

## THE DAY THAT KIMSTER TURNED BLUE

Kimster has been one of my best friends for a very long time. Although she is very pretty, with lovely grey, white and black hair and big blue eyes, she is not usually too bothered about how she looks. She is much more interested in having fun.

The day that Kimster turned blue started off as a normal day. I woke up and looked out of the window, and saw lots of grey clouds in the sky. I do enjoy the sunshine, so I was a bit disappointed when I saw all those clouds. I decided that I should not let the miserable weather stop me from having an adventure, so I 'phoned Kimster to see if she would like to have an adventure with me. Luckily, Kimster did not have plans for the day, and said she would come over and then we could figure out what we would do.

Well, an hour later, I heard a very loud knock on the door. I rushed over to open the door, and there was... well... I wasn't sure who it was, but I thought it might be Kimster.





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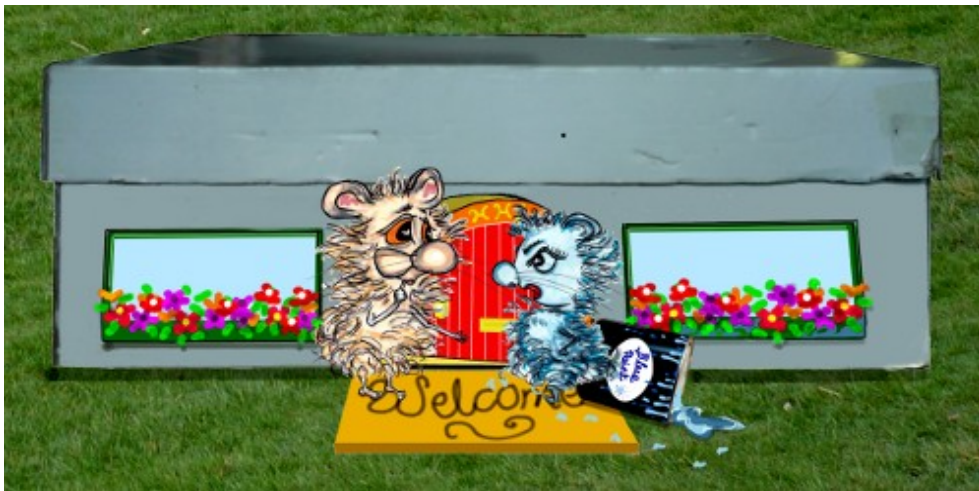
Here are the reasons I thought it might be Kimster.

1. I was expecting Kimster.
2. It was definitely a girl hamster at the door. Before you ask, no, it was definitely not a girl gerbil!
3. She had blue eyes, like Kimster, and she was the same height as Kimster.

Here are the reasons I thought it might not be Kimster.

1. She was crying. Kimster is a very happy hamster. She almost never cries. (That is one of the many things that I like about her.)
2. She was BLUE. By this I mean that she was entirely blue, not just her eyes, but all her hair, her tail and even her nose. As I mentioned earlier, Kimster has grey, white and black hair, and blue eyes.
3. She was crying about being blue. As I mentioned earlier, Kimster does not usually care very much about how she looks, as she is more interested in having fun. I thought that being a blue hamster might be fun, as I had never seen a blue hamster before, and that it was unlikely that Kimster would cry about being blue, if for some reason she had turned blue.

As I was thinking about whether or not the little blue hamster might be Kimster, the little blue hamster exclaimed, "What have you done to me? Look at me! I have turned blue! It is all your fault!"



Well, from her voice, I knew that the little blue hamster definitely was Kimster after all... and she seemed just a teensy bit upset with me. "Well, Kimster," I said, "I know that I am able to do a lot of things, but I definitely do not know how to turn a hamster blue, so it cannot be my fault that you have turned blue, and may I say you do look rather marvellous!"





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Kimster said, "So that can of blue paint just by your door does not belong to you, then?"

I looked down and saw that the can of blue paint that I had been using to paint my window boxes blue was lying on its side, on top of my door mat, just beside where Kimster stood. I looked down at my feet, as I felt rather ashamed. "Oh, Kimster, I am so sorry!" I said, as I reached out to hug my friend.

Kimster said, "I was running up to your door, and I was in a bit of a hurry as I was so looking forward to our adventure, and I tripped over and fell head first into that can of blue paint."



I said, "Come on inside, Kimster, and we will see if we can wash that paint off."

Just as I said that, I saw that Kimster was pointing at me. I looked down at my middle, and it was then that I noticed that my tummy was completely blue. When I had hugged Kimster, some of the paint had got on to me.



Well, Kimster showered and scrubbed, but no matter how hard she tried, she was still blue. She said to me, "Harrison, I don't know what to do. Maybe I will be blue for the rest of my life."

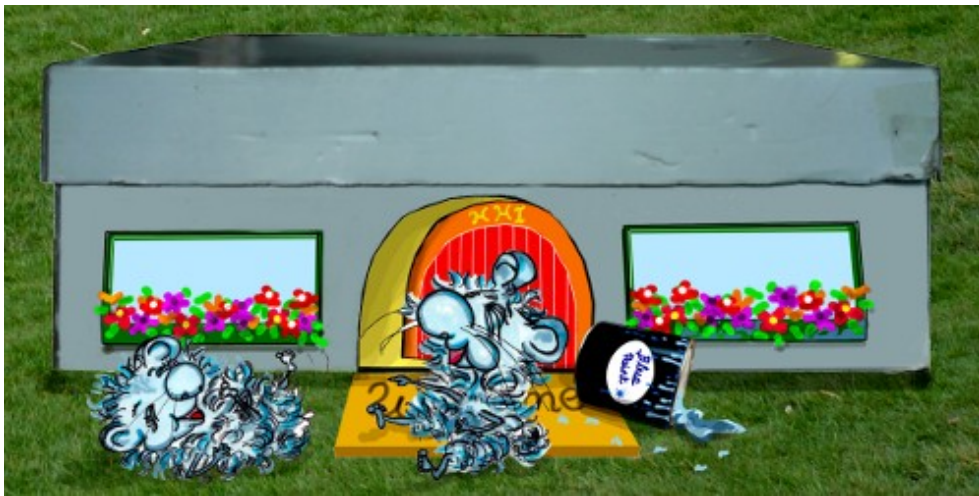
I said to her, "Kimster, don't worry. It may last a few days, but after a few more showers, it will fade away, and you will look like yourself again."

I could tell that Kimster was still feeling sad though. In fact, I thought she was feeling as blue on the inside as she looked on the outside. I gave her another hug, and said that I was just popping out for a minute.

I went out the door, found the can of blue paint, and jumped inside. Well, my tummy was already blue anyway, and I thought it would be much more interesting to be entirely blue than to have just a blue tummy. I made sure that I was totally covered in blue paint, and then called Kimster to join me outside.

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When she saw me, Kimster slowly started to smile. Then she started to giggle. Then I started to giggle too. Soon we were both rolling around on the grass laughing. Kimster was still entirely blue. I was almost completely blue. (My eyes were still brown.)



The moral of this blog post is that if an accident happens and your friend turns blue and starts to feel blue because she does not like being blue, it's a great idea to make another accident happen and turn yourself blue. Being blue alone can make a hamster feel blue, but two blue hamsters are just funny!

Bye for now!

Harrison Hamster I

4th September 2011