

Little Miss Dilly Dot

By Malinda Mitchell



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Everett, WA**

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I dedicate this book to my children: Michael Stephenson, Kristi Morton, David Stephenson, Kasey Cooksey and Anthony Mitchell, and my eight beautiful grandchildren: Brittany, Joshua, Jessica, Nicholas, Ethan, Emily, Macy and Kalyn.

Little Miss Dilly Dot

Introduction

Dilly Dot is a very immature kitten who grows up while learning valuable lessons in these stories. When you read these stories, ask yourself these questions:

- Would you like to be treated the way Dilly Dot treats the people she meets?
- Is it right to break promises?
- How would you feel if someone called you names the way Dilly Dot does?
- Is it right to call other people names?
- Is it right to tell people you will hit or hurt them?
- What would you do if you were Dilly Dot in each story?
- How does Dilly Dot change with each story?

Little Miss Dilly Dot

There once was a longhaired white alley kitten named Dilly Dot, the smallest of a litter. Her mother named her Dilly Dot because she had one silver spot on the tip of her tail.

Dilly Dot was two months old when an old woman adopted her mother, her brothers, and sisters. Dilly Dot would have been adopted too, if she had been with her mother, brothers, and sisters when the lady adopted them. But Dilly Dot was playing cat and mouse games with a little mouse named Pan Pan. Pan Pan enjoyed playing around in pans and that is how she got her name.

When Dilly Dot finished playing cat and mouse games with Pan Pan, she went home, only to find an empty corner and an empty bed.

Poor little Dilly Dot was all alone now that her family had been adopted, and now she really wished that she had stayed close to her family.

Dilly Dot just stood in the corner for a while wondering, "Where in the world can my family be," and then sat quietly on the bed that she once shared with her family and went to sleep.

After a goodnight's sleep, Dilly Dot awoke with an idea. Her idea was to find her family. She told herself that some of the other alley cats, mice, rats, or dogs had to see her family leave and maybe they could tell her the direction in which they went.



“I know what I’ll do,” said Dilly Dot aloud, while searching behind one of the garbage cans near her corner. “I’ll go ask Tasteless Rat if he saw my family.”

Tasteless watches everything and everybody. He keeps hoping that someday someone or something will help him get his taste buds back. He lost his taste buds one day when he licked a hot skillet, and that’s also when he got the name Tasteless. Tasteless said, “I’ll never lick anything hot, ever again.”

Dilly Dot continued to look for her family as she walked toward Tasteless Rat’s hangout. She didn’t see her family, but she did see Bug Eyes Jim. Bug Eyes Jim is an extra large beetle and he’s the eldest of his family. He got the name Bug Eyes Jim because he sees and knows almost everything that goes on.

“Good morning Bug Eyes Jim,” said Dilly Dot as she slowly came closer to Bug Eyes’ watching place. “Have you seen my family, either yesterday or this morning?” “Yes I did,” replied Bug Eyes Jim while continuing to look around to see what was going on. “Yesterday morning while you were playing with Pan Pan, I saw a little old lady in a green dress and a straw hat pick your family up, put them into a box, and then walk away with them. You might want to ask Tasteless Rat if he saw where the little old lady took them, because I saw him follow them out of the alley. You shouldn’t have wandered away from your family. You know an alley isn’t the safest place in the world to be.”



“Oh, you mind your own business, you nosey old bug,” said Dilly Dot as she turned up her nose at Bug Eyes Jim. “I’ll do as I please. I’ll find my family, you just watch and see.”

Dilly Dot walked away from Bug Eyes Jim in search of Tasteless Rat. When she found Tasteless, he was sitting at the edge of the alley watching the hustle and bustle of city life.

“Tasteless, have you seen my family?” asked Dilly Dot as she too, looked at the hustle and bustle of city life.

“I saw a little old lady take them away yesterday,” replied Tasteless as he turned his attention to Dilly Dot. “If you had been with your family, you wouldn’t be hunting for them now. You know these alleys are too dangerous for a kitten to be wandering around all alone. The old lady took your family north of here.”

“Oh, you shut your mouth, you nosey old rat and mind your own business,” said Dilly Dot as she turned up her nose at Tasteless. “I just asked you a simple question and all I wanted was a simple answer. So, thank you for the information. Now if you will excuse me, I will be on my way. I must find my family, so I too may get adopted.”

“You’d better be careful Little Miss Dilly Dot or you will get into more trouble than you can shake a stick at,” warned Tasteless as he turned his attention back to the hustle and bustle of city life.

“Don’t you worry about me,” said Dilly Dot as she headed north. “I’m a big girl. I can take care of myself.”



“Well I certainly hope that you can!” yelled Tasteless as he watched Dilly Dot walk away.

Little Miss Dilly Dot went merrily on her way with no thought to the danger surrounding her. Little Miss Dilly Dot was a high-spirited little kitten and didn't realize the danger of passing cars, trucks, buses and everything larger than herself. Her thoughts were only about finding her family and she intended to ask every rat, mouse, bug, and spider she met on her north bound journey if they had seen a little old lady carrying a box of kittens and a mama cat.

Little Miss Dilly Dot came to a four-way stop and had to cross the road to continue her north bound journey. She stopped and looked to see if it was safe for her to cross over and then started merrily bouncing across the street. She was almost to the other side of the street when a motorcycle came zooming by and almost hit her. Little Miss Dilly Dot yelled out, “Why you bad old machine, come back here and I'll knock you to the moon! You just come back here! I'll show you!”

Later on in the evening Dilly Dot got tired, sleepy, and hungry. She was just about ready to collapse when a little girl saw her and said to her mother, “Oh mother, look at the cute little white kitten. She has a silver spot on the tip of her tail. I do believe she's homeless. May I please take her home with me and keep her for my very own?”

“Okay, Mercury, you may take her home with you until we can find the rightful owner,” replied Mercury's mother. “But once we find the owner you will have to give her up.”