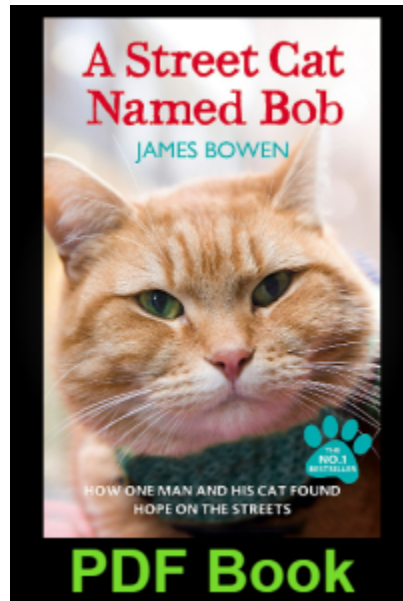


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The next morning, which was a Friday, I made my way downstairs and discovered that the ginger tom was still sitting there. It appeared as though he hadn't moved from the same position in the previous twelve to eighteen hours or so. I went back to getting on one knee and stroking him while I was there. Once more, it was abundantly clear that he cherished it. He was clearly enjoying all of the attention he was receiving, as evidenced by his purring. There was still some work to be done before he could put his full faith in me.

However, I could tell that he was satisfied with how I was doing. In the light of day, I was able to see that he was an incredibly beautiful being. Despite the fact that he had a really striking face with amazing piercing green eyes, when I looked closer, I could tell that he must have been in a fight or an accident because there were scratches on his face and legs. He had a really striking face with amazingly piercing green eyes. The previous evening, I had a hunch that his coat was in very poor condition, and my hunch was correct.

In some areas, it was very scant and wiry, and there were at least a half dozen bald spots where the skin was clearly visible. I was beginning to feel genuine concern for him, but I reminded myself that I had more than enough to worry about in terms of getting myself back on track. Therefore, with a fair amount of reluctance.



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I got on the bus in Tottenham and rode it all the way to central London and Covent Garden, where I planned to busk for the third time in the hopes of making a few pounds. It was almost ten o'clock when I got home that night, meaning that I had a very late arrival. Right

away, I made my way to the corridor where I'd seen the ginger tom, but I couldn't find any trace of him there. A portion of me was quite dissatisfied.

I found myself developing a certain fondness for him. But mostly I felt relieved. I thought that his owner must have let him in after they returned from wherever it was that they had been, so I didn't give it much more thought than that. On Sunday morning, I got up at a decent hour and made the decision to head out into the neighborhood in an effort to locate the person who owned his dog. I reasoned that it was possible that someone had tacked up a "Lost Cat" poster.



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There was almost always a photocopied appeal for the return of a missing pet that had been posted on local lampposts, noticeboards, and even bus stops. Because there appeared to be such a high number of missing cats, there were times when I questioned whether or not there was a cat-napping ring operating in the neighborhood.

I took the cat with me in the event that I located the owner of the animal quickly, and I secured him to a leash that I had fashioned out of a shoelace in order to keep him safe. When we descended to the ground floor via the stairs, he was more than happy to accompany me. The cat started pulling on the string lead outside of the apartment building as if he wanted to get away from there. I had a hunch that he was planning to attend to his business.

It turned out that he went behind a nearby building, into some bushes and vegetation, and disappeared for a minute or two in order to answer nature's call. After that, he came back to me, and I was delighted to see that I had regained the lead. I reasoned to myself that he must rely on me quite a bit. I immediately had the feeling that I needed to live up to that trust and do what I could to assist him. PDF Book Version of "A Street Cat Named Bob"

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My initial point of contact was the woman who resided in the house directly across the street. She was well-known in the community for taking care of cats. She took care of the neighborhood strays by feeding them and, if necessary, spaying or neutering them. Once she opened the door, I could see that there were at least five cats living inside. Who knows how many more children she had hidden in the backyard? It seemed as though every cat within a several mile radius made their way to her backyard because they knew it was the best place to find some food.

I couldn't fathom how she managed to keep all of them fed on that budget. When we finally made it to the main part of the town, the rain had thankfully stopped falling. In spite of the weather, there were even larger crowds in the central business district of the city the following day than there had been the day before. I told Bob that we were going to give it a shot for a couple of hours as I hoisted him up onto my shoulders and started walking in the direction of Covent Garden.



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"But if it starts to rain again, I promise that we will head back," the speaker said. As we made our way down Neal Street, people continued to approach us frequently to ask questions. I didn't mind if they fussed over Bob as long as they were reasonable about it. Within the span of ten minutes, we were approached by half a dozen different people, and at least half of them requested that we take their picture. I quickly realized that the most important thing was to keep moving because, if you stopped, you would be surrounded before you even realized it. PDF Book Version of "A Street Cat Named Bob"

Something interesting took place right around the time that we were getting close to the end of Neal Street and were getting close to where I turned onto James Street. I was completely taken aback when I became aware of Bob's paws repositioning themselves on my shoulder. Before I knew it, he had slid off my shoulder and was climbing down my arm. I was startled. After I allowed him to hop onto the pavement, he immediately started walking in front of me.

I let him go after bringing the length of the lead up to its maximum and extending it further. It was clear that he was aware of where we were and that he planned to continue the conversation from this point. He was blazing a trail for us. He led the way the entire way to the field where we'd been the night before, marching ahead of me the whole time. After that, he remained standing there while he awaited for me to remove my guitar from its case and place it in front of him. I responded with, "There you go, Bob."

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Instantaneously, he plopped himself down on the soft case as if it were his natural resting place. He placed himself in a spot where he could watch people passing by, which, given that they were in Covent Garden, there were plenty of doing. There was a time when I dreamt of making it big as a professional musician. At that time, I was just getting started. I'd always had the ambition to follow in the footsteps of Kurt Cobain. PDF Book Version of "A Street Cat Named Bob"



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It was a part of my grand plan when I returned to England from Australia, despite how naive and completely stupid it sounds now that I'm thinking about it. Before I left, I conveyed this information to my mother as well as to everyone else. I'd had my ups and downs, and there was a brief period of time when I thought I might actually make some progress.

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Things were difficult for a while, but around the year 2002, I was able to get off the streets and into some sheltered accommodation in Dalston, and after that, everything changed. Because of a chain reaction of events, I found myself playing in a band with some new friends. The fact that we were a guitar band called Hyper Fury with four members at the time told you a lot about both my mental state and the mental states of my band mates.

The name was perfect for me in every way. I was an angry young man. I was in a state of extreme rage, both about life in general and the way I felt in particular, which was that I had not been dealt a fair hand. My frustration and angst were channeled outward through my music. Instead of going out busking, I made the decision to work on Bob for a while. If he was going to spend time with me on a regular basis, I needed to upgrade his gear so that he could participate in our activities. PDF Book Version of "A Street Cat Named Bob"

The shoelace I had fashioned into a leash was too short for me to be able to walk around with him attached to it. In addition to the fact that it was hazardous, it was also very uncomfortable. Bob and I took a trip to Archway by hopping on a bus and heading in that general direction. I was aware that the Cats Protection charity had a branch in north London at that location. Bob appeared to realize almost instantly that the path we were taking now was not the same as the one we had traveled the previous two days.



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Every once in a while, he'd turn his head in my direction and look at me as if to ask, "So, where are you going to take me today?" He did not feel anxious; rather, he was curious. The Cats Protection shop was a sleek and contemporary establishment that sold a wide variety of cat-related goods, including books, toys, and equipment. There were a ton of free pamphlets and brochures available, and they covered every facet of caring for a cat, from microchipping to toxoplasmosis, dietary advice to advice on neutering.

I picked up a few of them in preparation for some future reading. There were only a couple of people working there, so the atmosphere was very calm and peaceful. Because of this,

they were unable to refrain from coming over to talk to me while I looked around with Bob sitting on my shoulder. While another woman stroked Bob's head, she asked, "He's a good-looking boy isn't he?" Because he was leaning his body into her as she smoothed his coat and cooed over him, he knew he was in good hands. He could tell this because he was able to relax. Downloadable PDF Book of the Title "A Street Cat Named Bob"

After that, we started talking about how Bob and I had first connected with one another. After that, I filled them in on what had transpired over the prior two days. Both of the women gave a friendly smile and nod. One of them shared with me that "a lot of cats like to go out for a walk with their owners." They enjoy taking leisurely strolls through the neighborhood, whether it be in the park or down the street. But I have to say that Bob is a little out of the ordinary, doesn't he?

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A friend of hers told her, "He is." "I believe you have something of a jewel there in your possession." It is clear that he has made the decision to align himself with you. It was reassuring to hear them validate what, on some level, I already knew to be true. Every once in a while, I would get a twinge of uncertainty regarding whether or not I should make more of an effort to get him back out on the streets, as well as whether or not I was doing the right thing by keeping him in the apartment with me.



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Their words provided me with a significant boost. What I did not know, however, was the most effective way to take care of Bob if he was going to be my constant companion as I navigated the streets of London. To put it mildly, it wasn't the safest of environments by any stretch of the imagination. In addition to the obvious risk posed by the surrounding traffic,

there were many other potential hazards and perils in the area. Downloadable PDF Book of the Title "A Street Cat Named Bob"

When I looked up, I noticed that the two proprietors of the shop were standing nearby and observing. One of them was wiping her eyes and was on the verge of crying. She greeted us with, "I'm so glad you found him." "He appeared to be such a cute little kitten. We were pondering what we would do with him in the event that no one showed up prior to the establishment's closing. As she got closer, she also stroked Bob for a brief period of time.

After that, we engaged in a brief conversation for a few minutes while she and her coworker got ready to close the till and began making preparations to close the shop for the evening. Bob was perched on my shoulder as we made our way back into the crowd that was surrounding Piccadilly Circus. The pair said, "Bye, Bob," as we made our way back into the crowd. I was only mildly surprised to find that my guitar was still at Ripley's when I returned there to find that it had not been moved.

Perhaps the security guard who was stationed at the door had been keeping an eye on it. Or maybe one of the community support officers who works in the area has already checked it out and determined that it is safe. There was a mobile police unit stationed right next to us at the time. Everyone in law enforcement and community support had a soft spot for Bob. He had gained the respect and favor of the law enforcement officers. It didn't matter to me that I didn't know who the Good Samaritan was because I didn't care about him. Downloadable PDF Book of the Title "A Street Cat Named Bob"



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Simply put, I couldn't express how happy I was to see Bob again. I did not waste any time in getting everything together before calling it a night. Even though we hadn't made enough money, that wasn't my primary concern at the time. I made a pit stop at a convenience store and used the majority of the cash that I had on me to purchase a small belt clip for myself, which I attached, initially to myself and then to his lead. This would ensure that we kept our connection with one another at all times.

While we were riding the bus, instead of occupying the seat next to me as he normally does, he sat on my lap. At times, he was difficult to understand, but on other occasions, I was able to read Bob's mind with complete accuracy. This evening was another one of those times. We were one another's support system, and neither one of us wanted that to

ever end. My ex-girlfriend Belle had fallen in love with Bob in a way that was unparalleled by any other person.

We were still very good friends; in fact, we were probably even closer friends now than we were when we were together, and she would visit my apartment on a regular basis. It was in part so that she could hang out with me, but I had a strong suspicion that she was also going to come over to see Bob. On the sofa, they would spend hours engaged in playful interaction with one another. I could tell that Bob had nothing but the highest regard for her. Free download of the PDF book "A Street Cat Called Bob."

It was roughly three weeks before Christmas when she showed up at my house carrying a plastic shopping bag and a huge grin on her face. "What exactly are you hiding in there?" I said, having a sneaking suspicion that she was up to no good. She teased me by telling me that "it's not for you, it's for Bob." She meant this to be ironic. Bob was resting in his customary place under the radiator, but as soon as he heard his name called, he perked up and moved to a more visible location.



"Bob, will you please come here? I have a surprise for you," "I'll just sit here," Belle said as she flopped down on the couch with the bag. Soon enough, he was there, padding over with an inquisitive air about what was on the inside. When Belle reached into her bag, she removed a few T-shirts depicting various cute animals. One of them simply featured an endearing picture of a little kitten. The other one, however, was colored red and had green trimming on it. It had the words "Santa Paws" written in large white letters, and underneath those words was a large paw print.

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