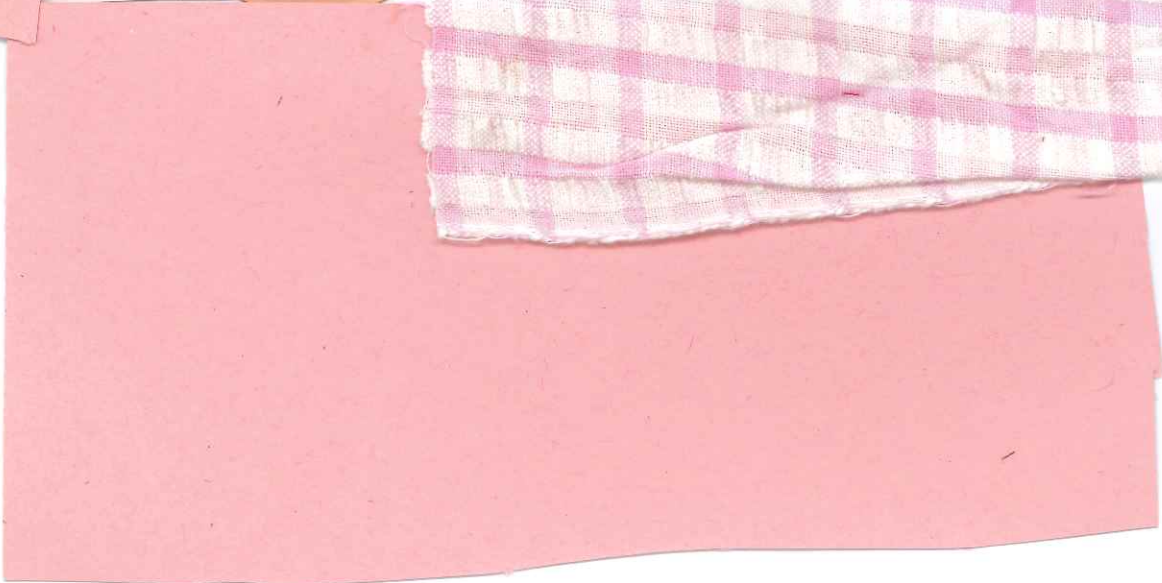
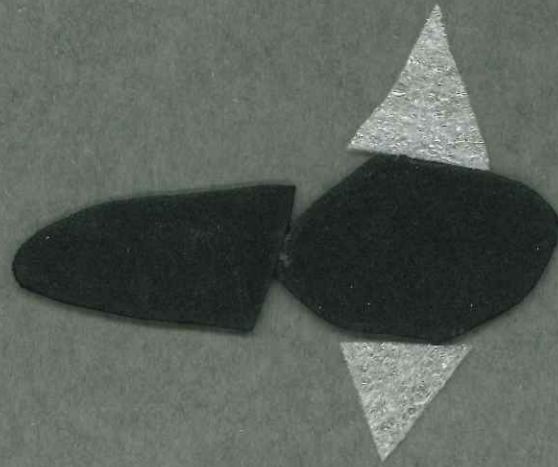


My Dancing Fly Guy

By Kortnee M





I spotted a fly on the roof of my bedroom. My mom walked in my room. The fly started to dance. It was slowly wiggling back and forth.



Last night mom moved my hamper. The fly saw my princess. It started to dance with the princess. I could see him swaying back and forth.



It was funny. I giggled myself off my bed. I climbed back up into my comfortable blankets. After a little while Fly Guy went to sleep.



I dreamed that he grew. He licked my forehead. It was the weekend so he played with me. When I woke up to go to school he was on my forehead.