

# An Unlikely Friendship?

By Joanna Barcelona



The cat was resting on the floor. Beside her sat the bird, who had escaped his cage because the human hadn't closed the door properly after feeding him. For whatever reason, the cat was not going after the bird and he was not scared of her either. Even so, his feathers were strewn all over the living room carpet, leaving evidence of a chase. How could this have happened?

~ Earlier ~

The cat was yet again standing on top of the bird's cage, terrorizing him. He was used to this by now, and knew that she wasn't able to hurt him as long as he remained inside. Still, he couldn't help but feel anxious.

*Just ignore her and she'll go away*, he reminded himself silently.

He could not ignore her when she jumped down from the cage and onto the table it sat on. Suddenly her giant, green eyes were peering at him curiously through the cage bars. What was she doing?

The cat let out a playful *mreow* and pawed at the cage door, which was revealed to have been loose when she swung it open.

*How did she do that?*

He instantly took flight and zoomed out the opening. Before he could get very far from the cat, she reached out a giant paw and slammed into his small body. He was sent crashing down towards the floor and landed with a thud.

The bird was too stunned from the fall to fly away, giving the cat time to pounce on him. Just moments before her claws were upon him, he came to his senses and skidded away, barely avoiding an even worse injury.

He flapped his wings with all his might, struggling to get off the ground. For a moment, he was in the air, before the cat slashed at his side, making him plummet to the floor once again. His feathers served as armour, protecting him from her (weak) attack, although he lost a few of them in the process.

Temporarily unable to fly, the bird desperately dashed across the living room floor, although his stubby legs could only carry him so far. There was no way he could outrun the cat.

The cat chased after him and inevitably caught up after a few seconds. He froze, having lost any hope of escaping her wrath. He cowered beneath her, trembling as she raised her claws, prepared to attack.

At the last possible moment, the cat's eyes softened with understanding, and she lowered her paw and laid down beside him.

The bird stared at her, puzzled. But she did not stir, refusing to hurt him any longer. Was it sympathy, he wondered? Then why did she go after him at all?

*Cats and birds are meant to be at odds, he thought. Why is she leaving me alone all of the sudden, then? Is she just bored? Or tired, maybe? I guess it doesn't really matter, but I'm afraid to move. What if she's tricking me?*

At that moment, the bird felt something scoop him up off the floor. It was the hands of his human owner. And even then, the cat remained calm, and did not try to harm him.

*So it wasn't a trick, he realized. She really just... decided to leave me be.*

*It's brave of her to do that. To reject the rules that cats and birds follow.*

Author's Note: This story was inspired by the time a few weeks ago when my mom told me she had found one of our cats and one of our birds sitting next to each other peacefully on the carpet and not bothering each other. But there were still some feathers left on the carpet, leading her to believe the cat had chased the bird at some point. We wondered what happened, so I wrote this story about it.