



Puss in Platforms

Lousille Ryman

Kids

Once upon a time, there was an old guitarist. He had three sons, a van, a rusty guitar, and his late grandmother's old cat, Puss. One day, the old man strummed his last chord and died. His three sons looked at their father's belongings and divided them among themselves.

"Well," the older brother stated, "Since I am the oldest, I will take first pick." and he took the keys to his father's van. "Maybe I can drive to Hollywood and become an actor." then he drove off. The second brother grabbed the rusty guitar by its neck and strummed a broken chord.

"Maybe I can make a living with this." he proclaimed, then he walked down the street to the nearest guitar store to get improvements and repairs on the old guitar. The youngest son, Elijah, stood staring and Ol' Puss. The cat stared back with slitted golden eyes.

"Well, what am I going to do with this?" Elijah asked no one in particular, "I will have to live on the streets, I will starve! I have no money and no food. Oh, what misfortune." he cried. "I guess I could eat the cat..." he muttered. Just then, Puss did something that surprised poor Elijah; he talked.

"You can't eat me! Look at me, and my old bones; I'd taste bitter and stringy. Definitely not a pleasant meal." he pointed out. Elijah tilted his head.

"I guess you're right," he said slightly disappointed. Puss looked at the ragged child and felt pity for him. Then, he came up with an idea that would help his master... and possibly have a favorable outcome for him.

"I have an idea that will make you the richest musician in the world. Just give me a pair of platform shoes and 10 bucks," he instructed, standing on his back paws. Elijah opened his mouth to protest.

"You just have to trust me." the cat's eyes glimmered with mischief. Despite that, Elijah had to trust him.

Elijah gave Puss the platform shoes and the money. With the newly required items, Puss went down to Chinatown. There he went to the cheapest take-out restaurant and ordered the biggest bowl of chow mein he could get. Then, the bag of the food in his mouth, Puss ran to downtown New York and stopped in front of a high-rise business building. There was a sign above the doors that said: Sonar Eclipse Records. He pushed through the door and entered the lobby. Sitting behind the main desk was a man with honey colored skin and large glasses. He gasped when Puss jumped on his desk. he tilted his head in confusion at the shoes on the cat's back paws.

"What? They're stylish." Puss protested.

"H-how can I help you?" the secretary stammered. Puss replied in the most polite manner.

"I would like to see Mr. Moon please."

"Do you have an appointment?" he asked nervously.

"Can I make an appointment?"

"I'm sorry... sir. Mr. Moon has no room for visitors today," he explained. Puss nodded slowly, thinking fast.

"Thank you, sir." But Puss hadn't given up yet. He carefully hid behind a plant by the door and waited.

After about ten minutes, a man dressed in a black suit walked up to the secretary's desk. Puss swiveled his ears to listen in on the conversation. the man was here to see Mr. Moon. The secretary laughed about something the suit-guy said and gave him directions to Mr. Moon's office. Puss fell into step with the suit-guy, careful that the secretary wouldn't see him. they stepped into one of the three main elevators and the man pushed the necessary buttons that made the elevator go. Puss's stomach turned as the elevator lurched upwards. he was careful not to move too much so he didn't disturb the noisy plastic bag. In a short amount of time, the elevator stopped and the man and Puss stepped through the stainless steel doors. All Puss could see was purple hallways with neon yellow half moons painted on the walls. The man walked down to the very end of the hallway where a big redwood door stood dauntingly. He stopped and took a deep breath before knocking. The door swung open whipping air throughout the hallway.

"WHO IS IT?" the voice boomed. In the doorway stood a big man with unruly chest hairs. He wore classic shades and his hair was styled into a curly afro. Puss was so startled that he hadn't realized he was in plain sight. The large man looked past suit-guy and straight at Puss. He tilted his head at the curious sight and laughed.

"Ha ha, did you know this little cat was following you?" He bellowed at the man, who was clearly flustered. "Oi!

Look at his cute kicks! How iconic, how can I help you little kitty?” He sounded like he was talking to a baby, much to Puss’s annoyance. The large man bent down to pet Puss, taking him by surprise. He let the food he had brought Mr. Moon fall gently to the floor.

“Are you Mr. Moon?” he asked with the sweetest voice he could produce. Both men jumped back in surprise.

“Oi! He can talk! HA!” The large man laughed loudly, making Puss’s ears flatten. “And he’s looking for me!”

Unfortunately, the man with the suit did not share in Mr. Moon’s excitement and he ran off in fear. Mr. Moon continued to laugh for about ten dreadful minutes. Then he saw the chinese food at Puss’s paws.

“Is that for me?” he asked, practically licking his lips. Puss’s heart leaped, his plan was going to work.

“Why yes Mr. Moon, this is from my master DJ Eli.” He offered the bag of food to Mr. Moon who accepted the food graciously. He sniffed inside the bag noisily.

“AWWE, I love chow mein, thank your master for me,” He pulled a fork from his coat pocket and began to eat the food. “Though I’ve never heard of the name DJ Eli, and usually I do.” He said with his mouth full.

“Oh, he’s just starting to come out into the public, see, his father died and now he has no money. So, he is taking up becoming a DJ. His father would be so proud.” Puss said pretending to fight back tears.

“How dreadful!” Mr. Moon sounded genuinely concerned. “I’ll tell you what,” He set down the fork. “You tell him to bring this very meal to me every week day, and I’ll pay him. In fact, here’s for today.” Mr. Moon gave Puss a \$100 dollar bill. He jumped up in excitement.

“Thank you sir, I’ll be sure to tell him. He’ll be so happy.” Puss jumped on his back feet, hugged Mr. Moon, and left the room to head back to see Eli.

Eli was ecstatic to hear the news. He expressed his mood in impressive dance moves. Over the next month, Puss took some of the money Mr. Moon had given them and bought the food to give to him. The record dealer’s excitement over the deal never ceased and instead of shrinking the amount of pay, he increased it. On the last day of that month however, he asked Puss not to come to the office, for his daughter had come back from college and he was going to take her to the local pool to eat lunch with her there. Puss saw this as the perfect opportunity. He came up to Eli and told him this:

“Today, you must listen to me and ask no questions. This will help you become the richest musician in the nation.” Eli’s eyes glowed at the the thought of fame and fortune.

“Ok,” he sighed, “I’ll do whatever you ask.” Puss’s eyes glimmered.

“Perfect.”

That day, Puss told Eli to go to the pool that Mr. Moon and his daughter were going to. He said that he would meet him inside, since the pool wouldn't allow any pets. Because of this, Puss used his sharp claws and crawled over the chain-link fence, and met Eli on the other side. While Eli went to swim, Puss scouted for Mr. and Miss Moon. He could easily identify their location because of the large mob of men dressed in black suits. Feeling successful, Puss returned, grabbed Eli's clothes, and threw them over the fence. Then he snuck over to where Eli was swimming.

"Play along." He whispered urgently. Then he left Eli, who looked clearly confused and climbed to the top of the fence. Next, Puss squealed with all his might, causing everyone in the pool to draw their attention to him.

"AAK!" He yowled, "Someone please help me! My master, DJ Eli, is drowning!" Mr. Moon bolted into action and demanded one of his bodyguards to rescue Eli. However, the chosen bodyguard was a blunderingly large man and could hardly fit through the crowd of people. In his place, young Luna Moon, who was slim enough to fit through the tight spaces of the large crowd, bolted to where Eli was presumably drowning. She dove gracefully into the water. Eli, was a good actor and had sunk to the bottom of the pool before he could find out who his "rescuer" was. So, he was taken aback by the sight of Miss Luna.

"Thank you for saving me." he said breathlessly. Luna smiled.

"Not much of a save, considering it's only four foot." Eli's eyes widened with embarrassment. Luna laughed; Eli thought it sounded like a singing angel.

"Oh my. Thank the lord of music. Thank you so much for saving my master." Puss called from his perch. Luna let go of Eli and turned to look at the cat.

"You must be Puss in Platforms." She sounded curious. If cats could smile, Puss would have in that moment.

"Luna!" Mr. Moon was fast approaching his daughter, pushing through the irritated crowd. When he reached the pool, he jumped in, causing a big splash, and hugged his daughter. "Good job my sweet, sugar plum, carrot pie." He mumbled.

"Dad... You're... I can't... breathe." She choked through her father's grip.

"Oh," He let go of Luna who took deep gasps of breath. "Sorry" Mr. Moon shrugged. Then he turned to Eli and held out a fat hand. He took it and received a hardy rattling shake.

"DJ Eli, nice to finally meet you, even if it is under unfortunate circumstances. I bet you have been so busy trying to start up your DJ career, must be why you've had your cat bring me my lunch everyday." He figured. Eli looked at Puss who was still on his perch questioningly. Puss shrugged as much as a cat could.

“Actually...” he turned back to face Mr. Moon. “I’m hoping to write music, preferably power ballads, but I’ve always loved all music.” He explained hopefully. Mr. Moon looked thoughtfully at Eli.

“I’ll tell you what son, come to the studio and we’ll see about getting your career started.” Eli thanked Mr. Moon and immediately got out of the pool. But only to find that his clothes were missing from where he had put them.

“It seems that someone has stolen my clothes.” He pointed out.

“How dreadful!” Luna cried, sounding so much like her father. Mr. Moon signalled one of his bodyguards.

“Go back to my house and grab this young man some of my old clothes.” He ordered. The bodyguard nodded and headed out of the pool.

Because the Moons had been distracted by Puss, they hadn’t had a chance to eat. So they invited Eli to join them and the three of them shared a basket of wings. They all conversed for what seemed like only seconds. Eli was like a disco ball and Luna and Mr. Moon two different colored neon lights. They would shoot their light at him then he would shoot right back. They talked about Eli’s past, his father, all the time he had spent in his van, and his extraordinary interest in music.

In about an hour, Mr. Moon’s bodyguard came back with a set of clothes that had to be at least 20 years old. Surprisingly, the classy outfit made Eli look stunning, which made Luna smile. After they finished eating, Mr. Moon offered Eli a ride to the studio. He accepted the offer, glad he didn’t have to leave Luna. As they exited the pool, Mr. Moon offered Puss a ride home but he said that he needed to do some chores.

While Eli and the Moons were driving in the limo, Puss ran ahead to music festival. Now, Puss is a sneaky cat and he had taken one of the songs that Eli had written. He gave it to a guitarist and told him this:

“Play this song, and tell everyone that Elijah Carabas wrote it. If you disobey me, I will know and I will find you and shred you.” Then he ran ahead again.

The Moons’ limo eventually came upon the music festival. Mr. Moon heard the guitarist playing a beautiful ballad. He told the driver to stop, and he asked him if he had wrote it.

“No,” The guitarist said. Because he was afraid of the talking cat with platform shoes, he said: “Elijah Carabas wrote it.” Mr. Moon looked at Eli.

“Is this your song?” He asked beckoning the guitarist to play the song again. Eli immediately recognized the song as his own and said that it indeed was his song. Mr. Moon nodded impressed and asked the driver to continue.

Meanwhile, Puss had stopped at a concert hall and met with the lead singer of the band called Death Muffin. He stopped him just before he walked onstage and gave him a copy of Eli's song. He told the singer the same thing he had told the guitarist at the music festival and left. The Moons' limo drove up to the concert hall after a performance. Everyone exiting the building was humming along to the same tune the guitarist was playing. Intrigued, Mr. Moon asked the lead singer of the band that had just performed if he had wrote the song. "No, Elijah Carabas wrote the song, it has quite a jam to it doesn't it?" He proclaimed. Mr. Moon nodded. "Indeed." he mumbled. He looked out the window looking distant, as if in deep thought.

Puss's last stop was Sundale Record station. He snuck up to where Mr. Sundale's office was. There, he gave Mr. Sundale a copy of Eli's song and told him to meet the writer in front of Sonar Eclipse HQ. Sundale Records and Sonar Eclipse had a rivalry. They would both want to offer Eli a deal. Mr. Sundale was indeed impressed with the song and did as Puss said.

The limo approached the Sonar Eclipse HQ, and Mr. Moon saw Mr. Sundale's car. He immediately became angry. The limo parked in front of the building. Eli exited the car and was bombarded with flashing lights. He felt a hand grab his wrist and he was pulled out of the mob of people. Before him stood a tall slim man whose facial features were too angular to be handsome. Since they were outside of the mob of paparazzi, Mr. Sundale held out his hand to Eli.

"You must be Elijah Carabas. My name is Mr Sundale of Sundale Records." Eli hesitantly shook Mr. Sundale's hand.

"Can I help you?" He asked. Mr. Sundale smiled warmly.

"I have heard of your song that you wrote and I'd like to offer you a job. With me, you will be rich and famous in no time, no time at all." He answered. Eli had to agree that Mr. Sundale's offer was interested him, but then he thought of Mr. Moon who had been so kind to him. Mr. Sundale, however, could tell he was beginning to make up his mind.

"I'll offer you this guitar." Just then, Mr. Sundale pulled out a bright yellow guitar. Eli was immediately entranced with the exquisite instrument. It seemed to glow like the flames of the fire, maybe that was why he couldn't look away.

"It's..."

"Magic," Mr. Sundale interrupted. "It enchants musicians into thinking they are getting a good deal." Eli could not hear anything the man was saying, he had even forgotten where he was. Just then though, Mr. Moon's

booming voice dragged Eli out of his trance.

“Eli, it seems I already have to compete for your skills.” he said. His bulking form melted into view, his daughter’s small next to him. Eli turned back to find a furious glare dance across Mr. Sundale’s face, then it was warm again. In that moment, Puss came up behind Eli, nearly as tall as his hip.

“I came here to offer young Elijah a deal.” Mr. Sundale claimed. Eli noticed that his glowing guitar had disappeared, or had it even been there before?

“That’s too bad, we were about to go up to my office to discuss the conditions of a deal I already offered him.” Mr. Moon challenged.

“Of course. I was only going to speak with him...” In that moment, Puss saw a flash of the yellow guitar and interjected.

“Rumor has it that you are a magician. That you can turn yourself into different animals.” He said. “I don’t believe it.” Now, Mr. Sundale was a competitive man, almost as competitive as Mr. Moon. Mr. Sundale was also a very prideful man and liked to hold up his reputation. So he pulled out his guitar and wrapped the strap around his shoulders.

“Just give me an animal.” He smiled sinisterly. Puss gave Mr. Sundale a thoughtful look.

“How about a lion?” He asked. Mr. Sundale smiled then lifted his hand to strum a melodic yet fierce chord. Then, he turned into a lion. He let out a ferocious roar, scaring Puss nearly out of his wits. The poor cat clawed his way up to the top of Eli’s head. Then, after he settled down his jumping heart, he said:

“That was,” He gathered his tongue, “Rather inspiring.” Then he jumped down from Eli’s head. “So, you can turn into something big. But I bet you can’t turn into something small.”

“Try me.” Mr. Sundale growled, his large white incisors glittered in the moonlight.

“How about a mouse?” Puss asked. In moments, the lion that was Mr. Sundale turned into a tiny mouse. The mouse wiggled its whiskers and sniffed the wet ground. He got up on his hind legs and let out an adorable squeak. Before the mouse could turn back into Mr. Sundale, Puss bounded up to the mouse and gobbled him up. At that, Mr. Moon laughed.

Eli made the deal with Mr. Moon and, after a few weeks, the name Elijah Carabas had made it to the top list in songwriting. His music was on every top chart in the nation. But that wasn’t the bulk of it. Eli wrote a song for Miss Luna one day. It was so beautiful, Luna fell in love with Eli and they were soon married. Only after that, was Eli truly happy.

Puss lived with Eli still, in his and Luna's large penthouse. Eli had even given him the job as his agent, and he was rather good at it. Eli paid Puss in hospitality and food. In fact, Puss never had to hunt another mouse again. But that didn't mean he didn't want to. So, it was indeed, a very happily ever after.

Read more fairy tales on Fairytalez.com