

RRR 05

Picture about Winchester:



STORY:

This is a large black cat I encountered beside the Tesco supermarket in Winchester. It was particularly plump, with a round face and glossy fur. I surmised it might be a diligent little fellow, hunting daily to feed itself into such a state. Yet I also wondered if this cat might be one that relies on companionship—perhaps it has a good mate or a reliable companion who provides for its sustenance, requiring only sustenance and rest. Then I imagined it might have a devoted owner, feeding it salmon and chicken

daily while granting it complete freedom, returning home only when weary. Having been back in China for a month now, I haven't seen this plump cat in ages. If it's a stray, I wonder whether its fat reserves will suffice to ward off the bitter cold as winter's harshest days arrive, enabling it to weather this deep winter safely.

OUTCOME: (Poem)

*The Chubby Black Cat by Tesco*

*By the Tesco's side in Winchester town,*

*A plump black cat with a round, shiny crown.*

*Fur sleek as midnight, paws padded and slow,*

*He'd lounge in the sun, where the warm breezes blow.*

*I'd guess he was a hunter, bold and astute,*

*Chasing mice through the lanes, resolute and acute.*

*Or perhaps he had a friend, a partner so kind,*

*Who'd share all the treats they could ever find.*

*Or maybe a home, with a bowl full of feast,*

*Salmon and chicken, a soft place to rest.*

*His owner would smile, let him roam far and wide,*

*Till dusk painted skies, and he'd trudge back inside.*

*Now I'm miles away, back to my own land,*

*A month has passed since I felt that warm sand.*

*Winter winds howl through Winchester's cold streets,*

*I wonder if his fat still the frost defeats.*

*Does he curl in a nook, where the chill can't intrude?*

*Does he find a warm heart, or a meal that's imbued*

*With all the good things that make a cat's days bright.*

*Oh, chubby black cat, stay safe through the night.*