



The Day the Yorkies Flew

WILLIAM STEFFES



Alex, with a bright smile, clips leashes onto Krypto, Chanel, and Shep. The three fluffy Yorkies, tails wagging like excited pendulums, bounce around the front door. Their collars, each a different bold color, stand out against their shiny fur.



Sunlight streams through geometric trees as Alex and the Yorkies stroll along a path. Krypto trots ahead, Chanel prances elegantly, and Shep sniffs at a perfectly round bush. The park is a tapestry of vivid green and blue shapes.



Suddenly, a peculiar, gentle hum fills the air, a sound no one had ever heard before. A soft, swirling breeze, outlined in a lighter blue, lifts stray leaves in perfect circles. The Yorkies tilt their heads, ears perked in unison.



Krypto's tail begins to spin, not just wag, but twirl like a tiny propeller. A faint, glowing aura, a bold yellow circle, appears around it. His paws lift from the ground, just an inch, then two, his eyes wide with surprise.



With a little yip of delight, Krypto floats higher, his tail a blur of motion. He hovers effortlessly, a small, brave pilot in the sky. Alex looks up, mouth agape, a single thought bubble with an exclamation mark above their head.



Inspired, Chanel and Shep wiggle their own tails, feeling the strange new energy. Their tails too begin to spin, creating perfect orange and purple circles of light. Within moments, all three Yorkies are suspended in the air, side by side.



The flying trio soars above the park, looking down at the familiar world below. Houses appear as neat squares, cars as colorful rectangles on the street. They giggle, a chorus of happy barks echoing softly.



They loop and dive through the clear blue sky, playing a joyful game of aerial tag. Krypto zooms past a fluffy white cloud, Chanel does a graceful flip, and Shep spins in happy circles. Their bold shapes cut sharply against the sky.



As the sun begins to set, casting long, geometric shadows, Alex calls to them. With a final, gentle swoop, the Yorkies descend, their tails slowing their magical spin. They land softly, paws touching the grass with a soft thud.



Back home, curled up on a comfy, rectangular rug, the three tired Yorkies snuggle close to Alex. Their tails are still, but their eyes sparkle with a shared, wonderful secret. Alex smiles, knowing this was no ordinary walk.