

Mr. Sassy Monkey

I woke up suddenly, arms crossed in front of me, lying on top of my books., I saw a drawing of a sassy monkey climbing a rope, arrows labelling the directions of forces being exerted on the monkey. *Physics...ugh.* I rubbed my eyes and recognized my favourite coffee shop's light gray walls. I groggily checked the time on my phone: 7:30 PM. *If I leave now, I might return home before 9.*

I quickly walked towards the shop's front door, the sassy monkey safely stored away in my backpack. The shop was virtually empty; the manager was the only one left, making final checks for the night. He waved to a boy and a girl outside in the rain, and I recognized the boy as the clever white-haired boy in my physics course. A familiar jingle played as I pushed the front door open and stepped outside.

I fumbled with my umbrella under the veranda. A small figure brushed past my leg and I looked down to see a small orange cat, rainwater dripping from its coarse, matted fur, heading for the couple behind me, wobbling with each step. I shrugged, rose my umbrella, and walked towards the bus stop.

"The cat peed on my shoes! I have to get my old ones from inside!" I heard a distressed yelp behind me, and I spun around, briefly seeing the girl's blond hair disappear back into the shop. The boy was crouched, facing me but his head turned behind him. He quickly glanced into the shop and dropped his backpack.

"What happened-" I started, but he was quickly disappearing down the street. *If he's chasing after an assailant, he's going to get himself hurt, or worse.* I cursed and started running after the boy.

I squinted to keep the drizzling rain out of my eyes. I saw the boy turn sharply into an alleyway and my heart beat faster. *If the assailant turned into the alleyway, he might ambush this stupid white-haired boy.*

I stopped just before the alleyway and peered inside. The alleyway was pitch-black and I saw no movement. I waited for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. The end of the alleyway was still shrouded in darkness, but I could make out a low shifting figure a few steps in front of me. It was

crouched ahead of me, its back facing me. The smell of blood filled my nose and I shuddered. The faint silver moonlight crept its way into the alleyway, past me and finally just onto the figure. I realized that the figure was the white-haired boy.

“Wh... What are you doing?” I asked, my voice trembling.

His right arm jerked slightly, but he showed no other signs of recognizing my presence. I squinted to look for anyone further down the alleyway beyond the moonlight, but I might as well have had my eyes closed.

“You left your friend,” I continued shakily, “It’s not safe here.”

He slowly stood up and turned his face towards mine, his eyes still hidden from the moonlight. In his hands glinted a thin, small blade. Blood streamed from the blade to the ground and eventually slowed to a drip.

I took a step backwards, “What did you do-” I croaked, my voice barely a whisper.

He slowly brought his left hand closer to his face. He put his finger over his lips as if to shush me. I was screaming at myself to run, but my body wouldn’t move. He stepped towards me, his narrowed eyes now in the moonlight staring into mine.

“, I won’t tell-,” I said, but he wordlessly walked past me.

My knees buckled and I fell forward, my cheek pressed into the rough gravel of the alleyway. My neck felt warm. The soft rain that had once been a whisper in the air felt suddenly fierce. The orange cat lay lifeless a few feet away from me, its dirty orange tail now caked red.

I heard the familiar jingle of the shop’s front door. The rain resumed its soft, steady rhythm. My eyelids felt heavy. I tried to cry out, but my voice had deserted me, now just a low, dying croak.

“Can you *believe* that cat peed on my new shoes?!” The girl squealed.

“Some cats are just born bad,” the boy laughed, his calm voice putting the girl at ease, “but they can never hurt you as long as you stay with me.”

Dhrumil Patel
ENG3U3

Revised Quickwrite 'masterpiece'

Assignment-Specific

Feedback Questions

Big thank you to Jessica and Ryan for looking at my 'MASTERPIECE'

[Insert questions from the editing gods here]

Jessica

What was I focusing on? That's a great question.

- Voice
 - I tried to write the story in the first person past tense to test my abilities
 - I tried to make the story suspenseful