

# *Amis de Chat*



*by Debbie Nicholson*

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## **Preface AND Disclaimer**

This book has been a long time coming – my first idea to write about them was way back in 2012 when I wrote my first 2 books on cats and the care of them. At the time, I was a very new author and didn't have a clue as to what I was doing. All I could rely on was the fact that I loved them and that I had some experience with them and the rest just poured out of me.

Well now it is 2017, five years later and I felt it was high time to expand on our favourite pet. This time I have Keith helping me by sharing his feelings about this beloved animal that has always captured his heart throughout his life.

Cats are such interesting inventions – after all, everything on this earth was created as an invention from Day 1 and to me a cat is no different. Only this invention had more love injected into it – a companionship that would last a lifetime whether that lifetime be that of the cat or their human.

Originally, they played in the Garden and from there migrated to the forests with their humans to become domesticated in another type of life – either that of having to hunt for their own food in order to survive, or to have shared with them the occasional morsel from those who provided them with a warm hearth and shelter.

It has been much fun researching for this book - finding out things about our loved animal friend that I really was not aware of in another life. But then isn't that what Mr Google is for? When we have a question – just ask!

Experiencing affection from a cat is not like any other love that I have known – and I have known love as a daughter, a sister, a friend, a cousin, a niece, a grandchild, a grandmother, a great grandmother, a wife. My experience of love in all areas is abundant and therefore I can draw from each of those memories to share with you in truth what I present to you today in this new book series – Amis de Chat.

You might wonder why I chose a French name for my current book series? I love the French – they are so romantic – so fun loving, so ready to share their feelings – their language to me is poetic – “Love Is In The Air” when you are around the French people.

I have used several images of cats that have been sent to me or I have captured from pages of owners with whom I have a great rapport. I have been very careful to ask if I could use their cat and kitten images on my books, and I have always received permission, although I suspect that many images were found in Google images which is the case for a couple that I have seen when I have

been looking through for other images I could use. Where there has been a resemblance to an image I have accidentally picked up, I have included the URL reference in the acknowledgements, however, there are many that I could not find and so have just used the picture anyway.

It is to be hoped that I am not offending anyone should you see your own image of your beloved pet here and you have not heard from me.

Please contact me should there be a discretion that you would like to fix and we can fix it quickly either by getting your permission and using your URL link as a reference or by



me deleting that particular chapter and including another that would be just as suitable.

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

[stories4debbie@gmail.com](mailto:stories4debbie@gmail.com)

Kindest regards,

Debbie Nicholson

4 April 2017



## Reviews

### Chapter 11

Really good, makes one wonder not just about the pets, but what do we do to our self's when our goodies are readily available all the time

Gordon Wilson USA

18 March 2017

Hi Debbie,

Here you have another brilliant pouring forth of a collection of poems this time on cats. I enjoyed reading them and putting myself into the positions of each of the characters in each of the chapters. I am thankful that I was asked yet

again to provide a review for your book. I love your writings. Send me the next one because knowing you, there is already another one on its way, especially when you are in the mood. Let's catch up next time you are over my way. I'm sorry we were late into LA to meet up on our way back from Europe last August. Air holdups as usual....made us miss our connection home but we made it in the end. Nice to get back to my own bed.

Margaret Pullman Ca, USA

18 March 2017

## Chapter 11

I had to really think about those last two lines and then I realized

what it said that they both met  
their end. Interesting story  
about this cat.

Anniversary Huirama NZ

21 March 2017

I closed my blinds and spent much  
alone time with this chapter  
pondering on what was being said  
and how the cat was thinking.  
Interesting and very thought  
provoking poetry.

Mano NZ

21 March 2017

## Chapter 11

A beautiful and delightful read.  
Perfect for animal lovers and  
children alike.

A great poetic and rhyming story about a cat that is incredible and thoughtful, thinking about its life.

Denise Booker NZ

22 March 2017

### Chapter 3

A twist in time to find your place in mine.

Denise Booker NZ

24 March 2017

### Chapter 22

O what Monday looks like from behind the blue....

Denise Booker NZ

24 March 2017



## Chapter One

My husband just loves cats – he has worked around many animals during his youth but his favourite is a cat. When we downsized from a mansion of a house to a house bus, the decision was forced upon him that we could no longer have such a personality running our lives any more as there is simply not enough room. Sure, there is our bed and our couch and of course 2 armchairs plus the carpeted floor. However, our bed is no longer a king sized waterbed which our cat used to just stretch out on between us and purr through the night to her heart's content. The couch is for any guests we have to sit on and is often half filled with the other



half of my office now that I have 2 laptops. Each of our 2 chairs is usually taken up with each of us when Keith is home from work. And as for the carpet, well, it is not a very great stretch of carpet, never enough for a cat to stretch out like they like to or chase their tails on.

There is of course no denying that pets, in particular, a cat, do bring something different to the lives of ordinary people and they certainly do brighten up a home. You can feel quite safe with a cat around, that no vermin dare interfere with his life when the larger 4 legged being is in charge of a house.

I asked my hubby what makes a cat so special to him? He didn't really have a reason but for myself I had always had a cat when I had young children, so my own children never did miss out on their companionship or their friendship. I see that each of my children followed through and had kittens then cats of their own, that add to their families lives to the delight of our little now big grandies.

But memories for Keith come in droves as he has many cat stories to share with you all. Apart from being his friend and companion when he was single – their loyalty surpasses all understanding. He and his dad had a trucking

company before I came along, and a white cat wandered into the yard one day and decided to make it his home. Obviously lost or perhaps looking for a better home and friends, Whitey soon became part of the everyday life of a trucker and every trucker's friend.

When they returned to the yard at night with their emptied trucks and trailers, who would be sitting by the office door waiting to greet them but Whitey.

When they left in the mornings who would be sitting at the gates but Whitey.

When you were just needing to stretch out on the sofa for a badly needed 40 winks, who would be there pawing at your chest but Whitey. Then he would turn around 3 times, having decided which position would be most comfortable on this human chest and belly and settle himself down into a cosy curl of his long body and tail and snooze the afternoon away.

Yes my Keith has many fond memories of Whitey and Mottel who he inherited when many years later he joined himself to our family.

Even as I ask Keith questions so that I can include his answers here in my book, the grin on his face is unmistakably one of huge pleasure. Therefore cats as pets do truly lighten up many sides of a person – psychologically, emotionally as well as physiologically. Past wounds to the heart of stress and depression caused by factors beyond my Keith’s control have been healed by Whitey and Mottel. He never felt lonely when Whitey was around and continued to vow and declare that he would never ever get married.

Someone above did not agree with him though, and a move to Wellington to run the southern end

of their trucking business did the trick. And so eventually Keith became partial to the idea of being married when after certain instances between us happened after he met me. At first, it was just a business relationship whereby I became his answering service soon after that first long drive to Wellington.

Then at the grand old age of 38, we became a team – Keith, my 3 children, me and Mottle. Of course, many things had to change in his life for us to reach that point – and it didn't happen for many working years – a complete change of environment, company, friends, relocation – all that had to happen

at some point in the future, but for those moments in his life Whitey and he got along just fine.

They never worried about Whitey in the truck yard being around all of those huge vehicles and wheels. Whitey just seemed to fit in like he had always been there all of his life. He showed affection to all who came through those huge gates – he loved the kitchen, he loved the couch, and didn't mind the legs and feet and big boots. He wound himself around all of those obstacles, always getting what he wanted and that was some tasty morsel being thrown down to him as a reward for his love. Not that he never had enough through his own

hunting expeditions. How he carried in the rats he brought home always amazed the drivers. The birds they expected and remains of birds and feathers were always stored away in a neat pile in a certain corner Whitey seemed to make his private place. The mice were numerous as well, and every day his pile of conquests were obvious if one wanted to poke around to where Whitey liked to amble every now and again.

He was never without food – either of his own or through the kindnesses of those who adopted him. He sure was handy to have around.



It is nice to know that if you like your pets and take good care of them, then there is every reason that you will also be a good caregiver to your human counterparts as well. Caring for another being whether it be animal or human is part of our psyche – this is how we show our own confidence in being able to look out for someone other than just ourselves.

Have you noticed that older couples love their cats as well, because they are such a comfort to them besides giving them something to do right up to the last part of their lives here upon this earth – taking care of another right

up to the end makes someone feel worthy, makes them feel useful, makes them feel loved as well as giving them something to love in return. That feeling of being needed is what gives our minds some positive-ness in an otherwise negative world. There is always someone at home waiting for you, waiting to greet you with a rub of their head through your legs even if you think they are just “getting under your feet”. By entrusting young children to care for their cat, then you know that they can be trusted to care for others throughout their lives as well. You are teaching them responsibility and isn't that how we want each of our children to become?

If you ever needed a stress reliever, then look to having a cat for a pet. The advantages of such a companionship can replace medication in an instant. Once trust between you has been set up, just sit in your chair and watch your new master of your universe come sidling up to jump up into your lap. There is something about stroking a cat while it purrs its constant rhythm – feeling it's hair whether short or long, feeling the tiny bones and muscles and tickling him where you know it is appreciated – what comfort and peace you would feel after several minutes, isn't that better than taking a stress relief pill

that could leave you zonked out for many wasted drug induced hours?

Yes, there is no doubt about it; a cat is certainly what you need in your home.

Do you believe in angels?

Sometimes I think they come in the form of a cat to bring comfort to a home that has suffered many a long period of time of stress and discomfort. They bring with them promised health, promised recovery from illness and loneliness and even hope to someone who has lost all hope in the world. They bring back that hope, that love you are missing, that needing for

someone to care for again after a lost loved one has been taken from your life unexpectedly.

Yes the psychological and physiological damage has been repaired by many a cat that just seemed to “turn up on your doorstep” one day.

Yes, I believe that there are cat angels in our midst. And I believe that our Heavenly Father made them special just for this need.

Are you a person who keeps to themselves? Who goes out of their way to avoid company? Are you hesitant to get into a conversation, not knowing what to say or do in the presence of others?

Why we have a neighbor who we never see from one day to the next. He just sits in his mobile home doing whatever he does in there for days on end. And then one day we saw him wandering around the camp with a cat in tow. The camp cat had adopted him. So now we see him out and about the camp seemingly “taking the cat for a walk” he tells us and we talk and find out about what each of us is doing with our lives and conversations that never used to happen now occur quite frequently – who was responsible for that I wonder?

Why the cat of course.

## Chapter Two

Let me introduce you to several cat friends who have taught many people over the years just how it is to love life and left them to wonder about it.



Let me start with my tree  
My pussy cat tree  
A tree with a difference

A tree that shows reverence

For my tail reaching high

Right up into the sky

For my legs that form roots

Showing my preference for long  
boots

For my ears that prick upwards

My eyes that look forwards

For my nose that picks up scents

For my whiskers with no nonsense

For my mouth that lies open

Sensing elements and air stillness

For my fur that hangs sleekly

To become the tree that is me.



## Chapter Three



Behind me stands Khafre, second  
largest e'er built  
Khufu and Menkaure are way out  
of view

My cousin the Sphinx who at Giza  
he rests  
Great Pyramids in Cairo, wind and  
time do molest.

Khafre the son had a hard act to  
follow  
When Khufu the dad built the  
largest yet known  
Illusions to height were the  
intentions of khafre  
Higher ground, less precision,  
decisions made rashly.

Time brought the thieves searching  
for too easy treasure  
No matter secret passages booby  
trapped every measure  
They took for revenge the white  
limestone encasing

And even the cap golden the top  
was embracing.

On the lawn I do sit, many  
centuries yet forward  
Contemplating my ancestors  
knowing my place is not awkward  
For peace I'm assured my  
surroundings secure  
No limestone, no sand, no thieves.  
Lawns manicured.

## Chapter Four



### Autumn Leaves Nat King Cole

The falling leaves  
drift by the window

The autumn leaves of red and gold  
I see your lips, the summer kisses

The sun-burned hands  
I used to hold

Since you went away  
the days grow long

And soon I'll hear old winter's song  
But I miss you most of all  
my darling

When autumn leaves start to fall

## Chapter Five



Our friend the dog the giant his  
name we know as St Bernard  
With his ears and nose and friendly  
jowls that are so badly scarred

From rescues in the alpiners where  
the ancient romans took him  
Where he served the monks when  
saving lives in the Pass - the tales  
are grim.

His barrel carrying brandy to the  
victims of snowy threats  
His massive size, warmth offering,  
to climbers with regrets.

His droopy eyes and dangling ears,  
his neck and legs his mane profuse  
Calm, patient, sweet with adults,  
children and we kitties can make  
use.

Hundreds of pounds of massive  
fur, heat, love even his tail is most  
inviting  
We can snuggle into his body and  
chest and know that feeling's  
igniting.

Our friend the dog the giant that  
lives with us and shares our own  
backyard

Our cuddly friend we have forever,  
for life. His name is St Bernard.



## Chapter Six



I look at your eyes, your nose, your  
mouth, your ears, the pink that  
matches my own

I feel the moon upon my back and  
feel your love like a precious stone

I look into your eyes, imagine the  
thoughts and sense your love  
within

I ponder the blessings, the sharing,  
our reminiscing, our times upon the  
sheepskin.

The fire, the hearth, the soft folds of  
the quilt, the knees and stroking so  
warm

Of master and mistress who  
constantly rock in their chairs when  
they shelter from rainstorms.

The beautiful moon reflects in your  
eyes, your whiskers that tickle my  
nose

As we sit here in love balancing  
above on the fence on our delicate  
toes.

## Chapter Seven



Life's so cosy, here we snooze in  
our bowls on the floor - snug and  
warm in our family's kitchen.

Not a movement we make until  
children stir  
and they all have to finally pitch in.

These bowls are our size, they are  
really just right,

oft and warm by the oven we sleep.

While warm smells from the bread  
and the butter they make  
as the servants carry out chores for  
their upkeep.

## Chapter Eight



What do you see my green eyed  
friend

What is keeping you at the  
window?

Will you share with me what it is  
that you see

While our mistress is out at Bingo.

“I am not impressed with that dog  
next door  
he was ordered to stay on the  
ground floor  
He is up to no good, I can see from  
his stance  
He’s got an attitude and taking a  
big chance.”

“Do you think he’ll be gone by the  
time she gets back?  
Do you think that he’ll do any  
harm?”

“I think it’s that bone that he buried  
last week  
And you know it is right in our  
backyard.”

## Chapter Nine



We are family  
Leopards, Jaguars, Panthers and me

We are family  
Elusive, powerful, strong climbers  
are we.

Shiny coats, strong jaws,

hind legs larger, longer than the  
front.

We can roar

Marshes,  
swamplands, deserts, mountains,  
safe up trees.

We can swim

Intelligent, agile, quiet, cautious ,  
solitary, nocturnal.

Its no fallacy

We are family,  
Ghosts of the forest are we.

We are family.



## Chapter Ten



Hey you! Yes You!  
That's right - you across the fence.

Hey You! Yes You!  
Can't you use some common sense!

Hey you! Yes You!  
What's the point in what you're  
doing?

Hey you! Yes You!  
You can't catch what you're  
pursuing!

Hey you! Yes You!  
They can fly, those things have  
wings,

Hey you! Yes You!  
You'll just get caught up in them  
strings.

Hey you! Yes You!  
My time I would not waste with  
them,

Hey you! Yes You!  
Instead with me come play and I'll  
make darned sure that you win.

## Chapter Eleven



Oh my, it's hard to move and yet  
That bowl gets filled with food! The  
Vet  
Has told her not to feed me much  
But how I love that stuff called  
fudge.

My kitten days were by far much  
easier  
I could run and jump and life was  
breezier

But dear old Maisie took me under  
her wing  
And now to move around is hardly  
a thing

That I can do and enjoy without  
pain any more  
It's all I can do to get across this  
floor  
To the bowl that is constantly being  
filled with food  
Maybe she could push it closer – I'd  
be filled with gratitude.

Then there's my kitty litter or the  
grass outside  
Carrying this weight around –  
maybe she could make a slide  
That would settle getting out and  
about in the air

But then the getting back I do  
ponder in despair

I know my Maisie loves me and she  
shows me much

When she lifts me on the bed to  
sleep

Her blankets with soft touch

Getting down I have to wake her  
and I know that soon one day  
Either she will not awaken or it'll be  
me who's gone to play.

## Chapter Twelve



O lordy, lordy this is crappy  
Sitting in this pot

Who's idea was it anyway looking  
cute if I did squat

In the dirt, oh yuk I hate it  
Its all wet, uncomfortable

Who wanted to be outstanding -  
It's just incomparable.

## Chapter Thirteen



Just watch who you're pushing  
Mr Man on the left.

After all, it was for both of us  
We were granted this request

Ice cream cones on a hot day are  
really such a treat

I also was looking forward to  
savouring the sweet

Sharing is sharing; not for you to  
get more than me  
Before we asked and were given,  
we both did, “Yes – agree!”

Do stop pushing! It’s not nice, it’s  
rude!  
To think you only can eat this food.

Next time I will remember just how  
ill you treated me  
The next hot day I shall tell them to  
not be so carefree

Ice cream cones give all great  
pleasure  
No matter who or what we are.  
I shall not be so forgiving my friend  
You call me thus so far.



## Chapter Fourteen



Deck Chairs on the Board Walk  
What a comforting sight they are  
All arranged in rows that are so  
long  
Soft cushions and guitars.

Sunset Pier is the place to go,  
Key West they say hands down  
The crowd that gathers shortly  
afore

The sun sets on the town.

It's wonderful to lie stretched out  
To feel the air just breezing  
Along my whiskers left and right  
I say, it's very pleasing.

I wonder where my mistress is,  
I wonder what she's doing?  
While I keep her chair away from  
crowds  
I guess her man she's wooing.

## Chapter Fifteen



Hey It's me – let me be introduced  
I'm cute, and little and friendly  
I'm now old enough to be picked  
up  
So long as you do it gently.

Do you like my face? My dark, blue  
eyes?

Do you like my long, long  
whiskers?

I'm waving to you, because I can  
see

You are pleased that I'm just the  
queen's bee.

Soon I'll be able to run and jump  
Soon I'll be able to bring dead mice  
in

For now I think I'll be content to  
nap

Cuddled close on the floor's cosy  
sheepskin.

## Chapter Sixteen



Now what do we have here my friend?

What's hidden in these pots?

The flowers you think will put me off

But my curiosity has the cat got.

The shadows cast by the sun I can  
play

They move around as the breeze  
plays with blooms

I just know there are treasures that  
can be found

In these pots along the deck are all  
strewn.

## Chapter Seventeen



Our markings are interesting, our  
colours are more so  
Our status of siblings also keeps  
you in the know

Our curiosity well founded by the  
bush that we are seated

Investigations need to be just right,  
to be thoroughly completed.

What waits around the bush we  
think, Who's tail is that we see?  
Why it's Percival, next door's  
Maine Coon who came to stay last  
June.

They say he came from off a ship  
What an exciting life he led  
I wonder if he is bored being here  
In our neighbourhood by the Rhode  
Island Red.

I guess he handles it quite well  
He's such a mouser we know  
There's never around any more to  
be found



The livestock we used to find in the  
tomatoes.

Those chooks he never seems to  
touch

Those chooks are lucky they're so  
big

I guess they match his size in his  
eyes

Which might be why he leaves  
them with guinea pig.

You'd think a guinea pig, would be  
'mongst his favourite morsels,  
However, Old Percival never  
disturbs

The grass that grows near his cage  
grown by our mortals.

## Chapter Eighteen



Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas  
Tree,  
Your sweets have all fallen down

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas  
Tree,  
They are all the colours of clowns

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas  
Tree,  
Soft wrappers do not hinder

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas  
Tree,  
We'll eat and not eat our dinner.

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas  
Tree,  
Life is so much full of fun

Oh Christmas Tree, Oh Christmas  
Tree,  
When as kittens our lives just  
began.

## Chapter Nineteen



“What’s that?” I think. “What is moving over there?”

Is it just a coincidence these balls are over here?

There are 3 that I can play with  
There are 3 of different hues  
Do you think they’re really just for me?

Do you think with me they'll stay?

I will send a signal with my tail,  
It will tell them that I'm happy  
I will tell them I am friendly too,  
I'll just twitch it to confirm I'll play  
gladly.

Balls are just fantastic toys  
They roll and bounce and play  
tunes  
What a great invention these balls  
they are  
I'm so happy that to me they've  
been given.

## Chapter Twenty



Lights and leaves and tiny stars  
The warm fire flickering in the  
hearth

The snow upon the branches lay  
As I look out from my hole in the  
hay

Christmas Time is obviously a time  
of pleasure

I can feel the excitement; I wonder  
what's on the agenda

Is it tonight that the Big Man comes  
down our long chimney?

Is it tomorrow, the presents look  
like they're from Disney

Oh when do the treats and the  
parcels we open

I hope with the flurry that nothing  
gets broken!

I see I'm included, I see my name  
there.

Christmas time is an important time  
of the year.

## Chapter Twenty One



Here I am buried deep down in the  
snow

I can see you by that pussy willow

It's a different time of year outside  
to play

It usually marks the winter, a time  
for holiday.



My friend next door, he hates the  
snow but I like hiding in it  
I like to pounce out on the kids  
although I know my limit.

It's not as easy to run and jump; Its  
not as easy to scare  
My curiosity gets the better of me  
when I really should beware

I sink in snow and am hidden fast if  
I negotiate the flurry  
The wrong way round, my weight  
you see and next thing I'm a worry.

It's sort of wet, it's soft and flies, it  
crunches when you step  
It dances, plummets, glitters, swirls  
and gives me lots of pep.

My thick warm coat keeps me extra  
dry as I sometimes wind do battle  
The houses creak, the windows fog,  
the branches icicles do rattle.

Neighbourhood children run and  
scream and throw their snowballs  
at each other  
It's fun to watch the little ones, their  
feet do touch; they shudder.

They think it's warm and soft and  
fluffy like candy floss from the fair  
But when they put their toes right  
in it disappointments loudly  
declared

I think my human could learn a lot  
if he played more in the snow

He could hide like me and  
suddenly pounce instead of sitting  
in his armchair alone.

Those devices they have, games  
that all day they play  
What a pity he's not interested in  
The snow and fun out in the day.

He could run and I'd jump  
He could throw and I'd run  
He could scream with the others  
and romp and play  
While I hide in my own snowy  
flurries.

## Chapter Twenty Two



Ah, it's Monday again, that  
dreaded day That's placed right at  
the start of the week

My human calls out with a voice  
that's designed To break hearts at  
each sound of her shriek.

She puts my own self down I get so  
below  
When that voice comes to me over  
sounds  
Of railing that sounds like an Irish  
Wake  
You can hear her all over the town.

I wonder why humans dread so the  
change,  
from a happy weekend day to  
Monday?  
It's only a matter of 24 hours  
and with the click of the finger,  
screech airways!

The wails and the shrieks usually  
perfectly normal  
Pearce the air as the day dawn  
approaches

Monday's a work day, the timbre  
increases  
You'd think we're being attacked  
by bad mortals.

They call it Mondayitis, they see it  
as ugly,  
It's the day they feel less attractive.  
Those binges of Saturday and  
Sundays huge meals Have taken  
their inner and outer body captive.

How will they explain to the rest of  
the staff  
The increased spread of the top  
called a muffin?  
What will they say when they see  
the red blotches  
Of cheeks, hair and skin looking so  
roughened?

So that's what's behind it, that's  
called Mondayitis;

The curse that follows the happy  
weekend day.

In order to be less stressed on the  
day they call Monday, One must  
stick to resolves drawn up in the  
clay.

Alas Friday comes and out come  
the smokes,  
in go drinks and huge meals not  
really planned for.

I see it every time, and I frantically  
despair

Because I know come Monday we  
go to War .....

Again.....

## Chapter Twenty Three



Butterfly, Butterfly, come play with  
me

Please don't fly up so high that  
you'll land in a tree

I can climb just as fast as you can  
fly, yes I can



But by the time I've turned round,  
You're back on the flowers again.

It's no fun for me when you dance  
twirl and flit  
Among the petals so pretty; the  
leaves all sunlit

All I want is to share in the joy that  
you show –  
See you now have gone over to that  
prickly Aloe.

Is there ever a time that you think  
you will stop  
For a friendly conversation with a  
cat that will not

Hurt you my friend when in actual  
fact

We are two beautiful creatures so  
purrfectly backed

By a God up in Heaven who looks  
down on us and smiles  
At two graceful creatures who  
journey daily miles and miles.

All the world's a stage and we were  
made as mere players -  
Flights of fantasy, curiosity,  
grandiosity, prayers

Lives you must agree, we need no  
excuse,  
Our lives are so blessed, always on  
the loose.

We were given free reign,  
purrfectly harmonized

Even while upon the daisy chain,  
totally disorganized.

We belong with each other in this  
nice fine weather  
Free spirits dancing, and twirling and  
tumbling in the heather.

Oh Butterfly, oh Butterfly, please do  
come and play with me  
I'll let you go first on the count of  
one ,two, three.

## Chapter Twenty Four



You can't see me  
If I close my eyes you won't!

You can't see him,  
If I cover his eyes. Then don't

Blame us for the little messes  
around

We've been asleep tucked up under  
here safe and sound

I wonder why you always think it is  
us that's in trouble

You have a pup who plays around  
when he thinks you're in a muddle.

He's smarter than you think my  
friend,

He's willing to offend

He just shrugs it off and laughs at  
us

Knowing we'll get blamed in the  
end.

Just because there's two of us

Just because we're small;

It's just not nice to pick on us

Doesn't mean fun means getting  
into a brawl.

## Chapter Twenty Five



I have two little friends that go  
Quack! Quack! Quack!  
We play every day in the sun

I have two little friends who love  
me lots

We've been friends since their  
shells they cracked.

Special mates we've been since the  
very beginning  
When they were just eggs, and I  
watched

Little beaks coming first, then four  
legs.

In my eyes, they came out already  
winning.

I have two little friends, look at  
how they snuggle,  
Their wings they spread along my  
back.



I am always in the middle – that's  
how we love,  
That's how we play - no second  
fiddle.

## Chapter Twenty Six

Here are a few little facts I have picked up along the way that might also interest you.

- Cats can see six to eight times better in dim light than humans – this is because they have more physical structure in their eye area than we do.
- Cats may be found in all countries around the world – even in the coldest climates of Antarctica.
- Cats being hunters will use all skills they have inborne to provide for themselves – even if it means having to swim to get their food.

- I have known cats to sleep for 16 hours in a day – but then they are very light sleepers, their sleep being more like a snoozing sleep the entire time. Older and younger cats may even sleep longer – they conserve their energy while sleeping but you would be surprised just how quickly they will jump to the alert when needed.
- There are many breeds of cat around the world and every breed has its own distinct personality stamp just as we as humans have our own uniqueness.
- The Sphinx is inspired by the cat – take for instance the Great

Sphinx which is believed to be the head of the Pharaoh Khafre. There is a breed of cat known as the Sphinx as well – known for its lack of fur making it warm to touch, but also a heat-seeking animal at the same time.

- There is a cat that actually is born without a tail – the Manx - and they originate from the Isle of Man. This mutation on this domestic breed of cat leaves it with just a stub, a very interesting metamorphosis that occurs in this line of animal.
- The fastest animal in the world is the Cheetah and of course the Cheetah is indeed a

prominent member of the Cat family.

- The Fishing Cat is a distinct breed on its own known for their talents to catch fish as well as their ability to swim long distances much of it underwater. It is roughly twice the size of an ordinary domesticated cat. They live in wetlands, swamps and streams as part of their preferred habitat.

## Acknowledgments

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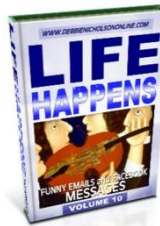
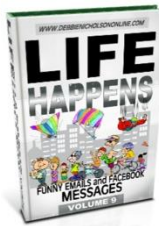
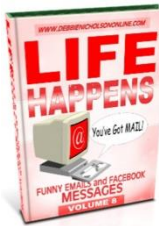
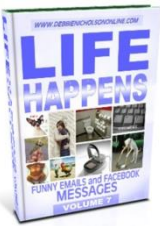
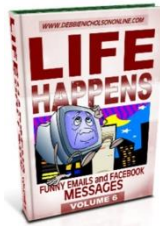
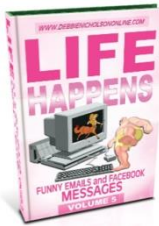
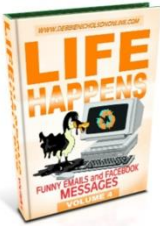
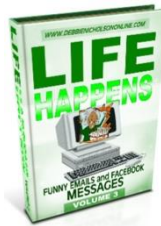
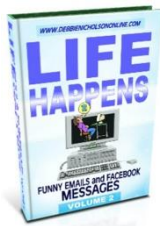
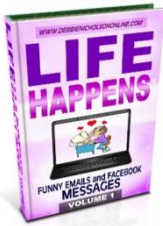
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## Other Books By Debbie Nicholson

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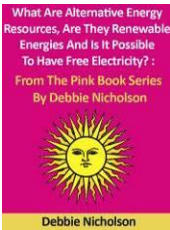
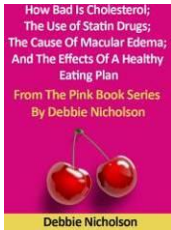
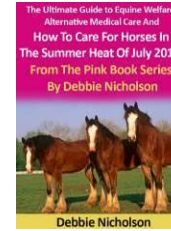
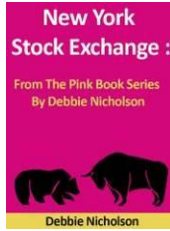
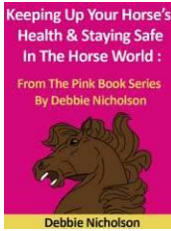
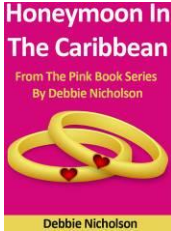
Life Happens Series



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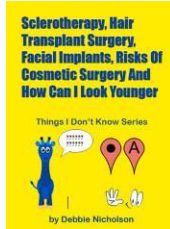
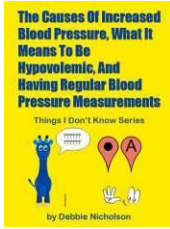
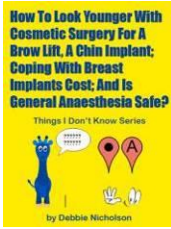


## The Pink Book Series



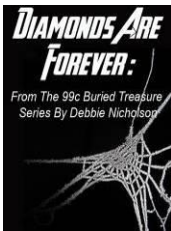
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## Things I Don't Know Series



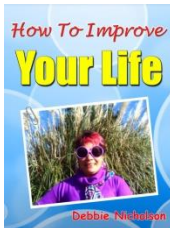
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## 99c Buried Treasure Series



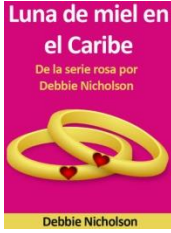
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## General Books



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## Spanish



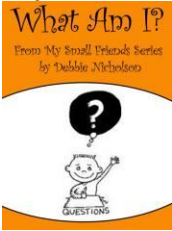
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### 1st Book of The Grandparents Trilogy



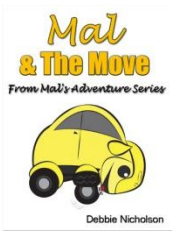
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### My Small Friends Series



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### Mal's Adventure Series



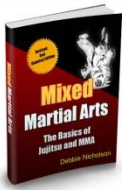
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## My Free Book Library



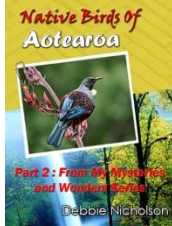
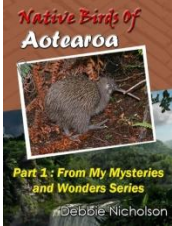
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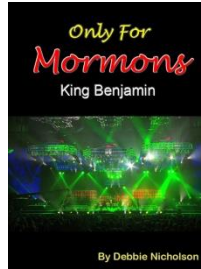
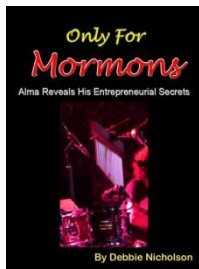
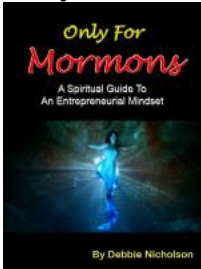
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## My Mysteries And Wonders Series



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## Only For Mormons Series



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