

Peanut Butter

and the

Lost

Kits

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Peanut Butter and the Lost Kits

By Kayla B

Chapter 2

Light shined between the trees as the sun rose above the horizon. It was dawn in the Dark Forest. Peanut Butter woke up with a yawn. Well, Peanut Butter is a cat. Her hair is black and her paws are white. She is a fully grown young cat. Peanut Butter stretched and decided to hunt later. Padding out of the moss bed she had made earlier, she sat down and groomed herself. When she finished, she left to hunt. Luckily, she caught a mouse and brought it back to her camp. Finally feeling pleased with herself, she followed her nose out of the Dark Forest. Surprisingly, she found herself nearing a human road.

“With any luck at all, I might just get through this,” she meowed.

She walked toward what seemed like her death bed. Her tail twitched as she heard a loud roar nearing. She braced herself for the crossing. The roaring grew nearer and nearer. Louder and louder, the seconds went by seeming to be hours. Finally, the human car was in sight. It zoomed past and Peanut Butter raced across the road with closed eyes. After a second or so, Peanut Butter opened her eyes. She found she had crossed safely. Feeling relieved, she continued padding onward.

Minutes passed before she came across a barn. It looked as if it still might contain life. She let her paws guide her nearly

inside, but caught herself and passed the barn. She neared a river she has heard of, called the Loud Rushing River.

Gathering up all her courage, she padded toward the edge. Slowly, she dipped in one paw, then all four, then she was completely covered with water. She started to walk forward with trouble, and began to have the need to swim. *This is ridiculous, I've never swam before!* Taking a deep breath, she moved her paws in a circle-like motion. *Okay, I've got it so far.* She began to swim, though she's learning the hard way. To her surprise, a wave came crashing over her head. *This is a river, not a beach!* She struggled for the surface, moving her paws in panic. Her head bobbed above the water for a second, giving her just enough time to take in a breath of air, before the second wave came. When it did, she was ready for it. It pushed her underwater for a shorter amount of time. Also, oddly enough, yet relieving, her paws touched ground. *Whew! I'm almost there!* Now, she only needed the sand underneath her to be her guide. She walked to shore.

"That could've gone worse!" she meowed in relief.

As she climbed to shore and shook her fur dry, she realized she would have to cross the river again. *Well, at least I am closer to finding my kits.* She turned around and looked back across the river. Suddenly, she saw a cat emerge from the barn she had passed earlier. The cat was all black with a jagged scar, starting at the forehead, going through the eye and ending at the cheek. Despite the dreadful scar, he looked confident, like

he had just won the Cat's-Best-Hunter award. Just looking at the tom, Peanut Butter realized her jaws were hanging open. She quickly shut her mouth in embarrassment. She looked again and saw the cat had seen her and was padding toward the river. She waited as the cat, like her, had trouble crossing the river. When he finally came across and approached her, she hesitated to show her respect. After all, she didn't know this cat! When the tom finally was a fox-length away from her, she managed to stammer out a purr in greeting.

"Hi," the tom replied. To her surprise, the tom seemed friendlier than he looked. *What am I supposed to do now, tell my name?* Finally, she realized it was the only kind thing to do.

"I'm Peanut Butter. What's your name?" she asked.

"I am Knight," he simply replied. "What are you doing on this side of the river?"

"I am on a journey to find my kits," Peanut Butter answered. To her surprise, the tom seemed to doubt her.

"Where was the last place you saw them?" he asked.

"On Peanut Island in Lake Lagoon," Peanut Butter stated.

"Are you sure you're going the right way?" His reply only made her more worried. Peanut Butter could feel her confidence start to fade.

"Oh, well, if you say it like that..." she started, but Knight interrupted her.

“Well, if you say you’re going to Lake Lagoon, you’re going the wrong way,” he explained.

“So I’ve been going the wrong way this whole time?” Now, her confidence was gone, she felt like her paws were holding up too much weight. She felt dizzy. Her head was spinning. She wanted to lay down and rest. *I really should sleep.* But before she could even lie down, she fainted.

When she awoke, she found herself in a palace fit for a king. There was red wallpaper hanging on the walls, small stalls with horses, pigs, and sheep in them, and even mice, EVERYWHERE! Piles, and piles of mice were stacked neatly around her paws. She finally looked above her when she saw Knight sitting, tail curled over paws, beside a stack of mice. When he noticed she had woken up, he got to his paws and padded toward her side.

“You’re awake!” he said. “You’d better eat up.”

“Are all these mice for me?” she wondered aloud.

“Yep. Are you not used to mice for a meal? Should I try to steal some catnip...” he asked.

“Oh, no, I’m fine with mice,” she said.

“Okay, good, because last time I tried, it did not go well,” he said. Though Peanut Butter couldn’t read minds, she could tell he was talking about his scar.

“How did you get it? Your scar?” she asked.

“I... It was caused... By a dog...” he looked away like he was ashamed of himself. “Anyway, you should eat up. I’m showing you the right way to Peanut Island today,” he told her. Peanut Butter gulped down two mice guiltily. She was tingling with the feeling that she would see her kits soon. *Don’t worry, my young kits, I am coming for you.* She followed Knight out of the barn already feeling excited. Finally, the question came to her. *Should I trust Knight? What if he only wants me to fail my quest?* She thought and thought, then decided to come back to it later. She bounded to catch up to Knight when she noticed she’d dragged behind.

“So, how far is Lake Lagoon?” she asked.

“Not far, just a few minutes southwest,” he replied.

“Any obstacles in our way?” she wondered.

To her surprise, Knight told her, “No, just grasslands from here.” *Whoa, seriously? That’s weird, I remember more obstacles. Hmm... Maybe they’ve moved them.* Full of confusion, Peanut Butter padded on with Knight.

“Where are you from?” she asked.

“Peanut Butter Island, I grew up there with my sister. When we were old enough, we swam across Lake Lagoon. We survived and left. Then I found that barn and lived there. When I found you, well, you remind me of her,” he said sadly.

“What happened to her?” Peanut Butter wondered.

“After we escaped Lake Lagoon, we went our separate ways. I never saw her again,” he replied. “I wonder what became of her.”

Peanut Butter then felt like an intruder. She stopped asking questions.

“How about you? You have any family?” Knight asked.

“Only my kits. We lived for a short while together, then the humans came and took me away into their house,” Peanut Butter said through tears.

“I’m sorry your kits and you were separated,” Knight said and Peanut Butter could tell he felt sorry for her. “We’ll find them, I promise,” he told her.

“I hope so,” Peanut Butter replied sadly. Knight nudged her and they padded on. It seemed like a few minutes before a familiar monstrous lake came into view.

“That’s Lake Lagoon for you,” Knight stated.

“It’s bigger than I remember,” Peanut Butter exclaimed. Dipping a paw in, she could tell much rain had caused it to swell and get deeper.

“Rain,” Knight mumbled.

“Can we cross it?” asked Peanut Butter, who had already started to worry. Knight looked across the lake for a long moment.

“I’m afraid not, Peanut Butter,” he finally answered. The way he said her name, it felt, strange. Her tail twitched with a sort of excitement, though Peanut Butter couldn’t figure out why.

“If we can’t cross it...” Peanut Butter’s voice trailed off. “How will we get to my kits?” Knight looked at Peanut Butter for a long time.

Finally deciding to make a decision on her own for once, she dove into Lake Lagoon and into the dreadful unknown.

To Be Continued...