

# Thomas' 100 Cat Tales

---

## The Cat Who Came in from the Cold

Dwayne Sharpe

### Tale 2 - The Intruder

Today started out pretty much as usual. My nightly prowls around the house ended, and it was time to eat. I pounced on the bed where my human hosts were sleeping. Their training is incomplete as they are still slow to rise and prepare my morning meal. I needed to remind them daily to set out fresh water and food for me. My being a king carries the responsibility for protecting this kingdom, and my human subjects need to provide regular feedings.

I finished my morning meal and waited for my humans to leave for the day. I then strolled to the front window where the sun provided warmth. Grooming is an important aspect of being a king. I needed to maintain my royal appearance. I cleaned one white boot at a time. When I finished all four paws, I rewarded myself with some well-earned rest.

Around mid-day when the sun had shifted, I heard strange noises at the back door and investigated. An intruder pried the door open and was coming inside. Scraggly

hair covered his unfriendly face. Anyone disturbing my kingdom had to deal with me. I stood my ground and let out a long hiss followed by a growl. The man ignored me, so I hissed louder. A swift foot came my way, and I skirted it in time. He entered my kingdom without permission, and it was my job to fend him off.

I've been in many scrapes in my life, something necessary for survival, but repulsive. It is one reason I settled down and made this my private kingdom. This intruder was an insult to my royalty and a disturbance to my personal space. I needed to drive him from my castle and teach him a lesson.

He passed by me and entered the large living room. I leaped on his back and sank my front claws deep into his neck. His hand came up to pull me off, and I bit hard into his soft skin. His other hand reached up and pulled me off, but not before my claws dragged across his neck. He threw me hard across the room. I would have landed on my feet, but there was a wall in the way. I hit hard and slid to the floor.

The intruder went down the hall and out of sight while I caught my breath. My side ached from hitting the wall. A few minutes later, the man returned, carrying a bulging pillowcase. I was ready for round two.

He stood facing me, and I raced toward him and clawed my way up the pillowcase, leaving a few minor tear marks as I gathered speed. I bit down hard on the hand holding the case. He tried to shake me loose as my sharp claws sunk in deeper. The case dropped, and his other hand grabbed for me. He cried from the pain I inflicted upon him. I bit the hand trying to grab me while keeping my claws secured in his other hand. He twisted and turned trying to knock me loose. When I let go, he dashed for the door, drips of blood trailing behind.

My fur was a mess, and I worked my grooming magic to restore my regal looks. My side still hurt, but I figured a long nap would make me feel better. I laid in the back window and soaked up the sun.

When my humans arrived home, they saw the jimmied door and then the pillowcase filled with their shiny objects. They also noticed the blood and claw marks on the case. The humans wanted to hold me. Maybe they were checking if I

cleaned off all the intruder blood. That night, they gave me an extra bowl filled with milk. It was a real treat, but I couldn't let them know how much I loved it.

I curled up in my female human's lap and started my purr motor. She enjoyed my company as her hand caressed my long black body. I left my purr motor on longer than normal.