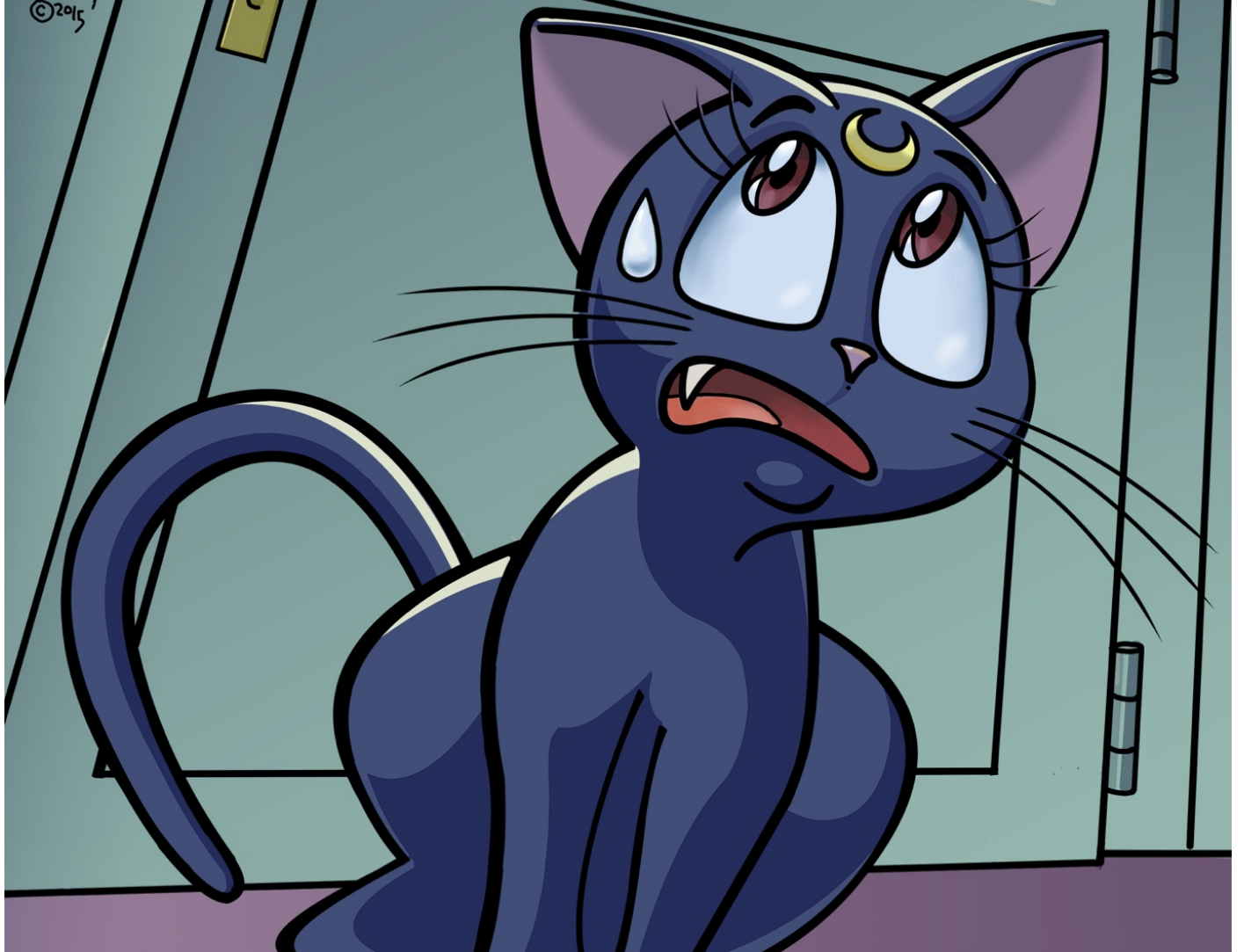


LUNA'S PLIGHT

by Rebecca Heineman

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Luna's Plight

A Sailor Moon Short Story

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I don't own these characters. Please don't sue me, kill me or make me sing at your next party. I shatter windows with my screech.

Luna's Plight

Luna crouched down in her soft prison bed, tucking her paws beneath her, and wondered if she would ever escape and find the Moon Princess. She stared up from the basket at the clock on the wall with ever mounting dread. The second hand moved, again and again, each tick mocking her with unyielding certainty towards the hour of despair.

The moon cat sighed despondently, knowing what was to be expected of her in a few minutes. She glanced over at her empty food dish and the water bowl filled with a fluid that had passed its expiration date.

“Grr...” She growled in unison with her stomach.

Her owner, as she had been calling herself, was attempting to starve the feline as punishment for bad behavior, and was nowhere to be seen. This suited the cat fine. She stretched out, yawned, and then patrolled the locked room once more; looking for exits or weaknesses she may have missed the last hundred times she searched. A check of the windows and doors found no method of exit this day; again, just as it had been for the weeks she had been living here.

“*Living,*” *ha! Some living; more like “trapped,”* thought the obsidian-shaded feline. Luna padded toward the center of the room and crouched next to the massive table-like object located there, hoping that the horrible thing would just crumble into moon dust. She gulped and stood up, muscles tensed to flee, as rustling noises increased in the room beyond the foreboding ever-locked barrier to her freedom.

She had to escape. She had to be free! Ever since her release from that the stasis tube, hardly a moment had passed that the black-furred moon cat didn't think about the task given to her by Queen Serenity so many years ago.

Find the Princess! Awaken the four Guardians. Stop Queen Beryl from taking over the Earth. That was her mission in life. Luna had no idea what hells she was going to travel through to accomplish those goals, but she never in her wildest dreams had expected this type of torture. The fur along her back rose up on its own. She sensed she was about to cross into yet another level of pain as the doorknob slowly turned and the bane of her existence entered.

The woman, a slender middle aged American in a nice dress, blond hair, and benign smile stepped into the room. She held in her arm several sheets of paper and a purse. She quickly shut the door and locked it again. *No chance of escape that way.*

“Why, hello there!” She sweetly smiled at Luna. “Are you ready for today's session?”

Luna crouched down again and curled her tail around her body; its tip tapping the floor, betraying her anxiousness. Her unblinking eyes followed her tormentor, as the woman crossed the room and sat at the bench next to the large table-like object. She

wished that thing would just explode, and perhaps the bench too, just for added effect.

“What’s the matter Luna? Cat got your tongue?” The woman giggled as she reached for a tape recorder and inserted a blank tape. “Are you ready?”

Luna answered with silence.

“Awww. C’mon, you were a lot more talkative last week. Anything?”

Luna turned her head so wouldn’t have to look at the woman.

“I’ve got tuna.” The woman produced a can marked “Star-Kist.” “Doesn’t this look yummy?”

Luna was a cat. Her instincts couldn’t resist. *It. Looked* (she shuddered). *Yummy.* She slowly faced her tormentor, took a few steps closer and lithely jumped atop of the piano, heralding another session of utter embarrassment.

“Now, that’s a good kitty. Mommy’s got a *new* song for you today.”

She placed the pages of sheet music on the piano’s music stand so that the cat could clearly read the “lyrics.” The woman patted a few ivory keys on the keyboard to get the base pitch in her head.

“Ready?”

The black moon cat readied herself for absolute shame, but it was a living.

“Meow.” She sighed.

“Here we go.” The woman pressed the record button on the tape player. She played a short jingle on the piano while Luna sat in utter silence. It was even worse than she had imagined.

“Now Luna... You know what you have to do, right?”

The cat glared icily at the woman and ever so slightly nodded her head in agreement.

“Take two.” She played the jingle again. It was no less shameful the second time.

Luna kept her thoughts to herself. *I’ve got to escape and find the Princess. She’s GOT to be more intelligent than this woman.*

The cat sang....

“Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow.”

The woman sang...

“I want chicken, I want liver, Meow Mix, Meow Mix, please deliver. I want chicken, I want liver, Meow Mix, Meow Mix, please deliver.”

Once the song ended, Luna looked at the woman dead in the eye.

“You’re taking the credit for this travesty. Not I!”

The woman grinned.

“Of course, that was our agreement.” She pulled the tape out of the recorder. “This is a *perfect* recording! The commercial is going to make me a mint.”

The moon cat sighed and quietly plotted her escape for the one-hundred and first time. “When I get out of here, the first girl I find, I’m making her Sailor Moon and hiding out at her place. I’m **not** doing this again.”

Author's Notes

Please review this story on [fanfiction.net](https://www.fanfiction.net) at <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/1572475>.

It makes me feel oh so happy and prevents me from switching your tuna with cat food.