

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT



BOOK I - YOUNG AND RESTLESS

stories by

BRIAN HANCOCK

FOR AGES 8-12



BOOK ONE

YOUNG AND RESTLESS

A SERIES OF CHILDREN'S STORIES

by

BRIAN HANCOCK



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For Emmet - my Grandson

A division of Great Circle Enterprises

33 Waterside Road

Marblehead, MA 01945

Tel: 339-338 0740

www.greatcirclepress.com

www.adventuresoffatcat.com

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

ISBN: 9798387282034

Hancock, Brian

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

Printed in the United States of America.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2



Young and Restless is the first in a four part series The Adventures of Fat Cat. It's better to read the books in order to fully understand each character. 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



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
1 -THE HOUSE ON WATERSIDE



THE HOUSE ON WATERSIDE is where all the animals in the neighborhood congregate. It's a small, pale green house set back from the road. This is where Fat Cat lives with Mr. and Mrs. H. In the front of the house are rose bushes, a lot of them. This is Gold Bug's territory. Gold Bug is a tiny ladybug with a terrible attitude. He has an opinion on everything and, usually, it's not a good one.

The side of the house is where Fat Cat likes to spend most of his time, well only if he can't spend it inside asleep on a warm couch or, in winter when the snow starts to fall, in front of the fireplace. You see, Fat Cat is an outdoor cat; but not by choice. He likes to lay around the house following rays of sun. In the morning the sun warms a nice patch on the kitchen floor. When lunch is served the warm patch has moved to the dining room. By late afternoon the warm patch

is in the living room. He lies there until Mr. and Mrs. H sit down to watch TV.

“Come on Fat Cat,” Mrs. H says. “It’s time to watch SpongeBob.” Fat Cat loves SpongeBob. He once thought that he might like to live in a pineapple under the sea until he realized that he can’t swim and that he may not fit into a pineapple. Fat Cat loves Mrs. H. Mr. H, well not so much unless he is about to open a can of food or a bag of treats.

Fat Cat likes to sleep much of his day away. He’s a small, mostly black cat with some white patches. He loves it when the sun shines so hot on his fur that it feels like he might just catch on fire. Fat Cat is not fat, in fact he’s quite slim, especially in the summer when he hunts for mice under the garden shed. His owners, Mr. and Mrs. H just liked the way the two words went together; Fat Cat, and so they named him so. Fat Cat also has an Italian nickname; Lombardi, named after a family that once ruled Italy. It’s a name that kind of rolls off the tongue. Lombardi. It makes Fat Cat feel important and maybe accounts for his love of pasta.

Fat Cat considers himself the unofficial mayor of the House on Waterside. His best friend is a little gray squirrel named Chadd whose name is spelled with two d’s. Fat Cat once asked him, “why is your name spelled with two d’s?” Chadd gave him a withering look and said, “because Chad with one d was already taken.” Fat Cat felt foolish for asking.

Most mornings the town turkeys, Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie will stop by to pay Fat Cat a visit. They like to hang out by the bird feeder and chat about the latest news and politics.

They also like to gossip, mostly about the other animals in the neighborhood. Mo is a little sassy, Millie is kind, Mavis is opinionated and Marnie, well Marnie can be downright tough at times. She had once run a very successful transportation business and one time she told Fat Cat that the only way to get people to pay their bills was to be a little rough on them. Fat Cat didn’t want to know the details.

The Queen of Marblehead, well that might be going a bit too far, the Queen of Waterside Road, is Glenda the Goose. She has an air about her and in her mind she knows that she is destined for the big screen. Glenda once got a small part in a play at the Little Theater where a talent scout saw her perform in Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet and recommended her to the ‘big brass’ in Hollywood. Recently there has been talk of Glenda getting her own star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

Fat Cat has two friends that he looks up to; literally. One is Root Beer, the great dane from two streets over. Root Beer is tall, kind, and gentle and has the biggest ears you have ever seen. He’s very self conscious about them but they come in handy when he needs to hear something far, far away. Root Beer had once thought about becoming a detective. He knew that his ears would be very useful in that line of work, but instead he chose to become a pet.

The other friend that Fat Cat looks up to is Tall Tom Turkey. Tall Tom ate a whole jar of jelly beans when he was just a chick and overnight he doubled in size. He kept growing and growing until he was six months old and six feet tall. When

Root Beer and Tall Tom stop by to see Fat Cat all that Fat Cat can see are their ankles. He knows that it's them and usually tries to ignore them because he knows that he will get a crick in his neck as he looks up and up and up.

"Why do you sleep so much?" Root Beer asked.

"I need my beauty rest," Fat Cat answered.

"Doesn't look like it's working," Root Beer said, immediately feeling ashamed of himself. Tall Tom laughed.

"We're just kidding Fat Cat. You are very handsome; well for a cat anyway." They both laughed again. Just then John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive stopped by to see what all the laughing was about.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"It's nothing," Root Beer said. "We were just saying how handsome Fat Cat is." John Wayne sniffed and said, "for a cat maybe, but as both you gentlemen know, dogs rule and cats drool." Root Beer agreed. Tall Tom sighed. Gold Bug opened one eye and said, "Oh, this is not going to turn out very well."

The back of the House on Waterside is where Betty and Emma live. They are the chickens that Mr. and Mrs. H got from the Topsfield Fair. Mr. H had won them in a dunk the duck competition. They were tiny little bundles of fluff but they soon grew into two of the most beautiful chickens in town; and they knew it. Betty would strut around the garden as if she owned the place. Emma would dutifully follow. They went everywhere together, always out on some grand

adventure, always looking for some kind of mischief to get into.

The House on Waterside is in Marblehead, Massachusetts. It's a small fishing village and is picture postcard perfect and a perfect place to be a pet, or a wild turkey, or even a goose for that matter.

Tall Tom is an avid reader. He was visiting Fat Cat. "Hey Fat Cat," he said. "Did you know that Marblehead is the Birthplace of the American Navy?" Fat Cat opened one eye and said, "what's a navy? Sounds like gravy."

"You need to get out more," Tall Tom said.

"I'm fine just where I am," Fat Cat said. "Now go away. I'm going back to sleep."

In the summer it's hot and the sailboats leave the town dock and set off toward Children's Island, or if the wind is just right, they head for Great Misery Island. In winter it snows; a lot, and this is Fat Cat's least favorite season. His short, skinny legs can barely make it through the snow but he knows that if he gets some 'outside time' as Mrs. H calls it, that she will reward him with a wellness packet and some warm milk.

If you have to be a cat, or a dog, or a turkey, or a ladybug, or a chicken or a goose the House on Waterside is a pretty good place to call home. Fat Cat thinks so. He's surrounded by his friends and lives in a house that's filled with love. As soon as the sun starts to set he heads indoors and finds his place on the couch. If SpongeBob is on TV he stays awake to watch, but if not he cuddles up on the couch, arches his back

and stretches, turns around and around until he looks like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and then takes a long, well a very long nap.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
2 - FAT CAT GETS STUCK



THERE WAS A COLD WIND blowing down Waterside Road. Mr. and Mrs. H were packing away the last of the Christmas decorations. The front yard of the House on Waterside looked a little sad. There were no flowers like in the summertime and no more decorations now that the holidays were over. Fat Cat didn't mind. He had his favorite place on the couch where the late afternoon sun would keep him warm, and on days when it was cloudy and snowy he just relocated to a spot in front of the fire.

He was dozing off when Mrs. H said, "Fat Cat you have to go outside for a little bit. When you get back I will give you some warm milk." Fat Cat tried his best to look sad but Mrs. H picked him up and placed him on the front steps. "Don't go far little buddy," she said. It was just starting to snow and some flakes stuck to his whiskers. Fat Cat tucked in behind

the rose bushes. Gold Bug was asleep at the base of the bush. Fat Cat knew that he hibernated during the long winter months so he didn't disturb him. He hid out of the wind for a while and then crossed the street. He was going to go into Waterside Cemetery but for some reason, and even to this day he has no idea why he did it, he licked the lamppost and his tongue got stuck. Fat Cat tried to pull away but his tongue was frozen to the lamppost. "Well now this is a little embarrassing," he thought.

Chadd with two d's observed Fat Cat's dilemma from across the street. He hopped on over. "You seem to be in a bit of a pickle old chap," he said.

"Glow away," Fat Cat said.

"Well excuuuuuuse me," Chadd said. He left in search of more nuts. He had no time to waste with a big snowstorm forecast.

Then it got worse. Glenda the Goose came around the corner. Glenda had decided to not fly south for the winter. She saw Fat Cat standing there. Then she saw that Fat Cat was stuck. Then she saw that his tongue was stuck to the lamppost. "Oh my goodness," said Glenda. "That's a little weird." She held her head up high and kept on walking, acting as if she had never met or seen Fat Cat before.

Fat Cat was well and truly stuck and now it was well and truly snowing. Flakes were sticking to his eyelashes and his feet were getting cold. He looked to his left and thought, "oh no. Can this get any worse?" The town turkeys Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie were walking his way.

Mavis said, "hey Fat Cat Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." Marnie said, "why don't you just stick around for a while?" Mo said, "just hang in there Fat Cat. Spring is only a few months away." Millie, the kindest of the turkeys, held her little turkey head up high, straightened her legs, and strutted on up Waterside Road. "If you don't have anything good to say," she muttered, "then don't say anything."

Then it got just plain and simply ugly. John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive was out for a walk with his owner. He always had an air of importance about him. Even though John Wayne was a rescue dog he acted like he was a beautiful prince that had been born in a palace. He was always well groomed, had a shiny coat and beautiful piercing black eyes. Fat Cat tried to hide behind the lamppost but John Wayne saw him and started to bark.

"Oh Jeeze," thought Fat Cat. "This is humiliating." It was getting dark out. The streetlights came on automatically and lit the area around Fat Cat lighting him up so that he looked like he was on center stage for everyone to see. He looked hopefully over toward the House on Waterside hoping that Mrs. H would see his dilemma. All he could see was Mr. H sitting in his easy chair reading his newspaper. He looked so warm and comfortable.

Just then Dougie from up the Street drove by. He hadn't properly secured his ladder to the back of his truck and when he came around the corner the ladder fell off. It hit the road right next to Fat Cat. The noise it made was like a truck hitting a brick wall. Fat Cat jumped six feet into the air, he ran for the

house. Mrs. H let him in. “Where did you go you Silly Willy?” she said. “It’s cold out.”

Fat Cat gave her a look, a long loving look, and then headed straight for his food bowl. Mrs. H had prepared him a wellness pack and a saucer of warm milk and before he was halfway through his dinner he had already forgotten about the ‘lamppost incident’ as it came to be known in the neighborhood. He was looking out the window when he saw Glenda the Goose walking back up the street. “Who’s the fool now?” he thought.

He cuddled up 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 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
3 - FAT CAT FALLS IN LOVE



FAT CAT LOVES LIVING in Marblehead. It’s a fishing town, lobstering mostly. In the morning when the sun comes up, and when the seagulls are out looking for scraps, the lobstermen cast off and head out to sea. The seagulls each choose a boat to follow. They know which lobstermen have the best scraps.

Mr. H had a friend who was a lobsterman. He said, “Do you want to come out on the boat with me today?” Mr. H said “Yes. Can I bring Fat Cat?” The lobsterman nodded and Fat Cat joined them on the Julie K. They set off from the Landing Dock on a perfect Spring morning.

At first Fat Cat was not sure that this was a good idea. His legs felt wobbly and there was not enough sun, but once they got out past Tinkers Island he started to find his rhythm. “I’m a natural born sailor,” he thought. He found a patch of sun on the side of the boat and promptly fell asleep.

“Hey. Hey you.” Fat Cat pricked up one of his ears. “Hey you.” Fat Cat pricked up his other ear. “You there?” He slowly opened one eye and looked out at the water. There was nothing there. He shut his eye and was starting to doze off again when he heard someone say something. “Hey you, Blackie. Wake up.” Fat Cat opened his eyes. There was nothing there. Just an empty ocean. Then she flew by again. A flying fish. “Oh good you are awake now,” she said. “I’m Flavie.” Fat Cat rubbed his eyes. He could not believe what he had just seen. “A flying fish?”

Flavie came by again. She leapt out of the water. “I’m Flavie. I’m from France,” she said. Now Fat Cat was wide awake. There was a flying fish named Flavie from France talking to him in English. Fat Cat wondered if he had been dropped on his head. Then Flavie flew by again.

“What’s your name?” Fat Cat thought for a moment. He was not sure what to say. His shelter name back when he was at the Pets for Peace Animal Shelter was Milk Dud, but no one called him that anymore. He kind of liked Fat Cat but it was his Italian name that he liked the best; Lombardi. Fat Cat straightened his front legs raising himself up and was about to say something but Flavie the Flying Fish was gone again. Just an empty ocean.

Mr. H said, “Hey Fat Cat are you awake? There is some fish back here for your lunch.” Fat Cat stood up, he arched his back and was about to go and get his lunch when Flavie flew by.

“So Blackie what’s your name?” Fat Cat puffed out his chest. “I am Lombardi. Lord Lombardi of Waterside.” Fat Cat was not

sure if Flavie had heard the Lord Lombardi part. She was back under water. Flavie flew by again. “Lord Lombardi huh? Fancy.” Fat Cat noticed how beautiful she was. Her body glistened silver and she had a shiny blue stripe down her back but it was her wings that Fat Cat fell in love with. They were see-through and shimmering. Flavie was the most beautiful thing that Fat Cat had ever seen.

Mr. H said, “Hey Fat Cat don’t you want your lunch?” Fat Cat walked slowly toward the back of the boat. Fresh fish was his favorite. He was about to eat the little mackerel when Flavie flew by. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” Fat Cat froze. Mr. H said “what’s the matter?” Flavie flew by again. “Fish are friends too you know,” she said.

“Ugh.” Fat Cat felt his tummy rumble. He went back to his place in the sun. Mr. H said, “What’s the matter with you?” Flavie flew by, slower this time. “You know what they eat in France?” Fat Cat had no idea what they ate in France. Flavie said, “escargot.” Then she dipped into the sea.

“Escargot?”

Flavie coasted by again. “Yes, escargot. Snails. With garlic and butter. And you know what else?” Fat Cat didn’t know what else. Flavie told him. “Frogs legs.”

Now that appealed to Fat Cat. He had always been a lazy hunter and frogs were easy to catch and they went well with chickadees. Mrs. H. had a bird feeder right outside his favorite window. He would sit under the window behind the rose bushes. The birds went crazy feasting at the feeder, and then flew off only to crash into the window. They would drop to

the ground, stunned. Fat Cat would place a paw on them and that was usually a good lunch. “But snails? Who eats snails?”

Flavie flew by again and said, “Fish are friends too.” Fat Cat felt ashamed of himself. He remembered all those salmon treats he had eaten as part of his wellness packages. His tummy was rumbling. He was thinking of his favorite beef and gravy meals when Flavie flew by again. She looked him directly in the eye. Then she banked slowly to the west. Fat Cat could see the sunlight through her wings. She was the most beautiful creature that Fat Cat had ever seen and he knew right there and then that he was in love. Flavie came around again. She said, “Cows are friends too.” And that was when Fat Cat became a vegan.

When they got back to the House on Waterside Mrs. H was there with treats. Fat Cat was exhausted. He nibbled at the treats but still felt a little seasick. It had been a bumpy ride back to The Landing. He cuddled up 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 he took a long, well a very long nap.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
4 - FAT CAT GOES FLYING



FAT CAT WAS THIRSTY. He came in from the yard. Mrs. H had been gardening. Fat Cat was not sure if he liked gardening but he could always count on a snack or two when Mrs. H came back into the house. “You hungry?” Mrs. H asked. Fat Cat was always hungry. Winter was approaching and Fat Cat needed to bulk up. He looked over his shoulder at Mrs. H and Mrs. H followed him to the food bowl. “I have a wellness pack for you.” she said.

Mrs. H didn’t know that Fat Cat had gone vegan. Fat Cat sniffed the bowl and thought of Flavie the Flying Fish who had told him, well not so much told him but had admonished him. “Fish are friends too,” she had said. “And cows.” That was when Fat Cat went vegan.

Mrs. H was busy. She had a garden to tend to as well as the chickens. Fat Cat was not sure about the chickens. “Arrogant

little feathered things,” he thought. They always seemed to get treats. And for no good reason. Fat Cat had to beg for his treats. He had to do the whole body language looking over his shoulder thing. Mrs. H was tired. She had ordered a GrubHub delivery from the local coffee shop. An ice cold triple latte with caramel and extra whipped cream. This time she had asked the barrister to add two extra shots of espresso. She drank most of it and left the cup on the counter.

Fat Cat knew that the kitchen counter was off limits. But he was still thirsty. He jumped up. Well, the first attempt was a disaster. He only made it halfway. He had put on so much weight. He was very glad that Glenda the Goose had not seen him. His second attempt was a perfect 10 and he landed right alongside the toaster. Fat Cat tipped over the coffee cup and started to drink the sweet mix. It was delicious. He lapped the whipped cream and smacked his lips when he tasted the caramel. When he jumped off the counter he landed in the living room. “That was a bit of a freaky thing,” he thought. “The living room?” Then he figured it out. Mrs. H usually went for decaf but this time she had gone fully loaded.

Fat Cat started to feel his superpower. He wanted to go outside but the door was closed. Fat Cat jumped. He didn’t have opposable thumbs so he dropped to the floor, but the next time he got the door handle to open and out he went. Happy as a cat. The lawn looked like it needed to be mowed but Fat Cat was not too sure about that. For a start he was not sure if he could push the mower. He went to the shed where the mower was kept. Na. Not going to happen. “I might just get out my hammer and fix the shed up a little though,” he thought.

Gold Bug was watching it all from a distance. “Oh, this is not going to turn out very well,” he said.

Fat Cat saw Glenda the Goose across the street in the graveyard. “Glenda,” he said, “waidup.” Glenda the Goose kept on walking ignoring the annoying little black and white thing. She was scheduled to take flight around noon to do a flyover of Mr. Cameron’s funeral. Twenty six of them had signed up for it. Mr. Cameron had been a legend on Waterside Road. He deserved a good sendoff.

Fat Cat saw his opportunity. Mr. and Mrs. H had just watched the Helen Reddy movie. She was a 60’s music legend who sang “I am woman hear me roar.” Fat Cat loved watching SpongeBob but for some reason Mr. and Mrs. H had switched channels. At first Fat Cat was bored but then he got it. “I am woman, hear me roar.” Oh my. Fat Cat was inspired. “I am woman hear me roar.”

“I am just a little cat,” he thought. “I am fat and black and I can’t roar. And I can’t fly.” He saw some of the neighbors gathering in Waterside Cemetery. Mr. Cameron’s family was there. It was a small gathering. Covid-19 had kept the crowds away. Glenda the Goose was getting in line for the flyover. Fat Cat was behind a bush. His blood was rushing. “The extra shots of espresso had kicked in.” Fat Cat thought, “I feel as if I can dance on air.”

The geese started to get into formation. Commander Jack Spanky, the lead goose, gave the signal. They took off. Fat Cat had no idea what came over him but he ran as fast as he could and found Glenda. He hopped on her back just as she took off.

Glenda's belly hit the ground but then she got some air. Fat Cat held on tight. The geese flew out over Salem Harbor and then banked to the right. They were in a tight formation, Commander Jack Spanky leading the way. From his perch on the back of Glenda the Goose, Fat Cat could see Waterside Cemetery. Then he could see Mr. Cameron's gravesite. His family was standing there, masked up because of Covid. Commander Jack Spanky honked, "Ok, now we're going in." He dropped altitude and the rest followed. They dipped their wings in salute and then dropped to almost ground level. Fat Cat hung on tight. The geese gave Mr. Cameron a Five Star General military flyover.

They landed and Glenda the Goose said, "Now get off." Fat Cat thought that he might just throw up his lunch but instead he walked back to The House on Waterside, he gave the chickens a sideward glance, did a pathetic excuse for a back flip and stumbled indoors. The coffee had finally worn off.

He cuddled up 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 he took a long, well a very long nap.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
5 - NO BUENO CHRISTMAS



FAT CAT WAS NOT a big fan of Christmas. For a start Mr. and Mrs. H always put up a silly tree right in the sunniest spot of their living room. It was Fat Cat's favorite place to snooze the day away. On most days the sun would shine strong and his black coat would absorb all the heat. Sometimes it got so hot that Fat Cat thought that he might just catch on fire. It was a feeling that he loved. Now there was a Christmas tree right there, in his favorite spot. And worse yet Mr. and Mrs. H always hung brightly colored lights on the tree. They were really annoying. And worse yet they hung all kinds of dangly things and different colored balls on the tree. They were also annoying. And worse yet when Fat Cat tried to play with the dangly things Mrs. H would shoot him with a jet of water from a squirt bottle. And worse yet there was that one time that Mrs. H had made him wear a Santa hat. These were some of the reasons why Fat Cat didn't like Christmas.

There were other reasons. Mrs. H said, “no litter box for you Fat Cat. You are an outdoor cat.” Fat Cat didn’t want to be an outdoor cat. He wanted to be an indoor cat, one that just followed the warm patches of sunlight around the house all day. He wanted to grow old and fat enjoying Mrs. H’s wellness packages. She had found a source for vegan wellness packages and they were delicious.

This Christmas was the worst one that he could remember. It started when Mr. H spoke out loud. “It looks like we are in for a good sixteen inches of snow,” he said. “Ugh,” Fat Cat thought. “Not snow. No bueno. Not good.” Fat Cat didn’t mind lying on the couch looking out the window when it snowed. He thought that all the lights on the bushes and trees were a bit pretentious but then, if he was being true to himself, he knew that he was a bit of a Scrooge. The snowstorm started at the same time that Mrs. H hung up from her last Zoom call. Mrs. H is a school teacher. Fat Cat was not sure what Mr. H did. He seemed to hang out tapping furiously on his keyboard, sometimes laughing out loud at his own jokes. “He’s a weirdo,” thought Fat Cat.

It was Christmas eve and by the time it was starting to get dark there was a lot of snow on the ground. And on the trees, and on the bushes. Fat Cat was looking out the window when he saw John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive. He was out on a walk with his owner wearing a kilt. “Wait, what?” Fat Cat thought. John Wayne thinks he’s Scottish now? “Ugh what kind of neighborhood do I live in?”

Mrs. H picked him up. “You have to go out,” she said. Fat Cat knew that it was coming and tried to look sad in the hope

that Mrs. H would change her mind. She didn’t. She placed him on the front steps. “Don’t be long Little Buddy,” she said. Fat Cat made a noise like he was clearing his throat. “Where does she think I am going? On an expedition to Mars?” Fat Cat crept behind the bushes where there was less snow. Gold Bug was still hibernating at the base of the rose bush. Mrs. H went into the kitchen to cook dinner. Mr. H was, well wherever he was, probably taking a bath or something equally ridiculous.

Fat Cat could not get back into the house. He was cold, not his favorite temperature. Usually he would jump onto the window box so that he could see into the living room and Mrs. H would see him and let him in, but what with the extra pounds that he had packed on over the holiday, and with all the snow, he was not sure if he could make the jump. “Hmmm,” thought Fat Cat. Just then Glenda the Goose strolled on over. “Wazzup?” she asked.

“Go away,” Fat Cat said. Glenda the Goose had a poker face but she also had an idea. “OK my friend,” she said. “You clearly have an issue of uttermost importance. To you. Not to me. I think that I can be of some assistance.” Fat Cat thought to himself. “Yea right.” He remembered the time that he had, out of complete stupidity, jumped onto Glenda’s back for a flight that was a V-Formation salute to honor Mr. Cameron, their neighbor, who had recently died.

“No way,” Fat Cat said. “Not a chance. No bueno. Not again.” Glenda read his mind. “No, we are not doing that silly thing again. Look,” she said. “I am here in the spirit of Christmas. I am also feeling quite pleased that I didn’t end up as the goose on some family’s Christmas table. Let me help.” Fat Cat was

skeptical, but his options were limited. Glenda said, “look at my feet.” Fat Cat looked at her feet. She had four toes each connected by a delicate webbing. They were funny looking feet. Glenda the Goose could read his mind. “They might be funny looking but watch this.” She hopped onto the snow, which by now was almost a foot deep, and she didn’t sink in. Fat Cat had tried to walk on the snow but his little paws sank right in. Glenda looked at him with disdain. “As my Christmas gift to you, and for this one time only, I am going to help you. Get on my back.” Fat Cat was not sure about the suggestion but his options were limited and his little paws were getting cold. He climbed gingerly onto Glenda’s back. “Ok hold on tight,” Glenda said as she waddled over to the window box outside the living room window. Even with Fat Cat on her back she still didn’t sink into the snow. “Quite clever,” thought Fat Cat. “Quite clever.”

Glenda stood below the window box and Fat Cat easily climbed onto it. “You’re welcome,” Glenda said. “And Merry Christmas.” Fat Cat gave her a withering look. “I’ve never liked her,” he thought, but kept the thought to himself; in the spirit of Christmas, of course. Chadd with two d’s hopped on over. “Merry Christmas old Chap,” he said. Fat Cat glared at him. “Who does he think he is? The British Ambassador?”

Fat Cat looked into the living room. It was cozy. The fireplace was crackling. He even kind of liked the Christmas tree. The lights were pretty. Mrs. H was nowhere to be seen. Fat Cat banged on the window; nothing. Then he saw Mr. H walk into the room. Fat Cat banged on the window. Mr. H pretended to not notice him but went to the door to let Fat Cat in. Fat Cat jumped off the window box and promptly sank

into a foot of fresh new snow. His little legs were only seven inches long. He was stuck. John Wayne was just coming back from his walk. “You make a fine lawn ornament,” he said. Fat Cat could tell that he was chuckling to himself.

Mr. H picked him up. “Well that was a gallant effort, he said. “Let’s go inside dude.” Mrs. H said, “what the heck happened little buddy? You are covered in snow.” Fat Cat was not pleased. Not one bit. Mrs. H said, “Let me heat up some eggnog for you.” This was a first. Fat Cat had never had eggnog before. He slurped it down enjoying the warmth of the sweet liquid. Fat Cat never knew when enough was enough. He was basically a glutton. He finished the whole bowl, licked his paws and walked toward the living room to take a nap. He knew right then and there that he had made a mistake. A very big mistake. The eggnog gurgled around in his tummy. He was almost at his favorite couch when the eggnog came back out again. He threw up all over the carpet. He then stood in the slippery mess and slipped, skidding into the couch, falling onto his side. Fat Cat looked over at the Christmas tree and the twinkling lights. “Merry bloody Christmas,” he said.

Mrs. H cleaned him off and said, “I have an early Christmas present for you.” She placed a wrapped box in front of him and opened it. There was an electric blanket in the box. She placed it on the couch and Fat Cat climbed on. It was toasty warm. He arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and then took a long, well, a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
6 - FAT CAT DECLARES HIS LOVE



SALLY THE SEAGULL was Fat Cat's least favorite friend. Fat Cat was very particular about who he was friends with but there were some things about Sally the Seagull that rubbed him the wrong way. For a start, her voice. It grated on his nerves. Plus the seagull had no manners. Also, she ate out of a dumpster. Fat Cat shivered at the thought of it. "Who eats out of a dumpster?" Sally the Seagull might not have been Fat Cat's favorite friend but he needed a favor; from Sally the Seagull. Ever since the day he had gone out on the Julie K with Mr. H's lobstering friend he had been besotted with Flavie the Flying Fish.

Fat Cat said, "Hey Sally come on over here."

Sally said, "no, I don't trust you. I'm sure that you are going to trick me into something."

"Fat Cat said, "you can trust me." I need your help. Sally

the Seagull landed a few feet away from Fat Cat. She was not taking any chances. Sally sauntered a little closer. "What do you need from me and more to the point, what's in it for me?" she asked. "What's in it for you?" Fat Cat had not thought about that part, then he said. "A wellness packet up front and another when the mission is complete."

"You mean one of those awful vegan wellness packets?" Sally the Seagull shivered at the thought.

"You are the one that eats out of a dumpster," Fat Cat said.

"Fair point," Sally said. "What's the mission?"

Fat Cat started to blush. "You see," he said. "I think that I am in love."

Sally the Seagull hopped backwards. "With me? Now that I didn't see that coming."

"No, not you. I'm in love with Flavie. Flavie the Flying Fish."

"Well that's a relief. I can't picture us together, but you and Flavie, that I can see."

"The problem," Fat Cat said, "is this. Flavie doesn't know that I am in love with her. She probably doesn't even remember me. I've got to get a message to her. I need to see her and I need to tell her that I am in love with her."

"Ah," said Sally the Seagull, "and that's where I come in, right?"

"You're smarter than you look," said Fat Cat.

"I wouldn't push it," said Sally the Seagull. "I am on the mission as Mission Commander. First, my wellness packet."

Fat Cat said "wait here. I will be right back." Chadd with two d's hopped on over. "You are making a deal with the devil. You know that don't you?" Fat Cat looked at him. "Desperate times call for desperate measures, my friend," he said. "And I am desperately in love." His mind wandered off. He could picture the sunlight filtering through Flavie's translucent wings as she flew off into the sunset. It was more than he could bear. The tricky thing would be getting an extra wellness packet out of Mrs. H.

He walked into the living room. Mrs. H was knitting. She was on the couch so Fat Cat jumped up and sat beside her. Then he gave her a long, loving look. Aside from Flavie the only other one he truly loved was Mrs. H. And Mrs. H knew it. Fat Cat gazed into her eyes and held his gaze for a while. Then he jumped off the couch and walked toward the kitchen. "Are you hungry little buddy?" Mrs. H asked. Fat Cat glanced over his shoulder and kept on walking. "Mrs. H was so easy," he thought.

When Mrs. H was back on the couch knitting Fat Cat called over Sally the Seagull. He pushed the backdoor open and said, "Have at it. There's more where that came from after the mission is accomplished."

Sally the Seagull knew where to find Flavie. This time of year the flying fish were off Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod. She flew over Cape Cod Bay and found Flavie. "You have got to come with me," Sally the Seagull said. "It's urgent." Flavie the Flying Fish was a bit skeptical, but she said, "OK."

"Meet me at the Landing Dock in Marblehead. There is

someone there who wants to talk to you. Romantically, if you know what I mean.” Flavie didn’t know what she meant but figured that she would go along with it anyway.

Sally the Seagull flew back to The House on Waterside and found Fat Cat asleep in the sun. Big surprise there. “Hey Fat Cat get on down to the Landing. Fat Cat stretched lazily, and then he remembered. “You found her?” Sally the Seagull would have given Fat Cat a dirty look if she was able to have facial expressions. Instead she tried to take a swipe at him with her wing, but missed.

Fat Cat walked onto the main dock at The Landing. His little heart was beating so fast and his knees felt weak. He looked out toward Marblehead Light and caught a glimpse of something silver shimmering in the summer sun. His heart stopped, for just a moment. Then it sped up again feeling too big for his chest. In moments Flavie was alongside. “Oh it’s you again,” she said. “Blackie right?”

Fat Cat was sad that she had forgotten his real name but when he looked down she was already under water again. She came back up. “Just kidding,” Flavie said. “I remember your name. Lord Lombardi right?” Fat Cat was just about to answer but Flavie was gone again. Moments later she flew by again, her wings translucent, her little fish face too perfect for words. “I need to tell you something,” Fat Cat said. “I think that I am in...” But Flavie was gone again. Sally the Seagull was nearby. “You need to talk faster,” she said. Flavie flew by again. “I think that I am in...” but Flavie was already underwater again. “Speak faster,” yelled Sally the Seagull.

“Like as if your pants were on fire.” Flavie flew by again. Fat Cat got it out. “I think that I am in love with you.” This time Flavie banked to the east. She didn’t land for a while but just before she hit the water Fat Cat felt as if his heart was going to burst.

Fat Cat sat on the dock for a while. No sign of Flavie. He could feel his little heart sink. “Maybe she knows that I’m a cat,” he thought. Sally the Seagull said. “This is nothing new you know. The ladies. They always play hard to get.” Fat Cat didn’t know. He had never even been out on a date. He looked to the south and saw Flavie flying toward him. Fat Cat knew that she was on a long glide and probably had something important to say.” Flavie flew by. “I have a boyfriend, you know,” she said, just as she dipped into the water. “I should have known,” Fat Cat thought. Someone as beautiful as Flavie must have a boyfriend. He lay on the dock feeling dejected. Sally the Seagull started laughing, in a seagull laugh kind of way. She sounded hideous. Just then Flavie flew by again. “But we are not serious. Haven’t been in months.” Fat Cat jumped to his feet. Sally the Seagull said. “See I told you that the ladies can be tricky.”

Flavie flew by again. She said, “If you want to go steady we can go steady.” And that was when Fat Cat knew that he and Flavie would one day be married.

Sally followed him back to the House on Waterside. “I need the second half of my payment,” she said.

Fat Cat said, “I gave you my word and I always keep my word.” He shoved his bowl filled to the brim with a newly

opened wellness pack and Sally scoffed it down then flew off. Fat Cat was too excited to eat. His heart was still racing. Fat Cat had a girlfriend.

He cuddled up 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 he took a long, well a very long nap.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
7 - LORI THE LOON



FAT CAT DID NOT like the idea of it as soon as he heard Mr. and Mrs. H talking about it. “No Bueno. No Bueno; I do not camp,” he said. They went camping anyway. Fat Cat hung in a hammock strung above the back seat of the car as they drove north. It was his least favorite place in the world. “You OK back there?” Mrs. H asked. “So nice and comfortable.” Fat Cat felt like he was going to throw up. The hammock swung back and forth and all the cars flying by on either side made him dizzy. Before they left The House on Waterside Chadd with two d’s had come over. “Camping’s fun,” he said. “Especially in New Hampshire. There are nuts everywhere.”

“You’re a nut,” said Fat Cat.

They pulled into the campground. The Fall leaves were absolutely beautiful. Lake Winnepesaukee was at its peak and Mrs. H said, “Isn’t this just great?” Fat Cat was still feeling sick

from the car ride. "I would rather be home on the couch," he muttered. He watched Mr. and Mrs. H set up the tent. "They are clueless," he thought. "Especially Mr. H. You would think by his age he would know how to set up a tent."

"Hey Fat Cat why don't you take a walk," Mrs. H said. "Take a hike."

"Why don't you take a hike," Fat Cat mumbled, but immediately regretted what he had said. Mrs. H was his food source. Vegan wellness packets from Whole Foods. He loved Mrs. H.

Mr. H said, "Go down to the lake. It's beautiful." Fat Cat figured that the best way to keep the peace would be to go for a walk so he strolled down the narrow path that led to Lake Winnepesaukee. "What kind of name is Winnepesaukee anyway?" Fat Cat wondered. "It must have been decided on by a committee."

The lake sparkled in the late afternoon sun. The brightly colored leaves reflected on the still water. "Hey this isn't so bad," Fat Cat thought. There were a lot of ducks swimming around and then he heard a strange bird call. A long and sad lilting call. Fat Cat had never heard it before. There was one on the opposite side of the lake and one close to where he was. He decided to investigate. He walked onto a dock that stretched far out onto the lake.

"Hey can you hear me?" someone said. Fat Cat looked down. There was Basil the Big Mouth Bass looking up at him. "We have an issue," Basil said. "Perhaps you can help." Fat Cat said, "I doubt it." Then he heard that mournful call again and there

was an answer from across the lake. "That's Lori," said Basil. "She needs help. Fat Cat walked to the end of the dock and that was when he first met Lori the Loon. "Oh good," said Lori. "I'm in a bit of a jam." Fat Cat looked at Lori. "What's going on with you?" he asked.

"I'm stuck," Lori said. "My foot is stuck." Fat Cat took a look. Sure enough Lori the Loon's foot was stuck under the dock. "Hmmm," he thought, then said. "I am not sure if I can help."

Lori the Loon said, "my foot is caught around something. I just need you to reach in and unstick me." If there was one thing that Fat Cat hated more than cold, it was cold water. "Please," said Lori the Loon. "I have been here for a while and I'm hungry."

Fat Cat knew what it was like to be hungry. When he was a street cat, long before he became a shelter cat and before Mr. and Mrs. H had adopted him, back when he lived behind Dunkin' Donuts at The Village Plaza, he often went hungry. Fat Cat looked at Lori the Loon and Lori called out in a beautiful, lyrical, sad, sort of way. Hooooo wooooo, her call trailing off.

"Ok," said Fat Cat. "Against my better judgment I am going to be a Good Samaritan." He lay on his belly and gingerly stuck his paw into the water. The lake was still warm from the long, hot summer. "This isn't so bad," thought Fat Cat.

"Reach down," Lori said.

"Stop talking," Fat Cat said. "I usually eat birds, not help them." He found Lori's foot. It was caught around something but he couldn't unwrap it. Then he followed whatever it was to where it was attached to the dock. With a quick flick of

his paw he loosened it and Lori the Loon came free. “Hoooo woooo,” she called out. “Thank you sir.”

Lori jumped onto the dock. “Thank you sir,” she said again. There was a face mask stuck around her foot. Lori said, “this Covid thing has been a bit of a challenge don’t you think?” Fat Cat had no idea what she was talking about. “You know, Covid? Everyone wearing masks. Some people don’t know how to dispose of their masks and they end up in the lake. If you hadn’t come along I might have been another Covid Catastrophe. A statistic.” Fat Cat was pleased with himself.

Lori the Loon came closer. “I need to tell you something,” she said. “I’m not really a loon.” That little bit of news took Fat Cat by surprise. She sure looked like a loon. “No, I’m actually a State Representative,” she said. Now Fat Cat was getting worried. Maybe she had swallowed too much water. Or bumped her head. “My name is Lori Ehrlich, I am a State Representative in the Massachusetts Congress. I work at the State House all week and on weekends I come to New Hampshire and turn into a loon.”

“You are definitely a bit loony,” said Fat Cat.

“It’s my way of relaxing. No one recognizes me.”

“Hey wait, your name is Lori Ear Lick?” Fat Cat asked. “That’s funny.”

“No, Ehrlich. What’s your name?”

“I am Lord Lombardi of Waterside,” Fat Cat replied.

“Fancy,” said Lori. “Maybe you should run for Governor some time.” Fat Cat thought about it but then said, “I have

to go. I’m hungry.” He was sure that Mrs. H would have a wellness packet for him, maybe two because he had been such a Good Samaritan. “Ok,” said Lori the Loon. Hoooo woooo she called out and as she flew off the face mask came loose from her foot.

A week later Lori Ehrlich passed new legislation in the State House in Boston tightening up on how face masks were to be disposed of. She asked that the bill be named The Lord Lombardi Act. Fat Cat watched with Mr. and Mrs. H on the couch. They had interrupted SpongeBob to make the announcement. Mrs. H looked at Mrs. H and Mrs. H looked at Mr. H and then they both looked at Fat Cat. Fat Cat 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 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
8 - THE BIG TOP COMES TO TOWN



GOLD BUG, the tiny ladybug that calls the rose bushes in front of the House on Waterside home was waking up after his long winter hibernation. He managed to squeeze one eye open but what he saw confused him. He knew that it was Tall Tom turkey by the size, but he had a brightly colored scarf around his neck. “Tall Tom is that you?” he asked.

“Hi Gold Bug, nice to see that you’re awake. Is Fat Cat home?”

Gold Bug shifted to another leaf and said, “yes the last time that I saw him he was watching a marathon session of SpongeBob on TV.”

“That was five months ago,” said Tall Tom.

“I’ve been asleep that long? Feels like I just shut my eyes. And what’s with the scarf?” Tall Tom shuffled uncomfortably. “It’s my gay pride scarf. I have decided to come out. I am tired

of being seen as a freak.”

“Well, you are a bit of a freak you know,” said Gold Bug. “Look at you. Never in the history of turkeys has there been a six foot turkey.”

“I know, but anyway, I have a bit of information that I think Fat Cat will be interested in. The circus is coming to the Village School soccer field this weekend.” Tall Tom went inside and found Fat Cat watching the Australian Tennis Open.

“What, you watch tennis now?” he asked. Fat Cat shifted uncomfortably. “It’s my guilty pleasure. Flavie is a big fan of Rafa Nadal, even though he’s Spanish and not French.”

“Well never mind all that,” said Tall Tom. “Look here, I have a leaflet. It says that the Big Top is coming to town.”

Fat Cat yawned, “what’s a Big Top?”

Mrs. H came into the room and said, “hey Fat Cat,” she said, “did you know that the circus is coming to town?” Fat cat had always dreamed of running away and joining a circus. He stood, arched his back and said, “not interested.”

The next day he joined the Gang from Waterside. They were headed for the circus. John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive was leading the way. “We don’t need tickets,” he said. “I know a back way in.” Fat Cat gave him a look. “We are going to pay or we are not going in,” he said.

“Suit yourself,” said John Wayne. “but if you’re clever you will save your money for popcorn.” They snuck around behind the tent. The elephants were there eating bales of hay. Biggie, the male elephant, gave them a disapproving look but didn’t

say anything. John Wayne lifted the flap of the tent and soon they were all in; except Tall Tom. He couldn’t fit under the flap. Biggie said, “Don’t worry my friend, we are on in fifteen minutes. You can come in with us.”

“See you inside,” said Fat Cat. “We will save you a seat and some popcorn.”

It was just starting to get dark when the lights came on and the ringmaster took center stage. They lowered the lights and put a spotlight on him. “Ladies and gentlemen, get ready for the greatest show on earth.” Fat Cat felt a tiny tingle run up his spine. Then the monkeys rode in on a fifties jeep, the biggest one of them driving. They piled out of the jeep and climbed the ladder to the high wire and started to swing. The tiny one tried to walk across the high wire but fell off and landed in the net. The crowd laughed. The ringmaster cracked his whip and the monkey did a backflip onto the sawdust floor. Fat Cat was having an awesome time.

Then they dimmed the lights. The audience was quiet. The big moment had arrived. The band struck up a drum roll and the trumpeter started to trumpet. The side of the tent opened and in walked the elephants, Biggie leading them. The elephant behind him was holding his tail. So was the one behind him. The crowd cheered. Then Fat Cat saw him. It was Tall Tom turkey coming in last, but it was not Tall Tom that Fat Cat was looking at, and probably no one else even noticed, but there, perched right between his eyes was Gold Bug giving Tall Tom advice.

The band started up again and the audience cheered. The

monkeys came in swinging and the ringmaster swung his cane and said, "Isn't this the greatest show on earth?" One little monkey, his name was Bart, started to do cartwheels but accidentally bumped into Tall Tom. Fat Cat knew that it wasn't an accident; it was part of the show. The crowd roared with laughter. The elephants started to dance. This was when Fat Cat got worried. He knew that Tall Tom couldn't dance. He just stood there trying to sway his hips.

Gold Bug said, "Tall Tom, you need to dance," but Tall Tom had no clue what to do. He was frozen to the spot. Then one of the monkeys rode in on a scooter. He stopped right by Tall Tom and said, "I think that you dropped this Sir." He handed Tall Tom his gay pride scarf. Tall Tom wrapped it around his neck, the audience went wild, and Tall Tom started to dance. He was a little slow at first, but then he really got into it.

That was the night that the Turkey Strut was invented. Tall Tom had watched a little breakdancing on YouTube and in a moment of utter madness, he hit the ground and started to spin in circles. The audience erupted. Fat Cat felt another shiver. He said to Chadd with two d's, "I'm glad that Glenda the Goose didn't come to the show tonight. Tall Tom is also destined for Hollywood. She would be jealous."

The Gang from Waterside were all walking on air as they made their way back home, Fat Cat especially. He was humming the theme music from Carousel. He was a little sad that his wife Flavie the Flying fish wasn't there to see that a new star had been born that night.

When they got home The House on Waterside was dark. Mr.

and Mrs. H were asleep. "OK guys it was a good night," Fat Cat said. "Let's just get some shut-eye." He found himself a spot under the rose bush and was just nodding off when he felt a tiny tap on his shoulder. It was a Gold Bug. "I can't sleep," he said, "I'm too excited."

Fat Cat said, "go to sleep. We can talk to Tall Tom in the morning." There was a slim sliver of a moon and Fat Cat could hear the sounds of the Big Top being taken down. He heard Biggie being loaded into a truck. The circus was leaving town.

Fat Cat said, "hey Gold Bug are you still awake?"

"Of course I'm awake. I just slept for five months."

"Let's talk to Tall Tom in the morning. I think that he just might be circus material."

The next morning the Gang from Waterside assembled. Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie were there. So was Root Beer. Even Dilly and Dally, the two ducks were in attendance. Fat Cat cleared his throat. "I think that we all know why we are here," he said.

Tall Tom was dressed conservatively. He was sporting a light brown scarf and a tweed cap. He said, "I know why you are all here but I have no intention of joining the circus. I have everything I need here. All we need is love." Chadd with two d's started to hop. "Tall Tom, you can be a star," he said. "Mr. Boswell from the Boswell Wilkie Circus already asked me to be your agent. And he wants Gold Bug in the show."

Tall Tom said, "I don't need an agent. I have everything I

need here. I have a loving family, we all have Fat Cat, and we have each other.”

Mrs. H came out and saw them all congregated. “Anyone need some vegan broth?” she asked. In that moment Fat Cat could not have loved her more. The gang ate the broth and disbursed.

Fat Cat was watching SpongeBob that evening. It was just 24 hours earlier when he was sure that Tall Tom and his sidekick Gold Bug would be making it with the circus. Now, finally, as the sun started to set, he found his wellness packs and some jerky snacks that Mrs. H had left out for him and then found his favorite place on the couch. He was just turning around and around trying to make his spot comfortable when he heard a small voice at the window. It was Gold Bug. “You know that we could all be millionaires by now?”

Fat Cat said, “Maybe, but instead we have each other and that’s worth more than any amount of money.”

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
9 - FAT CAT PLAYS BASEBALL



MR. AND MRS. H were fair weather baseball fans. They would only watch the World Series, and only if the Boston Red Sox were playing, but this summer Mrs. H had won a raffle at her school. The prize was two tickets to Fenway Park to watch a game. They were excited. “Hey Fat Cat do you want to come with us to Boston?” Mrs. H asked. Fat Cat tried to say no but Mrs. H was excited about the game. “Come with us Little Buddy,” she said. “It will be fun.”

Gold Bug, the little ladybug that lived on the rose bush in the front of the house had overheard the conversation. “Oh, this is not going to turn out very well,” he said.

Fat Cat was getting used to his hammock and didn’t mind that it swung back and forth. He just wished that Mr. H was a better driver. “You would think that by his age he would know how to drive a car,” thought Fat Cat. There was the one

time that Mr. H had jammed on the brakes so hard that the hammock did a 360. That was when Fat Cat decided that a seatbelt might be a good addition.

They were getting ready to leave when Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie, the town turkeys strolled over. "Hey Fat Cat did you hear what happened to Tall Tom? Dougie from up the Street ran into him with his truck. He said that he didn't see him. Ironical isn't it?"

Tall Tom was with them and said, "he saw me just fine. I saw the crazy look in his eyes just as he hit the accelerator."

Mo said, "Tall Tom is going to live with us for a while. We are going to take care of him."

"Whatever," said Fat Cat.

Mr. H fired up the car and they were off to Boston. They arrived at Fenway Park. People everywhere. Fat Cat was at first horrified. People had their faces painted. Then he figured it out; war paint.

"Nice," thought Fat Cat.

"OK Fat Cat," Mrs. H said. "You will be fine in the car. I have plenty of wellness packets and water. Look, I even packed a portable litter box." They headed for the park and left the radio on tuned to the game.

Fat Cat ate a wellness packet and was listening to the game before dozing off. The Red Sox were losing; again. "I think that we should move to New York," Fat Cat thought. "At least they have a winning team."

Mr. and Mrs. H were high up in the stands. Mr. H had

bought peanuts and popcorn and some cracker jacks and they were having fun. The sun set behind the Green Monster, Fenway Park's iconic scoreboard. The night air was electric and warm. Fat Cat was bored. The driver's window was open. Fat Cat slipped out. He was a bit embarrassed because Mrs. H had knitted four little red socks for his feet and he couldn't figure out how to get them off. He snuck between the cars in the parking lot until he arrived at the entrance. "WELCOME TO FENWAY PARK," the sign read. "Home of the World Champion Boston Red Sox."

"Fancy," thought Fat Cat. There was a man taking tickets but Fat Cat slipped through the fence. He found a half eaten hot dog and really enjoyed it. "It's true," he thought. "Hot dogs really do taste better at the ballpark."

Mrs. H thought that she saw a cat climb up behind the Green Monster. The sun was down and the lights were on. Mrs. H rubbed her eyes and looked again, but there was no cat there. "Hmmm." She turned her attention back to Manny at the plate. "That guy can hit a ball," she said to Mr. H.

Then she saw Fat Cat on top of the Green Monster still wearing his newly knitted red socks. The Yankees were up by seven. That didn't seem fair to Fat Cat. "It seemed like the Red Sox had been playing well," thought Fat Cat. He was really into numbers and liked to crunch them in his head. Manny had hit a couple of homers. Big Papi was on his game. The Red Sox should be ahead. There was a loud roar in the stadium. The Yankees had scored again. Fat Cat looked down. Right below him a wheel started turning. The wheels were changing the

score on the Green Monster. “OK this is going to be easy,” Fat Cat said, almost out loud.

He knew that he shouldn’t be greedy. He climbed down to where the numbers were and looked at the mechanics. “Pretty simple.” Fat Cat looked over his shoulder. There was just the Boston skyline behind him. He placed his paw on the number machine and the Red Sox were no longer down by ten, they were now down by nine. Fat Cat could feel the vibe. No one had noticed.

Fat Cat had always been a huge Neil Diamond fan so when Sweet Caroline came on he almost fell off the Green Monster. He held on tight and took the opportunity to bring the margin down to eight. No one noticed. Then Big Papi hit a home run. The margin was down to four. The Red Sox were in the hunt. Fat Cat was enjoying the game. “Oops,” he thought while tapping the wheel. “The margin was suddenly only three.”

Just then a big man in a bright red baseball cap yelled, “Hey you cat get out of there.” Fat Cat jumped into the air and took off behind the Green Monster. Mrs. H saw Fat Cat jump off the Green Monster and hit the ground running. Big Papi was at the plate. Jeter the Cheater was pitching. Jeter was just winding up when he saw a flash of black and white lightning. It was Fat Cat heading for home plate. The crowd roared. The commentator said, “I think that we have a guest on the field.”

Fat Cat was humiliated. He had agreed to the red socks only because Mrs. H had insisted, but now, here he was, with a spotlight on him, wearing some silly little red socks. The commentator said, “It looks like he’s a Red Sox fan.”

“I have no affiliation.” Fat Cat yelled. One of the umpires came for him but Fat Cat was too quick. The umpire grabbed for him but Fat Cat got away. He ran to second base where the second base umpire tried to catch him. No luck. He ran to third base, scooting right on by. By now the crowds were on their feet. Fat Cat was going to get a home run. Big Papi just stood there in amazement. Jeter the Cheater just stood there in amazement. The whole crowd at Fenway Park were on their feet and screaming. “Love that dirty water,” came over the loudspeakers. The game was over. The Red Sox had won.

Mrs. H said to him on the car ride home. “You had better keep those lucky red socks on until after the World Series.”

Fat Cat groaned. He was tired. When they got home Mrs. went to the special treat cupboard and pulled out a lobster bisque wellness packet. “You’ve earned this she said. Fat Cat scoffed it down and then found his warm place on the couch, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and then took a long, well, a very long nap.



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - Book 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
10 - ROMEO AND JULIET



FAT CAT DOES NOT have a good sense of direction. He thought that he had taken a right to head toward StonyBrook farm, but instead he had gone left down West Shore Drive. His head was lost in the clouds. He was humming Yellow Submarine by the Beatles and thinking of his girlfriend Flavie the Flying Fish when he noticed his mistake. Instead of arriving at StonyBrook farm, he arrived at The Cove.

“Wow,” he thought. “This place is spectacular.” Indeed it was. There were birds everywhere. Ducks, geese, seagulls and even some doves. They were all milling about paddling in the shallow water, fishing for fish and fluffing their feathers to keep warm.

Fat Cat approached a flock of geese that were yakking it up close to the water outlet. He was nervous. “Do you know Glenda the Goose?” he asked the closest goose. The goose

said, "Yes of course I know Glenda. She is a legend in this town. We all know Glenda. One day she will be going to Hollywood."

Fat Cat lied. "Well she's my best friend," he said. The goose gave Fat Cat a sideways glance and paddled off. "Don't go near that cat," he told his friends. "He's a bit muddled in the head if you know what I mean." The geese all made honking sounds and paddled off into the middle of the cove.

The early Spring sun shimmered off the water. The trees around The Cove swayed gently in the light wind. Fat Cat wished that he had a wellness packet but instead munched on some seaweed. "I wish that Mrs. H could see this place," he thought. "This must be the place that I have heard people talking about. They call it paradise."

Then he saw a grand sight. The seagulls stopped their chatter. The doves stopped cooing and the ducks all lifted their heads looking toward the east. The geese had parted to allow a clear runway and coming in low and slow over the treetops Fat Cat saw two of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen. They were Romeo and Juliet, the two swans that called The Cove home. The geese were gliding, Romeo taking the lead, Juliet right behind. Their wings were outstretched, their graceful necks arched, and their webbed feet extended for landing. The Cove was silent, every bird watching intently as Romeo and Juliet touched down. There was just the slightest splash as they skimmed the surface of the water. Then the uproar began. The geese started honking, the ducks started quacking, the doves cooed in unison and the seagulls made

the most terrible noise. Fat Cat noticed that Sally the Seagull was among them.

"Figures."

Romeo and Juliet were paddling toward their favorite spot on the far side of The Cove when they noticed Fat Cat. Juliet said, "won't you look over there. I think I see a small black and white cat. Do you want to go over and say hello?" Romeo said, "of course my love." They paddled toward the water outlet. Fat Cat was mesmerized. He had never seen such beauty in an animal before and they were coming right toward him.

"Hello," said Romeo. "What's your name?" Fat Cat stammered. "I I I have two names," he said. "My friends call me Fat Cat." Juliet said, "why, that's strange, you are not fat. Indeed you are quite slim."

"I know," said Fat Cat, speaking very rapidly. "Mr. and Mrs. H, they were the ones who rescued me from the Pets for Peace Animal Shelter, they just liked the way the two names sounded together. My original name was Milk Dud but they didn't like that one."

"What's your other name then Sweetie?" Juliet asked. Fat Cat raised himself up to his full height and said. "I am Lord Lombardi of Waterside. There is a bill in the Massachusetts State House named after me. It was proposed by my friend Lori the Loon." Juliet glanced at Romeo. "Do we know Lori?" she asked. Romeo said, "I don't think so."

Fat Cat said, "I have a girlfriend you know. She's really beautiful." Juliet asked, "what's her name?" Fat Cat said, "her name is Flavie, she's a Flying Fish." The two swans paddled

away from the water outlet and then turned around. Romeo said, "So you're the famous cat that Flavie is in love with? Of course we know Flavie. She's French you know?"

"Yes I know," said Fat Cat. "Sometimes she goes off in French and I can't understand a word that she is saying. She always apologizes for it but to be honest, I kind of like it. She's quite exotic you know?"

"Yes."

Juliet paddled closer. "Are you in love with her?" she asked.

"Yes," said Fat Cat. "Yes, most definitely. I have never been in love before but now I know what true love really is." Romeo winked at his bride. "Yes," he said, "we know true love, don't we my love?" Juliet blushed, just a little. Romeo paddled closer. "If you are that much in love with Flavie the Flying Fish why don't you ask her to marry you. All she talks about is you. In fact she never stops." This time it was Fat Cat who blushed. "Look," said Romeo. "Juliet and I have been married for two years. They have been the best two years of our lives and we plan to stay married for the rest of our lives." Fat Cat could feel tears well up in his eyes and hoped that Romeo and Juliet would think it was just the salt air that was causing his eyes to water. He was a little embarrassed.

Romeo had noticed the tears. He said, "Let me quote you from a book by our favorite author. His name is William Shakespeare."

"Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs; Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears."

Juliet said, "Go now Fat Cat and think about it. Flavie loves you. Mr. and Mrs. H will take care of you and besides you are not getting any younger."

"I know," said Fat Cat and he walked slowly back up West Shore Drive. Just before he turned the corner he glanced over his shoulder in time to see Romeo and Juliet paddling toward the far side of The Cove, their necks entwined in the shape of a heart. He got back to the House on Waterside and found Mrs. H. She was cooking dinner. "Hey little buddy, where have you been?" she asked. "Are you hungry?" Fat Cat gave her a long, loving look. He ate a wellness pack and drank a bowl of warm milk. 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 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
11 - FAT CAT GETS SPLAT



S TONYBROOK FARM is at the end of Waterside Road. It overlooks the harbor. Farmer Kenny takes great care of the farm and takes great care of all the animals that live there. His favorite animal is Jimmy Spithill, the GOAT. Jimmy Spithill is always goofing around. He has a great sense of humor and always makes Farmer Kenny laugh. Well to be honest Farmer Kenny laughs just by looking at him. Jimmy Spithill has big brown eyes, the largest, floppiest ears of any goat ever, and a funny row of buck teeth.

Fat Cat was wary of the farm. The cows were huge and the goat a bit silly. Farmer Kenny had dogs and they were also a bit silly. And they didn't like Fat Cat. On this particular day Fat Cat was feeling on top of the world. Flavie the Flying Fish had told him that she would be willing to go steady. Lori the loon had passed legislation naming a very important bill on

Beacon Hill after him. And furthermore he was thirsty. Thirsty for some fresh cow's milk.

Fat Cat walked down Waterside Road. Chadd with two' d's hopped on over. "Where you going?" he asked.

"None of your bees wax," Fat Cat replied. "Well excuuuuuuse me," Chadd said. Root Beer, the great Dane from two streets over was out for a stroll. He has huge ears which make him a little self conscious, but he had always had a sweet spot for Fat Cat.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

Fat Cat said, "I'm thirsty. I'm going to see if I can score some milk at StonyBrook Farm."

"Good luck with that," said Root Beer.

Gold Bug, the little ladybug that lived on the rose bush out front had overheard the conversation. "Oh, this is not going to turn out very well," he said.

Fat Cat cut through Waterside Cemetery and was soon at StonyBrook farm. He saw Sheila the Shetland Sheep scuffling around in her pen. Fat Cat was no fan of Sheila. She had been imported from the Shetland Islands in Scotland and spoke with a thick Scottish accent. Fat Cat always had a hard time understanding her. He decided to give her pen a wide berth but Sheila saw him. "Top o' the mornin'," Sheila said. "Hae you been watching some of the regatta?" Fat Cat looked up. He had not noticed the yachts racing out on the harbor. "Yes," Fat Cat lied. "I have actually been following things quite closely."

"What did you think about that move by Dennis O'Conner in the third race yesterday? Pretty slick huh?"

Fat Cat said, " I think he was foolish and reckless." Fat Cat had no idea what he was talking about but he didn't want Sheila to know.

"Og Yer aff yer heid," said Sheila, "that was a brill move. He's a tactical genius that Dennis O'Conner. I heard that he won some big regatta in Australia, wherever that is."

"Smarty pants," thought Fat Cat. He trotted along the fence line angling to get closer to the milking shed. He was sure that Daisy and Dominique would be in the shed waiting to get milked. "Haste Ye Back!" Sheila the Shetland Sheep called out after him.

Then Fat Cat saw the dogs, but luckily the dogs didn't see him. They were asleep in the sun. That part about them he respected. Fat Cat respects any animal that sleeps for 23 hours each day. He tiptoed by them. One of the dogs, the little one, opened one eye and looked his way but didn't seem to see Fat Cat. "She's blind as a bat," Fat Cat thought. "And the other one is as deaf as a Dunkin' Donut. I should be OK." He tiptoed past the dogs and was almost at the milking shed when one of the yachts came close to the shore.

"Ready about," he heard the captain say. The yacht changed direction. The captain was wearing a fancy blue suit with gold buttons. Fat Cat wished that he could be a captain. "I'm very smart and a very good tactical thinker," Fat Cat thought. He could almost picture his name engraved on the trophy. Lord Lombardi of Waterside. Winner.

“When I get back home I will talk to Mr. H about taking sailing lessons.”

Fat Cat could smell the milk long before he got to the milking shed. He was starting to get nervous. He was thirsty and only once before had he tasted milk fresh from a cow, all warm and creamy. But the cows were big; Fat Cat was small. Just then Jimmy Spithill sauntered over. “Hey Fat Cat I heard the big news,” said Jimmy. “The news about you and Flavie the Flying fish. I heard that you guys are going steady.”

“Hmmm,” said Fat Cat. “Yes Flavie is in love with me. I think that we might get married one day.” Jimmy Spithill flopped his ears. One of them was over his left eye but it didn’t seem to bother Jimmy. He grinned a huge toothy grin. “I also read in the Marblehead Reporter something about a bill being passed in the State House in Boston with your name on it.” Now that got Fat Cat’s attention. “Hey Jimmy, or is it James, I didn’t know that you could read.”

“Read?” said Jimmy Spithill. “Why I have read the complete works of Shakespeare. The only problem I have with reading is that I usually eat the books once I have finished reading them.”

Fat Cat thought, “Once a GOAT, always a goat.”

Fat Cat slipped into the milking shed. He was feeling quite pleased with himself. Jimmy Spithill knew about the legislation on Beacon Hill and about the fact that Flavie the Flying Fish had a crush on him. He pumped out his chest; just a little. Daisy gave him the evil eye as he crept along the side of the milking shed. Dominique had her eyes closed. Both cows were hooked up to milking machines and there was the soft sound

of milk sloshing into a bucket and the heady aroma of cream in the air. Fat Cat decided that Dominique would be an easier bet. Daisy had turned her head and was eyeing him. Fat Cat crept closer to the bucket. He could hardly contain himself. He placed his paws on the bucket and was just about to take a sip when he heard a loud noise. It came from above. Dominique pooped and it landed right on Fat Cat. Fat Cat shot out of the milking shed, out past Jimmy Spithill who said, “you stink,” out past the dogs who, thankfully, were still asleep and he was almost past Sheila the Shetland Sheep when Sheila noticed his predicament. “Lang may yer lum reek!” She said.

“What?” said Fat Cat.

“May you live long and stay well,” said Sheila.

Fat Cat stopped by the water fountain in Waterside Cemetery. As much as he hated water he knew that it would be better if he cleaned himself up a little. Chadd hopped on over. “Awkwaaaaaard,” he said. “I don’t need all the full details, but I want you to know that you have made my day.” Chadd left chuckling to himself. Fat Cat went home. Mr. H said. “Fat Cat you stink. You are sleeping with the chickens tonight.”

“Come here Fat Cat,” Mrs. H said. “Let me clean you up a bit.” She took a damp cloth and wiped Fat Cat down and then sprinkled him with some baby powder. Fat Cat really loved Mrs. H. He finished the food in his bowl and found his favorite couch where 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 1
YOUNG AND RESTLESS
12 - FAT CAT SAYS 'I DO'



LALLAGE, THE WEDDING PLANNER was having a hard time. It was not so much that Fat Cat was a cat and Flavie a flying fish, it was that Glenda the Goose refused to dress appropriately. As did the town turkeys, Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie. Glenda wanted to wear a light blue pantsuit, the same kind Hillary Clinton liked to wear when she was running for president. “I think that I will look great in a pantsuit,” she told Lallage.

Lallage sighed. Fat Cat had been easy. As a black and white cat he was already in his tuxedo. She just accentuated things with a bright red bow tie and a little bowler hat, the same kind Sir Winston Churchill used to wear. The turkeys agreed to get their nails done and John Wayne, the tiny terrier from across West Shore Drive agreed to wear the same red socks that Fat Cat had worn to the Red Sox game.

“The others will think that I am part of the wedding party,”

he said. "My socks match Fat Cat's bow tie." Chadd with two d's insisted on going 'au natural', just the way he was.

Gold Bug was watching from atop the rose bush. He witnessed what was going on. "Oh, I don't think that this is going to turn out very well," he said to no one in particular.

The wedding party made their way through Waterside Cemetery toward StonyBrook Farm. Lallagñ had arranged for the wedding to take place on their dock which stretched out into the harbor. It would make things easier for Flavie the Flying Fish. Sally the Seagull would be dispatched to alert Flavie when they were ready for the ceremony.

Fat Cat was nervous. He had wedding day jitters. He wasn't sure if the hat was a good idea. It kept tipping forward, temporarily blinding him. Lallagñ led them onwards and soon they were at the gate to the farm. Sheila the Shetland Sheep was first to see them. "Og what a bonny lot," she said. "This is going to be good craic. What a lot of fun."

Jimmy Spithill, the GOAT ambled over, his ear flopped in front of his left eye, his teeth sticking out. "What's going on here?" he asked. Lallagñ said, "it's Fat Cat's wedding. Did you forget?"

"I wasn't invited," said Jimmy Spithill.

"Yes you were," said Lallage. "I personally handed you the invitation. Don't you remember?"

Jimmy Spithill tilted his head to one side. "Agh is that what it was?" he said. "I thought that it was something to eat so I ate it. Sorry."

Lallage said, "well you are still invited so let's get going."

The two dogs had not been invited but luckily they were asleep in the sun. Dominique and Daisy had been invited but they said that they would rather watch from their barn. Lallagñ had thought of everything. She recognized that a marriage between a cat and a flying fish might be a little tricky so she had asked Romeo and Juliet to come along and help. The swans represented everything that was good in nature. They could walk on land, they could swim in the ocean, and they could fly high, and far. They were there to show that anything was possible, even a marriage between a flying fish and a cat. Lallagñ had also lined up a special guest who would officiate.

Fat Cat could feel his knees getting weak. He wished that Mrs. H had brought along an extra wellness packet but he was also aware of how bad his breath smelled after he ate a bowl of it. He put his paw in front of his mouth and blew into it trying to see if his breath smelled bad. He was happy that Mrs. H had insisted that he eat only that hard crunchy food, the kind that 'cleans teeth and freshens breath'. Chadd with two d's was tripping over himself with excitement. "I want to be right up front," he said. Fat Cat said, "No, squirrels need to be at the back. "Well exuuuuuuse me," Chadd said, and slunk off. Fat Cat said, "Tall Tom Turkey you can be upfront. So can Root Beer." Chadd groaned. "I'm not going to be able to see anything."

The wedding party was assembled on the dock when Lori the Loon arrived. Only this time she was as a State Representative dressed in a neat black suit with a red ribbon in her hair

that perfectly matched Fat Cat's bowtie. She had been tipped off about the proper wedding attire by Lallage the wedding planner.

"Fat Cat you look a little nervous," Lori said.

"Fat Cat said, "and you don't look like a loon."

Lori said, "only on weekends my friend, only on weekends. And by the way Basil the Wide Mouth Bass sends his best wishes."

Lallage gave Sally the Seagull the signal and Sally took off. Jimmy Spithill said, "I just love weddings. They are my favorite."

"Eat cake," said Chadd. He was still feeling a little miffed that he was at the back of the wedding party. "I'm the smallest and won't be able to see anything," he grumbled. "Especially with Tall Tom Turkey in front of me."

"Ooh I love cake," said Jimmy Spithill.

Fat Cat turned to Chadd and said, "Chadd I'm just joking. You are going to be my best man. You get to stand next to me." All the animals turned toward Chadd and started clapping. Chadd felt as if he could float on air.

"Shh," said Lallage. "Sally is on her way back." Sally landed on the dock taking her place alongside Sheila the Shetland Sheep. "She's on her way," she announced. To the north the wedding party could see something shimmer in the late afternoon light. It glistened for a second and then was gone. Then they saw it again. Flavie. She looked stunning. Lallage had arranged for a small tiara, a beautiful aqua blue tiara that

Flavie was wearing. She came close by in a long, graceful glide and then slowly banked to the west.

"Ok," said Lori the Loon. "I have already spoken with Flavie and she understands the vows that you will be sharing. It's a little hard for her because she can only stay in the air for so long. I am going to read you your vows out loud and if you agree with them then say 'I do'. After that Flavie will fly by and give you her answer."

"Ok."

"Do you Lord Lombardi of Waterside take Flavie the Flying Fish to be your wife?" Fat Cat felt his knees knocking together but he managed to say, "I do." Just then, right in front of them, Flavie appeared. "I do," she said. "I really, really do." And then she was gone again.

Lori the Loon said. "I have a special proclamation from Governor Baker and I will read it out loud.

"By the authority invested in me by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts we recognize the marriage of cat and fish to be a step toward marriage equality across the Commonwealth and across this great country of ours, the United States of America."

Fat Cat's knees finally gave way and he slumped down, his bowler hat tipping in front of his eyes. Mrs. H picked him up and held him in the air.

"Lang may yer Lum reek," yelled Sheila the Shetland Sheep. Chadd with two d's said, "Nice one dude." Jimmy Spithill said, "where's the cake?"

The wedding party left the dock and walked toward the barn

where Dominique and Daisy were being milked. It was clear to everyone that both cows had been crying. Farmer Kenny had placed a big bowl of warm fresh cows milk in front of the shed. "For you Fat Cat," he said. Fat Cat glanced at Dominique who mouthed the words, "I'm sorry. Congratulations."

They looked back toward the water and Romeo and Juliet had their necks entwined in the shape of a heart as they swam slowly away. They were so much in love. Then they took flight. They gained some altitude and then swooped down flying over the wedding party. Then there was a loud honking noise, and coming in low and slow, and in perfect V-formation, were all the geese from Waterside Cemetery. Glenda was there. Commander Jack Spanky was leading. They dipped their wings in salute and honked something that sounded like congratulations. Then they flew back over the harbor and were gone.

"You have a whole new future to look forward to," said Mrs. H. "A whole new future Fat Cat."

Fat Cat said, "I'm hungry."



The Man of the Moment



Fat Cat and Mrs. H



The House on Waterside in summer



Mr. H and Emma



The House on Waterside in winter



Chadd with two d's



Gold Bug



Flavie the Flying Fish



Glenda the Goose



Mo, Millie, Mavis and Marnie



Sally the Seagull



Tall Tom Turkey



Root Beer



Lori the loon



Jimmy Spithill with a sleepover friend



John Wayne



Sheila the Shetland sheep



Romeo and Juliet



Dilly and Dally



Dominique and Daisy



Farmer Kenny



Glenda and friends in the fall



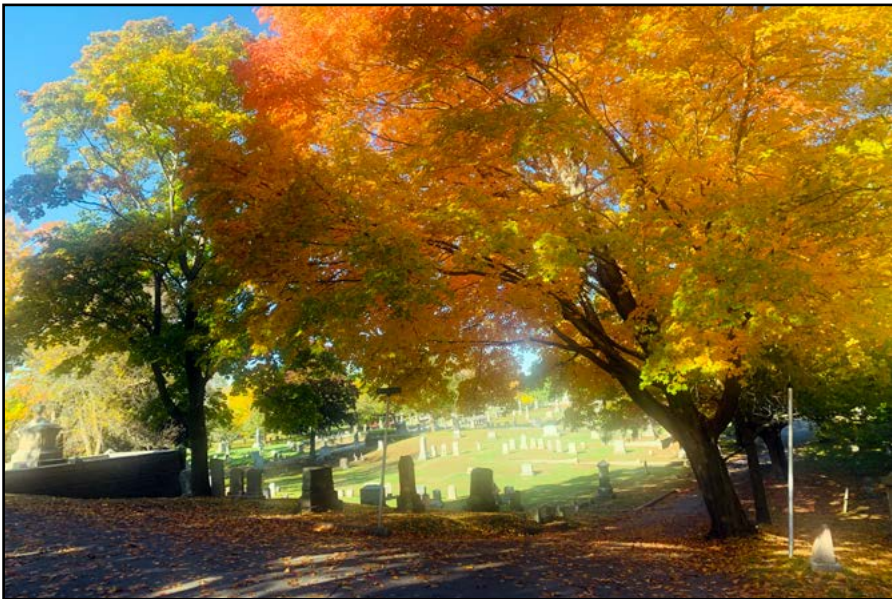
Mrs. H's Henhouse



Glenda and friends in winter



Waterside Road



Waterside Cemetary



Fat Cat; not a fan of Christmas



Marblehead



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT

BOOK 1 - FAT CAT - YOUNG AND RESTLESS

BOOK 2 - THE MAGIC CARPET

BOOK 3 - FAT CAT INTERNATIONAL CAT OF MYSTERY

BOOK 4 - FAT CAT AND THE TWO NAUGHTY CHICKENS

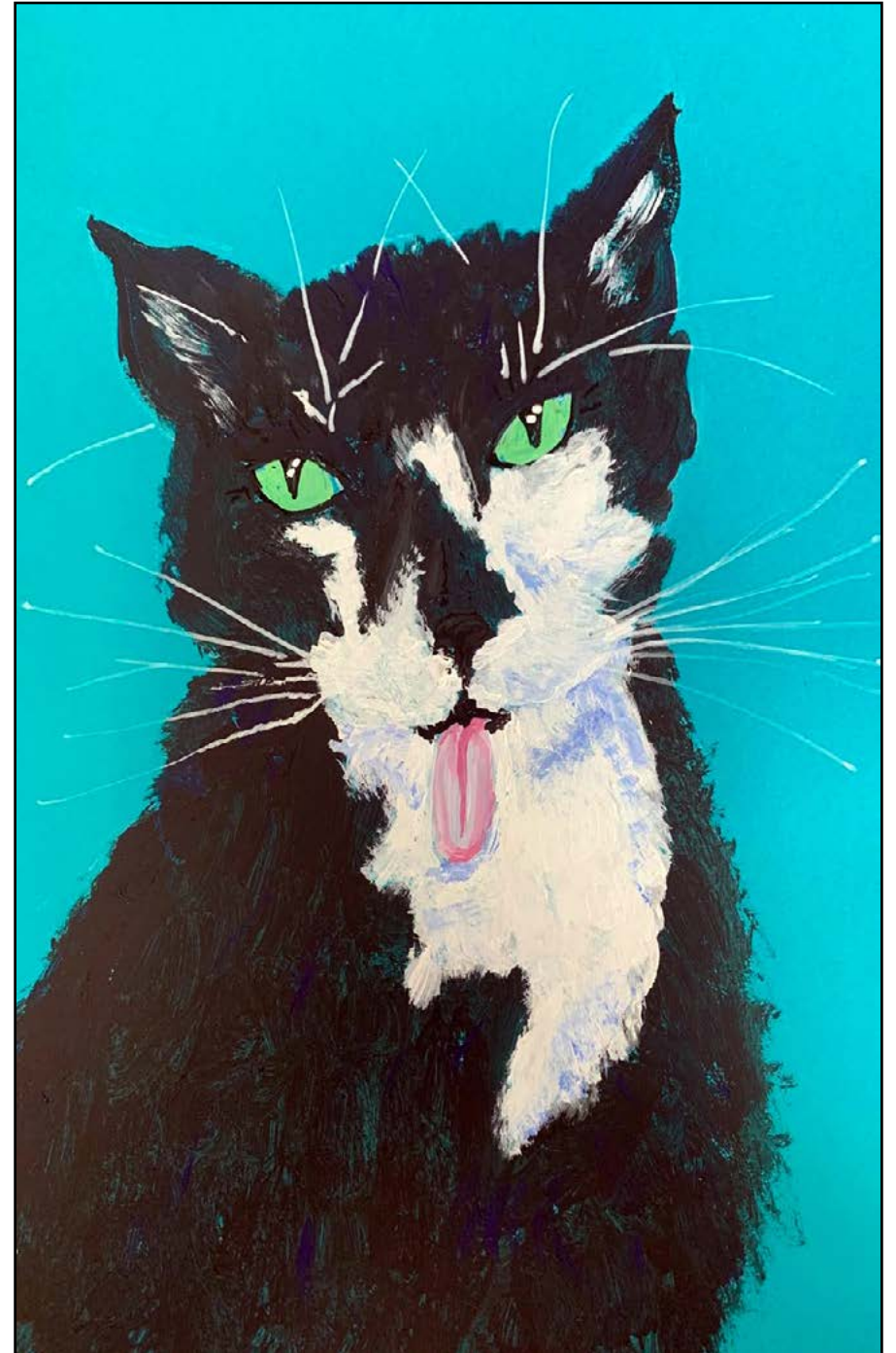
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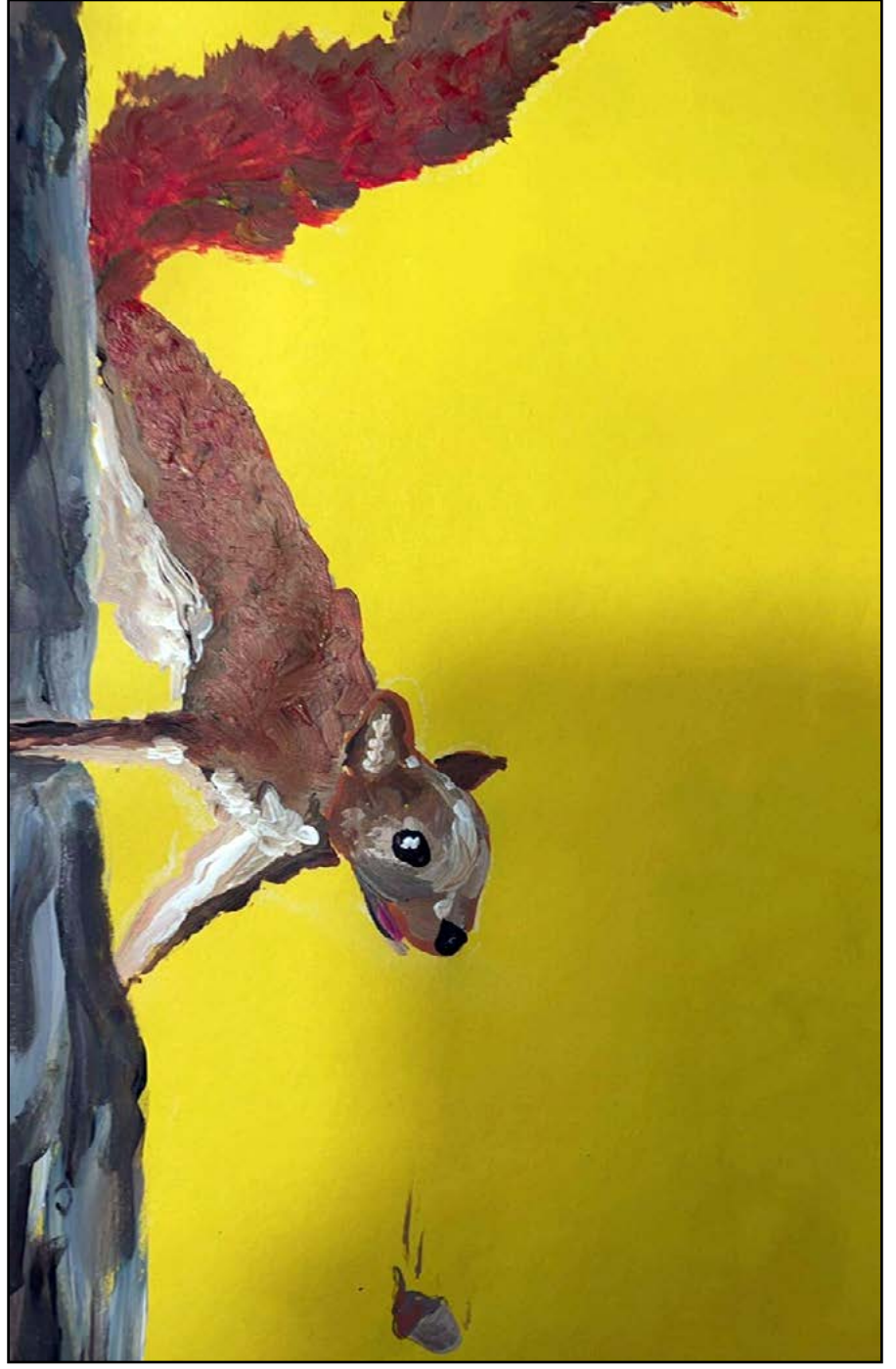


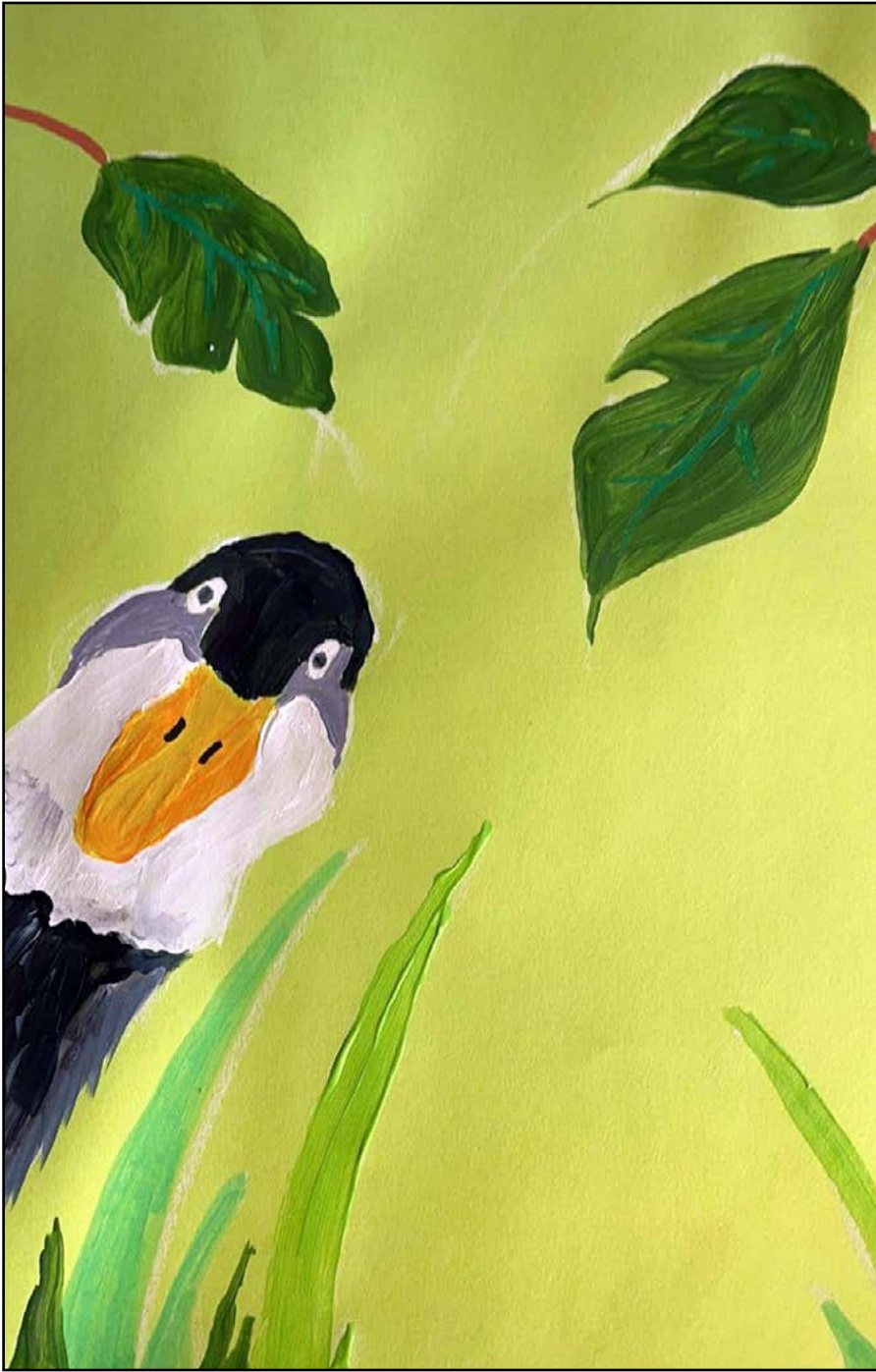


Note - This series of the Adventures of Fat Cat is for young adults, those just starting to read chapter books. We will be coming out with slightly pared down stories illustrated by acclaimed artist Heather Henlotter. Those books will be for younger children.

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







COMING SOON



THE ADVENTURES OF FAT CAT - BOOK 2

THE MAGIC CARPET

AVAST YE MATEYS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

just witnessed and quickly went off to the kitchen in search of Mrs. H and some wellness snacks. The new vegan broth was flavored with Brussel sprouts and when he was stuffed full he looked for a place to rest. He found his favorite couch, arched his back and stretched, turned around and around until he looked like a bowl of black and white spaghetti and then took a long, well, a very long nap.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

Brian has been writing his whole adult life and has written 14 books including four in The Adventures of Fat Cat series.

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

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Fat Cat and his Magic Carpet

Fat Cat - International Cat of Mystery

Fat Cat and the two Naughty Chickens

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Published by
**GREAT CIRCLE
PUBLISHING**

ISBN 0-9659258-8-9



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