

My journal  
for my kittens  
D.A.Sanford



# **My Journal for my kittens**

## **D.A.Sanford**

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Battles, Language, Sexual

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To my three kittens Sara, Karen and Catlin

As I near my end, I have written this journal for each of you to read. The other journal is what my grandfather wrote to me while I was in the Navy.

I wanted you to know that you still are those three kittens that your mother showed me so long ago. You are, by now, adults with grown children of your own so you know why I am writing you. Those three dolls have the ribbons that your grandmother got me for your naming. Old and faded like me.

This journal is a short history of me and my family. How I got that job. How I met your mother and some of my adventures. You will find that some of this is news that will be hard to understand but know this, I am a very proud father of you three. My lovely dear kittens.

Thank you for putting up with me. I'm sorry for my attitude of late. Writing this, I am lonely, angry but most of all, I am missing my wife and I am tired. All I want to do is go to sleep.

With you reading this, know that I'm now with that woman I met and fell in love with so very long ago. My wife and your mother.

I love you, your father, Able Arlyn

I was twenty six, single and just out of the Navy. The reason I left was the man I had a great connection with died and left me his estate. My grandfather and I clicked. He was my mother's father. Some of his tendencies I feel like I inherited.

It started when I was walking to grammar school. I lived in a rural town. The street that I lived on had almost all of my mother's side relatives living on it. My grandparents were almost in the center of that street. So we were watched.

We lived a mile or so from the grammar school. Only those who were far from that school were bussed but us walkers had to make the daily trek in all weather. I remember one time during the winter that the teachers and principal drove around and picked us up because the temperature was around zero.

The town had what was called "Big trash day" once a year in the spring. Walking to school, I saw in the trash a cowboy lunch box and a mule team tanker model. Trash, in those days were fair game as long as you don't make a mess. That day I was reborn a scrounger.

In my teens, I would help my grandfather. A trip to the dump would result in him bringing home more than he brought with him. I enjoyed it because I found things that I could use. My bike came from those pickings.

He would always leave Christmas day and return in the spring. He would go to the warm climates. I saw him as going out west and down south. He would come back with grand tales of what he did. I noticed that the tales he would tell others were not like the ones he would share with me.

To others they would be about the Grand Canyon, to me they would be about finding gold on strange lands. I always thought that it was because I had the same wanderlust that he had. I enjoyed all of his tales.

That wanderlust was passed to me. Join the Navy and see the world. I did and had a ball. I saw the world and actually shipped most of it back to my grandfather. He had a separate house and land that I never was allowed to see. He told me that it was his secret. Even his children did not know where it was. The things I sent back, he stored there.

I was close to the time that I was going to reup when I got the news that he had died in his sleep. I was told that in a letter from his lawyer. The lawyer told me that I needed to visit him at my earliest convenience.

I decided that I had fun but needed to leave the service and start my next phase of my life.

Now, sitting in that lawyer's office, I am blown out of the water.

"Your grandfather left each of his children his house, all the contents and his public wealth. Each of his children walked away with millions only after signing an agreement that they would not contest the last disposition of a property to you. They all signed because they all knew of the special kinship that the two of you had."

I figured that this must be that building that he stored all my stuff in. The thing is that I never saw this place.

The lawyer told me that he, at my grandfather's instructions, had transferred the property into my name a few years ago. "Your grandfather had a separate bank vault box. He also put that in your name. That is what he called his private wealth. I do not know what it contains other than the directions to the property."

He hands me the bank safe deposit box key, shakes my hand and tells me that he has been paid a retainer by my grandfather for his services to me. He told me that he was told that you would know why. "I have been paid for ten years' worth of services. If you do not want to use me, that retainer is still in place with me but you will realize that you will need me."

I go straight to the bank and after some verification as to my identity, I was escorted to the vault where the bank manager inserted his key and then I inserted mine.

It was not the large box that I thought it might be. It actually was a small light box. The bank had instructions that, when I showed up, I was to be shown to a room that I could lock the door from the inside. That room did not have any camera in it.

The door is closed and locked. Sitting at the table that was in the room I opened the box. In it was a letter and two boxes. The letter had "read first" on it in his handwriting.

The letter was personal but also his instructions.

"Able, I had so much fun being with you. I know that you and I were special. Almost like kindred spirits. The smaller box has the identification device to get into my hide. It also contains the directions to it and a photo of the opening. The second box contains a bag. Do not open the bag until you are at my hide. I wish you a happy long life. I await your tales when you make it to the final life. Make me wait a long time. With love grandfather Able."

I opened the small box. There was something that looked like a car fob. I picked it up and felt a slight shock. The map explained the shock. It said that now the fob was attuned to me. The map was very professionally made. I am going to need to drive a few days to get there.

After a few days of driving, I was at the gate. It was overgrown as I expected but you still could see the ruts that tires would make after a long period of driving on it. I get out and reach for the fob. I'm startled when a man comes over to me. I did not even hear anything.

"What business do you have here?" in almost a monotone voice. Then he sees the fob. "Acknowledged." Is all he says as he gets into the passenger seat. Bewildered, I get in the driver's seat and drive. The gate closes automatically.

I'm looking at him when he says, "I am your grandfather's automaton. I was given orders to challenge anyone that tried to enter. His fob has directed me that you are his successor and now I serve you. Welcome Able."

An Automaton?

He tells me that to me, I will see the hide's entrance but to anyone that would venture on the property, it would just not be there. "The entrance is attuned to the fob and the owner's DNA. Because of the defense that is set up, anyone that could get into the land will simply be reduced to the base elements. Their cellular atomic bonds would be broken."

I now am getting spooked. Just who was my grandfather?

There before me is what looks like a single car garage. As I approach the door disappears and I was told to drive in. I do that and now I am driving down a long tunnel ramp that opened up to a large warehouse.

I smiled because I recognized that car parked in there. It was his 1960 Rambler American. Four door blue body with a white top. He and I would make the dump run in that. Many an odd part would go in the trunk.

It was with very fond memories that I went over to it and opened the passenger door. The passenger door was because the driver's side was my grandfather's position. The key was still in the ignition. On his seat was another box with Able on it.

He had put his journal in it with what looks like an instruction manual. The journal had Read Me first on it, written on a note paper. I picked up the box. The automaton tells me to follow it. He opens a door and there is a whole house. He shows me around and then takes me to the other side.

There is a door. On the other side is beyond anyone's imagination. I see some of the things I sent. There is row after row of vertical rotary shelves that went from floor to twenty feet high. Almost all the shelves were full of different size boxes. On the right hand side is a desk with a computer. I was told that this contained the inventory of the

room. He was instructed to tell me that I was not to touch anything in that room until I had read the material in the box from the Rambler.

We went back into the home portion and the automaton asked me if I wanted to have anything to drink.

Old memories come flooding back. I got my favorite from his favorite drink. "I would like some ice water.. What did grandfather call you? I need to know your name because I don't want to say hey you."

"Your grandfather called me Cain." I winced at that and asked if there was any reason for the name. Cain told me that he was an assassin that failed. He was reprogramed to obey and serve my grandfather. "Now I am your protector."

He hands me a flask that I know was my grandfathers. I took a sip and it was exactly at thirty three degrees. A long drink showed me that it was still full.

Cain now told me that I needed to read. He would cook up what his last instructions were. I sat in what seemed to be grandfather's favorite chair. It was a well worn fine leather mission style chair. He had similar ones in his family home. It was what I remembered he liked.

I sat and, as if it was alive, it conformed to my weight and butt. This was the most comfortable chair I have ever sat in. I almost fell asleep it was that comfortable. It had a same style foot stool. I knew that if I put my feet up, I would have fallen asleep.

I did not because I needed to read.

He must have been writing this since I went into the Navy because it all looks recent. He starts with a brief introduction of what has happened.

He wrote.

This occupation was passed to me by my grandfather. He was the first to gain the knowledge and set the direction that we all must take. You see, he traveled with his wife. She had a unique watch that would allow them to, as they called it, jump to different worlds. She knew how to repair the watch if it broke down.

To help her, he had her describe the exact functioning and workings of the watch. She told him, on her death bed, not to do anything with that knowledge. She had passed on that watch to a new owner. He was lost after she left so he decided to make that watch to be able to go to her.

Not as skilled as whoever made the watch, he made a human sized capsule. It functioned but he was never able to find where she was. She was in the final life. His trying gained him notice from the gods, especially one called the Watcher.

You see, one of the Watcher's predecessors was the one that made the watch. She was not happy but all the gods came to where she took him.

After much discussion, he was allowed to continue but with the objective of making things that he would donate to struggling worlds. Tables, chairs, farm tools and such. Nothing that would be way ahead of what their world had progressed to.

He started by seeing what a world needed and then started leaving his things at the poor's doors. He took great pride in what he did. There are worlds that all they know is that he is the midnight gift giver. Those worlds have even made their own images of what they think he looks like.

I have continued in his footsteps but started to also leave some of my homemade toys for the children. The gods give me a list of how many children each house has.

There are worlds that do not really care for a child's life. This will be hard on you but I must tell you of a serious matter.

When you are finished with this manual and the instructions, the first thing you are required to do is go to that inventory computer. In that computer you will find a inventory called "Wife". You will find a form in there. You will configure her to your vision of your mate.

You will find that she will be, in every aspect, a real person. The biggest reason you will only turn this task over to your grand children is because the Watcher will be bringing children to you. They will be your children and have your genetics as their father. At that time you will be a regular father, go to work and make a good but modest living. Your work will be making those things you need for the distribution.

When the children are grown, you and your wife will leave Christmas morning and travel, returning in the spring. That is your time to explore. Time to replenish your public and private wealth but you keep your wealth to yourself. One of those grandchildren will be like you. Let it happen naturally. Do not try to choose.

Enjoy yourself as I did. Now for the hard part. After your children become adults, you will go on the usual winter trip but before the end of the trip, you will let your adult children know that their mother has passed. There will be a biological double made and that will be who you bury.

I, up until this year, still took your grandmother on my adventures. I would come here quite often to be with her. You see, part of the deal that was made with the gods was that when it was my time to cross over, she would be there for me with all her memories in tack at the point of when she was put back in inventory.

That body in inventory has had its memory transferred to that new final life body. The one in inventory is just a starter base. Your grandmother will be with me.

Now for the bag you found in the bank box. Take out the box and ask for the inventory. I do warn you, as my grandfather warned me. Set the bag on the foot stool and then ask for the inventory. The bag is a pocket dimensional bag.”

That man who still is my grandfather as far as I am concerned is still full of mystery. I do as he wrote. I’m glad that I did.

The inventory floors me. The first thing that caught my eyes is that there is almost a ton of gold and silver. Gems beyond description. Then there was almost too many weapons. The more I looked, the more I started to get brain fog. I closed the inventory and went back to the book.

Grandfather continued. “I imagine that you did the same thing I did when I saw the wealth. The lawyer is the one that, shall we say, converts those things into your public and private wealth. He buys stock and does investments. We have already done the initial investments. For some reason, you chose right and you have an account that will allow you to find a house in a location of your choice. His accountant will receive all the bills and pay them. He will now invest your wealth and, with the bag’s inventory, you actually will never have an outside job.

You have your own companies. They are real companies with real product. You bought out most of the manufactures that I owned. Good companies, good product good people.”

I am tired and I smell something that I have not had since I was with my grandparents so long ago. Fried bread dough.

Grandmother used to make it for us grandchildren every so often when she made her home made bread. It was topped with a tomato sauce and shake on cheese. Dessert, you guessed it, the fried dough with a jelly topping. Not a single child went away leaving a scrap on the plate and without rubbing a full belly.

I ate and the memory came rushing back. It was very much like hers but I could tell that it was her that was missing. Fond emotions of a wonderful woman. I do not care what he wrote, she was grandma and always will be.

That night, I did have good dreams.

In the morning, I finished the instructions and went to the inventory room. The computer system was actually very simple. App driven, for now, I avoided the wife app. I found that he had an app for the things that I sent home. The first thing to check is the inventory that was his.

There were items that I recognized but a lot that I did not. Luckily, built in, was a danger level color scheme. From white being safe to blood red being extremely dangerous. Cain informed me that the most dangerous were always taken by the gods for their evaluation and disposition.

“When you come across something like that, there is a button on the fob that informs the gods to come to your location. You will never bring those items back here.”

He has me open the top drawer of the desk. There are a set of wire rimmed glasses.

“Every trip you wear those glasses. They will signal you when you need the gods. I would suggest that you put them on and let me walk you through the inventory area. Look at a box and you will see the color.”

I tell Cain that I want him to review each item and put the appropriate color sticker on it so I can just look at the box and make sure that the content matches the threat level. I have the system pull one of each color.

That area is fully automated and in a short time, there is a line up of the automated carts. Each cart had a screen that said what was in the box, what was its use and the threat level.

With that I was no longer alone. Now there is a male and two females. Cain is not alarmed. He is bowing to them so I figure that I should do the same.

“Please rise, we are gods but bowing is for the Supreme.” The male says.

One of the females says “The male and I are the gods of all. The other is the Watcher. You pulling these boxes after the death of Able has alerted us that the new seeker has arrived. We now need to go over restrictions and explanations. You are his heir that he listed. We welcome you Able.”

The watcher now speaks to me in a very perturbed tone. “I had hoped that the gods of all would have erased all of this but they did not. I know your grandfather must have told you but I will give my warning. Your ancestor took advantage of knowledge that the first Watcher meant for only the watch holder. If he had succeeded to find the location of the

final life and was able to gain access, that would have caused the final life to implode killing all in the final life. You are not to even try. Do you understand?”

I answer her that I heard what she said but I received instructions from my grandfather that I must follow. “He wrote me with these exact words, ‘I wish you a happy long life. I await your tales when you make it to the final life. Make me wait a long time.’ I intend on following his exact instructions.”

I saw a smile break out on three faces.

The male god of all tells me that I am a good grandson. “Able trained you well. Now let’s see what you have pulled?”

I tell them that I pulled one of each color to see what he accumulated. “The one thing is the inventory has all the colors but they are dating back to the first. Is there any means of going through the inventory to weed out anything higher than yellow that is older than fifty years old. I also would like help with the white and yellow to see what they both kept.”

They tell me that they are calling two groups leaders that would have an interest in what I have. The Cleanup crew and the Junkman. Now there is a shimmering and four people come out.

One couple introduce themselves as the Cleanup crew and the other two are the Junkman. They each told of their roles. The Cleanup crew goes to worlds that are on the brink and will determine what action needs to be taken to correct that world. From just taking the evil ones to erasing whole populations. Then, if they erase the entire population, they put that world back to better than new condition. Ready for another deserving population to settle on it.

The Junkman pair sound like my kind of people. They go to worlds and salvage items for repair, repurpose or broken down to base materials.

I explain that I have the inventory and want to clear most of the old out. “These gods have explained that you have the knowledge and possible use for some of the inventory.”

After asking to use the computer, the four sit down and are going over the inventory. The cleanup crew male suddenly is alarmed. He has the computer pull the box. When it is here, he has a disgusted look on his face.

He calls over the gods of all and shows them the red package. I hear him “This should not exist. This should have been confiscated and destroyed. With this on this world, this

world should not exist. The date shows that it was one from the beginning. That would be the failed gods time period.”

The god of all asked me for the glasses. I give them to him and then he puts them on. Sure enough, the item that should have been rated black was coming over as a red. The god concentrates and says that there is a flaw in the program.

“We need to go through the complete inventory to see what else was not properly rated.”

I have Cain make some lunch and get refreshments for all.

Jacob of the Junkman pair, is laughing. He has a low level box pulled and opens it. It was a low level thing that looked like it was straight out of the forty’s movie Buck Rogers serials. A ray gun pistol. He is really amused.

This pistol is a real antique. Actually one of the first. How about I get you an up to date version. He calls out and a green man comes through the opening. He has a new version of it. I am fascinated with the green man.

Jacobs wife comes over and asks me if this is my first encounter with another species? I tell her that I only took over this job a day ago. She smiles and says that she knows the feeling.

“I was just an AI until these gods made me a real person. These people are called goblins. They were wonderful to me as a ship. I think you would like them also.”

We had things to eat, the inventory has been reviewed and they found some things that were not to be here. I was told that those would go with the gods. They left. The two teams now had a free for all.

The cleanup crew took quite a few but the Junkman crew wanted most of the old stuff and some of the newer things. He explained what they did and how they would be used. I told him that they could have them.

His wife, Vannessa said that they had people that would buy them. I would get half of the profit. “What would you want done with your portion?”

I tell them that I don’t need the money. “What do you do with yours?”

They tell me that they also really don’t need it so they have a fund that half goes for education in the trades and the other half goes to the goblins. “They free slaves and settle them on protected worlds. They have a space fleet that protects them. They have used the money for the children and elderly.”

I tell her that all my side of the profit goes to the goblins. “Anyone that helps someone else will make good use of my side.”

The cleanup crew took what they wanted and now people are coming out of another opening. I am delighted with what I see. I was told the name of each. I saw goblins, felids and mouse folk loading the boxes onto floating skids. It was the females of the three species that were looking me over.

Life has just gotten interesting.

## The new normal

With that settled, I contacted the lawyer and asked for a meeting in his office. Then I drove to his office. I was tempted to drive the Rambler but decided that it would be more of a memorial to him. I will drive it only after I make a show of searching for one.

The lawyer already knew what I was here for. We sat down in his office.

“So how much material would you like me to liquidate?” he asks.

I tell him that I would like to buy a house somewhere but not in this town. Grandfather Able mentioned accounts from businesses I own. I'm sure that he had you setup a living account. I would like you to set up a personal account for me, like a five figure salary.

He laughs. “You already have that. Your grandfather had us setup funds.” He hands me a credit card. “This is an unlimited credit card. The bill comes directly to this office. You use this and your purchases are covered over. This other card you will use for your day to day expenses. That bill also will be handled by us.”

We talk over many things that I have a concern about and I am now comfortable with our relationship.

“I do not know whether grandfather did this.” I pull out the bag and drop a bar of gold on his desk. “Please accept this as a show of my appreciation. Treat your people to a nice bonus. I will be looking for a house on the way back to where I am staying. I trust that all I need is to have the realtor contact you and you will handle the transfer and mortgage.”

He happily tells me that we are going to have a good relationship.

Around halfway between my hometown and where the hide is, I stop at a local inn for the night. It is my intention to visit a local realtor in the morning. The lawyer recommended that I look at a fixer upper. They are a good tax deduction.

The realtor was not hard to find. A well kept office was almost next door to the inn so in the morning I walked over to it.

A very nice woman greets me and we sit down. “What can we help you with today?” She asks in an almost rehearsed greeting. She knows her stuff. She is nicely dressed but is not overly decorated. The usual modest jewelry and not a strong scent. The office décor is mid to upper range.

I can tell that this is all planned as to not scare off people thinking that her houses were too expensive.

"I am looking for a place somewhere around here. First is a lot of acreage like a farm although I do not intend on farming. The house can be a fixer. Not because of the price but I will want to do some remodeling and upgrades. Finally a few out buildings. I want to make a work shop and a barn that I can make into a car garage."

She is almost salivating but pulls herself back from the edge. She opens her computer file and types in my requirements. Now on the monitor she has a few places to show me.

"We have not discussed your price range so I will just show you what I have."

She only has a few that meet my requirements. The display, I can tell is from the least expensive to the most. The first ones barely fit what I want but after going through all she had, I asked her about one that was towards the upper range.

"Would it be possible to see this one today?"

She makes a call and tells me that it still is occupied by the owners. It has not been staged.

"All the better. This way I can see it in use, not as a showroom. I am a simple man who can see a home not a house. Can we go now?"

She is a little confused but she drives there.

I immediately see that this family is struggling. This could be a passed down family farm but it no longer is working for whatever reason. It could use some paint and other things but the owners are making sure that the lights stay on and the children have something to eat.

We go through all the buildings. It has all I need. I do make note of a family cemetery on the land. The realtor wants to go back to the office but I say that I want to sit with the owners and discuss my offer. She seems like I am going to disgrace the family by low balling them but I am the client.

We all sit. "I want this property and would like to enter a contract today. You are asking for seven hundred and fifty thousand for it. If you agree and sign right now, I offer you a mil five, sixty days to find another home. I will pay all closing costs and the realtors fee. I am preapproved and will close within a week. The sixty days starts after I close. You can take or leave anything that is here that is not building related."

They, along with the realtor are stunned silent. I take out my flask of water, ask for four glasses. "Only water" I tell them. They watch as I pour four tumblers full out of a small flask. I have them point to a glass and I drink out of it. They almost have brain freeze on how cold it is.

As they are looking at me like I'm the devil himself. I drop to a serious level. "I am a man, whose grandfather left him a good fortune with the instructions to pass it around. This flask is one of his inventions. I really want this farm as my home, not my house. Being blunt, my offer is not charity. With what I intend to do, this place will be worth what I am offering. I will tell you that the character of this place will be kept. Fixed up but kept. I intend to get married and raise my family here.

Your cemetery will be enclosed with a nice stone wall and large enough for your family to be buried there when your time comes. That will be put into the deed. How does this sound. I will go outside and you talk with your realtor."

I tell the realtor to write the contract up and email it to my lawyer after we sign it. Include account information for both of you.

I get up and walk around the yard for a while. One of the children comes out and gets me.

The realtor still looks puzzled. "I called the lawyer to check on you. He said that you were indeed preapproved. As soon as he gets the contract, he will review and have it closed by the end of the day. Who are you?"

They agreed with my terms. I sign the contract after making sure that all the stipulations are there, especially in regards to the cemetery. Then they sign. The realtor emails the contract to the lawyer. I ask them if we could wait for a bit.

Soon both their phones are ringing. Both need a change of clothes. Both have received notice that the money is in their accounts. The place is mine.

"In the sixty days, I will be having contractors coming out to get me estimates."

They all are very happy. The family tells me that they can now breathe. I know of the businesses I own. Believe it or not, I own a large farm equipment sales and service store.

While I am still there, I call the lawyer. In minutes the families phone rings again and the person asks for the father. He is looking at me as I just smile. I hear him say that he would be there in the morning.

"I saw how well you took care of your equipment. I did not think that you would mind a recommendation. After all, I do own that business. See you in the morning."

While the realtor gives me a ride back, I tell her that she is to find them a good home and a good price in the town where he will be working. Again I will pay her fee.

In less than the sixty days, they have moved, the house is empty with the farm equipment still here. I got an idea. Before I started to have the crews come and start the renovations, I ask the gods if the Junkman could come here to see the machines that are left.

Jacob and Vanessa open what I was told is a door. I had sent them the GPS location of the farm.

Jacob looked like a kid in a candy shop. Vanessa told me of his old pickup truck and his love of old machines. I told the both that they could take it all. Now his crew is taking every piece. I do notice that the same tiger striped felid is here. She is a very nice looking woman.

Jacob says, "This old stuff is exactly what the goblin worlds need. Most of this is the horse drawn items. That will go far with their keeping the worlds pristine. Even the tractors can be converted from fuel. But I must tell you that some of the elders get carried away with these types of things. They love our motor vehicles."

"At least," I tell him, "tractors are slow."

They take everything that is not nailed down. They do tell me that the goblin world thanks me for the things they were given. I was told that someday, they would like to welcome me. Jacob gives me the coordinates.

Maybe someday but I still have not made my first jump.

## **Side effects**

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