

Writer: Carol L Brunk
Title: Short story 3 year old and his cat
December 10, 2015

"Of the snow the corn flakes of cereal...shook out...of a box in a bowl," the boy yelled shaking frosted flakes in his bowl. "Pass the uncurled milk with Noooo spoilage," the boy commented. "Time to dunk the spoon." He picked up the spoon kissed the big round end.

Amused his mother laughed at him putting back the glass milk pitcher into the refrigerator. She would watch her 3 year old from a distance.

"Krrrr spoolish,"he said as he dug the spoon into his cereal bowl.

"Hmmm." "Hmmm." "Crunch!" "Crunch!" "Hmmm." "Hmmm." "Crunch!" "Crunch!"

The boy continued to eat.

"Meow!"

"The tiger!"the boy stopped eating. "I have to put you back in the jungle." "We have no jungle." "I'll put you in the forest."

He dropped his spoon into his cereal. Got down from the chair and went into the other room. He grabbed the pet cage and put it beside his chair. He climbed back into his chair and look over at the cat. "Go on get in the cage," he said to the cat.

"Meow!"

The cat sat on the table next to his cereal bowl and laid down. "Ok, Tiger go in your cage," the boy said. He pressed his face up to the cat's face.

"Meow!"

"You go get in cage." "Time for you to go to the forest." "You go get in your forest."

"Meow!"

The cat patted the spoon.

Plunk!

The spoon popped out of the bowl. Milk spilled on the table.

"Plank time for you," the boy said.

"Meow!"

"Go get in your cage," the boy said. The cat patted a small puddle of milk. "Go get in your cage," the boy urged. "Go on..."

The cat licked his paw.

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"Meow!" The cat licked his paw and sat next to the spilt milk on the table.

"Gooo on get into your cage," he said. The cat laid down and thumped his tail.

"Meow!"

The boy eyes grew wide. "Ooooooh!" he said. He got out of the chair and walked around the table looking at the table's edge eye level.

"Hummm!" "Plank the cat!" he yelled.

"Meow!"

He climbed his chair again. "Hey," he yelled at the cat. "You plank yourself and get in the cage!"

Then he paused reached over and patted the cat nicely on the head.

"Meow!"

"Ooooooh!" "Now, go on and get in your cage," he coaxed. He squished his hands on the cat's fur. "Soft!" "Fuzzy!" "Squishy!" "Warm!"

"Here," he said reached down grabbed the cereal spoon dished up a spoonful aimed it towards the cat's mouth then he aimed it towards his mouth.

"Yummy!" he said as he crunched his cereal.

"Now," the boy said as he reached his spoon inside the bowl to dive for another spoonful. "Yummy," he said as he watched the cat.

"Meow!" The cat patted the bowl with his paw and moved closer to the boy's cereal bowl.

"Ooooh!" the boy said as he ate another spoonful as he watched the cat roll over right next to the bowl.

"Meow!" The cat's face was right at the boy's bowl.

"Ooooh!" the boy said tapping the spoon in the milk in the bowl.

SPLASH!

A little milk spilled over the side.

"Meow!" the cat reached up and patted the edge of the bowl.

"Meow!"

"Just maybe..." he said as he pushed the spoon through the cereal.

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"Meow!"

"You don't want to get in your cage?" the boy asked the cat.

"Meow!"

The cat patted the cereal bowl.

"Ooooh!" the boy said and got down from his chair to look at the cat at eye level on the table.

"Could you get in your cage pleasssseeee!" the boy urged.

"Meow!"

The cat rolled over towards the boy. The boy patted the cat.

"Nice cat," the boy said. "Maybe a spoonful."

He got back in his chair, scooped up his cereal with his spoon. He aimed the spoon towards the cat. Then aimed the spoon towards his own mouth again and ate the cereal.

"Yummy!" he said out loud. The cat rolled over again on the table.

"Hummm!" the boy said. "Maybe a spoonful." He aimed the spoon at the cat. Then the boy aimed the spoon at his own mouth and ate the cereal.

"Maybe a plank," the boy said as he ate two more spoonful's of cereal. His mother listened to him from the hall.

Klunk!

The mother peeked around the corner to see the cat lying on the table and her three year old boy eats two more spoonfuls. Then her boy patted the cat and watched her boy dismount from his chair. At eye level looking at the cat on the table, her boy leaned close to the table with his head close to the cat. Her boy rubbed the cat's face and thought "....maybe..." as he thumbed a whisker.

"No plank," her boy said and continued to rub the cat's face. "Soft and fuzzy!" her boy rubbed the cat's face. He climbed back up into the chair looking at his cereal bowl.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Her boy tapped the side of the empty cereal bowl. The cat sat up on the table and patted at the empty bowl.

"No plank," her boy said. The cat patted the bowl again.

"Meow!"

Her boy smiled. "MOM!" her son yelled really really loud. "We need to feed the cat!"