A Letter to Nana

Dear Nana,

I always eagerly await your letters, which are full of such great stories. I really do mean to write back immediately, but that usually doesn’t happen. However, your story of trying to catch the stray cat that continually outwitted you inspired me to write about my own cat-trapping adventure.

As you probably remember, there is an empty house on our street that has been badly neglected. It is missing boards from its porch, and this means that all sorts of animals frequently shelter underneath. My mom and I decided we needed to help all the stray cats living there. She contacted the owner, who gave us permission to catch the cats and find them homes.

Another neighbor generously allowed us to borrow a humane trap, which supposedly meant we could catch a cat without harming it. With Mom’s help, I clumsily set it up. We baited the trap with tuna fish and went home. The next morning, I woke up instantly when my alarm went off, and we went to check the trap. Somewhat surprisingly, I could tell from a distance that there was something in it.

As I got closer, I realized that the animal was much bigger than a cat and had long, scary claws. I had captured a raccoon! He was thrashing around angrily, and I had no idea what to do. Mom said that we should release him near the river. The cage was designed to release him safely so that he didn’t take out his anger on us. The instant we raised the trap’s gate, he rapidly scurried off and never looked back.

So that’s my cat-trapping tale. (And, yes, we eventually did catch the stray cats and get them safely to the animal shelter.)

Love, Ben