

## The Cat Of a Thousand Evil Deeds

By Mark Edgemon

I swear I could hear the patter of her prancing feet, walking across the room on the tops of furniture,  
Looking down on her kingdom perched; gazing; stalking her next encounter of shadowy intrigue.  
The familiar passerbys were treats to her, providing her an electric charge of anticipation;  
Waiting; wanting; knowing the world was hers, her world being the home in which she dwelt.

Mischief incarnate, the devil himself would be annoyed by her persistence, him sleeping with one eye open.

But when the day was done and her energy waned, she transformed into a gentle soul,  
Sweetness wrapped in fur. She needed her rest...by her mama's arm; safe; protected;  
At peace. Dreaming of tomorrow when she would enslave the world and everyone in it!

The End