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Grade 8  
Writing Wild  
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### Cat Fight

It turned out to be just like another day; sunny, warm, but somewhat breezy. None of nature is disturbed though, but I am. Something tells me today won't turn out great, and my tail starts swiping back and forth like a snake.

Then, I smell him. Roger, a young, foolish, gray tabby with an enormous ego and a bad attitude. He comes at me low, shoulders rolling and ears bent down. His whiskers flatten. I instinctively assume my defensive position; turned sideways with a spiky, arched back.

Roger ignores my threat and makes the first move: a swat for my head. I bite his paw and shake him violently, the rest of me flipping belly-up and beating the rotten pulp out of his tummy. He slices my nose and I jerk away, grabbing him with my back paws and flinging him like a tied bird to a skittering stop. He leaps up, eyes filled with rage and hatred. A well-eared scar crosses his foreleg, I now notice. If he hasn't learned his lesson yet, he will. The battle goes on until the peak of sunset when I send him limping home on three good paws. Pride overwhelms me as I sit in the red sand, wanting to ask him how it felt to be beaten by a blind cat.