

Over a Cup of Tea Column

By Malou Malou

Making the most out of a difficult situation, I would roam the nearby park where I chased litters blown by the wind, especially the crinkly aluminum wrappers – but only when there was no one in sight. Today, I could not do this because there were picnics, and kids running all over the place. I crawled back under the veranda steps of this home that had been my hiding place, wondering when I could venture out.

I became impatient and decided I would cross the street to explore. It looked easy enough because I could run very fast. I made a quick dash in the midst of traffic and suddenly, cars stopped to a screeching halt. I found myself under a car and heard voices so quickly got into the inner side of the wheel, and clung to dear life. The hot metal rim was burning my skin. I felt someone's hand around my waist trying to pull me but I held on and went deeper into the crevice. The cops showed up. Talk about stopping traffic . . . I was in deep trouble.

Diary of a Kitten on a Not-so-hot Tin Roof - MabuhayRadio

Written by Malou Mariano

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And so I thought, until the firemen showed up to rescue me! I was not prepared for this determined, long arm that reached for me. In an instant, I was pulled up and handed to someone's open arms and into a cozy wrap. I was shaking with fright but somehow felt safe and buried my face in the clean, soft material.

The first night in the strange place, I cried myself to sleep – maybe, from relief. I was given milk similar to that of mom's that calmed my tummy. Aunt Mary gifted me with this dome bed where I snuggled in my blanky (sic). After such a traumatic experience, I needed lots of rest. And so I slumbered – with the moon in Long Beach watching over me. Soon enough, I got all cleaned up and everyone realized how good-looking I am. Today, I make many friends riding in the elevator and most are generous with their hugs. I also enjoy visiting my neighbors

Tara

, August, Soleil and others of various breeds. However, they still have to warm up to me and I hope that, in time, they will.

I sure am one lucky kitten at the right place, at the right time. My mom has named me Sam Blue. Blue for the color of my eyes. Sam – well, this was not my original name but that story is for next time. For now, I want to share the journey that led me to the historical Lafayette building in Long Beach

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California

(To be continued . . .)

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