
CATS ILLUSTRATED

Grinnell and Poppy are having a FalconFight!



While cats prepare and prepare for “Doomsday”, Grinnell and Poppy stared at each other with malevolence in each of their eyes. “Poppy...,” Grinnell said slowly, “I challenge you to a FalconFight!” Poppy’s eyes went wide. But then she smiled. “I accept.” Well, we will take a pause here to give the definition of a FalconFight. You see, a FalconFight is not just a falcon fight. A FalconFight was the way in the old days that falcons resolved disagreements. The two feuding, arguing, or fighting falcons would fight to the death in an arena. And that was what Grinnell and Poppy planned to do.

Image above - Poppy, looking at Grinnell with distaste.

Grinnell and Poppy stood at either sides of the camp that Poppy and Redwood had set up. Redwood had managed to get his head out of the

berry bush, and was watching intently. Lunch was still out, either dead or deeply unconscious as blood trickled from a small wound in her head. Grinnell and Poppy stood, wings folded over themselves, and then charged. Grinnell jumped and flew into the air, and spun, talons outstretched. Poppy had to dodge, as this spin tactic could do a number on her feathers. Then, Poppy went on the attack. Grinnell was back on the ground now, and Poppy leaped, wings going out to reveal razor sharp talons and her malicious eyes. Poppy swiped at Grinnell with her beak, catching him on the side and making him wince. Grinnell flapped his wings, creating a small gust of wind that blew a pebble into Poppy's eye. Then, he hopped with incredible strength and pinned Poppy to the ground. She sat there, breathing hard. Grinnell raised his talon to strike the final blow, but he turned away and mumbled, "I can't do it."

Poppy's eyes lit up with malicious joy and she retorted, "I can," and with that, Poppy threw Grinnell off her and onto the ground. He didn't have time to recover before he was pinned down. However, a new voice rang from behind Poppy. "No, no, no you don't," Annie said, starting to flap her wings with one strong beat after another. Annie hopped closer to Poppy and Grinnell flapping her wings harder and harder. It was a miracle she

wasn't off the ground already, but she was whipping up quite a wind. As the wind grew in strength, Grinnell took shelter behind a bush. Poppy stood her ground, eyes squinting against the wind, and then hopped up, hoping to gain altitude and escape the wind. Poppy flapped her wings, and she flew. Backwards. Poppy's momentum slammed her against the tree, wind still holding her there. Poppy slumped, unconscious. Annie stopped flapping and hopped to Grinnell. He was behind the

berry bush, looking at Annie with awe. "You made that wind?" He said.

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Image above - Redwood, watching Grinnell and Poppy's FalconFight with interest.

"Well, I love falcons and all, but isn't this Cats Illustrated?"

- JUDY