THE STORY
OF GINK

BY JAMES ZIMMER
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I dedicate this story to anyone who likes cats.
Introduction

This story is not true. In fact it is quite impossible. Any resemblance of the characters with anyone living or dead is purely coincidental.
The Story of Dink

Chapter I

The Beginning

It began when, on a cold and frosty morning, Dink was born. At first he was just a little rolly-polly ball of fur, hardly recognizable as a kitten.

His mother, Amanda, was quite an old cat and hadn’t had kittens for several years, so she was overwhelmed with her baby kitten.

Amanda and Dink’s owner was a kindly old lady. Miss Matilda Abrams loved her cats very much.
Chapter II

Things Begin to Happen

Slink grew to be a fine young cat—until he was about 1 year old. Then things began to happen. Slink’s mother had died two months after his birth.

One afternoon in the winter Miss Matilda was reading a book about a cat that ran away to join the Catnip Navy.

She slowly dozed off to sleep and Slink climbed up into her lap. He saw the book and decided to look it over. Just as he was coming to the part where the cat went home, Matilda woke up. So Slink hopped off her lap.

The next day, when Slink went out to play, he met Hot Stuff the Alley Cat. He told Hot Stuff about the story he had read the day before. They talked it over.

"Wouldn’t it be swell if we could run away"
and join the Catnip Navy?” remarked Hot Stuff.

“‘Well—’ began Bink.

“‘Say,’ said Hot Stuff excitedly, ‘do you want to try to join?’

‘W—Well I kinda’ hate to leave Miss Matilda,’ said Bink.

‘Aw, heck, Bink, after all, you’ve got to grow up and seek a fortune sometime, you know,’ pleaded Hot Stuff.

“Yes, I guess you’re right,’ admitted Bink.

‘See, Bink, I’m gonna’ join!’ stated Hot Stuff excitedly, ‘You can leave a note to Miss Matilda and we can slip out during the night with a few things we will need.’

‘I don’t like to run away, but I guess I’ll sign on a ship for a voyage and see how I like it.’

‘Sure, we can join as Apprentice Deacons and say, speaking of deacons, I heard that the good ship Hepcat is at anchor down at the docks. We could see if we could enlist in the crew night now!’ whispered
Not stuff joyfully.

"O.K., come on!" said Dink and the cats ran as fast as they could to the docks.
Chapter III

Link and Hot Stuff Enlist

"Sir, could you tell me where we could find the Hepecat?" Hot Stuff asked of an elderly cat mending a net.

"Third pier to the left, son," replied the old cat.

In no time the cats were standing beside the good ship Hepecat, addressing a fat, middle-aged cat with a lot of gold braid on his uniform. "Sir, could you tell me where the captain is?" questioned Hot Stuff.

"Your addressing him now, son, Captain Russian Boots in person, the captain of the Catnip Navy's good ship Hepecat. Now then, what did you want?" replied Captain Russian Boots.

"Well," said Hot Stuff, hesitating, "we wanted to know if we could join your crew as Apprentice Decats.

"Speak o' the devil," answered the captain, "I
was just thinkin’ that I needed two more deck hands to fill out the crew, when you fellers come along. We said tonight at 8:00 so you cats had better get yer stuff ready. Oh, wait, I’ll have to take your names and sign you on the crew.”

The usual red tape of taking names, ages, occupations, etc., followed, after which the cats went home excitedly. Before they parted they agreed that “Mum” was the word.
IV. The Cats Run Away

Link could hardly contain himself that afternoon. He chose a few treasured belongings such as a jackknife, looking glass, whistle, small rubber ball and a rabbit's foot for good luck, to take with him.

After dinner he went up to his room and started to write a note to Miss Matilda. Then he felt a lump in his throat. It was growing bigger and bigger. Link put his head in his paws and cried softly to himself, as he thought of the nice comfortable home he was leaving behind, and of Miss Matilda. Then he bit his tongue and said to himself, "If I'm g-gonna be a s-sailor I can't c-cry like this."

Five minutes later he had finished his note which read:

Dear Miss Matilda:

I will be miles away when you read this note. Hot Stuff and I have decided that we must go out into the world to seek our fortunes and this is
the time. We signed up on the Help cat. Please
don't worry about us. I will be a good cat and come
home to see you as soon as our first voyage is over.

Your faithful cat,

Gink.

It was then about 7:30. Miss Matilda had gone
to bed at seven and was now asleep. Gink tiptoed into
her room and laid the note beside her bed. Then he
went to his room, got his bundle and tiptoed stealthily
out of the house.

Just as he was running along the pier he met
Hot Stuff.

"Hi," he said, "did you write your note?"

"Sure," replied Gink. "Well, here we come,
Catnip Navy, you've got two recruits."
Chapter V

The Voyage

"De, I betcha we become Admirals before long, Jim," Hot Stuff spoke the thought that had been uppermost in his mind for almost all of that day.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said a voice from behind them. The cats turned in surprise to see Captain Pusser Boots standing behind them.

"Oh, hello, sir," they said in unison. Wherupon they both saluted smartly.

"Well, hop aboard, fellers," said the captain in reply. He returned their salute.

As soon as they were on board the captain said, "Come into the cabin and I'll give you your uniforms and tell you your duties."

The cats were given their uniforms and assigned duties and sleeping quarters. "I guess you fellows canturn in now, as I have enough men to cast away the boat," finished the captain.
"Thank you, sir, but we'd like to see the boat shove off, if you don't mind," replied Dink.

"All right, I'll see you in the morning," said the captain. "Good night."

"Good night, sir," returned the cats.

Dink and Hot Stuff watched the boat shove off, silently. They were thinking about home.

They didn't sleep very well that night for very natural reasons.

The next morning they arose bright and early. They met the captain at mess. He introduced them to an old sailor who was to instruct them in the art of sailing. His name was Bussy.

The first day on the boat seemed very pleasant. The young sailor's duties as deck hands were surprisingly easy. They learned from the captain that they were bound for southern Argentina, at which the cats were delighted.

The voyage to Argentina took about 2 weeks. By the end of the first week the cats had become
amazingly skilful in their jobs as sailors. The captain commented on their good work. "You are due for a promotion soon, boys," he said.

The afternoon they sighted their destination in Argentina, the captain called his crew together. He gave the men permission to go ashore for four hours. The crew was divided into groups of eight men. Each group went ashore at a different time. Link and Hot Stuff's time was from 7 to 11 o'clock that night.
Chapter VI

Shore Leave

Sink and Hot Stuff hurried through their dinner with the expectation of going ashore. Finally 7:00 came.

Sink, Hot Stuff and a few other sailors went to a night club. They drank coconut milk and watched some very pretty South American cats dance. One asked Sink to dance the Rumba, which he did as he had not danced for a long time.

Sink and Hot Stuff left the night club about 10 o'clock. They walked along again. As they walked they noticed a flickering candle in an apparently deserted shack. They crept along and peeped into a window. Gathered around an old table were five very tuff looking cats. Sink and Hot Stuff heard what they were saying.

"Say, Spike," said one, "I heard da fish market just got a new shipment a fish."
"How 'bout getting 'em 'round tonight, fellas,
" suggested another.
"O.K.," replied the rest.
"We'll rob it at 10:45," ordered their leader.
That was all Pink and Hot Stuff needed to
know. They ran as fast as they could to the police
station.
Chapter VII

A Daring Capture

When they reached the police station they couldn’t see anyone around, except an old man. They asked him where the police were. He said something in Spanish.

“I know a little Spanish,” said Hot Stuff, “I’ll ask him.”

After many motions and words in Spanish and English, the old man told them that it had been a holiday and the police were away.

“Well pull my tail and call me Uncle Zeke,” Hot Stuff said with much disgust, “a fine police force.”

“I’ll say,” replied Link. “I guess we’ll have to capture the robbers ourselves. Well, come on, we haven’t any time to lose. It’s twenty of eleven now.”

“But how can we capture them. We haven’t any guns or—” began Hot Stuff.

“Wait, I have a plan,” interrupted Link excitedly. He quickly told his plan to Hot Stuff.
Three minutes later the cats were hidden behind some bushes beside the fish market.

At exactly 10:45, five forms crept quietly up to the door of the fish market. Just as they were about to pick the lock on the door, a voice shouted from behind them, "Stick 'em up!"

Five pairs of paws shot up.

"O-don't shoot," said one of the very much frightened robbers, "we give up."

The two young sailors stepped from behind the bushes. Bulges showed in their pockets. Quite obviously guns.

In less time than it takes to tell about it the robbers were being hustled up the gang-plank of the Hebeck:

Ten minutes later the captain was addressing Sink and Hot Stuff in his cabin. "Boys," he said, "how did you ever do it?"

"Well, sir," answered Sink, "we found sticks and put them in our pockets to look like guns and—well, I guess..."
you know the rest."

"Boys, I am happy to present you both with the
rank of Chief Petty-Cat for your good conduct
on board and your brave and intelligent capture of
the thieves."

"See, we don't know what to say,"
returned the young cats, blushing, as they
heard applause from behind them and turned
to see the crew standing there.

Miss Primula excused them. "You're not to

The Feline have not just been
the happiest at sea."

THE END
Chapter VIII

Home Again

Word was sent ahead of the boat to Chief Pretty-Cat Sink and Hot Stuff's home town. There was a band and all the people of the town were on the dock to meet them. There was a grand party that night at which the mayor presented the young sailors with gold medals. There is no need for relating the joy in which Miss Matilda received Chief Pretty-Cat Sink. That night Sink and Hot Stuff went to bed, the happiest cats in the world.

THE END