

Poppy the Lost Kitten



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Words: 1065

My humans were leaving for spring break one morning. I wished I could go to Colorado with them, but they said that they wouldn't be in the hotel room much, so it would be the same as not being there. Oh wait, did I mention I'm a cat? Sorry 'bout that, anyway my name is Princess Poppy, but everyone calls me Poppy. My name is Princess Poppy because well, I'm the royalty in the house and the night they named me they watched the movie Trolls and felt that the name fit me. Back to the story, everyone was saying their goodbyes to me then packed up the car and left but as they say, "when one door closes another opens" and for me it was the back door (I guess Grace didn't close it right). Now I'm a good kitty so at first, I ignored it and sat beside it protecting my home and relaxing. At some point, my relaxation might have turned into a cat nap. When I woke up, I saw a frog at the doorway, and it was time to protect my home. "GO AWAY" I hissed but the frog didn't care. I don't like it when things that don't belong to me come into my house so like a good cat, I chased it away. I loved running after it so much the wind in my fur was so calming that I chased it for at least 10 minutes then I got tired and groomed my messy fur for another 20 minutes. Then I looked up at the sky and "whoosh" a strong wind hit, and it was getting cold, so I turned to the door, but it was closed!

It was a beautiful night, but I need to make 1 thing clear: I AM AN INDOOR CAT! I like to look outside but I have no survival instincts. I was just hoping that the front door wasn't properly closed but of course it can't be that easy. Then I smelled something and that something was cat food. I ran as fast as I could to the smell and saw a fresh bowl of cat food at someone's door I thought "maybe they can take care of me till my humans are back" I went to the door to grab some food after a minute or two of eating I heard a voice from the shadows say "I think you're at the wrong house" I turned to see an older cat at least seven years old with a couple of scars. He was orange with short fur and emerald eyes glowing in the

dark. I saw that he wanted to fight and usually I'm not scared to fight but there are a few things that are different things about this time the main thing is I only fight dogs. It doesn't matter what breed or where I will fight any dog. The only exceptions are for my dogs. So, anyway I was trying to talk my way out of it "oh it's your house sorry I guess I went to the wrong door" clearly, I wasn't the first to steal from him everything I tried got "ohhhh yeah sure uh huh and I'm a flying unicorn." or something like that finally I told him the truth and he said, "now that I believe but it doesn't help you instead it makes you stupid which is more of a reason why I need to fight you." I ran past him with tears in my eyes, no one calls me dumb and as I passed him WACK, he hit me in the face hard, I refused to let him get away with it and a fight broke out!

I hit him in the face harder then my claws sank into his leg. Now he was furious with me, probably beyond anger of any sort, so angry that he had the guts to do what no one else would even think of doing... he pulled out a chunk of my beautiful fur! NO ONE PULLS OUT MY FUR! My poor fur was so long, so beautiful there was now a chunk of black with a tiny bit of white missing from me. My anger bubbled up and exploded right in that cat's face. Literally I scratched his eye. That was one of the stupidest things I've ever done so I ran for my life.

I ran as though I would die if I stopped, which was probably true. If someone saw me, they would just see a blur of black and white and maybe a bit of gold. Every few minutes I'd see a puddle and take a sip. Finally, I stopped. I didn't think that cat would go this far from home. Wait, where am I? How far did I go from home? I didn't think about how I would get home. I didn't think I it through then I recognized something. I've been here before. I saw my only hope of finding my humans even if I had to go to my least favorite place in the world... the vet. I've always dreaded the vet, but it was my only hope of finding them. Sadly, it was closed now. I had to wait but I was so tired, so I found a bush and slept in it where I was hidden enough to be safe but also where the vet could see me when they got there. I closed my eyes and dreamed of my humans.

When I awoke, I heard a voice "who is this cutie?" It was a vet, and she was petting me. I was purring and wondering what happened. I realized I wasn't where I fell asleep then it hit me: the frog, the door opening, everything that happened in the last 24 hours. I sat up and meowed in the vet's face. "I checked your chip and called your people they are on a plane to see you." I purred my thanks and groomed myself waiting, for them to come and get me. I groomed it so much that I threw up 2 hair balls! Then finally, I heard a voice say "Poppy!" It was 1 of my humans, Grace. She hugged me and said, "I'm never letting go of you again!" and she meant it. Seriously it's been weeks since I had freedom.

Help!

