

BO TOWN

GILA VON MEISSNER



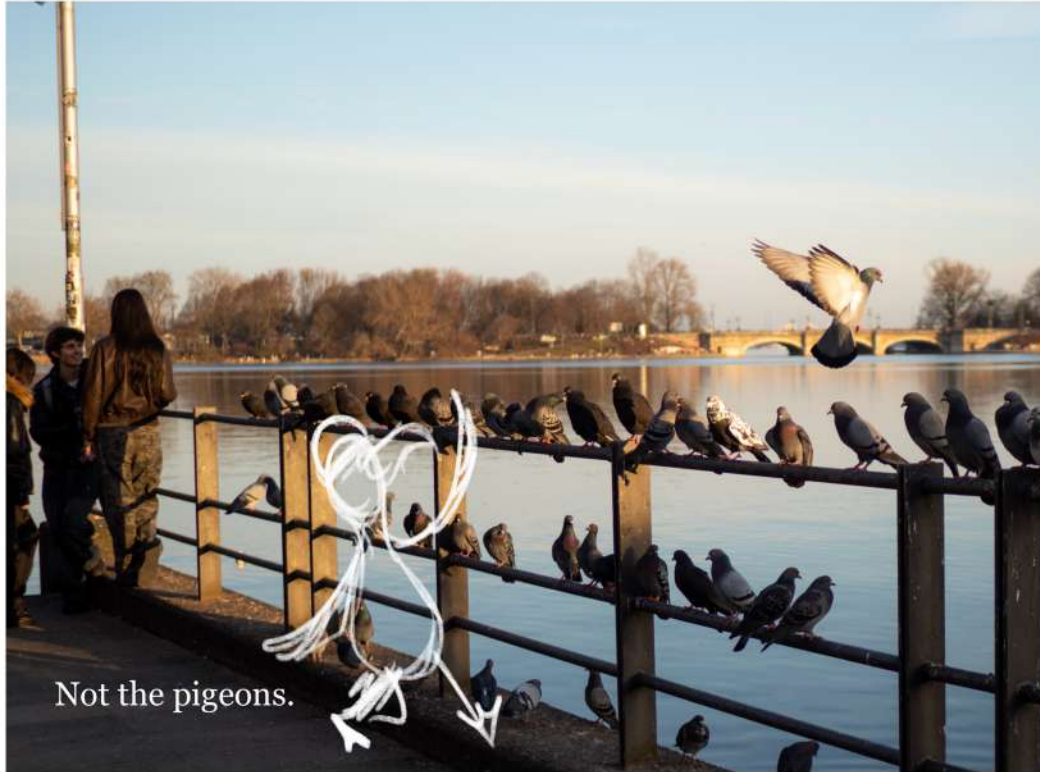


Bo looked around the city.

It was grungy.
It was dirty.
And it was grey.

It was perfect.

Nobody questioned his rule.



Not the pigeons.

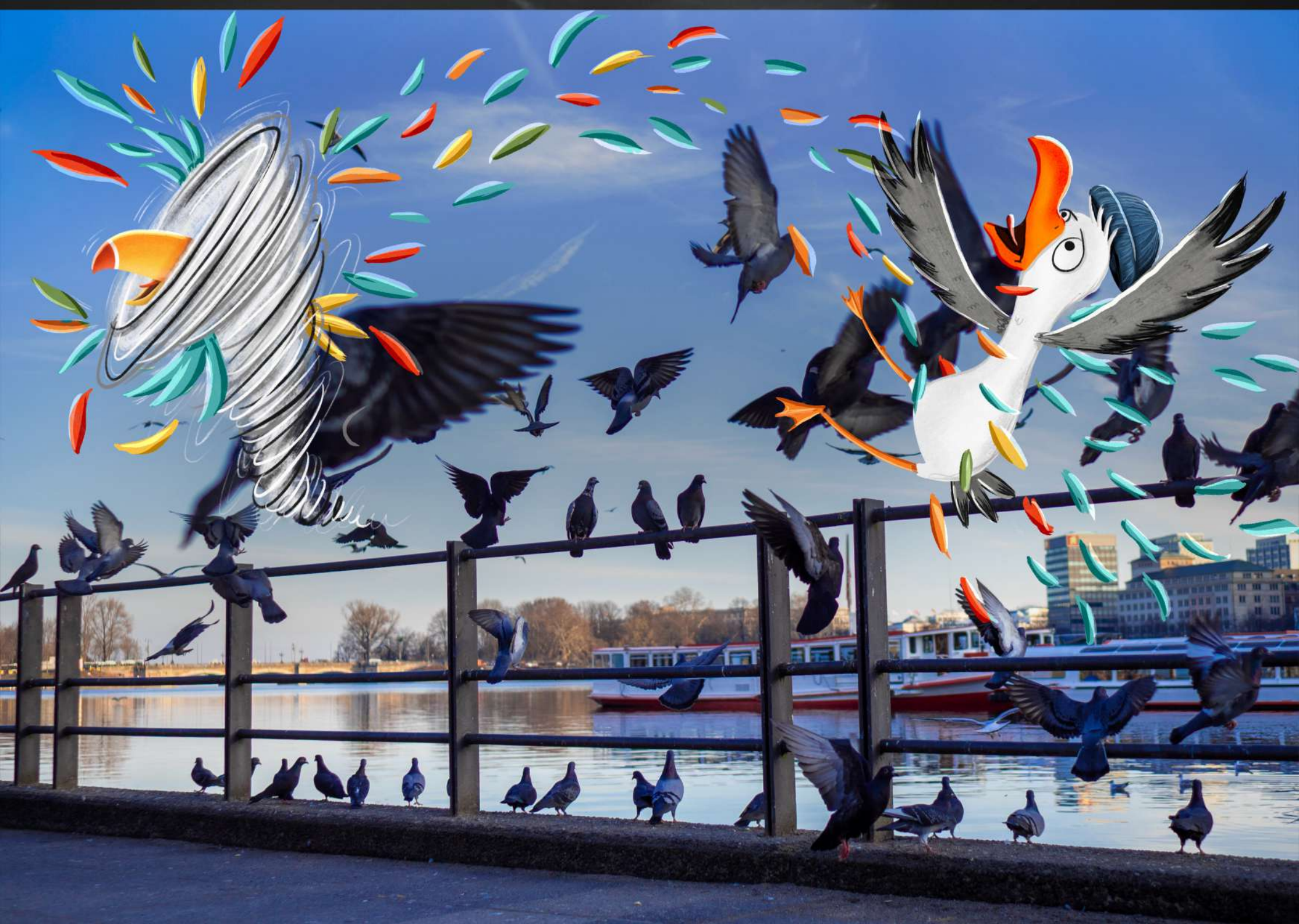


Not the rats.

Not the humans.



And nothing would ever change that.



Nobody wanted him here.



Not the pigeons.
They hated his singing.



Not the rats.
They hated his dancing..



And nobody asked the humans.

Only one opinion mattered.



But chaos spreads.

And chaos in Bo Town was unacceptable.

Bo could have ignored it.

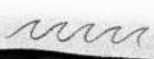
He almost did.

Something had to
be done.

So Bo made a plan.



PLAN



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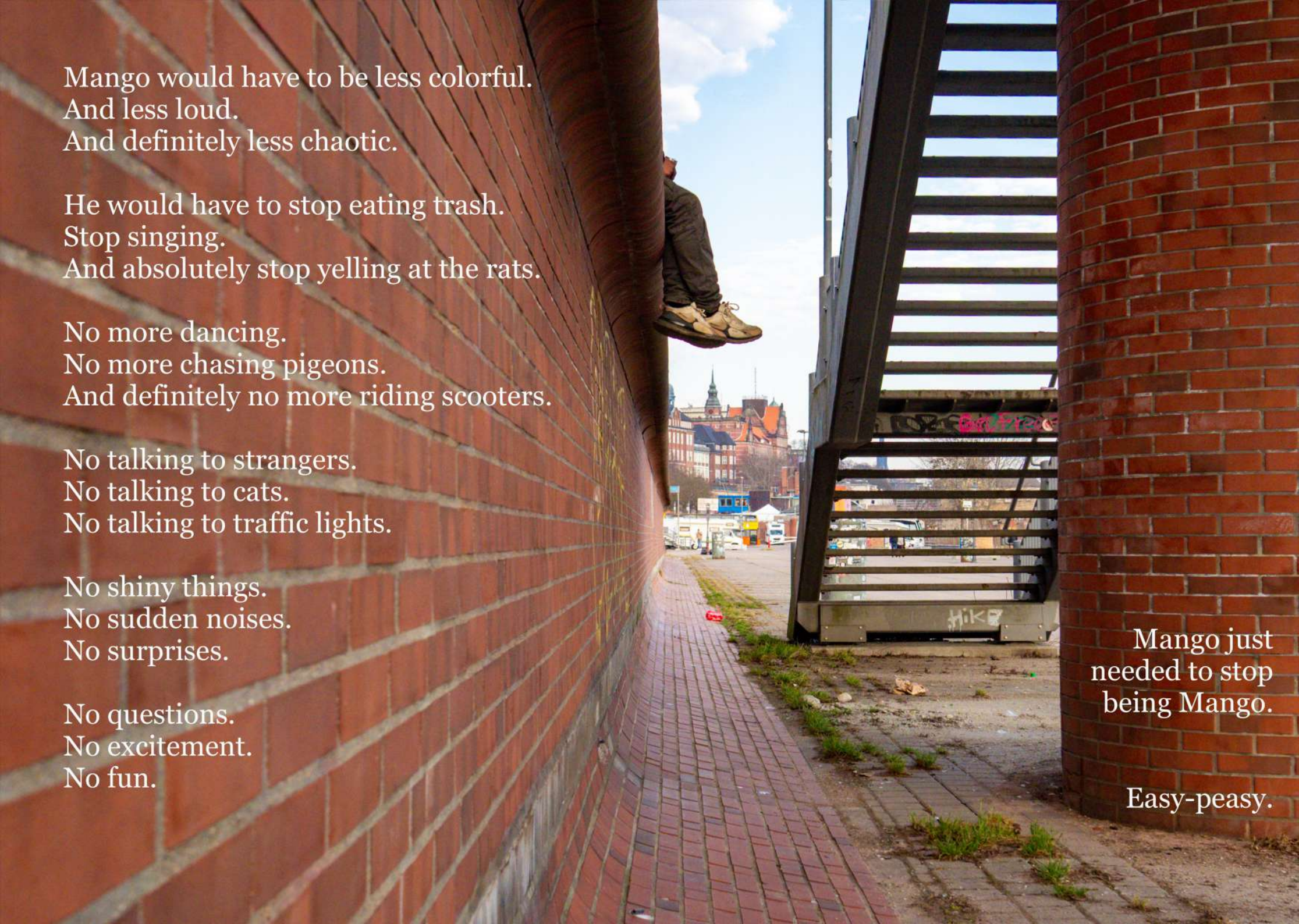
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A photograph of a person sitting on a ledge of a brick wall. The person is wearing dark pants and light-colored sneakers. To the right of the person is a staircase with metal railings. The background shows a city street with buildings and a blue sky with clouds. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Mango would have to be less colorful.
And less loud.
And definitely less chaotic.

He would have to stop eating trash.
Stop singing.
And absolutely stop yelling at the rats.

No more dancing.
No more chasing pigeons.
And definitely no more riding scooters.

No talking to strangers.
No talking to cats.
No talking to traffic lights.

No shiny things.
No sudden noises.
No surprises.

No questions.
No excitement.
No fun.

Mango just
needed to stop
being Mango.

Easy-peasy.

Only it wasn't easy.
Or peasy.

Bo almost walked away.

That would have been easy.
And peasy.



Which is when the real trouble started.



The pigeons noticed.
Bright birds don't stay hidden.

And pigeons don't like different.
Or chaos.

Bo saw the circle forming.
Saw the feathers puffing.
Saw Mango trying to look brave.



And he sighed.
He almost walked away.

But nobody causes trouble in Bo Town.
Nobody. Not even the pigeons.

Bo stepped forward.

This was still his city. His rule.

And Mango was his, too.

His problem.





Mango didn't say anything. For once.

He just sat there. Small. Quiet.

Bo turned away. Almost.

Then he heard a small voice.

I can leave.

A black wall covered in graffiti, with a concrete step and a black pipe in the foreground. The wall is the central focus, featuring various graffiti tags in yellow, green, blue, and white. A concrete step is visible at the bottom left, and a black pipe runs vertically along the wall. The ground is a mix of dirt and gravel, with some scattered leaves and debris. The overall scene is gritty and urban.

Bo sighed.

This was still Bo Town.

His city. His rules.

And Bo decided who stayed.

“Stay,” he said.



Bo still ruled the city.
He just ruled it differently now.