

The Pálmatré Chronicles

THE GLASS DOME



Sydney Kaplan

Hi. My name is Lhasa. I know, unusual name, right? I'm a cat. A Siamese cat, to be exact. I am 15 years old. In human years, that would be 3 years old. I've always dreamed of going out and exploring the world. My mom and my annoying three brothers say it isn't possible, and that no cat has ever done it, but that only makes me want to do it more.

I live on the island of Pálmatré. The odd thing about it is that there are no humans on it. It is completely inhabited by cats and some other animals. My best friend is Esther. She is an Orange Tabby. She has a sister and a brother. Her sister is an Orange Tabby like Esther and her mom, and her brother is a Grey Tabby like their dad. My other friend is Frankie. He is a Blue Moon, which is one of the rarest breeds on Pálmatré, and it does not exist where you live. His dad is a Siamese and his mom is a Grey Tabby.



We spend all of our free time together. The island we live on seems like it is made for felines. It is surrounded by white sand beaches and the middle is a thick jungle with a border of palm trees. In the jungle, there are ropes hanging down from the trees, making it an awesome place to play tag. There is always some sort of new rabbit hole to explore or an unknown path with plenty of places to play. All of the cats of the island say that it never gets old. Except for me.

“Come on, slowpoke!” Esther yelled to Frankie. We pranced ahead, tripping over each other’s tails. Suddenly I spotted a path that I hadn't seen before. It went about ten feet before stopping. At the end was a fairly wide hole, big enough for us to get through.

“Esther! Frankie! Look over here!” Frankie scampered to keep up as Esther and I peered into the hole.

“Well? Come on!” Frankie prodded. He took the lead as he ventured into the tunnel.

“My mom wouldn't be okay with this,” Esther complained as I pushed her forward towards Frankie.

“So what? Just don't tell her!” Frankie playfully batted Esther's nose.

“Fine, fine,” Esther grumbled. I took the back and we strode down the tunnel. Just as the tunnel started getting dark, Frankie saw a light ahead. We kept going and then saw that it was a small hole that went all the way up to the light. The tunnel had also gotten wider. Then I realized that we had been going down for the whole time.

“Uh, guys? I don't like this,” I said slowly and nervously. They ignored me and kept going, and I had no choice but to follow behind them. We had been walking for a while when we noticed a faint blue glow at the end of the tunnel. The tunnel had grown so wide that all of us could walk side by side. We all ran toward the light.

What I saw amazed me. We definitely weren't the first ones down here. We came out on a rocky ledge that was out away from the land. A quarter sphere of glass was covering us. Beyond the glass was the ocean around Pàlmatrè. We were deep down, and we could barely make out anything in the ocean. I noticed that there were a lot of jellyfish swimming around close to the outside of the glass. Suddenly one stung the glass, and the whole thing shook. We all helped and raced as fast as we could out of the place and out into the open.

That night, Frankie and I went to Esther's house for supper. Esther lives in a house made of sticks and seaweed down on the beach. We all watched as Esther's parents went to catch fish for supper. I sighed. Everyone always had fun and never got bored of this. I got bored of it a while ago. Everyone on this island is always finding fun new things to do, except for me. It is always the same vine paths, the same tunnels, the same paths, until we found that ocean cave, today. The next day, we escaped out of the house and ran back to the cave.

“Mom!” Lhasa’s brother Sam shouted. “Mom! Where’s Lhasa?”

“I don’t know, why?”

“There’s a hurricane warning on your MeowTop!”

Suddenly Lhasa, Esther, and Frankie felt the ground shake and shudder and they heard the wind howling from the entrance so far away. The light holes coming from above in the openness were dimming, and quickly the light in the tunnel faded away to almost nothing. All the kittens could see was the dim blue glow of Esther and Lhasa’s eyes and the purple glow of Frankie’s eyes. None of them knew which way the tunnel went, or how to get out.