Freddie and the battle

*Chapter 1*

Once there was a kitten called Frederica. People called her Freddie for short though. Her life was amazing! Chilling, relaxing, sleeping and eating all day long. She was adopted by some a family; Violet, Helen and Dudley. When she was 6 months old, her owners started letting her outside into their back garden. Violet would get pretty worried, but Freddie *always* came back. Freddie loved it out there.

In the magical morning sunlight, Freddie shimmered in the light. As she strolled throughout the garden, she stopped to bounce on their trampoline. “This is *so* much fun!” she meowed happily. Freddie thought she saw one of her sisters, Lexi, through the fence - but sadly not. It was a different cat. A BIG, BLACK MANIAC! It had the same white tummy as Lexi, but it was *not* her.

Chapter 2

Their eyes fixed on each other, Freddie fuming that another feline was staring into *her* home. That cat terrorized the others on the avenue. The wildcat leaped into the garden.

Hisses, scared meows and fighting noises surrounded the yard. Freddie’s aggressiveness led her to win, but also knowing about the secret passage into their neighbour’s garden was an *enormous* advantage. She was also faster because of her youth. Freddie was a type of misty grey whilst the other cat was midnight black. Freddie left the attacker with a *massive* vampire bite mark.

A few cute days later, the same cat came again. Violet was at school, Dudley was at work, and Helen was working from home, looking after Freddie. Freddie came in from outside and Helen had a little cuddle with her. Freddie wandered off and Helen got on with her work. She heard crunching at the food bowl and assumed that it was Freddie – but no. No it was not. The cat from the fight a few days earlier had sneaked into their kitchen and was eating it!

To be continued…

By Violet Keegan-Halls