

The cat he ran away, he ran right up a tree. He climbed to the highest branch in order to scope out the inane city. All about he witnessed many vehicles zip past one another. They resembled a bunch of fruit flies buzzing around an orchard. He wondered to himself, "Why are they in such a hurry?"

In that instant a tiny leprechaun appeared before him. "Who are you?" Shouted the cat. "I am Lars the Leprechaun! I am here to tell you all about the ones you know as Human." Lars moved from branch to branch with great ease. He wore an all green suit with shoulder pads and green shamrocks on the knees. "Really? Okay then please do tell me. Do you know why they are always in a hurry? Even when they have nowhere to go." The cat sniffed Lars but he gave off no scent.

"Well, you see humans are born with an urge to accomplish things. To them sleeping and eating is not enough." Lars expected the cat to understand but the cat did not. "You mean they are not content with food and sleep? But I see many humans eating lots and sleeping lots." "Ha, ha. They are very content with food and sleep, my feline friend. But they also have a deep desire to do other things. Things that are not so closely related to food or sleep." Lars waited patiently while the cat slowly analyzed his words. It took some minutes but he eventually figured it out.

"Okay. I think I got it. There are other things that humans like to do?" The cat shook the confusion out of his fur. "Yes! Precisely, my furry friend!" Lars smiled then adjusted his green hat. "But then why is that the only time I see a content human is after they've eaten or after they've slept for a long while?" "Uh..." "Whenever I see a human who is not content it is usually because they are hungry or tired or both." The cat licked his paws while waiting for Lars' response.

The sounds of the city echoed up towards the cat and Lars. Most of the sounds were pretty frightening. A crying baby, an ambulance siren, a car back-firing, distant gunshots, a couple arguing in the park. "I think all humans should do nothing but eat and sleep. I don't understand why they do other things that make them feel miserable." The cat scratched behind his ear, it felt good to him.

"Hmm. You make a good point, my calico pal. You've really taught me something today." Lars scratched his chin then removed a green satchel from his breast pocket. "What's that thing?" The cat asked; twitching his whiskers. "This is your reward for teaching me something new. After I leave you may open it and consume." Lars tied the green satchel to the cat's collar. "But what's in it?" "I cannot tell. I must be off and away now." Lars then waved his hands up and down, green smoke quickly surrounded him. The cat closed his eyes and when he opened them Lars had disappeared.

"Time to open this satchel." The cat briskly climbed out of the tree. He pawed at the drawstring until the satchel's contents spilled out. The cat sniffed it. It was green and smelled very yummy. The cat then ate some. "Oh! It's catnip! Yummy, yummy catnip!" He ate it all up then had a very good nap.