into deep valleys and past all the towns to places he never knew existed. He sat on the warm wood and watched as the sun went down and the sky turned purple and soft.

When all the light was gone and Phillip couldn't see much of anything anymore, he started to wonder what he could do next, but before he could ask, a gigantic bird came swooping down next to him.

"Who are you?" Phillip asked.

"I'm an *Argentavis magnificens*," said the bird as he put out his wing for Phillip to shake. "You can call me Argen for short." Phillip leaned back a bit, and decided that Argen had to be the biggest bird on the planet. "Oh, it's okay, I surely won't bite you. I just dropped in to see if you needed some directions."

Phillip thought about it, and since he had no address or means of transportation he shrugged. "I'm just trying to go *somewhere else*. I think I might be lost."

"Oh, well that's no problem at all. There's only one place to go when you're lost. Hop on," Argen ruffled his feathers, preparing for their flight "I'll take you there." Phillip

looked both ways and, since nothing else was coming his way, he took a breath and climbed up onto the bird's enormous back.

Argen let out a sharp little *squack* right before stepping from the branch, and startled Phillip. He gripped on to the soft chocolate colored feathers, and tried not to think about the ground.

"Don't be frightened, we're only gliding. How could we be hurt?" And it was true. They were 40,000 miles away from anyone, floating between the white stars on a cold, clear night. Everything was perfectly still and in its place. There were a million and one secrets tucked safely into the folds of the dark sky. Everything was *hush*.

"You see that up there?" Argen pointed his shoulder to a cluster of stars. "That's *Pollox*, one of the brightest stars we have. It's really something else."

"*That's it!*" Phillip yelled. "Outer space!" Argen looked confused. "I have to get to outer space!"

"Alright, little boy, whatever you say. We're almost at the lighthouse anyway —"

"Lighthouse! Why would we be going there?"

"Whenever you're lost and away from home, you go to the lighthouse and then you'll be found. Everyone knows that *silly*."

So the two swooped in together and landed right on the edge of a windowsill. They looked in on a room that was filled with books and dust. There was one white bed and one bright lamp. There were papers and pens everywhere. Argen tapped on the window with the tip of his beak. After what seemed like forever, an old man in a heavy white coat and thick glasses came to the window.



"Hello Professor," said Argen to the man in thick glasses.

"Hello Argen," said the friendly Professor. "And who might this young man be?"

"I'm Phillip. Can you help me get to outer space?"

"Bha!!" The Professor burst into laughter. "The child wants to take on human-spaceflight! Quite adorable really, but to be assured, quite impossible. To the bottom of the ocean on the other hand..." The Professor whipped out a ruler and began to measure. "Yes, I believe I could do it. With a little smidgen there, and ah, yes, yes..." he cooed, deep in thought, and paused to quickly jot down Phillip's shoe size. "Yes, it can be done. We'll just have to devise an experiment, to test the nature of—"

"Stop! I don't want to go to the bottom of the ocean. And now that I think about it, I didn't really want to go to the forest or the top of the tree either. I just wanted was something *else*, something different. All I got was hungry and full of feathers and now confused." Phillip hung his head between his knees. "I just want my room back, and my fish. I had everything, and now I have nothing. I just want my toothbrush back!"

"Ah, I see," said the professor, smiling to himself. "Would you like me to let you in on a little secret?" Phillip nodded. "Okay, but this secret I can't put into words. I have to show you."

So the professor led Phillip down a very long staircase, to a huge door made up of old smelling wood.

"Go ahead."

"I have to go alone? I don't want to, there are no windows!"

“Trust me.” And so, Phillip went. He pulled open the heavy door and went into the very dark room. Right before the door closed completely behind him, he heard The Professor’s voice call out to him. “It’s all up to you.”

A while later, Phillip came out glowing. He had such a big smile on his face it almost lifted his feet off the ground. “Professor! I got it, it’s my...it is all up to me. I can make what I dream real! I can build cities and people and animals and anything and everything! If I can think of it I can...it can be...I don’t know how but...”

“I know how hard it can be to explain, Phillip,” said The Professor. “I’ve been in there too, you know, and let me tell you right now, there is no way to put what you just learned into words. Those who don’t understand it might never, and those who do, well, there’s no point in trying to explain it to them. You’ll know the moment you meet them, you can tell just from their eyes. It’s called, *imagination*., and without one I wouldn’t be able to sit alone at the top of this lighthouse everyday.”

“It’s like, magic, like there are more toys in my head than in all of Mr. Mopps!”

“Haha, yes, I think so too,” said the Professor as they started the long climb up the stairs. That night, they stayed up way past bedtime, telling stories and drinking ginger ale. The professor taught Phillip to win at chess, and Phillip showed him how to play the tambourine. There was a little cot made up for Phillip to sleep in, and the moment his head hit the pillow, he was out. He dreamed of home, of his dad and their yellow house. He dreamed of his brown-eyed sister and his two golden fish, and when he woke up, he was with them, in his own bed, surrounded by all of his own things. His mother came into his room smelling life waffles, and woke him up with a big hug.

“Good morning sweetie, did you sleep alright?”

“Oh mom!” Phillip said as he threw his arms around her. “I went to the forest and didn’t eat the sandwich because I hate cucumbers, and I went up the biggest tree you ever saw, and Argen took me to The Professor and I realized—”

“My, what an imagination you have. Why don’t you come downstairs and you can help me make the jam for breakfast.”

So Phillip went and helped his mom mash raspberries until both of their hands turned sticky red. Everyone said that that breakfast was the best they’d had, and Phillip was never bored again.