Kalen
Narrative Essay
English 10

**Cat-Napped**

The criminal life wasn't easy. Constant guilt migrating through my brain, the heinous crime that I had committed was the only thing on what I could focus. Never-ending thoughts of contemplating my next move. I've uttered hundreds of harmless, white-lies here and there, but never have I been tangled in this big of a lie, it was possibly the worst crime a 5 year old could ever commit. A crime that costed me the love of my life, a crime that I will never forget.

Let me transport you to 2007, where the Nintendo DS was the iPhone of our time; exploring nature was everyone's favorite thing to do; and 'poking' people on Facebook was all the rage. There were many eventful and impactful moments in 2007, like Justin Bieber started uploading videos on the glorious site that we know as *YouTube*, but the most crucial moment that year was the start of my world-famous obsession: cats. September 15th, 2007, the day my dreams finally became a reality. It was the day I would finally obtain my life goals, of having my own cat. Sort of, well, not really.

You see, it was the first week of kindergarten, a massive milestone in any kid's life. My mom thought a milestone like this can't go uncelebrated, and knew this was a reason to host a family gathering at our house. My flamboyant uncle first arrived to the much-needed celebration first. He had a thing for pranks and jokes. His brain was like a jokebook, having something clever to say at any occasion. For some reason, his personality was extra *extra* that night.

"Someone followed me on the way here," he exclaimed. We all stood frozen, what did he mean? Who was someone? Turns out it wasn't someone, in fact it was the opposite of some*one*. It was something. He widened the door, and in ran a cat. My heart stopped, my jaw dropped, my eyes widened. My dream had just walked into my house, I couldn't believe it.

"Set your priorities straight, don't just stand there looking like an idiot!" I told myself. I shot across the room to the cat as fast like a bullet. Before making any contact with the thing that I had wished for every time I had lost a tooth, I evaluated it first. I thought to myself, "Collar? No. Perfect breed? Yes. Will it be mine? Yes." I picked up the fur-ball and gave it the tightest hug of all time, if I had squeezed it any tighter, it's eyes would have popped out of its sockets. Later, we decided to keep the precious animal as our own, a new addition to our family. The cold and empty section in my heart was now filled with the warmth of the purrs and meows of my own cat, Mr. Whiskers.

Fast forward few weeks later. Life had been turned upside down with the new found responsibilities of Mr. Whiskers, but it was all worth it. The bond between us was like a rope, no matter how hard anyone tried they could never separate the love that was intertwined within us. One day, my mom came home from work, and handed me a piece of paper. I read the first few words printed on the paper, "LOST CAT" written across the top, in bolded crimson letters. I scanned the photo of the missing cat: Mr. Whiskers. I just stole a cat, I just picked a missing cat up and brought it into my house like it was no problem. The cat that I had cherished for weeks as if I had it for years, my best friend, was never mine to begin with.

The dam in my heart broke, the wall storing all of my fond memories collapsed, pouring them all into a deep abyss. I couldn't move, couldn't react, couldn't breathe. My first instinct was to do the wrong thing: keep Mr. Whiskers for myself, but, with me was not where he belonged. He had another family to go home to, with more memories that I could never replace. It was a bittersweet time, I knew that I was doing a good thing, for both me and the cat. My mom picked up the phone and dialed the number on the poster.

"Hello? I'm calling about the missing cat in your poster. We have him..." before she could finish her sentence, I heard a banshee from the other line, a shriek of joy I'm pretty sure. After their conversation, my mom told me that we would be meeting with the family in half an hour. On the way to Mr. Whiskers' real home, I made every last second I had with him the best seconds we've ever had together. Our friendship was fairytale like story, and this was the final chapter.

We parked the car at the owner's home, and there waiting for us, was a little girl. She too had lost her best friend, and I was the horrible criminal that took him from her. I opened the car door, and handed the cat to her. Her face lit up, as she united with the cat. Her cheeks in pain from all the smiling, her dimples looking like a deep thumbprint. "Thank you so much!" The empty hole in my heart was once again filled by the happiness of this special moment.

 I spent a whole month thinking that me and Mr. Whiskers would truly become best friends. But bonds don’t get created in a few weeks, they form over time. These memories were temporary tattoos, pleasing at first, but they'll wash away sooner or later. The final chapter in my fairytale had ended, but the story's only just begun.