**Pet Conversations**

**Directions:**  Add quotation marks where needed to complete the pets’ conversations.

One day Grimm and Demon Fluff were hanging out at Mrs. Schindler’s house. Grimm was preening his long, tan and brown fur purring with contentment. Demon Fluff strode up to the little cat and cocked her head to one side. “What are you doing?” she said. “You know no matter how much you groom, you’ll never look as good as I do.

Grimm eyeballed her long black fur and scoffed. Please. You could only dream of being as cute and fluffy as I am. You aren’t just fluffy, you’re *fat.* Fatter than Fat Fat and that’s her name.

Demon Fluff scowled at the pompous kitten. You shut your mouth! There is just so much of my beauty you can’t handle it.

Grimm flicked his tail impatiently. Whatever you say. I say you’re dreaming. He went back to grooming his fur.

Demon Fluff shook her head and sauntered over to the food dish.

Fat Fat sat in the window staring outside at the pasture. Three giant dogs and herd of even-more giant cows roamed outside. Amelia jumped up on the table beside the window. What are you doing, Fats? She asked.

Watching the dogs and the cows. Do you see them running around all day barking at the cows? I wish I could go bark at cows. I bet I could catch one.

Amelia doubted Fat Fat’s cow-catching prowess. First off, you can’t bark. Second off, those things are huge, and stink I bet. Why would you even *want* to go out there? Do you know there’s no air conditioner outside? And there’s not a bed, either. I really like the bed. They don’t even have a couch outside! Amelia proclaimed.

So? I think it looks like fun. I’d love to chase those cows and watch them run away. Look how they run from those silly dogs. Gandalf likes living outside, Fat Fat explained.

Gandalf is an idiot. Outside is lame. Amelia rolled her eyes and jumped off the table.

Look! A turtle! Oh my God a turtle! Kolache exclaimed, wagging his tail so hard Lola thought her big brother might fall over.

It’s just a turtle, Lola yawned. You chase the thing. I’m taking a nap.

But, turtle! Turtle, turtle, turtle, turtle! Kolache ran over and grabbed his sister by her lime green collar. Come on! We have to catch the turtle!

Lola relunctantly climbed out of the comfortable lawn chair on the porch. Fine. I’ll come. So long as you promise not to say turtle one more time.

Come on guys! We have to catch that turtle! Look at it being all turtle-y and slow. Lola and Kolache’s mom, Lucy chimed as she came around from the front of the house. I had been digging a hole, but then I heard Kolache say something about turtles and I thought that sounded like more fun. With a bark, Lucy headed into the pasture.

Kolache brimmed with excitement as he chased after his mom. Yes! Turtle hunting!

Oh boy. Here we go again, Lola groaned while she dutifully followed her mom and brother into the grass.