Carol Bai

English 11

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Mr. Barazzuol

Sly sat down at his wheel and began to turn, but the clay cannot assuage his anger. He started the turned and turned. Then he suddenly grasped the clay, threw it to the ground and stamped on it with his thick feet. He took the clay machine and threw it in front of the door. When Vern heard the loud noise from the pen beyond, he ran to the pen at once. He opened the door and saw the machine with its parts scattered. Sly stood in the corner. His eyes were full of anger.

Sly clenched his fist and said, “I can’t live without clay. I have nothing. Only clay can soothe my mind. I want to go outside. I want to leave here. Could you help me? You are the only person I’ve ever met who’s been nice to me. I can’t stand it! I need to talk with Delilah!”

Vern’s eyes were full of tears, his voice was shaking, “All right. I will help you just once,” then he opened the pen’s lock.

Sly ran to Delilah’s office.

Delilah very surprised, “Why are you here? You should stay in the pen!”

Sly kicks a table over. Tax files explode through the air. He shouted, “You took my clay, you restrict my freedom. What else can I do? I don’t want to stay in a pen like an exhibit. This is my life. You don’t have any rights to restrict my life. I said I’m not like the other chimps. I have the same emotion as a human. Can you respect me?”

Delilah shocked, “Sorry, Sly. I forced my thoughts on you without regard for your feelings. I should ask you. I didn’t even know that. If you don't want to stay here, you can leave.

Sly said, “Delilah, I just want my clay back. I don't think I can fit into people’s life.” Delilah touched his head and said “Sly, you can work here if you want. We will help you to interact with people. I made you, so I wouldn’t give up you.”

“Thanks, Delilah.” Sly’s eyes were moist. They looked at each other and smiled.

END.