

Lydia S.

Hi my name is Clare. I'm going to tell you about my life from the beginning to now. Here's the start. I was cuddling with my mom and my two sisters Lizzy and Hannah. They are the best. So we sucked mom's sweet warm milk until we were full and our tummies hurt a little. We tried to keep drinking but Mother knew her kitties were full. She carefully stood up and me and my sisters tumbled down. I was lucky that I only had two siblings and we didn't need to share mother's yummy milk. "It's getting late," my mom gently told us. "Time for bed." Then she picked us up one-by-one and tucked us into our soft, cozy bed. The next morning people came and tried to succeed in taking us away from our mother. My mom acted fast. Because we all knew deep in our hearts we couldn't be separated. She let out a huge, furious hiss. I was scared. My mom had never even slightly hissed at us once before. What me and Lizzy and Hannah's body's did naturally was to back into the corner while mother fought. First she jumped up and clawed one's hand. Red stuff gushed out of his palm. He let out a howl of pain. But then some other person grabbed me and my sisters. I tried to do what my mom did but the human was too quick and held my mouth shut so I couldn't bite him. I was scared, frightened, and furious. Where were they taking me?! I was screaming "Help! Help!" in my head because I couldn't talk. This was one of the tragic moments in my life so far. I could hear my mother's barks, the human howling in pain still, the other humans shouting, "I think he needs stitches!" and in a sweet voice "she's just trying to protect her kittens." I didn't want these humans to hurt me or any of my family. What I was saying in my head that added to the noise was, "I need a way to escape! I need a way to escape!" The pressure was all on me. My sisters couldn't do it, my mom couldn't do it, so I had to do it. Just then my thoughts

were rudely interrupted by the very scary humans who had probably hurt my mother and were taking us away from her so he put us in a cage. Then left just left us there to die I thought for a second. But then I noticed a bowl of food and bowl of water. We couldn't sleep that night. In the morning a woman came and looked at us in the cage then exclaimed, "What cute tabby kittens!" Then handed another person something and cheerfully said, "I'll have the three tabby kittens." I knew what that meant...somebody was going to buy us! "Okay," responded the man in a deep voice. "How about they sniff you first." "Sounds good" the woman said slightly sad. The man slowly opened the cage and the woman put her hand in. We knew we would be sold anyway so we sniffed her hand. She smelled kind. She then happily said, "Wow! They like me!" Then took us to her car. That's where I still am now because she traveled a long way to get us. I'm still enjoying myself. Reason? Because I know somebody thinks I'm very special and that person is the woman whose name is Chloe. She is very nice.