

Part one tells of a cat-loving married couples' three-month long quest to capture and find homes for a feral colony of two dozen cats. Part two tells of the experiences they had with a variety of "fur persons" during their 40-year marriage.

Cats: Why We Love Them So

by Thomas Walton

**Order the complete book from the publisher
[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/9777.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Cats:

Why
We
Love
Them
So

Thomas
Walton



Copyright © 2018 Thomas Walton

ISBN: 978-1-63492-766-6

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida, U.S.A.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2018

First Edition

Other Books by Thomas Walton available at
<http://www.booklocker.com>

What Do I Put On My Notecard?
Stories of Students We Have Known
(With Lori Norin)

Defining Moments:
Secrets That Should Never Be Told

Defining Moments 2:
More Secrets That Should Never Be Told

Swedish Gem

Table of Contents

Preface.....	xi
The Feral Colony	1
Get Me a Cat.....	59
Author's Note	151

5

While Little Girl served her 10-day quarantine, a few more cats made their way into the trap at the hotel, including Big Daddy, a black-as-coal alpha Tom who ruled the queens and fought all male comers. His ride in the car to the Humane Society that afternoon did not go well. He rattled the cage, growled, and hissed the entire way as Meg drove him across town. He also left a reminder of his journey by spraying the blanket she had placed across the back seat in anticipation of his disapproval.

With that task completed Meg headed back to the hotel to clean, rebait, and reset the trap. About 30 minutes later, she called Tim. She told him to get back to the hotel as quickly as he could. "I have a big surprise," she said proudly.

"Did you catch Big Girl?"

"Just get here and you'll see."

When Tim arrived, Meg and Shelby, one of Meg's lady golfer friends who had become an ally in the cause, were beaming. Everybody else on break had giddy looks on their faces. "Hurry, Tim," one of them said. "You've got to see this."

He turned the corner to look at the carrier sitting just inside the covered lounge area. He saw two pairs of little kitten eyes. He squatted down to check them out. Two more sets of eyes appeared.

“I got four of Little Girl’s babies!” Meg beamed. “Can you believe it?!”

“And I helped,” boasted Shelby.

“How on earth did you catch them?” Tim asked.

Meg told the story. “Shelby and I had just finished playing golf. We decided to walk over here for a late lunch in the restaurant. When we walked by the trailer I saw fur between the ground and the skirting over there.” She pointed at a spot near the wooden stoop in back of the trailer. “But the fur wasn’t moving.” Fearing the worst, she called Shelby over for moral support. “We got down on our hands and knees. I reached underneath the skirting with my thumb and index finger, grabbed the fur, and pulled.”

“Out popped a kitten, Shelby interjected “And it was alive. How exciting.”

Meg continued. “I reached in and pulled out three more, all alive.”

“Aren’t they sweet,” Shelby added.

“So, these are all Little Girl’s kittens?” Tim asked.

“They’re hers all right,” Meg answered. “But we don’t know if that’s all of them.”

Tim made the mistake of asking her, “Are you going to leave them here for the night in the carrier until you take them to the Humane Society in the morning?”

“Are you kidding me, they’re staying in the FCR with their mama.”

“Oh, just for the night, then. That’s OK with me.”

“No, not just for the night. We’re keeping them until we find homes for them. No Humane Society for these babies.”

“Uh, I don’t think so.”

“Yes, I think so.”

With that Shelby said, “Meg wins.”

When Meg and Tim got home, they placed the kittens in the FCR with Little Girl. They assumed she would be

happy to see her babies, and they would be happy to see her. Quite the opposite. Little Girl growled, snarled, and hissed at them. She would have nothing to do with them. The kittens ran. They hid under the dresser, away from Little Girl who cowered under the bed.

Feeling confused, Meg stayed with them. She sent Tim to the store to buy some kitten formula. It was obvious Little Girl wasn't going to let the babies nurse. Hopefully Big Girl had taken care of the kittens' needs for the past ten days, but it didn't seem so. The kittens looked scrawny and were filthy.

When Tim got back, Meg had the eye dropper ready. She had made a bed for the kittens in a cardboard box she lined with towels. One by one she fed them. They all lapped ravenously until their little bellies got full. She then gave each of them a bath with Tim in charge of drying them off and returning them to their bed.

After all the commotion, Meg and Tim settled into the room with the kittens and Little Girl to make sure all went well, Meg on the floor and Tim in the rocker. Tim had filled a little litter box and placed in on the floor next to the kittens' bed with plastic all around it since they were not, obviously, litter trained. Meg took turns setting them in the litter box, but with little success. Not to worry, that would all come with time. An hour passed with no more

incidents, so Meg and Tim said good night to the new arrivals and left the room.

About midnight, while getting ready for bed, Meg's phone rang. It was Shelby. On her latest break, she had pulled out a fifth kitten, this one jet black and shaking. "I think this is the runt," she said. "It's pretty spindly."

Tim went to pick it up. He didn't even bother to change from his sleep clothes. When he got there, Shelby had already combed out some of the kitten's filth. She tried to get it to drink some water. It just sat on her lap shaking and crying pitifully. Shelby gently carried it to Tim's car. She set it on the passenger's seat swaddled in a towel. Before Tim left to bring it home he got the idea to make a thorough check under the trailer to make sure there were no more kittens. He pulled the section of the skirting loose. With a flashlight in hand Shelby and he crawled in just a few feet to scour the filthy, smelly, hot and humid underside of the trailer until convinced no other kittens remained. No copperheads, either.

When Tim got home with the runt, Meg fed it, gave it a bath, and checked it out just like she had done for the others. She took it into the room, sat for 30 minutes to ensure no incidents occurred, and finally made it back into bed. She declared the kittens huddled together under

the dresser, and Little Girl sitting unconcerned in the far window sill.

When the Meg and Tim awoke in the morning, they immediately checked on all the guests in the FCR. Babies had peed and pooped in their bed and on the plastic, but not in the litter box. They had knocked over Little Girl's food and water bowls and dragged the towel from their bed box. Little Girl, however, was nowhere to be found. Tim looked under the bed, under the dresser, and under the cedar chest. No Little Girl. He checked to make sure she hadn't knocked out a window screen and escaped. He checked in the closet to make sure she hadn't opened the door, gone in, and shut the door somehow. Still, no Little Girl. Almost in the early stages of panic, Meg saw a head poke up like a Jack-in-the-box from between the pillows at the head of the bed. "Oh my," she said, "someone just popped up." Little Girl had burrowed a new hiding place for herself between the head board and the pillows on the bed, above and away from the kittens. "Is that not the cutest face?" Meg asked, feeling relieved to finally find her.

Meg fed the kittens while Tim cleaned up the mess they had made. Meg gave them all another bath since they had wallowed around in their pee and poop. Tim got fresh food and water for Little Girl. He didn't stay in the room to wait for her to emerge from her new hiding place. He

admitted to himself with a wry smile as he left the room that she did look cute.

When Meg finished drying off the kittens with the hair dryer, she brought them back into the room. She called Tim in. She announced it time to check under their tails for gender identification and to give them names. After inspection, she officially declared three of them female and two of them male.

The runt was jet black. She named him Poe, as in Edgar Allan. He had a skinny tail. He got food all over his face when he ate. He was the least coordinated for the quintet.

She named the gray female Betsy, as in the old saying "Heavens to Betsy." She cried, hissed, and basically made a nuisance of herself. She acted tough. She would angrily bash with her paws when picked up. She had the beginnings of a few stripes on her back and belly.

The other male that looked like Little Girl got named Wally, Tim's younger brother's nickname. Something about his easygoing manner and the deer-in-the-headlights look on his face just seemed to fit the name.

The next female also had Little Girl's markings, but she had a very distinct looking face shape and tail. She might

have been a hybrid. Meg named her Rocky, as in Rocky Raccoon!

The other female, again with Little Girl's markings, had the longest hair. She also seemed to be the most affectionate. Her tail was shaggy like Wally's. She wanted to be held the most. Meg chose Sammy as her name.

When Meg renamed Little Girl Tammy, something clicked inside of Tim's head that warned him a plot may be in the makings. To him, Sammy and Tammy sounded like a duet, a team, a mother/daughter package deal.

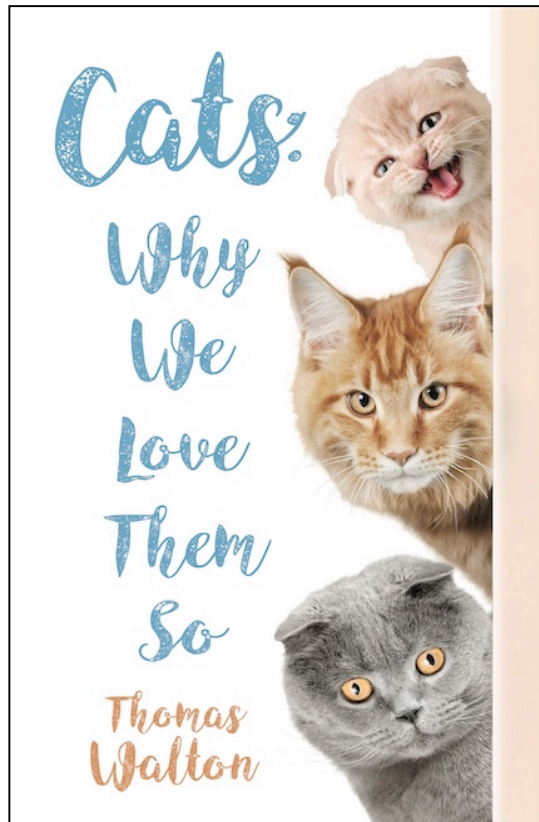
With that task completed, Meg called Marc at the pro shop to give him the latest update. Impressed with the progress, he had already been told several times the news about the finding of Little Girl's kittens, he wanted to know how many cats remained. "There's still Big Girl, and since we got Big Daddy, there's a black interloper Tom cat hanging around."

"So, how many have you captured so far?"

"Twenty-one."

"Wow, and only two to go?"

"Yes, sir, a fertile female and an eager Tom."



Part one tells of a cat-loving married couples' three-month long quest to capture and find homes for a feral colony of two dozen cats. Part two tells of the experiences they had with a variety of "fur persons" during their 40-year marriage.

Cats: Why We Love Them So

by Thomas Walton

**Order the complete book from the publisher
[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/9777.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**