

The Magic Apple
Written by: Benjamin P.

It was a bright sunny morning. I woke up to the smell of something good. I went to the kitchen and saw my Mom making blueberry muffins. "Can I have one, please?" "No," said Mom. "They are hot!" When they were ready, I had one. It was good! After I finished eating Dad asked me if I wanted to go to the store with him. "Sure," I said. Dad needed to buy some apples to feed our horse at our family ranch. When we got to the store, I saw a sign that said "Golden Apples." "Can I have one, Dad?" "Of course," said Dad. I ate the apple when I got home. Something just isn't right, I thought. There was a bright light and I tried to call my mom, but instead I meowed. Oh no, I turned into a cat! Not just any cat, my cat Charlie. I tried to open the door, but I couldn't because I had paws. Mom came in and held me. My own Mom didn't know it was me. When Mom wasn't looking my sister, Cate, ate an apple and turned into our cat Molly. She tried to talk to me. We could understand each other since we were both cats. We had to get a normal apple to turn back into ourselves.

My sister was an older cat so she could jump higher. She got one apple off the counter, but there was only one! "Where is the other one?" I asked. "I don't know," she meowed back. Then I saw it, my Dad was taking it with him to the ranch. I clung onto the bag and Dad tried to pull me off. I had no choice but to put out my claws and scratch him. I got the apple. Now my sister and I both had an apple. I had sharper teeth, so I pulled the skin off and got to the core. We ate them and a bright light flashed. We were back to ourselves again!

A few months later... "Hey son, look at this!" Dad showed me the newspaper. It said, "Magic Apples, New and Improved." Come down for one free apple. Cate and I both forgot about the last time. We all went to the store and got an apple. We ate the apples when we got home. Big mistake! The room felt like it was spinning and then it stopped. I called for mom, but meowed instead. Then I remembered the last time we ate "magic apples." I scratched at the bedroom door and the next thing I know I'm being cuddled by Mom. "I love you Charlie," cooed Mom. I caterwauled and hoped Cate would hear me. She meowed back, which meant she had turned into Molly again. We had to find a real apple, but where? "I know," said Cate, speaking cat, "we can take one from the store." So off we went to get some apples. We got the apples, except the store had closed and we were locked in. We got out the next day and were spotted. People began filming us running off with apples. When we got home I found the keys on the porch. Mom must have dropped them. "Cate, boost me up!" It was just enough to slide the key into the lock. Then I used my back foot to push the latch down. Cate pushed the door with her front paws. We got in and gobbled up the apples. Poof, we were back to normal. We wrapped Mom in a big hug and told her don't buy magic apples ever again. "I know," said Mom. "I ate one too and turned into Curious, until I found a left over slice of regular apple." Dad came in from outside and was going to eat the last "magic apple." I tried to stop him, but he took a bite. "Meow!"

Dad, oh no! Meow? He was Whiskers. "What is he saying?", asked Mom. I don't know, but there is only one way to find out. I took a bite of the apple. The room began swirling and meow. I was Charlie. "Dad you have-what is going on?" interrupted Dad. The apple turned you into a cat. I'm the only one who can understand you. "What if we use sign language," said Dad. So we devised a plan. I motioned for the step stool by the T.V. I jumped onto the T.V. stand and wrote in the dust on the screen with my paw saying we need Mom to help us. Mom took a bite of the apple and turned into Curious. "We need a normal apple," explained Mom. Where do we get one? "I have one in my truck," said Dad. "There is one in the fridge," exclaimed Mom. "We need one more," I shouted, "but how do we get it?" "I know, we could ask Sharon, our neighbor," said Mom. We told Cate with sign language to get an apple from Sharon. We waited a long time. Finally, she came back. "Sharon will take me to buy apples." "Great!" I said.

We got hungry while waiting for Cate to return. Dad jumped into a big bag of cat food. The bag fell over and food spilled everywhere. We quickly became bored. "Let's have some fun," I said. We made a swimming pool with dry food and swam in it. Then we got Charlie's toy gecko and chased it around. Then Cate burst through the door with the apples. I was actually reluctant to turn back. Keep buying Magic Apples Mom! My wish to be a cat sometimes is true. "I will; I sort of like being a cat too," said Mom. Well it's settled, we will keep buying them.