

SANTA KITTY PART DEUX

By Ron Berry





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Dedication

This story is dedicated to all my friends and fellow writers in Word Mage and Jay's Writing World. Thanks for the patience with this wanna be writer.

By Name: Joyce Anthony, Jay Hudson, S. K. (Pee Wee) Hamilton, Janet Elaine Smith, Billie Williams, Barbara Williamson-Wood (Babs), Brenda, and everyone I missed.

See that title? Santa kitty is trying to get fancy. Well anyway, let's check in to see what's happened since our last visit. All of a sudden a message appeared on the computer screen. Flashing red and green and demanding immediate attention, SK sat down to read.



“Attention one and all, a special meeting will be held tonight.”

It was from his local Toastkitty group. As President, SK needed to go. The message said nothing else. This is scary. What in the world happened? Why the urgency? A quick glance at his Mickey Mouse Watch (doesn't everyone have one of these? They were on special a few years ago and the big man, Santa himself, dropped one in every sock he could find. He recovered though. How was he supposed to know that Charlie Scorpion lived in that one?).



“I know I left that pin around here someplace”

It took some doing and the moving of heaps of future gifts, but he found his pin. But this is not the regular meeting of toastkitties, what is going on? Well the only way he can find out is to get his tail to the meeting.



Wow, that was fast. But they said the meeting was important so he made the trip in record time. As he walked in, the reason was apparent. There was a roomful of Santa Kitties!!! As he walked in, loud Meows greeted him. In kittytalk it was Ho HO Ho.



“We heard about all the homeless kitties and we thought you could use some help. What can we do?”

“Thank you. Yes I can use the help.”



Ok, it was agreed that SK would take the lead but would point out where to deliver the gifts for all the homeless kitties. Because there were so many it was decided to start extra early. This would be the quietest night all year. This would be the night that no one went hungry.



The next morning, all of catdom woke up to more food than they had ever seen. There were catnip toys everywhere. Yes, this was the best Christmas ever for our homeless felines.

