

## “Gizmo”

What was I thinking? Was I even thinking at all? Obviously I did not think it through. All I knew that day was that there was an animal in trouble.

My friend, Emily, and I were going to our C.E.O.S. Club meeting at Rush Run Baptist Church Fellowship Hall. When we got out of her car she said, “I hear a cat.” Sure enough, across the street at an empty house was a small black and white kitten.

Not much that we could do right then and I sure wouldn’t ask Emily to take a kitten in her pretty red car. We had our meeting and were cleaning up the lunch remains when I got an idea. Since I had brought chicken and stuffing for the lunch and had some chicken left—why not give some to the cat? I took it over to it and tried to coax it to me. But it kept running under the house. So I left the chicken and the kitten and went back to Emily’s to wait for Frank to come pick me up. I told him about the kitchen and he asked me if I wanted to go get it. I told him that we couldn’t as we had a car full of stuff to deliver and errands to run.

So, we went on our way. The next morning after everything was fed (that would be one husband, one son, four cats, me, and outside birds) Frank said “Are You Ready?”

I said, “Ready for what?”

“To get the cat,” he said.

“Oh,” I said. He reported that we were going to have storms and the cat would be scared.

Off we went armed with a cat carrier, a can of cat food, a towel for cleaning up the car or trapping the cat, a dish, and a bottle of water (Although if we couldn’t catch him or her the storm would supply plenty).

When we got there no dead cat was on the road but there was one meowing loudly and running under the house. Ah, the aroma of canned cat food got the best of it and after a few tries Frank got it under the towel. He scooped it up and popped it into the carrier. This cat meowed loudly all the way home– ALL THE WAY HOME.

There was I going to put it when we got home? Since our house doesn't have a lot of doors on rooms there was only one choice– my bathroom, which is the off the kitchen, and the connecting laundry room.

I put the cat food and a kitty litter pan in the laundry room. He used the kitty litter right away. Boy, does he use it. Since he has been here, I have swept up 250 pounds of the stuff. If there was on Olympic sport of kitty litter throwing he would win hands down. Yes, he is a he. He is a he with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder. He's like a cat super ball. He bounces, he jumps, and he runs around like a maniac.

He has knocked Frank's boom box off its stand, he has killed one of my plants, he has broken an ear off one of my owls, he broke a chunk out of one of my pink swans in my bathroom, and he broke a ceramic basket on the shelf on the back of my bathroom sink. I've dried my Q-tips twice as he knocks the pink pitcher that they are in into the sink and then knocks the glass of water on the sink into the sink onto the Q-tips, and the towels don't stay on the towel racks. EVER. The lace curtains that were on the seat of the two ice cream chairs in my bathroom have been put away with one frayed corner. The radio and phone that were on one of the chairs are now on the floor. He pulls the phone plug out of the wall too. The pretties on the other chair are packed away. He drinks out of the toilet if I forget to put the lid down. He has a bowl of water, honest.

He's a holy terror; his name is "Gizmo." He's cute and he eats less than Frank, and he's still here. Ah, but I will get my revenge when he goes to the vet's to get you know what removed.

Revenge is sweet.

Til' next month. Ta. Ta.

~Judy~