

## Smoky The High Flyer

Smoky gazed up at her mistress' mother who said, "Now Smoky, we're all going out to the shops, so you'll be on your own. You must stay where you are and not wander off. Being new here and only being a kitten, you could easily get lost."

When she'd gone, Smoky stretched her back legs, then her front legs. She twitched her whiskers and meowed.

She waited. Waited to see if anyone had heard her and come to see. But after a while no one came. Oh yes, she now remembered Amy's mother tell her that they were going out.

Smoky looked around her. All on her own now.

All was quiet.

What could she do? Where could she go? Not far, but she wanted to walk to see the rest of the place she was in. So she decided to make the most of the opportunity of being alone and go on an adventure. She would explore the house.

Leaving her basket, Smoky tentatively placed one paw then another onto the floor outside of her territory. Slowly she made her way out of the kitchen and into another room. It was here that she saw a door ahead and padded towards it.

Thankfully it was ajar, and the gap was just wide enough for her to squeeze through, being only a kitten.

Squeezing through the gap, she found that she was in a hallway with a high ceiling. In front of her was a long, white thing that seemed to go up and up for ever.

Smoky wondered where it led to, and decided that would be where she'd start her exploring and see for herself.

Leap by leap, she managed to reach the top of wherever it was these steps were leading to.

She yawned. It was an effort getting up all those mountains, especially for one so small as she.

Now she was here, Smoky was in a quandary. Where did she go from here? The door on the left, the one on the right or the one straight ahead?

She approached the first door she came to and padded in.

There was nothing of interest there, so she came out and went into the next room. She liked the people in this house; they left their doors open – an adventurous kitten’s heaven.

Again, there was nothing to interest her there.

Last room coming up. Smoky hoped that there was something here, because she was now getting bored with this adventure.

As she entered the room, a ray of light beamed through the window onto her.

Smoky blinked.

She looked up to see where the light was coming from, and to her glee saw an open window.

Being the curious kitten she was, she went to investigate what could be outside of that window, but how to get there was the question.

She looked around the room and then saw it – a big square thing in the corner of the room right by the window, which had these thin covers hanging down from it. She could climb onto those and then be near the window.

Smoky clawed her way up the side of the bed, pulling the sheets almost onto the floor as she went, and walked over the bed, towards the window.

Cautiously stepping over the ledge, she heaved herself out of the gap and onto what was the roof.

As she crawled out of the window, Smoky touched it and as soon as she’d padded on to the outside, thought she heard a bang. But being excited that she was out in the open, wonderful place and free, didn’t take much notice of what it could mean.

It was nice up here, Smoky mused, lots of blue around her.

She yawned. All that exercise had tired her out.

She laid down and closed her eyes.

A cooing noise woke her up.

Opening her eyes, she saw a big, grey and white bird next to her.

Where was she?

Moving away from the bird – it scared her being up so close – Smoky slipped and ended up near the edge.

Gingerly, Smoky padded back towards the window she came out from, only to find it was shut and she couldn't push it open again. Then she realised what the bang she'd heard was.

Oh no, how was she to get back inside before her family returned and found her missing?

Smoky meowed in the hope that someone could hear her but all that she could see were the grey and white birds on the other side of the roof.

Now what? All she could do, she supposed, was wait for her people to return and start looking for her. So she waited and waited.

Now and then she'd stretch out, then pad to the edge and look down, but too scared at how high she felt, soon moved back up away from the edge.

After what seemed like hours, Smoky thought she heard her name being called but thinking she was dreaming, took no notice.

Then her name got louder and louder, and she realised it was for real. It sounded very close, too.

Maybe she should chance to look over the edge again. So Smoky slowly padded to the edge and peered down, and saw her mistress, Amy, and her family walking around the green down below, calling her.

Could they hear her from up here? Worth a try, she thought, so meowed the loudest she could manage.

She waited.

Nothing, they were still walking around and calling out for her.

She meowed again.

And this time she heard the elder of the two men, Amy's father, say to the others, "I thought I heard a meow from high up."

Smoky meowed again to say, I'm up here. Come and rescue me.

Then the man looked up and happened to see her.

Smoky heard him say, "Oh my word. She's got up onto the roof." Then he looked up again and called out, "Smoky, stay where you are. One of us will come to collect you."

Smoky meowed once more to say, I'm not going anywhere. I understand.

She blinked as she saw all the family disappear inside the house. Where were they going? I thought you were coming to collect me.

She whimpered, feeling alone and neglected.

But then she heard a creak behind her and heard her name.

"Smoky, take it easy. If you can understand me, slowly make your way to me until you reach my hand."

Smoky turned round and halted. She got a bit dizzy then as he moved. Must be the height, she thought.

"Take it easy, Smoky. You'll get here," the voice called to her.

So slowly and cautiously, Smoky put one paw in front of the other until she got within touching distance of her mistress' father's hand. But being so relieved that there would be someone to comfort her when this was over, got overexcited.

When she reached the window, Smoky leapt from the ledge to where she saw the father.

Upon flying through the window to back inside, she landed on something soft, and when she looked saw a furry face with beady and bulgy eyes.

This frightened Smoky, and she dashed into a corner of the room, where she sat shaking. She growled and whimpered, with a small mew.

Smoky heard her name being called by Amy, but was too scared to come out, in case that thing was there to get her.

Then she saw Amy come towards her and she was holding the thing.

Smoky huddled even more into the corner, and growled at Amy with the thing, staying where she was, despite hearing Amy say, "It's OK to come out. There's nothing here to frighten you," and clicked her tongue to entice Smoky to appear.

Smoky growled again to say, Yes, there is, and pawed at the thing, causing Amy to drop it.

Amy said then, "Oh, Smoky. You mean to say that you're scared of Ted. He won't hurt you," and to show she meant what she said, Smoky saw Amy throw the thing she called Ted onto her bed.

"There, it's gone now. You can come out. Come on," Amy coaxed, and slowly Smoky came out from her hiding spot.

Amy picked her up and stroked her.

"Ah, Smoky. What are we going to do with you, eh?"

Smoky looked at her beseechingly.

"Now, now. Don't look at me like that. You know I can't resist you when you eye me like that," and Amy smiled.

Smoky purred.

She heard Amy say, "I don't know. Scared of a teddy bear," and laughed.

Hearing the chuckle Smoky thought Amy was laughing about her exploits and brushed her face against Amy's face.

Amy laughed. "Oh, you're such a loveable little rascal, aren't you? But you know that already, don't you?" and got a meow as a reply.