

This is very, very unfair.

Me, an innocent — well, somewhat innocent — feline, trapped in a thunderstorm? I yowl my indignation to the stormy sky, my call responded with the pounding of rain on my soaked fur and the barking of the demonic canine monster next door.

For I am but a sad sight to see, trapped in this snare of branches and sodden leaves, twigs and bark eternally surrounding me.

Well, maybe not eternally, but my monologue needs a plot. Anyway.

I huddle pitifully under the sky black as night. I shiver, for this dreadful chill is freezing me down to the marrow in my very bones. I wait here, a mere damsel in distress, for my rescuer to come and save me from this miserable situation.

I meow, and as I do, a flash of lightning illuminates the kingdom of water in front of me. Everything is drenched and dripping water, except for all of the odd homo sapiens huddled comfortably in their sprawling manors that, I have to admit, look terrible in any natural disaster. It's sort of fitting, in a way — an architectural disaster in a natural disaster.

Speaking of disaster, I'm still ensnared in this demonic and vengeful tree. Despite my insistent caterwauling, someone has yet to notice.

Finally, after my throat is parched and my pelt sodden, which is a horrible combination, one of my homo sapiens steps outside in a bright yellow water-repelling fabric. I definitely need one of those, and soon.

I plead for their attention with one last final push from my vocal chords. The homo sapien glances up at my terrible cage and lets out a noise that I choose to translate as a war cry against my cruel captors. The homo sapien rushes over to me, protected from our enemies in canary-yellow armor. The brave and heroic homo sapien reaches the muddy base of my enclosure at long last, and reaches up their arms to me, not quite tall enough to reach where I perch precariously.

The homo sapien desperately tries to climb my wooden cage, but fails miserably and lands on its behind, mud splashing up to greet it. They stand back up and resume their earlier position with their arms outstretched to catch me. Water runs down their face in rivulets, and the bright yellow of their armor is now covered in sodden earth.

I yawn, stretch, and jump off of the tree in the opposite direction of the homo sapien. They yelp in surprise as I leave the yard and meander down the street, the final act of my dramatic performance.

Off I go to find someone else who also falls for my tricks.