



Werner Stejskal

Oliver and Jumpy

Stories 1 - 3



I love you
guys!

Is this your first encounter with Oliver and Jumpy? Yes? Then let me tell you about them. Oliver is a very elegant tomcat and Jumpy his best friend. Together they are always on the lookout for new adventures. Oliver lives in a tree-house on the mighty oak tree. Everybody knows him because he is the most famous cat in the country. Both friends have already been in many illustrated stories and new ones will be published all the time.

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1200Vindoboba@gmail.com

Author: Werner Stejskal

Illustrator: Marvin Alonso

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Oliver & Jumpy (1)

Molly the Mole



Written by
Werner Stejskal
Illustrated by
Marvin Alonso



Do you like cats? Yes? I am glad, because I am a black cat with a white top hat. I have a few white spots on my fur too. Mum is white, you see! My name is Oliver. I am a very elegant tomcat with the shiniest coat in the world. I brush my fur every morning and always keep my nails trim! Of course, my hat is really refined too, which is another word for elegant.



Whenever you put on your new clothes, you can announce to everybody: I am refined! And everybody will think what an elegant person you are. Well, enough of all that talk about me, although I can never talk too much about myself. I really think I am a cool cat. I love myself! You think this is naughty? You are probably right. But I can't help it.

My best friend's name is Jumpy. You guessed it, she likes to jump a lot, because she is a kangaroo! She is a great girl and lets me ride in her pouch! I get in and Jumpy jumps away and away!! That's a lot of fun. I bet you would like to ride in her pouch too, don't you? But you are probably a bit too big. I am only quite small, so it is OK. I love it, but after a while I must take a rest. All that up and down makes me dizzy. It's a bit like when you go on a roller coaster.



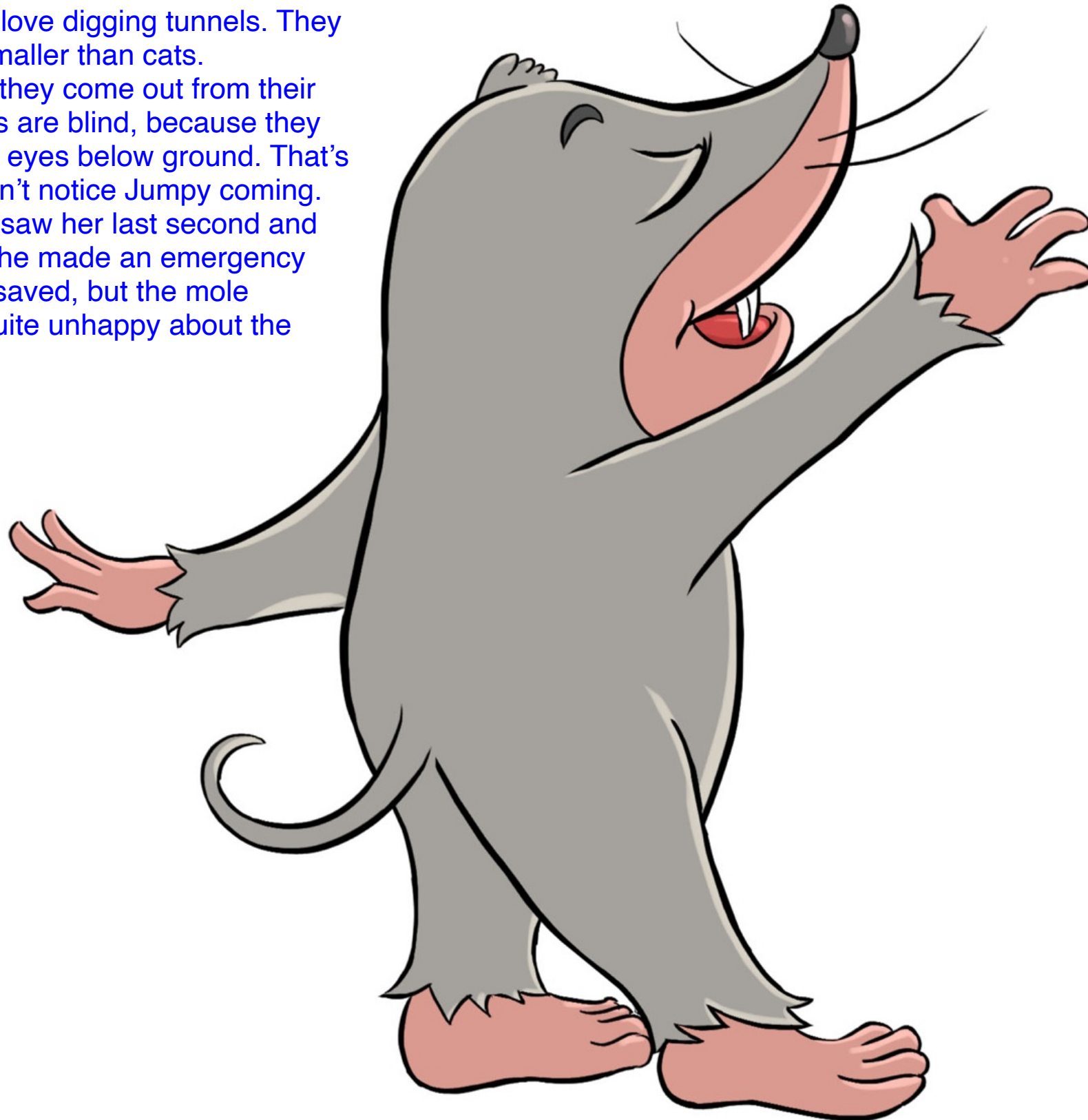


One day I was in Jumpy's pouch, happily jumping through the fields. It was a very sunny day and I wore my white hat and funky sunglasses. Sun is beautiful, but too much of it burns your skin! My furcoat protects me too. I don't need to worry about buying the hottest fashion. What if I'd shave off my fur? Can I then dress up like people do? What do you think?

We were hopping across the fields, when Jumpy stopped suddenly. It was so unexpected that I fell out of her pouch bouncy bounce down to the ground. Amazingly I did not fall very hard, but very soft! And that softness screamed loud! I had fallen on a mole.



Moles are creatures who live in the ground and love digging tunnels. They are much smaller than cats. Sometimes they come out from their holes. Moles are blind, because they do not need eyes below ground. That's why she didn't notice Jumpy coming. Jumpy only saw her last second and that's why she made an emergency stop. I was saved, but the mole appeared quite unhappy about the disturbance

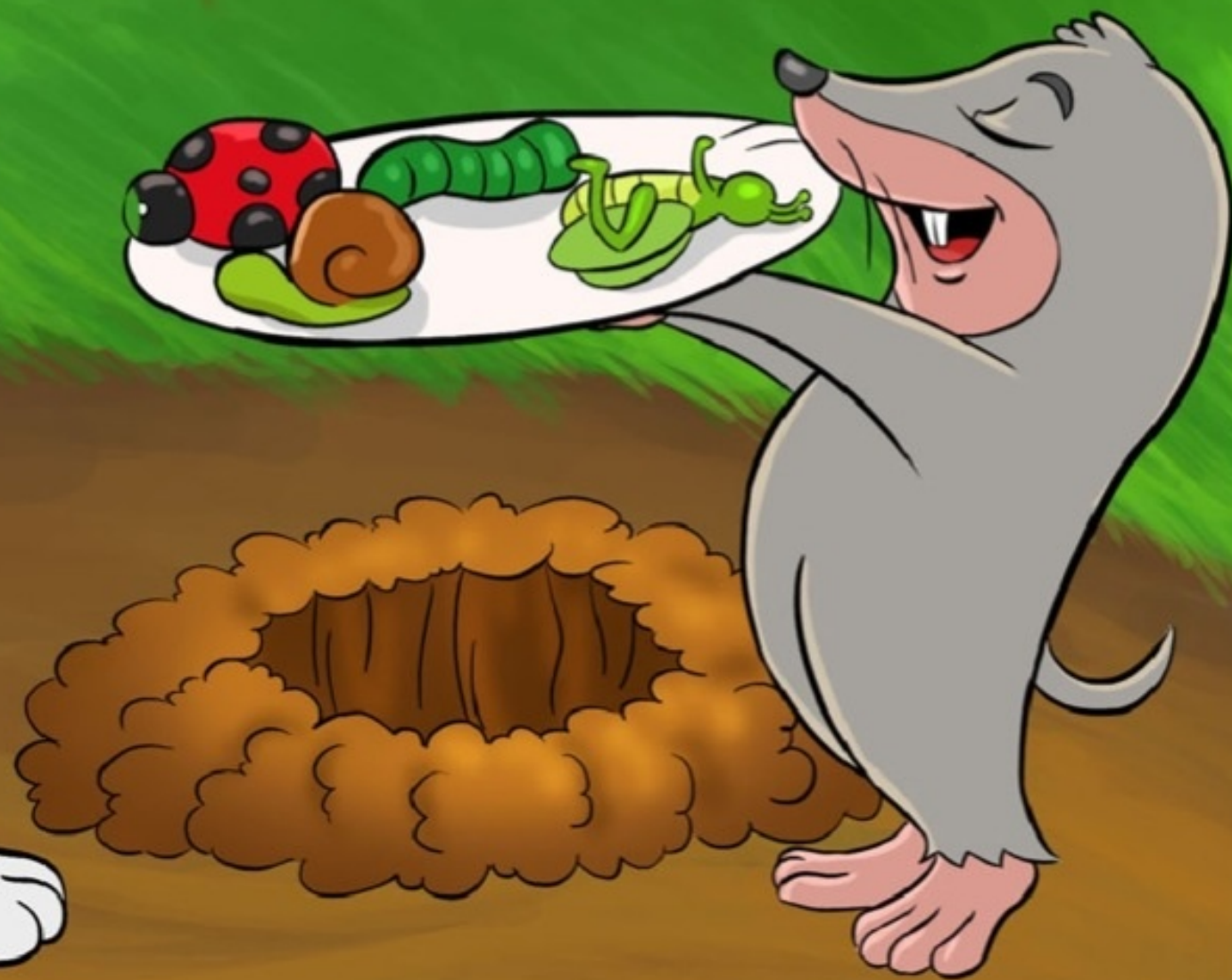




After I stopped turning around and around, because I was still dizzy from the jumping, I apologised to Molly the mole. She recovered quickly and was not really hurt. Then she even got friendly with us. "I have just made lunch", she said, "why don't you join me? I have the tastiest worms and bugs. Would you like some?!"



You see, that's what moles eat. A kangaroo prefers grass. I find the occasional bug quite tasty, but don't fancy slimy rainworms. So Jumpy made an excuse not to accept the offer. "Thank you very much, but we are watching our diet!"





Molly was not unhappy about it, since she could now eat everything by herself. "Come and visit me again, but without any accidents next time! I think you are a very elegant cat, and a very jumpy kangaroo. I like you guys. Of course, I am a lady myself and don't eat just any bugs, but only the best!"



After this adventure, we decided to go home for a nap. I suppose you are having your bug dinner now and hope they don't taste too crunchy. Next time I will tell you about Ducky, the duckling. See you later, alligator!

Oliver & Jumpy

Story 2

Saving Ducky



Written by
Werner Stejskal
Illustrated by
Marvin Alonso

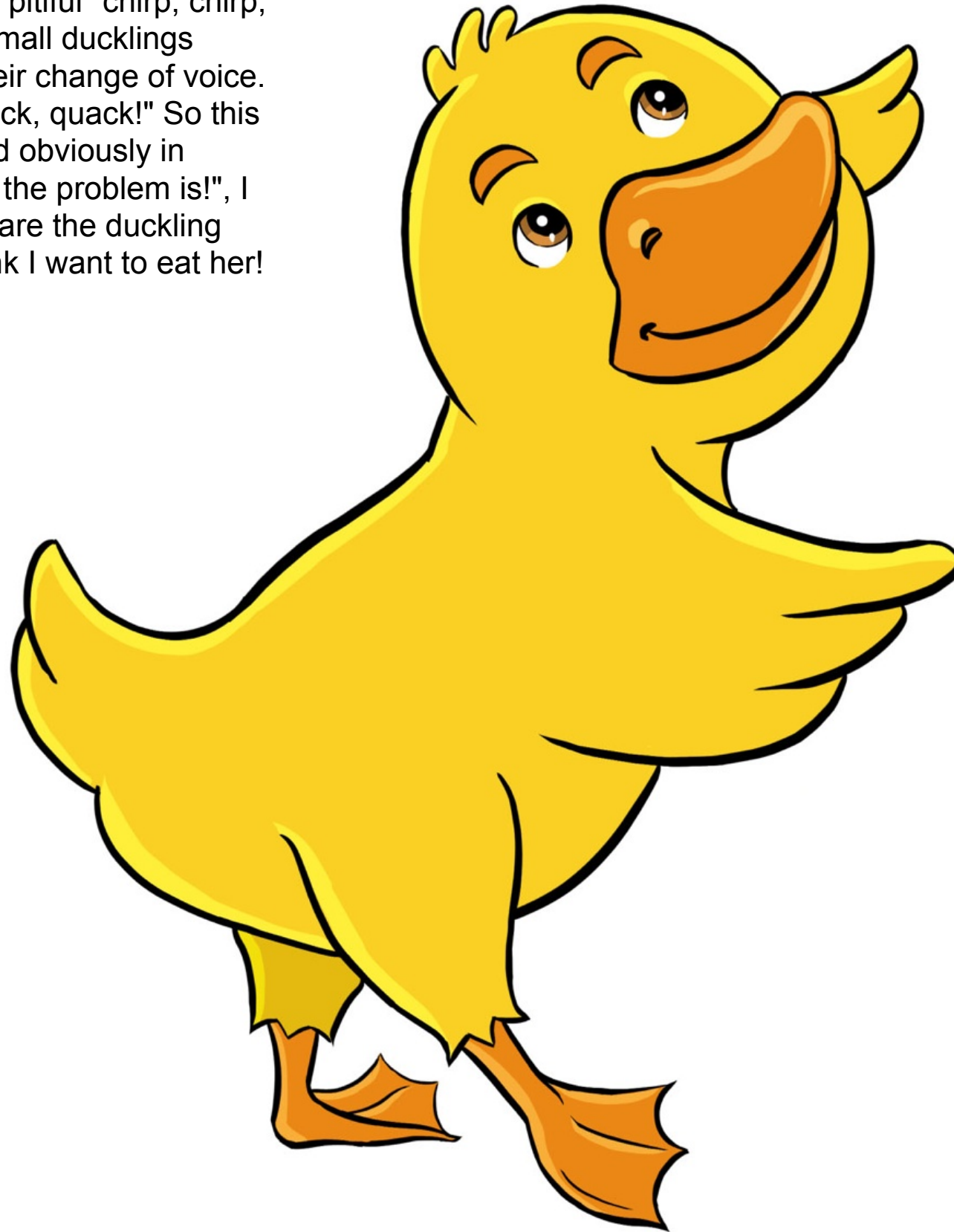
You know already that I am a fancy cat. There is another thing I haven't told you yet. I cannot eat birds or mice, because I am allergic to them! I can only eat crunchies for cats. You know that kind that smells fishy! So whenever I am hunting a mouse, because that's what cats are supposed to do, and if I can catch her, I pat her shoulder and say: "Thanks for the chase. Let's do it again some time. There you go!" The mouse would quickly run away, not believing her good luck.



I can also eat real fish. Unfortunately they are very hard to catch. We have a small lake nearby and sometimes I wait very quietly by the side of the water until a fish swims by. Cats fish with the claws and not with a fishing rod, as you can imagine. Or at least I have never seen one do, have you? OK, so on one of those fish-catching days, I was just about to hook a fish, while Jumpy was eating her grassy lunch near me.



Suddenly we heard a very pitiful "chirp, chirp, chirp". This is the sound small ducklings make before they have their change of voice. Then they cry "quack, quack, quack!" So this baby duck was nearby and obviously in trouble. "Jumpy, see what the problem is!", I called. I did not want to scare the duckling even more. She might think I want to eat her!





Jumpy said: "Look up to the sky!" A big eagle circled high up in the air, ready to dive down and get himself baby duck for dinner. "Be quick, Jumpy!", I cried, "You have to save her." So she jumped towards the chirping sound, and I followed closely behind. "The eagle is diving down! Where is the duckling?" Now you could hear mother duck quacking in alarm. She had also realised the danger for her baby, but could not help much. But only Jumpy was big enough to scare him off.



Have you ever seen an eagle close by? They have awfully strong beaks and claws and can pick up a duck easily and fly away with it. Well, we don't want to let him do that! So we all cried: "Go away eagle, go away eagle!"



You can help too! Shout together with us! So we were shouting and running and running and shouting and still could not see the chirping baby. Then Jumpy pointed out: "There she is tangled in the reeds!". The eagle started to descend rapidly, and we were jumping and running as fast as we could to be there first.



Jumpy arrived at the same time as the eagle extended his claws to pick up the duck. "Oh no, you don't!", he cried and boxed the eagle in his side. "You are stealing my lunch", the eagle protested upset and flew away. So the duckling was saved, even though she was very frightened.



"Quack, quack, quack", called mummy duck and daddy duck, coming quickly to the side of their baby. Of course the brothers and sisters by name of Quick, Quack, Quip, Quop and Quish, also arrived as fast as they could. All ducks were very grateful that Jumpy saved Queck. They did a lot of very noisy quacking and chirping. After a while they finally quietened down, and Jumpy explained to them that I was allergic against eating birds and they were quite safe with me.

So we still had an enjoyable afternoon, with the ducklings hopping into Jumpy's pouch and having a ride kangaroo style. In the end, some of them would even jump on my back for fun. What a picture! An elegant black cat with ducks on his back! Duckybye!



Oliver & Jumpy

Story 3

Jumpy's Secret



Written by
Werner Stejskal

Illustrated by
Marvin Alonso



I had a late night out chasing a very slow mouse and then letting her escape again. After this exhausting time all I wanted was a long, long sleep until late into the morning. But I was twisting and turning on my beautiful Indian pillow, dreaming the tree was on fire. Suddenly I jumped up and looked sleepily up into the leaves. I slowly became aware that there was no fire in the tree. How curious!

Only a short while later I realized the horrible smoky smell was coming from below the tree. I looked down and noticed a pig leaning against the trunk smoking a cigar. Now that is a disgusting habit, because it is very smelly and very unhealthy! "Stop stinking up my tree", I called down very upset. The pig looked up surprised and said: "I smoke wherever I want!" Now this made me very angry. I did not want to breath in his exhaled smelly air.





So I said: "No, you don't!" and emptied a bucket full of dirt water down on him. Immediately his cigar was extinguished, and he was soaking wet as well. "Watch out, I will get you!", the pig screamed uncontrollably. But pigs can't climb trees. He kept threatening me for a while but finally departed. Nobody is going to bother an elegant cat with cigar smoke!



After having been woken up so rudely, I washed my face, combed my whiskers and brushed my teeth. Then I tested my voice: "Meow, meow!"

So the only thing left to do, was to check if my tail rolled up properly. Stretch and roll, stretch and roll! Perrrfect! Now I was all set for a day of mischief. Where is Jumpy?

Ah, there she is! Lucky that the pig was far away by then.



"A lovely morning to a lovely lady", I welcomed Jumpy. She likes it if I flatter her a bit. Really, most girls do! "Are we going for breakfast?", I asked, ready to jump into my kangaroo taxi.

"No, no, I cannot give you a ride!", she said. Now I was very surprised, since this was the first time ever. "I have a visitor in my pouch" she said.

"Who is it?", I asked super surprised, not seeing anything.

"My baby!"

"Oh!", I barely could speak. Jumpy, my mate, having a baby?

"I suppose from now on you will be very busy and won't have time for me anymore." I reflected sadly.

"Oh no," she replied excitedly, "I would love you to help me with Joey, since his father is hardly around."



This was amazing news. Would I be able to help looking after a small child, who always seems to want this or want that. Or doesn't want this and doesn't want that. So was I to lose my friend or play uncle? What to do? What do YOU say? "OK, I'll do it," I replied, "I am very honored, and will do my best to help." What a start to the day! First being smoked out of my tree and now becoming an instant dad. I am wondering what the rest of the day will be like.

Would you like to see my baby?" "Sure thing", I confidently replied. No big deal looking at a baby, is it? So Jumpy opened her pouch and at first I could hardly see anything, because it was very dark all the way down. Eventually I could make out a little pink blob attached to the belly wall. It looked more like a mouse baby. Not like you were. I am sure you were as pretty on your first day as you are now! You see, I am flattering you!





Good Job!

Seeing this really not very beautiful baby, I had to get hold of myself and then said in a husky voice: "Good job!", and patted Jumpy on her shoulder. After all it was an emotional time. The baby might get prettier one day. Who knows! Ain't I horrible? Can't help it, I can't help it! From then on Jumpy did not jump so high or far anymore. She did not want to upset Joey, who was a boy. And so our lives changed forever and became a lot more interesting! Love you! Babybye!