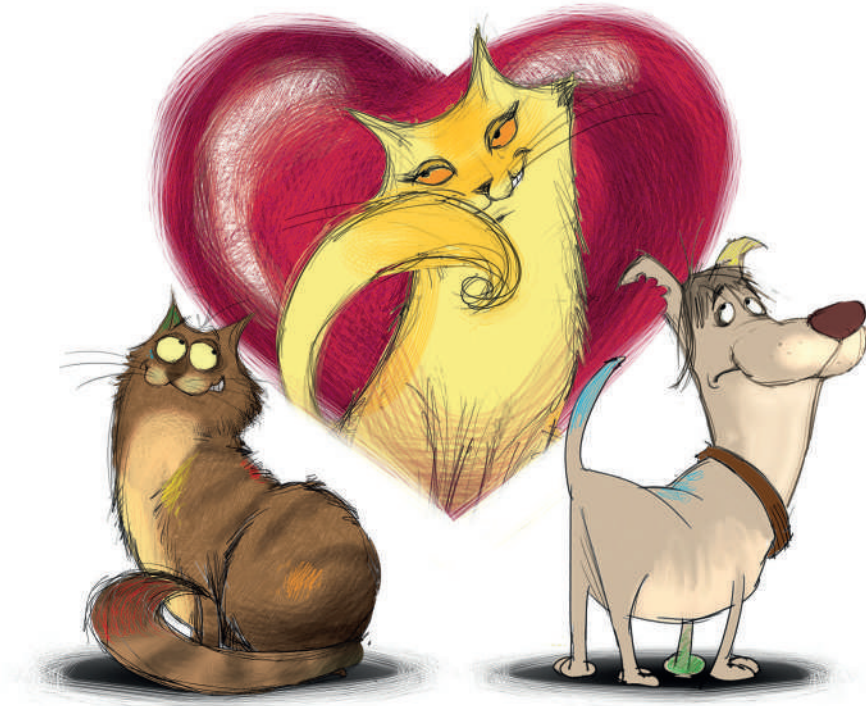


# Love isn't for Cats

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# The cat of my dreams

Picasso was enjoying the time on his cushion but when he heard the tune from the cat food advertisement on TV, he quickly stood up and stared fixedly at the screen. It was Kati's cat biscuit commercial.



The picture of a female cat on the label came to life and turned into the most beautiful cat he had ever seen. There was a bad street cat who chased her until the end of a roof and then she jumped elegantly to the next nearest roof.

What a cat she was! Thank God Sofia watched TV and bought Kati's biscuits! That way Picasso could always admire her face on the tins. The biscuits weren't that good, probably worse than other brands, but the possibility of staring at those eyes was great.

"You like these biscuits, don't you?" Sofia said. He kept saying yes, purring.

One day he found a way of opening the rubbish bin and making one of the tins roll next to him, on the cushion.

Van Gogh was peeking through the window and asked "What's so special about that?"

"Nothing" Picasso replied.

"You look at that tin in a special way" Van Gogh insisted.



"I like to have food around when I wake up hungry in the middle of the night" explained Picasso.

"Well, I just wanted to ask you for a favour" Van Gogh continued "Can you open the door for me tonight, please? Just this once."

"Are you crazy? Sofia would kill me. It's not even cold today."

"It's worse than that. Don't you know? It's a full moon tonight."

"And you're afraid it's going to fall on your head. Give me a break!"

Picasso went back to his cushion and his dreamy cat and even when he closed his eyes he could see her in his dream they would jump onto the roof together and land side by side.



He was still jumping roofs in his dreams when Van Gogh scratched at the window with his two front paws.

**"Open the door now!"**

he demanded.

Picasso knew how to open the door but hesitated. However Van Gogh wouldn't shut up as he was so desperate. When Picasso opened the door just a crack to comfort him, Van Gogh shot in like a bullet.



"What's up?" asked Picasso. "Is the world coming to an end? Is this an invasion? Is anyone else coming in?"

Van Gogh pointed with his paw to the living room clock.

"It's almost time. Nine o'clock."

"Do you know the time?" Picasso said surprised.

"I learned because of food. But listen: at this time, when it's neither day nor night, the next-door neighbour becomes a werewolf."





“The house next door?” Picasso asked amazed “A two-paw lives there alone. I’ve seen him.”

“That’s the one” confirmed Van Gogh. “At this special hour he transforms from a two-paw to a four-paw, like us, and howls, Ahh-woooooooo. He is a werewolf.”

Picasso stretched and then he said “Well, that’s something you see in the films on TV.

Have you seen him?”

“I’ve seen, heard and smelled him. Let me tell you: after nine we have a werewolf living next door.”

“Are you sure?” Picasso asked “I swear he is an ordinary two-paw.”



“Until nine, yes he is, but afterwards...”

“Whatever he is” Picasso said “I have nothing against werewolves as long as they keep on their properties and their houses.”

“That’s the problem” Van Gogh said “Werewolves come out at night to hunt. And where are the nearest preys?”

Picasso tried  
to imagine  
the situation



but his mind  
quickly turned  
to Katie.

“You can’t imagine what a werewolf is capable of!” Van Gogh exclaimed  
“Let me stay inside. My doghouse doesn’t even have a door. Look, it’s  
almost time. **Protect me.**  
**Look after me...**”

“Get off  
me!” Picasso  
shouted stepping  
back. “I’m a Cat,  
mate, not your  
father.”

