

Governmental scientific experiment escapee Special Ops trained
cat creature adventure.

The True-Life Adventures of Insane Beer-Belly Kitty or
Supercat, The Fantasy

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The True-Life Adventures of

INSANE
BEER-BELLY KITTY

or

SUPERCAT

The Fantasy

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The True-Life Adventures of

INSANE
BEER-BELLY KITTY

or

SUPERCAT

The Fantasy

DEBORAH MIDKIFF



Dedication

I lovingly dedicate this book to my parents,
Fred and Lyla Uhrig who have encouraged me in all
of my endeavors, regardless of how absurd!

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THE ESCAPE!

CHAPTER ONE: THE ESCAPE!

“Phew!” I made it - I’m ‘outta’ there, *I’M FREE!* (*You must be kidding - you will NEVER be free!*). Reality check, “hah” reality, what a joke. Where do I go from here? I must get far away from this place before they miss me. These guys play rough, and the sad part is, *they take it all so SERIOUS!*

Where can I go? Who would believe such a weird story? The way these humans think is to shoot first and ask questions later! If I’ve learned *anything* from *GERALDO* it’s *that*, the *number one* reason to be cautious!

It’s late, that’s one thing in my favor. This species doesn’t see very well in the dark. The facility that I was locked up in is *miles* from anywhere. So, I’ll head for “*THE CITY*”. That is the *LAST* place they would look for me. I need to run as fast as I can. *At least I can still move quickly on all fours. ...*

TWO MONTHS LATER

Did I ever find the ‘*purr-fect*’ hideout at *GINO’S RESTAURANT*. Well, I’m not really a guest, but I *do* keep the mouse population down! I mean if you were a rodent, would you hang around a four-foot tall cat? *I think NOT!* No, I don’t eat them, “*YUK!*” My tastes have gotten ...*uh* more cuisine. All I have to do is give them a little ‘*hiss*’ and they are ‘*hiss-s-tory*’! I should charge Gino for my services - well, in a roundabout way, *I guess I do!*

Enough! I need refreshment, so I will just meander around this partition to the deli! This cellar has everything you could possibly want with an exotic smorgasbord of delight. Gino is a connoisseur of good taste and has a whole supply of flavors to

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tantalize my outlandish cravings, of which, my favorite I find to be is *SARSAPARILLA*. In connection with all of the delectable delights of tasty cheeses and meats on hand in the coffers, this belly of mine has seemed to extend more these last few months. It will take just a little work to be once again physically at my top abilities. (*It's called a DIET*).

You know, I'm finding that I'm talking to myself more and more these days. I wonder if that is what *they* mean by *INSANE*? I don't know, but sometimes I even scare myself. (*'Scardy-cat'*). See what I mean?

"*Yawn*" 'str-e-e-e-tch' that was a relaxing little catnap. *QUICK*, someone is coming! I've got a pretty good hidey-spot here in the wine cellar, but I can't get too comfortable. Oh it's Gino, coming downstairs for another case of bottles. I wish he'd get some help with that - he's not as young as he used to be. I'd be more than happy to help the *old timer*, but I'd just end up scaring him to death.

He's sure a friendly sort, always humming a tune. *Yeah*, if I had a *HUMAN* friend, I think it would be him. If only I had *any* friends at all "*sigh*". It gets lonely being a freak I guess that's why I talk to myself. Everyone needs company once in a while. Oh yeah, when all of this is over, maybe the world will be ready for me...after all, ***EVERYONE LOVES A HERO!*** ...That is, if I live through it.

Actually, I won't even admit it to myself, but I'm not really sure where I'm going with this. I can't continue to lounge around and just let things happen. (*That's the way it looks to me*). I'm thinking up a target-objective. You can't just jump into things, you have to prepare. Those guys are still looking for me, I'm sure. I've got to stop them; I can't let them succeed in their *diabolical-plot!* It just isn't natural... (*There you go getting philosophical*).

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

The stairs are creaking... HIDE!

“What’s that racket I’m hearing down ‘ere’? ‘Ah’, I suppose it’s just my imagination. It just gets so lonely at times. Work, work, work (*sigh*) ...if only anybody *really* cared. Quit ‘yer’ *bellyachin*’ you crazy old man and get back to work!”

Did you hear that? Gino needs a friend, too (*You’re treading in some mighty dangerous territory!*). I may be abnormal, *but I have feelings too!*

DRAT! I’ve gotten so caught-up in my pity-party, I’ve forgotten all about *THE MISSION*. I’ve got to get moving! There is no telling what kind of damage they’ve done at the lab while I’ve been gone.

“*HAH!*” The way they trusted me, even to the point of not locking the inner-doors ...pathetic! Not that I would have any trouble, had they. *Oh yeah*, they trained me well! They created a Special Forces / spy-type cat. I guess you could call me a cat burglar (*meow*)/ guerilla-fighter (*hiss*). I know how to infiltrate their military compounds and, basically, screw-up their whole operations. (*Not so fast hotshot, you haven’t succeeded yet*). Gee thanks for *bursting my bubble*.

Okay, back to reality (*or a sick version of such*). I’d better get moving I’ve got a ways to go. They could have put this place in a more convenient location instead of way out here in *no-where’s-ville*. I guess they didn’t want anyone to hear the screams as they tortured their subjects. It makes me shake all over just thinking about it! ...

Now, I must remember my training and *go stealth*. The first step is to creep quietly past security while being mindful of the cameras...and here ‘we’ are - me and myself. SECTION

4 - DEPARTMENT OF LABORATORY TESTING... and 'we're' in. I wish I'd stop saying that. All is quiet, except for those poor critters in cages, that is. I sure wish I could turn them loose, but that would give me away. They would know that I was here *messin'-around* and start looking closer and blow everything. I'm sadly - afraid that those poor little guys are going to have to wait a little longer. I just hope that they can hold on that long!

What have these *white-coats* been up to? Let's see, they probably changed the entry code on the computer - I know that I would have...*and so did they!* Now, let's get inside their brain. (*That's a scary thought*). I've got to give this some serious thought. What code word would they find appropriate for such an outrageous endeavor?

W - O - R - L - D --- D - O - M - I - N - A - T - I - O - N ... incorrect password, "*hmmm*" P - O - W - E - R ... incorrect password, U - L - T - I - M - A - T - E -- A - R - M - Y ... incorrect password. Come on, it's got to be something incredible. "*HAH*" that's *it!* I - N - C - R - E - D - I - B - L - E ... "*beep*" BINGO! Okay, what have you boys been up to?...You have been busy, *haven't you!*

Well, I see that my little deception worked, you're using *MY* entries, *PERFECT!* That's all I needed to know. I'd better get out of here... now, where did that security guard go? I'd better lay-low till I can locate him. "*Ah*", here he comes! All I need to do is to slip quietly past him, avoid that camera ...and I'm out.

The question is what do I do with myself now? I have a comfortable pad and all of the good food and drink that I can consume. What is my future or do I even have a future? I can never go back to my *old life*. It has been stolen from me. My

friends and my family wouldn't even recognize me. I would, undoubtedly, scare them! How could this ever have happened?

It's been a long day or I mean night. I'm almost *home*. Around the corner, down the alley, through the drainage ditch, move a few bricks and 'squ-e-e-ze'. Remember, I'm four-feet tall and quite big-boned (*more like BIG-BELLIED*). All of that work has made me famished and exhausted, so off I go to the deli to grab some grub and take a well deserved cat nap. ...

"*Huh?*" What's the racket? Something is going on outside. I'll just climb to the top of these wine kegs and take a gander. Under this brown grime there should be a window; I'll rub a small spot clean and peek out. ...It's the *MARINES* and they appear to be *casing the neighborhood!* I have a feeling that I'm the subject of their search; I'd better scat (*'sss-cat'*)...

Well, I've managed to flee. (*Don't say FLEA around a cat!*). Watch a little *SEINFELD* and everyone's a comedian. I'd just like to know where we are. I've never been in this neighborhood before, but it's always good to broaden one's horizons. (*This is no time for sightseeing; 'we' have a job to do*). You have such a way of clarifying the situation.

The first thing '*we*' need to do is secure an area, meaning, check out our immediate surroundings and I seem to have located the perfect spot to set up camp. This appears to be some kind of repair facility with large tires stacked helter-skelter in a fenced yard. This hideout will suffice, temporarily of course, until things *cool-off*.

These scientists will forget about me as soon as they get rolling on phase-two of their operation. That makes me *shiver* just thinking about it! (*Not to mention it's freezing out here!*).

In the meantime, I've got to find substance. I saw an alley in my wanderings that looked inviting, not too far from here. It was *jumping with activity* or party-type humans that

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translate to grub and brew. With them being inebriated or not very alert they will be easy to fool. Let's go have some fun! (*I hope the joke isn't on you!*). I guess I've just accepted the fact that my *friend* is here to stay. At least he has a sense of humor!

"Ah", here we are, *smell...* "YUMMY PIZZA!" All we have to do is blend and look inconspicuous. (*Are you kidding?*). I guess that was the wrong choice of words - what I meant to say was, sneak, creep, and hide! I'll crouch down behind this dumpster and watch for my chance...

That door is opening, quick grab it! He ran out in such a hurry, 'we' were able to enter unnoticed. The air smells heavy of dust and the lights are dim. After a quick assessment of the surroundings, it is apparent that 'we' have stumbled upon a strange cult-like atmosphere harboring a collection of animal's fur, bird's feathers, and human-type attire arranged in neat rows on hangers and shelves; what could be the purpose of such an assortment of oddities?

JUMP INTO THE TRUNK, *we've got company!* "HUH?" What's that guy doing donning that colorful outfit? (*Check out his face paint!*). Very peculiar... *Hold on!* I just figured it out and this is the ideal place to go incognito. I saw a place similar to this on *Arts and Entertainment* and the perfect deception is with a *DISGUISE*. 'We', *my friend*, are in the prop-room of a theater! Let's see what 'we' can find, follow me. What am I saying?

How do I look, where's the mirror? ...*Hey*, you handsome critter! What do you think? (*Like 'Bogey'...*) *SAM SPADE* in *The Maltese Falcon*, I loved that movie! (*I wasn't finished I was about to say like Bogart that tangled with a primate*). I don't find that funny. Well, nobody's going to believe I'm a four-foot talking cat, so I'm in *costume* with my street clothes

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

over top. I think that this trench coat and hat make me look distinguished, don't you agree? (*You look amazingly like the Pink Panther*). Always the clown!

Where's that grub I sniffed-out earlier? I'm famished; let's see how far we get with this. *WAIT, first-things-first*, I have to get my story down. We need to find out more about this play and the name would be helpful. I guess the best place to look would be on the placard out in the lobby. ...

CATS? ...What do you suppose they do with cats. "*Hmmm*", I wish that I'd gotten more into *The Performing Arts* channel. It would have been more educational than that stupid show they insisted on watching. It's going to be a little harder to *fake-it*, but what other choice do 'we' have? (*'We' could sneak in the back door and swipe some grub*). Where's your sense of adventure? ...

"Hello *friend*, I'm new in town. I didn't happen to catch the name of this joint? ... *Top Cat? Perfect!* I'm just here for the production we're putting on next door. You see, I'm a *stage-actor!* Do you suppose you would you have enough of that pizza for a *starving artist?* *THANKS!* '*Mmp*', why not come by and see me in action? ... Oh, you say that you're not into musicals? Well, I'll see you later and *thanks for the grub!*"

That was certainly interesting. I wonder what he found so humorous. (*That would be YOU*). We're just going to *have* to find out what they are doing next door. (*You've heard about the curious cat?*). Don't worry about a thing (*RIGHT*).

I'm just going to *wolf* the rest of this pizza down (*NO CANINES!*) and go looking for something to drink; I think I'll

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just mosey on down to the cellar and see what they have on the menu. ...

Soda water, seltzer water, mineral water - I didn't know that water came in different flavors. I hope that this establishment serves sarsaparilla. "Ah" here it is way in the back behind the orange soda. Maybe I'll grab some jerky, too, while I'm at it. I sure love these deep pockets in my new coat!

These guys don't watch the store very closely, do they? As they say, "*Good help is hard to find*". If I were smart, I'd take my contraband and split this neighborhood. But, then again, what's the sport in that? (*Just remember that when they throw you in a cage!*). I just hate my better judgment. ...

Shush, the door is opening, scurry through before it slams! Now, I'm going to find out just what it is they are doing with cats. I hope that I'm not going to have to rescue a bunch of felines from these guys too!

"I don't have all day to wait on stragglers. This is the only dress rehearsal we're going to get, *SO MOVE IT!*"

"Are you talking to *ME?*"

"You have exactly *TWO SECONDS* to take off your coat and get up here on this stage or *YOU'RE FIRED!*"

"*Yes sir!*"

(*What are you doing?*). They have spotted me, so I'll have to play along or else I will hard pressed to explain myself. Besides, I *do* work undercover, you know. (*Talk about getting in the middle of a situation!*).

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

“One and a two and a three BEGIN ...**STOP!** You on the left, would you mind telling me *WHAT THE HECK YOU ARE DOING?*”

“Following the choreography, or so I thought.”

“You are supposed to be on the *OTHER* side of the prop! Laura, would you help direct this dancer in his moves, please? Okay, let’s take it from the top. A one and a two and a three, BEGIN! *And, THAT’S A WRAP* - curtain-time is seven o’clock *SHARP!*”

(You really did pull it off). That was fun! It’s my training, you see, I need to be able to adjust or fit-in with *any* circumstance... “*Phew!*” That was quite a workout, though. I think I’ll grab my stuff and find a comfortable spot in the balcony for a snack and some relaxation before heading home. ...You have to admit that they were adorably cute for ***HUMAN-CATS!***

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CHAPTER TWO: The ORGANIZATION

“COME OUT! WE KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE!”

Oh No! I must have dozed off. I shouldn’t have hung-around in one place for so long. *I’ve got to see who it is...* “GASP!” The S.W.A.T. Team! *(Just keep your cool; remember, you’re trained for this)*. All I need to do is go stealth, but that’s not a problem. I know this place better than *THEY* do and I’m *one up* on them; they’re human and I’m feline. *(You sure do talk a lot!)*.

If I could get to those tires, I think I will be able to get out of this neighborhood under darkness. They’re looking for a four-foot furry feline not a guy in a trench coat and hat. I’ve just got to remain cool and relaxed. *(Like ‘Bogie’)*.

I just wonder who ratted on me; if in fact that is what happened. Maybe, they just randomly stumbled upon this place, although, I sincerely doubt it. *(I think ‘we’ can discuss this later!)*. This looks like one of those old war movies or in other words, there sure are a lot of them! *(Yeah, they sure must want YOU pretty bad)*. Wait a minute that would be *you* too. *(GET ME OUT OF HERE!)*.

Relax I just spotted ‘*our*’ escape route! Hop into that vent that is on the wall behind the stage curtain. *(You have been watching too many spy-movies!)*.

It expels at the surface, but there appears to be an offshoot pipeline under the street. “UGH”! It sure is dark in here. *(Also woven with spider webs, which mean spiders and other such vermin)*. Remind me of this the next time I mention the phrase, “*sense of adventure*”, will you? *(With pleasure!)*.

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'We' must get some miles between 'us' and this place. ...This pipe sure does twist and turn a lot, but I think 'we' have made some progress in exiting the area and distancing ourselves from those commandos. It sure is rusty and old and appears to have been the original water line to the city. ...

"WH-O-O-OA...YI-I-I-I-E-E-E-E!" ...The thin wall of this old pipe has broken through...*I'M FALLING!*

"THUMP!"...

"U-u-uh", you okay? (*'Dunno' I haven't tried to move*). Where are 'we'? (*You're asking me? Sure, you're one up, know this place, feline*). You don't have to rub-it-in! 'We' have to quit arguing and figure out where 'we' are. (*That's classic schizoid*). It looks like a secret tunnel under the city. 'We' need to see where it goes.

Where in the *DEVIL* are 'we'? (*I don't think 'we' fell THAT far!*). Well, there's only one way to find out. At least 'we' will make better time walking. Let's go this way. ...

"WOW!" This place opens up into a giant cavern - *COOL!* (*Yeah BATMAN*) I'm getting you a job on *COMEDY CENTRAL!* You have got to admit one thing though; I did get you out of that situation. (*Brilliant*). I have no idea where 'we' are going to end up, but at least it has to be better than where 'we' were. (*Genius, too*).

All of this does intensify the need to end this insanity. (*I thought that YOU were the insane one?*). It all depends on *who* you are talking to. (*And tell me who YOU are talking to?*). **EXACTLY!** I'll just blame it on all of the years of testing and the drugs that I was subjected to. (*It sounds as if you are looking to sue*). *Sure*, like anyone would believe this story!

“I hear some activity going on up ahead; it sounds like human voices! ...Someone has built a cement wall enclosing the large cavernous opening to one side of this tunnel and by the massiveness of this operation it’s got to be some kind of government-facility. Who else can do something on this scale? I wonder what they’re doing or whether it’s got anything to do with *the mission*. I’ll take care of these guys later, when it’s not so busy.

‘We’ have got to get up to street level, somehow. Look around for some stairs or a ladder. (*Maybe an elevator?*). That’s right! I doubt if these guys *scramble* up and down stairs all day long. Again, you come through (*‘natch’*). Just find the exit ‘we’ can celebrate later. Follow that sound; I think ‘we’ found our way out of here. *Look over there*, waiting at the elevator!

‘We’ will stay in the shadows until they depart. (*I saw a white-coat amongst them*). Bad news! I wonder how widespread this thing has gotten. Maybe ‘we’ had better stay and investigate first. (*There is no telling what ‘we’ are going to find*).

That’s what scares me, you see, I’ve gotten a little out of shape. (*That’s putting it mildly!*). What I mean is I don’t want to tangle with some super *RAMBO* type - not right away, anyhow. But, if *push comes to shove* I’ve got a few tricks up my sleeve. Like they say, “*There’s more than one way to skin a cat*”. (*YOU’RE SICK!*) I know.

Enough of this *chit chat* ‘we’ need to get inside those doors before they lock-up. (*Pull that coat closed and hide your fur - and do something with that TAIL*). Have you got a problem with my anatomy? (*I don’t, but the humans might take a second look*). Got ‘ya’. (*Don’t say that!*).

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Someone's coming ...get behind that post. Stealth mode ...now GO ... made it undetected. He's locking up. I wonder how much security they have around this place. (It depends on WHAT this place is). That's for 'US' to find out. (At least, if you're caught you will have someone else to blame it on).

Okay, the *coast is clear, MOVE!* ...I see that they have gotten a deal on white paint, too. I just can't figure out where the logic is behind all of it. Maybe, if it were *too* inviting, they'd never leave. Or possibly, they believe it proves that they are *all business*. (*I don't really care FROYD. Why must you have to analyze everything?*). It keeps my mind sharp. (*Just keep those CLAWS sharp!*).

'We' need to get into the *really* secure area and discover what this place is. (*How do you suggest 'we' do that?*). Just find the guards, the wires, the *Fort Knox* style of locks and bars. (*With six-inch thick solid-steel walls?*). *EXACTLY!* (*And, I suppose 'we' are just going to bounce right in there?*). Well, I haven't figured that part out yet.

First-things-first and that would be to find the lunchroom, I'm *STARVING!* (*This time I'm going to agree with you*)...complete agreement with MYSELF - interesting. I just hope that nobody is listening in on '*our*' conversations - they would lock me up for sure. (*Wouldn't a psychologist have fun with you?*) Let's go find the '*frig*'.

It's down the corridor and to the right. (*How do you know that?*). That's the way it *always* is in the movies. (*And, I'm depending on YOU?*). It's a starting point. (*Just don't get me lost*). You can trust me. (*We're dead*). Thanks for the vote of confidence; didn't I get you this far? (*Meaning...*). Just don't get excited, I'll get '*us*' out of here.

Well, here '*we*' are. Now, you can take *that* back. I hope they keep the refrigerator well stocked. All this pressure of

saving the world has made me FAMISHED! I wonder what kind of *tastes* these government-types have. I'll probably have to settle for milk. (*You're a cat, aren't you supposed to LIKE milk?*). I guess I didn't read *that* book. But wait, I almost forgot about my pockets. I've got my pop and the bottles didn't break in the fall! Now, let's see what's on the menu... Peanut butter "YUK", ketchup, mustard, pickles... (*Where's the grub?*). I'm still looking...*here* CHICKEN! (*Now you're talking!*) DIG IN! ...

I'm stuffed! (*Great! I'm sure you will be able to creep along stealthily now. Not to mention, being able to fit into tight places **RAMBO the SUPERCAT!***). Must you ALWAYS be so cynical? 'We' have hung around here way too long. Let's see what kind of trouble 'we' can get ourselves into. (*DON'T SAY THAT!*). ...

It has gotten awfully quiet. (*Too quiet*). I wonder where all of the security guards are? This is all very irregular. (*The fur is standing up on the back of my neck*). Don't panic...QUICK, get down!

Up ahead...guarding that door. (*'Our' destination*). They sure don't look like the typical rent-a-cops to me. (*They look more like the MOB!*). That puts a whole new light on this facility. I can't imagine what the underworld has to do with this place. (*I wonder how the white-coats are involved.*).

"Gasp!" **THE GOVERNMENTAL SCIENTISTS!** At least, 'we' have got the element of surprise. In our training-manual, it teaches us that one of the most important attributes is getting the *upper hand*. (*And you seem to forget one thing – **THAT'S THEIR BOOK, TOO!***).

I wonder what is behind those doors - my curiosity is getting the best of me. (*Oh-oh, you know what that means*). Yes, I know! I wonder if there's another way to get into that

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room for someone just a little smaller than, say, *HUMAN*. (Like maybe a vent? 'We' have been there before!). The only difference is that we are already at the bottom - there isn't far to fall! (You can still get stuck).

I'm tired of sitting here. (Me too!). I wonder what time it's getting to be. I know that pretty soon, this place is going to be *swarming* with humans. Here's the plan, all 'we' need to do is stay in the shadows and creep down this tunnel in search of a human-type of amenity, such as, a heating/air cooling vent. 'We' might have to backtrack to locate it so stay low. (That used to be easy, until they changed 'us'). I know, just do the best you can.

This trench coat is a little cumbersome, but you never know when something *human-like* might come in handy. Be prepared for anything. I think 'we' are far enough away from them to *scurry*!

Keep your eyes opened. (I wouldn't want to trip). That is not what I meant! We are looking for something remember? STOP! Look up at the ceiling of the tunnel! (You mean *WAY UP THERE?*).

Just watch the *pro* in action. First, I'll remove my coat and pull the belt from its loops. Off comes the hat. Next is the really good part...*watch this!* I'll hold the cloth-end of the belt and swing the buckle-end around into the air like a lasso. (Now you're a cowboy?). Just give me a minute here ... and *voila* (Oh, a *FRENCH* cowboy!). No, the belt-buckle just wrapped around that small pipe jutting out from the vent. Then, I will give it a gentle tug to tighten it and *UP I CLIMB!* (Impressive!). I knew this coat would come in handy for something besides a pop holder. This vent is quite roomy. It won't take 'us' long to scamper back to that guarded room. ...

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

This should be about the spot, look around for an opening. (*Like a SCREEN*). Here's where my **CLAWS** come in handy. "R-R-RIP!" I'll quietly hop down onto that cabinet and see what 'we' have found. Being under pressure in strange surroundings makes it difficult to uncover secrets. What is that? A computer! *COMPUTERS TELL ALL*, although, code words are always a challenge especially since I know *NOTHING* about this place!

WAIT! What's that? It looks to be a ... **A MASCOT!** "HEH", these guys gave away their password! Okay computer take this! T-I-G-G-E-R – "beep". What can I say other than *I'M GOOD!*

What do 'we' have here? "Hmmm", what's this? *OH NO, this can't be true.* Now what am I going to do? They are closer than I had originally feared. I have found file after file on procedures, techniques, DNA code, everything... **"EVERYTHING TO DO WITH ME!"**

There is only one more thing to do and that would be to check the formula... "PHEW!" It's just as I left it at the government's facility. They still haven't figured-out that I had tampered with the computer. (*Maybe, they want you to THINK that they don't know that you changed it*). This is all freaky enough, without *you* adding to the confusion!

By the looks of this place, they're gearing-up for something **BIG!** (*Yeah, like maybe an ARMY?*). I need to find out where there are more of these secret facilities. Let's see, well, here's a list of names and titles of those involved in this operation. I'd better copy it for future reference since you never know who you can trust!

This is nationwide (*perhaps even worldwide!*). Let's hope it hasn't gone *that* far. "Ah", just as I suspected - Seattle. But wait, there's also Chicago and an *abandoned* tunnel in the

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N.Y.C. subway system! I have to move fast! The future of all mankind (*and FELINE*) depends on my succeeding!

My head hurts let's get out of here. If I'm caught, it's all over for 'us' and the whole world, as 'we' know it! (*Grab your disguise*) Let's jam... speaking of which, I'm hungry. (*Brother!*).

CHAPTER THREE: THE RECRUIT

(*Now what?*) Don't ask me, I'm just playing this by ear. (*It sounds like it*). That's funny, but 'we' have got to get real serious, here, and try to stay one-step ahead of them. The government-scientists want 'us' considerably, and those commandos are right on our tail. (*THAT WOULD HURT!*).

The safest direction for us to take would be to get back to Gino's and work out a plan. 'We' will call that *home base*. (*You just can't get the military out of you!*). Hopefully, I can use it for 'our' benefit.

If only I could find the way out of this maze of tunnels. (*There's a ladder*). The only way to go is UP! ... "Ahh", fresh air at last! (*You call polluted city air FRESH?*). Sometimes, it reminds me of the drive-in and that brings happy thoughts. (*This is no time to be getting melancholy*). Correct! I've got to keep my mind on the *task-at-hand*.

At least it's quiet out; it appears that our *friends* have left the neighborhood for the night. (*I wouldn't get too comfortable*). Sadly, I don't think I will ever be able to relax again.

FINALLY, we are coming to my old stomping grounds. (*Right down my alley*). Oh yes, just as a wise human once said, "*There's no place like home*". (*Okay, DOROTHY!*).

I wonder how Gino is doing. I sure worry about him being alone so much of the time. (*After what humans did to you?*). Not ALL humans are bad. Just move the bricks, I'm exhausted and starved! (*DITTO*). ...

That is the first *restful* sleep I've had in ages. (*And, the food wasn't bad either*). That Gino is quite a guy! I just wish

that I could introduce myself and maybe have a *REAL* friend. (*You'd better get that thought right out of your mind!*).

I know, but it's just so lonely at times. (*You've always got 'me'*). That's *exactly* what I mean. ...I had better tuff-up and pull myself together. I don't have time to think about the "what-ifs". I must stay focused, professional... (*Uncaring, unfeeling and UN-HUMAN*). QUIT! It's hard enough without 'you' badgering me, too.

I've just got to figure out how to change the direction of this wicked scheme. I would hate for any more critters to have to live the life that I have been forced into. (*That is very melodramatic*). But, it is also sadly true.

I can't go back to the lab, I'm sure they're going to be waiting for me next time - I need help. (*You can say that again*). That is not what I mean! I need a *human-type* to help me in my quest to extinguish their plans. I need someone who has the capabilities to handle this *delicate* matter, namely, the likes of *ME!*

Why didn't I think of this sooner? I know just the outfit that can handle my situation! The scientists were always mulling over a publication they had lying around the facility by the name of *THE SATURN*. It seems that they couldn't wait for the next issue to come out on the newsstands. Between them fighting over that newspaper and huddled around the television, I don't see where they found the *TIME* for their project! ...

How do I go about finding this place? I feel pretty safe in the alleys; there are boxes and dumpsters to hide behind. I might run into a bum or two along the way, but who would believe their story? All that I can do is to wander around and hopefully get lucky and stumble upon the newspaper's building.

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

Yeah, those humans weren't dumb and that's what is so frightening. They kidnap an ordinary cat... (*Hey, just who are you calling ordinary?*). *EXACTLY!* What I'm trying to say is that they take a common *run of the mill* alley cat and turn him into a **WAR MACHINE!**

It makes perfect sense though. They're agile, light on their feet, run at tremendous speeds, stalk their prey, and are deadly predators. (*Okay, you've made your point!*). Well, it sure sounds more believable than some sloppy-tongued, tail-wagging hound!

RAIN! I never could get excited about getting wet. (*You're a cat... remember?*). I hope it doesn't last too long. Looking like a drowned-rat doesn't appeal to me. (*A four-foot tall, upright walking cat is much more attractive!*).

Someone is sauntering this way down the alley! I'll slip behind this dumpster. He is staggering all over the road. My guess is that he must have tried that same brew that made my brain fuzzy.

"Hey buddy, do you know where I can find the place that is known as *THE SATURN?*"

"Who said that?"

"I don't mean to be rude sir, but if you would just answer my question, please?"

"The mission is on First Street; I'm *goin'* there now."

"You fail to understand my inquiry. What I'm looking for is the newspaper office that is called *THE SATURN.*"

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“Oh that’s on Third Street; I walk past it on my way to the mission. ...By the way, where are you mister?”

“Thanks *fella*’.”

“A talking dumpster! Who would ever believe me? I’d better not say *nuthin*’!”

All right, I got my info without blowing my cover. I’ll just follow him to see which way he turns out of the alley. It’s getting dark out. I hope it isn’t too late for someone to still be at the office -even though the darkness does help *my* situation of creeping around this city unnoticed He’s turning left, now I must quickly scamper to my destination! ...

THE SATURN – WHERE READING IS BELIEVING

That’s quite a statement of integrity. I see that someone is still here; there’s a car parked by the back door. I’ll just climb into the back seat and wait. I know that this is awfully risky, but what other choice do I have? *GREAT!* There’s a heavy cloth on the floor. I’ll hide under it and wait for them to come out. ...

“I probably should lock this *old beater*, but who would be crazy enough to want it? The days get longer, but the paychecks seem to stay the same. I need to find a *REAL* job, this periodical *B.S.* is worse than minimum wage! Maybe, if I can get on at a *respectable* newspaper... yeah right. Well, until then...

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

'Aw geeze'! I wish those kids next door would quit blocking my parking spot. I'm going to have to pull into this tow-zone until I can have a talk with them, *AGAIN*. ...

Okay, *buddy*, you can come out from underneath that blanket. ...*And I wouldn't get cute, I'VE GOT A GUN!*"

"Honest mister, I mean no harm. Would you mind if we just converse for a minute before I expose myself to you?"

"What's the matter, sonny, are you a runaway?"

"Yes I am, but it's not at all what you might think. I know that I'm in no position to negotiate with you, but if you would just give me a minute to explain my circumstances."

"I'll play your little game; *you've got EXACTLY TWO MINUTES...and I might add that it better be good!*"

"I was kidnapped and tortured by some *DERANGED INDIVIDUALS*. The reason that I can't show myself is because, well, *I have been mutilated beyond recognition!*"

"I don't know if I believe your ridiculous story, but I'm getting cold out here. There are plenty of moth-eating holes in that old Army blanket, so why don't you cover yourself with it and come into the apartment. ...

Okay now, do you mind telling me what this is all about? As you can see I'm not rich, although, you already knew *that* in determining your choice of vehicles to infiltrate. You are wasting your time if you are here to rob me and I'm getting a bit impatient, so tell me *WHAT'S YOUR SCHEME?*"

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“It’s just as I said, I look different than anything you are accustomed to, but since you deal with unusual types of beings I was hoping that you would understand.”

“Just what do you mean by “unusual types”?”

“You do work at *THE SATURN*, don’t you?”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“The cover-pictures are truly bizarre. Creatures of all sorts and *unusual types* - that’s what I mean.”

“Oh, you *BELIEVE* all of that malarkey?”

“You ...you mean it’s *NOT TRUE?*”

“I guess that in some people’s minds it is. So, let’s stop this *cat and mouse* game and get down to business and talk *turkey*. What does all of this have to do with you?”

“You are very correct in your assumption that animals are involved, but in my case it is just *CATS* that are the issue. I am willing to take this chance with you, because I don’t know where else to turn. If you promise not to shoot me, I will reveal myself to you.”

“*Fine*, let’s just get this over with. ... (*GASP!*) *W-WHAT ARE YOU?*”

“As I said before, I’m a cat ...*of sorts.*”

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

“*HOW?*”

“Now are you ready to hear my story?”

“You’ve got my complete, undivided attention!”

“Do you have any refreshments? This could take a while.”

“Yeah, what do you drink... *milk?*”

“Do you have any sarsaparilla?”

“*WHAT?* Actually no, I don’t think that I’ve *ever* tasted sarsaparilla. ... Will Coke do?”

“Sufficiently. ... You might as well make yourself comfortable; this is apt to take a while since I am going to start at the beginning ...or rather, *MY BEGINNING*.”

It was the mid-ninety’s, roughly, I was one of seven siblings and life was good; my folks managed to keep us comfortably fed and warm behind the big screen. You see, we were brought-up in the movie industry, which explains my education or knowledge of human behavior.

Being raised in that environment clearly had its benefits and also detriments, as I harshly learned. You see, the pizza was mighty tasty, but that drink – ‘*YUK!*’ As you know, adolescents don’t always make wise choices. ...Sadly to say, that’s how I was captured.”

“*You mean BEER?* This is *truly* an incredible story!”

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“Don’t even *think* about publishing my story in your paper, mister... *my life is in real DANGER!* You will understand if you will allow me to continue...”

“Proceed.”

“Rumors started circulating around the community to be watchful for all kinds of peculiar happenings. I wasn’t sure what it all meant, but it soon became nightmarishly clear. It wasn’t long before my life changed abruptly. ...I was rummaging through garbage cans when it happened.

Sampling salty pizza scraps along with emptying the drizzle out of those cans - which made my head dizzy. ... ‘Sigh’, I didn’t hear them coming, I wasn’t alert and ***THEY GRABBED ME!***

There I was, scooped out of my former lifestyle, and I mean literally *with a net* and stuffed into a cage with several other felines. When I came to my senses, we were methodically being deposited into separate small cages that were along one wall in a very large room. I think you must know of what I am referring to.”

“It sounds like a scientific laboratory. Tell me, how are you able to speak our language?”

“I’m getting to that. Anyway, I was the one that they did their experiments on ...or maybe it was just *MY TURN*. I guess they wanted to make sure that I survived the tests before injecting all of the others with the same concoction. The truth of the matter is I don’t think they were positive as to what would happen to me.

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

With all of the poking, the probing, and the hypos full of stuff it's a wonder that I survived their *INHUMANE TREATMENT*. But, as you may have guessed, I was *one up* on them! I not only grew physically to this incredible height, my intellect expanded greatly, also.

With being subjected to the human's language all of those years and the scientists talking openly around me I started to comprehend what was being discussed. You see, they had *NO IDEA* that I could translate their sounds into the feline language. *THAT IS WHEN I REALIZED THAT I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE!*"

"What exactly were they working on?"

"They started training me in Special Forces types of stuff, you know, *RAMBO*. I thought it was just a game to see how well I responded to my new physique. Then one evening I overheard them bragging to some of their colleagues during a '*WOW, AREN'T WE AWESOME*' type of party. There was a lot of booze and loose-tongues that night."

"What are you trying to say?"

"These *LUNATICS* are planning to over-power armies and ***TAKE OVER THE WORLD!***"

"*NO! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?*"

"Okay, just close your eyes and think about this for a minute. What is in superabundance and at the same time expendable - *CATS* ... as in, felines. It is the perfect plan, in a sick sort of way. This army would be virtually unsurpassed in

every way: agile, strong, stealthy, and covert. But, most importantly, *they would be in constant supply*, after all, ***IT'S ONLY A CAT*** - Right?

"INCREDIBLE!"

"All the while they were watching their *army-prototype*, namely *ME*, they were preparing to create more *super-creatures*. They wanted to make sure that I lived long enough to suit their purposes. You know, to have assurances that the drugs didn't have any adverse affects, like *KILL me!*

What a shame it would be to go to all of the trouble to make a *super killing machine* just to have it keel-over one day. Needless to say, I was pretty happy that their *DR. JECKLE* type of concoction didn't do me in!

I continued to meditate on these possibilities and asked myself if I wanted an untold number of cats like me running around. After about 4.5 seconds of contemplating this difficult issue, I decided, ***NO WAY ON EARTH!*** You see my concern is that they might not have the same *sweet-disposition* that I possess. Can you imagine *millions of MENTALLY UNBALANCED super killing machines RUNNING AMOK?*"

"It makes me SHUDDER to think of such a thing! ...So, what's keeping them from doing just that?"

"Well, before I left their little establishment, I changed the formula for the concoction. That part was a little tricky since I didn't know how many back-up copies they had made. So, I had to reconfigure the complete network system. I, basically, had to make it look like a computer glitch with an easy fix."

or *SUPERCAT The Fantasy*

“How is it possible for you to know computer stuff?”

“Years of watching them ...not to mention the TV in my face, well, some of it anyway. I had no choice, but to watch whatever they had on. Who would ever figure that ‘*brain-e-acks*’ would be *into DAYS OF OUR LIVES*? That stuff really *sucks you in*, doesn’t it?”

“I never got into *soaps*.”

“Excuse me?”

“That’s what those daily programs are known as, although, I can’t tell you why. Now, just who are these scientists and more importantly, who do they work for?”

“That I can’t answer and that’s why I need you.”

“Let me introduce myself, Sam Wingate investigative reporter ...and what would *your* name be?”

“You humans have to name everything, don’t you? Well, the scientists called me *Number 427*, but I guess you can call me anything you want.”

“**JAKE!** ...I’ve always liked the name.”

“Jake it is.”

Governmental scientific experiment escapee Special Ops trained
cat creature adventure.

The True-Life Adventures of Insane Beer-Belly Kitty or
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