

## *Phillip the Cat*

**Tabitha Goldizen**

Maysville Elementary School, Grant County

Teacher: Janie Pool

West Virginia State Winner

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This is the story of my cat, Phillip. Phillip is a Korat cat. He has a dark gray coat and emerald green eyes. Phillip is a sweet cat, but is a bit shy. “I’m not shy.” protested Phillip. “Phillip, be quiet,” I replied. I’m trying to tell the story here.

As I was saying, Phillip is a bit shy. Phillip likes pretending that he is brave and kills snakes. The snakes aren’t real snakes. The snakes he plays with are just plastic drinking straws. He likes to play with Stella and pretend that he is her protector. Stella is a little white kitten that has yellow eyes with flecks of green in them. Stella always wears a cute little collar around her neck. He goes on adventures with her. For example, he will attack the mighty dragon named Gus.

Gus is a pom-chi who looks like a miniature fox and is about the same weight and size as Phillip. But in Phillip’s imagination, he must protect Stella from the evil and deadly Gus. Likewise, he must slay the poisonous snakes that may bite her.

On one adventure, Phillip attacked and slew the mighty super dragon, Harmony. Harmony is a rabbit beagle who is about twice the size and weight of Phillip. She is very lazy and only leaves her bed to be petted, go outside to use the bathroom, or to steal food from the kitchen table. She and Gus even stole a part of a pizza from the kitchen table when my dad and his friend forgot to put it away after eating some of it. “See, I told you she was a super dragon with wings who can fly about the skies,” said Phillip.

Phillip loves begging for treats. He jumps up on the sink in the utility room and climbs onto the top of the dryer to beg for his treats. “I do not beg,” replied Phillip. “Only a peasant would beg for treats,” he added. “I am a mighty prince with a vast empire that includes a very large treasury,” stated

Phillip. “Just look at my treasure chest that is full of jewels,” he boasted. “The treasure chest is really my mother’s jewelry box,” I thought.

Phillip loves to stare at the fish tank and watch the fish swim about it. He even tries to catch them sometimes by dipping his paws into the opening through which they are fed. “I do not dip my paws into a fish tank,” objected Phillip. “I only fish in the royal pond that is stocked with trout and salmon,” he added. “Be quiet”, I replied. “I’m the one telling the story here not you.”

In Phillip’s mind, he is the mighty knight and prince of the house. He is the only one in the kingdom who can slay the dragons and snakes and keep the peace among his subjects. Without him, the kingdom would fall into disrepair and the snakes and dragons would rule.