

Only thing

I stroke her from her head to the tip of her tail, "Shhhh, it's going to be fine, Ginger!" I was lying, nothing was fine she was dying, I was trying to hide all of my tears but couldn't. "Rebecca, do you want me and Dad to leave?" she asked politely "o...ok" I tried to say without crying. I had a massive lump in my throat so it was very hard to talk.

With every stroke I take I remember the first time I got her... she was curled up on the footpath like she had been run over but she hadn't been. She was just starving and had no home and no one that had bothered to look after her. I had almost cried when I saw her but I tried not to, so I picked her up and took her home in my bag. By that time it was winter so she was freezing cold and starving. I had taken her in and looked after her like she was the only thing in the world that I had ever cared about. But now she has to leave and it's very rough, for her and for me.

A few months have passed from Ginger's death, and I'm not going that well. I haven't felt like eating because she would always sit with me and eat from her plate. We used to do everything together, well except for showering and going to the toilet. "Rebecca..." Mum was shouting at me, she sounded pretty happy. "What Mum?" "Could you please come down stairs?" "I'll be there in a minute". I wasn't sure what was going on, but it seemed fine if Mum was happy about it. "What?" I asked "surprized..." Mum and Dad were out in the lounge room celebrating my birthday. "What is all of this?" I asked. "Well it's your birthday, so we decided to throw you a surprise party", Mum and Dad almost said at the same time. "And I have got a very special gift for you, Bec". Mum was trying to say this without smiling. "What is it?" I replied. "Well, go and open it", Mum sounded very happy but a bit nervous. "It's in that box over there".

Ok now I was worried, anything could be in that box. "Go on, open it!" Mum repeated. As I was approaching the box a little paw stuck out, "Nooo", I thought to myself. I ran out of the room and started crying; Mum came after me and

seemed very upset and nervous to talk. "How could you do that to me, Mum?" I was shouting at her. "I'm sorry, I just thought you would have wanted to stop thinking about Ginger for a little while," Mum was looking very sad now, but why would she buy me a cat? "Why would I want to forget about Ginger?" I was still shouting at her and I felt a bit mean. "I don't know, I thought you might want to stop crying about her for a little while." She was fiddling with her scarf and it was obvious that she was much more nervous than before. "Mum, why would I want to stop crying? It's good to cry about things that you miss; I know it won't change anything but it is sort of my medicine.

I got my school bag out and started packing it. I was going on a trip with my school to WA to do country stuff. So I grabbed almost all of my clothes and my tooth brush and paste. I had to go find my suitcase because I couldn't fit everything in my bag. I had to bring my sleeping bag as well because we were going camping. I grabbed my bag and my suitcase and went out the door to go to school. "Bec, do you want me to drive you to school?" I turned around to see Dad. "Uhh, sure I just need to find my old boots first," I replied to him. "Ok but be quick because you don't want to be late". He sounded pretty serious. "I won't be too long," I repeated. After I found my boots I got in the car and left with Dad. I felt guilty because I didn't say goodbye to Mum and I didn't kiss her. Dad gave me \$350 for the trip and said that it was for my birthday as well. I got out of the car and kissed Dad on the cheek, "Please tell Mum that I'm sorry for the way I acted and that it was very rude of me to not say goodbye, please Dad," I said in a soft voice. "Yeah can do," Dad replied. "Ok, I will see you in a month," I shouted while walking away to go to all of my friends. "Ok," Dad shouted back to me.

"How are you going, Bec?" one of my friends said to me, "I'm going alright but still very sad," I replied, "oh and guess what" I said to them as we were going to class. "What?" they both replied, "well this morning for my birthday Mum had gotten me...?" "Omg it's your birthday? I mean oh um is it alright if I give your present to you after the trip?" Katy shouted. "Uh sure, anyway like I was saying Mum got me a new cat, I mean why would anyone get someone a new cat when their other one had just died?" I tried saying without crying again. "Don't know," said Kat.

After form we all left to get on the bus. "Where do we want to sit?" Kat replied tensely. "I don't mind, so... I guess it's up to you Katy" I replied slowly. "But I hate making decisions." Katy replied really fast. "Fine then I'll choose!" Kat was getting pretty annoyed, you could easily tell, I'm pretty sure she had, had a long night last night because she had bags under her eyes. But then again I did as well. "We can sit at the back of the bus because we will be the first ones on, is that ok with you guys?" she was obviously trying not to yell at us because she didn't want us to hate her, but I wouldn't hate her if she did because she had the right to do what she wanted.

"All right, so what are we going to do for 36 hours?" Katy was trying to say without mucking up her sentence, because she was on her phone. "Please don't say eye spy!" I mumbled, "What about, charades?" Kat said with a massive smile on her face, to me I think Kat is one of those friends that are less focused but have much more fun, whereas Katy is more serious and more focused. "What! We can't play charades, were on a bus" I was yelling but laughing at the same time.

"Alright, listen up, the bus is broken so we can't go, and all of the other buses are gone somewhere else to drop other kids and adults of at places where they want to go". I had to look around all of the people in front of me just to see who it was, and it was my principle Mr. Pump. Everyone on the bus was moaning about it but I was sort of happy but also fine with it. After we all got off the bus someone from my class asked if we could go home, and Mr. Pump actually said yes!

I was on my way home when I saw a grey tabby cat lying on the side of the road, so I walked over to it to get a better look, Omg, no this can't be happening. I was thinking to myself. As I picked it up to take it home I realised that I had made a bad mistake when mum tried to give me that kitten because it could have ended up just like Ginger. Just before ginger had died I had realised that all she wanted was to be loved, so any other cat can't be that different, could they?