

Bio:

Marjory E. Leposky, a filmmaker and children's chapter book author with more than 10 years of production experience on a broad spectrum of projects that include TV commercials, music videos for local artists, and feature film productions.

She has served as the following: casting director, casting associate, producer, production coordinator, scriptwriter, unit production manager and production assistant for films, TV commercials, corporate videos, and music videos in South Florida and Los Angeles.

Marjory earned degrees in television and media production from Miami Dade College and Florida State University.

Chapter 1

Left Alone

One overcast night in Miami, Florida, a small car stopped for a moment.

A drawstring bag was thrown onto the pavement out of the open window. From inside the bag, tiny paws clawed through the opening. A pair of wide yellow eyes appeared, just in time to watch the car drive away into the night. The kitten wriggled out of the bag and chased after the car.

'Meow!' “Wait! Come back! I’m scared! Don’t leave me here by myself! Mother! I want my mother!” Cried the kitten. The world looked so big.

The kitten stopped in the middle of the road. Only the lamp post above illuminated him. He took a moment to clean his shiny black coat that had become ruffled from the journey. “How did I get here?” He wondered. His tiny black nose twitched as he picked up on new scents. He heard rustling in a trashcan next to him. “Hello. Is anyone here?” He asked. There was no answer so he went on licking his paw. Suddenly, he heard a loud *crash*. “*Rrrroow!*” He cried. The noise surprised him so much that he bolted and hid himself behind the lamp post. He covered his ears with his paws. Hesitantly, he looked up. It looked like a cat with a striped tail and pointed snout. He’d never seen an animal like it before. It dug through the trash with its large claws. Larger and sharper than the kittens own. The kitten sneaked past as quietly as he could. The animal turned around, looking right at him and the kitten froze. He growled, looming over the kitten warning him he’d share no part of his meal. The animal then looked down the road and scurried away. The kitten looked back just in time to catch the bright headlights of an oncoming vehicle. He leapt out of the way landing in a mud puddle and took off down the road until he couldn’t run anymore.

Cold, wet and afraid, he was desperate to find somewhere to hide. He kept walking, his feet sore, as he moved further away from where he was. Suddenly, he stopped. He looked up a long driveway and saw two parked cars and a yellow house.

He trudged up the driveway and slid underneath one of the cars just as the overcast turned to rain. He curled up into a ball and watched the rain pour down.

Sad thoughts ran through his mind. *Why did they leave me here all by myself? What did I do? Mommy. I want my mommy. Why did my mommy let them take me away? Doesn’t anyone want me?*

Exhaustion overtook fear. The kitten’s eyes closed and he fell asleep.

He awoke to the sound of chirping birds. It had stopped raining in the night. The kitten stretched and cautiously, came out from underneath the car. The pavement almost burned his paws, so he walked on the cool grass. Laying on the hot pavement were two brown anole lizards.

The tiny kitten hunched down, his stomach low to the ground, and pounced! He managed to catch one of the lizards by its tail.

“He got me, Vicky,” the captive lizard cried out to his companion. “Save yourself. Make a run for it.”

Vicky scurried away as fast as her four legs could carry her. She’d miss Alex, but she had to save herself.

Alex fearfully looked up at the kitten. The kitten was small, but the paw on his tail was too heavy for him to pull away. “I’m done for!” He cried out.

The kitten stretched out to smell Alex. Curious, he nipped the twitching tip of Alex’s tail. His own little black tail was fluffed up with excitement over his catch.

Alex turned around, his mouth open, and hissed. Twisting, he jerked hard, disconnecting his tail from his body and then he started to run away. Looking back over his shoulder, Alex said, “You thought you had me, kitty, but my tail will grow back!” Alex laughed as he disappeared into the bushes.

“*Meow.*” The kitten’s tiny pink tongue slipped out to lick the twitching tip of tail Alex had so kindly left for him. It didn’t taste too bad. The kitten finished eating then licked his paws clean. Satisfied, yawning wide, he looked around for a safe place to take a late-morning cat nap. He was able to find a nice spot beneath an oak tree, yawning again before closing his eyes.

He was not alone in the yard, however. A red cardinal sat perched high in an oak tree, and found his morning birdcall interrupted by the snoring of the kitten who had settled into a deep, sound sleep.

“Hey, you down there,” the cardinal called out.

The kitten rolled over on his back and stretched, tiny paws curling as he kneaded the air.

“Wake up! Wake up now!” the cardinal repeated. “You are disturbing my morning song.”

The kitten opened one yellow eye and looked up into the oak tree.

“Yes. Up here!” the bird cried out.

The kitten stretched out again and rolled to his belly, opening both eyes. Kneading the ground one paw at a time. He looked up at the cardinal.

‘*Meow.*’ “Oh. Sorry, I didn’t see you.”

“Well, you should look up more often. Did you know you’re a loud snorer?” The cardinal jumped to a lower branch; head cocked to the side as he glared down at the little black kitten.

“No, you’re the first one to complain about it.”

“Well. Now you know. I’ve never seen you before. Where did you come from?”

The kitten glanced around, shivering when he remembered getting stuck in that bag and dumped off in the driveway.

“I’m not really sure.”

“You’re not sure where you came from?” The cardinal questioned. The kitten thought about it.

“No, I’m not really sure,” the kitten replied sadly. “I couldn’t see through the bag. I just know I ended up here after that car drove off, leaving me behind.”

The cardinal shook his head and fluffed up his feathers. “Mmm. Humans can be very cruel sometimes.” He bobbed his head slightly, as if nodding to himself. “Well, good luck to you, and try to keep the snoring down, especially when I’m singing.”

The kitten reached up as far as he could and stared up into the tree. “Can you help me get home?” But the cardinal was gone.

Chapter 2

The Front Yard

Two days later the kitten had made himself home in the yard but he was still very hungry. The two lizards, Vicky and Alex hadn't even returned to offer him another yummy tail. His fur had gone from shiny to matted and he was terribly sad.

Mosquitoes and fleas were driving him crazy! He spent a great deal of time just scratching himself. That evening, just after sunset it rained again. The kitten ran back toward the driveway to hide beneath the cars for the night.

But he stopped when he saw that both cars were gone.

'Meow!' "Where am I going to sleep tonight? I can't stay out in the rain..."

He looked around for another place to sleep. Spotting a group of palm trees across the yard he took off running. He squeezed in between the two trees. For hours, he sat between the palm trees, wishing that the cars would come back so he would have a better place to stay dry.

He eventually walked back to the driveway, where everything was very wet. He sat down to shake off a leaf stuck to his paw when up the driveway bright lights headed in his direction. Terrified, the kitten froze for a moment not sure where to go. His only option was to hide in the thorny bushes by the house. He leapt for them just as the car pulled up.

The kitten peeked out from the bushes as the car came to a complete stop. A pair of black heels stepped out of the car and began walking toward the bushes. The kitten pulled back into the shrubbery. The thorns hurt.

She hovered over the bushes. "I thought I saw a kitten. Maybe I'm seeing things." She shook her head and turned around, walking up to the house.

The kitten, hearing the woman's heels leave, bravely inched out from under the bushes. He got a glimpse inside the house. How he, more than anything, longed for a warm bed... *'Meow.'* He grumbled. "Wait. Come back. I'm out here all alone," he cried, but she had already closed the door.

The kitten stumbled out of the shrubbery and got underneath the car. It was warm under there. He curled up for the night.

The rain went on for several days, the grass growing higher and the trees in the yard becoming greener. But the yard was also becoming muddy. The kitten's black coat had gotten dirtier and more matted.

"I want my Mother! Mommy ... Mommy ... I'm so hungry and wet."