

The Tale of the Cat and the Bluebird.

by
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Mum for being Mum (and for helping me)



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Written & illustrated by

Aadit Deshmukh

Aged 9

Chapter 1

“How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?” I said, reciting my favourite tongue twister.

“Impossible!” said a voice from the back of the room.

“Gah!” I exclaimed, “You can’t creep up on somebody like that, sis!”

“I didn't creep up on you,” she said aggravatingly, “I just moved slowly and carefully in order not to be heard.”

“That's the literal definition of creep!”

“Well, excuse me, grammar teacher.”

“Oi!”

“I like your cattitude.”

“I like purrtasthec purrns.”

“These jokes are a purrfect way to keep pawsitive.”

“Don't you know, I'm impossible to beat?” I said.

“Oh, that was a good one! I must remember it for Rex.”

“...”

“What's the problem? Cat got your tongue?”

“Ok, you when. Fair and clare.”

“What?”

“Cat plus square.”

I stared at her blankly, then my owner said,

“Dinner's ready.”

“I'll tell you later when I finish my story.”

“Oh yeah, how is it coming along?” I asked eagerly.

Chapter 2

My kind and Birds communicate well. We stalk Bird and Bird flees for its life and then Bird is caught and killed by us.

Now that's pretty clear communication.

Birds are prey.

It has caused a dilemma for my owner over the years because he loves cats but he also loves birds.

He already had two parakeet birds when he bought his first cat home. To remedy any conflict, he put up a shelf and kept the birdcage on the shelf. The shelf was up high and he had to step on a stool to reach it but it granted the birds' absolute safety from my mother while he was at work or away.

My brother was the second cat he got and he could jump high and climb anything but the shelf was not within his reach.

Over the years the original set of birds changed because they died, except for a blue

coloured bird that survived the three other birds in the span of ten years.

He named the bird "Bluebird." Every time a bird would die he thought it was sad that the single bird was all by itself and he would drive to the pet store and purchase another bird to make the world right again.

After the third bird died there was a short lapse of time that Bluebird stayed by herself.

Chapter 3

My owner noticed that Bluebird was not sad at all. In fact, he never saw her so happy.

She started singing all the time and jumping merrily around the cage like she was having the time of her life. She would go into the corner of the cage and do little somersault

flips in the corner of the cage that were so funny and cute that he would laugh out loud when he saw her do it.

He would make a checking noise to the bird that she would repeat back to me and at that point he just couldn't find a good reason to purchase another companion bird for his single bird that was so happy to be on her own.

At the end of the day when it was time to relax, he would be in the living room watching evening television with his two cosy, affectionate cats.

Usually pet people consider their pets their family as he did, and he started bringing the birdcage in the living room in the evenings so that Bluebird would spend time with the family.

It is perfectly alright to laugh at this because it is hilarious that someone would consider their cat creatures their family but he was sincere, smart, single and loved his pets which have always been a major part of his life.

Since he didn't have anywhere to put the birdcage, he just set the cage on the floor

against a wall right in front of me so he could see the cage at all times.

At first I would sit in front of the bird cage and just stare at the bird and watch the bird closely.

My owner would make an announcement to my cat that Bluebird was a family bird and not for hunting.

Chapter 4

As the time passed, I would lay casually by the bird cage and watch the bird disinterestedly.

Later, I would lounge and take naps by the birdcage, abandoning the need altogether to watch the bird so closely. The other cat

stayed away from the cage and was not interested in the bird.

The bird and I started playing through the cage, initiating a game of tag. Now, in the evenings we played tag through the cage and my owner wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it for himself.

I was gentle and careful, as I pawed where the bird was cheering and jumping inside the cage and insisting dramatically that I catch her and win. My paw touched the bird through the cage - it was caught and the bird would acknowledge it by touching my paw

with its beak and to continue jumping all around for the next tag.

We did this on a regular basis. It was neat. It was love. It was fun. Sometimes when my owner would leave the cage and be heading a few feet away, the bird would make a lot of chirping sounds as if calling to me and I would stop, turn around and go back to the cage keeping the bird company.

The bird actually called me back to the cage to hang out.

My owner was never so brave as to let the bird out of the cage to play with me without the protection of its cage.

It was just a pleasure to see me treat the parakeet bird as one of the family as we became very good friends.

Chapter 5

“Nice story,” he commented.

“Oh and by the way...”

“What?”

“You think I could win the little authors book competition?”

“Yeah.”

“We’ll just have to wait and see.”



We hope that you and your family and friends enjoy the book that you have created.

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Join Lynx as he learns about the tale of two unlikely friends, the Cat and the Bluebird.