

The Case of the Lost Kitten

Once upon a time, I had a kitten. He was named Butternut and was very special to me. He was white and brownish-orange. I loved him because he was a good snuggler. He also liked to read books with me at bedtime. He had a brother named Mango and a sister named Iniga.

One night, Butternut went outside and he did not come back inside. The next morning he was still not home. My mother was worried, and my brother and I were scared. She posted on Facebook asking for help and the whole neighborhood was looking for him. We searched and searched while we called his name and shook his treats bin. "Butternut! Here, kitty!" we yelled over and over and over. When it got dark, we looked with a flashlight. We were worried and so sad to lose our kitten. But we never gave up!

Suddenly, we heard a weak meow. We looked and looked, but we could not find where the sound was coming from. Was it coming from our shed? Was it coming from the trees? We did not know. We kept calling and following the sound. Finally we spotted his sweet, white face: he was stuck under the neighbor's porch! We tried to get him out, but we could not find an opening. He was meowing very loudly now.

Finally we found an opening and...he could barely fit through! My mama pulled him out and picked him up in her arms. She carried him inside. We snuggled with him and gave him food. He had been so cold outside that he fell asleep on top of the heater. We were happy to have our kitten home.