

A CAT FROM CANADA: BOOK 2  
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CITIZEN CAT

My parents and I were getting ready to take our annual vacation. My dad, Carter Williams, and my mother Andrea Sumner-Williams are very successful civil attorneys, and that's not all, they have their own law firm. Thank goodness we're millionaires.

I'm a beautiful Canadian Tabby. My name is Toby Williams.

It was a beautiful sunny Sunday morning in the month of June. My parents and I were happy but also anxious about our long vacation. Our starting point was Belmont, Ontario, located 50 miles northwest of our beloved nation's capital (Ottawa); we were going out west, first stopping in western Ontario, then onto Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. As agreed upon, we weren't going to leave Canada. I've always been adamant about that. My parents know that if they decide to vacation outside of Canada, they can't bring me along. I'm a Cat from Canada.

Our plane was scheduled to leave from Murdoch Airport at noon. It was 8:30 A.M., we were getting ready to eat breakfast, and although we were happy, vacation day is also full of stresses. We were seated in front of our kitchen table getting ready to eat a hardy breakfast. And gosh, I knew something was going to happen.

"Toby, don't pour ketchup on your omelette. I demand that you put down that ketchup bottle right now."

"Mom, why are you being like that? You know that I always eat my eggs with ketchup. Why are you so up-tight all of a sudden?"

"Toby, we're going on vacation. I don't want you to embarrass your father and me by eating like a peasant. You know very well that we're an uppity family. Just look around you. We live in a dreamy white mansion with a beautiful spacious lawn landscaped with scattered flowerbeds, and we have a white picket fence, a swimming pool and patio, and a play ground for you. And let me not forget all the beautiful amenities that go along with a mansion.

Your father and I agreed that you must correct your behaviour during our vacation. When we return the three of us will have a nice long talk about some of your peasant-like behaviours."

"Do as your mother says, okay, Toby, c'mon, the three of us need to get along, especially now. We're going on vacation."

"Mom, dad, listen up, okay, I promise not to put ketchup on my eggs for the duration of our vacation. However, the bottle is already in my paw and the cap has already been raised."

"Okay, go ahead just this once. And by the way, that's so disgusting," said mother.

We dug into our breakfast like a family of lions chomping down on a wild-beast carcass. Following breakfast we packed our things and then waited anxiously for time to pass.

At 10:30 A.M. my father called for a cab. My mom and I stood nearby, ears cropped up and very excited. The speaker phone was on.

"Hello, Belmont Cab Company. How may I help you?"

"We'd like a cab to be sent to 1550 Park Boulevard. We want to go to the Belmont Airport."

"How many passengers in the cab, please?"

"There will be three persons in the cab including me, my wife and our beloved cat son."

"Your cab will arrive in about 10 minutes. Please have your baggage in front of your house before the cab arrives. It'll make things a lot easier."

"Don't worry madam we go through this routine every single year. I guarantee that we'll be ready before the cab arrives."

"Thank you sir, and have a beautiful day."

"Mom, can I bring along some gummy bears?"

"Toby, you can on condition that you apologize for being nasty to me and your father."

"Huh, Okay, mom, dad, I'm sorry for misbehaving, and for umm, being nasty."

I grabbed a couple of boxes of gummy bears and then put them in my shoulder bag. Following a minute of silence, my parents asked me to take one last look at the interior of our mansion. I was under the assumption that it was going to be a long time before we were coming back home. There was something peculiar, but I couldn't quite put my paw on it. My parents were hiding something from me. Anyway, I went ahead and obliged them on this issue I knew they were correct.

Gosh, was our mansion beautiful. Our kitchen table was larger than most peoples' dining table, not to mention the numerous other amenities therein. I was going to miss it all, even the giant HD television in the kitchen and in my bedroom too.

I made it clear to my parents that I couldn't bear it any longer. I had to leave the mansion; I loved it so much, perhaps almost as much as my parents. Cats are like that. We love to live in large homes and mansions, wherein we have full and easy access to many fun things.

Shortly thereafter, we crossed our lawn and then stopping on the sidewalk. Technically, we began our vacation.

"Toby, I put several oatmeal cookies in your shoulder bag because I love you so much."

"Dad thanks a million. Umm, can I eat a cookie right now?"

No son, you better not. Wait until after we check our baggage in; I mean, when we're in the waiting area. It would be impolite if you left crumbs in the cab. Though even if you didn't, cabbies don't like it when people eat in their cabs."

A deafening silence followed our conversation. I scanned the neighbourhood admiring the other mansions, the beautiful tree-lined streets, and the sound of water splashing from the Albertson's swimming pool.

I noticed a lone squirrel diagonally across the street from our location. He was perched on a Maple tree on the Edison property. The squirrel was chomping down on a walnut and eyeing us ever so intently.

"Oh gosh it's Randy! Mom, dad, that's my friend Randy! Can I say goodbye to him?"

"No, you can't! There's no time for that! Besides, your dad and I don't like the looks of that Randy fellow. He's staring at us with those dark, beady eyes. And besides, he's always eating something he's a bit pig-like.

I lowered my gaze to the ground fixing my eyes on the curb. I had to show my parents the resentment I felt. I wasn't even sure if I was ever going to see Randy again.

"Toby, okay, you can say goodbye to Randy, but be brief and quick. The cab will be here any minute," said mom.

I looked both ways and then ran to Randy reaching the Maple tree in a jiffy. I looked intently at Randy. He was roughly 10 feet off the ground.

"Toby, I have something to give you, okay?"

I nodded my head indicating approval then waited for Randy to act.

Randy further scaled the Maple tree until he was roughly 20 feet off the ground; he snatched something from a hidden spot and then proceeded to descend the tree using 3 legs. I could see and smell the large banana-flavoured lollipop he was cupping with his free paw.

As soon as Randy descended unto the ground he grinned at me and then said, "Toby, the talk in this neighbourhood is that you're going on vacation. I want to give you this lollipop as a going away present. I hope it suits your taste."

I was flabbergasted. But that feeling didn't last long. My feline senses alerted me that trouble was looming nearby. Not only that, but Randy was also giving me his own signals. His eyes kept shifting back and forth in a nervous manner. Whenever his eyes shifted away from me he was gazing at my parents.

As soon as I turned back to look at my parents all hell broke loose.

"Toby, come back here right now, your mother and I don't want you to talk to that squirrel anymore."

My father was a very large man, standing at six feet and six inches, large-boned, with a squared off chest and jaw, with large biceps, and he weighed about 250 pounds. My mother was six feet tall and had an athletic-looking body. Together, in their enraged state, they appeared quite menacing to Randy.

"Randy, what's going on here? Why do my parents hate you so much? You haven't done anything to them, right?"

"Toby, the mayor of Belmont along with the city council, and the majority of influential members of the community are calling for a drastic reduction in the number of pest-like animals in Belmont. They say we're bad for the town's image, beg too much, and steal caches of food stocks from supermarkets, grocery stores, and homes.

Your parents are at the forefront of this wicked witch hunt."

Unfortunately, Randy was unable to finish his statement. He soon froze in fear. He seemed to be gazing at my parents. So, I turned to see exactly who he was looking at.

My mother was talking to someone on the phone. I found that quite odd considering it hadn't been too long of a wait for the cab. So, I cropped up my ears and eyed my mother's lips intently. I had to know who she was talking to. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to fully utilize my hearing abilities. I didn't want Randy to feel that I'd forgotten about him. However, I did take in some of my mom's message.

"Yes, the will, family, okay, moving away forever, and the legal matters have been taken care of. Thanks, Oliver, you've been a great help to us."

Oliver, hmm, there was only one Oliver that our family knew. Oliver Daniels was a probate attorney. Why would my mom be speaking to him at this inconvenient time? I wondered. Randy nudged me, indicating that he wanted to have my attention. But as soon as I turned to look at Randy my mother threw a fit.

"Toby Williams, you come here right now! And don't you dare stall for time!"

"Randy, I can't comprehend why my parents are freaking out. Initially they told me that it was all right to speak to you. Maybe, they have the jitters; the cab will be here any minute now."

"Toby, enjoy your lollipop. Actually, I was saving it for you. I didn't get much sleep last night. I knew your family was scheduled to leave sometime today. Anyway, I guess we won't be seeing each other again."

"Huh, Randy, what are you talking about? Please don't scare me."

At the very moment Randy was about to answer my question the cab arrived. We embraced and then said our goodbyes. It was truly a sad moment for both of us. Worst yet, as soon as I returned to my parents I noticed an awful angry expression on their faces. And they were eyeing my lollipop too.

"Don't worry about that. I'll put your heavy baggage in the trunk of my cab," said the cabby.

My father sat in the front passenger seat, my mom and I sat in the back. There was a deafening silence until the cab driver entered the cab.

"How are you guys doing?"

"Oh, everything's just fine. We hope you're doing fine too?" replied dad.

"Fine, you're going to the Belmont airport, right?"

"That's correct," replied dad.

And whoosh, we were on our way. For the following 20 minutes no one in the cab uttered a single word. I'm certain the cabby sensed my parents' anger.

As soon as we arrived at the airport parking lot the cabby slowed down to a halt and then spoke to the parking lot attendant in the booth.

"Hey Steve, it's a nice day, sunny and hardly a breeze, and minimal traffic."

"Phil, you really know how to raise a guy's spirit. You're dropping off your passengers and then exiting the parking lot, right?"

The cab driver nodded his head indicating an affirmative response. Then, he began his drive to the airline parking area.

"Sorry, I forgot to ask what airline terminal you wanted to be dropped off at."

"Please take us to Canuck Airlines," responded dad.

The cab driver grinned and then proceeded to drive to the Canuck Airlines terminal parking section. We arrived shortly thereafter. The cabby removed our baggage from the trunk of the cab. My father then handed the cab driver a 50 dollar bill. As soon as the cab driver drove off my parents directed their gaze at me. I knew they were up to something.

"Toby, your dad and I want you to toss that lollipop into the garbage can just behind you. The Williams family doesn't accept charity from homeless people, especially when they're squirrels. Toss it into the garbage can right now, without any delay."

"Mom, dad no way, this is my lollipop and I refuse to toss it into the garbage can. Besides, it's a present from my friend Randy."

My father glared at me, puffed out his chest and then clenched his fists. It looked like he was readying himself for an attack.

I did what any brilliant Canadian cat would do under the circumstances. I spoke my mind.

"Mom, you weren't exactly born with a silver spoon in your hand. You're not really a Williams; you're only a Williams by marriage. You're a Sumner. Your parents were hard-working middle class folks."

"Cat bit your tongue! How dare you speak to your mother in that manner? I've got something else to say to you!"

At that very moment my dad placed his hand over my mom's mouth. He kept it there for roughly 10 seconds before letting go. Somehow, my mother was going to throw a horrible bombshell on me. What was it? I wondered.

Seeing that my parents weren't going to budge, I opened my mouth as wide as I could and then stuffed the lollipop therein. Assuming the worst, I reached into my shoulder bag, withdrawing both packs of gummy bears. Without any delay, I ripped both

boxes and then shoved the contents into my mouth. With cheeks the size of grapefruits I looked like a chipmunk.

By now, many of the passersby stopped walking and then backtracked to see what was going on. Then, more people began to converge upon the scene. Noticing this, my parents squirmed then turned red-faced.

"Let's enter the airport terminal, okay, I don't like it when peasants stare at me," said dad.

Belmont Airport is one heck of a beautiful site; something of a very proud Canadian achievement. It's humungous, clean, and has a beautifully decorated interior.

As soon as we entered the terminal I felt a rush of cool air, not the kind that emanates from cold temperature. I sensed something sinister going on. Furthermore, my parents were too quiet. It's like they were conspiring against me. Really, I'd never been paranoid before.

We walked to the baggage check-in line and waited attentively. There were roughly 20 persons in front of us, but luckily the airline workers were fast and efficient.

I couldn't help but notice that most of the people in line appeared anxious. Although vacation time is very joyful standing in the check-in line can be quite stressful.

When it was near our turn to check our baggage in I went ballistic. I simply couldn't hold myself back.

"Mom, dad, are you holding up your end of the bargain, or are you being deceitful to me?"

"Honey, what do you mean by deceitful?" asked mom.

"Are we leaving Canada or not? Don't give me the run-around give me a straight answer, okay."

"Honey, your father and I aren't, I mean, the three of us aren't leaving Canada, really. Why are you so paranoid?" asked dad.

Something was up. I couldn't quite zoom in on it but I instinctively knew that something terrible was looming on the horizon. My incredible feline senses were alerting me to eminent danger; but from where? I wondered.

Just as I was about to go ballistic again the airline worker, a beautiful blond in her late twenties motioned us to come forward.

"Please move forward. Are these all of your bags?" she asked.

"Yes, here are our tickets."

"Okay, you two are going on vacation?" she asked.

"Yes, umm, uh, yes, we're heading westbound, we'll be stopping in every province on the way until we reach British Columbia," responded mom.

I pulled on my father's pant leg, trying to get his immediate attention.

With a grin on his face my dad said, "son, don't worry, I'll explain later."

I didn't want to talk too much while my parents were checking our baggage in. I assumed Canuck Airlines was having a 'cats board for free' special. That raised my spirits.

After checking our baggage in we were instructed to go to Gate #9.

"Toby, you know something. We have a lot of free time to spare before our flight leaves. Why don't you sit over there beside the pay phones, your mother and I will walk to Gate #9, then sit and stretch our legs. We'll be back in about 30 minutes. Thereafter, we'll eat at that restaurant over there, the one beside the shoe shines."

Shocking indeed, there was no restaurant 'over there'. Furthermore, my father would never point at something that quickly and then leave. I tried to stop him but he wouldn't listen.

"Dad, wait a minute! Why can't I go with you and mom? And another thing, there's no restaurant 'over there'."

My dad was lying, but I didn't know why, at least for the time being. Our flight was scheduled to leave at noon. It was 11:00 A.M.

I sat all alone on a typical uncomfortable airport seat. I guess airport management doesn't want travellers and visitors to get too comfortable in their seats; no one will use more than one seat or decide to sleep in the airport.

Pedestrian traffic in Belmont Airport started to pick up at 11:15 A.M. I saw travellers from different parts of Canada and the World.

I enjoyed myself so much time flew by at lightning speed. As I happened to glance up at a nearby clock I was shocked to realize that it was already 12:05 P.M.

Oh gosh! What happened? Did my parents forget get about me? Were they so deeply ingrained into their vacation travel? Or maybe something terrible has happened to them? Other terrifying thoughts raced through my mind. I leaped onto the floor and then ran to Gate #9.

No sooner had I begun to run I heard a sharp voice calling out to me.

"Hey kitty, stop right there! Don't take another step, or else you're going to be in very big trouble!"

I stopped in my tracks then turned to see who was shouting at me. It was a tall, burly tanned man whose head was shaped like a cantaloupe. He was wearing an airport security uniform,

an official looking badge on his shirt, and was grasping his holster.

"Kitty, it is absolutely forbidden to run in this airport, or any other airport for that matter! Listen up, next time we'll have to take you in for interrogation."

I nodded my head indicating approval and then apologized for my actions. Luckily, it was enough to get him off my back. I proceeded to walk to Gate #9, arriving there in a relatively short period of time. Shockingly, the seating area was empty. I couldn't understand what was going on.

I scanned the entire area, but didn't see my parents. I directed my gaze to the long corridor leading to the other terminals. After a brief pause, I continued walking through the corridor until I reached Gate #14. I saw a large congregation of people waiting for the door leading to the skywalk to be opened by airline personnel. Three Canuck Airlines personnel were standing behind a counter.

As soon as I approached them a slim, middle-aged woman grinned at me. Then, she waved me over. For a brief moment I assumed that my parents were redirected to this gate. Unfortunately, I was in for the shock of my life.

"Honey, I'm very sorry. I forgot about you. I have a letter for you ... I was supposed to give it to you at noon, I should've had you paged."

"Miss, please tell me where my parents are, where did they go?"

"I'm sorry kitty I don't know where your parents are at the moment. However, I do know one thing Mr. and Mrs. Williams left this letter for you. They told me that it was imperative you receive it."

I leaped up onto the counter, snatched the letter from the woman and then thanked her. By then, the entire congregation of people in the terminal was gawking at me. I felt like they knew something about the contents of the letter that I didn't.

"Wait honey," said the woman.

"What relation are you to the couple that gave me this letter?"

"Huh, I mean, umm, they were just friends, nothing special."

I felt blood rushing to my head and face, so much so I actually changed colour. I know this because a little girl who was standing near me said "mommy, why's that cat's face as red as the inside of a watermelon?"

It was time to leave. Although I sensed the woman had more to say I didn't care to hear it.

I leaped back onto the floor. After folding the letter and then placing it in my shoulder bag I proceeded to walk away, not looking back even once. I was acting out of instinct.

As I walked away I pondered about what the contents of the letter were. And where did my parents go?

I decided that the best place to read the letter was in the restroom. I passed several airport restrooms until I reached the one furthest from the most congested areas.

I entered the restroom took several steps towards the sink and then leaped onto it. Thankfully, this particular restroom was empty.

I removed the letter from my shoulder bag, unfolded it and then unsealed it with one of my claws. I removed the single piece of paper in the letter and then unfolded it. I took several deep breaths and exhaling, bracing myself for the worst.

*Dear Citizen Cat:*

*My husband and I have left you for good. Please read the entire content of this letter before you judge us. You are not our biological son. We adopted you when you were very young. Mr. Williams and I had been married for 5 years, unable to have a child we decided to adopt a cat.*

*We purchased you from The Belmont Puppy Mill. None of the puppy mill staff knew what your real name was or who your biological parents were. Apparently, you were either stolen from a human family or snatched from your biological mother. Therefore, the staff referred to you as Citizen Cat. You were certainly born in Canada making you a citizen and obviously, you belonged to the cat species.*

*My husband and I tried ever-so-dearly to raise you as a genuine Williams, but for some reason you couldn't make the grade. Furthermore, on numerous occasions you were nasty to us, argumentative, insolent, and aggressive, not showing us the kind of love that we needed.*

*Last night while you were sound asleep we inserted 500 dollars into your shoulder bag. This money should get you off to a good start. We had to empty out your checking account; it was really our money.*

*Don't wait for us; don't even fantasize about us or imagine that someday we'll return. We're not trying to be abrasive we're trying to save you a series of headaches and let-downs.*

*The Williams name isn't cheap. And as for some of your peasant friends, especially that Randy rodent, our neighbours were starting to talk about us.*

*We had all of the names on your I.D.s in your shoulder bag changed; the name on them now reads Citizen Cat. We didn't want you to run into any legal problems.*

*One last thing you are forbidden to use the Williams name, even in your fantasies or in your dream states.*

*My husband and I want the very best for you. Please believe us, we like you!*

*Best of Regards,*

*Carter and Andrea Williams*

What the hell is going on here? I asked myself. I'm not me, I'm someone else. 500 dollars inserted into my shoulder bag plus the one thousand that I already had on my person; although that seems like a lot of money it's not even enough to sign your average lease. I had no bank account, no assets, and absolutely no references.

Suddenly, I felt a powerful pulsating feeling in my temples. I figured it was anxiety, stress, and confusion, a normal response considering what I was going through.

"Excuse me, are you done with your business in this airport? Or do I have to call for backup!"

I turned to look at who was speaking to me, and lo and behold it was the burly airport security guard. He seemed to be a lot angrier than our first meeting. I wasn't in the mood to take anything from anyone.

I crouched down and then leaped onto his chest grasping his shirt with my hind-legs. I began a horrendous assault on him, throwing every kind of punch in the book, and some. I finished off my assault by giving him a powerful head-butt. He fell backwards unto the marble floor. He was out cold.

I'd never really been a physical cat, but under the circumstances I had to shut that guard up. I scanned the area, noticing 2 cameras in the restroom, worse yet both lenses were aimed right at me. The cameras moved by remote control. I figured that backup was on its way. It was time for me to make a lightning-fast exit, and just in time may I add.

As soon as I exited the restroom I saw about 20 armed men and women running towards me; worse yet, they were coming at me from the right and the left. There was nowhere to go.

Travellers and visitors alike began to converge upon the area. This is normal behaviour for humans. They have this urge to want to know what's going on. And they say cats are curious.

I only had a few moments to spare. Worse yet the armed men started to draw their weapons.

I scanned the entire area up, down, left and right but found no viable option. Then, I heard a honk of a car horn. It was from outside, I saw a cab. An escape plan dawned on me. Without wasting a moment I ran to the nearest window and then leaped through it, smashing it, catapulting myself along with countless shards and bits of glass onto the outdoors.

No sooner had I landed on the ground I heard an alarm and the voice of a stern sounding man on the intercom.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain John Baron speaking. I am the director of Airport Security. We have a situation; please stay calm, do not run, stay where you are and then immediately lie on the marble floor. Please DO NOT say a word until you get an okay from airport security; it will be conveyed through the intercom."

Not a single person listened to Captain Baron. Incredible chaos ensued people were running in all directions, some were screaming, others were shouting. I took advantage of the commotion, running across the street and then through the parking lot.

Like a big cat eyeing prey I zoomed in on one particular vehicle. It was a police car. Now, who would ever suspect that a cat on the run would leap into a police vehicle?

I stayed very low, not wanting anyone to see me. The car was parked roughly 50 yards straight ahead. As soon as I got to within 10 feet of the police vehicle I zoomed in on an open window. With incredible accuracy and athletic prowess, I leaped into the car landing in the back.

The sun was shining on the car making it very difficult for me to be completely aware of my surroundings. So, I did the next best thing; I slithered underneath my seat, staying put. As soon as I was well-hidden began to scent food. It smelled like a Tim Horton's jelly filled donut.

To put it mildly, I couldn't resist the temptation. I figured the officer left his car to get some coffee to have with his donut.

I crooped up my ears, focused my eyes and sniffed the air. I scaled the back of the front seat and then descended it. Now, I was eye-to-eye with a box of donuts. Donuts! Wow, more than

one donut! I was flabbergasted, so much so I completely forgot about the commotion around me.

With lightning speed I lifted the top of the box eyeing 2 large jelly filled donuts. I snatched one eating it in the exact manner a crocodile eats a large slab of flesh, shifting my head left to right and vice versa and chomping down on my donut. Then, I ate the second donut, but this time I ate it the manner a dominant male lion eats a slab of flesh. I roared, used my powerful jaws and teeth to rip through the donut, not allowing anyone to get too close to my food. By meal's end I was satiated. Indeed, it felt like I'd eaten a large slab of zebra flesh.

Stomach distended, happy as can be, wow, I felt like I was on top of the world, specifically Mount Everest.

This euphoric feeling lasted roughly 15 minutes. I was abruptly brought back to reality by the stamping footsteps of a human being. Judging from the walking style and jingle sound I deduced that it was an officer of the law. What! An officer of the law; I righted myself and then leaped over the front seats landing on the foot rest of the back seats.

Thank goodness I was securely hidden. But that didn't alter the mood of the officer. As soon as he entered the police vehicle he put a gargantuan cup of coffee in the cup holder, then fastened his seat belt, turned on the ignition, and extended his right arm to open the box of donuts. And boy, did he get the surprise of his life. Immediately, he began to talk to himself.

"What the hell! Who the hell! What is going on here, damn-it! I had 2 large jelly filled donuts in that box.

Who is stupid enough to rob a police officer; more so to steal something out of a police vehicle? Whoever this guy or gal is, if I ever find out who you are I'll shoot you between the eyes. I'll make it look like I was defending myself.

I can't believe this. Who can you trust nowadays? This world is in shambles. Next time I'll make sure to lock my vehicle's doors. Everything will be safe and secure."

The policeman shifted the vehicle into gear and then began his drive out of the airport parking lot. For me, this was the only way out. I was a wanted kitty. Well, I had no choice in the matter. Cats don't like it when people pick on them, especially when the person is a large human being carrying a badge.

The policeman stopped his vehicle when he reached the exit gate. I curled up like a ball and cuffed my entire face using my right paw. The last thing that I wanted to do was sneeze or hiccup; either of the two would've been a dead giveaway, perhaps in a literal sense too.

"Officer Turner, how's it going?"

"Not bad Steve. I'm heading back to the Fenton Police Station. Upon arrival I'll check in with the desk Sergeant and then I'm going home. I'm tired as hell; maybe, I'll call it quits for this job too."

"Come on, Officer Turner. You're the best officer on the beat and in the whole world too. We're lucky you have airport duty this week.

"Thanks Steve, you helped raised my spirits. Anyway, have a good day and see you on Wednesday. I have a couple of days off."

Officer Turner drove slowly over the speed bump and then left the airport parking lot. Thereafter, there was a deafening silence for roughly 15 minutes. Then, out of the blue, Officer Turner and took a downward turn for the worse.

"What am I doing here? I have nothing to show for myself. My wife of 10 years recently filed for divorce. I'm certainly going to lose custody of my 3 kids. I've been a patrol officer for 15 years. Many of my friends have been promoted. One of them is a Captain. I'm a worn out middle-aged man; no chance of being promoted; I've had it with this job. It's so stressful."

Although I felt genuine pity and compassion for Officer Turner the main issue on my mind was getting back home. Therein, I could eat, rest, and wash up. Afterward, I could come up with a game plan, I mean, I was on borrowed time. Even the Williams' mansion was likely only a temporary stay.

All I had to do was stay put and be patient. Judging from our travelling speed we were roughly 10 or 15 minutes away from Belmont city limits. After entering city limits I could slither my way out through the back window without being spotted by Officer Turner. But if he did spot me one right cross to the face would end my problems. By the time he came to I'd be long gone. Don't get me wrong, non-violence is the best way, unless you're cornered and have no other options.

Shortly thereafter, Officer Turner took another turn for the worse, and this time it was deadly.

"My life isn't worth living. I can't take this anymore!"

I instinctively knew it was a suicide alert. But I couldn't help him. Somehow, I froze stiff. Perhaps it was my own instinct for survival that froze me. Who knows?

As for our location, I knew we weren't on the highway; we were probably on Jackson Road. But I couldn't be 100 percent certain without leaping onto the back seat and craning my neck. Unfortunately, that option was out of the question, for obvious reasons.

Officer Turner slowed down his vehicle leading to an eventual stop. He was parked on the shoulder of the road. For a moment I thought he was going to take a leak, or perhaps vomit.

"Life isn't what it's out to be. It totally sucks! I can't live on this planet any more. I don't care about my wife because I know she's having an affair a little squirt, probably a cat-faced idiot. As for my kids, they never really loved me."

Following a 10 second deafening silence I heard a POW sound; instantly, blood and brain tissue splattered throughout much of the interior of the vehicle, including yours truly. I leaped up onto the back seat, standing on my hind legs and craning my neck as far as possible.

My suspicions were correct. Officer Turner had blown his head off. Worse yet, I had much of his blood scattered all over my body.

Before I could contemplate the full extent of this shocking and tragic event I took notice of a vehicle that slowed down stopping parallel to our location.

It was time to get out of there. The last thing I needed was to be suspected of murdering an officer of the law. The police don't like it when one of their own commits suicide. Spouses and dependents receive no death benefits from a suicide. It would be better to call it a cold blooded murder. This way, everyone in the police department can save face.

I leaped out of the vehicle but not before several more vehicles converged upon the scene. We were on Jackson Road and close to Belmont city limits, roughly a mile away. Although this was my ultimate destination, being so close to Belmont meant that a 911 call would result in a quick police response.

I kept low, running deep into a grassy field heading to Belmont but in a circuitous manner. Running on Jackson Road would've been disastrous. Thankfully the sun had begun to set.

"Someone call the police! There's the cold-blooded killer kitty, he's running through the grassy field!" shouted a woman.

Worse was to come, "take his picture! Download his image and send it to the Belmont Police! There's likely a huge reward for his capture, dead or alive!" Shouting and more shouting came from different people. I figured it was doomsday for me.

Though I was scared and anxious, my blood was also boiling. I momentarily lost control of myself, stopping dead cold, craning my neck and then shouting back at my accusers, "no I didn't freaking kill that officer, he blew his own head off, he committed suicide, damn you all!"

As soon as I regained control of myself I felt the gravity of my mistake.

"There he is, right there! Now that we know where he is, keep your eyes fixed on him and above all else do not let him out of your sight!" shouted a tall, chubby man.

I instinctively went into snake mode slithering through the grass, weaving left to right and back again. Within a few

minutes the crowd had lost sight of me. Nevertheless, it wasn't enough. The grassy field that I was in was only a few times the size of a football field. The police could cordon off the area until sunrise or worse yet they could use their bloodhounds to sniff me out. Many of these police bloodhounds have a personal vendetta against cats, making matters even worse. A posse would certainly be formed soon thereafter.

My pulse and blood pressure rose so sharply I became dizzy. I don't remember exactly when, but I passed out. The stress of it all was simply too much for me. When I came to I noticed a handsome prairie dog hunched over me. No doubt, he didn't want to be seen by the forming posse.

"Hey, kitty, what did you do?"

"Listen, I didn't do anything, really." I explained my story to the prairie dog, keeping my description short and to the point.

As soon as I finished my story the prairie dog embraced me then gave me a kiss on each cheek. Believe me, that was a good consolation.

"Listen, Citizen you and I are kind of in the same boat. As you're surely well-aware, my people almost always live on the prairies. Aren't you curious why I'm living here? That's not all. My roommate and best friend in the whole world is a black-footed ferret."

"Huh, no way, that's absolutely impossible! Prairie dogs and black-footed ferrets never live together. They're arch enemies. I know as a fact that your people fear black-footed ferrets."

"Citizen, listen up. Morris and I became best friends out of circumstance and necessity. Our people, prairie dogs and black-footed ferrets that are living in the prairies have lost so much of our original homelands and are constantly being demonized and harmed by humans. We've endured numerous pogroms.

Morris and I boarded a cargo train in Alberta heading east. We decided to stop in Ontario. Well, we've been here for 3 whole years, and you know what, it beats living on the prairies.

Citizen, let me formally introduce myself. My name is Rick Huston. My friend's name is Morris Webb. I'll help you evade the posse, but umm, I want something in return.

I notice you're carrying a kitty shoulder bag. And judging from your appearance, mannerisms, and voice you can spare 50 dollars, right? I'm sorry, I'd love to help you for free, but you know how it is. Everything is for money."

I took out a 50 dollar bill from my shoulder bag, sniffed it, and then reluctantly gave it to Rick. It wasn't that I couldn't spare the money I was worried about additional money requests in the future. Besides, Rick was still a stranger.

"Rick, as stated in my personal mini-bio I am Citizen Cat, formerly and incorrectly known as Toby Williams.

Just one thing, where's Morris?"

"Morris left for a few days. He's roaming the downtown core sniffing for money. Humans drop money, believe me, it works. And it works so well I do it every so often. Sometimes we find 50 or even 100 dollar bills, but mostly we find coins and small denominations of bills.

Just about any sniffer dog can do it too. But prairies dogs and other low-lying animals have an incredible advantage, we aren't as noticeable to people.

Sirens blaring from Belmont interrupted our conversation. Not to mention the ever so growing crowd converging upon the scene of the suicide, though they believed it was a cold-blooded murder.

"Toby, Morris and I have access to 17 underground tunnels, with entry points and exits. Each of which is well camouflaged. And just in case we regularly smear the area with various animal and human scents to off-track any person or persons who search for us, especially those dreaded hounds. All hounds are the same when it comes to tracking other animals.

Anyway, let's not waste any more time, okay. Citizen, follow me. Tomorrow I'll show you our entire network of underground tunnels, on condition you don't tell anyone. Don't worry, I trust you. If you weren't in such a troubled bind I wouldn't have taken you in. The way I see it, you need me more than I need you."

Thank goodness the sun had set making it more difficult for my pursuers to see me, except of course, if they used night vision equipment. I wasn't taking any chances.

Rick and I instinctively kept low, slithering through the grass for roughly 5 minutes before we stopped.

"Citizen, this is our main entrance. Don't worry our tunnels aren't narrow like they are out in the prairies, and besides, Morris and I have absolutely no competitors in this grassy field.

Rick pulled back a thick sheet covering of grass and dirt, literally opening a doorway into an elaborately built entrance to a tunnel.

I followed Rick into the tunnel for several feet before I became claustrophobic. He stopped to see what was going on. By then I was hyperventilating, and feeling quite nauseous.

"Oh gosh Citizen, I'm really sorry. I forgot you're not designed for deep underground incursions. It won't be a problem. We'll backtrack some, to the spacious area near the entrance. I think you can survive there, right?"

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