



FLUFFY

On Barton Creek Circle, where whimsy takes flight,
Lives a jovial Fluffy, a comical sight.
With fur white as cloud and a belly so round,
In a world of indulgence, she's perfectly crowned.

Her days are a feast of the finest cuisine,
Dreams salmon and tuna this feline queen.
She lounges in lux, on a concrete settee,
A 'fat cat' paradise, as snug as can be.

Paws at rest on her jelly-ous orb,
Out front, on-guard at the House of the Forbes.
No chasing of mice, no worries in sight,
Just naps in the sun and endless delight.

But oh, the adventures of Fluffy unfold,
In a world where plumpness is currency *gold*.

She waddles and sways with a hilarious grace,
Leaving prints of her paws all over the place.

Through yarn-strewn rooms and catnipped halls,
Fluffy parades, the laughter enralls.
Her antics are legend, this furball so round,
In 'fat cat' lore, her antics abound.

With a heart full of love, and a tummy so wide,
Fluffy embraces each moment with pride.
In a world of chuckles, where laughter is prime,
This 'fat cat' thrives, in a joyful rhyme.

So here's to Fluffy, a 'Fat Cat' so grand,
In her roundness and girth, she rules the land.
A whimsical spirit and a belly that's fat,
She lives the joy of the contented cat!

- Editor

