





# BEWARE OF BRAINSTORMS

\* THURSDAY \*

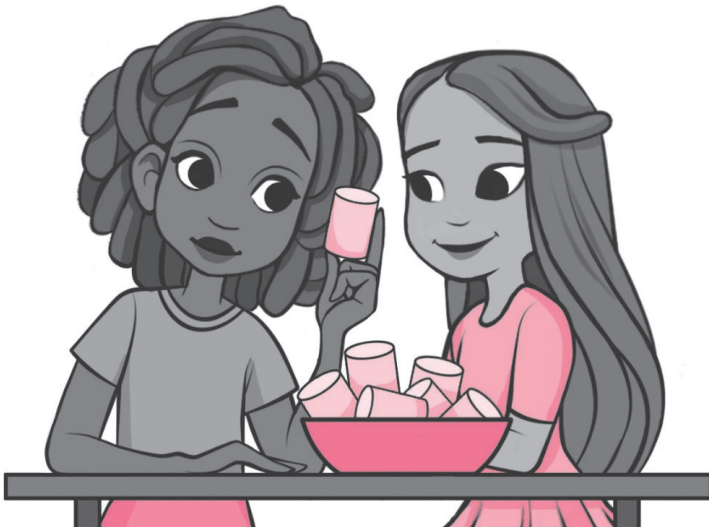
Dear Diary,

Today in Ms. Collier's class I learned a new word: *brainstorming*. Nope, it doesn't mean creating a storm with mind power. It means coming up with a bunch of ideas. Aren't Groundlings

(also known as humans) so funny?

Our class was learning all about simple machines. Ms. Collier gave us a challenge: We had to use simple machines to move a jumbo marshmallow from one side of the classroom to the other *without* touching it at all.

If it were up to me, I would just create a blast of wintry wind to blow



the marshmallow across the room—but of course I couldn't do that. My winter magic powers are a complete secret when I'm at school with Groundlings. The only person who knows about my powers is my best friend, Claudia. Luckily that's exactly who I was partnered up with.

Our "brainstorms":

- \* **Wedge:** Use a ramp to get that marshmallow rolling!
- \* **Wheel and Axle:** Build a mini race car for the marshmallow to ride in!
- \* **Pulley:** Make a zip line and send that marshmallow soaring overhead!



We decided the pulley idea was the most fun. While we were sketching out our plan, I tried to ask Claudia some sneaky questions.

“So . . .” I began. “Our family is having game night tonight. Don’t you just *love* board games?”

Claudia shrugged. “Yeah, they’re fun.”

“Right,” I said. “But not as fun as making crafts. Don’t you just *love* craft supplies?”

She looked at me funny. “Yeah, craft supplies are good . . .”

“Don’t you wish you had a kit full of new craft supplies? Or beads? Don’t you just *love* beads?”



Claudia put her hands on her hips.  
“Lina, what is all this about?”

“Your birthday is coming up, and I don’t know what to get you!” I blurted.

Claudia laughed. “Is that all? You

know you don't have to get me anything special."

Yes, of course I know I don't *have* to. But I want to, Diary. Claudia is my best friend, and she's the only person on Earth (literally) who knows that I'm actually an ice princess who lives in a castle in the clouds. Plus, Claudia always gets me perfect presents. This year she got me gloves knitted with conductive thread so I can still play video games even if I'm in the middle of a blizzard!

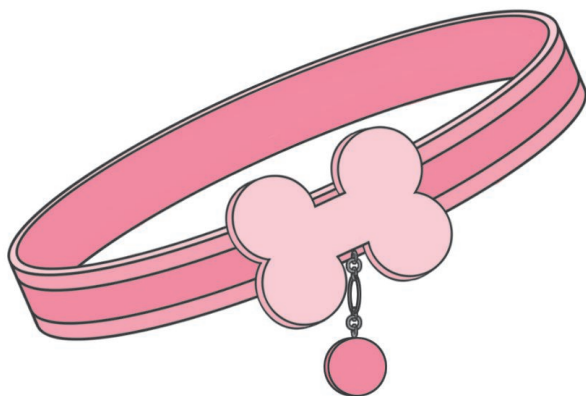
"Well, what are your parents getting you?" I asked.

“They promised me that this year I could finally get a puppy . . .”

Perfect! I’d get Claudia a collar for her new dog!

“ . . . but then last week we learned my dad is allergic.” She sighed sadly. “The best I can hope for is a gecko.”

Diary, I feel so bad for Claudia. She has always wanted a dog. Whatever





present I come up with for her needs  
to be so good that she'll forget all about  
wanting a puppy.