

## AN 'ATTEMPT' AT AN ATTIC ADVENTURE

“It shouldn’t be that hard, just in-and-out. Twenty minutes at the most...” Louise Thrushwood said under her breath, peeking from the shadows into the attic of the imposing farm house. The wizened and adventurous mouse had come a long way from her home in the forest, seeking out lost treasures stashed in the forgotten corners of the human dwelling.

Mrs. Thrushwood had traveled all day, skulking through the fields and up the siding of the farm house. Now only a gap in the frame of the old attic window was left to pass.

She removed her green cloak, a sword and shield hung on her back, and a large drawstring bag she had slung over her shoulder. Gingerly, the mouse squeezed through the crack, and once free, reached back outside to retrieve her belongings.

“Thank goodness. There should be just enough sunlight to get back home, if I’m quick enough.” Louise murmured to herself, adjusting her cloak and glasses as she surveyed the attic. The ceiling of the ancient loft was taller than most, and constructed of old hand-hewn logs.

Amber-esque antique furniture and tarnished silver glimmered in the dusty space, illuminated by a single shaft of golden light radiating from the attic window. The room reeked of half-rotting cardboard and years of moth wings and abandoned spider webs.

And Louise was free to explore and pilfer to her hearts content.

There were no humans up there.

No cats, either.

“... Hello?” Mrs. Thrushwood called out softly, *very* softly. There was no reply. She could only hear the faintest sound of a radio downstairs, muffled by two ceilings and the hallway carpet. If anyone was home, they were in the living room. With a deep breath, Louise gathered her courage, and began her treasure hunt.

Now, treasure for a mouse is far different than treasure for a human. Mice have little need for gold or jewels, but plenty of human items are of great value to rodents.

Sewing pins could be cut into short lengths and used as nails. Reflective foil could be fashioned into mirrors. Lead fishing weights could become hammers, and fabric and thread and string and matches and all manner of trinkets could find new purpose if placed in the hands of a crafty mouse.

Mrs. Thrushwood had planned to gather up as many of these items as she could carry and sell them for a modest profit. All she needed to do was find an old sewing box, a fishing kit, or a similar cache of trinkets.

“There!” She exclaimed, focusing in on a rusty sewing machine, caked in cob-webs. She crept up the antique wooden cabinet and climbed to the table-top, peering at a row of tidy drawers running down the front of the sewing desk.

“Oh please, please be full. I want to see cookie tins full of spools of thread. thimbles and needles!”

Using her sword, she tried to pry open the first drawer, but it was stuck tight. She leaned and pressed her whole weight against the sword, until all at once the drawer flung open and slid out entirely.

The wooden box crashed against the floor, spilling buttons, spools and rusty implements everywhere. The chaotic sound echoed throughout the attic, even scaring a few birds that had been perched out on the roof.

Louise stood breathless, clutching her sword and standing still.

Then she heard someone downstairs turn the radio off.

The door to the attic swung open from the floor, kicking up a cloud of dust. Its ladder was lowered, and soon groaned with the creaking of someone or something climbing up. Mrs. Thrushwood scrambled and ducked under a dusty arm chair, peering out at the entrance to the attic.

Two pointy ears poked out from the opening, followed by a set of whiskers and two peering blue eyes. The farm house's cat, Ambrosia, had come to investigate the noise. The hefty feline pulled herself up into the attic, flicking her tail, silently surveying the room.

"Is someone *lost*?" She taunted. The evidence of an intruder was unmistakable. "You shouldn't have come here. There's nothing for you here but *obliteration*."

Louise's mouth was dry, and her hands were clammy. Ambrosia was acting extra intimidating today. Fortunately, the attic was large enough that escape was still possible.

Ambrosia went to inspect the fallen items strewn across the floor, giving Mrs. Thrushwood time to sneak towards the window. While the cat's back was turned, she crept out from her hiding place, moving quickly and silently.

That was, until Louise stepped on one of the dropped buttons, and slipped, falling onto her back with a loud *THUD*.

The cat fixed her gaze on the mouse in an instant. “Ah, it’s *you*. What a pleasant surprise.” She purred, sauntering over as Louise scrambled to her feet.

“A-ah! Ambrosia, I was just about to call for you. I... had gotten stuck trying to find my way out.” Louise fibbed.

“Out? And out with *what* exactly?” Ambrosia smirked, poking the motherly rodent in the belly with a sharp claw.

“N-nothing at all! See for yourself.” Louise did a little turn, showing nothing hung to her but her cloak and weaponry.

Ambrosia narrowed her gaze, her sly smirk turning to an impatient frown. “Don’t lie to me, granny. I know a *thief* when I smell one.”

Mrs. Thrushwood took a step back, clutching a paw to her chest. “Theif? No no, dear, you have it all wrong... I was just here to...”

“... To?” The stern feline asked.

“To...” Louise stumbled. There was a long pause. Louise could feel her heart racing.

Suddenly, Mrs. Thrushwood swung at Ambrosia’s paw with her shield. Pain shot up from the cat’s claws like an arrow, and the shield responsible rang out like a tuning fork.

“GAH!” Ambrosia cried, rearing back reflexively. Louise made a dash for the window. She scurried as fast as she could, hearing the bounding of the furious feline behind her, shaking the room. With only seconds to spare, Mrs. Thrushwood climbed to the windowsill and leapt into the gap in the window, grasping for the outside air.

Only to feel her scabbard and shield snag on the window frame.

“O-oh no.” She muttered, as Ambrosia’s shadow loomed over her.

Ambrosia's claws pinched Louise by the tail, plucking her from the windowsill. The cat dangled the thief in front of her face, glaring at her. Louise held up her shield and winced.

“You pathetic, fat rat.” Ambrosia snarled, flicking the shield away like a bottlecap.

“I-I'm sorry! I didn't steal anything yet! I-if you let me go, I'll never come back!”

This offer made Ambrosia sneer and snicker at Louise. “And what fun would that be? You may be just some lame mouse, but you are fun to play with...”

Suddenly, Ambrosia tossed Mrs. Thrushwood on the ground. The dazed mouse looked up, dizzy and weary. She saw Ambrosia turning around, flicking her tail.

“Let's play a little, okay, rat?” Ambrosia smirked, before flopping down on Louise, her big fat butt slamming onto the tiny rodent like a falling water-tower.

Mrs. Thrushwood could hardly let out a gasp before being crushed, feeling her body spread out like cookie dough under the immense weight of her feline captor. All she could do was tremble and whimper in response as Ambrosia ground against her, working her down to be as thin as a flapjack.

The cat wasn't done with the mouse yet though. She sat up, and peeled the scrap of hide off of her rear. It wasn't long before Ambrosia was holding Louise in her paws like a sheet of cookie dough, peering at her dazed and two-dimensional face.

“Too much pressure, huh? Maybe something more hands-on will suit you better...” The cat teased. She put her paws together and started to rub and roll Louise out like a rope of clay. She grabbed the ends of the rope and started to tug and pull, making mouse-colored noodles out of the doomed mother. Soon, Ambrosia had a ball of meek yarn to poke and bat around.

“Hah! Now this seems more your style, huh, granny?” She gave Louise a firm *WHACK*, sending her bouncing across the floor of the attic. Ambrosia chased and bounced the ball of yarn for quite some time. All the while, Mrs. Thrushwood could hardly speak. Her mouth had been pinched shut, leaving her entirely at the mercy of her corpulent captor.

“Mm-mmph!” Was all she could mutter, every time she was swatted or clawed at.

“What was that? Speak up! It’s rude to mumble, ya know.” Ambrosia cackled, taking the ball of yarn and mushing it together, melding Louise’s features into a smooth lump of clay, which she went on to shape and mold into a beige vase, only to pound and slap it down into a mass of slightly fuzzy dough once more.

“Maybe you’re suited for more *modern* art, hmm?” The cat teased, grabbing the lump and tossing it at a dusty, framed canvas on the other side of the attic. Mrs. Thrushwood splattered against the surface like a glob of paint, her groggy face dripping down the artwork like a smear of melted wax.

At least that freed up her mouth to speak.

“P-please, A-ambrosia, I’m sorry! I-I don’t think your humans would appreciate you m-making a mess up here... Please? Have mercy?”

Ambrosia only gave a devilish grin in reply. “Mercy? For a thief like you? Give me one good reason I should ease up.”

Mrs. Thrushwood would have normally said something witty or crafty to save herself, but in her splattered and over-worked state, she could only groan and utter a fairly simple platitude.

“U-um... You should always respect your elders...?”

Ambrosia scrunched up her face, holding back a laugh. It was her turn to be crafty for once. “Ah I getcha... You’re too *old* and *brittle* to handle all this rough-housing. Is that it?”

Louise would have been incensed, but at the moment, she’d never felt more her age. “... I think so, dear...”

“Fine, I think I have just the thing for you to ‘retire’ as...” The feline teased, scraping the glob of mouse paint off of the canvas.

It took some time, but Ambrosia had managed to shape and reform Louise Thrushwood somewhat to her normal state, though noticeably softer and woozy. The cat gripped the mouse firmly, and held a large cushion in her other paw, keeping it upright on the ground.

“Are you ready?” Ambrosia asked.

“F-for what?” Louise asked back. “Please, I’m sure we can work something out...”

“Oh, I’ve already made arrangements for you. Now open wide...”

Louise was baffled at the request, but it didn’t matter if she understood or not. Ambrosia reached into her mouth with both paws and began to stretch it wide, like a rubber band or the opening of a balloon. She brought the trembling mouse to the couch cushion, and began to

stretch her over the pillow, like a fuzzy, beige, elastic covering. It was a surprisingly easy affair. The only resistance Mrs. Thrushwood gave was in the form of tension and the rubbery resistance of her body. Her paws could only wiggle and flail helplessly as the feline fitted her to the cushion. It wasn't much of a fight.

“Come on, almost there...” Ambrosia grunted, having to wrestle the pillow with her body and hind legs, while pushing and pulling with her paws still in the rubbery rodents' mouth.

The flavor of the cushion was quite unpleasant for Louise. It tasted of dust and moth-balls, and the sensation of her body being stretched over something as large as her own house was shocking and unimaginable; her limbs now stretched out and reduced to nubs on the corners of the seat.

Eventually, she felt her mouth begin to close as Ambrosia pulled her over the last edge of the cushion, completely swallowing the plush mass, if you could call it 'swallowing', anyway.

“And there we go... whew... What a work-out, huh?” The cat muttered, breathing a bit heavily from the effort.

Louise meanwhile, was hardly able to blink she was stretched so thin. The grandmother-turned-seat-cover was unceremoniously flopped on the wooden floor of the attic, letting out only a faint squeak in reply.

Ambrosia smiled at her with a satisfied smirk. She pushed the cushion over to the shaft of light flowing from the attic window, pooling on the wood floor and radiating warmth through that one cozy spot.

“Welp... I'm bushed. We both may as well get comfortable, right? I have no intention of letting you go anytime soon, anyway.”



Ambrosia gently laid down on her new cat-bed, getting comfortable. She curled up, tucking her tail close and yawning. The warmth of the sunlight was intoxicating.

Mrs. Thrushwood winced and creaked in strain from the fat feline resting on her. She wanted desperately to speak, but her mouth was still stuffed full of the cushion. It was such a strange sensation... though the sound and feeling of Ambrosia purring on top of her wasn't the worst.

Ambrosia was quite soft, warm, and heavy.

The sunbeam was nice and toasty too.

Maybe a little cat-nap wasn't such a bad idea.

**THE END**

