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High School English
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Cats Do Whatever They Want to Do

Jacapo licked his left paw nonchalantly. "Just be cool," he thought to himself as he glanced at the open patio door. A warm, summer breeze wafted into the dining room, Mom hummed to herself as she loaded the dishwasher, and Dad was nowhere to be seen. "Now's my chance," Jacapo told himself. With one final gaze around his prison-house, Jacapo revved his kitty-cat engines and bolted past Mom's legs towards the deck, screaming, "You'll never catch me, you abominable, pasty-faced, buffoons!" Jacapo had made a momentous decision: he would have more fun outside, even if he was catnapped by the neighbor, especially since his lily-livered owners despised him.

Once he was outside, Jacapo decided that he was having too much fun. He had always peered longingly at the squirrels and birdies in the backyard. He saw Sergei and Atlas, the neighbor cats, walking with ease across his lawn. He thought, "I'd sure have more fun if I were a wild kitty." So, Jacapo decided outside was more desirable than inside.

Little did Jacapo know, the next-door neighbor saw him bolt outside. "Now, that looks like a beautiful specimen," mused Mrs. Sardine. Waiting until dusk, she set an open can of tuna on the porch. Jacapo's tummy was just beginning to rumble when he smelled the tuna. Without a care, he followed the scent. Immediately, Mrs. Sardine plopped her husband's fishing net over Jacapo and scooped him into her house. Too startled to escape, Jacapo realized he had traded one prison-house for another, as the neighbor slammed her door behind him.