

“The Bowl of Milk”

— In Focus: Taking a Closer Look

One night, I was strolling through the woods. I heard leaves rustling into the distance. I felt something brushing my whiskers and pulling my tail. I felt like I was being watched, but I was alone. All I could see was blackness.

Suddenly I heard, “Grrrrrrrolllll...” What was that? It was coming from my...stomach. My stomach was growling. I haven’t eaten anything for a whole day. I decided to find a tree to stay for the night. It was a clear night, no wind or clouds covered the sky. I was exhausted, so I quickly fell asleep.

I awoke to a dim light glowing in the sky. I gasped, “Why, it’s a gigantic bowl of milk!” It was magnificent. It was gray and beige and it had big spots all over it. It was my destiny to get that bowl of milk. I climbed to the top of a nearby tree and stretched my paws as far as they could go, but the bowl of milk was too high. A while later, the sun was up. The bowl of milk was gone. I will have to try again tonight. After another long day of traveling, my bowl of milk reappeared in the sky. But tonight, it looked different. A part of it was missing! Someone has stolen part of my precious milk! I knew I had to figure out who stole it, but I was so tired I fell fast asleep. The next morning I figured that the thief must have stolen the milk while I was asleep. So tonight I had to stay awake to catch the culprit.

It didn’t work. The thief took part of the bowl again! It was the shape of a semicircle now. I had to take the rest of the bowl before anybody else could beat me to it. I sprinted down the woods and into the road, thinking that if I could be fast enough, I could grab the bowl in one leap. But no matter how fast I run, or how high I jump, I still couldn’t get the bowl of milk. Once again, the sun was up. I would have to grab it tonight or the thief would get the rest of it.

Night came. The bowl of milk was so thin that you couldn’t even tell if it’s there anymore. I tried again and again. It seems that the bowl was trying to get away from me. The next night, the bowl of miik was gone. I felt very sad.

Suddenly, I woke up. I was lying on the bed in my house. My mom was calling me for breakfast. I got out of bed and walked into the kitchen. I poured some milk into a bowl and gave it to our cat, Shadow. I took a close look at the milk, thinking of the “bowl of milk” in my dream. I smiled.