

Lucy In a Sand Hole



The sun was shining warmly and Lucy was holding a pretty red plastic bucket with sand moulds, a shovel, a cash register, some newspapers for packing and lots of one-euro coins in it. Well, the euro coins were actually shims that Dad had given her but it didn't really matter. Money was money. But the cash register was like a real one they had in the shop, only made of plastic. You twisted the handle and the drawer opened. You put money in and closed the drawer. It was a really awesome cash register! Lucy was planning on preparing a lot of sand cakes and then selling all of them. For the money she earned, she was planning to buy a new bike, which would no longer be a three wheeler, like babies had, but with two wheels, like school children had.



With such plans in mind, Lucy sat on the edge of the sandbox and started patting sand into the cake mould. Once the sand was nicely inside the mould, she tapped it on the board at the edge of the sandbox. She made a long row of cakes. She had brought a little blue bear and a green bunny rabbit as buyers.



“Who would like to buy some mouth-watering cakes?” Lucy asked in a sweet voice.

“Oh, you would like to buy some?” she approached the bear. “Alright. Did you say you would like to have four? You’ve only got two

euros on you? Alright, I'll give them to you for half price today.” She tore a large piece of the newspaper and turned it into a cone. Then she put four cakes into the cone and put it in front of the teddy bear.

“Here you go, Sir.”



The green bunny bought as many as seven cakes. Lucy took seven of her euro coins and put them in the cash register. She could already count

to ten but was a little bit afraid of what would happen if there was more money in the cash register drawer. Then she wouldn't know exactly how much money she had. But as her bike cost more than a hundred euros and she couldn't count so far anyway, then Mum and Dad could do the counting at home, she figured.



So she sold the teddy bear and the bunny another cone of cakes.

“This hole is really deep,” she wondered in the end, when she continued to dig the wet sand. “I could climb in here to hide myself...”



She dug another hole in the moist sand and then jumped into the hole. The edge of the hole was up to her knees.

“A little bit more,” she thought to herself and shovelled several shovelfuls of sand out of hole.



Now she had to lie on her belly to get the sand out from the bottom of the hole. When she couldn't reach the bottom of the hole, she jumped back into the hole and now the edge was much higher than her knees, almost up to her buttocks. Lucy tried to squat but the hole was too narrow. Then she climbed out and tried to sit in the hole. This worked very well.

So Lucy sat there for a while, arms and legs up, until she finally decided to climb out.

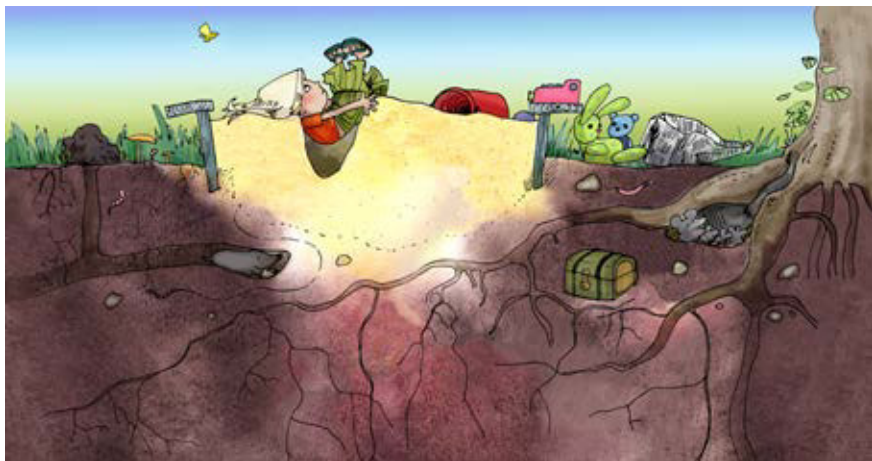


She tried to grab the edge with her hands and pull herself out but it didn't really work out because she couldn't bend her arms. Lucy got frightened and she yelled at the top of her lungs:

"Help!" She listened for a while but nobody answered. She called for help again and again. This didn't help either. She tried to turn around one way and the other way but she simply couldn't get out of her hole.

So Lucy sat there for a while, baffled, and started to remember all sorts of stories about what

could possibly happen to people in trouble.



Andy had once told her that flying saucers came from outer space and took people with them and that people couldn't run away or move with a flying saucer floating above their head. Lucy looked at the sky and saw a white stripe.

"This stripe was made by a plane," she comforted herself, but then again, flying saucers also flew. Maybe this stripe was made by a UFO and there would be a huge flying saucer with flashing lights floating above her soon enough. There would be a tall alien dressed in a tight silver suit climbing down the ladder and reaching out a hand to Lucy to help her out of the hole. The hand would have three long fingers and the hand itself

would be totally green. Then Lucy would look at the creature and there would be two large and bulging round black eyes in its face. Instead of the nose, it would have two holes and instead of mouth, one short line.



“Are you in trouble?” the alien would ask and grab Lucy by the hand.

“Yeah, I’m sitting here, as you can see,” Lucy would answer quietly and feel that the alien’s hand was as cold as a frog.

“It’s no big deal,” alien would say and pull Lucy out of the hole. The flying saucer would take

off like a flash and Lucy would hang on to the alien's three cold fingers. She would see the houses becoming smaller below her, finally being very tiny.



“What are you doing here?” Andy asked all of a sudden and Lucy flinched. “I’m thinking” Lucy lied, because she didn’t want her brother to laugh at her.

“And for how long are you planning to be thinking like that?”



“I don’t know,” Lucy replied quickly and when Andy looked as if he was going to leave, she added quickly:

“Hey, I’ve already finished thinking. Can you pull me out now?”

Andy pulled his little sister out of the hole and cleaned her dress from sand.

“Now let’s go and have lunch because if

you're hungry, you won't get any good ideas."

They picked up the toys and wandered towards home. Lucy was very quiet. She had decided never to sit in a sand hole again.

"Listen, Andy."

"What?"

"Do flying saucers sometimes also take away little children who sit in sand holes?"

"No, they don't."

"Why?"

"Because normal children don't sit in a sand hole so that only their heels show. And aliens don't need silly children."

"I see," Lucy said and tightly squeezed Andy's hand.

