

## 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

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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-artifical stuff. I had made it! The forest! This has to be the forest!

Letting out a yowl of victory, I breake 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.

