

Stupid Annabelle

Middle School Entry

MIDDLE Stupid Annabelle 1

The day when that squealing, crying, smelly little humanoid thing came into the house was probably one of the worst days of my life. First off, I got no attention WHATSOEVER. Aren't I supposed to be the baby of the family? That's what I thought, until the day this disgusting-looking creature called Annabelle arrived. Ugh ... horrible name. At least compared to mine. By the way, I'm Kit Kat. Before the Stevens family adopted me, I was named Muddy because I have dark brown fur. Now THAT was a bad name. Anyway, this wretched Annabelle creature has lived with us for a couple of months or so.

Anyhoo—

“WAAAHHHH!”

Oh, for crying out loud. There goes stupid baby Annabelle, crying her head off. Stupid thing. Wish I could just teach her a lesson somehow...

“Oh, Baby, what is it?” says Mama from the living room.

I walk in that direction, quite reluctantly because of the noise, but it would be really interesting just to see what's up...

I enter the cozy room where I particularly enjoy snoozing on rainy days and see that Annabelle is crying because of no apparent reason. Rats. (I hate rats.) I thought it would something interesting. Maybe she'd fallen from the high chair! But no such luck.

“Hey Mama, I'm home!” a high-pitched voice resounds through the house.

“In the living room, Lilly! Just attending to Annabelle...”

Annabelle wails louder. Meanwhile, I rush out of the room to meet 10-year old Lilly at the door.

MIDDLE Stupid Annabelle 2

“Hey Kit Kat!”

Lilly smiles and drops her backpack to the ground. She strokes me—it would have been nice, if it had lasted longer—and then rushes into the living room.

I sigh. Well, more of a throaty sort of sound. Anyway, that’s what’s been so annoying about the new arrival—every moment of the day has been dedicated to her! And not me! I mean, what’s up with that? My real mother always told me that we cats are the supreme rulers. Which we are. So why am I not getting treated that way? Stupid Annabelle...

I suddenly feel hungry. I stroll into the kitchen where my bowl is half-full—like to think optimistically—and gobble the Cat Munchies down. Aahhh, delicious. Not as good as the chicken-flavor ones, but nearly there. Just for some closure to the snack, I lap up some water. Hmmmm ... Not as fresh as could be, but good enough.

Eating makes me sleepy, for some reason. So I go upstairs, because that baby is STILL crying for no apparent reason, and curl up on Lilly’s bed by the fluffy duck toy—and as far away from the creepy gorilla toy as possible.

Maybe groom a bit? I was feeling a little dirty. But very soon my eyelids start to feel heavy, and the world turns dark.

I open my eyes. My surroundings are sharp and clear. Aaahh, the things that a quick nap can do for you ...

I hear the clatter of dinner plates downstairs and hurry down to the kitchen to collect scraps of fallen food. Daddy (weird name) calls me “the vacuum,” whatever that means.

Mmmm, smells like Chinese tonight. The family is just leaving the table to do the dishes—
Annabelle is in her high chair, eating some sort of strange mushy-type substance. And not crying!

I inspect the floor. Disappointment. Seems like Lilly is cleaning up her eating habits. Oh well. So what's the strange mushy-type substance that the Annabelle creature is eating? Maybe that'll taste good.

I weave my way through the legs of the table and chairs (don't know why they're called 'legs', because I thought that legs moved) and jump up on the counter. Big no-no, but luckily Mama, Daddy, and Lilly all have their backs to me. Baby Annabelle is sitting just a few feet away. What is that stuff? Green ... I sniff the air. Smells like ... peas and green beans. Hmmm. Might be interesting ...

The next thing I know, I'm leaning onto the high chair, trying to get a taste of this strange and interesting concoction. And then Annabelle starts wailing at the top of her lungs. I jump—frightened out of my mind, I tell you—and land, somehow, on my feet, onto the cold kitchen floor.

Mama screams something like: "Kit Kat! What's wrong with you?!" and goes to soothe stupid baby Annabelle while Daddy comes over and grabs me by the scruff of the neck—strangely comforting in most cases, but not in this instance, as he was performing this action quite roughly—and opens the sliding glass door to the back yard.

And then—get this! He throws me out! Literally, throws me onto the deck into the dark drizzly evening! Well, I can tell you, I'm pretty mad right now. And then I get sort of sorry for myself, and then I get mad again.

“How’s this my fault?” I think.

It was that stupid baby. It’s not my fault I’m curious—curiosity killed the cat, my mother used to say (think I get that now)—and if Annabelle hadn’t howled, this would have never happened. I can hear that stupid baby still crying inside.

I’m pondering this on the deck in the dark of the night with cold rain drizzling down on me, when suddenly I hear this growling sound from behind me. I jump up, my fur standing on end, and twist around...to see a humongous monster of a raccoon baring its teeth at me!

I scream “Meeeeoooooww!!” at the top of my lungs and zoom off into the night, down the steps of the deck, and into the woods.

I look behind me. The big hairy raccoon is following me at a surprisingly fast pace. Now, let me tell you: I really HATE raccoons. And dogs. And squirrels. And one time I came across this—

But that’s a story for another time. When you’re running across the slippery grass and into the big dark woods with a gargantuan raccoon beast chasing you at top speed, you can’t think about much. And because I couldn’t think very well, I wasn’t thinking about where I was going.

Of course I knew about the rushing river in the woods. Just sort of ... forgot about it, is all. I look behind me to see if the raccoon is still there—he is—and then hear this enormous rushing sound, which suddenly fills my head. Before I can put the brakes on, I’m slipping and sliding on the muddy ground, narrowly missing trees, and down the steep bank into the roaring water.

I wail loudly, the sound echoing in the night. And then cold, freezing, penetrating water engulfs me and I’m surrounded by a water tornado. I try to breathe in but all that comes into my lungs is water—which probably isn’t very good.

So I'm kicking and kicking and choking and choking and trying to find the surface of the water—can't tell you how much I hate water—and then suddenly POOF! I'm above water for about a millisecond (again, I think that's something to do with time), and in that millisecond I gulp in as much beautiful air as I possibly can, and then the roaring fills my waterlogged ears and I'm underwater once again.

This river is annoying me. And scaring me. Suddenly I feel a surge of power through my body and I remember stupid baby Annabelle and I feel like crushing her, so I push up to the surface with all my might, coughing up water and trying to breathe in air at the same time. I open my eyes and see the bank not very far away. The river is whisking me off downstream. What to do?

And then I see a log caught in the riverbed and with amazing reflexes (not to boast or anything), I grab ahold of it with my paws and somehow manage to fling myself to the top of the wet and slimy log.

I sit there for a while coughing up water and breathing in oxygen and then I just lay on the log limply, thinking about things. Stupid Annabelle ... if it weren't for her, I wouldn't be out here in the first place. And have I mentioned what a bad name that is? And Daddy ... why did he have to throw me out here? And that stupid raccoon ... well, I was sure going to get my revenge on him one day.

Then I realize that I'm freezing. I climb shakily—nearly falling into the river again—down the log until I'm back at the muddy land.

“Meeeeeoowwww!” I wail, calling for help.

Wait, that's dumb. What if the raccoon comes back? I shut up and begin walking slowly back in the direction I THINK I came from.

Suddenly I see a slight movement behind a tree. Was it the raccoon? Then I see a bushy tail. A squirrel! And as I've told you before, I hate squirrels. So annoying. My life goal has been to catch one.

Despite the fact that I'm soaked to the skin and am lost in the big, dark woods while the rain is still drizzling down—a little harder, now—I really want to catch that little thing. My muscles tense, ready to pounce. Just one more movement and I'll attack ...

And that unknowing squirrel moves once more, somewhere in a bush, and I spring forward. What? Where'd he go? Oh, I see him! He's moving across the ground like a cheetah (my mother told me my fourth cousin was one). He looks back, and meets my eyes. Is that a smirk I see on his smug little face? Now I'm angry. He dashes—hey! out of the woods!—and I follow him across someone's lawn. And then, at the last minute, he scrambles up a nearby oak tree and looks down at me with an evil little grin on his evil little face.

I know I'm beaten. Stupid thing. You know, I wouldn't be out here getting embarrassed by a squirrel if it weren't for stupid baby Annabelle. Suddenly I feel the freezing cold again. I start to shiver. All I want now is to curl up in Lilly's nice warm room next to her head. (Isn't it odd how humans only have hair on their heads? I mean, what's the point of that?)

I walk away, downtrodden, across someone's lawn, and for some reason I find myself walking up the steps to their deck and by the glass back door. Just someplace warm to rest would be nice. So I scratch against the door and mew pleadingly, in my nicest voice, asking to be let in.

Then this lady who looks quite old and wrinkly comes to the door. At first, I think she's going to let me in.

"What are you doing here?" she asks me, really quite rudely, from behind the door.

Then she squints down at me.

"Is that ... a ... a rat?"

The old lady becomes terrified.

"John!" she screams. "There's a rat! There's a rat at the door!"

A voice calls from upstairs, barely audible.

A rat? Where? I hate rats. But I didn't smell one, or see one.

The old lady kicks the door.

"Get away, you disgusting creature!" she says.

Was she talking to me? Of all the ... She thought I was a rat? Well ...

The old lady kicks the door again, screaming, and I decide to leave. Really. How rude ...

I walk down the steps and onto the wet lawn. The night is dark and I'm still freezing. Need somewhere to sleep. Hey look! There's an overturned trashcan by the side of the mean old lady's house. I walk up to it, sniff around—smells like tuna, a mixture of other food, and—ugh—raccoon. I look inside. The aroma of it is powerful, but there's nothing inside.

The rain comes down harder. OK, think it's time to get some sleep. Tomorrow I'll try to get home, even if it means going back to stupid baby Annabelle.

I enter the trashcan, my eyelids drooping. Groom? Don't think so. I can already feel myself nodding off, even with the strong scent filling my nostrils. So cold...

I wake up shivering. The sun is shining down on me, and quite soon I'm warm. I almost forget that I'm in a trashcan, away from home. I sigh, and stretch. Aaaahhh...so refreshing. I feel sort of dirty, so I groom myself a bit. Ugh... I don't taste very good. I force myself to keep on licking, the warm sun shining down on me.

Pretty soon I'm clean and warm and dry... but I still want to go home. I'm starving. Some chicken-flavor Cat Munchies would be bliss just now...

I stretch—the best kind, where my front paws are extended in front of me and my back is up to the sky. Then I yawn, and am on my way.

The grass is wet with dew. I prance toward the street, rejuvenated and anxious to go home after such a night.

Hey look! Squirrel! Just across the street... I figure it's time to get my own back. My back end squirms, I crouch low to the ground... the squirrel is unsuspecting... and off I go! Sprinting across the road...

SCREEEECCCHH!!!

"Aaaagghhhh!!!!" I howl in terror and stop dead in my tracks.

What is it? I see a big green car right in front of me... looks familiar, somehow. And then out jumps a little girl with blonde hair. (Again, why only on the head?)

"Kitty?" she says. "Hey! Daddy, look!"

Daddy? I know him!

"It's Kit Kat!" the girl—Lilly!—exclaims.

"Kit Kat?" says Daddy.

I hear a human baby in the back. Groan. Annabelle. But you know what? I'm actually kind of glad to see her. Maybe someday she'll turn out as nice as Lilly. Maybe.

Lilly picks me up and carries me into the car.

"Kit Kat!" she says. "Where were you?"

"Dying in the cruel wilderness," I think to myself. But I just purr.

"Sorry, Kit Kat," says Daddy. But you need to learn how to get along with Annabelle."

I look next to me. There she is. Stupid Annabelle. She lifts up her hand. At first I think she's going to hit me, but then she brings down the plump little thing onto my tummy and strokes me.

Aaaahhh, bliss. Maybe she will turn out like Lilly after all.