



HENRY'S POCKET->

**13 humorous cat poems
written by
Fletal Little**

**6 original painted illustrations
created by Kizel**

What is Henry`s Pocket : The flap of skin along a cat's outer ear is designed to send sound waves, (noise vibrations) down the ear canal to the middle ear where smaller bones send the vibrations to the inner ear.

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CONTENTS

P2	To all Cat owners and lovers
P4	Houdini
P6	The Friendly Racetrack Ghost
P8	Ritzi Mitzi
P10	Snob
P12	Mustopher
P14	Just Another Stray
P16	Jellybean
P18	Wisdom and Knowledge
P21	The Challenge
P23	Tradition
P 25	Nugget - Black Villain

TO ALL CAT OWNERS AND LOVERS

With one or more cats,
There are stains on the mats
and lumps of fur scattered all `round,
You must feed them on time
Or they whinge and whine,
To a schedule you`ll always be bound.

They stay out all night and
get into some fights,
And you wake up to scratches and mud,
You mop up the mess
Change the sheet - let me guess,
You return to bed spotted with blood.

An old lover calls `round
Just breezed into town,
and he`s looking for somewhere to stay,
So you say, “Why not here?”
And he says with a sneer -
“Are you sure you`ve got pussy`s ok?”

But apart from all that
Oh what joy from a cat
When he curls up and purrs off to sleep,
As you bend to caress him
You know you`ll never possess him
But the mem`ries you always will keep.



HOUDINI

Houdini - he`s a meanie,
He has battle scars to prove it,
Any object that he can`t get `round,
He jumps over or will move it.

When Houdini came into this life,
His mother up and went,
He learned hard about this world of strife and
How time should be spent.

He roamed farms and towns around the Bays,
and lived off wits and guile,
He learned to hunt the cunning ways,
he never looked like other strays
and always he made short his stays -
he roamed mile after mile.

When people saw him they would fuss,
But he was having none of it,
With his motors in action
He`d watch the reaction then growl,
just for the fun of it.

Then one day while pursuing mice
He slipped and broke a bone,
Cold and hungry, full of lice,
He limped to find a home.

A kindly lady took him in,
(He didn`t even ask her)
She took him to the vet and then,
He put his leg in plaster.

He never liked that plaster cast,
and thought it was a game.
When he kept getting out of it
That`s how he got his name!



THE FRIENDLY RACETRACK GHOST

He guards the racetrack daily,
Though you`d never know he`s there,
Everyone that works there says
That he`s not ever seen
The sightings may be lacking
But there`s evidence he`s been.

There`s a pile of vermin bones
That`s neatly stacked behind a kerb
And there`s evidence a sparrow`s nest
Was recently disturbed,
The food that`s put out every night
Is gone without a trace,
They know that he`s `round somewhere
But they cannot find a face.