

Amis de Chat

#2

by Debbie Nicholson

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Book 2

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Reviews

Wow I loved reading your cat book, I haven't quite finished it yet :)

Thank you for thinking of me x

Angel Kitty

10 April 2017

Auckland, New Zealand

* * * * *

Wow thanks Debbie, my daughter will love this

I hope you sell lots of copies, that must have taken a lot of hours to prepare - I wish I had that kind of talent.

thanks again Debbie

Ken Spence

8 April 2017

Auckland, New Zealand

* * * * *

Thanks, Debbie. I am enjoying it, finished chapter one but need to get Sharing and reading blogs as I like to keep a day ahead if possible then I am set if for some reason I have to miss a day.

Jeanette Leduc

8 April 2017

Lives in Armstrong, British Columbia, Canada

* * * * *

Sorry I missed you end of today's Tai Chi class to brief you on my reading of your book:~)!

Yes I had read it already! As soon as I got it, I'm pretty sure I opened emails at about 830pm last night, thereabouts!

I was very impressed with the book Amis de Chat! The style of writing was interesting to me, as I haven't read this type of style in a long time. A Story with Poetry intertwined with each other. By incorporating the mention snippets of your husband and family members within the book, played a solid introduction and lead up to a very possible positive-bearing relationship between us humans and the beloved 'Cat'!!!

Great Start, well done:~)!

From this realisation, easy reading followed by creative colourful heartfelt, and funny, playful, at times intense Poetry, about the many many different Cats we have springing at our feet!

Lovely reading, and I really enjoyed the knowledgeable facts at the end of the book!

Thank you, Debbie, for sharing your fabulous book on Cats:~)! A thorough and most enjoyable read:~)!

Manu

10 April 2017

Picton, New Zealand

* * * * *

When you read out so many of your delightful poems to me the other day, I couldn't stop laughing. Some of them were so funny and reminded me of situations with cats during my own lifetime which is long. A couple were sad and had me thinking. You have such a talent. Thank you for coming over and sharing with me your poems.

Malcom Searle

12 January 2019

Picton, New Zealand

* * * * *

Preface and Disclaimer

Here I am with Book Two of our sequel to Amis de Chat Book 1. The response I have had since publishing that one in March 2017 has been wonderful. Many people read it and sent in reviews – and because Book One was already published by the time I got the reviews back, I decided to add the reviews here in this book instead, so you would not miss out on what people are saying about Book One. Book Two is the same format as Book One.

[Get your copy of Amis de Chat Book 1 here](#)

Through the enthusiasm of the reviewees, I felt inspired to push on with Book Two – after all, I already had the cover ready – and the cats – we can never forget our cat friends. Book Two began not too long after I had finished Book One, simply because I had so many cats sent in to me to share their images with the stories I had for each of them.

As an added treat, I have inserted a really great story at the end of this book as one of the chapters sent from one of my readers. He recalled such a great memory of his own experience with a Cat Friend, and because it is such

a human/animal interest story, my decision to include it was made and I am sure that upon reading it, you will understand why I put in here just for you.

Eventually there may be a Book Three – who knows?

While many of the pictures are my own and all content is my own, please contact me should there be a discretion that you would like me to fix and we can fix it quickly.

Any quotes from actual text on pages I wanted to include in my references are in the colour blue so that you can distinguish between my thoughts and the thoughts of others who actually provided me with the insight as to what I wanted to include in my own book.

Watch out for more from me in other areas.

As usual, my email address for correspondence, criticisms or just some love from you is

stories4debbie@gmail.com .

Kind regards

Debbie Nicholson

1st April 2017



Chapter One : Please Rescue Me



“Do you have it in your heart to save and rescue me?”

I asked him very quietly and so very timidly.

“I know I look like a desert rat but I am really a cat

Left to roam in the desert. I was once very fat.”

“I woke one time to music, snores and to the hum of our car.

Then my humans stopped, then left and started to walk very far

And I was left alone with the car and electric guitar.

They said they’d be back for me. I waited many a star.”

“Later I got thirsty, and I had to seek some water

I looked and ran around but the more I did, it got hotter.

I wonder where I am? That sun is very fierce.

I’ve never felt it like that; my skin it seems to pierce.”

“There is some shade beside the electric guitar

A very prickly plant. Or perhaps underneath the car.

I wonder where the humans are, it's lonely way out here
And hot and bothersome to my fur, I'm sunburnt on my
ear."

"It would be nice to have some food – I think I saw a rat!
But my energy is spent. I wonder if instead he'd chat.
At least it would be company, I've not seen one I know.
It's scary to spend another night, where does the water
flow?"

"Water would be just great, just a drop would be
sufficient.

Although I fear without it, I will lose my bright
condition.

I'm getting weaker by the day, so hiding makes more
sense

The night is easier for food and the dew on the guitar is
immense."

"Walking around at night to catch food that is unusual

To me anyway. At least it allows me to refuel.

Today I found a cave of sorts, I instantly explored.

I thought I saw the prints of paws; some company's all I thought!"

"The company was a Meerkats clan who didn't seem to mind

My intrusion for just a little while, they could see I'm like their kind.

Their food they shared though not my choice, would help me get along.

My strength restored while in their gang and their food made me strong."

"They knew where water was, which to me was a great big bonus.

I was so grateful for them as they didn't mind my slowness.

But as with things in the animal world, their family I was not.

They put up with me, strange in their midst. I was lucky with them to squat."

“So out I went at night again to follow my own instincts
My weight is poor but now I know survival has its
precincts.

Is that a boot that I can see? Can a human be there?

I’ve been so long without mankind; do I see a human’s
footwear?”

“Carefully I stumble along, carefully I near.

And yes, it is a foot I see, and a leg and an arm quite
clear.”

“Do you have it in your heart to save and rescue me?”
I asked him very quietly and so very timidly.

The arm reached down and picked me up, his smell
seemed so familiar.

I carefully looked into the eyes of a person who looked
so similar

To the person who owns the electric guitar and the car
have left down the way

“Are you my Sammy?” A voice does groan with tears on his beard grey.

“My Sammy, I didn’t think I’d see. I looked under the car

I came to get the car and you, my things, my electric guitar.

It took so long to venture out to find a town near here.

And now I’m only getting back, and I thought you’d disappeared.”

“I’m glad I wandered over here in case what I saw was you.

You look a fright. You need fresh water and food which I have brought you.

How you survived this long I fear, your state hints you’re on the border.

Of death and health, we must hurry, let’s start by giving you water.”

“If only we could share our tales, I think it would be interesting.

But for now, let’s see if food will give you some extra conditioning.

Just take your time my little one, we’ll be out of this heat in a jiffy.

I’ve got more gas and water and things that will make your life again spiffy.”

“I blinked my eyes relieved as I heard my favourite human.

I knew from here I would be safe, again in my own little haven.

Thank goodness I didn’t wander far, the heat really made it quite hard.

I’m no longer lost, and never alone. Again with friends in my own backyard.”

Chapter Two : Mats And Tangles



How did my coat get quite like this?

How did I get so dirty?

I can't imagine how I missed

Shower soap. I was so perdie.

My Mam's been gone a few weeks now

She never will return.

The children's care for me isn't great

If she knew, their ears would burn.

The state I'm in would turn her heart

She always kept me spotless,

But times are different now you see

The children are so heartless.

The Vet and Doctor I do need,

I know 'cause I'm a fright.

I don't like looking quite like this

If only I could plead my rights.

You'd think they'd see how much I crave

A wash, a trim, a visit

The Vet would ne'er put up with this

How they treat me is inexplicit.

Perhaps I should've gone with Mam

Perhaps I should've gone too.

Life'd be better 'neath that mound of dirt

Than wearing it in my hairdo.

The fleas, the ticks and parasites

I'm so scared of infection.

My skin does itch and my rear end

Keeps me up nights, it's such an objection!

It's horrible not being able to talk

To people who just don't bother

To listen or help or understand
My walking's bad, I so need a Doctor.

Are those my Angels up above?
They've watched over me since a kitten.
I've suffered many long months like this
All over is so badly bitten.

Relief so needed as I lie down to rest
My patch in the grass always rustling
With fleas and ants and worms and dirt.
My chest is tighter yet there's no extra suffering.

Ah Mam, I see you, where did you come from?
I thought you'd ne'er come back.
And Papa is with you, how kind is that
Am I dreaming a choral music track?

“Has anyone seen the cat?” they shout.

“Does anyone know where she is?”

“The last I saw her, she was under the house

She threw up, so I gave her a clout!”

Chapter Three : Intellectual Loaf



Sudoku is my favourite, although crosswords are fun too

I can lie here ages just looking through the clues

Humans with their glasses, their books and pencils red
I can tell just with a glance their answer's been misread.

Practice makes one better, The answer's come next day

For someone who is starting out, they should try
without delay

Fitting in the numbers or the words, whichever best
Before seeking the answers in the newspapers next
press.

Once they have their squares filled, it pays to check
them over

It's so easy to miss a number or repeat it and pass over

I have done this heaps of times when I first started out

And yet still miss and wonder how do errors come
about?

You carefully decide from the clues and numbers given

You write them in with confidence and then your heart
does sicken

Staring right up back at you a glaring foible stares

Now who put that in there you think, and quietly stop
the tears

From falling on your cheeks dismayed, you so thought
it was right

But sure enough when you do check, no longer you feel
bright.

But hey cheer up, there's many more they come through
every day

And what you don't get right today, it need not be
doomsday.

Practice is what's needed and you'll find that soon
you'll be

So proficient at these tasks, you'll be as smart as me

You may think that a cat with paws who also does not speak

Does not possess the brains to overcome this work technique.

For work it is, you cannot miss, there has to be some effort

On your behalf before you say your answers are dead cert

Do not despair, I once was not as skilled as I am now

However, when they left the paper lying round I ploughed.

Words are a favourite of mine, I love them all to bits,

The numbers that keep coming up, I often now get hits

This didn't happen overnight, this happened over time

Because I tackle puzzles finding it a great pastime.

Chapter Four : Lamenting the Lonely Plant



Hello little plant what have you here?
What secrets do you hold down there?
You're on your own among these blocks
Are you what is called a Garden Phlox?

I see further down are cousins of yours
They make my walking pleasant outdoors
They are pink and purple, lavender, white
My mistress likes them for their height.

You perennials are tall and catch the eye
As we walk the bordered paths and sigh
The summer breeze helps them gently sway
Dancing amongst the sunshine rays.

Oh beautiful Phlox, your tender stem
Is there room there for to become like them?
I fear your seed has started you wrong

And yet you appear to be quite strong.

Your potential to be a wonderful hue
Of colours so bright that shine in the dew
Of the morning your lavenders, purple or pink
When I wake up from my forty winks.

Your daintiness, height and fantastic scent
That keeps on going long summers to present
Your persistence in the popularity down-turn
Deserving being back in fashion, you've earned.

Hello little plant I know you well
Every time I see you, even sense your smell
On the wind when its blowing I catch your scent
And my tiny little heart starts to augment.

I love you little plant, how I wish you well

That here among the blocks you will break the spell
Of being confined and all on your own
In this lonely path where you've been sown.

Chapter Five : I Should Ask Who Knows



At dusk I find it's great just to ponder
and wonder what does lay over yonder

I wonder if it's ever been explored.

If my ancestors trod and did let their paws

Fall on the ground 'neath that lovely sky,

When they walked did they see on high

Just as I do now on this night of nights.

Did they watch the stars come alight?

The moon that rises through their glittering;

to hear the birds with their soft twittering

As night descends another day to close.

Just what is there? I should ask who knows.

The sun that starts to go to bed,

The clouds that lengthen above my head.

The colours melding into new;

casting shadows turning away from blue.

The contrails that linger over there

spewed out from jets that fill our air

Space whether we mind or ask or not,

Just what is involved with them – is there a plot?

Whatever spews out of an engine is waste,
what affect does it have on us? Can it be erased?

They say that contrails are chemtrails at large,
well who would know? I must find someone to ask.

So much to ponder, so much to take in,
I am only a cat, the actions of humans

Affect my race, my breed, my existence,
my just being here – can I offer resistance?

Of course, I have no say, we animals have pride.
We were put here to be subject. To man we are tied.

All we're able to do is to watch and to hope
that man loves us enough to help us to cope

With changes that humans bring down on themselves,
sometimes I sit quietly feeling so overwhelmed.

Tomorrow I must in my less busy moments
find someone to ask and forget all the rodents.

Tomorrow arrives and I've stayed up with the night,
keeping watch on the skies pondering humans' plight

They are all so strange to be given such beauty,
why do they forget they were given the duty

To look after this world, to invent and to plan
for improvements that would help out their fellow man

Instead they destroy and keep making huge blunders
with nature, with harmony and upsetting the wonders

Of creation, of love, of peace-keeping treaties.

Man is his own enemy. Just look at their cities.

They build such magnificence, they make travel easy.

I need someone to help my tummy stop feeling so
queasy!

What a peaceful scene to look out over beyond,
watching the fishes play in the darkening pond.

My thoughts and my worries disappear from my mind
as I watch nature, its beauty, how it was originally
designed

To be by some higher power, someone who loves and
cares

for us who do dwell below and do what we can being
heirs

To a world that was put here for us to enjoy and to love
that's reflected in the sky I watch as I gaze way above

Me. Sitting here I can feel the peace that comes
from having spent the day in reflective release

Of energies given me to make this world a better place.
I must ask. Someone must know. I'll ask amongst my
base.

Chapter Six : Why Knead?



It's called Kneading, to let you know just that

You are the most loved human, in their eyes you're their pussy cat!

Trimming nails is not the thing, she needs those claws you see

So, if you want the best of both worlds, you're need to change clothes quickly.

Good feelings do abound in such great moments

Get a blankie and protect your clothes to enjoy that special slowness

Of the Kneading as it happens then the blankie she can ruin

Because it's especially designed to withstand with its careful sewing.

Your tender skin you need not fear, will get you not one scratch

Your nylon stockings will not get you even one last snatch.

Your jacket new might get some fur, but if the towel is placed

Over your shoulder and over your knees then nothing
will be defaced.

Her paws and claws will knead away, giving her a
memory precious

Of being on Mum, when milk was there to give her
much needed nourish.

Kneading is a good thing. Your preparation is next best

She's saying that she loves you. Her attention for you
expressed.

She enjoys your company. Her claws may not extend

She's happy as a sand boy. She knows you are her best
friend.

Chapter Seven : The Day They Mow The Lawns



Oh What A Tangled Web We Weave

When safe in the trees during Autumn we breathe

Looking down on the earth and what's happening
below

Blue sky above, warmed by the sun, watching lawns
being mowed.

At least I am out of the way of that engine

The noise, the commotion. Safe in my dimension.

Surrounded by branches, crossed this way and that
I'm high on my perch so long as I lay flat.

The humans, they look to see if I'm in danger

Truly I'm better off away from that stranger

Machine that does chop through the grass miles per
minute

It's speed would ensure that very soon I could be hit.

I know that the humans know just what they're doing

But to me as a cat running, it would me be pursuing.

I'm definitely better off, way up here in the clouds

Away from the grass clippings, petals, sticks, stones and
crowds

Of wheels, catchers, humans set on weekly chores.

The soft sounding duties I've come to ignore,

But the noise and commotion that machine with its
blades

Is scary at the very least, driven by that "Jack of All
Trades"

Down there on the ground where life can get hectic

While up here I can laugh at the scene and watch how
pathetic

It is when they get out their scissors and their knives

To trim up the hedges, mow lawns and into gardens
dive.

No, no, I am far better off, in my tangled web on high

I'm safe here away from below's hue and cry

That comes from clean up day. I won't have a bar of it!

No, no, I am staying here, where I won't have to have a fit

Everytime that machine nears threatening my toes or my tail.

Humans just don't understand, that we cats are quite frail.

Our hearing is damaged, constant running makes us weary.

I don't care what they learn of us with their "information" theory.

Oh What A Tangled Web We Weave

When safe in the trees during Autumn we breathe

Looking down on the earth and what's happening below

Blue sky above, warmed by the sun, watching lawns being mowed.

Chapter Eight : What Is That Up There?



What is that up there, we see high up in the sky?

What are they that fly in formation and defy

The winds and the rain which we see when we have
looked

Other times on other days, looking up, we are quite
hooked.

We five have been rescued, in a sack they did find us

Dark and frightening, the crude material in which we all
were trussed

Was the water that surrounded, scaring us out of our
wits

What had we done, to feel the toss and be gathered as
one like this ?

One moment we were loved and surrounded by
warmth and fur

As our mother birthed us, cleaned, and caressed us once
we stirred.

The children all were laughing as they watched our feeble movements

And then it seemed that suddenly we were really just a nuisance.

Thankfully, our Cat Angels were quickly on the ground

Leading us to safety, a minute more we would have drowned.

And here we are being loved and fed by humans who are different

In a shelter where the sounds of care, we know they're more considerate.

And so we're able to look up and marvel at the sights

That we see up in the air, help us forget our plight.

They say that someone thoughtful, kind will come along one day

To take us home with them, where forever we can play.

I suppose they won't take five of us, though we wish
that could be so

We're kittens, who grow into cats, and five just would
be "No!"

Yes, one's enough, but sometimes two, hardly ever
three.

Not five though, we would be too much. The thoughts
come sadly.

Just looking up we see the peace that can be in this
world

Those that fly in formation we now know are really
birds

And that giant one, sparkling in the sun with wings out
spread

Someone mentioned it's not a bird but something we
needn't dread.

We're kittens who are new to sounds and sights of
where we live

So looking up, though quite a chore helps us to see the
ogive

Over there. The horizon stretches beyond windows we
see through

And all we can see when we look up is the sky that's oh
so blue.

What is that up there we see ducking up and down
With its tail and nose nearly hitting the ground
Our gaze wanders further and we can see the string
That little boy over there is holding fast to bring

The kite to fly over the place where we look from
What wonders the sky brings to us. Now we hear a
hum.

A bladed creature whirling way up high in the sky
Coming down directly landing on this Fourth of July.

Surrounding us the music increases swelling louder

As crowds come together scrutinising the gun powder
Of salutations that are given by guns shooting at the sky
All these celebrations, extraordinary for small fry.

What is that up there we see coming into view
Soft white things that dance along the sky so blue
A storm must be brewing, the clouds are getting darker
I guess our looking up ends. We'll quickly have to
scarper.

What is that up there we see nearing the apple tree
The ancient viaduct, the train looks like a calliope
The steam puffing up in great clouds of billowing
smoke
The tourists venture forth taking photos - all laughing
folk.

What is that up there we see before we go inside

A small-winged creature beautiful has colours flying
with pride

A butterfly how colourful, dainty with strong legs and
wings.

Today looking up we've seen so many wondrous things.

Chapter Nine : Daddy Cool



To be how I am doesn't need all that much work

'Cause trying too hard would make me look just like a
jerk

And truly is that what your opinion of me is?

Just look at my appearance - I'm not at all in a tizz!

Smooth is my forte – it came with me at birth.

My Papa was the ultimate, my mama knew his worth.

They lived the dream, they watched James Bond, their
world "beau monde".

And I keep doing what was taught in a world of which
I'm fond.

I take after Hargreaves creature whose fingers he would
snap

And all the world would become fun. In their world
there was no crap.

That young man Jack was healed at once, his spots did
soon recede

As soon as Mr Cool was there, Jack's life did then
succeed.

Only I don't have to go to mountains to experience
glamour

I just have to look my best and watch for the Judge's
hammer.

There it goes, thumping the desk – again my human
smirks

Grooming, pampering, giving me love. She knows just
what does work.

Oh yes, life is perfect for me, pampered, fed and
groomed.

You see I am a Class A act, and there's none in any room

That matches me in any way, the ribbons I accumulate

Blues, Reds, Golds adorn the walls of my human
roommate.

“Who doesn’t want to be cool?” I’ve thought, when peering at competition,

Being cool is really not that hard, I’ve made it my life’s mission.

Being cool makes a difference you know just watch the James Bond shows.

Just watch his manner of speaking – very calm and real, real slow.

Having charisma brings the best in me, I see it all the time.

There’s no one matches what I have, it’s ingrained just for show time.

My Papa and Mama would be thrilled I’m always best.

I guess, it was a lucky thing, being born amidst the rest.

My siblings hardly have the charm, ‘though I love them much

It was me the genes were transferred to, I have a real soft touch.

Show days are adventures for me, starting them real early.

The washing, drying, grooming starts when you say,
“Hey Shirley.”

Yes. Shirley is my human and she loves me to bits –
From the start she’s made me beautiful to make sure we
have hits.

My fur she’s dressed, my claws and my whiskers and
my paws

To be ready for my cubicle and later on applause.

Aah yes, life is grand, I’m so special in this land,

All who know me think that I am IT”

And of course, you can see from my photo that I am,
There is none who can me outwit.

My human did some research to find out more about
me

Well not me but my attitude of which I came with
plenty.

Apparently some people do, and some people do not
But coolness is something learned by those who want
the lot!

Chapter Ten : Relaxing In My Hammock



“What a day for a sunstreaming day,”
I sing to myself as in the sunshine I sway
Looking out o'er the foreshore way down below
Watching the birds V Formation they go.

“It is rather late in the season to fly,”
I think to myself as the world by me glides
I wonder that flock will tonight land at dusk
For now on the breeze they rely on wind gusts.

What a perfect escape in this hammock I've found
The noises of summer heard in the background
Just perfect I think for my afternoon nap
This parachute silk cotton round me does wrap.

Isn't it great that these hammocks, they come in all sizes
For home, garden, children and chair exercises
For kittens, ideal is the feel of material

They say friendly environs, I feel quite imperial.

Relaxing among threads that are truly handmade
by Mexicans, Brazilians, Columbian maids

The Germans have finished with their technology

And now in New Zealand you can come and see me.

In Mine!

Chapter Eleven : Going On An Adventure



“Are you coming with me?” I looked behind and said.

“Adventure is before us.” She looked at me with dread.

“Come on, we've played enough this week and also
now today

Im tired of playing hide and seek and being towed
round on your sleigh!”

The little girl looked round again to see if parents stared

She knew if one suspected, then the other would declare

“Now don't you go Letitia. It is dangerous out there

What would we be about allowing you to catch a hare.”

For that is what she told them, that her friends were
hunting hare

And they would all bring home their catch, and maybe
e'en a pair.

Letitia's friends were hunters, but Letitia she was not

And now the cat is off as well, she's already on the trot.

I stare at orange fur in front and wonder what to do

As she stares back and says to me, "Let us join the queue."

Oh Mama, what would Mama do? I just cannot decide

If I want to catch a hare just to be by my cat's side.

"Are you coming with me?" I looked behind again

"Do you want to have Adventure? We could go down by that drain

We could follow in their footsteps and yet be safe enough

So long as there's no water, It shouldn't be too rough."

I nodded when she pointed a safety route to go

At least that's being sens'ble, I'm glad she's in the know.

I guess she's seen that byroad, with my brother and his mates

When they've all gone off other times carrying their skates.

Yes, my cat loves wand'ring. I really should have
guessed

That one day she would want me to follow in my dress.

I should go back and change my clothes, I look down in
despair

Maybe my pretty dresses, not the best will see them
tear.

Maybe I should from now on dress in shorts or
dungarees

So when my cat goes wandering, I can follow her with
ease.

I know my mama hates me ruining my pretty clothes

Do we have time for me to go and change out of my
hose?

“Well hurry!” I called after her, “the boys are gone
ahead

And if we don't keep up with them, they'll disappear
instead

And then we will not find them and adventure will be lost.

Excitement for today for us and them's what matters most."

I ran way back up to my house and pushed at our screen door

And who but meets me Grandmother with a long list of chores

"I can't Grandma, I'm here to change. The boys are off to hunt

I want to go this time and prove I can face the battle front."

"What's that you say my little dear, Where do you think you're going?"

"I'm going with Jack and Craig and Alf and Dave and with my Rowan.

My Rowan's waiting for me by the letterbox so still

For me to change my clothes so that we too can join the thrill."

“Oh please Grandma, please let me go. I've never been there yet

We'll have such fun but all I need's to get rid of this barette

and these frilly petticoats and the dress of silk

No more to play with dolls and sleighs. Look, my fingers are white as milk.”

“Ho hum,” Grandma did look around to ask Grandpa his say

“Oh let her go Doris this once, she needs to learn to play With others and not just that cat, she needs the boys and girls

She definitely can't go with them all dressed up in all them pearls.”

So Grandma nodded but I just kept on going to my room

I wasn't going to let anyone make me stay in my play room.

I hurried to my closet and the drawers just where I knew

My dungarees were waiting unused, looking very new.

Then down the stairs I hurried out and to the letterbox

And there was Rowan anxiously looking at his watch

He carried on his foreleg, as that's the only place it fit,

"Right let's go," he moved so fast, and so I also did hoof it.

Chapter Twelve : It's Raining, It's Pouring



Its raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring
And here I sit with a leaf that has flit
And wonder if I'm boring.

Its raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring
The wind and rain is howling again
It's stopping me exploring.

Its raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring
My big blue eyes look out at the skies
The wind in my ears is roaring.

Its raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring
It's taking my all to sit on the floor
It's only just mid-morning.

Its raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring
The trees are bare, the leaves blow to here

To settle on me on the flooring.

Its raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring

Is anyone there who can rescue me where

To you I am imploring.

Its raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring

I need to shout or to wait it out

Until the wind's stopped soaring.

Chapter Thirteen : Our Key Safekeeping Squad



It's my job to watch from high to keep an eye on things
That happen in the woods and trees that run beside the
Springs.

It's beautiful this area, we have such picnic grounds,
I am so pleased we live here in the pretty Marlborough
Sounds.

There's boating, fishing, diving and we love the dolphin
watching

In the bushes you will see many who are birdwatching.

You can board from two Port Towns called Picton and
Havelock

Or just walk round the bays between and perch upon
the rocks.

A cruise, a charter, or your own kayak or just a boat
Panoramic views of valleys, once vast and now under a
moat.

History has changed our country and yet it still gives
thrills

to Visitors from overseas who come here with their bills.

Bring your suits and go swimming in waters really clear
See Orca cruising with their young. Surprise! Can get
quite near.

The seals do sunbathe and show off their flippers and
ear flaps

Rotating forward moving quickly over gaps, land traps.

d'Urville Island is a must, can get there via French Pass

Or through Okiwi Bay quite near catch taxis view
through glass;

Not taxis as you would on road, the water kind we
mean.

They're fun, just order and be privileged to see the
scene.

Gannets dive-bomb, native bird-song, bush-clad hills to
scale

The lodges, Bed and Breakfasts - lots - follow the taxi trails

However, if cannot be reached the normal way we know,

then helicopters are on hand to drop you and cargo.

There's Greenshell Mussels, Salmon farmed

All come from bays. Add vines.

Join a seafood cruise and match the food with partnered wines.

Queen Charlotte Track can be explored for one or several days

The track is 70K's find food and beds along the way.

There's Furneaux Lodge and Ships Cove. This history alone

should make you wander and wonder - Captain Cook, this is his zone.

Motutara Island is predator-free and protects King Shag and Kiwi

Back on dry land the Picton Museum will walk you through New Zealand history.

Up here I watch from high to view the movements of the tourists

The Eco trails, the flying fox. They come from over Europe.

My jobs to warn if danger lurks for gheckos who do hide

And native birds and animals from persons who collide.

Our laws are good. We guard our kind. I watch that all is well.

If no one's here, then quickly it can easily turn to hell.

People can be kind or cruel, which is why I have this job

To warn ahead to tip them off, our Key Safekeeping Squad.

Chapter Fourteen : Blue Petals



Oooh how fun, blue petals are the one

Romantic atmosphere for long summer fun

A wedding you might have to give sparkle to the guests

Our owners love emails that come with oodles of requests

Confetti that does shine and dazzle newlyweds

Or Fabric petals shining with silver and golden threads

Sprinkles that are colourful for Luau Tiki Decor

We love it when they spill it all over ground or on the floor.

There's choices for your weddings, there's choices for themed parties.

There's choices for your birthdays, we can combine with lots of Smarties

There's choices for all functions, there's choices for all showers,

We even send down sprinkles from very tall, high towers.

Scatters made of paper, iridescent, foil shreds

Fillers for gift boxes, baskets, gifts that will turn heads.

Faux gem and jewel scatters, lets glam your party up

What about a scattering sprinkle from a gigantic huge
blow-up!

What about confetti gems with shiny dots in colours

Wow your guests beyond the point for all those secret
lovers

With faux diamond, or rubies, pearls, they're sure to be
a hit

Excitement grows, the ideas flow, it'll be great you must
admit.

From Happy Birthday to Hawaiian, Anniversarys sure
to please

We have just right confetti that we'll even do a frieze.

Blue petals can include hearts, bells or just for tossing
over

The bride and groom as they descend the wedding tier
blue clover.

Dots, hearts, and bells and wedding cake we've found
the ideal scatters,

For Traditional makes a favourite and really is what
matters.

A backyard theme is quite the norm adding vibrancy
and fun

Bouquets of petal flowers that will explode from our
blowgun.

A beach scene choice for Australians with starfish, dots
and flowers

We added palm trees, pineapples and bombarded them
with showers

Of scatters, sprinkles, all from above, it really was a
sight

A country theme has proved its point to truly make the
night.

Outdoor parks give animals a chance to really exceed

Confetti can be made from stuff that will easily shape all breeds.

It only takes an idea. It only takes a thought.

Before you know it, we have fun with petals fit for astronauts.

Wedding planning is a process, getting decorations right

First impressions are what tells the guests who observe the sight

Blue petals, red ones, yellow, mauve or really some just green

The guests will love and then maybe will decide to have their own scene.

Chapter Fifteen : The Fascination Of A Glass Table



We have a glass table that is brass and smokey
Which our Mottel loved to sit on looking dopey.
She made the weirdest faces as she looked through
The glass that stopped us poking her from our view.

I wonder what it's like to have thick glass floors
To look down from a world above and watch horrific
wars?

I saw a movie once that had this miracle
The Scientist used this platform for panegyric

Tributes to the underlings that he dominated
Watching everything that he alone created
Of course, the movie ended. Good outweighing evil
Portrayed by servants spending time while serving the
devil.

I watch our Mottel through the glass down here from
parquet floor

Am fascinated by her undercarriage I can draw.

I wonder what it feels like to be intoxicated

And have my face spread on the glass as illustrated.

Connecting on a level that indeed is spiritual

Could end up being something really quite hysterical

A prayer with good intentions could truly be quite some
thing

But would our Mottel understand it all before she
springs

To catch the candle lit on the surface underneath?

I fear that she might burn herself and perhaps would
need false teeth.

It's all very well to show her through the smokey glass

A world presented in the world, would surely give her
first class

Knowledge that would hurt and perhaps not be a game,

But then is she playing with me through her window
frame?

It's nice to know that from my space I can observe

What is she thinking? Using her olfactory nerve?

I have found a place down here of complete solace
Watching Mottel walk above actually quite flawless;
Leaving paw prints as she steps so very carefully
Over plates, utensils, condiments and sniffing artfully.

Oh yes, our Mottel does indeed show much majesty,
She is amazing, she rules our house just like royalty.
Can she be likened to the myths of ancient unicorns?
A Queen, Princess, Countess, even God's high-born.

I love our cat, she's such a joy to always be around
It's wonderful we found her just before she was
drowned

And now I lie here watching her looking down at me

Am I the pet? Is she in charge? The thought roams free.

Chapter Sixteen : Raiding The Christmas Spread



“Now this is what you do my Son, just watch me and let’s go

You first look round to make sure there's no reason to show

The humans what our plans they be, they'll stop us if they see

What we've in mind and sure as eggs, they'll ban us from their tree.”

“But Pop,” Son said, “why do you want to make them be upset?

They feed us, keep us warm at night and take us to the Vet.”

“Well Son, it's fun, I've done it now for years before you came,

It won't take much, They'll laugh out loud to see that I'm still game.”

“Okay,” Son said, “then off you go. Let's do what we have planned.

“So long as them we do not hurt, as I don’t fancy being
left to stand

Outside in snow that is neck deep, it's cold out there!
I’m scared!

I’m only helping you because you say you're all
prepared.”

Pop jumped down ever so quietly that none heard him
even move

He looked up at Son and said, “Come down, the coast is
clear, let’s prove

We two can do what I have done for years before you
came

Let's go my Son, it's time to go, before they end their
game.”

The other room was filled with laughs, the humans all
were singing

Their loudness covered noise that Pop and Son made
with their springing.

Upon the chairs they quietly leapt up on the cushions
sinking.

The humans were not e'en aware because of all their
drinking.

The two of them crept further to the table carefully
laden

With food galore, the Christmast feast which now they
both planned raidin'!

Up on the table paws reached out and scooped up to
their snouts

The chicken and the paste that comes – “Oooh look, this
year there's trout!”

“Oh Pop!” Son cried, “this feast I see is much more than
I'd thought.

Where do the humans get such food? I hope that we're
not caught!”

“Look Son, just eat as best you can, and listen as you go
'Cos we'll know they're coming when the music ceases
to flow.

The cream on puds was so delish, the custard tarts a must.

They nibbled here and whipped off there, they even ate pie crust.

The singing in the next room grew, their games became much louder

“Who cares?” said Pop to Son who said, “That is such nice fish chowder.”

Eventually they'd had their fill, it's time to see the tree.

So off the table both they hopped to quietly turn the key.

The music played oh what sweet sounds, the cats danced all around,

While humans played their games and sang. Pop said, “Now let's lie down.”

“You see Son, how easily it is to get some food

When they are busy, loudly so, in the morning they'll be subdued.

So now's the time to say goodnight and off to bed we go
Our tummies full, our feelings good, our Christmas all
aglow.”

“The humans will come out tonight and see us quite
content

In our fresh beds, and say we're cute and won't see their
food a bit spent.

I do this every year you know, and not one word is said
You just watch my Son your Pop who knows to raid
their Christmas spread.”

Chapter Seventeen : Angel Kitty



Cats are Angels sent from above,
Sent to us to give us some love;
A mooch round the legs is usually enough
That gives us strength when times have been rough.

A knead on our knee confirms to us
That we are loved and need more of a fuss
Given to us right then and there
An answer to a quiet prayer.

Cats seem to know when pain's upon us
We don't even have to feel to discuss.
Up comes the cat a smooch or a knead
Or some attention to stop us thinking of need.

Clever wee animals the cat is divine,
I could hear its miaow at just the right time.
I had come home from doctors with head all a mess

Wondering how I could manage the stress

Of life-threatening illness, still early but yet

No hope was forthcoming from cigarette

Damage done slowly to unhealthy lungs

The doctor may as well have been speaking in tongues.

Life can be a burden when left on your own

Devices to manage when home all alone.

I struggled to the door thinking now what is next

When a small furry bundle crept round my legs.

“Where have you come from, my dear little friend?

That cuddle you gave me now I'd recommend

To anyone who is down under the weather!

That's me right now friend, your touch was just like a feather.”

I opened the door and the new friend came in

He sniffed through the air and I started to grin.

“I don't know where you came from but if you wish
I have something you'd like in the cupboard, some fish.”

I put out two bowls for the food and the water
And what do you know? She felt like my daughter;
My daughter who passed when she was so young.
Life's never been the same without her and her mum.

Perhaps it's a good thing that Cat has come here
To remind me of love and the need for that cheer
It's been so very long since I talked to anyone
Maybe this cat will be the hero unsung.

I put myself down into my big chair
And watched Cat take of her meal over there
And then she did a most surprising thing
She came over to me and I felt her spring

Up on my knees to allow me to make
Room for her on my knees that had begun to shake.
I'm old now and tender I didn't realise
Until that Doc told me things I could no longer deny.

The Cat settled in and her weight and her warmth
Brought strength to my legs that seemed now
transformed.

Their uselessness when upon them too long
Has hindered my walking 'cause they aren't very strong.

Her purring began and my brain started calming
So nice to feel love again. And next it was morning
The cat was away drinking its water
I think that I now have a permanent boarder.

I stirred and she came to my chair for a rub.
I bent down and patted her there on her nub.

She liked me. I liked her. We're now best of friends
I'm now looking forward to spending the end

Of my time here on earth. It has been quite a ride
I'll get through the next few weeks all in my stride
I'm grateful for Angels that come stay as a Cat
To help overcome what I'm having to combat.

Chapter Eighteen : Is It Safe To Leap?



Here I am about to spring but first I'll check its safe

This walls quite high, I'd like to think that below there's
enough space

For me to jump and land right there among the leaves
and grass

I'd rather do this than face Big Dog who I would have to
pass

If I walked round the path that's long that borders on
my house

When right in front of me I see the yummiest looking
mouse!

By taking the long way round I'd miss this tasty morsel
there

And jumping might be a little risk so long as I have a
prayer.

Big Dog is fun to play with when he's in a grand old
mood

But get him when he's snoozing might make him think
that I'm dog food!

Okay this wall, I need to jump, it seems that it is safe.

I've looked both ways and cannot see anything bad I need to face.

I take the risk and leap out in to empty air in front

Of me, and without a backward glance, the ground comes up! I grunt!

I land and look round cautiously to see if it's still safe

And most of all to see if Mouse is still there in my space.

“She is!” I cry within myself and crouch into a stance.

The mouse is not even aware. I have her in a trance.

Oh happy days, the meal was worth the risk I took just now.

It's always great to have rewards when out on the prowl.

Chapter Nineteen : The World Beyond



I'm curious, I look beyond the fence paling round me
I'm little still, so I can leap if that is what I see
To do and yet it might be great to stay here for a while
There is no hurry, you see, I'm fed, I only came up to
smile

At the world I see that's all around; a world that's ever
turning

And everywhere I look and see how much there be to
learning.

The sounds are clear, the cows do low, their bells a-
pleasant ringing

A farm I'm on and now I see there are birds in trees a-
singing.

Oh life, it's such a wonderment, it's much one heart can
share

My siblings are still way back there under Grandma's
great chair.

They didn't see the sense to come, they didn't want to see

The world that I want to enjoy, the world where I can be free.

Our Mama said there's a world out there that we can be exploring.

I listen as I hear her tell the stories between snoring
Of sun and wind and leaves that fall and grass way up
to her neck

And animals that are different to us that don't miaow
but peck.

A pecking animal I need to see because I simply want to.

How is it possible to peck when my mouth is made to
chew?

We must look alike surely we must, is that not so
Mama?

"Oh no, my son, we're very different - they have wings
and make musical drama.

We miaow, purr, scratch, and then on top, a kitten our name is given

An animal that sings and possesses wings, I admit I must give in.

You go to the fence and crawl through the hole and see what you come up with

The world is huge, there are other things to discover you will forthwith.

Immediately I sauntered out, my siblings did not care

But I wanted to see what Mama said was available for me out there.

The hole in this fence is just the right size for me to stick my neck through

And if I squeeze I bet I can with my body become a corkscrew.

She was right, I see four legged animals that turn to me and moo

The winged creatures I see as well, their singing I agree
is nice too

A slithery creature passes me by with a tail that's long
and skinny

She didn't say what that was, but I bet it doesn't whinny

Like that other four legged creature – which is way over
there,

Who loudly that whinny sound does carry through the
air

And what about these two legged animals - white as a
ghost

Who wobble to and fro right up to my fence post!

And there in the mud pink animals do play and around
do roll.

What a smell they're sending my way. It's far worse
than my bowl

When left too long in sunshine and the flies then come
and spit

Upon my food, it's awful when you know to eat's unfit.

And gracious, what are those? Those woolly things over there

Who bleet and eat and bleet some more and at me rudely stare?

They munch the grass low on the ground, they munch while looking up

Their noses and their eyes it seems are surrounded by buttercups.

Now there's a human I can tell, he's carrying a gun

And now he looks like as though he might be heading for the home run

I'd better get on back now to relate what's been to Mama

What a world she's had me see look at, and with all of its life's dramas.

Chapter Twenty : Clyde



I've had such an awful fright just now
I hastened out the door
I caught my foot on the window ledge
And it is very sore.

My owners were and now not there
I wonder where they went?
We were a happy family
And now they've gone, I'm spent!

I have to find another home
I don't know where to look
I'll just keep going as I can
Because I am so shook.

It's very hard to watch and see
Just where I'm going today
It's snowing, hailing, very bleak

My weakness makes me sway.

I was so very happy with

My family that I had.

I got lost when out one day,

Returned to a house unclad!

There had been a hurricane

The worst by far e'er seen.

By the time that I was rescued

My house was a different scene.

The water had left lots of mud

Right up to the window ledge

There was no way my family

Could live and honour their pledge

To stay in that one storey home

The mess and clutter worst
It must have been quite horrible
When that front window burst.

The jagged glass has caught my foot
My back is feeling low
I had to scratch and crawl and leap
Now I've no place to go.

I wonder if that porch with light
Has friendly humans hiding
I cannot go much further now
I'll have to risk. Or dying.

It seems that I have walked for miles.
I had the same before
The floods arrived and now I'm pooped!
It's not fun out here anymore.

It's Sunday night I think it is
I wonder if they'll mind
If even I could sleep on porch
To get my breath. Unwind.

The door did open when I rang
And who should show their face?
Why Frank who lived just down the road
From Grandpappy's old place.

I remember my Mama taking us
To see her Dad you see
Was way back when I was a little 'un.
Do you think Frank will recognise me?

I recall that Frank hung round
My Grandpappy's family
They lived just up the road from them

He loved all the mayhem.

Of course, I am much older now

So Frank'll not have a clue

That even though I remember him

He won't know me from any old shrew.

How to tell this friend long past

How injured through and through

He seemed to sense, so thankfully

He made me part of his crew.

That food was yum, I needed warmth

I needed some attention

My foot was nearly off, he said

He'd better use his clever invention.

He rubbed my foot and gently poured

Some stinging liquid on it
He wrapped around a stabling stick
Then added more Gentian Violet.

He must have put some medicine
In with the food I'd eaten
Because I suddenly felt weak
Dreaming I was in the Garden of Eden.

And now my paw, it feels quite healed
I get to meet the family.
They have three cats and a very small dog
That they call Miss Maggie.

Frank is my favourite as you know
The reasons I have told you.
So wherever he goes, then there I am
On his desk midst all the mayhem.

Chapter Twenty-One : Not Very Well



We have a cold. We are not very well.

Our eyes are weepy, we have lost our smell.

We are wrapped in a towel till our temps go down.

It's not much fun when the flu makes you frown.

Our tums are not good, it is awful when the pain

Hits you like a ton of bricks, and it hurts our brain.

What to do, where to go, we do not know

But to follow our instincts, let it out with a blow.

Luckily our human doesn't mind us very much

Even with our illness she doesn't make much fuss

She's forever cleaning when we make a little mess

If anything, she makes it easy to capture all excess.

We are so very lucky even though we have a cold

She says, "It will get better, not to move out of the fold."

Our little legs wont move us so it causes us much stress

“Just drink this and take a nap, I am sure it will get less

Of a burden to you both and to me it will as well.

Just you two get better, as I love you both. Don't dwell

On the future or the past, just the present is enough

All this crapping, all these chills, and all of this hot stuff!

Because the towels are heated through, they'll keep you comfortable

I know the illness that you're feeling is insufferable

I have been through this flu for myself not long just passed

We will get through, do as I say and I promise it wont last.”

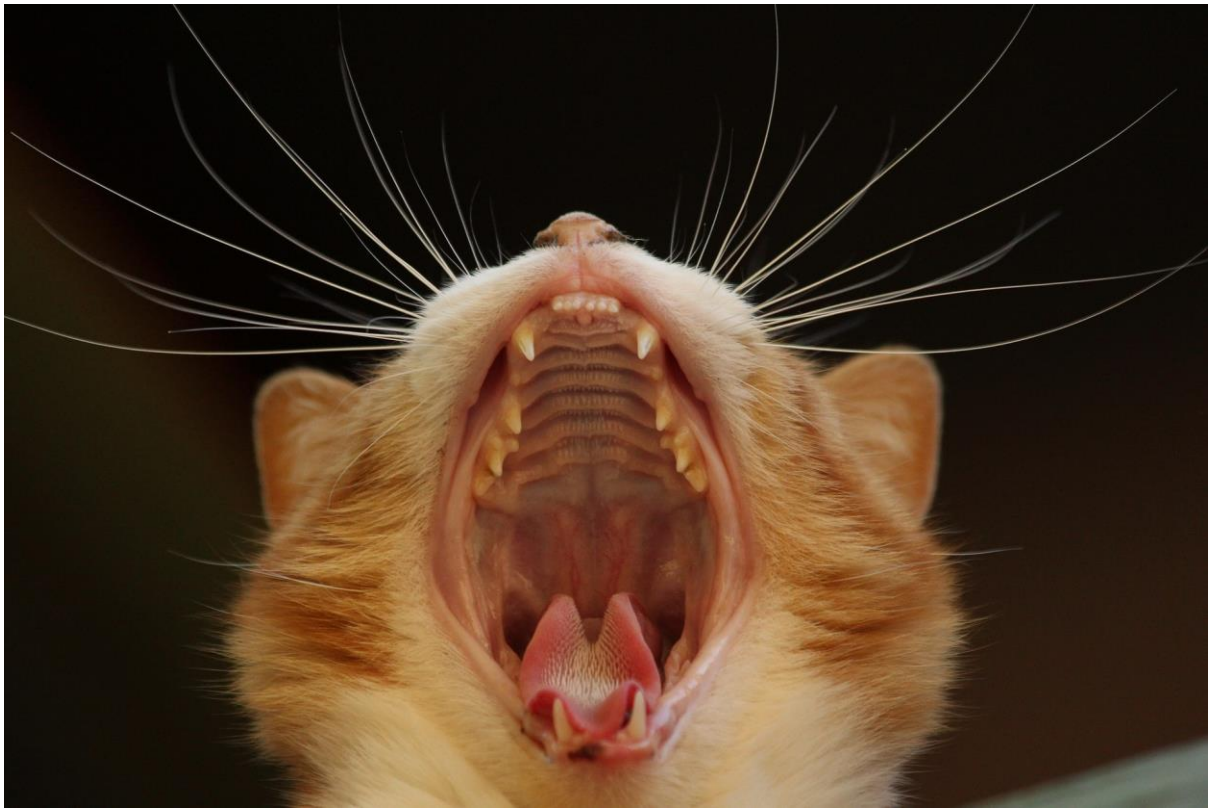
A few days later sure enough, our temperatures are down

Not quite up to our run among the kids at the playground.

We're moving like the creeping things we kittens do just
best

At least our human and we too are less and less
distressed.

Chapter Twenty-Two : Open Wide



“Open wide,” the Dentist said, “Open Wide so I can see.”

I wonder how much wider does he want to just sightsee?

My mouth is sore, and now he talks to me while open wide

I wonder has he ever done this? So undignified!

One comes to sit in this same chair to fix a problem tooth

You get a bib, you get a squirt, you get a light. - It's truth!

The light shines in your eyes and mouth and then you get this person

Requesting you to open wide who then asks you a question.

Can they not see one cannot talk when “open wide’s” the order?

And yet they keep on asking things, bringing on a speech disorder.

How does one point to sore tooth when you're lying there agape?

When that same question comes along wishing you could just escape.

You're lying there now so what's the use, the dentist chair is fixed

With you in place, all open to view and feeling quite perplexed.

"I should have drawn a circle," I keep thinking to myself,

"and that way when they say what's wrong, they would see my art as well."

Eventually, they let you spit and then before they start

You quickly talk, come out with it 'ere they put back that mouth part.

Wait did you have the X-ray yet? You know that also hurts

When "Clamp down!" they say which makes you shriek back at the nurse.

"Your tooth is sore," they say with pride as if they just found out

Yet you've been trying to tell them from the chair what it's about.

Now you'll need a Drug to lessen the delicate work on nerves

Did you know that this will cost? Do you have any reserves

For teeth work needed here, it won't go away if not

Attended to today, now please, can you pay before the shot?

"Well, I never!" I declare, "you can see I'm just a cat

Ask my human in reception who is wearing the tall silk hat!"

Chapter Twenty-Three : The Masked Loaf Bandit



I am the Masked Loaf Bandit watching what you do

For everywhere you go I have my eye on you.

You shake your head and say that you can't understand
it

Suddenly I came to you, I am the Masked Loaf Bandit.

From the morning early hours when the sun peeps
through the sky

And the flowers lift up their petals to shake the dew to
dry

The leaves of green unfurl to support the stem they're
on

The petals then unfold to remind us that it's dawn.

Oh the splendour of the morning as the gardens come
awake

And the trees commence their sighing as their branches
they do shake

The sun comes out in glory in the heavens way above

And I look round before me to witness all I love.

Today the hues are pink, I love that colour madly

I love to sit amongst the flowers and feel their beauty
gladly

I look around and there you are, my eyes keep watching
you

As you react to morning, from your slumber you come
through

Your bedroom is a wash with the sun's rays as they
stream

Through the windows and the shades making all they
touch just gleam

The softness of your carpet is a blessing in disguise

As I lay here taking all in 'neath my mask with my wide
eyes.

I'm glad you woke this morning as it seems like
yesterday

When the Doctor came with warnings you might not see
another day

I'm glad that he was wrong and you really are still here

Although your breathing isn't great, so I fear the end is
near.

Please don't leave me mistress as I won't know what to
do

When you are gone and left me, Could I come with you?

We've been companions for forever, and I'll miss that
friendly chat

As before the fire we stretched ourselves and I lay upon
this mat.

I've always been there for you when you've come home
from your work

Your knee where I sought comfort when you wanted to
bead work.

I hope that I was able to give you something more

When finally, they told you why at times you were so
sore.

Being a cat is precious and I'm glad I came your way
I'm glad that I was sent to you to help you with your
play

But now I see it's nearing the end that comes to all

I guess my time with you is curbed. So sad you had that
fall.

I hope I'm sent again to bring comfort to another

Because it's written that I do have much more to offer

As yet before it is that my times up here on earth

I hope that in my garden where I sit, I'll see rebirth.

I'm grateful for this garden on which I sit all day

Just watching you with sadness as your life now wastes
away.

I am the Masked Loaf Bandit from the garden watching
you

Just remember when you choose to go, your life will be
renewed.

Chapter Twenty-Four : Pioneer Cat



Its time to go I yelled as I strode under my load
I even had been harnessed to help keep me on the road
The way ahead is destined to be long I hear them say.
So come on, let's start off now or we'll be running out of
day.

“Did you remember my hats?” asked Miss Madeline,
“What about the tea kettle?” “We have got all those just
fine!”

“The water?” she asked and with that question I just
took a sniff

“Why on earth does she keep wondering? She can see
that my back's stiff

From carrying all her stuff that she insisted she must
take.

Does she not understand that we've got all except the
cake?

Better not say that or otherwise we'll likely be

Another half an hour just making more cups of tea.

An adventure that she promised that we'd be pioneers
And where did she think we're going?" "Goodness
knows!" said her peers.

Miss Madeline, my dearest, don't you think that the
poor cat

Has enough already of a load upon his back?

"Oh yes, she said she didn't mind when we talked into
the night,

That she would love to bear it all, so long as I would
write

Everything I needed before we got to packing

In order to evaluate what she'd be piggybacking."

The list was quickly written, then the boxes were all
packed

And then there came a saddle which went straight onto
my back

Which included harness just in case she thought might ride

Along with this stuff, oh no no, perhaps then I should hide.

I started to walk around and found that it was light

She obviously realised that to pack would be real bright

If she weighed it all just before it went into a box

Then she could see exactly if she needed to take more socks.

Thank goodness that the distance that we had to actually go

Would really only take us barely five minutes down the road

To Uncle's place we're heading and he lives around the block

He said that we could practice against his gold time clock.

To be pioneers, it's an unwritten rule that you must
always be first

To get where you're going long before the clouds do
take to burst

Upon what you're leaving behind because that's usually
bad

So to seek a new life beyond, is what's been
programmed by our Dad.

It's fun to just be nomads and know you're walking
feeling free

Of all the things around that threaten which you don't
agree

With all the people who're in charge. They live inside
the grounds

Constantly giving you rules that true, you just want to
cut down.

There are things that in your life are special, things that
you do like

Why would one want to have less, when it is your moral right

To build on what you've built up from long days that now are past

I guess that's why Pioneers begin their quests anew as outcasts.

Chapter Twenty-Five : I'm Coming Too



Don't leave me Bear, I want to come, you promised me I could

We've travelled all this way and now, we must be in the woods.

It's morning I can tell from warmth that comes from the sunshine

Now Bear, just let me stretch my legs, and relax my little spine.

That case was hard, and not much room for both of us at that

Then all that knocking round as we were dragged 'cross that mud flat.

I could tell just where we were, the smells were penetrating

Then our human had to stop to dance around ice skating.

What is it when our human wants to run away at best
And into case you get thrown and I have to request

That I can come. I know I'm real and need water and food

Then so does he so why does he come up with attitude?

He has to pack some stuff for him, surely for me could too

I don't mind sharing human food, especially that beef stew.

Now where is he our human friend, where has he gone just now?

We've been travelling a distance in what to me, does seem like hours.

Bear turned to me and with a smile he pointed not far yonder

And there was human all stretched out - the mighty human wanderer

I laughed and did my best to stretch and climb outside the case

Bear was out and in a flash was dancing in the space

In front of us. The sun was warm, the human was
asleep;

We could do just what we want - there's no one that
would see.

Who'd think that Teddy Bears and Cats can talk and
laugh out loud

And dance and have a merry time right underneath the
clouds.

I do so love you Teddy Bear, you are my bestest friend

Thank you for making room for me, by squeezing in my
tail end.

For kindly opening up your arms saying I could come
along

So human had to let me come. He knows parting
friends is wrong.

Oh good, there's food, he must have had his fill, there's
some left over

Oh Bear, there's none for you, but maybe we can gather
clover

And make some strings of flowers that smell like Angels
down from Heaven

They always make you happy. We could even make
eleven.

Chapter Twenty Six: LeRoy



When I first left home at the tender age of 16, being relatively poor I moved in to a house with a couple, Robyn and Dave.

They had 3 cats, 2 very boisterous males and then there was Leroy (pronounced Leeroy), also a male but had the misfortune of being oxygen starved for a minute or so when being born. So Leroy was slightly brain damaged and always had this slight shake to his head.

But Leroy was the pick of the bunch because the slight brain damage gave him this endearing quality that would make you laugh out loud on many occasions, he was adorable.

I remember looking out of the window into the yard seeing Leroy being chased by a small sparrow once, it was quite furious and Leroy was running at his fastest. He aimed for the hole in the hedge but missed as he always did and ended up in a tangle in the hedge, the sparrow gave up then, he must have thought that he had his revenge.

Leroy was fine though, he was always a happy cat.

I also remember one rainy night when the 2 other cats brought into the house a dead bird each and dropped them at Robyn's feet as their gift, and Leroy followed

behind with a mouthful of worms because he was terrible at catching anything and dropping those at Robyn's feet.

And he was so happy to bring these wonderful gifts of worms to Robyn, he was taller that night, he had done his duty.

The other two cats could easily jump onto the beds or chairs but when Leroy would try it he would drop well short of his target or jump to the left or the right of the chair, I never saw him make a successful jump.

But he was so adorable, he would curl up on my lap and purr for hours with his little head shaking, I like to think he really enjoyed his life.

I don't know what happened to Leroy, I moved away after a few months, but his wonderful presence has stayed with me all of these years.

By Mark Davies

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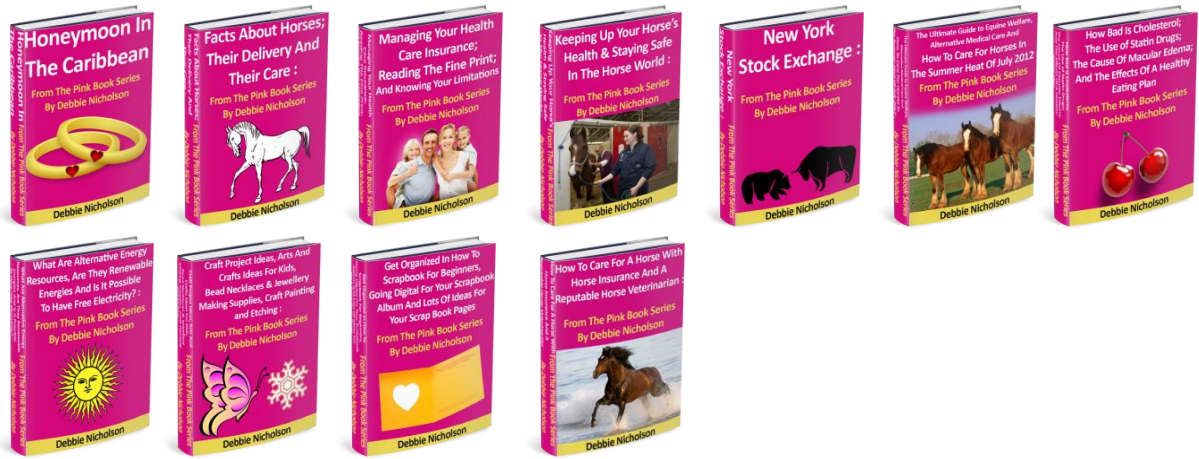
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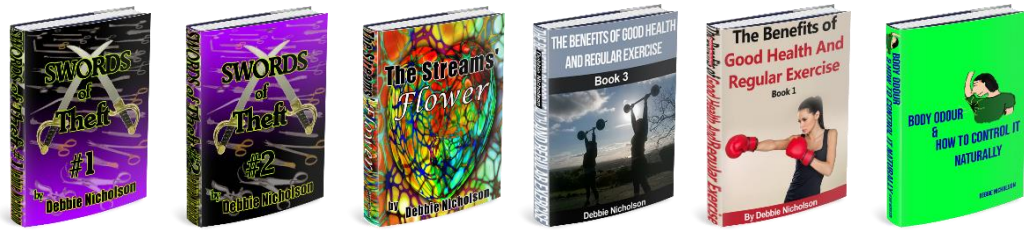
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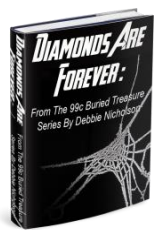
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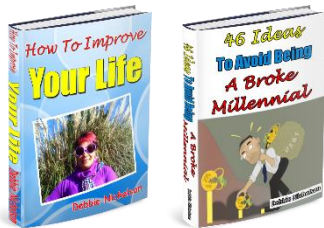
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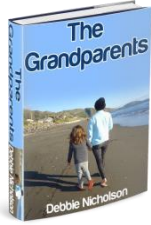
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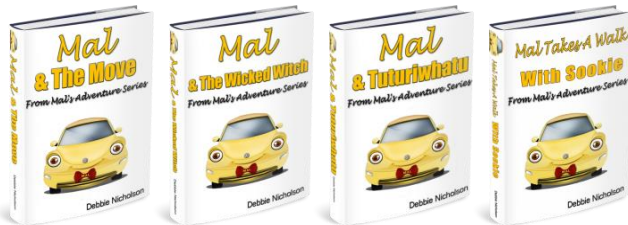
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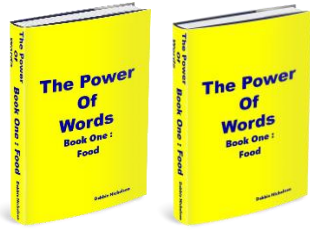
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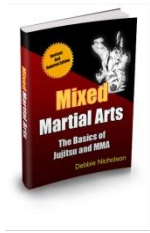
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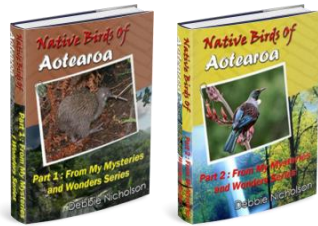
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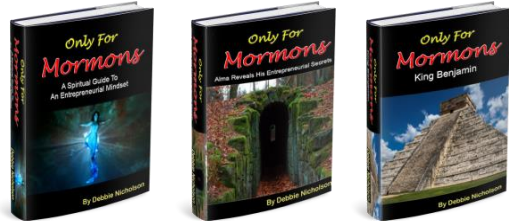
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