

Cat Fight

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In a forest full of many creatures, problems often arise. As two cats meet, only one will win. Which one of our furry friends will be granted the territory?

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I slowly stalked through the dense forest. The sweet smell of squirrels and birds filled the crisp forest air. I shook my head, forgetting my urge to hunt. I had another task to face. I bunched up my muscles, and in a single leap, jumped over a large fallen tree. Landing heavily on all four of my paws, I continued to walk along the invisible path.

After only a few more pawsteps, I quickly skidded to a halt. A line of orange fur fluffed up along my boney back. I threw my head in the air, slightly opening my mouth. The smell of another cat was strong. I felt a growl rumble in my through. My ears quickly pricked up. Every muscle in my body tense, ready for an attack.

Without any warning, I felt something slide down my back. Through my anger, I was able to ignore the stinging pain. I whipped my head around, facing another cat. His face was scarred from many past battles. His lips curled up his cheek, showing large yellow teeth. His claws were long and sharp, digging into the soft ground. His misty gray fur was puffed up, possibly making him look twice the size he actually was. With a look of determination, I quickly matched his aggressive stance. There was a moment where the whole forest stopped, waiting for one of the two cats to attack. I stared into in glowing green eyes.

He lowered his head, and crouched down low. With no warning, his body launched through the air. I quickly slid my body to the side, just barely dodging the large and angry cat. His body smacked the ground. He sat there for a moment, dazed from the harsh landing. I quickly threw my body in the air and landed heavily onto his back. He wiggled violently and tried to claw at me, but I held onto his soft fur tightly. I dug my claws deeper into his matted fur. I lowered my head, and dug my sharp teeth into the scruff of his neck. Red, sticky blood oozed out of his fur. I ignored the foul taste and hung on tightly. With one last quick wiggle, his whole body suddenly stopped moving. In one quick movement, he rolled onto his back, pushing my body onto the soft forest ground.

I could barely breathe with his incredible weight pushing down on my lungs. I finally managed to throw his body off. Sitting up, I panted hard, my tongue hanging out of my mouth. The other cat's tail was high in the air. I knew that he though he had won this fight. To prove him wrong, I threw my body to his side. With one swift movement, I sliced my claws down his flank. He jumped back, but quickly lost his balance and fell to the ground. I rushed to his side, and sliced a claw down his exposed stomach. He hissed in pain as the warm, sticky blood oozed out of his soft fur. I continued to slice his stomach, until I finally felt determined that he had enough. I jumped back, glaring at him with angry eyes. He jumped to his paws, and also glared at me.

With one last angry pant, he finally turned around. With his tail dragging through the ground, he left my territory and headed into the deep, dark woods. I snarled in satisfaction. Once again, I had won a fight with another intruder. I only took one moment to celebrate my victory. I knew that there would be many, many more fights to come. One day, I might not have the strength to win. One day.

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