

THE MISSING COFFEE

WRITTEN BY SCOTT LAMUNYON, AGE 11, TOWANDA, KANSAS
ILLUSTRATED BY CENZO CARIDDI, AGE 12, RIVER EDGE, NEW JERSEY

Back in the Olde West, there was a town called Meowtown. It was a cat town. Every cat was full of energy because instead of beer, The Four Paws Saloon sold Starcats Coffee.

One day when Sheriff Sam entered the saloon for his morning coffee, Bob the Bartender said, “Sheriff, thank goodness you’re here!”

“What seems to be the problem?” asked Sam.

“Someone’s stealing my coffee!” exclaimed Bob.

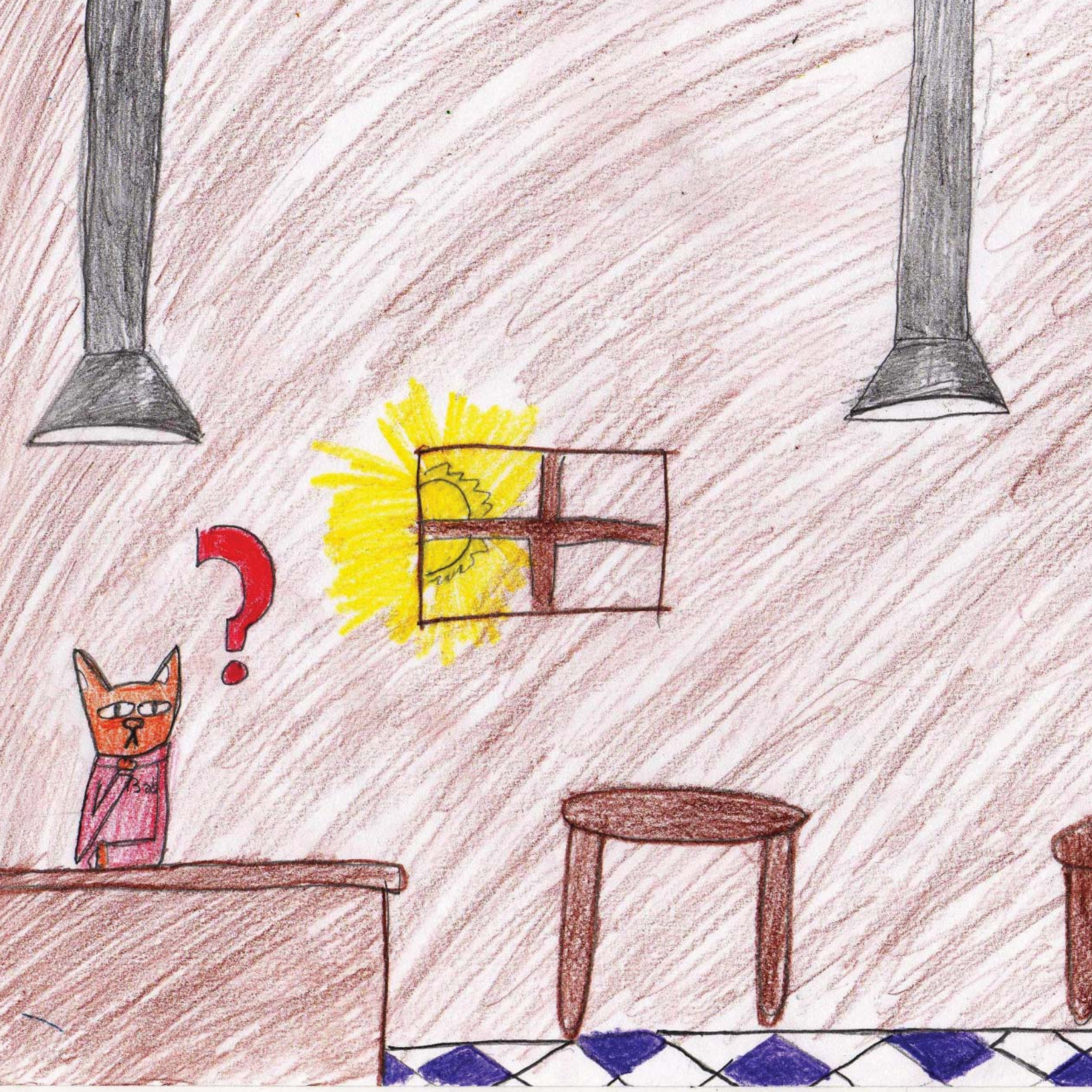
“What in tar nation?!?!” yelled Sam.

“It’s true! This morning two buckets were gone!” expressed Bob, swishing his tail.

“Sounds like the Coffee Rustlers again,” uttered Sam.

“I guess I’ll try to lock up better,” sighed Bob.





“I’ll see yaw tomorrow, Bob,” said Sam, licking himself, as he walked out the door.

That night Dude, Bob’s best customer, was prowling the town when she heard a noise in the saloon. She peered through the window but didn’t see anything so she just continued. She figured one of the coffee buckets had fallen off the shelf. Then someone grabbed her, blindfolded her, and dragged her away.

The next morning, Bob the Bartender was puzzled. Dude didn’t come home in for her morning mocha cappuccino. Dude was a cappuccino freak. If she didn’t get her cappuccino, she was as slow as a turtle. As Sheriff Sam walked in Bob cried, “Sam! Dude didn’t come in for her morning cappuccino! We’re also missing two more buckets of coffee!”

“What in catnip is going on around here?!?” yelled Sam.

“I don’t know, but I reckon there’s nothing we can do about it,” sighed Bob, licking his paws, as Sheriff Sam left.

That night, Dude's brother Joe went out to look for Dude. (Joe worked for Bob). Joe heard a noise in the saloon, so he went to investigate. He glanced in the window and saw a broken coffee pot. Joe figured Bob had accidentally knocked it off while he was closing the saloon, so he started to walk off. Then someone grabbed him, blindfolded him, and dragged him away.

The next morning Bob was nervous. Joe wasn't at the saloon. He'd worked at the saloon for ten years and hadn't missed a day. Then Sheriff Sam walked in.

"It's about time you got here!" yelled Bob.

"What?!?! Joe?" yelled Sam.

"Yup. He hasn't come in and still no sign of Dude," sighed Bob.

"Have a good day Bob," said Sam unconcerned (he figured it would work out by itself) as he walked out the door.



That night, Ginger went out to look for her siblings, Dude and Joe. She was walking along when she saw Dude, Joe, and the Coffee Rustlers. She raced to the Sheriff's office and told him what she'd seen.

"Let's go catch 'em!" cried Sam.

Sam and Ginger stopped the rustlers, retrieved the coffee, and saved Dude and Joe. After that Meowtown never had troubles again. That is, until the attack of the senior citizens. But that's another story.

