

No Rest for Sparky

First it was Speedy,
Then two frogs and Molly,
And when the hamsters made noise,
Sparky was not too jolly.

And don't forget Floyd,
He was the biggest pest,
On the day that Sparky,
Could find no rest.

It was late one morning,
Around 11 perhaps,
Sparky had run with her pals,
But now she wanted a nap.

She looked for some rest,
That soft rug looked OK,
But along came Speedy,
Who said "Get out of my way."

Sparky did not want to move,
She wanted to stay,
But Speedy kept pushing,
It was one of those days.

Sparky walked down the hall,
She wanted to hide,
David's door was open,
So she peeked inside.

His room looked fine,
It was quiet in here,
But the frogs began croaking,
And it hurt Sparky's ears.

Sparky's eyes were now heavy,
As she marched down the stairs,
She needed some sleep,
This just wasn't fair.

Sparky went toward the window,
Where Molly slept in her cage,
She was a big gray rabbit,
About six years of age.

When Sparky sniffed Molly,
The bunny jumped up,
She thumped her feet loudly,
"Get out of here, pup!"

Sparky was so very tired,
Oh, she wanted to rest,
But where could she go?
What place would be next?

She walked to the sunroom,
Where a warm breeze blew,
The hamsters were there,
But they rested, too.

Could this be the room?
Sparky sure hoped it was,
She laid in the corner,
With her head on her paws.

But the hamsters awoke,
First one, then two,
Around a squeaky wheel they ran,
It's not a house, it's a zoo!

Sparky wanted out of this place,
She ran to the door,
Get me outside, she barked,
I can't take any more!

Kristen opened the door,
And let Sparky outside,
She flopped on the grass,
And let out a deep sigh.

The sun, bright and warm,
It was a beautiful day,
But that wouldn't last long,
If Floyd had his way.

Floyd was a squirrel,
Who lived in the trees,
But he had a problem,
Of which you will see.

He'd jump back and forth,
To show off nuts he had found,
But sometimes he'd fall,
All the way to the ground.

Today he did that,
A flying squirrel he was not,
Thump to the ground,
And the chase, it was on.

Floyd raced through the yard,
With Sparky right on his tail,
Through the garden they ran,
Knocking over two pails.

Over the table they jumped,
The chairs went flying,
Leaping over a bench,
Without even trying.

Floyd hopped on the fence,
And then up to the tree,
Chit-chit-chattering at Sparky,
“You’ll never catch me.”

Sparky looked up at the tree,
Her tongue hanging out,
“I’ll get you one day,”
She wanted to shout.

When Sparky turned around,
She saw the yard, it was bad,
The flowers were trampled,
And Kristen was mad.

“What happened here?”
Kristen wanted to know.
“Get inside now, Sparky,
Come on, let’s go!”

Sparky walked slowly,
She was so tired now,
Oh, she needed that nap,
But she didn’t know how.

When Kristen saw this,
She rubbed Sparky’s head,
“Here’s a biscuit for you,
Now, lay down in your bed.”

“I’ll make the place quiet,
I’ll put the pets away,
You’ll be able to sleep,
For the rest of the day.”

As the house grew quiet,
Sparky let out a sigh,
She laid down her head,
And then closed her eyes.

She was falling asleep,
No noises were heard,
Until David ran in,
And yelled out these words.

“Look what I have, mom,
A new green pet.
Can we keep the iquana?
We can call him Chet.”

Sparky’s eyes grew large,
She jumped out of bed,
No more animals, please,
She just shook her head.

Now, some homes are quiet,
No noises, not a mouse,
But there’s no rest for Sparky,
In this zoo of a house.