ATOS 1.9

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BILL AND THE MONKEY

      Bill got up in the morning. He went downstairs. He got a bowl, cereal, milk, and a spoon. He was about to sit down at the kitchen table when he noticed it. There was a monkey. It was sitting in his chair. Bill looked at the monkey. The monkey looked at Bill. Finally the monkey said to Bill, “What are you doing here?”

 “What?” said Bill.

 “You heard me. What are you doing here?” said the monkey.

 “I live here,” said Bill. “This is my house. That’s my chair.”

 “Oh,” said the monkey. “Could you pass me the sugar?”

 “What?” asked Bill. “You want me to pass you the sugar?”

 “If you wouldn’t mind,” said the monkey, “that would be nice.”

 “Just who do you think you are?” asked Bill. He couldn’t believe it.

 “I’m the monkey,” said the monkey. “Now would you pass the sugar? It’s right there in front of you.”

 Bill got angry. His face turned red. He stomped his foot. “Why should I pass you the sugar,” he yelled.

 “Because,” said the monkey, “it’s right there in front of you. All you have to do is reach over and hand it to me.”

 “What are you doing in my kitchen?” yelled Bill.

 “Hello?” said the monkey. “Anybody home? I’m eating breakfast. Don’t you know anything?”

 “I know you’re eating breakfast,” said Bill.

 “Then why did you ask?” asked monkey. “Did you know my corn flakes are getting soggy talking to you like this? Why don’t you go away.”

 “Oooooh!” Bill steamed. “This is my house. You’re sitting in my kitchen chair. You’re eating my cornflakes, and you want me sugar. What’s wrong with you?”

 “Here you go,” said the cat. She was sitting on the other side of the table. She pushed the bowl over to the Monkey. “He has no manners,” the cat said to the monkey.

 “None at all,” said the monkey. “He just comes barging in here demanding to know who we are, and then he won’t even pass the sugar.”

 “Wait a minute,” screamed Bill. “Just wait a minute. You guys are animals!”

 “Ooooh,” said the cat, “now he’s name calling.”

 “Disgusting,” said the monkey.

 “Totally,” said the cat. She put her head into her bowl and licked up some milk, then washed her head with her paw.

 “But you guys are animals,” said Bill, stomping his foot and waving his arms.

 “Right,” said the cat. “Do animals talk?”

 Bill thought. “Ah … well … no.”

 “And do animals do this?” asked the monkey. He got up on the table and danced.

 Bill scratched his head. “I guess not,” he said.

 “Well then,” said the cat.

 “Well what?” asked Bill.

 “I think we’re do an apology. I think you should apologize?”

 “What?” asked Bill. “Me? Apologize?

 “Apology accepted,” the cat and monkey said together. They went back to eating their breakfast.