

# Here for you



*Here for You by Sophie Thompson*

Partners of the 2021 Lacey Loves to Read celebration, which include the Lacey Timberland Library, the City of Lacey, and North Thurston Public Schools, have created this work to recognize the creators and to promote the programs and organizations associated with Lacey Loves to Read. All creative works herein have been reproduced with permission by the creators and/or the creators' legal guardian(s). All rights associated with the poetry, stories, characters, and art included in this work are retained by the creators for their own use, and may not be reproduced by other entities without their express permission.

## Table of Contents

### Cover Art

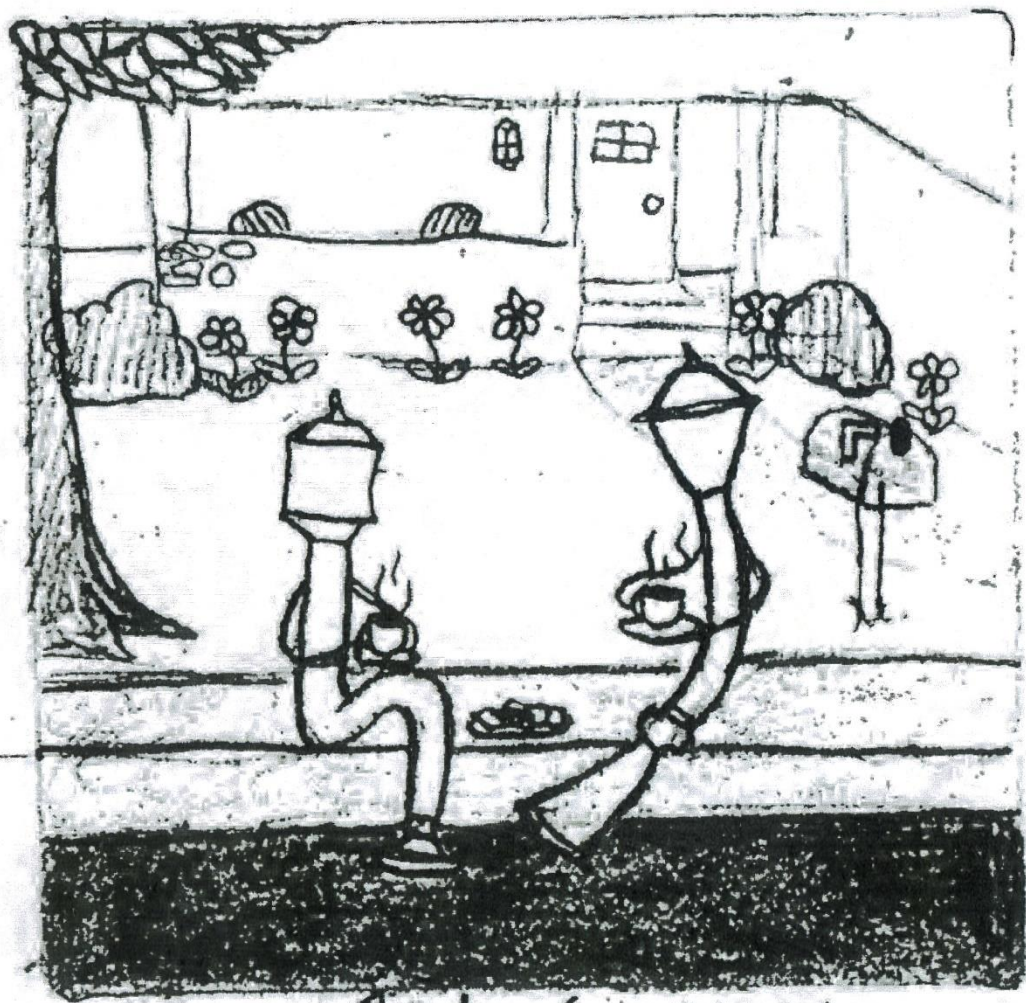
<a href="#"><u>Here for You by Sophie Thompson - 1<sup>st</sup> place.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Cover</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Two Lamps Drinking Tea by Jamie Crowley - 2<sup>nd</sup> place (tied).....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>3</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>The Quarantined Cat by Tommy Larson - 2<sup>nd</sup> place (tied).....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>9</u></a>

### Poetry

<a href="#"><u>Change by Layli Harris - 1<sup>st</sup> place.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>4</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Words by Kira Green - 2<sup>nd</sup> place.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>6</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Reflections by Becca Howell - 3<sup>rd</sup> place.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>7</u></a>

### Short Story

<a href="#"><u>The Long Way by Josh Addams - 1<sup>st</sup> place.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>10</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Of Stone, Sand, and the Sea by Alana K. Walton - 2<sup>nd</sup> place.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>13</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>The Path that Follows by Mariella Elbert - 3<sup>rd</sup> place.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>17</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>The Quarantined Cat by Tommy Larson - Honorable Mention.....</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>21</u></a>



Jamie.C 9/25/20

*Two Lamps Drinking Tea by Jamie Crowley*

# **Change**

**By Layli Harris**

Have you ever noticed that we haven't been learning from diverse perspectives  
Have you ever felt that women deserve equal rights  
Do you notice that there are children on the playground getting bullied for how they look  
Do you realize that our history books are mostly about white men

Imagine, students learning from diverse authors  
Understanding their history, experience, and perspective  
All authors from different backgrounds, cultures, and races  
Like a patchwork quilt

Imagine, men and women working for the same company with equal pay  
Women would stop getting looked down upon because of their gender  
And their ideas wouldn't get dismissed from view  
They would be treated with respect and gratitude  
Like lionesses are in the animal kingdom

Imagine, little children not getting teased for how their hair looks or how dark their skin is  
But celebrated for their beautiful and imperfect differences  
Their true beauty of all forms  
Redefining America's white standard of beauty  
Like flowers of a garden from their elegant petals to their mighty roots

Imagine, our history textbooks not just about white men and what they did for America  
But about diverse people not portrayed as weak but powerful  
Like Phillis Wheatley the poet

Like Dolores Huerta the defender

Like Billy Frank Jr. the protector

Like George Washington Carver the scientist

Like Katherine Johnson the mathematician

Who deserve to be recognized and treated the same

Who deserve to not always have to watch their back

Who deserve to be the important leaders in our country

Imagine....

## **Words**

**By Kira Green**

I've been told that I'm loved, I've been told that I'm hated.  
But which one is true, is yet to be debated.  
I've been told that I'm powerful, I've been told that I'm weak.  
I've been told that I'm normal, I've been told I'm a freak.  
Some are called cat, some are called dog.  
Some are all clear, others covered in fog.  
From the names we are called, to the ones we are given.  
Not every one of them, is tied with a ribbon.  
Remember their words, do not define you.  
Just think of those mountains, those heights you could climb to.  
The words that truly matter, are those of your own.  
And even then, you are never truly alone.  
Those people around you, your family and friends.  
Are there to support you, 'til the very end.

## Reflections

By Becca Howell

A nameless shadow  
Gazing  
Through a window  
At a window?  
Past the window  
To another window  
And between the windows  
Another world  
Behind the shadows  
People walk  
Talk  
Live  
The shadow gazes on  
Watching those behind it  
Run about  
In front  
And the shadow alone  
Watching a world doubled  
And reflected  
People indistinguishable  
From their shadows  
Layered  
Reflected  
Over a reflection  
Seeming to walk

Around the shadow  
Without seeing  
And behind a world  
And a reflection  
Through the window  
A small room  
Unseen  
But not invisible  
Only hard to see  
Beyond the distractions  
And the shadow  
Indistinguishable  
From  
The  
World

# THE QUARANTINED CAT



*The Quarantined Cat by Tommy Larson*

## **The Long Way**

**By Josh Addams**

“Mrs. Norling, can I go to the bathroom?” I asked from my tiny second grader desk. We were in the middle of a LONG social studies lesson. If I didn’t get a change of scenery quickly, I was in for a horrible afternoon. She eyed me from the front of the classroom, then allowed me to go, and turned back to the vocabulary words on the whiteboard.

The cup of markers perched near my nametag shifted around a bit as I scooted my chair out, then slid it back into place. I looked over my shoulder as I passed the big clock on the wall. One-thirty-seven. I smiled to myself. I had just mastered reading the analog clock. Snatching the plastic name tag lanyard that acted as our bathroom pass I strode out of the classroom and down the artwork plastered hall. I almost skipped to the heavy green bathroom door but I froze when I got there. The little balloon of freedom deflated inside me.

“When I leave the bathroom I’ll have to go straight back to class, and listen to my teacher drone on and on.” The light feather of hope left me and was replaced with the heavy backpack of despair. I would never get out of Hamblen Elementary School! I would be stuck in that classroom forever learning about our community until the day I die!

And then it hit me like a foam gator-skin dodgeball from P.E.

I knew that I had to go directly to the bathroom and back. All of the teachers had told us that at one time or another. But did they ever specify which bathroom? Or what route I had to take through the twisting hallways in order to get there? The weight of sadness fell off of me and onto the hallway floor as I wandered, free, down the hallway the opposite way of the classroom. I slipped by the gym, where an intense dodgeball combat was taking place behind small and slightly obfuscated windows. War cries and helpless shrieks to avenge a fallen comrade in arms escaped the large heavy doors. Distracted, I watched a boy dive to the floor, surrounded by a never ending barrage of enemy fire, bellowing for back-up as the colorful foam munitions showered all around him. Another smaller kid got smacked right in the head with a

squashy green ball and went to the shiny wood-finished basketball court with a weak gasp, a pitiful victim of the violent conflict.

I moved on from the heated P.E. battle, the hallways behind remaining haunted by the petrifying screams of lamenting survivors mottled with the shrieks of the ambushed, the incapacitated. I rounded the corner and found myself in the soap-smelling cafeteria, where Mr. Butters, the custodian, had his country music blaring from the speakers as he stowed away the last of the beige lunch tables. The janitor yodeled along vigorously, thinking nothing of an unescorted second grader waltzing around like he owned the place.

I guess I kinda did own the place. All the staff knew me, I was a good kid, I got good grades, and I was friendly. I stumbled through the 'secret passage' between the cafeteria and the library. It was a narrow lightless hallway clad with giant rolls of colorful construction paper and towering cabinets stuffed with science supplies. Beeping and booping copy machines perched precariously on top of every available surface like bulky, electronic vultures. A frilly American flag was unceremoniously stuffed into a corner for Cub Scout meetings and assemblies. Forgotten school junk like sky blue sticky tack and itchy twine from years earlier had been piled in front of dented filing cabinets.

Exiting the dingy hallway, I entered the brightly lit cavernous chamber which held the massive concrete stairs, shiny elevator and welcoming library entrance. I took a deep breath. No one had called me out so far. According to my calculations, I was extremely close to the bathroom that put the most distance between me and Mrs. Norling's Social Studies lesson. Then startlingly, from the direction of the library came my name.

"Josh! What are you doing over here? Did you come over to say hi?" It was Mrs. Delwo, the librarian, standing in the lit library doorway. My blood turned icy cold and my stomach dropped to my feet.

After a second of stuttering, I fribbled out, "Oh hey! Yeah, Mrs. Norling sent me down to the office to get..." I trailed off. My head felt hot. I was so busted. I was gonna get a note home and have to go to lunch detention for the rest of my life. "Yeah..." I tentatively gestured in the direction of the office, desperate for a both logical and plausible explanation.

“Well, good job. The teacher always sends someone they trust to be their office runner. Come by the library anytime to get the next Harry Potter book, Josh!” She gave me a smile and a wave but I could see that she had her doubts that I was on an office run. I caught my ragged breath, shocked that my awful cover-up did the trick, and bolted off down the passage toward the office. I peeked over my shoulder uncomfortably. The second I knew Mrs. Delwo wasn’t watching me anymore, I took a hard left and appeared in the open doorway of my bathroom destination.

I shook my hands dry upon return to the hallway and rubbed the rest of the freezing tap water off on my soccer shorts as I sped off toward the kindergartener hallway. I set my internal GPS to navigate to the classroom another way to avoid the library and any other social interaction I may run into along the way. My attempts however, failed. I ran into a 3rd grade teacher, Mrs. Miller, who was walking down the hallway in the opposite direction. With me trying not to make eye contact, she began to talk to me. This time, I was sure I had it coming. I hoped beyond hope that I would only maybe collect a simple, gentle reprimand. Possibly I might have to move my desk to the back of the room for the day in return for my lawbreaking exploits, or sit boy/girl for the rest of the month.

“Has anyone ever told you that you have amazing red hair?” she asked me.

“I-uh-no-uh-thank you.” I was caught off guard by the compliment. She walked away and I continued down the hallway, reassuring myself that I hadn’t gotten into trouble just yet. Before long, I emerged in front of my second grade classroom door. I nervously turned the doorknob.

“-great job! Next word... How about, Isaac? Can you please tell me what ‘community’ means?”

I quietly put the bathroom pass back and tip-toed past my friends to my place in class while Isaac answered. As I slipped into my hard-backed, plastic seat, I read the clock again. One-fifty-three. I had been absent from our lessons for more than fifteen minutes, and my teacher had no idea that I’d been anywhere other than the restroom. I settled back to work, filled with an adventurous jubilation which sustained me until the bell rang at three o’clock.

## **Of Stone, Sand, and the Sea**

**By Alana Walton**

There is a cave within the desert.

It is one of many, perhaps. After all, the desert is a vast place, and people have lived there for years innumerable. Some caves are carved by their hands. These are the abandoned mines of the treasure seekers with gold in their eyes and dirt-caked fingernails, or the hideaways of the thieves who seemed much the same, the blood-streaked knuckles aside. A few places of hiding were made by a people whose name had been long forgotten by the native tongue, the only remnants of who they once were their hiding places and fragmented bones. Other caverns are carved by the beasts of the land. Most of these are much smaller, the winding lairs of snakes and rabbits. On the whole, these places of hiding are not an uncommon sight, a staple of life among cacti and endless dust.

Yet there is a cave within the desert, and it is unlike the rest.

Sela stood at the entrance, eyes straining to find shape in the darkness before her. It did not seem too strange at first. Still, there was a sense of being on the threshold of an eternity, a shuddering sureness that something beyond the unassuming stone was ancient and infinite. She reached out a hand to it, trying to feel, sense, grasp at any meaning she could discern to the peculiarity that permeated the air.

"Why is this... why is this cave so... strange?" She directed her question to her companion. It seemed to make sense in a way, to ask about an odd cave to an odd friend.

Zan, as she'd taken to calling him, materialized above her arm. Something halfway between solid and mist, rabbit and mouse, light and cloud, he was like nothing else she'd ever seen. His glow shone almost as bright as the moon that hung above them in the sky, giving more clarity to the scene before them. Leaning forward, he peered at the opening with eyes of mother's precious lazuli necklace. Turning his head to her, he tipped it to the side thoughtfully. "Do you remember," he began, his voice echoing, "what I told you of other lands?"

Sela swallowed and nodded. "You said that there are places very different from here. From the desert."

Zan laughed, a sort of chirping sound. "You only know that word because I told it to you. But yes. There are many places out there that are different from the desert." He turned his gaze back to the cave before them. "There are certain... contact points, if you will. Places of passage, where if one knows how, they can travel from one place to another, forgoing ages of walking and travel."

"I see..." Sela looked at the cave again. "And this is one of those?"

"Indeed."

She scrutinized the worn rock once more. Again, appearances revealed nothing of note about the entrance. Even Zan's extra illumination belied little else she couldn't see in the light of the moon. Perhaps, she thought, her eyes wouldn't tell her anything new. So she closed them and took a few steps forward.

A breeze blew by her past the mouth of the cave. No, she realized. From the cave. Even with the chill of the night already upon her, the wind was much colder. It wasn't the dust-dry gusts that blew daily over the land she knew, the ones that stole the moisture off of her lips and brushed across her back. It was clear and sharp, whisking her hair back with too-long fingers and kissing her cheeks with a spatter of mist. There was something about the taste of it, the smell. There was a sound, too, if she strained her ears, a rhythmic rumble and crash she almost thought were distant drums.

Her eyes flew open and she stared once more into the yawning darkness. Sela looked again to her spirit companion. "Then where? Where does this cave lead?"

Zan's firmament eyes sparkled back at her. "The sea."

"The... sea?"

"The ocean. The great blue. The vast water. Thalassa." Zan listed. "The sea."

"The sea," she repeated, tasting the word on her tongue. "What is that place like?"

"Few places are more different than here," Zan hummed in reply. "It is water and sky."

"Water?" Sela asked, perking up in interest. It was a rarity. A commodity. The rains only came so often, and when they did they took what they could. "A place with more water?"

“Yes.”

“How much?”

Zan thought for a moment. Then, with a flick, he no longer floated above her arm, now hovering over her shoulder. He gestured to the horizon. “Look out at your desert. See how far you can see.”

Sela looked out at the landscape. It was a sight she’d known all her life. “It seems endless,” she said. “Nothing but land and sky forever.”

He nodded. “Now replace the land, the sand and dust, all with water the color of your aunt’s favorite glass bottle. That is the sea.”

It was impossible. There just was no way that there could be that much water anywhere. The look she gave that strange entry into the earth was born anew, now graced with a new sort of want, of longing. “This old cave leads to that?” She could barely voice the question, breathless at the very notion.

“Yes, if one knows how to travel it,” Zan answered, amusement coloring his voice.

“Do you?”

He laughed again. “What do you think my intention was, directing you here?”

“We can... we can go?”

“We must go,” he clarified. “You are made for more than just these sands, suit you though they may.”

Sela blinked at the almost ominous choice of words by her companion. A brief sense of apprehension settled on her. “What of my family? My clan?”

“They will miss you, and you will miss them. These things pass in time.” He paused, then added, “There must be a parting for there to be a reunion.”

The sense of foreboding was washed away then by the vibrations of excitement. “Into the cave we go, then?”

Zan gave a nod. “Into the cave.”

Sela straightened in resolution and faced the cavern once more. The threshold of an eternity, of a place of water as far as the eye could see, the path of a new beginning. Slowly, tentatively and carefully, she stepped forward, each step drawing her away from the land of

her childhood, away from the sands, the cacti, the old mines, and the trinkets lined on her aunt's shelves. From this point forward it would be just her and her spectral friend in a world she knew nothing about. A goodbye on her tongue, a farewell in her fingers, she descended.

## The Path That Follows

By Mariella Elbert

"Mom, why can't we just stay home and watch Netflix like everybody else on the planet?" I groan, sagging my shoulders.

My mother rolls her eyes. "Honey, we've already discussed this. We are going. Now quit your complaining."

I sigh and stare out the window. "Please? What if we get sick from all those people? Or- or get in a car crash? Who knows, maybe we could get amnesia?"

"Eden, you have to stop worrying about this. You are so much like your father, worrying about everything that could go wrong."

I couldn't argue with that. I suppose I am like my father. I don't see him as much as I would like to, considering he and my mom divorced when I was little, but every now and then I notice little similarities between him and I. I'm smart enough to know that they split not because they didn't like each other, but because they were more of friends than "lovers". My mom and dad still talk and get along like normal people would. I think they *thought* they were in love but later realized that they were best friends if anything.

My mother waves her hand in the air. "We are almost there, so no turning back now. Besides, you haven't seen your siblings in years, this is going to be a good time to connect and get to know each other again."

"A good time to connect? We are in the middle of a global pandemic! People are dying all around the world because of this virus!"

"I already told you. Everyone is going to be wearing face coverings and we are all going to stay six feet apart," she assures me.

"You say that now, but what happens when you have half a glass of wine down your throat," I mutter.

"Eden," she says, in a stern tone.

I hold my hands up in defeat. "Alright, alright, I'll go. But if we end up in a hospital bed because of your reckless decisions, it's *all* your fault."

She smiles. "You are crazy."

"Where do you think I got it from?" A faint grin starts forming on my lips, easing the anxiety filled throughout my body.

"Fair point. I love you."

"I guess I love you too," I sigh dramatically. "But this changes nothing."

Her smile grows as does mine. "I figured."

When we arrive at our destination I'm astonished to see that we're not at an apartment, let alone a house as I expected. It's a red barn that looks as if it hasn't been cleaned in over a decade.

"Do you have your mask?" I ask my mom.

"Yes. Do you?"

I nod. "Of course."

We put our masks on, then both my mother and I get out of the car, only I am the one who does unwillingly. I look up at the big barn. My mom must notice the uneasy look across my face because she gives me a small smile.

She walks into the barn and I trail behind her. My stomach turns when I see about forty people making conversation with each other. I'm surprised to see that most people are wearing dresses or button down shirts instead of casual clothing like I am.

"Mom, I thought this wasn't supposed to be a party," I bite my lip anxiously. "You also told me that *just* our family would be here."

I glance around the room again to find that I don't know half these people. I see some of my family members, but the other faces I don't recognize.

"Yeah, well I lied, sorry."

"You are such a child," I huff.

I'm honestly not surprised by her actions. Most of my friends call her a "teenager" and I can't say I disagree with that. She reminds me of Lorelai Gilmore. It makes me laugh.

"I know," she smirks. "Now go say hi to your family, they're over there." She points to the far of the building.

"Fine, but don't go near a lot of people, ok?"

She walks away before she can give me an answer. I roll my eyes but do as she says. I have to admit, I am excited to see my brother and sister. We were quite close before they left for college a few years ago. I'm glad they're here to visit, but I don't get why they chose *now*. Especially during the Coronavirus outbreak.

Suddenly I feel a tap on my shoulder. I spin on my heel and see a familiar face in front of me. My jaw drops to the floor. I almost want to pinch myself to see if I'm dreaming.

"Oh my gosh... Violet?" I gasp.

She smiles, or it looks like she's smiling. It's hard to tell with a mask covering her face.

"Eden?" Her face instantly lights up.

At this moment now, I wish I could give her a hug, or at least move closer to her. All my worries seem to dissolve and a smile replaces my distress.

"I can't believe it's you!"

"Me either!"

Violet and I used to be best friends up until seventh grade. The year she moved. Her parents were in the military so they had to move a lot. She was like a sister to me. It feels as if it should be awkward between us because of how long it's been, but there's no distance between us at all, except for six feet of course.

I must have been so in shock to see my former best friend because I didn't even notice the people standing next to her.

"Oh, sorry, these are my friends," she motions to her side pointing as she speaks. "Autumn, Shelbi, and Colton."

"Shelbi?"

The girl with vibrant red hair looks closer at me then widens her eyes. "Omg hey Eden! I almost didn't recognize you, you look... older."

I laugh a little. "Me? You dyed your hair red."

Everyone looks back between my sister and me.

Colton speaks up first. "Is there something we're missing here? You two know each other?"

"We're sisters," Shelbi and I say in unison then laugh.

"Omg really?" Violet asks. "That's so cool."

Autumn gasps. "You mean that Eden and I are like... related?"

Confusion crosses my face. "Related? What are you talking about? Shelbi is my sister, but Violet and I aren't--"

"No," Autumn puts her hand to her head. "I'm engaged to Jace, Shelbi's brother. That means that we're basically... I didn't even realize that until--"

"Whoa, engaged? To my brother? Jace? You mean like, you're getting married?! But how old are you?" My head is spinning.

"I'm twenty."

Wow. I didn't even come to notice that she was already as old as my mom when she got married.

Violet looks as confused as ever. "Wait, so you two are almost... sisters?"

*I guess so.*

I'm happy and shocked at the same time. I laugh and smile, "Welcome to the family."

I'm guessing she's smiling, because I can't seem to stop. I quickly look over my shoulder to find my mom. When she sees me looking at her, she gives me a look.

I pull down my mask ever so slightly so she can read my lips. *Thank you for bringing me here*, I mouth slowly.

I know she understood me because she smiles and nods.

I was freaked out that I might end up in the hospital or get sick, but turns out I got something better.

# **The Quarantined Cat**

**By Tommy Larson**

My boy calls me Skippy Jon.

When I was little I remember playing with three other furry creatures that looked a lot like me. Then one day this boy came along and picked me up, petted me and said how cute I was. Which, I still want to figure out what that means. He and a human girl took me and my sister with them in a car. That is a big moving thing humans use to get around. We went to their home and I have stayed with them since. The boy, who everyone calls Tommy, held me lots and gave me really good food. At first, when Tommy held me I missed my mother and how she smelled. But Tommy always spoke to me with a soft voice and after a while smelling him made me feel home.

When I first came to live with Tommy, he would leave every morning to a place he called “Aspire middle school,” which I found out was a place in the town of Lacey where we live. When he came home he would always be tired and I would have to snuggle with him. I figured they must dig ditches all day there or something to make him so tired.

Fortunately, Tommy never made me do any work. I could do pretty much anything I wanted (besides peeing on the rug which by the people’s reaction was not good). They said one day when I was older I would be able to catch mice. I didn’t know what mice were and I just hoped it didn’t involve any work. I tried not to go outside much. I only went outside when Tommy took me out. Sometimes when I went outside there would be a dead animal lying in front of the garage or on the back porch right where the people could see it. I thought it was weird they always died in those two places. But then one day when I was outside with Tommy there was this other animal that was all black that looked a lot like me running across the yard. Tommy said “Sparky” and then that animal came running to him. He picked that animal up and petted him just like he pets me and brought him over and set him down next to me. Sparky (which I figured was his name) looked at me a little funny then ran off. As the days went by he started to think I wasn’t so bad, and he didn’t run off as much. He still would when I tried to play with him, which is strange because who wouldn’t want a good play buddy? But after a while Sparky was okay with me following him around. Finally, Sparky and I became friends. He told me that he was the one who caught all the animals. He said he leaves them on the porch so the people will know he’s working. I think Sparky is really smart.

I like hanging out with Sparky, but also still love playing with my sister. We have the best wrestling matches. As I got older I noticed that I was a lot bigger than my sister. This was good because it gave me an advantage when we would wrestle. Then out came the scale. Apparently my sister was 9 pounds and I was 16 pounds. I thought my weight was just right, but the people acted like they did not. The next day they took away my automatic feeder. I got way less food for a long time. This was bad. After a while they weighed me again and I was 14 pounds. This appeared to be an improvement and I started getting more food. I was very happy about that because I love food.

I have also figured out where the food comes from. There is a magical device called a refrigerator. If I meow and rub my paw against it (a lot like what the humans do to open it) they will sometimes let me have some of my food out of it. Unfortunately, this does not always work. I have been trying to learn the magic word to open the refrigerator so I don't need the people to open it. So far, no luck.

While Tommy was gone to the Aspire place I would take my morning nap, then go outside for a while and hang out with Sparky and my sister. Then I would come in and take my afternoon nap. Normally Tommy was home by then and we could do things together. One day while Tommy was gone I discovered this weird glass box. It was full of water and had all these little things moving around inside it. One of these things had long whiskers like me but was swimming around in the water. I said "Hey you" to him. He stopped, looked at me a little funny and said "Who are you?" I said "I am Skippy Jon." Then I asked him why he looked so much like me. He said "You are a cat and I am a catfish." I said "So you are a cat and a fish?" He said "Yes." This was so much for my brain to think about that I had to take a nap. After I woke up I went and had some food. While I was eating I could see the catfish swimming circles around inside the glass box. This seemed very weird but I try not to think about hard things too much.

One night the people were talking about something called an escape plan and that each person needed to do something in case of an emergency. While I was listening they never said anything about the refrigerator. So I tried to ask "Who's going to save the refrigerator? Everything we need is in there." But the people finished their plan and I still don't know who's going to save the refrigerator. I guess I will have to do it if there's an emergency. I might need Sparky to help me with that.

The next day, instead of going to school Tommy got up and said we had been put in quarantine because there was this dangerous thing going around. I think he said it was some bad little bugs inside of people. He went over and sat on the couch. He got out his own glass box thing that had people moving around in it and they were talking. I have no idea how Tommy got those people in there, but if

they come out I hope they don't want any of my food. I jumped on the couch and sat with him while he listened to the little people. I expected Tommy to get up and leave eventually, but he stayed the whole day. The same thing kept happening day after day. So, I spent most of my time snuggling with him.

The people in Tommy's glass box talk about a lot of things. I listen while we snuggle. Sometimes they talk about this thing called Geometry, which seems to be mostly about shapes. This seems way too complicated since all you really need to know is that food dishes are round.

Anyway, I love having Tommy home with me and I have learned a lot during our quarantine, but I know he looks forward to the day when he can go back to Aspire to keep digging ditches.