
CATS ILLUSTRATED

Lunch and Mavis have resumed their search for Annie!



Lunch and Mavis met up with Grinnell after the soccer match between the Magicians and the Thundragons. It had been violent at some times, and Lunch was ready to get out of the tension filled stands. As she and Mavis made their way up the stairs of the Campanelle tower yet again, Lunch wondered why there wasn't an elevator. But finally, at the top of the tower, Lunch admired the spectacular view and started to think, just a little bit, that climbing up all those stairs had been worth it. Grinnell was waiting, looking a bit impatient, at the top of the tower. However, he just led Lunch and Mavis over to the spot where the prey had been shared. They prey was rancid by now, but it was still a clue, so Grinnell had chosen to deal with the

Image above - Lunch, who's tired of violent soccer matches and wants to continue her and Mavis's search with the falcon, Grinnell, for Annie.

smell. In the white floor, there were scuff marks. “Wow, your talons must be sharp,” Mavis commented, “what kind of floor is this? Marble?” Grinnell looked a bit embarrassed. “Do you really want to know?” Mavis didn’t notice this, but Lunch was starting to get an idea. She jumped up into the nest, carefully avoiding the white stained walls. “Yes,” Mavis answered, voice full of enthusiasm. “It’s poop.” Grinnell told her, and Mavis screamed.

It took a good 15 minutes for Mavis to cool down, and Grinnell had to go and steal a cabbage to keep Mavis from having a meltdown. However, Mavis wasn’t getting much better, and Grinnell and Lunch left her alone. They followed the trail of feathers, making sure that not one got out of place. Grinnell had made a tarp to protect the feathers from the wind, and the feathers hadn’t moved a centimeter so far. The trail was quite clear, and when it got to the place where the big struggle had occurred, there were even more feathers from Annie and her falconappers. And, in the place where Annie and her falconappers had left the tower, there was bark from a Redwood tree and the petal of a California Poppy. “I see what you mean,” Lunch told Grinnell, “but I think I have a vital clue to this mystery. You falcons are light, right? So you couldn’t carry extra weight?” Grinnell nodded, nearly getting what Lunch was saying. “If Annie is a 3 pound falcon, Redwood and Poppy, her possible falconappers, wouldn’t be able to carry her. So, they have to be somewhere nearby. They couldn’t have gotten far by flying.” Grinnell’s face lit up. “They could be close!” He whooped, and flew a loop - de - loop.

“Falconapping? Who made up that word?”

- HARVEY, WHO THINKS THAT FALCONAPPING IS A VERY GOOD WORD INDEED

Meanwhile, Annie woke up to pitch darkness. A little light seemed to shine, and Annie realized that she had been blindfolded.

Voices were audible from nearby, and Annie remembered her horrible falconapping. Her captors were her chicks.

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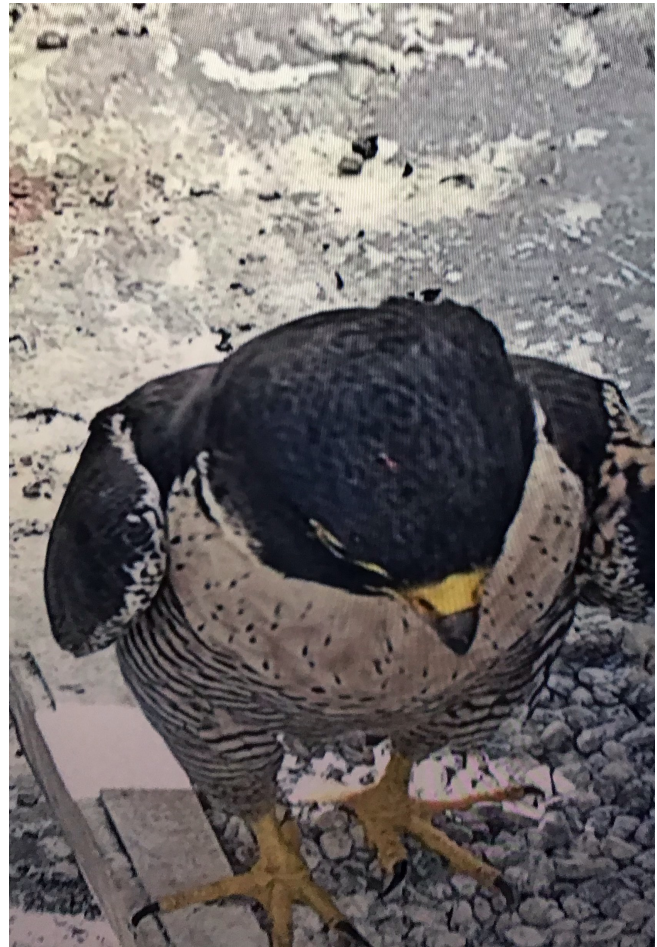


Image above - a photo of Annie, but more importantly, what the poop stained floors looked like.