

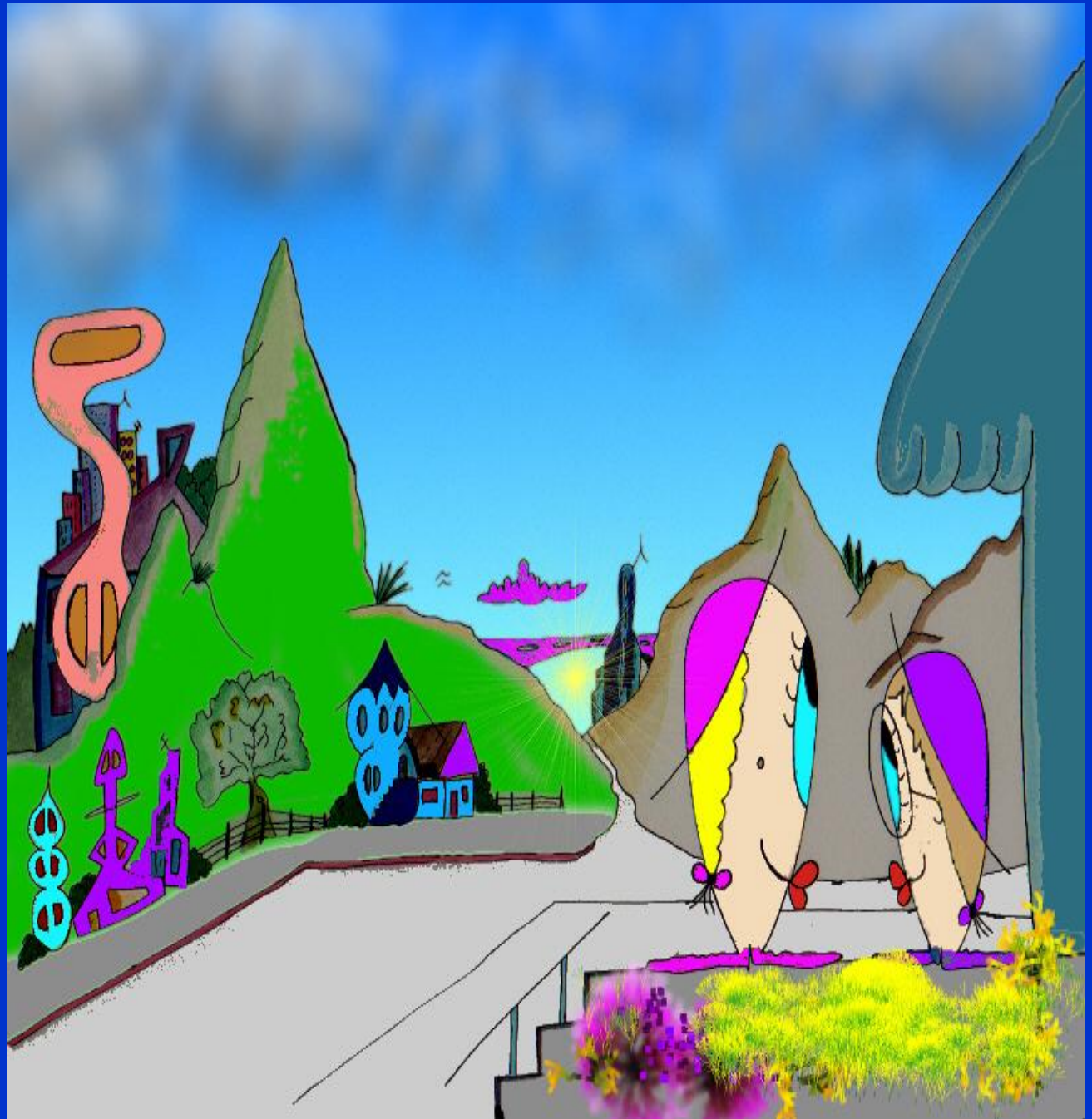
# Here Kitty Kitty

A Little Squirts Storybook



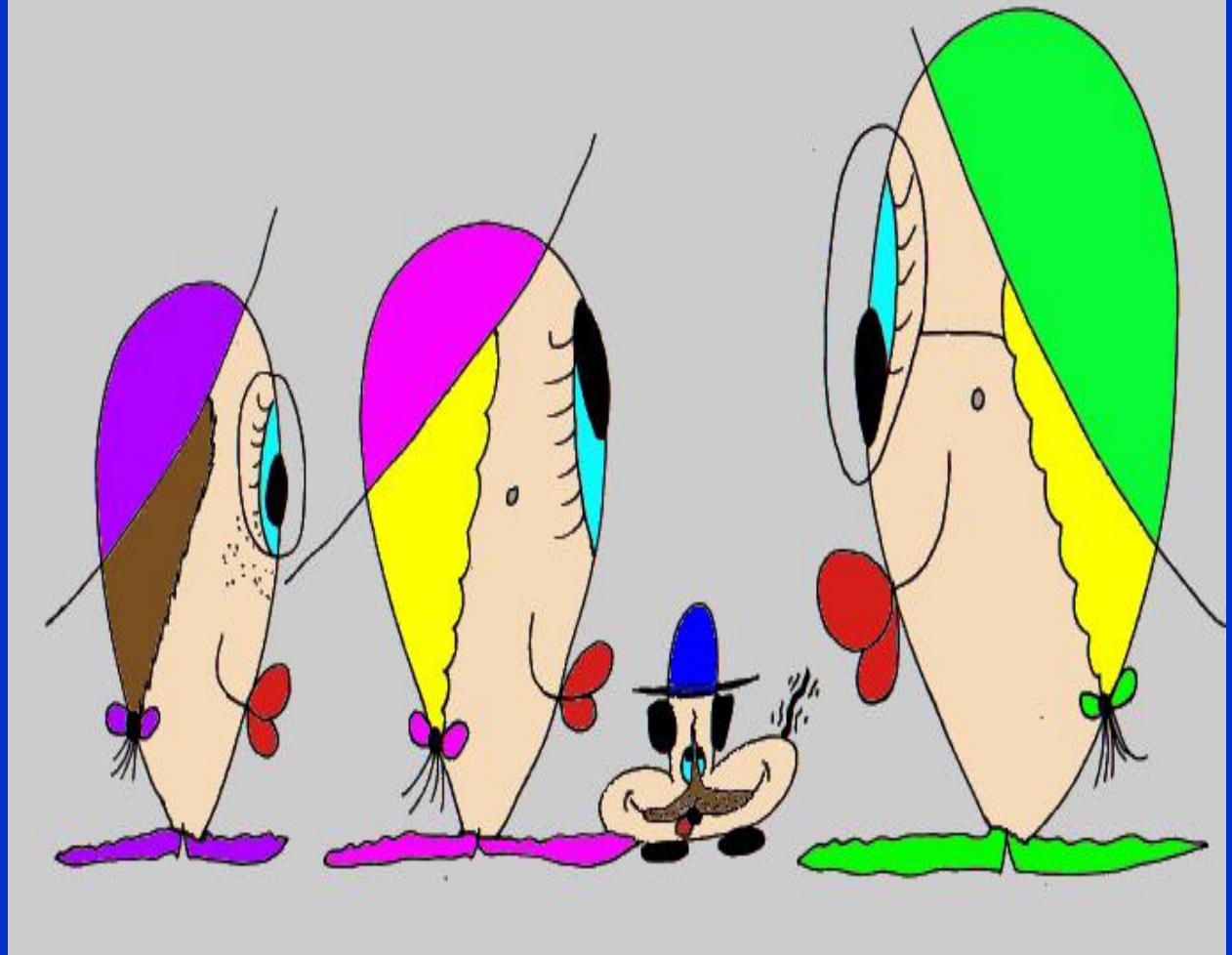
Written & Illustrated by Mark Griffin

It was a beautiful day. Much too nice to stay in the house. "Let's go for a walk," suggested Rosy. "I'm for that!" laughed Mitzy. "Let's go ask your mom."



"Mom, can we go for a little walk?" asked Rosy.

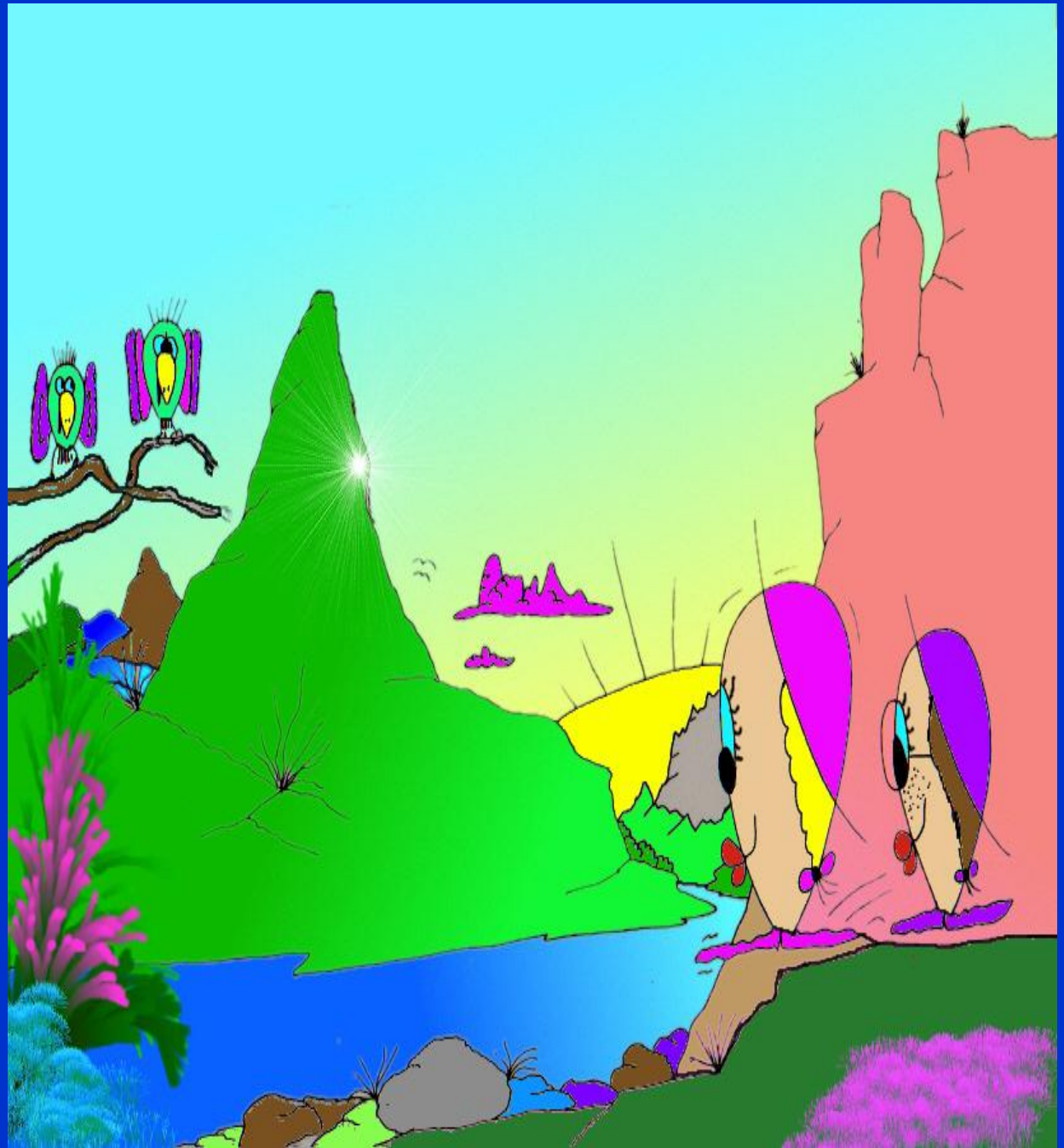
"OK, but please be back in an hour for lunch. Mitzy can eat here, too. I'll call her mother. Don't be late. I'm fixing your favorite, peanut butter and jelly," said her mother with a smile.



"I'm ready for an adventure," chuckled Mitzy.

"Let's go down to the river. I heard there was an old abandoned shack down there," said Rosy with excitement as she broke into a run.

"Hey! Wait for me!" yelled Mitzy.



"It looks pretty dirty. I hope there aren't any ghosts," said Rosy with a grin.

"Let's get out of her," screamed Mitzy.

"There's no such thing as ghosts, said Rosy, but she was a little nervous too.



They were looking around the old shack when all of a sudden a big crash sent their hair straight up in the air as Mitzy and Rosy ran right out the door.



"Look! It's only a stray cat that knocked a can off the table," cried Rosy still shaking.



"She must be hungry!" said Rosy.

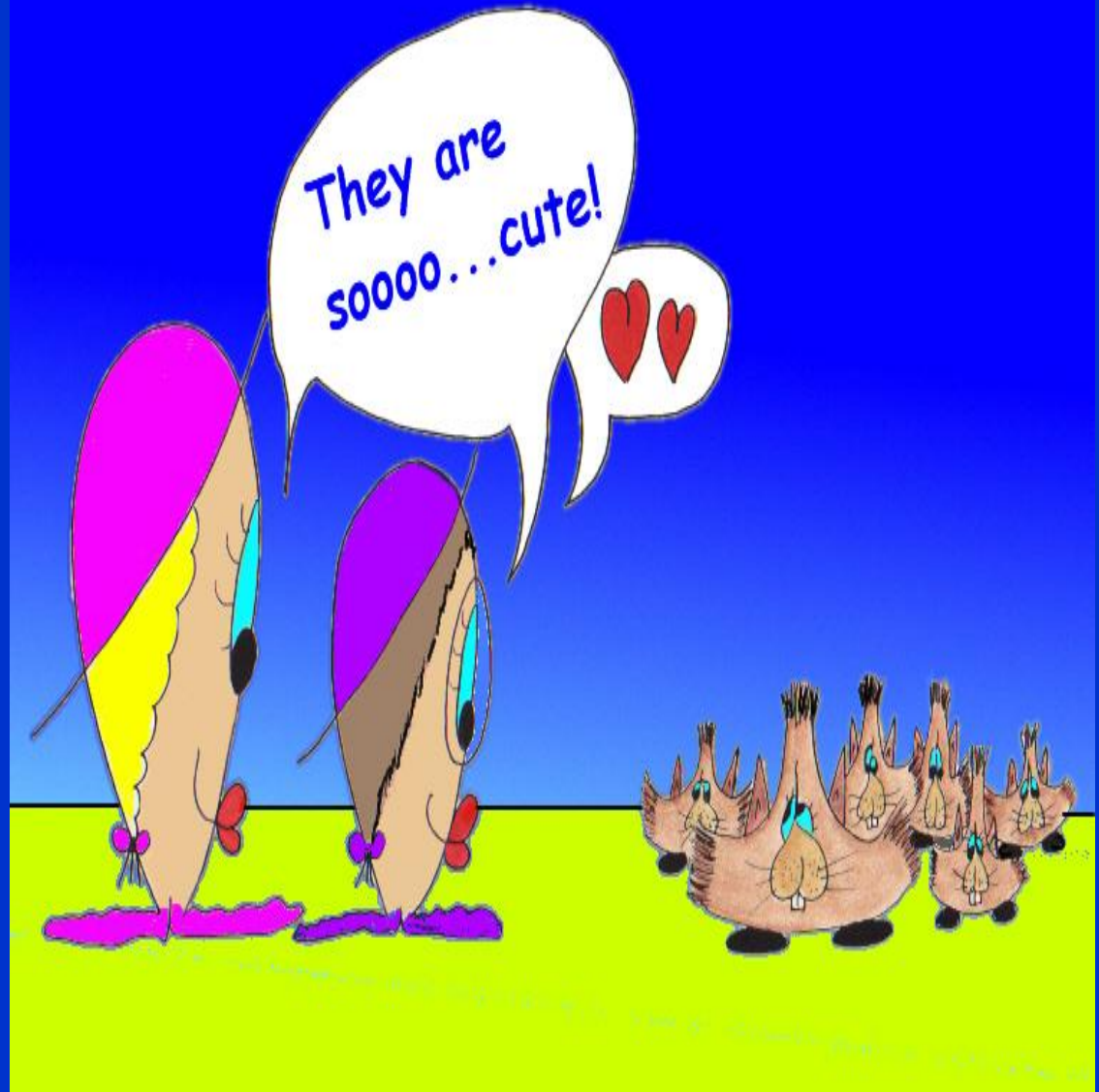
"Hey! Do you hear that? It sounds like there is a bunch of kittens in the cupboard!" exclaimed Mitzy.

"Wow! There must be at least five kittens. Aren't they cute!" said Rosy with a smile.

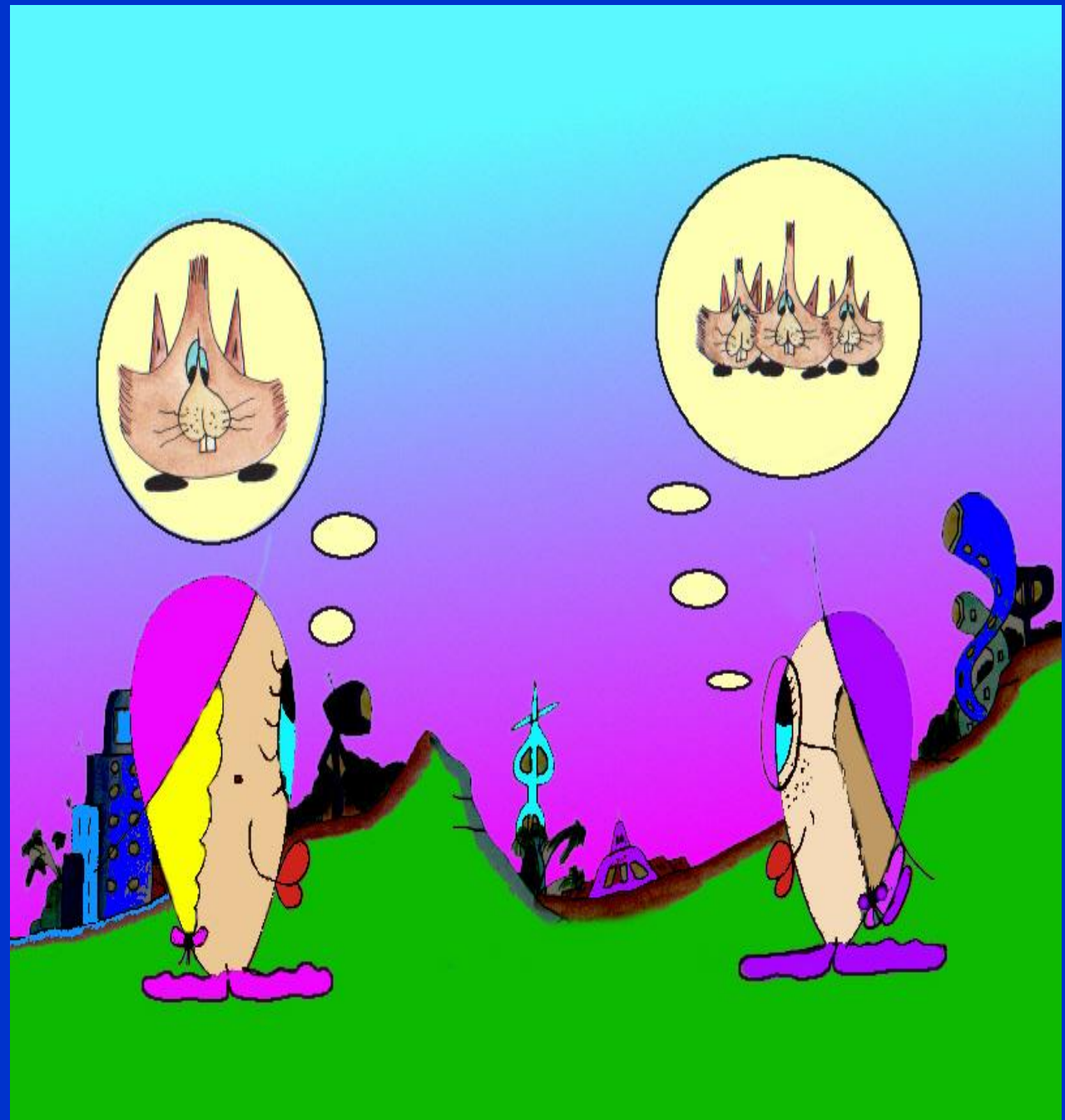
"Yeah, but she doesn't look too happy," said Mitzy.

"It's almost lunchtime. Let's bring her back something to eat," said Rosy.

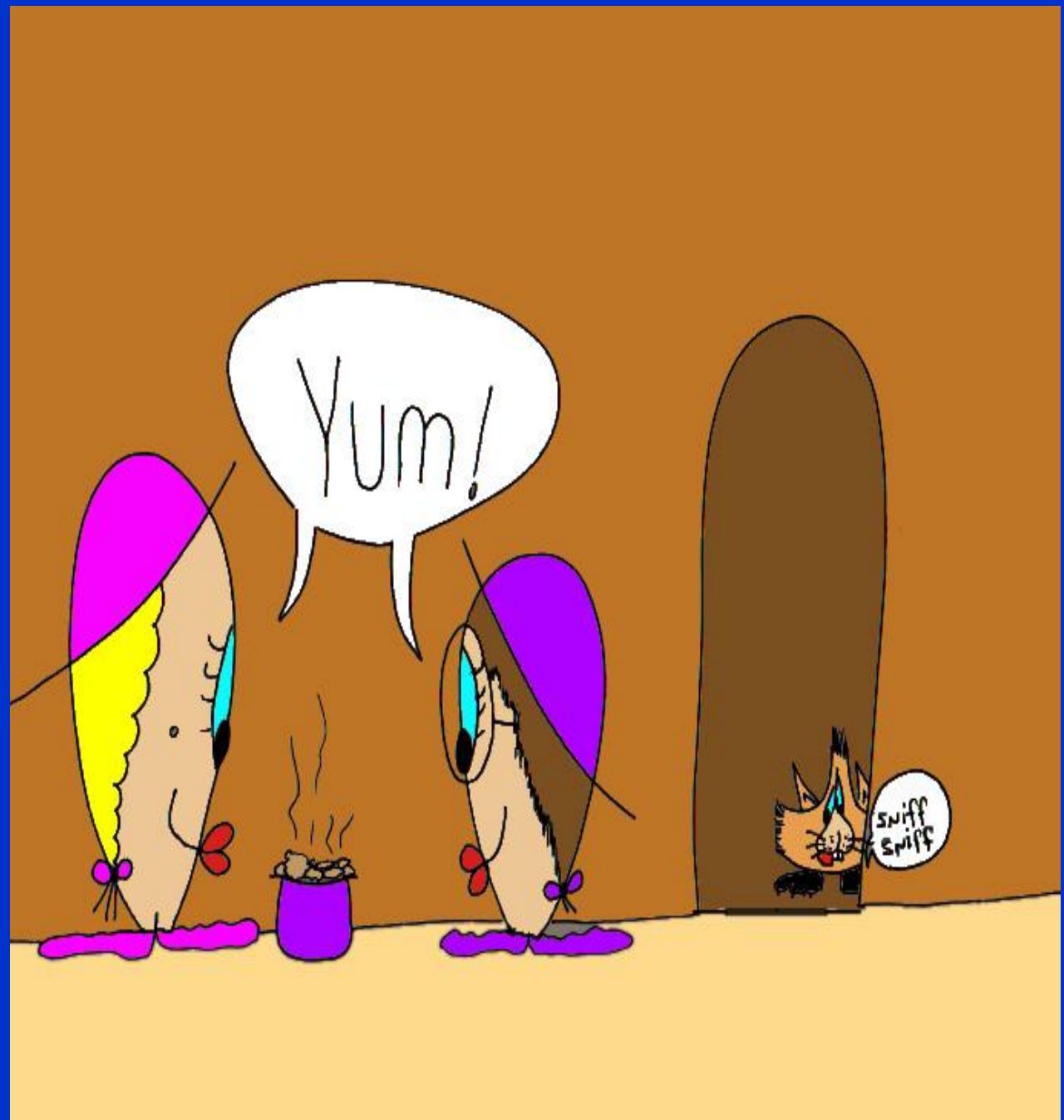
"Good idea," said Mitzy.



So they ran to Rosy's house as fast as their legs could carry them. The girls could hardly sit still long enough to eat. All they could think about was the poor mama kitty and her babies back at the shack. They asked Rosy's mom for some milk and headed out with their knapsacks over their shoulders.



"Should we name her?" asked Mitzy.  
"Maybe she already has a name. Let's look to see if she has a collar. We can put some milk in this saucer for her. I think she is a little afraid," said Rosy.



"Oh, No! She's gone!"  
What do you think  
happened to her!" cried  
Mitzy.

"We probably scared  
her off. Let's go look  
for her. Try to be  
quiet," said Rosy as she  
tip-toed around the old  
shack.

They even looked under  
the rickety old back  
stair. There was no sign  
of the mother cat and  
her kittens.



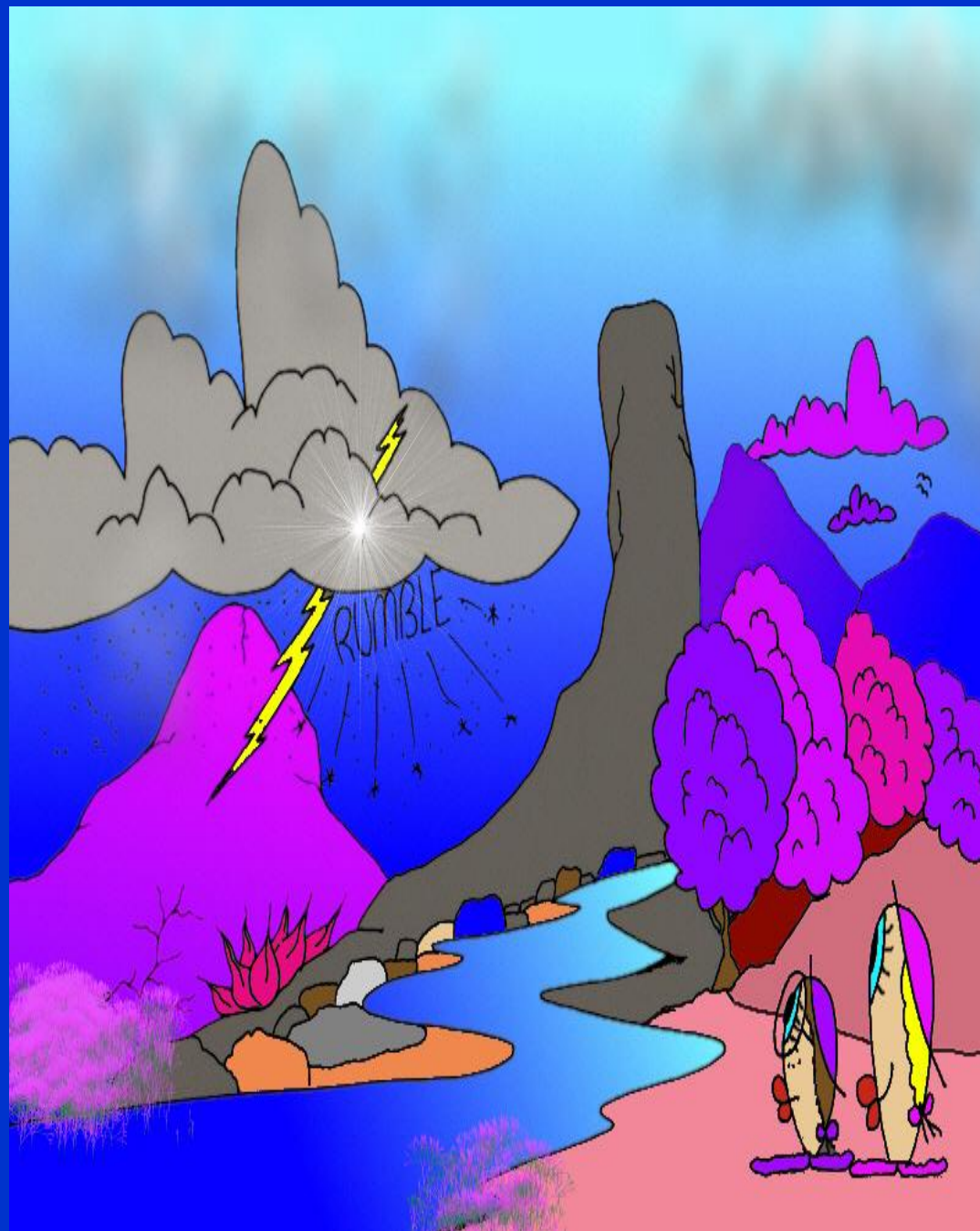
"Maybe she's in the trees by the river," said Rosy, "Let's go look."

In the excitement, they didn't see the big storm clouds rolling in from the west. Suddenly huge raindrops were falling all around them. The wind was howling and the sound of thunder was really scary.

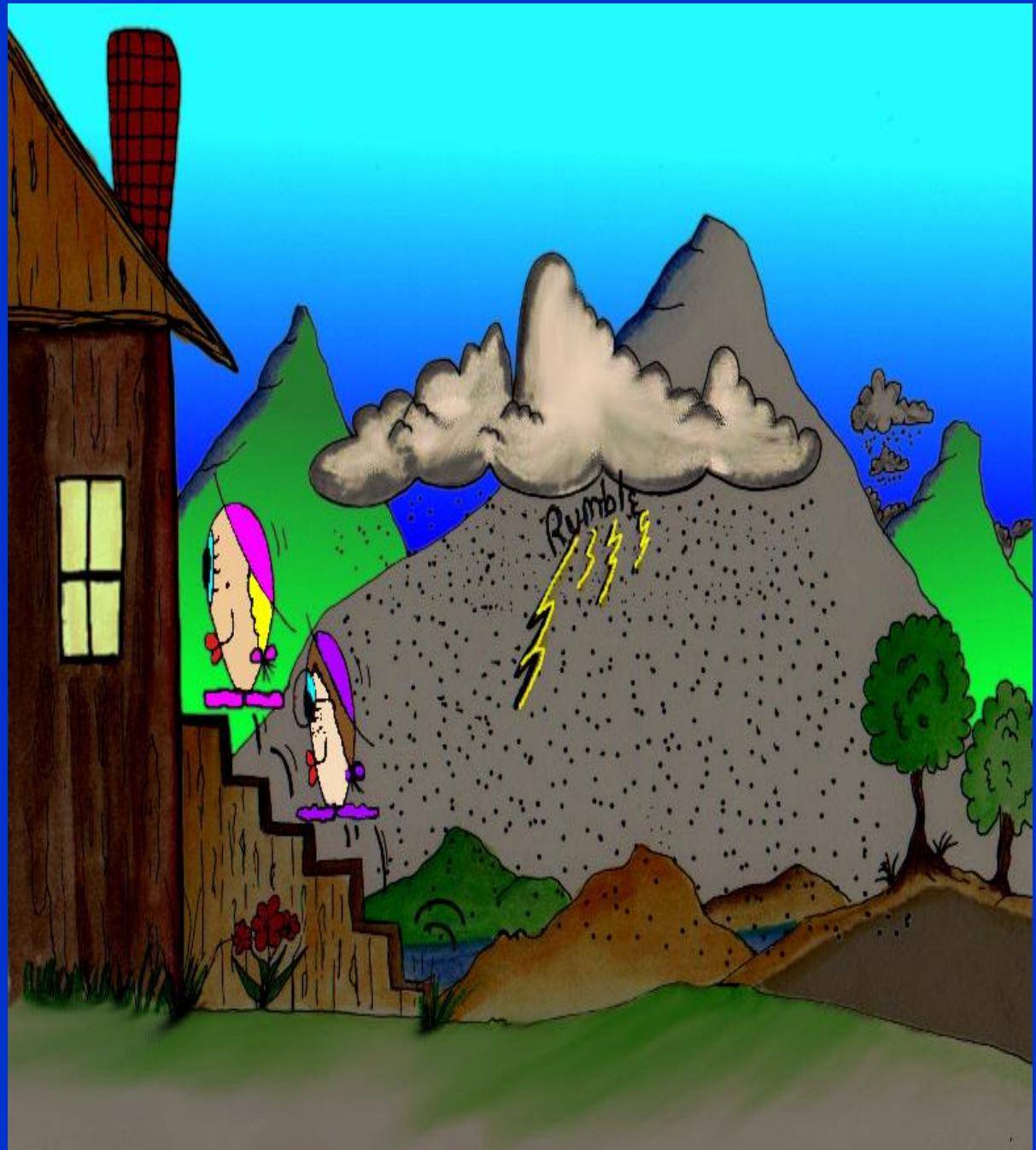
"Head for the shack or we'll be soaked!" hollered Rosy.

"Right, but what about that poor mother cat and those cute little kittens?" asked Mitzy.

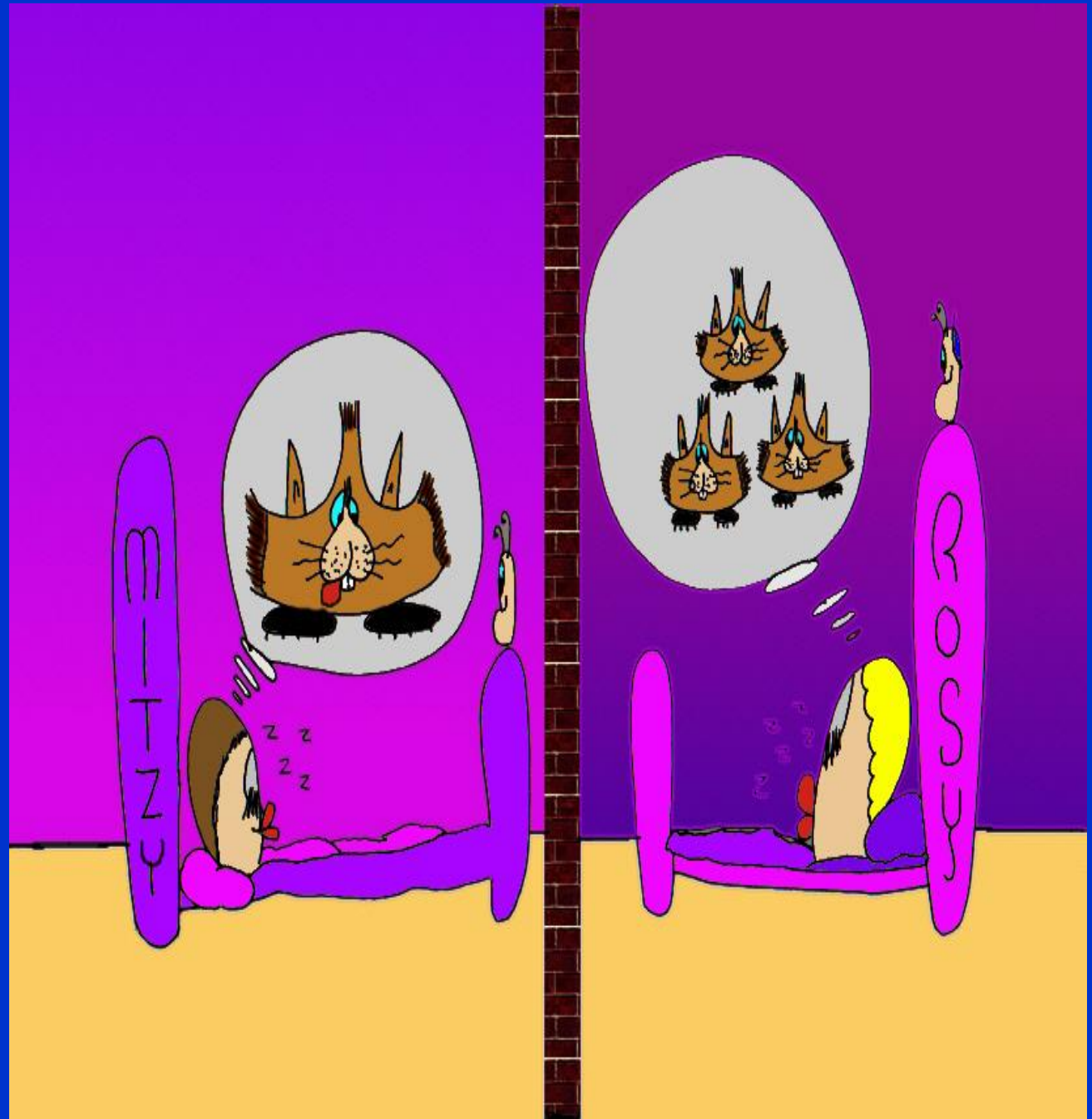
"I guess we'll have to look for them after the rain quits." said Mitzy sadly.



They ran up the stairs and into the shack, shaking off the droplets as they looked around. "I hope she's all right," said Rosy. "We better run home soon. My mom is going to be worried."



Mitzy and Rosy could hardly sleep that night thinking about the mother cat and her kittens. Rosy told her mother about their adventure. She told her not to worry because cats were smart and knew how to take care of themselves. Both girls still couldn't help thinking about the little family.



The next morning Mitzy was at Rosy's bedroom window just as the sun was coming up. "You were worried too, I see," said Rosy as she wiped the sleep from her eyes. "Hurry up and get dressed!" yelled Mitzy.



"I brought more milk. Maybe you can find a little leftover fish. I heard that cats love fish," said Mitzy.

The girls put all the food in their knapsacks and headed for the river. They forgot to tell anybody where they were going. When they got there the shack was empty.

"Let's leave the food and maybe she'll come around," said Rosy. With heavy hearts, they headed back to Rosy's house.



"You two are in big trouble!" said Rosy's mother. "Next time you decide to go somewhere, please have the courtesy to tell me where you are going. I was worried!"

But after seeing the looks on the girls' faces, she knew what had happened.

"You couldn't find her?" asked Rosy's mother.

"No, she wasn't anywhere to be found," said Rosy with a sad look on her face. "We left some food for her. We hope she'll find it."

"Well, cats do have a keen sense of smell. You can go back this afternoon, but this time try to be real quiet so you won't scare her away," said her mother with a smile.



Right after lunch, Rosy and Mitzy headed back down to the shack by the river. They had decided to make a clubhouse out of the old building. "It will be our secret hideaway," they both agreed.



When they arrived, the cats were nowhere in sight, but the food was gone, so they knew the kittens were not going hungry. The girls started cleaning up the dusty old room. Mitzy picked some flowers down by the riverbank. Rosy put them in a tin can and placed them on the table.

"This is going to be great! Our own special playhouse!" they cheered.



Just about that time....

George, Bruno, and Rocky were walking by the old shack when they heard the girls laughing inside. They peeked through the window and saw Rosy and Mitzy.

"Let's play a trick on them," said George with a sly grin.

"Sounds like fun to me. Everybody be real quiet," snickered Bruno.

The boys all gathered together in a huddle and made plans for the big scare.

They decided to climb under the shack and use rocks to bang on the floor.

Every time one of the girls took a step another step could be heard behind her and she would think there were ghosts.

They could hardly keep from laughing as the plot shaped up.



Meanwhile, the girls overheard the plan and thought up one of their own. As the boys climbed under the house, the girls sneaked up behind them and latched the door, leaving them in the dark and scared out of their wits.

"Help! Help! Let us out!" the boys screamed.

That's when they found the cat, or should we say, the cat found them. It sounded like a riot going on under the old shack. The boys were screaming, the cat was clawing and the girls were hollering at the boys to "leave our cats alone!"

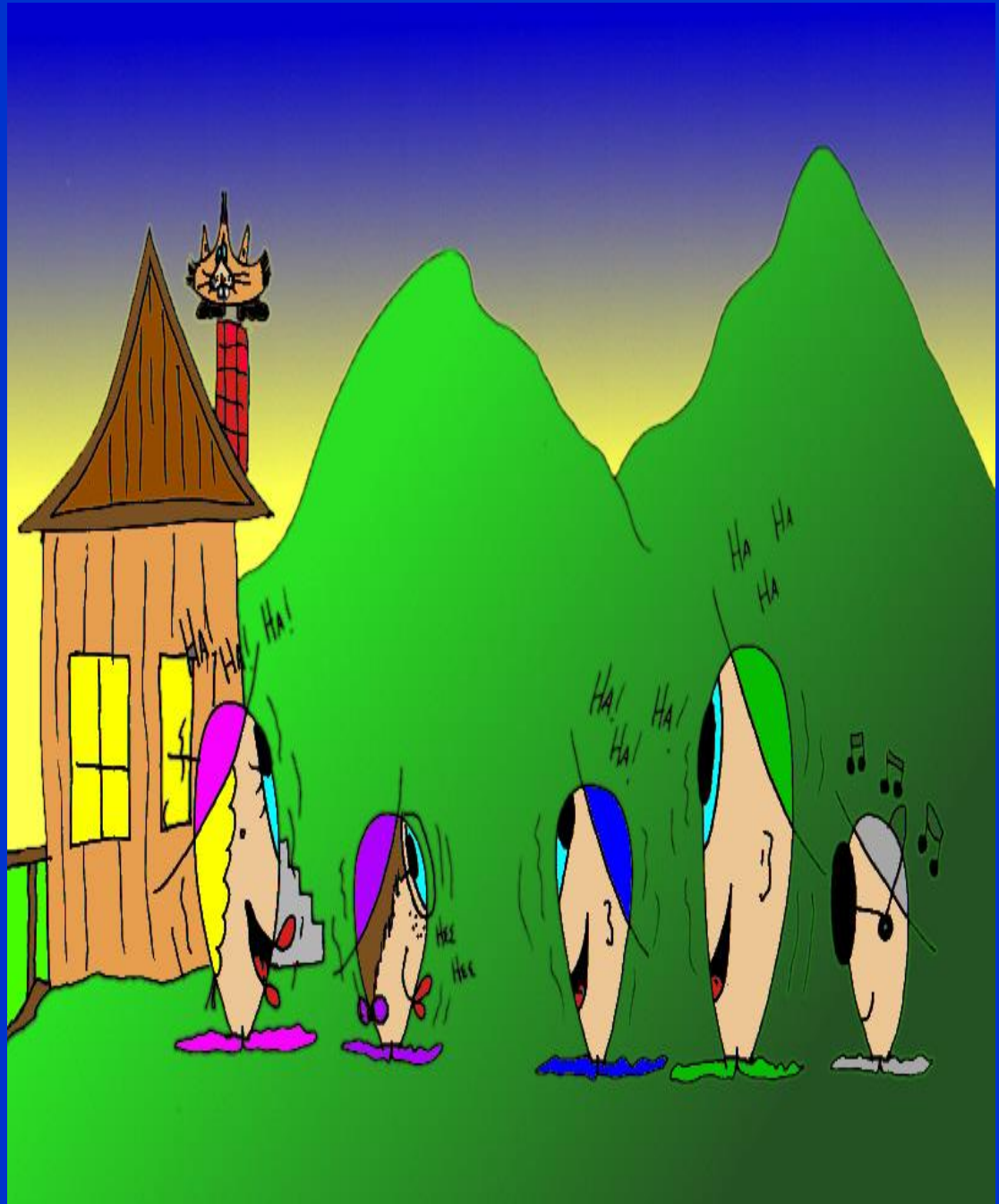


When the dust had finally settled, everyone had a look of disgust on their faces. All of a sudden they all started to laugh.

"We wondered what had happened to that cat?" laughed Rosy.

"We were trying to make friends with her when you knuckleheads showed up." said Mitzy.

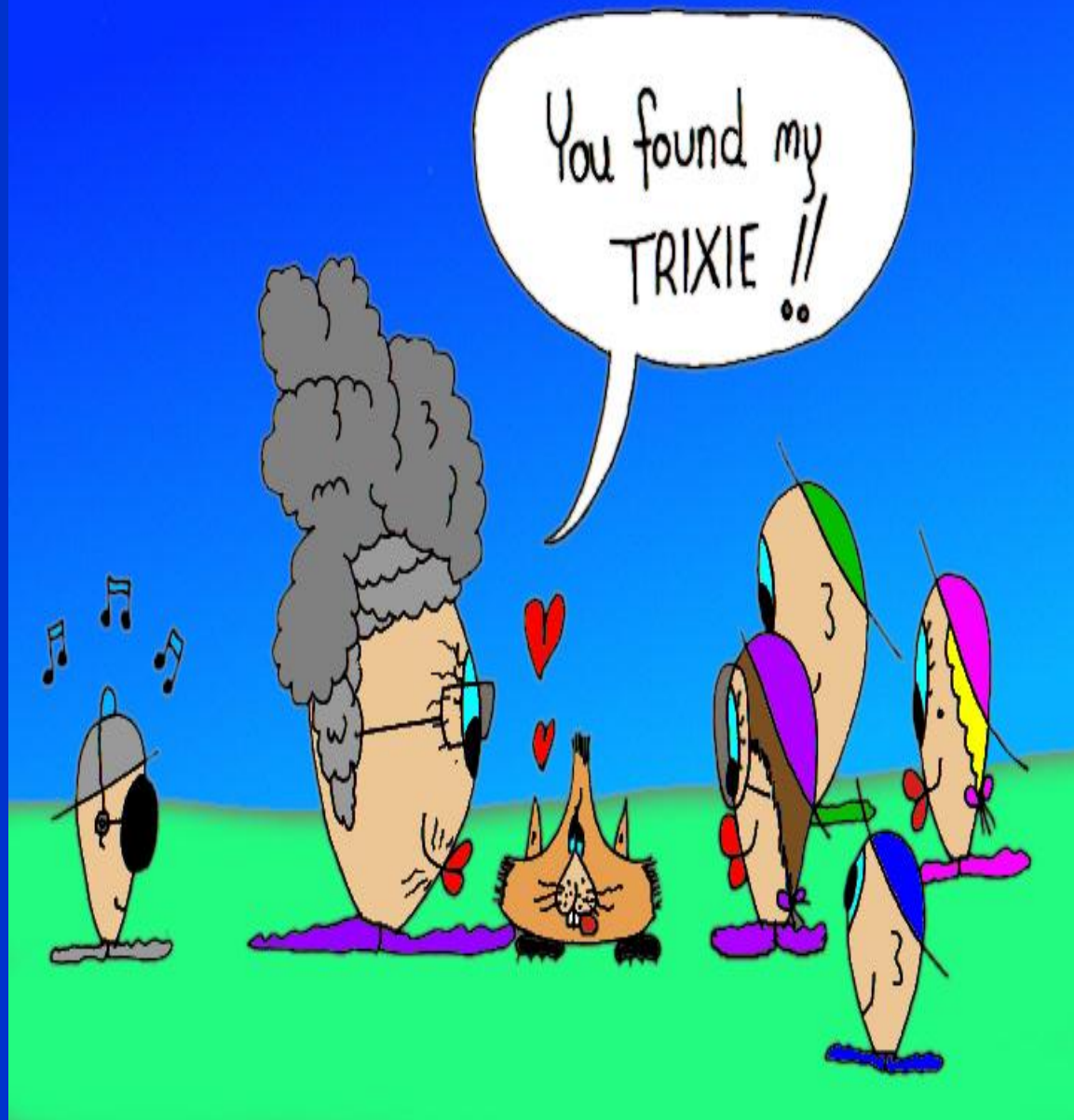
"We're sorry. We didn't mean to hurt anyone," said Bruno, and he meant it.



"You found my Trixie!  
What a nice bunch of  
children. I've been looking  
for her for weeks," said an  
old woman who was walking  
by. The cat was purring  
loudly.

"Then you don't know about  
the five kittens?" asked  
Rosy.

"Why no. How precious!  
But what am I going to do  
with five more mouths to  
feed? I can barely afford  
the two of us as it is," said  
the old woman in despair.



"Well, there are five of us and five kittens. Why don't we each take one home?" suggested rosy.

"Yes, that sounds great!" said the old woman. Rosy and Mitzy decided to share the clubhouse with Bruno, George and Rocky. The old shack is now the headquarters for the Rockets Soccular team.





And.... that is how Furball  
came to live at Rosy's house.

The End