

# THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT



**BOOK 3 - INTERNATIONAL CAT**

*stories by*

**BRIAN HANCOCK**

FOR AGES 8-12



BOOK THREE

# **INTERNATIONAL CAT OF MYSTERY**

A SERIES OF CHILDRENS STORIES

by

**BRIAN HANCOCK**



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For Emmet - my Grandson

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Fat Cat International Cat of Mystery is the third in a four part series The Adventures of Fat Cat. It's better to read the books in order to fully understand the characters. Cast of Character portraits are at the end of this book.

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The Adventures of Fat Cat is a work of fiction. The characters, however, are real. They are all the animals that come by our home on Waterside Road in Marblehead, Massachusetts on a regular basis.(except Flavie the Flying Fish of course).

Fat Cat was our family pet for 17 years. While these stories are a work of fiction, I'm pretty sure that the stories are quite real. That's the beauty of animals; you just never know.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

FAT CAT - LORD LOMBARDI OF MARBLEHEAD
FLAVIE THE FLYING FISH
MR. AND MRS H
CHADD WITH TWO D'S
MO, MILLIE, MAVIS AND MARNIE
GOLD BUG
GLENDA THE GOOSE
TALL TOM TURKEY
ROOT BEER
MR AND MRS BOUGAINVILLEA
CAROL THE CAMEL
ROMEO AND JULIET
JIMMY SPITHILL - THE GOAT
DILLY AND DALLY
SALLY THE SEAGULL
SHEILA THE SHETLAND SHEEP



**Note:** If you would like a customized BOOKPLATE of Fat Cat - International Cat of Mystery for yourself or a special child please contact [brian@greatcirclepress.com](mailto:brian@greatcirclepress.com)

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3

## INTERNATIONAL CAT

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1 - LONDON



MR. H HAD BUSINESS in London. London, England that is, not London, Ontario. Mrs. H was going to be out of town so Mr. H said, “Fat Cat pack your bags, we are going to Jolly Olde England.” Fat Cat groaned. He knew that he would be stuck in the bottom of the plane in his pet carrier but this time Mr. H said, “Fat Cat I have spoken to the airline and you can come and sit with me. I told them that you are my therapy cat.”

Fat Cat could not wait to tell the others. He hopped out the kitchen window and the first friend he saw was Chadd with the d’s. “I’m going to England and this time I get to sit up top.” Chadd said, “snaaaaazy.” Tall Tom Turkey was out on a jog with Root Beer, the Great Dane from two streets over. “We heard that you were London bound,” said Tall Tom. “Did you know that I used to live in London?”

“Show off,” said Fat Cat. “You lived in London?”

"I did," said Tall Tom. "I was an au pair to three children, George, Harry and Bea."

"I will look them up when I get there," said Fat Cat.

The next day he and Mr. H took off from Boston's Logan Airport. Fat Cat was on Mr. H's lap. He had brought along some wellness packs and some airsick pills. The last time that Fat Cat had flown he threw up. Too much turbulence. "I wish that Glenda the Goose could see me now," thought Fat Cat. "I think that we are flying First Class."

They landed at Heathrow airport. Mr. H hailed a cab. It was a traditional London taxi. The driver was from Cockney. "Oy where are you from then?" he asked.

"We live in Marblehead, Massachusetts," said Mr. H.

"Never heard of it," said the driver. "But I like the way your cat is dressed. He looks very dapper in his black and white tuxedo." Fat Cat was happy. So far London was great. They checked into The Bridge, a hotel near London Bridge. Mr. H had to leave right away for his business meetings.

"Now Fat Cat," he said. "You stay right here. There is plenty of food and I will leave the TV on the SpongeBob Channel." Mr. H left but after three episodes of SpongeBob, Fat Cat got bored. He noticed that the window was open and slipped out. He took the emergency exit stairs and was soon out on the streets of London. When he tried to cross the road he almost got run over. "These drivers are crazy," he thought. "They are all driving on the wrong side of the road."

Fat Cat soon found himself in front of a large building. A

very fancy building. There were men out front with huge hair, all holding guns. Fat Cat could see his reflection in their boots. They ignored him. Fat Cat found a back stairway and climbed up onto a ledge. He walked along the ledge taking in the night air. In the distance he could see Big Ben, the clock, but he had never mastered telling time. He was about to turn around when he noticed an open window and hopped through. The room was huge, and very ornate. Lots of gold with a very big bed in the middle of the room. "I think that I will take a nap," thought Fat Cat. He found a comfortable spot on one of the pillows and promptly fell asleep.

A few moments later a cute little old lady came into the room. "Hey what are you doing sleeping on my bed?" she asked. Fat Cat opened one eye. "It's a bed. I'm a cat. That's what we do. And who are you?" He could tell that the lady was a bit cross. "I am the Queen of England," she said. "This is Buckingham Palace. And you are on my bed. And who are you?" Fat Cat said, "I am Lord Lombardi of Marblehead. I am visiting your fair shores with my human Dad, Mr. H." The Queen looked at him. "I think that I have heard of Mr. H," she said, "but I have never heard of you." Fat Cat arched his back and stretched. "OK I will leave," he said. "This bed smells of dogs anyway."

"Wait," the Queen said. "Where are you from?" Fat Cat tried to look important. "I live at the House on Waterside," he said. "I have a lot of friends you know. One of my best friends is Tall Tom Turkey who used to live here in London. Was an au Pair. I never want to admit this but my other best friend is Chadd with two d's."

“Why is his name Chadd with two d’s?” the Queen asked.

“He says because Chad with one d was already taken.”

“Oh,” said the Queen. “That makes perfect sense. Well I need to go to sleep. I have a lot of duties to perform tomorrow. Shall I see you out?”

Fat Cat looked at her. “You can see me out,” he said, “but I don’t know where I am or where I’m going. I forgot where we are staying.”

“Oh no,” said the Queen. She summoned her private secretary.

Meanwhile Mr. H had returned to the hotel and found Fat Cat missing. He was frantic, looking under the bed and out of the window. “Mrs. H is going to be so upset with me,” he thought. He went down to the hotel lobby. They had a TV on in the corner. There was Fat Cat with the Queen. He was on national television. The Queen of England was holding him. She looked right into the camera. “I have a very important announcement,” she said. “This is a matter of utmost importance to the British people. We need to find a man by the name of Mr. H. This here is Lord Lombardi of Marblehead, and he has lost his human Dad.”

Mr. H ran to the concierge. “Please call the Queen,” he said. “She has my cat.”

“You need to check with the front desk,” the concierge said. “They are in charge of missing cats.” The young kid at the front desk said, “so you know Tall Tom Turkey huh? I met him once. Nice chap. I have a friend who has a friend who has a cousin that knows the Queen. I will make a call.”

Fat Cat and Mr. H were reunited on the steps of Buckingham Palace. The Queen was gracious. She had changed out of her pajamas. She rubbed Fat Cat on the head and said, “I am more of a dog person but you are quite nice.” Fat Cat gave her a look. “I am more of a cat person,” he almost said out loud, “but for a dog person you seem ok.”

The morning news was all over the story. “Hear Ye, Hear ye,” said the newspaper seller on the corner. “The Queen loves cats. Some say even more than corgis.” They left later that day to fly back to Boston. Mrs. H was at Logan airport to pick them up. “How was your trip?” she asked.

“Uneventful,” said Mr. H. “Pretty much ordinary.” They got back to the House on Waterside. Fat Cat managed to get a big bowl of warm milk and some wellness packs and was looking out of the window hoping to see any of his friends. Mr. and Mrs. H decided to watch TV. Anderson Cooper from CNN was on. He was standing in front of Buckingham Palace.

“Breaking News,” he said. “We have just learned that the Queen of England has become a cat person. Her corgis are said to be a little upset, well miffed is the actual word that she used.” Then they cut to a picture of the Queen holding Fat Cat. Mrs. H looked at Mr. H and said, “is there something you would like to tell me?” Mr. H gulped and Fat Cat sunk further into the couch. He tried to look inconspicuous. Luckily a commercial came on and Fat Cat arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.





THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
**INTERNATIONAL CAT**  
2 - RIO DE JANEIRO



MR. H HAD BUSINESS in Rio, as in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. They were leaving in the morning. Mrs. H was going to be away so Fat Cat had to go along. Fat Cat was not happy. “Am I going to get to ride up top or in the basement this time?” he wondered.

“I got you a pass for the top,” said Mr. H. “I spoke with the airline. I told them that you were my therapy cat.” Fat Cat looked at Mr. H and thought, “nice move Dude, but you know that I don’t even really like you? Well I sort of do, but only when you have food for me.”

Fat Cat told Gold Bug about the trip. Gold Bug is the little ladybug that lives on the rose bushes in front of the House on Waterside. He said, “I don’t think that this is going to turn out very well.”

Fat Cat told Chadd with two d’s about the trip.

“Awwwwwesooooome,” he said. “I have always wanted to go to Brazil. It’s on my bucket list. You just have to go up Sugar Loaf and also see the statue of Cristo Redentor.” Tall Tom turkey was strolling by. “Brazil huh?” He said. “You know that they don’t speak cat English there?”

Fat Cat shrugged. “I can get by,” he said.

The next morning Mrs. H drove them to Boston’s Logan Airport and soon they were airborne. The lovely lady in the pretty uniform brought them some drinks. A coke for Mr. H and a bowl of warm milk for Fat Cat. There was a little turbulence over Florida but Fat Cat had already taken his airsick pills so it didn’t bother him. He tried to brush up on his Portuguese on his Babbel app but he kept falling asleep. Before he knew it they landed at the airport in Rio.

There was a lot going on. People coming and people going. They were hustling, trying to get out of the airport as quickly as possible. Fat Cat wished that Tall Tom Turkey was with him, someone to guide him through the mayhem. Someone with a steady hand. Mr. H was useless but he did figure out how to get a taxi that would take them to their hotel on Copacabana Beach. They drove past the famous Sugar Loaf and arrived at the most beautiful beach that Fat Cat had ever seen. There were girls and boys playing volleyball on the white sand. There were people selling everything from Coca Cola to coconut water. Fat Cat looked up. There was a huge statue of Jesus on top of the mountain overlooking Rio. “That’s the one that Chadd was talking about,” he almost said out loud. The air was so intoxicating and the sound of the samba music rumbled

around in his tummy. “I think that I might have been Brazilian in a previous life,” he thought. They arrived at their hotel which overlooked the ocean.

The next day Mr. H went off to his meeting. He said, “Fat Cat, you need to stay in the room. I have wellness packs for you and some milk.” Fat Cat nodded. He knew that what he really wanted was to go to the Statue of Jesus. He had read that the locals referred to it as Cristo Redentor. He slipped out the door just as Mr. H was leaving.

The streets of Rio were crazy, cars everywhere, people on bicycles and even some people on rollerblades and skateboards. A man driving an ice cream bicycle came by and Fat Cat jumped into the carrier seat on the back. The man didn’t notice him until some kids flagged the ice cream man down. They stopped to pet Fat Cat and that was when Fat Cat knew that he had to make a run for it. He jumped and ran but the man yelled, “Come back, it’s OK. I can give you a ride. I think that you bring me good luck. My name is Ricardo. What’s your name?”

Fat Cat remembered from his Babbel lessons. “Gato Gordo,” he said. “Oh,” the man said, “you are Fat Cat, I know who you are, you were on TV with the Queen of England.”

Fat Cat blushed, “Yes, oh I mean sim, sorry my Portuguese is a bit rusty. It’s a long story, but she was a nice lady. Really friendly. I have no clue who she was but people seemed to bow down to her when she walked by.” More kids flagged the ice cream man down. “See,” said Ricardo, “You bring me good luck.” They rode around the streets of Rio for a while

and finally they were at the base of Mount Corcovado, the mountain where the statue of Jesus was located. Fat Cat said, "I have to go." He jumped off the ice cream bicycle. "Boa sorte," the man said, "Good luck."

Fat Cat wandered around the parking lot for a bit and then found a train that took people up to the base of the statue. He slipped in just as the door was closing. The train rumbled and shook and went up and up and up until it arrived at the Statue of Christ. Fat Cat looked up. "Wow that's one tall statue," he thought.

Fat Cat wandered around the food vendors grabbing scraps that had fallen onto the ground. They were delicious. Mostly Portuguese chorizo sausage but one time he got some cheese and another time some bread. He was so busy stuffing his face that he hadn't noticed that the last train down had already left the station. "Oh no I guess that I will have to walk then," he thought.

Fat Cat could see their hotel in the far distance, and started in that direction. The road was steep but he soon found some buildings. "This must be Rio's famous favelas." There was samba music playing. People were sitting out on their front steps, children running around. One boy chased after Fat Cat but Fat Cat was too quick for him. There was a strong smell of fried fish in the warm air and Fat Cat thought about how much he missed his wife Flavie the Flying Fish. He was just getting to a park at the base of the mountain when he saw the ice cream man riding by on his bike. "Hey Gato Gordo," the man said. "Do you need a ride?" Fat Cat jumped up into the basket.

"There's an ice cream in there for you," he said. Fat Cat licked the ice cream. Macadamia nut, his favorite. He was as happy as he had even been. The only thing that would have made him happier would have been if Tall Tom or Root Beer, the great dane from two streets over, had been with him. He knew that it wouldn't work out if Flavie was there with him.

It was starting to get dark when the ice cream man dropped him off in front of his hotel. "Obrigada," said Fat Cat, "thank you." As the ice cream man rode away Fat Cat looked up at the mountain. The statue of Christ was lit with spotlights. It looked amazing. The lights of the city sparkled.

Mr. H arrived just as Fat Cat was finishing the last of his ice cream. "How was your day," asked Mr. H.

"Uneventful," said Fat Cat trying to look hungry. They got to their room and Mr. H fed him a wellness pack and some warm milk. The wellness pack and warm milk went well with the macadamia nut ice cream and Fat Cat was happy. He found a warm spot near the window where he could see the ocean, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
3 - CAPE TOWN



M R. H HAD BUSINESS in Cape Town, South Africa. “You are going to love Cape Town,” he told Fat Cat. “It’s the most beautiful city in Africa, in fact it’s the most beautiful city in the world. I know this because I grew up there.” Fat Cat groaned. He knew it was going to be a long trip but Mrs. H was going to be away and so he had to go. He was actually quite excited about the trip but didn’t want to let on. He had been watching the series Penguin Town on Netflix and had been captivated by the lives of the penguins that lived in a small town on the Cape Peninsula. He hoped that he would be able to meet the Bougainvillea family, a family of penguins that lived under a bougainvillea bush. They were Netflix celebrities and seemed, to Fat Cat at least, to be quite nice penguins.

Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys, were

walking past the House on Waterside. “We are leaving tomorrow for Africa,” Fat Cat said.

“I wouldn’t go if I were you,” said Millie. “Don’t you know that there are animals in Africa? Animals that eat small cats?”

Mo said, “Fat Cat is nothing more than a bag of bones. No one is going to want to eat him.”

Marnie said, “a bag of bones is better than no bones when you are hungry.”

Fat Cat said, “I have no choice. Besides I am hoping to meet the Bougainvillea family, you know, the Netflix superstars.”

Mavis said, “we have been watching that show. You will never get to meet them. They are too famous.”

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug that likes to hang out on the rose bush in front of The House on Waterside had been listening in and said. “I don’t think that this is going to turn out very well.”

They took off from Logan airport very early the next morning. They had a stop in Atlanta, Georgia but didn’t have to change planes which Fat Cat was happy about. The hustle of a big airport always made him nervous. The flight was a long one but Fat Cat was content. He was riding up top with Mr. H. He was now officially his therapy cat and would never have to ride in the basement again. They gave him warm milk and a funky drink made from milk and orange juice. Fat Cat was not too keen on it. The orange juice gave him heartburn but before long they landed in Cape Town. Fat Cat was looking out of the window as they came in to land. There was a most

beautiful mountain, imposing, with a very flat on top. Mr. H said, “That’s Table Mountain.”

“Very impressive,” thought Fat Cat, “I can see why they call it Table Mountain.”

They checked into their hotel which was in the old part of Cape Town. The lady at the checkout desk instantly fell in love with Fat Cat. “Agh,” she said, “what a beautiful cat and so well dressed in his little tuxedo. He’s just toooo precious for words.” Fat Cat was immediately in love with South Africa. “See I told you that you would like this place,” said Mr. H.

There was another cat staying at the hotel. Fat Cat asked, “where do I find the Bougainvillea family, you know the ones with a hit show on Netflix?”

The other cat said, I was just there yesterday with my human family. It’s quite a scene. The Bougainvillea family did not make an appearance which was a bit disappointing, but you need to take the Simon’s Town bus. Bus number 78.” Fat Cat waited until Mr. H had left for his business meeting. There was an open window in the bathroom. Fat Cat slipped out and soon found the local bus stop. In moments the number 78 bus came along and Fat Cat snuck on board. The bus trundled along the coast and soon arrived in Simon’s Town. The first thing that Fat Cat noticed was the noise. The noise of penguins. He followed the noise and soon found a colony of Jackass Penguins. There were so many of them. Fat Cat was a bit intimidated but he really wanted to meet the Bougainvillea’s. There was a sign that read, ‘only penguins allowed on the beach.’ “Hmmm,” thought Fat Cat, “I can pass as a penguin.”

He stood on his back legs and held his front paws close to his side. He slipped under the fence and was soon among the penguins; unnoticed. Fat Cat sidled up to the first penguin. "Which ones are the Bougainvillea's," he asked. The penguin said, "I only speak Afrikaans. Sorry."

Fat Cat waddled off until he found a bunch of penguins standing in the shade of a big rock. He asked, "where do I find the Bougainvillea's?"

"Who wants to know? Who are you?"

Fat Cat said, "I am Lord Lombardi of Marblehead." The penguins immediately started to chatter among themselves. "He's a Lord," said one of them. "And he's from Marblehead," the other one said. The third one asked, "you are not with the media are you?"

Fat Cat said, "no, just a fan of the show."

The fourth penguin said, "just follow me." They climbed under the fence and headed up the road. "You can quit your penguin disguise," the fourth penguin said. "You weren't fooling anyone." They soon came to a big and very beautiful bougainvillea bush. The fourth penguin said, "Just wait here, I will get Mr. Bougainvillea for you." Moments later Mr. Bougainvillea came out from under the bush. He took one look at Fat Cat. "Is it you?" he asked. "Can it really be you? The famous cat that was on TV with the Queen of England?" Now it was Fat Cat who was surprised. "Yes, I'm Lord Lombardi," he said. That was when the chaos started. Mr. Bougainvillea made an announcement introducing Fat Cat. The penguin colony went crazy. Fat Cat was an instant celebrity. The penguins

were honking. Some came over to slap his paw. Fat Cat had never felt so happy. He just wished that his friend Chadd with two d's could have been there with him. "They are never going to believe this back home," he thought.

It was dark by the time he got back to the hotel. The nice lady at the front desk said, "Agh but you are such a handsome cat and always so well dressed. Mr. H will be back in five minutes. He is meeting a friend at the Royal Cape Yacht Club. They were going to try out a new coke and coffee drink." She leaned down so that she was on Fat Cat's level. She said, "I personally tried one and I was less than impressed if you know what I mean." Fat Cat wanted to tell her about the milk and orange juice drink on the plane but just then Mr. H arrived back at the hotel.

"Fat Cat are you hungry?" he asked. Fat Cat gave him a long, withering look. "I am always hungry. You should know that by now." Mr. H gave Fat Cat a bowl of warm milk and said, "Fat Cat do you want to watch an episode of Penguin Town? You know that the Bougainvillea family have become quite the international superstars." Fat Cat gave him a long, cold stare. "The man has no clue does he?" He found a warm place by the window where there was a good view of Table Mountain, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
4 - LISBON



MR. H HAD BUSINESS in Lisbon, Portugal. “You are going to love Portugal,” he told Fat Cat. The food there is great.” Fat Cat was getting used to the jet setting life. He had a guaranteed seat upstairs in the plane as a therapy cat and Mrs. H had substituted ginger for his airsick tablets. “The ginger will do the same thing,” she said, “and it’s much healthier for you.” Mrs. H had also packed some “good for your teeth” snacks. They were pumpkin spice flavor since it was Fall in New England where Fat Cat lived and it tasted good with the ginger. Fat Cat felt like he could set the world on fire. Even so, he decided instead to just take a nap.

Root Beer, the great dane from two streets over was roaming the neighborhood. He stopped by the House on Waterside to see if Fat Cat was awake. Fat Cat was asleep under the rose bushes. He never slept well on a plane ride so decided that he

would try and pack in some zzzz's before their flight later that evening. "Hey Fat Cat, are you awake?" Root Beer asked.

Fat Cat rolled over trying to ignore him but Root Beer is an imposing figure and hard to ignore. "What do you want?" he asked. Root Beer said, "news on the street is that you are heading for Portugal later today." Fat Cat rolled over and said, "where did you hear that?"

"I was down visiting Jimmy Spithill at StonyBrook Farm, you know the GOAT?"

Fat Cat tried to look irritated. "Yes of course I know Jimmy Spithill. He taught me all the nuts and bolts of tactical sailing."

"Well," Root Beer said, "Jimmy had heard from Glenda the Goose that you were going to Portugal and Glenda had heard from Sheila the Shetland sheep and Sheila had heard from Chadd with two d's who I think spilled the beans that you and Mr. H were heading for Lisbon."

"Nothing is a secret around here," said Fat Cat.

Root Beer felt ashamed. He had never meant to be a gossip. "Well have a safe flight," he said and took off down the road.

Fat Cat and Mr. H flew out later that evening. The ginger worked well when they encountered some turbulence over the Azores islands but other than that it was an uneventful flight. They landed at the airport in Lisbon. The first thing that Mr. H did was get himself a small coffee and a Pasteis de Nata, a small custard tart. He gave some of the tart to Fat Cat. "Hmmm, this is beyond delicious," thought Fat Cat. "This might be the best thing I have ever eaten."

Mr. H's friend Ricardo came to pick them up. He was very well dressed, handsome too, but always seemed to be on his cell phone. They stopped off at a local fish restaurant. Ricardo said, you have to try the sardines. Mr. H said, "Fat Cat is vegan. Let's just get him a bowl of milk. His wife is a flying fish you know."

Ricardo said, "milk it is then. By the way Fat Cat, I thought that you were excellent on TV with the Queen. You have become quite a celebrity. Your pics are all over Instagram."

Their hotel was right by the fish docks. Mr. H left for his meeting the following morning. Fat Cat slipped out of the bedroom window and was soon on the docks. He felt terrible about himself but the smell of sardines was making him crazy with hunger. He so badly wanted to go fishing. The Portuguese sailors were just casting off when Fat Cat jumped. He landed on the soft fishing nets and quickly scurried under the big reels at the stern of the boat. No one had noticed him. The boat motored out to sea and the fishermen got about the business of fishing. Fat Cat jumped when the reels of nets started to move. That was when the fishermen found him.

"Que diabos?" The young fisherman asked, "We have a cat on board?" Fat Cat scurried below decks but the young fisherman chased after him. He said, "this is a working boat. If you are on board you need to work." He grabbed Fat Cat by the scruff of his neck and dragged him back on deck. "You can help with the nets."

Fat Cat started to help haul the nets. They were laden with sardines. There was a man at the front of the boat lighting a grill.



He threw some sardines on it and the smell was intoxicating. The more Fat Cat worked the hungrier he got. Flavie the Flying Fish, his wife, would never know if he had a sardine. Just then the cook at the grill slipped on some fish guts and fell overboard. All the other workers were hauling fish and didn't see him fall into the water. Fat Cat jumped to try and rescue him. The man was trying to swim. Fat Cat was trying to swim. The boat kept on motoring. One of the fishermen saw Fat Cat in the water. "Pare o barco," he yelled. "Stop the boat."

Fat Cat caught up to the fisherman who had fallen overboard and was treading water while the man hung onto him. "I can't swim," the man said. "Me neither," said Fat Cat. Luckily in two minutes the fishing boat was right beside them. They grabbed Fat Cat by his paw and dragged him on board. Then they helped the fisherman on board. He said, "I hope that my sardines are not burnt. Did anyone check on them while I was gone?"

The men pulled in their nets and sat reflecting for a while. "You know Fat Cat," the fisherman with a large belly said. "If we hadn't seen you in the water we might not have seen our friend and you know that he can't swim. You are a true hero. You saved his life." Fat Cat thought, "If only Tall Tom turkey was here to see this."

The cook came over. "Fat Cat," he said. "You saved my life. Here is a big plate of sardines for you." Fat Cat looked over his shoulder to make sure that his wife was not watching, and then scoffed the whole plate down. He wanted to be a good guest so for once in a very long time he was a lapsed vegan.

They got back to the dock just as Mr. H was pulling up in

a taxi. He was looking for Fat Cat. The fishermen said, "your cat is a hero. He saved our friend's life." Mr. H said, "Fat Cat I told you to stay in your room. What were you thinking?" The fishermen said, "Mr. H come on board, we have sardines and some Coca-Cola." Mr. H climbed on board. "OK Fat Cat," he said. "First the Queen and now this?"

The next morning it was all over the news. "Fat Cat from Marblehead Massachusetts saves fisherman's life." They cut to a photo of Fat Cat and the cook. Mr. H said, "let's just keep this between ourselves. Mrs. H does not need to know about this." Fat Cat thought, "and don't you dare tell Flavie about the sardines." Mr. H read his mind, "OK, deal."

Fat Cat found a spot near the heater. He was still a bit chilled from his dip into the water. He arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
5 - BERMUDA



MR. H HAD BUSINESS in Bermuda, yes Bermuda. One of the most beautiful places on earth. Bermuda is a tropical island paradise 600 miles off east coast of the United States. Fat Cat was happy. It would only be a short flight and he was now guaranteed a seat in the main cabin. He had recently been formally confirmed as Mr. H's therapy cat which meant that he would never have to ride in the basement again. Mrs. H was going to be away so Fat Cat had to go along. They would leave the following morning.

Fat Cat thought that he would prepare for his trip by taking a nap. He found his 'throne', a chair at the back of the house. It was a place where he could see his whole kingdom. The two naughty chickens were in their chicken run. Bobby the red breasted robin came over every now and then. He was mostly a nuisance, always looking for food. Fat Cat was just dozing off

when Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys stopped by. Mo said, “hey Fat Cat, do you realize that you are half off the chair? Your legs are dangling.”

Millie said, “I think that’s it’s some kind of back exercise.”

Marnie said, “I dunno, I think that he’s just a weirdo.” Fat Cat opened one eye. “What do you guys want?” he asked. Mavis said, “we want to go to Bermuda with you but since that can’t happen can you bring us back some of that beautiful pink sand? You know that Bermuda has the most beautiful beaches in the world?”

Fat Cat said, “I know. I have been checking them out on Pinterest.”

The plane ride was just a short two hours. Fat Cat was not happy though. “Why on earth did they keep the cabin so cold?” He had shivered all the way. These days he was mostly just skin and bones. When they landed in Bermuda he was happy to step off the plane into the warm sun. “Aaah,” thought Fat Cat. “This is more like it.”

Mr. Beach picked them up. “Now there’s a name,” thought Fat Cat. “His whole life must be a holiday.” Mr. Beach was a famous sailor, more famous than Mr. H. He would take them sailing later in the week but first Mr. H had some business to attend to. He rented a scooter. “This is the only way to get around the island,” he told Fat Cat. “There is a basket up front. That’s where you get to ride.”

“Do I have to?” thought Fat Cat.

“Yes you have to,” said Mr. H, reading this mind. “I bought

you a helmet and some goggles. We are heading down island.” Fat Cat jumped into the basket. He felt like a fool. For a start the helmet was pink, not his favorite color. And the goggles were too big. They set off down the coast road. Soon they passed Horseshoe Bay. “Wow,” thought Fat Cat. “That beach really is pink.” He wanted to stop but Mr. H was on a mission. “I have to get to my meeting,” he said.

Later that afternoon Mr. Beach picked them up. “We are going sailing,” he said. They went to the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. Fat Cat felt fancy. Mr. H had made him wear some Bermuda shorts but he didn’t mind. It seemed only right especially when he walked past a portrait of the Queen that was hung up at the entrance of the yacht club. “I wonder if she still remembers me?” Fat Cat mused.

The yacht left the dock and there was a mad scramble to get sails up. Fat Cat had taken lessons from ‘the GOAT,’ as in Jimmy Spithill, the greatest sailor of all time. He was from StonyBrook farm, the farm down the street from the House on Waterside. Fat Cat knew which side of the course was favored. The owner of the boat was yelling loudly, ordering everyone around. Fat Cat was sitting quietly watching the wind come across Bermuda Sound. He could read the waves. He saw some wind coming from in from the left. The owner of the boat wanted to go right.

“No bueno,” thought Fat Cat. “Not a good move.” The owner looked down for his Coca-Cola and while he was distracted Fat Cat grabbed the wheel. He turned it quickly and the boat went left. They rounded the top mark in first place. Now the

wind was from behind. The owner yelled, "Get the silk purse." Fat Cat was confused. He had never heard of a sail named the silk purse. The crew grabbed a huge bag from below. It was a pink sail that matched Fat Cat's helmet. Yes he had kept it on for the racing. "You never know," Mr. H had said. Sailing can be a dangerous sport."

The boat surged ahead and soon they crossed the finish line in first place. The owner said to Fat Cat, "that was a brilliant tactical move. We have won the Bermuda Trophy."

The prize giving was a fancy affair, everyone in formal attire and on their best behavior. Fat Cat liked the vegan platter, carrots and all that stuff. He especially liked the blue cheese dip. Then the room went silent. It was time for the prizes. Mr. H stepped to the podium. He looked very somber. "I have a message from the Queen," he said. "She has been watching the racing on TV. She wants to send Fat Cat a special congratulations." Mr. H looked down at the message. She said, "I need to compliment him on his attire. That pink helmet really matched his pants and his knee high socks." The room erupted in cheers.

They left the following morning. Mr. H was driving casually. Fat Cat up front, helmet on, goggles too. They were just going by Horseshoe Bay when Fat Cat tapped Mr. H on the hand. "Pull over and follow me. Oh, and bring your bucket and shovel."

Fat Cat made Mr. H scoop up some beautiful pink sand. "It's for the turkeys," said Fat Cat. "We can't go home empty handed."

They arrived back at the House on Waterside. This time

the plane cabin was not so cold. Their trip had been a huge success.

Fat Cat still had his pink helmet on when Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie stopped by.

Mo said, "You look ridiculous in that silly helmet."

"Fat Cat said, "I have a gift for you."

Mavis said, "What you got?"

Marnie said, "It's probably nothing."

Millie, the kindest of the four turkeys fluffed her feathers. "You all are always so negative. Sometimes I can't believe that we are friends."

Fast Cat grabbed his backpack and handed each of them a small bucket of pink sea sand from Bermuda. Chadd with two d's came by and said, "where's mine?" Fat Cat had not forgotten his friend. "I have some for you too," he said. "And for the GOAT, Jimmy Spithill. And for Tall Tom. Where is he?"

Millie said, "he's visiting his chiropractor. He's been having some back issues."

Fat Cat gave out the gifts and then went in search of Mrs. H for some vegan wellness packs. Mrs. H fed him a new pack of carrots and beets and a bowl of warm milk. Fat Cat wandered over to his favorite couch, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
6 - PARIS



MR. H HAD BUSINESS in France, Paris to be specific. He was not sure if Fat Cat would be excited or not. They had been doing a lot of traveling lately but Mrs. H was going to be away and Fat Cat could not be left home alone. Mr. H found him asleep under the rose bushes. “Hey Fat Cat,” he said. “We are hitting the road again. Make sure that you pack your beret.”

Fat Cat groaned. “Where now?” He asked. Mr. H said, “the beret should have given you a clue. Your French beret.”

Fat Cat jumped to his feet. “We are going to France?”

“Yes we leave tomorrow morning,” said Mr. H.

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug that hangs out on the rose bushes in front of The House on Waterside had been listening. “Oh this is not going to turn out very well,” he said.

They left the following morning. Mrs. H dropped them off

at Boston's Logan airport. She would leave later that day for her meetings in Tennessee. "Be safe," she said. "Be good," and then she said to Fat Cat, "no nonsense this time. I heard about your little escapade in Lisbon. Don't think that I don't know everything." Fat Cat groaned.

They landed in Paris right on time. Mr. H, to his credit, had pre-arranged an UBER to take them downtown. Their hotel was on the Champs Elysees, just a stones throw away from the famous Eiffel Tower. "This is so exciting," thought Fat Cat. "The Eiffel tower, can you imagine?" He had his French beret on and Mr. H had bought him a scarf with sparkles. The only problem was that Mr. H had rented one of those silly bicycles and had Fat Cat sit up front. Worse yet, he had bought some cheese and a baguette. "Who does he think he is? A Frenchman?"

Mr. H had a dinner meeting. "Ok Fat Cat," he said. I am going out now. I bought you some French pvtř. There is milk in the fridge. Don't try and use the microwave, you know how the French never maintain their appliances."

Fat Cat acted like he was asleep but as soon as Mr. H left he hopped out through the bathroom window and was soon on the streets of Paris. There was a lot of buzz, crazy Paris drivers, too many people on bicycles, taxis everywhere. Fat Cat could smell the restaurants. Not for the first time he wished that he was not a vegan but his wife, Flavie the Flying Fish kept him in check. Except for that one time in Lisbon when he had feasted on a plate of sardines, Fat Cat had been a good vegan.

He soon found himself at the Eiffel Tower. There were a lot of people milling about. Sightseers, some locals, but mostly

just everyday people enjoying the warm evening air. Suddenly there was a loud bang. A car backfired. A small kitten got a big fright and ran. She ran so fast that when she came to the Eiffel Tower she just leapt onto the first rail and kept on going, up and up and up.

"Oh no, Mon dieu," some lady said. "My cat is stuck up the Eiffel Tower." All around people were panicking. Fat Cat felt silly in his French beret. He shook it off and started to climb the Eiffel Tower. He could see the kitten shivering with fright. "Just stay there," Fat Cat said but then realized that the cat only spoke French cat. Fat Cat climbed higher. The people on the ground went silent. A television crew arrived. Fat Cat climbed higher. Soon he was on the same ledge as the kitten. Fat Cat put his paw around the kitten. The crowd below sighed. Fat Cat said, "You can do this. I can get you down." He could feel the little kitten shaking. "Quel est votre nom?" Fat Cat asked. "What's your name?" The kitten stopped shaking. "Georgio," he said. Fat Cat looked at him. "Nice name," he said, "not particularly French but never mind that. OK Georgio. I am going to help you down."

They moved toward the end of the ledge. Georgio started shaking again. Fat Cat put his paw on his shoulder. The crowd below sighed. The TV crew shone their lights on the two cats. Some lady in the crowd said, "Mon dieu, do you know that it's Fat Cat. I saw him with the Queen on TV." The crowd erupted. The little kitten stopped shaking. They started to climb down; slowly, inch by inch. Soon they were near the bottom of the Eiffel Tower. Georgio's Mom, Madame Ÿdith Piaf, rushed to hug him. The television cameras cut to a close up. The announcer

said, “we are breaking away to the Elysee Palace. President Macron will be with us shortly.”

The Palace was elegant. President Macron strode into the room and took the podium. “My heart is warm tonight,” he said. My niece’s cat was saved. She was stuck up the Eiffel Tower. It was an unfortunate incident. But..., he looked down to check his notes. “It appears that our beloved cat Georgio was saved by none other than Lord Lombardi of Marblehead. He’s the famous cat that was with the Queen of England not too long ago. I want to award him, his other name, by the way, is Fat Cat. I want to award him the Legion of Honour, France’s highest award.” The cameras cut to the crowds at the base of the Eiffel Tower. There was Fat Cat and Georgio along with President Macron’s niece, Edith Piaff. The crowd erupted again.

Mr. H arrived back to his hotel on the Champs Elysee. The lady at the front desk said, “You have to turn on the TV.” Mr. H stood in horror. “How did he get out?” The lady at the front desk said, “Here is an envelope for you. It’s from our President.” Mr. H opened the letter from President Macron. He, and Fat Cat of course, were invited to a special ceremony at Elysee Palace.

The next day they went to the palace. Fat Cat did not need to dress up. He always looked good in his black and white tuxedo. Mr. H had gone out early to buy a new suit. He went to one of Paris’s most famous tailors, a Monsieur Jean-Luc Rambure, and spent a small fortune. They arrived and were escorted into the main hall. President Macron came out along with his niece Edith and also with Georgio. It was a simple

ceremony but Fat Cat almost collapsed under the weight of the medal. “What’s all the fuss?” He thought. Then he saw the TV cameras. “Oh dear, Mrs. H is going to be really mad at me this time.”

They landed back in Boston. Mrs. H was there to pick them up. “How was your trip?” she asked. Fat Cat looked at Mr. H and Mr. H looked at Fat Cat. Mrs. H laughed. “It’s OK,” she said. “I saw it all on television. Fat Cat you were great but Mr. H,” she said. “You need a better suit.” Fat Cat chuckled to himself. “He did look like a bit of a fool,” he thought. He was back on his favorite couch still wearing his French beret. He arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
7 - DOHA



T HERE WAS A CHILLY WIND blowing down Waterside Road. The seasons were changing. Most of the leaves had fallen and the ground looked like a quilt of many colors. It was covered with leaves of all different shades of red, orange and yellow. It was a magical time of year, well except for the cold wind. Fat Cat had been visiting Dominique and Daisy, the two cows that lived at StonyBrook farm. Unlike his first visit when he had to sneak a sip of warm milk, the cows welcomed him and let him drink as much as he wanted. Fat Cat had feasted on cream and, feeling full and content, he was heading back to the House on Waterside for a much needed nap. He saw Tall Tom Turkey scratching among the leaves. Tall Tom was about to say something but Fat Cat said, “sorry Tall Tom, I am too full to speak.” Tall Tom shrugged and went back to digging for bugs. Fat Cat found his favorite couch and was just falling asleep when Mr. H came into the room. “Oh good, Fat Cat



you're back," he said. "You have to get ready. We are leaving." Fat Cat groaned. Mrs. H was away and so he knew that he would have to go. He could not be left home alone.

Goldbug, the tiny ladybug that likes to hang out on the rose bushes in front of the house said. "Oh, I don't think that this is going to turn out very well."

Mr. L, their neighbor, had an airport limo service and was outside waiting for them. "Where to now Fat Cat?" he asked. Fat Cat just shrugged and said, "the airport I guess." The purple and silver jet took off from Boston's Logan Airport. Fat Cat had no idea where they were going and soon fell asleep. He was riding in the main cabin as Mr. H's therapy cat. He slept the sleep of the full and contented while warm cream sloshed around in his tummy. Soon he could see the sun rising in the east and he looked out the window. Far below was a vast landscape of endless rolling sand dunes as far as he could see. They landed at the Doha International Airport in Qatar in the Middle East. The place was a seething mass of people. It was very noisy and very hot. Fat Cat was scared but Mr. H said, "don't worry Fat Cat. I have a limo waiting." They stepped out of the airport into a wall of heat and humidity. Now Fat Cat likes it hot but this was a little too much, even for him. He was grateful for the air conditioning in the limousine.

They drove to their hotel. On the way they passed huge, ornate and very modern buildings. It looked like a brand new city had been built right out of the desert. Fat Cat was in awe, but he was mystified by the people. The men were wearing long white robes, loose fitting with what looked like a dish

towel on their heads. "They are wearing a Keffiyeh," said Mr. H. "It's traditional headgear for Arabs."

"What's an Arab?" wondered Fat Cat. The women were wearing black cloaks that covered them from head to toe with only a little slit for the eyes. "That's called a burka," said Mr. H. It's also traditional. "It looks hot," thought Fat Cat.

Their hotel was ornate, a lot of gold with high ceilings and a lot of attentive people. Mr. H was acting important. "I ordered some room service for us," he said. "Then I have to go to work. The waiter arrived with a trolley covered in a linen tablecloth and they had an early dinner. Mr. H said, "I have to go. You stay here now Fat Cat. And no silly nonsense." Fat Cat nodded. As soon as Mr. H left he looked for a way to escape, but the room was sealed tight. Just then there was a knock at the door. "Room service. I am here to collect your plates." Fat Cat saw his chance. He ducked under the linen tablecloth and the waiter wheeled the trolley out of the room, down the elevator and into the kitchen. Fat Cat made a run for it. He was soon out on the streets of Doha trying to blend in.

Other than the heat the first thing that struck Fat Cat were the exotic smells. There were spices from people cooking dinner. Sweet smoke hung in the air from the huka pipes. There was a man in a bright costume spinning around and around and around and around. His clothes were flowing in the warm night air and he kept on going and going and going. Fat Cat learned later that he was called a Whirling Dervish and was his job to spin; all night. "I would definitely throw up," thought Fat Cat. He was searching for scraps along the

waterfront, head down intent on finding more to eat when he suddenly found himself looking directly into two huge nostrils. Fat Cat jumped. The nostrils were followed by some funny looking teeth and a long nose. "Hi," the nose said. "What's your name little fella?"

"Ffffffat Cccccat," said Fat Cat. "What's yours?"

"I'm Carol, I'm a camel." Fat Cat looked beyond the nose, up a long neck, past the deep brown eyes with the longest eyelashes that Fat Cat had ever seen, to a large hump on Carol's back. "You sure are a camel," said Fat Cat.

"Do you want a ride?" asked Carol. "Hop onto my back and I will give you a ride." Fat Cat scrambled up Carol's neck onto her back. "Hold on tight," Carol said. "Getting up is always a bit tricky, especially these days when my knees are not as young as they used to be." Fat Cat felt Carol lurch forward but in moments she was upright and they took off along the waterfront. Fat Cat felt like he was the King of Somewhere, then he remembered, he was, after all, Lord Lombardi of Marblehead.

Just then a taxi pulled up right in front of them. Mr. H jumped out. "What do you think you are doing?" he yelled at Fat Cat. "You are on a camel."

"I know," thought Fat Cat. "She's Carol, she's my friend."

"Get off right now," yelled Mr. H. Fat Cat looked down. It was a long, long way to the pavement. "Don't worry," said Carol. "I can let you down. That's if my knees will allow me. Mr. Grumpy pants here seems to have climbed out of the bed on the wrong side." Carol knelt gently and Fat Cat slid down her

neck landing with a soft bump on the sidewalk. Mr. H scooped him up. "Fat Cat looked over his shoulder. Carol the camel was just getting back up. Fat Cat waved and Carol fluttered her long eyelashes. "I've made a friend for life," thought Fat Cat.

Mr. H was still mad when they boarded the plane to fly home but by the time they landed at Logan Airport he was all smiles again. "Let's not tell Mrs. H about the camel incident, OK?" Fat Cat nodded. He was a bit jet lagged and decided to go for a walk in Waterside Cemetery. He saw Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys. "Hey guys waidup," Fat Cat said. "You are never going to believe this but I got to ride a camel." Marnie gave him a sideways look and said. "Did you get dropped on your head?" Mavis said, "what was in the water over there? You seem to have lost your marbles." Mo said, "I think that you have really lost it this time. You rode a camel. Now I have heard everything." Millie, the kindest of the turkeys said, "one hump or two?"

"OK so don't believe me," said Fat Cat pouting. "I'm going to take a nap." He looked at Millie. "Just one," he said. Then he found his favorite couch, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
8 - MADRID



GLENDA THE GOOSE was at the front door of the House on Waterside. She was excited. She could see Fat Cat asleep on the couch and was waiting patiently for him to wake up. Fat Cat stretched and turned around a few times to get more comfortable and then promptly went back to sleep. Glenda hopped onto the raised flower bed in front of the house and could just reach the window. She pecked at the glass a few times. Fat Cat stirred. He opened one eye and was surprised to see Glenda. “What now?” he thought. “OK I’m coming.” Fat Cat stretched and walked over to the front door. Mr. H said, “do you want to go out little buddy?” Fat Cat gave him a look. “Why do you think I am standing right by the door?”

“What’s up Glenda?”

“I have a part in a play at Marblehead Little Theater. Romeo and Juliet put in a good word for me. They are starring in a

show called Swan Lake. They are the leads. My part is just a walk on. I don't say anything but it's my first step toward a career in Hollywood.

"That's great," said Fat Cat. "Now can I go back to sleep?"

Fat Cat was about to climb back onto the couch when Mr. H said, the UBER will be here in five. How's your Spanish?" Fat Cat groaned. He was getting tired of all the traveling. What he really wanted out of life was to sleep 23 hours a day. "Where to now?"

"Ole," said Mr. H. "We are going to Spain, Madrid to be exact. I have some wellness packs and warm milk in a thermos. I also have a mask for you. The airlines are getting more strict about wearing masks and they have insisted that you wear one if you are going to ride in the main cabin."

It was an easy flight and they landed at the International Airport in Madrid. A taxi whisked them to their hotel which was right in the center of town. Mr. H said, "before we check in let's get a snack and some coffee." They found a restaurant with outdoor seating. Mr. H ordered an espresso coffee for himself and a bowl of milk for Fat Cat. He also ordered some bread and ham. "Fat Cat try this ham," he said and passed a little under the table. It was the most spectacular piece of ham that Fat Cat had ever tasted. Salty with a nice edge of soft white fat that melted in his mouth. "Oh this is living," thought Fat Cat. "I wish those silly turkeys could see me now."

They checked into their hotel. The room was on the top floor overlooking the city. Mr. H had to leave for his meeting. "Now you stay here Fat Cat," he said. "I don't want any nonsense

like in Doha." Fat Cat nodded. He knew that he would find a way to escape. As soon as Mr. H left he climbed onto the bed and knocked the room phone onto the floor. He heard a voice say, "Esta todo bien? Is everything OK?" Fat Cat sat silent. "OK, enviare a alguien. I will send someone."

Fat Cat sat right by the door. There was a gentle knock and then a well dressed man let himself in. He did not see Fat Cat slip out the door. Fat Cat ran to the fire escape and moments later he was out on the streets of Madrid. It was a Sunday evening and things were relatively quiet. Families were out walking their dogs, some pushing strollers with babies. Fat Cat was looking for more ham. He wandered away from the hotel noticing that the crowds were all moving toward a huge old building. It looked like some kind of fort. Fat Cat found some ham on the pavement but it was not as good as the ham that he had had at the restaurant.

Then he heard a loud roar from a crowd. It sounded like the time he had gone to a Boston Red Sox game. The noise was coming from the old fort. Fat Cat decided to investigate. He slipped past the ticket taker and followed a path toward the center of the stadium. He slipped under the gate and was soon in some kind of arena. The first thing he saw was the most handsome man he had ever seen. He was dressed in gold with a black hat, knee high pink socks and shiny black shoes. In his hand was a pink and yellow cape.

"Ole," the man shouted. "Ole," the crowd replied. Then Fat Cat looked over his shoulder. There, not too far away, well quite close actually, was 800 pounds of mad meat. A huge bull

with steam coming from his nostrils and eyes that were fixed on the handsome man. "Oh cripes," thought Fat Cat, "I am in the middle of a bull fight."

The bull charged. Fat Cat leapt three feet into the air and ran for cover. The matador was distracted as the bull came for him. He saw Fat Cat running just as the bull lifted him into the air. The crowd was hushed. The matador fell and the bull stood over him, his eyes burning red. The crowd chanted, "Juan Jose, Juan Jose, Juan Jose." The bull was just about to lift the man again when Fat Cat, and to this day he doesn't know why he did it, charged at the bull. The bull turned toward Fat Cat and started to chase him but Fat Cat was too quick. They ran around and around the arena until the bull finally gave up. He was completely out of breath and flopped down huffing and puffing. The crowd cheered. The matador, Juan Jose, picked up Fat Cat, and said. "You saved my life."

In the crowd was the honorable Felipe Juan Pablo Alfonso de Todos los Santos de Borbyn y Grecia, the King of Spain. He came down to where Fat Cat and the Matador were standing. "I recognize you," he said to Fat Cat. "I saw you on television with the Queen of England and also with President Macron of France. You are the world famous Fat Cat, also known as Lord Lombardi of Marblehead. I invite you to my palace."

Mr. H saw Fat Cat on the TV in the hotel lobby. The front desk placed a call to the palace and it seemed like in less than a minute a limousine pulled up out front. They whisked Mr. H off to the Palace. The King had placed Fat Cat on a huge chair in the middle of the room. Fat Cat looked a little embarrassed

when he saw Mr. H walk in. The King said, "I am making you an honorary matador. We no longer award the bulls ears like we used to, but you are among the greatest matadors we have seen in recent history." He draped a medal around Fat Cat and took him to a room filled with large pieces of ham. "I know that cats like our Spanish ham. Eat all you want." Fat Cat thought that he had died and gone to heaven.

Fat Cat looked at Mr. H on the plane ride home. "Yes, I know," he thought. "We won't mention any of this to Mrs. H." They arrived back in Marblehead just in time for Fat Cat to make it down to the Little Theater. There on stage were Romeo and Juliet, the two swans. They were elegant. The spotlight was on them. The room was hushed. From Stage Left there was a rustling of a curtain. Suddenly Glenda appeared. The spotlight went from the swans to Glenda. She held herself high, her shoulders back, her neck rod straight. She stopped in front of the swans and curtsied. The crowd cheered. Fat Cat was happy. He walked slowly back to the House on Waterside and found his favorite place on the couch. "Ole," he said to himself then arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
9 - SYDNEY



FAT CAT WAS spending more and more time at StonyBrook farm. He was learning sailing tactics from Jimmy Spithill, the GOAT, and he was also learning some funny Scottish sayings from Sheila the Shetland sheep. Repeat after me she said, “Mony a mickle maks a muckle.”

“What’s that mean?” asked fat Cat.

“It means save small amounts of money and soon you will have a lot of money.”

“I don’t have any money,” said Fat Cat.

Shelia said, “Ok try this one. Dinnae teach yer Granny tae suck eggs.”

“What? Suck eggs? That’s weird,” said Fat Cat.

“It means don’t try and teach someone something if they already know everything there is to know about the subject.”

"That won't be a problem," said Fat Cat. "All I know is how to eat and sleep. Oh, and how to hunt."

"One more," said Sheila. "You are really going to like this one. Has yer cat died?"

Fat Cat looked shocked. "Has your cat died?" He asked. "What does that mean?"

"It means that your pants are too short," said Sheila chuckling to herself. Fat Cat said, "this is all nonsense. I don't wear pants. I have more important things to do." He took off looking for some cream from Dominique and Daisy.

When he got back to the House on Waterside Mr. H was busy packing. "Hey Fat Cat," he said. "You are going to need your passport for this one. And your mask." Fat Cat groaned. "Not another trip." Mrs. H was away so he knew that he would have to go with Mr. H. They would not leave him home alone.

The flight was long and Fat Cat was restless. He slipped off his seat and started toward the back of the plane moving quietly under the seats. Every now and then he would see someone napping with a full plate of food in front of them. Fat Cat went into stealth mode. He pressed himself up against the side of the plane, his two ears just visible, but only and if you were looking for them. Then, as quick as lightening, he would snatch some food. He managed to get a banana muffin and a breakfast sausage to eat before a cup of cold coffee was spilled all over him.

After what seemed like an eternity the plane banked slowly to the west and far below Fat Cat saw a funny looking building and a big bridge. "Look Fat Cat," said Mr. H. "It's the Sydney

Opera House." Fat Cat thought, "I wonder who Mr. Sydney is. He must be rich to own such a big house. That's probably his bridge too."

They landed with a bump and taxied to the terminal. The first thing that Fat Cat noticed was how funny the people sounded. They kept saying "giddy" and called each other "mate." On the way to baggage claim they walked past a man whose skin was as dark as night. He was blowing into some weird long instrument and a beautiful sound carried throughout the terminal.

"He's an aborigine," Mr. H explained. "And he's playing a didgeridoo." Fat Cat already liked Australia.

They found their hotel overlooking Sydney Harbor. Mr. H said, "I don't have business until tomorrow. Today is Australia Day. It's their national holiday, just like our 4th of July. We are going to an outdoor concert at the Sydney Opera House. They have food there but Fat Cat, you are going to have to stick close to me." Fat Cat nodded. He and Mr. H took a nap to adjust to the time change. Fat Cat woke to fading sunlight seeping through the bedroom curtains. He tapped Mr. H on the head to wake him up. Fat Cat was anxious to explore the city.

The night air was warm and a little damp. Mr. H followed the crowds until they got to the Opera House. "The concert must be hosted by Mr. Sydney," thought Fat Cat. "He sure does have a nice house."

There was a man on stage singing, "tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down." The crowd cheered. The man was wearing a wide brimmed hat with corks dangling from

it. He looked kind of silly. "The corks are there to keep the flies away," explained Mr. H. The singer continued, "tie me wallaby down sport, tie me wallaby down." The crowd gave him a standing ovation. Mr. H said, "stay here Fat Cat, I am going to get us some food." Fat Cat sat for a few minutes but then got bored. He thought that he might explore Mr. Sydney's bridge. He took off along the waterfront. There were people in boats everywhere. They were playing music and laughing a lot. Fat Cat was soon on the bridge. He had slipped under a barrier and was strolling casually up the bridge to its highest point. Far below the water of Sydney Harbor glistened with a thousand lights. Suddenly, and without warning, there was a loud bang and the fireworks started. Fat Cat got startled and jumped three feet into the air. He landed on the edge of the bridge and then slipped. He started to fall but luckily landed on a ledge a few feet below where he had just been standing. All around him fireworks were going off.

Fat Cat was terrified. He huddled in the corner and covered his ears with his paws. Then, just as suddenly as they had started, the fireworks were over and Fat Cat leaned over the edge looking down at all the boats in the harbor.

Mr. H was frantic. He could not find Fat Cat. Then he saw a tiny shadow way up on the bridge. He knew that it was Fat Cat. He found a policeman and said, "I need your help Sir. My cat is stuck on the bridge. I can see him." The policeman said, "Sit tight Matey, I will get your cat for you." He took off on his motorcycle and Mr. H could see him approaching Fat Cat. The policeman leaned over the bridge looking down on Fat Cat. "Hang in there you little wallaby," he said in a soft

and kind voice. The policeman called in reinforcements and they lowered him over the edge of the bridge until he could reach Fat Cat. The crowd below was hushed, all eyes were on the rescue. "Grab my hand you little wallaby," the policeman said. Fat Cat was shaking but he reached out his paw. The policeman grabbed it and hauled Fat Cat to safety. The crowd roared. The singer started singing again. "Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down."

The policeman placed Fat Cat on the handlebars of his motorcycle and sped off to find Mr. H. The crowds parted cheering until someone said, "Hey that's Fat Cat. I have seen him on television with the Queen and the President of France. The singer said, "bring that cat up here." Mr. H took Fat Cat onto the stage. The singer asked, "what's his name?"

Mr. H said, his name is Fat Cat. The singer started to sing, "tie me old Fat Cat down sport, tie me old Fat Cat down." Fat Cat was a sensation.

Five days later they landed in Boston and Mrs. H picked them up. Fat Cat was too excited to sleep. He had to tell someone about his trip. The only one out was Chadd with two d's. "Hey Chad you won't believe this. I had to be rescued in Australia." Chadd with two d's said, "well that's not a surprise. When I heard that you had gone to Australia I brushed up on my Australian folk songs. Would you like to hear one?"

Fat Cat said, "only if you insist."

"I insist," said Chadd and he started singing. "Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down." Fat Cat said, "that's not funny," and he took a swipe at Chadd but Chadd



was too quick. “Well excuuuuuuse me,” he said and hopped off in search of some nuts.

Fat Cat returned to the House on Waterside and found his favorite couch. He arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti. As he was dozing off he hummed, “tie me old Fat Cat down sport, tie me old Fat Cat down.” Before long Fat Cat was fast asleep.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
10 - GRENADA



AN EARLY MORNING MIST hung low over The Cove. Fat Cat had been up all night hunting but the pickings had been slim. He was longing to see his wife Flavie the Flying Fish. He wanted to tell her about all the amazing places that he and Mr. H had visited. Fat Cat was grooming himself when out of the mist came two beautiful apparitions. Romeo and Juliet, the two swans. “Hey Fat Cat,” said Romeo. “What brings you to our neck of the woods?”

Fat Cat said, “can you get a message to Flavie for me? I miss her.” Juliet said, “yes my friend. We will get a message to her but this time of year she and her buddies like to hang out on the reefs off Provincetown. It may be a day or two before we find her.”

Fat Cat said, “take your time. I heard Mr. H talking about a trip to the Caribbean, Grenada to be exact. I will be back in a few days.”

“Anything for you Fat Cat. Have a safe trip,” and with that the two swans were sucked up by the mist. Fat Cat could just see that they had their two necks entwined so that it looked like a heart before they disappeared.

Mr. H had business in Grenada. His orders were to check on the condition of a yacht that was docked there. “Fat Cat we’ve got to get going,” he said. It’s just a short plane ride from Boston.” They settled into their seats. The flight was empty because of Covid and Fat Cat had a whole row to himself. He stretched out and promptly fell asleep. The plane came in low and slow over the palm trees and landed with a bump at the small airport. There was a driver waiting for them. “My name is Joe,” he said, “but my friends call me Scooby Do.”

“Scooby Do,” thought Fat Cat. “Sounds Irish.”

“Mr. H said to the driver, “the last time I was in Grenada was 40 years ago. We went on a boat up a creek called the Indian River. We were told that if we made it all the way to the source we would meet a tribe of cannibals. We were told to be careful because the tribe would capture us and boil us in a pot.”

Mr. Scooby Do laughed. “That’s just an old wives tale to keep people away from the coffee plantations,” he said. “And it worked.”

Fat Cat shivered. “There’s always a little truth to every story,” he thought. “I am sure that they must have boiled at least one person, and possibly even a cat.” They arrived at the boat. It looked like a pirate ship. The sails were hanging loosely from the rigging. There was a black flag hanging off the stern and some strange netting on the lifelines. Mr. H let out a long sigh.

“Come on Fat Cat,” he said. “Let’s go on board.” The yacht was cold and damp below. Everything creaked and groaned and there was a weird smell coming from one of the cabins. Fat Cat thought, “I’m sleeping on deck tonight. This place is too creepy.” The sun set slowly and the western sky lit up like liquid copper with tinges of red. Mr. H said, “this is not too bad. Red sky at night, sailors delight.” Fat Cat fell asleep to the sound of the rigging groaning and water lapping against the hull.

The next morning he was up early. Mr. H was still asleep. Fat Cat could smell spices. A cool breeze carried the smells of cinnamon and nutmeg. Fat Cat followed his nose and was soon at the town market. There were people everywhere, haggling over prices and eating delicious goodies at small food stands. It was Saturday morning; market day. Fat Cat slipped in unnoticed and joined the crowds. He saw a strange looking thing in a glass jar. A lady in bright clothing and a large, wide-brimmed hat asked, “how much for the octopus?”

“Twenty five EC,” the man said.

“That’s daylight robbery the lady in the wide-brimmed hat said. I will give you fifteen max.” The store vendor said, “twenty and we have a deal.”

“Deal,” said the lady with the wide brimmed hat.

Fat Cat did a mental calculation. “Not bad, six bucks for a meal that will serve a whole family.” He moved further into the market. The smell of spices was intoxicating. The noise was deafening. Fat Cat wished that he was bigger. All he could see were ankles and calves and some really shoddy shoes. Then

things went badly wrong. There were people huddled around one stand all haggling with the fisherman who was trying to get his best price. Fat Cat jumped up onto a barrel so that he could see better. What he saw sent a chill down his spine. There, laying on a bed of ice, were dozens of flying fish. Fat Cat let out an awful sound that came from deep within his gut. He felt his heart constrict and he fell to the ground. People crowded around. "Give him space," one man said. "Is there a doctor in the house?" another man yelled. A nice looking man massaged his chest and after a few minutes he was back on his feet. Fat Cat ran for the door and was soon back on the boat. He was shivering and shaking. Mr. H said, "Fat Cat the boat is not that bad. Are you OK?" Fat Cat couldn't help shaking.

"Ok," Mr. H said, "we are leaving after lunch. This boat will never sail the high seas again. I have seen enough."

Fat Cat was still shaking when they drove into the driveway at the House on Waterside. Mrs. H said, "what happened to him? Mr. H just shrugged. Fat Cat took a nap and then just as it was starting to get dark he headed back to The Cove. It was a clear starlit night. On the far side he could see Romeo and Juliet swimming with their friend The Dove. Juliet saw Fat Cat and swam over. "Hey Fat, she said. "Your timing is perfect. Flavie will be here in five minutes. Just walk out to the end of the pier. I will let her know that you are here." Fat Cat made his way to the end of the dock. He was still shaking badly.

Moments later Flavie flew by. "Hey Blackie," she said. Are you OK? You look like you have seen a ghost. Have you been eating well?" She was back underwater before Fat Cat could

answer. When she came by again Fat Cat said, "I just wanted to tell you that I love you." This time Flavie flew slowly until the black night swallowed her up. Fat Cat sat a while longer at the end of the dock and was about to leave when Flavie flew by. "I love you too," she said. "You take care of yourself. If you ever need me have Romeo and Juliet get a message to me. Failing that you can ask that awful bird Sally the Seagull to come and get me."

Fat Cat felt a tear running down his cheek. He noticed that for the first time since leaving the market in Grenada he was no longer shaking. He walked slowly back to the House on Waterside and curled up under the rose bush, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and took a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
11 - STOCKHOLM



DILLY AND DALLY, the two ducks flew in late one Spring afternoon. They were returning from their long migration. The last time that Fat Cat had seen them was the previous Fall when the leaves were changing and Dilly and Dally had joined a flock that was heading to Mexico. He so wanted to talk to them now that he was an international traveler himself, but he remembered the time that Dally, the male duck, had chased him around the garden after he messed with Dilly. Just then Tall Tom turkey wandered into the yard. Fat Cat pulled him aside. “Tall Tom,” he said. “Can you get me an intro. I don’t think that they like me but I want to chat with them.”

Tall Tom said, “Hey Dill and Dall come on over here to meet my friend Fat Cat.” Fat Cat was impressed. Not only was Tall Tom on a first name basis but he had pet names for both ducks. The ducks waddled over. “You had better mind your

manners then,” Dally said, giving Fat Cat the eye. Fat Cat felt ashamed of his previous behavior. He said, “I have been doing some traveling recently and I want to know what you do for jet lag, you know the time zone change.”

“We eat a lot of pond weed, seeds, insects, worms and small water snails. Things like that,” Dally said. “Dilly likes to drink pond scum. It definitely helps. You should try it.” With that the two ducks flew away. Fat Cat looked at Tall Tom, and Tall Tom looked at Fat Cat. “Ooooooaaaaay,” said Fat Cat. Goldbug, the tiny ladybug was hanging out on the rose bushes in front of the house. He had overheard the conversation. “I don’t think that this is going to turn out very well,” he said.

That night Fat Cat and Mr. H were on a plane heading east. It was a silver jet with the most beautiful flight attendants. Fat Cat was feeling ill. He had slipped down to the pond on StonyBrook farm, and when he was sure that no one was watching, he slurped some pond scum. At first he kind of liked the earthy taste, but then after a minute or two, not so much.

Fat Cat was still feeling ill when they landed at Stockholm International Airport. He was glad when they got to their hotel and he immediately took a nap. Mr. H was worried. “Fat Cat you don’t seem to be your usual self,” he said. Fat Cat groaned. “I hope that you feel better soon. We have been invited to a very fancy dinner tonight. In fact it’s a black tie event and the host insisted that you be there. You are getting quite famous you know.” Fat Cat groaned.

That evening a slick black limousine pulled up in front of their hotel. Mr. H looked very dapper in his suit with a white

ruffled shirt and bow tie. Fat Cat was wearing his usual tuxedo. The limo sped through the historic district of Stockholm. Fat Cat, even though he was not feeling very well, marveled at the beautiful architecture. “Wow this place sure is breathtaking,” he thought. Just then they pulled up in front of Drottningholm Palace, the residence of the King of Sweden. The King was going to host the dinner and was there to greet them when they arrived. He shook Mr. H’s hand and then turned to Fat Cat. “Aah, so you are the famous Lord Lombardi of Marblehead? You look a bit small for a Lord.” The king laughed at his own joke. “Welcome welcome,” he said in a sing-song voice. “Följ mig, follow me.”

They entered a large and very ornate room. There was a central table loaded with food. It almost sagged under the weight. Around the table sat some of the most beautiful people that Fat Cat had ever seen. They all stood when the King entered. They were looking at the King but they were really trying to see if they could see Fat Cat. Mr. H heard someone say, “I thought that he would be much bigger.”

The King sat at the head of the table. Mr. H to his right and Fat Cat on his left. There was soft chamber music in the background. The King picked up his knife and fork and that was a signal to all that it was time to feast. Fat Cat felt his tummy grumble. He was not in the slightest bit hungry but had to make an effort. When a bowl of strawberries dipped in chocolate was passed his way he nibbled on one but without much enthusiasm. The King had kindly requested a bowl of warm milk for him and Fat Cat lapped at it. Then a waiter came by and offered him some kind of food on a stick. It was

covered in mayonnaise and had some chopped green things as part of the decoration. Fat Cat wanted to be polite and so he ate the food thinking, “that was quite good. I wonder what it was.”

The crowd at the table were having a lot of fun. The King was a great host. He told all kinds of stories. Fat Cat listened but his tummy started to gurgle. Every now and then the King had to stop talking after being interrupted by the loud gurgling. Fat Cat felt embarrassed. Mr. H shot him a look. Then the King said, “I want propose a toast to our special guest, Lord Lombardi of Marblehead. He has come all the way to Sweden to visit us. As some of you know he was recently at Buckingham Palace with the Queen of England and then as a guest of President Macron of France. We are honored to have him as our guest this evening.” Fat Cat felt a little embarrassed but his embarrassment was nothing when compared to the gurgling in his tummy.

The King raised his glass and said, “I was especially pleased that our guest liked our famous Swedish dish, pickled herring in mayonnaise.” It took a moment for the words to register with Fat Cat. “Pickled herring in mayonnaise. So that’s what was on the stick,” he thought. Not more than one second later Fat Cat threw up all over the fancy dinner table. He kept throwing up until the last of the pond scum was out. The guests were horrified, but the King was cool. “Don’t worry my Lord,” he said. “This kind of embarrassing thing has happened to all of us at one time or another. Once I was a guest of my dear friend Constantine II, the King of Greece. He served me too much mead and I’m afraid I did just what you did. I threw

up all over the table.” The guests all laughed. “So my Lord,” the King said, “you have joined a very exclusive club.”

Fat Cat was back at The House on Waterside. He was still embarrassed but Mr. H said that he would not breathe a word of what had happened to Mrs. H. He was asleep under the rose bush in the front of the house when he saw Dilly and Dally approaching. “How was your trip?” asked Dally, “and more importantly, how’s your jet lag?” Fat Cat said, “I drank pond scum from the pond at StonyBrook Farm and it didn’t help.” Both Dilly and Dally burst out laughing. “That was a joke Fat Cat,” said Dally. “No one ever drinks pond scum. That will teach you for messing with my wife.” With that they flew off. Fat Cat sighed. He looked up and there was Gold Bug sitting on a rose petal. “I told you that it was not going to turn out very well,” he said.

Fat Cat found a warm spot on his favorite couch, arched his back and stretched, turned himself around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and settled in for a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT  
12 - LONDON REVISETED



MRS. H WENT OUT to the mailbox. Root Beer, the great Dane from two streets over was taking a nap on a small patch of grass nearby. He opened one eye. “Oh hi Mrs. H,” he said. “Anything interesting?” Mrs. H was staring at a letter. It was bright white with gold embossing. It was addressed to ‘The owners of Lord Lumbardi of Marblehead (aka Fat Cat).’ The address was The House on Waterside.

“No nothing interesting Root Beer,” said Mrs. H.

She waited until Mr. H came home from work to open the letter. Fat Cat was asleep on the couch. It was an invitation from Buckingham Palace. “The Queen requests the pleasure of your company at a very special event. Please bring your owners.”

“What do you think it could be?” asked Mrs. H.

“I dunno,” said Mr. H. “But you can bet that we are going. Let’s make it a surprise for Fat Cat.”

For the next week Fat Cat was wondering why all his friends were avoiding him. He saw Chadd with two d's. "Hey Chadd waidup," he yelled, but Chadd scurried off. Then he saw the town turkeys, Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie. As soon as they saw him they turned around and rushed off in the opposite direction. Even Root Beer was avoiding him. "Very strange," he thought. He wanted to tell them about his upcoming trip to London.

They left on a day flight. Fat Cat was very pleased. Mrs. H was joining them on this trip. Fat Cat was on his best behavior and acted like a local when they landed at Heathrow Airport in London. There was a slick black Rolls Royce waiting to pick them up. Their car dropped them off at The Bridge Hotel and they were shown to the penthouse suite. "Snazzy," thought Fat Cat, but he was starting to feel that something was up. Before they left The House on Waterside Fat Cat had tried one more time to find his friends but the neighborhood was empty. That plus Mr. and Mrs. H kept whispering to each other.

Breakfast was served in their suite. "Now Fat Cat," said Mr. H. "We have a very important event to attend today. A man will come by soon and brush your coat until you shine. Mrs. H and I are going to get ready."

By the time they left the hotel they were all looking quite sparkly. Their Rolls Royce stopped in front of Buckingham Palace. "I remember this joint," thought Fat Cat. "I just wish the Gang from Waterside could see me now." They were ushered in through a side door. There were carriages gilded in gold and men dressed in fancy military gear. A tall, important looking

man had been assigned to them. "Follow me," he said. "Now there are some strict protocols that we have to follow. You are going to be the center of attention Mi Lord." Fat Cat realized that he was talking to him. "Me?"

"Yes you," said Mr. Important. They followed him into a large ornate room. There were curtains either side and Fat Cat could hear some kerfuffling behind one of the curtains. He even thought that he heard a chicken clucking, but it must just have been his imagination.

Mr. Important led Fat Cat and Mr. and Mrs. H to a cordoned off area. At the far end they could see a little kneeling stool. "How are your hips Mi Lord?" asked Mr. Important. Fat Cat shrugged. "OK I guess."

"OK good," said Mr. Important. "The ceremony will start in ten minutes." There was some low chamber music playing. Fat Cat was nervous but he didn't know why. Mr. and Mrs. H were both sweating profusely. Then the left hand curtain started to rise. At first all that Fat Cat could see were some funny looking feet but soon he could see who the feet belonged to. It was the whole Gang from Waterside. In the front row was Chadd with two d's sitting next to the two naughty chickens, Betty and Emma. John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive was also there, in the front row. Behind them were Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie. Fat Cat could see that they had their nails painted. Alongside the town turkeys was Glenda the Goose and the two beautiful swans, Romeo and Juliet. Glenda had a small British flag painted on her beak. Off to the side on a stand of their own was Jimmy Spithill, the GOAT from



StonyBrook Farm. He was sitting next to Sheila the Shetland sheep who had her eyes closed and a slight smile on her face. In the back row was Root Beer looking magnificent in his red, white and blue bow tie with a message that read, "Keep Calm and Fat Cat On." Farmer Kenny was alongside Root Beer there to represent Dominique and Daisy, the two cows from StonyBrook farm. In the way back sat Tall Tom Turkey. He had gone all out. His waistcoat was a British flag and his top hat bright red to match his legs which he had had painted red with white toenails. They all cheered and Root Beer said in his deep voice, "God Save the Queen." They all cheered again. Fat Cat noticed that the only one missing was Gold Bug and, of course, the love of his life, Flavie the Flying Fish. She was afraid of flying. Ironical, I know.

The chamber music stopped. The right side curtain started to lift slowly. Fat Cat could not believe his eyes. Closest to him was the ice cream man from Rio. He waved. Standing alongside him in full matador regalia was Juan Josñ, the bullfighter from Madrid. He also waved. Looking slightly out of place were Ricardo from Lisbon and Mr. Beach from Bermuda. Fat Cat noticed that Mr. Beach was wearing actual shoes and not flip flops and for a change Ricardo did not have a cell phone attached to his ear. They both looked very serious. President Macron's niece, Madame Ÿdith Piaf was also there. She was holding Georgio, her cat. Behind Madam Ÿdith was the singer from Australia. He had replaced his hat with the dangling corks and was wearing a very dignified top hat. Then the chamber music started up again and in walked the whole Bougainvillea family. The music picked up in tempo and in walked Carol

the Camel. She had come all the way from Doha. Grenada had sent an envoy. The music stopped and drums started to play, low and slow at first, but then quickening. From behind a curtain in walked the King of Sweden. Fat Cat nearly fainted. He noticed that Mr. H's shirt was completely wet.

Mr. Important said, "silence please. Mi Lord will you approach the stool." Fat Cat could feel his knees knocking. He had not been this nervous since he and Flavie were married. The orchestra struck up the British National Anthem and the second it ended the Queen strode into the room. She looked magnificent. Mr. Important said, "you may approach the Queen Mi Lord. You need to kneel and place one paw on the stool. Fat Cat was not sure if he could move and stood frozen to the spot. Then he heard Emma, one of the naughty chickens say out loud. "Hurry up my legs are getting sore." The whole Gang from Waterside tried to stifle their laughter. Fat Cat moved forward, he knelt down and placed one paw on the stool. The Queen approached him. A man handed her a long and very dangerous looking sword and then he read from a script. "For services above and beyond those expected of a cat." The Queen then placed the sword on Fat Cat's shoulder and said, "I dub thee Sir Lombardi of Waterside." Everyone cheered. The chickens clucked, Root Beer said, "Long Live the Queen." Chadd with two d's said, "Nice one Dude." The Bougainvillea's clapped their flippers and Juan Jose said, "Ole."

Fat Cat could see that Carol the camel had been crying. Same too with Tall Tom but Fat Cat knew that it would happen. Tall Tom always gets emotional at ceremonies. The Queen left as quickly as she had appeared. Then Mrs. H suddenly realized

that Fat Cat was still kneeling. He was stuck. His old hips were not cooperating. She rushed forward but Mr. Important said, “don’t worry Ma’am I can help. He picked Fat Cat up and handed him to Mrs. H. The animals and honored guests cheered again. Mrs. H said, “wow Fat Cat do we need to call you Sir from now on.”

Fat Cat looked at her. He shrugged and said, “I’m hungry. Do you think that they have any food in this joint?”



## THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT

BOOK 1 - FAT CAT - YOUNG AND RESTLESS

BOOK 2 - THE MAGIC CARPET

BOOK 3 - FAT CAT INTERNATIONAL CAT OF MYSTERY

BOOK 4 - FAT CAT AND THE TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS

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The Man of the Moment



Fat Cat and Mrs. H



Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie with their new friend Blanche





The House on Waterside in summer



Chadd with two d's



The House on Waterside in winter



Gold Bug





Flavie the Flying Fish



Glenda the Goose



Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie



Tall Tom Turkey





Sally the Seagull



Jimmy Spithill with a sleepover friend



Root Beer



Sheila the Shetland Sheep





Romeo and Juliet at Redds Pond



Connie the Camel



Fat Cat infiltrating the penguins in Cape Town



Mr. and Mrs. Bougainvillea





Romeo and Juliet



Cristo Redentor - the Statue of Christ



Sydney Opera House and Mr. Sydney's bridge

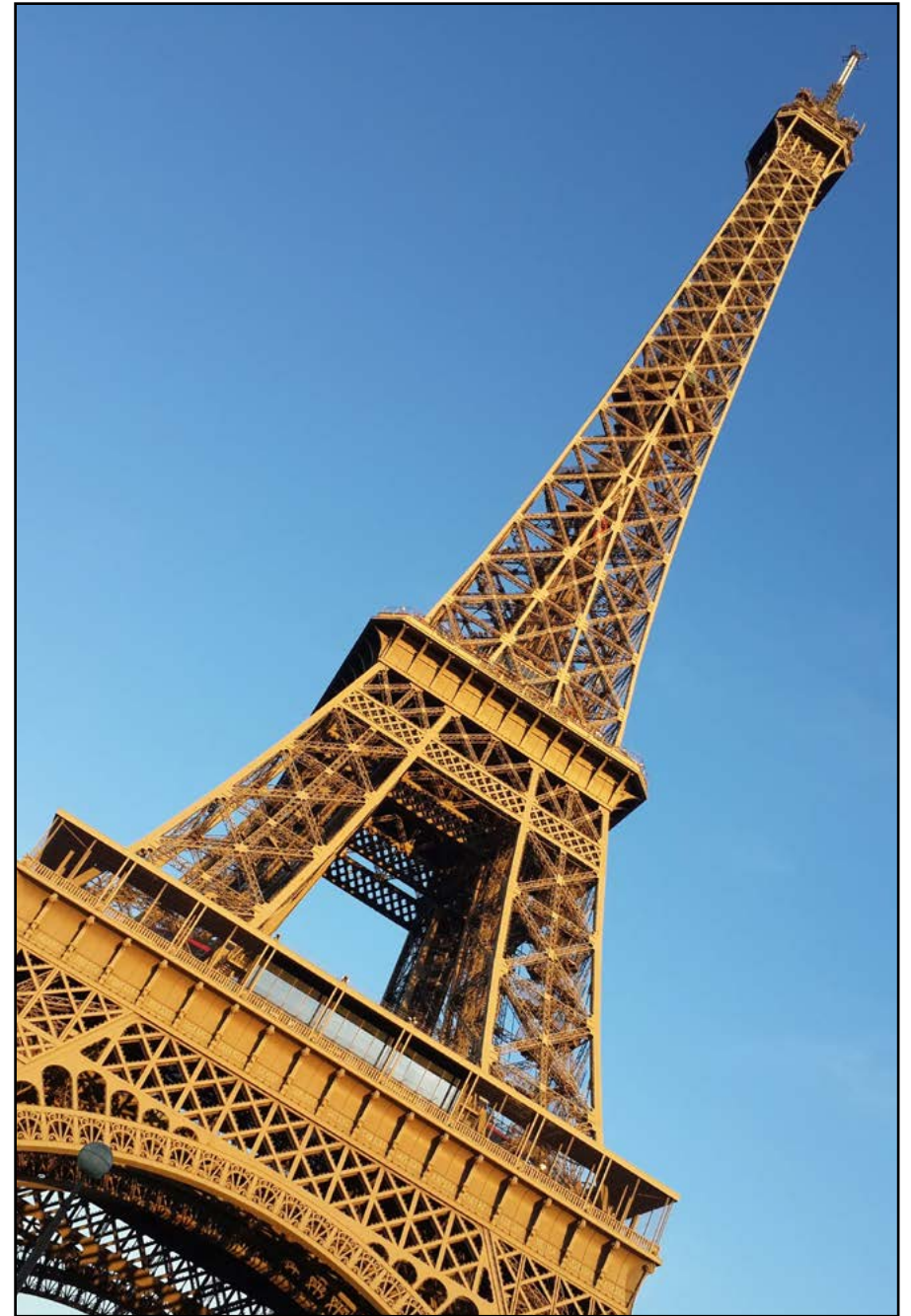




Juan Jose, the Matador



Buckingham Palace



Eiffel Tower





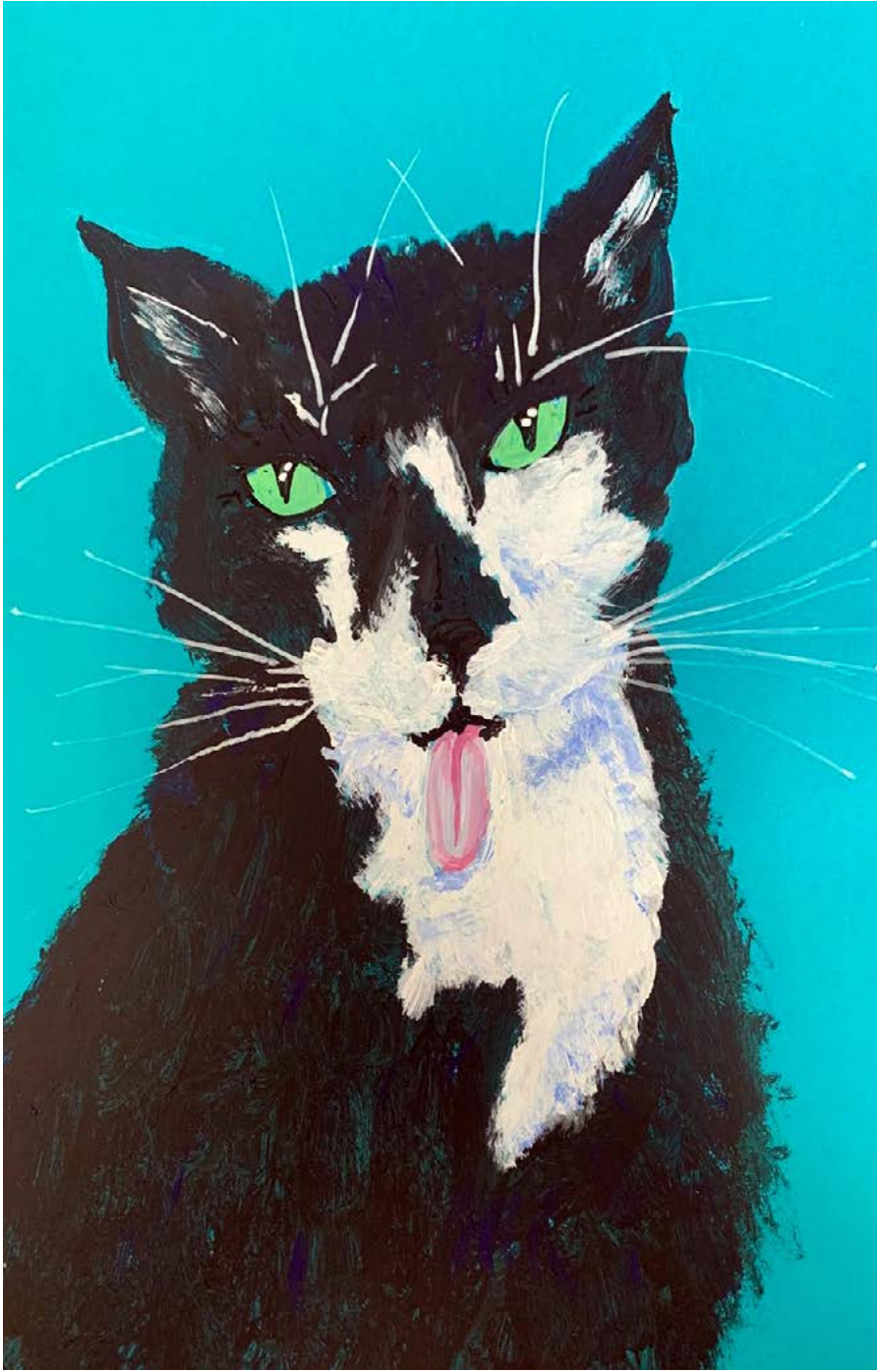
Marblehead



**Note** - This series of the Adventures of Fat Cat is for young adults, those just starting to read chapter books. We will be coming out with slightly pared down stories illustrated by acclaimed artist Heather Henlotter. Those books will be for younger children.

Heather has done some illustrations of the main characters in the series.











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COMING SOON



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - BOOK 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
 ABBOTT HALL

FAT CAT'S BONES were starting to creak and rattle, especially in the morning when he woke up. He was definitely becoming a senior citizen. Mrs. H had started to buy him vegan wellness packets for those cats who "were having a hard time chewing."

"Hmm," thought Fat Cat. I think that I need to form some alliances. He had never been fond of the two chickens, Emma and Betty, but he also knew that Chadd with two d's would not be of much use. He was too small and besides he and Patt with two t's had just started a family.

The town turkeys, Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, were no good either. They were too fickle, Mo especially. She would have a hard time finding her head if it wasn't attached. He really wanted an alliance with Tall Tom Turkey but Fat Cat was worried about his leg. Tall Tom had been in an accident

with Dougie from up the Street's truck and was limping badly. "I think that Tall Tom might need some crutches," thought Fat Cat. "Maybe I can get some custom ones made."

Fat Cat decided to broach the subject. Emma and Betty were scratching in the dirt looking for bugs. Fat Cat almost left at that point. "Who eats bugs?" Then he remembered, "I eat the heads off dead mice." He knew that he needed the chickens, but didn't want the chickens to know this bit of information. Fat Cat had once thought about joining the Secret Service and so he knew all about holding his cards close to his chest. He strolled over to where the chickens were making a mess of the lawn.

He cleared his throat and said, "well hello."

The chickens ignored him. They kept on scratching and pecking at the dirt. Fat Cat said, "hello?" Betty gave him a look and said "buzz off, can't you see that we are busy here?" Fat Cat said, "I am here with a proposal." The chickens kept scratching at the lawn. Emma, the kinder of the two chickens asked, "a proposal?"

Fat Cat shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot. "Yes I have a proposal." Betty looked up and looked him straight in the eye. "This had better be good," she said.

"I need to hire some bodyguards," Fat Cat said. "You know, someone who can look out for my best interests."

"What's in it for us?" Betty asked. Fat Cat had not thought about that side of the bargain.

"Well you always sneak into the kitchen and eat my food. How about I leave all the hard crunchy food for you?"



Emma said, "I love that food, especially the kind that Mrs. H puts down, you know, the kind that is good for your teeth and tastes a little minty."

Fat Cat said, "you don't have any teeth." Emma looked embarrassed. Betty said, "OK we have a deal."

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug who lived on the rose bushes in front of the house had been listening in. "Oh, this is not going to turn out very well," he said.

To seal the deal Fat Cat thought that he would take Emma and Betty on a historical walk around town. He knew all the good places to go and he knew that Emma and Betty would love to visit Abbot Hall. "Where are we going?" asked Betty. "Abbot Hall? That sounds like a lot of hard work."

Fat Cat said, "Abbot Hall is a beautiful building. You will love it. It was designed in the Romanesque style and has a clock and a bell. Come on, let's go."

They could see the spire of Abbot Hall and walked in that direction. "How are we going to get in?" Betty asked.

"Just wait," Fat Cat said. "Someone will soon come out and we can slip in." Sure enough the huge and heavy door opened and someone came out. Betty said, "Emma you go in and check to see if the coast is clear. "Emma slipped in just as the door was closing. She found herself in the Great Hall surrounded by historical artifacts. Someone yelled, "Get out of here you naughty chicken." Emma squawked and flew up onto the banister. "You get out of here." It was Jill, the Assistant Town Clerk. She chased Emma down the stairs, opened the heavy door and Emma ran out squawking.

Betty said, "I knew that this was going to be a bust."

"I have an idea," said Fat Cat. "Let's go around back." The two naughty chickens followed him down Washington Street and around the corner. There was an open window. "See I am a genius," said Fat Cat.

"You had better be," Betty muttered. Fat Cat hopped onto the windowsill. Emma and Betty followed. "Shhhh, be quiet," Fat Cat said. They were in a theater above the Great Hall. "Do you know that I was once part of Rebel Shakespeare?" Fat Cat said. "It was only a small part. I was in the play Hamlet. My only line was, "The cat will meow, and the dog will have his day."

"That sounds ridiculous," said Betty.

They climbed higher until they got to a door. It was closed but Fat Cat said, "I have a plan." He had recently been watching a lot of YouTube of Senator Elizabeth Warren when she was running for President. She kept on saying, "I have a plan for that." Fat Cat didn't have a plan and was starting to feel a bit foolish. Suddenly there was a great gust of wind and the door blew open. "That was my plan," said Fat Cat. He and the two naughty chickens slipped into the belfry. There was a magnificent bronze bell right there in front of them. "Oh my," said Betty.

"Oh dear," said Emma. "That is one serious bell." There was also the back of the clock. They could see the cogs and wheels moving in slow motion. Fat Cat said, "watch this. I pulled this one off at Fenway Park. Fat Cat studied the clock for a moment then grabbed one of the levers. It had been almost one in the

afternoon when they arrived at Abbot Hall. Now suddenly it was almost noon. “Pretty slick huh?”

Emma was impressed. She started to peck at the bell. Just then the bell started to chime. Long and loud. The two naughty chickens squawked and flew out of the window. Fat Cat hit his head on the ceiling and looked out the window. It was too far to jump. The door behind him had closed. The noise was deafening. Fat Cat put his paws over his ears. Just then there was a gust of wind and the door blew open. Fat Cat bolted out the door, down the stairs, past the theater, and out the front door.

He was out of breath when he arrived back at the House on Waterside. Tall Tom Turkey was there. “What’s with you,” he asked. “You look like you have been in the Revolutionary War.” Fat Cat said, “no, it was worse than that.” Then he saw Emma and Betty running down the street. They were frantic. Emma was yelling, “the sky is falling. The sky is falling.”

Betty said, “give it a rest.”

Fat Cat said, “some kind of bodyguards you are.”

Mrs. H said, “hi Little Buddy, are you hungry?”

Fat Cat said, “not any more. I left my appetite back at Abbot Hall. He found his favorite couch, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and then took a long, well, a very long nap.”



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**B**RIAN HANCOCK made his living as a professional sailor and has circumnavigated the world five times over the course of his career. He also sailed across the Atlantic Ocean alone on his 50-foot boat *Great Circle*.

Brian has been writing his whole adult life and has written 13 books including four in The Adventures of Fat Cat series.

Brian grew up in South Africa. He now lives in Marblehead, Massachusetts with his wife Sally and a blended family of five children and until recently two chickens, Betty and Emma, and a cat named Fat Cat.







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