



**KITTY - KITTY
& THE PEOPLE OF
THE GREAT HOLE**

by NEAL FOX

About the cover:

Kitty-Kitty stares into the vastness of the Great Hole

Kitty-Kitty is a real cat, and that is her real name. This is her story, from her viewpoint. The book is mostly true, although Kitty-Kitty has been known to exaggerate at times.

Kitty-Kitty & The People of the Great Hole

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by Neal Fox

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Kitty-Kitty & The People of the Great Hole

Call me Kitty-Kitty. There are no whales in this story, so don't worry about that. If you just call me Kitty I will not answer. Kitty was another cat. But I am Kitty-Kitty, and I was born in the wild. Some call that being "feral", but I just know I did not have any people to call my own. Yes, I took food off the decks and porches of various people, but I did not have any people of my own. This continued until I was a teenage cat, in cat time, that is. All the rest of my cat family was gone by then. I suppose they were not good at catching mice. But I was the best at catching mice, because I am fast. Very fast. Like the wind.

I did not think I would ever like people very much. They seemed big and would stare, and some would come out of their holes and yell things at me when I took food off their porch. I was afraid of them. I would run away fast when I saw them. That was how I survived all the dangers of the wild world. I ran away. Fast. And I am very fast. But I may have mentioned that already.

People live in weird looking holes. They are not like holes in the wild.

People holes are different. They are mostly above the ground, and are not made of dirt. But I have never been inside one. In the wild we do not go into holes which we did not dig. One day I saw two people near a very nice people hole. It was the nicest and biggest people hole I had ever seen. It was piled-up rocks, which seemed like a good idea to me.



Sometimes holes in the wild are burrowed in between rocks, and they are safer and usually cleaner than dirt holes. Since this people hole was made of

piled-up rocks, it seemed like a truly Great Hole to me, so I started calling it that. One day I was near this Great Hole trying to find food. Then I saw two people come out of it and they were looking at me. So I ran away fast. I had taken food off the deck outside this Great Hole many times. These people often seemed to carelessly leave food lying around on the deck. I supposed they were going to eat it later, except I never saw them licking any food off their deck. So I would sneak up and eat their food before they could get it because I was hungry.

Then a while later I was walking around and I came out in the open near the Great Hole and did not know the two people were outside the hole, and I was close to them. Way too close. So I ran away fast. But they did not chase me so I got away. Then every day I saw more food on the deck outside the Great Hole so I would sneak up and eat it, then run away fast. More and more food appeared on the deck outside this Great Hole, so I found myself going back every day to look for food, and I always found some lying on the deck.

These two people were curious to me. Very curious. I did not understand what they were doing. Being so careless to let that much food lay on their

deck so that a wild cat like me could just eat it up was curious to me. So I watched them more and more closely from the tall grass outside their Great Hole. I would see them come out of the Great Hole, then they went back in. Then I would find food on the deck. What was going on?



But no matter. Since I was hungry I would eat the all the food I found on the deck outside the Great Hole. Sometimes I would see the two people but they never chased me, unlike wild creatures in the fields and woods. I saw these two people more and more, and started seeing even more food on their deck. I sneaked up and got it before they could come back and eat it off their deck. I thought I was sneaky. And of course I am fast. Very fast. But

maybe I have mentioned that already.

People live in very large holes. Most of the wild creatures I have known lived in small holes, not much bigger than they were. That kept bigger animals from entering their small holes. But people live in big holes, way bigger than they are. And these holes do not have round openings. No, they have sort of square openings. Often they have several openings, which I have noticed as I walked around taking food from their decks and porches. The two people I started watching from the tall grass lived in the Great Hole which seemed nicer than most other people holes. It was not under the ground like wild creatures I have known. Maybe part of it is, but I do not know since I am a wild cat. But this hole seemed nicer to me. I am not sure why. Maybe it just seemed "warmer" to me somehow. Yes, warmer.

As I watched the People of the Great Hole I noticed things. One was taller with short fur on top of the head. The other was just a little bit shorter with a curly head. I especially thought the shorter curly top one was maybe nice. The taller one seemed too tall to be nice. But I did not have a Mama cat to teach me these things. I was alone as long as I can remember. And I was

only a teenage cat, in cat years that is.



So finally I decided to name these two people "The People of the Great Hole." It is an honor when a wild cat names people. And I invented this name all by myself. I think it is a very good name. Most creatures in the wild just refer to people as "the ones in the brown hole" or "the ones in the green hole" or "those people who yell a lot" or whatever, but those are not truly names. But I named these two people because they were curious to me. Very curious. I sensed they might be sort of nice, but I was afraid to go near

them. Maybe they would not be nice. Maybe they would yell and chase me up a tree like other people I have met. But then, maybe these two people were different. They seemed like two nice people who lived in a Great Hole. But I was a wild cat with no Mama to teach me, so I just did not know.

So I watched the People of the Great Hole more and more. I was curious about them. Very much so. But I never saw these two people licking food off their deck. That seemed strange since there was always food there, but whatever. I was hungry. So if they were not going to eat that food, then I figured it was abandoned property and available for any cat, especially if they were fast like me. And I am very fast.

Sometimes I would see the two people looking at me. But somehow they did not seem to want to chase me up a tree or anything. I don't know what was different about them. They just had a certain nice look. Especially the curly top one. But then I would tell myself that it must be a trick. So I would always run away fast.

Did I mention I am fast? I am very fast. But I am called a "tortoise shell"

cat. I don't like that, because tortoises are very slow, and I am very fast. Why am I called a tortoise shell? I am not a tortoise and I do not have a shell. I am very fast, and tortoises are very slow, especially because they carry a shell around. I have noticed these things in the wild. I could run circles around any tortoise in the wild. So to hide my tortoise shell fur I often rolled in the dirt to make my fur a lighter color, but then when I took my bath I just ended up licking dirt off my fur. Yucky. Some things do not work very well. But it sounded like a good idea at the time.

Eventually the two people came out to look at me whenever I was in their yard. When I say they "came out" I mean they came out of that Great Hole, bigger than any hole I ever saw in the wild. And the Great Hole had a cover on it that I could see through, because it was transparent down to my eye level. That seemed very odd. Most holes in the wild do not have any covers. The "Great Hole" cover would first "click" and then would open, the two people would come out, food would appear on the deck, and the cover would close. What if they needed to run back into that Great Hole fast? That cover might slow them down. I did not understand it. But I was still a teenage cat. In cat years, that is.

One day I went up to take the people's food off their deck. As usual, there was some laying there. But suddenly the Great Hole cover opened and they came out. I ran away fast since I was very close to them. But they did not yell or chase me. Why didn't they chase me? I did not understand. In the wild we chase others away from our food. This scene repeated over and over. I saw food on the deck. I went and ate it. The cover of the great hole would open. I ran away fast (and I am very fast). But they would never chase me or yell at me. They would just look at me. What was going on?

As this continued I just had to figure out what was happening. So I would still run away fast when the two people appeared, but I would not run as far, and I would also turn around and look at them. They were looking at me and I was looking at them. At first I turned and ran, but as this continued I eventually stared back at them longer and longer. That seemed to cause the two people to make happy sounds. I just could not decide if it was a trick. But they never chased me up a tree or yelled at me.

Did I mention I was often hungry when I was growing up in the wild? I

would sit in the tall grass watching for mice and my tummy would growl and scare away all the mice. That was not working. I ate some lizards, but they hurt my tummy since they are not soft like mice. I would sit in the tall grass and stare at the Great Hole where the two people lived. It seemed nice. The cover on the Great Hole would open, food came out, and I would go take it because I was hungry. But I still could not figure out why they didn't eat the food they left on the deck. It was quite a puzzle to a teenage cat who was alone in the big world. I didn't have a Mama cat to teach me about these things.

One day the people surprised me when I thought I was being sneaky. They were outside the Great Hole and I did not see them until they were right there beside me. They could have grabbed me! I ran away fast, but they did not chase me. They could have caught me, but they just looked at me. I stopped and looked back at them. Then I went away slowly. Why slow? I am a very fast cat.

I suppose you know that cats are curious. "Curiosity killed the cat" I heard old Grizzley Cat say one time. But I was sure curious about the People of

the Great Hole. They seemed to want me to eat the food they put on their deck. Why? This was very odd to me. In the wild we do not share food. We just gobble up as much as we can as fast as we can. And I was very fast, even when eating.

I would sit in the tall grass and wonder about the People of the Great Hole. I would sit and sit and think and think. And my tummy would growl. So I would get up and go to the Great Hole deck. And there was always food. So I would eat it. Then my tummy would stop growling, which was nice.

OK, so I thought I had finally figured this out. The People of the Great Hole must have holes in their pouches. I had seen them put their paws into their pouches along their long legs and get things out, and put things in. They must put food in their pouches and some spills out as they go back to the Great Hole.

As I sat in the tall grass and pondered these two people and the deck food issue, I decided I must find where they go to get the food they put into their pouches. That way I could skip the middle man. But that did not work out.

As it turned out, the People of the Great Hole had a back opening to the hole. That back opening to the Great Hole would open with a huge noise, like some grinding machine. A giant cover over the back of the Great Hole pulled upward and revealed a giant mechanical animal that drives on black paths through the grasses which grow all along it, but those grasses are much shorter than the tall grass I sit in. That giant mechanical animal would take the two people away, and I was sure they were eaten by it because I could see them inside of it. But they were still moving. It made me sad to see them eaten by the mechanical animal.

Just when I had given up on them they came back and the giant mechanical animal spit them out whole. Then the huge back cover to the Great Hole would drop down with all sorts of noise and close. It was a great mystery to a teenage cat from the wild. How did this giant mechanical animal eat the people, take them far away, and then spit them out whole and they were just fine? I wished my Mama cat was here to explain all of this. I was just a teenage cat and did not understand these things.



Then when the people came out of the Great Hole I watched as they put food down on the deck and went back inside. It was not falling out of their pouches after all! They were just putting it down and walking away. Very curious. That does not happen in the wild. We do not just let food lying around. We gobble it up. Fast. Very fast.

So I went to the deck and ate that food. Then they came out and looked at me, and I looked back, this time from the edge of the deck. Why did they put

food down on the deck on purpose? Why did they not chase me or yell at me? So out of curiosity I just sat down on the deck and stared at them, and they stared at me. Very odd. But it felt....nice. Why did it feel nice? I am a wild cat. These are giants. Why so nice?

Eventually I would just go under the deck after eating the food. The deck was nice. Cool in the summer, and warmer in winter. I found a nice spot. I would stay under the deck, go up and eat when the cover of the Great Hole opened and I heard the sound of food hitting the deck. This was nice. Curious, but nice.

I started seeing the two people more and more often. I started to sit on the far edge of the deck and stare at the two people. They stood by the opening of the Great Hole and stared back. It seemed nice. So I no longer ran away. Then over time I slowly got up the nerve to go nearer to them, then nearer, and nearer, and finally I was right next to them! Yikes -- they were so tall! Way taller than the tall grass I sat in all that time when I watched them. But when I came near I would get more food. Soon I figured out that the closer I got, and the longer I stayed, the more food I got. Sometimes I ate too

much. But still, it was nice. Very nice. And my tummy did not growl any more. That was nice, too.

Soon it seemed that I was not so much afraid of the People of the Great Hole. I did not trust them, but I was no longer afraid of them. We had an understanding that no touching of the wild cat was permitted. But at some point I wanted to touch them. The urge seemed.....ingrained in me.

So I started walking by them closer and closer. No touching of the people. Just walking back and forth past them doing "air passes" but walking closer and closer to their long legs. No touching of the people, and no people touching Kitty-Kitty. Then one day I accidentally tapped my tail against one of their legs while passing, and I jolted back. But nothing happened. They did not try to chase me or yell at me. They looked happy. It seemed nice.

So my "accidental" tail tapping the leg while doing my "air passes" became more regular, then finally I would rub back and forth on their legs. It was nice. I did not understand why sometimes they had different leg covers, and

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