

# Sam and the Tottenham Tails

**AFIA NKRUMAH**

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# Chapter one

## THE NEIGHBOURS

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*Everyone calls me Miss Trouble*

A little tabby kitten arrives to live with his new human family in a part of London called Tottenham. The little kitten is very nervous and scared at first because he has never been there before. His new family has two humans, Kenny who is eight years old and a grown up called Naomi. Kenny gives the kitten a name, Sam. Sam likes his human name because it is short and sweet.

His new home is a flat on the first floor. Sam looks out of the huge kitchen window at the back of the flat. He sees a garden below but doesn't know how to get down and explore, his favourite thing to do, so he stays indoors.

Sam settles into his new home quickly and after a couple of weeks, he plucks up the courage to go outside. He climbs through the kitchen window and jumps onto the neighbour's shed. Sam looks down and sees a black and white cat, squinting up at him from the garden.

"Oi I haven't seen you before. Are you new here?"

Sam doesn't know what to say.

The black and white cat jumps onto the long fence by the neighbour's shed. She takes a closer look at Sam.

" Do those humans who live up there belong to you?"

Sam answers "Yes"

The black and white cat asks " What's your name?"

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"My name is Sam. What's yours?"

"I'm not telling you, cos I don't know you."

The black and white cat walks along the top of the fence her tail pointing high in the air.

"Oh. I suppose I better get back to my humans" Sam said

"Don't be like that. Everyone calls me Miss Trouble"

"Miss Trouble" Sam repeats, an awkward smile crossing his face.

"Why don't you come out with me and my mate Gangster cat and our clowder, the Tottenham tails? Or are you too scared?" Miss Trouble gives Sam a flash of her pearly white teeth.



*Why don't you come out with me?*

In that moment Sam can see clearly why they call her Miss Trouble.

"Um sure, yeah, I can come tonight," Sam replies.

He wants to get "in" with the neighbourhood cats and it looks like Miss Trouble has connections.

Sam goes back through the kitchen window for his midday nap. Later that afternoon Kenny returns home from school. "SAAAMM!" He shouts walking through the front door and up the stairs. Sam's ears prick up and he rushes to meet Kenny at the top



*Food! Food! I'm starving.*

of the stairs.

"Food! Food! I'm starving" Sam meows at Kenny.

"What do you want Sam?"

"He wants food". Answers Naomi from inside the kitchen.

Sam eagerly follows Kenny to the kitchen cupboard where the cat food is kept. Kenny tips the cat food into his food bowl. Sam stares at the minuscule brown nuggets of nutrients.

"Ugh, what is this stuff? I need something fleshy, something wet and tasty." Sam follows his nose to Naomi the grown up who is opening a can. She tips some tuna into his bowl.

"You want some tuna don't you Sam?"

Sam gobbles up the tuna like there is no tomorrow. Tuna is Sam's favourite food. After his delicious meal Sam plays with Kenny. They play catch the string and hide and seek under the sofa. Kenny has home work so Sam has a snooze to digest his dinner and to kill time before he goes out for his night adventure with Miss Trouble.



*Black Bottom at your service.*

When he wakes up, it is night time and his humans have gone to bed. The moon is out and everything is quieter except for a few cars passing by further away. Sam is careful not to step on any creaky floorboards as he makes his way to the window. His humans leave it open a little bit for him so that he can come and go as he pleases at night.

Sam stands on the window sill. He can feel the chill of the wind blowing the fur on his face and making his whiskers quiver. He hears the sound of rustling in the bushes of the garden below.

Just as he is about to jump down onto the neighbour's shed, where he likes to sunbathe and snooze, he hears a whisper from the garden beneath.

"Hey Sammy, this way".

He watches Miss Trouble's piercing yellow eyes disappear into the undergrowth below. Sam quickly jumps onto the shed and leaps down to the fence below. To his surprise the fence is thinner and wobbles wildly. It takes him a few goes to steady himself enough to drop safely down into the neighbour's garden.

He had never been in the garden properly before and all of his surroundings are new. His nose is bombarded with all sorts of smells as his eyes adjust to night vision mode.

Sam searches the around him but Miss trouble isn't there. After about five minutes of looking high and low he decides this was all a cruel game just to get a few laughs for her friends. Sam decides to go back up onto the windowsill. A jet black cat comes out of the shadows and stops him.

Sam looks up with hope in his eyes. "Are you gangster cat? Did you see where Miss trouble went?"

"My answer is no, to both friend."  
Sam drops his gaze disappointed.  
"But, I do know the hidden path to get to the beyond"  
"The what now?"

"The beyond is where all the cool cats go. They have wild parties away from their humans. I think that is where you'll find Miss Trouble ."  
"Are you going there? " Sam asks the Black cat. He is hoping the black cat will take him there.

" Sadly no, I'm an outsider around these parts. I have never been there myself."

Sam didn't know where he was going but this was the first helpful cat he has met all week. Saying that, he has only met two cats in the neighbourhood.

The black cat can see Sam's defeat and tries to help.

"I think if you go under that rose bush by the stinging nettles and turn west it will lead you out of this garden into the next. I've seen the cool cats go that way."

"Okay. Thanks for your help..."

"Black Bottom at your service"

"Thanks Black Bottom" Sam replies, feeling a bit silly for actually saying that.

Black Bottom quickly skips out of sight leaving Sam alone in the dark.

Sam decides to find the beyond and darts under the rose bush by the stinging nettles. He heads west along a fence until he comes to a hole in the fence. He crawls through the hole into a jungly overgrown garden.

Sam walks silently under the tall bushes with dead leaves and clinging vines. He catches the scent of cats and follows their smell until he spies a clowder of cats prowling around.