

Scripture quotations have been taken from the Christian Standard Bible®, Copyright © 2017 by Holman Bible Publishers. Used by permission. Christian Standard Bible® and CSB® are federally registered trademarks of Holman Bible Publishers.

Copyright © 2023 by Michael A.G. Haykin

First published in Great Britain in 2023

The right of Michael A.G. Haykin to be identified as the Author of this Work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher or the Copyright Licensing Agency.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
A record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-1-916669-04-8

Designed and typeset by Pete Barnsley (CreativeHoot.com)
Illustrated by Chris Iliff (ChrisIliff.co.uk)

Printed in UK

Reformation Lightning, an imprint of 10Publishing
Unit C, Tomlinson Road, Leyland, PR25 2DY, England

Email: info@10ofthose.com
Website: www.10ofthose.com

1 3 5 7 1 0 8 6 4 2

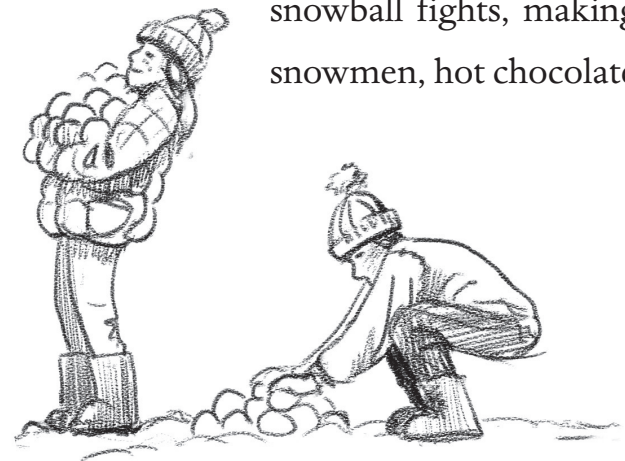
THE SNOW

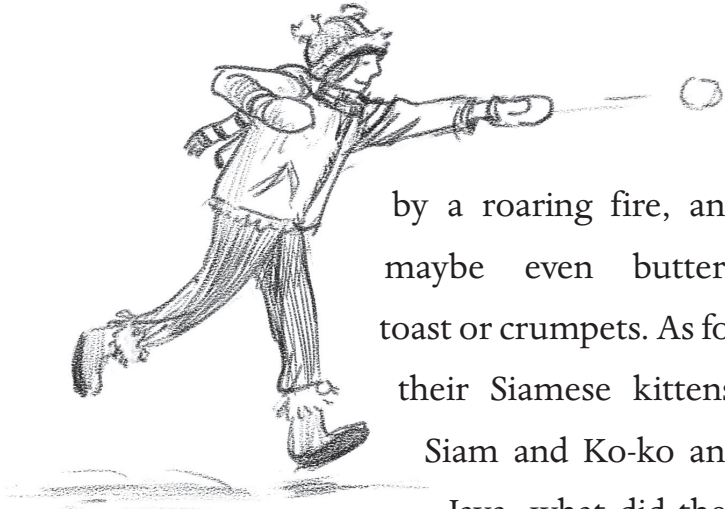




Do you like snow? In wintertime it can be wonderful. Looking out your window you see heavy, dull grey clouds as far as your eyes can see. And then, slowly and silently, the clouds open up and it begins to snow. Flecks of white come tumbling down from those grey skies. And the brown fields, with their patches of green here and there, are soon covered with snowy blankets of white.

Mr. and Mrs. Quinn's children loved it when it snowed; it made them think of snowball fights, making snowmen, hot chocolate





by a roaring fire, and maybe even buttery toast or crumpets. As for their Siamese kittens, Siam and Ko-ko and Java, what did they

think about? Well, as they watched the snow fall that first winter at the Quinns' house, their blue eyes grew wide with wonder as the world outside their house became whiter than white.

They didn't know, of course, that snow is another form of water. If they did, they might have watched with a bit of fright, for, as you know, like most cats, Siamese kittens don't like water.

But they watched that first big snowfall at the bay window overlooking the Irish Sea. They watched at the door when the Quinn kids ran outside and began to pack the snow into balls. They watched until a few flakes of the white stuff landed on Java's fine pink nose and quickly turned to water.

Aargh, he mewed, it was cold – and wet! Siam and Ko-ko laughed at Java as he jumped back from the door, mewing. He really was a scaredy-cat.

They laughed and laughed until snow began landing on them all, splattering their dark velvety paws and chocolate-coloured fur. For just a moment, the sparkling white snowflakes on their dark fur made them look like snow leopards; but then the snow was gone, and their fur was simply wet.

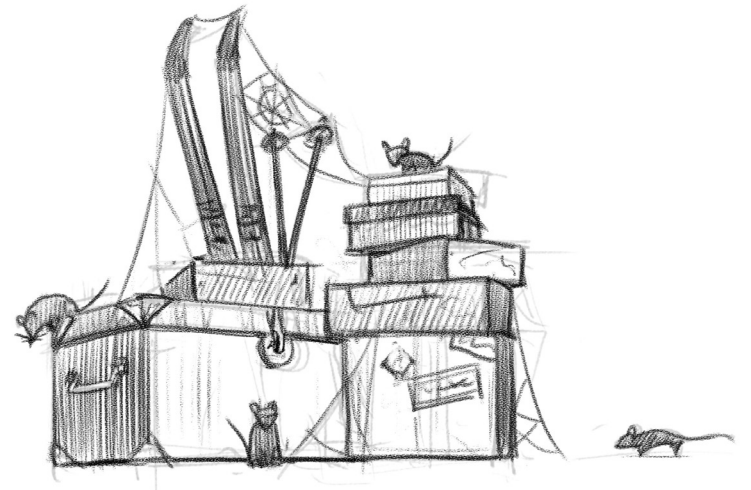
Ko-ko was very fussy about her fur, and when she wasn't eating or sleeping or chasing her brother or sister, she would be licking her fur, smoothing it out, removing any trace of dirt, and making herself feel nice. Now, it was okay for her to wet her fur and lick it, but to have something else making her wet, well, that was not nice at all! And she began to mew and lick and mew and lick. She really was a fussy cat.

And Siam? Well, she rolled on the ground until most of the wetness was soon gone, and she was ready for the next adventure! And what an adventure it would be. This winter, the kittens would soon discover that there are other animals who dislike being wet even more than they do...



2

THE CELLAR





Chai, if you remember, was the older Siamese cat in the large country house in which Siam and Ko-ko and Java lived. He was a very wise cat and, in the eyes of the kittens, also very old (he was actually only twelve years old in human years, but in cat years that would make him sixty-four – as old as some grandparents!).

Of course, he had seen snow before. So, instead of getting snowed on like the kittens, Chai went and stretched out in front of the big fireplace in the kitchen where Mrs. Quinn had already started a fire. On a cold wintry day, there was nothing better in Chai's mind than being warm and toasty in front of a blazing fire.

One of the things that Chai also loved doing was exploring the country house, especially



the cellar underneath, which was large and filled with boxes and interesting passageways that seemed to go on forever. Years ago, when he was a little kitten, he had discovered the joy of the cellar. Of course, it could be scary at times. What do you think Chai was scared of? Not the dark – cats have fabulous eyesight and they can see all kinds of things in the dark that we cannot. No, Chai was not afraid of the dark.

What was it, then?

Well, first of all, there were odd noises. There was an old furnace down there that sometimes

clanged and banged.