

I was awoken this morning by a loud, ear-splitting rumble and the sound of glass shattering against a hard tile floor. I instantly snapped out of my dreams, surprised and startled, and jumped briskly out of my bed. Tugging a white T-shirt over my head and jamming my feet into a pair of ragged jeans, I sprinted out of my room and down the stairs, skidding to a stop when I saw the living room.

Peanuts were scattered everywhere. The leather sofa was in ruins. Bits of broken glass littered the floor. Crumpled newspapers lay in torn, ripped heaps all over the tiles. And standing in the middle of this mess was an elephant.

“Oh, Ellie,” I sighed dismally. “What have you done?” My next door neighbor had asked me to take care of his pet elephant, Ellie, for a week, and so far things weren’t going so well. I carefully began to clean up the pieces of broken glass, cutting myself on the sharp edges.

Ellie snorted innocently and looked at me as if to say, “What? I didn’t do anything! Why are you scolding me?”

It took me all morning to clean up the mess. I vacuumed, I swept, I scrubbed. After I cleaned up everything, I gave Ellie her lunch (a bag of peanuts) and made myself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

Then we went out for a walk. Pedestrians stared blankly at Ellie as we passed. Young children gazed in awe at my elephant as we strolled by casually.

When we got back home, I collapsed onto my bed and took a long, relaxing nap. Taking care of an elephant definitely isn’t an easy job!