

Soaked Tigger

Hello, I'm Tigger, and I'm a cat, a ginger cat. I'm a boy cat. And I'm soaked !

It all started this morning. The birds were chipping and singing and the sun seemed to say "Hello there !". I saw a bird, a bright yellow bird. "A canary !", I thought, "And I'm going to catch it ! Just think, the nice soft feathers in my mouth !". And you *see* ? I could not resist. So I froze, I prowled and I pounced. Bulls eye ! I mean I got it, but what do I do with it ? Yes purrfect, I'll give it as a present to my master.

Boy ! Was he angry. It seemed to rain. "What ?". OK ! It was *raining* and he *chucked* me out in the middle of it ! And now I'm soaking wet. I am meowing to be let in. It's like a high pitched squeal.

In the morning, he finally let me in ! I mean, how could you leave the cutest ginger cat in the rain, ever ?! Now, I'm by the fire. I'm dry and warm. Guess what ! You can't ! Well I buried the bird, and if my master finds out I'm toast ! Well I can't say any more, for now that is ! But I could tell you about the time I stole his underpants.

The End

by Tara Indigo, 29th November 2005 ([original draft copy](#)¹)

1. daisy:124 (image:soaked_tigger_original)