

Title: Pretty Boy  
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## FIRST TIMER

This is an incredible story of, well, an incredible cat named Pretty Boy. That's me, yours truly. But don't be fooled by my being incredible. You can't imagine how much hell I've been through. But, in all honesty, let me admit that I've also had many good times. Before I go through the normal narrative, I must explain to you the horrors of animal shelter gas chambers.

I'm what you'd call a survivor. No, not a survivor, but an incredible survivor.

I was born in Tree Town, a small town located in western Ontario. This part of Western Ontario is absolutely beautiful.

As you guessed, Tree Town contained an incredible plethora of trees and other plant life. Naturally, being in Canada, the dominant figure was the Maple Tree. I'd always loved Maple Trees; these gorgeous and highly precious trees are the epitome of a Canadian plant.

Forgive me for speaking about Tree Town in the past tense. I fled the town roughly a year ago. I'll fill you in later in the book about what caused me to flee my beloved hometown.

Maple syrup is incredibly delicious. During my stray cat days my buddies and I would claw and bite our way through bark, sometimes really tough bark, to get to that incredibly sweet, thick, and tasty thing they call maple syrup.

Tree Town contained roughly 15000 human folk the rest consisted of companion animals and strays. The vast majority of non-humans consisted of dogs, cats and pigeons. Wildlife such as squirrels, raccoons, skunks, and gulls had become a minority to the stray cat and dog population.

Let me backtrack for just a moment. Regarding wildlife population, I'm not including the other birds (non-pigeons, non-gulls). Naturally, their numbers can reach into the bazillions. That's really incredible stuff.

It was roughly a year ago that the entire Tree Town City Council, including Mayor Gordon had had enough of the skyrocketing stray dog and cat population.

By then, the stray dog and cat population had reached roughly 25000.

I understood what was going on. The human inhabitants of Tree Town felt threatened by us animals. Humans can't accept the fact that some animal species can exceed their own numbers.

Within a few weeks Tree Town was literally buzzing with animal control officers (ACOs). We had foreigners within these 'cleanup crews' too. These fellows and gals posed as Canadian personnel, but I could tell by their accents they were foreigners. Some were American, others were British. A few had really strange accents, too foreign for me to decode.

The ACOs tried to annihilate us. I still don't believe the unfounded reasons the mayor and the city council members gave for the annihilation of 'unwanted' inhabitants of Tree Town; too much animal poop everywhere, dogs and cats attacking innocent humans, too much howling, barking, yelping, hissing and meowing throughout the day and especially at night, and too many animal fights, and worst of all too many mountings occurring in public.

After the annihilation campaign our respective populations began to dwindle quite rapidly. There was no place to go because the Tree Town Police Department had officers stationed at every town exit round-the-clock. These officers were the cream of the crop, provided with night vision goggles and scoped rifles.

Many of our comrades were gunned down others were wounded thereby dying a slow death. Hardly a cat or a dog escaped town. Many, like me were captured.

I was one of the last animals captured. It was on a cloudy Sunday morning near the back entrance of John's Burger Joint.

In all honesty, I'm ashamed of myself. I literally fell for one of the oldest tricks in the book. I fell for the bait and capture trick; it's like a sucker punch but worse.

By the time I was captured almost all of the unwanted inhabitants of our town had been liquidated in one way or another. But the mayor and the city council were adamant that not a single dog, cat, or other unwanted inhabitant of town was to be seen anywhere. I think they eventually got their wish.

Anyway, on that dreadful Sunday afternoon I found myself strolling through town, slobbering at the mouth, and desperate to eat anything.

Believe me I almost stooped down to eating grass and leaves. Now, that's a major insult for any kitty. I would've been called a cow by other cats.

At 2:30 P.M., while strolling on Williams Street I picked up the scent of a trio fast food meal.

For those of you who aren't Canadian, a trio, say at Burger King would consist of a sandwich, fries, and a drink (usually but not always a pop).

I could smell the meat, garnish, fries and vanilla milk shake from a mile. Not to mention the bonus apple pie.

I knew very well that I had to eat and drink. Although part of me was giving out an emergency warning regarding a possible trap, I went ahead and ignored my instincts.

I continued walking on Williams street, due east and enjoying the incredible tree-lined streets.

I was in the posh side of town and indeed, loved it. Every cat wants to live in a mansion, to eat the best foods, drink the best drinks, to have beautiful living and playing accommodations, free veterinary medical care, and loving caretakers.

As soon as I reached the peripheral of the John's Burger Joint parking lot I paused for a moment, glanced up at the sky, admired its beautiful blueness and then proceeded to what I viewed as my natural free meal ticket.

Honestly, I should've stopped in my tracks and then turned back. You see, there wasn't a car in sight; a dead giveaway that a sting operation was in effect. But no, I proceeded to John's Burger Joint.

I reached the front of John's Burger Joint a minute later. My, oh, my, the place was delightful. It was two stories high, with a large patio area, two artificial waterfalls one indoors the other outdoors located within the patio seating area.

Yet another dead giveaway; I could smell my meal ticket's delicious vapours emanating from the back of the restaurant, but, where was everyone? Even the interior of the restaurant was empty, a haunting silence ensued.

I got the jitters, but shrugged it off. To tell you the truth, I'd been on the run and strolling through town for several days, eating whatever I could find, drinking fountain water and thinking about leaving the area.

I scanned the area earnestly, and then decided to continue onwards.

Surprisingly, the back door was slightly ajar. Yet, this was another dead giveaway of a potential problem.

I couldn't help it, I had to eat and drink. I could smell solid food and drink. It was too much for me!

I scanned the entire parking lot area again. As if seeing potential danger would've changed my mind, anyway.

I inhaled quite deeply, expanding my chest three-fold, then exhaled with a power I'd never felt before.

As soon as I entered John's Burger Joint I saw what appeared to be a giant platter of food containing a quadruple paddy burger, all garnished, beside it a large mound of thick large fries beside the burger, and a super-sized pop just inches away from the platter. And there was one more item, a foot-long apple cobbler, hot and on the kitchen counter. It was way too good to be true.

For some unknown reason there were no kitchen staff workers in sight. Lunchtime is supposed to be hectic.

As soon as I was several feet inside the kitchen, I sensed immediate danger. Where was it coming from, I asked myself?

A moment later, I got my answer. A giant net landed on me, engulfing my entire body. But this wasn't your everyday net that a cat could chew through or claw his or her way out of. This was a metal-based net. The material was so strong even a Great White Shark couldn't have chewed through it.

I fought like crazy, but to no avail.

"Let me go! Let me Go, damn you all, I'm a proud cat! I just want to eat that delicious food and drink that freaking vanilla shake!"

Immediately, several ACOs entered the kitchen. For several minutes they just stood there gawking at me, grinning and giving each other high-five smacks.

"Hey fellows, look at that loser kitty. He's the last of his kind. We got them all," exclaimed an ACO.

"Boss, can I chop up that kitty with that hatchet over there, the one on the kitchen wall beside the freezer?"

"No, too bad we can't do that. As a Sergeant in the Animal Control Department it's my responsibility to bring back as many unwanted residents of Tree Town as I possibly can."

The Sergeant, a heavy set guy with greasy hair and a thin moustache was uglier than sin. He kept glancing over at me ever-so-often. But that's not what terrified me the most. It was the

expression on his face and the fact that he was firmly grasping his holster.

I paused for a minute, and then continued to struggle to no avail. Without warning, one of the ACOs pointed what appeared to be a tranquilizer gun at me he held the gun firmly for roughly 15 seconds and then pulled the trigger.

Barely a few seconds later, I was seeing double. Then, I was out cold, knocked out big times.

Before I knew it I awakened inside an animal shelter. Normal protocol was bypassed. Depending on the jurisdiction, the usual animals (dogs or cats) are given a few days to weeks-on-end to be adopted.

Not in the Tree Town Animal Shelter. The mayor and city council members unanimously agreed that as soon as an unwanted resident was captured, he or she was to be immediately taken to the execution ward.

I was abruptly awakened by ice water splashed onto my face and body. I was in a tiny, stinky animal shelter cell. No food or water was provided. I was famished, but I also had a slightly nauseous feeling. I needed more sleep and rest time too.

"Hey, kitty, wake the f\_ck up! Time for your gas chamber execution," exclaimed an obese shelter worker.

"Huh, what the hell are you talking about? I demand my constitutional rights! Damn it, I'm a citizen of this country! The Canadian Charter of Rights issues guarantees that I be treated fairly and justly.

Now, let me go or else I'll personally call the Prime Minister of Canada!" I shouted.

My statement brought about a response of laughter. The shelter worker told me that the mayor and the city council didn't recognize any charter of rights outside their jurisdiction. Furthermore, the mayor had declared a state of emergency, negating any due process for any unwanted inhabitant that was captured.

The shelter worker opened my cell door, and then promptly yanked me out of the cell, who by the way, was a middle-aged woman, gray-haired, with grandma chicken arms (flabby triceps, the kind that dangle), and was bedraggled in appearance. In all honesty, if I was ugly and pathetic-looking as her, maybe I'd work in an animal shelter too. Also, I'd probably enjoy gassing animals too. People who look like this particular shelter worker often get teased; gosh it's horrifying for her to even see herself in the mirror. She was ugliness incarnate.

Under normal circumstances, I would've made an escape attempt. Unfortunately, the shelter workers were well prepared for this matter.

As soon as I was yanked out of my cell, in came two very large, muscular RCMP Officers. Each officer had his right hand on his holster, gun at the ready and mean-eyed. They were hoping that I would dare try to escape. No doubt, it would've resulted in an instant execution.

These two fellows weren't the cream of the crop of the RCMP. On the contrary, who in his right mind would accept such duties from within the RCMP?

The shelter worker held my neck with her left hand and my crotch with her right hand. This is what cats refer to as the 'double jujitsu hold'. This hold is similar to the scruff hold however it's a lot more aggressive and humiliating. No mother cat would ever hold her kittens using the double jujitsu hold.

As soon as we arrived at the execution ward I almost fainted. Gosh it was the most horrifying thing I'd ever seen in my whole life.

I was fourth in line. Two shelter workers were in the process of emptying out a gigantic gas chamber. Drove of dead dogs and cats were being plucked out, laconically, as though they were chunks of dust or mounds of trash.

The gas chamber was made out of special see through material. No doubt, the shelter workers wanted to see the animals therein squirm, beg, puke and defecate, urine, ejaculate and whatever else happens during the gassing process. Let me elaborate on the ejaculation. This certainly does not occur as a result of euphoria, but out of unbelievable pain, agony, fear, and torment. There's nothing sexual about it.

As soon as one particular shelter worker turned to face the animals in line I got the shock of my life. It was the Sergeant.

"Hey kitty, guess what? It's me, your best friend in the whole world. I'm going to have a nice time watching you squirm. I want you to die because you people make our town really dirty. You poop everywhere mount each other in broad daylight without any consideration for what we humans think of this particular type of behaviour, and you breed like rabbits."

I had a good line or two to tell the Sergeant off, but before I could say a single word I received a very sharp jab in my side. Apparently, one of the RCMP Officers struck me with a gadget resembling a baton. This jabbing motion was a pre-emptive strike; I was to keep my mouth shut because no back talk by any animal on death row would be tolerated. No doubt, the shelter workers had gone through this routine many times over.

Suddenly, many more animals were brought into the execution ward. There were now roughly thirty cats and dogs in line for execution. I figured these animals were in fact, the last of the Mohicans. I couldn't imagine any more dogs and cats in Tree Town. What a shame if they all died, I wondered to myself.

The Sergeant and what appeared to be a gas chamber cleaner took a couple steps backward and then grinned at the terrified animals. These two schmucks appeared to enjoy the fear in the eyes and on the faces of the death row animals.

Like zombies without any feelings, we knew what we had to do. The animals in front of me, two mixed breeds and a Siamese cat walked to their death without hesitation. I and those behind me followed suit. We were like stripe-shirted concentration camp inmates marching to our deaths. The animals in our line knew what it felt like to be sent to the gas chamber.

The Sergeant and the other shelter worker began to drop each animal into gigantic gas chamber.

Every dropped animal began to cry. The stench of death and rotten flesh was by now beyond imagination. I was too terrified to puke. I had my own life and death to worry about. My gag and puke instincts were placed on the backburner.

As soon as we were all crammed into the gas chamber the Sergeant peered inside grinned at us and then gave us a thumbs-up. As though we were going to have a good time dying; then he shut the lid. Afterwards, we heard the Sergeant turn the knob to seal the canister. It was now impossible for any of us to escape. Even Superman or Harry Houdini couldn't have escaped this death sentence. Or, that's what I thought.

The gas chamber was stuffed beyond belief. We were packed into that hell-hole more tightly than sardines in a tin can.

Our bodies were smothered together my face was smothered against the special glass. Someone's face was smothered against my butt and crotch. I'm not trying to be funny, it really was that way.

The ordeal was terrifying. Even without the gas being injected into the gas chamber, we were quickly running out of air. Claustrophobia was another horrific problem. Imagine 20 persons stuffed into a Volkswagen bug; well, our ordeal was worse.

The animals were hyper-ventilating what air they could gasp, frantically crying, panting, puking, excreting and urinating, bleeding, groaning, and at least one animal ejaculated.

Considering the horror of it all, it could've been worse. Often-times, the animals in line arrive while their predecessors are being gassed. The onlookers literally see, hear, smell, and sense the horror of it all. Thankfully, our group only saw our predecessors after they'd already died.

Before the gassing began I took notice of a large object approaching our gas canister. Although my vision was somewhat blurred, I used my mind and brain to fill in the blanks.

The Sergeant approached our gas chamber once again. This time, he pointed his right index finger at me and then spoke. Although his words were somewhat muffled, I managed to fill in the blanks.

"Kitty, your group is literally the last of the Mohicans. I'm going to enjoy myself through this wonderful spectacle."

A moment later, the Sergeant, along with the other persons in the execution ward walked to the control room and then closed the door behind them.

Perhaps it was only 10 or so seconds later. I really can't tell you. Every second in that hell-hole seemed like a hundred years. Millions of dogs and cats are killed in shelters in North America and more so worldwide. Not all jurisdictions allow for the use of gas chambers, in fact, many never use them. Although they're commonly referred to as gas canisters, please don't be fooled. We were in gas chambers; the real gizmo and absolutely nothing less.

As soon as the gas began to seep into the gas chamber all hell broke loose. The paranoia, fear, anxiety, terror and pain, agony, and torment increased many-fold.

Worse yet, there was nowhere to run or hide. By golly, we couldn't even move our bodies. I even had a hard time blinking.

It didn't take long for us to desperately gasp for air, gag, froth at the mouth, bleed from various orifices, and become quite crazy.

On my honour as a cat, I simply cannot explain to you how monstrously horrific things became. Just try to imagine it; actually, you can't. It is unimaginable.

I found myself suffocating, gasping for what at first was the minute quantity of air left, but soon became the actual poison that was killing us all, a terrible poisonous gas.

They say that while you die old memories may come back to life with incredible clarity. In my case they did.

I remembered the good times and the bad. But more so, I had a few old scores to settle, like when I was a kitten. But those memories alone couldn't get me out of that gas chamber.

The last thing I remember is frothing at the mouth and blood dripping from my nostrils. I passed out.

When I came too I found myself inside a gigantic garbage bin. I shrugged off my grogginess quite rapidly. Although I was very thankful to still be alive the other animals, perhaps a couple thousand in the gigantic garbage bin were all dead, filthy dirty, and quite stinky.

Our garbage bin was being lifted off the ground, thankfully quite slowly. What awaited us was a crematorium. I managed to stand up, wriggle my way to the corner of the interior of the bin. Thereafter, I leaped as high as I could. Thankfully, I was



able to scale over-board. I fell 15 or so feet onto the gravelled ground.

Luckily, the operator of the machine was pre-occupied with doing his job. I violently shook my body and then walked away, making sure to keep my head and body low until I exited the cleanup facility.

Thankfully, this part of the facility was outdoors. I was able to take in deep breaths, enjoy the fresh air, and then exhale slowly.

It was mid-afternoon the sky was clear and blue. There wasn't a cloud in sight, even across the horizon.

As soon as I exited the facility I scanned the area intently. What I saw before my eyes was a long road heading east and west.

Initially, I began to walk east, doing so for roughly 100 yards. But as my head began to clear I backtracked, and then headed west.

I continued walking on the shoulder of the road for roughly an hour until a flash thought popped into my head. If anyone from the facility drove by me, I'd likely be re-arrested and then returned for another execution. There was no talking my way out of it I was still too close to the facility.

Besides I stunk like hell and had gooey stuff pasted throughout my entire body. This gooey stuff was a sure sign of having been given a death sentence at the animal shelter. Who knows, with my luck the Sergeant would likely be the arresting ACO.

To tell you the truth, my blood was still boiling. I felt like destroying one or more of those ACOs, especially the Sergeant.

I shifted my position more to the right of the gravel road. I was now walking on the lower side of an embankment, out of sight of passersby except someone with an extremely keen eye.

Still yet, I continued my trek westward for another hour and a half before I noticed that dawn was fast approaching. Soon it would be dark. My biggest problem would likely be the night creatures on my right, a forested area.

Beside the gravel road on both sides were a very packed congregation of trees and other plant life. This was good for my health. I always loved nature.

A short while later I decided to catch a few winks. I entered into the forested area for roughly 15 feet, chose a tree, scaled it and then slept on a thick branch therein.

I was in and out of sleep for several hours until I was all caught up with my sleeping. Unfortunately, I still reeked of stink. I had to clean up, at any cost.

I re-entered the road and then continued my trek westward. Not long afterward, I spotted a two way intersection. A couple of miles northward on the cross road was the silhouette of what appeared to be a large town.

As soon as I reached the two way intersection I made certain to memorize the name of the road, for future reference.

I was on Kings Road, northbound and excited at the prospect of reaching civilization.

But on this road there were no hiding places. No embankments and no forested areas. I was left on my own. Knowing what I'd known about cat hating drivers, I placed myself on yellow alert; cautious but not jittery.

It was a beautiful moonlit night the stars were shining the sky was dark and clear and there was a calmness that was too good to be true; almost spooky.

But I had to keep going otherwise I'd likely be run over by some cat hater.

Traffic on Kings Road was semi-heavy, likely because it was leading in and out of a large town.

When I was within 200 yards of town limits a chubby driver in a white Toyota pickup slowed down to my pace. He was literally parallel to me.

"Hey kitty, what the hell happened to you? Did you get tossed into the sewer? Man, you reek of stink and you're all covered with some slimy gooey stuff."

As soon as I stopped walking the driver of the Toyota pickup did likewise. At the time, there was a temporary lull in traffic.

My heart began to pace, my blood pressure shot up through the sky and my muscles began to twitch, even before my mind could consciously perceive potential danger, even slight danger.

Cats have incredible instincts. I understood that something this chubby man was unusual, not your normal everyday driver.

Although it was dark, I was still able to get a fuzzy image of the man. But it was his voice that really gave me the creeps.

Suddenly, it was like I'd consciously lost control of all my muscles. I instinctively crouched down, peered very deeply into the Toyota, with ears cropped up, fangs and claws at the ready.

I took several short steps towards the Toyota and then froze. Instinct took control of my entire body. I looked like a big cat waiting to pounce on a prey animal.

"Hey, Pretty Boy, come and get it! I want you to come here! I've got a big surprise for you!"

My ears instinctively cropped high and forward towards the man in the Toyota. But it wasn't until I noticed his shoulders shrugging up and down that a very powerful force took over me.

In a blitzkrieg-style attack I took three steps towards the Toyota, dove in and then landed square on the man's chest. But before I could even realize what'd happened, I reflexively bit into his jugular vein, yanking out a chunk of his flesh.

But that's not all; I repeated this process several times until blood was gushing out of the man's neck.

Instinctively, I roared like a lion, over-and-over again. I must've done so a dozen times. Then, neck outstretched, I scanned the area, the way a cheetah or a leopard would do after a kill.

Out of nowhere, I heard a very loud, thundering Boom sound. It was then that I realized that the man I'd killed had been reaching for a sawed off shotgun; thank goodness I killed him before he was able to shoot me. How that darn gun went off after the man had died was a mystery to me. I've heard creepier stories happening around firearms.

Blood was still gushing out of the man's neck. Although his face was bloodied I was able to determine who he was. It was the dreaded Sergeant. I don't know why he was driving on Kings Road. Maybe, he lived in the nearby town, or maybe, he was on my trail. It was possible that someone from the center had seen me 'rise from the dead' and walk away.

I was still filthy dirty, stinky, and had human blood splattered across my body. However things may have been there was no time to waste. I scanned the entire area once more only to discover an oncoming vehicle. It was heading straight for us. I had to act fast otherwise I'd be doing some really hard time, as a human killer.

I leaped onto the man's chest, took hold of the shotgun with my right paw then pondered for a few seconds. I decided to take hold of the shotgun with my left paw rather than my right one. The shotgun was to be used for the foot pedals, my right paw would be used to shift gears and to steer (thankfully the Toyota was an automatic gearshift).

Meanwhile, the headlights of the oncoming vehicle had become too bright and close for my own good. I had no explanation for what I was doing, inside a Toyota pickup, at night, with a bitten-to-death to death man. Any first year medical examiner could easily determine that the bite marks were of a feline type. Further examination would prove that those bite marks came from my teeth.

I slowly reversed the Toyota, stopped and then turned the steering wheel to my left. I shifted into Drive and then did a U-turn and headed back to the road.

On my way to the road the oncoming vehicle zoomed by me. I almost had a heart attack in the process. The oncoming vehicle was a patrol car. I made sure not to make any sudden moves. My

fear forced me to keep glancing at the rear-view mirror. I had to make certain that the officer in the patrol car hadn't noticed anything unusual about me. Thankfully, the patrol car disappeared into the night.

I drove on the road for roughly a quarter of a mile before quickly scanning the area. Noticing there were no visible dangers in sight I slowed down the Toyota driving very slowly down an embankment on my right. I then came to a complete halt, turned off the ignition and then grabbed hold of the keys with my teeth.

I leaped out of the Toyota, tossed the keys deep into the forested area then returned to the Toyota. I was now in the passenger seat beside a dead man, brainstorming about my next move.

It only took me a minute to come up with a feasible plan; a plan that would guarantee the killing of the Sergeant couldn't be traced back to me.

I opened the passenger door then grabbed hold of the Sergeant's right pant leg. I literally pulled the Sergeant out of the Toyota then dragged him deep into the forested area. I went into jaguar mode, dragging my prey within deep bush, searching for a tree trunk to 'hide' my prize catch. But in this particular case, I was hiding a potentially troubling kill.

The forest floor was littered with brown dirt, twigs, leaves, and low-lying plant life. The feel of it all brought out an instinct in me that had probably been dormant in my kind for many eons.

I continued dragging the Sergeant through the forested area, scanning my surroundings every-so-often just in case a danger was to suddenly appear. If it had, I wanted to be alert and ready.

Finally, I spotted a gargantuan tree; very tall and with two very massive trunks.

Before finishing my task I decided to take a breather. I was tired, anxious, and apprehensive about what I was going to do after hiding the Sergeant.

I took several cat naps then stretched out my muscles. I then grabbed hold of the Sergeant and laboriously dragged him up the targeted tree.

By the time I got to the chosen trunk I was panting like crazy. Thankfully, there wasn't a soul in sight. And also, thank goodness I had incredible feline night vision. Although the tree tops had covered much of the sky, the full moon brought in just enough light to allow me to move about quite safely, not bumping into any trees or tripping over a forest floor obstacle.

Like a jaguar or a leopard I began to pull, yank, and scratch out the Sergeant's clothing. I didn't want to leave any

trace of his identity, nor his fleshy being for future onlookers.

As soon as I had removed and tossed the Sergeant's entire wardrobe I descended the tree. I took hold of one tossed article at a time then hid it in a secure underground place. It took some major digging, but thankfully, I got the job done. I was extraordinarily diligent with the Sergeant's wallet, identification cards, and keys. These articles were hidden several feet under the forest floor in deep bush cover. I made certain to remove each piece of identification from the wallet. I wanted his I.D.s to wither away; to dissolve and disappear. That would certainly ensure my total detachment from the Sergeant's killing.

I took a deep breath, grinned, and then headed back to the road. I wasn't done quite yet. I needed a few days respite from any direct investigation.

First, I removed the license plate, and then the registration papers, and anything else that could be used for identification purposes from the glove compartment.

I re-entered the forested area, not too deep though, because I wasn't hiding a body. I needed to dig a large hole, drop the license plate and all other papers and documents therein then fill the hole. Thankfully, I did just that. Then, I began my exit of the forested area.

As I was within a few feet of the perimeter of the forested area blaring lights engulfed the area. A female driver of a Ford Pickup slowed down then shined the high-beamers. She thoroughly studied the Toyota with keen eyes.

The ordeal only lasted a minute. She probably thought the owner of the Toyota was relieving himself in the forested area. Humans have been known to do that.

Now, it was time to leave. Thank goodness it was still dark. The moon appeared full, shiny and elegant. The stars sparkled, decorating the sky ever so wonderfully.

There was no time to ponder about the beauty of the universe. I had to worry about my own fate first. At least for the time being, I was the only 'number one'. Everyone else took a back seat to me.

I studied my surroundings with deep earnest. Noticing there were no vehicles or indications of traffic nearby I proceeded to head to the large town. I understood that as long as I was on the road I'd be too close to the scene of the crime. Any highway patrolman could pull over and proceed to ask me intrusive questions. I certainly didn't want that.

I decided to gallop to town. Thankfully, I was able to reach the outskirts of town in a short time.

A large sign overhanging the main entrance of town read WELCOME TO LAKEWOOD ONTARIO. For a brief moment, I forgot about all of my problems. I was very thankful to be entering what appeared to be a beautiful town in Ontario Canada.

I'm sure my American counterparts feel the same way about their peaceful towns.

I noticed a large residential area on Elmer Street, close enough to walk to. After taking a deep breath then exhaling, I proceeded to walk to the residential area.

My first priority was to clean myself. I stunk so horridly, I could actually smell myself.

Come to think of it, I once heard a story about a man who was travelling from Windsor Ontario to Montreal Canada. Apparently, he was visiting his relatives. He was officially on vacation.

But this fellow didn't own a vehicle. He travelled by bus, Voyageur Greyhound.

As he conveyed his story to his relatives upon arrival to Montreal, his trip was very long, and unfortunately stinky.

This fellow was complaining about the stench in the bus. While narrating his story he told his relatives that he thought the stench emanated from a young woman sitting beside him.

Upon hearing the story, his relatives erupted in laughter. 'Why, the fellow asked, are you all laughing at me?'

They told him that it was 'he' who stunk and not the poor young woman who sat beside him for the long journey.

After hearing this, the fellow turned red-faced, and then pale-faced, finally he joined his relative's laughter.

This is a warning to any human or animal; if you stink so bad that you can actually smell yourself, you need to clean up immediately. You owe it to the people around you.

I continued my trek toward the residential area. Although it was only a hundred yards or so away, I had to leap to my right and flatten my body on two occasions. Two vehicles passed me. I didn't want to take a chance being spotted by anyone; it was past midnight and I was a stranger in town. Not a good position to be in.

As soon as I entered the residential area I decided to continue on Elmer Street but to walk on the darker side of the street, which with my luck had more parked cars therein. Both sides of the street were tree-lined. Many of the trees were incredibly massive, with thick, over-arching branches. This was good cover for me. Also, I loved the beauty of it all.

As I continued walking every-so-often I'd hear a dog barking at me from inside a house. That was no problem as long as I continued to walk. However, I was forced to crop up my ears and attune my eyes to any possible dangers; stray dogs, or home

dogs that were on the loose. Raccoons and large cat-hating rats, even in posh neighbourhoods, can be a problem too. These creatures tend to come out at night, especially deep in the night when the human inhabitants are sound asleep.

I scented chlorine in the air. This meant a swimming pool nearby. But for deep-seated reason, I was apprehensive about swimming in any pool, let-alone one that was on private property.

As soon as I reached the intersection of Elmer Street and Woodrow Avenue I balked, shrugged my shoulders, and then second-guessed the correct option, I entered Woodrow Avenue.

Up ahead, roughly a couple hundred yards, was a recreation centre. It was ideal for a nice shower, and perhaps I could snatch something to eat and drink.

At this time of the night there'd be no patrons on the premises, but there would be at least one security guard. I had to keep an eye out for these person/s. Security guards almost never have mercy upon feline trespassers.

As soon as I reached the mouth of the recreation centre I took notice of a large sign that read LAKEWOOD RECREATION CENTRE: PRIVATE PROPERTY NO ENTRY WITHOUT A MEMBERSHIP CARD NO EXCEPTIONS WHATSOEVER!

Immediately after I read the sign a Great Dane in a nearby yard began to bark like crazy. He made it clear that it was I whom he was barking at. Dogs have a peculiar way of barking at cats.

I leaped over the fence of the recreation centre and then ran deep into the facility.

I was hoping that the Great Dane would stop barking; more so, that he wouldn't tell his owners what he'd seen. Certainly, they'd call the police on a whim.

Thankfully, luck was on my side, at least for the time being. The Great Dane stopped barking. I think he just wanted to tell me that he knew what I was up to and that if he wanted to, he could tell on me, but that he wasn't going to because he was such a sweet guy.

I know it sounds a bit confusing, but life is full of confusing events.

I was able to slow down my pace however I kept my body low, not wanting to be spotted by a security guard.

I walked through a walkway that stretched for a hundred yards aligned with small buildings on each side.

I stopped in front of Building Number seven. Therein was a swimming pool.

After scanning the area with earnest and seeing no danger, I approached the door to the building, leaped onto the lock and then sniffed and looked intently at each button.

I was able to determine that the code was #77990. After pressing the respective buttons I heard a low-sounding click. That's when I pulled the door and then leaped onto the walkway.

Without delay, I entered the building then closed the door behind me. I wanted to leave no trace that an intruder was inside the building. Otherwise, I'd later hear the voice of the chief of police on a bullhorn.

I studied the interior of the building then proceeded to walk towards the locker room. Naturally, I chose the men's locker room.

I entered the locker room then ran to the shower stalls. I wasted no time taking a nice, long hot shower. I always loved to have a steamy shower.

I enjoyed my shower for roughly 20 minutes and then used body soap and shampoo to clean myself off really good. I was now clean, I felt fresh and healthy.

When I was getting ready to violently shake my body, I took notice of several stacks of clean white towels.

I approached the towels, grabbed hold of a large one and then proceeded to dry myself off.

The shower room contained four rows of lockers, a half a dozen benches, soap and shampoo, stacks of clean white towels, under-arm spray (of no use to a cat like myself), and three First Aid boxes located on a counter beside the lockers.

The long shower, the feeling of cleanliness, and natural tiredness caused me to want to sleep.

There was nothing else to do but sleep on one of the benches. I made certain that the bench was dry and clean.

As soon as I closed my eyes sleep overtook me. I was out cold until 4:30 A.M. Yikes, I shouted! How incredibly fast time can sometimes pass.

I left the building then followed the trail of food. It was emanating from a nearby building judging from the multiple scents it was likely the centre cafeteria.

Building Number fourteen was locked with the standard Yale lock. I leaped onto the door, stood on the doorknob and then proceeded to pick the lock.

I stopped dead cold though. I heard the treading of a human nearby. Judging from the clicking of his keys he was a security guard. Yikes! I said to myself.

I leaped onto the walkway, scanned the area, then decided to run away from the cafeteria and pick a spot to hide in.

I found a spot several buildings down; in effect, I'd retraced my footsteps.

I laid down low, crouching, stiff as a log, like a lion eyeing potential prey. But in this particular case, I was the potential prey.



The jingling sound of keys and the pounding of footsteps continued to increase in loudness. The security guard was walking on the other side of the building. It was still possible he'd continue walking without turning into my walkway.

Unfortunately, the security guard turned to his right resulting in his walking towards the cafeteria.

I was forced to slither backward and then to my left, positioning myself on grass rather than the cement walkway. Grass is easier to sink and blend into especially if it's before daylight. Speaking of daylight, dawn was fast approaching. Dawn would literally mean the onset of light, the entire horizon would be lit up and I'd certainly have to leave the recreation centre before then.

The security guard was a large man 6 feet and 6 inches tall, roughly 300 lbs. in weight, broad-shouldered and very muscular. His skin tone was golden brown the hair on his head was shaven.

I didn't want to take a chance going head-to-head with this giant of a man. He was likely a military reservist, maybe Special Forces Canadian Military. In a fight, well, any confrontation with this guy would be a fight to the death. I'd literally have to kill him, or vice versa; hopefully the former.

The security guard walked passed by without even glancing in my direction. I scented food and drink emanating from his shoulder bag. The guy was probably on his break; perhaps he was going to have breakfast, I thought.

Like a true lion-heart, I stood up and then crept towards the security guard. Upon reaching striking distance I gallantly leaped onto his backpack. I made certain to make as little impact as possible.

The security guard was now literally giving me a piggy back.

I carefully opened the security guard's backpack, snatched a cold sandwich, bag of potato chips, a bottle of orange juice and a large oatmeal bar. I made certain to gently toss each item onto the grass as soon as I got hold of it.

When all was done, I gently leaped onto the walkway, making certain that upon impact my claws were retracted. I didn't want to make any unnecessary noise. That would result in the security guard turning to see what had ensued.

I leaped onto the grass, stayed low, and waited patiently until the security guard entered the cafeteria building. That's when I made my move. I rushed to each of my food and water items, snatched them and then hopped on my hind legs to a safe location; within a congregation of bushes beside a large maple tree.

Thereafter, I enjoyed my hardy breakfast, without incident.

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