continues from original text

The ripples cleared and Nothing found himself staring sadly at his own reflection. As he did so, he noticed something else duerbeal crossing the pond, except that whatever it was, wasn't making any ripples. Then, he felt a swoosh of air move slightly above his head, and heard a muted tap, tap tapping sound. He turned and looked above him to see a bat swooping and diving in a figure of eight movement. As it swooped past once more it asked, "What  $\leftarrow \bigcirc$ are you? You're new around here."

"I'm Nothing," answered Nothing.

"Hmmm, well you're certainly too big for me to eat," the bat replied, before it swooped again and again, chasing the tasty insects which hovered above the still water.

Nothing was certain of something. He may have had ears, whiskers and stripes, but he couldn't ever imagine himself having wings and being able to fly. He continued to look wistfully at his reflection and asked himself again. What are you? feelings