

## **Pixel, the Filthy-Footed Feline**

by

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Pixel's tummy rumbles after a romp in the yard. He wants Miss Molly to give him tuna inside the house. Tuna is his favorite smell. SNIFF. SNIFF. YUM!

“Meow-ow-w,” he cries. Miss Molly opens the door. “Pixel, you made dirty footprints on the porch. Your fur is stinky. You can't come inside with grubby paws.”  
WAIT. WAIT. STOP!

Pixel bats his toy mouse across the sunporch. He rolls and waves his paws in the air. He swats his red ball under a chair. “Your antics won't work, Pixel. You need a bath.” Miss Molly closes the door. NO. NO. CLICK!

“Urrr- ow.” Pixel doesn't like baths. He likes tuna and naps. He stretches in the sunshine and scrubs between each toe with his rough tongue. He washes his face, ears and whiskers. He grooms his tail until it is bushy. LICK. LICK. SHINE!

Pixel struts across the porch when Miss Molly returns. “Clever boy. You cleaned yourself up.” Miss Molly opens the door. “Come in, Pixel. I have your tuna in the kitchen.” SMILE. SMILE. LAUGH!

Pixel’s whiskers twitch when he smells his food. He eats all his tuna and laps water. He dreams on a comfy pillow of adventures in the yard. SNOOZE. SNOOZE. SNORE!

He races squirrels into trees. RUN. RUN. CHASE!

He hops on bugs in wet mulch. STALK. STALK. POUNCE!

He digs holes in the flowerbed. KNEAD. KNEAD. SCOOP!

Miss Molly cuddles him in her arms. “You’re a good kitty, Pixel. I’m glad you’re here. We’re happy together.” PET. PET. SIGH!

“Meow-ow-ow.” He rubs his head against Miss Molly’s cheek. Pixel is glad his tummy is full. He’s safe with his best friend. The adventurer makes his happiest sound. PURR. PURR. LOVE!