

Energizing Every Moment

"Ugh, another one of *those* afternoons," I muttered, slumping onto the couch next to Sally. The sky outside our living room window looked like a gray, forgotten blanket, completely drained of any sunshine. The only sound in the dead-quiet house was the soft, rhythmic hum of the fridge. Gloom had officially set in.

Suddenly, a familiar *bump!* echoed from the hall, followed by a voice that was anything but gloomy.

"Why the death-stares at the window though? Did your energy go flat?"

And there he was: the Cat in the Hat, looking like a tall, eccentric holiday decoration with his massive striped top hat. He was buzzing with an almost tangible mischief that made me instantly wary.

"We've got energy," I deadpanned, rolling my eyes. "Lights, TV, my phone's at 80%. We're fine."

The Cat's grin widened. "But do you know *where* that energy comes from? Do you know who's on the hook for keeping it flowing, even when a gnarly storm rolls in and the power lines look like modern art installations?"

Before we could even venture a guess, he whipped off his hat—which seemed even bigger than usual and was crackling with tiny, genuine sparks. Out leapt Thing One and Thing Two, miniaturized chaos agents now surprisingly practical in tool belts and bright safety gloves.

“We’re here to juice things up!” they shouted in unison, zipping around the room so fast the static electricity made the little hairs on my arms stand straight up.

The Cat snapped his long fingers, and the drywall around us instantly dissolved. We weren't in our living room anymore. We were standing smack in the middle of a vast, bright field under a massive, skeletal network of tall metal transmission poles that stretched off into the horizon.

“Welcome,” the Cat announced with a flourish of his cane, “to the world of electric cooperatives!”

He pointed to a faded, proud sign that read: *Community Power Co-op*.

“You see, back in the day, big-shot power companies didn’t bother with rural areas—small towns and farms weren't 'profitable' enough. But people didn’t just collectively shrug and go back to candles. They got proactive. They built their own electric grid, together. They built co-ops: places where every single person hooked up is both a customer *and* an owner.”

Thing One yanked a comically oversized crank, and a giant light bulb hanging above us flickered on. “Every member,” he explained with surprising clarity for a Thing, “gets a vote. Total democracy. Doesn’t matter if you live in a mansion or a studio apartment. One member, one vote!”

Thing Two bounced excitedly on his heels. “And the money they make doesn’t just pad some far-off CEO’s wallet in the city; it goes *back* into the local community. That means newer, tougher equipment, fewer outages, possibly lower bills, and even scholarships for students right here!”

The Cat started spinning his tail like a high-voltage cord. “That’s the whole genius of it! Cooperatives run the lights not for maximizing profit, but for maximizing people. They ensure the power gets to where it’s actually needed most, and they teach a major lesson: energy isn’t just about electricity flowing through a wire. It’s about a connection. It’s about community backbone.”

We watched this weird, fast-forward montage: local farmers working even after sundown, high school kids touring a substation (wearing hard hats, naturally), and line workers in orange vests waving as they climbed into their trucks, looking like real-life superheroes.

The Cat tipped his iconic hat, and for a second, a genuinely warm, golden glow replaced the gloomy gray sky.

“To energize every moment,” he said, his voice dropping a register to something serious, “means more than keeping your devices charged. It means lifting each other up, making sure our towns are alive and bright for the long haul.”

With a final zap and a loud *whirr*, the field warped and faded. We blinked, and we were back in our living room. The lights were humming steadily, the fridge was still buzzing its quiet tune. The Cat gave us one last smile from the doorway.

“Remember, kids—real power doesn’t just come from wires and poles. It comes from working together to keep those wires up.”

He winked, dissolved in a flash of static and mischievous laughter, and was gone.

Sally and I just sat there in silence. And maybe it was my imagination, but for the rest of the night, the whole house seemed to glow a little brighter.

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