

Victory #1

If you look around my town you would find an old forest, but momma says I'm an optimist and I think she's right. Cause, when I see my town I see an opportunity. Even though we are under the rule of an evil king, even though all of the other cats fled long ago, I see a victory.

I lick my paw and jump out of the tree, my stomach rumbling. After a small dinner I don't think I can sleep without having a midnight snack. I hear a rustling in the bushes, slightly to my



left, I pounce and see a mouse squirm beneath my arms.

"Gotcha!" I snarl, quickly killing the mouse and carrying it back up the tree. After eating I drift off to sleep.

The next morning there is a faint gleam of light through the green leaves of my tree. I hate light, it makes it easier for prey to spot you and run. Luckily I won't have to hunt, my late night meal filled me up. I hop out of my tree and see that the whole forest is illuminated with a glow that sends a surge of joy through my fur, Mom loved sunny days.

I don't have much time to breathe in the sunny smell when I'm interrupted by distant shouting, I bound through the forest. What if someone is in danger? I can't let that happen again, I remember seeing my mother on the ground lifeless. What if I had only responded to her screams?

As I leap hastily over twigs and vines I reach a clearing in the woods that leads to a dirt road and wagon tracks. The king was here! Along the tracks are small red dribbles. What a ruthless murderer! I despise him. He calls himself our king yet he has our real king's blood on his conscience. I start to follow the trail, my sword sagging heavily to my side weighing me down. The rocks in the gravel stab at my paws as I drag them across the ground.

Finally I reach the castle, only to find two guard cats gripping sharp staffs. Luckily I know another way around, a little crack in the back wall. My mother was a spy and she was the best at it until, nevermind...I need to find that opening. There it is! I easily slip through and see that the whole place is crawling with guards. If I get stabbed by one of those I'm a goner.

Instead I slip up on the walls and wrench open the screws holding a tight frame onto the vent by twisting my sword. I may be skinny but no cat could slip through those metal bars without getting sliced. If I let out a single yowl my head will be on the king's wall, joining my mom's. I can't get distracted or I might get spotted so I slip through the vent and look through the different rooms, checking each of them, kitchen, great hall, dungeon, and then I see it - the king's quarters!

I slip in and look around. It's empty - not a maid in sight. I hear guards shuffling around outside - their swords clanking on the marble floor. I sit down and sharpen my sword. The raspy sound of the rock scraping sends chills through my fur. Then I hear a jarring creak and the sound of a jolly chuckle. I need to hide! I run to the nearest place and jump into the wardrobe, close the doors, and try to silence my shaky breath.

Once inside I happen to overhear the king talking to one of his subjects. He growls and his tail wags so hard it beats on the ground, "Arnold, I want her dead!"

This supposed Arnold cries out, "But sir would not a good king respect his subjects?"

"Remind me dear Arnold how much longer will your daughters be spending in my dungeon?"

“I’ll be right on it, she’ll be dead as fast as Daisy.” Daisy, that was my mother’s name. That horrible scoundrel!

I wait for the door to click shut and exit the closet, and to my surprise I see the king. I must have heard Arnold leaving alone. I try to hide back under the closet but I’ve been spotted. Then the king wraps his big paws around my scruff and lifts me up into the air. He lets out a barking laugh and says, “Silly little cat you dare mess wit-” He wails in pain as his arm, the arm holding me falls to the floor bleeding.

I snicker, “Who’s silly now?” And watch as he grabs for his longsword. We both swing and a large “clang” fills the air. I jump over his bleeding arm then slice again this time I make a gash in his side. He screams in pain and collapses against his wood bed frame, unconscious. I’m about to finish him off when the door clicks open, I close my eyes, I’d rather not have my own blood be the last thing I see. I hear footsteps get nearer and nearer, until I can feel my opponents breath next to me. I wait for a second expecting to feel the largest pain of my life but there is nothing.

I open my eyes breathing heavily and there are eight cats in front of me, the one nearest has her paw outstretched, “Hi” she says, “I’m Raya, you?”

I respond, “Nala, who are you?”

I watch her flip her guard’s helm back down and motion to the seven cat’s behind her, “We are the alliance, our goal is to save the world by disguising as guards and finding info. I believe you’ve met one of us, Arnold? His family is being held hostage by the king.”

“I want to help!” I say, motioning to the group.

“Ok then, get ready and when the king gets up we’ll be ready to fight!”

To be continued.....