



By Emma B

Chapter 1

Petals, a lone cat who had black fur with white spots except for one spot which was brown on her side, was happily eating a mouse that she had caught. Petals lived in an old barn that some old folks owned. They never used it. They only kept the old barn because it would be a good storage place if their house flooded or went up in flames. This was very good for Petals. Many mice scampered in the hay, so prey was good. The barn was a perfect place for a lone cat, such as Petals. Even the humans' dogs was alright. The dogs never bothered Petals, even though they knew she lived in the barn. After a quick slash to each of their noses, they learned to just let Petals stay there.

Petals quickly finished her meal and decided to go get some new herbs. Petals had to collect herbs for herself in case she ever got sick. She stored them in a little corner of the barn where the mice couldn't get to. Petals knew most herbs and she figured this out all on

her own. She knew honey was good for sore throats, marigold was good for infection, poppy seeds were good for stress, need of sleep, and to help pain go away temporarily, pinecone seeds could cure a flu, catnip was good for a serious cold or flu, and cobweb made good bandages to stop bleeding wounds.

Petals was in need of honey. She was very low on it. She usually didn't go out for honey because those bee stings can hurt. But Petals knew she had to get it before autumn.

Petals saw a beehive in a tree and jumped onto the branch that held it. She reached in the hive and pulled out a huge wad of honey, which she put on a carrying leaf and she also took out a paw of stings. Petals winced and limped back to the barn.

Petals dropped the honey in the herb storage and ate a poppy seed to cool the sting. She then heard dog wailing outside. *Oh, the female dog must be having her babies. Too bad those pups will never see their father.* She thought. The father dog had died a few weeks ago.

Then, out of the corner of her eye, Petals saw the humans having water come out of their eyes which Petals knew meant a motion of sadness. She looked at

where the humans' watery eyes were directed. The female dog had died giving pups. Two pups were dead beside their mother, but one little pup seemed to be twitching a little, and the humans didn't seem to notice.

The humans took the mother dog to be buried by her mate and the puppies were left to be buried afterwards. Petals focused her eyes on the twitching pup. She knew that if the humans couldn't see that the pup was alive, he'd be buried alive and die a death he didn't deserve. *No matter what species he's from, I better help him. I know if I don't, that pup will be wronged in death.* She told herself.

Petals stepped out of the barn and carefully crept out. She darted towards the pup, picked him up by his scruff, and quickly hurled towards the barn's hole where she came in and out. The pup and she didn't fit! Petals heard the humans returning. She knew if she carelessly threw the pup in the hole, it might break something and die. It was almost to that point, anyway. No use making it worse.

Petals set the pup through the hole as carefully as she could. She would have to find another way in to the barn, fast, because if she leaped in the same hole the

pup did, she'd squish it and most likely end its tiny life. Petals went around to the side of the barn, and saw a tiny moth-made hole in leaps reach that she just might be able to fit through. She leaped and fortune must have blessed her because she made it through the hole and landed on some old, soft hay on the floor.

The first thing Petals did was sprint towards the pup and start licking it fiercely, trying to help its breathing regain. The little pup squeaked in protest but then fell asleep, soothed by Petals' licks. Petals soon knew that now this was *her* pup and she'd protect it at all costs.

Chapter 2

Petals and the pup were fast asleep when the sun came up. As anyone could imagine, the pup woke up, hungry.

With the soft whines of the pup, Petals awoke. She saw very quickly that the pup wanted milk and Petals had no milk to share. Her diet was prey and water. Milk was very hard to get by, as the cows that the human family owned were all dead. Now, the humans grew plants to make money.

Petals saw the pup's teeth in the process of its wailing and knew that those teeth were no match for prey's tough outer skin and Petals didn't dare try to give it water. She couldn't take chances with a life as precious as this.

“What am I to do?” Petals asked herself.

The pup responded with another series of wails, which didn't help Petals thinking at all.

Petals then remembered that the other humans had a cow. The cow had given birth two sunsets ago. Petals

knew cows weren't that bright and maybe the cow would think the pup was hers to feed. Every day after feeding time, Petals could slip the pup away and bring her back again and again. It'd be perfect! The cow will do the feeding and Petals would do everything else to care for that pup.

Pup. Petals thought. He needs a name.

She hadn't really paid attention to the pup's fur when it was soaked. But now she could tell that the pup had black fur. A white spot almost covered the whole left side of the pup's back and another white spot dappled his snout.

He looks like a human cookie shaped like a small dog. Petals was thinking, then she decided the name Cookie was perfect and so that was the pup's name.

To be continued...