

# Petey Goes Missing: A YA Paranormal (Kitza and Petey: Ghost Sensitives)

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Â Â Petey Goes Missing Kitza and Petey: Ghost Sensitives Kate Townsend O'Keefe  
Cover illustration by Polina Ipatova **Kitza and Petey: Ghost Sensitives** "Petey Goes Missing"  
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even our confidants. As much affection and unconditional love as our animals offer us, we are often limited in our ability to help and heal them. When one of your pets begins to act differently, perhaps not enjoying their food, not wanting to play, or even sleeping more often than usual, our first thought is to take them to the vet. But the vet can only do so much to assess our pet's health. Without the ability to communicate with our pets, we can't know whether there may be something they are struggling with. Penelope Smith is a pioneer in animal communication. She founded the study of inter-species telepathic communication. Prior to her discovery that she could communicate with animals, Penelope had years of experience in counseling and communication with human patients. Animals suffer emotional trauma as well, and Penelope soon realized that they could be relieved of those traumas through similar techniques and counseling that she used with her human patients. Her philosophy is that everyone is capable of telepathic communication with animals. We, all, used to do it. We've just forgotten how. It is not the animals that need to be trained to communicate with us, as animals are natural telepaths, but we, as humans, are the ones who need to find a way to open our minds to the possibility of telepathic communication with our pets. Throughout history, animals have been known to be hypersensitive to changes in energetics, the presence of spirits, and impending natural disasters. Many people have reported experiences of their pets sensing a ghost in their home and reacting to it. Because of an animal's natural awareness of the spiritual world around them, many believe they are more prone to seeing and understanding the wandering spirits of other animals and humans. With these keen senses animals may be able to offer a bridge between the living world and the spirit world that human beings have a more difficult time accessing. So, the next time your cat stops in mid-step and looks at what you assume is empty space, there may be more present than meets the human eye. As Kitza and Petey explore both the human and the spiritual world, they provide an interesting perspective of what it is like to have such open instincts and natural awareness. The story gets a little heavy at times, but, in the case of a ghost with an issue, sometimes the story IS a little heavy. Just look for the lighter moments and enjoy them. Hope you enjoy the story. \*This is not a children's book.

**CHAPTER 1** Mornings were always the same routine for Kitza. She would wake up to Petey's snoring. But that morning when she stirred, she didn't hear his snoring. She was immediately concerned. She pranced across Sally's slumbering body, her small paws digging into the tender areas of her hips as she jumped off of the bed. When she landed on the floor below she noticed a long tail flicking back and forth under the bed. "Petey?" she asked as she poked her head under the bed. "What are you doing under there?" "I had a bad dream," Petey replied in a muffled voice. Petey was a very brave cat when it came to protecting Kitza, but he tended to be a scaredy-cat about other things. "Well, you're awake now," Kitza said. "Let's wake Sally up so we can have breakfast!" "I don't want to come out," Petey said sternly. "Get out from under there!" Kitza insisted and swatted at his tail. He flicked it and then pulled it all the way under the bed. Petey had the longest tail of any cat Kitza had ever known. "Go away, Kitza," Petey huffed and refused to budge. Kitza was surprised by his words. Although they squabbled sometimes Petey was usually very kind to her. They had been very close ever since being adopted into the same home by Sally and Charles. Kitza considered him her very best friend, and she wouldn't ever want him to be angry at her. "I'm sorry, Petey," Kitza said softly. "Was it that scary?" she asked. "Yes it was," Petey replied as he reluctantly began to crawl out from under the bed. "Tell me about it," Kitza said. "Maybe that will help," she purred. "Maybe," he replied and shivered. "I woke up and everyone was gone. You, Sally, even Charles. I was all alone." "Oh, that is scary," Kitza said with a frown. "But you know that could never happen, don't you?" "Yes, I do," he replied solemnly. "At least I hope it could never happen." "It couldn't," Kitza promised him. "Now just forget about that silly dream and let's get Sally to wake up. I'm hungry, and I know you are." Petey also had a very large appetite to match his quite portly belly. "Yes, I am," he said sheepishly. The two cats lined up beside Sally's bed and began staring at the slumbering woman. Petey thumped his tail. Kitza began to meow cheerfully. Sally opened her eyes and stared at the two cats. "It's a bit early, don't you think?" she asked sleepily. Kitza jumped up onto the bed and rubbed her cheek against Sally's cheeks soothingly. "Oh I know you love me," Sally smiled and scratched under Kitza's chin. "Alright, breakfast is on its way," she sighed as she climbed out of bed. She tossed a

loose robe on over her nightgown and glanced at her husband Charles who was still sleeping. He slept so deeply that the cats never bothered to wake him. "Sh. It's his day off," Sally reminded them and all three padded quietly toward the kitchen. Sally turned on the coffee maker and then began to prepare the cats their breakfast. Petey sat quietly at the edge of the kitchen. This was also unusual for him. He was usually weaving his way through Sally's legs and meowing for his breakfast. Kitza walked over to him. "Are you still worried about that dream?" she asked. "It was so real," he whispered. "We're here, Petey. This is what's real," Kitza told him in a loving but stern tone. "Now come and eat. It's supposed to be nice weather today. We can go exploring." "Okay," he sighed and padded over to the plate of food that Sally had just put down on the floor. "Eat. Eat. Eat," Sally laughed as Petey began taking huge bites of his food. Kitza preferred to take her time and savor her food. Kitza finished her food and noticed that Petey was already gone. Kitza was surprised that he hadn't waited around for her to see what they would be doing that day. She was fairly accustomed to him always being by her side. "Petey?" Kitza called out as she roamed through the living room. "Petey are you here?" she called out again. No matter where she looked she didn't see Petey. Kitza started to get more frightened. Petey was not much of a loner. He was either with her or he was curled up somewhere in the house. But she searched all of his favorite spots and couldn't find him. Kitza tore back out of the house and down the street. "Petey?" she screeched out. Some of the neighborhood dogs began barking back at her. "Have any of you seen Petey?" she called out again. "Haven't seen him," Mr. Louis' golden retriever called out. All of the other dogs answered the same way. When Kitza reached the park, Princess, a very old, very fluffy Persian cat, sauntered across the sidewalk. She was one of the strays, but only because she wanted to be. If anyone took her inside she would meow and pee all over the house until they let her back out. She was not a fan of humans, and believed cats should be able to roam free. "Looking for Petey?" Princess asked, her voice a little timid. "Yes," Kitza said with relief. "You've seen him?" "Petey's a good soul," Princess said in her rambling way. "Always kind. Always." "Yes, yes," Kitza replied impatiently. "But have you seen him?" "Petey?" Princess asked and tilted her head to the side. "Yes, Petey," Kitza huffed. "Have you seen him or not?" "No, can't say that I have," Princess yawned and then curled up on the sun warmed sidewalk. Kitza tried not to lose her temper. Princess was to be respected, and she knew better than to make waves with her. But she had just wasted precious moments with her. "I have to find him," Kitza said anxiously as she began to walk toward the park. "I hope the ghost didn't get him," Princess said casually as she licked a dirt-caked paw. Kitza turned slowly to look at Princess. "What do you mean?" she asked skeptically. It wasn't that Kitza didn't believe in ghosts, she most certainly did. She had personal experiences with them. She and Petey had met quite a few. But, Princess had a tendency to weave fantastic stories, and though there was usually a grain of wisdom hidden within the exaggeration, it was sometimes hard to find. "Oh you haven't heard about the ghost?" Princess asked. "I thought everyone had." "Just tell me, please, Princess," Kitza said through clenched teeth. She didn't want to hiss, but it was very hard not to. "Past week or so, I think," Princess yawned again. "A ghost has been abducting animals." "What?" Kitza asked with surprise. She knew that ghosts could communicate. Sometimes they could move things around, but she didn't think any kind of ghost could actually abduct an animal. "Princess, no offense, but I don't think that's possible." "I think that what you think really doesn't matter much to me," Princess replied in a lofty tone and flicked her tail. "Ouch," she yelped when she flicked it. "Princess, what's wrong?" Kitza asked as she took a closer look at Princess' tail. "Oh that ghost stepped right on my tail when she was running after Mrs. Palmer's Shih Tzu," Princess sighed and licked at her tail. "Wait, the ghost took Molly?" Kitza asked with surprise. "I didn't even know she was missing." "She's not anymore," Princess shrugged and stood up to walk away. "Wait, don't go," Kitza gasped out. "What do you mean she's not missing anymore? I thought you said the ghost took her?" "I'm sorry. I don't know what you mean," Princess sighed. "I really do need a nap." Kitza sighed as she realized that she was not going to get any more information out of Princess. She still had no idea where Petey was. But as the sun began to set, she was sure that wherever he was, he needed her help. He would never miss dinner. Kitza ran down the street toward Mrs. Palmer's house. It was the only real clue that Princess had given her. Even though Princess had said that Molly had been taken by a

ghost, Kitza did not believe her. Ghosts don't step on cat's tails, and if they did they don't step hard enough to hurt them. Something was not adding up. She skidded to a stop in Mrs. Palmer's freshly sodded front lawn. Then she padded up on to the porch. When she stuck her head up over the windowsill that looked into the living room, she spotted Mrs. Palmer sitting in her favorite chair. Mrs. Palmer did everything on a schedule. Right after she had dinner she would sit down in her favorite chair and watch her favorite television show with Molly perched on her knee. Molly was one of the tiniest Shih Tzus that Kitza had ever seen. She was also the prettiest. Mrs. Palmer always had tiny bows throughout her coat. Just as she should have been, Molly was perched on Mrs. Palmer's knee. Kitza meowed loudly and pawed at the glass in the window. Mrs. Palmer was too involved in her television show to notice, but Molly jumped down to have a look. "Kitza, Kitza, Kitza," Molly said as she bounced up and down in front of the window. Molly was very energetic. "So happy to see you!" she said. "I'm happy to see you too," Kitza replied. "Can you get away for a moment?" Molly looked back at Mrs. Palmer and then nodded. "Yes, but not for long. She's very nervous now when I am away from her." Kitza jumped down from the porch and ran around to the back of Mrs. Palmer's house. Her backyard had a chain link fence so that Molly could roam safely. Molly burst through her doggy door and into the backyard with boundless energy. As she ran up to the fence, Kitza could see that Molly looked like she was in good health. "Did you really get abducted?" Kitza asked curiously as she studied the dog. "I did. I did," Molly said with excitement. "It was the strangest thing! I'm so happy to be home," she panted. "I'm happy you're home, too," Kitza replied softly. "But who took you?" "I don't know," Molly whimpered and glanced around fearfully. "I never saw the face. One minute I was running about. The next I was wrapped up in a sack." "Oh, Molly, I'm so sorry," Kitza lowered her head with sympathy. She couldn't imagine suddenly being trapped inside of a bag. A cold pang of fear struck her at her core as she wondered if Petey had experienced that. "How did you escape?" Kitza asked as she stuck her nose through one of the holes in the chain link fence. Petey was the one who could smell just about as good as a bloodhound, but she was hoping there might be some scent lingering on Molly that could give her a clue. "I didn't," Molly sat on the ground. "I was rescued." "Rescued?" Kitza asked with surprise. "By another animal?" "No, by a human," Molly said with wide eyes. "She found me and brought me home." "Do you remember anything about where you were kept?" Kitza asked. "Not really," Molly replied hesitantly. "Only that it was pretty quiet, and it smelled a little. It was always very dark. Why do you want to know?" she asked. "Petey is missing," Kitza murmured sadly. "Oh, no!" Molly yelped. "You don't think the person who took me took Petey, do you?" she asked with growing concern. "No, of course not," Kitza said with feigned confidence. "I'm sure that Petey's just off exploring somewhere." "I hope so," Molly said sadly. "If there's anything I can do to help, just let me know." "I will," Kitza replied before walking slowly away from the fence. Even though she had said differently to Molly, she had a sinking feeling that something was very wrong. Petey would never stay away from her for this long, at least not without telling her where he had gone.

**CHAPTER 2** By the time Kitza returned to the house she was terribly worried. She pushed her way through the cat door and into the kitchen. Sally was preparing dinner for Kitza and Petey. "Well, hello there, Kitza," Sally said with a smile. "You've been out all day! Where's Petey?" she asked as she looked expectantly at the cat door. When the flap didn't budge she walked to the door and opened it up to look outside. "Where is he?" she asked again and looked back down at Kitza. Kitza sat on the tiled kitchen floor and stared aimlessly at the paw prints she had left behind from earlier. "Kitza?" Sally asked as she crouched down in front of her. "Do you know where Petey is?" she looked into Kitza's eyes. Kitza stared back into Sally's hoping that she could hear her. "I don't know where he is," she whispered. "He's missing. I'm afraid he might have been taken." "Oh I'm sure he's just found a toy to play with," Sally laughed a little. "He'll get hungry and come home. Petey has never missed a meal," she giggled at that and then set Kitza's food dish down in front of her. Kitza was disappointed that yet again it seemed Sally could not understand her when she tried to tell her something important. She sat down in front of her food dish but refused to eat a bite. Sally didn't notice at first. She was too busy looking at the back door, waiting for Petey to suddenly come barreling through, barely fitting his broad size through the square cut out of the door. "What can he be up to?" she wondered out

loud. Then she glanced down at Kitza who was still sitting perfectly still in front of her food dish. "Why aren't you eating Kitza?" Sally asked with a frown. "I cut it up just like you like it," she pointed out. Kitza only stared at her food. She could not bring herself to eat when she didn't know if Petey had something to eat. She didn't know if he was scared, or alone, or lost, or even hurt somewhere. She couldn't imagine not seeing him again or being able to help him if he needed her help. But she had no idea where to look for him or how to find him. He hadn't been in any of their usual haunts, and none of the animals in the neighborhood had seen him. It was as if he had just completely disappeared off of the face of the earth. "Oh sweetie, something is wrong, isn't it?" Sally asked as she crouched down in front of Kitza again. "Do you know where Petey is?" she asked.

Kitza looked up into Sally's eyes sadly. This time Sally seemed to understand her. "You don't know where he is, do you?" she asked in a whisper. "Oh this is not good," she said to herself and stood up. "Hey, Sal, how's dinner coming?" Charles asked as he walked into the kitchen from the living room. "It smells delicious," he added with a small smile. "Charles," Sally said as she turned to look at him. "I think that Petey is missing." "What?" Charles asked with surprise. "How long has he been gone?" "I haven't seen him since breakfast," Sally said as she wrung her hands together.

"Oh Sally, that's not very long. You know these cats. They get into things-" he stopped speaking when he laid eyes on Kitza sitting in front of her bowl. "Kitza is here and Petey isn't?" he asked with surprise. "Well, that is very strange," he frowned. "I know," Sally shook her head. "I just have no idea where he could be. He never misses dinner." "Well, let's just see if he comes home tonight," Charles suggested. "If he's not back by the morning I'll take a drive around town and see if anyone has seen him." "No, it's not okay," Sally said with a sigh. "I'll do it. You have to work tomorrow." "Alright," he kissed her forehead lightly. "Try not to worry, sweetheart. I'm sure that Petey will turn up." "I hope so," Sally said quietly. "Me, too," Kitza agreed. She turned and walked away from her food dish, drawing the attention of both Charles and Sally. "She knows something is wrong," Sally whispered to Charles. "It seems so," Charles agreed. Even after Sally served dinner, neither of them could stomach more than a few bites. Petey was part of the family, and his absence was felt very deeply.

**CHAPTER 3** Kitza paced the house all night. She walked from one dark window to another searching for Petey outside. She knew that Petey would have to come home at some point and she wanted to be awake when he did. She wanted to see him of course, to know that he was safe and sound, but she also wanted to holler and screech at him for making her worry so much. However, as the sun began to rise over the horizon Kitza had to admit that Petey was not coming home. Wherever he was, he was not able to get away, and he was not able to find his way back home. That meant that, either he had to be hurt or else taken. There was no other explanation. As Kitza walked into the bedroom to waken Sally, she found Sally was already awake and walking toward the kitchen. "Is he home, Kitza?" she asked anxiously as she walked into the kitchen. When she saw Petey's food dish was still full she gasped. "Oh no," she moaned and shook her head. "Oh dear, where is he?" "Not back?" Charles asked as he followed her into the kitchen. He opened his arms to Sally and she curled against his chest. As he held her close he murmured in her ear. "It's going to be okay, sweet Sally. We'll find him." "What if we don't?" she asked with grief building in her voice. "Listen, if the pound picks him up they'll contact us. Alright?" Charles smiled warmly at her in an attempt to cheer her up. "In fact, he was probably there all night. You know they wouldn't make a phone call until office hours. I'm sure that they will be calling as soon as they open up." "You're right," Sally sighed and nodded. "He'll be home before we know it." Kitza sat beside the cat door and watched as Sally and Charles went through the motions of breakfast. She hoped that Charles was right and that Petey would be safe in the pound. It was a terrible place to be, but at least it meant that Petey would be coming home. Still something deep inside of her suspected that this was not the case. The animals in the neighborhood were always on the lookout for the animal control truck and none had mentioned seeing it. She waited until Charles left for work and then started to slip out through the cat door. "No, no, Kitza," Sally said sternly and slid the wooden slat over the rubber flap. "I don't want you going out until we find Petey," she crouched down and ran her hand over Kitza's head and back. "Please, I know you're worried about Petey. So am I. But I can't be worrying about where you might be, while I'm looking for him, okay?" Kitza flicked her tail back and forth but she did not

think it was okay. She was determined to find Petey and she certainly was not going to be locked up in the house all day. She stared hard into Sally's eyes. "I have to look for him," she said. Sally stared back, her lips twitching slightly at the corners as if she was concentrating very hard.

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## A YA Paranormal

The cats, Kitz and Petey, are ghost sensitives who attract the vibrations of ghosts. Today, Petey has come up missing. Kitz, totally upset by the missing Petey, investigates clues to find Petey. She enlists the needed help of a ghost. Petey finds a ghost of his own who helps him get through his captivity. Kitz's investigation, with its twists and turns, makes a delightful, cozy read. Click on the BUY IT NOW button!

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