



ANIMAL DIARIES

Written & Illustrated by
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The author

Aliya Shetty Oza

Aliya is a grade 3 student, at Ecole Mondiale World School, in Mumbai, India.

Her third book is an attempt to try something different and she really hopes that it is enjoyed by one and all. She has attempted to put together 10 diary entries from an animal's perspective and present the stories with a dash of humor in them.

Ally's inspiration to write; stems from her passion and love for reading. She hopes to continue to write forever. Her books can be viewed online or downloaded for free from her website www.shortstoriesbyally.com.

Special thanks

She would like to thank the many people who helped transform her book into a reality. Especially her cousin Parth who gave her the idea for this book and her family who patiently read her stories and gave her their valuable feedback.

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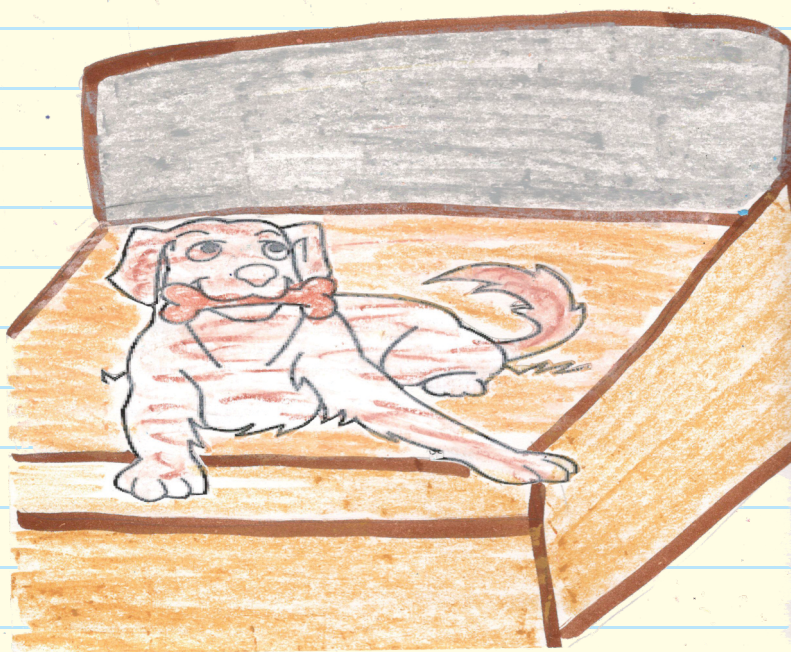
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DOG Diaries



Dear Diary,

Today was my 10th birthday, the worst day of my life. It was the worst day because no one wished me or even remembered that today was my birthday. I hate my family!



Why is it that the master and mistress of the house keep yelling and beating me up whenever I just want to relax on the sofa?

Every time I sit or sleep on their new comfy sofa, the master whacks me but when they perch their big fat bottoms on the sofa no one stops them. Someone please tell me, why are there different rules for humans and for us, dogs?

I could not sleep the previous night thinking of the spectacular surprises that would await me today. All I got this morning was a blast in my eardrums as the mistress was screaming and shouting at the ridiculous nanny. I insist on calling her the ridiculous nanny as she calls me "RUBY" instead of "DROOPY". The shameless woman has changed my gender to a female instead of a male dog; all the neighbourhood strays make fun of me, ridicule and tease me.

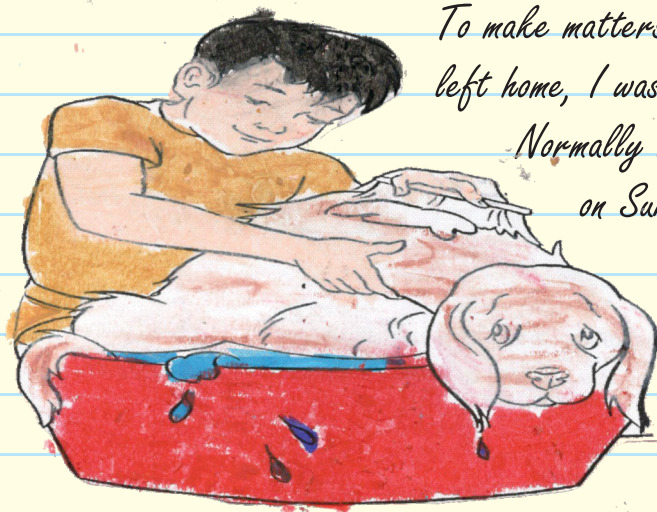
Anyway, where was I. Yes! This morning, I waited for the house-help to walk me down, but no! He came late today of all days. He doesn't realise I need to do my peeing and pooping after my beauty sleep.



Then to make the day worse the London cousins visited us. I was locked up as they have dog allergies. By the way who has dog allergies? Again see they have different rules for us dogs. The female cousin spits when she speaks but when I drool, "STOP IT DROOPY!" is what I get to hear. At lunch, the male

cousin ate a full tandoori chicken and people say, "Eat some more darling." When I ask for chicken, I get none. How is it fair? They call me a fatso and a glutton.

When the child has her birthday the parents plan it weeks in advance but for my birthday they don't care at all. I also want surprises; I am an old dog who is now 70 years old in human age (as one year of a dog's life is equal to 7 human years).



To make matters worse after they left home, I was taken for a bath.

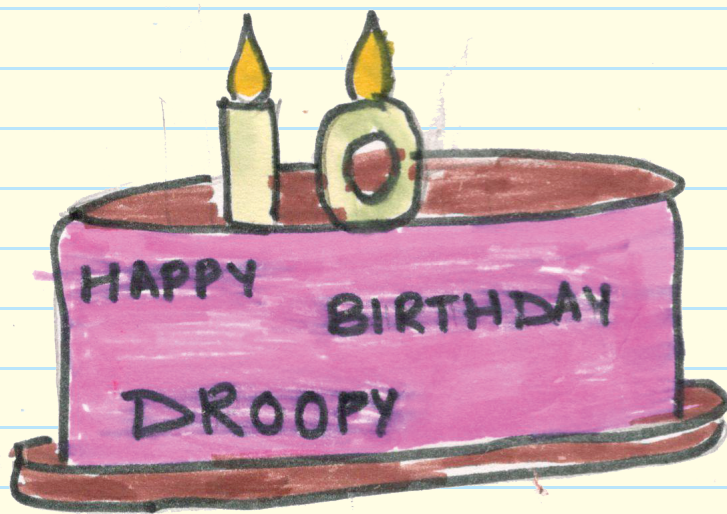
Normally I am tortured only on Sunday with a bath but this was mid-week. Why do people give dogs a bath? We like our dog smell

and not a clean smell. If I walk on the road with the clean smell the other dogs laugh at me, especially the strays.

Thank God! We don't wear clothes. The mistress keeps changing her clothes and throwing them at me on the floor. If they dressed me up I would die!

Wait Diary! I will be back soon. I can hear someone yelling my name.

WOOF, WOOF, WOOF Diary! It's a party after all. My family remembered today is my birthday. Maybe they are not so bad after all! I got a piece of cake too! I love them...

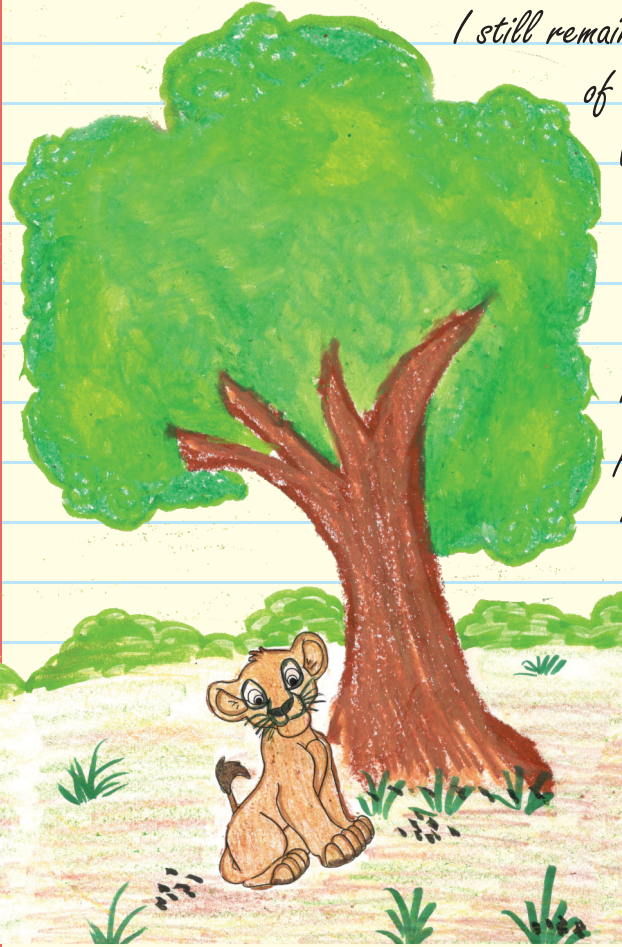


Paw and wags,
Droopy

LION Diaries



Hi Diary,



I still remain the star attraction of the New York Zoo.

Visitors flock to the Zoo to get a glimpse of me, 'ALEX THE LION'. Have I ever mentioned, that for the past 5 years I have been living in this zoo.

I was just a cub when I was brought to the New York Zoo. Well, did you know that I used to live in the wilds of Africa. Now, I just

love my life at the zoo as I have so many friends and get so much attention from all the visitors. I enjoy the fact that I get room service and house keeping service from the zoo helpers. It is a dream life.

I think I've said enough so let me tell you about the ridiculous incident that happened yesterday. As you are aware a new zookeeper has just arrived. He is short, dark and a bit healthy. (By healthy I mean plump)

Yesterday the new zookeeper was doing his job, checking on each animal. He was walking past my enclosure when he tripped over a stone, fell over my railing and into my watering hole.



I was walking out of my cave when he saw me and trembled with fear. I stepped on my boulder and exclaimed loudly, "What's up bro?" He got up and ran all around my cave. I thought we were playing tag so I ran after him. As I caught up with him I noticed that his pants were soaking and there was an

odd stench. That's when I realized that he wet his pants. That man was an imbecile to think that I am harmful and aggressive. He doesn't know I adore humans and they dote on me. I love posing for pictures with visitors and then later posting them on snap-book (snapchat and facebook). I feel like a Broadway star when I pose on my boulder and the crowd chants my name.



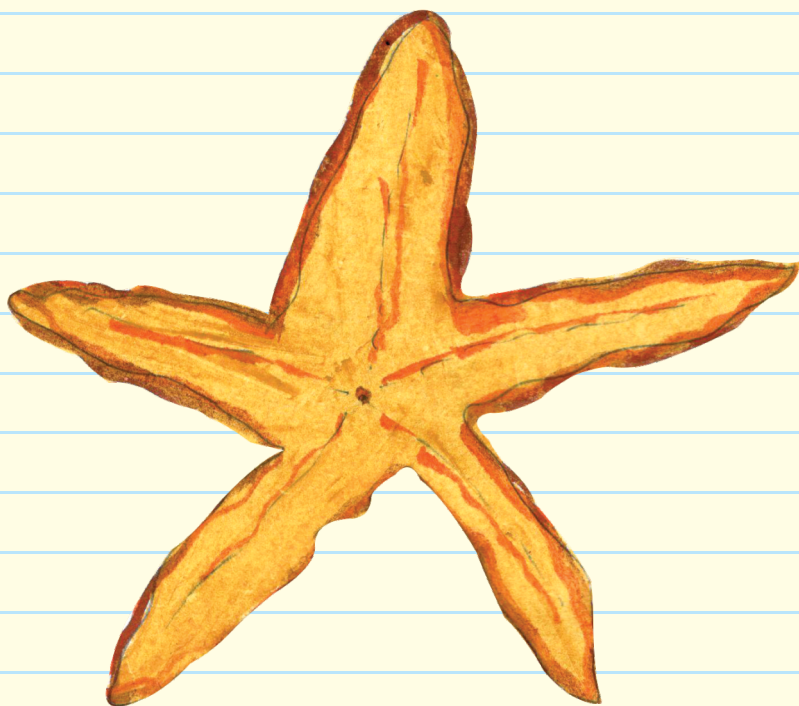
Sorry, coming back to the incident, the man fainted the minute I reached to say, "Caught you!" He just passed out. Suddenly it dawned on me that he fainted out of fear. I rolled with laughter on my back. The other zoo helpers took the new zookeeper out of my enclosure as I continued to roll on my back with laughter.



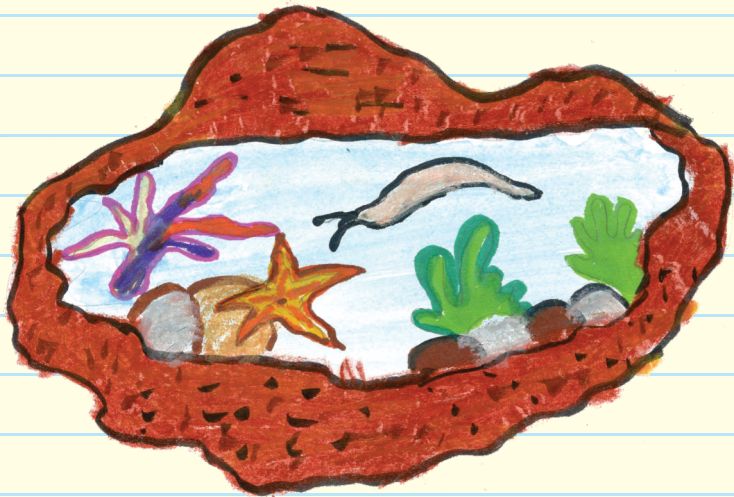
The news spread like wild fire- I was on the front page of the New York Times, thanks to the new zookeeper. Life is awesome at the zoo and I will never forget what happened yesterday.

Relax and Chillax,
Alex

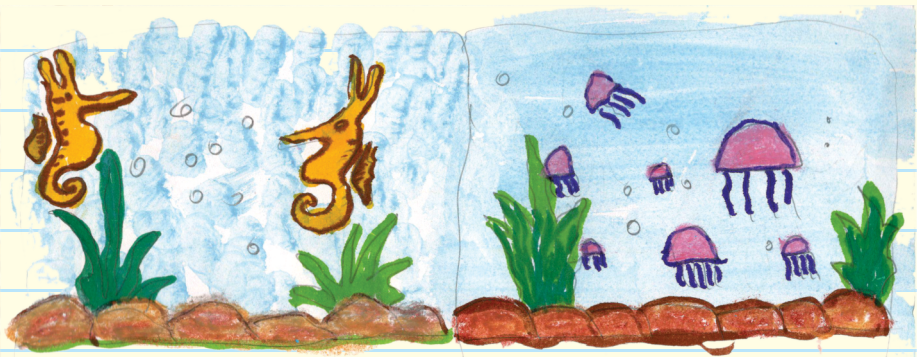
STARFISH Diaries



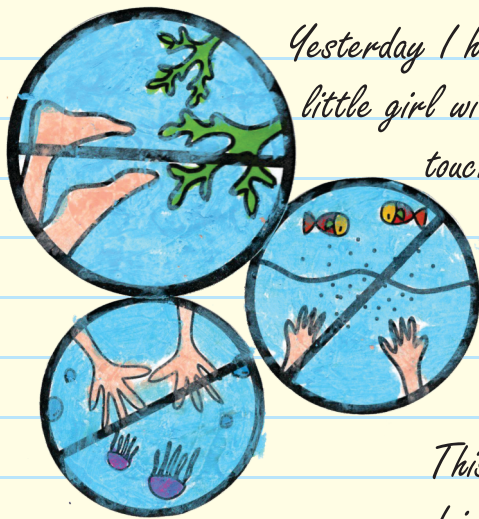
Hi Diary,



Today I will share with you how it feels getting bruised on my arms. Let me begin. As you know I am an aquarium starfish and I am kept in a rock pool where kids come and touch me. I am happy with them touching me but sometimes they dig their beastly horrid nails into me. I don't get why they do that to me. I also breathe; I am a living creature who feels pain. I don't understand why kids pick me up and then drop me right on my back. The weird children also drop chips and chocolate in my rock pool. Eating all that junk food gives me indigestion and gas. My friends call me Gassy Sally and tease me constantly. Not to forget those silly kids call me a fish when I am not one. I am a sea star. Don't the kids know I don't have gills, vertebrae or scales.



How come they don't go and bother the sea anemone and sea cucumber? I wish I was a seahorse or a jellyfish. These obnoxious kids never hurt them. The maximum damage they face is the noise from the kids banging on their glass tanks. I never really wanted to be a common starfish. Did you know Diary that a starfish has minimum 5 arms like me or maximum 40 arms; I learnt this fact from the poster opposite my habitat.



Yesterday I had a life changing experience, a little girl with a sad face and braces touched me and instantly a smile crept on her face. I thought she was going to hurt me but she did nothing, she was studying me very intently. This girl then noticed the bruises on my arm and immediately told the staff and

volunteers something. After everyone had left the girl returned. She had gone to the art corner and made lovely posters about not hurting us sea animals. She requested the staff to stick the posters near each sea animal and make sure the posters were visible. The girl's kind gesture made me love my job again. Kids aren't that bad I guess??

Stars and Twinkles,
Sally the Starfish

PIGEON Diaries



Dear Mr. Diary,



Good Morning!
How are you this
morning? Okay
sorry Mr. Diary
but I'm going to
share with you
some unpleasant
news about an
incident that happened

yesterday. I'm going to now begin my sad tragic tale. Yesterday I was eating my breakfast on time as usual; you know I'm very particular about my daily routine.

After eating my breakfast I was walking on the wonderful jolly road of London Hyde Park when I bumped into my friend, Mr. Parrot. He mentioned about how very nervous he was about entering the Most Intelligent Bird Contest (MIB). I asked him if he could sign me in too. He first looked serious and stunned but when I smiled he started to laugh annoyingly.

I inquired why he was laughing loudly. "Are you one hundred percent sure you want to enter this contest, as it is the national, Most Intelligent Bird Contest?," he said. Hmm...Mr. Parrot meant that I'm not smart. I thought for a bit and then I asked Mr. Parrot what he meant by saying "Are you one hundred percent sure you want to enter this contest?" Before he could even open his mouth, I questioned him again. I asked him if he meant I am not smart.



He tried to reason with me, but I simply ignored him and gave him a lecture. I informed the shallow and ignorant bird about how pigeons were used as messengers in wartime. Pigeons can also read and recognise all the 26 alphabets of the English language. It is a myth that we are dumb birds. We can pass the mirror test, which means we can recognise our reflection in the mirror. We pigeons can actually differentiate between people. Saying my piece I walked away in a huff and puff.



As you know I'm a really sensitive grey domestic pigeon. I flew away from the park that Mr. Parrot and I had met in. I found myself flying down Old Brompton Road in the busy streets of London. I suddenly came across four ladies who were constantly chatting. There were two older ladies in the group who looked in their forties, the younger ladies looked to be about 18 and 12.

The 18-year-old screamed, when she spotted me and ran to the other side of the road. I noticed that the younger girl was laughing at the 18 year old for being petrified of pigeons. Instead of being ashamed the 18 year old called the 12 year old a pigeon brained Dumbo.

I felt so sad and dejected. I was walking lost in thought when a speeding bus almost hit me. So I rushed to the sidewalk where those same four ladies were strolling. Again the 18 year old saw me and rushed to the other side missing the speeding traffic. Since she called people pigeon brained dumbos and she was scared of pigeons, I decided to prank the limbs and liver out of her.

I snapped out of my prankish thoughts and signalled to my nearest three pigeon friends. I informed them that the 18 year old was frightened of us and made fun of our intelligence and explained my plan.

So we slowly crept up and circled around the 18 year old. She tried running from us when she spotted us but fell down on

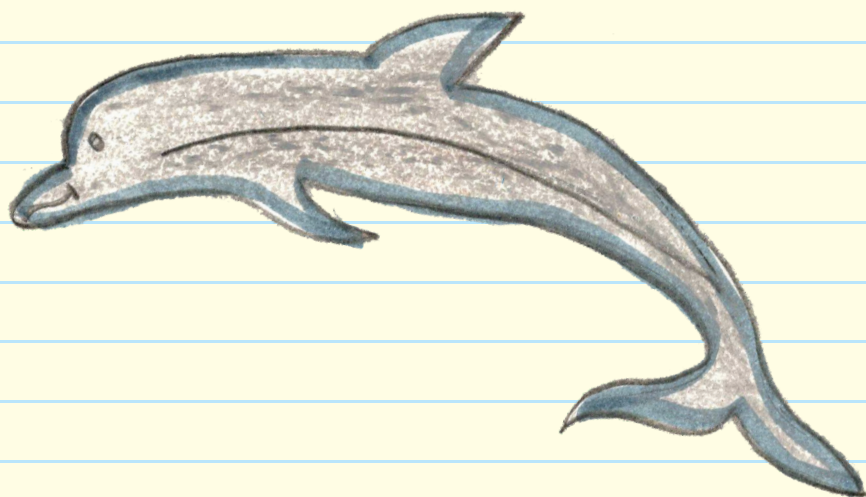
the sidewalk. A gardener was watering the plants and put his hose on her head. The 18 year

old was wet and drenched. Her family was laughing hysterically. Hopefully she had realised her mistake and won't do anything like this again.



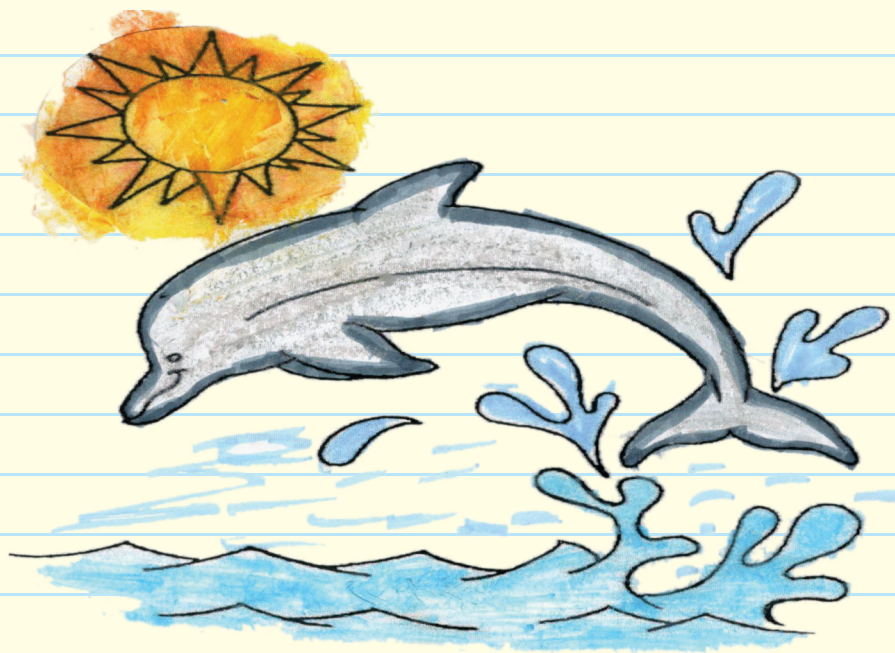
Flaps and flying,
Mr. Pigeon.

DOLPHIN Diaries



Dear Diary,

Hi! What's up? What you doing? Ok maybe I should just shut up and get to the point. I've got to tell you all about the life changing experience which occurred yesterday. Let's begin!



Yesterday was a bright sunny day, a perfect day to swim closer to the shore. You know about pesky humans and how they love catching a glimpse of me! Even though I don't like them, I get a lot of attention from them.

As I was saying, I always tease the human buffoons by doing crazy stunts and flips in the water. If you think I, a dolphin can't do that stuff then think again, I'm a super cool dolphin! So let me get to the main part of my story (which is real). I was performing my stunts when the tide abruptly changed from high to low tide, washing and marooning me off on the sandy beach.



A huge crowd gathered around me with flash cameras to take pictures of and with me! Seriously? No one cared about helping an awesome bottlenose dolphin? Wait...

What were those boys doing? Were they actually trying to help me? Lucky me!!!! At least I had a slim chance of going back into the sea (my home). One of the boys tried to lift my tail up to push me in the sea. When he dropped my tail, it swished into the sand and all the sand flew into a boy's eyes. I apologized to him worried no one would help me but the more I apologized with the sound, "trrrrrrrrr", the more terrified he looked. Then I realised that humans and dolphins do not speak the same language

It took a lot of might, brains and teamwork, none of which I thought humans

had, to push a dolphin like me back into the sea.

By the way did I mention I

recognized these boys from their morning boat ride

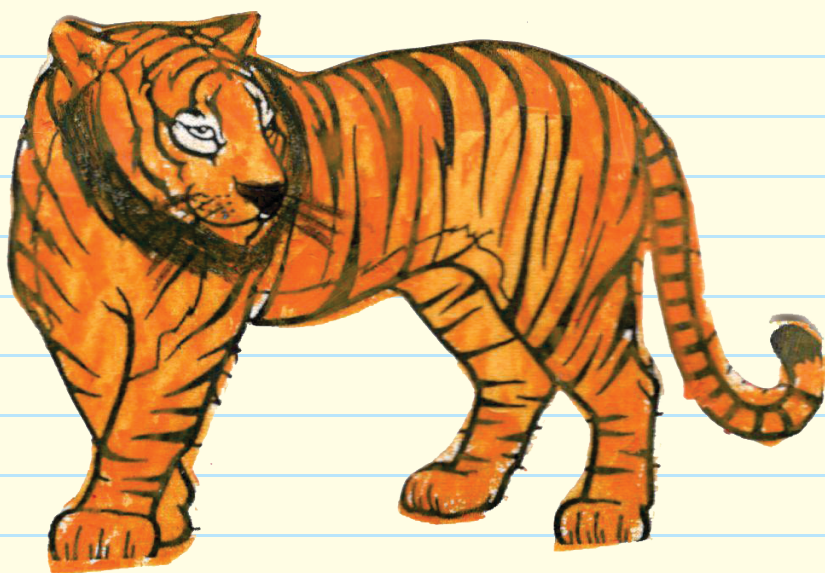


in the sea. They were blaring loud Bollywood music which blasted my eardrums, as us dolphins are very delicate and sensitive to loud sounds. From now on, as they helped me, they can play their music whenever they want, but softly.

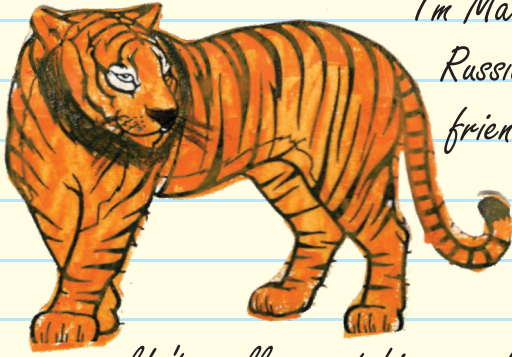
Whatever, I owe those boys a lot. I don't know what I would have done without them. Now I think humans are not as bad as they look. Maybe I'll treat them with extra backflips. Next time!!!

Flips and Stunts,
DQD(Drama Queen Dolphin)

TIGER Diaries



Hello Diary,



I'm Max the tiger. I'm part of the Russian Circus. I have a lot of friends. Let me tell you who they are lions, monkeys, a few dogs and the elephants.

There is also a trainer, but I wouldn't really count him as a friend. I am going to narrate a hilarious story, which occurred this morning.

Before I begin, I have to mention that this is a real incident and you are going to laugh so much and that you may find this story unbelievable. As you know about our evil and selfish

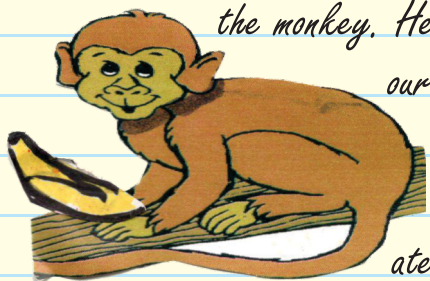
trainer, he wakes up at the crack of dawn and makes us practice. He rarely feeds us but hogs on food like a glutton and when we make a mistake he hits us with an iron rod and zaps our electric collars. We all hate him. Did you know that



the owner loves our trainer and gives him extra money? That is so unfair.

To teach our trainer a lesson, my friends and I hatched up a plan. We were lucky as he was taking his afternoon nap.

First, one of us removed our electric collar and handed it over to the monkey. He carefully placed the collar over our trainer's head and around his neck. Then I gave the monkey a treat, a banana. As the monkey ate the banana, the Lion had an idea.



He whispered his idea to all of us and we did

as we were told. I noticed that the monkey dropped the banana peel somewhere near our trainer's bed. One

of the elephants exclaimed that she was going to poop right in front

of our trainer's bed. Finally we took a whistle, blew it and waited in our cages.



We pretended to sleep as our trainer woke up and started



stretching. His hand came across the remote for the collar and he ended up zapping himself. Then as he stood up angrily he ended up falling in the poop. Even more angrily, he stood up and again slipped on the banana peel banging him self against another door and into the owner's cabin. He made so much noise that he woke the owner up who was napping.

The owner was furious and demanded to know what had happened. Our trainer said that we animals were up to this mischief. The owner started laughing hysterically. He exclaimed that how can animals, who are sleeping peacefully in their cages, do such mischief. Our trainer stammered and scratched his head. Our owner fired our trainer and slapped him so hard that he almost fell and saw stars in the daytime. I felt so happy; we had our revenge. We are now celebrating and having a party tonight.



Roaring and Pranking

Max the Tiger.

LIZARD Diaries



Dear Diary,



This is Lizi writing after ages. I'm very sorry for not writing earlier as I am still recovering from the loss of my tail. Did I mention I lost my tail? I think it slipped my mind. Anyways, let me tell you all about it.



It was a peaceful Monday evening, when I was lazing behind a tube light in a building hunting for food when I saw a healthy woman step out of an elevator. She looked here and there, to see if anyone was around. She looked suspicious, like a robber or a thief. Before I could think of what she would do, I heard a loud noise like an explosion. I realized there was also an odd stench that filled the area. That is when I knew she let out a lot of gas. Ew!

Suddenly the lady noticed a part of me sticking out from behind the tube light. She let out a big scream as if an enormous creature was about to attack her. Seriously! This lady had no sense! Who should be more terrified? The lady or me, I wondered? I think definitely me as she gave me a heart attack and sent half my body to heaven!



To escape her I scurried hurriedly through the door, to find my self in a dark room. I hid behind a curtain so that the scary lady would not send the other part of me to hell. I was petrified!

Just when I felt safe, the freakish lady showed up again. She turned on the lights; suddenly she let out a disgusting burp and slowly walked towards the curtains. I could hear her footsteps approaching and my heart was drumming rapidly. I hid deeper into the curtain. The lady withdrew the curtains abruptly making me lose my balance. I fell onto her back and into her clothes.



As she came
to know there
was something
in her
clothes, she
wobbled and

wiggled and wobbled and wiggled till I fell out of the back of her blouse. I was so scared that the next moment before I regained my sense, I noticed I did not have my tail! I saw it lying in a distance. The lady picked it up and stared at it. Then stared at me, and then back at it. She then realized it was my tail and made such a ruckus! Did you know when a lizard loses its tail it is imbalanced. I pray I recover and heal soon.

Well diary, my eyes and nose are still mad at me for losing my tail.

Tails and Females,
Lizi Lizard

DEER Diaries



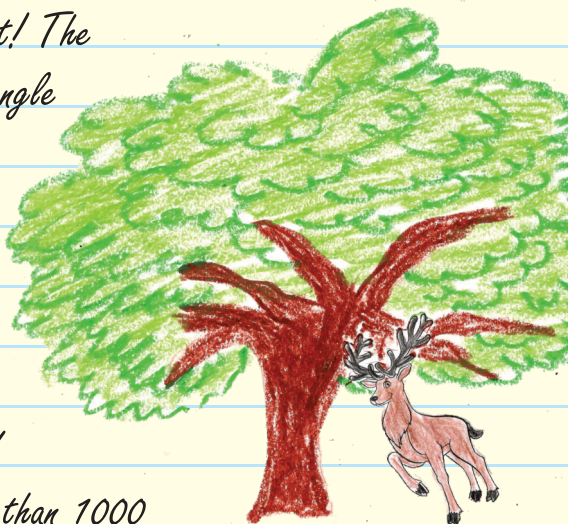
Hi Diary,



This is Darlene the Deer writing. I am not trying to be melodramatic but I really went through a crazy, unbelievable experience yesterday. Let me narrate the story to you.

So yesterday I was prancing through the forest when a bug flew straight onto my head and then just zoomed away after a minute or so. I felt so itchy you couldn't even imagine it. Then, because of the itchiness, I went to the nearest tree to itch myself. As I was itching against the branches, my antlers got stuck in one of the tree's branches.

Now comes the funny part! The more I was trying to untangle my antlers from the branch, the more tangled I got. I looked like I was playing a game of Twister as I was completely twisted. I bet you I would win more than 1000



points. I never knew I was so flexible! But I am still suffering from the aches and pains. So that's why I have a nice cup of cocoa fizz with me.

What seemed like days was actually only a couple of hours. Many men, women, and animals passed by. Whenever I called them,



nobody bothered to listen. I spotted a frightened man who was passing by. I thought yet another crushing disappointment as he wouldn't stop to help me. No offence to the man but he looked like a plump grizzly bear. I hoped he was a vegetarian and I wasn't going to be Sunday Dinner at his table.

Surprisingly, the animal gods answered my desperate prayers. The man stopped and looked at me. The man was terrified and I wondered how he would help me.

He looked around and found a stick and tried to untangle me with the stick from a distance. I understood the fact that he really wanted to help me out. This trick obviously didn't work. I tried to encourage him by smiling but the more I smiled the more he backed away. I felt so frustrated that I kept saying the words 'fool' in my mind.

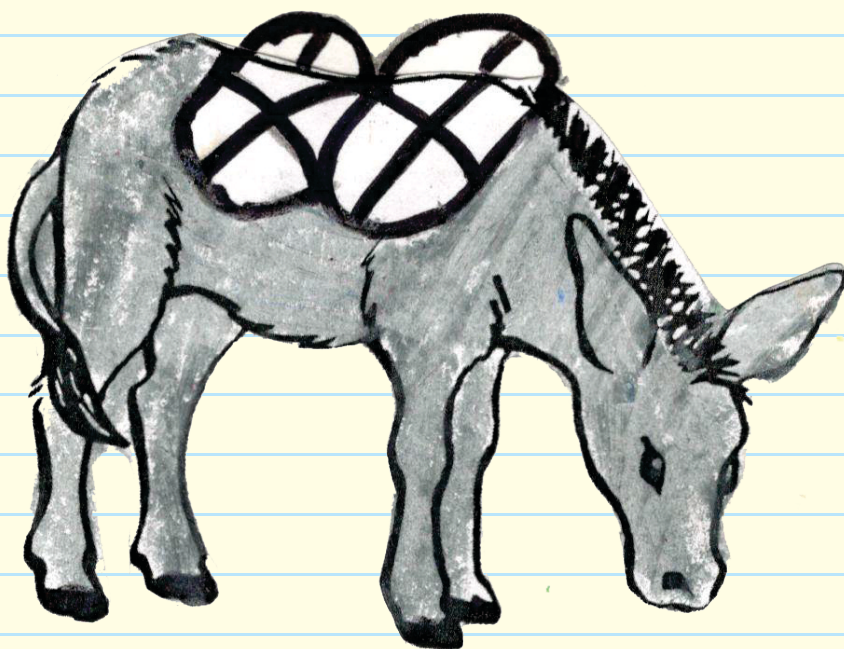
He approached me and then slowly bent the branch with his 'bear' hands. Even that didn't help. It gave me excruciating pain in my horns as it tugged them harder.

I made sounds so he could understand that I would not harm him. Slowly he understood and felt the courage within him. He lifted the branch and then bent my head diagonally. I was free at last!

Sometimes the simplest solutions are all one needs.

Tangles and Untangles,
Darlene the Deer

DONKEY Diaries

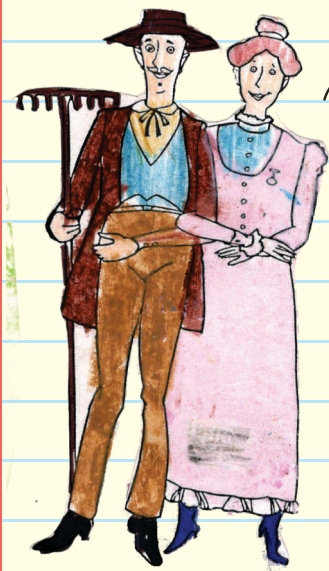


Dear Diary,

This is Donkey writing... I feel so merry after I received the farmer's title, 'Dashing Donkey'. I am so happy that I need to share my incredible story of how I got the title. So, before I begin, you should know that I do not mean to brag in any way.



As you know I live in a strange farm. Rickety Rooster does not wake people up and people have to wake him up, Cindy the Cow hates to be milked, Danny the Dog is never doing his guard dog duty by watching out but instead, loves to look at himself in his dog mirror. This makes the farmer and his wife so miserable. No wonder they live in such poverty.



Yesterday, the farmer's wife had a great idea. She decided to sell homemade fresh and natural strawberry jam, tasty marmalade and cool refreshing lemonade all at the Sunday Farmer's Market. The farmer walked in disappointed and angry shouting, "That is a terrible idea! Who will carry all the load? Obviously not the rooster, cow or dog as they do nothing." The farmer's wife shook her head and said very calmly, "What about the donkey?" The farmer slouched down on a chair and shook his head in disbelief.

The argument between them continued for a while. I was hoping they would call a truce but they didn't. They glared at each other very angrily and then went their separate ways. The farmer's wife decided she was going to participate and sell her goodies at the Sunday Farmer's Market anyways.

Finally the day I was waiting for arrived, as I knew the farmer's wife was going to choose me to handle the duty of taking the burden to the market. I was right! I knew she would have faith in me! I just knew it! I happily trotted to the colorful market.



The market was in such chaos. There were people everywhere. There were buyer's bargaining with the seller/producer, people chatting with one another, some others ranting and raving like crazy. I spent all day watching the hustle and bustle in the market place

When I finally returned, the farmer was dancing around the barn with a letter in his hand. He read the letter to his wife. I only understood the part where it mentioned foreigners coming the next day; the rest was bla bla to me.

The next day, the farmer was dressed in his best suit and was waiting for someone so eagerly that for a change he actually looked like he was happy. A car arrived and lovely fair people

came out of the car greeting us with a weird but cool British accent. One of them who looked like the person in charge said that our quality of products was awesome. He praised the farmer's wife and expressed their desire to place a big order with them.

Then, he asked the farmer, "If you and your wife are so busy and your animals are useless like you said then who carries all the goodies to the market?" The farmer's wife let him finish and then



told the man that it was I, the donkey who carried the entire load. You see, donkeys are animals that are known to be dumb but in this case, everyone learnt this new lesson. They awarded me with a treat; and renamed me Dashing Donkey. That is how I received the title. I am sure the other animals also learned a lesson.

The lesson is: Donkeys rock!

Rewards and awards,
Dashing Donkey

CAT Diaries

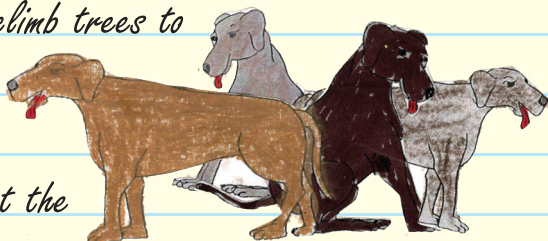


Dear Diary,

Since this is my first entry in my diary, I don't really know how this works. Let me start by telling you a little about myself. I am a stray cat who lives on the streets of Thane, in Maharashtra, India.

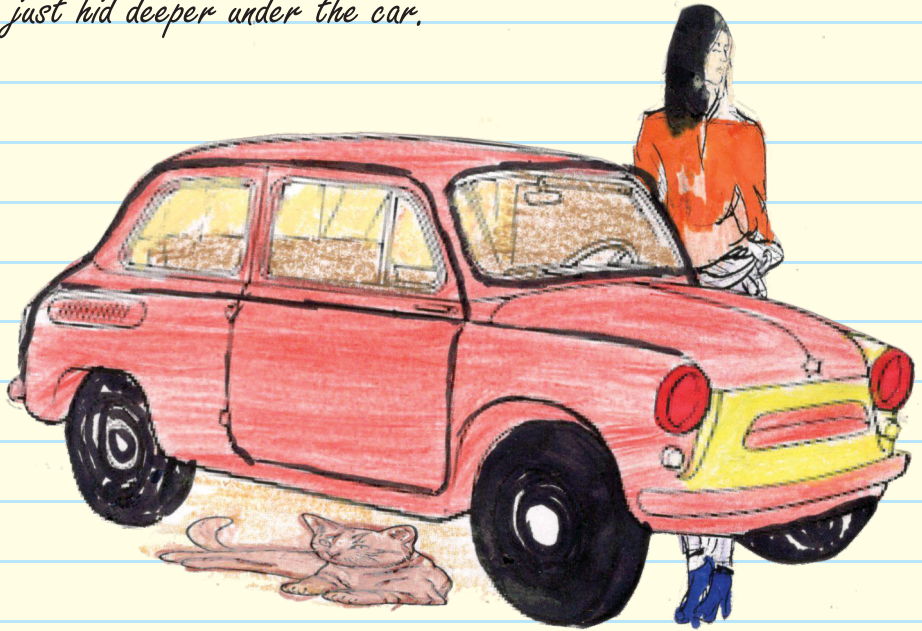


It was a terrible and hard life on the streets. Dogs chased me till I had no option but to climb trees to escape them. Even on the trees I wasn't safe, as there I would have to fight the monkeys. Even worse, I had to walk all the way to the lake to find my favourite food. It takes me half an hour to get there. I was a starving skinny stray cat and didn't have any shelter from the storms or hot and cold weather.



But yesterday something wonderful happened. As I crossed the road a brute of a dog saw me and started chasing me. I ran for my life. I lost him in the dust. Dogs are such slowpokes! Then, I

ventured into a new strange place and hid under a car. I could hear people screaming and shouting but I didn't figure out why. I just hid deeper under the car.




I was sure the boss of the place was an old grumpy man but instead, she was a sweet and tall lady. I could see her heels from under the car. I went closer to see her more clearly, when she saw me and tried to pick me up.

Since that moment, my life has changed. So, my new name was Lisa! Then, the driver thought I was a male cat instead of a female cat and renamed me Sam. Thank God, someone finally realized I was a female cat and called me Lisa again. Now I have

the best family ever. I have a personalized neon collar with a bell. I no longer have to worry about food or shelter and spend my days taking long catnaps.

Cats and Naps,
Lisa

The page is framed by a decorative border. At the top, there are pink flowers with yellow centers. On the left and right sides, there are green palm fronds. At the bottom, there are more pink flowers with yellow centers.

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