

## The Great Mistake

The year was 2015, December. That was the first year that we had Lily, my cat. The reason that I'm telling you this is because that is also the first year that we made the mistake of putting up a Christmas tree.

I think that first I should explain who my cat is; she is a feisty little cat named Lily. Three things that you need to know about her are: (1) She hates it when you touch her anywhere. (2) If you do decide that it is a good idea to sacrifice your hand for her to devour, you might have a few red marks for a while. (3) The only time that she might let you pet her, and I mean the only time, is when she is begging for a treat.

Let's go to about four hours earlier than the main attraction. We were eating supper on December 14. It wasn't anything special, just a hamburger, but my mom had made a very good hamburger that night. It was the perfect color of dark brown with burn marks from the grill and smoke from the heat. I'm pretty sure Lily felt that way too, as she was continuously trying to get on the table to eat my food. After about five minutes of failure she decided that she'd had enough, so she bit me and ran away before I could catch her. That was her last sign of retaliation until we got done eating.

After we got done eating, we went downstairs and started talking when all the sudden we heard a loud, deep thud. We went up the stairs to check what had happened and, to our surprise, our Christmas tree was lying on the ground sideways with a cat clinging to it with all of her might. That is until she fell off and ran away like a squirrel running from a coyote, all in a matter of seconds. We all just stood there like trees in a forest prior to Lily's return. Her entrance was just a subtle as her exit, that is, not at all. We solved that problem by simply letting her be as wild as she wanted to be.

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After she was burned out, we put the tree back up and tried to fix all of the lights and ornaments, but I'm pretty sure we only made it worse. One thing that we did do better was we put a tie wrap around the top of the tree trunk and a small hook. After that, we finally caught Lily and punished her by making her lay with my mom (she thinks that is as bad as it gets, but we don't know why.) Once her sentence was served, or rather my mom was satisfied with her behavior (2 hours later), she was finally allowed to be free.

One thing that Lily definitely learned was not to mess with that tree or my mom, and I think that made it worth it. I'm pretty sure my family thinks the same thing, but we still hook our tree to the wall every single year, just to be safe.