

# Pebbles

By Shinequa Sutherland

"Pebbles," rang Mrs. Johnson early in the morning, "Your breakfast is ready".

"Pebbles, your lunch is ready," said Mr. Johnson.

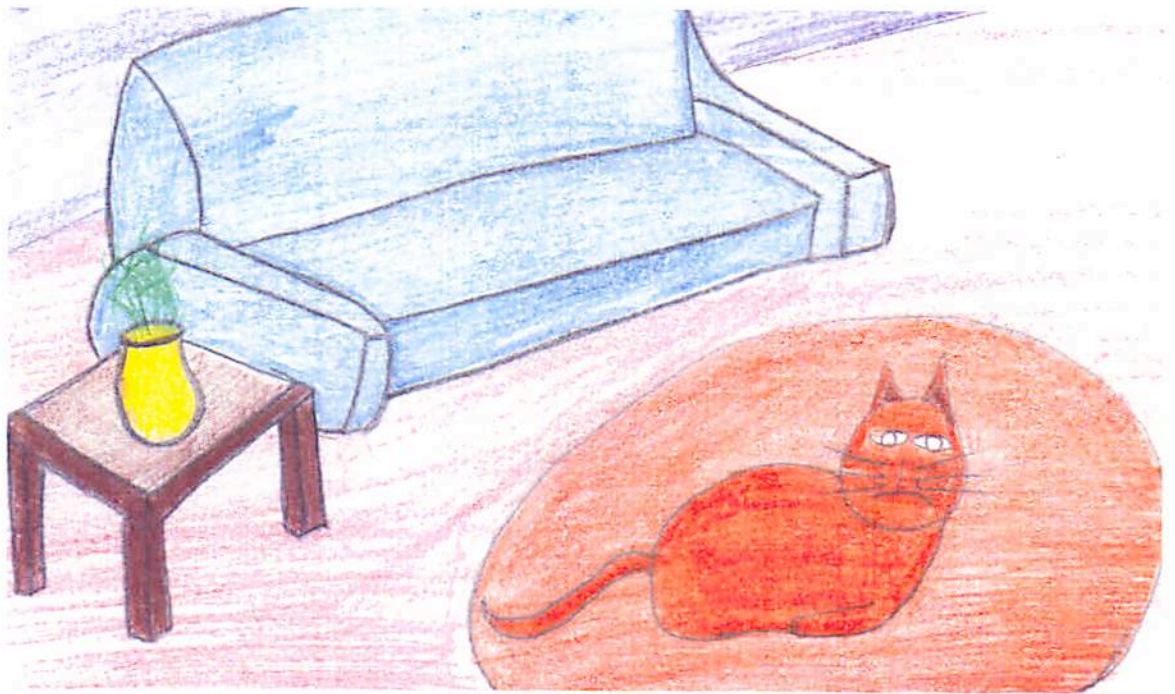
"Pebbles, your snack is ready," said Emily when she got home from school.

"Pebbles, your dinner is ready," said Peter at dinner time.

"Pebbles...." All day long, Pebbles ate and ate. And everyday he got bigger and bigger until one day, Pebbles couldn't get up when Emily called. She called again "Pebbles" but he didn't come. So Mrs. Johnson went to look for him. It was almost impossible to spot him because he was stretched out on the orange rug. His orange fur was almost the same orange color as the rug.

"Uuugh. You're getting really big Pebbles. You're almost too heavy for me to lift. You need to lose some weight. From now on, we're putting you on a diet so no more getting some of our dinner and no more eating 4 times a day." said Mrs. Johnson.

"Meow" replied Pebbles as he was carried to his food dish. He ate his food and crawled slowly back to his spot on the rug.



The next day Pebbles noticed he was only called 3 times and his food had a nasty taste to it. It was cold and brown and looked like something from the garbage disposal. He also noticed that now, it seemed the family wanted to play every time he wanted to lie down. The next two weeks went the same way. He thought that if he would only keep trying it, it would taste better

eventually. But it didn't. Day by day it grew worse. Until one day Pebbles just decided to eat only once.

"This food is so nasty. I won't eat it. Only once a day."

"Pebbles, come and play with me," he heard Mrs. Johnson say.

Just then he heard a sound coming from outside the window.

"Psssst Psssssssssssssssst. Hey house cat," somebody called. Pebbles went to the window to see what it was.

"Who's there? What do you want?" he said not knowing if he would get a response back.

"Hey house cat, got some food to eat?" said a skinny brown cat.

"No I don't. Unless you want to eat something that tastes like it came from the garbage can?"

"House cat, nothing tastes like garbage if you use your imagination."

"You obviously haven't tasted any of this food. Its cold and brown" said Pebbles with a disgusted look on his face.

"Well why don't you bring some outside and let me taste it for myself," the ally cat replied.

"Uh... sorry. I'm not allowed to go outside."

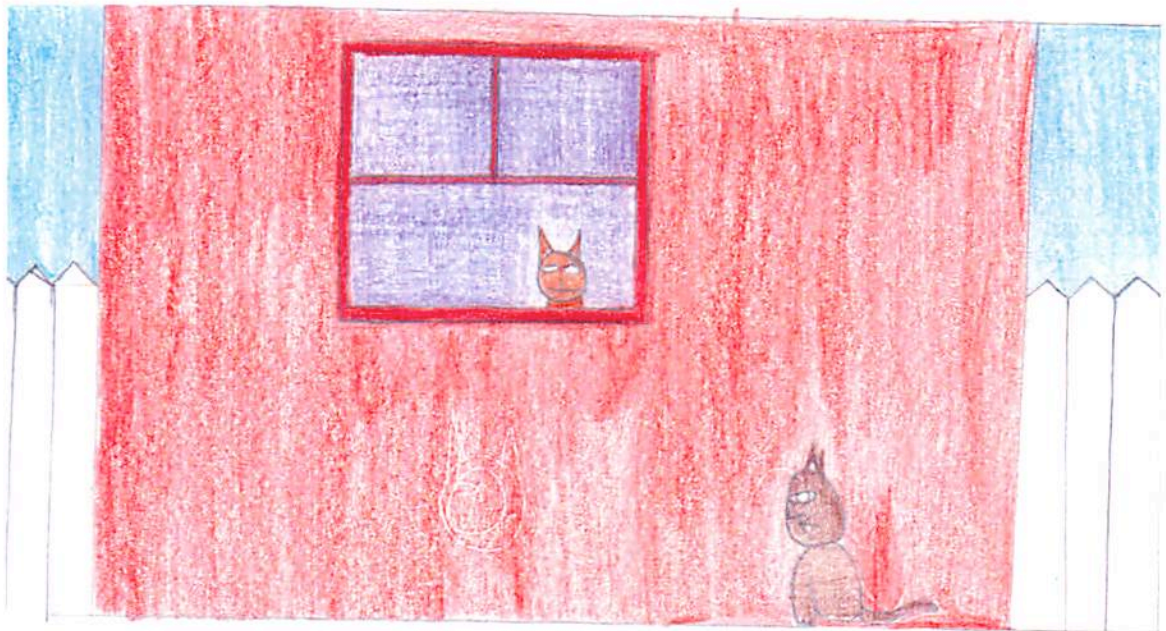
"Oh yea? Who told you that?"

"My owners. They said bad things might happen to me if I go outside."

"Weren't they the ones who gave you that nasty food? Look, I promise, nothing will happen to you. Just come and find out and see for yourself. Besides, some buddies and I plan on having some fish for lunch. And if that food is as nasty as you say, fish must sound really good to you right now."

"Pebbles, come and play with me," he heard Mrs. Johnson say again. Then, foot steps coming in his direction.

"Ok. I'll come outside. But only for a minute."



Pebbles leapt out the window and walked towards the brown ally cat.

"So what's your name anyway house cat" asked the ally cat.

"My name is Pebbles. What's yours?"

"Jonathan Butler. But my friends call me B.C. cause I'm a Brown Cat. "

"Ok. So tell me more about this fish dinner you were talking about earlier."

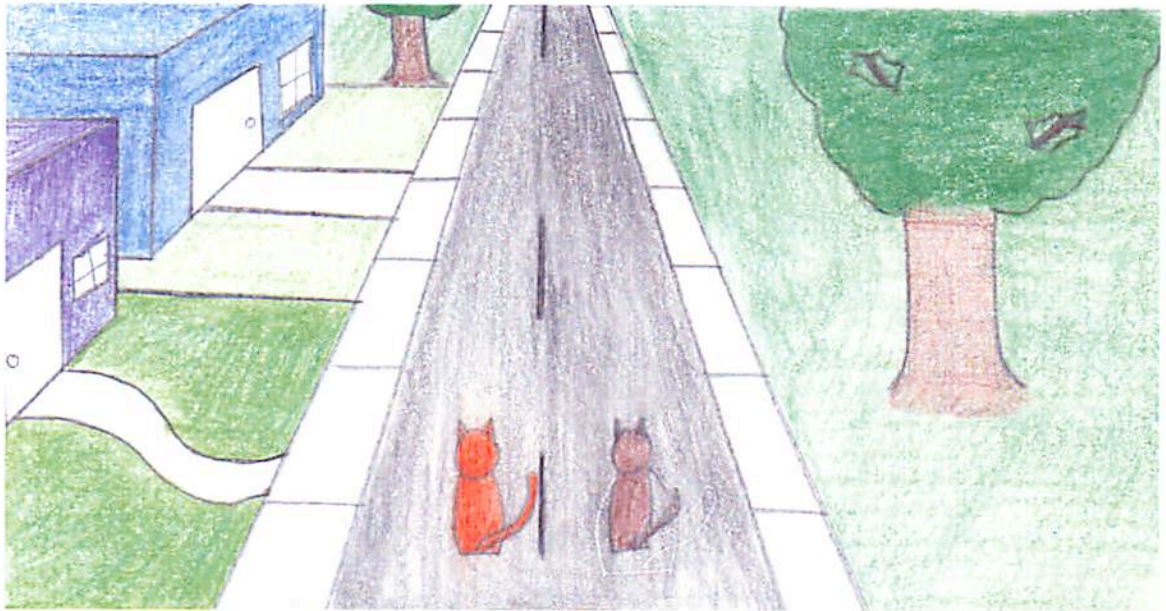
"Ahh. I will not. The only way for you to find out is for you to come along with me and find out for yourself. So how about it. Are you gonna come? Or should I just eat your share of the fish?"

"I'm not sure that's a good idea. My owners would get worried if I'm missing too long or they cant find me."

"Ok then. I guess I will just eat your share of the fish," the ally cat said pausing to see what Pebbles was going to say.

"Alright. I'll go. But not for long."

And off they went.



After walking for an hour, Pebbles began to question whether he should have gone. He didn't recognize the streets or any of the houses. He didn't recognize the signs or any of the other pets. When he was about to ask where they were, "Here we are. Home Sweet Home" rang from B.C.'s mouth.

"Hey fellas. This here is Pebbles and he's a house cat who just got put on a diet," said B.C.

"Oooh. A house cat," said a cat whose fur was a darker ~~color~~ than B.C.'s.

"Welcome to our house Pebbles" said another.

"So house cat, how about we eat that fish I told you about?" asked B.C.

"Sure," he replied happily.

He ate and ate and ate some more. Then he began thinking to himself that B.C was right. Nothing tasted like it came from the garbage can. When he used his imagination, the sour milk tasted like sweet cold milk and the empty tuna can tasted like fresh tuna when he licked the can.

"I could live like this all the time. Eating what I want, when I want, how ever much I want," said Pebbles with a grin on his face.

"Well now, its almost bed time," said B.C. as he layed down in a beat up card board box.

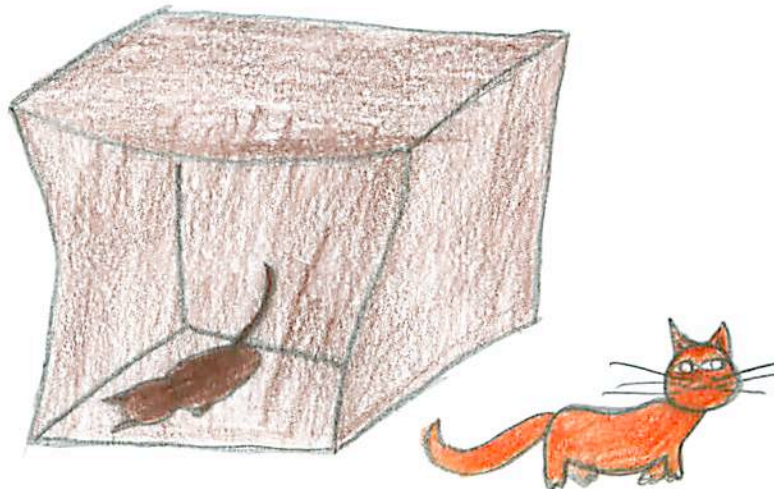
"Wait aren't you going to take me back home?" asked Pebbles.

"Are you crazy? Do you know what time it is?"

"It's dark."

"Correct. And that means I'm not going anywhere."

"Well then, I guess I just have to find my own way back" said Pebbles and he set off to find his home.



"Left, right then straight two blocks. Or was it three." Trying to remember how to get home, Pebbles noticed it had gotten darker and

darker. Now it was so dark, he couldn't see the houses any more. So he walked a little farther until he saw what appeared to be an empty box and decided to lay in it to keep safe. After a while, his eyes grew heavy and all he wanted to do was sleep. They got lower and lower until he was fast asleep.

Suddenly, "boom". Something had fallen on top of the box.

"Oh no. what was that? Please don't be a big scary dog. I don't want to get hurt. I just want to go home. To the Johnson's and to that nasty food. I don't care I'll eat it. All of it. And I'll play and run and do what ever. I just want to go home," he whined.

"Pebbles, your dinner is ready," said two familiar voices.

"I know that voice." He said with a gasp. "It's Mrs. Johnson and Emily."

Relieved to have been found, Pebbles ran to them and lived happily ever after. Never again was he tricked into going outside.

