

## Why Didn't I Listen

The door had been left open and I couldn't resist the chance of adventure. Mum had told me not to go out of her sight but the lure of the outside world was stronger than her instruction.

Now, I'm crouched, shivering in a tiny, tight, dark space. I can't go forward and I can't go back. I can't even stand up straight because the wooden planks are scraping the hair on my head, even crouched as I am. Oh why didn't I listen? Why did I follow my stupid curiosity down into this woody, damp smelling, black hole? I've tried crawling forward and failed. I've clawed at the wood in panic until I'm splintered, cut and sore. All that effort and energy just left me stuck even tighter.

I shouted a lot at first, Help, I'm stuck. Help is there anyone there? Shouted until my voice was a mouse squeak, hoarse and hopeless. No-one heard, no-one came. I feel as if I can't breathe, only pant, for air, despite the cold gentle draught. I'm shaking and I know it is fear not cold that shivers down my spine. I knock into the strips of wood either side of me. Aah, what's that? Oh no something is above me; I can hear it snuffling, snorting. My heart is bursting, drumming in my ears. I freeze, hoping the monster won't hear me shaking with terror. There's a scraping, scrabbling then the blackness is silent again but now it's worse, full of invisible monsters waiting to get me. I'm afraid to move even to breathe. How I wish I was back with my brothers and sisters. I would never leave them again. I can't stand it anymore. Desperate I fill my lungs and scream as loud as I can. It sounds weak and hopeless in my ears but it's all I have left.

The snuffling noise is back and louder now. It isn't going away this time. The wood above me bends lower then there is a thud, thud, thud getting closer. It stops. The space around me fills with creaking and crackling of wood then there's a blinding light filling the tiny space. I close my eyes against the brightness and feel myself lifted up. I am held gently and feel the warmth of a gently stroking finger on my head between my ears.

"So that's where you got to, you little tyke. Kitten are you in trouble your mother. She's been beside herself," A familiar voice remarks. "Lucky Raven sniffed you out." There was the sound of patting and an answering grrf I recognised. I opened my eyes carefully and began to purr with joy. "You might get around me with that purr kitten, but I better get you back to your mum. That was a tight situation you got yourself into."

I was truly glad to be placed back into the basket with my family, despite the rough tongue clean my mum gave me before she forgave me.

498 words without the title