

**Furry Fables
Cat Tales
Magical Fables
A Unique Collection
of Fantasy Stories**

Tygo Lee

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Note from the author:

This 2019 ebook is a *composite* third edition of the previously published second editions of *Majikal Tales* and *Majikal Tales 2* (2016), and first editions *Majikal* and *Majikal 2* (2014). Some of the cat tales in these previous editions had been published before 2014 as a part of other books by this author dating from 1999.

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Furry Fable 07: Little Cindy and Bouncy Kitty

Little Cindy had a new kitty. Yes, a kitty cat! Her *very own* kitty cat! Her parents had given it to her for her birthday a short time ago and she was thrilled! Cindy didn't really know where it had come from, but she assumed that it had been sent down to her mom and dad directly from Heaven as a special gift just for her. How could that not be the case, as cute and sweet as her kitty cat was!

"What name should I give her? What name should I choose?" Cindy thought very seriously about this.

"I need a *really good name* for my new, best friend. A name she'll be proud of. A name she'll be happy with. A special name that is just perfect for her personality and will let everyone know how much I love her."

"I've got it! Yes, I think I know what to name her. Bouncy! Yes, I like it! How about you, kitty? What do you think about Bouncy for your name? Isn't it great!"

"You're always bouncing all over the place around my house— on the floor, the furniture, the magazines, the pillows, the bed, my clothes —on everything and everywhere. *Bouncy* it is!"

"Here, kitty kitty. Come on. We're gonna play for a while. What should we play? Hmmm. Let's see. How about— attack the shoelace? Do you like that idea?"

"I'll take this one out of one of my dad's shoes so we can use it for our entertainment. I'm sure he won't mind."

"Okay, ready. Now pay attention, Bouncy. I'm gonna wiggle this shoelace around on the floor and you can..."

"Wow, you're fast! I wasn't even ready and you grabbed it out of my hand before I knew what was happening!"

"Bouncy, where are you going? Give it back, huh. Why are you shaking it like that? Give it back!"

"Meow. Hey, I don't know what a *shoelace* is— or for that matter, a *shoe* either—but I tell ya, this thing is alive! Meow, meow! Maybe if I swing it around a lot more, it will surrender itself."

"Where are you going? No, Bouncy, not under the sofa! How can I reach you under there to be able to grab hold of the shoelace and to wiggle it for you?"

"Wiggle it for me? It's wiggling itself like crazy from what I can tell!"

"Come out of there now! Here, kitty kitty. Here, kitty kitty."

"Huh? I thought you said my name was Bouncy. What's this 'kitty kitty' stuff you're talking about?"

"Here, kitty kitty."

"Whatever. Yeah, I got it. I'll trap this end of the wiggling thing under one of my paws and then shake the life out of it with my teeth!"

"Whap! Meow. Shake, shake, shake. Shake, shake, shake. Meow! Shake, shake, shake."

"Hey, I think I killed it. Yeah, I dropped it out of my mouth and it's not moving. No, it's not moving! Wow, that was a difficult one, huh?"

"There you are, Bouncy! Why didn't you come out from under the sofa when I told you to? And where is the shoelace?"

“It’s dead.”

“What did you do with the shoelace, Bouncy?”

“I killed it.”

“I suppose you lost your new toy in just a couple of minutes.”

“No, it’s *not* lost. It’s under this sofa thing, and it stopped moving. I killed it, I tell ya!”

“Oh what a silly little kitty you are. I give you a new toy and you’ve already lost it!”

“Silly! Did you see the way that thing wiggled and jumped around! It was a *huge* battle, and it took all of my energy and skill to get it under control.”

“And just look at you! You’ve got your fur all messed up and full of dust and lint from going under the sofa like that.”

“Well, could be, but did I tell you that I killed it?”

“I’m gonna have to brush you so you look real nice again.”

“Do what to me! What’s a *brush*, huh?”

“Here we go. My mom and dad bought me a brush to use just for you, Bouncy, so you’ll always look real pretty! What do you think about that?”

“Pretty? Yeah, that sounds good! But is that brush thing safe?”

“Now sit still and I’ll get your fur looking real nice like my mom does with me with my hair every morning.”

“Yeah, well, okay. But that brush has a bunch of long, pointy things sticking out of it. What if they poke holes in my body and...”

“Sit still, please.”

“Wait a minute! We’re still discussing the pointy things that might poke holes in my body.”

“Bouncy, sit still, will ya!”

“Yeow, that feels strange! You’re running those pointy things down my back, and yeow! That makes my whole body shiver like crazy. And hey, slow down, will ya. Now I see that you’re gonna drag that thing down my back again, aren’t ya!”

“Bouncy, sit still, please!”

“I’m not so sure about this. Yeow, there it goes again, right down my back. I’m shivering all over.”

“Okay, that’s enough. You finished, right? Yep, you must have finished. Time for me to run off to somewhere else. Anywhere else. I’m gonna head into this little room and sit there for a while until the pointy brush thing goes back to its home and leaves me alone.”

“Bouncy, what are you doing in the bathroom? Come out from behind the toilet, will ya!”

“Behind the what?”

“Here, kitty kitty. Here, kitty kitty. Come out from there.”

“So is it kitty or Bouncy? Make up your mind, would ya. Either one is fine, but just let me know which one you decide on, okay?”

“Now if you’re not gonna allow me to brush you up real good, I might just give you a nice, warm bath. And then you’ll be sparkling clean! What do you think about that?”

“A bath? What’s a *bath*, huh? Does it involve pointy things that slide down my back?”

“You see, I’ll just run some water in the big tub that’s beside the toilet and then put you inside of it, soap you up all over, and scrub your fur from head to tail.”

“You’ve gotta be kidding! Get me all wet? Put soap all over me? And scrub me! No, no, no. Meow! I’m outta here!”

“Bouncy! Where are you going? Bouncy!”

“Wow, that bathroom I wandered into turned out to be a real dangerous place, huh? Soak and soap and scrub me? No, no, no. I’m definitely staying out of that little room in the future!”

“Hey, I’ll hang out in this other room for a while and see if it’s safer. Phew, I was lucky to escape from that bathroom place.”

“Here, kitty kitty. Here, kitty kitty. Ah, there you are! What are you doing in the kitchen?”

“I’m, well, I’m not doing anything. But as you can see, I’ve got no pointy things sliding down my back or no bathtub nearby threatening me.”

“What a silly kitty you are, do you know it!”

“Silly maybe, but I’m at least not shivering or soaked and soaped and scrubbed.”

“Hey, Bouncy. What do...”

“I must have *two* names: Bouncy *and* kitty, huh? That’s all I can figure out. She keeps calling me one thing, and then the other. This or that. Or maybe she gets confused a lot and forgets which one is my real and only name, huh? Could be. Personally, I sort of like Bouncy if I could be the one to choose.”

“What do you think about me giving you a little snack?”

“Snack? Now you’re talking! Yeah, a snack! I like it! Great idea. Go for it. Do it. Don’t hold back. It’s snack time!”

“You know what? That would be an appropriate reward for my having killed that wiggly shoelace. And it definitely is a much better option than the brush or bath things you were trying to talk me into! Great idea. Go for it. Do it. Don’t hold back. It’s a snack attack!”

“Okay, Bouncy. Let’s see what’s in the refrigerator.”

“The what? Oh yeah, now I remember. It’s that little, cold room that always has its door closed.”

“Good idea, let’s check it out. I agree with you completely about this. Did you notice that I’m anxiously circling around your legs and ready for some serious snacking!”

“Well, there’s some leftover spaghetti.”

“No, skip that. I saw that the other night and it’s just more wiggly stuff that could bring about more under-the-sofa battles.”

“And here’s a bowl of mixed vegetables that…”

“Yeah, right! No, no, no. What else have ya got in there?”

“There’s a couple of slices of pizza, Bouncy. What do you think about that?”

“Well, I could eat some of the meat stuff off the top, and the cheese is okay too, so…”

“Hmmm. And we’ve got some leftover fried fish on a plate.”

“Say what? Fish? Did you say fish! That’s what I heard. Yeah, fish!”

“Or there’s some pudding or gelatin.”

“Yuck. No, stop. Go back to the fish part. Fish is fine. Fish is great. Meow, meow. Fish, I tell ya. A fish snack! Meow, meow. Fish!”

“There are a whole lot of options in the refrigerator, Bouncy.”

“No, no, no. You got that wrong. There’s only *one* option, and that is the *fish*. Meow, meow. Let’s go for the fish, okay? Meow, meow. The *fish*, I tell ya!

“Well, with your being a kitty, I suppose you might like the fish.”

“Yes! The fish! Hooray, the fish!”

“But, maybe my mom will get mad if I…”

“No, she won’t get mad at all. She’ll be very happy if you give me some of that fish. I’m sure of it!”

“Or maybe she won’t even notice if I give you a little bit of the fish.”

“Of course she won’t notice. No one will notice. No one! It’ll be our secret, okay? Just you and me. A fish secret. Meow, meow. Fish! Let’s go for the fish!”

“Okay, here you go, Bouncy. I hope you like it!”

“Like it? I love it! Munch, munch. Thanks a lot, huh! Munch, munch. It tastes really good! Munch, munch. If you want, we could do this every day! Munch, munch. A fish snack! Munch, munch. This is great!”

“Ah, Bouncy. You look so cute there on the floor eating your fish! I should take a picture of you with my parent’s camera.”

“Cute, huh? Okay, I won’t argue with you about that. I’m cute. Wow! I’ll be as cute as you want, any time, any day if you save up some more of this fish for me, okay? Munch, munch. Yum!”

“Hey, Bouncy. How about if we go outside for a walk? And then I can show you to all my friends in the neighborhood.”

“Show me to all your friends? What’s the deal with…”

“I’m so happy that you’re here living with me, and you’re so cute and bouncy and playful and cuddly and soft that I want everyone to see how lucky I am to have you!”

“Wow, what a nice thing to say. Wow. Thanks a lot!”

“Hey, I like living here with you too. Yeah, I like it a lot! Okay, you can show me to all your friends. Now I get it. Yeah, that’s fine.”

“And don’t worry about going outside.”

“Well, it does make me a little nervous if you want to know the truth.”

“I’ll protect you, Bouncy, and I’ll be sure that the dogs don’t chase you and that you don’t go where the cars are passing by, and I’m gonna take care of you real good so nothing happens to you, okay?”

“Hey, that’s great. Yeah, thanks a lot again. I’ll stay close to you. ‘Protect me,’ you say. Phew. That makes me feel a lot safer.”

“This outside stuff is still all pretty new to me and there are a lot of strange things and creatures wandering around that sort of make me nervous.

“And then when we finish that, my mom will want me to take a nap, and you can cuddle up in my bed and take a nap with me.”

“Yeah, I like that idea. A nap! I’m good at taking naps. And thanks for inviting me to nap with you! Yeah. We could cuddle up together and have a nice, long nap. Just you and me.”

“I love you so much, Bouncy. You’re my best friend, my very best friend in the whole world! I love you so much!”

“Gee whiz. That’s bringing tears to my eyes. Wow. And you’re *my* best friend too. You’re my very best friend in the whole world! You play with me, keep me clean, feed me, take me around, protect me, cuddle me. I love you so much too!”

“Here, kitty kitty. Let’s go outside for a while and see what’s happening.”

“Here, kitty kitty. Here, kitty kitty.”