

Morgan Watkins

No Mustache, No Problem

Kendrick, the pigeon, was not content with his life. He spent hours at a time sitting atop tree branches looking for morsels of food, was shooed from yards with brooms, and had very few friends. To make matters worse he had a giant, bushy mustache. It swept nearly to his feet and was longer than two of his beaks put together. Everyone he met laughed at him and called him names. No other bird that he knew of had a mustache, not even other bird species. He had learned that from watching the nature channel, from outside the window of a house of course. He had begun spending an allotted amount of time outside that window, considering he had nothing better to do. He had failed in the discovery that the owner of said house had a pet cat, Mr. Whiskers. The cat, however, had not failed in discovering Kendrick.

Each day the cat would watch Kendrick from just under the windowsill. Mr. Whiskers could see the bird, but the bird, he knew, could not see him. He wanted so badly to get a chance to catch Kendrick. He had to think of some way to be put outside. His food and water were inside, as well as his litter box, so he couldn't use those as excuses. Mr. Whiskers had to be put outside for punishment for doing something bad, and that's exactly what he did.

Thirty minutes before Kendrick's usual arrival time Mr. Whiskers took to destroying the couch cushions, knocking over glasses, and clawing the door. When his owners returned they were so outraged that they not only put Mr. Whiskers outside, but kicked him from the doorstep. His plan had worked perfectly. He ran to the bushes right behind the windowsill and waited, and just a short time after Kendrick arrived.

Kendrick sat perched on the windowsill, excited for the nature channel to start. To his dismay, however, the television was off. In fact, the living room was a wreck. The couch was tattered, broken glass was scattered across the floor, and the humans inside were furiously screaming. It was at this moment that Kendrick heard a rustle in the bushes behind him. He turned just in time to see a large, hefty cat pouncing towards him. Kendrick took off quickly, but not quickly enough. Mr. Whiskers bit Kendrick's mustache and yanked so hard that it ripped off of his face. Mr. Whiskers flew backwards, and by the time he looked up Kendrick was long gone.

Kendrick's little bird heart was beating so quickly. He had just landed on a thin branch when he felt a draft on his face. He lifted his wing and for the first time in a long time he did not feel his big bushy mustache. "That cat," he thought, "ripped off my mustache!" Kendrick was thrilled. Mr. Whiskers had just fixed the

biggest problem in his life, a cat that was trying to end his life. Kendrick was beyond happiness. He knew that with no mustache he would have no problems.