

Kitty driver training



Rusty was a bad boy! The rule of rodents was to only eat them on the bathroom floor towels. *Not on the free rug from Michael's garage sale.* That rug covered an air hose Verne used to blow dirt & debris, tracked in by Rusty, off his bed sheet.



Rusty had to be told to remove the dead mouse from the free rug

Rusty liked to jump into bed with Verne at 4 AM to report on his latest rodent patrols & adventures-- depositing grass, sand, & other junk as he did so.



Dusty had to sit up straight to see over the steering wheel. She would need to sit on a kitty phone book to drive Verne's car by herself.



Dusty needed to learn more important life skills than rodent control. Why not teach the little dust ball to drive? Dusty said "Peep! Peep-eeep!" So Verne began teaching her the very next day. Dusty was excited about driving. With her own kitty driver's license she could go wherever she wanted whenever she felt like it. She could be a cab driver, or a bus driver, race NASCAR, or even pilot a kitten police cruiser! But, of course, that was all in her future.



Dusty paid attention to everything Verne did. When she had her own car, Dusty thought, she intended to be a good driver like the big guy. Then Verne would be proud of her.



"Hey Verne! That lever you push -- the turn signal thing -- when do you know to use it? Can you explain that better to me? Verne thought Dusty asked very smart questions.



Dusty strained to see how Verne pushed the pedals to control the Honda. It was confusing -- clutch, brake, gas. But she was a smart kitty -- she'd figure it out.

Dusty liked the Honda

She enjoyed the smooth rolling curves of the coastal mountains, the exhilaration of the 16 valve engine purring down Hwy 5. *She only wished it had power steering & automatic transmission.*



"I need power steering!" Dusty thought to herself.