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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY ADAM BLAKELEY

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# How Not To Milk A Cat

It began, as these things always do, with a meow.

I ignored it, because it seemed plausible that my ears were playing tricks on me. Meows simply do not come from places where meows do not come from, such as my doorstep. Besides, I had important business to tend to. I continued to play Xbox. After a while my wife entered the room.

“Is that a meow?”

I opened the door. Sitting on our doorstep, as if he had been placed there, was an all-white kitten that fit into the palm of my hand.

A few minutes of comfort, some water, and a pinch of food had the little guy in high spirits. We sprang into action creating posters declaring that we had found a cat. He sprang into action chasing around our existing cats. We had three, not including the new guy, but he was most interested in our black and white cat.

Apparently, he decided this cat looked just like his mom. I deduced this because he tried to nurse from the black and white cat named Oscar. Oscar laid back and let the little guy lick on his belly, but he looked at us with an expression that screamed, “what the hell is this cat doing?”

A little thing like biology was not going to stop the kitten. He tried for days to get a drop of milk. It was a remarkable display of determination that proved once and for all that you have just as much chance of getting blood from a stone as you do of getting milk from a male cat.

**In Denver, CO**

# A Rocking Chair

I was four.

Most of us don't remember anything from that age. Me? I remember one thing clearly; I liked pirates because pirates are awesome.

I wanted to sail the seven seas and do all kinds of scurvy-free pirate-like activities, but we were about as land-locked as could be. However, my mom had a rocking chair that moved sufficiently to be a perfect substitute for the waves of the ocean. I put a box (my ship) on the chair and started rocking to simulate the waves of the sea. It was pretty awesome, if I do say so myself. But it wasn't the true pirate experience.

I needed to be able to climb to the top of the mast and use my telescope to scan for the evil pirate ships my imaginary crew was going to ransack. I stuck a box on top of my ship and then a box on top of that box. In total I had a pile of three rickety boxes on top of a rocking chair.

"I don't think this is a good idea" said my little brother.

I ignored him because, well, I had evil pirates to find. I climbed onto the rocking chair and then into the pile of boxes that somehow held my weight. Rocking back was fine, but when I rocked forward my momentum catapulted me into the air. Four broken bones later I was forced to admit that maybe, just maybe, it wasn't a good idea after all.

**In Denver, CO**

## About Author

### Adam Blakeley

I am a writer with supreme overconfidence in my rhetorical abilities. I also overestimate my comedic skills and laugh at my own jokes.

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](https://bytestories.com)?

This is a place for "byte-sized" stories and there is a 1500 character (about 250 words) limit for two main reasons. Firstly, we want you to know that "War and Peace" isn't required to leave your mark. Secondly, it takes about 2 minutes to read each story meaning you can head here whenever you want a quick (and entertaining) read.

If you would like to share a story or create your own eBook, simply head to [bytestories.com](https://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.