

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAT

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Forward

Few authors today have the gift or ability to capture the attention of both young and old, and to transport them to another world, yet, Laura Novotny has done just that. Her attention to detail and love of animals makes *Autobiography of a Cat* a book that transcends all ages. Instantly, the reader is engaged and enveloped within the world of the cat as the story captivates and carries the reader along an emotional journey filled with laughter and tears. The characters are familiar, warm and inviting as we share the journey with them.

Laura writes with purity and an innocence that makes this story an appropriate wholesome family book ‘purrfectly’ poised to become a bedtime favorite for adult and child alike. So grab a blanket, turn off the television, and be prepared to get lost within the pages of a new modern-day classic.

– Cordelia D. Miller

Preface

I have always loved cats. I have owned so many, (or they have owned me), and have interacted with, and observed them, for so long, I feel as if I can see inside their minds. I thought about that one day, and wondered what a cat would say if it could tell about its life from a cat's point of view, re-living its own memories, from beginning to end. Loving to write as much as I love cats, I decided to take it on, and so emerged *Autobiography of a Cat*. It is a whimsical work, intended to entertain young and old alike. I have immensely enjoyed being the cat. However, I would interject that giving a cat the vocabulary liberties of a human was done only to add flavor to the story, as well as to offer a sense of understanding and compassion to the reader. A cat is just that. A cat. A cat is subject to humans, and limited in its understanding. A cat is a beautiful, mysterious, sensitive creature, created by God from His infinite imagination. I thank him for his grace, for his Son, for the gifts he has given – and for cats.

It has been a wonderful journey, being down there, peering out from a cat's eyes for a while. It's time for me to stand up now, and let you get down and have a look.

-- Laura Violet Novotny

Acknowledgements

To my husband, Steven.

Thank you, for the many hours of technical help,
for encouraging me to keep writing, loving me and
tolerating my cats.

To Cory.

You understand the power of the written word,
and have kept me believing that someone will want
to read mine.

To Mom and Dad.

I wish you were here, so I could sit in your
kitchen and read my first book to you.

Introduction

This book is written for those who love and know cats well, or who would just like to learn about them, or simply be entertained by them. Though *Autobiography of a Cat* is written beyond the elementary reader level, it is perfect for reading to the very young, and an adventurous teaching tool for exposing them to many wonderful expressions of the English language.

--L.V.N.

Two little girls are playing with kittens in the grass.

“I wish I had a million kittens!”

“Silly! How could you ever love a million kittens?”

“One at a time.”

-Author Unknown



Chapter One

I remember being surrounded by warmth, with the sound of a beating heart and a rhythmic rumbling, which made me feel comfortable and safe. Suddenly, I felt a pressure which moved me forward through the darkness. I remember wetness, then I felt cold air, immediately followed by something rough but gentle and warm, massaging me quickly, and I became clean, and warm again. The familiar rumbling surrounded me again, but now, I heard a language I understood, uttered low; a smell and warm fuzziness I knew instinctively was my mother. I began to cry with want, as I moved toward my source of love. It seemed I was drawn to her soft belly, and when I found the warm teat, I latched on there eagerly, and so good and warm it was! I spread my arms in ecstasy and drank, and drank, and moved my paws against her mother-scented fur. I remember nothing but complete tranquility. Tiny purr...belly full...satisfied...sleep...sleep...

I rose to sleepy consciousness later, feeling other movement beside me. It remained dark, but I could tell I was not alone. There were others like me, also a source of warmth, to which I gravitated. The lovely nourishment kept us very sleepy, and eventually, we all piled against one another for a long doze, molded into a tight bundle. Milky breathing, warm fur, tiny hiccups, and the occasional twitches of digestion and growth, only seemed to lull us further into oblivion.



I awoke with a start. I keenly sniffed the air and sensed a new scent that was not my mother's. I spat and urgently sniffed into my dark world, not liking the new scent, or the feeling of empty space which surrounded me. My heart raced. Something warm enclosed me, and I was lifted up, up, up! I began to fling my feet frantically in all directions, all claws spread. I cried as loudly as I could, and immediately I heard the soothing trill of my mother's voice nearby. Whatever held me now, held me against more warmth, and I felt warm breath and a kiss gently placed on my head. Hearing the sound of my mother's distant purring below me, I began to relax a little at the cooing sounds this other nurturer made against my face. So there was more to my family than I thought. The extension of coddling eventually materialized itself into, first, this kindly person called Rachel, who, I found out later, lavished the same attention on my mother. I sensed my mother's relaxation whenever Rachel came into the room. I decided what was good for my mother, was certainly good enough to evoke purring from me. So, this I bestowed happily and often, especially when those kind hands would scratch me all over, and turn me on my back for the much-wanted attention to my belly. Oh, how I loved that! I seemed to have the best of worlds: Suckle, sleep, play, attention, all revolving in a continuous, serene existence. There were only a couple things against which I found I must rebel. One was the incessant attempts of my furry companions to steal away my suckling spots. We would constantly whine at one another, as we scratched at each other's heads angrily, pushing, shoving, stealing, always vying for position.

Another point of annoyance was being forced to lie still, as my mother gave me my frequent daily baths. No kitten was cleaner than I. When I tried to wriggle away, she would hold me firmly with her strong arm over my back. I would be tossed to and fro by her licking, eventually ending up on my back, as she cleaned my bottom – it seemed even that function was to be taken care of for me. However, all the jostling would inevitably end in the quiet peace of cuddling against her downy belly, as once again, I would eat until satisfied, my purring softer and softer, until it finally faded slowly into separate tiny dots, then stopped altogether.

Eventually, I found it more productive and enjoyable to incorporate play into these bathing encounters. I held my mother's face in my little paws, and bit with toothless gums wherever I felt her. She responded by uttering her soft maternal trills, and gentle pausing bites all over my body. She was great fun, and I, along with my companions, mourned her absence each time she left us to do whatever mothers go to do. As the days passed by, her absences grew longer, and we began to entertain ourselves in new ways, for, wonder of wonders, our space was not contained in this square enclosure in which we had been born. Curiosity got the best of us, as we began to move about, and when sight came with freedom, a whole new world of adventure opened up before us, as one day, sleep was not as important as finding the WAY OUT.