

Brooks Tail

Brooks crouched in the grass. She had seen a bird poke its head up a moment ago and she was determined to get this one. After all, she was the best hunter on this farm.

The bird fluttered closer, Brooks squirmed. A tick was biting her but she was determined to not move. Another tick latched on and Brooks was happy to see the sparrow fly away. She would have stayed motionless until the bird was in range of a pounce but now, she trotted to the house, knowing her human would pull those darn ticks off of her bottom.