

# I MAY HAVE SHIFTED

Phil. 15:6: "Thou shalt have brotherly love."

Sasha Elenko

---

The boyish tiger walks into a bar. Before he walks into the bar he asks the existential question: *If there are five pillars of faith, then why do I have 10 toes to lay host to my measly seven toenails?* As the tiger ponders the inevitable satisfaction that so rarely accompanies such a metaphysical enigma, he becomes distracted, much like Rob Ford might become distracted in the presence of alcohol, which would, of course, motivate him to walk into a bar (otherwise he doesn't get out much).

"Good grief!" calls a voice from within.

"This time it's coming from the left kidney," mutters the boyish tiger in an eerie singsong voice not unlike that of a theramine. Still spry with ecstasy from his youthful days, the tiger proceeds to utter the other existential question:

"What would Cristiano Ronaldo do if suddenly there were no hair gel in the world? Good question. Good question indeed." The bemused tiger reaches into his lower intestine (by no cleanly means, might I add) and, after grappling around a bit (both figuratively and literally), resurfaces victorious, holding a bright green MEMO pad — yes a MEMO pad — entitled "Joyful Days with an Antelope and I." The tiger promptly disposes of this particular MEMO pad, for it has simply become a nuisance in precisely the ways one might imagine (being too small to write in, for instance).

Feeling as spry as a younger version of Hugh Jackman after a refreshing shower, the tiger boards a bus headed towards — God knows where — his childhood hometown.

As he saunters up the stairs of the bus, three children get off.

"Strange," says the bus driver, and pulls the bus to a halt — a fascinating course of action seeing as how the bus was already at a complete stop. "Four children get on; only three get off," he pauses, caressing his inner thigh, much to his own chagrin. "This can only mean one thing: there is still a child on the bus."

It is times like these which make the tiger mourn his self-inflicted disposal of "Joyful days with an antelope and I."

"I can already tell, this is going to be a long day," says the foresightful tiger.

"This particular day," counters the observant bus driver, "is already over."

Having been vanquished, the boyish tiger stumbles off the bus, drunk and alone, and walks into a bar.

MEOW.