

Dorothy

The Shoop and His Boy

Hello there reader, it's nice to meet you. I am the Narrator. I will be one who tells you this marvelous story. Now, I bet you are wondering about the title. It will be explained in due time, all in due time. Just to give you a hint, The Shoop is a sheep. He is very wooly, six inches tall, seven inches wide, eight inches long, can speak English, and yet manages to stuff as much pompousness and conceit in his little body that even I could not handle. This story starts with a bubble, and in that bubble is a glade, and in that glade is a meadow with a spring, and in that meadow with a spring is a cave. Now, let us begin!

One day a boy was walking down the street, kicking a crumpled soda can. He was whistling a cheery tune and smiling. He waved to everyone he passed and looked everywhere with curious eyes. Suddenly, he noticed a big, bright bubble in front of him. It swirled with oily rainbows and colorful popping flecks. He immediately stopped kicking the can and started to chase after it. A playful and ornery breeze seemed to just barely keep it from grazing his fingertips. Before he knew it, he was in a vacant parking lot and it was evening. The bubble was still and hovered right in front of him. He reached his finger forward and touched the bubble. The bubble popped. Nothing happened. A frown crept unto the boy's face as though he had expected something to happen. And then....

Bright swirls of color whirled around the boy. A pressure surrounded the boy and squeezed him tight like rubber bands. Just before he felt like he was going to pop, it stopped. It was over as soon as it had started. He stumbled forward, gasping for air. The boy looked around

at his surroundings. A line of thick trees lay in front of him and stretched onward on both sides. Behind him was an oily, swirling, rainbow wall. The boy was curious and stepped forward through the trees. Pushing away the last branches, the boy stepped into the small meadow. The boy went over to the small clear spring and dipped his hand in the cool water. Suddenly a noise reached his ears, and he turned towards it. It was coming from a cave in the southern edge of the meadow. He slowly walked toward the cave and peeked in.

A stern pedantic voice called out, “What. Are. You. Doing. Here? Who are you and why do you think you have the privilege to enter my abode.”

“Um....” Stammered the boy.

“Don’t just stand there with your mouth open like that, you shall catch flies. Since you seem incapable of answering, I shall introduce myself first. I am the Shoop”

Now you are most likely making the same mistake as the boy. You are probably thinking that the Shoop is just introducing himself with his species. This is where you wrong. He is not “a” Shoop; he is “the” Shoop. The one and only and the only one to ever be.

So with this mistake in mind, the boy replied, “And I am ‘the’ boy.” The Shoop slowly shook his head, detecting the boy’s mistake. Stepping, more like jumping with his stubby legs, the Shoop got off his tall boulder and toddled over to the boy. Even with his miniature stature, the Shoop still gave the boy shivers with a frigid and judging glare. Sighing with an enormous breath, the Shoop turned around and waddled towards the back of the cave.

“Wait, where are you going?”, cried the boy

The Shoop stopped and looked over his shoulder with a miffed expression, “In case you haven’t perceived that I am alive and real, and that it’s nighttime, I’m going to repose. I need my

somnolence and so do you. You can sleep outside tonight. Goodnight.” Then he promptly lay down on a bed of soft hay and began to sibilate through his soft muzzle.

The first thing that the boy saw through his cracked eyelids was the Shoop with a fruit in his mouth and sitting on his chest. He spit the fruit out and right into the boy’s face.

“Ouch! Why did you do that?”, yelped the boy.

“ I did that because you needed to get up and aroused. We need to find a way to get you out of here. I need my peace and silence. Also you are quite frankly an imbecile. I want you away so I can consider life’s matters and solve them.”

“I don’t understand. We’ve only just met and you want me gone? You don’t want to know anything about me? You don’t want to be my friend?”

“Friend? Why would I need a friend? What would be the point? I would get bored of them since they wouldn’t be as sophisticated or as intelligent as me. I can amuse myself and I DON’T NEED YOU!”

The boy looked down calmly and brought his hands to his sides. He got up and brushed off his front. He didn’t make a sound or say anything.

Then, he leaned forward and gave the Shoop a hug.

The Shoop stiffened and gasped at what the boy was doing. Hadn’t he just said that he didn’t need him? And then he realized that this boy didn’t care. He was being a FRIEND.

The boy whispered into the Shoop’s ear,” No matter what, I will always be your friend. You are lonely and I will never, ever leave.”

And for the first time the Shoop, the magnificent Shoop, had a friend.