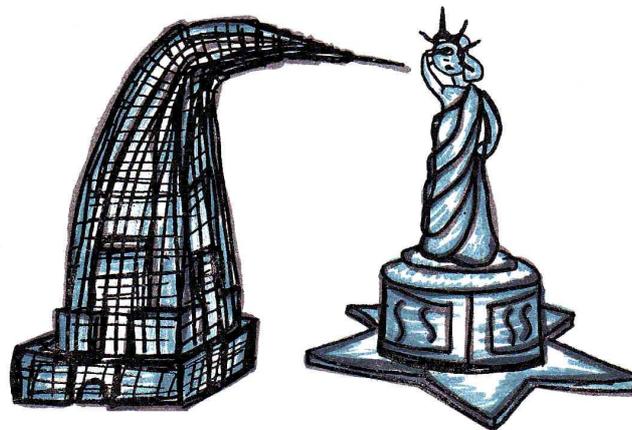


We Took Our Pet Moochie To New York...



What A Mistake!

A book from www.storiesformylittlesister.com

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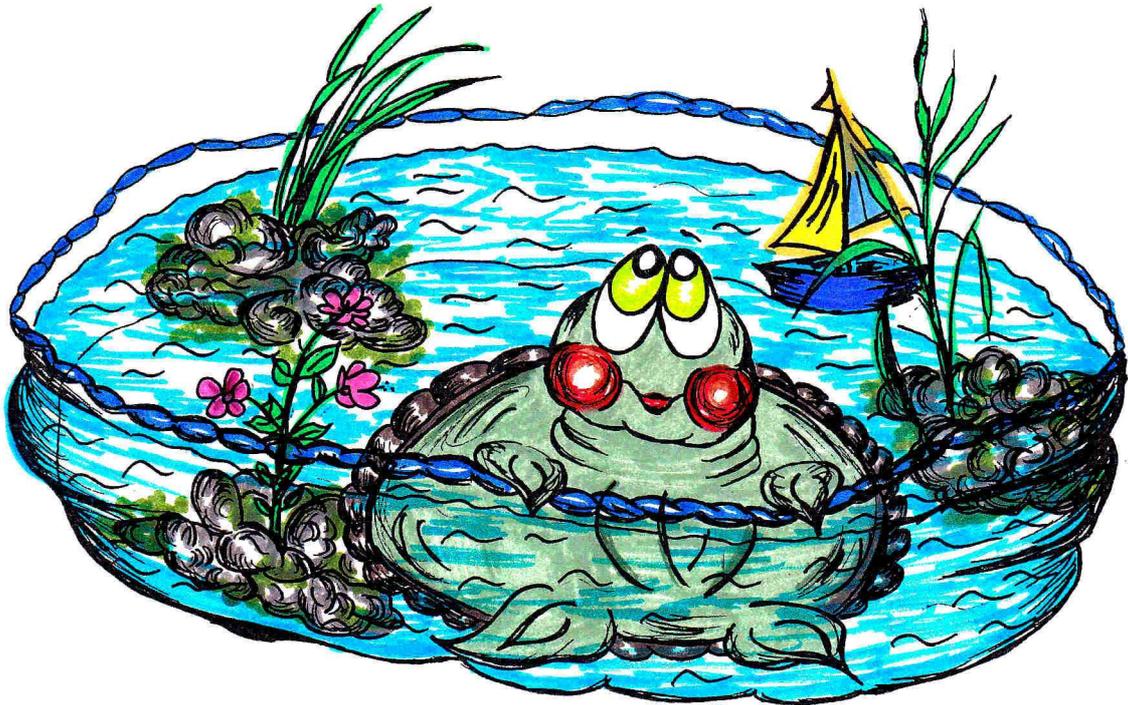
by Samantha & Diana Shaul

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We are two little girls. I'm Rachel; she's Myrtle,
and here's our pet, Moochie. She is a turtle.



She lives in a tank with a pool of water
which we bought in the pet shop around the corner.



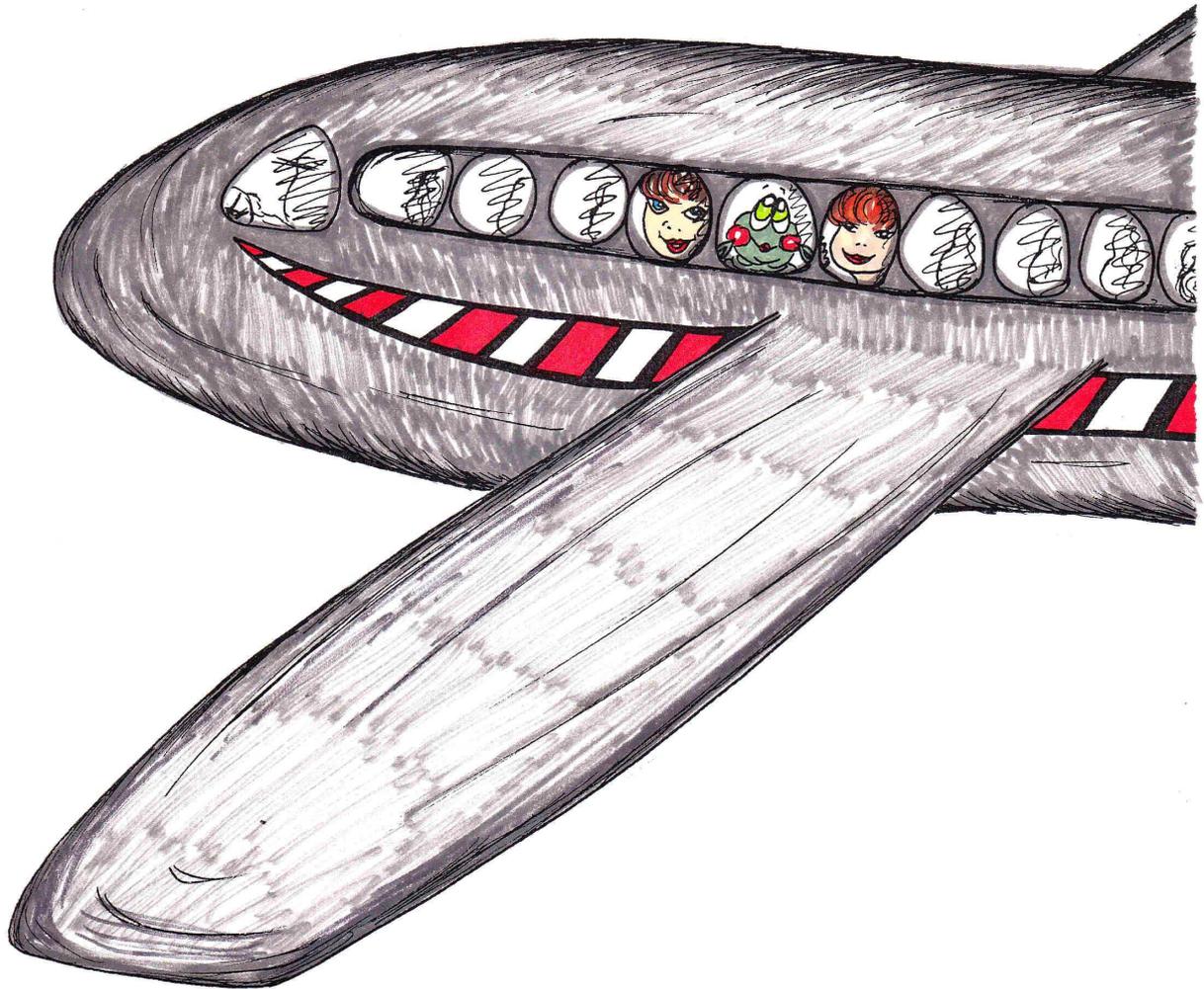
The trouble started, you know, all in a jiffy,
as we planned a trip to New York City.

Moochie heard us, you see, from her tank in the corner.
She said, "If you leave me, I really do warn you,
I'll cry and I'll scream all day and all night,
and I'll give all the neighbours a fearsome fright!"
How she begged and she pleaded: she never gave up,
and at last we said, "Moochie, shut up!"

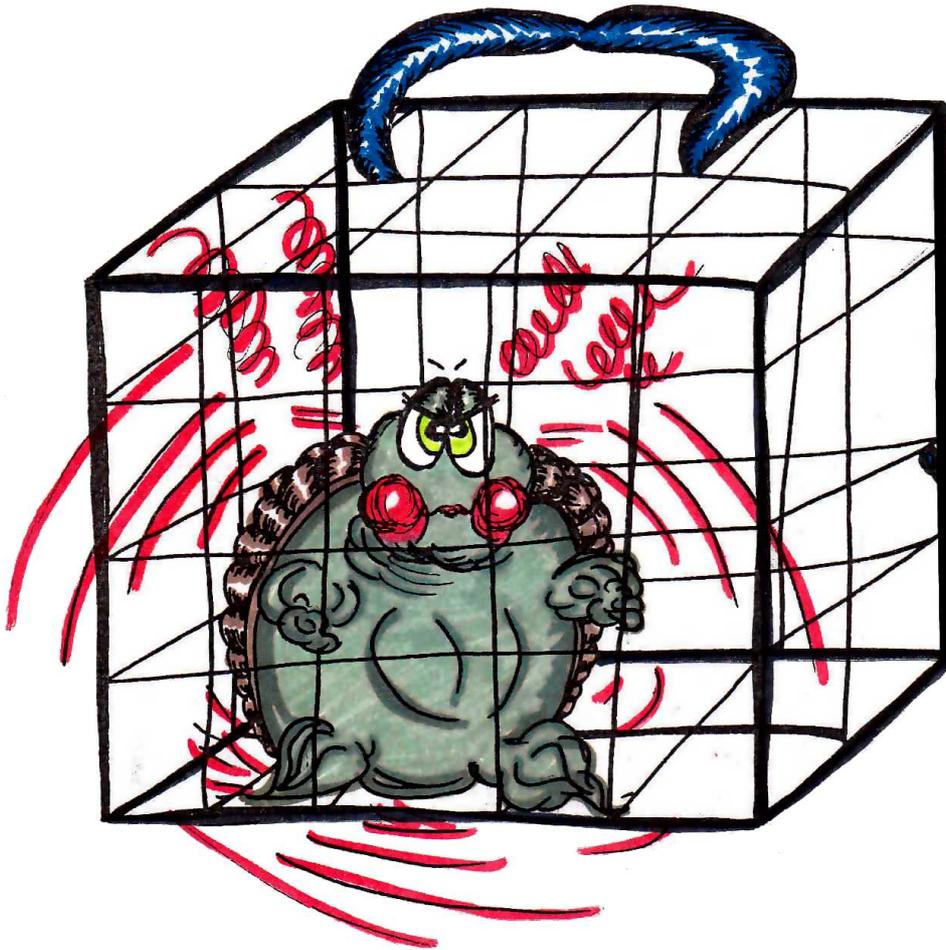


As always our turtle had put up a fight,
day after day and night after night,
so at last we gave in and showed her some pity.
That's right: she came with us to New York City.

We went to the airport and got on the plane,
but - my oh my, what a great shame -



Moochie went into a mad, mad rage
because pets on the trip must remain in a cage.



She screamed and she shouted and said, "It's not right!"
Well, you know Moochie: she put up a fight.

So they unlocked the padlock and Moochie was free and she ran down the aisles screaming, "Whee!!!" The passengers were angry with Myrtle and me. They said, "That's your turtle who's screaming, 'Whee!!!'" and we said, "We are sorry, she's always like that, except when she's sleeping, and that is a fact."



The attendants went crazy with Moochie's antics. By the end of the trip they were really quite frantic. She knocked over the drinks cart (twice actually) as she ran down the aisles screaming, "Whee!!!"

When she got off the plane with Myrtle and me,
Moochie said, "What a nice trip that was actually."

So I said, "Well perhaps, for a turtle, maybe,
but certainly not for Myrtle and me."



At last we arrived to the bag carousel.

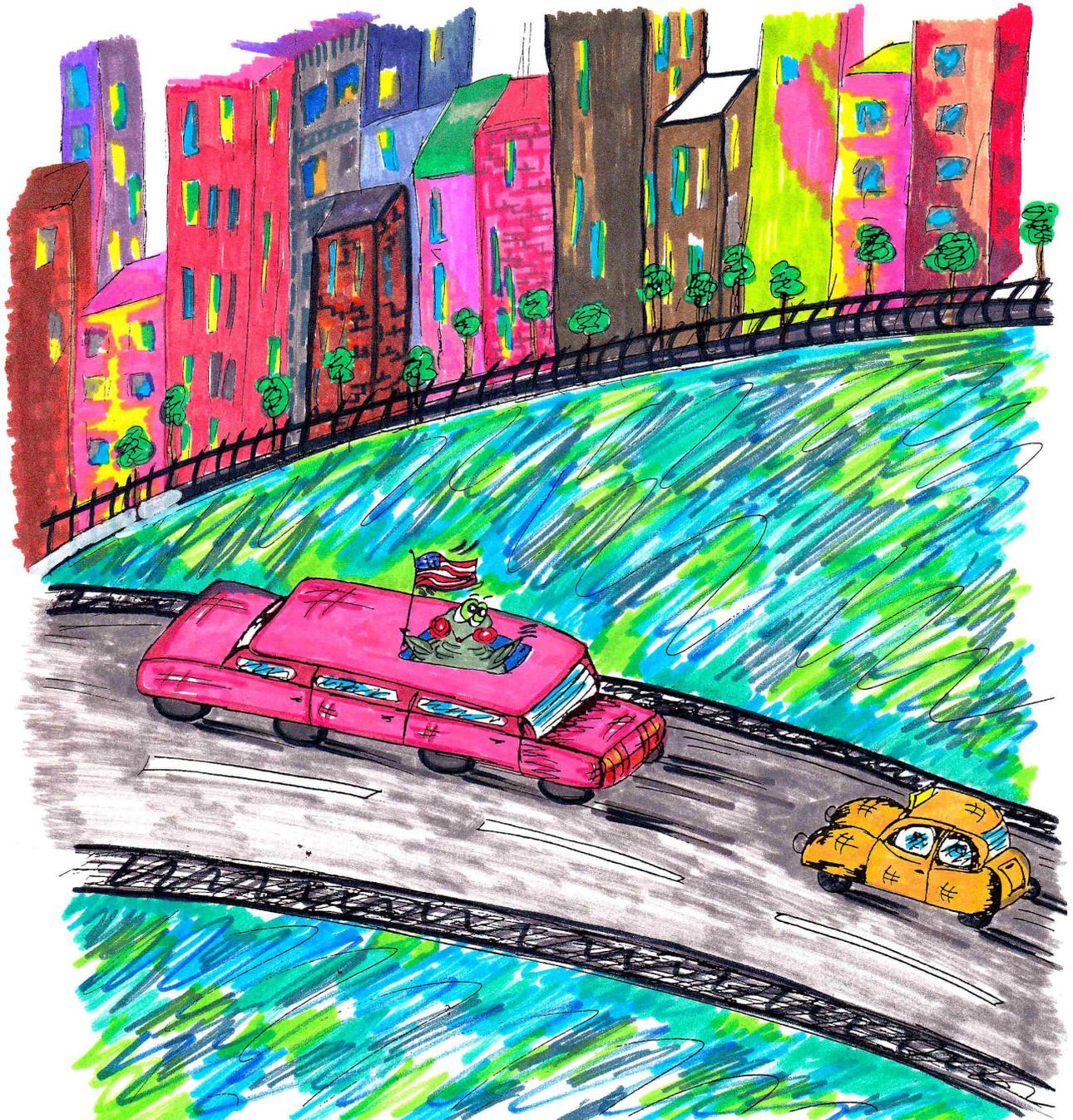
"Ooh! A ride!" I heard Moochie yell,
and before we could stop her she'd jumped on the belt,
dancing and singing, how happy she felt!

Soon that was all over, our luggage arrived,
we jumped into a cab and shoved Moochie inside,
and the driver, he said, "That's a turtle in there,"
and I said, "Yes, Sir! She'll behave, I swear."



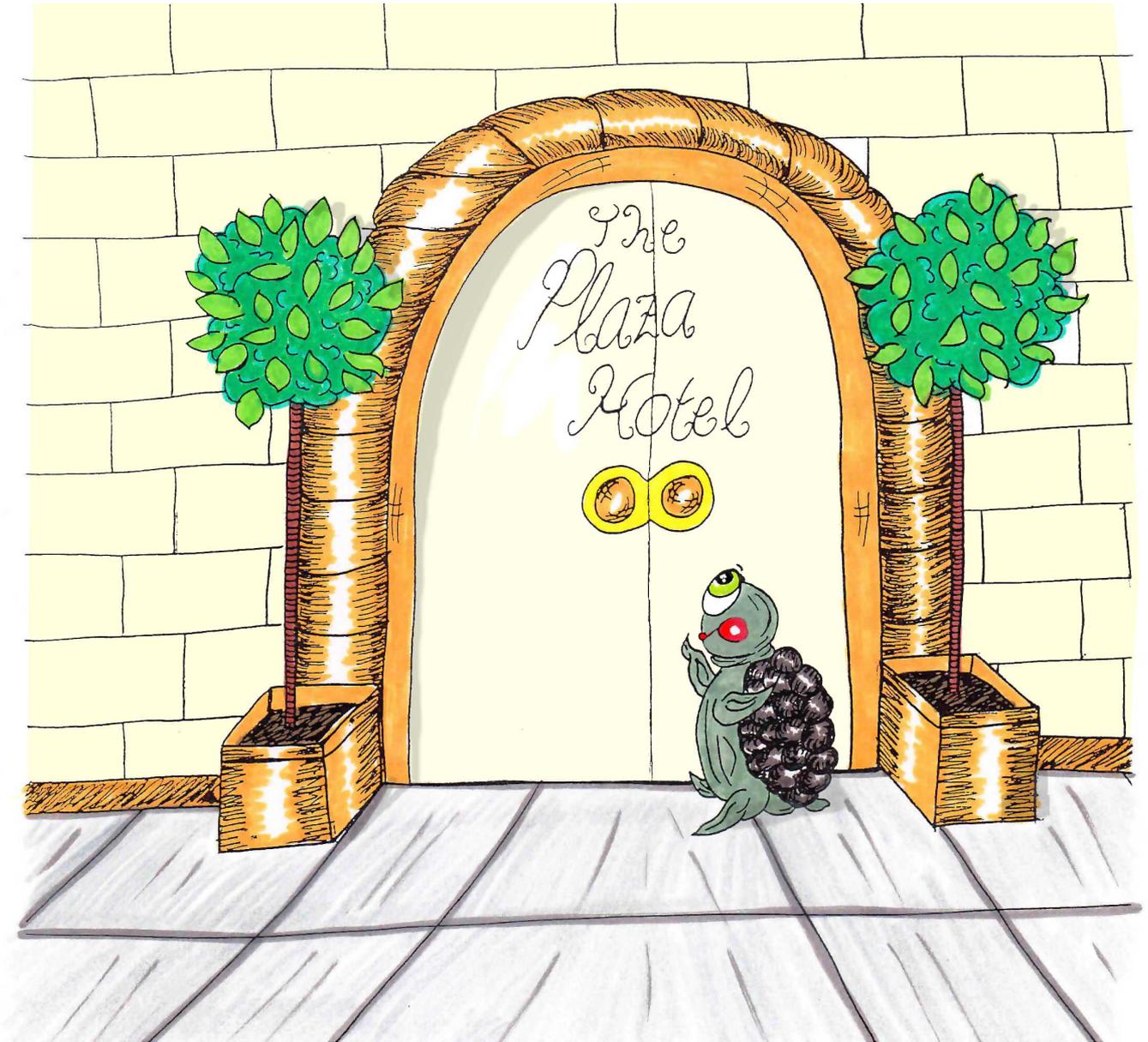
He didn't know Moochie so he started to drive,
and oh, it was the most terrible ride.
The turtle was quiet all through Queens,
until we passed a long limousine.

She said, "There it is - my real New York ride,"
and before we could stop her, she jumped right inside.



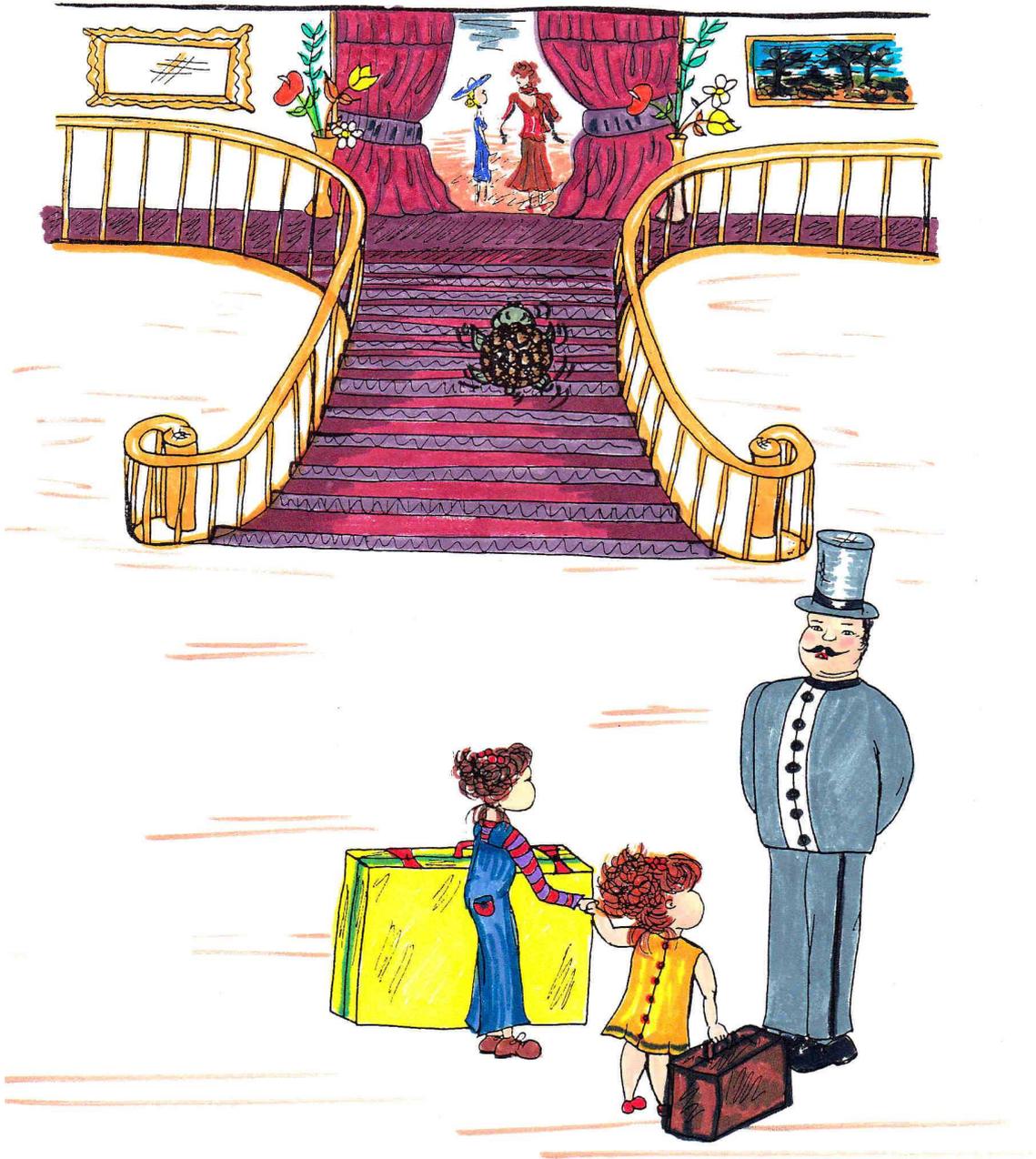
We said to our driver, "Follow that turtle!"
and he drove behind Moochie with me and with Myrtle.

We stopped and we started for a long, long way,
driving further and further away,
until Moochie's car parked at the Plaza Hotel,
"I'm checking in!" I heard Moochie yell.



We paid our driver and went on inside,
but before we could stop her and take her outside,
Moochie asked at reception if they had space
and they told her they did, so upstairs she raced.

We looked at each other, our heads in our hands.
What about all our well laid plans?
We were going to stay at the Y, you see -
only the cheapest for Myrtle and me -



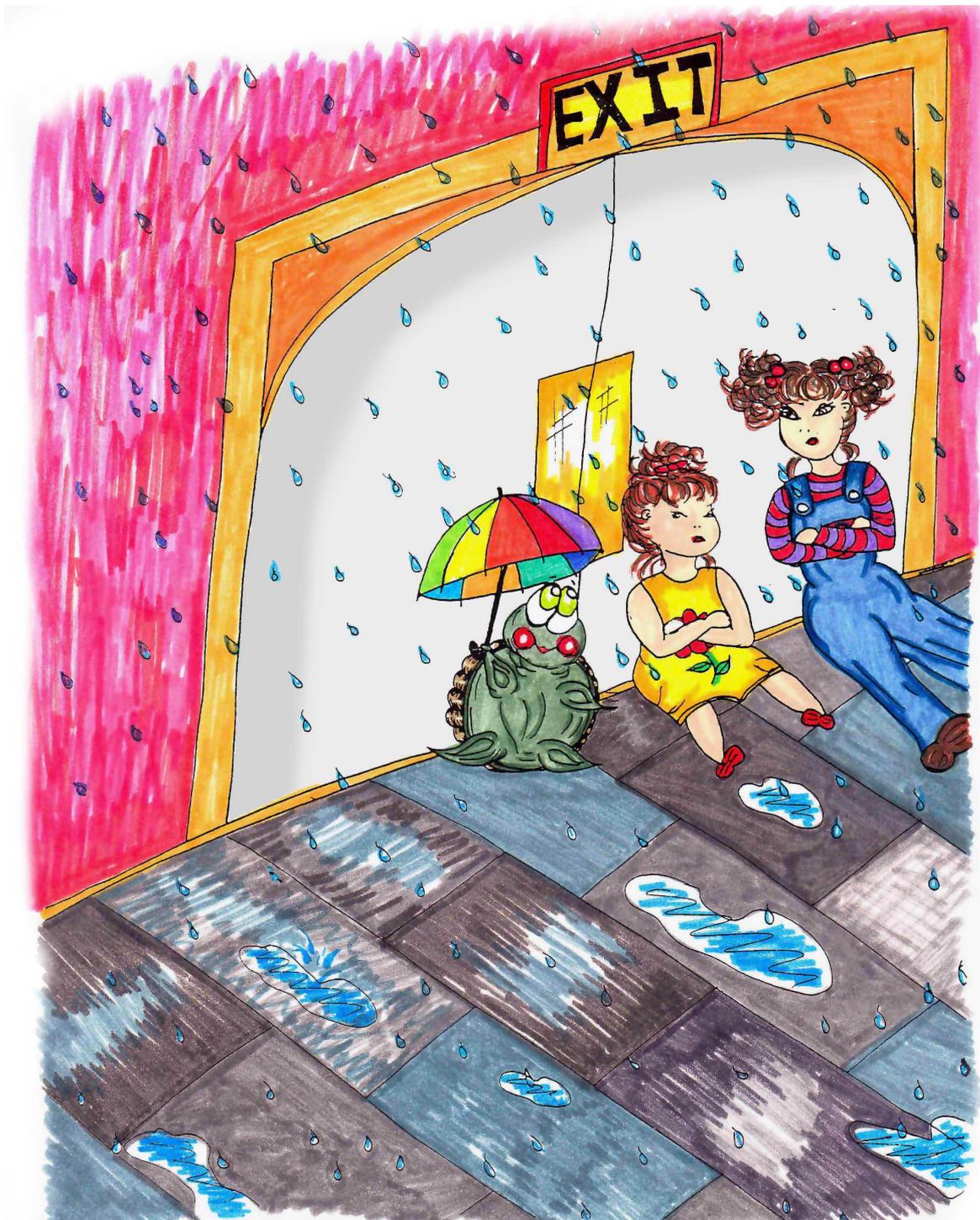
but now we were in a fancy hotel,
and if we left, our turtle would yell.
So we told the cashier we'd do dishes all night
to pay the hotel bill and he said, "Alright."

We thought now at last we would get some rest,
but when we saw Moochie, she'd already dressed
to go out on the town and see the sights
and she dragged us out with her that very night.



We decided to see the Broadway show "Cats"
but it hardly started and she shouted out, "Rats!
Why is this play all about cats?
Turtles are better and that is a fact."

Before we could stop her and try to explain,
we were thrown out of the theatre and into the rain.



It was getting quite late and dark as well
so we returned to the Plaza Hotel.

Moochie went to our room and in bed she slept,
whilst Myrtle and I did dishes and wept.



At last it was morning and though we were tired,
Moochie came over and wanted to ride
in a hansom cab through Central Park.
She said, "Oh come on! It's no longer dark."
So we rode and we saw the most beautiful sights
and Myrtle and I felt rested and bright.



Then all of a sudden trouble started anew,
when Moochie set off as our ride was through.
We took a bus to Battery Park
to ride the ferry before it fell dark.

Well, wouldn't you know it, Moochie fell overboard and when they saw her the folks on board roared, but it didn't matter that she fell off the boat, because, you know turtles, they swim and they float.



When we saw her swimming near the other side we still let out a collective sigh.
She said, "Now I know Lady Liberty well:
I brushed up against her with my shell."

I said to her, "You should not have done that!
You really are naughty and that is a fact.
For the rest of this trip you will stay near Myrtle
and, what's more, YOU WILL BE A GOOD TURTLE!"



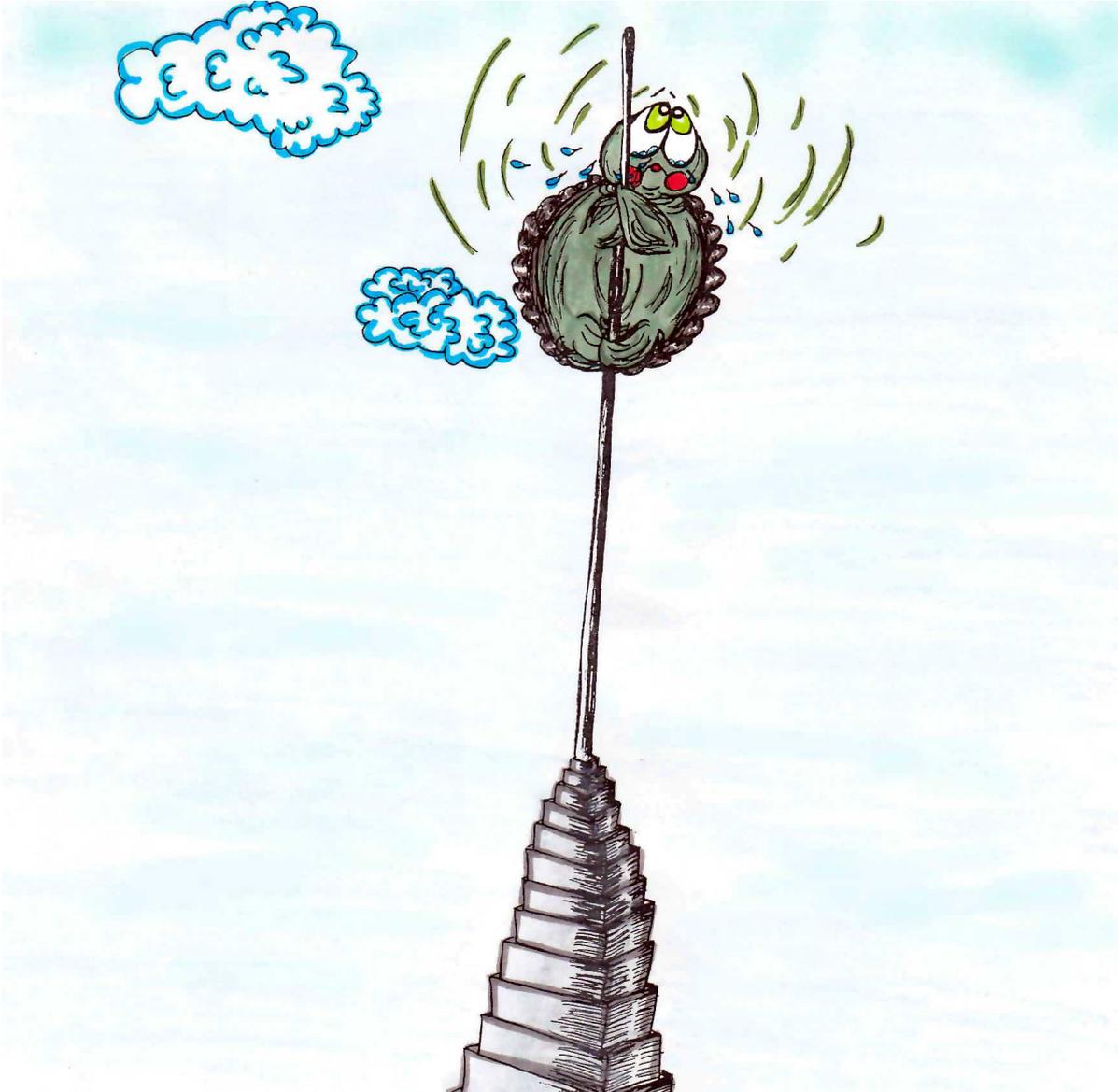
But in front of my eyes she was laughing at me,
squeals of delight, her heart full of glee,
for Moochie knew she would get her way:
she always did and she did that day.

Then a bit later on, when we looked around,
Moochie was nowhere to be found.
We looked uptown and downtown, east and west,
and when I saw her I did not feel my best,



for Moochie was high above us now,
and when she saw her, Myrtle yelled, "Wow!"
She was on top of a building - the Empire State -
and heights are a thing I fear and hate.

So I said to Myrtle, "What are we to do?
I'm too frightened to get her and so are you."
So we yelled to Moochie to please come down
and join us right now on the ground.



But Moochie was stranded, for she had looked down,
and now she felt frightened and wore a big frown.
Some people tried to persuade her, you know.
They said to her, "Turtle, down you must go."
But Moochie said, "No, I'm afraid to do that.
I'll have to be rescued and that is a fact."

So we ran to a 'phone, called the fire brigade,
who were very kind, and came to our aid.

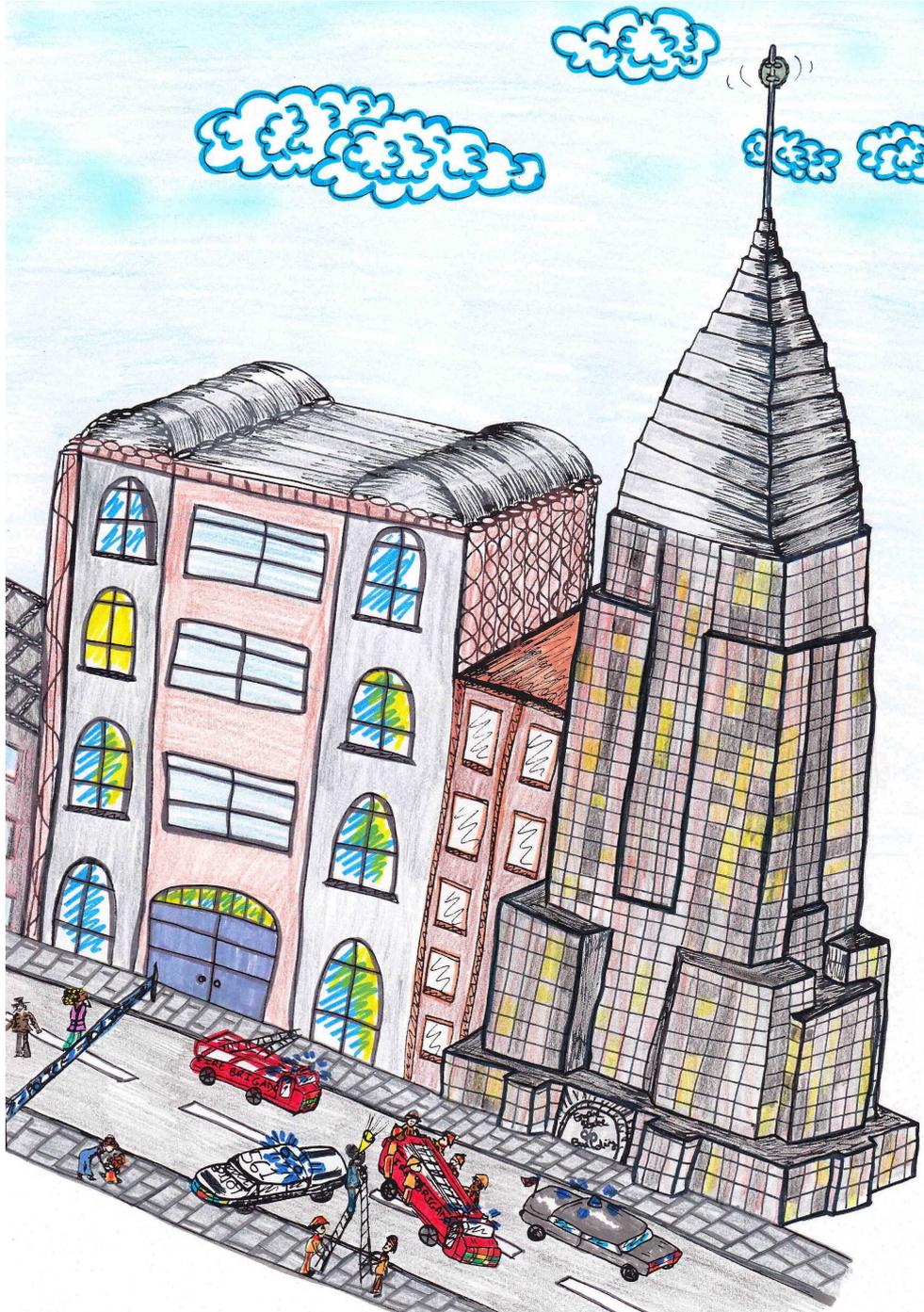
A big, strong man climbed up to the top
and tried to grab Moochie but she said to him, "Stop!
I'm frightened to go down there with you.
I'm stuck here now! What am I to do?"



He said, "Little turtle, have no fear.
We'll get you down somehow. I have an idea!"

So he called the most powerful person in town
and he said he'd get Moochie to come to the ground.

Sure enough he arrived, the Mayor of New York,
and when he saw Moochie he started to talk,
and he said, "Little turtle, I'll help you come down,
no need to worry, there's no reason to frown.
You must tuck your head inside your shell.
You won't see the height, and there's no need to yell."



Then, for the very first time in her life,
Moochie made neither fuss nor strife.
She was a good little turtle and she obeyed,
and in that position she carefully stayed.

He went up to get her: what a great save.
At the top of the building he gave us a wave.
He brought little Moochie back down to the ground
and all the while she made not a sound.
He gave Moochie a medal because she was brave,
and when Moochie got it she gave me a wave,
as I watched from the crowd that stood at her feet.
Why, it was so big, it filled half the street!

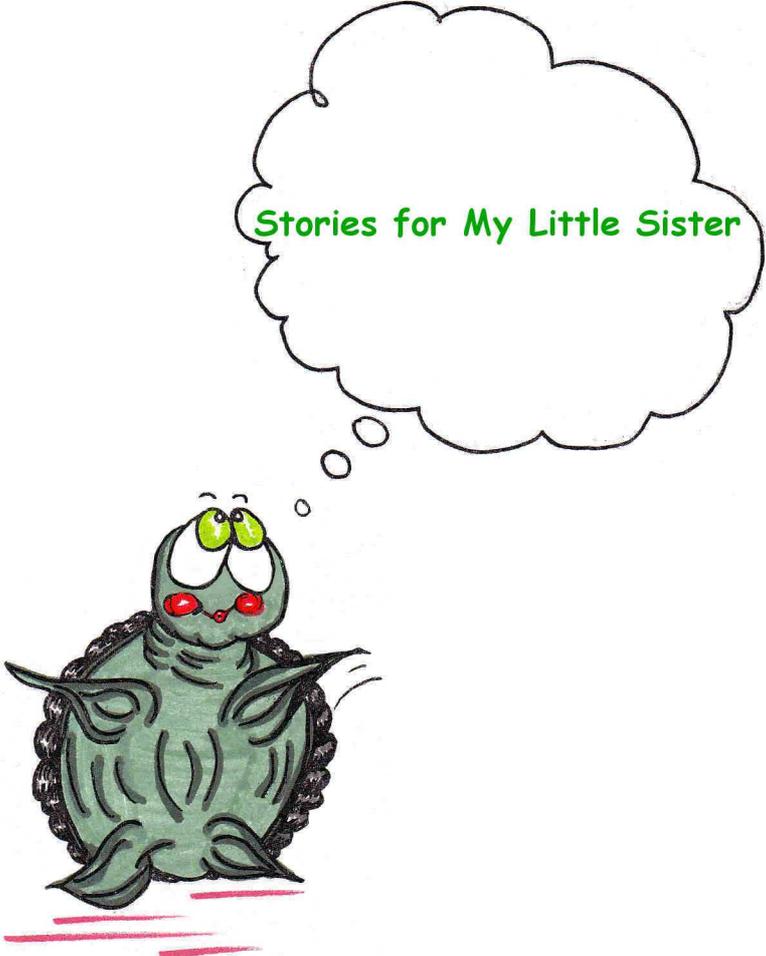


We applauded the Mayor who had rescued our turtle.
He was such a great hero to me and to Myrtle,
for Moochie, our turtle, was safe and sound
with all her flippers back on the ground.

She felt happy and safe, with Myrtle and me,
and, as always when happy, Moochie screamed, "Whee!!!"



Later on, back at home, Moochie said, "So you see,
you had the best trip, because you took me!"



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