

When fear crossed my path

Kateřina Zárubová

I am Mickie, and I will tell you my story about when I let fear cross into my life.

I was a nine year old girl. I had long black hair and blue eyes. I lived in a small house with my mother, father and older sister Cindy. One day I went to school. When I wanted to cross the street where the school was, I saw a black cat. The cat had a mouse in its mouth and the cat ran to cross the road. "Oh, no! Now I will have bad luck because I have seen a black cat," I said. Suddenly, my body was shaking and my brain started to run faster and faster with options what bad could happen to me. At school - bad marks, we will write a test from Math, the bad boy from the class will eat my snack, the plate with soup will fall on my skirt and everybody will laugh to me. At home - my mum will shout at me because I will have bad marks and I will have to wash the dishes, my dog will eat my papers to school. "Oh, no! It shouldn't happen to me" I said to myself. I continued my journey to school.

When I came into the class I was five minutes late. My teacher was very angry. That lesson we wrote the test from Math. Before the test I was scared because I thought I would have bad mark. And it came true, I got 5. After the lesson we had a break. I had a very tasty snack and the bad boy saw it. When I went to the toilet the boy took the snack and ate it very fast. When I came back my snack wasn't there. I saw my lunch box on the table of the bad boy. I went there and started to shout at him. During lunch when I took the soup, the bad boy pushed me and my soup spilled on my skirt. Everybody laughed at me even my best friend. I dropped the plate and ran out from the canteen to the class. I took my bag with my things and ran back home.

Before I opened the door of my house I thought: "All the accidents happened to me because I had seen the black cat." I went in and my mum asked me: "How was the test?" "I have 5," I said. For a while there was silence and

then she turned red. She shouted at me and asked me why I got five. I cried. "Before school I saw a black cat and that's why I got a bad mark," I said to her. "Go to your room and think about yourself," my mum said. I went to the room.

I was crying for a while. Then my older sister came there. She was 14 years old and had blond hair and her eyes were brown. "What's the matter?" she asked me. "In the morning I saw a black cat and it crossed my way. At school we wrote a test and I got 5 and my mum is very angry, that's why I am crying. And the bad boy from my class ate my snack. During lunch the soup spilled on my skirt and everybody started to laugh to me. And that's it." Cindy said to me that next time I should follow the black cat. Then she went back to her bedroom to listen to music. I was thinking about it, when my mother said that I should do my homework. I went for my papers from History and I saw them in the mouth of my dog Poppy. She looked very happy and she wanted more, so she put her head to my school bag. I pushed her head out from my bag. "Poppy, what have you done?" I said. She was only barking. I went back to my bedroom and I laid down on a bed. "Tomorrow, I will follow the black cat if she will be there" I said. I was thinking about it when my mother called me for dinner. We had potatoes with tomatoes and I didn't like it. "Eat it or you not have the chocolate cake," my mum said. So I ate a half of it and when my mum went to the toilet I put the rest of it to the bin. I was a little slow and my mum saw me. So I didn't have the chocolate cake. When I saw how they ate the cake, I thought about the bad black cat.

Before I went to bed, all the family were watching horse racing on TV. My favourite horse was a white horse with a black spot on his left eye. In the last race he was shoulder to shoulder to another horse, they were the closest from the finish line. They were 50 meters from it. But the other horse pushed the white horse with a black spot on his left eye and it fell and broke his leg. So he was the last one. I was very sad.

After the horse racing I went to bed. I couldn't sleep because I was thinking about the black cat and how many bad things had happened to me

since I saw her. I wasn't sure if I should follow the cat the next day and if it would be there. Because the next day would be Saturday so I could follow the black cat. I was thinking about it all night and in the morning I was very tired, but I put on my jacket and went to school.

As the day before at the same time I saw the black cat with a mouse in her mouth. Again the black cat crossed my way and went behind the school. There was a very deep forest. "Should I go and follow it or should I go back home?" I was thinking. I continued because I didn't want to have bad luck any more. In the forest it was very scary. I stopped there and I was worrying if I should go or return back, but I decided to go. Behind the forest there was a very large meadow with high grass. In the middle of the meadow there was a small scary and very old house. Suddenly, I saw the black cat jumping to the house. I stopped. "Should I go even if it can be dangerous or should I return home." I was thinking. But I pushed myself to continue. I came close and stood in front of the door. I was breathing deeply. I rang on bell on the door. Nobody opened it. So I had to crawl through the window.

I found myself in a living room where fireplace was. I was looking at the picture on the wall and suddenly the wind extinguished the fire. I was scared. The curtains moved and the window smashed. I ran to the hall. In the hall the floor was creaking. Then there was silence and I started to calm down. Suddenly, I heard a voice. "Who are you?" I turned and nobody was there but then again. "What are you doing here?" I turned back. "I want to know where the black cat is," I said. Then I heard the voice again. "She is here." I turned back again and saw a small old woman with the black cat in her hands. "I am very sorry, but this cat belongs to you?" I said. "Yes, he belongs to me." And she asked: "Why do you want to know that?" I told her everything what had happened to me. She listened and then she told me: "I have this cat almost 6 years and I love her and my cat always makes me happy. And we talked about everything and the old woman was very kind to me.

At last I realised that everything that happened to me was because I let fear control me and it was only a bad day. I am happy that I crossed the borders of fear and followed the black cat. So I found out that if you see a black cat crossing your way it means only that it is going somewhere. Since then, every day when I went to school and saw the black cat I hugged her. Cats became my favourite animals, especially the black ones!