

Chapter 1

Breaking

prepared basement animal effective instantly
figure present kitchen entire appeared

R Family

corner forgot morning memory suffer
pushover remarked storm manner over

Diphthongs

lawn Shawn Moira awful noise sounds
awful destroyed look outside cautiously
authority understood house clouds voice

Phrases

with flashlights searched the yard in some bushes
gloves and a blanket ran upstairs shuffled over
ready for school presented a good case my brother

Chapter 1

Awakened

It all began one stormy night after our entire family had gone to bed. My brother, Shawn, and I woke up suddenly when we heard an awful ruckus coming from our back lawn.

“Moira, what is that screaming noise?” Shawn asked me. “It sounds as if something is getting destroyed outside.”

“I don’t know, Shawn, but let’s have a look. It sounds like someone or something is hurt.” I said.

“Don’t you think we should wake Dad?” Shawn said.

“There might not be time. Are you with me or not?” I asked.

We slipped out the back door with flashlights and searched the yard. “Come quick, Shawn! I think I’ve found something here,” I yelled, as I looked in some

bushes. There, huddled in a corner, was a small brown and white cat. It appeared to be badly hurt.

“Let’s bring him in the house,” I said.

“I don’t think Mom would want us to touch a wild cat,” Shawn whispered.

“Well, if we are careful, she might overlook it,” I said. “Let’s get gloves and a blanket so it can’t scratch us.”

We ran into the house and prepared a bed with a pillow and some blankets. After we found a big old blanket to put over the cat, we quickly put on our gloves and ran back outside. We carefully picked up the sick cat, brought it inside, and put it in the bed we had prepared. As it turned out, the cat was in too bad of shape to think of scratching us.

After we put some water and tuna fish next to the cat, we left the walkout basement and closed the door. We went to bed and had a deep sleep.

The next morning when Shawn and I got up, we



forgot about the cat for a short while as we rushed to get ready for school. It was while eating pancakes with Mom and Dad that the memory of the night before quickly came back.

“Meow.”

“What is that?” asked Dad.

“What is what?” I said as I went over to the sink and ran the water. I was trying to buy some time by making noise, because Dad hated cats. I knew I had to be cautious, or that cat would be right out the door. If I could focus on the suffering of the cat, I had a chance. Dad hated anything to suffer, and Mom was a pushover for pets. I knew I could talk her into keeping the cat.

“I heard an animal sound,” Dad remarked. “I think it came from the basement.”

“Dad, Shawn and I will go down to the basement and look,” I said. “Maybe the storm clouds brought in a poor animal in need.”

Shawn and I disappeared quickly from the table. I wasn't sure what we were going to do, but I needed some time to make an effective plan. What if I focused on the cat's feelings; even cats have feelings. What would Dad think? Would he let the cat stay, if I presented a good case on how lonely this cat was and how much it needed our help?

As I was still attempting to figure out how to present this to Dad, the cat broke past Shawn and me and ran upstairs. "Stop," I shouted, but it was too late. The cat sprinted out of the door and leaped on the kitchen table, knocking Dad's tall glass of milk into his lap.

Dad and Mom took one look at us and understood exactly how the pet got into the house. "Young lady, come here," Dad said in his deep voice of authority.

I cautiously shuffled over to Dad. Just then, I saw the cat, and instantly I knew what to tell Dad. (3.1)