**Cat’s diary**

**KEEP OUT!**

 **If you don't, I’ll call the police! I’m serious, it would be a hassle to call the police because I don't have a phone.**

Meow! Dear diary, my name is Luna, if you haven’t already noticed I am a cat. Actually I am a very smartcat. I am so smart that I know how to eat swiftly and neatly. You humeowns just can’t seem to get the hang of it. Every time you eat you make such a big fuss about making everything perfect,

The weirdest thing that you do is using shiny, hard, and probably very yucky, things to stab your food before you eat it. I mean what's the point? It’s already dead! You’re just making more work for yourselves. Oh, I almost forgot! You also make your own meals. When I come to eat my food it’s magically ready!

Okay, I should probably tell you who’s in my family and their names.

First there's Purrlady (everyone calls her mum or Amy but she lets me call her Purrlady because she secretly loves me the most). She has straight shoulder length brown hair and heaps of freckles.

Then there’s Meowman (everyone calls him dad or Matthew, obviously I’m the only one allowed to call him Meowman). He has black and white hair (a bit like a skunk) and a kind face.

There’s also Toygirl (Erica is what everyone else calls her). She has straight long blond hair, pale skin and she is a football star!

Last, and definitely not least, is Lilgirl (she’s the gymnast in our family and people like to call her Mia). She has mid length wavy blond hair and pale skin with freckles.

I’ve got a question, is it rude to say that someone is overweight? Because I noticed that Purrlady has been getting a little chubby around the waist! I mean, it doesn't really bother me.

Why would it? She’s not eating my food, the only thing that bothers me about her being overweight is that she takes up too much room on the couch with her big tummy! Meowman says that she is prognant, wait no, prugnant, no, pregnant. That’s it, pregnant. I think she’s just overweight. She sometimes falls asleep on the couch after she has put the kids in their beds. (they make such a fuss about it, seriously, sleeping is one of my favourite things to do!) Why does it bother me that she falls asleep on the couch? Um, why do you think? Would you want to sleep in a cat basket?! Every night I sneak into the lounge and snooze on the couch and in the morning my built-in alarm (it’s a cat thing) wakes me up and I make my way back to my basket and when they wake up and slouch into the lounge they don’t notice a thing! If Purrlady is dozing on the couch I can’t spend the night there.

Oh my whiskers!

Last night Purrlady was peacefully snoozing on the couch and, when I went to remind her to get up in the morning (I have to remind her to get up a lot! She says that 5am is too early), she wasn’t there! I even checked in her bed. It’s a tragedy! Who is going to feed me now? I guess Meowman could do it. Oh, I should probably be worried about where on earth Purrlady has got to. Okay, let's go look in the bathroom, sometimes you humeowns spend about an hour in there! “AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! GET OUT!” Well she isn’t in there, that's for sure. Hm, what about in the wishy-washy, that’s one of my favourite places. Let's go look. *You have arrived at your destination, the laundry room.* Sorry, even cats need to have some fun sometimes and playing sat nav seems like the perfect way to do it. Anyway, back to the laundry room. She’s not in the cupboard, (don't ask how I learnt to open doors and cupboards), she’s not in the laundry basket, (I’m surprised, it’s really nice in there!), she’s not on the roof either. Okay, there’s one last place to look… in the wishy-washy! Let’s dive in. Wow, it’s lovely and warm here! And it’s nice and soft too… maybe I should rest in here for a bit, after all, it’s not good searching while you’re sleepy… zzzzzz.

Huh! What did I miss?

 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Why is it so dark? Why am I spinning around and around in circles? Wowowowowowow, I’m sooooooo dizzy.

Okay, let's think logically, there’s no point in going crazy!

Let’s see what my instinct says, yup, ok, sounds good, my instinct tells

me that the best thing to do in a situation like this is to panic. MMMMMMMMMMRRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Clunk. Someone opened the wishy-washy! I’m saved! My good old instinct never lets me down! Now let's see who saved me, oh! It’s Lilgirl! I didn't know she was tall enough to open it. Wait, Toygirl is here too!

OW! Stop poking me! I’m fine! STOP! I’M FINE! Put me down!

Finally! Wait, why are there two of everything? Urg, I can't walk in a straight line! Okay, maybe I should be carried.

Dear diary, it’s been 2 days since I last wrote to you. Sorry, every time I try to do something I always bang into a table leg or something. Anyway, I’m here now and I have good news and bad news. Purrlady came back yesterday (apparently she was at the hospital so my search was all for nothing). That’s the good news. The bad news is that she came back with an alien.

That’s right, an alien.

The strange thing about this alien is that it looks like a humeown but, don’t be fooled, it’s just a disguise. The biggest flaw in its disguise is the size. It’s *tiny*. All the other humeowns seem to love him . When it wails (it's a dreadful sound) a humeown rushes to it and cuddles it like crazy. I don’t know what they are thinking! They should be cuddling me, not him! The little rascal.He is sooooooo annoying.

I DECLARE WAR ON THIS ALIEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

What made me come to this sudden decision? HE ATE MY FOOD!

Eating my food is a big crime, it’s worse than murder. It’s worse than stealing a diamond. It’s a HUGE crime. I will fight him in the air, I will fight him on the couch, I will fight him on the toilet! I will fight him anywhere!!!!!!!!

Hey, am I normal? I don’t think I am because I am doing something *very* abnormal. I am starting to like this alien. I know, it’s horrible. Maybe I have some sort of disease. Maybe I have likamonia (not the same thing as leukaemia, likamonia is a disease when you can’t help liking someone even if they are an alien or something like that). Yes I do know that you’re not supposed to be friends with your enemy, just remember, I might have likamonia.

I, Luna the detective, have been doing some detecting and I have made a HUGE discovery. The alien that Purrlady brought back from the hospital is actually a mini humeown (they’re called babies)! I noticed that the baby (his name is Ollie, but I call him Tinytomcat) was starting to grow fur on his head just like everyone else in our family did (except for me, I grow it all over my body), I also noticed that he was starting to get bigger, but how did I confirm that he was a baby? I hear you ask. Well, I used my super sensitive cat hearing and I heard our neighbour say “What a beautiful baby!”

Hm, I smell something good. IT’S DINNER TIME! Gotta go. BYE!