

# Curiosity Saved the Cat

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CURIOSITY SAVED THE CAT

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# Curiosity Saved the Cat.

I am an eight-year-old castrated Tomcat. My flatmate calls me Eden, but I prefer the name Chessboard, as I am a black and white cat with a chessboard-like a pattern on my fur. My flatmate is called Angela, but I call her Grey-Mane, as she is an old human with long grey hair. Grey-Mane and I have been friends for years, she provides me with yummy food and shelter, and in return, I give her company as she seems very lonely. I have a dull but easy life.

Today, I tried to wake her up as I always do. But something was different. She was cold and didn't move. I recognised the state from mice that I kill but don't eat, as Grey-Mane gives me better food. My human flatmate was dead. I was sad because of her death, but most of all I was worried. What would happen to my comfortable life, and how would I find food? I have occasionally seen wildcats. They live miserable lives, continually fighting for food and territory. How would I survive under such circumstances?

I knew I had to find a new human host, but it was a risky move. If the humans didn't like me, they would lock me up and kill me. But If I tried living on my own, I'd starve and probably be murdered by the rough wildcats in the neighbourhood. So, I devised a plan. If I could tell other people what happened to Angela, I would be a hero, and they would take me in.

I found Angela's phone. I have seen her talk in it, so I reckon I could give it a shot. I tried meowing into the phone for half an hour, but nothing happened. I realised that I needed to leave the apartment to find help. I live on the second floor, but the window was open, so I got out. Once on the ground, I saw the local laundromat. I thought, "*Maybe if I press the button someone will come?*". I knew the button would be tough to press and, so I jumped headfirst into the button for enough power. The machine started and made some noise. The noise grabbed the attention of the laundry lady. She came downstairs and spoke: "*Oh aren't you Angela's cat?*". "*Meow meow*", I answered (I hate my limited vocal cords). "*Has anything happened to Angela?*" she asked. "*Meow meow*", I answered and started showing her the way to Angela's apartment.

Luckily, she understood me and followed me to the apartment door. I gave her my most agitated meow, and she knocked on the door several times. Eventually, she used the spare key Angela had given her, got in and found Angela's body.

The cleaning lady, named Helen, was kind and let me stay at her apartment. She also had a cat, so now I have a cat friend, although sometimes I still miss my dear old human Angela.

*The End*



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