

Cat that was no kitten



A true story

by Janna

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A few years ago, my Granddad came over to our house and held my cat like a new born baby. The cat did not like to be held like a kitten and bit my Granddad's hand in protest.

His hand started bleeding and he was in much pain. We had to rush to stop the bleeding. But Granddad said that he was alright and did not need to go to the hospital.

The cat got a right ticking off, too. So it ran off and hid somewhere in the house in its secret hiding place.

Soon after, we were all having fun once again. We ate together and everything was normal

with my Granddad. The food was so yummy – as my Mum had cooked all of my favourite things.

When it was time for Granddad to leave, we all said how sorry we were about what had happened. We all hugged him and waved him goodbye.

I still have the cat and every time I look at it I remember what happened to Granddad. I haven't quite forgiven the cat for its bad behaviour, even though it's older than me!

Sometimes I think the cat is secretly sorry for what it did, and so it tries to make up for it by being good. That's when it's the best cat in the world!