

SADIE'S SAGA

Sadie and the Big Guy

Gail Sye

GSA

All about my book:

Sadie is a sassy, funny cat telling her tale as she stays with a bachelor in his home while her humans are on vacation. Her curiosity steers her into all kinds of predicaments as she bonds with him and his family. It is a light and fluffy short story, full of love, and a fun read for all ages.

*Hi, thank you for choosing to read
my story.*



Enjoy!

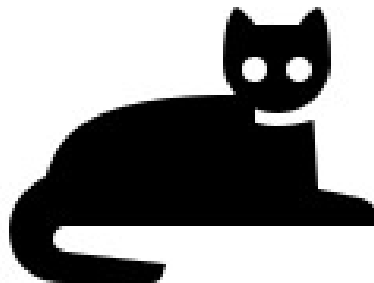
FOR MY SONS,



***I LOVE YOU BOTH FOREVER
AND EVER...***



INTRODUCING SADIE



Perched way up high on top of my condo tower, I watch the hustle and bustle below.

There is always plenty of activity around here, but this time it seems different.

Hi, my name is Sadie.

I am an independent, mysterious, crazy cute, good-natured, and sometimes naughty cat.

I am skilled at manipulating my humans.

By being my adorable self, I bring them happiness; in return, they meet my needs.

Of course, there are moments when it is necessary to give them a gentle nudge to remind them who the boss is.

For example, my litter box should always be clean and fresh, or I will stomp my feet and pretend to vomit if it is not.

Cucumbers are a pet peeve of mine, and I will not tolerate them anywhere near me.

Their snake-like appearance always catches me off guard, and I get terrified.

They should stay where they belong, in the crisper.

My alone time is exactly that; no one disturbs me.

And yet, when it comes to my humans wanting their personal space, well, let me tell you, that is another story.

I will go to any length to disrupt them.

While reading, I will sit on their books and gaze up at them with innocent eyes.

When they are working on their laptops, I will stroll across the keyboard, pausing to block their view.

But what I enjoy most is batting anything off the table and watching it fall; that always puts me in the spotlight.

My humans spoil me by keeping my preferred kibble and goodies well stocked.

I have a hearty appetite and take great delight in chomping down on my tasty choices.

When my treats appear, I try to hold back my excitement.

The reason is that they sometimes use them to entice me.

You will see what I mean further on in my story.

I am peering down at two kids, who are my favorite humans.

I can see them rolling around and doing flips.

It is the perfect scenario for me to dive-bomb them, but I decide against it, feeling it is much too early for a romp.

What I need to do is start investigating their unusual behavior.

I plan my descent from my trendy, multi-level tower.

The lowest level is for lounging, and next to it is a scratching post.

The second and third levels have tunnels for me to hide and store my favorite toys, and my cuddly bed is on the top.

I choose not to use my stunning long, graceful leap to go down.

I take the alternate route instead, inspecting my tower for invaders.

My imagination sees phantom creatures waiting in the shadows for me.

Once on the ground, I cruise the surrounding areas, looking for anything suspicious.

I come across a suitcase and stroll into the room to check it out.

I see it is full of comfortable clothes, so I climb on top, settle in, and take a catnap.

A concerned voice disturbs me by saying, Sadie, you are on my favorite sweater.

Shoo kitty, off you go!

Well, that was a short siesta.

I jump up and try to loosen my tangled, sharp claws.

They stay caught up, so I pause for a second and take a deep breath to help me relax.

They become free, and I inspect them for broken nails.

Tiptoeing away, I look back to see threads of wool trailing after me.

Oops, sorry about that!

Without a doubt, something is up, and I must find out what.

I follow my tower as far as the front door, where it disappears.

My litter box is empty, and beside it, I see new bags of litter, kibble, and treats ready to go somewhere.

My plush cuddle toys, squeakers, chasers, and teasers are in a bag.

I am out of my comfort zone, but my curiosity has me smack dab in the middle of the commotion.

Now is the time to start being vocal.

I begin meowing and darting around, letting my humans know that I am aware of trouble brewing for me.

They pick me up and, with significant effort, try to put me inside the undignified cat carrier.

I am thinking about my experiences.

One stress-related example is a trip to the vet, where I had to drink yucky medicine.

Okay, I admit it made me feel better, although a fish or shrimp flavor would have made it easier to swallow.

Another encounter was when I visited a cat boarding facility.

During my stay, I met felines with different lifestyles.

It was an eye-opening experience, and I will leave it at that.

Let me get back to trying to keep myself out of the carrier.

My humans persist, but I am stubborn.

I use my body strength to keep one leg extended outside, which must look hilarious.

The battle continues until I see my treats inside.

It is too tempting, so with no further grappling, I jump in and gobble them up.

The door closes behind me.

The old treat in the carrier trick has gotten me once again.

At least I saved myself from their next choice.

During one skirmish, my humans wrapped me in a towel with my head sticking out.

I looked like an overstuffed burrito.

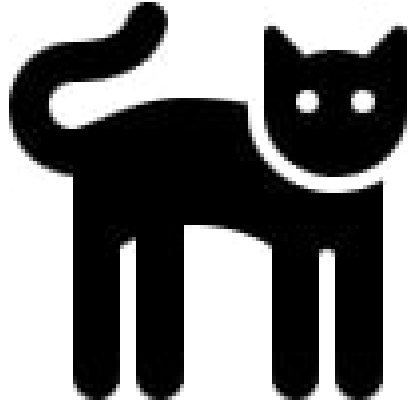
How embarrassing is that?

I find myself in a vehicle headed somewhere unknown.

I hear my humans talking about their vacation in the sunshine.

During my ride, I practice feline meditation and think positive thoughts.

SADIE MEETS THE BIG GUY



They lifted me out of the vehicle and took me toward a building.

Placed on the ground, I gaze at a pair of tanned, muscular, tattooed legs.

Looking further up, I see a tall, handsome, well-built guy with more tattoos on his upper body.

My humans say, Big Guy, this is Sadie.

Speaking to me in a cheerful voice, he says, hey, Sadie, this is your home for the next two weeks.

I am thinking, hey, Big Guy, are you ready for me?

My humans tell him my likes and dislikes.

I have a set routine and expect it to stay that way.

My stuff is out everywhere, and before long, they pick me up, give me hugs, tell me to behave, and then leave.

The Big Guy and I are alone.

The next few minutes between us are awkward, and I do not know what to make of it all.

I see my tower and skedaddle toward it, and with one giant leap, I am on the top level.

Now that I am even with his head, I check out the situation better.

I see a couch, a side table, and a television.

In the other direction is a kitchen table with chairs.

It is all basic stuff with no frills.

His hand reaches toward me, and I am ready to give it a swipe, but I lean away instead.

He comes closer and pats my head, it feels friendly, but I still give him a snub.

I watch him as he heads out the door, telling me to behave while he is not here.

Hey Big Guy, I am not making any promises because my curiosity always gets the better of me.

I climb down and begin searching along all the baseboards, looking for an escape route.

During my rounds, I come across my food and water dishes, and to my delight, I see my kibble is in the correct bowl.

Feeling cheeky, I push it out onto the floor with my nose.

I miss the funny reactions I always get from the kids who think I am hilarious.

Following my snack, I get sleepy and curl up on the couch instead of my cuddly bed.

Before I doze off, I look around the place because my instincts tell me to hunt.

I can only imagine what monsters I could find within the walls.

The Big Guy and I are learning that we have boundaries.

I spend my time around my tower enjoying long lazy naps and solitude.

My rumbling tummy wakes me up, and I race to the litter box.

The Big Guy has not gotten around to emptying it yet, and the odor is close to the gagging stage.

I attempt to cover up the mess but get sidetracked when I see large containers on the countertop.

I leap up to check them out.

To my delight, I find a variety of supplements, such as amino acids, greens, and protein powder.

Yes, it is healthy stuff that would help fulfill my dietary requirements.

Poking and licking around the containers, I come across something flavorful.

I lap it up and strut away, not realizing that my nose has protein powder all over it.

I get heavy-eyed, so I go to my cuddly bed for another well-earned nap.

Waking up rested, I engage in my daily self-cleaning routine.

I enjoy licking off the remaining protein powder from my whiskers.

I have learned that keeping myself clean prevents me from taking the dreaded bath.

Have you ever seen a wet cat?

I am not a pretty sight when my fur soaks up the water and doubles my weight.

The front door opens as the Big Guy enters.

He heads into the bathroom, and I wait for him to come out.

I hear the toilet flushing, and then he walks to the kitchen.

I sprint into the bathroom to watch the splashy turbulence of the toilet water going down the bowl.

The handle will not move when I push it.

I have not learned the technique yet.

Back up to my bed on the tower, I hear dishes and utensils clanging.

The Big Guy appears around the corner, saying hey, kitty, what have you been up to all day?

I stretch my legs and paws out and try to look nonchalant.

Stepping closer, he reaches towards me and, with a gentle hand, pats my head and rubs my cheeks.

It feels affectionate, so I keep my claws to myself.

I heard the Big Guy's stomach growl as he walked to the kitchen.

He returns with yogurt, almond butter, cinnamon, protein powder, a salad, and a glass of water.

He sits on the couch and, in an orderly fashion, places the stuff on the table.

He turns on the television and starts stirring, sprinkling, and plopping his food.

Then he begins to eat with great enthusiasm, savoring every bite.

I turned my back to him to show I was not interested. But now my neck is sore from being nosy.

I wish I could chew like him.

My jaw moves from side to side, but not up and down.

He has a full range of chewing motion and uses it to its fullest potential.

How does he get away without having protein powder all over his nose?

While he eats, he gazes at these burly guys lifting weights and grunting on the television.

Before heading to the kitchen, he changes the channel to a show about jungle cats.

I imagined myself in action among them but then decided I would rather be here with the Big Guy.

Well, Sadie, it is time to hit the hay because I have another busy day tomorrow.

It might be for you, Big Guy, but I am nocturnal, so that is not happening.

He heads toward his room and closes the door.

I follow him, looking at the protein powder trail he has left on the carpet, which ended up on his feet instead of his nose.

Sniffing under the door, I smell the fresh air, which must mean an open window, so I begin to wait for a chance to sneak in.

After a while, I lost interest and decided to have a bite to eat since the Big Guy kept my kibble dish full.

Once again, I push it out and eat it off the floor.

I can entertain myself and play with my toys.

I enjoy throwing a squeaker high over my head and chasing after it.

Feeling pumped, I launch into a routine baseboard survey to keep invaders away.

The Big Guy comes into sight and walks into the kitchen to have a peanut butter sandwich and a protein shake.

He pats me, and then he is off to bed.

It is nice to see we both like to graze.

He is careful about keeping the bedroom door closed and turns out all the lights this time.

But it does not bother me because I am adept at getting around in the dark.

When necessary, I use my whiskers to navigate.

I did not need to use my security skills for the rest of the night and slept well.

A loud ringing awakens me, which causes my fur to stand on end.

I do not remember how I got down from my tower because I was still half asleep.

The Big Guy saunters out the door, and I dart past him and run in.

I am such a clever girl.

A different world awaits me as I see loads of stuff scattered over the floor.

Climbing in and out of boxes and bags of all sizes was fun until I fell into a white plastic basket.

The stuff inside felt clammy and had a stinky, sweaty odor.

My sense of smell is fourteen times better than humans.

I was out of that basket lickety-split because it made my eyes water.

Only gym gear could smell that nasty.

Despite the unpleasant experience, I continue to explore.

I leap up to the window where the fresh air comes in, only to discover it is not open.

The Big Guy is as clever as me.

He comes out of the bathroom with a cloud of steam flowing behind him.

He leaves a trail of wet footprints on the carpeted floor.

I go into the fog to investigate and step right into a puddle of water.

Not fancying that sensation, I take high steps, military parade-style, and exit the room.

Back up in my cuddly bed, I am settling in, waiting for my feet to dry, when my entire tower shakes.

Is it an earthquake?

The Big Guy assures me that everything is fine.

He bumped into it while passing by.

Please heed your steps, mister; you caught me off guard, and I am a delicate feline.

He laughs, and while texting on his phone, he heads into the kitchen to blend a bunch of healthy stuff.

As he drinks his shake, he puts food in containers, packs them in a bag, says goodbye, and heads out the door.

I am the queen of this castle when he is away, and he is the king when he is here.

After my daily surveillance, I pause for a snack and decide it is time to use my litter box.

I am knee-deep in it, and geez, I am having one heck of a time moving around.

I must let the Big Guy know that it needs immediate attention.

He might get the hint if I kick a bunch of litter onto the floor or let me think, hmm, I have a better idea.

Upon his arrival, the first thing he does is give me fresh kibble and water.

I appreciate that, but when will you clean my litter box?

When he begins eating his nightly snack, I decide it is time to act by going inside the box and making a big stink.

He stops eating, and while holding his nose, he heads towards it, picks it up with one hand, and walks out the front door.

I hear a loud crash, along with moans and groans, coming from the Big Guy.

He stomps back in, sweaty, and enters the dark closet where the scary monster vacuum dwells.

Then he stomps out with it while counting to ten.

He rarely uses the vacuum here; why would he take it out there?

Ahhhh, the box never made it to its destination, and, whoa, I cannot even begin to imagine the mess.

Oh, well, Big Guy, poop happens, and Sadie would be in a bind if not.

He went to bed, and that was that.

A high-pitched alarm wakes me, and I stand to attention like one of my idols, Ahoy, the famous cat who joined the navy.

The other idol is Aster, who traveled in space and experienced weightlessness.

I imagine myself being as famous as them because we all need a purpose in life.

Out of his room comes the Big Guy, and he tells me how dreamy I look.

He has read my mind.

I run past him and hop up on his bed to nestle, and he takes a minute to give me a comb using his back scratcher.

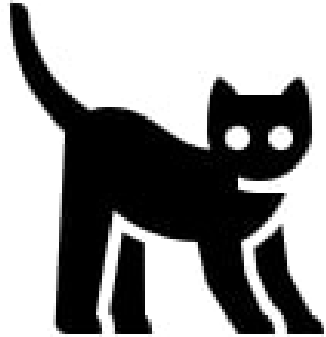
It feels pleasant, and my fur looks shiny, so I massage the sheets because I am happy and relaxed.

I am beginning to like this Big Guy a lot.

He grabs his cell phone and begins taking gorgeous photos of me and stunning selfies of both of us.

He then texts them to my humans, who are on vacation.

SADIE MEETS MOM



A knock on the door brings me out of my stardom, and I hear a lady with a friendly voice coming around the corner.

Mom has arrived, and the vibes I am getting from her are that the Big Guy is the apple of her eye.

Sadie, you are such a cute kitty, she says, welcoming me like I am part of her family.

I see her glancing up at a photo on the top shelf.

She looks sad and deep in thought as the Big Guy hugs her.

They talk for a bit, and I sense it is about me.

As the Big Guy heads out the door, he pats me on the head and tells me to behave.

He is leaving me with Mom, who has already started to clean and dust his place.

I look at her with my tail swaying back and forth, and you know what that means.

Mom is invading my territory.

She continues to do stuff, all the while chatting with me.

I watch her every move as she takes the terrifying vacuum from the dark closet.

She starts it up, and it sounds like a cement mixer, then it fizzles out.

Mom dumps a bunch of yucky kitty litter from the bag, and we have a staring contest.

Not wanting any part of this, I dart off to the nearest retreat, the bathroom counter, where I sit and hiss at her.

That is until I see a gorgeous feline in the mirror.

Oh, wait, that is a reflection of me.

The other day, I watched the Big Guy in the same spot looking back at his handsome face.

Deep in thought, I almost fall off the counter when the vacuum comes into view.

I rush around it, squeeze inside a cupboard to hide, and see a bag of my favorite treats.

As the door closes, I drool.

I try to open the goody bag with my sharp claws and broken glass-like teeth.

Treats come out, and I eat them up and look for more.

I am happy Mom keeps her distance because she knows I will swipe at her if she gets too close.

There is no attachment between us yet.

I hear the front door open, and my Big Guy enters.

I jump down to race Mom to the door, but she is ahead of me and is already greeting him.

I need his attention as much as she does, so I extend my paw and give him a high-five.

He smiles and gives me a high-five back.

His affection always makes me feel young and lively.

As he picks me up, I purr and turn towards Mom and give her a look to say that he is my guy.

But something in her eyes tells me that is not happening because he is her guy.

Hey, Mom, any chance we can share him between us?

They both sit down with the food that he has brought home.

I watch them as they eat and chat.

I help myself to kibble and water and sweep past my Big Guy, rubbing against his legs, showing him my devotion.

While I strut past Mom with my nose in the air, heading towards my tower, I see a spider sneaking up on me.

Eeeeeek, I jump ten feet into the air and then roll on the carpet.

I look back to see if they are watching, the Big Guy and Mom are laughing at something, and the television is off.

Ewwww, spiders are gross.

I climb up to my cuddly bed, thinking about how silly I must have looked.

My cheeks feel hot from embarrassment.

Mom gets up, walks over to me, and says, Sadie, you are funny.

I am leaving now, but I will return soon.

She looks up at that photo on the top shelf, and I see the same deep love in her eyes as she has for the Big Guy.

Whoever is in that photo must be someone special.

The Big Guy and mom share a moment, followed by hugs, and then she leaves.

Night kitty, the Big Guy says, I will see you shortly for our snack.

I am starting to settle in and feel at home these days, and I do not try to escape every time I get a chance.

I was curious about where the Big Guy went and what he did when he was away.

Each morning he would say goodbye, and I would have the place to myself.

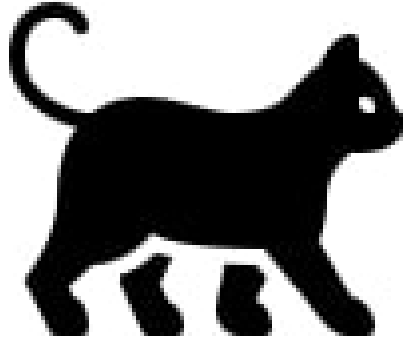
Today, he forgot something and came back.

While he gets what he forgot from his room, I see a bag he usually takes with him.

I jump from the counter and crawl inside, hiding under his clothes.

The Big Guy yells, see you later, Sadie, and we both head out the door without him realizing it.

SADIE SPENDS THE DAY WITH THE BIG GUY



I am bouncing around in the bag while the Big Guy is walking somewhere, so it is good that I am lying on his soft t-shirt.

I hear a deep growl when an engine starts up.

We are on another road trip, only this time without a cat carrier, and it is my choice.

How cool is that?

He turns on booming rap music, and I do not know the words, but I like the beat.

After more movement, I am on solid ground.

He opens the bag, and I peek out, leaving the Big Guy speechless.

I am such a smarty-pants.

A female voice yells to everyone, hey, look at the kitty in the bag.

Before the Big Guy and I know it, a group of people surround us.

We are inside a gym where the Big Guy works out, and a young lady offers to stay with me while he does.

He looks at me, and I give him an okay nod; I will not scratch her this time.

My arrogant inside voice says you might know the Big Guy, but we have no relationship.

My adrenaline is pumping with all this action, and my eyes stay on the Big Guy as he performs bench presses.

I hear someone encouraging him to add extra weight.

If he should get injured, I will use my feline instincts and roar like a lion.

Although, I hope it does not come to that because I have not practiced my deep vocal sounds for some time.

Watching his every move, he begins to run, so I leap down and sprint to catch up with him.

I cannot figure out why he is running but not going anywhere.

Then I see other people running and riding bikes also going nowhere.

That confuses me, and I am dizzy.

Sadie needs a nap, please!

Lifting me, he mutters that he does not have enough time for this, and I am back in the bag.

Peeking out, I see the beast of a big black truck.

We get in, and I love the deep growl coming out of the exhaust as he starts it up.

The Big Guy puts on our favorite tunes, and we are off, cruising down the highway.

I got a kick out of watching him drive.

He stays focused but sometimes makes unusual gestures with his hands.

He checks the time and then whispers to himself that he wonders what he will do with me.

The truck stops, and the Big Guy is carrying me somewhere.

He is talking to someone and saying he thought today was, Bring Your Pet to Work Day.

I hope so, says the Big Guy, because I do not have enough time to take her back home.

It is the boss who replies that they will figure something out.

The Big Guy thanks him and then looks at me as I give him a heartwarming smile.

A friend of his drops by and lends him a cat backpack.

After assessing my weight and deciding it was okay, they put me in it.

It has mesh sides and air holes, so I can enjoy my experience without looking too conspicuous.

I prefer it over wearing a leash, where I would get my paws sticky and dirty walking around town.

We spent the day in and out of a work truck.

It has a large window, which gives me a clear view of the city, people, and fellow animals.

We stop working from time to time, and I stretch my legs.

For lunch, we eat sushi from a nearby restaurant where the tuna and salmon rolls are delicious.

I am happy and give the Big Guy a wet lick on his neck for his thoughtfulness, and it must tickle because he chuckles.

As we start back to work, we hear the familiar sound of a baby kitten in distress.

We follow the mewling that is coming from under a parked car.

Bending over, we catch sight of a little kitten, all scrunched up and shaking.

The Big Guy talks to it, trying to settle it down.

I give it a look of reassurance from the backpack, and we convince the precious little one to come out.

The three of us finish the Big Guys shift together, with the kitty and me sharing the backpack.

I spent the rest of the time wrestling with the playful and energetic ball of fluff.

Later, a co-worker offers to take it home and care for it.

We take photos of the three of us and then say our goodbyes.

I assume we are homeward bound, but more surprises are yet to come.

Back in the beast of a truck, the deep roar of the exhaust gives us both an attitude.

As the music plays, I begin miming some of the songs.

Strange sounds come out of me every so often that make the Big Guy laugh.

We arrive at our next destination, another gym in the building where the Big Guy works.

The equipment is like the gym we were at earlier, except we are the only ones here.

Now that I am familiar with the gym, I am comfortable partaking in the activities.

The Big Guy lifts weights.

I amuse myself by pulling cords and jumping up on things using my powerful thigh muscles.

He picks me up and starts doing squats and bicep curls, and I am thrilled that I can work out with him.

While he is doing push-ups, I jump up on his back to give him extra weight.

We both drink water to keep hydrated.

He showers, in which I did not partake.

I clean myself and take a rest instead.

Then we were in the truck, playing my choice of tunes, on our way home, or at least I thought we were.

It was not long before we were at our next stop, which, I should add, was not home.

In the cat backpack one more time, I heard a voice say, we do not allow our nightclub security to bring their pets to work.

But, hey, there is a first time for everything.

I poke my head out further and see a crowd of people lined up.

While the Big Guy checks their I.D., the ladies in line are giving me pats and smiling at him.

There is a loud noise, and we see a couple of young men arguing.

The Big Guy approaches them, but he does not have to deal with the situation.

When they see me, they both forget why they are fighting.

Everybody loves a kitty cat, as we are the most precious creatures on earth, next to our Big Guy.

Right, Mom?

He and I are an effective team, and he continues to dazzle me with his confidence, strength, and good nature.

When I need a break, he carries me to an area in the back.

There is paper spread on the floor for me to do my business.

Usually, I would never go without litter, but I will chalk it up to another one of my new experiences.

We ate another delicious meal of sushi.

I would not complain if he fed me that three times a day or more.

While the Big Guy is chatting it up with his buddies, I seize the opportunity to look around.

I know I should not, as it is during these moments that I get myself into trouble.

I am exploring under a desk, unaware that my tail is out when something strikes it.

Startled, I whipped around, hissing and thinking it might be a cat hitman ready to attack.

Not seeing anyone and being more frightened than hurt, I bolted toward my Big Guy ending up in his arms.

Sorry, Sadie, I was looking for you and did not see your tail.

He had stepped on it while passing by the desk.

I forgave him because I knew he would never harm me, and I was also relieved that I was not a target.

Although, pffft, I was not that scared.

We are back in the big black beast of a truck.

We shared an enjoyable day, and I am happy I leaped into his bag.

He is a busy guy, and I am ecstatic that I was part of it.

We arrive at the Big Guys in time for our midnight snack and then off to my cuddly bed for a dreamy sleep.

MOM VISITS AGAIN



The following evening, there is a knock on the door.

Hey, our mom is here again.

She enters with her hands full of stuff and kisses the Big Guy.

With love in her eyes, she looks up at the photo on the top shelf.

She walks over to me and says, Sadie, our princess, I am so happy to see you again, sweet kitty.

I can see by those rippling muscles that you have been working out.

I trill and chirp at her.

Mom is the word!

She is toting a case and two large bags like she is moving in.

They chit-chat for a bit until they get tired and start yawning.

The Big Guy says goodnight, kisses Mom, and cuddles me.

Mom takes a blanket and pillow from her bag and lays them on the couch, which means she is sleeping over.

This night should prove interesting for both of us.

I climb to the top of my tower and sit facing her.

She wraps herself in the blanket and turns on the television.

Okay, this is good; Mom likes to stay up late like me.

She pulls out a chocolate bar, starts eating it, and then texts on her cell.

I have seen her and the Big Guy sending messages to his Auntie.

They always text heart, kiss, and smile emojis with each other.

I doze off and on, keeping an eye on Mom as she looks at the photo on the top shelf.

I see a tear on her cheek, and I climb down from my tower to sit beside her.

She tells me it is a picture of her oldest son, the Big Guy's brother, who recently died, and they miss him beyond words.

He called her Momma, and she always looked forward to seeing his beautiful smile and loving bear hugs.

He had a big heart, and his family meant everything to him.

He is the one who nicknamed his brother the Big Guy.

She tells me stories of her boys growing up, and I am happy to hear about the memories, but I am sorry for their loss.

I am getting attached to Mom and the Big Guy as I learn more about them.

I cuddle with her until she falls asleep.

I then begin my nightly surveillance.

Once I am convinced all is clear, I get in a wacky mood and, with a burst of energy, start chasing my tail.

Mom wakes and watches me but does not respond.

The rest of the night, we take turns staring at each other as we pretend to sleep.

At one point, the Big Guy, Mom, and I are all up for a snack.

In the morning, the Big Guy comes into the room, telling us that I am going home today.

I am not ready for that yet and wonder if I should run to one of my secret hideouts.

I will hide in his dirty clothes basket because he would never suspect I would go into such a stinky spot.

He is calling and telling me to come out from wherever I am.

I lie still, not moving an inch until I hear the shaking of my treat bag.

Without a second thought, I jump out of the basket and run to my goodies, devouring them.

I look around and discover their trail has led me into the carrier.

Tricked again, I will never learn.

Mom tells me she will see me the next time she visits.

They put a cover over me, so I would not get startled.

While they are busy talking, I can see they did not close the carrier door completely.

Living the life of a bachelor with the Big Guy a little longer would be okay with me.

I dart out and hurry into a bag that is nearby.

I notice I am sitting on a jar of almond butter, a tub of protein powder, and a package of ginger snaps.

Now, who owns this bag?

I am getting the sensation that I am in another unfamiliar vehicle.

Oh boy, here we go again.

Oh well, we will see what comes next, and in the meantime, I will nibble on these cookies.

SADIE VISITS MOM



Someone opens the bag.

Well, hello, Mom!

Neither one of us can believe that I am at her place.

She picks up her phone and begins texting the Big Guy and Auntie with the latest update.

I can tell she is happy I am visiting; we are both grinning from ear to ear.

Mom looks at the cookie crumbs, sees that I am thirsty, and brings me water.

She makes a cup of tea and eats the remaining ginger snap, which I did not eat because I was too full.

I wiggle out of the bag to glance around and see that her place looks cozy.

I see an open door and discover that I am on a deck high above the ground.

I look at a beautiful view of the city from across an inlet.

While I sit under a large pampas grass plant, shading me from the sun, I spot a squirrel climbing up a tree.

I hiss at it and try to look threatening.

It looks more annoyed than scared and runs into a bush.

Back inside, Mom lets me lie wherever I choose, so I settle down on her bed for a long, well-deserved nap.

I wake up to find my favorite kibble, kitty litter and treats waiting for me.

Mom had ventured out while I was sleeping and bought them.

After eating, I head back to the deck to soak up more sun.

A butterfly lands on my nose.

I am cross-eyed looking at it, but sit still, staring at it, until it flies away.

Mom comes to join me, and we share quiet time.

Looking over at the pampas grass, I noticed a bug disappearing under the dirt in the planter, so I dug after it.

The bug gets away, and I end up with dirty paws.

I headed inside, leaving a pattern of prints all over the place.

They look artistic, but I can tell from the look on Mom's face that she is not impressed.

I hear water running and soon find myself immersed in the bathtub.

Mom is leaning over me with long sleeves and oversized silicone oven mitts.

Is she expecting scratches from me?

I decided to play it cool while she bathed me.

She keeps my head out of the water while she gives me a thorough soaking.

The fun part starts when she dries my fur with her hairdryer.

It feels warm, and I look like a cute puffy fluffernutter.

She puts on music for motivation while she cleans up the mess.

I stay out of her way, which happens to be in front of a mirror where I can admire myself.

Mirrors were great inventions.

Then she exercises, doing squats and sit-ups.

I would join her, but that would mean my fur getting messed up.

Before she drifts off to sleep, she sends emojis of hearts and kisses to the Big Guy and Auntie.

I cuddle up next to her and look at the fun photos of the Big Guy and his brother.

I can see they had a good time.

The night went well, except I missed my midnight snack with the Big Guy, and I wonder what he is eating tonight.

In the morning, I enjoy snooping around when there is a knock on her door.

I am curious about who it could be, so I rush to see who it is.

A woman enters the room, hugs Mom, and then approaches me.

I can tell she is the Auntie.

She looks like she is easy to tease.

I suspect the Big Guy and his brother had fun doing it in the past.

They banter for a while as sisters do.

I sit between them, getting pats from both sides.

Watching a movie, we munch on the goodies she brought us.

It is getting late, and Auntie must head home.

As we say goodbye, there is a roar of thunder.

It scares the heck out of me, so I run and hide.

And then a bolt of lightning flashed outside the window.

Concerned about Auntie getting home okay, they forgot about me.

Auntie grabs her coat and backpack and hurries out the door.

SADIE VISITS AUNTIE



We arrive at Auntie's home with me in her backpack, although she does not know that.

I heard her comment on how much heavier it feels tonight.

While Auntie is busy, I jump out and run into her bedroom.

Leaping onto her bed, I hide under a pillow and wait while she gets ready.

Climbing in, she puts her hand under the pillow and touches my fur.

Everything begins to bounce.

I peek out to see her head almost touching the ceiling, and then she flies airborne out the door.

Her fingers are texting a mile a minute, and the Big Guy, Mom, and Auntie are all in a stew.

Not sleepy anymore, Auntie makes popcorn.

I sit on the counter and watch.

It makes a popping noise and smells delicious.

Auntie puts it in a large bowl and starts eating it.

I cannot resist the temptation, so with one giant leap, I land in the center of the bowl.

I watch the puffy white stuff scatter everywhere.

Auntie does not look amused, and her texting starts up again.

I cruise around, trying to find a spot to pee.

Auntie sees what I am doing and picks me up.

We are off to the bathroom for toilet training because there is no litter at her place.

Ms. Sadie, you will sit here until you have done your business.

A half-hour passes, and then an hour.

I cannot hold it any longer, so I do it.

The night went well, with us taking turns using the toilet.

In the morning, Auntie hops into the shower.

While she is there, I grab the toilet paper and begin dragging it through her place.

By the time I am finished, everything looks white.

When she appears, I decide to freak her out, so I stand frozen and stare at the air for a long time.

The next thing I see, Auntie is saging the room, clearing any negative energy.

Yes, she is fun to tease and trick, and I am sure the boys would be proud of my antics.

I leap onto a window ledge to look outside.

The buildings below look miniature.

Auntie comes over to join me, and at that moment, an elderly neighbor appears on her deck, gawking our way.

Auntie panics because there are no pets allowed in her building.

She tucks me under her arm to hide me.

The woman is now staring at her and has a shocked look on her face.

Auntie does not know that she has not tucked me in far enough, and my rear end is sticking out, looking like a hairy armpit.

Once she realizes it, Auntie closes the curtains and begins texting again.

I imagine the next meet-up between Auntie and her neighbor will be awkward.

Soon after, the Big Guy arrives at her door.

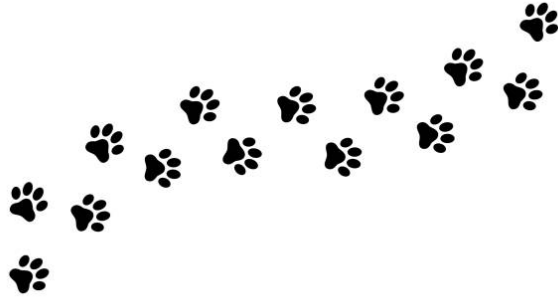
They exchange hugs, and then she tells him about my escapades.

I am always thrilled to see the Big Guy.

I had a fun time visiting Auntie, and she enjoyed it too.

We are besties forever.

SADIE RETURNS HOME



We say our goodbyes with more hugs and kisses, then off we go in the big black truck again.

This time, we are returning to my humans.

My stuff is in the back, all packed and ready to go.

I sit in the front seat next to my Big Guy.

Feeling proud, I try to prop my arm on the window ledge, but it will not reach.

Instead, I snuggle closer to him.

When we arrive home, everyone is welcoming me with open arms.

The kids surround me with love, and I return it.

The Big Guy picks me up, and I flutter my eyes at him to show my affection.

My intense purring sounds like the roar of a Mack truck.

I am letting him know I care for him.

We have bonded for life, and I cannot wait for my next visit.

I will keep you updated.

Love Sadie

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY SON



THIS IS THE PHOTO ON THE TOP SHELF

*I would appreciate your thoughts on
my story.*

Thanks, Gail

