



Ahoy!

Have I got a tale for you!

Tonight the sea reminded me who's really in charge. My tiny paws are still trembling as I write this, but I want to tell you everything – because this tiny cat just found out she has a **huge** amount of courage.

It was a beautiful sunny day aboard SV Calico. The sea was calm, the sails were full and happy, and I was busy doing a spot of fishing. I was so excited about my yummy fish dinner that I stopped paying attention to the sky.

That was a mistake.

I didn't notice the clouds growing darker or the air turning cold against my whiskers.

Then **Splash!** The first wave crashed into the side of the boat and nearly knocked me over. Another wave followed, then another, each one bigger than the last. The boat climbed the waves and slid back down again, soaking my fur from ears to tail.

"Oi!" I yelled. **"I'm trying to do a spot of fishing over here!"**

Then the rain arrived, tickling my nose and making the deck slippery under my paws. Thunder boomed. Lightning flashed.

I was sailing through a storm. My heart raced and my fur stood up like hedgehog spikes. I felt very small in the middle of the huge, rolling ocean.

So I stopped.

I took a deep breath.

Then another.

I reminded myself that fear is like a little warning bell. It means something important is happening. It means I need to be careful... and brave.

"I am strong and brave,"

I told myself.

I had never sailed through a storm before. But do you know what? No matter how loud the thunder roared, the boat kept moving forward – and so did I. In that moment I realised something.

You can only be brave when you're really scared.

At one point a loose rope smacked me on the bottom and I chuckled to myself. That cheeky storm was trying to have the last laugh but it would have to try harder than that to squash my courage.

After what felt like forever, the waves slowly settled. The wind softened. The rain faded into a quiet drizzle.

I climbed the rigging to the top of the mast and shouted,

“I am strong and brave. I'm the bravest cat in the whole wide world!”

I had done it. I had sailed through the storm.

So if you ever feel really afraid, remember this:

Fear doesn't always mean stop. Sometimes it means you're doing something brave.

Just as I stood celebrating my victory at the top of the mast something flew through the air and hit me WHACK in the face, covering my eyes so I couldn't see! Seagulls!? No wait, an aeroplane!? No, that's silly. Paper!? It was an old, faded piece of paper with a single word on it.

Courage.

I wonder what this means?

Love from a very soggy but very proud,



Tiny Cat



P.S. I tried to tell the storm to paws and calm down... but it just splashed back at me!

