



# Zee's Adventures

Discovering the Golden Rule and Other Treasures

Colleen Vallo

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

ZEE'S ADVENTURES

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Written by Colleen Vallo.

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# Chapter 1

## The Golden What? Says Who?

Zee lay curled up in her favorite napping place on the window ledge in the living room. Suddenly, she heard a click. Her cat ears perked up into full alert. Slowly, the door opened. "Mara's home," she meowed with delight, jumping down to the floor, stretching, then running to greet her beloved companion.

"Kiskah," Mara shouted as she threw her books on the sofa.

Her newly acquired Golden Retriever, also running to Mara, slammed into Zee, sending the cat sliding across the kitchen's slick tile floor, where she banged into a cabinet.

Meanwhile, Mara had bent down, arms wrapped around the puppy she had gotten last month for her eighth birthday. "I missed you all day," she confessed, as Kiskah licked her face.

Zee watched this love fest and found herself growing angrier by the moment. *Mara ignores me now Kiskah is here. When is that stinky dog going to leave? If he weren't here, everything would be perfect just like before,* she thought.

Holding onto the thought Kiskah was the problem, Zee ran over and jumped on Kiskah's back, digging her claws into his fur. She clamped down on his neck with her teeth and held on tightly.

"Yelp," Kiskah cried out. "Yelp, yelp, yelp," he wailed.

"Good," Zee said to Kiskah as she dug her claws in deeper. "You deserve it. I hope I hurt you enough to make you leave here forever. Mara is my friend, not yours."

"Mom, help me," Mara cried out as she reached into the growling, yelping tangle of fur. When Mrs. Marlowe entered the kitchen, Zee jumped off the dog.

*Too much commotion for me,* Zee thought. As she retreated, she stood up on her back legs and began scratching the couch, until Mrs. Marlowe pulled her off.

"Mara, you need to spend time alone with Zee so she doesn't feel rejected."

“But I just got in the door,” Mara said defensively. “Zee, I missed you, too,” she said as she picked up Zee and gave her a hug. “There’s no reason to be jealous. I love you, but I don’t know what we’re going to do with you to prevent you from hurting Kiskah. Why don’t you practice the Golden Rule and treat Kiskah as you would want him to treat you?” Mara asked as Zee jumped out of her arms. Mara then knelt down with Mrs. Marlowe to see if Kiskah was injured.

*What are you going to do with me? Zee thought, feeling even angrier and more rejected. What are you going to do with Kiskah? Can’t you see he was wrong for pushing me out of the way? He should be scolded. He has ruined everything. Why should I treat him as I want to be treated? Neither of you treats me the way I want to be treated.*

Kiskah's yelping and everyone's fussing over him were too much to endure. Zee ran off toward Mara's bedroom and jumped onto the bed. She began sobbing, feeling sadder and more alone than she had ever felt in her life.



## Chapter 2

### Why Does Kiskah Have All the Fun?

“Eeeooowww,” Zee yawned as she awoke from her nap. She made a thunking sound as she jumped off the bed, onto the floor. She stretched and headed out of the bedroom to see what was happening in the rest of the house.

As she walked down the hallway toward the living room, she saw the afternoon sun shining through her favorite window that overlooks the backyard. *Time for a bath*, she thought, as she rounded the corner into the living room.

Zee jumped up to the window seat and settled herself on her favorite pillow. She had a view of the big tree in the backyard. She loved looking out the window at the tree. Birdfeeders hung from its branches. From her perch, she watched the birds and squirrels eat seeds and nuts and take baths in the nearby water fountain.

*How can they stand all the water? I prefer to bathe myself. Ugh, I hate it when Mrs. Marlowe puts me in the water! Then she pours sticky, stinky, foamy stuff over my fur. It takes me hours to lick myself and get my fur just right again. Oh, I wish I could be out there right now, chasing them and I'd catch one, too.*

Just then she noticed a movement off to the side. She quickly turned her head to see Kiskah jumping high for a ball Mara had tossed into the air. The little terrier mutt from next door also jumped up to catch the ball. Zee shuddered. She remembered the time when the two dogs had chased her around the house and into Mara and her bedroom. The little dog was even able to run under the bed. This was Zee's safe place. Kiskah was too big to go there.

*Why do they get to have all the fun? I want to go outside and see what's there*, Zee thought because she was a curious cat and wanted to know about everything around her. *Mara has never taken me to the beautiful place by the tree. When I try to go out, everyone makes a fuss and blocks the door! Don't they know I need to run and jump and play in the fresh air and not just sit here staring at the world from the window?*

*Ah, what's the use?* Zee yawned then began cleaning between her toes. *It's time for another nap, anyway. This sunlight is making me sleepy,* she thought, as she spun around on the pillow to get in the best position possible to enjoy her snooze in the warm sun shining in all around her.

Zee had just dozed off when she awoke with a start to find Kiskah panting hot, stinky breath all over her freshly groomed fur.

"Hi, Zee, hi, Zee, hi, Zee," he said, slobbering on her.

"Get out of here, you stinky, dirty-faced dog," Zee hissed.

Kiskah looked sad and confused. "Why don't you like me?" he asked. "I like you. I want to be your friend and play with you."

"Yuck. Never, never will I ever like you, let alone play with you. I hate you," Zee said then hissed, arching her back in the classic Halloween-cat pose she imagined looked so scary to others. She then swatted at Kiskah with her claws bared, narrowly missing the mutt. He quickly backed off and ran toward the kitchen just as Mrs. Marlowe called out it was time for dinner.

*Hmmm, dinner time. I love eating as much as napping,* Zee thought. "I'll let you have it later," she said, growling at Kiskah as they both ran to the kitchen.

As Kiskah slurped, smacked, and slopped his dinner down, Zee found herself more and more irritated. *I'm glad I'm not a dog. I can't stand to hear him eating,* Zee thought. She retreated behind the kitchen island to wait until he finished. Kiskah then headed for his water bowl for more slopping, slurping, and smacking.

*Ugh. Disgusting. Now I can eat in peace,* Zee thought. She moved toward the plate Mrs. Marlowe had set down for her. Kiskah did the same, helping himself to seconds with her food. Zee growled, hissed, and assumed her Halloween-cat pose again.

"Kiskah. Stop eating Zee's food." Then Mrs. Marlowe called out to her daughter, who was playing a computer game in her bedroom, "Mara, take Kiskah outside while Zee eats,"

"I'm writing a paper for school," Mara whined back, hoping Mrs. Marlowe would drop her request if homework were mentioned.

"You can do that after you come back in. Just take Kiskah out until Zee has a chance to eat."

Zee couldn't believe Mrs. Marlowe would suggest that Kiskah go back outside. *This is an outrage. Why isn't he told he is bad? Instead.*

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