

Mewow: Adventures in Catastrophe

(The Bowtie)

Story and Illustration by Chloe the Cat

If you or a cat you know is being bullied, we are here for you. In Mewonville, we put our paws in to fight back against bullies and help all cats and kittens feel safe in the world. Bullying is unacceptable and Mewow: Adventures in Catastrophe is ready to stand up and say enough is enough.

For resources on what to do if you or a cat you know is being bullied, visit one of the dozens of sites like www.stopbullying.gov where humans and cats alike are ready to stand with you and to let you know that someone has your back.

"Paws in on 3! 1, 2, 3...Mewow!"

“Maybe you’re right! Maybe I should just forget about the whole thing!” His voice trailed off but Claire could tell it was really bothering him.

“I’m sorry!” Claire said. But hey, “I have an idea . . .”

Cuddles started to feel his excitement come back again and the spirit of Meowentine’s day made his big green eyes sparkle. “What is it?” Cuddles said.

Claire told him to follow her to the attic space where they hid from Mom sometimes. The ladder extending from the space was always down so they could get up there easily with a few quick jumps. Once inside, they turned on the lights and looked around for anything suspicious just in case. They checked under all the boxes and felt satisfied that everything was just how they’d remembered it.

Claire went to the table in the back corner and Cuddles went back to the window looking out at Brittany across the street. She was the one he held high hopes for, and she was the one he wanted to ask out to the dance. As he gazed over to her house, he was lost in a trance . . .

“Cuddles! Focus!” Claire suddenly shouted over to him. “If you want to get the girl, you have to make an impression.”

He joined her at the table and noticed she had been looking through some of his sketches.

Chapter 4

Claire was in the bedroom ruffling through some papers and looking at Mom's computer. She had the search bar open to find something she overheard her friend saying at school, but she didn't have all the pieces put together. It made her curious. Her mind wandered to the other day . . .

"It was horrible! I'll NEVER forgive my humans for what they did to me!!" . . . That was not an adventure! I was lied to! They put me in this carrier that had my name on it. Metal bars, dark . . . cramped . . ."

Claire shivered at the thought. She'd been in a carrier before, but she was so young and didn't remember why . . . could it really be that bad? Looking at the computer screen she scanned through the history.

No luck, just recipes and workout videos. BORING! She thought she heard a noise from the other room and stopped dead. It would be dark for humans to really see in there while the lights are out, but Claire had good vision. Her eyes were fixed on the door.

They went downstairs and found spots where they could sleep for a little while. Cuddles would curl up at the end of the bed to sound the alarm if Mom woke up and Claire stayed in the living room to be close to the notebooks. They both got a cat nap in, and soon the investigation was back on.

Cuddles stretched and walked over to Mom while she slept. She didn't snore but her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be asleep? He sniffed all around her and then tapped her forehead to see if she'd react.

“I think we’re good!” Cuddles yelled.

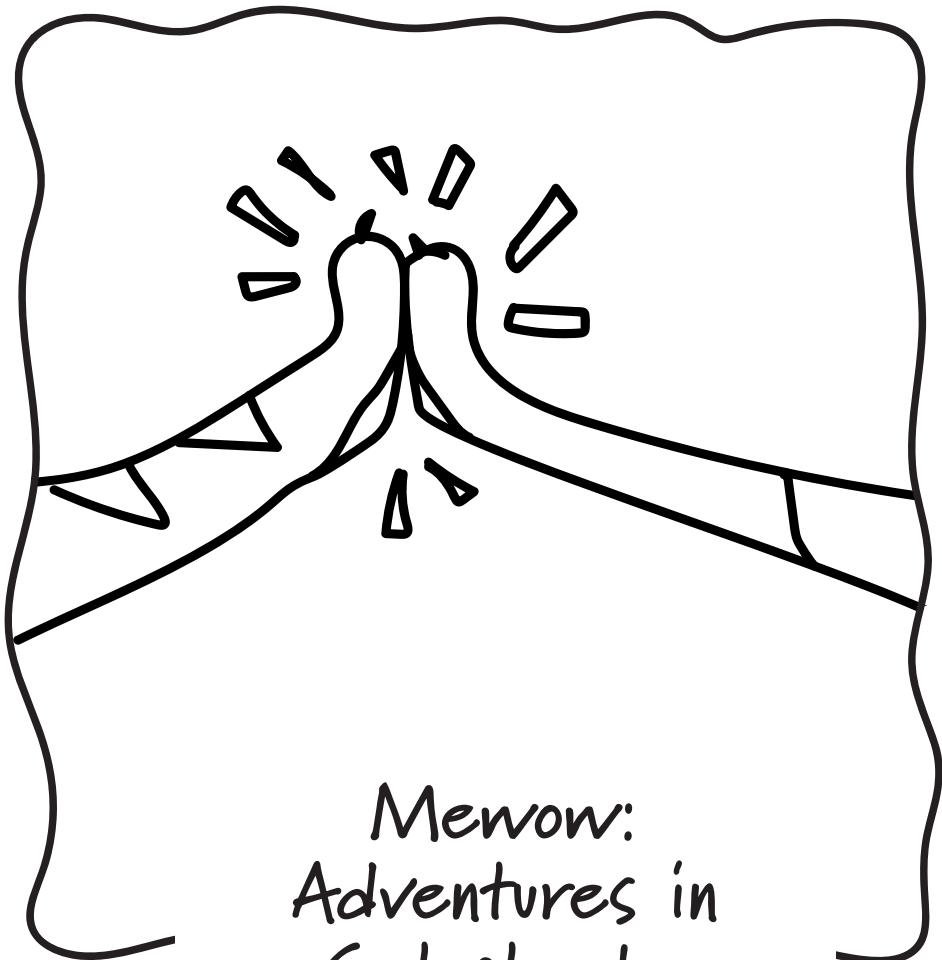
Claire pulled a notebook out and started searching the pages when Cuddles joined her. “Find anything yet?” Any notebooks that say “top secret” or “confidential?” he asked.

“I wish, but no,” Claire shrugged. Cuddles started looking over the books on the shelf and noticed one that was unfamiliar. He gasped when he made out what it said. *How to Speak Cat!*

“Claire!!”

He pulled the book out and another one fell out with it, crashing to the floor. They looked at each other in fear, and then the two of them crept to the bedroom. If Mom heard that, they were toast. But there was no movement at all.

Still, they both knew they needed to speed this search along.



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Adventures in
Catastrophe

“Wait! Sis, I was thinking about this Mewow idea . . . I like it but it’s . . . a lot right now . . . can we . . . let’s just enjoy ourselves tonight and we will start fresh in the morning, ok?”

Claire smiled. “You’d really do this with me?”

He took a deep breath. “I think it’s time to stop being afraid. It will be good for me . . . for us. Let’s do this.” She gave him a nod of approval and taking two at a time, ran downstairs.

Cuddles looked at himself in the mirror again. He wanted to look like James in the Catsino Royale movie to fit with the theme of the dance: Spies in disguise. Tuxedo and bowtie with smooth fur and flawless physique. He sucked in his belly and puffed out his chest.

“Well . . . at least I have the tuxedo part down . . .” White boots completed his look. He looked down at his bowtie and wondered if he should even wear one at all.

After what happened on Monday, he felt sad about any bowtie and wasn’t sure what to do. He took the bowtie he had on and put it back with the others. He couldn’t do it.

But he’d agreed to walk with Sam and they’d go to the dance together so Cuddle’s took one last look in the mirror before heading out.

“Hey man! You ready?!” Sam was waiting.

Paws in on 3!
1, 2, 3...
Mewow!