The Adventures of Cata Claus



Six tales from the North Pole, told by Santa Claus

The Great Cookie Inspector



Every Christmas Eve, Cata Claus has a very big job. She is the Cookie Inspector!

She sits beside the plate of cookies and sniffs. *Sniff, sniff, sniff.* Then she gives a cookie a little poke with her orange paw. *Poke, poke!*

If the cookie is yummy, Cata Claus gives it one tiny lick. Then she blinks her eyes very slowly. That means, "Good cookie!"

One year, a family in Ottawa left me eleven maple chocolate-chip cookies. They looked so yummy!

"Let's count them," I said. "One, two, three…"

Cata Claus sniffed the first cookie. Her whiskers went stiff. She sniffed the next cookie. Her ears went flat.

Then she pushed the whole plate to the edge of the table!

"Cata!" I said. "What is wrong?"

Cata Claus tapped one cookie with her paw. *Crack!* It broke in half.

Raisins! Squishy, wrinkly raisins! They were pretending to be chocolate chips!

"Oh, Cata," I said. "You saved me from a sneaky raisin snack!"

That night, I left a note for the family. *Thank you for the cookies! Next year, may we have chocolate chips, please?* And I left a little bowl of milk for my Cookie Inspector.

The next Christmas, the plate was perfect. Eleven maple chocolate-chip cookies. No raisins at all!

Cata Claus gave her biggest, slowest blink. Yum!

Cata's Purr-fect Fact: A cat's nose is super good at smelling. It can smell much better than yours!

Cata Claus gave Santa a slow, slow blink. It meant, "All is well at the North Pole."

Cata Claus and the Tangled List



Santa has a very long list. It tells him who has been kind. It is so long that it rolls up like a giant paper roll.

One snowy day, *bump!* My elbow hit the list. Down it fell! *Boing, boing, boing!* It rolled across the floor.

It rolled past the toys. It rolled past the elves. It rolled right up to Cata Claus, who was napping in the sun.

Cata opened one eye. A long paper ribbon was zooming away!

Cata Claus has one rule: when something runs away, you chase it!

Pounce!

Oh, what a mess! Cata Claus jumped and rolled and tumbled. The list wrapped around her like a paper scarf. The elves ducked. A box of buttons went *pop, pop, pop!*

When it stopped, the list was one big tangle. I sat down on the floor. "Oh dear," I said.

But Cata Claus was sniffing one little spot. She would not budge.

I looked closer. There was a name on the Needs Another Chance side. It was a girl named Ruth, from Moose Jaw.

The list said Ruth had made a mistake. She had thrown a snowball at a window.

But look! A tiny note was stuck in the fold. It said, *The window belonged to a neighbour who needed help. Ruth shovelled his whole driveway, all winter long!*

Ruth had made a mistake. But she was kind, too!

I moved her name to the Kind side. That Christmas, Ruth got the sled she had wanted for three whole years.

Cata Claus gave me a happy blink. Then she went back to sleep.

Cata's Purr-fect Fact: Cats love to pounce! A wiggly ribbon is so much fun for them.

Cata Claus gave Santa a slow, slow blink. It meant, "All is well at the North Pole."

The Night the Reindeer Got Nervous



I have flown through snow and wind. I once flew past a flock of Canada geese. *Honk, honk!*

But one Christmas Eve, the wind was wild. Snow swirled across the sky. It went *whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.*

The reindeer were nervous. Dasher was shaking. Vixen was stamping her hooves. Even Blitzen peeked over his shoulder.

"It's okay," I said. But they were still nervous. I did not know what to do.

Then I felt something soft beside me in the sleigh. It was Cata Claus!

She turned around once. She turned around twice. She turned around three times. Then she curled up in a little orange ball.

And she began to purr.

Purrrrr. Purrrrr. Purrrrr.

It was a soft, warm, rumbly sound. It hummed all through the sleigh. It hummed all the way to the reindeer.

Dasher stopped shaking. Vixen took a big, slow breath. One by one, the reindeer felt calm and sleepy.

"Cata," I whispered, "I could never do that."

Cata Claus gave me a slow blink. It said, *You just have to be calm and kind.*

Up, up, up we flew, right through the snowy wind. The wind was far below us. The reindeer were not nervous one bit.

The purring hummed all the way, like a lullaby. We gave out every present that night.

Now, when the wind blows hard, Cata Claus rides in the sleigh. She purrs, and the reindeer feel safe.

Cata's Purr-fect Fact: When a cat purrs, it sounds like a tiny, cozy engine. It helps people feel calm too. Maybe it helps reindeer too!

Cata Claus gave Santa a slow, slow blink. It meant, "All is well at the North Pole."

Cata Claus, Head of Workshop Guards



It started with a trail of crumbs.

One morning, Elf Pip ran into my office. "Santa! Someone nibbled the gingerbread! There are gumdrops all over the floor!"

The next morning, it happened again. And again the next morning!

The elves said, "Is it a goblin?" "Is it a snow fairy?" "Is it a hungry reindeer?" Nobody knew.

Cata Claus sat on the windowsill. Her tail went *swish, swish.* Then she hopped down and tiptoed to the pantry.

That night, Cata Claus did not go to bed. She sat very still in the dark. Her green eyes were wide open.

Tick-tock, tick-tock went the clock. Snow fell softly outside.

Then, *scratch, scratch!* A tiny grey shadow crept out. It was a little mouse! He was tugging a big, big gumdrop.

Cata Claus did not pounce. She just watched.

The mouse carried bits of gingerbread to a corner behind the stove, one by one.

In the morning, Cata Claus showed me the spot.

There was a tiny gingerbread house, as small as a teacup! It had gumdrop windows and a candy-cane chimney. The chimney was a little bit crooked, but it was so cute.

The mouse hid behind it, shaking. His name was Mr. Crumbly.

"He wasn't stealing," I said. "He was building a house!"

Cata Claus gave Mr. Crumbly a slow blink. Mr. Crumbly gave a slow blink back.

Now Mr. Crumbly has a job. He is the Candy-Cane Sorter! He has a tiny desk and a tiny toque.

And at night, he naps right between Cata Claus's paws.

Cata's Purr-fect Fact: Cats and mice can be friends, if the cat is full and happy!

Cata Claus gave Santa a slow, slow blink. It meant, "All is well at the North Pole."

The Case of the Missing Sleigh Bell



Ten minutes before takeoff on Christmas Eve, Elf Juniper came running. Her toque was crooked!

"Santa! Santa! A sleigh bell is missing!"

Oh no! The bells go *jingle, jingle.* They help the reindeer keep the beat.

Without one bell, the song sounds wrong.

"Everybody look!" I said.

The elves looked in the stable. They looked in the toolshed. They looked in the sleigh. They even looked in the snow.

No bell!

Cata Claus lifted her head. Her ears went this way. Then that way. She was listening.

Then she hopped down. She trotted across the floor with her nose down and her tail curled up like a question mark.

We followed her. Past the paint. Past the ribbons.

She stopped at a giant pile of wrapping paper.

Jingle! Something tiny was ringing deep inside.

Cata Claus dove in! Paper flew everywhere. *Whoosh!*

Then she popped out and dropped something at my feet.

The sleigh bell!

I looked closer. There was a cat-shaped dent in the paper. There were orange hairs on the bell's ribbon.

"Cata Claus," I said, "were you *sleeping* on this bell?"

Cata licked her paw. Then she gave me a slow blink.

The elves giggled and giggled.

We put the bell back. *Jingle, jingle, jingle!* The song sounded just right.

Cata Claus found the bell! She was also the one who lost it. But shh, we won't tell.

Cata's Purr-fect Fact: Cats sleep a LOT. Some cats nap for 16 hours a day!

Cata Claus gave Santa a slow, slow blink. It meant, "All is well at the North Pole."

Cata Claus Delivers a Wish



It was very late on Christmas Eve. The stars twinkled over a quiet little town.

I slid down a chimney and put presents under the tree.

Then I saw a little boy by the window. He was in his pyjamas. He was looking at the snow. He was still awake!

There was a letter on the windowsill. It was for me. It said:

Dear Santa, I don't want a toy this year. I just wish for a friend. A fuzzy one. Love, Theo.

My heart felt heavy. I could not just leave a pet under the tree. A family has to say yes to a pet first.

Then something small and orange tiptoed past my boots.

It was Cata Claus! She hopped up on the window seat. She curled up right next to Theo. She did not say meow. She just snuggled in and went *purrrrr.*

Theo looked down. His eyes got big. Then he smiled a great big smile. He gave her a gentle pat. The two of them sat together and watched the snow fall.

I tiptoed to the tree. I left a little note for his mom and dad.

Some wishes are bigger than toys. A call to a cat rescue group might help your family decide if a new pet is right for you.

Cata Claus jumped back into my arms. She gave Theo the softest, slowest blink of all.

Soon, Theo's family called a cat rescue group. They adopted a grey tabby named Cookie!

Now, every Christmas Eve, there is a bowl of cream on that windowsill. And Cata Claus always stops by.

Cata's Purr-fect Fact: A slow blink is called a "cat kiss." It means, *I like you!*

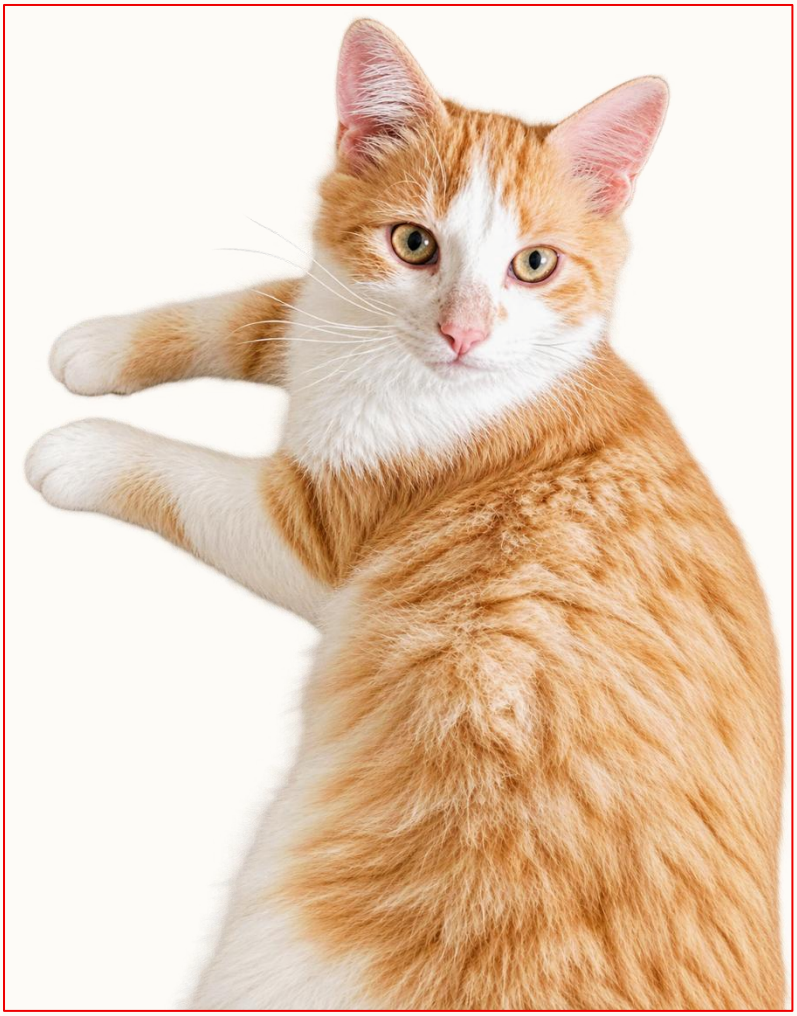
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Thank you for reading,

from Santa and Cata Claus.

Inspiration:

These stories were inspired by a foster kitten called “Checkers”. My wife and I cared for him on behalf of Biscuits & Purrs Cat Rescue. He is now in a happy forever home being curious and playful.



For more information go to: https://biscuitsandpurrscr.com/

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