



Catnap

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Designed by Joy Ming.
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To inspire

Andrea Phillip and Daison Banda
and their many adventures.



The sun was shining and there was not a cloud
in the sky: the perfect day for a catnap.

Mr E stretched out his long legs on the
windowsill, relishing the way the sunlight
warmed his fluffy grey fur.



His eyes were about to close when Little D leaped onto the windowsill beside him, making a ruckus as her long nails scratched the wood.

Mr E opened one lazy green eye, glaring at her. Couldn't she see it was the perfect time for a nap?

Little D plopped down and began to noisily lick her paw.

After a minute of this nonsense her eyes widened and she used one newly cleaned paw to push aside the curtain and look out of the window.

"Mr E!" she cried out, whacking him on the head with her paw. "Wake up! We have to go outside!"

Mr E closed his eyes tight, pretending to be in a deep sleep. But Little D could see through his guise.





Annoyed at Mr E's lack of responsiveness, Little D decided to take things a little further. She leaped onto Mr E, successfully disgruntling him and upsetting his balance so that they both went crashing to the floor.

"What is the matter with you!" growled a very grumpy Mr E. "Couldn't you see I was asleep??!"

"There are so many other times that you can sleep! But we must go outside! I saw something," exclaimed Little D. Unable to contain her excitement she started to leap around.

Mr E couldn't hide his smile. Seeing her enthusiasm was making him more and more curious to see what was outside.

"Fine," he conceded. "I will come outside, but just for a few minutes. Who knows how long the sun will shine this perfectly on my windowsill?"

"Hurrah!" cried Little D and pranced outside through the cat door, barely waiting to see if Mr E would actually follow her.





Mr E crawled through the car door. He had to admit, it was a shame to miss such beautiful day outside. The grass swayed gently in the cool breeze. He bit off a piece of grass and chewed it, letting one side hang out of his mouth. He had adopted this habit after seeing humans do this with cigars in the movies that the Owner watched. He felt very cool.

And where was Little D? Her fur was very white so it was usually easy to spot her, but she seemed to have vanished in the grass. The Owner is the old lazy one around here, thought Mr E, because he had not moved the lawn in a long time. But it made the garden the perfect place for Little D and Mr E to play.

"Over here!" called Little D.

Her voice came from up high. Mr E looked up and saw her in the tree! He trotted over to it and made his way up to where Little D perched on a branch.



"Look," she whispered. "Be quiet and don't move so much!"

Mr E followed her gaze and saw a little bird nest perched on one of the higher branches. Was this her idea of a snack?

"This is what you wanted to show me?" asked Mr E a little grumpily. He had seen nests before.

"Just watch a moment!" was Little D's answer.



They waited and waited and waited. Mr E felt his tummy growl. Then he heard a sound. It was a bird with blue feathers bringing something to the nest. At first Mr E thought it had a worm in its beak, but then he noticed it was a twig.

The bird flew away again and returned with some wire. On successive trips it returned with bits of plastic, grass, foil, and leaves. What was it doing?





Then Mr E noticed that since the bird's first trip, the nest had gotten bigger and sturdier. It was building the nest! Realizing there were no eggs in the nest yet, Mr E felt a little disappointed that he would not get a snack after all. He briefly considered the bird as a snack. But that thought made him feel bad. The bird was putting so much effort into making the nest!

Another bird joined the first one, bringing more materials for the nest. Mr E smiled. Teamwork! The two birds were working together to build a little home together.

Little D looked over at Mr E and saw him smile.
That made her smile too.

"I wish I was a bird!" Mr E said aloud suddenly,
surprising himself. He wished that he could
explore the world like these two birds and build
his own home.

"Lets go on adventure!" said little D as her way
of agreeing with him.

They leaped down from the tree and raced
through the tall grass, tumbling over one
another playfully.

It had been a while since the two had been on
adventure together. But the sun was shining,
and the birds were out, and the two cats felt the
deep sense of adventure calling.





About the Author

Dilia Zwart loves going on adventures. She grew up near mountains and enjoys exploring the outdoors. When she travels outside her hometown, she tries to meet as many people as she can to hear their personal stories. Her favorite animal is a cat and her favorite food is dark chocolate.

About the Illustrator

Joy Ming loves cats and napping. She enjoys exploring the world through the beautiful words of books and travelling to different places. And she loves drinking tea and eating cookies.

