Sadie's Smile

written and illustrated by
DEBORAH FITZGERALD

BLOOM

Sadie's Smile

written and illustrated by

Deborah FitzGerald

Edited by Frank Monahan

Published by Rocket Science Productions



All rights reserved. Copyright © September 2016 Deborah FitzGerald

ISBN-13: 978-1-939954-98-5

eISBN-13: 978-1-939954-99-2

Library of Congress Control Number: 2016942800

PROOF

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK ...

To my kiddos, Sammi Jo and Zoe, for drawing and playing with me while keeping me on my toes and my life full of joy.

To my loving hubby, Steven, for believing in me with all my creative messes and endeavors and my love of cats.

To all my friends, who cheered me on with encouraging words and hugs.

To my fellow teaching artists, because you inspire me.

To my MaMa Jo, for encouraging me to be creative and messy while allowing me to grow into the artist I am and teaching me how to love and care for cats.

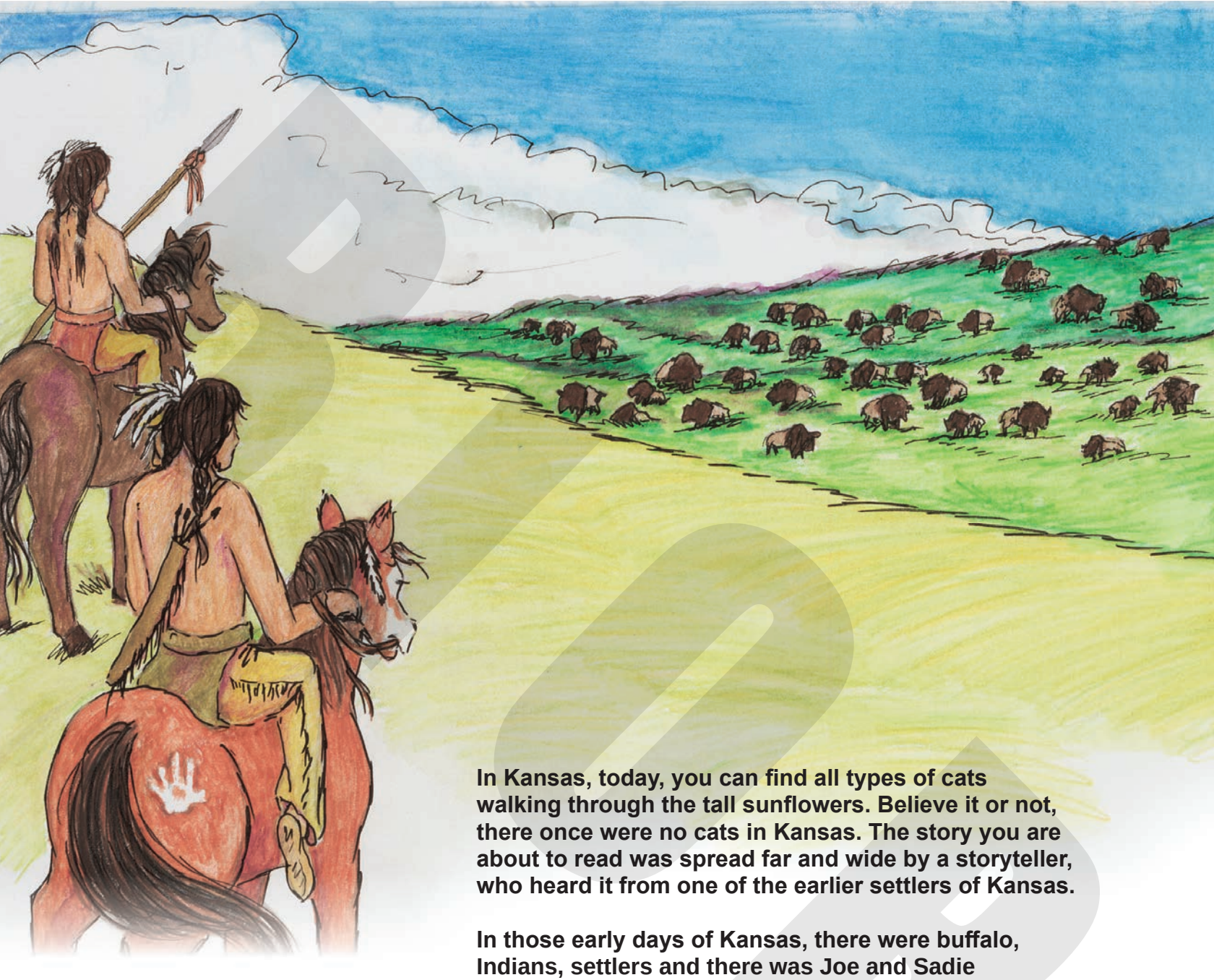
And finally, to honor all the loving vets that care for our fur babies.

The following is the list of my fur babies, all of who are present in this book.

Ma Kitty, Bandit, Bernard, Lightfoot, Marlo, Tia, Toni, B.W. Tannie, Kirby, Wesley, Kalima and Vinnie.



PROOF



In Kansas, today, you can find all types of cats walking through the tall sunflowers. Believe it or not, there once were no cats in Kansas. The story you are about to read was spread far and wide by a storyteller, who heard it from one of the earlier settlers of Kansas.

In those early days of Kansas, there were buffalo, Indians, settlers and there was Joe and Sadie O'Grady. But there were NO cats anywhere in Kansas. This made Sadie sad when thinking about her sweet kitty. She missed Kitty so much she lost her smile.



The settlers were also very sad, because back east where they came from, there were cats in every home. The cats would catch mice, sit by the fire or curl up in a lap to purr gently. They made a house look cozy.



One day, Sadie O' Grady said, "Joe O'Grady, I want a cat. Miss Jo Leeper wants a cat. The Steward's and the Murphy's want a cat. Why, even Ned Greenfield wants a cat. Darn near all the settlers in Kansas want a cat. But I can't find a cat anywhere in Kansas."



Now it just so happens that Joe O'Grady was a trader.
As a trader, he had an idea.

"I'm heading back east to round up some kitties." Joe watched Sadie's eyes brighten, as he grabbed his hat and kissed her on the cheek. "I will trade them to the neighbors. Then all the houses will look cozy like home sweet home."



He hitched up the wagon to the oxen. “Folks here in Kansas will be happy,” he shouted as he waved farewell to Sadie O’Grady from across the hill.



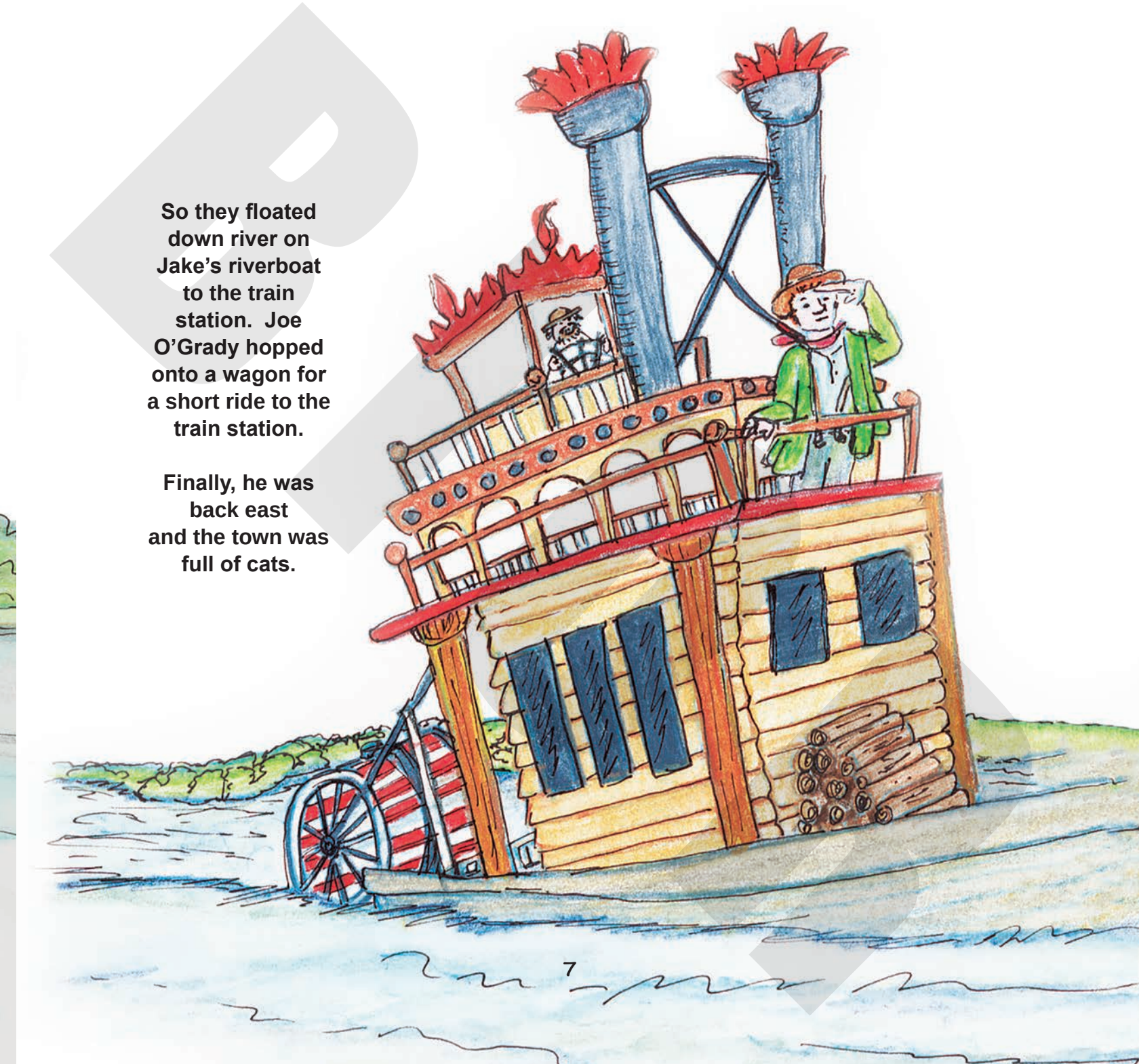
**Miles of prairie passed before Joe O'Grady finally reached the train station.
He hopped on the train to the river.
Once there he met up with his friend, Jake Bates,
the captain of a riverboat.**

**“Jake, I need to head down the river to catch a train back east.
I need to round up some cats for the settlers, especially Sadie.”**



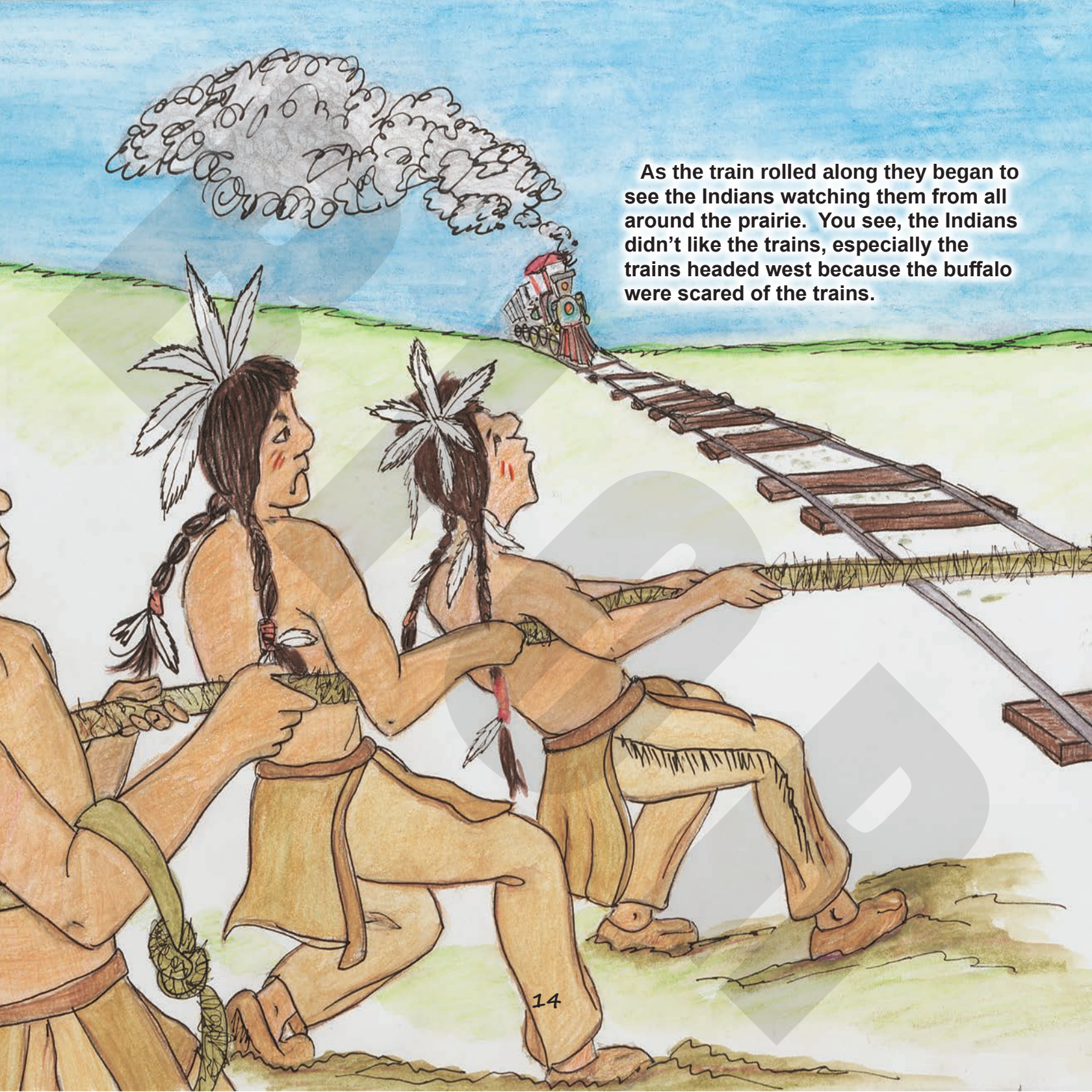
So they floated down river on Jake's riverboat to the train station. Joe O'Grady hopped onto a wagon for a short ride to the train station.

Finally, he was back east and the town was full of cats.

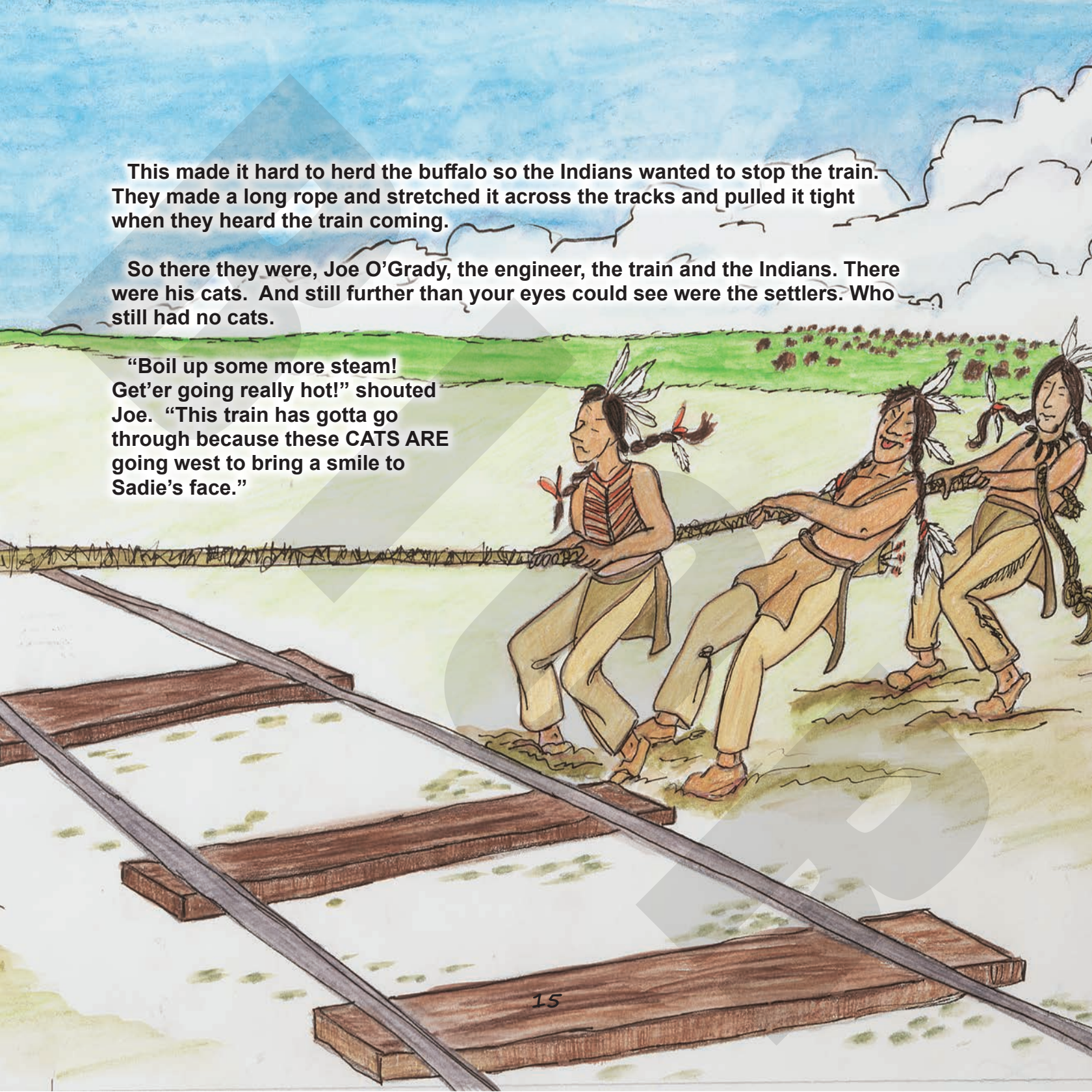


There were black cats, white cats, big cats, and little cats. There were striped cats and tabby cats. There were marmalade and calico cats too. Everywhere you looked there were cats around.





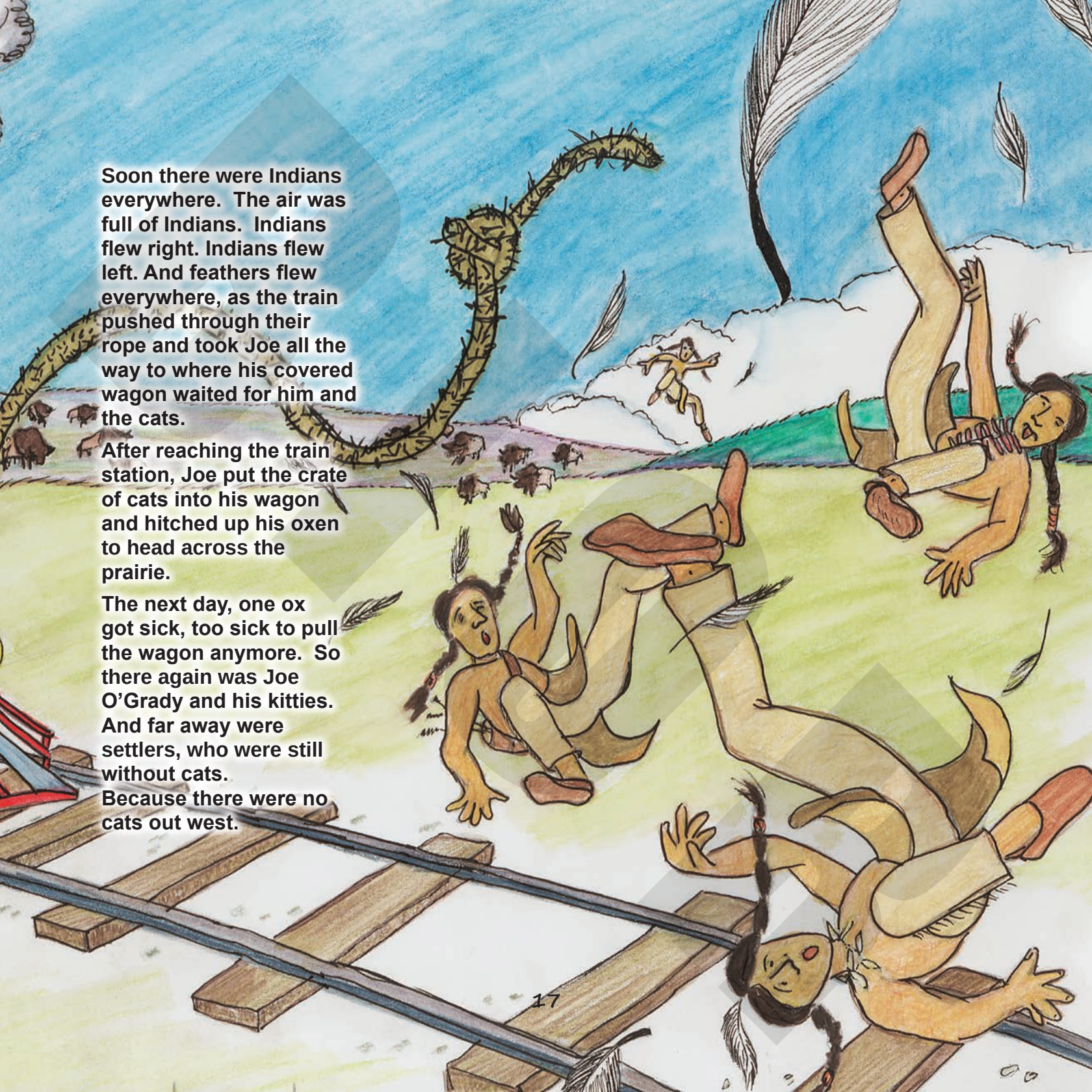
As the train rolled along they began to see the Indians watching them from all around the prairie. You see, the Indians didn't like the trains, especially the trains headed west because the buffalo were scared of the trains.



This made it hard to herd the buffalo so the Indians wanted to stop the train. They made a long rope and stretched it across the tracks and pulled it tight when they heard the train coming.

So there they were, Joe O'Grady, the engineer, the train and the Indians. There were his cats. And still further than your eyes could see were the settlers. Who still had no cats.

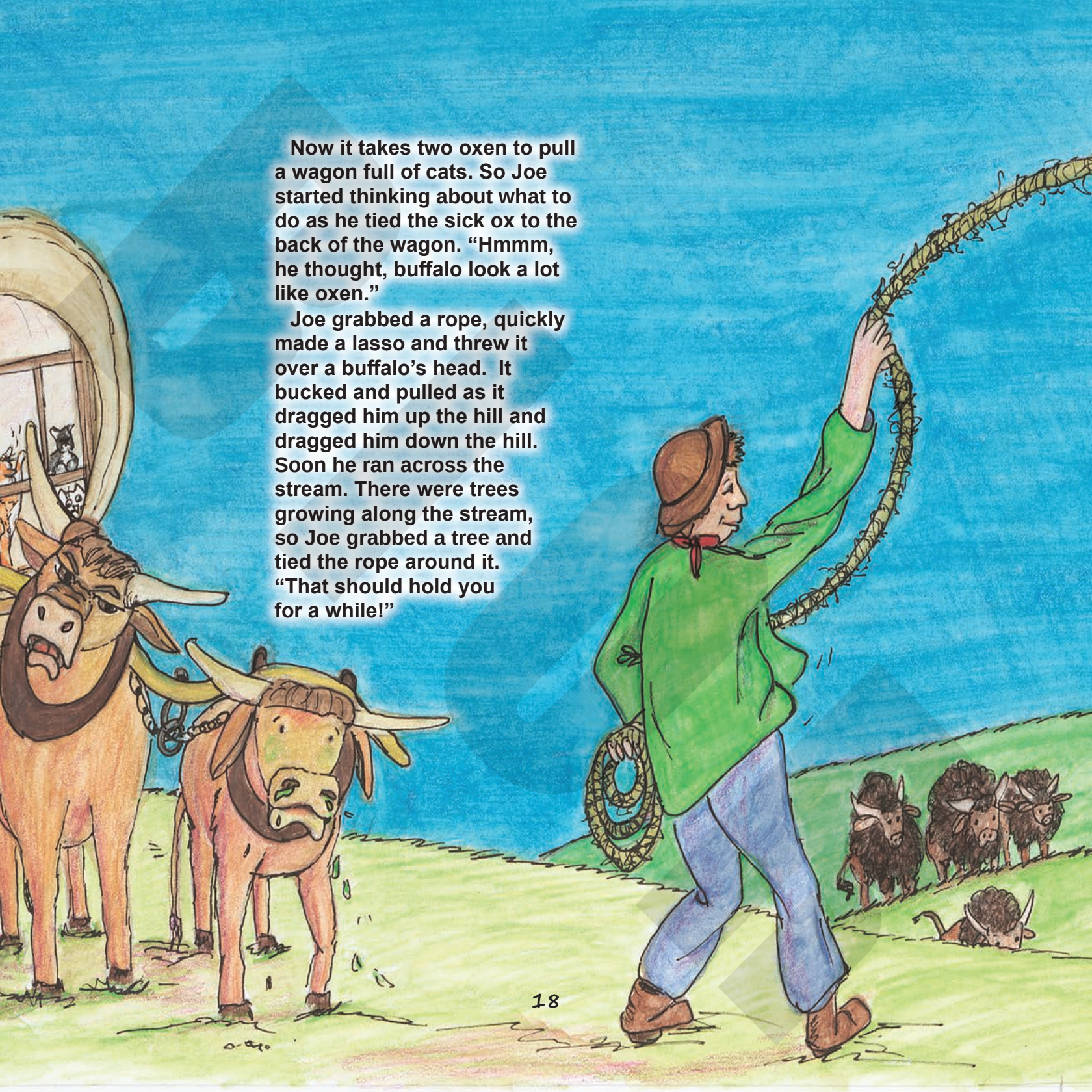
"Boil up some more steam! Get'er going really hot!" shouted Joe. "This train has gotta go through because these CATS ARE going west to bring a smile to Sadie's face."



Soon there were Indians everywhere. The air was full of Indians. Indians flew right. Indians flew left. And feathers flew everywhere, as the train pushed through their rope and took Joe all the way to where his covered wagon waited for him and the cats.

After reaching the train station, Joe put the crate of cats into his wagon and hitched up his oxen to head across the prairie.

The next day, one ox got sick, too sick to pull the wagon anymore. So there again was Joe O'Grady and his kitties. And far away were settlers, who were still without cats. Because there were no cats out west.



Now it takes two oxen to pull a wagon full of cats. So Joe started thinking about what to do as he tied the sick ox to the back of the wagon. “Hmmm, he thought, buffalo look a lot like oxen.”

Joe grabbed a rope, quickly made a lasso and threw it over a buffalo’s head. It bucked and pulled as it dragged him up the hill and dragged him down the hill. Soon he ran across the stream. There were trees growing along the stream, so Joe grabbed a tree and tied the rope around it. “That should hold you for a while!”





Joe O'Grady was happy too and so was Sadie. All the settlers had traded seed for the cats.

So he planted sunflower seeds in the hundred and seven acres that the buffalo had plowed.

That was how Joe O'Grady and Sadie O'Grady got a sunflower farm, a tame buffalo, and a little tabby cat called Vinnie.

About The Author

I was born in northern California and transplanted to the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas between two lakes and two rivers. I have traveled and lived many places while accompanying my military husband during his 20 active duty years in service to this country. During that time I have seen many museums, met with numerous fellow artists while raising our family and observing life. I currently live in the Washington, D.C. area with my husband, Steven, and our sweet kitty, Vinnie.

I have a BSE in art education with a focus in drawing from Arkansas State University in Jonesboro, Arkansas and a Master's of Interdisciplinary Studies focused in painting, drawing and crafts from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia. I have taken classes at the Corcoran School of Art in Washington, D.C., where Henry Cole, author and illustrator, was my inspiring teacher.

I have been an art instructor in Fairfax County Public School where I encouraged students to explore ways to express their thoughts in a visual format, which could be drawing, painting, sculpture, printmaking, and clay or computer arts.



I have always called or thought of myself as an artist. It is almost as if I can hear the pencil or paintbrush calling to me. I would describe most of my work by saying it is full of lifes little moments. Observing people and animals has always been enjoyable to me and visually expressing those tiny moments in time has been my area of focus.

It is the lovely, tender, giddy and sad moments that we live in life that tells who we are and how we are all connected with similar moments in our lives shared in this world.

PROOF