“Noodle’s Adventure”

807 words

My name is Noodle and I once lived in a house with my two sisters under a different

name. It was a quiet life indoors, which my sisters enjoyed. But I was born for adventure. I knew

this because I had a special super-power that my sisters did not. I had learned as a kitten how to

open doors, and even undo locks. I hid this skill from my humans, but knew one day I would use

it to explore the wide world. One day a cat-sitter came to watch us because my humans were

going on a trip to the beach. I did not know what a beach was but the way the humans talked

about it sounded fun. I decided to sneak into a bag and go on the trip. I said goodbye to my

sisters, who barely stirred from their baskets by the fireplace. The car ride was long and boring,

so I slept most of the time. Once the bags were unloaded, I peeked out. Just outside the glass

door was a beautiful sight. White soft sand, and aqua blue water gently tossing onto the shore

as the sun set into the sea. I finally knew what a beach was! After the humans left the car, I

quickly unlocked the door and darted out. The air smelled salty and the breeze ruffled my fur.

 I was hungry, but not for kibble. There was a delicious smell coming from a dumpster

behind the building, so I headed that way. As I came around the corner, I saw a whole clan of

beach cats. They were eating, singing, and playing together. There were rotisserie chickens,

pizza crusts, bits of sushi, and best of all, spaghetti noodles. I went straight for the noodles.

“Hey! This food is just for the Beach Cats, kid!” hissed a large tabby cat. The other cats nodded

and glowered at me with their shining eyes. “Why don’t you go home to your humans, house-

kitty? You won’t survive out here very long,” snarled a gray cat.

 I knew I couldn’t fight the cats for the food, so I sadly turned to walk back to the hotel

room. Maybe I would never be more than a house pet. When I reached room number five, I

stood on my back legs and turned the knob. The hotel room was empty when I got there, so I

curled up on the bed by the window and sighed. Just then I heard the noise of a truck driving

down the alley behind the hotel towards the dumpsters. I got a better view from the window –

it was a green and gray truck with a big metal cage in the back. The truck said, “Animal Control”

on the side in yellow letters.

 I darted off the bed, and rushed to the door. I jumped up on my back legs, and undid

the doorlatch. Rushing out, I headed towards the dumpster and the truck. Peeking around the

corner, I saw the cats already loaded in cages in the back of the truck. The driver of the truck

was about to get in the front seat to drive away. Just then his cell phone rang. He got back out

of the car and walked towards the beach, talking loudly into the phone. I had very little time to

act. I got right to work on the first cat’s cage. It was the gray cat. With my nimble paws, I

sprang the lock and one by one, freed all the others also.

 Not a moment too soon! The driver had spotted us, and was running up the beach

towards the truck, yelling and waving his hands in the air. The cats scattered. “C’mon kid!”

yelled the tabby cat. “Follow me!” Somehow, all the cats ended up in the same place under the

wooden boardwalk decking. The driver poked a large net on a stick at us, and yelled some more,

before giving up pretty quickly.

 The cats welcomed me into their tribe immediately. “With a super power like that, you

can definitely be part of our gang”, said the giant tabby cat whose name was Wateo. When the

coast was all clear, we headed back to the dumpsters. I feasted on those wonderful noodles.

Steve, the gray cat, was the one who named me – “Lets call him Noodle!” The cats all meowed

their agreement. I decided not to ever tell them my house kitty name – which had been Fluffy.

 Since then, I’ve lived happily on the beach with my tribe of beach cats. We nap in the

sun, we play in waves, and eat delicious food from the dumpsters every evening. Once in a

while, I use my super power to let the cats inside hotel rooms – when we all want to curl up on

a soft warm bed.