

The Transformed Twosome

By Lily (6th grade)

A long time ago, in a small village called Fenine, there was a cat named Kittora. She went to the village school everyday with a bunch of other cats and dogs. In her class, the cats were skillful workers, but the dogs were the imaginative and creative ones. One day, Mrs. Feathersby the Owl announced, "Class, we will be having an art contest. You are free to create whatever you please. The due date is in two weeks. Please pair up with a partner to do your project with."

The room buzzed with excitement. Cats paired with cats, and dogs paired with dogs. In a few minutes, the entire class was paired up. The entire class, that is, except Kittora and a dog named Domitro, whom Kittora despised. "Kittora, Domitro, since you two are left, you may pair up with each other," Mrs. Feathersby declared. Domitro was mortified. *Kittora?* He thought, *Why Kittora? Anybody but Kittora!*

So it was. The others quickly went to work, but Domitro and Kittora would not even speak to each other. Days went by, and soon two weeks were over. The day of turning in the art project arrived. But the cat and dog did not even have a project to turn in! Mrs. Feathersby became worried. First, she extended the due date for one more week. Then, she asked the pair to stay after school to speak with her.

"Domitro, Kittora," She asked gently, "Why aren't you two working together?"

"I shall never work with a cat," Domitro declared.

Kittora the Cat declared something quite similar, "I shall never work with a dog!"

Mrs. Feathersby sighed. "You two must learn to work together. Kittora, you produce beautiful work. Domitro, your artwork has *so* much creativity. Why don't you two talk it over? I've extended to the due date one more week, but it's up to you two whether or not you want to take advantage of it."

Late that night, Kittora thought, *Well, I guess he **does** have a whole lot of imagination. I'll go over and talk to him tomorrow, for I certainly don't want an F.*

That night, someone else was awake thinking too. *Kittora **does** produce beautiful artwork, and with a touch of my imagination, we'll have an A+. I'll go see her tomorrow, for I definitely don't want an F,* thought Domitro.

The next morning, Domitro strolled over in the direction of Kittora's home. Kittora padded just the other way. They bumped into each other, and were both surprised. "I...I have something to say-" Kittora began.

"Same here," interrupted Domitro. "I was thinking we could work together. I mean, we *could* turn in something really nice."

"Yeah, I was thinking the same," added Kittora.

So they started to work on the project. At the end of the week, they turned in something so beautiful, so creative, that Mrs. Feathersby had to smile to herself.