

# THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT



**BOOK 2 - THE MAGIC CARPET**

stories by

**BRIAN HANCOCK**

FOR AGES 8-12



BOOK TWO

# **THE MAGIC CARPET**

A SERIES OF CHILDREN'S STORIES

by

**BRIAN HANCOCK**



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A division of Great Circle Enterprises

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Marblehead, MA 01945

Tel: 339-338 0740

[www.greatcirclepress.com](http://www.greatcirclepress.com)

[www.adventuresoffatcat.com](http://www.adventuresoffatcat.com)

For Emmet - my Grandson

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

**ISBN: 9798387307300**

Hancock, Brian

The Adventures of Fat Cat - Book 1 - Young and Restless

Printed in the United States of America.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2



Fat Cat and his Magic Carpet is the second 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
PETE THE PUFFIN
MR. AND MRS H
CHADD WITH TWO D'S
MO, MILLIE, MAVIS AND MARNIE
GOLD BUG
GLENDA THE GOOSE
TALL TOM TURKEY
ROOT BEER
ROMEO AND JULIET
JIMMY SPITHILL - THE GOAT
BETTY AND EMMA
SHEILA THE SHETLAND SHEEP
DILLY AND DALLY



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

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1 - AVAST YE MATEYS



FAT CAT WAS LOUNGING in the sun in the front of the house. It was a hot day and his fur felt like it was going to catch on fire. It was a feeling that Fat Cat loved. He was just dozing off when out of one eye he saw Mr. H coming around the corner with a paint brush and a bucket of paint. He was going to paint the front stairs. “Why does he always have to be doing something?” Fat Cat thought. “Why doesn’t he just take a nap in the sun, like me?”

Mr. H put the paint bucket on the steps and dragged out the garden hose. He wanted to rinse the steps off before painting them. He took the doormat and flung it onto the lawn then started to hose the steps. He had not noticed Fat Cat asleep in the sun. “Yikes, what’s going on.” Fat Cat leapt into the air and ran off dripping wet. “I have never liked Mr. H,” he thought.

Fat Cat loves Mrs. H. She always gives him vegan wellness

packets to eat and she is a complete pushover when it comes to getting fed. Lately she had started giving him warm milk, which immediately puts him to sleep.

Fat Cat thought that he would take a nap on the doormat. It was dark and would attract the heat from the sun. Written on the mat was “Avast Ye Mateys.” Fat Cat knew that Mr. H had once been a sailor but what he didn’t know was that Mr. had also once been a pirate. He was just dozing off when Chadd with two d’s hopped closer. Chadd with two d’s was a little gray squirrel. Other animals kept asking him why his name was spelled with two d’s. Chadd with two d’s would give them a withering look. “Because Chad with one d was already taken you fools.”

Chadd said, “Hey Fat Cat it looks like you have packed on some extra pounds since the wedding.” Fat Cat glared at him. He and Flavie the Flying Fish had recently got married. “Go away,” Fat Cat said. “Can’t you see I’m sleeping?”

“Well excuuuuuuse me,” said Chadd as he hopped off in search of nuts.

Fat Cat was annoyed. He extended his claws and started to claw at the doormat. He suddenly felt a strange sensation, a vibration coming from under his belly. Fat Cat wondered if he had indigestion. The vibration got stronger and the mat started to lift off the ground. Slowly at first, but after 30 seconds or so he was above the rooftops, heading east toward the beach. He was on a magic carpet ride. What he didn’t know yet was that his Magic Carpet was also a time machine and they were flying back 40 years to when Mr. H

was crossing the ocean. In fact he was crossing the equator heading for the southern seas.

Fat Cat could not believe his eyes. Mr. H was on deck. His hair was long and blond. He had a patch over his eye and was dressed like a pirate. Alongside him was a lady wearing not much more than a green fishnet. Her hair was black and spiked. Fat Cat heard Mr. H say, “come out of the hold and onto the deck and do it right now you scurvy bunch of misfits.” A hatch opened and three crewmen came scurrying out. “You sit right there,” Mr. H commanded. Fat Cat was impressed. He had always taken Mr. H to be a docile pushover when in fact it turns out he had once been a pirate in command of a yacht.

“Bring the brew,” Mr. H commanded and The Cook came on deck with a foul smelling bucket. It was filled with food scraps that had rotted in the tropical heat. The mix was bubbling and the smell beyond description. Fat Cat knew what was happening. He had read it in a book once. New recruits who had never sailed across the equator before were being initiated. This was going to be a solemn ceremony.

Then suddenly, from out of the ocean, came a magnificent creature; King Neptune. Flavie the Flying Fish had once spoken about King Neptune and when she did she spoke in hushed tones.

“Tie their hands,” commanded Mr. H. It suddenly dawned on Fat Cat. The lady in the fetching green fishnet was Neptune’s Queen, there for the ceremony. When the three new recruits were securely tied the Queen stepped forward. “What say you?” she asked the three new recruits.

“We ask for permission to pass into the Southern Hemisphere,” they replied in unison. “Right, Mr. Cook you know what to do.” Mr. Cook stepped forward. He had the bucket in one hand and a ladle in the other. The mixture was bubbling and the smell so foul that Fat Cat thought that he might throw up. Mr. Cook proceeded to ladle the mixture over the heads of the three new recruits. He emptied the last of it over them. The Queen spoke again. “How far until the equator,” she asked. Mr. Navigator put his head out the hatch. “We should cross in five minutes,” he said.

“Perfect,” said the Queen. “That mixture should be good and hard by then.” The boat heeled gently to a new breeze and Mr. H steadied himself. The three new recruits sat baking in the hot tropical sun. The navigator called out, “fifteen seconds, fourteen, thirteen and suddenly they bounced into the Southern Hemisphere. King Neptune stepped forward. In a booming voice he said. “Welcome to the Southern Hemisphere. You have my permission to be here. May your sailing be fair and may you always have the wind at your back and a song in your heart.” Then, as if by magic, he and his queen were gone.

Mr. H said, “OK untie them and you three use the outdoor shower to clean off.” It was the first equator crossing that Fat Cat had ever witnessed. He was impressed with the grandeur and ritual of the ceremony. He so wished that Flavie the Flying Fish could have seen it. There was suddenly a slight bump. Fat Cat looked around. Mr. H was packing away his paint.

“Hey Fat Cat,” he said. “I am going to need that door mat.” Fat Cat shook himself. He could hardly believe what he had

just witnessed and quickly went off to the kitchen in search of Mrs. H and some wellness snacks. The new vegan broth was flavored with Brussel sprouts and when he was stuffed full he looked for a place to rest. 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.





THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

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### 2 - A SWEET DILEMMA



IT WAS EARLY SPRING in Marblehead, the seaside town in Massachusetts where Fat Cat lives with his owners, Mr. and Mrs. H. Well if truth be told Fat Cat felt like he was the owner and Mr. and Mrs. H were his pets. Fat Cat was strolling through Waterside Cemetery enjoying the spring weather when he spotted a problem. Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys were coming his way. Tall Tom Turkey was tagging along. He was limping from the accident caused when Dougie from up the Street ran over his foot. Even though they had all attended his wedding to Flavie the Flying Fish, they never missed an opportunity to make fun of him.

“What, are you lost?” asked Mo. Mavis said, “hey Fat Cat did you lose your marbles?” Millie, who was the kindest of the four asked, “how married life?” Marnie, for once, had nothing to say. Fat Cat could see that the nail polish on their toes,

which they had done for his wedding, was chipping badly. He decided to ignore them and walked on by as if he didn't have care in the world.

Mrs. H fed him a wellness pack and Fat Cat fell asleep on the doormat in the front of the house where it was nice and warm. He was just dozing off when he felt a slight vibration. He knew what was coming. It was not indigestion. Moments later he was flying over the rooftops this time heading west. The land below started to change. There were fewer and fewer houses and soon it was all farmland. Fat Cat looked down and in the distance he could see a farmhouse. It was quaint and pretty and the garden was well maintained. There was an American flag flying from a flagpole. Fat Cat looked closer. He saw an elderly gentleman having tea with a young girl. "That can't possibly be?" he thought. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. The girl was young and blond and very pretty. "Well I'll be," thought Fat Cat. "It's Mrs. H as a young girl."

Mrs. H was having an 'interesting conversation' with her Grandpa. They were drinking tea and eating biscuits. Her Grandpa was an immigrant from England and afternoon tea was a must. Mrs. H went to visit most afternoons and they chatted. Her Grandpa was a chiropractor and on Sundays, after a long lunch, he would give all of the children an adjustment. Fat Cat thought, "I could use an adjustment right about now. Hanging onto this silly doormat is killing my back."

The magic carpet flew on by but Fat Cat urged it to turn around. He saw that the boys across the street were messing with something on a tree. By now Fat Cat knew that he could

land his magic carpet and he came in low and slow landing in a thicket just out of sight of the boys.

"Come on," said one of the boys, "let's go back to the house for lunch."

Fat Cat was curious. He crept slowly through the woods. "Hey, who are you?" asked Larry the Lizard. Fat Cat looked to his left. There was a tiny green lizard sitting on a rock. "I am Lord Lombardi of Marblehead," he said.

"Snazzy," said Larry the Lizard. "And what brings you to this neck of the woods?"

"I'm hungry," Fat Cat said. "Now go away. Lizards are my favorite food." Larry the Lizard scuttled off and Fat Cat moved forward. He could smell something sweet in the air. As he got closer to the tree where the boys had been messing with something the sweet smell became intoxicating. Fat Cat followed his nose and was soon at the base of the tree. Running down the trunk was some gooey stuff. Fat Cat sniffed it and then took a lick. It was maple syrup. Fat Cat thought that he had died and gone to heaven. He had licked almost a gallon of maple syrup when Larry the Lizard showed up. "You know all that sugar is bad for your teeth," he said.

Fat Cat said, "go away." His paws were covered in syrup and the fur around his mouth was sticky and wet. Larry the Lizard looked over at him and smiled. Fat Cat noticed that Larry the Lizard had no teeth. Larry the Lizard read his mind. "You see, too much maple syrup."

"Yikes," thought Fat Cat and hurried back to his magic carpet. He took off licking his paws, worrying about his teeth.

He landed with a slight bump on the steps of The House on Waterside. Mr. H said, “Fat Cat why do you keep taking the doormat and where do you go with it?” Fat Cat thought to himself, “if only he knew.” His plan was to head straight to the kitchen where he was sure that he could talk Mrs. H into a wellness pack, but when he tried to walk he couldn’t. His feet were stuck to the doormat. Then Chadd with two d’s hopped on over. “Awkwaaaaaard,” he said. Fat Cat glared at him. “Get over here,” he ordered Chadd. “My feet are stuck to the mat. I need you to start licking them.”

“Oooh that’s a little funky,” said Chadd but when he started licking he couldn’t stop. The sweet syrupy taste was intoxicating. Just then John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive strolled by. He was out on a walk with his owner. John Wayne looked over and started to blush. He could not believe his eyes. “It’s not what you think,” said Fat Cat. John Wayne sniffed the air and quickened his pace. Suddenly Fat Cat was free of the carpet. He strolled casually into the house. “Where have you been you Silly Willy?” asked Mrs. H. “Are you hungry?”

Fat Cat thought, “yes, can you make me some pancakes?” But instead Mrs. H gave him a vegan wellness pack and bowl of warm milk. The milk did its magic and Fat Cat looked around for a sunny spot where he could rest. He found his favorite couch, arched his back, 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.

## THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

# THE MAGIC CARPET

### 3 - VELKOMIN TIL ISLANDS



DILLY AND DALLY, the two ducks cruised in on the cool, early morning breeze. They landed near the bird feeder at The House on Waterside. Dilly sauntered over to where the birdseed had fallen onto the ground. She was hungry. So was Dally but he flew to the highest peak of the house to keep a lookout. Fat Cat was asleep in a flowerpot nearby. He opened one eye and watched Dilly pecking at the seeds. Fat Cat knew better than to mess with the ducks. He had tried it once and found out that Dally was fiercely protective of his wife. He knew not to make the same mistake a second time. When Dilly was full, Dally flew down and had a quick snack before both ducks flew off into Waterside Cemetery.

Glenda the Goose strolled on over. “Hey Fat Cat, do you think you are a flower?” Fat Cat gave her a dirty look. “What are you talking about?” he said. Glenda the Goose said. “Well

you are in a flower pot. You must be a flower.” Fat Cat said, “go away and bother someone else.” Glenda straightened her back, tilted her head upwards, and strode off up Waterside Road. “Cats,” she muttered to herself. “Cats.”

Fat Cat was getting used to his Magic Carpet and this time he didn’t even feel it take off. He was well above Greenland dreaming of a table laden with wellness packs and warm milk when he started to feel chilly. He opened one eye and looked down. There, below him, was a magical wonderland. He could see icebergs, fjords, and tiny clusters of homes. “I’m not sure that I am cut out for that place,” he thought. “Too cold.” Moments later he landed in Iceland. “That’s strange,” he said out loud. “Iceland is green and Greenland is covered in ice. Weird.”

Pete the Puffin hopped over to say hello. “Velkomin til Hslands,” he said.

“Wait, what?” Fat Cat said.

“Oh, sorry,” said Pete the puffin. “I didn’t know that you could not speak Icelandic.”

Fat Cat gave him a look. Then he noticed that Pete the Puffin was limping. “What happened to you?” he asked. “Climbing accident,” Pete the Puffin replied.

“What do you mean climbing accident? You are a bird, aren’t you?” Pete hopped closer. “Yup,” he said, “ironic, isn’t it?”

“This place is full of weirdo’s,” thought Fat Cat.

He said, “I’m hungry.” Pete the Puffin tilted his head. “Follow me. We have the best hot dogs in the world.” Fat Cat

thought about the hot dog that he had eaten at the baseball game at Fenway Park.

“I doubt it,” he said.

Pete the Puffin took him to a small hot dog stand downtown. There was a long line of people waiting to place their orders. A small sign in the window read, “President Bill Clinton ate here.”

“Wow snazzy,” thought Fat Cat. He knew that Clinton was a connoisseur of good food. “This place might be alright after all.”

Pete the Puffin said, “there is no need to wait in line. Follow me.” He hopped behind the small stand and flew up onto one of the garbage bins. Fat Cat said, “sorry I don’t eat out of garbage bins.” Pete said, “Just wait until you try this.” He tossed a half eaten hot dog down to Fat Cat. It was covered in some kind of mayonnaise with some finely chopped fried onions. Fat Cat nibbled around the edges. “Wow,” he thought. “This is one spectacular hot dog. And the onions, what a nice crunchy touch.”

Fat Cat was on his fifth hot dog when he saw a small boy walk his way. He looked familiar. He had a shock of blond hair and sticky-out ears. The boy said, “hey Fat Cat, what are you doing here?” His brother was behind him. He said, “hey Fat Cat, what are you doing here?” Fat Cat recognized their voices. They were much younger, around seven and ten. Then he recognized them. They were Mr. H’s boys. He remembered when they moved to Iceland with their Mom. Fat Cat had missed them. He was their Christmas present. Mr. H had picked him

up from the Pets for Peace Animal Shelter and had wrapped a bow around him. The boys unwrapped their other gift. It was the movie 'Finding Nemo.' Fat Cat had sat on the couch that Christmas Day and watched the movie with them. It was the first time in his life that he had been truly happy. The older boy said, "let's name him Nemo." But the name didn't stick so Mr. H said, "let's name him Fat Cat."

"Come with us," the boys said. "It's getting late." Fat Cat said, "Can my friend Pete the Puffin come as well?"

"Sure," said the boys. "Let's go for a walk to our favorite mountain." Fat Cat followed them while Pete hopped along trying to keep up. They sat on the top of the mountain looking down over town as the lights started to come on. They looked like tiny stars. Then suddenly it was dark. Fat Cat was a little scared but the older boy rubbed his ears and said, "Don't be scared Fat Cat. Tonight you are going to see the most magical show on earth."

The two boys sat there with Pete and Fat Cat between them. Suddenly the sky lit up with curtains of green. The lights swept in toward them and then, as if by magic, they disappeared and were replaced by yellow lights streaking across the sky. "Wow that was some kind of hot dog," thought Fat Cat. Pete said, "It's the Northern Lights Fat Cat. It's our ancestors communicating with us. They are sending us messages. The green means that there will be peace in the world. The yellow means that one day puffins will rule the earth."

Fat Cat thought, "Yea right."

Fat Cat landed back at the House on Waterside just as it

was getting dark. Mrs. H said, "Where did you go you Silly Willy? I have been calling for you. I have a wellness pack for you." Fat Cat thought, "I need a bowl of warm milk after what I just saw." He ate his wellness pack, licked his paws which he had dipped into the warm milk, 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 and took a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

4 - HAPPY BIRTHDAY FAT CAT



MO, MILLIE, MAVIS AND MARNIE, the town turkeys, were congregating by the bird feeder at The House on Waterside. Tall Tom Turkey was there with them. They all got together most Mondays to chat about the weekend's news and the latest in politics. Millie said, "did you know that today is Fat Cat's birthday? We should all chip in and get him something."

Marnie said, "Let's get him a bell to tie around his neck. That way all the little birds will hear him and be warned to fly away when he's around."

"Excellent idea," said Mo. "I know just where to get one. 'Dougie from up the Street has one tied to the rear view mirror in his truck. We just need to figure out how to open the door."

"Hmmm."

The turkeys scratched around in the dirt for a bit when Chadd with two d's hopped on over. "Morning ladies," he said.

“And err Mr. Gentleman.” He had taken to wearing one of the red socks that Mrs. H had knitted for Fat Cat when he went to the baseball game at Fenway Park. He looked ridiculous.

Mo said, “buzz off.”

“Well excuuuuuuse me,” said Chadd.

“Hey wait,” said Marnie. In her previous life Marnie had run a very successful transportation business. She had a nose for good ideas. “Get over here you little gray something or other whatever you are,” Marnie said. “We have a mission for you.”

Dougie from up the Street always cracked the window in his truck. The turkeys might not be able to open the door, but they could help Chadd get through the window and Chadd could snag the bell.

“Brilliant,” said Millie.

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug was watching from his perch on the rose bush. “Oh this is not going to turn out very well,” he said.

The five of them sauntered slowly up the street, every now and then looking over their shoulders making sure that no one was suspecting them of any mischief. Millie said, “Chadd you hop onto my back. Then I will hop onto Tall Tom’s back and you should be able to get through the gap in the window.”

It was a brilliant plan.

Fat Cat had noticed the commotion at the bird feeder and had followed the six of them up Waterside Road. He was being careful to stay in the shadows, and under cars. He saw Chadd with two d’s hop onto Millie’s back and then he saw Millie hop

onto Tall Tom’s back. It was just high enough for the little gray squirrel to slip through the window and he hopped onto the front seat of Dougie’s car. Within seconds he had the bell; but he also had a dilemma. He couldn’t get back out the window. Chadd hopped and tried but he couldn’t reach the tiny gap in the window. Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie looked around and then Marnie said, “Let’s get out of here before we get into trouble.” They took off up Waterside Road. Tall Tom limped after them.

Fat Cat did not like Chadd, even though he was his best friend, but he knew a predicament when he saw one. He hopped onto the back of the truck. Dougie had also left the back window open and Fat Cat was able to hop up and extend his paw through the window. Chadd grabbed onto it and was soon out of the car, with the bell in his little paw. “Happy Birthday Fat Cat,” he said, offering the bell as a gift.

“I can’t take that,” Fat Cat said. “That’s stolen merchandise.” Just then Mrs. H walked by. “Oh look Fat Cat,” she said. “What a pretty bell. Here, let me put it on you.” She tied the bell around Fat Cat’s neck. Chadd said, “there will be a bed in prison waiting for you.” Fat Cat took a swipe at him but he hopped off the truck just in time.

Fat Cat ambled slowly back to the House on Waterside and fell asleep on his favorite doormat. Before long he felt a slight vibration and the carpet lifted gently into the air. This time it rose to just above the rooftops and very slowly Fat Cat cruised down West Shore Drive. The carpet took a left onto Village Street. Fat Cat wondered where they were heading. He flew

right over the Pet's for Peace Animal Shelter where Fat Cat had lived before he was adopted, and then the carpet took a quick left then a sharp right.

Fat Cat looked down. There, behind Dunkin' Donut's, was a small, mostly black with some white cat asleep in the sun. He was skinny and looked hungry. Fat Cat suddenly realized that he was looking at himself as a kitten. He almost fell off his magic carpet. The little kitten woke and stretched, arched his back and licked his paws. Fat Cat landed. The silly bell around his neck was making a jangly noise. Despite the bell he knew what he had to do. He saw Dougie from up the Street pull up in front of Dunkin' Donuts. He went in and came back out with a honey glazed cruller leaving it on the front seat of his truck. The second that Dougie turned his back, Fat Cat had the cruller. He was like a streak of black and white lightning. Dougie heard a bell but it took him a little time to notice that his honey glazed cruller was gone. Fat Cat slipped behind Dunkin' Donuts and placed the cruller on the ground. He jumped back onto the Magic Carpet and they rose slowly above Village Plaza. Fat Cat looked down and the tiny kitten was munching on the cruller.

"Happy birthday to me," Fat Cat said.

Mrs. H was tending to the chickens when he landed back at The House on Waterside. Fat Cat did his best to look hungry and Mrs. H said, "hey Fat Cat are you hungry?" Fat Cat acted as if he had not heard a word that she had said. He walked slowly toward his bowl in the kitchen, occasionally glancing over his shoulder to make sure that Mrs. H was following.

"It's your lucky day Fat Cat," she said. "I don't know why, but I am feeling extra generous." She cut up some tofu and warmed it, serving it along with a bowl of warm milk. Fat Cat ate it all then hopped onto the couch to take a nap. Just as he was dozing off he saw Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie tiptoeing up Waterside Road. Tall Tom was limping a few feet behind them. They were hoping that Fat Cat would not see them. Fat Cat saw them and said, "It's the thought that counts. Even if the merch is stolen."

He saw the town turkeys and Tall Tom mouth the words, "Happy Birthday." Fat Cat sunk deeper into the couch, 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 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

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5 - JAMAICA SUNRISE



THE MAGIC CARPET was coming in low and slow above the palm trees. The turquoise water below was shimmering. Fat Cat held on tight as they banked over the old court building in Montego Bay. He had been asleep but a strong, sweet, smoky smell had woken him. He breathed the air and immediately felt light headed.

“Wow, that’s funky,” he thought.

The Magic Carpet had a place in mind where they were going. They cruised just above the tree line, passing the resort town of Ocho Rios and moments later landed on the beach of Navy Island, a small island off the town of Port Antonio.

Navy Island was once owned by the famous Australian actor Errol Flynn and Fat Cat could hear voices and laughter coming from the Main House. He crept cautiously through the low scrub, the voices and laughter getting louder as he got closer.

He hopped up onto a windowsill and peered through the glass pane. There was a long table set with the finest china, lit with a dozen candles. The table was groaning under the weight of all the food. It was stacked with fish and fruit and vegetables, as well as some meat dishes. The meat dishes didn't interest him since he had become a vegan after meeting Flavie the Flying Fish. But the veggies looked delicious.

At one end of the table was the most handsome man that Fat Cat had ever seen. He had a pencil thin mustache and piercing brown eyes. Fat Cat knew instinctively that it was the great Mr. Errol Flynn himself. He had a large turkey drumstick in one hand, and a mug full of juice in the other. Fat Cat thought of Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys back at The House on Waterside, and shivered a little. At the other end of the table sat one of the most beautiful women that Fat Cat had ever seen. He had read about the torrid relationship between Mr. Flynn and the actress Olivia de Havilland and he presumed that the lady was Ms. de Havilland.

"She sure is beautiful," Fat Cat thought.

Fat Cat found an open window and hopped through, landing with a thud on the soft carpet. Fat Cat has never been a graceful cat. He crept slowly along the wall hoping to blend in. The people at the table were having too much fun to notice him and quite quickly Fat Cat found himself under the table feasting on scraps. The food was delicious; and plentiful. An hour later, completely stuffed, Fat Cat left. He tried to jump onto the windowsill but he only made it halfway. He was so full. Luckily he found an open door and returned to his Magic Carpet. The

carpet started to vibrate but it was struggling to take off. Fat Cat had exceeded the maximum weight limit, but after a few attempts the Magic Carpet lifted above the palm trees and set off in a southerly direction. Below him he could see banana trees and a lush green forest, and up ahead a beautiful waterfall which Fat Cat recognized as Reach Falls. Fat Cat liked to browse Pinterest in his spare time. Fat Cat was mesmerized, but when he looked closer he couldn't believe his eyes.

"That can't be," he said out loud. "No don't tell me." Fat Cat rubbed his eyes and looked again and there right below him was Mr. H, well, a much younger version of Mr. H. His body was lean and tanned, his long blond hair blowing in the breeze. He was with some local Jamaican's hanging out on the rocks above the waterfall. Just then one of the small Jamaican boys jumped up and ran to the edge of the waterfall leaping over the edge into a deep pool at the base of the falls far, far below. Fat Cat was shocked. The crowd cheered.

Fat Cat saw Mr. H chatting with his friends. They were pointing toward the edge of the falls. "Don't do it, don't do it," Fat Cat muttered. Mr. H crept close to the edge of the falls and looked down. "Don't do it," Fat Cat said out loud. Mr. H went back to his friends on the rocks.

"Whew, that was a close one," Fat Cat thought.

Suddenly Mr. H stood, he ran to the edge of the falls, and jumped. He hung suspended in the air for what seemed like a lifetime, at least to Fat Cat it felt like a lifetime, at least one of his nine lives. Then there was a big splash. Mr. H landed flat on his belly, a classic belly flop.

“Oh dear,” thought Fat Cat. Mr. H sank to the bottom of the pool and along with it went Fat Cat’s heart. He could feel it pounding in his chest. The crowd was silent, waiting. Then suddenly Mr. H popped to the surface with a huge smile on his face. The crowd cheered, Mr. H waved and swam to the shore. His tummy and chest were a bright pink.

Fat Cat saw Mr. H walk over to a local vendor who had brought along a small gas stove and was cooking something. It smelled delicious. It was some kind of meat. Fat Cat knew that his wife, Flavie the Flying Fish, would not approve but he just had to have some. His Magic Carpet landed near the vendor. Mr. H was tucking into a plate of food piled high. People were coming over and patting him on the back. Apparently it was a big deal to jump over the falls. Fat Cat crept closer. He was in stealth mode. The vendor dropped a piece of chicken and Fat Cat pounced. He took a huge bite and the second he did, he was very sorry that he had. His mouth was suddenly on fire.

“Oh no,” Fat Cat thought. “It’s Jamaican jerk chicken, one of the spiciest foods in the world. I can taste the scotch bonnet pepper.” Fat Cat felt the heat hit his brain. Now, heat is something that Fat Cat likes so he took a second bite. “Wow.” His whole body shook and then he started to sweat. It felt like his body was going to catch on fire. It was a feeling that Fat Cat loved.

Moments later Fat Cat was above Florida, then the Carolinas, New York City, and then gliding into The House on Waterside. The Magic Carpet landed. Chadd with two d’s hopped on over. “Hey Fat Cat you looked a tad piqued,” he said.

“Go away,” said Fat Cat. Root Beer was there too. He was usually very introverted but had recently been taking some online courses to help build his self confidence. “Is that scotch bonnet I smell?” he asked. Fat Cat was a little annoyed. All he wanted was an easy landing and a bowl of his favorite vegan wellness packs. “Yes,” he said. “And I bought some for you.” He offered Root Beer a taste. Root Beer was a little worried but the online course had repeated constantly. “You need to overcome your fears,” the lady with a soft voice kept repeating. Root Beer took a bite and suddenly, as if charged with rocket fuel, he was back home two streets over begging for a bowl of milk.

Fat Cat smiled to himself. Just then Mrs. H appeared. “Hey Fat Cat are you hungry?” she asked. Fat Cat gave her a withering look and found his favorite place on the couch where he could keep track of the comings and goings on Waterside Road. “That Mr. Flynn sure was a handsome man,” Fat Cat thought as he dozed off. “He might be handsome but I’m sure that he was not as brave, or as stupid, as Mr. H.”

Fat Cat sunk deeper into the couch, he 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 2  
THE MAGIC CARPET  
6 - REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS



Glenda the Goose stopped by the House on Waterside. Fat Cat was asleep in one of the window boxes. Mrs. H had not yet planted her spring pansies but at least she had removed the prickly Christmas decorations.

“Hey Fat Cat. Are you going to Dominique and Daisy’s barn bash?” Fat Cat opened one eye. The last time that he had seen Glenda was at his wedding to Flavie the Flying Fish. Glenda had worn a ridiculous pale blue pantsuit.

“What are you talking about?” he said.

“Dominique and Daisy are having a spring barn bash. They are planning an all you can drink milk bar and some other special surprises. We are all going.”

“Who’s we?” asked Fat Cat.

“Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie are going. Root Beer was the

first to RSVP. Tall Tom too. In fact Marnie has organized a limo for them all. She used to be in the transportation business you know?”

Fat Cat said, “yes I know. I’m in the transportation business now. I have a Magic Carpet.”

Glenda the Goose gave him a sideways glance.

“Suit yourself,” she said.

“I will,” thought Fat Cat, “but not in a pale blue pantsuit. More like ablack and white tuxedo.”

He was just dozing off when Chadd with two d’s hopped on over. “Hey Fat Cat are you going to the big shindig at StonyBrook Farm?”

Fat Cat opened one eye and said, “Yes I have actually been asked to officiate.”

“Ooooooooooh fancy,” said Chadd.

Fat Cat stretched and arched his back. He was hungry but Mrs. H was back full time teaching and Mr. H was useless when it came to wellness packs. All he did all day was bang on his keyboard and laugh at his own jokes. Fat Cat hopped onto his Magic Carpet.

“StonyBrook Farm please,” he said. His Magic Carpet, which was actually just an old front door mat that Mr. H had thrown out said, “what do you think I am, an UBER?”

“OK I’ll walk,” said Fat Cat.

“Get on,” said the Magic Carpet. There was a slight vibration and they took off. As they got some air the landscape below

started to turn gray. Fat Cat noticed some Revolutionary War soldiers marching in Waterside Cemetery. They were marching toward the grave of Corporal Chris Piper. He was a war hero who had lost his life fighting for peace in the world.

“Slow down,” Fat Cat said. “I want to pay my respects.” The Magic Carpet landed near the headstone of Corporal Chris Piper. Fat Cat jumped off and ambled over to the grave. There were American Flags everywhere. Memorial Day weekend was fast approaching. Fat Cat knelt on one knee and dipped his head in respect. “I will take it from here,” he said to his Magic Carpet. “I can walk.”

Fat Cat walked slowly over the hill and looked down on StonyBrook Farm. He could see the two dogs asleep in the sun. “Respect,” he thought. “Any animal that sleeps 23 hours each day deserves respect.” He saw Sheila the Shetland Sheep talking to herself in the corner of her pen. “She’s getting more batty by the day,” Fat Cat said to no one in particular. He could see that there were bright lights strung around the barn where Dominique and Daisy lived. He was hoping to avoid Jimmy Spithill, the GOAT, but no such luck. Jimmy had recently been racing in a regatta in Bermuda, but had come away empty. No trophies. “Hey Fat Cat. Are you coming to the big hoedown?” he asked.

“Why do you think I am wearing my tuxedo? Fat Cat replied. Jimmy Spithill looked at him. “Well you do look kind of dapper,” he said.

Fat Cat snuck into the barn. Dominique and Daisy were being milked. “Hey,” Daisy said to Fat Cat. “Do you want some

milk?” Fat Cat thought about the time that he had tried to steal some milk and got splat. “No thanks,” he said. “But I heard that you are going to throw a big get-together.”

Dominique said, “where did you hear that?” She was embarrassed that she had not invited Fat Cat. “It’s all the buzz in town,” said Fat Cat. Dominique tried to look thoughtful but it didn’t fool Fat Cat. “Hey you guys were going to have a party and didn’t invite me?”

Dominique said, “we were going to invite you but we were not sure how to invite Flavie the Flying Fish and we didn’t want to make you feel uncomfortable being here without her.” Fat Cat thought for a few minutes.

“How about we make this spring fundraiser for NPR. We can invite the mayor of Marblehead, the Honorable Tom McNulty, and we can have a huge party. We can have it on the dock and Flavie the Flying Fish can join us.”

“You are a genius,” said Daisy.

“Genius,” thought Fat Cat. “Well that might be a bit above my pay grade but I am pretty smart.”

The party was a huge success. Kenny the farmer had the place looking spectacular. They had even invited Emma and Betty, the two chickens that lived at The House on Waterside. They were perching on the fence watching the animals drink themselves silly on warm milk when they saw in the distance a faint light. It was there for a moment and then was gone. “That’s strange,” said Emma. “I thought that Gary the Glowworm only came out at night.”

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug, was also there. “Sheese,” he muttered. “Gary moved to Florida months ago. Doesn’t anyone keep track of these things?”

Betty said, “that’s not Gary the Glowworm. It’s Flavie the Flying Fish.” Sure enough it was. Flavie came in low and slow. She could see all the farm animals. She could see her love, Fat Cat, in his tuxedo, but what really caught her eye was the whole revolutionary army, fully kitted up, standing on the hill overlooking the farm. Flavie the Flying Fish dipped under the water. When she came back out again she was carrying a small American flag. “Happy Memorial Day and Peace on Earth,” she said.

Fat Cat said, “I’m hungry.” Mrs. H was ready for him with a vegan wellness pack and a bowl of warm milk. Fat Cat found a warm spot on his favorite couch, 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 2  
THE MAGIC CARPET  
7 - ALMOST HEAVEN



FAT CAT WONDERED why Mrs. H decorated every room in yellow and blue. The living room, where he liked to snuggle on the couch with her and watch SpongeBob, was painted yellow and the curtains were blue. He liked the combination but wondered, why the obsession?

On weekends, Mr. Stick would come over for the Steelers football game. Mr. Stick was Mrs. H's Dad. He always brought something with him which he called his 'terrible towel.' It was like some kind of magical thingamajig. They would watch football on TV. Fat Cat had always been good at crunching numbers but this year things were not looking good. Mrs. H said, "well at least West Virginia is doing ok."

Fat Cat wandered over to the vegetable garden. Mrs. H had made a special area for him which she called his 'Serenity Garden.' Fat Cat loved his Serenity Garden. He would eat the

leaves and then roll around in them until his vision started to blur. The four town turkeys were strolling by. "Hey Fat Cat," said Mo. "Have you been following the situation over in China?" Fat Cat said, "no I have been watching football. Well I was watching football until Mr. Stick threw the terrible towel at the TV. He was yelling something that I couldn't understand."

"You need to stay up on the news," said Marnie. "There is more to life than just eating and sleeping and watching football."

"Go away," said Fat Cat. "I need a nap. And by the way, where is Tall Tom? He's my only real friend."

"His cousin just flew in from Arkansas," said Mille. "They went to the Barnacle for lunch. Good scraps there you know."

"I know."

Fat Cat wandered over to his magic carpet and promptly fell asleep. "Hey look," said Mrs. H. Fat Cat must be dreaming. He was on his back, his legs jerking. Mrs. H was sure that she could detect a smile.

"The cat is a fool," said Mr. H. "All he ever does is eat and sleep."

Mrs. H said. "He's a cat. That's what they do."

Mr. Stick said, "hey Fat Cat is gone. It looks like he took his carpet with him."

Fat Cat was cruising above the Blue Ridge Mountains. He was thinking to himself. "This is beautiful. This is Almost Heaven." In the distance he could see a town. It looked like a university town, the campus blending into the surroundings.

Then he saw the stadium. There was a sign that read, "Welcome to the University of West Virginia - Home of the Mountaineers." Fat Cat parked his magic carpet and slipped past the ticket collector. As he entered the stadium he saw Mrs. H, well a much younger version of Mrs. H. She was completely decked out in yellow and blue and she was yelling at the top of her lungs.

"Go Mountaineers," she yelled. "You've got this." Fat Cat looked at the scoreboard. "She's nuts." The Mountaineers were down by thirteen with just four minutes left in the fourth quarter. Then their quarterback pulled a perfect play out of his back pocket. He saw his receiver cross diagonally, dodging the other players. His footwork was amazing, but he was looking the wrong way. The quarterback held back for a second and that was enough time for the receiver to turn around. Fat Cat saw the ball spiraling through the air. It was almost like magic, in slow motion. Fat Cat watched the ball; mesmerized. It was like watching poetry in motion. Fat Cat couldn't help himself. He ran out onto the field and the receiver tripped over him. The ball ended up in the hands of the other team and they punted for the sideline.

Fat Cat felt terrible.

"Hey, are you OK little friend?" the receiver asked. The crowd booed. Fat Cat felt awful. He ran off the field. The announcer said. "Give that cat a hat." The opposing team punted to the sideline but then something crazy happened. The ball hit the TV announcer and bounced back onto the field. The Mountaineers took possession and their wide receiver ran



for a touchdown. The ball was converted and the Mountaineers were down by six. Fat Cat heard guns firing. "Oh my gosh," he thought. "Are there revolutionary soldiers here as well?" Then he saw a man dressed in a Davy Crockett outfit. He had a long beard and an outfit that must have been made from some kind of squirrel skin. He was firing his gun into the sky. Mrs. H was going crazy. Fat Cat could hear her above the noise of the crowd.

Fat Cat was about to head to the concessions in the hope of finding some food on the floor, but just as he got to the edge of the stadium there was a loud roar from the crowd. He could hear Mrs. H carrying on like some kind of maniac. She was screaming. The quarterback had thrown a perfect pass. The countdown clock was at two seconds. The mountaineer had his gun ready and the receiver caught the ball and ran into the end zone. It was one of the most exciting things that had ever happened to Fat Cat since he and Flavie the Flying Fish got married. The crowd in the stadium was on their feet. Fat Cat was rushing for his Magic Carpet when the stadium suddenly fell silent.

He heard a song, "Almost Heaven, West Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River." Fat Cat took off. The crowd exploded. "Life is old there, older than the trees." Fat Cat looked down at the stunning fall foliage below him. "Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze."

He landed back at The House on Waterside. Mr. Stick was just getting into his bright red Pontiac. He had the terrible towel with him. He had a big smile on his face. Fat Cat knew

in that moment that the Steelers must have pulled things off in the last few minutes. Mrs. H said, "where did you go Little Buddy? Are you hungry? Fat Cat ate his wellness packet and climbed onto his favorite couch. He saw Glenda the Goose walking by. "Hey Glenda. I have two words for you," he said. Glenda looked his way. Fat Cat said. "Country Roads."

Glenda said, "I think that you are losing your marbles."

Fat Cat fell asleep in the sun. "Take me home to the place I belong," he hummed to himself. "This is where I belong," thought Fat Cat. I am Lord Lombardi of Waterside." And then, with a full belly, 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 took a long, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

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8 - BECOMING MRS. H



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL spring morning and the creatures of Waterside were buzzing with activity. Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys were gathered at the bird feeder. They usually got together every Monday morning to discuss the week in the news and sometimes politics. This morning they were gossiping among themselves. “Did you hear about the man who was swallowed by a whale?” Mo asked. Millie looked wide eyed. “Swallowed by a whale?”

“Yea,” Mo said. He was scuba diving for lobster off Cape Cod when he said that he was swallowed by a whale.

“How come if he was swallowed by a whale he could still be here to tell his story?” asked Marnie. She looked skeptical. Mo continued, “he said that the whale spat him out.” Chadd with two d’s had been eavesdropping. “I call nonsense on that story,” he said. “That’s how they sell newspapers. Whatever

will they think of next?" Millie gave him a blank stare. "What's a newspaper?"

Root Beer was out doing his morning cross-fit training. He saw the commotion by the bird feeder. "What's going on?" he asked.

"I read in the paper that a man was swallowed by a whale and lived to talk about it," said Mo.

Root Beer gave them all a look. "Really? They are making that up to sell newspapers." What's a newspaper?" Millie mumbled.

Chadd with two d's yelled, "Hey Fat Cat get on over here you have to hear this whale of a tale." Fat Cat sauntered over to the bird feeder and Mo repeated the story. "There is something fishy about that story," Fat Cat said. "Could be true though, stranger things have happened."

"Yea, like a cat and a flying fish getting married," Chadd with two d's said. Fat Cat took a swipe at him but the little squirrel was too quick and jumped out of the way. "I am going to take a nap," announced Fat Cat. "Wake me up if you get new information on this important issue of the day." He walked over to his favorite spot in the sun and fell asleep on his Magic Carpet.

This time he did not feel the carpet take off and slept for the whole ride. They were just about to land outside an old school house when Fat Cat noticed a young lady sitting in her car. She looked nervous. Fat Cat saw that it was Mrs. H, a very young version of Mrs. H. She was clutching the steering wheel and seemed to be talking to herself. Fat Cat noticed that

she was very well dressed, very conservatively dressed. She looked like a banker but what was she doing in a parking lot out front of a school?

Mrs. H was at the school to give a talk, to the students, about banking, but she was very nervous and was sitting in the car trying to work up the courage to go in. Fat Cat sensed that something was wrong. He landed his Magic Carpet on the hood of Mrs. H's car. She couldn't see him but for some strange reason she suddenly got up the courage to get out of the car and go into the school. Fat Cat followed close behind and slipped into the classroom, just as the door was closing. The children were very excited to see Mrs. H and with Fat Cat at her feet, she suddenly calmed down. There was great energy in the room. There were lots of colorful pictures hanging on the walls. There was a large blackboard at the front of the room and sunlight was streaming through the windows. It looked colorful and cozy.

Mrs. H started to tell the kids all she knew about banking and what it was like to be a banker. She looked at their excited faces. The teacher was at the back of the class. She looked relaxed and very content. It was right then and there that Mrs. H knew that she wanted to become a teacher. She left the classroom, returned to the bank and looked around her office. It was sterile, no natural light, no pictures, just a small framed photo of her dog on her desk. She found her boss and said, "I quit."

Mrs. H went back to college and eventually got her masters degree and teaching license. She now teaches third grade

special education in Rockport, Massachusetts and has never been happier.

Fat Cat had been back at The House on Waterside for an hour when Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie strolled on over. They looked very excited. "There is proof that the man was swallowed by a whale," Mo said. "There is a lobsterman who came forward and said that he witnessed the whole thing. He said that he saw that the man diving had oxygen tanks and then the man disappeared. Then after a little while there were huge bubbles and all of a sudden, from out of the bubbles, the man came flying."

"Have you been eating those red berries again?" Fat Cat asked. "You know the kind that make you a little loopy."

"Well, we think it's a true story," the turkeys said, although Marnie was still a bit skeptical. They took off up Waterside Road looking indignant.

Fat Cat was hungry. He hoped that Mrs. H had bought more vegan wellness packs. "Hi little buddy," she said. "Where have you been?" Fat Cat looked lovingly at her. He loved her even more now knowing that she had given up being a banker to become a schoolteacher. Mrs. H fed him a wellness pack and poured him some warm milk. Fat Cat found a place in the sun. "A man gets swallowed by a whale and lives to tell about it. What next?" he thought. He 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.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

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9 - MR TAMBORINE MAN TURNS 80



FAT CAT HAD BEEN napping out back of The House on Waterside but it was starting to get chilly so he made his way to the front where he found a nice patch of sunlight out of the wind. It was right where his Magic Carpet was located. He had just fallen asleep when Tall Tom Turkey hopped on over. Fat Cat pretended that he was asleep but Tall Tom was not having any of it. "I saw that you had one eye open, you can't fool me," he said.

"What do you want?"

"Are you going to the shindig at The Riptide tonight?"

"What shindig?"

"You know the one that's celebrating Mr. Tambourine Man's 80th birthday."

"Not interested," said Fat Cat. "I don't even know what a tambourine is."

“Suit yourself,” said Tall Tom and he hobbled away. “I’m always wearing my suit,” muttered Fat Cat.

He was dozing off again when he felt a slight rumble and his Magic Carpet took off, first cruising just above the treetops in Waterside Cemetery, but after a while it got some altitude and then accelerated. Fat Cat had no idea where they were headed but he held on tight. This was going to be a serious trip. They were hitching onto the edge of the Jet Stream, heading south.

A while later Fat Cat looked down and saw the most beautiful green hills dotted with thousands of white spots. As they dropped altitude Fat Cat saw that the white dots were sheep. He had never seen so many sheep in his life. Up ahead he saw some warriors doing a kind of war dance. “I hope that we are not going there,” Fat Cat thought. They weren’t, but just beyond the warriors was a big stadium and it was crowded. A sign out front read, “Welcome to Auckland, New Zealand Mr. Tambourine Man.” Fat Cat did a double take. He had been to The Riptide before but it sure didn’t look like this.

The crowd was restless, full of anticipation. Then he saw Mr. H in the audience. Well a much, much younger Mr. H. The lights suddenly went down and the stage was lit with spotlights. A scrawny man came out dressed in black carrying a beat up old guitar and the audience erupted.

The man started to sing, “Come gather round people wherever you roam and admit that the waters around you have grown.” Fat Cat thought, “I wonder if this includes cats. I have seen a lot of water this year from Iceland to Auckland and places in between. He watched Mr. H fist bump the person

next to him. “Very strange behavior,” Fat Cat muttered to his Magic Carpet. “It looks like he might have lost his mind.”

The scrawny man kept on singing. “And accept it that soon you’ll be drenched to the bone. If your time to you is worth saving then you better start swimming or you’ll sink like a stone for the times they are a-changing.”

“Wow,” thought Fat Cat, “That’s profound.” The audience was going crazy. Yup for sure Mr. H had lost his mind. Now he was dancing. Mr. H never dances and he looked kind of ridiculous. Fat Cat wanted to land but there was no space. It was jammed but he did notice near the back of the stadium there were some vendors selling food and there was a small space where they could land. The Magic Carpet dropped down behind the vendors and Fat Cat slunk off trying to look inconspicuous. He saw a man selling some kind of pie. It was covered in cream and had some green round things on top. It looked delicious. He knew that he would have to be in full stealth mode. If Fat Cat had one virtue it was patience and Fat Cat was patient. He waited until the man had his back turned to serve a customer and quickly grabbed a slice of pie.

“Hey get out of here,” the man yelled but Fat Cat was too quick. He hopped on his Magic Carpet and took off. They circled the stadium. Mr. H was still dancing.

“Idiot,” thought Fat Cat.

The show was coming to an end. Fat Cat had finished his pavlova pie and had almost licked the fur off his paws trying to get the last of it. It was quite possibly the best thing that Fat Cat had ever eaten, and kiwi fruit was now his favorite fruit.

The scrawny man had come back out on stage for his encore. He started to sing, “Hey Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me I’m not sleepy and there is no place I’m going to. Hey Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me in the jingle jangle morning I’ll come following you.”

“Now I get it,” thought Fat Cat. Mr. Tambourine man.

The Magic Carpet landed with a soft bump. Fat Cat was annoyed to see that Tall Tom Turkey was still there. He was wearing a black scarf around his neck. It was a memento from the shindig at The Riptide. Tall Tom said, “you sure missed a good party.” Fat Cat gave him a withering look.

Mrs. H came out. “Where have you been you Silly Willy?”

Fat Cat said, “Kia Ora.”

“What?” asked Mrs. H. “What are you saying?”

It’s New Zealand for ‘hello.’ Mrs. H gave him a strange look.

Fat Cat said, “I’m hungry. Can you make pavlova?” Mrs. H said, “Let me get you a wellness pack and some warm milk. Fat Cat was starved, and a little jet-lagged. He scoffed his food and found a warm spot on the couch. He arched his back, 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.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2  
THE MAGIC CARPET  
10 - THE WAY OF THE BUSH



ANOTHER LONG hot summer was coming to an end and the leaves on the trees at The House on Waterside were just starting to turn red and gold. Fat Cat knew that soon Waterside Cemetery would be ablaze with color. It was his favorite time of year. He could still find warm patches where he could nap outside, but the best part was that Mrs. H knew that he needed to bulk up for the winter so she bought cases of high protein wellness packets. She had recently introduced him to soy milk, which he was sort of ok with. He preferred real milk, like the kind that Daisy and Dominique, the cows at StonyBrook farm produced. Their milk came with cream on top. The soy milk was not quite as good but he didn’t want to hurt Mrs. H’s feelings.

Fat Cat was lying outside in the sun watching Chadd with two d’s scurrying around. He was going crazy collecting nuts.

Fat Cat said, “Hey Chadd, you’re nuts.” Chadd said “can’t stop and chat right now old chap, I have to stock the larder for the winter. I’m my own man, err squirrel, if you know what I mean. I don’t have anyone feeding me wellness packets.”

“Cat’s are the chosen race,” said Fat Cat. “We get to eat as much as we want, and we get to sleep as much as we want, and we don’t have a care in the world. Plus we live nine lives.”

“Hmmm,” said Chadd, “I have to be running along.” He hopped off looking for more nuts. Fat Cat went inside but he quickly got bored. There was no SpongeBob on TV and Mrs. H was still at work. Mr. H was sitting at his keyboard banging away and it was getting really annoying. Fat Cat went back outside again and decided to take a nap on his Magic Carpet. He was just falling asleep when he felt a small shudder. The Magic Carpet lifted off slowly and cruised up West Shore Drive. It took a left onto Village Street, and then accelerated. “I wonder where we are off to now,” he thought. Fat Cat didn’t have to wonder for too long. Far below he could see the Serengeti, a vast savannah in Africa. There were animals everywhere. “This has to be one of the most beautiful places on earth,” Fat Cat exclaimed.

The Magic Carpet came in low and slow over some acacia trees. There, in a grassy area below, he saw someone who looked a lot like Mr. H, well a much younger Mr. H. He was walking with someone that he didn’t recognize. The man was walking on crutches. “Oh my,” said Fat Cat out loud. “It’s the legendary Pete, Mr. H’s brother.” Pete was a guru when it came to birds. He was also a guru when it came to cats. Pete had

been in an accident and needed crutches to walk. They were heading slowly toward a waterhole where a lot of animals had gathered to drink. Fat Cat could see elephants, quite a few of them, some giraffes, a whole lot of Zebras and a lot of other animals that Fat Cat could not immediately identify. When he wasn’t watching SpongeBob, or sleeping, Fat Cat liked to browse Pinterest, or on the rare occasion, when he managed to figure out the remote for the TV he watched the National Geographic channel and that’s how he got to know the names of various animals.

There were two warthogs at the far end of the waterhole. “Silly looking things,” thought Fat Cat. “Who designed them?” They were kneeling to drink and kind of goofing off with each other. Then Fat Cat saw a flash of light brown. It caught his eye for just a second and then was gone. Fat Cat has a cat’s instinct and steered the Magic Carpet to the right. There it was, hiding in plain sight. A lioness. She was crouched close to the ground, her body flattened against the warm earth, the color of her fur blending perfectly with the color of the dirt. She was behind a thicket, out of sight of the animals that were drinking at the waterhole. She was looking directly at the warthogs. They were goofing off splashing water on each other.

“Oh no this is not good,” thought Fat Cat. “Really not good.”

Now Fat Cat has always been a fair cat. He had once thought that he might have liked to become a trial lawyer. He could always see both sides of things. The lawyer idea went out the window the day Fat Cat realized that lawyers work twenty hours a day and sleep for four, and Fat Cat liked to sleep

twenty hours a day and possibly work for four. He saw another flash of light brown. This time it was two small lion cubs. They looked hungry. Fat Cat saw the lioness move closer. Fat Cat recognized the full-on stealth mode. He had once used the same tactic in New Zealand at the concert for Mr. Tambourine man when he stole a slice of pavlova.

Fat Cat was caught in a true dilemma. Hungry cubs, or some goofy warthogs. Then he heard his wife, Flavie the Flying Fish, in his head. "Warthogs are friends too," she told him. Fat Cat knew in that instant what he had to do. The Magic Carpet sped up. They were heading for the far end of the waterhole. They quickly dropped altitude, low enough so that the Magic Carpet could bump into the smaller of the two warthogs. The warthog squealed and jumped. He ran off at full speed, his little tail standing straight up. Mr. H and Pete were looking on. "I have never seen that happen before," Pete said. "But that's the way of the bush."

Fat Cat saw the lioness stand for a bit. She looked to her left and then pounced on a small meerkat who had been distracted by the antics of the warthogs. "Well that's the way of the bush," thought Fat Cat. The Magic Carpet took off into a magnificent sunset. There is a lot of dust in Africa from the animals moving about on the dry plains and the setting sun reflected off the dust particles. Fat Cat felt content. He had seen some of his relatives.

The Magic Carpet came in too fast for the landing and Fat Cat tumbled forward. It was not very dignified but what was worse, when he looked up, Chadd was standing right there.

"Awkwaaaaaard," he said. Fat Cat gave him a withering look and went inside the house. Mrs. H said, "where have you been you Silly Willy?" Fat Cat walked over to his food bowl. "I know, I know," said Mrs. H. "You never really liked the soy milk did you? I visited StonyBrook farm today and got you some real milk with double cream." Fat Cat looked at her lovingly and then drank the bowl of warm milk. He knew just how to manipulate Mrs. H. "It's the way of the bush," 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 took a long, well a very long nap.





THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

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### 11 - UNSINKABLE SAM



FAT CAT WAS ALL at sixes and sevens. He left The House on Waterside and thought that he was heading for StonyBrook Farm to say hello to Dominique and Daisy, the two cows that lived there. But instead he ended up walking toward West Shore Drive. He thought for a moment that he might like to go and see Romeo and Juliet down at The Cove. Then, which is pretty typical for Fat Cat, he was hungry so he went back to the house. Mrs. H was there. “Hey little buddy,” she said. “Are you hungry?” Fat Cat thought, “she really doesn’t know me does she?”

Fat Cat ate a full plate of vegan wellness packets followed by some warm milk and then wandered back into Waterside Cemetery. He had never paid too much attention to the old gravestones but this time he noticed a really elaborate grave. Tall Tom Turkey was pecking at the grass hoping to find some

bugs. "Hey Fat Cat," he said. "I was just checking out this grave. This guy fought in World War 2."

"Hmmm impressive."

Fat Cat was going to give Tall Tom Turkey a history lesson on World War 2 but instead he decided that what he most wanted to do was to take a nap so he squeezed back through the fence and found the front door mat, his favorite place to sleep. As soon as he was asleep there was a big shudder and the mat took off. Fat Cat knew the moment that the Magic Carpet was airborne that they were on a special mission. He tried to go back to sleep but there was no way. They were roaring across the Atlantic Ocean. Up ahead he could see smoke. He saw a warship in distress. The ship's name was *Bismark*, and it was sinking. It had been hit by a torpedo. The ship went down; ever so slowly. Fat Cat was wondering why the Magic Carpet had brought him here. Then he saw, floating on a piece of wood, a small, mostly black with some white cat. "Oh my," Fat Cat thought. "I think that's my famous Great Grandfather Oscar."

The Magic Carpet landed in France on a hillside overlooking the ocean, "Wow," Fat Cat thought. That was a bit freaky. He had heard some of the stories passed down on the wind about his Great Grandfather Oscar. He was a legend who became known, for some unfathomable reason, as Unsinkable Sam. Fat Cat was not sure how his name went from Oscar to Sam but right now that was the least of his worries. The Magic Carpet took off again. They were over the Mediterranean Sea when Fat Cat saw another ship in distress. This one was called the

*HMS Cossak*. It too had been hit by a torpedo and was sinking. Fat Cat was horrified but then he noticed his grandfather again floating on a piece of debris. "That's incredible," Fat Cat thought. "That's my Great Grandfather. He has survived two sinking's."

Fat Cat was exhausted. He asked the Magic Carpet to take him back to the beach where he did some scouting around. He came upon a small hermit crab. "Oh hello," said the crab. "My name is Bertie. My mother named me after the King of England. Bertie. Well that was not his real name but it was the name that his wife liked to call him by."

"Fancy," thought Fat Cat.

"And what brings you to these fair shores?" asked Bertie.

"I'm not sure," said Fat Cat. "My head is kind of spinning. I think that I have seen my Great Grandfather. Twice."

Bertie the hermit crab scuttled off sideways and found his hole in the sand. "All kinds of nuts land on this beach," he muttered to his wife.

The Magic Carpet took off again. Fat Cat held on tight. They were heading for Malta. Fat Cat could not believe his eyes but up ahead there was a ship sinking. He saw that the name of the ship was the *HMS Ark Royal*. It too had been torpedoed. It quickly slipped beneath the waves. There was some debris floating, but not much. Fat Cat looked closer and there, to his utter amazement, was his Great Grandfather, floating on a piece of wood. Fat Cat could not believe his eyes. He wanted to land and chat, but the flight controls on the Magic Carpet issued a warning. "Seas too rough to land."

Fat Cat was not sure what to make of things. The Magic Carpet took off and soon landed back on the lawn at the House on Waterside. Fat Cat was not hungry. In fact he had been feeling a bit airsick on the ride home. He was also still a bit at sixes and sevens. He squeezed through the fence at Waterside Cemetery and saw Tall Tom Turkey taking a nap. "Hey Tall Tom," he said. "Wake up."

Tall Tom Turkey opened one eye. "What's with you Fat Cat? You look like you have been not only through the washer, but the ringer and dryer as well."

Fat Cat said, "I have. I just saw my Great Grandfather. Three times."

Tall Tom Turkey said, "OK Fat Cat what's in the milk over there at The House on Waterside?"

"No seriously," Fat Cat said. He survived three ship sinking's in the Second World War. I saw him survive all three with my very own eyes."

"Oh," Tall Tom Turkey said. "I had no idea that Unsinkable Sam was your grandfather. He's a legend you know?"

"You know the legend of Unsinkable Sam?" Fat Cat asked.

"Sure we all know that story. Unsinkable Sam, whose real name was Oscar, as you probably know, survived three ship sinking's. That why they called him Unsinkable Sam."

"Why not Unsinkable Oscar?" Fat Cat asked.

"Doesn't sound right does it?" Tall Tom Turkey said. "Have you never heard the word alliteration?"

Fat Cat said, "I think I need a nap."

Mrs. H was ready for him. "Where have you been you Silly Willy. I bought some new peanut butter snacks for you. I will put them in a bowl next to your wellness pack and warm milk." Fat Cat looked at her lovingly. He stuffed himself full and then found a spot in the sun in the front of the house. The soil was nice and warm. He 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.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 2

## THE MAGIC CARPET

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12 - LET IT RAIN, LET IT RAIN



CHADD WITH TWO D'S was hopping anxiously from foot to foot hoping that Fat Cat would notice him. Fat Cat was asleep in his favorite spot in the sun. He was having strange dreams. Seeing his Great Grandfather survive three ship sinkings had made him question things about himself. He had been pondering some of the bigger questions in life such as why are we here, who makes the air and where do my vegan wellness packages come from? He was also pondering matters of the heart. Then he fell asleep. These days his dreams were filled with crazy ideas. What if he and his wife Flavie the Flying Fish mounted a movement to end hunger in the world. He was dreaming that he was giving a speech at the United Nations when he suddenly woke up. He saw Chadd hopping excitedly outside the window. "What does he want now?" Fat Cat muttered. Luckily Mrs. H came by and opened the door for him and Fat Cat went out into the front yard.

“What are you doing here?”

“I need your advice,” said Chadd.

“You came to me for advice?” Fat Cat puffed his chest out a little. “OK what seems to be the issue?”

“It’s about a lady I met.”

“Go on.”

“Her name is Patt. Patt with two t’s. I think that she fancies me. She asked me about my nuts and had a twinkle in her eye. I want to go steady with her but I don’t know how to ask her.” Fat Cat thought for a moment. I think that we need to consult an expert on this. I will send for Sally the Seagull.”

Sally the Seagull swooped in and Fat Cat explained the situation. “Hmmm,” said Sally. There is only one proven method in a situation like this and that’s to completely ignore her.”

“Whaaaaaaat?” said Chadd. “I can’t do that.”

“Yes, for the next two days just ignore her. Let’s get together here in 48 big ones and we will see if I was right.” Sally flew off.

“And she’s the expert?” asked Chadd.

“Well she did hook me up with Flavie the Flying Fish. That should tell you something. Anyway I am going to take a nap. See you back here in two days.”

Fat Cat found his mat and was soon asleep. The Magic Carpet slowly lifted off. It cruised over Waterside Cemetery and then did an abrupt U-turn. It returned to the House on

Waterside, but didn’t land. Fat Cat could see that Mr. H was out on the deck chatting up some lady. He was regaling her with his wild stories about sailing around the world. Then he looked closer and recognized the lady as Mrs. H, well a much younger Mrs. H. It was their first date. Mrs. H was leaning in, looking interested. There was a loud crack of thunder and it started to rain. Luckily the Magic Carpet had a built in shield that protected Fat Cat from the rain. They hovered just outside the dining room window. Mr. H had invited Mrs. H inside.

“Nice move,” thought Fat Cat.

Mr. H lit some candles and it all seemed to be going quite well. “Another nice move.” Fat Cat had his paws crossed. He so wanted them to fall in love but then he noticed that Mrs. H was leaning back in her chair. She didn’t look too interested. Fat Cat thought about the advice that Sally had given Chadd. “Just ignore her,” he almost said out loud. Mr. H sat back in his chair putting his hands behind his head. It looked like a bit of a standoff. He wished that he could bring in Sally the Seagull to consult but she hadn’t been born yet. Just then it started to rain in the house. There was a leak and water was pouring into the dining room. Mr. H ignored it. Mrs. H was horrified. “Are you not going to do anything about that leak?” she asked.

“No,” said Mr. H, I’m on a date and I need to give my full attention to my date.” Mrs. H smiled and leaned in for a kiss. The Magic Carpet shuddered and took off. The night was dark with swirling black clouds. They cruised over Waterside Cemetery. Far below Fat Cat could see Mo, Mavis, Millie and Marnie, the town turkeys huddled against the rain. Tall Tom

Turkey was there with them. Glenda the Goose was a little down the way, also huddled against the rain. Then suddenly the Magic Carpet landed with a thud. He was back at the House on Waterside. Mr. and Mrs. H were sitting outside in their Adirondack chairs each enjoying a glass of orange juice.

Chadd hopped on over. "OK it's been 48 hours and this isn't working. I have been ignoring Patt and she's just not paying any attention to me. She's the most beautiful squirrel I have ever seen. I think that Sally gave me bad advice."

"Well she is a seagull after all," said Fat Cat. "Have you ever known a seagull to have a long term relationship?"

"Hmmm," said Chadd. "I think that you might be right. What do you suggest I do?"

Fat Cat looked at him for a while and then said, "Let it rain in the house."

"Let it rain in the house? I don't have a house." Fat Cat gave him a look and said, "Then get a house. Make a burrow. Invite your friend and let it rain in the house. It worked for Mr. and Mr. H and it will work for you."

Chadd was gone for a while. Fat Cat figured that he was collecting nuts when he noticed three tiny squirrels playing at the end of the garden. The House on Waterside was basking in the glow of late afternoon sun. Fat Cat watched them play with one eye open. Then he saw Chadd come out and play. Sitting to the side was another gray squirrel. She was beautiful. She had a long, very bushy tail and the biggest, brightest eyes that Fat Cat had ever seen. She was looking lovingly at her family.

Fat Cat went inside. He was hungry. He had never really noticed how pretty Mrs. H was. She had short blond hair and a definite twinkle in her eye. Fat Cat also noticed that she had a bump in her belly. Out front Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie were scratching through the last of the bird seed. Glenda the Goose was parading up and down Waterside. Tall Tom was asleep in the shade. He could hear Betty and Emma in their coop clucking. All was right in his world. Mrs. H fed him some peanut butter treats and a double serving of vegan broth. Plus a bowl of warm milk. Fat Cat sighed the sigh of a contented cat. He found a nice warm place on the couch, 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 Man of the Moment





Fat Cat and Mrs. H



The House on Waterside in summer



Mr. H and Emma



The House on Waterside in winter





Chadd with two d's



Pete the Puffin



Gold Bug



Glenda the Goose





Mo and Marnie



Romeo with Dilly and Dally



Tall Tom turkey



Root Beer





Larry the Lizard



Sally the Seagull



Romeo and Juliet



Dominique and Daisy





Emma



Glenda and friends in the fall



Romeo with Dilly and Dally

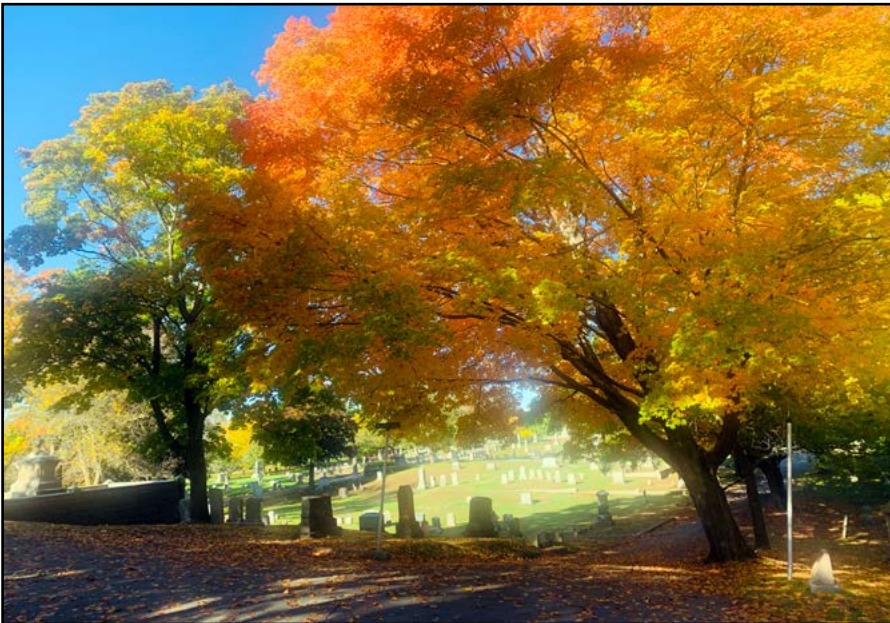


Glenda and friends in winter

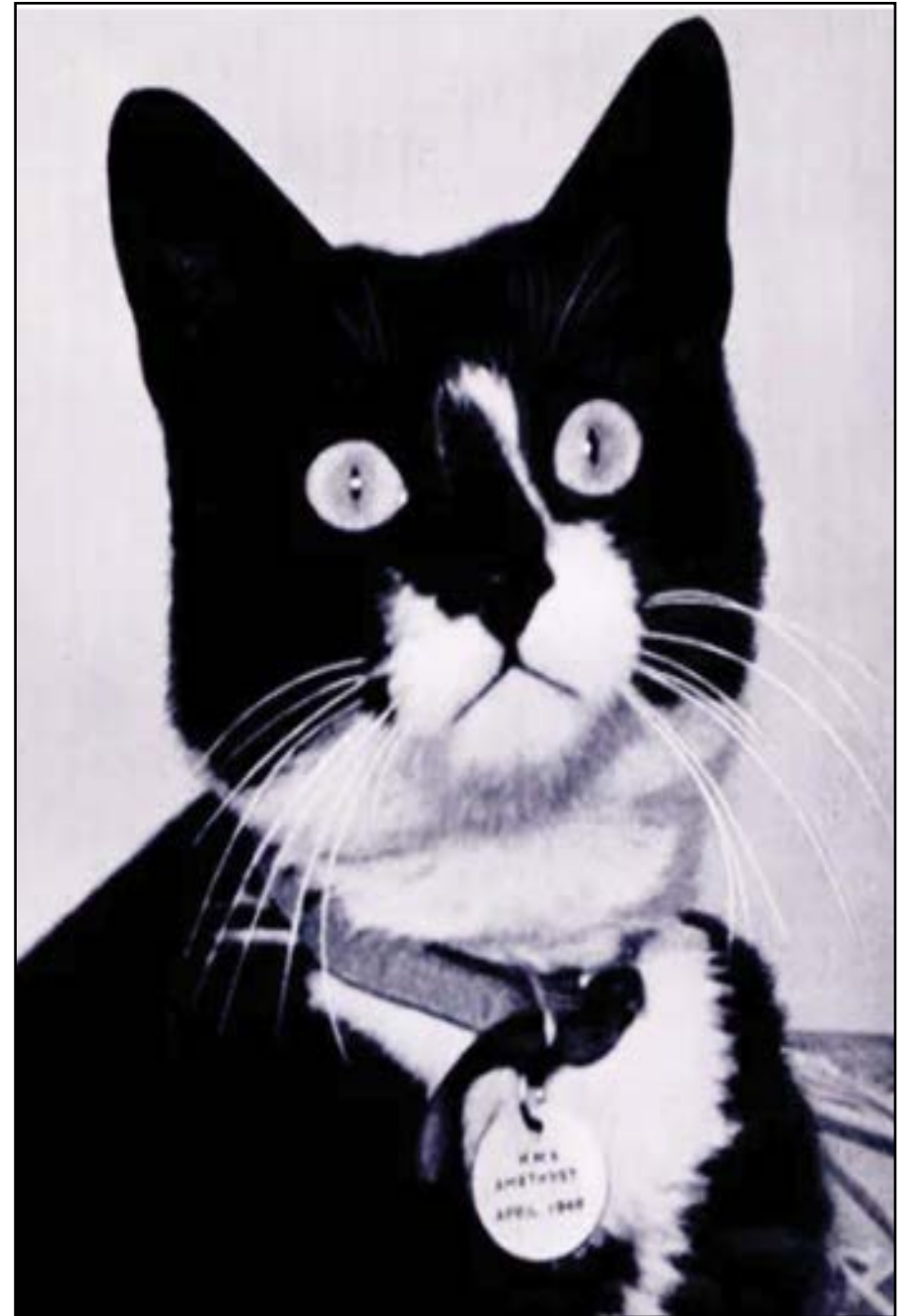




Waterside Road

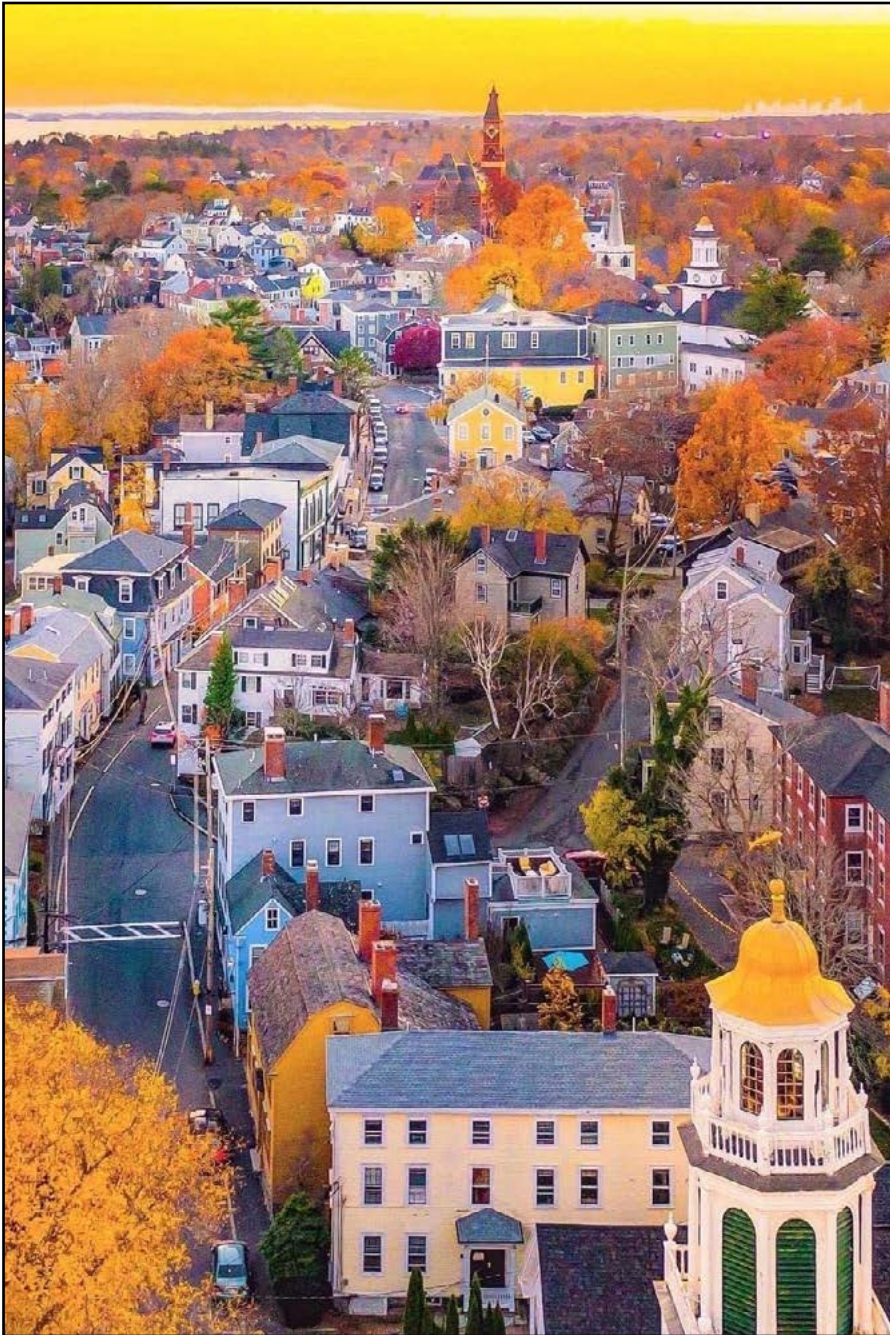


Waterside Cemetary



The original Unsinkable Sam





Marblehead



## 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

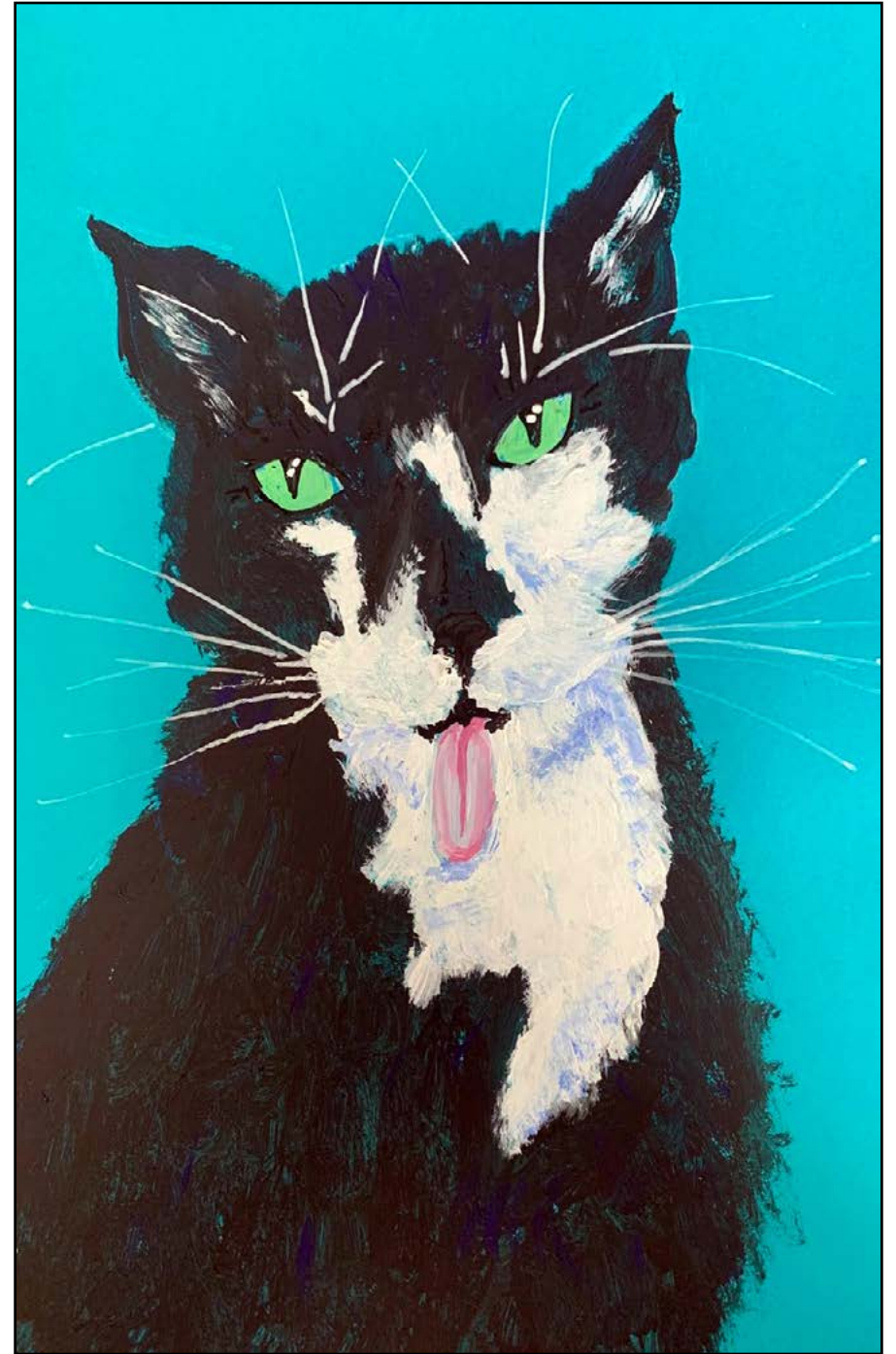
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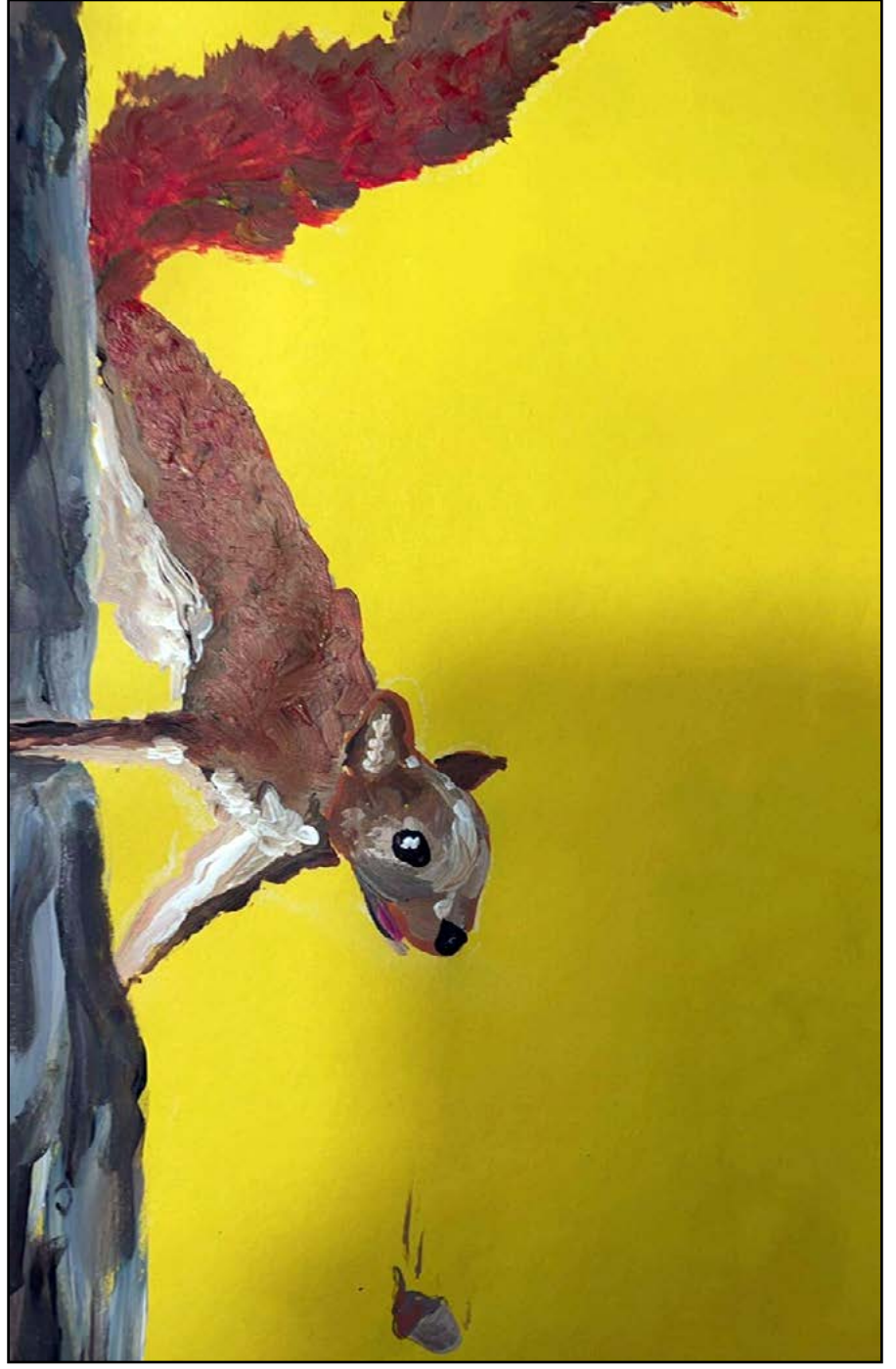


**Note** - This series of the Adventures of Fat Cat is for young adults, those just starting to read chapter books. We will be coming out with slightly pared down stories illustrated by acclaimed artist Heather Henlotter. Those books will be for younger children.

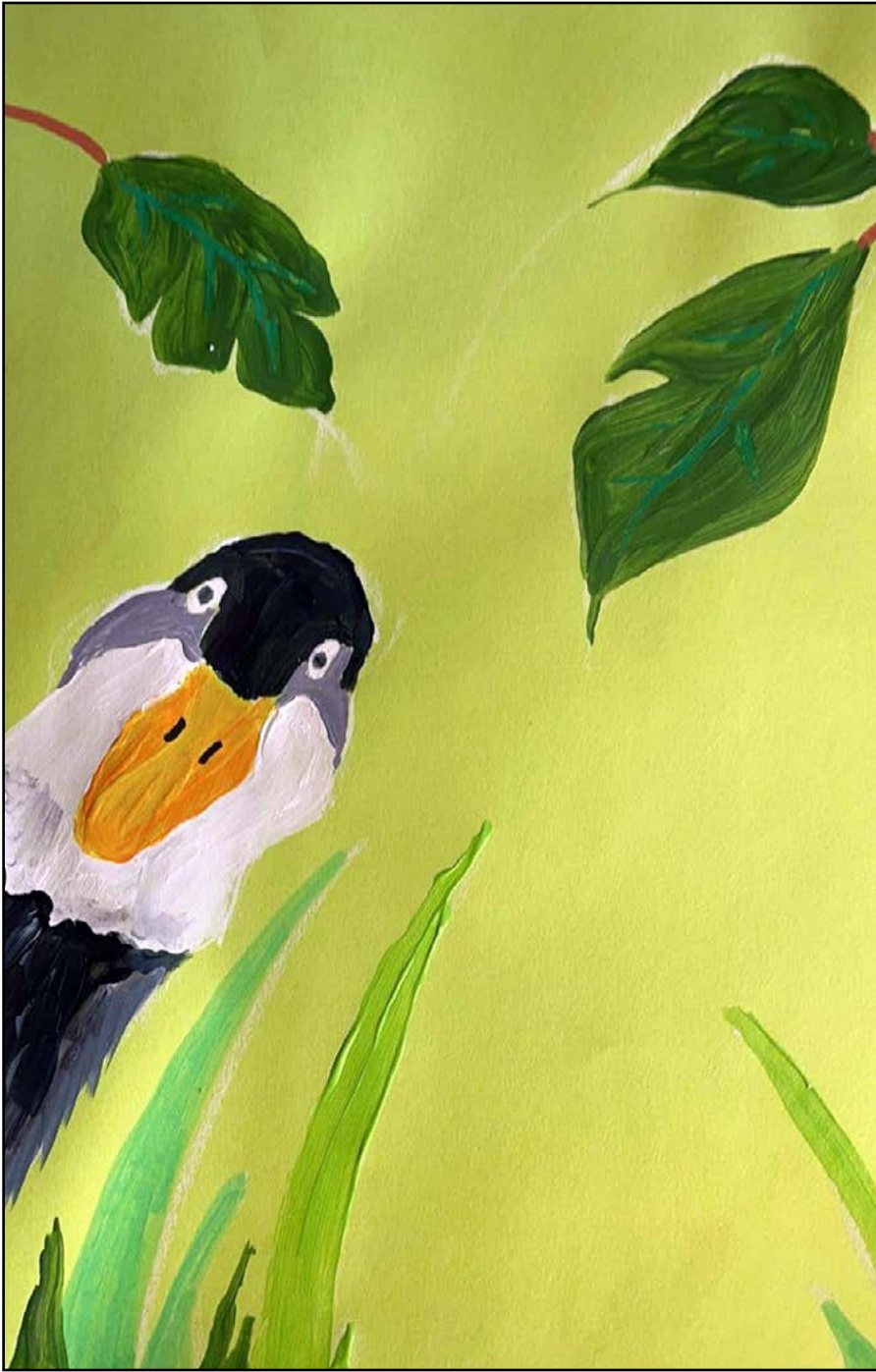
Heather has done some illustrations of the main characters in the series.











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## POETRY

Dipping my Toes

## COFFEE TABLE

Winning Spirit - The Global Challenge 2004/2005

Chasing the Dawn - (with Nick Moloney)

Living Life - The Ocean Globe Race story (coming December 2024)



COMING SOON



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - BOOK 3  
INTERNATIONAL CAT OF MYSTERY  
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, “snaaaaaazy.” 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.



## 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 14 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, a blended family of five children and until recently two chickens, Betty and Emma, and a cat named Fat Cat.

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