

That reminds me of my first unscheduled dip in the front yard fountain. You see they have this infernal water fountain made of rock that is surrounded by all kinds of plants. Quite a natural attraction to a small cat, such I was at the time. It was a great place to hide and play silly little kitten games. We won't go in to those.

At the time of the unfortunate incident I was but a youngster. During my fun and games I was bouncing around from stone to stone, you know the ones surrounding the fountain; and well, I sort of slipped. The result was a rather shocking jolt to my little cat system as I fell head first into the darn pool, completely dunked myself. Let me tell you that you can get real wet real quick when you fall headfirst into a pool of water that is a couple of feet deep. I even filled my ears with water clear to the brim. At that age I had not yet learned how to keep my head above water, but then I suppose that would have been a trick even for my old man if he had fallen in head first as I had. Wonder who he was. Surely he was not a raccoon as the old goat claims.

It was very fortunate for this poor little puddy that the rocks gave me adequate purchase to pull myself free of the clutches of a watery ----- well you know. I get lightheaded just thinking about what could have happened. Regardless, I pulled my completely soaked little self from the pool. I climbed through the flowers and started walking up the wooden bridge, leaving a trail of water following me.

Mr. Bill was outside at the time but did not see my plight, so he was absolutely no help whatsoever. It's hard to find a good human whenever you need one. He first saw me as I was walking up the wooden bridge towards the front porch. I was so soaked I looked like an anorexic rat on a weight watchers diet. I was also dripping water from every little cat part I possess. Just as you might expect from a callused old gastropod such as he, he burst out laughing and nearly fell out of his chair. I did not see anything about the ordeal that was particularly funny and told him so. I wobbled over to him looking pretty sad and said something like, "Papa, look what happened to me." He reached down and scooped me up, ran a hand down my scrawny little body to wipe away the worst of the remaining water and then hauled me inside. I then experienced my first Turkish towel rub down. It was one of those, "Ouch, that hurts to ohhh, that feels good" kind of experiences. It took a lot of rubbing to remove the bulk of all that water captured within my coat. It took an hour for my fur to fluff up once again. At least I learned I could swim a darn sight better than I can fly.