

THE GOLD OF
BLACK ROCK HILL

SECOND EDITION

by Cigdem Knebel
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Chapter 3

A Cat On The Dock

“On the next hunt, I will be glad to help you get a rat,” Dex grins with zest.

“Help on the next hunt!” the small cat snaps. “No, thanks!”

“Well, I am Dex.”

Dex is glad that he met a cat on the dock.

“And I am Mist,” the small cat scoffs.

“It is fun when rats dash off as it did, is it not?” Dex plans to chat.

“It must be fun for you. But that was

my lunch,” Mist blasts. “And I lost it, thanks to you! That is not fun at all.”

Dex can tell Mist is not as glad as he is that they met.

“Do not tell me that,” Dex stops Mist. “I did not get you to drop it. I did not mess up. You are the cat that let the rat slip from its lips,” he shrugs.

Mist gets mad. “Just go back to the dump you are from and let me hunt on this dock,” she grunts.

“Well, I just had a big snack. I was on the dock to have fun and hunt a rat,” Dex brags. “But I will get back to the ship.”

“A ship cat,” Mist scoffs. “You do not have to hunt for lunch, do you? So, you

do not have the skills to hunt. Just get back to that ship, and do not mess things up for me on this dock.”

Dex thinks Mist is a grim cat.

He gets up. “Well, I think this dock stinks, and I will not be back.”

“Have a swell day on the ship as I sit with zilch,” Mist grunts.

Dex trots off. Mist spots him as Dex gets on a big ship with a red flag.

“That must be his ship,” Mist thinks. “I bet they hand him his lunch on that ship, and this cat ship just hunts for fun. He has all the luck.”