

The Feral Cat: The Story (by Howrse's highlight)

1. City Ending In S
2. Adjective
3. Adjective
4. Noun
5. Noun
6. Adjective
7. Adjective
8. Noun
9. Adjective
10. Noun
11. Noun
12. Adjective
13. Adjective
14. Plural Noun
15. Adjective
16. Noun
17. Verb
18. Plural Noun
19. Adjective
20. Noun
21. Verb
22. Noun

23. Adjective

24. Adjective

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I ran. And ran. _____City ending in s_____ a big city. Like, size of the _____Adjective_____ planet big. Nothing like the _____Adjective_____ suburb I had grown up in. There, the scariest things were the _____Noun_____ door and the big _____Noun_____ with the _____Adjective_____ voice. Now, there's honky-metal-beasts and lots and lots of _____Adjective_____ men with loud voices. I'm starting to question this _____Noun_____ of mine. The _____noun_____ that I had someone out there, waiting for me to come and join them in rulership of a forest. I never realized it would take so long. I just wanted to see a forest, and catch something wild. And eat it. And rule it. Darting, I weave through the legs of the men.

"Don't mind me! Just a _____Adjective_____ cat in the midst of this chaos you all calll paradise!"; I yowl, though I know they can't understand me.

How can I stand being around them? I know how backstabbing they are, yet I decided to go through one of their biggest nests to get to a _____Noun_____. Huh, I am such an _____Noun_____. No, more than an _____noun_____.

Mom was wrong. There's nohing _____Adjective_____ about me. Just another _____Adjective_____ little plaything for baby Humans. Shaking my head, I get back to my task at hand: getting out of this thronging terror. I had to be close to the end. I am positive; I can feel it in my gut.

â??You! Over there! Yeah you! The grey one!â??

Looking over my shoulder, I see _____Plural noun_____creeping out of the alley.

“What do you want?” I hiss, arching my back.

“Oh, nothing. Just your on our turf.” _____Adjective_____Cat looks at me, all puffed up like. I try not to laugh.

“Fine, I’ll get off. Just give me a sec.” I turn to leave.

“Oh, no. Nobody gets off my turf that easy.” _____adjective_____Cat and his gang start to close in. My

_____Noun_____fails.

I break out into a run. Faster, and faster, and faster, hoping I might make it off this madcat’s territory.

“Get her!” The faint yowl echoes in my ears. I _____Verb_____ and realize where I am. Bark. Green

_____Plural noun_____. Berries. Mice. Sun. Non-artificial stuff. I had made it! The forest! This has to be the forest!

Letting out a yowl of victory, I break out into a gallop. Again. This is the best day of my life. No more loud

Humans. No more stupid plaything. I am a _____Adjective_____cat.

As the sun sets, I relax on a Noun looking out at the forest. My forest. Not a soul had taken it. So much for someone waiting for me to Verb over it with. Guess I'll have to rule by myself. My Noun . I may have started as a Adjective housecat, but that was no longer. Huh, if only my brother could see me know. He'd be so jealous. I had caught a mouse, and one that wasn't in the basement of a duplex. I was a real cat now. A real cat, one that was Adjective and played by no person's rules. I have finally found it. My forest.

My forest. I like the sound of that.

