

Kittens in the Kitchen



*Story and Illustrations
by*

FRANCIS KRUCKVICH





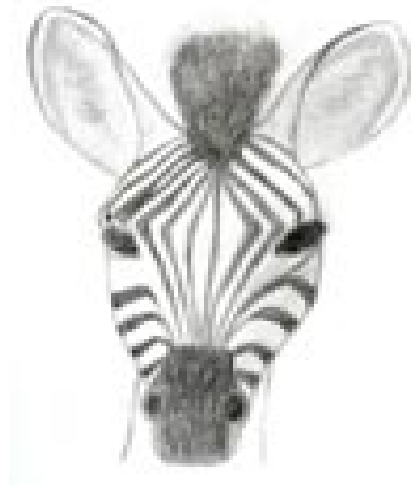
Leo the Bold was king.

He wore a crown and a sword.
Leo was king of everything.
But Leo the Bold was bored.

“I’m tired” he said, “of the same old thing.”
I’ve got to get away.
I know just what the cook will bring.
It’s the same from day to day...”

“Zebra for breakfast, and zebra for lunch.
Zebra for dinner with wild berry punch!
Zebra burgers with French zebra fries.
Zebra steak and zebra pot pies!

Zebra kabob or zebra by the slice.
Kung Pao Zebra and zebra fried rice!
Zebra Marinade or Zebra Fricassee.
No more Fricaseen Zebra for me!



Zebra wings with cheesy dips.
Tortilla chips with zebra fajita strips.
Fried zebra legs and Zebra Tail stew.
No more zebra, I need something new!

Zebra tastes so much like horse.
I need something different for my main course.
What shall I have for my new dish?
I know...

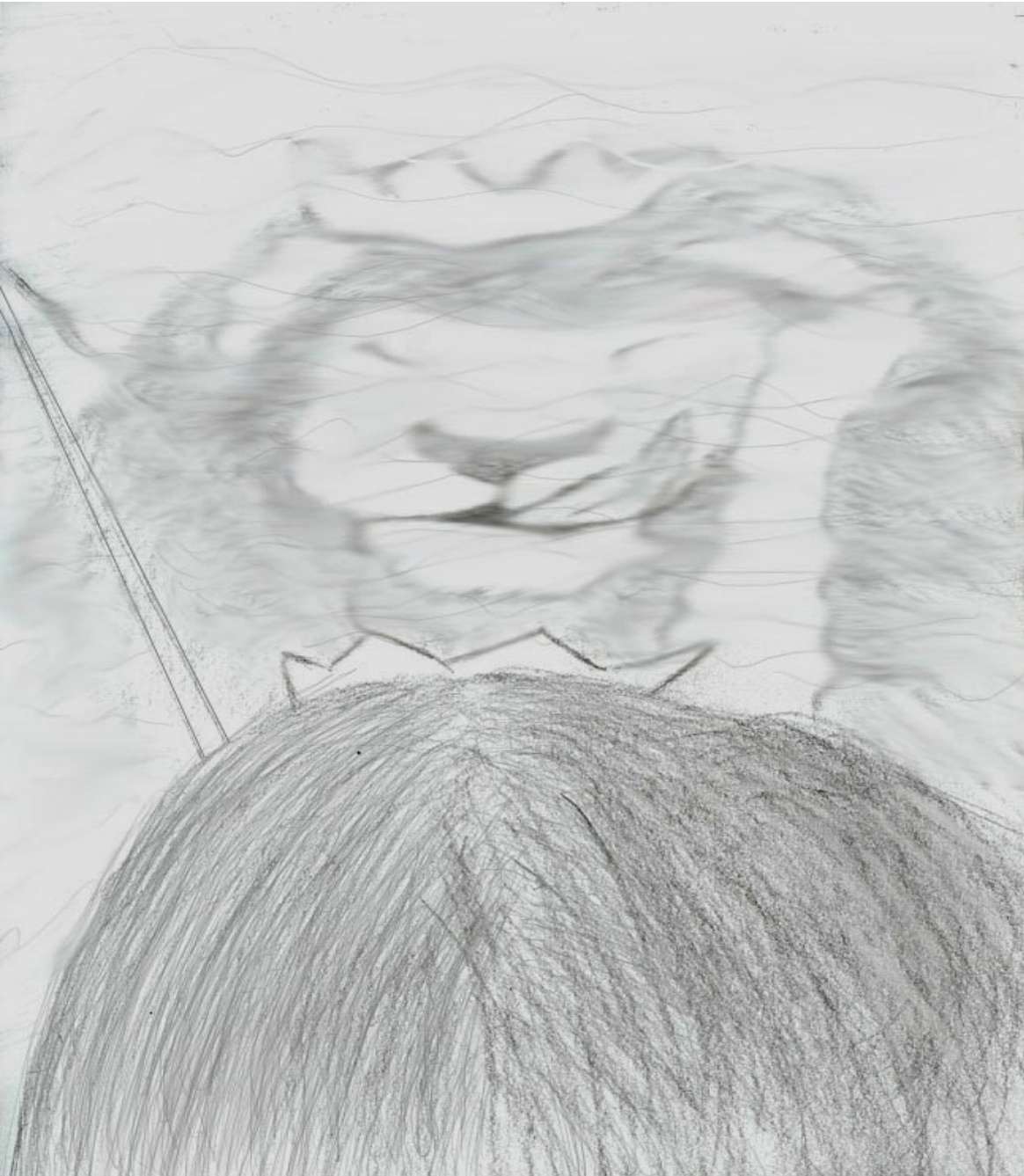
Of course...

A fresh caught fish!”



Leo had heard the tale
Of a giant fish in the lake.
It was said to be mean, and big as a
whale!
One many had sought, but none could
take..

It would be such a prize!
No one else could match it.
And it should come as no surprise,
Leo had to catch it.



In the sun he did bake.
Soon he began to perspire.
He saw his reflection in the lake.
Himself he did so admire.
Soon he had a bite.
Something in the water did swish.
It gave him quite a fright.
Was this the fabled fish?
His heart pounded and raced
As he pulled upon his pole.
'Twas the greatest struggle he'd ever faced
At his favorite fishing hole.

The pole he could barely hold.
In this bitter tug-of-war.
The fish gave in to Leo the Bold,
As he pulled the monster to shore.



An incredible tale will be told.
Of how this beast was caught.
Certainly worth its weight in gold,
The fishiest fish ever caught!

But what should Leo do with it?
What would work the best?
He thought and thought and then it hit...
A royal cooking contest!

When Leo had returned
To the safety of castle walls,
He flaunted his fabled fish.
As he walked the castle halls.

In walked Laughing Lester.
Right up to where Leo sat.
This was indeed no poor court jester.
This jester was a jolly fat cat.

He said,
“A contest is not what you need.
The near future may hold
Perhaps a royal disaster indeed!
For Lunatic Leo the Bold!”

Leo replied, “I’m not in the mood to sit,
And hear you ramble on.
I’ve no time for your foolish wit.
Lester, you jester, be gone!”



Lester left the king.
His foolish words were scorned.
Lester knew what this contest would bring.
Leo had been warned.

Leo ordered flyers,
To be posted throughout the land.
The winner could have what he desires.
Even his daughter's hand.

They came from far and near,
To answer Leo's demand.
All the cooks had gathered here.
From all across the land.



Wherever you looked, there were cooks.
Some had lost their mittens.
They all had their own cookbooks
'Twas the battle of the cooking kittens!

Each kitten thought he was best.
They did the best they could do,
To outdo the rest, in this feline contest,
And give the king something new.

One would broil the fish,
The other he would bake.
Each was sure he'd make the best dish.
Whatever it would take.





Lester came into the room.
He laughed at what he saw.
"Too many kittens in the kitchen spells doom."
He said, as he touched his head with his paw.

Everyone knows how much it shows
That I am one fat kitten.
I may be a fool, but any fool knows,
When there's too many cooks in the kitchen!"

The kittens grew tired of Lester.
"The way you carry on,
You silly jester, do nothing but pester.
Now Lester, you jester, be gone!"

Lester gave one last laugh,
As he headed out the door.
He poked the fish still on the gaff.
He knew what was in store.

They couldn't keep their minds on cooking.
They were too busy bickering.
While they weren't looking the fish was unhooking.
Lester snatched it down and snuck off snickering.

In their heated state,
They did so carry on.
But they discovered they were all too late
For the king's prize fish was gone!

Leo was roaring mad.
He banished all the cooks.
As Lester predicted, the scene was bad.
They left with dirty looks.



He banished the poseur cooks.
They all had lost the fight.
They all departed with dirty looks,
And the king went hungry that night.

Leo began to drool.
He needed cheering up.
He called upon his courtly fool.
To make him forget his sup.

In walked Laughing Lester.
Right up to where Leo sat.
This time he did not pester.
Now he was a humble jester cat.





Lester filled Leo with laughter
Into a frenzy he was thrust.
And it would not be too soon after
The cat would gain the hungry king's trust.

Leo roared and fell of his throne.
He rolled on the marble floor.
Lester tickled his royal funny bone
Until Leo cried "No more!"

Leo told how he fired the cooks.
And how much he desired some fish.
And they all left with dirty looks,
But he still had not his dish.

Now all the cooks were banished,
And he wished he had not done that.
In this condition, so weak and famished,
He confided in that fat cat.

Predicting great disaster,
He showed great intuition.
Lester was a sushi master,
And an expert in nutrition.

Lester was no fool at all.
He shared his fish with the king.
They joked, and ate, and had a ball.
And the king began to sing!



So Leo got his fish, at last,
And also found a new friend.
Even though dinner time had passed,
It all worked out in the end.

The greedy cooks would not return.
No longer would he drool.
Leo learned that he could learn
From a lowly, courtly fool.

Lester passed the test.
To the king he was devoted.
He had won the cooking contest.
To chef he was promoted.



For info visit:
www.scribolin.com

Printed in USA

Copyright © 2005 Scribolin

ISBN 0-9746226-4-8

The end.

