

STORY TIMEPosted by stillgoing - 13 Jul 2015 17:27

SNAPPY'S BOWL**Chapter 1**

Once upon a time, far far away, on the top of a mountain, there lived a family of birds. They were a happy little bunch who lived their lives hunting for worms, and keeping away from cats. The Birdy family had many young fledglings. The youngest Birdy was named Flyhigh. He was the baby of the family (so far) and all of the other birds pampered him with extra worms and shiny pieces of ribbon that they would pull off of Mrs. Mc'Odells hat while she was gardening on Sunday mornings.

Flyhigh was a small bird, but everyone had high hopes that he would go far. He was smart, and could smell a picnic all the way from the top of the old tree they called home. One day, while Mama bird was bathing in the lake, and Papa bird was out with the older birds gathering sticks to strengthen the nest after a branch fell on it, Flyhigh was flying around aimlessly, and noticed a very good looking piece of fish, sitting on Mrs. Mc'Odells back porch. By rights, the fish belonged to Snappy, the mean black cat who lived in Mrs. Mc'Odells house, but Snappy was snoozing and Flyhigh saw no reason that he shouldn't swing down for a minute and have some fresh tuna. Scanning the area from a birds eye view for potential dangers (or any of his brothers, who might tattle on him), Flyhigh dropped down on the porch, and started pecking away at the fish. It was good, But Flyhigh was a good little bird, and he remembered what his Mama told him about Snappy, so he only stayed for half a minute, and then flew off back home. Feeling guilty, he made sure to help out at home and be an extra good listener for his Mother.

The next day he went off to the porch again to see if there was any more tuna. Sure enough, there it was. This time he couldn't see Snappy but he figured that he was probably inside somewhere with Mrs. Mc'Odells. Today, the fish was better than ever. While Flyhigh was pecking away he suddenly saw a flash of black and felt the rush of air as Snappy came bounding up the stairs at his bowl and the bird intruder! Without a moment to spare, Flyhigh took off into the air, as Snappy stood there making all sorts of scary cat growls. His little heart beating fast, Flyhigh flew up as high as he could go until he began to get dizzy from the heights. After a bit, he flew back home and hardly ate any of his worm supper that Mama gave him. For one thing, he was full, and besides, he was feeling so guilty and upset at himself for doing something so stupid, just for a few moments of pleasure. That night Flyhigh slept fitfully, with dreams full of flying cats on brooms that said Mc'Odells on them. After Flyhigh was sleeping, Mrs. Birdy went for a fly with Mr. Birdy.

"I'm worried about Flyhigh," She said. "He's not acting his happy self recently, and tonight he barely ate supper!"

Mr. Birdy listened closely "give him time, "he answered quickly. "He's probably just going through a difficult stage"

“But you always say that about him!” his wife answered back. “You are too soft on him. I’ve heard that he’s been hanging out by the Mc’Odells’s house a lot recently. He needs a strong father figure!”

“So you want him to end up like poor Tweety?!” Mr. Birdy answered back. “You know what happened when his father was too hard on him, he ran away and got shot by a hunter! Is that better?!”

Mrs. Birdy was silent. What could she say. Tweety’s death was a tragedy in the bird community, and everyone knew that Tweety’s father was very strict with him. Perhaps her husband was right. She would give Flyhigh more time. Maybe if she gave him some more responsibilities, he would be too busy to get into trouble.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Markz - 07 Aug 2019 20:47

Winnie the Pooh and Kanga have been taking a daily stroll for a long time, and despite all attempts, regardless of which back street they take, they always bump into

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Warning: Spoiler!

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 08 Aug 2019 22:49

Anna asked me to post the following as he is having trouble posting on the forum:

The man shifted in his chair, staring at the screen. Logging on" the screen said. His most recent visited website began loading. For a moment he hesitated, things were different now then they were a week ago. A fleeting thought to close the browser passed through his mind. What if he got caught. The screen came to life with the gruesome pictures of a lower hell and he was lost once again.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 08 Aug 2019 23:37

[Gevura Shebyesod wrote on 08 Aug 2019 22:49:](#)

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Thank you

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 12 Aug 2019 21:22

I'm sorry to all that there was such a long break in the story. For those who care to read it, I believe that it starts on page 7 of this thread.

Mike walked into Mrs Kliners office and sat down with a crechtz. Rachael Kliner looked up from the lunch fourms that she was sorting with a questionable expression on her face.

"What's happening Mike?" she asked.

"You look as beaten as the time your tooth fell into the fish bowl in third grade, and the teacher didn't let you take it out."

Mike smiled. Rachael Schwartz and Michael Goldberg had been neighbors growing up together back in Brooklyn, and had become good friends. At one point, Mike had thought that he would marry Rochael, until she had returned to her super religious roots and married Boruch Kliner who wasn't even from Brooklyn. Rachael forgot nothing and the memory of that poor fish nibbling on Mike's tooth brought a smile to Mike's tired face. Rachael reassumed her stern 'Mrs Kliner' face and said "alright Mike' Out with it! What is going on?

"Well, you already know about the phone calls from the schools internet service provider. Well, the Rabbi's asked me to look into it for him."

Mrs Kliners eyes opened in shock. Mike, she wispered. I need to tell you something"

Their voices dropped to a hushed tone. As he listened to her talk, Mike's eyesegrew in shock until they mirrored Rachael's. After two minutes he sat back.

"Listen Rachael, if what you say is true and he is the one doing it, we absolutely need to help him. We owe them at least that much."

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by mikestrucking - 09 Oct 2019 22:34

I really don't want to give it away, but something tells me Mike is watching porn.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Markz - 10 Oct 2019 00:43

[mikestrucking wrote on 09 Oct 2019 22:34:](#)

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#FAKENEWS

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 10 Oct 2019 03:22

Over the next two weeks Mike was busy. There was plenty of information to sort through. Mrs Klinier had given him the passwords to the server and to the surveillance system. Over time a clear picture began to form of exactly who was abusing their access to Zichron Kedusha's wifi.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by wilnevergiveup - 28 Aug 2020 11:00

I just read through most of this thread, it's a must read.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Markz - 08 Mar 2021 03:58

[stillgoing wrote on 25 Dec 2018 21:50:](#)

I actually reached out to aannauthor6 about this story. He said that he lost access to his gye account, and got involved in other projects. Maybe if Markz gets on his case we might have a continuation..

Well, continuing the gist of the story - if you can provide me uninhibited access to all the TV camera's including after 12:00, I'll definitely be able to take him down.

It's probably a good idea if you could update your signature because SHHH Dr Seuss has been demoted by the revisionists...

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