

Fat Cats Sittin' in the Woods

by Tim Walker
English 2

I have a fat cat.
His name is Sam Spade
and he is, with stitches to prove it.
One night in the woods,
in our log cabin,
with the Coleman lantern and an icebox and three
 shotguns lined on the wall and a heavy Master
 bolt on the one door and the windows all shuttered
 against come-what-may and the TV and radio and
 the numbers of books and magazines and a Wild
 Turkey gripped in my fist,
we heard a yowl. It was open and hard and there was a
wildness
around it that scratched at our door.
I turned to Sam Spade and I thought,
"For sure, Sam, but I'm glad we're in here."
And Sam Spade, who had the stitches to prove it, pricked
up his ears and yowled, but only for a moment.