

KITTY - KITTY & THE PEOPLE OF THE GREAT HOLE

by NEAL FOX



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About the cover:

Kitty-Kitty stares into the vastness of the Great Hole

Kitty-Kitty is a real cat, and that is her real name. This is her story, from her viewpoint. The book is mostly true, although Kitty-Kitty has been known to exaggerate at times.

Kitty-Kitty & The People of the Great Hole

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by Neal Fox

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Kitty-Kitty & The People of the Great Hole

Call me Kitty-Kitty. There are no whales in this story, so don't worry about that. If you just call me Kitty I will not answer. Kitty was another cat. But I am Kitty-Kitty, and I was born in the wild. Some call that being "feral", but I just know I did not have any people to call my own. Yes, I took food off the decks and porches of various people, but I did not have any people of my own. This continued until I was a teenage cat, in cat time, that is. All the rest of my cat family was gone by then. I suppose they were not good at catching mice. But I was the best at catching mice, because I am fast. Very fast. Like the wind.

I did not think I would ever like people very much. They seemed big and would stare, and some would come out of their holes and yell things at me when I took food off their porch. I was afraid of them. I would run away fast when I saw them. That was how I survived all the dangers of the wild world. I ran away. Fast. And I am very fast. But I may have mentioned that already.

People live in weird looking holes. They are not like holes in the wild.

People holes are different. They are mostly above the ground, and are not made of dirt. But I have never been inside one. In the wild we do not go into holes which we did not dig. One day I saw two people near a very nice people hole. It was the nicest and biggest people hole I had ever seen. It was piled-up rocks, which seemed like a good idea to me.



Sometimes holes in the wild are burrowed in between rocks, and they are safer and usually cleaner than dirt holes. Since this people hole was made of

piled-up rocks, it seemed like a truly Great Hole to me, so I started calling it that. One day I was near this Great Hole trying to find food. Then I saw two people come out of it and they were looking at me. So I ran away fast. I had taken food off the deck outside this Great Hole many times. These people often seemed to carelessly leave food lying around on the deck. I supposed they were going to eat it later, except I never saw them licking any food off their deck. So I would sneak up and eat their food before they could get it because I was hungry.

Then a while later I was walking around and I came out in the open near the Great Hole and did not know the two people were outside the hole, and I was close to them. Way too close. So I ran away fast. But they did not chase me so I got away. Then every day I saw more food on the deck outside the Great Hole so I would sneak up and eat it, then run away fast. More and more food appeared on the deck outside this Great Hole, so I found myself going back every day to look for food, and I always found some lying on the deck.

These two people were curious to me. Very curious. I did not understand what they were doing. Being so careless to let that much food lay on their

deck so that a wild cat like me could just eat it up was curious to me. So I watched them more and more closely from the tall grass outside their Great Hole. I would see them come out of the Great Hole, then they went back in. Then I would find food on the deck. What was going on?



But no matter. Since I was hungry I would eat the all the food I found on the deck outside the Great Hole. Sometimes I would see the two people but they never chased me, unlike wild creatures in the fields and woods. I saw these two people more and more, and started seeing even more food on their deck. I sneaked up and got it before they could come back and eat it off their deck. I thought I was sneaky. And of course I am fast. Very fast. But

maybe I have mentioned that already.

People live in very large holes. Most of the wild creatures I have known lived in small holes, not much bigger than they were. That kept bigger animals from entering their small holes. But people live in big holes, way bigger than they are. And these holes do not have round openings. No, they have sort of square openings. Often they have several openings, which I have noticed as I walked around taking food from their decks and porches. The two people I started watching from the tall grass lived in the Great Hole which seemed nicer than most other people holes. It was not under the ground like wild creatures I have known. Maybe part of it is, but I do not know since I am a wild cat. But this hole seemed nicer to me. I am not sure why. Maybe it just seemed "warmer" to me somehow. Yes, warmer.

As I watched the People of the Great Hole I noticed things. One was taller with short fur on top of the head. The other was just a little bit shorter with a curly head. I especially thought the shorter curly top one was maybe nice. The taller one seemed too tall to be nice. But I did not have a Mama cat to teach me these things. I was alone as long as I can remember. And I was

only a teenage cat, in cat years that is.



So finally I decided to name these two people "The People of the Great Hole."

It is an honor when a wild cat names people. And I invented this name all by myself. I think it is a very good name. Most creatures in the wild just refer to people as "the ones in the brown hole" or "the ones in the green hole" or "those people who yell a lot" or whatever, but those are not truly names. But I named these two people because they were curious to me. Very curious. I sensed they might be sort of nice, but I was afraid to go near

them. Maybe they would not be nice. Maybe they would yell and chase me up a tree like other people I have met. But then, maybe these two people were different. They seemed like two nice people who lived in a Great Hole. But I was a wild cat with no Mama to teach me, so I just did not know.

So I watched the People of the Great Hole more and more. I was curious about them. Very much so. But I never saw these two people licking food off their deck. That seemed strange since there was always food there, but whatever. I was hungry. So if they were not going to eat that food, then I figured it was abandoned property and available for any cat, especially if they were fast like me. And I am very fast.

Sometimes I would see the two people looking at me. But somehow they did not seem to want to chase me up a tree or anything. I don't know what was different about them. They just had a certain nice look. Especially the curly top one. But then I would tell myself that it must be a trick. So I would always run away fast.

Did I mention I am fast? I am very fast. But I am called a "tortoise shell"

cat. I don't like that, because tortoises are very slow, and I am very fast. Why am I called a tortoise shell? I am not a tortoise and I do not have a shell. I am very fast, and tortoises are very slow, especially because they carry a shell around. I have noticed these things in the wild. I could run circles around any tortoise in the wild. So to hide my tortoise shell fur I often rolled in the dirt to make my fur a lighter color, but then when I took my bath I just ended up licking dirt off my fur. Yucky. Some things do not work very well. But it sounded like a good idea at the time.

Eventually the two people came out to look at me whenever I was in their yard. When I say they "came out" I mean they came out of that Great Hole, bigger than any hole I ever saw in the wild. And the Great Hole had a cover on it that I could see through, because it was transparent down to my eye level. That seemed very odd. Most holes in the wild do not have any covers. The "Great Hole" cover would first "click" and then would open, the two people would come out, food would appear on the deck, and the cover would close. What if they needed to run back into that Great Hole fast? That cover might slow them down. I did not understand it. But I was still a teenage cat. In cat years, that is.

One day I went up to take the people's food off their deck. As usual, there was some laying there. But suddenly the Great Hole cover opened and they came out. I ran away fast since I was very close to them. But they did not yell or chase me. Why didn't they chase me? I did not understand. In the wild we chase others away from our food. This scene repeated over and over. I saw food on the deck. I went and ate it. The cover of the great hole would open. I ran away fast (and I am very fast). But they would never chase me or yell at me. They would just look at me. What was going on?

As this continued I just had to figure out what was happening. So I would still run away fast when the two people appeared, but I would not run as far, and I would also turn around and look at them. They were looking at me and I was looking at them. At first I turned and ran, but as this continued I eventually stared back at them longer and longer. That seemed to cause the two people to make happy sounds. I just could not decide if it was a trick. But they never chased me up a tree or yelled at me.

Did I mention I was often hungry when I was growing up in the wild? I

would sit in the tall grass watching for mice and my tummy would growl and scare away all the mice. That was not working. I ate some lizards, but they hurt my tummy since they are not soft like mice. I would sit in the tall grass and stare at the Great Hole where the two people lived. It seemed nice. The cover on the Great Hole would open, food came out, and I would go take it because I was hungry. But I still could not figure out why they didn't eat the food they left on the deck. It was quite a puzzle to a teenage cat who was alone in the big world. I didn't have a Mama cat to teach me about these things.

One day the people surprised me when I thought I was being sneaky. They were outside the Great Hole and I did not see them until they were right there beside me. They could have grabbed me! I ran away fast, but they did not chase me. They could have caught me, but they just looked at me. I stopped and looked back at them. Then I went away slowly. Why slow? I am a very fast cat.

I suppose you know that cats are curious. "Curiosity killed the cat" I heard old Grizzley Cat say one time. But I was sure curious about the People of

the Great Hole. They seemed to want me to eat the food they put on their deck. Why? This was very odd to me. In the wild we do not share food. We just gobble up as much as we can as fast as we can. And I was very fast, even when eating.

I would sit in the tall grass and wonder about the People of the Great Hole. I would sit and sit and think and think. And my tummy would growl. So I would get up and go to the Great Hole deck. And there was always food. So I would eat it. Then my tummy would stop growling, which was nice.

OK, so I thought I had finally figured this out. The People of the Great Hole must have holes in their pouches. I had seen them put their paws into their pouches along their long legs and get things out, and put things in. They must put food in their pouches and some spills out as they go back to the Great Hole.

As I sat in the tall grass and pondered these two people and the deck food issue, I decided I must find where they go to get the food they put into their pouches. That way I could skip the middle man. But that did not work out.

As it turned out, the People of the Great Hole had a back opening to the hole. That back opening to the Great Hole would open with a huge noise, like some grinding machine. A giant cover over the back of the Great Hole pulled upward and revealed a giant mechanical animal that drives on black paths through the grasses which grow all along it, but those grasses are much shorter than the tall grass I sit in. That giant mechanical animal would take the two people away, and I was sure they were eaten by it because I could see them inside of it. But they were still moving. It made me sad to see them eaten by the mechanical animal.

Just when I had given up on them they came back and the giant mechanical animal spit them out whole. Then the huge back cover to the Great Hole would drop down with all sorts of noise and close. It was a great mystery to a teenage cat from the wild. How did this giant mechanical animal eat the people, take them far away, and then spit them out whole and they were just fine? I wished my Mama cat was here to explain all of this. I was just a teenage cat and did not understand these things.



Then when the people came out of the Great Hole I watched as they put food down on the deck and went back inside. It was not falling out of their pouches after all! They were just putting it down and walking away. Very curious. That does not happen in the wild. We do not just let food lying around. We gobble it up. Fast. Very fast.

So I went to the deck and ate that food. Then they came out and looked at me, and I looked back, this time from the edge of the deck. Why did they put

food down on the deck on purpose? Why did they not chase me or yell at me? So out of curiosity I just sat down on the deck and stared at them, and they stared at me. Very odd. But it felt....nice. Why did it feel nice? I am a wild cat. These are giants. Why so nice?

Eventually I would just go under the deck after eating the food. The deck was nice. Cool in the summer, and warmer in winter. I found a nice spot. I would stay under the deck, go up and eat when the cover of the Great Hole opened and I heard the sound of food hitting the deck. This was nice. Curious, but nice.

I started seeing the two people more and more often. I started to sit on the far edge of the deck and stare at the two people. They stood by the opening of the Great Hole and stared back. It seemed nice. So I no longer ran away. Then over time I slowly got up the nerve to go nearer to them, then nearer, and nearer, and finally I was right next to them! Yikes -- they were so tall! Way taller than the tall grass I sat in all that time when I watched them. But when I came near I would get more food. Soon I figured out that the closer I got, and the longer I stayed, the more food I got. Sometimes I ate too

much. But still, it was nice. Very nice. And my tummy did not growl any more. That was nice, too.

Soon it seemed that I was not so much afraid of the People of the Great Hole. I did not trust them, but I was no longer afraid of them. We had an understanding that no touching of the wild cat was permitted. But at some point I wanted to touch them. The urge seemed....ingrained in me.

So I started walking by them closer and closer. No touching of the people. Just walking back and forth past them doing "air passes" but walking closer and closer to their long legs. No touching of the people, and no people touching Kitty-Kitty. Then one day I accidentally tapped my tail against one of their legs while passing, and I jolted back. But nothing happened. They did not try to chase me or yell at me. They looked happy. It seemed nice.

So my "accidental" tail tapping the leg while doing my "air passes" became more regular, then finally I would rub back and forth on their legs. It was nice. I did not understand why sometimes they had different leg covers, and

also feet covers, and I still do not understand. But soon I was rubbing back and forth as much as I wanted. And I got more food. And I started to stay on top of the deck instead of living under it. And they gave me a soft blanket to lay on. Life was good. Very good for a teenage cat from the wild.

The two people called me Kitty-Kitty. It seems there was previously another cat who had been called just "Kitty" and something happened to Kitty. They seemed sad about it. So they called me Kitty-Kitty since I was apparently the second one. But I did not know the first Kitty. I wish I had known Kitty. There must be more to the story, but I do not know.

So I adopted the People of the Great Hole. Yes, these became My People. No other cat was allowed. These were now My People.

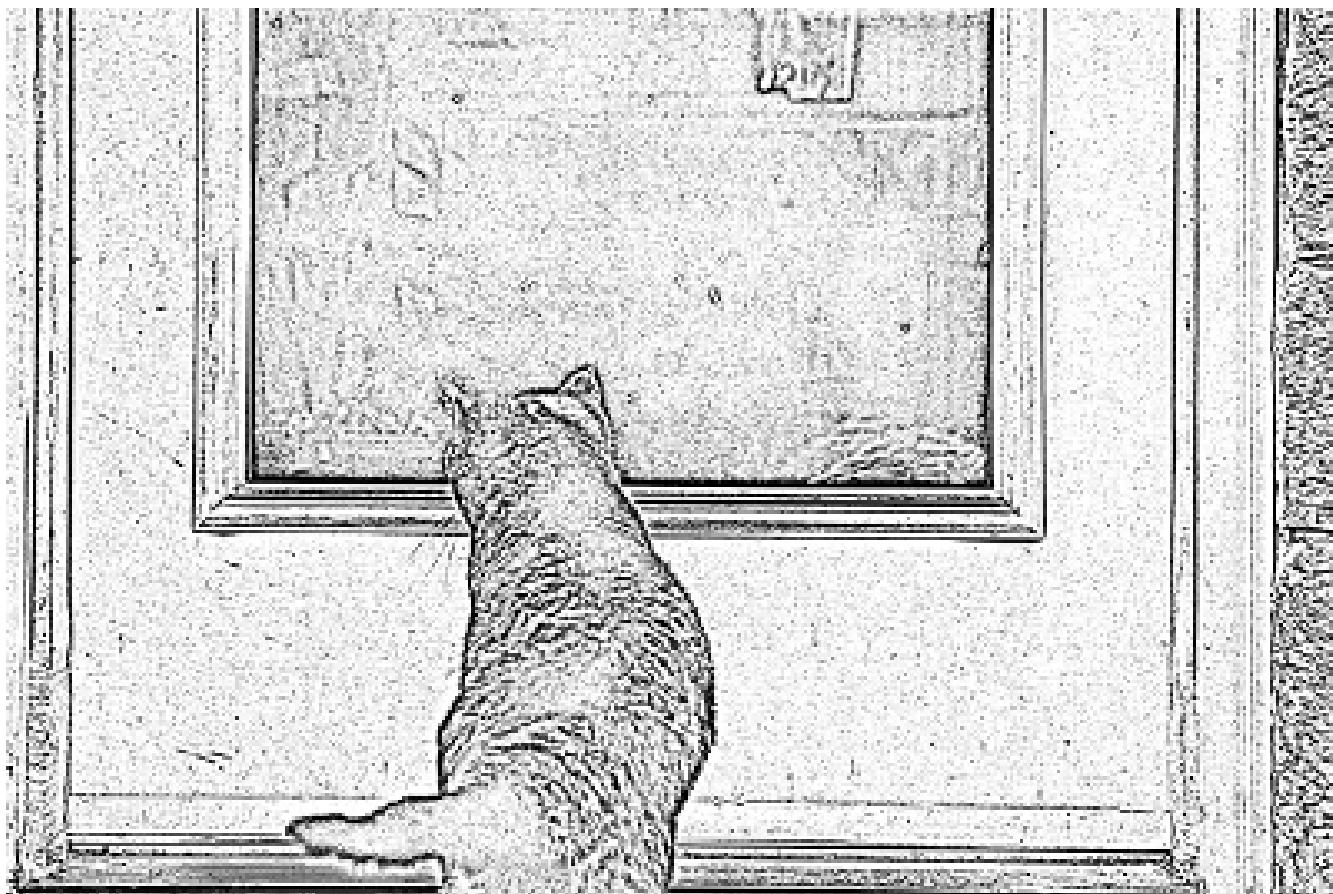
Then one day I had four little kitties. In fact, I had the urge to go back to the place where I was born to have my own kitties, and so I did. My four little kitties were born at the spot where I was born, but the People found me there and took my kitties to their deck and made a box for them. But I took the kitties back again to where I was born. Then the people took them

back to the deck and made it so I could not take the kitties away again. I did not understand. But the kitties grew up and they were happy and liked the People of the Great Hole. But I still had a wild part inside me, even though my kitties did not. The kitties let the People pick them up and swing them around and such. I just could not allow them to do that with me. I did not grow up being a trusting cat.

I taught my kitties the things I had learned. I never had someone to teach me. But my kitties grew up knowing how to be a good cat. Then after a while my four kitties went off one at a time. Other people came along inside of big mechanical animals which spit them out. Then one by one they went back into the big mechanical animals with one of my kitties and went away. But now I was wiser and knew they would be spit out later and would be just fine. Big mechanical animals are funny things, but I think they are probably OK. But sometimes they try to run over me on the path through the short grasses. Or maybe I just wasn't paying attention.

As I said, the People of the Great Hole have a rectangular covering on the Great Hole. But it is transparent down to my eye level, so I can see through

it into the Great Hole. I have seen many things through the transparent hole cover. Many, many things. I sit and watch the people. Sometimes when I make a sad face the curly top one will come out and play. So I like watching what goes on inside the Great Hole.

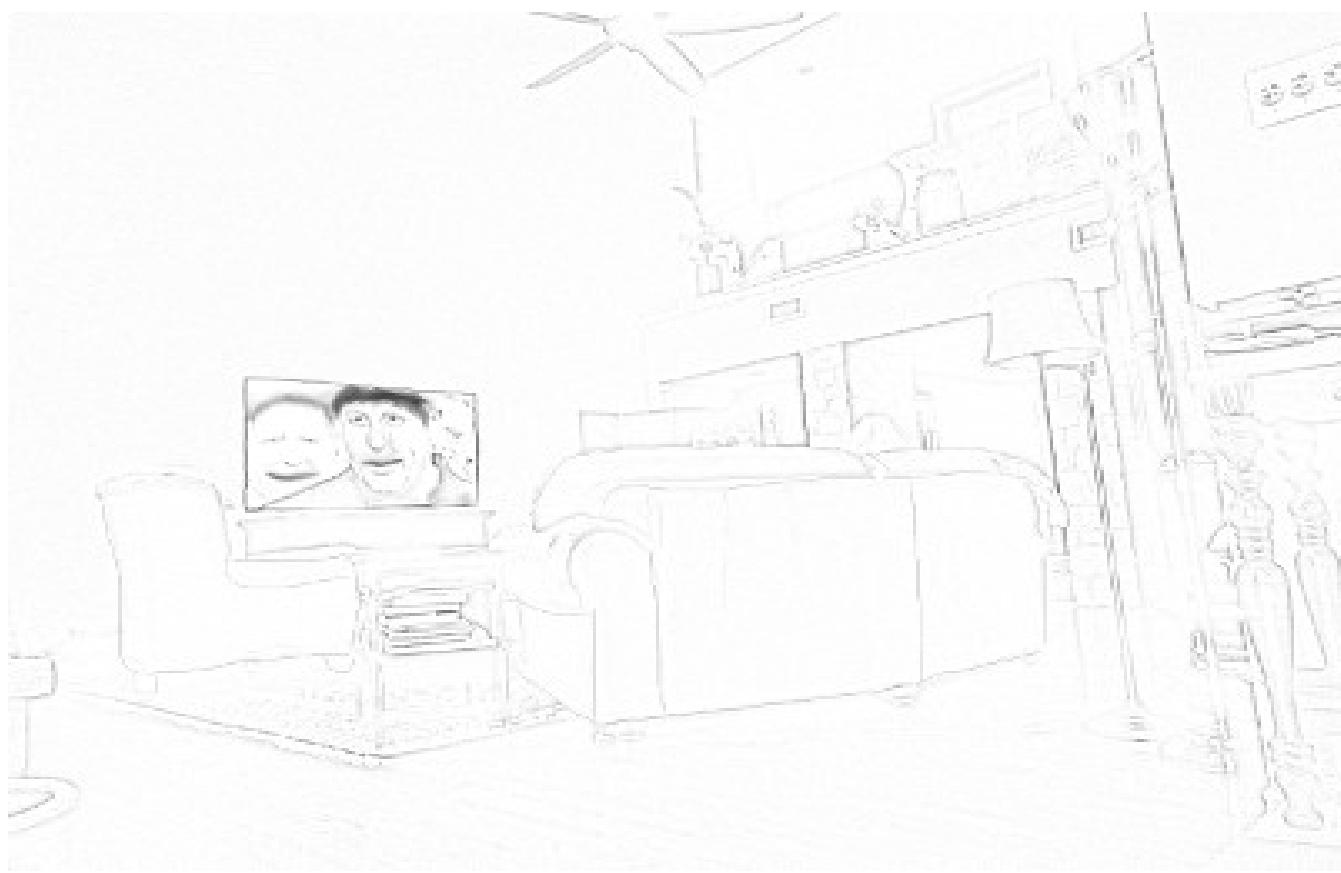


The Great Hole cover has some kind of a force field which prevents me from going through the transparent part. I have bumped my head on it many times. I can see through it but cannot walk through it. Now, regarding that transparent cover to the Great Hole, that is something odd. Very odd. The transparent cover allows me to see into the Great Hole, but I cannot walk

through it. The Old Grizzled Cat is the one who once told me these covers are like a magic force field designed to keep out creatures, but I do not understand such things. I only know I cannot walk through it. Oh, I do not want to walk through it, because I am still too wild for such things. I do not walk into holes I did not dig. Not even the Great Hole. Come to think of it, I don't even dig holes at all. Maybe I was not clear about that.

As I watch through the cover of the Great Hole, the things I see inside it are quite curious to me. My two People....did I call them My People? Yes, MY two people move around inside the Great Hole and I watch them. But I can also see other people inside the Great Hole, but they are flat people. They are on a flat rectangle on top of a piece of wood. These flat people do not have sides to them, so they are just flat. There are lots of them. They talk about the weather and what is happening other places. Sometimes the flat people wear different colors and line up and intentionally bump into and tackle each other while wearing covers on their heads and they also throw things at each other and sometimes kick those things. Other times My People watch flat people hit little white balls with different sized sticks. I don't know why they use sticks. I would just swat it with my paw, but that

does not seem much fun either. The people sit on a big cow hide and watch the flat people do these funny things. Sometimes the flat people make them laugh, and other times My People get mad at the flat people. When the flat people line up and hit each other My People will cheer when someone throws something a long way. It is all very confusing. But I sit and watch My People while they watch the flat people on the flat rectangle. It seems nice because My People like to watch the flat people.

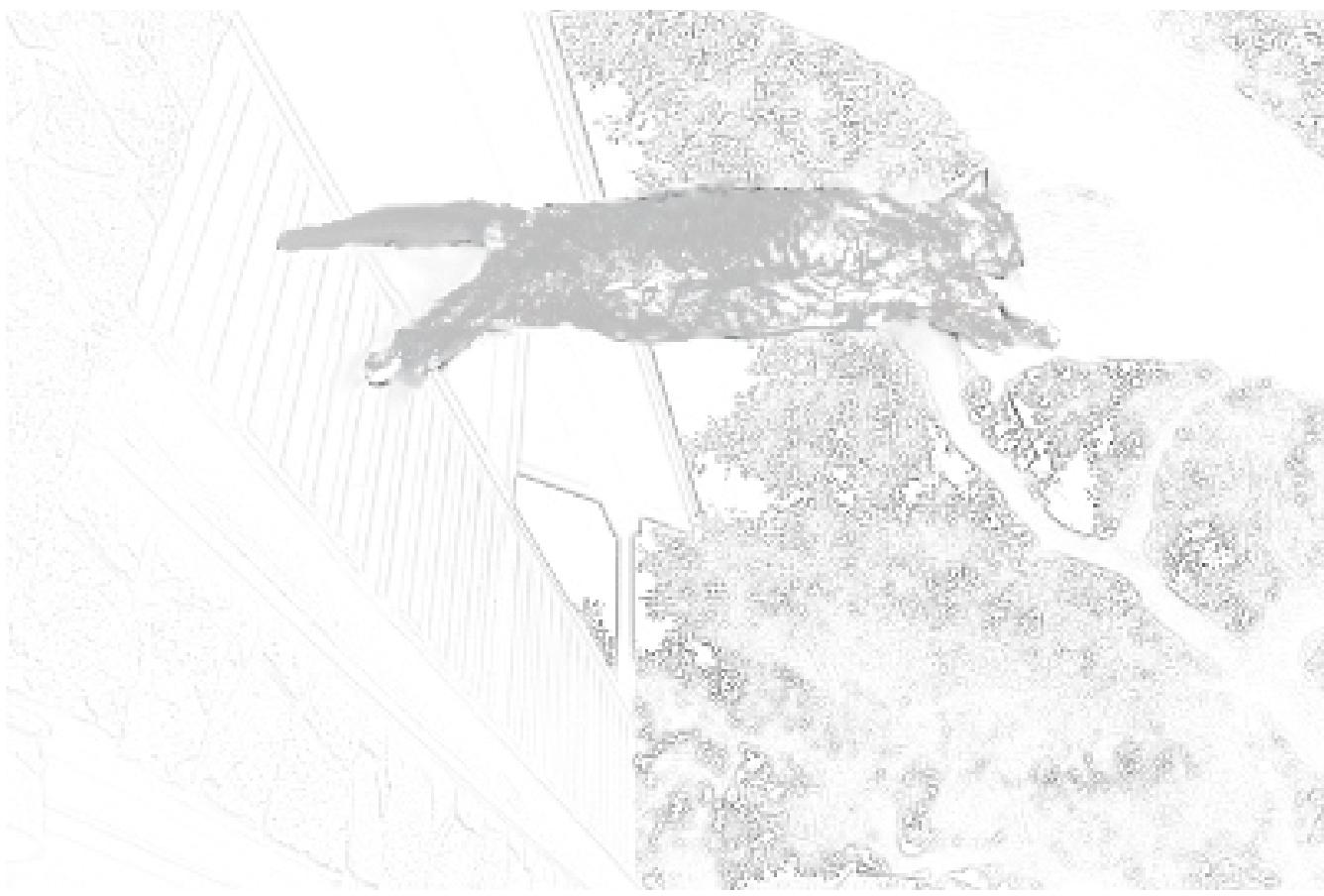


I am not allowed inside the Great Hole. I am still a mostly wild cat with some tame parts, but I think I am nice to My People. But I am still mostly

wild. If I went inside the Great Hole I would rip up that cow the people sit on and I would generally make a big mess. Inside the Great Hole is no place for a mostly wild cat. So I live outdoors, and that is fine with me.

Sometimes other people come to the Great Hole to visit. But they are not My People. So I do not trust them. I run away fast. I am no longer a teenage cat, but I am still very fast. I only allow My People to be around me. No other people are allowed close to Kitty-Kitty.

Did I mention I also have a hole to live in now? Yes, it is attached to the Great Hole. It is my own Little Hole. It does not have a cover over the opening, so I can go in and out. It has a warm bed for the winter time. I get to it by climbing a tree next to the Great Hole, then I jump over to a flat spot where my Little Hole is. I heard the people call it a "balcony" but I do not know what that means. And they call my Little Hole a "Kitty Condo" and I do not know what that means, either. I do not know what a lot of things mean, in people language, that is. But it is all nice. And I sleep in my Little Hole warm and safe. Other animals cannot jump to it like I can. I can jump far and fast. Very far and very fast.



Did I mention My People have a swing? Yes, they have a nice swing. I used to watch them from the long grass when I was still a wild cat. The two people would sit and swing back and forth and make happy sounds and it was...nice. I thought that if I could swing it would be nice, but then I thought the people would probably use the swing to lure me in just to chase me up a tree. But that was when I was still a wild cat, and now I know that was not true. The swing where My People sit goes back and forth and they sit and sit and swing and swing. One day I jumped on the swing over the back after they had left, and it was still swinging back and forth. The

swinging put me to sleep, it was so calming. I started to like the swing and now I OWN the swing. I am a swinging cat. Ha-ha, Kitty-Kitty can be very funny.



When the curly top person comes out I run to the swing and jump up over the back of it and sit as it goes back and forth. At first when the curly top person came to sit by me I would run away fast. I may have mentioned that I am fast. Then as time went on and the curly top person did not chase me up a tree or yell at me I decided to sit on the far end of the swing, far away at the other end. If a hand came up to touch me I would run away fast.

Faster than fast. Like the wind. But then the curly top person did not chase after me or yell so I would sit closer and closer and then one day....I sat right along the curly top person and we were....touching! So as time went on one day I got up on the lap of the curly top person. I do not know why, I just did. And then my head felt a scratching sensation which was nice. Very nice.

I like the swing. I swing by myself, or with the curly top person. One day the Big Person sat down with me on the swing. I ran away fast. The Big Person is....well....BIG! Really BIG. The big Person seems nice, but is just so big. In the wild big is bad. "Do not mess with big", the Grizzly Old Cat told me once. So I did not mess with big. When the big person was on the swing I would run away fast. Very fast. But I was not chased up a tree or yelled at, which I do not like. But over time the big Person seemed to want me to sit on the swing, and so I did. I was sitting there and the big Person sat on the far end. That seemed OK. Over more time I started to sit closer. Then closer. And one day the big Person scratched my head when I was not expecting it. I jumped back. But nothing happened. So I decided it was OK and now I sit close to him, too. The curly top one seems more cuddly to me. I like both of My People, but the curly top one is more cuddly.

One day the big person one of My People built something for the curly top person. They called it a potting bench. The smaller person likes to grow stuff in the garden. It does not seem like fun to me, but the curly top person likes it. Anyway, I like the potting bench. I sit on it and sleep. It is high so I am not sleeping where other wild animals could get to me. I can see them coming a long way off and run fast if needed. So now the potting bench is mine. I use it to sleep on during the daytime. But at night I sleep in my little hole Kitty Condo.

My People can do funny things. As I mentioned, I watch them through the transparent cover of the Great Hole and I see funny things. They put their mice (or whatever it is that they eat, I cannot understand it) in metal holes and make them hot before they eat them. These metal holes go "beep beep" so I know when the people are eating. And after they eat, Kitty-Kitty (that's me) gets to eat. So I like to hear the "beep beep" sound because I know I will get to eat soon. And I like to eat. I like it very much. I especially like to eat in the morning. I will sit and wait to see My People come into view as I watch through the cover of the Great Hole. I wait and wait. Sometimes it

seems I wait a very long time. That reminds me of when I lived in the wild, because my tummy growls. When will My People appear? Hurry up because my tummy is growling. What if they will not appear today? What if....oh, there's the curly top one now. Yippee! Kitty-Kitty will soon be eating! And then I watch as the curly top one goes over to the Magic Food Box which contains my food. The magic cup comes out first, then it scoops up some food, the Magic Food Box is carefully closed, and the Great Hole cover opens and food is brought out in the magic cup and put into my bowl. I do a few leg rubbies in appreciation, and then dig in. Yummy! All is well with the world.

As I mentioned, there is a Magic Food Box where my food comes from. I can see it through the transparent cover of the Great Hole. I sometimes sit and stare and stare at it, wondering how the Magic Food Box works and why it never runs out of food. How does that work? I call it "the Magic Never-Ending Food Box" because that is what it is. The food is always there, and it never runs out. I watch the food level get lower and lower, but then suddenly it becomes full again! It is magical. And wonderful. In the wild we never found any such Magic Food Box. But My People have one. And it

makes me happy. Very happy. And the food is scooped out of the Magic Food Box by a magic tin mouse. At least I call it a tin mouse. It looks like about the size of a mouse, and it is made of tin, so that is why I call it a tin mouse. But that is just a funny name I invented. Kitty-Kitty can be funny. Very funny. Ha-ha-ha type of funny.

But why do the people always have different colored lower paws. They walk on those two paws and do not walk on their front paws. And they put covers on the lower paws which are various colors. I did not have a Mama cat to explain these things. But My People have lower paws which change color. One day they are blue, then later green like grass, and sometimes the curly top person has paws with fur on them. That scared me at first. Was I going to end up being used as a lower paw covering some day? I did not know for a long time, but by now I see that I will not. My People like me. But I still do not understand the changing paw covers thing.

Did I mention I like to have my head scratched? I do. Very much. My head is always itchy. But I cannot get to the top of it. But my two People can get to it. They use their big paws to scratch my little head. It is so nice. Very

nice indeed. And when I am on the deck near the Great Hole I now flop down on my side and the taller person with the short fur on top will scratch my back with his lower paw. That is nice. Very nice.



People are funny. Very funny. Not like ha-ha-ha funny, just curious-funny. For instance. People do not eat my food or try to push me away from the bowl to get at it. In the wild we would push and shove and jostle and swat and hiss and, well, you know. We were not "sharing" types. In the wild if you share you go hungry. I did not like being hungry in the wild. So I did

not share. I still have a "sharing problem" but I have tried to fix it. For instance. I decided to work on my sharing skills, so I tried to share my mice with My People. After I had known them for a while, I convinced myself that I needed to show my sincere appreciation. So I did. I offered a mouse to them. Well, I must admit I ate a little of it. Just the head part. But at least that was a start, right? I mean, I shared more than half of it, which I think is exceedingly generous. So I took the mouse and laid it out nicely on the mat in front of the Great Hole cover. It was mostly there so I was very proud of myself. It was a gift. A high honor. An expression of sincere appreciation. I waited on the side of the deck to watch how pleased My People would be. Out came the curly top one. Then.....she screamed. And I ran. I ran fast. Very fast. Like the wind. What happened? I had made a supreme offering of the highest order. It was a gift of sincere gratitude. But now I was confused. My gift was.....rejected. The bigger short fur headed one then came out and scooped up my mouse gift with a stick and hurled it far into the trees. I was so disappointed. I had shared a gift of the highest order. Well, it was mostly there, except for the head which I ate. But it was mostly there. Almost a whole mouse. It would have been a supreme offering in the wild. But now I know one thing for certain. I am not in the wild.

Wild and My People are not the same. My People are not wild people. They live in a Great Hole, not in the wild. They are civilized and nice. I felt unhappy because I made My People unhappy. Especially the curly top one. And I like the curly top one very much. But then soon after my mouse offering incident My People allowed me to do leg rubbies and again all was right with my world. Leg rubbies are great. I like leg rubbies. They make everything right again when I do something wrong. Back and forth, back and forth, it is so nice.

My People have places where I like to sit with them. I have mentioned there is a swing, and there is also a bench in the garden. Both are nice. Very nice. I sit on them with My People, or in the sun and cat-nap. I cat-nap a lot. A whole lot. I can cat-nap a whole lot more since I do not need to hunt for food all day long. When my tummy is full I can cat-nap. Before, when my tummy was often empty, I could not cat-nap as much. But back to the swing and bench story. I almost lost my place thinking about my tummy. I like to sit on the swing and bench. I like to sit with My People on them. They take up a lot of room, but there is still room enough for me. The curly head one rubs my head. Sometimes I sit with the curly head one on her lap. I was a really

wild cat at one time, and now I am sitting on a People's lap? That was quite an advance in loss of wildness. But it is nice, and I like it. I like it very much. I may have mentioned that I have some social skills issues. The sharing thing is one. Another is that I like to swat at things. I am from the wild where we do not share and we swat at things. Sometimes I swat at My People and then I am sad about it. That's all I have to say about that.

The swing is nice. I always jump up on it from the back. That requires a lot of skill. Cats who do not grow up in the wild cannot do such things. They do not learn such skills. I used to do such things because I was being chased by other wild creatures. But now I use my skills for fun. And it is lots of fun. When a creature leaves the wild they must keep their hunting skills sharp. One never knows when the Magic Food Box might run out. So I play with acorns on the deck to hone my skills. I bat them around and chase them and jump on them. That is what I do. And I am good at it. Very good. And fast. Very fast indeed.

I like to run in the people's grass. It is not as tall as the grass in the wild. There is a big noisy machine which chomps the grass down to low levels.

But then the mice do not hide in the short grass. I do not personally like the machine which chomps the grass down to low levels. The grass was meant to be high so we wild creatures can find mice in them and eat them. Just sayin'.

Sometimes I cross over the dark path among the short grasses. This is where those big mechanical animal machines travel which eat people then spit them out whole at other places. When I cross over the dark path those machines sometimes come along fast and try to run me over. But I am faster. Very much faster. Like the wind. So those machines cannot eat me up and spit me out some other place. And they cannot run me over.

I have known several types of characters in the wild. I have mentioned the Grizzly Old Cat who is wise. Very wise indeed. He is a 15 pounder. So he is wise and fat. Very fat indeed. I do not know where he gets all the food he eats, but he must eat a lot. A whole lot. There are some secrets a wise old fat cat would never share, and the main one is where he finds so much food. But he has taught me some things my Mama cat would have taught me if she were around. My Mama cat was not as fat as the Grizzly Old Cat.

Grizzly is a wise and fat cat. And slow. Very slow. Not fast at all.

There is a bully cat in the neighborhood. He is a real bad cat. I do not like him at all. He will try to eat my food and he has also swatted me several times while I was sleeping. I have learned that such cats must be treated as they deserve. They must be swatted back. Some cats are just not nice.

There are also Mr & Mrs Armadillo, the Raccoons, Mr Fox, Junior Possum and a few others. These are also funny characters. Not funny ha-ha, but each one is somewhat funny odd. Mr Armadillo digs in the dirt. Nothing wrong with that. But his nose is always dirty. I once asked him why he does not lick his nose and clean it. He just said it would only get dirty again. I guess that makes sense. But I keep my nose clean. I can lick my nose and clean it. I like to have a clean nose. I think a clean nose helps me smell better. Not smell better to other creatures, just that I can smell things better. I just wanted to be clear about that. But anyway, Mr Armadillo has a funny shell on his back. I asked him why he has a funny shell on his back. He said he did not know why. I suppose some things just are the way they are. That also reminds me that I am called a Tortoise Shell cat, which I

have already said I do not like to be called a tortoise because I am fast. Very fast.

Mr & Mrs Raccoon are also odd ones. They have funny rings around their eyes. Not funny ha-ha, just funny different. They once told me that trees are the best place to hide when there is trouble. I thought that was a wise thing to say. I like to climb trees and I can climb fast and high. Very fast and very high. I am fast. And I can climb high. The Raccoons can climb high, but not as fast. I can beat them in a climbing race any time.

Mr Fox is a curious one. I do not mean curious odd or curious ha-ha type curious, I mean he is curious about everything. He is always trying to figure out things. He has asked me what My People are like, and I said they are nice. He also asked about why the People feet colors constantly change and I had to admit I do not know. That is a mystery to me as well as to Mr Fox.

Now then, there is Junior Possum. He has told me stories of how to lie perfectly still when in danger in the wild. I have seen him lie so still for so long that I thought he must be dead. But he was just lying still so he could

fool other creatures. I thought that was funny. Not funny ha-ha but funny odd. It just shows you how there are all types of funny creatures in the wild. And we all have just learned to survive and eat and live among each other in our own ways. Life in the wild was always an adventure. But it was also a hard life. I very much prefer to live with My People. My People are nice and I like My People. They are not wild. They are civilized and nice. And I eat well. Which is especially nice. Especially nice indeed.

So as you can plainly see, I am no longer a wild cat. I am still not like my little kitties who grew up with My People, and would allow My People to pick them up and swing them around. We still do not do the "pick up" thing with Kitty-Kitty. I suppose I will always be just a little bit of a wild cat. But I am no longer a totally wild cat, like I was before. Just sort of wild. But I think that is OK with My People.

How did I decide My People like me? When I used to watch them from the tall grass I thought they would never like me. I thought they only wanted to chase me up a tree and yell at me, which I do not like. But I decided My People liked me when they constantly left food on their deck, and I figured

out it was not an accident as I had initially thought. It was so Kitty-Kitty would not be hungry. And then they also allowed leg rubbies, and scratched my head, and sat with me on their swing, and did many. many other things which showed me they were nice and that they liked me. It is very nice to have My People like me so much. And although I have said I adopted these two as My People, the food on the deck thing was all about them trying to adopt me as their Kitty-Kitty.

Looking back to when I adopted My People, and they adopted me, I do not know why I was so afraid of them at first. They are nice. The deck along the Great Hole is nice. My Little Hole condo on the balcony of the Great Hole is nice. Sitting with My People on the swing and the bench in the garden is nice. Eating well is nice. It is all nice. Very nice indeed.

But one thing I still am. Can you guess? That's right. I AM FAST. VERY FAST. LIKE THE WIND.

So that is my story so far. See, I told you there would not be any whales in this story.

Life is still unfolding for me living with My People of the Great Hole. I am no longer a teenage cat, in cat years, that is. I am a grown-up cat. Although I am still somewhat wild, I have learned many things about how to be a good cat and to show appreciation to My People. I have not forgotten how hungry I was in the wild. I was always so hungry, and my tummy would growl. Now My People keep me well fed from the Magic Food Box and I am happy and grateful. Very grateful indeed.

I also now know that all that food they dropped on the deck was just a trick to get me to adopt them as My People. But it was not a bad trick. It was nice. And one more thing is for sure. They are My People. They helped me become a not-so-wild cat. Is that a bad thing? I think not. I think it is all....nice. Very, very nice. And I am happy to have My People. So my life is all nice. Very, very nice indeed.

And to all the other cats out there who might want to steal My People from me.....



Ha-ha-ha. Kitty-Kitty is funny. Very funny. And fast. Very fast. But I may have mentioned that already.



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