

# Stories

Monday, April 27, 2009

## Children's Corner - Stories For Children Ages 12-13

### My Crazy Cats (For Children Ages 12 to 13)

Mother set the ladder up that first day of the year, and climbed into my tree house. As soon as she walked into the tree house, she started to sneeze, and her eyes clouded with tears. Mr. Joe strutted out to greet us, and mother stopped short, pointed at the cat, and said,

“What is that?”

“Oh, meet Mr. Joe, Mother, I said, she is one of my cats.”

“One of your what? Why did you not tell me that you have cats, and what kind of cat is he?”

“House cat, Mother. Pss,” I called my other cats.

Silver, the curious one ran out, rubbed and purred around my legs. *Silver gets into everything, even into things and places that cats are not allowed to go. I have to keep my eyes on him all the time.*

Speedy, the fast one, ran under a pile of junk, and was peering at us from under the junk. *Speedy gets her kicks from racing into rooms as I open the doors.*

Wolverine, the pretty one, just sat there looking at us. *Wolverine likes grooming himself, and likes everything around him to be clean. He is always cleaning or being cleaned.*

My mother, still sneezing, wanted to know why I kept so many of them. This was her first visit to my tree house in a year, and she was surprised to see four cats living in my tree house, and each of them answering to some crazy name.

I did not know that Mother was allergic to cats. I have always loved cats, but could never keep them. My mother always said that, with so many mouths to feed, we kids must never bring pets home, so I kept my love for animals to myself. But as soon as I had my tree house, I brought Mr Joe home to my tree house. She turned out to be a female cat, but she has learned to answer to Mr. Joe so I let her keep the name.

One day, a year after Mr. Joe came to live with me, she presented me with three lovely kittens. Silver, a male cat, is almost all white, with a patch of black on the forehead. Speedy, another female cat, is fast and stubborn. If she set her mind on anything, no one can stop her from getting where she wants, or doing what she wants. Wolverine is the master of the tree house. He likes sitting on the window pane, or just in front of the door. I have caught him once or twice slapping the other cats, but most of the time, he just sits there and allows the other cats to groom him.

Before long, the cats started to display their antics to Mother's surprise. The first of the surprises was to see the cats come up and kiss me. Completely shocked, mother asked why I

allowed them to do that.

“They will give you Tuberculosis, you know.”

“Please Mother, cats don’t give Tuberculosis.”

“Okay then, but don’t let them come near me.”

“Pss,” I called them, and motioned them away from Mother, and Mother again showed surprise at seeing them leave.

“They understand you?” she says.

“Every word I say, and every sign I make. They even answer to their names ... Why don’t you try calling them, Mother?”

She did, and the cats jumped and skipped. They rolled on their backs, purred on her laps, and walk all over her. They played every game but kiss her. In the end, she asked them,

“So why don’t you kiss me?”

And to her surprise again, they went and kissed her one after the other. Mother still sneezes, and develops a red nose around my cats, but she will not stay away from them.