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Amber's Secret

by Aliana Kae Evans

Chamomile burst open her door and let out a huge sigh. A little whine comes from behind her. She quickly looks up and sees her pet fox, Amber. "Oh, Amber, I had such a bad day. Everyone at school hates me. I always get made fun of because of my name and because I don't have a lot of money like them."

Amber's three legs cuddle on her lap.

"Oh, Amber, I love you too." Chamomile remembers how scared she was when she found Amber all alone with a broken leg.

"Well, Amber, I've got to get to bed," she says, closing her eyes as she hits her pillow.

The next morning as she wakes up, her mom comes in. "Hey, honey, I am sorry to bother you, but school is canceled today because of the storm."

"Storm?" Chamomile asks.

"Yes, hon, the power is out because last night a big storm started. It's supposed to end tonight, so try and stay inside, OK?"

"Okay," Chamomile says, as her mom leaves the room.

"Chamomile!" her mom calls from the kitchen. "Amber wants to go out."

"Coming!" Chamomile calls, running to the kitchen. She looks at the door to see Amber doing puppy eyes at her.

"Oh, Amber, let's go and make it quick, okay? Because it's pouring outside."

Amber yips happily as they go outside. The long, mucky grass smooshes under Chamomile's feet.

“Yuck,” she says, but a loud whine interrupts her.

“Amber!” she yells, turning around to see a huge lightning bolt strike Amber.

“No!” Chamomile cries. Amber shakes and turns weird colors, and then she falls to the ground, unconscious.

“Amber, no!” Chamomile sobs as she begins to cry.

Drip, drip, drip. Her tears fall down and hit Amber in the snout.

“Hello,” a shaking voice says. Chamomile opens her eyes wide, looking at Amber.

“You can talk?”

“Yes.”

“But...but how are you alive?”

“I know it’s weird, but I think I need to take a nap.”

Chamomile smiles and picks Amber up, taking her inside. Chamomile opens her bedroom door and flops on her bean bag chair. Amber breathes heavily as Chamomile rubs her belly, humming quietly until they both fall asleep happily.

The next morning, the storm has stopped, and it is time for school. Chamomile grabs her stuff and goes to the bus.

“Hey Chamomile, or should I say apple tea girl?” a bully calls to her.

Chamomile ignores him, but he trips her before she can get on the bus.

“See you later, loser,” calls the bully as the bus drives away.

“I hate bullies,” Chamomile says out loud, mainly to herself as she picks up her stuff, only to realize that Amber is in her backpack.

“Amber! Why are you here?” Chamomile says.

Amber sits up, shaking dust off her back.

“I jumped into your backpack before you left because I wanted to show you something.”

“Huh?” Chamomile responds.

“Well, you know how I got struck by lightning and got the power to talk? But that's not all. I have one other power, and that's this.”

Amber puts her paw out, reaching toward Chamomile's sketch pad.

“What's a sketch pad going to do?” Chamomile says.

Amber growls. “Listen, I'll tell you. Just grab a pencil and draw wings for me.”

“Um, okay,” Chamomile says hesitantly, as she sketches huge feathery wings.

“Good,” Amber says, placing her paw on the drawing. She closes her eyes and then declares, “Done.”

Chamomile looks up to see Amber, who now has huge feathery wings.

“Oh my!” Chamomile says, “How?”

“I know it's weird, but your drawings come alive with my help. So what are you waiting for? Get on my back!”

Chamomile quickly climbs on Amber's back.

“Okay, to the school!”

Chamomile draws and draws. Soon, Amber starts to get tired.

“I have an idea,” Chamomile says, drawing a fox with four legs.

“Oh, thank you!” Amber exclaims, looking at her fourth leg, “You're the coolest kid I know!”

The next day at school, Chamomile thought of Amber's words and walked happily into the classroom. Soon, with her newfound confidence, she would make three best friends who didn't care what she had or didn't have.

The End.