

The Lady who collected Cats,

*big cats, small cats, fat cats,
thin cats, young cats, old cats,*

far too many cats!

*by Christine Beadsworth
cat pictures by Cheryl Logan*

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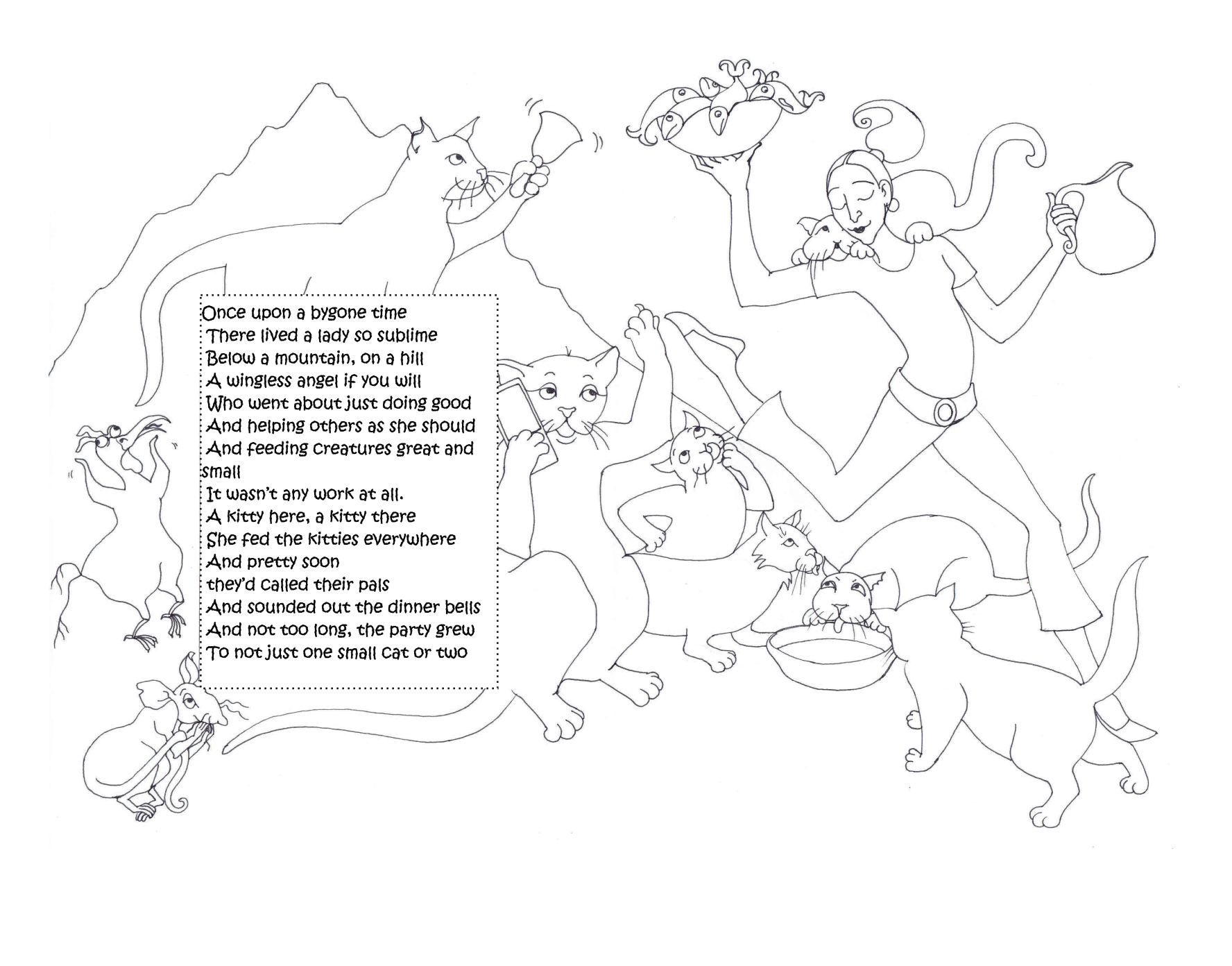
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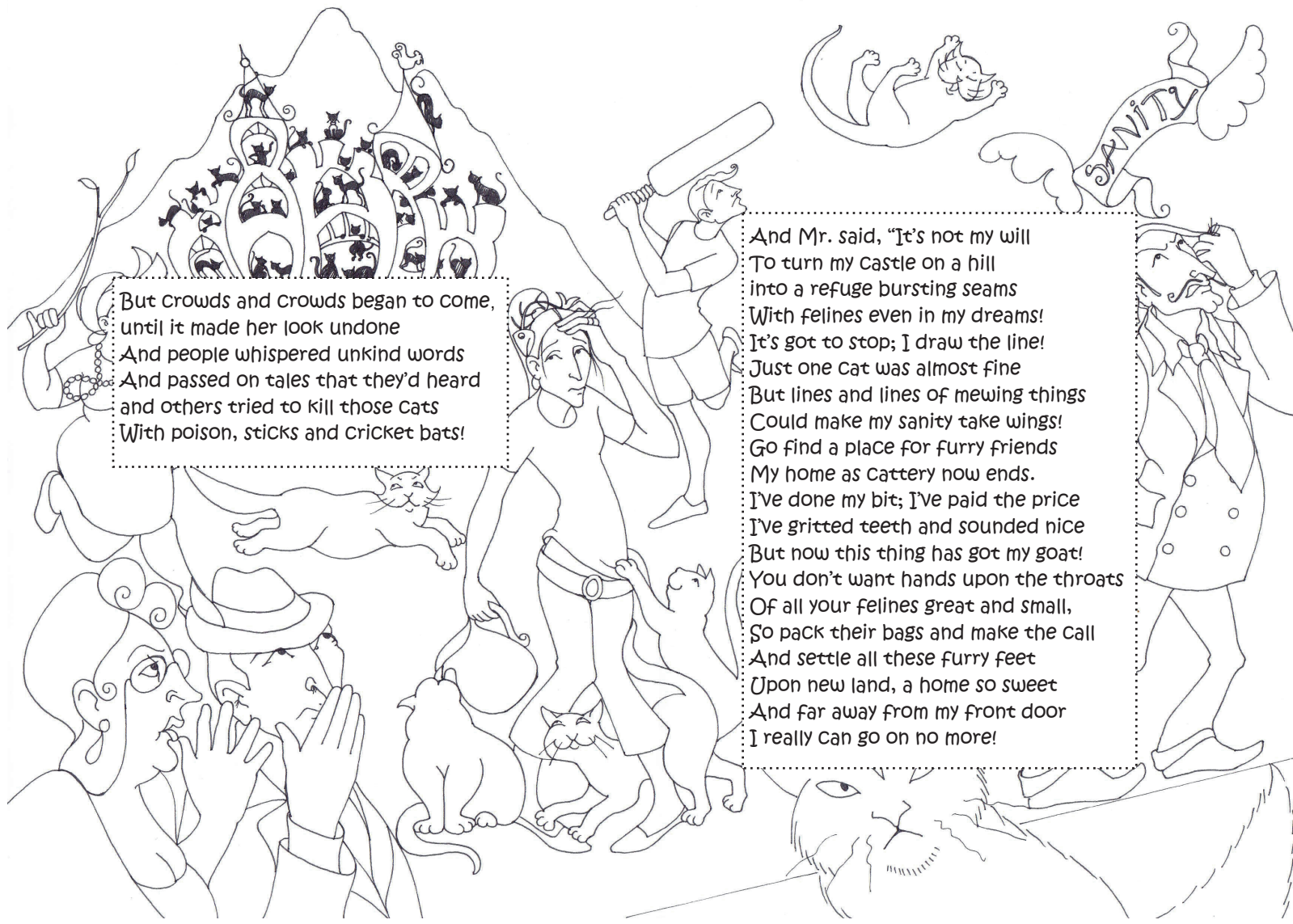
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I dedicate this book to my mother,
the lovely lady who who showed me
just how wonderful
big, fat, fluffy cats
can be!

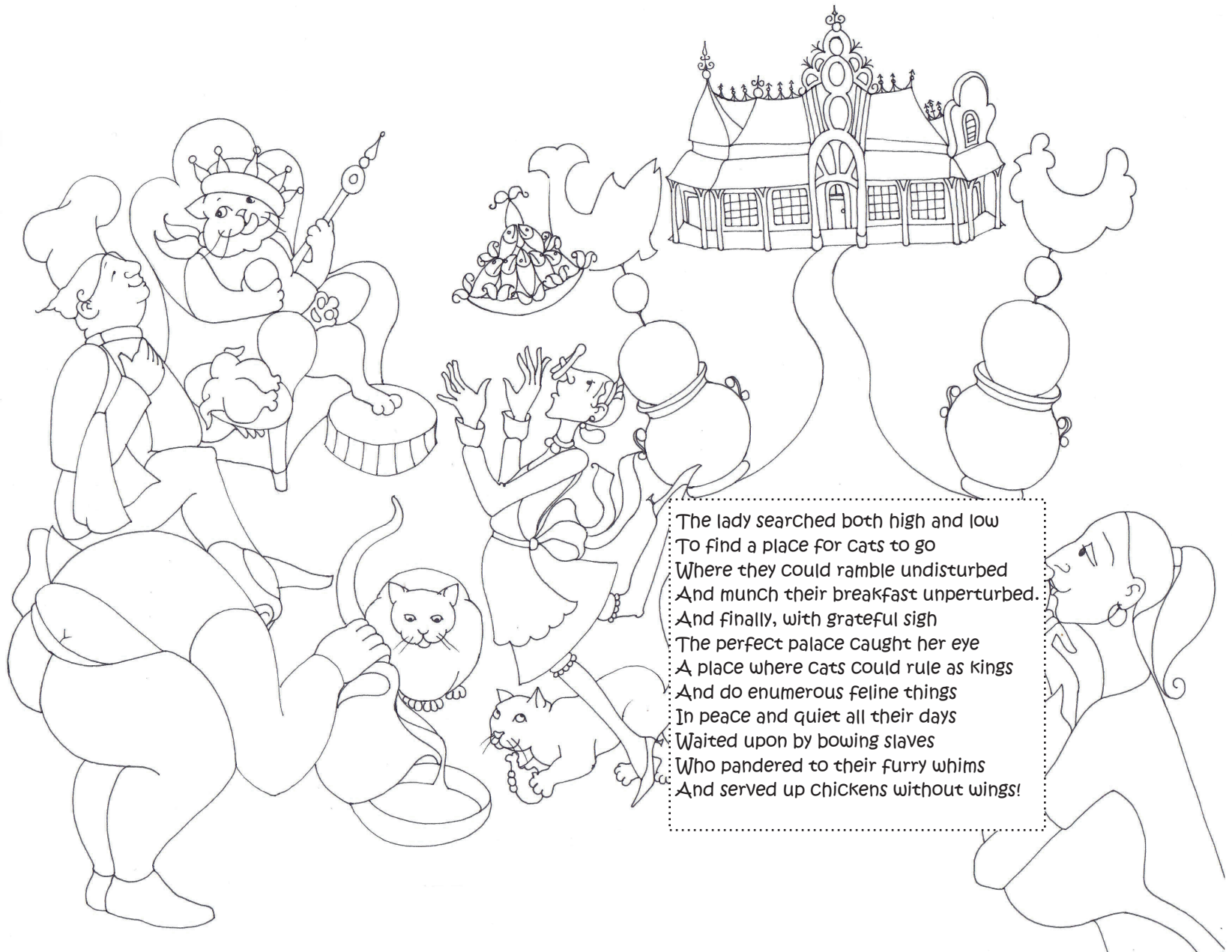


Once upon a bygone time
There lived a lady so sublime
Below a mountain, on a hill
A wingless angel if you will
Who went about just doing good
And helping others as she should
And feeding creatures great and small
It wasn't any work at all.
A kitty here, a kitty there
She fed the kitties everywhere
And pretty soon
they'd called their pals
And sounded out the dinner bells
And not too long, the party grew
To not just one small cat or two

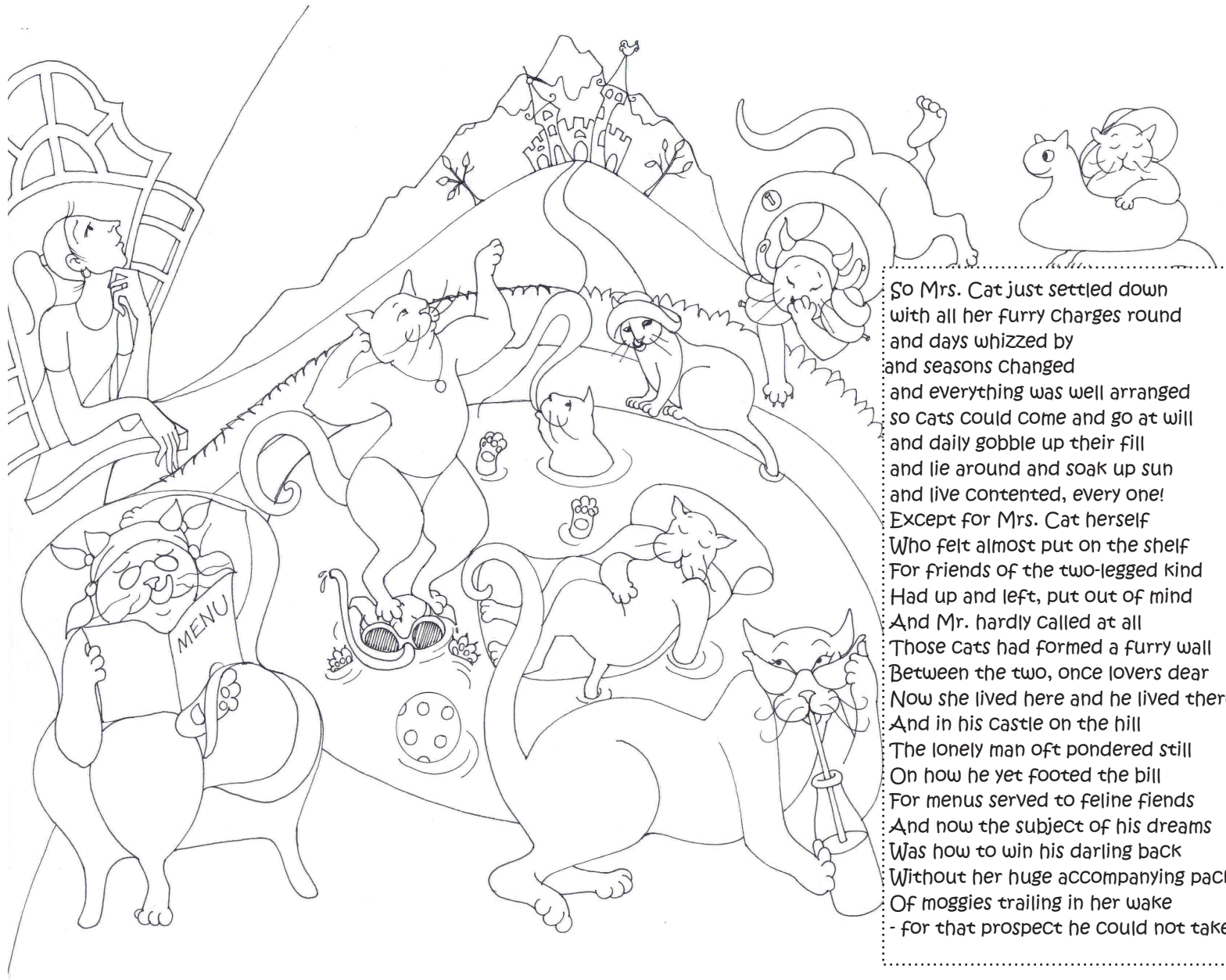


But crowds and crowds began to come,
until it made her look undone
And people whispered unkind words
And passed on tales that they'd heard
and others tried to kill those cats
With poison, sticks and cricket bats!

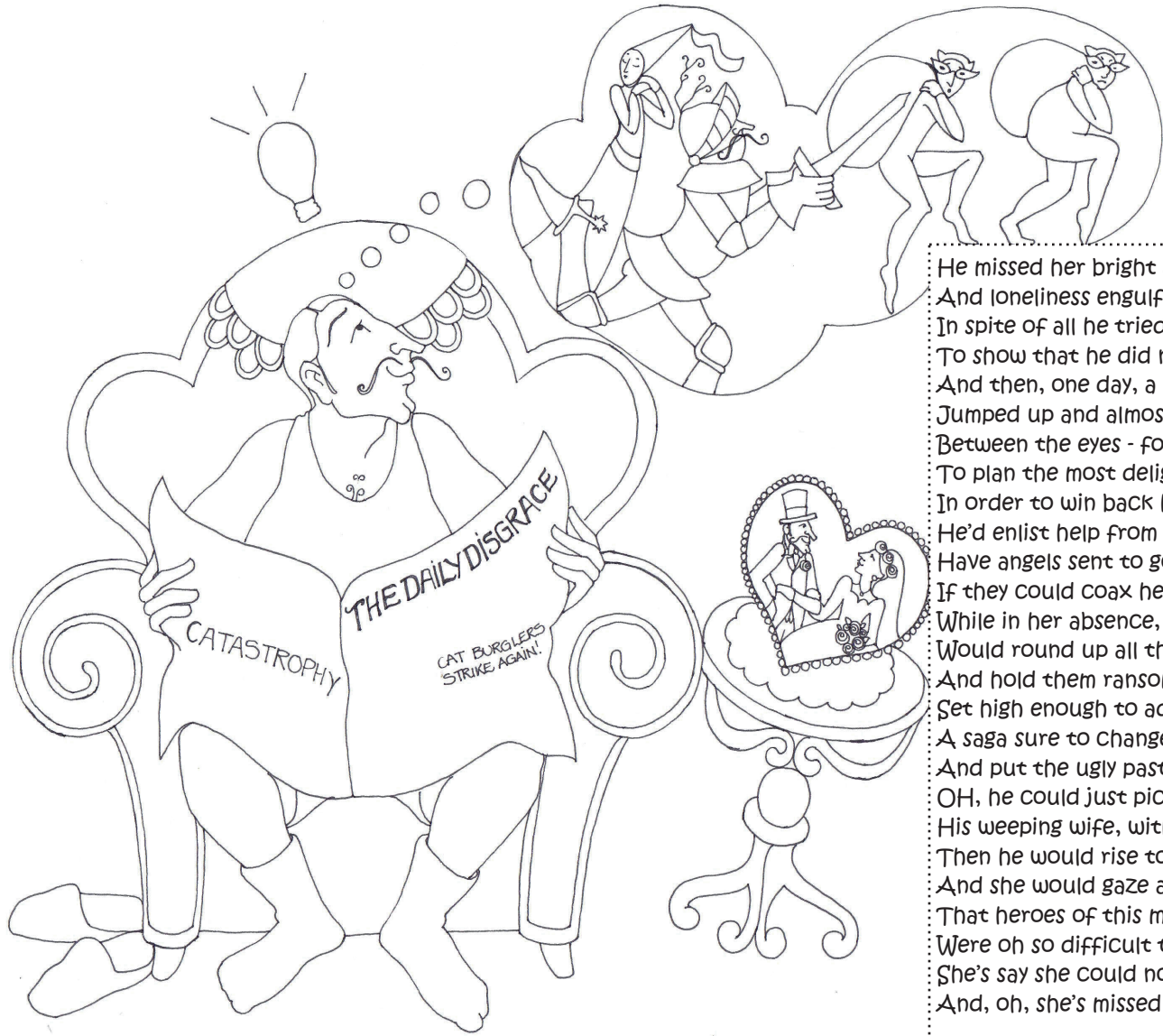
And Mr. said, "It's not my will
To turn my castle on a hill
into a refuge bursting seams
With felines even in my dreams!
It's got to stop; I draw the line!
Just one cat was almost fine
But lines and lines of meowing things
Could make my sanity take wings!
Go find a place for furry friends
My home as Cattery now ends.
I've done my bit; I've paid the price
I've gritted teeth and sounded nice
But now this thing has got my goat!
You don't want hands upon the throats
Of all your felines great and small,
So pack their bags and make the call
And settle all these furry feet
Upon new land, a home so sweet
And far away from my front door
I really can go on no more!



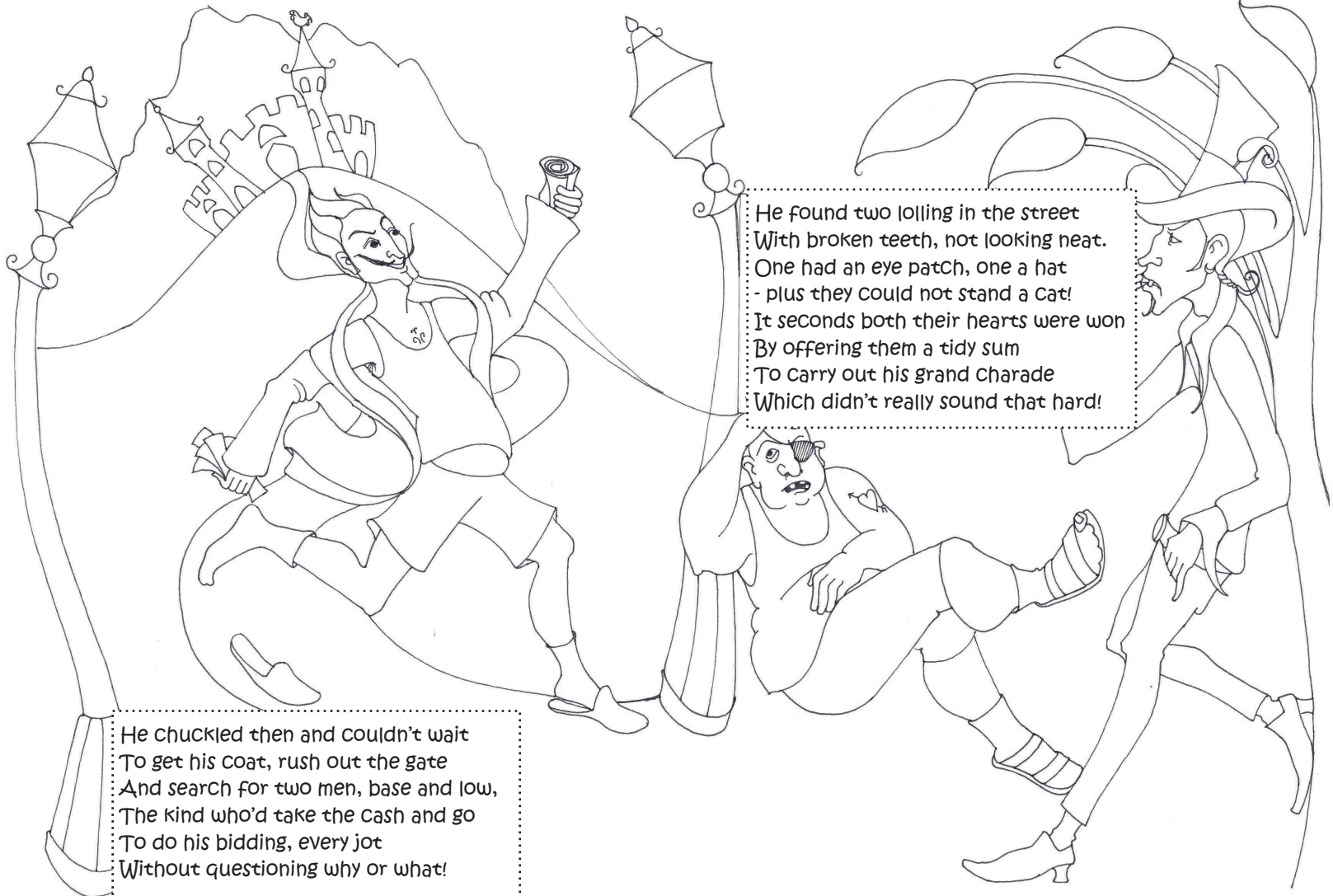
The lady searched both high and low
To find a place for cats to go
Where they could ramble undisturbed
And munch their breakfast unperturbed.
And finally, with grateful sigh
The perfect palace caught her eye
A place where cats could rule as kings
And do numerous feline things
In peace and quiet all their days
Waited upon by bowing slaves
Who pandered to their furry whims
And served up chickens without wings!



So Mrs. Cat just settled down
with all her furry charges round
and days whizzed by
and seasons changed
and everything was well arranged
so cats could come and go at will
and daily gobble up their fill
and lie around and soak up sun
and live contented, every one!
Except for Mrs. Cat herself
Who felt almost put on the shelf
For friends of the two-legged kind
Had up and left, put out of mind
And Mr. hardly called at all
Those cats had formed a furry wall
Between the two, once lovers dear
Now she lived here and he lived there
And in his castle on the hill
The lonely man oft pondered still
On how he yet footed the bill
For menus served to feline fiends
And now the subject of his dreams
Was how to win his darling back
Without her huge accompanying pack
Of moggies trailing in her wake
- for that prospect he could not take!

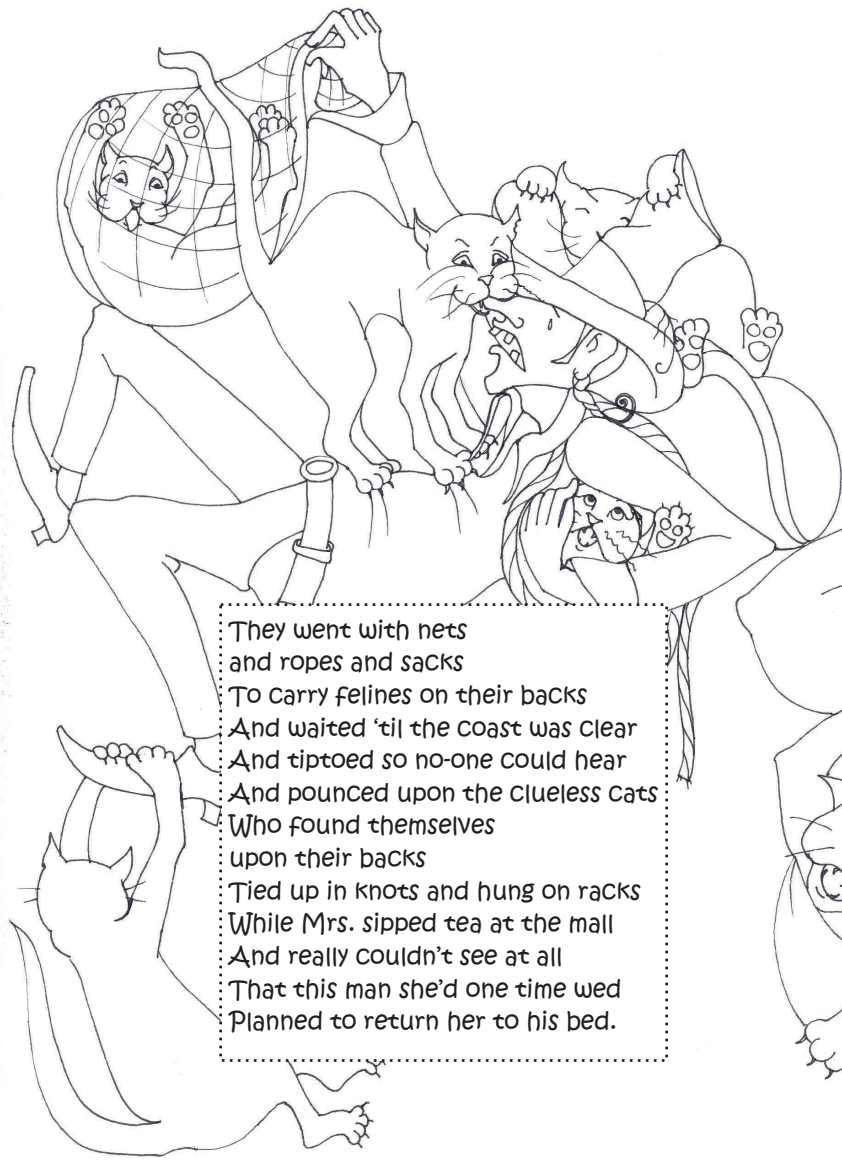


He missed her bright and quirky ways
And loneliness engulfed his days
In spite of all he tried to do
To show that he did not care too.
And then, one day, a brilliant plan
Jumped up and almost hit the man
Between the eyes - for it was not too late
To plan the most delightful date.
In order to win back his love
He'd enlist help from heaven above,
Have angels sent to go and see
If they could coax her out for tea;
While in her absence, lawless men
Would round up all those cats again
And hold them ransom for a price
Set high enough to add some spice!
A saga sure to change her mind
And put the ugly past behind!
OH, he could just picture the scene-
His weeping wife, with grief so keen,
Then he would rise to fight the foe
And she would gaze at him and know
That heroes of this most rare kind
Were oh so difficult to find.
She's say she could not let him go
And, oh, she's missed him too, you know!



He chuckled then and couldn't wait
To get his coat, rush out the gate
And search for two men, base and low,
The kind who'd take the cash and go
To do his bidding, every jot
Without questioning why or what!

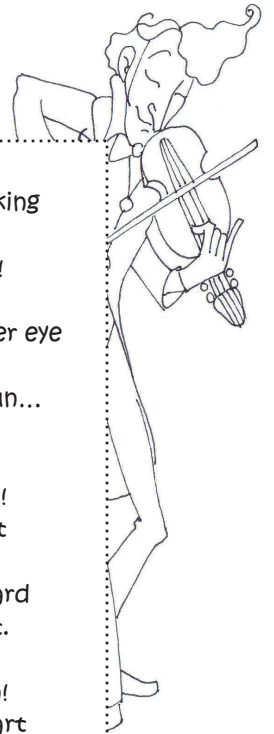
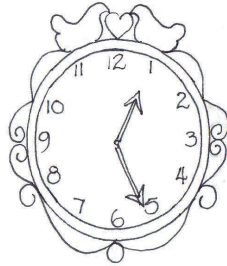
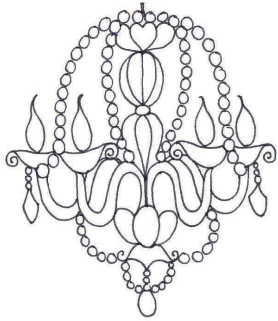
He found two lolling in the street
With broken teeth, not looking neat.
One had an eye patch, one a hat
- plus they could not stand a Cat!
It seconds both their hearts were won
By offering them a tidy sum
To carry out his grand Charade
Which didn't really sound that hard!



They went with nets
and ropes and sacks
To carry felines on their backs
And waited 'til the coast was clear
And tiptoed so no-one could hear
And pounced upon the clueless cats
Who found themselves
upon their backs
Tied up in knots and hung on racks
While Mrs. sipped tea at the mall
And really couldn't see at all
That this man she'd one time wed
Planned to return her to his bed.

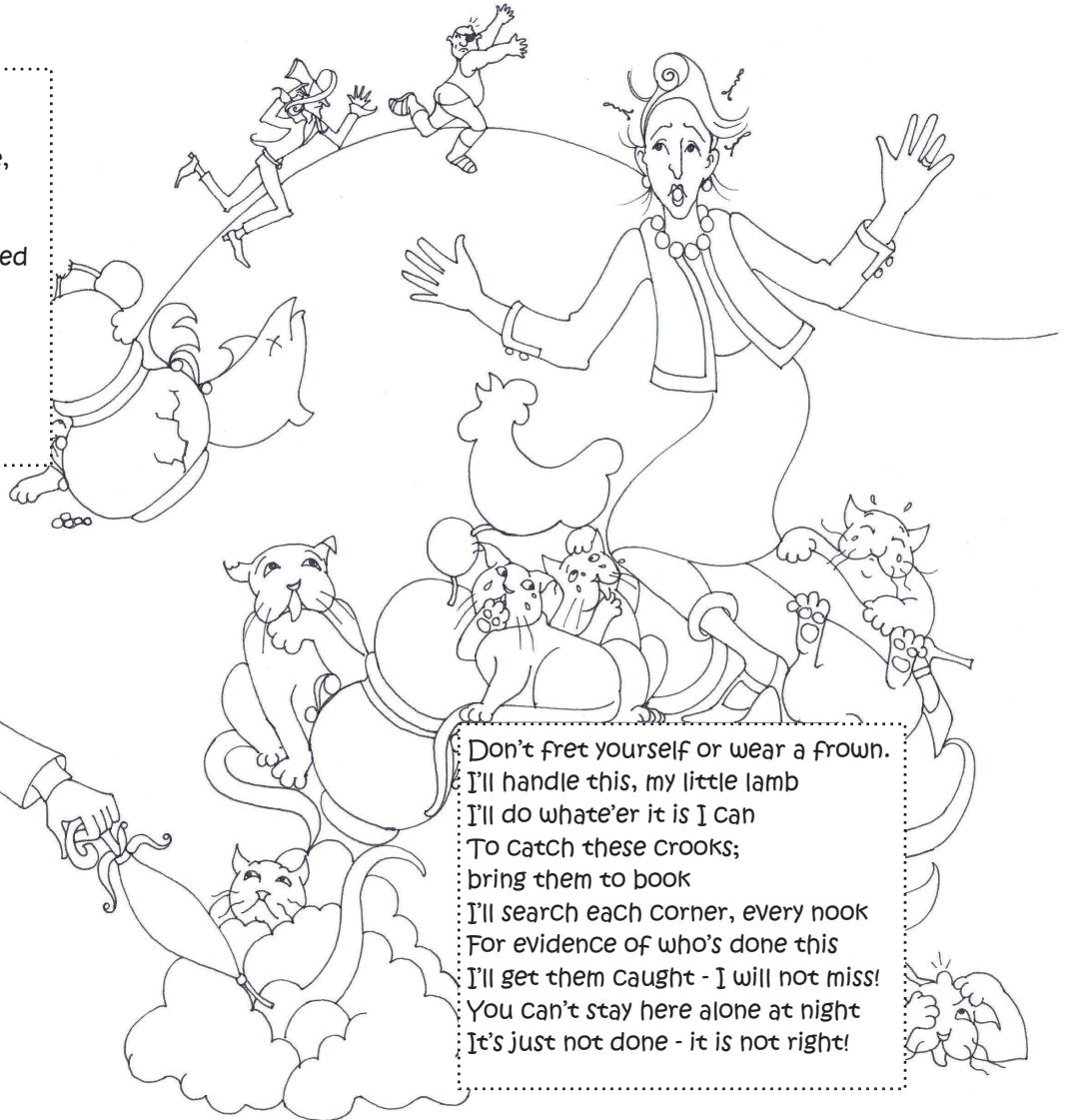
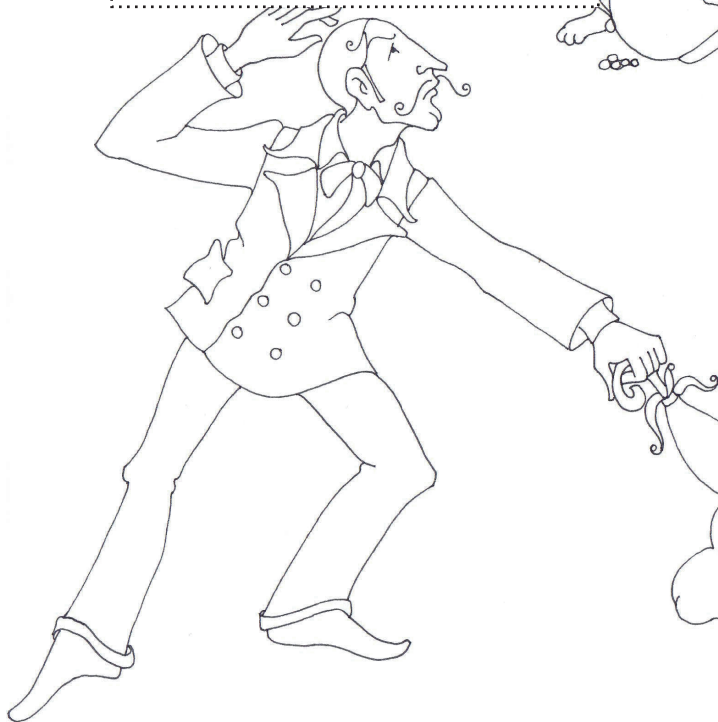
She oohed and aahed and tasted cake
And shared a joke with her old mate
Oblivious to the ghastly scene
Unfolding back at home. You see,
Those cats had tried with all their might -
They would not go without a fight.
They wriggled, rolled and moved about
And tried to scratch the thieves' eyes out!
Those hapless rogues had their hands full
With cats on backs and heads, until
The battle was completely won -
Those boys went running home to mum
Leaving behind a bloody trail
That told the story - plot had failed!



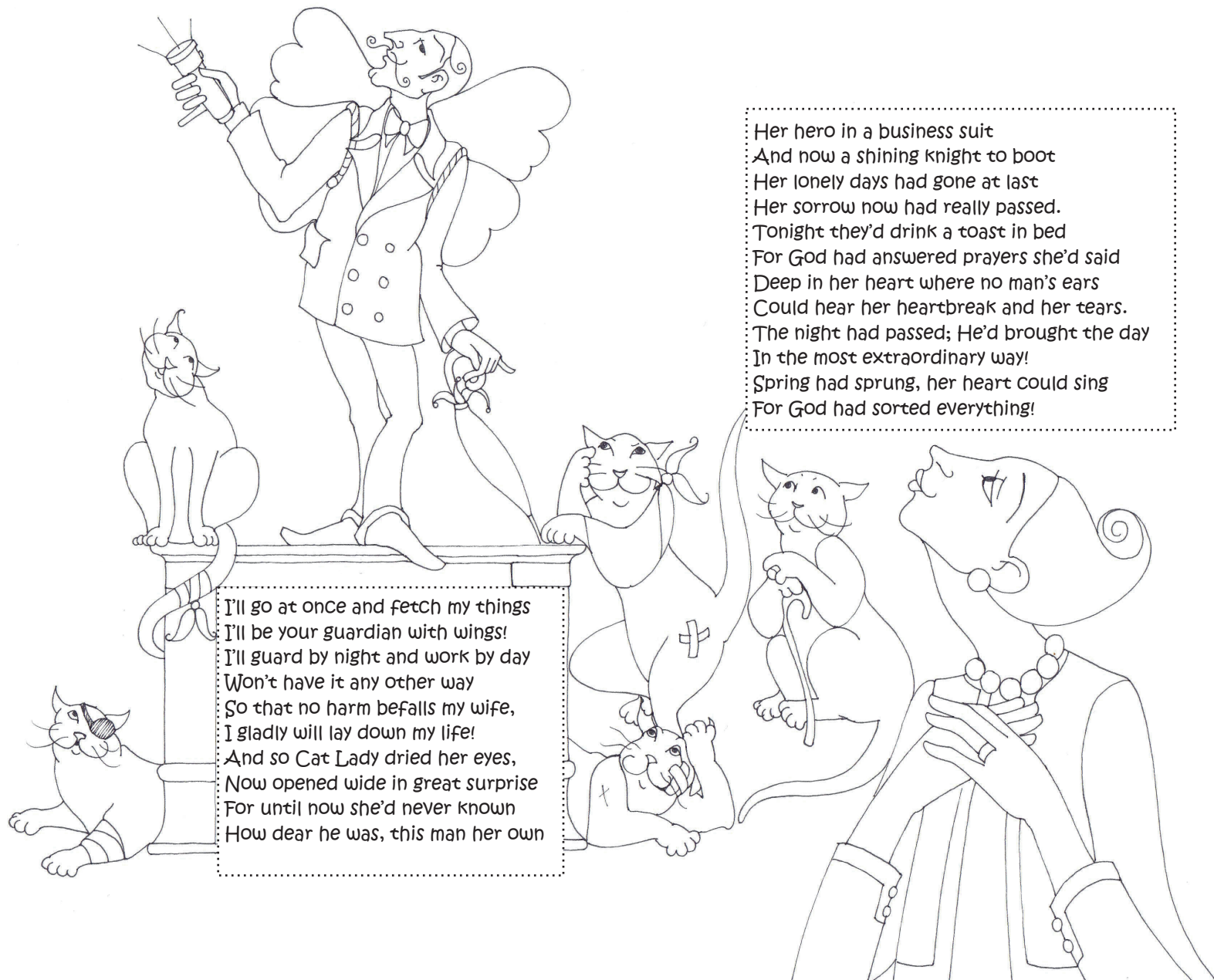


But Mr. didn't guess a thing
He thought that he was still the king
And all unfolding per his plan -
Instead the pawpaw'd hit the fan!
And so the minutes ticked on by
Through tea and lunch he held her eye
And did not notice 'til past one!
Time flies when two are having fun...
And then she'd gasped,
pulled her chair back
And said, "I have a train to catch!
I've loads to do; it's been so sweet
To have this mini-type retreat!
How time has flown! It is quite hard
To say goodbye, but we must part.
Perhaps we can do this again
Just call my number, tell me when!
It's been too long; we'd grown apart
But now we've made a brand new start!"
And Mr beamed, held out his arms,
Forgetting that he'd planned the harm
Of furry friends she loved so well.
(It really was a plan from hell!)
He kissed her cheek; he held her hand,
A dinner date already planned,
And walked her home to stretch the time
Before he had to say goodbye...

And as they came upon her place
The state of things was a disgrace
With fur and blood clots everywhere,
It was a scene of great despair
With cats all howling, wiping eyes
And licking wounds while kittens cried
And Mr., remembering his plan,
Said, "I'll salvage what I can.
You go inside; I'll call the cops.
With me the nonsense really stops!
Go pour a drink and lie right down

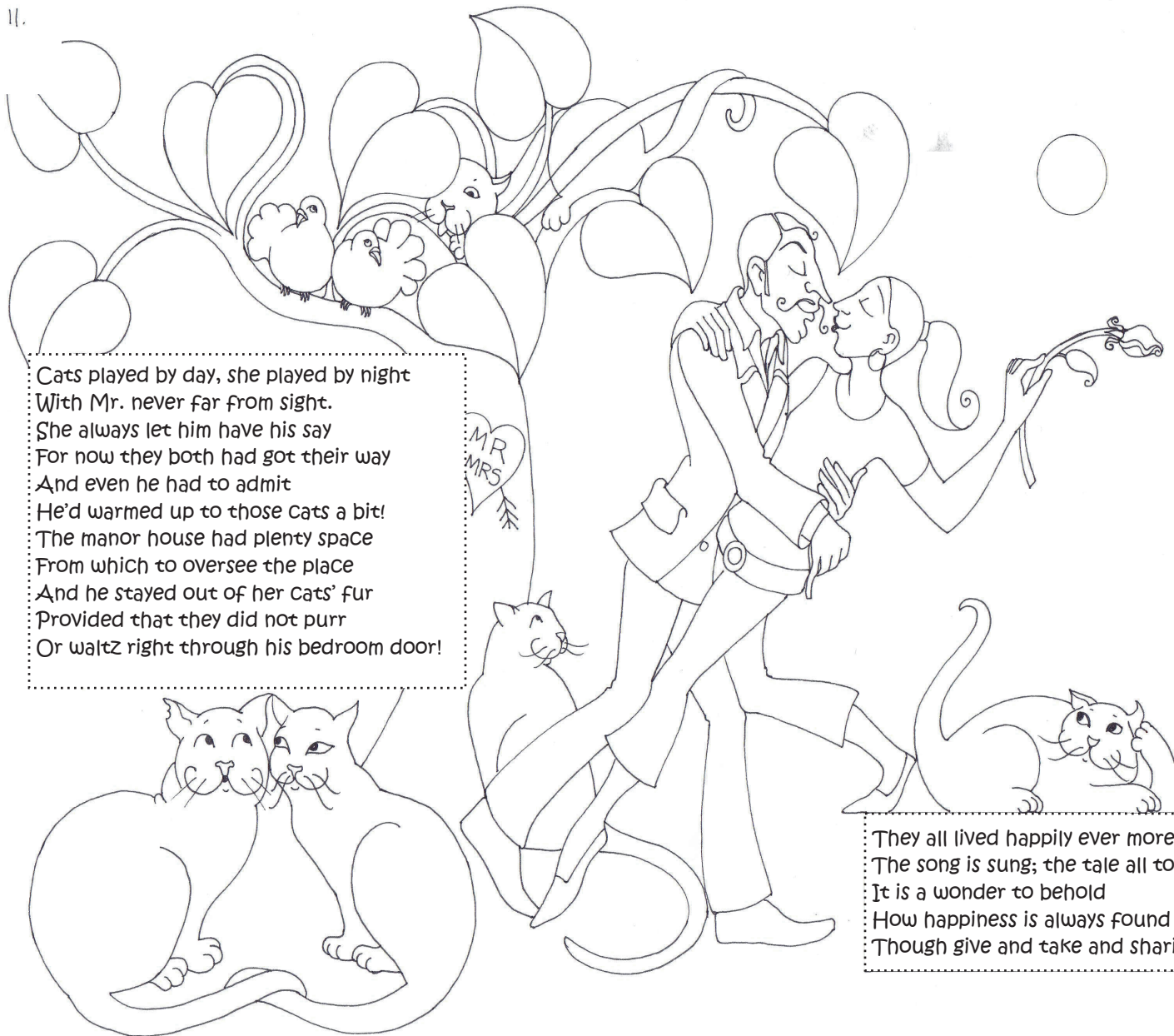


Don't fret yourself or wear a frown.
I'll handle this, my little lamb
I'll do whatever it is I can
To catch these crooks;
bring them to book
I'll search each corner, every nook
For evidence of who's done this
I'll get them caught - I will not miss!
You can't stay here alone at night
It's just not done - it is not right!



Her hero in a business suit
And now a shining knight to boot
Her lonely days had gone at last
Her sorrow now had really passed.
Tonight they'd drink a toast in bed
For God had answered prayers she'd said
Deep in her heart where no man's ears
Could hear her heartbreak and her tears.
The night had passed; He'd brought the day
In the most extraordinary way!
Spring had sprung, her heart could sing
For God had sorted everything!

I'll go at once and fetch my things
I'll be your guardian with wings!
I'll guard by night and work by day
Won't have it any other way
So that no harm befalls my wife,
I gladly will lay down my life!
And so Cat Lady dried her eyes,
Now opened wide in great surprise
For until now she'd never known
How dear he was, this man her own



Cats played by day, she played by night
 With Mr. never far from sight.
 She always let him have his say
 For now they both had got their way
 And even he had to admit
 He'd warmed up to those cats a bit!
 The manor house had plenty space
 From which to oversee the place
 And he stayed out of her Cats' fur
 Provided that they did not purr
 Or waltz right through his bedroom door!

They all lived happily ever more.
 The song is sung; the tale all told
 It is a wonder to behold
 How happiness is always found
 Though give and take and sharing ground!

Draw your own big, fat, furry cat!

What about drawing an old bent cat with glasses?

