Write a complication for a narrative.

I slithered along the wooden floorboards of the house. Rays of warm rejuvenating light shone through the crystal clear windows, setting my cold blood running and making my black scales shimmer. Suddenly, my stomach rumbled. I remembered why I was in the building. I had sniffed the tantalising aroma of mice within the shadows inside and hunger drove me to stealthily hunt them, a silent assassin.

Out of the darkness, high above on a mountainous lump of mahogany rose an image that sent shivers down my long spine. It was an image of a cat, one of my most dreaded enemies. Not only did they compete with my species for food, they attack us on sight and their sharp claws have ended more than a few of the lives of my siblings. As the poignant memories flooded back, I drew up warily, waiting for an attack, but it never came. I inspected the cat closer and realised that it wasn’t moving. Not even blinking. This was too much for my brain to comprehend. My only
Conclusion at the time was that the cat was dead. It would be a long time before I discovered the invention humans called 'photographs.' But, my mind at ease, I convinced myself that I was safe. Suddenly, another sound alerted me. A shrill cacophony of beeping and ringing made me once again become alert. I traced its source and found a small rectangular fishing rock with several smaller rocks embedded within it. Yet it didn't feel like rock. It must've been something else. What strange things I had discovered today in my daily hunting. The beeping stopped, yet another sound alerted my ears. I leaned in closer to the mysterious stone, but heard nothing. The sound crept closer, I whipped around and saw the face of a large cat staring right into my eyes. The same cat as before. Ah… no matter. The cat was dead. But then, it moved, and I realised with horror, that this was not the other cat at all. I turned to flee but I was too slow. The last thing I saw was a clawed paw cleaving the air above my head. Then, nothing.