

The Lion and the Penguin

by Ian Dallas

"I know I shouldn't be attracted to you," said the penguin to the lion, "but I'm afraid there's no help for it."

"What a silly penguin you are!" said the lion as he moved closer to the edge of his cage. "I believe that's what attracted me to you first. But tell me, if we love each other, why shouldn't we be together?"

"You love me?" exclaimed the penguin. "How awful! You can't swim, catch fish, or build a nest. Also I've heard that lions eat penguins."

"That's a relief," said the lion. "I'd heard that penguins ate lions."

"I wish you would be serious," said the penguin, blushing.

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but I thought the whole world knew that we lions eat every kind of animal that moves except for penguins, in which we have no interest whatsoever."

"Truly, that is a great comfort," said the penguin. "It had been my biggest concern."

"And besides," continued the lion, "even if I did want to eat you, how could I? These bars are much too strong. No, I'm afraid you were right, there's no way we can be together."

"Just because the bars are too strong for a lion doesn't mean they're too strong for a penguin," she said as she squeezed between them.

"What a clever little fish you are!" said the lion.

"Bird," said the penguin.

The lion shrugged and swallowed her whole.