
CATS ILLUSTRATED

The falcon is continuing their story!



“Annie and I started the day like usual, but there was just something in the air,” Grinnell started, picking at his honey chicken while talking, “something foreboding. Our chicks, Fauci, Kaknu, and Wek’ - Wek were out exploring the limits of flying and hunting. They haven’t caught anything yet, except the time that a bird flew into Fauci. Well later that day, Fauci came flying back, feathers askew saying that some falcon had come to meet Annie. When Annie heard this, she agreed to meet the falcon. The falcon had requested alone time with Annie in our nest, so I left as Annie met this falcon. She was with the falcon for a while, well over an hour. Annie trusted me to give her privacy with the falcon, so I tried to keep away our chicks from our

Image above - Lunch, who is listening to the falcon, Grinnell’s, story.

nest while Annie met this falcon. However, I started getting worried near sunset, because no ordinary meeting should last 4 hours. Finally, I caved and went to investigate. In the nest, there were 2 pieces of prey, half eaten. The falcon that Annie had met must have brought prey to share, as in any good meeting. But Annie never takes prey for granted, and she should have finished hers. But her prey was almost untouched. I saw some scuff marks in the poop by the nest, leading toward the back balcony. I hopped over there, to see a mess of feathers and a bit of blood. There had been a fight. I examined the feathers, and saw that they were the feathers of a juvenile falcon, a little older than 1. Some of Annie's feathers were in the mix, including a few from her striped pajamas. It must have been a bad fight. Then, I noticed something quite bad. In the Fleur de lis, there were more of Annie's feathers, and 2 very scary objects. A petal from a California Poppy, and the bark of a Redwood tree. I backed away from the objects, and started formulating the plan that would get me here." Grinnell finished his story, and ripped a large piece of honey chicken from his talons and ate it. "What's important about California Poppies and Redwood trees?" Mavis asked, genuinely confused.



Image above - Annie, who Grinnell desperately wants to find.

“Am I going to have to keep telling stories, or can I eat this honey chicken?”

- GRINNELL

Grinnell sighed. “I guess another story is in order. Well, last year, Annie and I had 3 chicks. Redwood, Sequoia, and Poppy. Poppy was the bad apple, as she thought that because she was larger than her siblings, she was more important. Poppy has hurt falcons, and that is why she was put in jail. However, with the help of Redwood, her sibling, she broke out. Now, they have been causing havoc ever since. And, coincidentally, they always leave the petal of a California Poppy and the bark of a Redwood tree behind in the places where they have caused trouble. They are good fighters, both of them.”

Subscribe again for a plan!