

magical abilities. Every time, I won a prize, Alya would infuse one of her magical traits into me, as an appreciation.

As my eyes looked through the hedge, I saw Chord lying on the patio. I discovered a tiny gap at the bottom of the hedge. I touched it with my paw and the gap widened. I held out my right paw. A faint silver light wafted out from my nails. Circling my body once, the light penetrated my body, making me invisible. This was useful whenever I went exploring into enemy terrain.

Chord lay on his side, his eyes closed and mouth open. Beside him was his black feeding bowl. It had a few faint reddish-brown stains. My eyes widened, as I studied the bowl, recognising the faint shape on one side of the bowl. A cat. What a sadist! Eating from a bowl painted with a pink cat.

Turning the tables

An idea flashed into my mind. It took just a second to make

my decision. No one knew I was a ventriloquist. Except for Alya from whom I had no secrets. I had discovered it quite by accident and it wasn't a talent I liked to publicise. I smiled, as a faint meow floated in the air. Chord stirred.

I made my voice louder. "Meow. Meow."

The dog opened his eyes. They were wide with fear, as he turned his head sideways. He looked at the pink cat painted on the bowl. Gulping nervously, he stared at it. I kept meowing. To Chord, it seemed as though the cat on the bowl was meowing.

M-E-O-W. M-E-O-W. The final two meows did it. Yelping like a frightened puppy, Chord bounded into the house, his tail tucked firmly between his legs.

Laughing heartily, I strolled back home. I had taken revenge on Chord for disturbing my sleep and scaring the hell out of me. Having magical traits did have its perks. Especially when it came to settling scores.





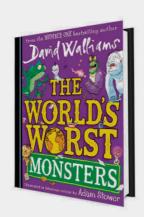


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