

FIRSTNAME LASTNAME

PROFESSOR NAME

COURSE NAME

DAY MONTH YEAR

Wailing in the Night

Boom! Thunder shook the house as Brianna stepped through the doorway, her blonde hair dripping water into a puddle on the floor. The lights flickered for an instant and then went out entirely. She sighed, exasperated but resigned to the fact that this old house, all that she could afford, always had one problem or another. She wished she could blame the blackout on the storm, but the truth was she had been having electrical problems for days now. Sitting down to shuck off her rain boots, she paused for a moment, listening intently. What was that? She strained her ears, listening for the faint sound. There it was again! A barely audible wail was coming from the basement. With her feet now clad in only socks, and rather soggy socks at that, she cautiously made her way downstairs. Between the creaking of the rickety old stairs, the dusty old cobwebs running from the stair railing to the wall, and the ghostly wailing that was increasing in volume with each step she took, Brianna felt like she was in a bad horror film.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, she found herself ankle-deep in water. Water was trickling in through a crack in the tiny basement window; she watched in disbelief as the odds and ends of her life floated around her. A beach ball from last summer's barbecue. The mortarboard from her college graduation. And, oh no! A box that she knew contained old journals and her meticulously kept records of important events; the rush of water pushed the small box along the floor toward her. She scooped it up and placed it on the safety of the stairs, hoping the water damage wasn't too bad. The wailing, momentarily forgotten, intensified.

Someone—or was it something? —didn't appreciate being ignored in favor of boxes of memorabilia. Silently declaring her socks a lost cause, she waded through the water—was it that deep a minute ago? — approaching the washing machine. Lifting the lid tentatively, she peered inside. Aww! A small grey kitten, soaked to the bone, lay curled up in the washer's basket. She gently lifted him up, causing him to begin wailing again. "How did you get in there little guy?" she asked, stroking his wet fur with her finger. Getting no answer, she continued to talk softly to the tiny creature as she made her way back upstairs.

As soon as they reached the main floor, the lights back came on, nearly blinding her after her trip to the dark basement. "That's lucky! I thought for sure I was going to be waiting around all day tomorrow for an electrician". The kitten meowed, the first sound she had heard from him besides the wailing. "You must be hungry," she said. "I think I have a can of tuna somewhere that you can have." Holding the kitten in one hand and rummaging through her cupboard with the other, she eventually found what she was looking for. Carefully placing the kitten on the floor, she peeled open the can of tuna and placed it in front of her new charge. "Don't go anywhere," she ordered sternly. "I'm going to go find a towel to dry you off." When she returned with the towel, she was surprised to see the kitten had already polished off the whole can of tuna. "Hungry, huh? How long has it been since you've had a decent meal?" The kitten just looked at her thoughtfully. She carefully rubbed the towel over his soaked body, absorbing a surprising amount of water in the process. They retired to the couch, and she sat there stroking her new kitten, looking around at the old house that had been giving her so much grief. It didn't make sense, but in some inexplicable way the house seemed more like a home than it ever had before. It was all thanks to the kitten she was going to call Magic.