



Pawprints
By Lillon Church

“Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Camry, happy birthday to you!”

“Camry, open your present.”

“Okay, Mom!”

Camry was eight years old and she loved arts and crafts. Her Dad was an artist and she wanted to be just like him, but what she loved most of all were cats. Camry opened her presents one by one, but when she got to the last one, she noticed something out of the ordinary. The pink box had holes punched in the top.

“Hmmm,” She thought “I wonder what it is.”

When she tore it open, inside, sat a little white and orange kitten with a big red bow tied around her neck.

“Oh, thank you Mom and Dad! Thank you so much!” she said cuddling the kitten.

Camry started to run off to set up a spot for her pet, but her Dad stopped her.

“Camry.” Her dad said sternly “Make sure to keep that cat away from my studio. I don't need any of my paintings getting wrecked.”

“It's okay Dad, She'll stay away. Won't you little girl?” Camry walked away to set up a spot for her new best friend.

“I don't know honey, Maybe she's not ready for a pet.” Camry's Dad said turning to his wife.

“I'm sure she'll do just fine, Peter.” She said, taking his hand in her's.

As the days went by she grew to love the little kitten more and more. She decided to name her Daisy, because of her orange and white coloring. But then one day, Camry's father walked into his studio to find his newest painting on the floor, covered in little white paw prints.

“Camry!” He yelled “Come here!”

Camry walked in slowly

“Dad, It couldn't have been Daisy, she would never do something like this”

But as she spoke the little cat walked in, and sure enough, her paws were covered in fresh, white, paint.

“Camry, I told you to keep that cat out of my studio”

“I'm sorry Dad. I didn't think she'd go in.”

“It's okay” He said walking over to his daughter “But if it happens again, she will have to go. I can't have her wrecking my work.”

The next day, they woke up to more paw prints, this time they went from the studio, into the kitchen, and up onto the counters.

“Camry! This has got to stop!” Her mother said obviously distressed “Tonight Daisy will have to stay locked up, and you will scrub each and every one of these paw prints off the floor. And Camry, If this happens again we will have to find Daisy a new home.” After that, it seemed Camry was the only one who still loved Daisy.

The next day everyone was in better spirits. During breakfast the phone rang, Camry's Dad went to get it, when he came back they all looked at him, waiting for the news.

“Carissa is coming to visit next week for Valentines day!”

Carissa was Camry's older sister who went off to college a few months before. When they were done eating they got right to work on Carissa's old room, it was a mess! (They regretted to say that they had used it for a storage room while she was gone). In all the hustle Daisy was forgotten. Till finally, the day came that Carissa was going to come home. They were all in bed when they heard the door bell ring,

“She's here, she's here!” Camry shouted jumping up and down. When they got down stairs, Carissa had let herself in.

“I fed your cat.” Said Carissa, slightly concerned “She looked really hungry.”

“Oh, thank you.” Said their Mom, giving Camry the evil eye. They spent the rest of the day caching up, and Camry made Valentines for her friends. As Camry was cutting out her last Valentine, her Mom told her it was time for bed.

“Okay, I'll finish this last one in the morning.” she set down the red paper heart and went up to bed. But when they woke up in the morning, Daisy was nowhere to be found. They looked everywhere for her but she was gone. Camry walked back into the house and with tears in her eyes she pointed to the table where her valentine sat, covered in little white paw prints.

“She left paw prints on my heart.”

At that moment Daisy came running through the front door and jumped up on the table, her paws still covered in fresh, white, paint.

The End