

THE JODY WILSON STORIES

MANDY AND COREY

My name is Jody Wilson. I'm a gorgeous, short-haired Tabby. My coat is gray, and my beautiful eyes are hypnotic. I was told that I was born at Camp Puppy Mill, located somewhere in Northeastern Missouri. Camp Puppy Mill was a run-down, sorry excuse for a home. Well, aren't most puppy mills like that?

Now, before you start wondering how a 'cat' happened to be born in a puppy mill, I'll answer your question. Although most inmates in puppy mills are dogs, cats can sometimes be found there. It all depends on how much money the owner of the establishment wants to make.

Good animal shelters fare better than any puppy mill. My mother was born in an animal shelter, somewhere in Northeastern Missouri. She was purchased by Steve and Karen Wilson. They refused to purchase a cat from a pet store. They understood that many pet stores purchase their cats and dogs from unscrupulous animal dealers.

The Wilsons showered my mother with love, good food, toys, clean water, and a mini-play ground. Cats who are companion animals must be treated well. Cat owners should only be thankful that they have an additional member added to their family.

The toys and backyard play area of the Wilson home was the envy of other cats in the neighborhood. On weekends and holidays, cats and kids from the neighborhood would sneak into the Wilson's yard in order to play with my mother. Although the

kids behaved as though they were there to admire her, they just wanted to play with her toys.

My mother was taken to the veterinarian once a year for a routine physical examination. On my mother's first visit, Dr. Fredericks tried to convince the Wilsons to declaw her. Citing warped examples of cat owners who no longer felt the need to cover their furniture after the mutilation it became a nightmare for my mother.

Thankfully, the nightmare was short-lived. The Wilsons had up-to-date knowledge about the possible complications from declawing. Cats need their claws for offense, defense, climbing, leaping, and walking. In simple terms, a cat's not a cat, without his/her claws.

My mother would've preferred to live on the streets, rather than live as a mutilated cat. Most cats would choose likewise. Imagine if someone were to chop off the first digit of each one of your fingers. It wouldn't feel good!

Rick Preston, a neighbor of the Wilsons, agreed with Dr. Fredrick's proposal. My mother never got along with either creep. She suspected that they had inner hatred/envy towards her. After all, she was very beautiful.

"Your cat may decide to tear into your sofas and chairs," Rick once said.

Just for the record, my mother never scratched any of the Wilson's furniture. She was a sweet and gentle cat. She respected the rights and properties of others. She was a good North American cat.

Besides, the Wilsons had two scratching posts inside of their home; eradicating any urges my mother would've had for scratching-up the furniture.

My mother practiced her clawing techniques on the scratching posts; imagining that she was a tigress clawing a tree. As a secondary precaution, the Wilsons kept two pairs of 'soft paws' in their home. Just in case my mother became restless.

Although my mother was fed on a regular schedule, sometimes she got a sudden urge for a snack. She'd call out to the Wilsons, and then roll onto her back. If that didn't work, she'd approach one of the Wilsons and play cutie-pie. That method almost always worked.

When my mother turned two, the Wilsons brought her along on a trip to Hawaii. The Wilsons prepared for the trip well in advance. My mother was told that the family was going to a very nice place.

On the day of the trip the Wilsons made sure all the needed accessories and articles of clothing were in their suitcases and handbags.

The Wilsons were hard-working attorneys. Technically, Mr. Wilson worked for his wife. She was the owner of The McCartney Law Firm. Mrs. Wilson inherited ownership of the firm from her aunt, Francine McCartney

My mother was thankful to be a member of the Wilson family. My mother already had the 'Wilson' name before she was adopted. It was by pure coincidence that a Wilson adopted a Wilson.

The Wilsons were glad that my mother had the same family name as they did. This was one of the reasons they purchased my mother from the animal shelter.

Millions of cats around the world are forced to live on the 'tough streets', fighting for food, territory, and mating privileges. For a cat to make it on the streets, toughness and cunning are mandatory. Cats that are naive have a difficult time surviving.

Cats on the streets that don't want to starve must hold their ground against their own kind, and 'other enemies'. These 'other enemies' include: vermin control officers (VCOs), police officers, dogs, habitat destruction and alteration, vehicles, pollution, most rats, evil humans, raccoons, contaminated foods or water, infections, diseases (contagious and non-contagious), parasites, flies, and fleas.

Amongst dogs and cats, the big 'R' is the most horrifying sickness! The 'R' stands for rabies. No dog or cat wants to end-up with rabies. Any contagion that can't be cured results in a death sentence for the poor animal.

On the morning of the planned trip to Hawaii, my mother pictured beautiful trees, bodies of water, and much sunshine. Also, taking long walks with the Wilsons; not having to worry about snow or cold weather.

After the Wilsons finished packing, Karen called for a cab. "Hello, is this the Blue Cab Company?" asked Karen.

"Yes madam. This is John, the dispatcher for the Blue Cab Company. May I be of assistance?"

"Please send a cab to 1375 Bryson Street West. We want to go to the airport," said Karen.

"Sure madam. Your cab will be there in fifteen minutes. Is there anything else?" asked the dispatcher.

"No, we'll be waiting for the cab in our living room. Please tell the driver to honk his horn several times as soon as he arrives," said Karen.

Mrs. Wilson turned off her cell phone, and then glanced at the clock on the living room wall. The time was 8:00 A.M. The Wilson's flight was scheduled to leave at 10:00 A.M.

Although my mother was happy about going to Hawaii, she was aware that unexpected problems could occur at any moment. For example, the cab driver could end up going to the wrong address.

Also, car problems could develop on the way to the airport. Being on the alert is an inherent quality of cats; while they're not napping.

At 8:15 A.M., the Wilsons heard five honks emanating from their driveway.

Mrs. Wilson pulled apart two blinds, and then looked outside. She saw a Blue Cab. Then, she looked back at Mr. Wilson, and smiled. It was time to leave.

"Steve, it's the cabby! The driver arrived on time. We've got to leave, now!" exclaimed Karen.

The Wilsons quickly carried their suitcases and handbags out to the cab, forgetting someone very important in the process. For a minute, my mother thought that the Wilsons had decided to leave her behind.

"Please, wait a minute! I need to go back! We forgot Mandy!" exclaimed Karen.

"No problem," answered the cabby. Karen ran back into her house, and then told my mother to come. As soon as my mother was within arms' reach, Karen hoisted her off of the floor, and then exited her house. She closed the door behind her, and then locked it.

After Steve picked up the animal carrier, Karen put my mother inside it. Then, my mother heard the cling of the door closing.

Many cats are sensitive to being 'incarcerated' inside a small animal carrier. Never mind what the so-called human experts may say. They're not always right, nor are they always honest. Animal carriers should be bigger, and have more 'air openings'. The animal inside the carrier needs to feel comfortable, not claustrophobic!

My mother pleaded with the Wilsons to let her out. She even tried scratching the interior of the animal carrier. Her efforts were to no avail.

"Please, let me out! I don't want to be inside this tiny cell! I'm not an inanimate object!" shouted my mother.

The Wilsons were too preoccupied with their trip to take notice of my mother's pleas. The Wilsons should have placed my mother inside a bigger animal carrier. Even good animal owners make mistakes.

My mother once told me that if she was as strong as Superwoman, she would've smashed her way out of that 'suffocating' animal carrier.

A living being inside an animal carrier should be able to breathe freely, turn around, stand up, lie down, take three steps in every direction, and be able to see the outside world with the least hindrance. Some cats become terrified or apathetic, when they're placed inside an animal carrier. They don't understand why their 'beloved owners' are harming them.

The cabby put the Wilson's luggage in the trunk of his cab. In the process, he grinned at the Wilsons, but glared at my mother. My mother was aware of the extreme hatred that some humans have towards cats. It's a bit confusing. Cats are cute, cuddly, agile, fun to be with (sometimes), and don't gripe as much as human babies do. In fact, humans who own well-behaved cats have a gem in their possession.

"Sir, madam, I had a cat back when I was a kid. She was cute, but obnoxious," said the cabby.

"Really?" asked Steve.

"Where are you heading to?" asked the cabby.

"We're going to Hawaii," replied Steve.

"My sister moved to Hawaii fifteen years ago. She spent five years of her life there. Afterwards, she moved up to Montana. I'm originally from Portland, Maine. Gosh, whenever it snowed, I dreamed of sunshine, palm trees, grass, and a beautiful ocean.

I moved to Missouri five years ago. Initially, I wanted to stay here for only two years, save some money, and then move out west. All that changed when I met my dear wife. She was the best thing that ever happened to me," said the cabby.

"Okay, I understand how she was the best thing that ever happened to you, but why didn't you try to convince her to move out west with you?" asked Steve.

"Sir, I did try. She told me that I'd have to go alone. Her home was in Missouri, and only Missouri. I had to make up my mind. Live with Laura, or live out west. I decided to do the right thing. We've had an incredible relationship since then.

My wife's a high school teacher. She taught me about the importance of getting a proper education. That's why I'm taking night classes this semester. I like being a cabby, but, I'd prefer to have a 'brainy job'.

Cats are very interesting animals. As a general rule, they don't intimidate or attack humans. But, I don't like all cats! The first impression I have of a cat is what I keep with me forever. I mean, if I don't like him/her the moment we meet, that's the way it'll always be," said the cabby.

"A cat must come into contact with humans early in life. Otherwise, he/she will have a lifelong apprehension of strangers (humans). Apprehensive cats won't allow themselves to get too comfy with strangers. Many stray cats that have never had any contact with humans will shy away, or even flee upon seeing a human. Even if the human were to get down on one knee, and speak softly to the cat. It'd make no difference, whatsoever.

You're absolutely right! To an apprehensive cat, humans appear as giant bipedals," said Karen.

The cabby grinned at the Wilsons, then pulled out of the driveway and headed for the airport.

Things were running smoothly. A cat couldn't have asked for anything more.

My mother's incredible feline senses enabled her to estimate the correct time and distance between each fare increase. Karen had frequently brought my mother along on taxi rides in the past. My mother loved to look out of the window.

Sadly, she saw too many dilapidated strays. Some of them had horrific wounds scattered throughout their bodies. Others were bordering on starvation. Regardless, every stray cat is wanted by the VCOs. Strays are like escapees from a penitentiary.

At any moment in time, a VCO, or any officer of the law, for that matter, may chase them down.

Strays may have signs of extreme stress and apprehension on their faces. Being out on the streets is really tough for cats and dogs. Not to mention raccoons, pigeons, and other desperate animals.

But, it's much tougher for domesticated dogs and cats who've just been 'evicted' from their homes. Feral animals have a long history of living outdoors. However, today's world isn't like that of old. Humans are now the 'conquerors' of the new world. Many humans don't want to see 'creatures' in their towns, cities, or counties. Indeed, it's 'a human-eat-all-other-animals-world'.

After twenty five minutes of driving, the Wilsons were within eye's view of the airport.

The sounds that were emanating from the airplanes were very annoying. Yes, even cats hate noise pollution.

Many cats think that airplanes are giant metallic birds. Not Mandy Wilson. My mother knew better.

Upon entering Kansas City International Airport, the cab driver rolled down his window, then waited patiently for the parking lot attendant to speak.

"You know the rules. Ten minutes, only. If you stay longer, I'll fine you big times. I'm not kidding," said the parking lot attendant.

"No problem," replied the cabby.

After receiving his entrance receipt the cab driver drove to the airline terminals.

"Please drop us off at the Trans West Airlines terminal," said Karen.

"Certainly," replied the cabby.

Upon reaching the Trans West Airlines terminal, the cabby pulled over into the curb, and then turned off the meter.

Steve pulled out two bills from his wallet then handed them to the cabby.

"Please, give me a moment," said the cabby.

"You've been a good cabby. Go ahead. Keep the change," said Steve.

The cabby thanked the Wilsons for being good passengers, and for the generous tip. Afterwards, he exited his cab, opened the passenger doors, and then opened the trunk.

"I'm glad we didn't forget our baby! She's such an important part of our lives! If anything were to happen to our baby, I'd go nuts!" exclaimed Karen.

After all was done, the Wilsons entered the Trans West Airlines terminal, and then headed straight to the baggage check-in area.

The Wilsons encountered a line of frustrated travelers. It took roughly twenty minutes for the Wilsons to check-in their baggage, along with the animal carrier.

As soon as their baggage was placed on the conveyor belt, the Wilsons felt a gush of relief. At the other end of the conveyor belt, a muscular baggage handler took hold of my mother's animal carrier and then placed it in a baggage transporter.

The Wilsons assumed that the animals in the plane's cargo section were going to enjoy the long flight. Not quite so. Some of the animals in the baggage transporter were visibly shaken. The baggage handlers were impersonal and a bit rough in their handling of the animal carriers.

"Where are these strangers taking us?" asked a Golden Retriever.

There was no answer. For the time being, each of the animals was too occupied with his/her own fate to answer the question.

The muscular baggage handler drove the airport cart to the airplane loading section. The terrified animals were removed from their animal carriers. Afterwards, they were promptly placed inside separate cages. After the work was done, the muscular baggage handler called-in to have the airplane's hatch closed.

"I feel like a cheap piece of baggage," said the Golden Retriever.

The animals waited for fifteen terrifying minutes, before hearing a thunderous, rumbling sound. Airplane engines sound like roaring monsters to the cargo animals.

"We'll be taking off soon!" exclaimed my mother.

My mother didn't want to reveal her fear to the other animals. So, she pretended that she was excited about the whole affair.

As soon as the airplane began to back-up, a black cat barfed. Another cat defecated and urinated. There was nobody around to comfort them. While their owners were 'on deck' they were in the 'hole'.

While the captain was driving the airplane on the tarmac, the scene inside the cargo section became chaotic. In other words, the animals went crazy. Apparently, the cargo animals couldn't understand the sudden change in speed.

A Dachshund 'engulfed' her cage in urine, feces, and vomit. Even a tough lion would've 'freaked-out' from the ordeal.

The animals in the cargo section felt like they were entering another dimension. Even the concept of time had changed. Of course, when you're terrified, or in pain, time passes slowly. Things improved a bit as soon as the airplane leveled off at 35,000 feet.

Because cargo animals aren't paying customers, airline executives generally don't think of them when making decisions about plane safety or comfort. In the meantime, cargo animals will have to bite-the-bullet until the situation improves.

It was impossible for the cargo animals to ignore each other. Of course, with nothing to do and hours of waiting, it was evident they'd converse with each other.

My mother eyed the other animals, trying to pick out a good friend to converse with. She spotted a zebra cat (white and black colored), with green eyes and who appeared to have a good temperament. He was in the cage on the left of my mother.

Initially, my mother was hesitant to initiate a conversation. Sometimes, looks can be deceiving. My mother waited for a moment, before initiating a conversation.

"Hi, my name is Mandy Wilson. I'm going to Hawaii! I've heard many good things about Hawaii. I can't wait till I get there."

For some unknown reason, the zebra cat my mother spoke to 'stressed' his left foreleg. He grimaced whenever he shifted his weight. Something was wrong. My mother instinctively knew that the injury was caused by severe trauma, and wasn't a birth defect. Her feline curiosity made her ask him how the problem came about. Animals, including cats, are very good behaviorists. We don't have to read books, articles, or other 'human sources' of literature, in order to sense mental or physical unease in another animal.

My mother wondered if the cat's owner had caused the trauma. Unfortunately, some dog and cat owners think their companion animals have no feelings, like automatons. Descartes, the philosopher, was one of those humans who sustained and expanded this terrible lie!

According to Descartes, animals were automatons, machine-like creatures. Animals respond to physical intrusion in an automatic manner. No pain, agony, or fear. Totally bogus!

Animals can't survive in the wild without having nerve receptors. It's a matter of common sense.

Also, we're not automatons! We're sentient beings; we're alive and feel physical and mental pain/discomfort!

Sadists who love to torment animals understand that their targets do feel pain. That's why the sadist gets off by performing the act. Otherwise, hitting an animal would be like hitting a block of cement.

My mother had to find out what had happened to the zebra cat.

"What's your name?" my mother asked.

"I'm Corey Jameson. I'm three years-old, sad, and somewhat apprehensive when it comes to making new 'human' friends. I've had a rough life. As you can see, I have a 'favored' foreleg. The pain used to be much worse.

In the past, my foreleg throbbed even when I didn't apply pressure on it. I thought I was going mad! Some physical wounds do heal over time; other wounds don't."

Apparently, Corey had been purchased by fraternity brothers from Gramson State College (GSC), in California. Corey was more or less a living trinket. His feelings were never taken into consideration. In addition, no plan was formed to care for Corey after the fraternity brothers graduated from GSC. The guys needed a temporary buddy, mascot, and a cutie-pie cat. It was Corey.

At the end of the academic year, or upon graduation, a school cat may be tossed out into the streets, or taken to the local shelter. Once in a blue moon, a 'lucky cat' ends up in the hands of a 'humane' student; but don't count on it.

Corey spent six weeks of his life in a pet store, trying desperately to ignore the countless gawking humans. After a cat has been gawked at several hundred times, it starts to become annoying. Especially when a cat's trying to take a nap while someone's tapping on the glass or cage bars.

It began on a sunny Saturday morning, in the month of July, a pet store worker opened Corey's cage door, then reached in and yanked him. Corey felt that something drastic was going to happen. Although he was hoping for a release, the destination was just as important. It would be worse for him to be sent to a 'vicious' owner.

A pet store worker asked two fraternity brothers from GSC to go to the cashier. A purchase was in the making.

"Please take Corey to the cashier," said the pet store worker.

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