

The Missing Cat

By John B

Freddie wondered around the city trying to find his pet cat, Nancy he had secretly stuffed his favourite cat into his backpack during the train ride to France.

Eventually, he found the famous statue of Diderot, a rich French where that cat lay dozing away but no matter how many times he called the cat, Nancy she wouldn't move a muscle. He started to get a bit (by a bit I mean A LOT) worried because it was getting dark, but fortunately he had brought some Euros and cents with him which gave him an idea DING! He would use the money to buy a fish, go back to the hotel to get the fishing rod sprint back like Billy Whizz so the cat will wake up and sense the fish and come down! I am a GENIUS (that's what he thinks.) So he does his "genius" plan, but Nancy the cat ISN'T there! He sprints to the hotel and sees that the cat is lying down by the fire, WHEW!

Suddenly, a shout from his mum's bedroom in the hotel said,

"What are you doing with that fishing rod?"

"Nothing."

Said the boy, hesitated.

"OK then what are you doing holding a fishing rope?"

snapped the lady. The 12 years old breathed a sigh of annoyance.

"Fine then I was only trying to find Nancy."

"SINCE WHEN WAS NACY HERE?????"

I just decided to take her, he said with a smirk.

"YOU'RE GROUNDED FOR 7 WEEKS."

No school for 49 days? Brilliant!!!

What Frankie's mother didn't know is that Frankie LOVED being grounded.