

## The Elegantly Mute Cat – Ryan, Year 3, NSW

*Trip, trap, trop.* A black Russian Blue raced across the street like a cheetah. Before everyone was staring in awe at the fast speed, another blurry human figure chased along the same path like lightning, leaving clouds of dust behind.

“Anything wrong with Mr. Manners and his cat?” everyone whispered.

They knew Mr. Manners had a lovely ribbon winner cat. But what they did not know was that the cat turned unruly and decided not to respond to his owner’s instructions. Mr. Manners had admonished the cat against his mimed greetings and said he would not provide the cat with lunch if he did not obey. The award-winning cat, so confident in his own charms, decided to try his luck outside the house.

Once the cat was far in front of the human, he slowed down and resumed his leisurely amble walking gait. He felt thirsty and wanted to cry for help. But he remembered, he was supposed to be an elegant cat with few words.

He skedaddled from home and started his forage. Leftovers from dust bins were never proper food for his status. Besides, wild or stray cats growled menaces and expelled him away every time a deserted food pack was found. His stomach rumbled. His heart sank. His strong determination sustained him not to run back home and give in.

*Sniff, sniff, sniff.* As the cat was alone now exploring the unknown world, a delicious smell drifted from a restaurant. The smell was so tantalising that it made the black cat’s mouth water. The silent cat was screaming inside. He was so desperately hungry now. He stretched his short legs towards the restaurant showcase.

“I can find food for myself!” he decided. Unaware what glass was, he darted directly towards the window and pressed himself against it.

*Bam, bang, bong!* The rash cat bumped his head real hard. Was this transparent material another sort of metal bar? His glossy head hair was now unkept. He licked his chubby paw and combed it tidy.

“Dizzy or unconscious, don’t lose your dignity,” the demure cat reminded himself.

*Chit, chat, chit, chat.* The quiet black cat stared at the people chitchatting around him. Nobody made any gesture of help, until a huge, black shadow towered over him and saved him from the embarrassment. Behind the shadow was the figure of a little man in a white apron and a big mask, who greeted and asked softly, “Can I help you?”

The cat pointed his nose at the juicy bread with a layer of panini sausage on it. His stomach grumbled and looked flabby. The man nodded his head.

*Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.* The outside of the restaurant was too hot. And the aircon made the inside really comfortable. When the cat padded towards the counter, long tail curved and wagging, he was treated with bits of all types of the best bread.

*Crunch, crunch, crunch.* The cat indulged himself in the most delicate bread in his cat life. His ears drooped in satisfaction, and his blue-greenish eyes squinted in contentment.

“Meow, meow, meow.” He could not help shouting out his joy.

The person laughed and took off his mask.

It was his owner.