

# THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT



**BOOK 4 - TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS**

*stories by*

**BRIAN HANCOCK**

FOR AGES 8-12



BOOK FOUR

## **TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS**

A SERIES OF CHILDREN'S STORIES

by

**BRIAN HANCOCK**



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For Emmet - my Grandson

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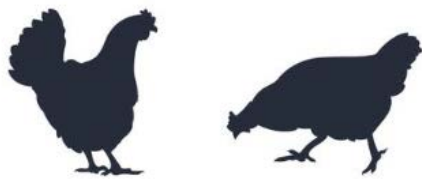
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Fat Cat International Cat of Mystery is the third in a four part series The Adventures of Fat Cat. It's better to read the books in order to fully understand the characters. Cast of Character portraits are at the end of this book.

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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).

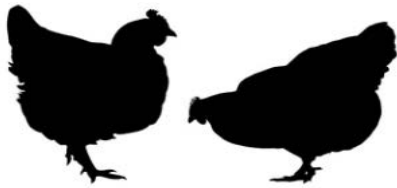
Fat Cat was our family pet for 17 years. While these stories are a work of fiction, I'm pretty sure that the stories are quite real. That's the beauty of animals; you just never know.

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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
JOHN WAYNE THE TINY TERRIER
ROMEO AND JULIET
JIMMY SPITHILL - THE GOAT
BETTY AND EMMA
SALLY THE SEAGULL
LORI THE LOON
SHEILA THE SHETLAND SHEEP
DOMINIQUE AND DAISY
DILLY AND DALLY
FARMER KENNY
GUS THE GIGGLY CLOWN



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

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
1 - ABBOT 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."



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
2 - THE CARNIVAL



THE TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS were skipping along the path that went over the hill toward Mrs. Cameron's house. She had recently planted her garden and Betty promised Emma that there would be some good stuff there to eat.

"Oh good," said Emma, "I'm starving."

Fat Cat watched them. "Good riddance," he thought. "They were terrible bodyguards anyway." No sooner than he had thought it, he had a regret. You see, Fat Cat is not a mean cat. He just has no filter and sometimes he has some uncharitable thoughts that he doesn't mean to have. He hopped off his throne, the garden chair that Mrs. H had put out for him, and followed the two naughty chickens up the path. "Hey waidup," he said. Betty quickened her pace. So did Emma although she didn't exactly know why. "Waidup," Fat Cat said. "I have a plan."

"Sure you do," said Betty. "Your last plan was a bust."

"No, this is a good plan," Fat Cat said. "I can get Mrs. H to order up an UBER for us and we will head for Devereaux Beach. The carnival is in town."

Emma said, "Oooh, I love carnivals. At least I think that I do. I'm not really sure what a carnival is, but it sounds like fun."

Mrs. Cameron's garden was spared, for now. The two naughty chickens scurried back to the House on Waterside. A sleek black UBER pulled up. The driver didn't seem phased. "I have seen worse," he said.

The carnival happens at the same time every year and quite often it's freezing being right on the beach, but this year it was balmy. "Oh my, so many lights," said Emma. "I have never seen so many lights." Fat Cat said, "Yes I arranged for extra lights this year, you know, after the pandemic and all that." Betty gave him a look and said, "what's a pandemic?"

"Just follow me," Fat Cat said, "we will slip in through the side so that we don't have to pay."

"Oooh," said Emma. "This is exciting. I never thought that I would be a criminal chicken." The three of them slunk in the shadows until they saw a gap between the hot dog stand and the man selling cotton candy. Fat Cat was craving a hot dog but thought that he might wait a bit before trying to snag one. Betty asked, "what's cotton candy?" Fat Cat said, "Wait here I will get you some." He waited until the vendor's back was turned and quickly grabbed a bag.

"Hey you get out of here," the vendor yelled but he was too late. The two naughty chickens and Fat Cat were long gone. They sat next to the merry-go-round and Betty tucked into the cotton candy. "This is really delicious," she said. "So much more flavorful than those meal worms that Mrs. H feeds us."

Emma said, "sometimes I think that Mrs. H is holding out on us." Fat Cat gave her a glare. "Don't you ever say anything bad about Mrs. H." Fat Cat loved Mrs. H. Mr. H, well, not so much, unless he was opening a can of food. Then the sugar kicked in. Betty said, "I think that I want to ride the dive bomber. At the far end of the carnival was a brightly lit up thing that was spinning people around. Every now and then one of the riders would get off and throw up. Betty said to Emma, "how about you go first."

Emma said, "me first?"

Fat Cat said, "yes, you can be the test pilot."

Emma said, "Oooh I like the sound of that."

The dive bomber operator said, "you can't get on this ride. Look see, you have to be at least this tall. He pointed at a sign that had a line drawn on it. "You have to be this tall otherwise I can't let you on the ride." Emma had other ideas, the cotton candy had really kicked in and she was unstoppable. Just then the ride started to move. The operator had his back turned. Emma darted behind a bush and just as the small capsule came by, she jumped in. There were two boys in the capsule. The one boy said, "Ooh, look, a chicken." Emma said, "I am not just a chicken. I am friends with Fat Cat."

"Oh," said the other boy. "Ok then." The capsule started to

rise slowly. Emma could see the beach and then she could see the causeway and then she could see the whole of Marblehead and then she could see the ground coming up at her. She panicked. "This was a bad idea," she thought. "I've got to get out of this place." She squawked and jumped out of the window. Luckily Emma has wings. She landed right next to Betty and Fat Cat. "Never again," she said just before throwing up her cotton candy. Fat Cat said, "I don't see what the big deal is."

Betty said, "get up Emma. You are being a drama queen. You are just like Glenda the Goose."

The two naughty chickens and Fat Cat strolled through the Carnival. Fat Cat found some peanuts that had fallen onto the floor. He offered some to the chickens. "No thanks," Emma said. "I am still feeling a bit nauseous."

"Me neither," said Betty, "I have a nut allergy."

"Suit yourself," Fat Cat said. "All the more for me." Up ahead they saw Fat Cat's favorite ride. The tea cups. "Let's all take this ride," said Fat Cat. "Betty said, 'Emma you go first and check it out.'"

"OK," said Emma, against her better judgment. "Come on Fat Cat" she said. "This is going to be great." There were no height requirements for the teacups and Fat Cat found an empty cup. He and Emma were just settling in when the teacup operator came over. "Tickets please. Tickets please." Fat Cat gave him the look of death and the teacup operator said, "never mind."

The ride started off slow. Fat Cat had not been on the tea cups since we was a kitten living behind Dunkin' Donuts at

the Village Plaza. He had forgotten that the tea cups also spun around. "I'm getting out of here," Emma squawked and took off. She flew down to the ground and landed next to Betty. "This is going to be fun," she said. "Let's just watch Fat Cat for a bit."

Fat Cat was frantic. The ride was speeding up. The tea cups were spinning. Fat Cat was holding on as tight as he could but his tight wasn't tight enough and he flew out of his tea cup. He landed right next to the two naughty chickens. It wasn't his proudest moment.

Betty said, "I think that next time you should wear your skid lid."

Fat Cat said, "Let's go home."

Mrs. H was there. She had some meal worms for the chickens but Emma headed straight for her perch. Betty was smug, "all the more for me and I planned it that way."

Mrs. H said, "hey Fat Cat I have some senior citizen broth for you. Fat Cat gave her a loving look and scoffed down his broth. 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 then took a long, well, a very long nap."



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 4  
**TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS**  
3 - YOGA ANYONE?

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FAT CAT WAS DOING some lunges and stretches. Mrs. H had recently taken him to Vivienne the Vet. She had told him, “Hey Fat Cat you are a little too tense these days. You need to stretch more and don’t stop taking your evening meditation walks.” Fat Cat was out on the front lawn. He was OK with the downward cat pose but was having a difficult time getting back up again. He had not noticed that John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive was out on a walk with his owner. John Wayne said, “you look like a fool.”

Fat Cat said, “You try this. I make it look easy but it’s not that easy.” Just then Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys showed up. Mo said, “don’t let John Wayne get under your skin. We find him annoying too.” The problem was that Fat Cat was stuck. In the downward cat position. Stuck. Really stuck. Just then Betty and Emma the two naughty chickens

showed up. "What's up Bud?" asked Betty. "Nothing," said Fat Cat, I need to hold this pose for at least an hour. That's what Vivienne the vet told me to do."

"OK." The four turkeys and the two naughty chickens left. Fat Cat was still stuck. He wished that Mrs. H was home. She would notice his predicament and come over and rescue him. Just then Jimmy Spithill, the goat from StoneyBrook farm presented himself in front of Fat Cat. "I was just out on an afternoon stroll," he said. Kenny the Farmer left the gate open. His left ear was flopped over his eye. He looked ridiculous. "Doing some yoga then?" He asked. "You know, I was once a yoga teacher. A guru in fact. Your downward cat pose is perfect. Let me show you one small trick that can make it better."

Fat Cat said nothing.

Jimmy Spithill spread his front legs and started to do the downward goat pose when he felt a sharp pain in his back. "Oh crikey," he said. "I think that I'm stuck." Fat Cat gave him a look. "Me too," he said. Jimmy looked at him. "You're stuck too?"

"Yes," said Fat Cat. "I have been here for an hour."

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug who called the nearby rose bush home was watching the whole thing unfold. "Oh this is not going to turn out very well," he said.

The two naughty chickens had been over in Waterside Cemetery. They had scratched around in the sand and both had enjoyed a dust bath spa. Emma was covered in dirt but oh, the dust spa had felt so good. They were making their way

back to the House on Waterside when Betty suggested a detour. Mrs. Cameron had recently planted Daisies, they were Betty's favorite. "How about we get an early dinner?" she suggested.

Emma said, "I love early bird specials."

"Oh the irony," said Betty.

Fat Cat and Jimmy Spithill were still stuck. "This yoga idea was a bad one," said Fat Cat.

"No we just need to wait," said Jimmy, but he was not that reassuring.

"Think happy thoughts, think happy thoughts, think happy thoughts," Fat Cat kept repeating to himself.

"What are you thinking," asked Jimmy Spithill.

"Nothing," said Fat Cat.

Just then Betty and Emma came over the hill and could see the two fools in their awkward situation. "I guess that there won't be a field trip with Fat Cat this afternoon. Too bad. I was really looking forward to going to Redds Pond. I hear that there are a lot of birds there," Betty said.

"I have never heard of a pond being red," Emma replied. "Do you think that we should try and help?"

"Nah," said Betty. "Let's go and steal his food. I am kind of getting used to the senior citizen vegan broth packages that Mrs. H had been buying lately. The two naughty chickens slipped quietly behind the rhododendron bushes. The back door was open and Fat Cat's favorite bowl was filled to the brim with senior citizen broth. Betty and Emma were just starting to enjoy the all you can eat broth fest when Chadd

with two d's hopped on by. He had noticed that the back door was open and it concerned him. Emma looked guilty. She was trying to wipe the broth off her beak. "Nothing to see here," she said. Betty kept on gulping.

Chadd said. "I am going to tell Fat Cat." He hopped through the house, which he knew was quite off limits, and found Fat Cat and Jimmy Spithill stuck on the front lawn.

"Awkwaaaaaard," he said.

Fat Cat said, "Go away you nuisance."

Chadd said, "Righty ho old chap but I have to tell you that the chickens are eating your food. Fat Cat jumped to his feet, forgetting that he was stuck. He ran into the house. Betty had her beak well into the bowl and was making a pig of herself. Emma ran. She ran out the door and off the deck and up into her coop. Betty just looked at Fat Cat.

"So what?" she said. "Mrs. H will feed you more when she gets home." Chadd hopped on over. "You know that Jimmy Spithill is still stuck in his yoga pose out on the front lawn?"

Fat Cat looked at his squirrel friend. "Yea so what do you want me to do about it?" Chadd said. "You might not know this about me but I used to be a karate instructor."

"Hmmm," said Fat Cat.

"We need Betty and Emma to help," said Chadd. Emma would have none of it. She still felt guilty about stealing Fat Cat's food. Betty said, "I can help." They walked through the house and looked out on the front lawn. Jimmy Spithill was still stuck. Chadd said, "Ok, we are here to help. Fat Cat you

kneel next to Mr. James. I'm going to have Betty jump on your back and then I will jump on Betty's back and then we should be high enough that I can get onto Jimmy's shoulders. He just needs a quick karate chop between his shoulder blades."

"OK."

Fat Cat knelt down. Betty jumped on his back. Chadd jumped on Betty's back. He had recently been binge watching Bruce Lee movies.

"Hi Ya," he said and slammed Jimmy between the shoulder blades.

"That was a bust," said Jimmy. Just then John Wayne was returning from a long walk with his owner. He took one look at the situation and then bit Jimmy Spithill on his leg. Jimmy jumped into the air, Fat Cat went flying, Betty took off up the street and Chadd landed flat on his belly. "See I told you that it would work," he said.

Fat Cat went inside in search of another vegan wellness pack. His bowl was empty and Mrs. H was still out. He walked to the living room and 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 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
4 - FIELD TRIP



JOHN WAYNE, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive, was barking at Tall Tom Turkey. Tall Tom just turned his back. He had read in some book somewhere that turning the other cheek was the thing to do so he, in his infinite wisdom as Tall Tom, thought that if a cheek was enough, that turning his whole body must be better. It wasn't. John Wayne kept on barking so much that it woke Fact Cat. He had been asleep in the sun dreaming of endless vegan wellness packs when through the fog of his brain he heard the barking. He opened one eye and could see John Wayne jumping up and down and barking loudly. Tall Tom was ignoring him. Fat Cat got up, arched his back to stretch, and walked on over to where the commotion was taking place.

"What seems to be going on here?" he asked. John Wayne just kept on barking. "Well if you'd slow down and speak

slowly then maybe I could help resolve this situation,” said Fat Cat.

“It wasn’t me,” said Tall Tom.

Fat Cat gave both parties ‘the look’. He had learned it from Mrs. H who was a school teacher. She used it when her third grade class was getting rowdy.

John Wayne said, “I caught Tall Tom eating my food.”

Tall Tom said, “well technically it’s no longer your food when it’s on the ground. I never ate out of your bowl. I just pecked at the scraps that had spilled onto the grass.”

“Hmmm,” thought Fat Cat. “Why don’t we resolve this by going on a field trip. I have a place in mind.” He had heard Mrs. H talk about going on field trips with her students. He knew of a place down near StonyBrook farm where they could go.

“Uh OK,” said Tall Tom.

“I need to get a permission slip from my owner,” said John Wayne. “I don’t think that she will allow me to go.”

“Figures,” said Tall Tom.

John Wayne came back. “She said no.”

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug who called the rose bush in front of the house her home was listening in. “Oh this is not going to turn out very well,” he said.

Fat Cat said, “Go and get Emma and Betty, the two naughty chickens.” Tall Tom wandered out to the chicken run. He found Betty on the nest and Emma munching on some lettuce.

“We’re going on a field trip,” he announced. “Oooh great,” said Emma. “I love field trips. Which field?” Tall Tom said, “Fat Cat has a plan.”

The four of them headed up Waterside Road. Tall Tom was leading even though he had no idea where they were going. He was still limping after his accident with Dougie from up the street’s truck. Fat Cat said to Emma, “take that piece of lettuce out of your mouth, you look ridiculous.” Just then Chadd with two d’s hopped on over. “Wazzup?” He asked. “Where are we going ladies and two gents.”

“Go away,” said Fat Cat. “We’re going on a field trip and you are not invited.”

“Well excuuuuuse me,” said Chadd with two d’s.

They tried to skirt StonyBrook Farm. Fat Cat didn’t want the two dogs to see them. They were almost past the barn when Sheila the Shetland Sheep noticed them. “Og ye bonny lot, where are we off to on this bonny day?” Fat Cat tried to ignore her. “Four’s company, fives a crowd,” he said. Emma said, “Can’t Sheila come with us?” Tall Tom Turkey said, “she’s my friend. Can she come?” Fat Cat thought about it for a bit and said, “OK.”

They were almost past the barn when Jimmy Spithill, the goat, saw them. “What’s this then?” he asked. “A parade?”

“No, we are going on a field trip with Fat Cat.”

“Well it sure looks like a parade to me,” said Jimmy Spithill. He looked ridiculous with one of his ears flopped over his eye. “Besides,” he said. “I love field trips so I am coming along.”

Fat Cat said, "Emma you need to get rid of that ridiculous piece of lettuce sticking out the side of your mouth. You are an embarrassment." Emma ate the lettuce. They skirted the edge of StonyBrook farm and found their way onto the bike path that ran alongside the harbor. "This is exciting," said Betty. I have never been on a field trip. Just then a man on his racing bike raced past them. They flattened themselves against a big tree hoping that the rider would not see them. "Whew, that was close," said Tall Tom.

"What's a field trip?" asked Emma.

"Just you wait and see," said Fat Cat. Betty noticed that Chadd with two d's was following in the shadows. Fat Cat had not noticed. Chadd with two d's hopped closer. The seven of them hopped, strolled and sauntered along the bike path. Emma could see a gray heron fishing from a rock in the harbor. "I wish that I was beautiful like that heron," she said to no one in particular.

"You don't eat fish," said Fat Cat.

"Good point."

They were almost at the end of the bike path when Fat Cat stopped. Through the trees they could see the field. The grass was wilting in the hot sun. The flowers had already been picked. The place looked abandoned. "Ta da," said Fat Cat, "here is the field."

Betty said, "this is a bust." Chadd with two d's said, "awkwaaaaard." Jimmy Spithill wasn't quite sure if he had missed something. "I don't get it," he said. "A field trip is a trip to a field? That's not much fun." Tall Tom turkey said, "It's the thought that counts. This is fun Fat Cat."

"Let's go home," said Fat Cat. "I will share my wellness packets with all of you. I also thought that a field trip would be more fun. You should hear Mrs. H on Zoom telling her students how much fun they can be."

They hopped, strolled and sauntered back along the bike path. Sheila the Shetland Sheep said, "Og Fat Cat that was good craik. I think that a field trip is all about friendship and has nothing to do with a field."

The gang got back to the House on Waterside. Fat Cat said, "Just wait here." He went inside and looked at Mrs. H with his best 'I'm starving' look. Mrs. H said, "Hey little buddy where have you been. Are you hungry?" Fat Cat walked toward the kitchen looking over his shoulder to make sure that Mrs. H was following. "You are getting skinny," she said. "I think that you need two wellness packets." Fat Cat thought. "She's so easy." Mrs. H filled one bowl with a vegan wellness pack and the other with senior citizen broth.

"There you go," she said. She left to go out front to work in her garden. Fat Cat pushed the back door open. "OK guys, come on in and let's party. Sorry about the field trip."

Tall Tom said, "I speak for all of us. Sheila the Shetland Sheep was right. Field trips are about friendship and not about fields."

Fat Cat was happy that it had all turned out OK. He said, "I am taking a nap." He found his favorite spot on the couch where there was the most sun, arched his back and stretched, turned himself 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 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
5 - REDDS POND



ROOT BEER, the great dane from two streets over, was out on his meditation walk. He stopped by the fountain in Waterside Cemetery for a drink. Glenda the Goose was there. “You’re awfully big,” she said. “I mean for a dog. Plus what’s with those ears?”

Root Beer was very self conscious about his ears. He was a bit of an introvert because of them but he had a quick comeback line. “All the better to hear with my dear,” he said.

Glenda the Goose said “well you will never make it in Hollywood with those things attached to the side of your head.” Root Beer stalked off. Glenda the Goose had hurt his feelings. He saw Fat Cat asleep in the sun and walked on over. Fat Cat opened one eye. “Ah Mr. Root,” he said. “What brings me the honor of your visit?” Root Beer looked dejected. “Glenda has been talking smack about my ears,” he said. “And my size.”

Fat Cat had been assuming the senior citizen role in the neighborhood and was trying to think of some advice to give Root Beer. "Did you ever think of how useful you would be if there was a hurricane?"

"A hurry what?" asked Root Beer.

"You know, when a tropical storm goes off the rails and starts to blow and rain really hard. I heard on the news that Tropical Storm Brian might turn into a hurricane later this week and may even come ashore close to Marblehead."

"Hmmm," said Root Beer. "I had better be going."

Fat Cat had arranged an outing to Redd's Pond to watch the model boat races. The whole gang was excited. Chadd with two d's had a little sailors cap on while the town turkeys, Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie all had blue and white scarves; French style. Glenda the Goose had reluctantly agreed to join them. They were gathering on the front lawn at the House on Waterside waiting for Betty and Emma, the two naughty chickens. They were both grumbling about how long the walk was going to be. "Can't we get Mrs. H to get us an UBER?" Betty asked.

Gold Bug had been listening in. "Oh this is not going to turn out very well," he said.

"Let's just go," Fat Cat said. There was suddenly a quick rise in temperature and the sky to the west started to darken. "We have to hurry," said Fat Cat. Emma was grumpy because Betty was grumpy. "This had better be good," she said but immediately regretted it. Emma was a happy chicken by nature but sometimes Betty led her astray.

They arrived at Redds Pond and the regatta was in full swing. It looked like the blue boat owned by Mr. Biff was winning. Suddenly the wind picked up and the boats heeled right on over. The ducks that had been watching the racing took flight. So did all the seagulls. Sally the Seagull had come on over to say hello but she left with the rest. Then it really started to blow. Most of the boats got washed ashore, some of their sails were ripped and flapping in the wind. "Let's get out of here," Fat Cat said, but there was a sudden gust of wind and it lifted Emma up in a cloud of dust. She squawked out loud. "Someone save me."

Betty was frantic. She could see her best friend twirling in the wind, spinning out of control. Emma tried to break free but the gust kept swirling her around and around. Then it started to rain. "We have to get out of here," said Glenda the Goose.

Fat Cat said, "we can't leave Emma."

The swirling wind suddenly stopped. "I think that we are in the eye of the hurricane now," Fat Cat said. Emma dropped into the middle of the pond, still squawking frantically. "I can't swim," she yelled. Just then, from out of nowhere, came Root Beer. He had been following the gang from a distance, too nervous to ask if he could join them. He was behind a shed at Redd's Pond Boat Yard watching the racing when the hurricane came ashore. He saw Emma getting lifted in a strong gust of wind and he saw Emma land back down in the middle of Redd's Pond. Instinct kicked in and Root Beer ran to the edge of the pond. Without thinking about it he plunged into the water and started to doggy paddle toward Emma. There was

less wind in the eye of the hurricane but it was still blowing right into Root Beer's face. His ears were flapping wildly. He kept on swimming. Emma's life depended on him. "Help me Root Beer," she squawked and Root Beer kept on swimming.

Fat Cat said, "You can do it Root Beer. You can do it."

Root Beer was exhausted but he was only a few feet away from Emma and she looked so desperate. He kept on swimming until he got to her side. "Grab my ear," he yelled. "Grab it with your beak." Emma was tired but she bit into Root Beer's ear and he started to swim toward the shore, the sharp pain in his ear spurring him on. Root Beer swam as if his life depended on it. Emma's too.

Mo, Mille, Mavis and Marnie were frantic. They had long since lost their blue and white scarves and were pacing up and down on the edge of the pond. Chadd with two d's was hunkered down under a bench. "You can do it Root Beer," Fat Cat yelled. Root Beer was getting close to the edge of the pond. "I've got this," said Glenda the Goose. She stuck out her wing and Root Beer grabbed onto it. Glenda was a lot stronger than she looked and she pulled Root Beer and Emma to safety. Betty was running back and forth. "I was so worried," she said.

Emma said, "Thanks Root Beer." Just then an UBER pulled up. Mrs. H jumped out. She was frantic. "What are you all doing you Silly Willy's? Get in the car. Root Beer said, "I'm too big." Fat Cat said, "Get in Root Beer. We will drop you off at your house." Fat Cat noticed that there was a little blood dripping from his ear. "Root Beer," he said. "You were a hero today. The next time my agent calls I am going to put your name forward

for a starring role in the next Hollywood blockbuster. You would make a great stunt double."

Glenda the Goose said, " I will second that."

Mrs. H said, "the next time you lot are going off on an adventure you need to let me know where you are going. I was so worried. They were back at the House on Waterside. Mrs. H said to Fat Cat. "I know that you are the ringleader of all this nonsense. Fat Cat gave her a loving look. "Oh OK, I know that you are hungry. Do you want a wellness pack?" Fat Cat tried to act as if he wasn't hungry but Mrs. H opened a pack of vegan broth. Fat Cat flicked his tail from side to side while enjoying his dinner. He thought of Root Beer's heroics and was just glad that he was his friend. He found a 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 then took a nap, well a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
6 - CHILDREN'S ISLAND



FAT CAT, was missing his wife Flavie the Flying Fish. It was early summer, the days were getting longer and these days it stayed light out well past nine-o'clock. This time of year Flavie and her flying fish friends were hanging out near Children's Island, a beautiful spot just off the coast of Marblehead. The local YMCA holds summer camps on the island and it is one of the most picturesque places on the whole New England coast. Fat Cat sent a message asking Tall Tom Turkey to stop by the House on Waterside. He also sent a message to Sally the Seagull. He needed council.

Tall Tom limped over a half hour later. "Wazzup?" he asked. Fat Cat said, "I need to see Flavie. I want to visit her on Children's Island but I'm afraid I am not a very good swimmer and you know how cats don't like water, especially freezing cold water." Tall Tom thought for a bit and then said. "I have a plan."

Just then Sally the Seagull landed. "You called for me?"

Fat Cat said, "can you please get a message to Flavie. Tell her that I am coming to visit her tomorrow morning." Sally flew off and Fat Cat asked Tall Tom, "Ok so what's the plan?" Tall Tom lowered his voice, "You know the Hannah Glover right?" Fat Cat looked at him. "How's that party boat going to help me see Flavie? I'm looking to see my wife, not go for a night out on the water." The Hannah Glover was a boat that was used to take tourists out to see the lights of the town from Marblehead Harbor.

"No listen," said Tall Tom. They also use the Hannah Glover to take campers out to Children's Island for their summer camp. We need to disguise you and you can jump on the boat." Fat Cat looked at Tall Tom with new respect. "That's brilliant," he said.

The following morning Tall Tom helped him with his backpack and face mask. The two naughty chickens strolled over. "What's going on," Betty asked. "I'm going to see my wife, that's what's going on," said Fat Cat. "Oooh goody, can we come," asked Emma.

"No," said Fat Cat. Emma looked a little miffed but Betty pulled her aside and they had a conversation.

Tall Tom and Fat Cat made their way down to The Landing, the town dock where the Hannah Glover docks. They didn't notice that Betty and Emma were following close behind. Fat Cat felt a bit self-conscious. He wasn't used to walking on two legs. Tall Tom told him that the best way to get on board was for him to blend in and walk on his hind legs. He had also

given him a small backpack which threatened to tip him over backwards. Tall Tom said, "I can see the campers coming now." They looked up State Street and there was a line of kids walking toward The Landing. Fat Cat cleared his throat and said, "wish me luck."

Tall Tom said, "good luck."

The campers were lined up. Fat Cat suddenly realized that he had forgotten his life jacket. "Oh well, no guts no glory," he thought. Just as the campers started to board he slipped into the line. The camp counselor had her back turned and moments later Fat Cat was on board. His little heart was pounding. The lack of life jacket might have been an issue but now that he was on board things would be OK. He made his way toward the stern of the boat just in time to see Betty and Emma trying to board. The camp counselor said, "Shoo shoo, no chickens allowed." The Hannah Glover sounded three horns and they cast off for Children's island.

Betty said, "Emma follow me right now, be quick and don't ask any questions." Emma did as she was told. There was a man passing close to the dock on his stand-up paddleboard. He didn't notice the chickens. Betty yelled, "jump," and she and Emma jumped onto the paddleboard. The man started to freak out when Betty said, "Just follow that boat, don't make a fuss, and there won't be any trouble." The man paddled as fast as could, trying to keep up with the Hannah Glover. They passed Marblehead Lighthouse and entered some choppy waters. Emma nearly fell off the paddleboard but managed to hold on. The sea sparkled. "Wow I never thought that I would

be a criminal chicken and a nautical chicken all in the same year,” said Emma.

The Hannah Glover docked at Children’s Island. Fat Cat slipped off without being noticed. The paddleboarder landed on a beach and the two naughty chickens hopped off. “You’re welcome,” the man said. Betty gave him a look that said, “be back here at five. We are going to need a ride home.”

Just then Sally the Seagull landed. “Pretty slick move,” she said. “I’m impressed. Does Fat Cat know that you are here?”

“No,” said Betty. “I don’t think that he wants us around.”

“Don’t worry, just keep in the shadows and he won’t notice you. You know how he’s getting these days. All that senior citizen broth doesn’t seem to be helping much.” The three of them watched Fat Cat walk out onto the dock. He still had his backpack on but had taken off his mask. He sat at the end of the dock looking out toward the lighthouse. Suddenly there was a shimmer of light. He knew in that instant that it was Flavie. The shimmer only lasted for a brief second before it was gone. Then he saw it again and moments later Flavie flew by. “Hey Blackie, thanks for coming,” she said. She liked to use her original name for Fat Cat. It was a way to show how much she loved him. Fat Cat was just about to respond but Flavie was gone, back under water. She flew by again. “I really miss you especially on days like this when the weather is so perfect.” Fat Cat was just about to respond but Flavie was gone. Sally the Seagull flew on over. “You need to speak fast,” she said. “You ought to know this by now.”

Fat Cat saw the water ripple a little and started to speak.

“I miss you too,” he said, but then promptly forgot what else he had planned to say. Flavie landed. “She flew by again, “are you getting enough to eat?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Fat Cat as fast as he could. “Mrs. H feeds me senior citizen broths. They’re vegan.” Flavie flew by again. “Good,” she said, “your coat is nice and shiny.” Fat Cat felt like he was walking on air. Flavie said, “I have to go. Some of us are going to swim along the rocks on the north side of the island.”

The campers were getting ready to board the Hannah Glover to go home. This time Fat Cat didn’t try and disguise himself. He just sat there looking sad and when the camp counselor saw him she asked, “Hey little buddy do you need a ride?” Fat Cat boarded and found a place in the sun. He was so, so happy.

When he got back to the House on Waterside. Mrs. H said, “Hey you Silly Willy where have you been? I’ve been looking for you.” Fat Cat was wearing a contented glow. He knew that Mrs. H and Flavie loved him. He was not sure about Mr. H but that didn’t matter. Mr. H was not in charge of his food. Mrs. H said, “I bought you some new food formulated especially for aging cats. It’s much easier to digest.” Fat Cat ate himself full and then found his favorite place on the couch to take a nap. He knew that he had made the right decision to marry Flavie the Flying fish. 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 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
7 - HORRIBLE'S PARADE



T ALL TOM TURKEY was out on an early morning jog. His leg was much better after being hit by a truck Dougie from up the street was driving. He had been told to try and exercise more. He was downtown Marblehead when he saw a poster posted on a lamppost. It read, "Horribles Parade. This Sunday. Come and be Horrible." Tall Tom quickened his pace. He had to tell the ladies. He got back to the fountain at Waterside Cemetery where Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys, were cooling themselves. It was a scorching hot summer day.

"Hey guys, do you know that it's going to be the Horribles Parade this weekend?"

Marnie said, "This heat is horrible."

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug was munching on some of the leaves of the rose bush in the front of the House on Waterside. It was especially hot in the front of the house and Gold Bug

was grumpy. "Oh this is not going to turn out very well," he said. "Never does," he added. Gold Bug never minced words.

"I think that I need to tell Fat Cat," said Tall Tom. He looked over toward the house and saw a small black and white furry thing that looked like twirled spaghetti. It was Fat Cat asleep in the sun. He jogged on over. "Hey Fat Cat," he said. "This is the weekend. This is the weekend that the town is going to have the Horribles Parade." Fat Cat opened one eye. "Go away," he said. "Can't you see that I am trying to get my beauty rest?"

"No seriously," said Tall Tom. "You have to enter. You could actually win." Fat Cat stretched and arched his back. "You think so?" he asked.

Tall Tom was excited. "Yes, and I even have an idea. You know that wheelbarrow that Mr. H found at the recycling station? If you wear your Sir Winston Churchill top hat and the bow tie that you wore at your wedding, I bet that I can get Root Beer to pull you in the wheelbarrow." Just then Betty and Emma, the two naughty chickens hopped on over. "What's going on?" asked Betty.

"Fat Cat is going to enter the Horribles Parade. He might even be Grand Marshall if I play my cards right. You know I am a personal friend of the Mayor of Marblehead, the esteemed Mr. Tom McNulty."

"Oh yay," said Emma, "can I come?"

"No," said Fat Cat. Emma was a little miffed. She went off in search of mealworms.

Fat Cat said, "OK you and Betty can come with me in the wheelbarrow."

Tall Tom," said, "Let's do this."

The Horribles Parade is held every Fourth of July. The children of the Town of Marblehead dress up in costume and parade around town. One year two small girls dressed up as marathon runners Shalayne Flanagan and Kara Goucher and won first prize. They were tiny, one was blond and the other brunette.

"I really think that we can win," said Tall Tom. "We know the judge. It's Lori the Loon. We can pull an inside job."

Mrs. H still had her spring bulbs in the wheelbarrow. She tipped them out and hosed the wheelbarrow clean. Fat Cat was ready. He looked real dapper. Root Beer, the Great Dane from two streets over showed up. He also had a jaunty little hat. Betty and Emma came as themselves. Tall Tom Turkey was excited. Mrs. H hooked up the wheelbarrow to a little harness that Root Beer was wearing. They were ready to go. But then things went horribly wrong. The wheelbarrow with Fat Cat and the two naughty chickens was too heavy and Root Beer could not pull it. "Emma you have been eating too many mealworms," said Fat Cat. "You need a diet plan."

"I have a plan," said Tall Tom. "Just like Senator Elizabeth Warren."

"You watch too much TV," said Betty.

Tall Tom summonsed Chadd with two d's. "Hey," he said.

"I need your help. I need you to go and get Jimmy, you know, Jimmy as in Spithill, the GOAT?"

Chadd with two d's said, "I think that Jimmy the goat is away at some regatta. I think in Italy."

"He's back already," said Tall Tom. "He lost badly so he might be in a bad mood." Chadd hopped off. Fat Cat looked glum. He was all dressed up with no place to go. Moments later Chadd with two d's showed up with Jimmy Spithill. He had one ear flopped over his eye. He looked ridiculous. "OK," said Tall Tom. "Root Beer is going to pull. Jimmy, you need to push. I have seen the muscles in your arms. We can do this if we work as a team."

They left the House on Waterside. Fat Cat and the two naughty chickens were in the wheelbarrow. Root Beer was pulling, Jimmy Spithill pushing. Mo, Mille, Mavis and Marnie were following close behind each holding American flags. They arrived at the National Grand Bank, the biggest and oldest bank in town. They were sponsoring the event. "I don't think that we have a chance," said Fat Cat. "Look, there are children here protesting climate change. There is even someone over there dressed as Donald Trump. I think that I want to go home."

Root Beer said, "no way sailor. I didn't drag you here to have you quit. We are going to do this." The parade started. The esteemed Mr. Tom McNulty was at the head of the parade. He asked that Tall Tom and the gang from Waterside be at his side. Fat Cat puffed out his chest. Betty and Emma were trying to look like Hollywood stars. Glenda the goose was there too, but that's a whole 'nother story. The old fire truck rang its

bell three times and the parade started. There were crowds everywhere. Fat Cat could see Mr. and Mrs. H waving flags. Mrs. H looked beautiful. Mr. H, well not so much. He looked kind of ridiculous."

The Parade went up Pleasant Street and then took a left onto Washington. Fat Cat held his head up high and waved to the crowds. Betty and Emma were doing fine until Emma spotted a cookie. She jumped out of the wheelbarrow and ran for the cookie at the same time a small boy also ran for the cookie. Emma bit him on the wrist. The parade came to an abrupt stop. Lori Earlich, the judge, came over and said. "I'm afraid that you are going to be disqualified. Biting spectators is just not acceptable."

Fat Cat was in a foul mood when they got back to the House on Waterside. Even Root Beer knew enough to stay away. Mrs. H said, don't worry Fat Cat. You are a winner in my books. Are you hungry?" Fat Cat gave her a long, loving look. Only Mrs. H knew how much he wanted to win the Horribles Parade.

"How about a wellness pack," she said. "I just picked up a case of smoked almond broth." Fat Cat plodded slowly over to his food bowl, seeking sympathy. He ate two packs, arched his back and stretched, turned himself 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 4  
**TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS**  
8 - GLOVER'S REGIMENT



**G**OLD BUG, the tiny ladybug that lives on the rose bushes at the front of The House on Waterside was finding his stride as the town curmudgeon. He was not sure why he was so grumpy but it might have been from the time that he was almost run over by the lawnmower. Mr. H was doing his usual Saturday chores, taking care of the garden and mowing the lawn. Mr. H had not seen Gold Bug munching on a blade of grass and almost ran him over. If it hadn't been for his ability to fly he might have ended up as a chopped ladybug but ever since that day he had had a very dim view of life. His only real friend was Fat Cat, but Fat Cat didn't seem to notice him. That may have been because Fat Cat liked to sleep most of the day and all of the night.

Glenda the Goose came by the house. She saw Gold Bug out front. "Oooh you look so tasty," she said. Fat Cat said, "lay

off lady, he's my friend. Why are you here?" Glenda the Goose said, "I was just kidding, but did you know that this weekend is the reenactment at Fort Sewell?"

"Reenact what?" asked Fat Cat.

You remember, the weekend when Marblehead's Glover Regiment set up tents and all that stuff and act like it's 1776 all over again? Fat Cat said, "are you speaking in tongues again. What regiment? And how long ago was 1776?"

"You need to read more," said Glenda. "Those that don't learn from history are destined to repeat it." Fat Cat gave her a sideways glance. He was about to take a nap and ignore Glenda when Gold Bug said, "she's right you know. We should go and check it out. This is a big deal, and by the way 1776 was two hundred and forty five years ago, a long time ago, especially in ladybug years."

Sunday morning was foggy and cool for July. The two naughty chickens were out scratching in the dirt looking for worms. Fat Cat ambled over. "Hey guys," he said. "What you doin'?" Betty asked.

"Eating breakfast can't you see?"

Fat Cat said, "yes I see that but don't you know that today is the day?" Emma looked his way. "The day for what?" she asked.

"You know, the reenactment down at Fort Sewell. Glover's Regiment and all that stuff." Betty said to Emma, "I think that he might just have lost it this time."

"Oooh I love reenactments," said Emma. "I'm not sure if it's

those cool uniforms that they wear or if it's all the hardware, you know, all the guns?" Now Fat Cat was interested. "You mean these guys carry guns?" Fat Cat had always figured himself as a second amendment kind of cat. "We should go," he said. "Hey Gold Bug, do you want to come along?" Gold Bug checked the Waze app on his phone. "No," he said, "it's too far for me."

"Hop onto my back," said Fat Cat. "I will give you a Lyft." Betty almost snorted her mealworms. "Did you mean to say Lyft or did you get the spelling wrong?"

"Let's just go," said Fat Cat. They crossed West Shore Drive without incident. A police car stopped to let them cross. "This town had the nicest police," said Emma. "I just love them all so much."

By the time they got to the ocean the fog was heavy and wet. "I can hardly see the nose in front of my face," said Fat Cat. Gold Bug said, "at least you have a nose." They walked along Front Street. The waves at Crab Beach were crashing into the rocks. Every now and then there was a light spray. "I think that we are going in the right direction," said Fat Cat. Betty said, "you think? We have put all our trust in you and you only think that we are going in the right direction? We should have brought along Root Beer. He knows his way around this town." Just then they saw the gates to Fort Sewell. The fog was swirling around the gates making them look like a scene out of an Alfred Hitchcock movie. "Let's go back," said Emma. "This is getting scary."

Gold Bug said, "this is not going to turn out very well."

Just then the fog lifted. Right in front of them there was

a whole army camped out. They had set up tents. Some of the tents had fires burning out front. People were milling around dressed in revolutionary war gear. Most of the men were carrying rifles. There were children there too. They were helping with the chores. Then the fog rolled in again and the whole of Glover's Regiment was swallowed up by it. "We should go," said Emma, "I'm scared."

Gold Bug said, "Oh this is not going to turn out very well."

Betty said, "follow me." Now Betty has been known to pick fights with the town turkeys. It was as if ice water ran through her veins. "Follow me," she said. "Pick them up and put them down and follow me." Betty led the way into the middle of Glovers Regiment. The fog suddenly lifted again. People screamed, "there are chickens here. And a cat." Gold Bug said, "see I told you that it was not going to turn out well."

The children were chasing after the chickens. One almost caught Fat Cat but he was too quick. "Let's ditch this joint," said Betty. "These people are none too friendly." The four of them scurried toward the gate but not before taking one last look at the campers. "You notice something interesting?" Fat Cat asked. "Those dudes might be dressed up as Glover's Regiment but look, they are drinking Dunkin' Donuts coffee. I would recognize a Box O' Joe anywhere. I used to live behind the Dunkin' Donuts at Village Plaza." He could hear Betty and Emma starting to laugh. Gold Bug too. Soon they were all laughing so hard that they could barely walk.

They made it back to the House on Waterside. Mrs. H was watering her garden. She had picked a huge crop of vegetables.

She had tomatoes, a couple of zucchini and one prize winning eggplant. She also picked a lot of herbs and the garden smelled of mint. Fat Cat was happy. These were the smells of home and Mrs. H was his home. He wasn't a big fan of mint but he really liked his new smoked almond broth packs.

Mrs. H said, "You hungry little buddy." Fat Cat looked at her for a long time. "You really don't get me do you," he thought? "I am always hungry. Sleeping takes up a lot of my energy." Mrs. H fed him some wellness packs and some warm milk. Fat Cat scoffed it down. He had had a harrowing morning fighting off Glover's Regiment. It was time for a well deserved nap. He found a warm spot on the 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 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
9 - CASTLE ROCK



TALL TOM TURKEY was out on a long power walk. His leg was almost as good as new after he had been hit by Dougie from up the street's truck a few months earlier. He was no longer limping. He was hoping to find a girlfriend but they all seemed to be frightened by his size. He was, after all, twice the size of all the other turkeys. His Mom had fed him jelly beans when he was a baby and he doubled in size almost overnight. Tall Tom did a moderately fast 5K and then returned to The House on Waterside. Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug was munching on some rose petals. "Hey Tall Tom, you are doing great," he said. "I see that you are starting to get some muscle definition in your legs."

Tall Tom said, "yes and my cardio is much better as well. Having this Fit Bit really helps."

Fat Cat was asleep in the sun under the rose bushes. He

opened one eye. All he could see were two huge feet and two skinny legs that went up and up and up. Tall Tom was an imposing presence. "Hey Tall Tom," Fat Cat said. "Have you ever thought about joining the army? You would make a great soldier."

"Nah," said Tall Tom, "I am a pacifist. I believe in love not war. But I have been thinking recently that I might like to learn how to sail."

Fat Cat rolled over in the dirt. The two naughty chickens, Betty and Emma came strolling by. "Did someone say sailing?" asked Betty. "You know who is a great sailor and could probably teach you?" Tall Tom shook his head. "Jimmy Spithill, you know the GOAT from StonyBrook Farm. He's even been to the Olympics."

Emma said, "what's an Olympic?"

"Never mind," said Betty.

Fat Cat sent a message for Chadd with two d's to come over and in a minute Chadd showed up. "Wazzup?" he asked. Fat Cat said, "I need you to go to StonyBrook Farm and get Mr. Spithill."

"Why is it always me that needs to go? Why can't you ask Tall Tom to go? Have you seen how long his legs are compared to mine?"

"I just got back from a power walk," said Tall Tom. "I am going to take a dust bath."

Fat Cat said, "just get going."

A half hour later Chadd with two d's hopped on over. Jimmy

Spithill was with him. He had one ear flopped over his eye. He looked kind of ridiculous. "You sent for me?" he asked. Fat Cat said, "Yes I heard that you are a great sailor."

Jimmy Spithill looked down at his feet. "I used to be," he said, "but lately I seem to have lost my juju."

"Your juju," said Fat Cat. "What's that?"

Jimmy replied. "There was a time when I could read the wind from a mile away, but not anymore."

"Well never mind about that," said Fat Cat. "Tall Tom here wants to learn how to sail and you are going to teach him."

Jimmy Spithill said, "oh great. I can do that. We should leave right away. There is a regatta going on. If we go to Castle Rock we can watch the racing. I will teach Tall Tom about tactics and maneuvers."

The gang left the House on Waterside. They crossed West Shore Drive. Emma was leading even though she had no idea where they were going. Root Beer, the great Dane from two streets over joined them. It was a long walk to Castle Rock and they were tired before they even got there but the regatta was still going on and the racing was intense. They climbed onto the rock and Jimmy Spithill started to explain what was going on. "They tack when going to windward," he said. "That's when you are going into the wind. They gybe when they are going downwind. That's when the wind is from behind."

Tall Tom said, "I'm confused already."

Emma said, "I'm bored."

She and Betty left and went down to the beach. Fat Cat was lost in his thoughts. "I'm a numbers kind of guy," he thought. "If my bones weren't old and creaky I could be a great sailor." After a while Tall Tom started to understand the tactics but the racing was coming to an end.

Betty and Emma had been beachcombing when Emma discovered a cave. "Come on Betty, let's go and explore this cave," she said. The two naughty chickens went into the cave and promptly took a nap. They didn't know anything about tides and they were woken by water lapping at their feet. Emma shrieked, "we are going to get trapped."

Betty said, "keep your pants on, we are going to be fine."

Root Beer thought he heard a strange noise. He had particularly large ears and they caught the sound of a chicken yelling for help. "Come on Fat Cat," he said. "I think that I hear something."

Fat Cat had been so engrossed in the regatta that he hadn't noticed that the two naughty chickens were missing. He leapt to his feet. "Where's Betty and Emma?" Now he was panicked, which was unusual for Fat Cat.

The water had come in quick and Betty and Emma were perched on a small ledge inside the cave. Emma was clucking madly. Betty said, "just keep it down. I can hardly hear myself think."

"I think that I can hear Emma," Root Beer said. "Sometimes my big ears come in handy." They clambered down the steep side of Castle Rock and looked toward the beach. "Mrs. H is going to kill me if anything happens to them," said Fat Cat.

Gold Bug, the tiny ladybug who had hitched a ride on Root Beer's back said, "I don't think that this is going to turn out very well."

"They are in the cave," Root Beer said. "There is a cave on the beach. I know about it because teenagers always go there to 'hang out', whatever that means."

They were on the beach and Fat Cat could see that the tide was rising fast. They could hear Emma squawking. Root Beer said, "I'm going in." Tall Tom said, "I'm coming with you. This is all my fault."

Root Beer and Tall Tom plunged into the waves. They swam to the cave. Root Beer said, "Just wait here. I will rescue them and you can transport them to safety."

"Ok," said Tall Tom. Root Beer plunged under the waves and swam to the cave. He saw Emma and Betty perched high just above the water level. He said, "you are going to have to trust me on this. I was once trained as a lifeguard. Emma you first. Hold your breath." Emma took three deep breaths and Root Beer grabbed her. They swam out. Emma was terrified but before long she was on Tall Tom's back and swimming to safety. Next came Betty. She was trying to act cool but she was also shaking.

Fat Cat said. "Let's get an UBER home."

Their driver dropped them back at the House on Waterside. Mrs. H was frantic. "Where have you been?" she asked. Fat Cat said nothing. The two chickens flew straight to the coop. Root Beer said, "I have to be going now." Mrs. H looked at Tall Tom. "What do you have to say for yourself?" Tall Tom looked

at Jimmy Spithill. He had his ears covering both of his eyes. He slunk off slowly heading back StonyBrook farm.

Fat Cat said, "I think that we left Gold Bug behind."

To be continued...

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
10 - CASTLE ROCK REVISITED



IT WAS STARTING to get dark and Gold Bug was scared. He had been taking a nap when everyone left. He had found the yacht racing a bit boring and had shut his eyes for just a few minutes. When he woke up they were all gone. He had no idea where they went or where the House on Waterside was. Also, to make things worse, the wind was picking up. Dark storm clouds were coming in from the west.

Fat Cat was in a fat panic. They had to go back for Gold Bug. The two naughty chickens were already up on their perches. "Hey," said Fat Cat, "we left Gold Bug back at Castle Rock."

Betty clucked and Emma pretended that she was asleep. Fat Cat said, "we have to go back and rescue him." Emma shifted nervously from foot to foot. Betty said, "stop faking it Emma, Fat Cat is right. We have to go back and get Gold Bug."

The three of them took off up West Shore Drive. They were

moving in the shadows hoping that no one spotted them. Fat Cat said, "I have a plan." His old bones were creaking and his eyesight was not as good as it used to be, but he had once heard of a launch service that ran from the Landing Dock over to The Neck, the fancy part of town where Castle Rock was located.

"We need to take the launch," Fat Cat said. They arrived at The Landing. Sally the Seagull was there. She was feasting on a bag of cold French fries. She had managed to open a ketchup packet and the whole area looked like a crime scene. Ketchup everywhere.

"Has the launch been by?" asked Fat Cat. Sally the Seagull had a face full of french fries. "Just left," she said. Fat Cat groaned. "What time is the next one?"

"Not for another hour," said Sally the Seagull. The wind was really starting to pick up. Fat Cat had heard on NPR that there was a tropical storm heading their way. Suddenly there was a wet gust that almost knocked Emma into the water. "OK let's get behind those lobster traps and think about our next move."

Goldbug was starting to panic. He was worried about taking flight, worried that he would be blown out to sea. He walked slowly to the edge of Castle Rock. It was a long way down. He had ridden on Root Beer's back on the way up. He started to shiver. He felt all alone. The storm clouds in the west had turned to an angry black.

Fat Cat and the two naughty chickens were huddling behind the lobster traps, the wind picking up. They could see white caps in the harbor. The Julie K, the lobster boat that Fat Cat

had gone out on when he first met his wife Flavie the Flying Fish, was swinging back and forth on its mooring.

"Let's go back home," said Emma. Betty gave her a look. "And leave Gold Bug all alone?" Emma felt ashamed. Then Fat Cat had an idea. "Hey Sally," he said. "Stop stuffing your face and get over here." Sally the Seagull hopped on over. "What now?" she asked.

"I need you to fly out there and persuade the launch operator to get his boat back to The Landing, asap."

"What does asap mean," asked Sally. "As. Soon. As. Possible," yelled Fat Cat trying to have his voice heard above the howling wind. "And by any means necessary."

Sally the Seagull took off. She found the launch driver picking up Mr. Dingle and Mrs. Poor from their yacht Tinavire. Sally landed right at the drivers station. The launch operator was a young kid and he looked at Sally. "Go away," he said. Sally bit him on the arm. "Go away," the launch driver said. Sally bit him again. Mrs. Poor said, "I think that she is trying to tell you something. "Go away," said the launch driver.

Mrs. Poor knew how to read a room. "I think that she wants you to go back to The Landing dock."

"Suit yourself," said the launch driver. They pulled up to the dock. Mr. Dingle and Mrs. Poor jumped off. The launch was just leaving when Fat Cat and the two naughty chickens ambushed him. They jumped on board. "Eastern Yacht Club," said Fat Cat. Sally the Seagull was still next to the drivers station and looked the launch driver squarely in the eye. "OK the Eastern Yacht Club it is," he said.

The harbor was whipped into spindrift. Fat Cat and the two naughty chickens were huddled aft near the lifejackets. Then the rain started. It came in cold and wet and horizontal. They jumped off at the dock and ran up past the dockmasters office. They ran through the yacht club, which caused some consternation, but they were soon over the hill and at Castle Rock. They could see Gold Bug hanging on for his dear life. "We are here to rescue you," yelled Fat Cat. Gold Bug said, "Thank you, thank you, my arms are getting tired."

Just then Romeo and Juliet, the two swans swooped in. "I got this," said Romeo. He landed right next to Gold Bug. "Get on my back and under my feathers," he said. I will take you home safely. He took off and they all watched as Romeo flew over Abbott Hall heading for The House on Waterside.

Emma said, "Hey Fat Cat, how are we getting home. I heard that the launch service ends at nine. It's way past that now."

Fat Cat was wet and bedraggled. "I guess that we will try and hitch a ride." They were walking along Ocean Avenue. The rain was pelting down. There was a huge puddle right at the edge of the Causeway. The two naughty chickens swam through it but Fat Cat didn't like water. He took a long detour around the puddle. They were just on the Causeway when Dougie from up the street drove by. He saw Fat Cat and then he saw the two naughty chickens. "Get in," he said.

They arrived back at The House on Waterside. Gold bug was already on his favorite rose bush munching in the rain.

"It's the middle of the night. Don't you ever stop eating," asked Fat Cat. "And where is Romeo?" Gold Bug said, "He went to find Juliet."

Mrs. H was frantic. She had all the lights on and was pacing. "Where have you been you Silly Willy? I have been worried sick."

Betty and Emma went straight for the coop. They were pooped. Fat Cat knew an opportunity when he saw one. He acted really hungry. Mrs. H said, "are you hungry little buddy?" Fat Cat gave her a long, loving look. Mrs. H had found a new source for vegan broth engineered especially for elderly cats. Fat Cat ate himself full and then found his favorite place on the couch. 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 4  
**TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS**  
11 - SALEM WITCH MUSEUM



MO, MILLIE, MAVIS AND MARNIE, the town turkeys were over visiting Root Beer, the great dane that lived two streets over. They were concerned about Fat Cat's health. He hadn't been himself recently. These days, on a good day, he was hunting bunnies the size of small hamsters. When Fat Cat was younger, and in his prime, he was renowned in the neighborhood for hunting bunnies that were almost twice his size. He was also moving slower and Marnie said that she could swear that she could hear his old bones creaking.

They formed a committee with the intent to keep an eye out for Fat Cat. To get him out more. "He's been hanging with those dopey chickens too much," said Mo. "Who wants to hang with them? All they do is peck and poop."

"Hey," said Root Beer, "I like those chickens. Just yesterday I was having a chat with Betty. Do you know that she is

obsessed with witchcraft? She has read up on the Salem Witch Trials and is a bit of a history buff when it comes to do with all things witchy.”

“Really?” said Mo. “Does she know that the Salem Witch Museum is one town over?”

“That’s a great idea. Let’s take Fat Cat on an outing to the Witch Museum.” said Root Beer. “I went there once with my human Mom. It was kind of freaky.”

They marched on over to the House on Waterside and found Fat Cat asleep in the sun under the rose bushes. He opened one eye, saw the approaching gang, and rolled over pretending that he was asleep. Mavis said, “hey Fat Cat we are going on a road trip and you are coming with us, no arguments.” Fat Cat rolled back over again and said, “I’m not going. I need my beauty rest.”

Root Beer nudged him. “Fat Cat you have to come with us. This is going to be fun.” Just then the two naughty chickens came around the corner. “Who, what, where?” asked Emma. “Did I hear the words road trip? I love road trips, whatever they are.”

“Yes,” said Millie, “and we were going to invite you. Well Betty anyway. We are going to the Salem Witch Museum.” Betty let out a loud squawk. “What did you just say?”

Millie said, “yea it’s in the next town over. Root Beer has been there. He says that it’s awesome.” Root Beer just smiled. “I went there with my human Mom,” he said.

Gold Bug had been napping in the rose bush. “He had half heard the conversation. “Oh this is not going to turn out very

well,” he said.

“How are we going to get there?” asked Fat Cat. Mrs. H has cut off my UBER account. “Don’t worry said Mille, I have a plan for that.”

“You sound a lot like Elizabeth Warren when she was running for President,” said Marnie. “You know that I am a Republican, don’t you?”

“Whatever,” said Millie, “just follow me. Fat Cat move your bones. We are going on an adventure.”

“I am not a fan of adventures,” Fat Cat muttered to himself and then said, “Oh OK,” immediately regretting it. The lot of them walked down to the local Starbucks. Millie said, “we need to hide under this car until the bus comes by. There is a bus stop right in front of Starbucks.” Sure enough, within minutes, a bus came by and a passenger got off. “Run everyone, run,” yelled Millie. They all got through the back door before it closed. “OK good,” said Millie. “The driver didn’t see us.” The bus trundled through Marblehead. They saw a sign that said, ‘Entering Salem.’ “We are nearly there,” said Root Beer. “This terrain looks very familiar.”

The bus stopped in front of the Salem Witch Museum. “Oh my,” said Emma. “This place looks scary. Fat Cat said, “didn’t witches used to eat cats? Especially black cats?” Root Beer put his paw on Fat Cats shoulder. “Don’t worry my friend, I am here to protect you, I’ve got your back.” There was a long line waiting to get in the front door. They crept around back and found an open window. “Are you sure that witches don’t eat cats?” asked Fat Cat.

Root Beer said, “N’aie pas peur. Don’t be afraid.” Fat Cat said, “Root Beer I didn’t know that you could speak French.”

“I have been listening to the Babbel app on my human Mom’s phone. I have French down but Chinese, well that’s another matter.”

They found some seats at the back. The auditorium was dark and no-one noticed them. Emma said, “aren’t we supposed to get popcorn?” Millie said, “shhhhh.” Just then the show started. Witches flew in from the rafters. There were some Puritans on the stage. They were not happy that the witches had questioned their religion. Fat Cat felt his little heart racing. Emma tucked her head under her wing. Betty said, “this is cool. I can’t wait to see what happens next.”

“Off with her head,” yelled one of the Puritans. He had one of the witches on trial. “Take her to Gallows Hill right now.” Even Root Beer started to shake. “They didn’t do this the last time I was here,” he said. “Let’s just blow this joint.” They all took off, except Betty who was listening intently. “This is great,” she thought. “I love horror movies. This is even better. Horror movies in 3D.” Fat Cat, Root Beer, Emma and the four town turkeys found themselves out on the street in front of the Witch Museum. Fat Cat said, “don’t ever do that again. My old heart can’t take it.” Root Beer felt ashamed. “I thought that it would be fun.”

“It’s OK,” said Fat Cat. “My old heart needed a bit of a jump start. I have never felt more alive. Where’s Betty?”

“Oh dear,” said Root Beer. “We left her behind. I will go and get her.” He snuck back into the auditorium. Betty had found

some popcorn and was munching on it, loving the show.” Root Beer said, “come on little lady, we have to go home.” They found the #1020, the bus that went to Marblehead, and jumped in. Soon they were back at the House on Waterside. Fat Cat was still feeling a little wobbly but his heart had definitely got a jump start. “I think that I might just go for a run in the morning,” he said. Gold Bug was still on the rose bush. He said, “I knew that wasn’t going to turn out very well.”

Just then Mrs. H came out. “Where have you been you Silly Willys? Root Beer your human mom is frantic. You need to go home right away. You two chickens, you get into the coop right now. Turkeys, skedaddle. And Fat Cat, you come with me.” Fat Cat followed her into the house. He tried his best to look hungry. “Oh no,” said Mrs. H. “You are not getting anything to eat tonight. You had me so worried. Fat Cat don’t you know that you are getting older? You can’t just go off like that.” Fat Cat gave her a loving look. “Ok,” said Mrs. H. Just one vegan wellness pack and some senior citizen broth. But that’s it.”

Fat Cat scoffed it down and then found a place on the couch that looked comfy. He arched his back and stretched, turned himself around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti, and then took a long, well very long nap.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 4  
**TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS**  
12 - GUS THE GIGGLY CLOWN



**B**OBBIE THE RED BREASTED ROBIN, was digging for worms. He cocked his head to one side and listened, then, uncanningly, he pecked at the ground and found a most delicious worm. Bobbie tossed his head back and scoffed it down in a single gulp.

Fat Cat had been watching him from his warm spot on the couch. “Very clever,” he thought, “how does he do that?” He so wanted to go over and ask for a lesson but he knew that Bobbie and all the other birds in the garden would fly away the moment they saw him. Instead he decided that he would consult the two naughty chickens for advice. He found Betty and Emma in the spa, the dust bowl at the top of the garden. They were both taking baths.

“Excuse me,” said Betty “can’t you see that we are taking a bath?” Fat Cat felt ashamed. Just then Chadd with two d’s

hopped on over. "You need to let the ladies have their privacy," he said. Fat Cat gave him a look. Chadd said, "I am here to remind you that it's their birthday next week. What are your plans?"

Fat Cat said, "I have a plan but I'm not telling you." Chadd sniffed, "Yea right you have a plan. I can tell by the look in your eyes that you have no clue. You didn't even remember their birthday, did you?" Fat Cat looked smug. He did have a plan.

Fat Cat had been in touch with the Ringmaster from the Boswell Wilkie Circus. They were passing close to Marblehead and had a few moments to spare. Fat Cat thought back to when Tall Tom Turkey almost became famous and joined the circus, but it was not meant to be. It was a happy memory.

Mrs. H was decorating the chicken coop. She had strung some lights and hung a big Happy Birthday banner on the door. The pile of cards was stacking up. The two naughty chickens were becoming celebrities in their own right after their appearance on The Tonight Show with Jimmy Fallon. Oh, maybe I forgot to mention this, Betty and Emma had won a seed eating contest. Mrs. H had driven them to Coney Island where the annual hot dog eating contest had expanded to include chickens. World Champion Joey Chestnut had eaten 76 hot dogs in ten minutes. Betty was inspired.

It was a week earlier when they were on Coney Island. "OK Emma," said Betty, "You know that you don't have to eat all the seed. You can store it in your cheeks and pretend that you have eaten it all. Emma nodded. They won handily although

Emma was starting to look like a chipmunk by the end of their ten minutes.

Mrs. H lit the lights. Fat Cat was getting nervous. His big surprise hadn't arrived and he didn't have a back-up plan. He looked over and Gold Bug was sitting watching from the rose bush in front of the house. "Oh, this is not going to turn out very well," he said.

Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie were there. So was Glenda the Goose. They had all brought herbs from Mrs. H's garden. The two chickens were tucking in when there was a loud honk out front. The circus had come back to town, well not quite the whole circus, just the ringmaster and Gus the Giggly Clown.

Fat Cat went out front to greet them. Gus had on his red nose and the biggest shoes ever made. "OK," Fat Cat said, "the chickens are getting all herbed up back there, stuffing their beaks, so to speak. Let me check and see if they are ready."

The Ringmaster was dressed in his tuxedo. He was carrying a whip. Fat Cat went to the back of the house where the party was going on. Things were starting to get a little rowdy. Glenda was trying to dance around the pole that Mrs. H had set up. It wasn't going well. She looked ridiculous.

Fat Cat strode into the middle of the mayhem. "I have an announcement to make," he said. The crowd hushed. It was Fat Cat speaking after all.

"I have arranged a very special birthday present for Betty and Emma. Root Beer was at the drums. He started off slow but as soon as the Ringmaster came around the corner he went into a loud drum solo. Fat Cat had to nudge him, "Ok that's

good,” he said, “but can you keep it down a little? The guest of honor has just arrived.”

The audience was hushed. The two chickens were on their perch. Mrs. H was pouring vegan broth. Mr. H was upstairs taking a bath. Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie were sitting anxiously. Then Gus the Giggly Clown came over the roof. His face was painted white and he had a huge red smile and red nose. The chickens took one look at him and shrieked. They fled the coop. Betty yelled, “we are under attack.” Emma said, “We gotta get out of this place if it’s the last thing we ever do.” Chadd looked over at Fat Cat and said, “Nice one Dude. Don’t you know? Clowns make people and chickens freak out. There is a whole Instagram story about it. What were you thinking?”

Gus the Giggly Clown took off his red nose and said, “I have to be going now.” Mrs. H had a goodie bag ready. “Please take this,” she said. “I, personally, love clowns.”

Mr. H had finished his bath. He was all wrinkly. “Where did everyone go?” he asked. Mrs. H said, “Fat Cat is in the dog box, well cat box if you will. He thought that a clown would be a good idea for a birthday party.” Mr. H shrugged. “Seems like a reasonable idea to me,” he said.

Fat Cat was in the woods behind the House on Waterside. “Come down please,” he said to the two naughty chickens. Please come down.” Betty gave him a cold stare. She looked at Emma and then at Fat Cat and said, “Don’t you ever do that again.”

Fat Cat said, “I’m sorry.”

Mr. H was there. He looked at the two chickens. They were still scared. “Come on down,” he said. “It’s safe now. Fat Cat meant well.”

Betty and Emma flew down and walked indignantly toward their coop. “Some party,” Emma said, “some party.”

Chadd was cleaning up the mess and eating a little cake. He saw Fat Cat. “You tried,” he said. “You tried my friend. But next time you need a party planner, you need to consult me.”

Mrs. H was hanging in the hammock in the chicken run. She saw Fat Cat sitting on the deck looking a little dejected. “Come over here Fat Cat,” she said, “I have some jerky treats for you.” She rubbed him behind his ears. “Your heart was in the right place,” she said. “That’s what counts.”

The chickens were up on their perches. The other animals had all left for their homes. Mrs. H had the party lights on a dimmer. She set it to the lowest setting and the chickens clucked contentedly. “Come here Fat Cat,” she said. Fat Cat looked at her lovingly. “You did good. I have never known a cat to arrange a clown for a chicken’s birthday party. That was very original. The clown was a little creepy, you have to admit.”

Fat Cat said, “Yea I guess so.” He jumped up onto Mrs. H’s lap. He could hear the chickens snoring. He munched on his jerky treat, 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 4  
**TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS**  

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13 - ALL GOOD THINGS CAN'T LAST



**I**T WAS A COLDER than usual winter and The House on Waterside was hunkered down against a biting north wind, the kind that seeps under the doors and instantly freezes bird baths. “Brrr it’s cold,” said Mrs. H. “I think we need another log on the fire.” Mr. H just grunted and went back to reading his book. It had started snowing.

Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys had found a stand of hemlock and were sheltering in relative comfort out of the worst of it. Glenda the Goose had flown south with the rest of the geese from Waterside Cemetery. It was the first time that she had put her acting career on hold to make the trip. Chadd with two d’s had found a burrow for his wife Patt with two t’s and their two children and they were ‘laying low’ as Chadd liked to call it. He had stacked his larder with lots of nuts and they had plenty of food. Root Beer was warm and snug in front

of the fire at his owner's house. Betty and Emma were in their coop with a heat lamp keeping them toasty warm. The only one struggling was Tall Tom Turkey. The town turkeys offered him a place under the hemlock but Tall Tom refused.

"He's too big," said Marnie

"He's too proud," said Mo.

Fat Cat was on his favorite couch looking at the snow whipping around the rose bushes and was wondering how Gold Bug was doing. The rose bushes were covered in snow and twisting in the wind. Gold Bug was in full-on hibernation mode. Every now and then there was a white-out, so much snow that Fat Cat couldn't even see the lamppost across the street where he had once got his tongue stuck. That seemed like such a long time ago now. He heard Mrs. H in the kitchen rustling some pots and pans, cooking up dinner. Mr. H was somewhere; Fat Cat never knew where he went in the evenings. Probably to his office where he would be banging on his computer and laughing at his own jokes.

Fat Cat was just dozing off when he saw something that looked like a tall cactus out the window. Just then Mrs. H called, "Hey Fat Cat are you hungry? I have new vegan wellness packs for you. These have chestnuts. They have a lot of vitamins and taste really good, or so the package says. I haven't actually tried them myself."

Fat Cat loved Mrs. H. She always looked out for him. He jumped off the couch but it didn't feel good when he landed on the soft carpet. His bones were brittle and his left paw hurt. He limped over to the kitchen. Mrs. H had heated up some

milk and as a special treat she had heated up some leftover pasta with pesto sauce. Fat Cat's other name, of course, was Lord, well Sir now, Sir Lombardi of Marblehead. It was his Italian nickname. That was the reason why he was so fond of pasta.

"Come on Fat Cat," Mrs H said. "We need to eat to stay warm." Fat Cat tried to eat but he wasn't hungry. He was worried about what he had just seen out the window. It looked like a cactus but he knew that cactuses don't walk, especially in the snow.

He went back to the couch. Mr. H came down from his office and turned on the TV. "Hey Fat Cat do you want to watch SpongeBob?" he asked. Fat Cat tried to concentrate but something was bothering him. Mrs. H came into the room. "Hey Fat Cat," she said, "you didn't eat any of your dinner."

Fat Cat was feeling a little out of sorts. He wasn't hungry. He was worried about his friends. He had not seen Chadd and Patt in more than a month. He had seen the orange heat lamp in the chicken coop and knew that Betty and Emma would be safe and warm and well fed. Mostly he was worried about Tall Tom Turkey. That was when there was a knock at the door. Mrs. H answered. It was Tall Tom. He was shivering.

Mrs. H said, "Oh Tall Tom, please come in, you are all covered in snow." Tall Tom shook his head. He knew that turkeys, even tall ones, were not allowed into homes. He just turned and walked away into the blizzard. Mrs. H closed the door. "He could have come in, you know," she said, but Mr. H was struggling with the TV remote and didn't hear her.

Fat Cat moved closer to the fire. It was hot, so hot that it felt like his fur was going to catch on fire. It was a feeling that Fat Cat loved. He lay there for a while and was just dozing off when there was a faint knocking at the back door. He opened one eye and could barely make out Chadd. He was on top of a snowbank tapping at the french doors. Chadd put his paw against the window and Fat Cat knew what it meant. He put his paw against Chadd's and then went over to the kitchen where he knew he could open a window. He jumped out and did a bad bellyflop onto the snow, his short legs not quite long enough for the deep snow that had accumulated.

Chadd said, "Awkwaaaaard."

"What's up?" Fat Cat asked.

"We have a meeting tonight at the Stand of Hemlock. Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie will be there. It's their place after all. I tried to invite Betty and Emma but their coop was shut tight. Glenda said that she would turn around and fly back north. The GOAT is on his way. Dominique and Daisy said that they were stuck in the barn. Can you come with me? Patt can manage the little ones."

Fat Cat nodded and said, "I wish that I brought a jacket." Just then Root Beer showed up, his ears flopping in the wind. "I'm here," was all he said.

The animals from Waterside congregated at the Stand of Hemlock. Sheila the Shetland Sheep was in charge of the meeting. That bit of news took Fat Cat by surprise but Chadd explained that Sheila had once been a barrister in London, but that it was a long time ago.

Sheila started, "Og this is a bit of a ruffled situation. I don't even know where to start but here we are." Fat Cat sat up straight. He was going to say something but decided to keep quiet.

Sheila went on, "I have some not so good news. It's about Tall Tom. He has roundworms. He told me and it's not going to end well for him, I'm afraid. It was caused in part because he grew so fast after eating all those jelly beans, but I don't think that's the main reason." Fat Cat noticed that Sheila had dropped her strong Scottish accent. "I saw him tonight and he told me that he was going for a long walk in the snow. That's why I called this meeting."

The Gang from Waterside were silent. Fat Cat said, "We all need to let nature take its course."

They found Tall Tom the next morning leaning up against one of the revolutionary soldiers' graves. There was snow all around but he was not covered in snow, in fact there was bare ground all around him. He had a smile on his face and looked peaceful.

The Gang at Waterside were all there for his send-off except Romeo and Juliet and of course, Fat Cat's love, Flavie the Flying Fish. Glenda the Goose made it back just in time. She had stopped in Pennsylvania to pick up Larry the Lizard who had just received new dentures and was sporting a million dollar smile. He told everyone that he was going to try out as a guest host on Jeopardy, the TV gameshow. John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive, was wearing a black armband. Fat Cat tried to manage the eulogy but he could not

get the words out. It felt like he had a golf ball stuck in his throat. Then Mrs. H stepped in. She said, "We have all lived a beautiful life here at The House on Waterside but life moves on. We will always remember Tall Tom as a kind, loving turkey and our best friend."

Then suddenly from across the street Betty and Emma came running. "What's going on, what are we missing?" Betty yelled.

"It's Tall Tom," Jimmy Spithill said. "He has moved on to greener pastures." Emma said, "Oh I love greener pastures, whatever they are."

The snow had stopped and there was a sudden rustling. Patt and the babies were there. They looked sleepy, like they had just been woken up from an extra long nap. Then suddenly, as if by magic, Gold Bug came fluttering over. "Brrr, he said, "it's cold." He looked and saw that Tall Tom had moved on to greener pastures. "I think that you all know what I am going to say but I am not going to say it." Instead he said, "We will all miss you Tall Tom. You completed us as a family on Waterside."

It started to snow really hard. The sky was dark; the wind biting cold. Just as the Gang from Waterside were about to leave there was a whispering sound coming in low and slow over the trees. It was Romeo and Juliet, the swans from The Cove. They circled the graveyard and landed a few feet from the gathering. They walked over, heads bowed. They all cuddled together to say a final goodbye to Tall Tom. Mr. H had joined them. Fat Cat said, "We should all probably get going now."

Mrs. H had a warm bowl of milk ready and some warmed up leftover pasta carbonara. He ate himself full and then found his warm spot on the couch. He arched his back and stretched, turned himself 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 4  
TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS  
EPILOGUE



FAT CAT DIED PEACEFULLY in his sleep. He was 17, or thereabouts. No one really knew when he was born, he was a stray after all, born behind the Dunkin' Donuts at Village Plaza, but it doesn't matter. He gave us many years of pleasure. Mr. H buried him under the rose bushes that grow in front of the House on Waterside.

Mrs. H appointed Gold Bug to be in charge of making sure that his grave is always 'Shipshape and Bristol'. I may have forgotten to mention this but Gold Bug had spent a few years in the Royal Navy and was well suited for the job. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," he would mutter to himself as he tidied up the stones and dusted off the grave.

Flavie the Flying Fish was devastated by the news. She huddled with her friends behind Children's Island. That day the ocean was saltier than ever; most of it was from her tears.

As soon as Fat Cat's death was announced tributes started pouring in from all over the world. The King of Sweden posted a nice tribute on his Facebook page. "To my friend Fat Cat, Sir Lombardi, we share the same embarrassment. You will be missed."

The ice cream man from Rio sent flowers and a huge carton of pistachio ice cream.

Ricardo and Mr. Beach chipped in for an American flag that will always fly over his grave. The bougainvillea family sent a card signed with the flippers of fifty penguins. They wrote, "Fat Cat, you were our inspiration."

Mr. H found a small statue of Mary on the side of the road. He washed it and placed it on Fat Cat's grave. He knew that Fat Cat was an atheist but liked the way it looked. It gave some solemnity to the situation. A sense of finality.

Meanwhile the tributes kept pouring in. Edith Piaff and Georgio sent a video message via TikTok. They sang a song. "La Vie en Rose," a French classic. There was also a special package from Australia. It was from the man with the corks hanging off his hat. He had taken a cork and written on it, "Tie me old Fat Cat down Sport. RIP." Connie the Camel sent a memento from the FIFA Soccer World Cup in Doha with a note that read. "You will always be my champion. More so than Argentina."

Mrs. H keeps all the mementos in a scrapbook.

A lot of things have happened since Fat Cat passed. Romeo and Juliet moved away to start a family. They returned to The Cove on New Year's Day 2023 with four new family members; Romeo Jr, Hamlet, Beethoven and Bach.

Jimmy Spithill, the GOAT, left StonyBrook farm and won a silver medal at the Paris Olympics. He finally got his juju back. He might have won a gold medal but slipped as he was heading to the finish line of the final race and lost control of his boat and crashed into the spectator fleet.

Betty and Emma won a 'Best in Show' award at the Topsfield Fair. Betty wasn't surprised. Emma said, "I love awards, whatever they are."

Larry the Lizard got a temporary gig as the host of Jeopardy but they let him go when they realized that he was all smiles and no substance.

Sheila the Shetland Sheep moved back to Scotland; she had family there and wanted to be around them in her old age. John Wayne the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive went with her. Sheila explained, "we can always use a decent dog in Scotland and Johnny Boy here is a decent dog. He will go far." He was featured in a YouTube video that went viral. Someone put Christmas lights on sheep and John Wayne herded them most nights to read, "RIP Fat Cat."

Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie come by the House on Waterside often. They like to hang out by the bird feeder and gossip and sometimes talk politics.

"I can't believe that Trump is going to run for President again," Mo said. Marnie said, "it doesn't look like can run a hundred yards."

Milli said, "be nice."

Root Beer comes and visits when he can. His arthritis has

him using a walking stick these days but he always comes over and bows in silent respect. Ever since their trip to Buckingham Palace he never called Fat Cat by his name. He always called him Sir, Sir Lombardi of Marblehead.

Chadd with two d's and Patt with two t's come by with their children and leave nuts. Chadd would always say as he placed nuts by his grave, "You were my favorite nut Fat Cat."

A few days before Fat Cat died the Gang from Waterside all gathered with him to watch the Academy Awards. Mr. H set up an outdoor projector. He hung a screen over the chicken coop and the gang sat on the lawn. Genda the Goose was up for an Oscar. They were all jittery and nervous. Mrs. H had provided wellness packs for all who wanted them but Glenda, sadly, didn't win.

Fat Cat said, "there is always next year."

Romeo and Juliet and their family stop by his grave at least once a month to show their love. They always come in low and slow over Waterside Cemetery. Mrs. H can hear the whoosh of their wings and it always makes her smile and sometimes makes her cry.

A few days before the Queen of England died she sent a message. It read, "There were many duties that I carried out as Queen of England and the Colonies, but giving you a Knighthood was one that I might just remember the most."



Fat Cat's final resting place



## 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



Mr. H and Emma



The House on Waterside in summer



Chadd with two d's



The House on Waterside in winter



Gold Bug



Flavie the Flying Fish



Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie



Glenda the Goose



Tall Tom Turkey



Dilly and Dally



John Wayne on a recent trip to Utah



Sally the Seagull



Root Beer



Jimmy Spithill with a sleepover friend



Romeo and Juliet in The Cove



Sheila the Shetland sheep



Bobbie the Red-breasted Robin



Fat Cat loved his warm fire



Romeo and Juliet at Redds Pond



Larry the Lizard



Romeo with Dilly and Dally



Sally the Seadull with Children's Island behind



The Field



The Carnival



Children's Island



Salem Witch Museum



Redd's Pond in Summer



Glover's Regiment



Redd's Pond in Winter



Gus the Giggly Clown



Romeo and Juliet and family in The Cove



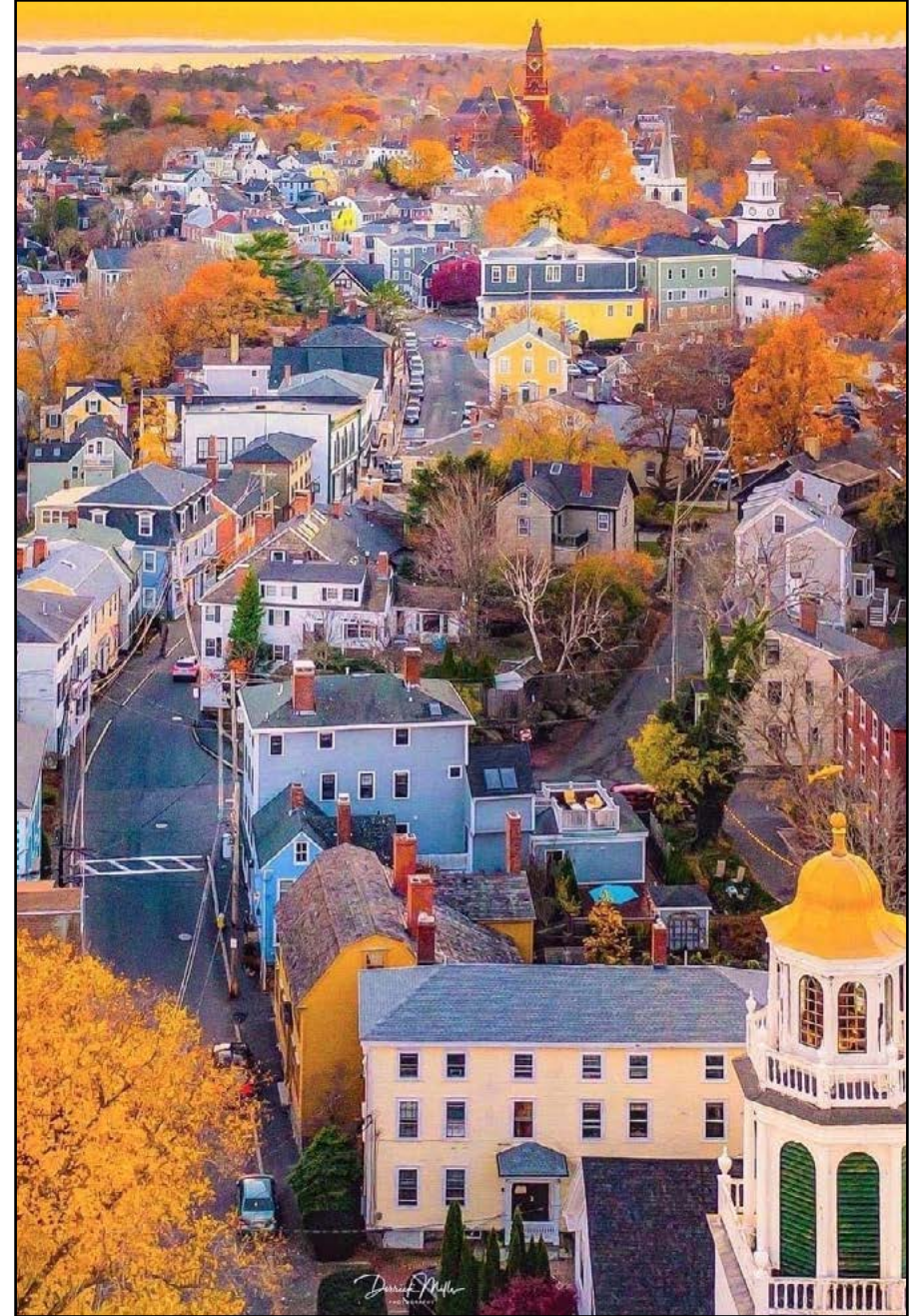
Castle Rock



Romeo and Juliet at Redds Pond



Abbot Hall



Marblehead



## THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT

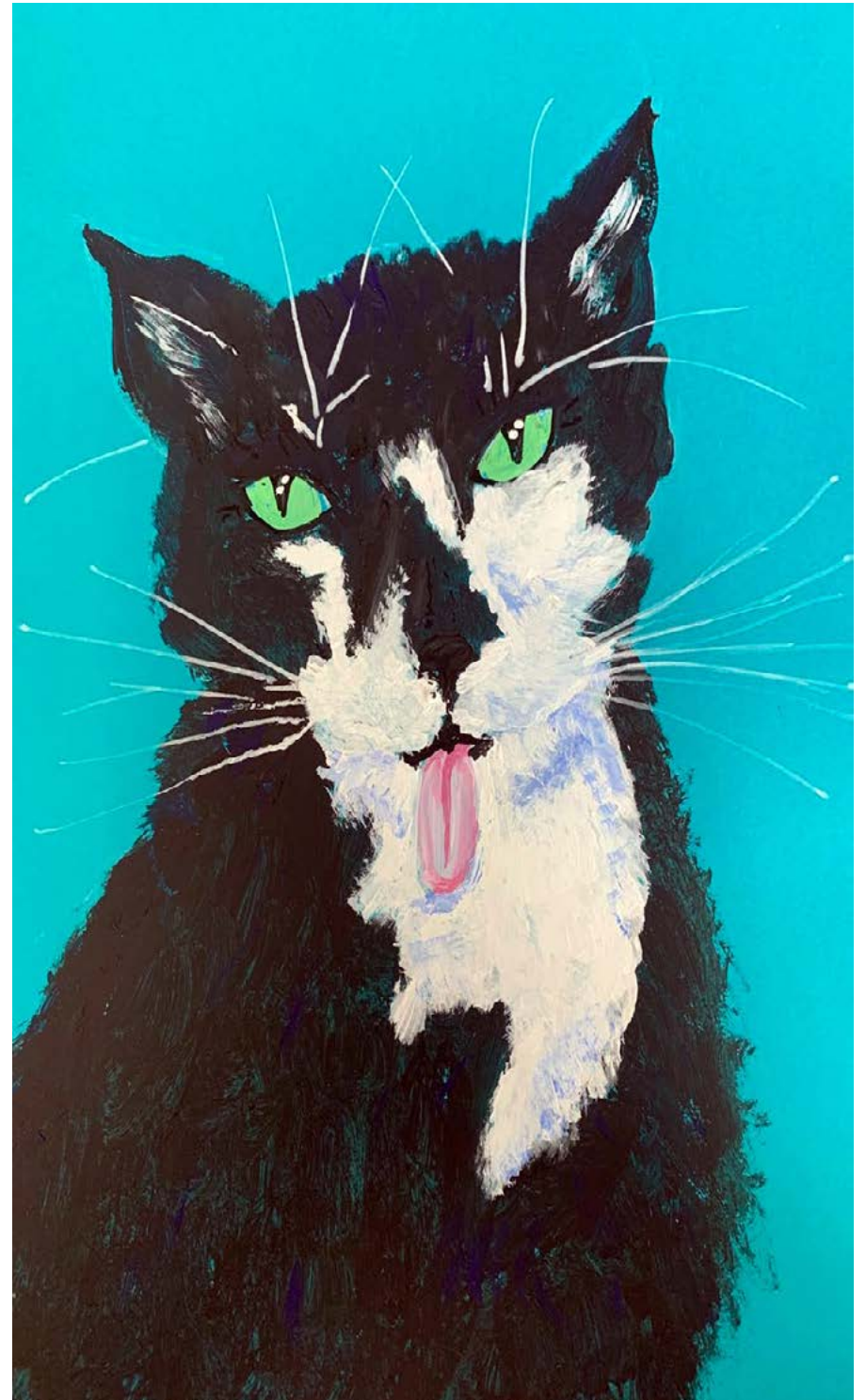
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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**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.

#### MEMOIRS

Two Bricks and a Tickey High - Adventures on Land and Sea

Lapping the Planet - A Memoir of Inspiration, Perspiration and Betrayal

#### NOVELS

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Brooks

Murder at your Convenience

#### SHORT STORIES

Twisted Tales - Short Stories from Scattered Parts of the Planet

More Twisted Tales - Short Stories from Scattered Parts of the Planet

#### CHILDRENS STORIES

Fat Cat - Young and Restless

Fat Cat and his Magic Carpet

Fat Cat - International Cat of Mystery

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Dipping my Toes

#### COFFEE TABLE

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