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Kozmo Jones, Angelina and the Plane

by Craig Perler

Sit back and relax, ignore rings from the phone,  
and read of one tale of the great Kozmo Jones.

Oh, and before going on, we all should concur  
that Kozmo's a dog; it explains the gold fur.

Kozmo was monstrous - rather huge in size.  
He had a huge jaw, huge paws and huge eyes.  
And though he spent much time lounging in sleep,  
there was nothing Kozmo loved to do more than to eat.

Also, like most dogs, Kozmo'd bark, slobber and bite,  
yet there was more to this dog than what's seen at first site.

When left all alone while at home, Mr. Jones  
did more than just sleep and eat doggy bones.

After Mommy and Daddy would leave for the day,

Kozmo invented and tinkered away.

Donning glasses he hid within his great mane,

Kozmo, this day, continued his project: a plane.

With sidekick Angelina, his partner in crime,

(a brilliant inventor, though a bit out of her mind),

the two goldens together nudged open the door,

and escaped from the house down to the deck's first floor.

Out in the yard, by the house's great tree,

nestled between some rocks and shrubbery,

hidden under a huge mound of dirt

(and underwear Kozmo chewed on while he worked),

there lay the famed plane which, previously stated,

was this day's invention that they had created.

Removing the plane from where it was hidden,

one could see its red paint; this thing begged to be ridden!

How exciting, my friends, that you join us this day!

The plane looks quite ready to fly up and away!

The plane now uncovered, under Kozmo's direction,  
the two dogs attached to the plane a contraption  
that consisted of a series of ropes, pulleys and levers -  
whatever they're doing was no small endeavor.

Ahh! Now I see, the dogs aimed to improve  
their chances of takeoff by trying to move  
the plane to the top of the house - on the roof -  
where they'd start the ignition, on count of 1, 2, 3, Woof!

In a great cloud of smoke, filled with sputtering sounds,  
the dogs jumped in the plane and sat themselves down.  
Kozmo checked the controls and Angelina prepared  
to pounce on a bushy, grey, squirrel..?!

Kozmo cried out as Angelina jumped off,  
(that squirrel looked tasty - she's a dog, so don't scoff),  
but it was too late, and Kozmo began  
to get very nervous; this was not the plan.

Yet it was too late, and the plane started to fly!

And for a minute there, nothing at all seemed awry.

Unfortunately, without Angelina's weight,  
the plane wasn't flying with its proper gait.

Not a second later, the plane flipped around,  
and began to descend rather fast to the ground!

The squirrel looked up, and Angelina did too:  
the falling red plane was now quite the view.

And with a Roar! and a Bang! heard from miles away,  
the plane crashed to the ground, to both dogs' dismay.

Angelina, in shock, ran to Kozmo's aid.

If Kozmo was hurt, he would soon now be saved.

Digging away at wood splinters and beams,  
Angelina (and the squirrel), saw Kozmo's gold gleam.

Finally reaching him, however, they were very confused.

Kozmo neither was hurt, nor was he bruised.

He was sitting and smiling and wagging his tail -

his giant, wide, grin magnificent in scale.

Kozmo had actually enjoyed the fall -

the crash, and the bang, the boom and all.

It didn't matter to him, as his plane had flew!

(Even if for only a second or two.)

Mr. Kozmo Jones had become the first dog to fly.

And after cleaning the mess, he and Angelina said 'bye'  
to the squirrel, who was now one of their very good friends,  
and who'd join them in their next adventure.

The end.