

Mr Peg

When I was little, Mr Peg, the penguin was my friend.
Others said he wasn't real, that he was just pretend.
When I was feeling miserable he'd always make me smile,
We'd go into my room to play and hang out for a while.
When Mum took us into town, I'd put him on a lead,
A bright red leather one, and off we'd go at speed,
Running along the footpath until Mum would call out, "stop."
I'd tie him to a post, as penguins aren't allowed in shops.
When Mum would call, 'dinner time," Mr Peg sat next to me,
I'd set a special place for him and sneak him half my tea.
Overnight he disappeared, Dad asked, "what's the deal?"
"Didn't you know Dad?" I smiled, "Mr Peg was never real."



Have you ever had an imaginary friend?