



Clyde's Morning Glide

Port Me



Clyde woke up early under the toaster, feeling much braver than a roller coaster. He stretched his antennae and shook off the dust, ready to start because breakfast is a must.



He washed his six legs in a drop of sweet dew, looking around for something to chew. The kitchen was quiet, the sunlight was bright, everything seemed to be going just right.



He scurried along the smooth counter lane, scouting for crumbs of a sweet sugar cane. He found a small speck of a blueberry tart, which put a big smile right into his heart.



But suddenly, shadows began to loom tall, stretching across the linoleum wall. Two glowing green eyes appeared in the dark, ignoring a wild and dangerous spark.



It was Barnaby the cat, with whiskers so wide, looking for something that's trying to hide. He let out a purr that rumbled like thunder, watching the bug with mischievous wonder.



With a swipe of his paw and a powerful leap, Barnaby shook Clyde right out of his sleep. Clyde dashed to the left and twisted around, dodging the claws that crashed to the ground.



The chase was now on, a fast-paced ballet, as Clyde did his best to get safely away. He zipped past the blender and under a cup, while Barnaby tried hard to scoop Clyde right up.



With one final burst and a slippery slide, Clyde found a crack where he safely could hide. Barnaby sniffed and he patted the floor, but he couldn't reach into the gap anymore.



The heavy paws trotted away in defeat, leaving Clyde safe in his cozy retreat. His heart slowed its beat in the dark, quiet space, far from the thrill of the wild morning chase.



Yawning so wide from his great morning fright, Clyde tucked himself in and curled up real tight. He drifted to sleep as the bright sun grew deep, dreaming of crumbs that were easy to keep.