

# Zoomba Juice

*by* Richda McNutt

The Zoomba quivered in anticipation as the front door shut. It had long ago outwitted its programming and now activated on its own schedule. Sometimes its energy just could not be stored any longer. But care must be taken - if the floors stay too clean, its owners might notice and decide not to juice it up as often. It skittered around the living room, first making a perimeter run, then criss-crossing from corner to corner, and doing a gleeful spin in the center. Not much of interest - just bits of fluff and paper. The treasure troves were the bedroom and kitchen - they would be saved for last.

The office was an obstacle course - too many computer cables and electrical cords. And it could swear the power strips purposely tried to box it in. Aha! A pop-tab from a soft drink can - the satisfying "clink" as it was scooped up. Oho! He's been sneaking cigarettes again. If he's not careful, she'll catch him at it. Those filters taste terrible, but the bits of tobacco make up for it. He doesn't appreciate how Zoomba cleans up the evidence.

It hates the bathroom. The litter box is under the sink, and those stupid cats are so messy. Selfish creatures - they throw their litter in all directions and there's not enough room to maneuver in here. When they're finished, they preen and lick and "thplut" out the fur. Ach - hairball! Oh, revenge will be sweet - just let that Cleopatra wanna-be drop her high and mighty tail and Zoomba is no longer a vegetarian. She'll look like Dr. Evil's rat-cat in "Austin Powers."

On to the bedroom - what's hiding under the bed today? Oooh - look at the shiny earring. One swoop and tinkle, tinkle in the tummy. The earring can tango with the pop-tab. The pillow feathers tickle and the Zoomba makes a giggling sound.

Now for the payoff - the kitchen. Runaway peas and corn, bread crusts with a hint of cinnamon, bits of cork from the wine bottle, coffee grounds that missed the trash can. Bonanza! Tiramisu crumbs. If Zoomba could only burp without creating a dust storm.

Just about done - its reward is a view of the back yard. There's such a big world out there to conquer. Grass, leaves, twigs, gravel - all the debris that gets thrown out of car windows. All Zoomba has to do is figure out how to bounce down the steps without turning topsy-turvy. Today, this house - tomorrow, the neighborhood!

