

Pierre and the cats lived on an old weatherworn houseboat on the water called "Catman Do". It was a junky old boat that Pierre had purchased from an old fisherman named Fred for a song. They loved living on the houseboat, even though sometimes the water scared them." My cats, my cats, you did well tonight," Pierre crooned to them. "Tonight we will feast on shrimp creole and prawns, I have a special treat for you mes chiens." They reached the boat and boarded, each cat scampering to their spot. Pierre took off his clothes and put on an apron to begin cooking for the night. All three cats loved Pierre because he had befriended them and saved them from life on the streets of Key West. Pierre turned on some music and began singing a song, singing all the wrong words and out of tune but the cats didn't mind, not one bit.

They sat down to dinner and Pierre gave each cat a generous helping of shrimp and prawns. A single candle flickered on the table, it was the only light in the room. Outside the moon shone brightly and reflected off the water. "One day, mes chats, we will go to Broadway with our act, we will become the toast of New York, eh?" He smiled at them. "What do you say to that?" Thomas looked over at Galloise and Tanner. "Why not Vegas while we're at it, huh girls?" Galloise retorted, "If we go to Vegas I am getting my own dressing room." They finished up their food and Pierre drank a great deal of red wine and got very sleepy. He looked at them. "Goodnight mes amis, I must lay down now." He stumbled off to bed. The three cats settled into their beds and licked themselves clean.