



MANA and HER MILL

A COLORING BOOK & A STORY



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This book is dedicated to Mana's countless friends, her faithful cat sitters who received her affection when we were not home to cuddle her, Gustav, the owner of her mill, and cat lovers everywhere.

MANA and HER MILL

BY ISELINA MARIE MURPHY
(WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MOM and DAD)

WE KNOW HUNDREDS OF
YEARS AGO, THERE WAS
ALREADY A MILL ON THE VERY
SAME SPOT WHERE THE MILL
STANDS TODAY.

WE KNOW THAT MILL WAS
DESTROYED, AND REBUILT IN
1787, WHEN IT WAS RENAMED
NOVY MLYN, OR "NEW MILL".





WE ALSO KNOW THAT MY FAVORITE
KITTY, MANA, LIVED HERE AT THE
MILL HER WHOLE LIFE.

EVEN THOUGH SHE DID NOT LIVE
HERE WHEN IT WAS BUILT, MANA
LIVED AT THE MILL SINCE SHE WAS
A KITTEN AND SAW MANY
CHANGES DURING HER 21 YEARS.

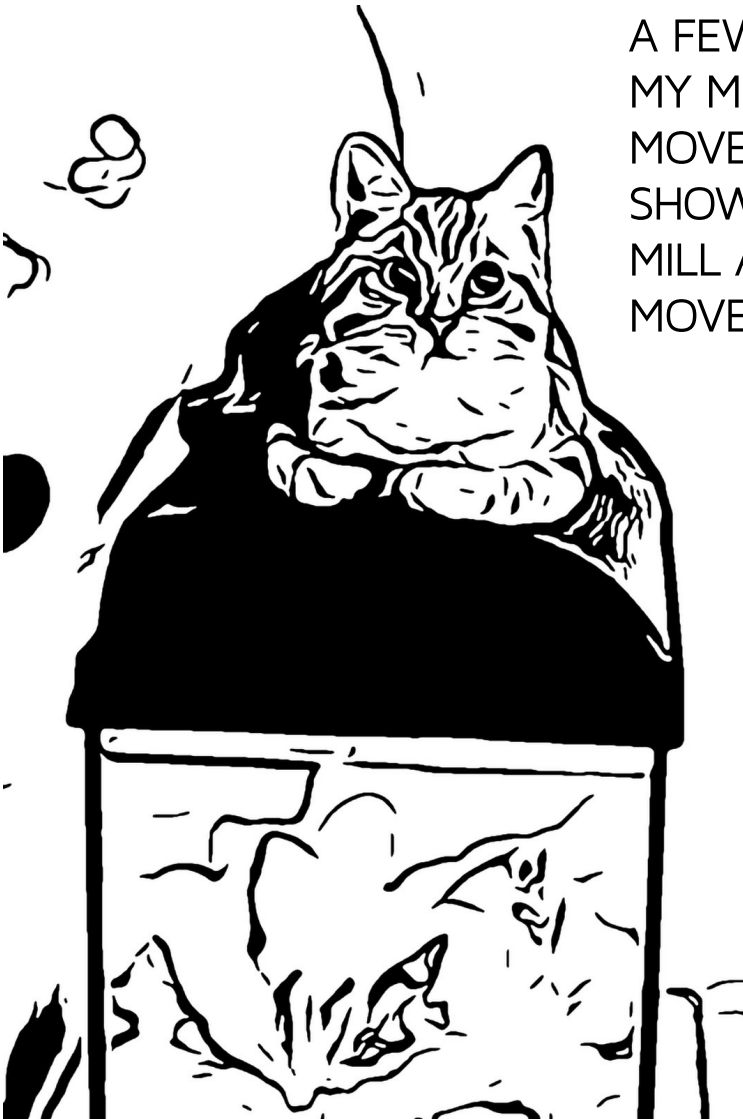
WHEN MANA WAS A KITTY OF
ABOUT 10 YEARS OLD, SHE SAW
THE MILL CHANGE HANDS AND A
NEW OWNER MOVE IN WITH HIS
PUPPY, BLONDYNA.

AT THE SAME TIME,
SEVERAL NEW FAMILIES
ALSO MOVED INTO THE
MILL, INCLUDING MY
MOM AND DAD, AND
THEIR TWO KITTIES,
ALISTAIR AND GRETA.

WE CALL THEM AL AND
MINI.



A FEW WEEKS AFTER
MY MOM AND DAD
MOVED IN, A KITTEN
SHOWED UP AT THE
MILL AND WANTED TO
MOVE IN TOO.



HE WAS SICK AND SKINNY AND MY MOM AND DAD FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM.

MY MOM WOULD CARRY HIM IN HER PURSE TO TAKE HIM TO SEE THE VETERINARIAN AND GET HIS MEDICINE.

SOON HE GREW INTO A HAPPY, HEALTHY KITTY WHO LOVES TO CHASE MICE!

HIS NAME IS BENNY. I SOMETIMES CALL HIM STINKER BECAUSE HE STINKS AFTER HE ROLLS IN THE DIRT OR SLEEPS IN THE WILLOW TREES BY THE CREEK.

FROM THE TIME THAT THE
NEW OWNER AND
BLONDYNA MOVED IN,
MANA WAS NOT HAPPY
THAT THERE WAS A DOG AT
HER MILL.

WHEN BLONDYNA WAS A
PUPPY, MANA WAS NOT
VERY NICE TO HER. SHE
WOULD:

HISS AT HER
BAT AT HER

AND

TELL HER THAT SHE, MANA,
WAS THE **BOSS** OF THE
MILL!





ONE WINTER IT WAS SO COLD OUTSIDE THAT
EVEN THE CREEK BY OUR HOUSE FROZE AND
THE CATS COULD WALK ON IT!

IT WAS TOO COLD FOR MANA TO SLEEP
OUTSIDE, SO SHE CAME TO MY MOM AND DAD'S
DOOR AND ASKED TO COME INSIDE.

THEY LET HER IN FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT SHE
REFUSED TO LEAVE FOR 6 MONTHS.

MY MOM AND DAD FELL IN LOVE WITH HER
AND WERE HAPPY THAT SHE CHOSE TO LIVE
WITH THEM.

ONE DAY, MANA WAS EXPLORING THE WOODPILE,
LOOKING FOR MICE TO CATCH.

BLONDYNA, WHO WAS NO LONGER A PUPPY,
WAS EXPLORING THE YARD, LOOKING TO MAKE
SOME TROUBLE.

SHE SAW MANA AND THOUGHT:

“NOW THAT I’M BIG AND STRONG, I’M GOING TO
GIVE THAT MANA A BIG SCARE!”

SHE BARKED:

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

AND CHASED MANA UP THE WOODPILE.

AS MANA WAS JUMPING UP, BLONDYNA DID A
CHOMP AND TRIED TO GRAB MANA BY THE TAIL.

GOOD THING
MANA GOT AWAY
SAFELY, BUT TOO
BAD THAT HER
TAIL DIDN'T MAKE
IT.

AFTER THAT DAY,
MANA HAD A
SHORT TAIL.





LOSING HER TAIL DIDN'T STOP
MANA FROM ENJOYING LIFE.

ONE OF HER FAVORITE
ACTIVITIES AROUND THE MILL
WAS TO ROLL IN THE CATNIP
MY MOM AND DAD PLANTED IN
THE GARDEN.

WHENEVER SHE GOT EXCITED
FROM THE CATNIP HER SHORT
STUB OF A TAIL WOULD
WIGGLE.

IT WAS SO CUTE!



AND THEN ONE DAY, I WAS BORN AND MY MOM
AND DAD BROUGHT ME HOME TO LIVE AT THE
MILL.

MANA ADOPTED ME AS HER OWN RIGHT AWAY
AND NEVER LEFT MY SIDE.

MANA WAS ALWAYS THERE PURRING AND
CUDDLING ME.

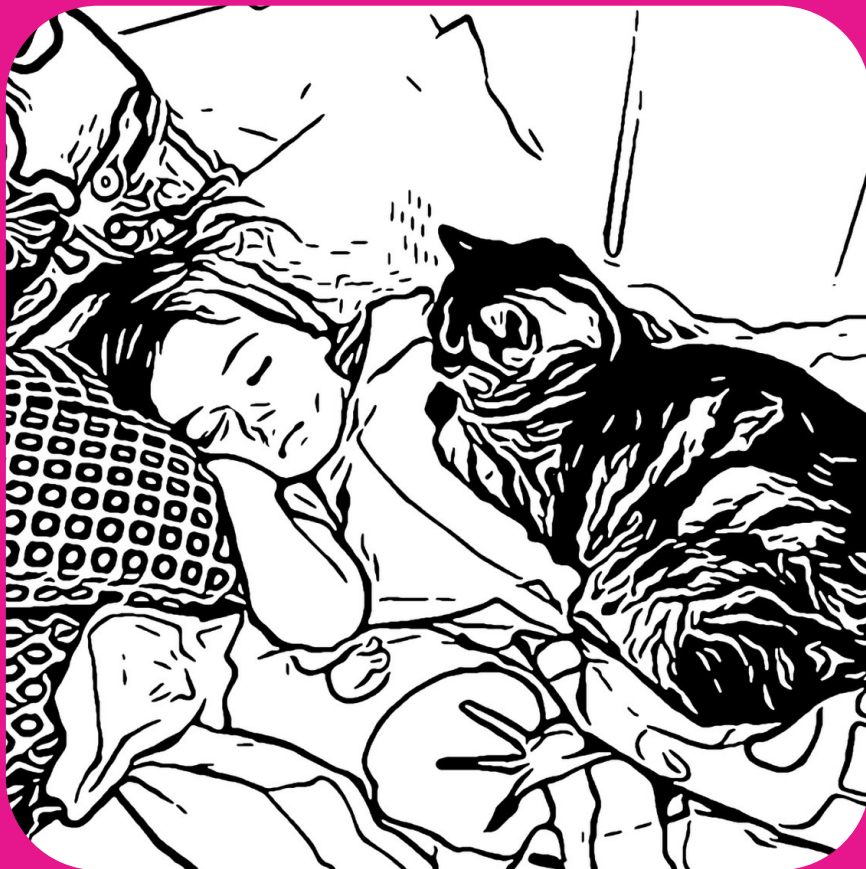




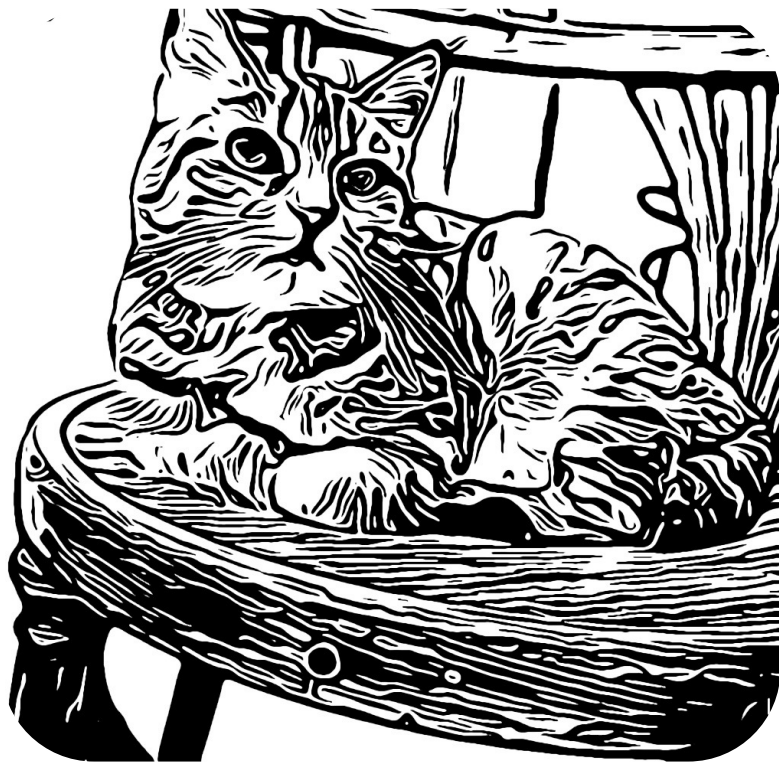
MANA LIKED TO READ WITH ME.



MANA LIKED TO WATCH THE BIRDS
WITH ME OUTSIDE.



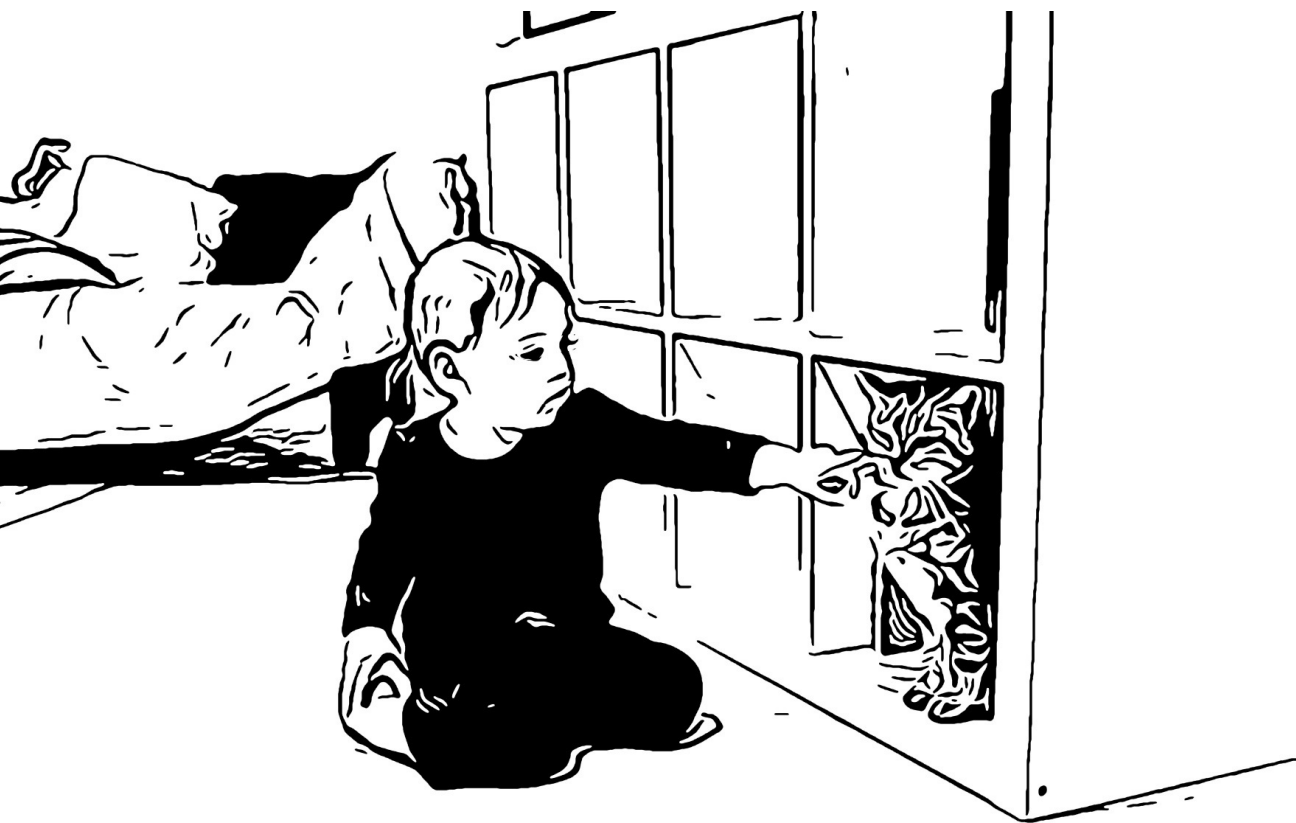
MANA LIKED TO HELP ME FALL
ASLEEP.



MANA LIKED TO SIT AT THE TABLE WITH
ME WHILE I ATE DINNER.

MANA LIKED TO KEEP ME COMPANY WHEN
I WASN'T FEELING WELL.





MANA WAS MY KITTY PROFESSOR.

SHE TAUGHT ME AND MANY
FRIENDS WHAT IT MEANS TO LOVE
AND BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

AS MANA GOT OLDER SHE LOST HER
HEARING AND HER SIGHT, BUT SHE KNEW
WHEN I WENT UPSTAIRS OR DOWNSTAIRS
AND WOULD ALWAYS FOLLOW.

SHE WOULD PURR AND PURR WHILE I
PLAYED WITH MY DINOSAURS.

I THINK HER GREAT SENSE OF SMELL TOLD
HER WHERE TO GO.

WHEN MANA WOULD SMELL FRESH AIR
SHE RUSHED OUTSIDE TO ENJOY THE
SUNSHINE.





MY FRIEND MANA HAD MANY NAMES. TO ME SHE WAS ALSO MOONYA, BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WAS AN EVEN CUTER NAME.

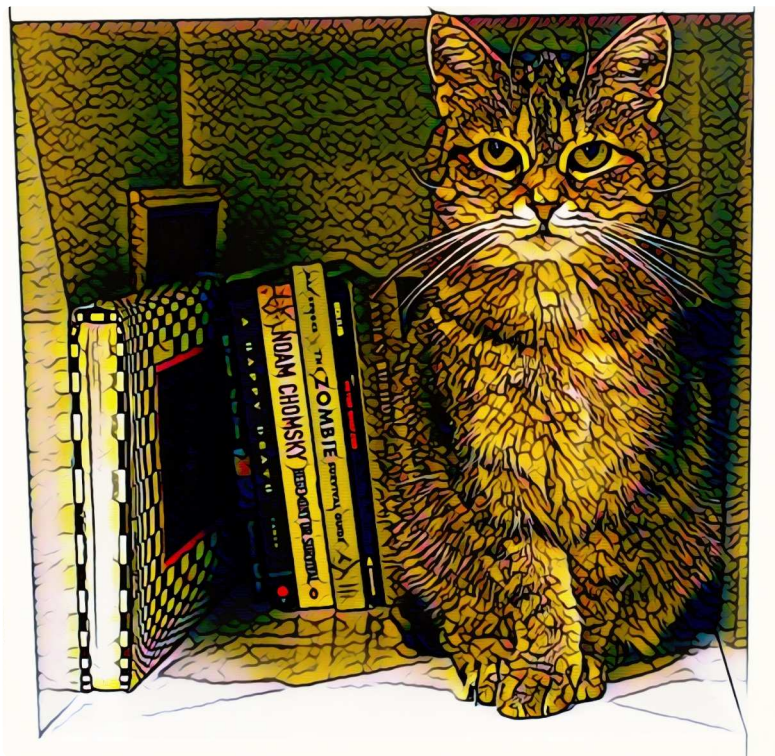
TO ME SHE WAS THE MOST SPECIAL KITTY I EVER MET.

MANA SPENT HER WHOLE LIFE AT THE MILL. TWENTY-ONE LONG AND HAPPY YEARS CHASING MICE, PURRING, AND ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE.

WHEN SHE LEFT US THIS SPRING WE WERE ALL VERY SAD. WE FOUND A SPECIAL PLACE FOR HER UNDER A TREE IN THE ORCHARD WHERE THE SHEEP GRAZE, ACROSS THE CREEK FROM THE MILL.

IT'S WHERE I USED TO NAP IN MY PRAM AS A BABY. FROM THERE SHE CAN STILL SEE EVERYTHING THAT IS GOING ON, AND WE CAN VISIT HER OFTEN.

**WE MISS
YOU, MANA!**



HERE IS A PICTURE OF 'MOONYA'
TO HELP YOU COLOR IN THE
OTHER PICTURES IN THIS BOOK.

The End



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