

# The Adventures of Frank the Cat

A Collection of Short Stories: Volume I  
*“Lakeside” and “The Delivery”*



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### From the Author:

I wrote the first short story for my creative writing class as a senior in high school. After college I tidied up the story a bit and added onto it. I always imagined Frank the Cat as a series with little vignettes of cat capers that people can follow along with. Enjoy the show, and I wish this concept inspires you to create your own adventures in real life and in your imagination (which, arguably, is also real).

### Introduction:

Frank is a black and white tuxedo tomcat who lives in a small town called Lakeside. His owner, the elderly Ms. Rose, lets Frank roam around the town during the day where he spends his time going on a myriad of adventures with his two best friends, Sam and Fluffy.

Follow Frank as he gets his friends in to (and out of) trouble, solves mysteries, and sets off on quests only a cat's mind can come up with. See what hijinks a trio of cats can get themselves into as they learn the value of friendship, honesty, and how everything turns out okay in the end, especially if you believe it will!

### Setting:

The town of Lakeside is so small that everybody knows everybody and most people commute out of town to the big city for work. With the town square in the center, including the town hall and the small Main Street Park, there are two apartment complexes, one on the northwest corner and the other on the northeast corner. The one on the west side has the senior living apartments and the one on the east side is larger for single family living.

The main shopping district is east of the town square and includes David's Groceries and Bob's Hardware. Main Street houses a few independent shops, boutiques and the town post office. South of the square is the Waterfront District with several rows of houses that lead into the forest and lake which Lakeside is named for. Small fish travel down the river into the lake, making it a popular fishing spot for locals and city folk on the weekends. During winter the lake freezes over.

North of the square, and located behind the two apartment complexes, is Forest Park where local wildlife runs free. A walking path has recently been paved throughout the park and is used frequently. There are plenty of trees and small bushes for creatures of any shape and size to hide and play in.

## Cast of Characters:

### Frank

Frank is a black and white tuxedo tomcat who lives in the senior living apartments on the northwest side of town. His owner, the elderly Ms. Rose, has a second-story apartment with a great view of town and lets Frank roam around during the day where he spends his time going on a myriad of adventures with his two best friends, Sam and Fluffy. He lives a simple life at home and is often spoiled by Ms. Rose. She may not be able to afford the newest cat toys but she makes fun ones out of toilet paper rolls and knits catnip toys for Frank and his friends. Everyone in town knows Frank and most locals have been involved in one or more of Frank's adventures.

### Sam

Sam is a gray and white tabby cat who lives with a young bachelor on the second floor of the apartment complex on the northeast side of the town square. There is a large gnarly tree next to his apartment's balcony...that is how he escapes the day for adventures. Brian even installed a cat door so Sam can come and go as he pleases. Sam occasionally sneaks his friends, Frank and Fluffy, into his apartment when his owner is out of town. Sam's apartment is across the street from Frank's. His favorite pastime is playing with a ball of yarn from Ms. Rose's yarn basket. He doesn't think she knows he has it.

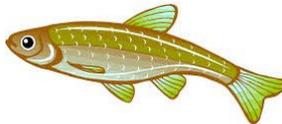
### Fluffy

Fluffy is a pristine white Persian cat who is proud to have a slightly distended nose, uncommon for a Persian cat. She lives with a middle-aged couple in a moderately nice house at the end of Primrose Avenue near the lake south of the town square. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison spoil Fluffy rotten because their two human children are grown and living in the big city now. Although Fluffy survived, Mr. Morrison still lives with the fact he forgot to make sure Fluffy was inside the house during last year's winter blizzard. Luckily for Fluffy she was at a sleepover at Sam's place that night, but still ended up with frozen beads of snow attached to her long fur after walking home the next morning. Although she tends to get what she wants because of this incident, she has to sneak out of the house at night after Mrs. Morrison falls asleep. She gets pretty hysterical if Fluffy isn't in the house after dark.

### Ms. Rose

Ms. Rose is Frank's owner and Mom. She lives in the one senior apartment center on the northwest side of town. Ms. Rose lives the simple life. She likes knitting and watching soap operas on television during the day. She dotes on Frank when he is home and allows him to go out on his adventures during most days. She forgets things and tends to buy more cans of tuna than actual cat food, but no cat minds that kind of forgetfulness. Ms. Rose loves her cat as he is her family.

## “Lakeside”



Frank could see everything from his perch, even the little mouse across town. The sun was shining, birds were chirping, and the world around Frank’s window was waking up. Frank could hear someone behind him moving around the apartment, dishes clanking on the kitchen counter, and the distinct suction sound of the refrigerator door opening, but he kept on gazing out the window. It wasn’t until the sound of the cat opener was heard that Frank turned from the window and headed into the kitchen. By the time he got there a bowl of Friskies chicken-flavored cat food was waiting for him. His owner, the elderly Ms. Rose, was busy preparing her own breakfast on the other side of the kitchen. Frank stopped to look at his owner, her gray hair tied up in pink rollers, her long flowery nightdress flowing from her neck down to the floor, and her horrible, cheap perfume that could be smelled from a mile away. Frank smiled at his owner and gladly went over to his plain blue food dish and ate his breakfast.

After breakfast, Frank took a quick bath. He gently licked his white paws before reaching around to brush behind his beautiful black ears. He admired his reflection in the window, his white belly outlined by stark black fur, giving him the appearance of wearing a tuxedo. After his bath, Frank went calmly to the front door of the apartment and began to meow softly. It took Ms. Rose a little while to reach the door but Frank didn’t mind the wait. After a quick pat on the head and an affectionate rub against his owner’s legs, Frank headed out the door and down the main stairway to the lobby. Frank slipped out the automatic sliding glass doors of the apartment building with nothing but a glance at the lobby supervisor, Mr. Catch, who was asleep behind the front desk.

The sun greeted him as he turned and started to walk down the sidewalk, turning to the right around the back of the apartment building to go through Forest Park to get to the meeting place. Frank walked through the trees that lined the edge of the park, his paws making no noise atop the pine needles and fallen twigs, to a clearing in the middle of all the trees where two cats were waiting for him. One of the cats was a gray and white tabby and the other was a fluffy, white Persian.

“Hey, Frank!” said the tabby.

“You’re late,” said the Persian.

“Hey, Sam,” Frank said to the tabby. “Fluffy,” he said to the Persian, nodding.

“So, where are we going today, Frank?” asked Sam eagerly. “Ed has a new ball of yarn we can go see, or maybe we could go fishing at the lake,” he suggested.

“Yarn and fish! Is that all you think about, Sam?” asked Frank.

“Mmm, I sure could go for some fish right about now,” said Fluffy, patting her stomach, “I’m starving!”

“Well...” pondered Frank. “If we are going to go fishing, we should at least go fishing where we haven’t before. Perhaps, the river?”

“The river?” asked Sam, dropping the pine needle he was playing with.

“It’s too dangerous up there Frank,” said Fluffy matter-of-factly.

“It is not dangerous,” responded Frank. “It will be easy. We could catch hundreds of fish up there. We’d have full stomachs for weeks!”

Sam and Fluffy look at each other. “All right,” said Sam, “I’ll go with you.”

“Me too,” added Fluffy, sighing.

“All right,” said Frank with a smile. “Let’s go!”

The three cats left the park and walked back towards the front of the apartment building. They crossed the street to the town plaza just south of Frank’s apartment, scurrying through the bushes that line the brick pathways that circle in front of the town courthouse. A few townspeople were in the plaza and watched the cats as they made their way around the courthouse down Main Street into the housing district. Everybody in town knows who Frank, Sam, and Fluffy are. Some keep an eye on them as they walk by, their adventurous reputation has gotten them in trouble on more than one occasion, while others smile and nod at the trio, going about their business as usual without a care. The tree-lined Main Street branches off at several points into different neighborhoods but the cats continue down to the edge of town where the lake to which the town of Lakeside is named for provides most of the activity around the small town. Fluffy glances affectionately down Primrose Avenue as they pass, eyeing her home in the distance. Sam nudges Fluffy forward into the dirt and pine needles that line the bank of the lake along the parking lot at the end of Main Street.

Frank, Sam, and Fluffy duck into the pine trees that border the lake and the undeveloped forest on the outskirts of town. A long asphalt walking path winds its way through the forest around the lake but the cats know a shortcut to the river that flows into the lake on the east side. Once away from the safety of the open woods and the paved pathway, the forest is quiet. The cats cautiously walk through the trees, on the alert for strange noises. The forest is empty. Hardly anybody visits the forest nowadays because it’s a terrible site for camping. Even the fishermen don’t bother with the river because plenty of fish wind up in the lake during the summer season. The cats reached the end of the tree line, slinking out between the low bushes into the sand bank, the sound of rushing water all around them.

“I don’t think we should be here,” said Fluffy, eyeing the river nervously.

“What’s the matter?” asked Frank. “We can catch fish in that,” he said, pointing to the river.

“The water is moving too fast, Frank,” said Sam. “Fluffy is right. Why don’t we just go fishing down at the lake where the water is calmer?”

Frank isn’t listening though. He walked towards the river, light paw print marks pressed into the cool, wet yellow sand as he moved. There is a log that extends out into the water, held in place by large boulders that have always been in the river bed as far as Frank knew. Sam and Fluffy gasped at the site of Frank walking out on the log to the middle of the river. But Frank isn’t perturbed and proceeded to reach down into the water and, in no time, grabbed a fish! He placed the fish into his mouth and trotted back to the other cats waiting where the dirt of the forest

blended with the sand of the riverbank. They sat, amazed at what Frank had just done, torn between excitement and apprehension. Frank dropped the rather large minnow onto the sand in front of the other cats and smiled.

“That wasn’t too hard,” he said, happy yet relieved that he didn’t fall in the water.

“Wow,” said Sam, his mouth wide open.

“How did you do that?” asked Fluffy.

“I told you it was easy. Now, come on,” Frank said. “There’s fish to catch!”

Frank left the minnow on the sand and walked behind Sam, giving him a playful yet gentle push towards the water. Sam cautiously walked out onto the log, eyeing the water as it flowed steadily down under and around the log. He bent over, a small school of fish swimming lazily down the river, circling back at times to catch up with their friends. Without losing his balance he leaned over, scooped up a fish with his front paw and placed it in his mouth in one semi-graceful move. He trotted back to the others in glee.

“That wasn’t too hard,” agreed Sam, placing the fish next to Frank’s.

Frank turned to Fluffy. “Ok Fluffy, it’s your turn.”

Fluffy sighed but moved quickly to the side as Frank brought his paw around to push her forward, just missing her fluffy tail as she swished it behind her. She climbed on top of the log slowly, pushing on it with her weight to test it. It didn’t budge. Still, she walked slowly out towards the middle of the log, slower than Sam had moved. She bent over, careful not to lose her balance, and looked into the clear water of the river. Her pearly white reflection stared back at her amongst the fish that were swimming lazily around the log. She stretched out and quickly grabbed a fish of her own, but it flopped right out of her paw back into the water.

“I’m not really that hungry,” she said to herself, eyeing the fish that got away.

She turned and started to walk back towards the riverbank when she heard a noise that sent terror throughout her entire body. The log was cracking beneath her feet! She leapt into the air, trying to make a hurried escape, but the log snapped in two and she fell into the cold water of the river. Frank and Sam gasped and started to run down the side of the river, hoping that something, anything, would stop their friend. Fluffy, unable to maneuver in the moving water, paddled to try and keep her head above water. Frank scanned ahead; the river was about to end where it would dump Fluffy into the lake. Another fallen tree log extended out from the sand into the lake just in front of Fluffy.

“Grab the log, Fluffy!” screamed Frank.

“Don’t worry,” said Sam to Fluffy as he ran. “We’ll get you out of there.”

Frank ran ahead and got into position on the log, holding out his paw. Fluffy used her last bit of strength to propel herself towards the log, taking hold of Frank’s paw, and is pulled out of the water. Frank carried his friend back up to the riverbank, away from the water. Fluffy coughed up some water and shivered, both cold and terrified of what just happened. Although relieved to see his friend alive, Sam stifled a laugh at the sight of Fluffy. Her fur was soaked, and without all

that fluff she looked like a skinny rat with long wet hair. Frank saw Sam's smile and looked at Fluffy. He couldn't hold back his laughter.

"What?" demanded Fluffy, coughing up the last of the water onto the sand.

Frank looked at Sam. "Nothing," they said in unison, smirking. Fluffy was not impressed.

"Let's get you home, Fluffster," added Sam, rubbing up against her affectionately. "You need to warm up."

Frank nodded in agreement. "Come on," he said to Fluffy. They walked close to her for warmth as they made their way back through the forest, using the path this time.

After seeing that Fluffy was safe and sound back at her house at the end of Primrose Avenue, Frank and Sam headed back across town. They said good-bye to one another outside the sliding glass doors of Frank's apartment, Frank heading up the stairs to the second floor while Sam walked across the street to his place. Sam lived in the larger apartments on the other side of the town square. Once upstairs, Frank scratched at the door and only waited a few moments before Ms. Rose opened the door and welcomed her cat back home. Exhausted, Frank ate his dinner quietly without much thought. After finishing his dinner, chunky salmon in gravy this time, Frank went back to his favorite window to watch the sun set.

With the final rays of sunshine leaving the sky beyond Frank's window, he leapt off his perch onto the living room floor as Ms. Rose shuffled off to the bedroom. He settled down into his moss-colored cat bed in the corner, his eyes slowly closing as Ms. Rose turned off the last light in the bedroom. A large smile crossed Frank's face, the thought of Fluffy looking like a poor drowned rat crossing his mind. Although water would be out of the question next time, he drifted off to sleep dreaming of other adventures he could go on with his two favorite pals, Sam and Fluffy.

## “The Delivery”



On a window ledge two stories above the ground, a little black and white tomcat named Frank was sitting at his favorite spot, licking his white paws intensively. Just a few feet away, a blue ceramic cat dish could be seen with only a few specs of ground tuna, remnants of a good breakfast. Frank enjoyed it as a treat since it was rare that his owner, Ms. Rose, gave him tuna for breakfast. Frank was expecting his normal chicken-flavored cat food on this beautiful Monday morning, but Ms. Rose ran out of canned cat food and had nothing else to give Frank but a can of Bumblebee tuna. Frank didn't complain much. In fact, he devoured his breakfast at twice the normal speed for fear that she would find a hidden can of cat food and take his tuna away from him. Luckily for Frank, they were fresh out.

After his bath by the window sill, Frank got up and went into the kitchen to find that Ms. Rose was dressed in her usual light blue cotton pants, a floral print button-up blouse and dark blue slip on shoes. “Come on, handsome,” she said to Frank, “we need to go to the store and buy you some more food.” She grabbed a set of keys out of the brown wicker basket in the kitchen and collected her collapsible metal shopping cart next to the front door. “Can't keep feeding you tuna,” she said with a wink. All Frank heard were the words “buy” and “tuna” so he gladly trotted out of the apartment and down the stairs after his owner. Mr. Catch, the lobby supervisor, greeted them as they walked out.

Frank quietly trotted after Ms. Rose as they casually walked down Main Street the two and a half blocks to the grocery store. David's Groceries is a fairly large supermarket for such a small town and includes the main butcher shop, fish market and pet food supply. Everyone in Lakeside shops at David's. Frank is always thrilled to go shopping since Mr. Seed always throws him a piece of meat over the butcher counter, and occasionally a small shrimp if Ms. Rose buys seafood. He's also the only cat in town that rides in the shopping cart like a child. Frank is the self-proclaimed protector of Ms. Rose's purse.

After securing a shopping cart for Frank to ride in they entered the store and went directly to the pet aisle. Frank smiled as he watched Ms. Rose put can after can of Friskies cat food in various flavors into the shopping cart. He was particularly excited when she grabbed a toy mouse off the toy rack and put it in the cart as well. However, Frank acted as if he didn't see anything since it was more fun to act surprised when he gets new toys after dinner time. Frank was thinking of how he was going to react to the mouse at home as Ms. Rose wheeled him over to the butcher counter.

Frank stared at the display case as they walked by. Despite having eaten an entire can of tuna that morning, Frank's stomach still rumbled at the sight of the various hams, turkeys and beef

within paw's reach. Mr. Seed greeted them as they walked up to the counter. David Seed is the owner of David's Groceries. It started as a small butcher shop and specialty supply store before expanding into the town's main grocery store. He's an older man with white hair and a large smile on his face. Frank has never seen him without his apron on over a blue plaid shirt and khaki pants.

"Oh hello, David," said Ms. Rose, "How's business?"

"It's going very well, thank you," replied Mr. Seed. "What can I get for you today?"

"A half a pound of ground chuck and a half pound of Virginia ham will be all."

Frank waited patiently as Mr. Seed weighed and wrapped up the meat. When he was finished he threw a small piece of turkey over the display case. Frank caught it in mid-air and gladly devoured it in one piece. As Frank licked his lips and washed his paw, Mr. Salt walked up to the counter. Mr. Salt was their neighbor at the apartments who lived down the hall from them.

"Hello, Paul," greeted Mr. Seed. "Your usual?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Salt replied. "And can you have them delivered around nine a.m. tomorrow?"

"Sure thing Paul, just give me a second and I'll ring that up for you."

Meanwhile, Frank and Ms. Rose paid for their food and walked out of the store, without saying anything to Paul. They haven't been on good terms since his bulldog Charlie almost knocked Ms. Rose over as she was walking down the hallway with a pile of groceries in hand. It wasn't Charlie's fault, he was just chasing after a mouse and had paid no attention to Ms. Rose as he went bounding down the hall trying to get that mouse. Frank didn't really care for the Salts either since that was supposed to be *his* mouse.

They walked back to the apartment, stopping only once so Ms. Rose could give Frank a piece of ham for "being such a good cat." Frank was in high spirits when they got home, it had been a successful trip to the grocery store. Frank spent the remainder of the day lying in the sun by the living room window. After dinner, Frank was "surprised" to see the new, white furry toy mouse in the middle of the living room floor. He spent the next ten minutes amusing Ms. Rose by running around and flipping his new toy into the air and catching it with feline finesse. They both had a great time and went to bed very content. Frank closed his eyes and dreamt of ham and mice all night long.

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The next morning, Frank finished his breakfast in a hurry because he couldn't wait to show Sam and Fluffy his new toy. At eight o'clock in the morning Frank scratched at the front door to be let out, the toy mouse secured in his mouth. Ms. Rose scratched him gently behind the ears and told him to "not lose that mouse" as Frank walked down the hallway and downstairs. He passed through the lobby and headed out the glass doors and around the side of the building to the meeting place. The gray and white tabby, Sam, and the fluffy white Persian, Fluffy, were already there waiting for him. Frank walked up to his friends and laid the mouse out in front of them.

"Wow, Frank!" said Sam, "is that new?"

"It sure is. I just got it yesterday," preened Frank.

“It’s really soft,” said Fluffy, pawing it a little.

“Oh, I want one,” groaned Sam. “You always get the best toys Frank.”

Sam snatched the mouse away from Fluffy and started batting it around.

“Just don’t lose it Sam,” said Frank.

“If you really didn’t want to lose it then you shouldn’t have brought it,” chimed in Fluffy, “You know that one,” she said pointing to Sam. “He can lose a cruise ship in a shallow lake if you leave him alone with it long enough.”

Sam trotted back, mouse in mouth, looking very pleased with himself. “Great toy, Frank.”

“Are you sure you’ve had enough? asked Fluffy with a grin.

“What about you Fluffster?” asked Frank, “do you want to play with it awhile?”

“Oh no,” said Fluffy, “I’m biting from tongue until the meat truck comes. Does anybody know when it’s coming?”

“Nine” replied Frank, licking his paws.

“Good, I’m in the mood for some smoked turkey today. Old Mr. Salt orders the best turkey there is in the entire world!” said Fluffy, her stomach grumbling a little.

“Yeah he does,” said Sam.

“Well,” said Frank, “it should be here soon. We should go out front and wait till it comes.”

Frank scooped up the mouse toy in his mouth and walked to the front of the building with Sam and Fluffy. They found a spot by the front door in the shade. There were a few people outside the apartments so, as to not look so suspicious, the cats decided to split up. Frank stayed by the front door while Fluffy ran to the other side of the doorway and Sam went underneath the gold sedan parked in front of the complex. They only had to wait a few more minutes before the blue and white delivery truck pulled up.

Frank tucked the mouse behind an empty soda can and ran out to meet Mr. Salt as he came down the stairs to get his food. Sam and fluffy came running when they saw the bags of premium smoked turkey and various hams leave the truck and placed into the hands of Mr. Salt. He didn’t seem too surprised to see the cats and was glad to open the bag of turkey and give them a slice each. Mr. Salt signed for his food and went back up to his apartment. The delivery man hurriedly packed up his truck and proceeded to drive away. Frank walked to the spot where the truck was and found a set of keys laying in the street. He grabbed them and carried them over to Sam. “Here, carry these to the back.” Sam picked up the keys as Frank grabbed his mouse and the three of them walked to their secret spot.

Behind the apartment, nestled within the pine trees and sage bushes, is a clearing where the cats meet for planning adventures and talking without outside distractions. Sam dropped the found keys on the ground as Frank dropped his mouse in a pile of pine needles.

“What do we do with them?” asked Fluffy.

“Did anybody see who dropped them?” Frank asked.

“I swear I was watching the truck like you said to,” chimed in Sam. “I didn’t see any keys until the truck left.”

“Well,” said Frank, “we’ll just have to find out who they belong to the old fashioned way.”

“Oh!” Sam was excited. “I like mysteries.”

Fluffy rolled her eyes. “Come on guys, let’s think about this. We just had lunch, and it’s hot outside, and maybe we should just put the keys back where we found them. Someone has to be looking for them, right?”

Frank nodded. “Well, we know it wasn’t Mr. Salt because he went right back up the stairs with his delivery.”

“And the keys don’t belong to the delivery driver because he drove off,” added Fluffy.

“So, the keys were there before the meat truck came?” asked Sam in clarification.

“Guess so,” said Frank. “Which means, whoever needs these keys is probably still around.”

“Well then let’s look around the park, in the shade,” suggested Fluffy.

“And the front of the apartments,” added Sam, his stomach growling.

“You just want to see if there is more turkey there!” laughed Fluffy.

Frank also chuckled. “But that is a good idea,” added Frank with a smile. “Let’s split up and see what we can find.”

“Sam should watch the keys, or else we’ll never finish this quest,” teased Fluffy.

Sam stuck his tongue out in response.

“I’ll watch the keys,” said Frank, breaking up the cat fight before it could start. “Sam, you go up front. Fluffy you go around the park. Meet back here in five.” Sam and Fluffy nodded and went their separate directions.

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Frank was alternating between batting the keys around the pine needles and sending the toy mouse flying off into the bushes, which he would then trot off to retrieve. He set the mouse in the clearing once more and looked around, his friends were nowhere to be seen and it felt like five minutes had come and gone. Frank heard something rustling in the bushes nearby and was relieved to see Fluffy sauntering back in to the clearing.

“Any luck?” Frank asked as Fluffy sat down.

“Not many people in the park today,” panted Fluffy. “I went around the entire park and I couldn’t find anyone who looked like they needed keys.”

“Why are you panting?” asked Frank, a little concerned.

“Chased a butterfly,” breathed Fluffy. “Sorry if I’m late…” she looked around the clearing, “where’s Sam?”

Just then the gray and white blur that was the tabby cat Sam came barreling into the clearing from the front of the apartments. He was even more out of breath than Fluffy was.

“Frank,” Sam said between breaths, “come…quick. Ms. Rose…is…crying…in the…lobby.” Sam sighed, took a deep breath and continued. “I think she lost something. Mr. Catch is looking all over outside.”

“So those are your keys Frank!” shouted Fluffy in excitement.

“You guys watch the mouse, I’ll take the keys back,” Frank said before scooping up the keys in his mouth. He ran through the park and around the side of the apartments to the sidewalk. He saw Mr. Catch walking away from the apartment doors towards the light to cross Main Street. Frank hurriedly placed the keys where he had stashed the toy mouse earlier for the delivery and started meowing loudly. Ms. Rose appeared from the lobby as the doors slide open and Mr. Catch turned around to see where the noise was coming from.

“Frank?” asked Ms. Rose, wiping tears from her eyes as she walked down the steps and picked him up. “What are you doing here?” She looked down and let out of a cry of relief when she saw her keys. Mr. Catch was just coming up behind them when she pointed to the spot where the keys were and said “look!”

“That’s a boy, Frank!” Mr. Catch said as he picked up the keys and handed them to Ms. Rose. After a few pats on the head and endless thanks, they all went inside to the lobby. Frank meowed once more and Ms. Rose turned around to see Sam and Fluffy at the door, with the toy mouse secured in Sam’s mouth. She motioned for them to join Frank and her as they made their way up the stairs to their second-story apartment.

Frank, Sam, and Fluffy were fed a feast of tuna and salmon, as Ms. Rose was entirely grateful and happy to have found her keys safe and sound. After some down time playing with the mouse and various feather toys, and making Ms. Rose laugh and giggle in the process, Frank quietly scratched at the front door. Ms. Rose opened it and left it open as she bid the cats good night and Frank walked Sam and Fluffy out through the lobby.

“That was quite a day, Frank,” said Fluffy.

“Thanks for the tuna,” added Sam, smiling.

All three cats laughed at the weird ways things work out sometimes and said their good-byes. Frank waved as Sam trotted across the street to his apartment and Fluffy crossed the town square to make her way home to the lakeside community. Once he knew they were safe out of sight, he trotted back upstairs where Ms. Rose was waiting with the toy mouse in hand. As she closed the door to the apartment she beckoned Frank to bed. As he settled in for the night in his plush, round cat bed near his favorite window, he hugged his mouse close and began to dream of the next adventure him and his two best friends, Sam and Fluffy, could have. He fell a sleep with a big smile and a little grin on his face.