

**Fuzzy Five**  
**By Isabelle Hodge**

Wednesdays are the worst days to fight crimes. Especially during a poetry contest hosted by the Waffleorium. It was the type of sunny morning that Disney princesses would come out to sing and dance with the furry/feathery squirmy things, and vampires would have day-mares about due to the golden led light beam rays. The sort of day that real superheros would sleep in because any decent villain would be saving their evil plan for the weekend. A day that... Well you get the idea, it was an inconspicuous day. In the Waffleorium Fluffton was having their annual "Poetry is Fun" celebration, where employees dressed up as a mutation between a book and waffle for the day and each table had a poem on a 4 by 4 inch piece of paper. On the majority of them someone had written a large F in red crayon except the poem titled "An Ode to Narwhals: the adventure of an under recognized, over deserving water mammal and the spy gear that should come with it." The actual poem was written in such a small font that you would need a x102 microscope to read it. Other Titles range from, "Octo-Pizza," "Is a saloon a salon but better," "Elite Raccoon," and "BEEF-should-fill-a". Fortunately only five writers were not by their poems, as they had disappeared into a blue cardboard box a few hours ago. Wait, was I supposed to write about their adventures they had while in that box, like the fat white rat in a green suit, or Otto's water Adventure, or how Spirit nearly lost her ears to fire or Nina jr.'s greatly failed "poker Face"? Oh well, better procrastinate that 'till next time. At least you can read some of the poems.

*How cunning and graceful is the octopus as he relaxes in thee great blue  
What is that glorious noise?  
Each arm to it's self- when it comes to pizza*

*Do not the fox deserve a petti at least?  
Time should be spent at the spa, salon, and yoga  
If she is to ever learn what massage they have at the saloon.*

*Elite is the raccoon, softer than a shadow  
quietly through the night he glides,  
the prey glints in fear before being toppled  
emptying out a feast for a king*

*I do not have a x102 microscope*

*Too violent*