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# Cat Tommy

Kidnapping with results



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# **Cat Tommy Kidnapping with results.**

## **1. From master's view**

### **1.1 Welcome Tommy**

It was spring a few years ago when the cat of my friend Marc got boy. Three absolutely blind, deaf and absolutely helpless European short hair cat's babies saw the light of the world. I particularly noticed a cat with cinnamon-colored drawing. She had been drilled through with their little head and the tiny front paws between her siblings to find a warm and safe place to mums breast.

Easily with a finger I stroked the fur and already I heard a high onomatopoeic sound, a squeaking one hiss. They are still so small and unassailable and are busy in their initial life mainly to sleep and sucking on mom's chest.

Days later, they opened the eyes and up to now only by smell and touch oriented kittens, now could see her siblings and her mother. At that time the eyes see still cloudy and blue, but that changed in the next few days.

I watched the little cinnamon cat. She played with her tail. Again and again they tried to capture him and when I stroked it, she arched her back, to feel the touch of my finger intense. Then she began to purr and because it had happened to me. I had fallen in love with this cat and she wanted to have.

»Loris was identified right from the start for you«, spoke Marc to me. »You should call them on occasion with the name, so that it is already accustomed herself to it and also is trusted with your voice.«

Lori what a funny name, sounds like Dorte, a mix between kebab and pie. But cats do not care what name they are addressed. The main thing to vote the number of treats.

"In four weeks then it is old enough to say goodbye, then I'll bring it over to you."

Two days later I was back, watching my future new roommate, as she leapt her sleeping mother, who then snarling manner had the lists.

When I called them and caused with the fingertips rubbing bruits, it came curiously, sniffed and turned round. Besides, she made a hump and pressed this to the snapping hand, a request to fondle. Feelings of happiness flowed through to my body, one moment which cannot be caught in words.

Over and over again I stroked from the head up to the tail her fur, over and over again it prodded with the head my stroking hand in.

»Go on, do not stop,« she gave me to understand it, and so I let go of her only when she had had enough.

The next day I spent in a pet store, looking for a bed, a litter box, after toys, feeding bowls, flea collar with a bell, and of course for food for my diva. Here I was standing in front of a full meter long shelf with cat food as a noise barrier dampened the noise.

There was ragout, salmon and chicken with potatoes and thistle oil, beef with Italian ham, lamb and beef with natural rice and wheat germ oil, game and fowl with whole meal pasta and linseed oil, beef with potato and black cumin oil, sheep and fowl with natural rice and hempseed oil.

I collected myself to the head and thought only what there would be, nevertheless, for tasty things for cats. While I push a pizza with ham and pineapple in the oven, cultured



cats can refresh themselves healthy and pacifistic in the foods like lamb, game, sheep and fowl.

A modern, uncomplicated, healthy and balanced food based on natural ingredients, I took the labels. A guaranteed vitamin-rich whole food that has been carefully prepared and carefully by experts.

Twenty aluminum bowls and twenty sachets from different manufacturers I took, and some cans. In addition still some bags dry food, a comfortable cozy bed with lowered entry, stable edge and removable reversible cushion, as well as toys, litter box, bowls and a collar. At the checkout I then delighted me about the peppered total that put me almost faint.

Fully loaded I went home and put everything first in the hallway. I had to think about where I'm doing all the stuff back and could as I do my little new friend cozy. The bed comes into the bedroom, the cat litter box into the bathroom, toys distributed to the living room and for the dry food, jars and bowls I had only times evacuate a full cupboard empty.

I had not bought a cat tree, because it will be difficult to hold a cat in the flat if one lives in a detached house. The first time will be my 160 square meters flat a place of residence to be explored and then I will accustom them slowly to my garden where she can use the tree for sharpening of her claws.

Tomorrow is the day where my small Lori enters and I hope that they like in her new environment will find. In the neighborhood there are some cats with whom she can close friendship and go hunting together. However, in the evening, before the nightfall it should already be a home. Earlier my mother had also said always: Boy if the street

lanterns begin, you have to be at home. I hope that Lori also understands this.

The next day came, a Saturday. Marc appeared late afternoon with his wife Denise and my new occupant. Shyness she lay in the cat's basket, might not move. Fear and horror spread with her because she did not know what happened with her.

"We put the basket here open into the hallway and then let them come out on their own. Cats are curious. She'll come out. It's best to put on here said opening a used piece of clothing, then she takes your talk smells was that they actually should already know, when you had them petted. Then it all seems a bit sensitive to it. "

I went to the bathroom and got a used T-shirt out of the laundry basket and put it down in front of the cat basket. Then I went with Marc and Denise in the basement of my home bar to only times to let my new roommate a little alone.

Curiosity grabbed me when I went from the basement to the kitchen. I carefully looked around the corner to see if it is still in the basket. She was still there, had moved no piece, seemed obviously also tired, his eyes fell to her again and again.

"She's still in her basket," I said when I walked into the basement again.

»Speaking of "them," we were yesterday at the veterinarian and have had to examine the kitten; everything is OK, except for a small incident.«

»Well, I hope sometimes nothing serious,« I mentioned.

»Not really, it is still only a small misinterpretation, a slight genetic mutation, only a slight misinterpretation. It's



like the mistake to ever understand a woman or how the classification of the directives to the left and right.«

»Instep me thus on the torture what is with the cat she is ill, does she suffer from what, does she have complaints or some other concomitants? Must she take drugs to influence the disease course or what is wrong?«

»No, no nothing of all there, they are completely healthy! It is only one misunderstanding, a provided, a sex-specified mistake, the categorization in a wrong group.«

»What wrong group, what mistake, I understand only railway station. Can you express yourself sometimes a little bit clearer that also normal people understand you?«

»Now if one compared the cat to a person, she could pee after the newest knowledge in the standing position what means that the name Loris is inappropriate, because the cat's lady is a tomcat.«

»Oh, Ups..., one had bought no pink little bed well that I. But, nevertheless, this makes no difference shit, whether lady cat or tomcat. What do you make for a fuss from it or you mean I give them so again?«

I raised my right hand, clenched them to the fist, rolled out the forefinger and bumped several times against my forehead. Then I contrived the names Tommy and welcomed them, no him, on a new in his new home.

Fairly long time later packed me once more the curiosity and thus I went to the hall to look what is with the small rascal. The basket was empty. The small elegant being had ventured in the pit of the lion, had broken off all bridge behind itself and now was to be got to know on discovery tour around his sphere to settle in it. Thus I put away the basket and sneaked away carefully not to frighten him, all the same where he just was.

When I went to bed, I left open all doors, so that he could move cheerfully everywhere there and the next morning I looked for the moment after his feeding bowls. He had eaten what calmed me a little. However, a peculiar odor rose to me in the nose when I entered the sitting room. I did research after the cause of this evaporation and found a small lake in the corner. Tommy had peed there.

Shit, I thought. Nevertheless, has really forgotten him to show his loo. Thus I went on the search to see whether he had still cultivated other "loos". Then I suddenly saw under the curtain a small pink-colored nose and two eyes looking out. Indiscernibly I approached him, on the knee sliding, laid the head to ground. With the finger at the head which moved mincing to and fro I received his full attention. Quick as a flash one of his paws twitched under the process out and tried to my fingers catch.

When I was close enough with him, I lay down level on the ground, I allowed to play him still for a while with my finger, before I took him under the curtain out, laid him in my crook of the arm and fondled his belly quite softly. Immediately he caught in to purr, closed the eyes to slit and, besides, was to be fallen asleep near. A bond of trust developed just between Tommy and me, a bridge that started to harden indiscernibly.

Still his belly doing the crawl I went to the bathroom and put him in the cat's loo. Sniffing and with purring bruits he examined the white high-class cinder which was developed especially for the needs of a cat and provides with her fine pored surface for a pleasant dry place of the relaxation.

Then he went moment where he to the squat and let arise a bruit that strongly reminds of an artificial irrigation of regional products. I was contented and left alone him, rather looked after the blotch in the sitting room.

As one of its own kind I moved on all fours in order to remove the stain in the corner. A reason for Tommy, me constantly jumping in the heels. So I left everything and only times and occupied myself with the ever trusting becoming hangover.

After well one hour he was so tired that he has fallen asleep directly with the play. Carefully I picked up him and laid him in his little bed, stroked him warily what he accepted purring.

Suddenly one rang in the door. Tommy tore open the eyes, jumped out of the bed and crept away behind the sofa. A sound what he did not know yet and seemed menacing for him.

I gave up him, went to the door, opened them and one of my neighbors stood before it. A visit every Sunday, it should be to bridge the boredom of a single person by chatting unimportant things; to chat easily about God and the world, about women, cars and other things; on the airs and graces of fellow quirks of colleagues; on the affectation of the pretty waitress from the village inn.

»Hey, walk in, however, is careful where you step there, I have because a small hangover to the sublease, had brought Marc yesterday.«

We went down to the basement bar, opened us a beer and met with my new housemates to. After a while he asked:

»Where is then the cat, I would see them with pleasure sometimes.«

»She knew that you come and fear has agreed. No no that has so got a fright by the ring that she has crept away behind the sofa. If she comes out after there, I show them to you, quite a sweet guy.«