

Nature's Way



Three short stories by

Katherine Robson

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Published in the United States by
Just Judy Desktop Publishing Services,
2569 Walker Place, Livermore, California 94550.
judy@justjudy.com

ISBN 978-0-9829350-1-9

Nature's Way comprises three vividly written, heartwarming stories, each anchored by the relationship between a human and a cat or dog. Californian Robert Cach inherited the stories as a sheaf of typewritten pages written by his colorful grandmother, "Kitty"; this book is published to honor her memory.

Robert and his wife, Carol, believe the stories will be enjoyed and appreciated by a wide variety of readers.

First Edition, September 2019

Printed in USA by PrintPapa (www.PrintPapa.com).

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Katherine Robson— Grandma Kitty

Foreword

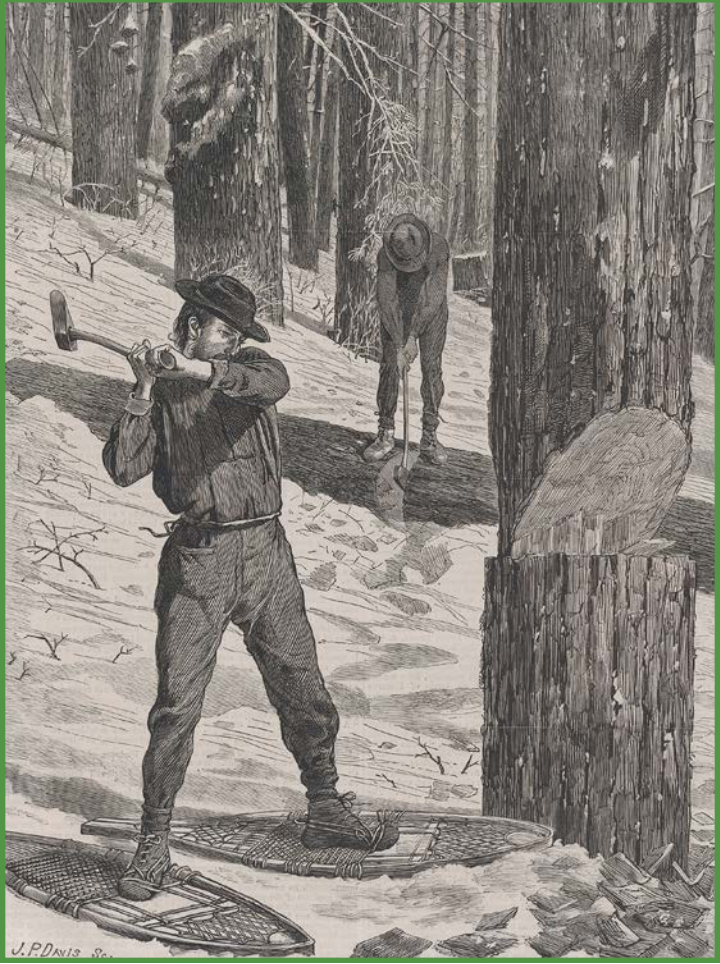
I am told that my Grandmother, Katherine “Kitty” Robson, led a very colorful and varied life as a young woman in the 1920s—from living in an Oregon lumber camp at age 19 to playing honky-tonk piano in the speakeasies of New York City.

My memories of her are of a time when she lived quietly with her husband Roy in a tiny farming community in eastern Washington State. It was not until my father passed away that I inherited the original manuscript of these stories. Through these stories, I saw firsthand how she viewed the world around her, her love for animals, and her knack for putting her experiences into words for others to experience and enjoy.

The three short stories contained in this book are based on real characters and events. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I have over the years.

*With gratitude and love, thanks,
Grandma Kitty!*

Robert Cach
Livermore, California, 1990



Only the Human

Early Winter Storm

Industriously scouring the huge wooden sink, Scotty paused a moment to gaze, with a speculative eye, out the cookhouse window. A low, murky mist hung over the campsite, clinging to the earth as though reluctant to give way to the break of a new dawn, and the doubtful possibility of a few short hours of sunshine. For days on end, the Scotsman had watched the soggy mist lift, only to leave in its place a quiet, steady snowfall, that seemed never-ending, as night came back once more to claim its rightful share of time.

The unusually long and relentless storm had just begun to take its toll on the wild creatures of the forest, and Scotty was well aware of this, for in the last few days he had seen them at the edge of the clearing, lean and gaunt, evidently desperate in their search for food. Sometimes, it would be a deer, boldly loping out into the open, head held high, in reckless defiance. Then, pausing for a moment in curious uncertainty, the animal would turn, its emaciated body trembling with terror, and disappear in a frenzy of fear, back into the forest and its doubtful sanctuary.

The hated bobcat had dared to slink his way out into the clearing, stealthily creeping along from one snow mound to another, edging his way ever closer to the tantalizing aromas that filtered through the air from the general direction of the cookhouse. But the intense and



*The hated bobcat had dared to slink
his way out into the clearing*

cowardly fear of open spaces would come to his rescue and send him dashing madly back into the protection of his own familiar haunts, and the probability of an unsuspecting prey.

First Sighting

Today the mist seemed to be giving way to a slight breeze, and as Scotty went about his daily chores, an occasional glance out the window assured him that, at least for a while, the weather would be clear. Needless to say, this change would be most welcome to Olaf, the bullcook, who had been hard-pressed to keep the paths shoveled open in his constant race with the snowfall.

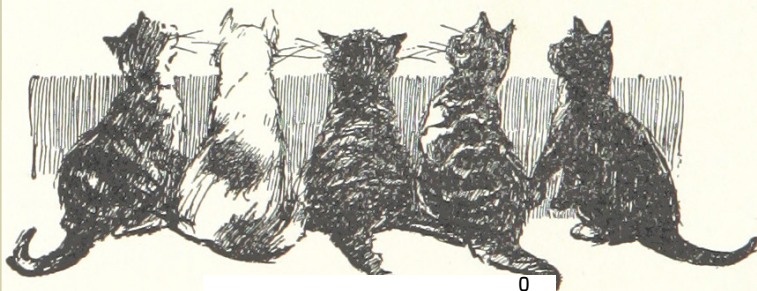
Although it was a definite warning of the long cold winter to come, the storm also was, in a way, a welcome relief to the Scotsman, with his love of nature, for it had completely changed the drab, chaotic, doddiness of fall into a picture in white. The rolling blanket of snow seemed intent

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