

!True Story! What Bob Became

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*This is about my cat ,my childhood friend ,and how he was taken away. There is a moral at the end.
Please read and coment.*

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

WHAT BOB BECAME

Let me just start from the beginning.

Over 10 years ago ,my grandmother gave us a playful bundle of black and white fur. We called him Tux (short for Tuxedo) ,because his fur was uniquely designed ,and it looked like he was wearing a tuxedo. Fastforward. Time passes ,he became fat and lazy. About 3 years later we moved to Tennessee (of all places) ,and my parents brought home a new gray calico kitten .We called her Grace and she was as light as a feather (really that cat could sit on your head and you wouldn't even know it). After a while a cat (I don't remember what color it was) came to our porch and wouldn't shut up. After a while of debating we finally kept her. Because she was so loud we called her Carol (should have called her Siren). After a while Carol became pregnant and had her kittens. We were going to keep one and give away the rest (including Carol). We let Grace pick the kitten ,and the one she played with the most was a black (all but a small white spot under her chin) kitten we called Luna (They wanted to name it Olivia ,I wanted to name it after Sailor Moon's cat. I never told them where I got the name). We gave the others away ,and Grace and Luna spent most of their time together. They both became pregnant around the same time and gave birth on the same day. Grace during the day and Luna at night (strange coincidence).

There is your background info. This is the real story about Bob (funny name huh! You'll find out why "Bob" later). Crude random comments now OFF. Time line now at 6 years ago.

Spongebob was a hideous looking form covered with black fur. We were going to give away as many kittens as possible and didn't plan on keeping any ,so no permanent names that we might get attached to were to be given. All of Grace's kittens were adorable ,light colored little things. All of Luna's kittens were dark and not as cute. Spongebob was the name of a funny ,beloved cartoon character and this little kitten didn't seem fit to carry the name ,silly as it was. He had a twin sister ,but I hardly believed she was his twin. We called her Olivia ,and she looked ,to me ,like she was much prettier than her "twin". When the kittens were old enough to be given away ,we stayed with them in front of Kmart all day. We were left with Nikki ,a kitten of Grace ,and Spongebob.

We moved to a different house. Tux ran away ,but no one missed him because he was fat and mean by this point. There were 3 trees in the front yard ,but only one was a good climbing tree. The tree even had its own red board to sit on in the middle. At this point I had 2 friends ,no brains ,and little self esteem. I liked to climb the tree and lose the world in my own thoughts. A lot has changed since then ,but one thing that hasn't is that I can stay forever entertained with my thoughts. On Independence day that year ,my sister and I were going to look for fireworks at dusk. At about an hour before dusk I got bored and decided to feed Spongebob some peanutbutter. I had spent the hour petting Spongebob and feeding him peanutbutter. When we left Spongebob kept following us and meowing like crazy. We always told him to go home ,but he always came back a few minutes later. I figured he wanted more peanutbutter. We had looked all over the place and still had no luck finding fireworks ,so I picked him up and we walked home. That was the night I really met Bob.

I most of my time out of the tree ,and playing with Bob. I now called him Bob because I figured Spongebob wasn't a good enough name for such a great cat. Bob had become loyal as a dog ,and hardly

any different from one. School had started (I was in 5th grade) ,and the regular routine was simple: I get off the bus ,call his name ,He comes running ,and we spend the rest of the day together. After a while I missed my old tree and was determined to get Bob to climb with me. It took a few tries ,and he hated climbing ,but as time went along he seemed happy to endure climbing just to be with me. I still remember the summer days we wasted just looking at the clouds pass by ,and watching day turn to night. Whenever I was upset ,he seemed to know. And if I was crying ,he would dry my tears with his fur. As soon as I got off the bus I would call his name ,and immediately grab a branch ,pull myself up (by this time I could hear Bob clawing his way up the tree) ,hang by my knees ,and pull myself the rest of the way up. I would be lying horizontal on 2 branches ,he would jump on my stomach ,and I would start laughing (because I am very ticklish). I could have lived like that for years without getting tired of it ,but we had to move again.

The new house was very nice and I was in 6th grade now. There were a lot of kids on the street that were my age. I made friends with them ,and we all shared one thing in common ,a likeness for Bob. Now Bob had all but his own fanclub (which was soon to come). There were no trees you could climb ,but there were friends that spoke my language ,but deep inside Bob and I had a language all our own. I had already noticed something about his features that was unique ,and I liked it very much. He had a wild sort of appearance ,and his face looked exactly like a panther. One Thursday (I recall this because I was coming back from a girls scout meeting ,and we always had them on thursdays) I was being driven home ,when one of the girls said , "Isn't that your cat?" I looked in the road and saw Bob. My heart shattered into a billion pieces that could never be put together perfectly again. I didn't eat or sleep for 2 days ,my grades flew back down the toilet ,and I had become more withdrawn than ever. As the months passed by ,I slowly started to heal. I will always miss Bob just a little ,and I wanted to cry while I was typing this ,even though it was 4 years ago. There are 3 songs that particularly remind me of Bob: (Michelle Branch) "Goodbye to you" ,(Avril Lavigne) "Anything but ordinary" (I listened to these when I liked pop ,now I hate it. I listen to rock).

I believe I promised a moral at the beginning of this story. Here it is.

In your time of need the best place to look for a guardian angel is in your own backyard. Bob was definitely my guardian angel in my time of need.