

2021 MCC Creative Writing Contest

First Place - Fiction Category

“Sputnik’s Perfect Day” by Brice Spencer

I leap upwards and onto the smooth chilled counter. The counter is mainly empty except for the sink in the corner at the end. I by chance turned my head to glance over at the table on the other side of the kitchen. I hop down and waltz my way over to the table and leap up as I had done before. There is a stack of papers on the table, my insides rattled as I purr with enjoyment. Ahh this will be perfect I think to myself, I know exactly what to do! I’ll push them onto the floor! With my left gray and white tiger striped arm I reach out and swing my paw down in a gray blur to scoot the papers. I could see with my heart full of delight the stack is barely hanging onto the table. This is it, I know it, as my rattling intensifies with suspense. I give it the last littlest nudge that wouldn’t kill a fly. Thud!

Before celebrating too early I heard the famous cry, “Sputnik!” Ahh it was my servant.

His distress call was followed by the sound of his heavy footsteps rushing into the kitchen to see what I’ve done for him this time. Usually, he is quite a pleasant guy but today I am met with a scowl and daggers for eyes.

“Why do you always do this Sputnik! You’re such a jerk!” he degrades.

“Well, I’m doing you a favor, you need to take breaks from just sitting in your office all day” I snap back.

“Sputnik, quit your meowing at me, you know what you did.” He bends down to pick up the papers and heads back out of the room where he came from.

I honestly don’t know why he never listens to me, it’s like he doesn’t hear or understand what I’m saying to him. It’s now time for my second favorite part of the day, I guess. I hope this will be more interesting and exciting than the last part I ponder to myself. I shuffle out of the kitchen and into the hall. It has a soft carpet. I make a sharp left turn and creep into the room that gets stuff done, Dad’s office. There I find him sitting at his wooden desk he rolls down so I can’t get in there at night. He is conspiring with my sworn enemy, the glowing screen with clicky buttons! It’s on the desk and opened as he is typing away at something apparently more important than his pride and joy, his reason for existing, the only reason he could ever possibly get out of bed in the morning, his beloved son and boss, yours truly.

I make my way across the slick hardwood floors over to Dad’s feet. I brush up against them going one way and went back through the opposite. This is the trick that gets him every time. To top it off I add in some strong purring, this will gain his trust again.

“Sputty are you behaving now little buddy?”

I stretch my front half up to be on his lap while my back legs are on the ground. He always says I look like a noodle while doing this. He reaches down and with one hand and pets the top of my head and caresses my ears. I hop up on his lap to let him adore me.

He takes the bait, now it's time for my next move. I look over at his screen. The warmth radiates from the clicky buttons. I walk up in front of it and sit on the buttons Dad is always pressing.

“Sputty you've got to move, you can't be up here, I'm trying to work.”

Dad said annoyed. I flop over on my side and roll over onto my back with my front paws bent in half in the air.

“Sputty that's cute but we go through this every day, I have due dates you know.”

He reaches up and scoots me off the buttons and onto the desk. The audacity! Who does this guy think he is? Just because he's bigger than me, he can tell me where I can't be. Not in my house. I look over to the rows of buttons and find the biggest one. Dad sees me looking at it too. “Sputnik don't think about it” he hollers. But it's already too late as I am already reaching out and pressing the button.

“Sputnik! No!”

But it's too late, the glowing light goes out. I have conquered it! Before he could take

any sort of disciplinary action I dart out of the room.

On to my favorite part of the day. I head out back into the hall and follow it into my favorite room, my fortress. My fortress is enclosed and is filled with windows with screens and sunlight. I stroll by my cushiony bed that is all white and what I could assume would feel like to sleep on a cloud. I also have my castle in the corner of the room where it gets a lot of sunlight and has the best view. Out the window in the yard there's a fence and a box full of seeds to lure birds in for me to watch. Sometimes I just want to go out there and pounce on them. I climb up my four-level castle and lay down in a circle on my perch. It is covered in squishy tan strings. I ate a couple of them once, but I don't think I would do it again, I also wouldn't recommend doing it the first time either.

I glance outside and everything is still. I can feel the warmth flowing through the window and onto my pedestal. It is like being covered up with a blanket that is fresh out of the dryer. I close my eyes and bask in all my happiness. I just enjoy lying down in the sun. Enjoying my life in my kingdom.

Before I know it, the yard is still empty, but the sun is behind the fence now. The sky is a mixture of dark blues, oranges, purples, and yellows. I meow and hear nothing. I meow again and this time I hear the footsteps of my humble servant as

he enters the room. To my delight he has come prepared with my favorite treat, a tuna fillet. It doesn't take me long to finish my fillet while Dad is stroking me from in-between my ears down my back and up my tail before starting over at my head again.

When I finish my snack, he kisses me in between my ears "Night, I love you Sputty." He softly says over his shoulder as he walks out of the room.

I know Dad is going to sleep, now is my time to truly shine. Not like the sun but like the full moon outside of my window, dark and mysterious. With a bound I leap to the floor to check the perimeter of my fortress. I need to make sure there are no intruders, especially of the tasty rodent or insect kind. I'm full of disappointment as I complete my lurking around my fortress as I have not found any intruders tonight.

I leave the safety of my fortress to lurk around the rest of my kingdom. I am cautious for I am unaware of any potential intruders. I finally make my way into the room with another ginormous glowing screen and a cold cushiony smooth couch. However, I am upset to find Dad has replaced the blinds I climbed and chewed last week with curtains. I liked to use the blinds to get my food unstuck from in-between my teeth. How am I supposed to use cloth instead?

I see something from out of the corner of my eye. No, it can't be. It is, it's Otis! My beloved lion plush. I've had this since Dad brought me home as the little King I was. I lost him last week under the dryer, I thought I'd never see him again. Excited, I pick him up in my mouth and throw him up in the air. Plop. He falls back onto the ground. I lay on my side and hold the top half of him with my front paws and kick him with my back ones. I stop to lick my front paw before continuing. I stop for a second. I see a shadow of something small and round on the other side of the room. Upon closer inspection I'm delighted to find one of my many balls with bells in it. I lunge and send it flying across the room. I run over to it and in a sweeping motion follow through and send it flying once again. I again chase after it, I try to stop but slide across the hardwood floor. Thud! I hit the wall. After a moment to recover I decide I'm done playing with my ball for tonight.

I slither my way into Dad's bedroom. My hair stood on its end. I fear there is a threat in my kingdom as I hear a deep growling, a bear possibly. I am relieved upon closer inspection as I realize it's just Dad snoring in his sleep. I hop up onto his soft squishy bed and make my way over to his side. I lay down curled up by Dad's arm. Looking at the blinds I notice the sun is starting to come up. I feel Dad's big strong, arm wrap around me in his sleep. I snuggle in closer to him. I am exhausted from my rough day, so I gently drift off to sleep with one last thought on

my mind. I'm glad I get to do this all over again tomorrow because Sputnik today has been your perfect day.