

Simone Birge
The Impurr-fect Timing
Short Story

Early one Monday morning in October the fall colors came shining in through the window and the birds' songs were carried in through the sea salt wind. That's when a loud "ER...ER...ER...ER" broke through the morning silence. A very startled woman bolted out of her warm comfy cozy bed to the sound of the alarm. She frantically ran around the house like she was a chicken with its head cut off. She repeated the phrase "I'm going to be late for work if I don't hurry!" over and over.

Little did she know as she huffed and slammed the black wooden door, she left her foster cats Ron and Ginny stuck in the bedroom. Ginny is normally a happy-go-lucky cat but when stressed can be worried and panicked. Ron, who is the complete opposite of his sister, is chill, laid back, and very mellow. Ginny jumped at the loud noise which the door made as it echoed through the room. She shook her fluffy body at the door "Oh My!" she said in a panicked and startled voice.

Ron opened his meadow green eyes and examined his sister's startled facial expression. "It's the door, you dork." he said, closing his eyes as he crossed his two orange paws in front of himself. He yawned slowly, laid his white chin on his paws and drifted off to sleep again. Ginny pranced over to her brother with a heated look and lifted her orange and white paw. She bopped him on the head with one swift swing.

Ron jolted awake from the pain of Ginny's claws poking him "Ouch!" he cried as he held his head. "What was that for?" he asked, re-fluffing his fur with a quick annoyed glare at his sister.

"That was for calling me names!" Ginny huffed, and puffed out her white chest. After five minutes, Ginny started to panic that their owner wouldn't come back. Ginny paced impatiently on the bed. She mumbled under her breath "What if she never comes back?" She exclaimed. Her paw flew to her mouth as she gasped in horror.

Ron jokingly says "Run and jump off the bed." Ginny considered her brother's idea and decided to go for it. She tiptoed up to her owner's pillow. She assumed the jumping position, while wiggling her butt and waving her tail, for balance, and leaped for the door. Unfortunately, she fell flat on the floor. Ron laughed so hard he tumbled off the bed.

"Shut up!" Ginny said sternly she sat on her haunches and looked around the room. She observed the dresser with its nine drawers. Hair products, curling irons, and a blow dryer littered the top. Ginny huffed out of frustration and a stray strand of orange fur floated out of her eyes and onto her head. "Ron, help me find a way out! I need to go to the bathroom." She said urgently.

Ron snapped back to reality and said sourly, "Yeah, now that you've said something, I'm kind of hungry." Ginny looked around the room and saw the laundry basket. She thought to herself "I could climb the basket and grab the handle." When she got to the top of the basket, she felt

something on her tail. Turning her head around she saw a sock on her tail. She screamed and yelled frantically “Ron help! A sock is stuck on my tail! Help!”

Ron, who is even more panicked, yells “SOCK!” and hides under the bed. About two minutes later, Ginny comes over and says, “It’s gone. The big bad sock is gone.” Ginny teased, knowing Ron is scared of socks. Ron sticks his tongue out at her, and crawls out from under the bed. He sits back on his haunches, grooming himself. Ginny walks over to the door, and peers up at its tall frame. She blurts out with her back facing her brother, “What if we make a tower?”

Ron cocks his head. “A what?” he says without thinking.

“A tower, Ron. I climb on your shoulders, grab the handle, and pull!” She says with a smug grin on her orange and white spotted face. Ron looks at his sister like she’s lost her marbles, but foolishly agrees.

Ten minutes of trying Ginny’s plan, both she and Ron fall flat on their backs. Ron gives up and walks over to the rug in the middle of the room to take a cat nap. Ginny on the other paw, gets an idea to take the shoe laces out of her owner’s running shoes and tie one end to a sock and the other end to Ron’s tail. She then ties the sock end on the handle of the door. “Ron! A sock is coming to get you!” Ginny yells.

Ron jolts awake, screams bloody murder, and sprints for the bed yelling. “It’s going to eat my brain!” The door comes unlatched flinging open, and hits the wall with a thundering boom.

Ginny bolts out of the room and down the hallway yelling back at her brother “You don’t have a brain, Ron!” As Ron regains his breath, he sees the door is open. Peeping out of the doorway, Ron hopes to see his owner, but sees his little sister instead. Ron rolls his green eyes at her. Ginny chuckles as she imitates Ron. “It’s going to eat my brain.” She says in a sarcastic, teasing tone.

Ron saunters down the hall toward the kitchen. As he climbs the cat tree, the front door opens and in comes Chloe with fall colored leaves in her thick brown hair, and crooked glasses. Ron and Ginny glance at her, then back at each other. Chloe walks over to her two fluffy feline companions. She picks them up, snuggles them close and says “Let’s go take a nap. You two look tired.” As she carries them down the hallway toward the bedroom, Ron whispers to Ginny “I never got my snack.”

Ginny rolls her olive green eyes at her brother, and lets out a frustrated sigh. “So much for all that trouble.”