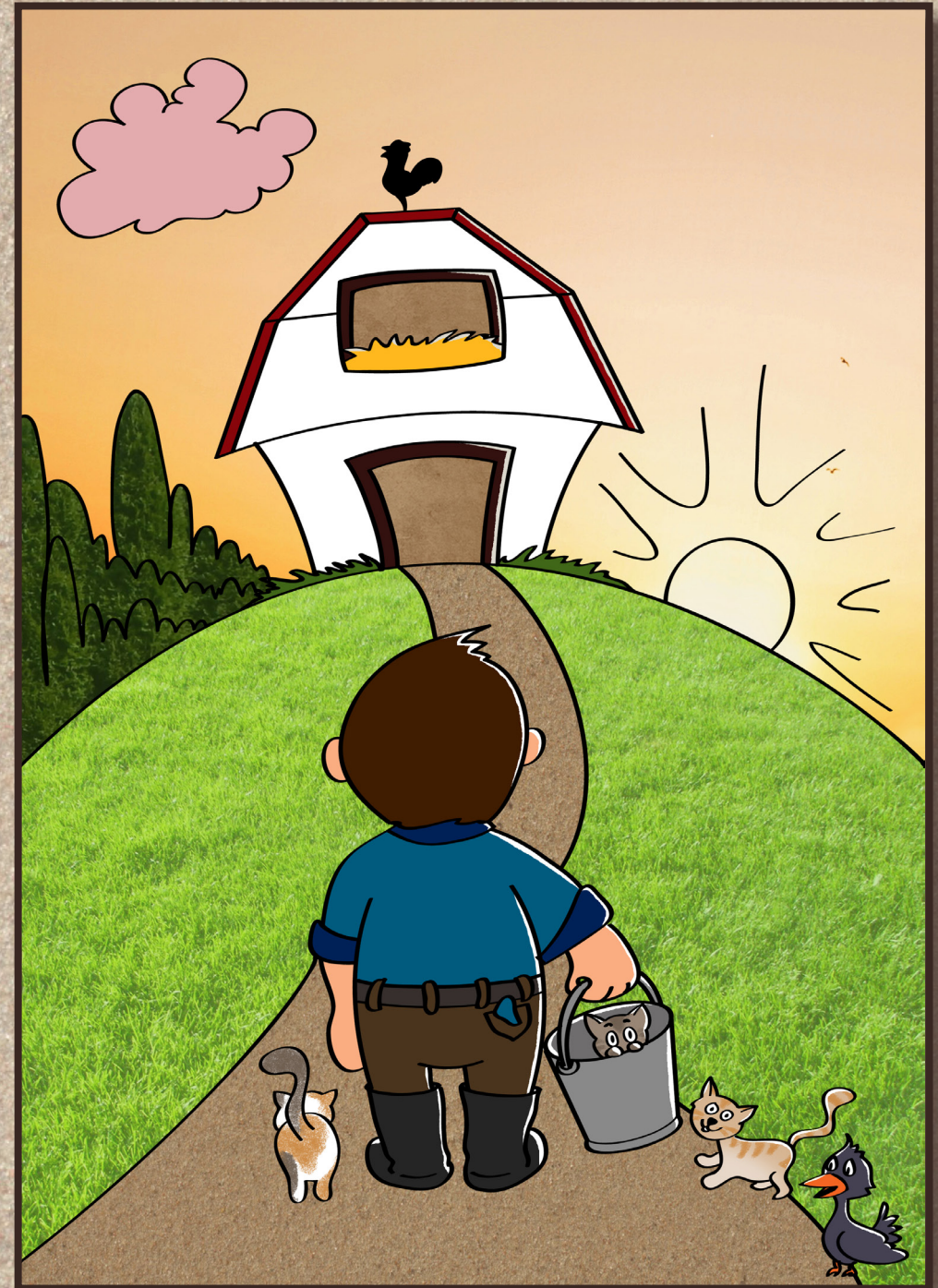# THE LIFE OF FRIENDS
GREEDY KITTIES

NOW HERE IS A STORY
OF POLITENESS VERSUS GREED.
CALICO OFFERED TO TELL IT,
I'LL LET HER NOW PROCEED.

OUR TWO FAVORITE TIMES OF DAY
ARE WHEN BETSY GIVES HER MILK.
THE FARMER POURS US PAN-FULLS,
OF A MEAL AS SMOOTH AS SILK.

HAPPILY WE COME TOGETHER
FROM ALL ACROSS THE FARM,
EACH MORNING AND EACH NIGHT
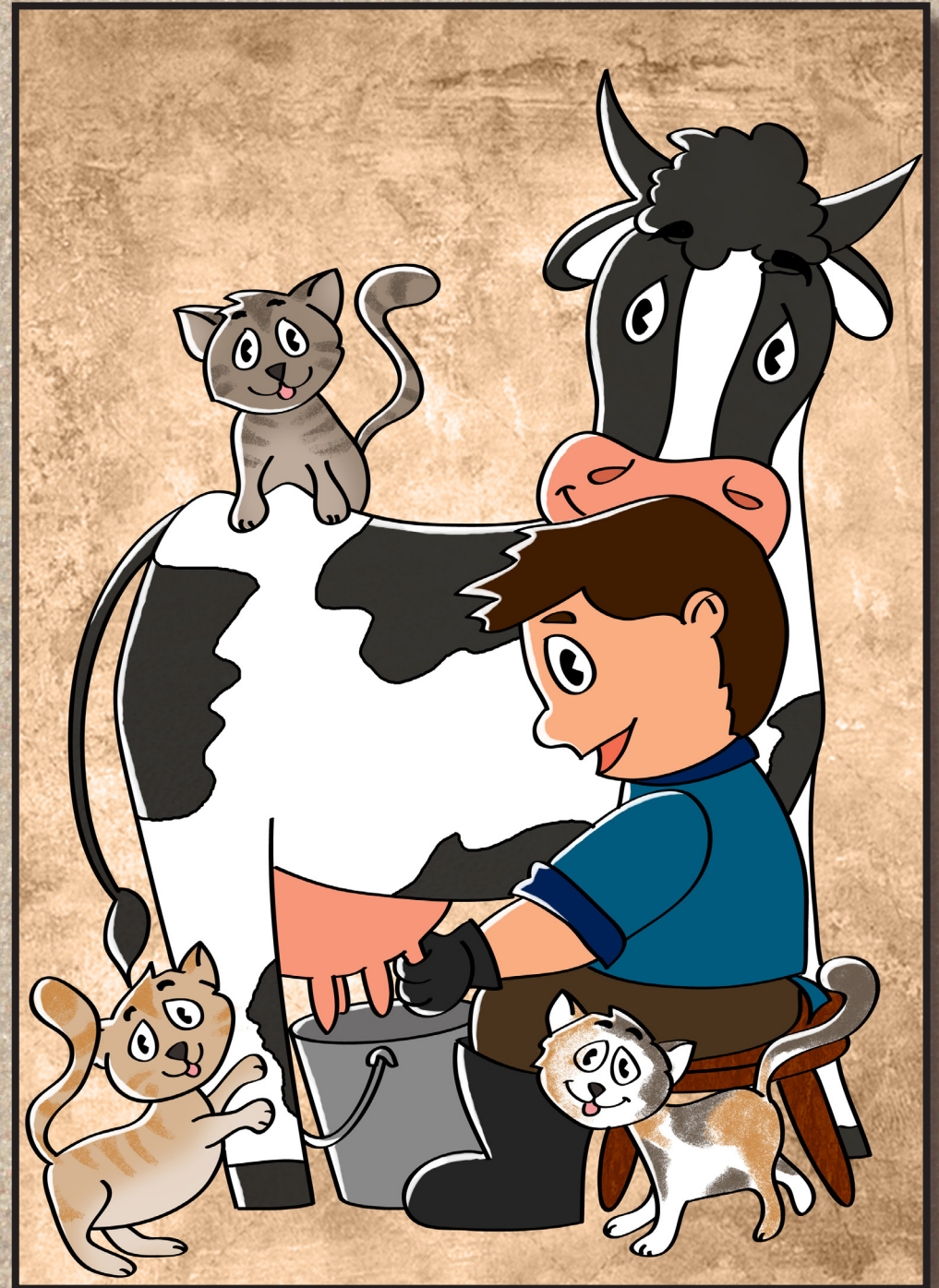FOR THIS TREASURE AT THE BARN.

During milking some of us rub
against dear Betsy's legs,
or against the farmer's boots
and his stools round wooden pegs.

But then comes the time,
when the milking is complete,
we rush around the pans,
where we once did compete.

Push and shove is what we'd do
hoping to get the best place.
Forgetting it was a special meal,
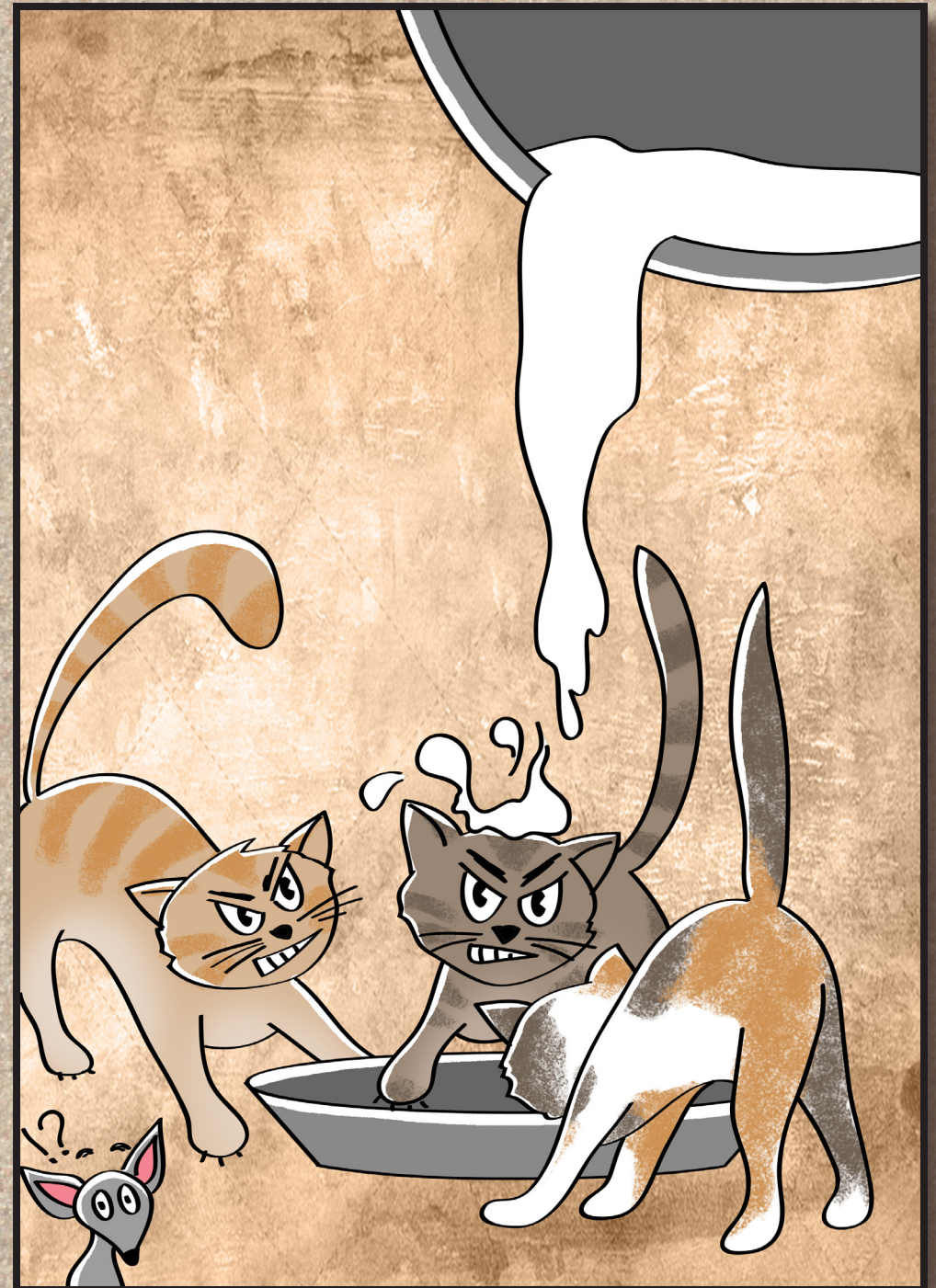but competed as in a race.

WE SHOVED ASIDE EACH OTHER.
WHY DO WE NEED TO SHARE?
SADLY, OUR FAVORITE TIME OF DAY
WAS MARRED BY GREED, THE AWFUL SNARE.

THEN ONE NIGHT IT HAPPENED
THAT OUR GREED DID OVERWHELM
THE FARMER'S GIVING NATURE
TO THE KITTIES OF HIS REALM.

AS HE BEGAN TO TIP HIS BUCKET
POURING MILK INTO OUR PANS.
WE CATS PUSHED AND SHOVED
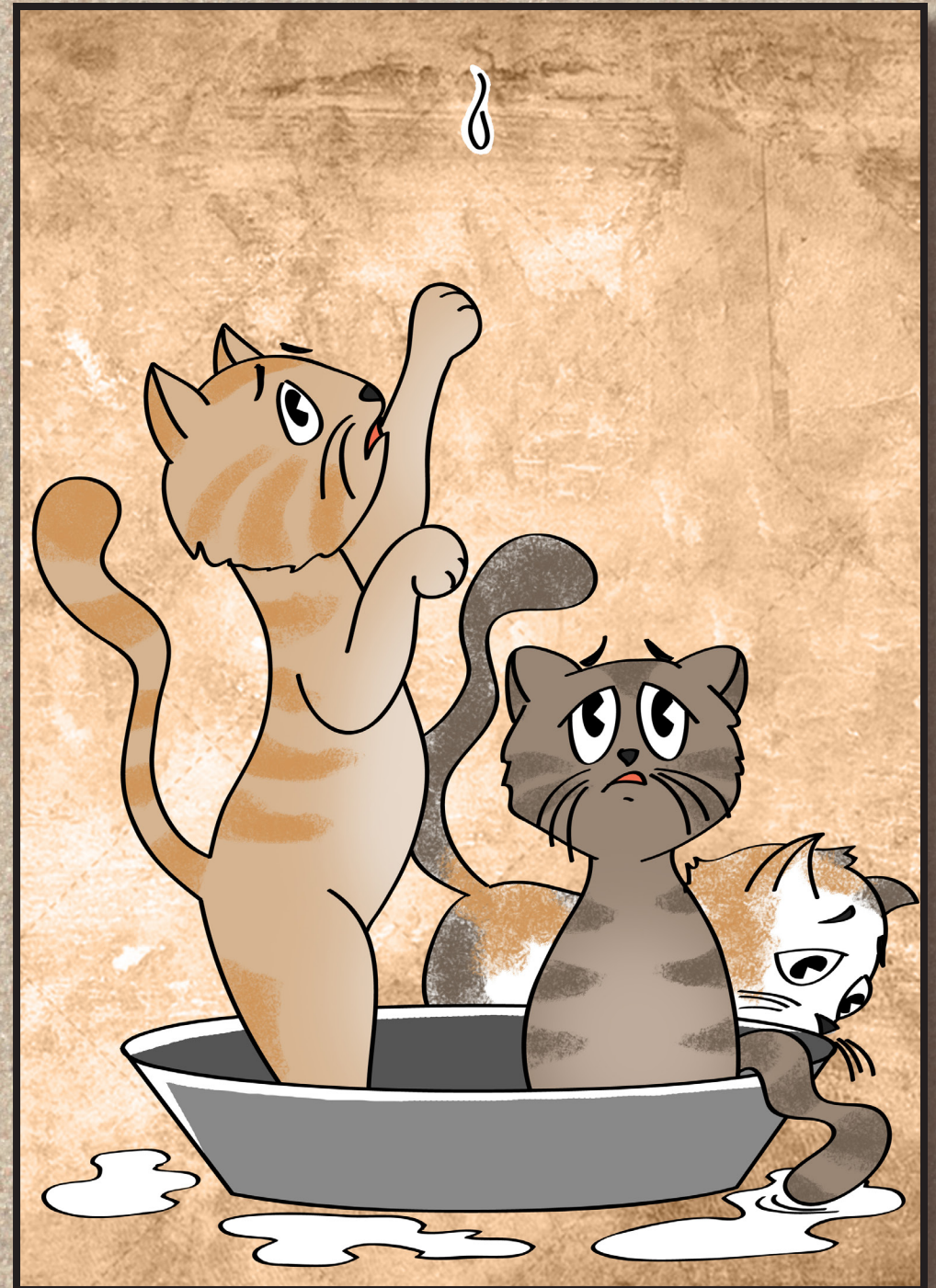LEAVING LITTLE ROOM FOR MILK TO LAND.

AS MILK SPLASHED OFF CROWDING BODIES,
HE LOOKED AT US AND SAID,
"THERE'S LESS MILK FOR YOU TONIGHT,
"DRINK WHAT'S THERE AND GO TO BED."

"IF YOU ARE TRULY THANKFUL
FOR THIS MILK THAT YOU DESIRE,
YOU'LL SETTLE DOWN AND WAIT,
THE ONLY NOISE A HAPPY CHOIR."

"BUT YOUR PUSHING AND SHOVING,
DOESN'T MAKE FOR A HAPPY MEALTIME.
IT CAUSES MUCH MILK TO WASTE
AS OVER EACH OTHER YOU ALL CLIMB."

THE NEXT MORNING WE SAT RESPECTFULLY,
WAITING FOR THE MILK TO POUR.
AND AFTER WE FINISHED LAPPING IT,
WE EVEN TIDIED UP THE FLOOR.

THE ONES WHO WERE MOST AGGRESSIVE,
RESPECTFULLY HELD BACK.
LETTING THE YOUNGER AND THE TIMID
DRINK THEIR MILK WITHOUT FLACK.

AGAIN AT THE END OF THE DAY,
THAT PERFORMANCE DID WE REPEAT.
WITH RESPECT SHOWN TO BETSY, THE FARMER,
AND TOWARDS EACH OTHER, IT WAS COMPLETE.