

Imagination

“Grrrrr”, growled the stalking tiger. The tiger had been pursuing her pray for almost all day and was getting tired of the waiting game. Finally, the gazelle the tiger was stalking stopped to drink at the waterhole. The tiger grinned a wide toothy grin and got in position to pounce, mouth wide open, ready for the kill. Just as she did Mum walked in the door and said, “Bettie what did I tell you about playing tiger with your brother! He is only little!” Bettie snarled and the scene changed.

A majestic crane soared high above the clouds, the ground a distant memory. The crane dived and swirled, looped the loop and glided effortlessly in between the pinks and blues of the sunset. Suddenly an airplane whooshed in interrupting the cranes path of flight saying “Swoosh! Come here Bettie-boo bear!” Bettie’s father came over to the couch where Bettie was standing and enveloped her into a big airplane hug.

Later that night, after Bettie was tucked into bed, she closed her eyes and dreamed. She dreamed of the hungry tiger and the graceful crane and what she would be tomorrow, what she could be tomorrow. Bettie was a tiger, Bettie was a crane, and Bettie was...using her imagination.