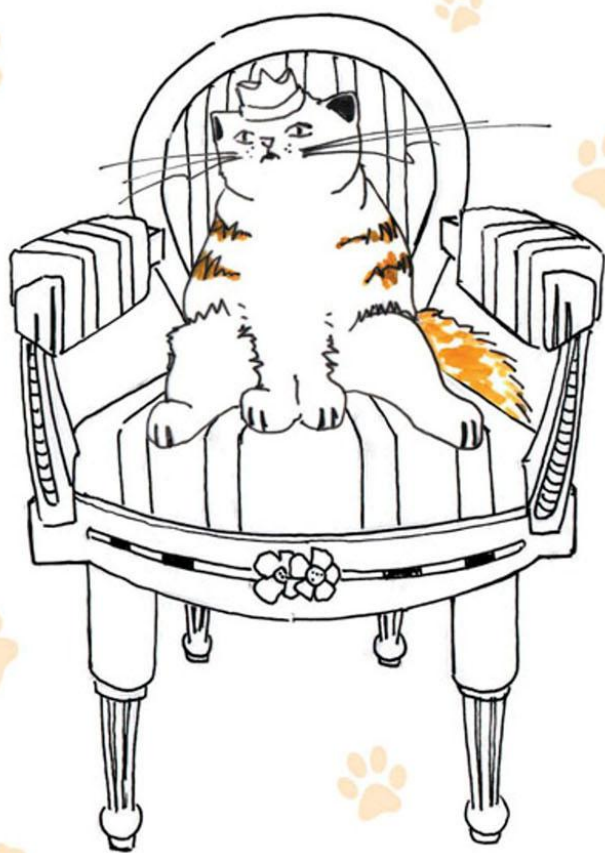


# MR. O'S BOOK

WRITTEN BY IZA ROZBICKA



ILLUSTRATED BY EMANUEL FRANZ

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## *Dedication*

*To the memory of my grandparents  
Halina and Richard who have  
always encouraged me to  
follow my dreams.*



## *Preface*

*My cat **Orange** decided to write his  
autobiography and asked me  
to be his ghostwriter.  
Having no choice I agreed.*



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# Chapter 1: Origins



Hi.

Have you ever met somebody extremely good-looking, sharp as a tack, talented, wealthy, generous, elegant, classy, creative (a sort of Steve Jobs of the cat world), charming, kind, compassionate, and a great athlete—all of those things at once?

If your answer to this question is “yes,” then obviously we’ve already met! If your answer is “no,” I strongly advise you to read this book.

I believe that you’ve already guessed why I decided to

write my autobiography. You got that right! I wrote this book to inspire you!

One of my friends asked me the other day, “Orange, how do you think you’re going to publish your book?”

My answer was simple. “I will make an o-book.”

He looked at me, a bit surprised. “You mean an e-book.”

“No,” I insisted. “Like I said: an o-book.”

“I see,” he said. “That’s a great idea!”

So allow me to begin! I’m sure you can’t wait.

My name is Orange, but my friends call me Mr. O, like the word “owe.” Some wonder why, but it’s actually quite simple: Because many folks owe me money. (Some dare to say that it’s the other way around!)

I was born to a very wealthy family in Orange County, California, but a while ago I moved to Orange County, New Jersey. My owner—see also, “my butler”—tells everybody that I was born in a poor area in Bergen County, but don’t believe her. After all, she’s only human.

I’m six years old (that’s around forty in human years), and I’m in a great shape. I weigh about thirty pounds,

which is perfect for my size. (Some dare to say that I'm overweight, but they're idiots!)

I hope that I don't have to describe the color of my fur, which is the most amazing and appropriate color for a cat of my position. I can only mention that it is my greatest pride. In fact, my lawyer has suggested that I insure my fur for \$2 million.



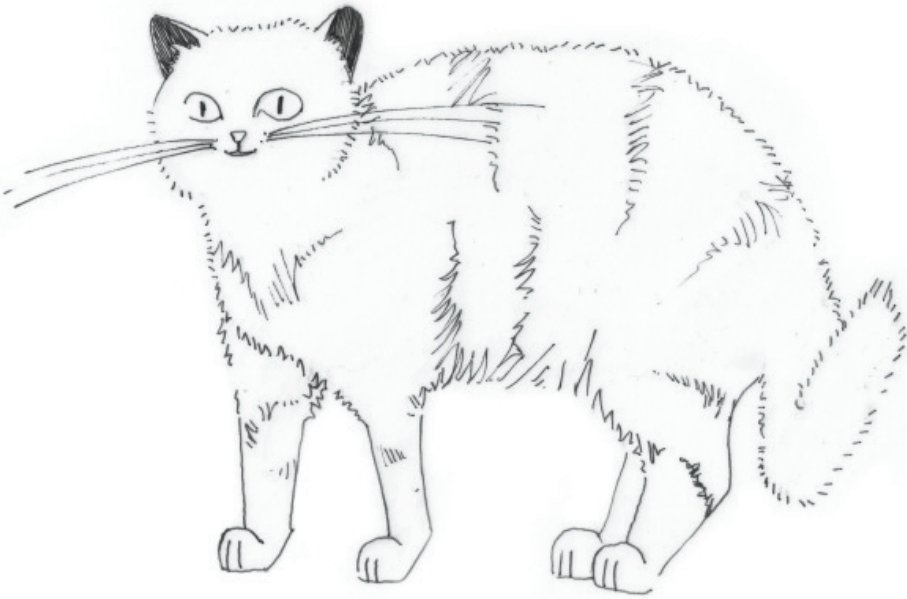
So, my story began when I arrived at Isabell's home, which immediately became my personal mansion. She fell in love with me even though she tells everybody that I was filthy and full of fleas. She claims that she only felt sorry for me, but she is such a compulsive liar (like most humans).

Eventually she became my butler.

In the very beginning I had to teach Isabell the basic requirements of a cat, and, little by little, she began to fulfill her duties in line with my expectations. After three years of very difficult and demanding work, she won The Butler Contest for the very first time, and she has fought hard to defend this title. I am proud to say that she has done this successfully three times in a row!



I live with my life partner, Mania (I hate the word “wife”), who is a real beauty: soft white fur with gray stripes and green eyes that remind me of freshly cut grass in springtime. Mania is the nicest she-cat I’ve ever met. She is patient, kind, tolerant, and . . .



I'm sorry, but I can't say much more about her, because I don't want my eyes to well up, and also because, frankly, I'm exactly the opposite.

Mania always wanted to have kids, but somehow we couldn't have them. So we—I mean she—decided to adopt. It sort of happened overnight. A friend called to say that some abandoned twins had been found, and he simply asked us if we wanted them. Of course I wanted to say no at once, but Mania was so happy that she almost screamed “yes” into my face.

I hadn't realized that this would make her so happy. Obviously I had no choice but to agree! That very evening,

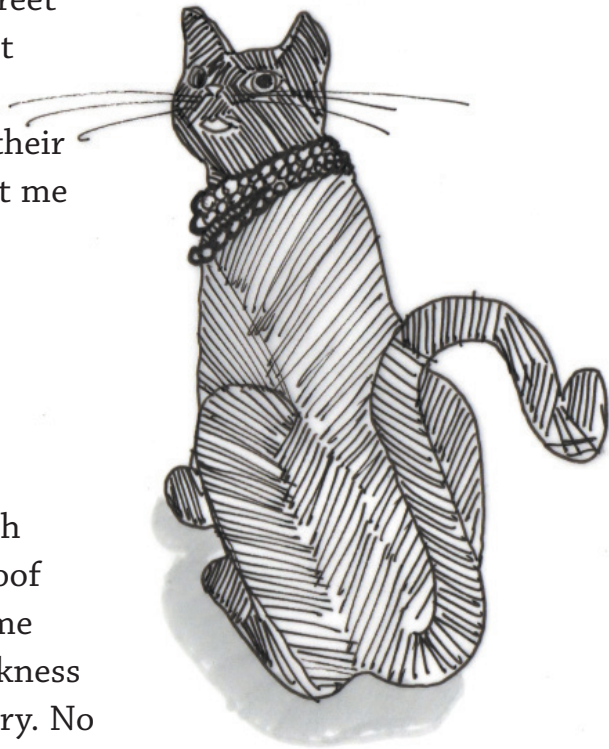
Chapter 1: Origins

Jimmy and Timmy were brought to our house. They were so tiny! Mania's heart melted at once, and she nuzzled them with pure love.

As I've mentioned, Mania's heart had melted. But not mine. I was having a hard time adjusting to this new situation. I can honestly say, from that moment onward, my life took a new direction.

In addition to my family, three butlers live with us: Isabell, whom I mentioned before, her son, John, and her husband, Robert.

Just across the street are two of my best friends, Kiwi and Melon, with their butler, Magda. Let me describe them. Kiwi is an aristocat, a dark chocolate beauty with amber eyes and impeccable manners (although her sometimes aloof character makes me furious). Her weakness is expensive jewelry. No



wonder that poor Melon has gone bankrupt three times.

Melon is an amazing sort of circus performer, who not only jumps but also flies through the air. He is a good-natured cat, polite and helpful. He is also long and skinny. He has gray fur and white paws, which grew white after being constantly dipped in milk when he was a child.

Two blocks away we have another multi-cat family. Just imagine: five gorgeous she-cats! Lady Sabina, the mistress of the house, is quite moody. She lives with her four daughters, and you can tell that she's not fond of them. I think she was forced by her butlers to adopt them. I mean, her butlers found them in the backyard one day. These four little girls are very cute, and they also have lovely names: Little, Lovely, Pretty, and Wild. Let me tell you a little bit more about Sabinka (that's the nickname I have for Sabina).

As I mentioned, she is not easy to live with. She has very strict rules, and all family members (read: butlers) have to stick to them. I mean, they love this moody monster so much that they will do anything to please her. Let me give you an example.

Sabina has her favorite little window in the basement, and this is the only exit she will use. She refuses to use other windows. One day I stopped by and witnessed



something very strange. We were sitting on the windowsill in the living room, and the window was open. Sabina suggested that we take a walk, so I stood and exited the house through that open window.

However, Sabina insisted that Greg (one of her butlers) go to the basement and open her favorite exit window downstairs. Greg happened to be in the middle of dinner, but he did what she asked at once. *What a butler*, I said to myself.

When I asked Sabina why she would only use that particular window downstairs, she said something about being superstitious. I had no clue what she meant by that.

On our street we also have Winnie, a miniature French bulldog. Apparently this breed is known for its great devotion to cats and has been called “cat mother.” At first it was difficult to believe such a label. According to a witness, when Winnie first visited us, I tripled in size.

Matilda and Pati are just across the street. Lady Matilda is definitely an ARISTOCAT like Kiwi, and Pati, her bodyguard, is a huge dog. Matilda is a very cute little persian with enormous aspirations to be my assistant. As you can guess, she and I have a lot in common.



We both love numbers to the point that Matilda constantly keeps a notebook with her. She also loves to play with tiny bits of paper with numbers on them, but, unfortunately, she can be forgetful and she often loses

them here and there. That's why I still haven't decided if I should hire her. A full-time position could be a risky decision, so I guess I'll just keep her part-time.

As I mentioned, Matilda has her own bodyguard. Sometimes she forgets the rules and begins to play with her bodyguard! A favorite game is to hide under Pati's belly, and I have to constantly remind Matilda about keeping up appearances.

Balbina, the well-known cat journalist (it was mostly interviews with me that made her famous), is living on our left. She is one of the most elegant cats I've ever seen, always wearing a chocolate leather backpack containing her credit cards. She is also a great hunter, which is very unusual for such a good-looking lady. Her butler, Anne, is a sixteen-year-old girl and a great connoisseur of cat culture.

## Chapter 1: Origins

We also have a few street cats that come to our little canteen in the backyard and that help themselves to the food that Isabell serves every day.

Let me say a few words about these street cats. The first would be Rex. You won't see a smile on my face when I mention him, and to this character I will devote a special chapter.

There is also my devoted and long-time buddy, Manti, whom everybody considers a close family friend. He is the most loyal "cerson" (cat + person) I have ever known. And in my position, I need loyal friends. Manti is a funny guy, and he makes everybody laugh. My kids love him, and he is always there for us when we need him.

Another street cat is Black Tiger. Actually, I hope I don't have to describe him in detail. He's large, strong, and a bit of a mystery.

So, that would be our neighborhood in a nutshell.

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