



City Kitty & All Her Animal Friends
.contemporary.poetry.



oh look. a fun, funny, fabulous, cool, contemporary poetry book.
finally some poetry that isn't lame and bland and blah and boring.
so get going. it's time to start exploring our wild animal stories
which also have a positive message for all ages to enjoy
whether you're an animal or a girl or a boy !
- written by scott doctor & siti wray -

citykittypoetry.com // citykittypoetry@gmail.com

Stanley The Introspective Eagle



two eagles are relaxing on a hawaiian beach. one turns and says c'mon stanley. let's fly. let's fly, fly so high. let's circle the sky. until we're far out of reach. go to the highest mountain on earth. and rest upon its perch. it's so boring down here. i'm bored. to which stanley replied. i know, i know. you like it high. and i like it low. i'm lazy and feeble. i enjoy people. you want to be up off the ground. in the clouds, with no sound. high enough if we fall to the earth, we flop flat. splat. no thank you. i'll be here on this hard surface. and staying safely on it. but you go ahead. it's ok i'll be here. i don't want to fly any more. to anywhere. you don't want to fly? what? why? said his friend. you're not a human. no flying? you're a bird. that's absurd. if you're still afraid of heights, we all have frights. but we fight through them. in order to remove them.

c'mon stan. you don't like my plan? let's fly. be bold my man. want me to hold your hand? stanley looks pensive. non-expressive. then he replies. it's not just my fear of heights. or snakes. or lightning. or planes. or guns. flying is exhausting not fun. everyone expected me to fly since my birth. but i just want my feet to touch the sand and grass and earth. i want to enjoy mother nature. not rush to get there. i'm old man, i need to slow down and relax. it's time for me to retire. let's have a snack. and another mai tai, or a beer.

his friend is in dismay but has more to say! stanley you don't even drink beer so listen here. you know why people tell you to fly. cause you're a freakin' bird! look in the mirror! you're covered in feathers and have wings. there's a big responsibility that brings. plus you're not just a bird, you're an eagle. not a beagle. you don't bark like a dog. you fly amidst clouds and fog. is it cause you almost got sucked into that jet engine and pee'd your pants? you know i didn't tell anyone about that happening. once i was done laughing and clapping.

stan twitches, then says. the sky and the air, i don't really care. seen one sun and one cloud, seen them all. let me guess. one is white and fluffy. the other is huge and bright. am i right? i'm not sure what compelled me to reconsider my life's purpose. and put things in perspective. perhaps it was having the grim reaper try to push me through that airplane engine like it was a blender. and thinking my feathers would be used to fill up a comforter. but down here, i have no fear. ok stan, replied his friend, take time to find out who you are. it's just a mid-life crisis. but you're still big and strong. flying isn't wrong. our expansive wings spread open wide as we glide over the ocean, the mountain and the blue sky. don't sigh. be proud of who you are buddy.

i'm finally done flapping my wings, stanley admitted. i want to exchange them for arms, he kidded. but seriously. i want to be one with the earth. and walk on my feet. slow as it may be. it will allow me to see more from down here, below the stars. mingling with trees and grass and animals and cars. there's a reason i was given two wings but also two feet. i have places to see and people to meet. so off you go. in the air. off i go. on foot. or i sit here. for the foreseeable future. until my end. it's been nice knowing you my friend. aloha.

ok ok. said his buddy. whatever you do we do together ok stan. i will follow your plan. on this introspective journey of yours. we can walk the human way. i get it. and maybe i'll regret it. but let's try it. so. how do we start it? stan thinks about it for some time and answers, of course, in a rhyme. one step at a time. one day at a time. we head north. and go forth. no plans. just see what happens. it will be enlightening and frightening. but we'll tackle this new endeavor. i know it will be way more fun, if we experience it together, as one.

The Delightful Little Dove



there's a delightful little white dove who likes to fly and sing. it'll put you in a trance. it's almost a visual dance when you watch her fly around you. the dove flies swiftly and effortlessly across the bright blue sky, which is contrasted nicely against her bright white bird body. she was most definitely, a real beauty. today while flying around, the dove found a little park, just before dark. she swooped over to a fountain to get a drink of water then looked over to see a little girl beside her. she was in a wheelchair with her mother nearby. the young girl sees the pretty bird and offers it a french fry and the bird happily nibbles a bite. there is a nice, calming and peaceful presence between them. the bird had no fright that she might try to grab her. so she got closer and closer. the girl reaches over to gently pet the dove and give her some love. she enjoyed her touch very much. they stared at each other for what seemed like forever.

the bird never saw anyone in a wheelchair before but understood what it was for. the delightful dove wished it could give her feathers and help her fly. it had the gift of flight and she did not. she was stuck in that chair, unable to move or even stand. so the bird had a plan. not to fly for her but with her. it started to flap its wings, but stayed in one place so the girl could see. then the girl started to flap her arms slowly and in sync with the beautiful bird. it was really cute, but still, she looked absurd. but she didn't care. in her mind, she was simply trying to fly up and away and out of that chair.

the bird was filled with pride. it couldn't help the girl on her outside. only on her inside. and what the world denied her friend physically. now she perhaps, in a way, could have that moment of freedom spiritually. they were flying together, though still on the ground. the girl closed her eyes and kept waving her arms up and down. she imagined she was off the ground and in the air. without a worry or a care. and certainly, without a stupid chair. everything became silent. the only noise in the background was a soft breeze and the sound of her wings flapping smooth and fast. the girl tilted left and right and maneuvered across the sky and high above, alongside her friend the dove. she had been confined to that wheelchair for as long as she could remember. but now, for a moment of time, and a moment in her mind, she was free. free as a bird.

a minute had passed. then two. and finally, the girl grew tired and landed back safely on earth. she smiled at the bird. a silent thank you. and a sense of knowing gratitude. it was good timing too as her mom started to gather up their things. the girl knew there was not much time left, so she pointed up to the sky. now she wanted to see her friendly bird fly. and if watching it fly for a while was enough to make her smile. she'd get her wish. so the beautiful dove flew up, up and away. its moves were extra special that day as it tried some dazzling new tricks. some fast turns and some crazy dips, then a low swoop and then even a loop de loop!

mom started to push her away in the chair and the bird knew it was time for them to go and so, it flew by the girl one last time, very slow, then shot away fast. the girl watched the bird disappear into the distance. she was only eight but she believed in fate. and she knew that some friendships last forever, and others for just a few moments. it's just a global acceptance. of what the world offers. to its inhabitants. and sometimes life's best presents is just a presence. the girl was aware, even from the confines of her chair, life couldn't always be controlled and its own story had to unfold. so she waved goodbye to the air. her mom seeing no one in particular. but she touched her daughter's hair and wheeled her away from the park. the girl and her mom returned to the park many times and though she never saw her friend the bird again, seeing her once. and having their fantasy flight together. is a memory she would always cherish and would always remember.

The Amazzzzzing Colorful Zzzzzebra



amanda the zebra was a rare find. truly one of a kind. she was always fun and unique but as she became older, her black stripes kept changing colors. they were pink then blue, then orange then purple. every once in a while she would just transform into a whole new color and new hue! the zoo workers were baffled. they didn't know what to do. they were confused and her miraculous diversity was all over the news. they said to amada, you're funny looking and weird and people don't want to look at you! so they eventually kicked her out of the zoo!

so amanda went to live in the wilderness all by herself. she had no family, she had no friends. she tried to blend in with the other zebras but they said, we're black and white. it makes us easier to hide and protect the herd. a lion and a cheetah can see you, and us, from a mile away. so we're sorry but you can't stay.

one very hot day, amanda was taking a nap when she was woken up by a loud moo. hi, said a cow, i'm sue. they were about the same age. hey, can i be friends with you? amanda was confused. i don't have any friends, she said. cause i'm supposed to look black and white like you. except i have stripes and you have spots, or maybe they're blots. amanda laughed. sue the cow said, you're colorful and wonderful and you have fun lines and pretty stripes. i just have these weird boring cow shapes. and more than just a few. i wish i could trade places with you! amanda the zebra smiled and said, you're very kind, thank you.

but still, said amanda, i wish i could trade places with you. cause you turned out black and white like i was supposed to. the cow said don't be ridiculous. your bright ambience is gorgeous! i'm jealous. you're like a colorful work of art. being unique is a great thing honestly. believe me. your colors are tremendously pretty. a rainbow is not black and white. it's a wide spectrum of vibrant light. black and white is blah, muted colors that sit like a boring rock on the ground with no sound. the cow continued. bright colors take flight and they're full of visual sight.

how ironic they both thought. they wanted to trade. cause they didn't like the way they were made. amanda the zebra and sue the cow quickly became friends. their silly conversations would never end. they discussed clouds and grass and humans with their funny shapes. and they ate lots of food and drank lots of milkshakes.

a zebra is best friends with a cow. wow. what are the odds. who would have thought. they never argued or fought. they just laughed and walked and ran and took naps together. will you be my friend forever? amanda asked her friend sue. of course, said the cow. a friend makes the world a happier place. we have to support each other every day, ok? deal, said amanda. you're the best. but now it's time to rest. i'm always so sleepy. i need a lot of z's. cause i'm a zzzzzz-ebra. get it? they both laugh.

and hey sue, added amanda the zebra. i changed my mind from before. i don't hate being colorful anymore! good said sue. me too. now i don't mind being black and white. thanks to you. amanda said i'm glad you're in a better moo'd. bet you didn't know i could be so a-moo-sing. c'mon. moooove closer. the moooon is coming out. sue laughs at her moo jokes and asks are you done now. i heard the news you finally ran out of moo's. nope not yet, amada said with a smile. how about a song? i like to mooove it mooove it. you like to mooove it mooove it. we like to - mooove it. ok now i'm done, she said. and as the sun set peacefully, the two fell fast asleep under a tree. an unlikely, colorful friendship, that was simply meant to be.

That Funny Pink Fluffy Thing



mom, i want to ride that pink fluffy animal, yelled the little boy with so much joy. his mom turned and smiled. it's called a flamingo. and the answer, i'm sorry, is no. c'mon let's go. it's a big zoo, we have much more to see and do. the boy wondered out loud. why is the flamingo standing on just one leg? and they're bright pink and orange. they look pretty funny. like cotton candy. can i pet them? can i lick them? whatever they are, i like them and want to ride them. that would be a blast! do you think they can run fast?

mom gathered her patience. honey. it's not a horse. of course you can't ride a flamingo. they're so delicate and slow. plus, not every animal is for riding. where should we go next, she asks? i'm having trouble deciding. but before mom even knew what happened, her son already began to climb into the flamingo enclosure!

mom panicked and yelled and hysterically asked an employee to help her out but he said no way lady. i don't risk my life for minimum wage. mom didn't know what to do so she ran frantically in a circle. praying for a miracle. then she suddenly stopped, spun around seven times and fainted. and when she woke up moments later, after her dizziness cleared, she feared how things with her son might have tragically ended. she looked into the flamingo display but to her dismay. her son wasn't harmed at all, he was safe as can be. look mommy, he yelled. the pink flamingo is riding on top of me!

sure enough. there was her son, down on all fours. with the flamingo sitting on his back! as he monkeyed around like a silly clown. i didn't want to hurt him like you said, the boy added, so i put him on top of me instead! he's not even that heavy, so if you want a turn we're almost done already. that's my crazy but sweet and sensitive boy mom thought. no longer distraught. she breathed a sigh of relief. what's your flamingo's name, she yelled out. this one is steve, he proclaimed. but then explained. i know they all look the same but those others are jill and john and debbie and shawn. and that pretty one is mary lou. i named her after you. then i got tired of naming them, so the rest of them all, i just call paul.

later on that day, when the boy and his mom finally finished at the zoo, they were walking on their way out. quite an exhausting day, mom said. i would call it, exuberant and jubilant. without a doubt, agreed her son. but we accomplished so much and it was fun. reaching the exit, the boy waved goodbye to all the animals. mom, i love the zoo, he said. and the animals too. sorry if i scared you earlier. mom kissed him on the head and said. yes, that was way too much flamingo excitement for one day. i need some aspirin. and a bed.

but you already took a nap, the boy insisted. remember, on the ground. you didn't move around or make a sound. i remember it well, mom said, until i fainted, she admitted. but her adventurous little boy was clearly not ready to rest, as he grabbed her by the arm. mom, this is no time for quitting, he said. it's barely past five and we're both still alive. plus it's sunday, our mommy and me day! we have so much more to do. let's go bowling and get ice cream. then ride go carts. i'll let you win, so there's no pressure. and then, dinner!

mom rolled her eyes. oh geez. she said. bowling and ice cream. don't you ever run out of steam? nope he said. i have lots of steam. and it would seem there's no such thing as too much fun or ice cream! mom never liked to vent. she always kept up. and she never complained. she only complied. no matter the weather or what was their next precarious adventure. she just enjoyed her son, and making everything for him better. she had promised him when she divorced his father, that she'd always, always, cherish their special times together.

Santi The Quirky Vegetarian Tiger



santi is a big sumatran tiger from indonesia. but she is unlike all the other tigers of her kind. she has a much different state of mind. of course she is big and strong and fierce and has sharp teeth. but underneath, when you look into her deep, dark black eyes, a sense of calm and peace therein lies. most tigers are very aggressive. they like to fight and run and hunt and eat other animals, but not santi. she's not a fighter. she's a pacifist and a vegetarian. which i suppose is like someone who doesn't like books becoming a librarian! in fact, santi would rather play with the small animals she is supposed to eat. instead of chasing after them, she prefers to tickle their feet. she is one quirky, oddball tiger. and it's why we admire her. when someone wants to fight, she just smiles, gives a peace sign and walks away from them.

if santi comes across a big bully, she compliments them and gives them a big hug. isn't that silly? santi spends the day eating plants and flowers on the prairie, to the dismay of her friends and family. but still. they accept and support her. santi likes to read good books and has a funny sense of humor. she also likes to meditate and do yoga and stand on her head. yes, you read that right. we said, stand on her head!

santi has fun every day, though she is mellow and zen-like in many ways. while she prefers to stay away from anything dangerous or too exciting, she is never bored. a pleasant day is all she hopes for. santi is not popular or famous and when she's hunting or fighting, she really isn't the greatest. but she is a gentle tiger and a loyal friend. if you ever had a party, she would be the first one to attend.

one day santi was playing around with a deer. a sound aroused her suspicion and she saw a two scary hunters hiding near. they moved in closer and santi saw her friend had a big rifle aimed right towards her. santi froze. unsure of what to do. a hunter crouched down and now she saw not one gun but two. she realized that both their lives, were about to shatter. without thinking, santi leaped out in front of the hunters. then she roared loudly and showed her big sharp tiger teeth. she had no fear. she was standing up tall and strong like a fighter and she let those hunters know they don't belong. but they were not scared away. they just pointed their guns, unafraid. and stayed.

santi roared even louder this time. then she snarled and growled. and she allowed the poor young deer to cuddle up behind her. but then. just when. they seemed about to fire their guns. santi smiled. and purred like a kitten and stood on her head! the hunters were confused and amused. they had never seen such a wild, crazy and interesting thing. maybe at a circus. but they were in the wild. and this was no trained animal who was mild. it was a ferocious tiger. the hunters had no choice but to smile and laugh at her.

of course, they are animal hunters so they still shot her. but not with their guns. no no no. sorry to scare you. they shot her with their cameras. their fingers came off their triggers because they'd never experienced such a wacky and talented tiger in all their lives. they couldn't wait to get home and tell their wives. they laughed until they cried. and thanks to santi's genius idea and wild yoga antics, no one died. the hunters backed up and then packed up their guns and got back in their jeep. and as they drove away, they honked their loud horn, beep beep! that day, they didn't fire a single shot with the guns they brought. but they left with the most unbelievable story to say, about the curiously amazing tiger, who made them put their guns away.

The Walrus Among Us



don't look now, but there is a walrus among us, said the old lady in the small elevator. the four other people in the elevator curiously and suspiciously looked down towards the ground, and sure enough, they all saw the whiskered walrus standing beneath. it was super cute with long white teeth. it's not every day you see a walrus in an elevator so it was quite an unusual sight! some had a sense of delight but others were filled with fright. but the elevator had ten more floors to go and it was moving so slow. uh oh! and oh no! as the walrus turned to the lady she let out a scream. it was like a bad dream. she wondered if a walrus is peaceful or crazy. does it attack people or is it too big and lazy. please don't kill me, the lady demanded. i don't even taste good, she commanded.

but the walrus didn't escalate the situation, he tried to diffuse it instead. don't worry lady, the walrus said. i'm just going upstairs to see my dentist. then he grabbed her arm but not to bite it, he signed it! with a pen. here, take my autograph, he said, i insist. then licked her on the wrist. i'm a pretty famous walrus you know. from the city zoo down the street. but it was a really long walk to get here, especially without human feet. i just have these flippers. and they're so big i can't even wear shoes or slippers. the walrus then smiled and said anyhow, don't let my big sharp teeth fool you. i'm a nice guy, not a bad guy. i don't want to eat you.
i just want to fix my toothache and go see dennis, my dentist.

plus i'm a vegan so i don't eat people. and i'm harmless like a bicycle. the lady warmed up quickly and then apologized profusely. sorry walrus. sorry to cause a fuss. you caught me by such a surprise. i couldn't believe my eyes. i wish you good luck at the dentist. i go to doctor dennis too, he's a good one. owns the place with his daughter and son. you know i have grandkids, so i'll come with them to the zoo so they can see you.

an hour later, the walrus was healed and happy. the dentist fixed his toothache and also made his big walrus tusks polished and shiny. then the walrus turned to the dentist. hey doc, i think these bright white teeth actually make me look more skinny! the walrus pays his bill and the dentist tells him to only eat soft foods for a couple weeks, maybe even a few. eat only soft foods, the walrus said. great cause i love pancakes and brownies and ice cream. i'll be in heaven, said the walrus, not a problem, sounds more like a dream.

you're the best dentist in town so it's worth the long walk back to my zoo. thank you. i feel brand new! honestly doc, i kinda feel like dancing. then he waddled to the left and waddled to the right. the walrus was cheerful and bright. he continued to dance but since he wasn't wearing any pants, his big belly also jiggled to the left and the right too. when he got back to the zoo, he already knew his routine to do. and that was just to just play all day. after all, he was a walrus. he didn't have a job or homework or a care in the world. he only had to avoid the heat, swim in the pool and stay cool.

and since the walrus loved to eat, he told the zoo chef that day to keep the fish away, it was chocolate chip pancakes with whip cream and ice cream on top! and when he was done slurping it up, he wouldn't need a napkin, he would need a mop! his animal friends were glad to see him back, and the visitors at the zoo too. they loved to watch him bounce a ball against the wall. and roll around and swim upside down. he showed off his new happy, healthy white teeth and no longer had a painful frown. yep. he was back intact. that's a fact. the walrus was glad to be rid of his tooth pain and be his great big, blubbery, whiskery, jolly self again!

The Antisocial Elephant



elephants love to group together. they are always in a herd and have a vast social structure. elephants huddle together for safety and comfort in a few dozen or a few hundred. so you rarely ever see just one, on their own and alone. but not milton. milton wasn't much fun but he was super nice and a great person to ask for advice. need help? you don't have to ask him twice. milton was an army of one. and though he was lonely you'd never really find him at a group event or a party. but he always remained optimistic and gleeful. never sad or mad. all the other elephants liked him, though they rarely saw him. and they enjoyed having him around even when he was quiet and hiding in the background. milton always said, you guys go ahead, have fun. i'll be over here or over there, by myself instead. in fact, it's almost time for my dinner and bed.

milton had no brothers or sisters. no longer a mom or dad. he did have a wife in his life. but i hate to tell you she divorced him. sometimes love is stronger with another, she explained, then left him, for a guy named tim. she gave up trying to change milton and said we're opposites. we have no symmetry. i like to sing and dance. you like to be home and watch tv. i like parties and to laugh. you sit and paint or stand around like a giraffe.

his wife was named june, although she was born in july. she said milton, we're opposites. except we're both elephants. sure, we do both like ice cream but i live in reality and you just like to dream. but tim feels like my other half. he's fun and loud. don't get me wrong, you're a great guy without a doubt. june wasn't mean but still, she wasn't good for his self-esteem. plus milton didn't want to change. sure he knew he was strange. but he wanted someone to accept him for him. and love him for milton. not try to make him into a tim.

yes. it was a bit of a mess. but don't feel sad. it's not so bad. milton isn't dead. he's alone in his big bed but he's happy in his big head. after his breakup, milton was seen less and stayed home more. he said. now it's just me, myself and i. i don't have to share my bed. or make dinner for two. since there's just me, not you. plus if i fart, no one's around to hear it. that's the best part. To be honest, milton is what they call antisocial. so instead of being with animals on the savannah, he'd rather be home eating a banana. if you asked him to dinner and a movie, he'd say why? i have popcorn and my tv! his friends said, there's half a million elephants in the world, and more ladies than men. so you should go out to socialize at a club or a cafe or the gym.

milton hoped to find another wife one day. but he kinda preferred she find him! plus it was important they accept milton the way he is. he doesn't want to take up pilates or yoga. or become a vegan or vegetarian. he preferred a quiet girl like a librarian not a loud bossy lady to marry him. and they can't mind he snored in his sleep. or care about his big ears, his big butt, his long nose or his fat, flat feet. they can't be upset or regret that he gets nervous in social settings or he doesn't like parties. milton was a shy guy but a good guy. and he also had a good heart. that was the most important part. sure he could be more romantic and more perfect. but his imperfections made him into a unique and endearing, second to none, five ton milton.

one day he knew he'd find love again. and one would become two. and he'd once again say those four magical words. i love you. haha. did we fool you? with i love you? that's three words. and we said four. anyway, sorry we didn't leave on a more upbeat note with a wedding, but not every story can have a happy ending. so the moral of this story is always be yourself. find happiness in your heart. trust your instincts and believe in fate. and if you know any really cool elephants, maybe you can help us set up milton on a blind date.

The Buddha Yoga Zen Turtle



hey, let's race to the market! said the green turtle to the gray rabbit. can you hack it? i'll bet you a million dollars i win, he added. the rabbit laughed. that's one of the most ridiculous offers i've ever had, he replied. you're a turtle, slower than a snail. slower than the mail. i'll embarrass you, when i run circles around you.

then the rabbit added an additional verbal smack. besides having that heavy shell on your back, there's three pertinent things you lack: speed, strength and agility. who me, the turtle asked. then answered back. c'mon let's do this, said the turtle. just cause you're a rabbit, doesn't scare me. i'm a funny shape but i'm also aerodynamic. you're all fuzzy and furry, plus your ears are funny. so when i say ready set go. we race. but you'll only see the back of me. i'll leave a cloud of dust in your face. so you'd better run with goggles, just in case. the turtle smiled.

the rabbit was skeptical but also practical. ok turtle, i accept your offer, he said. but there's one problem i can't overcome. a million dollars? do i look that dumb? i don't have that kind of money. but you know that already. the turtle squinted his eyes and replied suspiciously and mysteriously. then i guess we'll never know whether i'm fast or slow. or if you could beat me. but since you don't believe me. i'll just give you a sample of my special ability and agility. so... i'll be right back! and then. like turtle zen. before you could blink an eye, the turtle zipped down the road in a flash, in a whirl, a blur. the rabbit was visibly fazed and amazed. in fact, his jaw dropped. then his pants dropped. just kidding, he wasn't wearing pants.

the rabbit was utterly impressed. and before his very next breath, guess who came zipping back? like a tiger on the attack. like the speed of sound. the turtle zooms around the corner in a plume of dust and almost left the road scorched. he checked his watch. that was 21 seconds i think, the turtle said to the rabbit, who could not even blink, he was so surprised and mesmerized. the turtle handed a can of soda to the rabbit who stood and stared, speechless. i stopped by the market to get you a drink, hope you like sprite. i thought you might. the rabbit mustered up the energy to mutter one word. how? then added five more. how did you do that?

the turtle chuckles casually yet confidently. i'm no ordinary turtle, he said. so let me enlighten you. and this might surprise you. the turtle leans in closer and whispers. you shouldn't underestimate someone, based on their looks or their reputation. he winks. and now the rabbit finally gathered up enough energy to blink. then he sighed deeply and said. ok turtle. i lose. you win. i unfairly judged you i know. but i still don't understand, why aren't you horribly slow?

the turtle replied. when i was studying with the buddha and doing my meditations, i was able to reach inner peace. reality ceased. my limitations were lifted. and my new talents were instantly gifted. you see, i chose not to be tied to a set reality. we turtles acted like other turtles. we were all the same. and that's not how i preferred to be. so really. i just reversed my intellectual turtle curse. and replaced it with a spiritual verse. and suddenly, almost magically. i was physically free. and i was able to run super fast, at last.

hey, can i have a sip of your sprite, said the turtle. it looks delicious plus i'm thirsty from my run. never mind, i'll get my own. then zip zip zip, the turtle was gone in a flash and back just as fast. he had a sprite in his hand. in fact he had two. i'm extra thirsty from beating you, he said. then he held up a can of sprite and said with a smile. cheers rabbit. here's to our new friendship. they clicked cans and each had a sip. then the turtle added, by the way, i beat you twice. so technically, that's two million you owe me.

City Kitty



in a small new york apartment, there was a kitty cat who was adventurous and curious, but also quite content just hanging out at home. she always wanted to go outside but she never went. her name was siti but since she lived in the city, we like to call her city kitty. or just kitty, though she is all grown up already. like all cats, siti liked relaxing in the sunlight coming in the window and laying around, sleeping all day. she was afraid of the unknown and so she never left home. but she also thought about the world outside and desired to wander and roam.

one day kitty woke up from a nap and saw a big bus parked in front. she's never been spontaneous before, but without warning, she jumped off the floor and ran out the door. she wasn't sure why, but she hustled down the stairs to the outside with a great stride. nothing familiar. everything peculiar. it was her very first adventure!

the street was busy. the sun was bright. it all seemed so right. kitty ran over to the bus and jumped inside just as the door closed and it started to drive. never in her life has she done such a thing. but she had an impulse. an irresistible feeling. the bus was pretty busy but she found a seat in the back. kitty rode for many miles and found new friends to meet. everyone who sat beside her would pet her and talk to her and some even fed her.

kitty had fun seeing people of every age and personality but eventually, the bus came to its final destination. so without preparation, she ran out the door and saw something she never had before. she was outside a very busy airport. it was so exciting. there were taxis and people and luggage and planes. and strange smells too, which was hard to explain. my journey begins, she said with confidence, not feeling tense.

kitty wasn't sure where she was going, but the experience was exciting and flowing. she followed the crowd and was happy to see a sign, pets allowed! since kitty was rich with lots of money she had no fright to sneak onto a flight. she had a first class ticket and there was no reason to panic. as the plane took off, she realized that she didn't even know where it would go. europe, india, alaska, hawaii? although, since she's never been anywhere, then anywhere is a good place to go. the plane ride was long. she watched a movie. had snacks. she drank some milk and took two naps. and when she awoke, the plane had just landed. then as soon as she walked outside, her sights and senses expanded. she heard someone shout, selamat datang di jakarta. welcome to indonesia a sign said. as a big smile came across her face. her pulse began to race.

apa kabar? she heard from behind her. kitty turned to find another cat with black fur. that means how are you, said the boy cat. i'm fine, kitty replied. aha, an american! her friendly cat shot back with glee. welcome to my country. i'll show it to you if you let me. you're lucky you found me. there's much to see! come on, follow me! they walked around, enjoying each town. the people and places. the food and faces. she was a curious kitty cat. she learned about indonesia and its past. its nightlife was electrifying, its islands were vast. the history was fascinating, its people were stimulating. indonesians loved smiling and laughing and all were kind and gentle. every memory was more remarkable than her last. and it was all the opposite of her past.

after a few days, kitty told her friend it was time to go. she kissed him on the cheek and said, you made every day seem like a week. i'd love to stay but i feel something magical pulling me away. i want to see even more places. you could say, i have a date with fate. back to the airport and back on a plane, city kitty didn't know where she'd go next! she simply closed her eyes softly, and purred confidently. it's a big world for a small cat, but she knew that life had more meaning. and for the first time in her city kitty life, her eyes were gleaming!

