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## **The Little Kitty** **Written by: Erin M. Blair**

*(I dedicate this story to my cat, Mischief.)*

The Little Kitty likes to stretch out, being lazy as always. One day, the cat decides that she wants her chair! She decides to get her chair from me. Does The Little Kitty know that I'm trying to type this story?

I guess not.

The Little Kitty stares and stares, turns on her back, and tries to be innocent. "Meow! Meow! Meow!" the cat cries for the chair; she wants to sleep on the chair. That is all she wants.

But she doesn't get the chair.

She decides to try the cute approach; she licks my hand.

No chair.

Now, she tries to be playful by biting me!

Definitely no chair!

Ah, well! The Little Kitty tries to make the best of it by stretching on the hard, wooden table by the chair. She knows there will be a time when I will get up from the chair.

Then, she will rest comfortably.

