
CATS ILLUSTRATED

Judy has been called privately by her attacker!



Last night, something very important happened. Judy got a call from her attacker. Of course, she was being monitored by the police day and night, so when her catPhone rang, an officer checked to see who was calling. When the officer realized that it was Judy's attacker, they told the police chief, who came in and shook Judy awake. She was groggy and a bit grumpy, but she became instantly alert when she realized that her attacker was calling. Judy answered and put the phone on speakerphone, so that everybody in the room could hear. "Hello, Judy," Judy's attacker said, voice calm and collected. "Hello," Judy responded, already wary.

Image above - Judy, just moments before she got the call.

"Like I said before, I have called you to tell you why I attacked you so

maliciously,” Judy’s attacker said, a little bit of laughter already in their words, “but first, I must tell you my name. “Judy’s attacker” really will not suffice. My name is Sam.” Judy tried to stifle a giggle. “Sam?” She snorted, “I expected something a bit more majestic.” Sam, now quite indignant, responded sharply, “Sam is my name, and now, I will explain why I attacked you.”

Judy waited for Sam to speak. And waited. And waited. Finally, Sam burst out laughing. “I attacked you because I felt like attacking something!” Judy sighed as Sam chortled and snorted and giggled and laughed. Then, the line suddenly went to dial tone. Sam had hung up. Judy however, was not annoyed, because she was thinking. “I think that Sam is lying,” Judy told the police chief, “because I think that there is a reason why Sam attacked me. I think that I have met Sam before, somewhere, somehow. I’m going to look through my yearbooks and see if I can find some mention of Sam in there. I think that Sam is holding a grudge.” The police chief nodded. “In the meantime, we will try and trace that computer chip.” Judy nodded. “I’ll come with you, and also, let’s make some coffee.”



Image above - Lunch, who doesn't really want to get involved in this. Too much stress.

However, when Judy tried to walk out of the room, but she couldn't.

“Why did it have to be me? Why did my chubby foreleg have to go lame!?”

- JUDY, WHO IS DISTRAUGHT AND DEPRESSED

Judy collapsed, in confusion. “Why can't I walk?” She asked no one in particular, and tried to get up. One chubby foreleg pushed her up, but the other one hung limply at her side.

“What's wrong,” the police chief asked, and hurried over to look at Judy's chubby foreleg. “Oh no,” the police chief stood up, “Judy, your left chubby foreleg, the one that you were shot in, has gone lame. I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do.” Judy gasped, and then collapsed to the ground in sadness. The police chief sent

away the officers to get Max and Judy's kittens, along with Harvey, who would provide some extra therapy support.

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