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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 01:02:56 GMT  
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From: susanmartha Sent: 3/18/2007 4:47 PM

Tracy Island, August 17th, morning

"Grandma? Can we come in?" Tyler opened the door to his grandma's room.

"Come on in, Tyler. But be quiet. Big Momma is still jittery." Emily Tracy put down her knitting as Tyler came in followed by Alex, then Anna Hanson.

"Tyler offered to show me the kittens," Anna said with a smile. "Where are they hiding?"

"At the moment, under the bed. She may move them back to the closet, though."

Tyler lay down on the floor and lifted up the bedspread. "There they are" he whispered as Alex lay down beside him. "They're up against the wall."

Anna lay down next to them. "How old are they?"

"The vet said about four to five weeks. That was a week ago." Emily picked up her knitting. "They should be coming out from under the bed to explore soon. I've been putting mom's food right next to the bed. The litter box is on the other side. I know she's used it."

"Have you planned on what to do when they come out?" Anna didn't take her eyes from the kittens.

"I'll handle them as much as I can. I've tried to touch them when mom's not looking, but she almost never comes out from under the bed. I've thought about moving the food into the closet but I suspect she'd just wait until I've left the room before eating." Emily looked at her two youngest grandsons. "Now, when they do start exploring, I need you to come in and play with them as much as possible. Mom will probably hiss at you, but she won't attack unless you're hurting one of them. I've got some cat toys already; some small balls with bells inside, a kitty fishing pole and a ball in a circular tube. And a cat tree should be here sometime this week."

"What's a cat tree?" asked Tyler.

"It's kind of like a cat playhouse/tree house combination," replied Anna. "I have one at home. It has toys and places for them to climb and to hide. Cats like them, although my last kittens liked toilet paper tubes and empty 12 pack boxes just as much." Anna pushed herself up to her hands and knees and from that position stood up. "I'm getting to old to crawl on the floor anymore."

"I wouldn't put your hand under there, Alex. At least not in range of Big Momma." Grandma Tracy looked at the clock. "I better go out and help with dinner. Now boys, you can watch them as much as you want, like I told you before. It will get mom used to you. But don't try to grab the kittens. When they're a bit older they'll come out to sniff your hands. Pet them for a few minutes, then

leave them alone. Wait another week before you try to pick them up. By then they should be exploring on their own."

A muffled "OK, grandma." came from under the bed. It was impossible to tell which brother had spoken.

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