

Meet **Six Characters** *in Search of* **Salvation**

Jessica feels broken and vulnerable from the sudden death of a dear friend. The pre-med student draws solace from her new husband **John**, and yet his love cannot fill this void. So he sacrifices his daily needs to give her a potential balm... and strange things start to happen. Mysterious, mystical things. Things you can't explain....

Jason lives each day clinging to the past. He shuns retirement, seeing no future outside his downtown pet shop, and yet the 70-year-old knows this world will not stand still for him or his longtime veterinarian friend, **Pepper**. Then Jason befriends a lost child, one who turns their lives upside-down....

Bridget finds herself locked in a dark room, with no memory of who she is or how she got there. Her fight for freedom leaves Bridget even more confused, until a sudden change promises a world of happiness. But this paradise, she soon discovers, might just be a prison....

Charles wanders the streets and alleys, hoping the ties he daily builds with one caring soul may soon win him a home. But just as his opportunity arises, a stranger threatens to unravel all of Charles' plans. And that, he will not allow....

Six characters, each seeking salvation, yet falling short. Or so it seems. Yet goodness and mercy may shine even in tales of murder and mayhem... and nothing is certain when one or more of these characters are not human.

That sets the stage for *God's Furry Angels*, a coming-of-age tale exploring the adventures that refine us, the temptations that divide us, and the divine will that binds us together.

Copyright 2018 Kirby Lee Davis

The novel also delves deep into the minds of those most alien of creatures, our ever-curious, ever-irrepressible cats.

Illustrated with enchanting photos by the author, *God's Furry Angels* delivers the kind of feel-good experience you'll look forward to reading in your treasured downtime, around a cozy fire with a pot of tea or mug of cocoa, and out loud to your beloved children. It's a fun adventure for all ages, one you will love to revisit again and again!



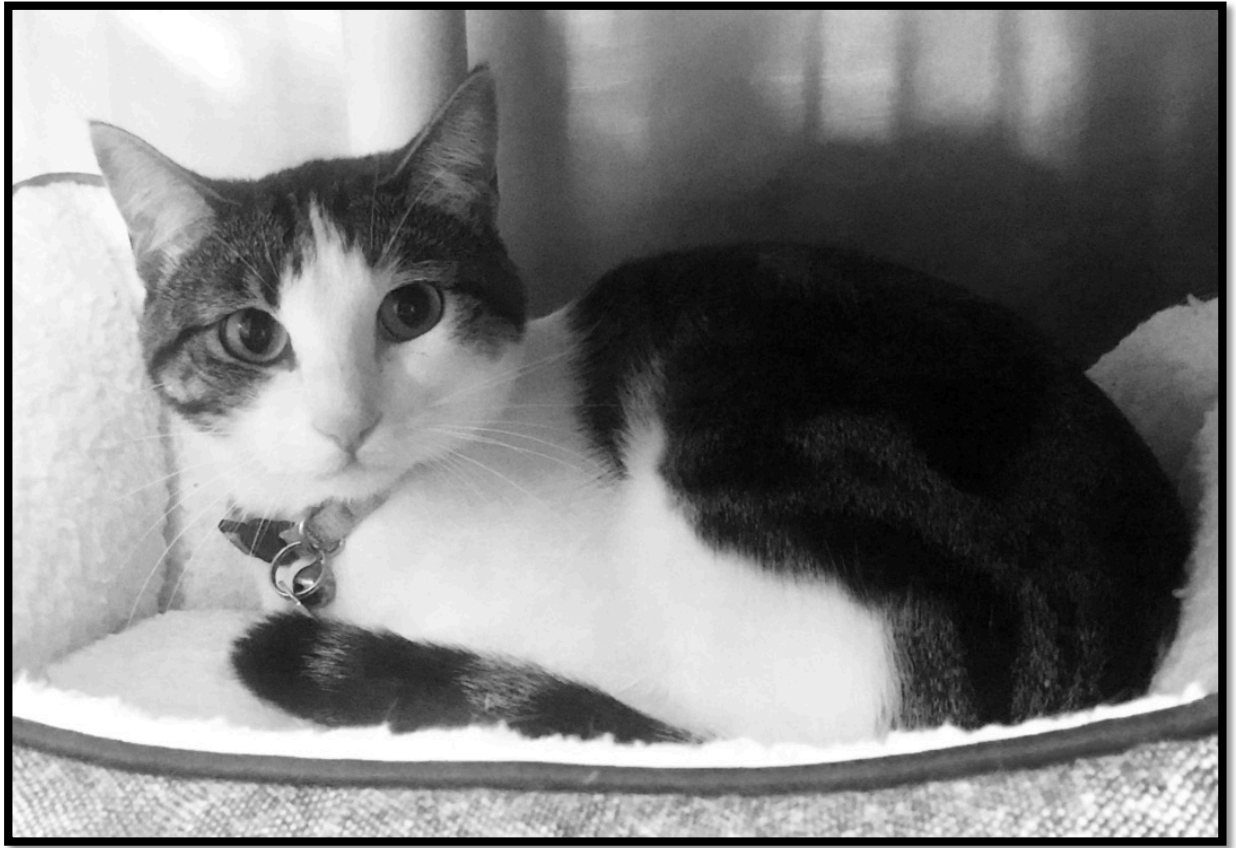
Copyright 2018 Kirby Lee Davis

God's Furry Angels



By Kirby Lee Davis

Copyright 2018 Kirby Lee Davis



Copyright 2018 Kirby Lee Davis

Chapter One

For six days Jessica quietly bore her grief. Sebastian had been her closest companion for more than a decade, warming her neck on chill winter nights, nestling on her shoulder or lap when Jessica was too upset to do school work or college papers, swatting her toes when Jessica needed a laugh. His absence left a hole in her heart that drained Jessica's zest for life.

John noticed this, of course, but he didn't know how to heal her wound. He soon had an idea, though, and so he put aside his lunch money for a week. That allowed him to come home from work Friday with a small wooden box bound with a scarlet ribbon.

Jessica accepted it with tears, ashamed that he'd discerned the depth of her hurt, yet touched by his love. Sorting through the nest of soft plastic grass within, Jessica uncovered the ceramic figure of a snow-white cat, contently curled into a silky-smooth ball.

"I know it doesn't replace him," John allowed, "but it's a good reminder, I think. It looks like him."

His young wife wiped dry her face. "Yes, it does."

"And it's a promise," he continued. "I'll soon make it real."

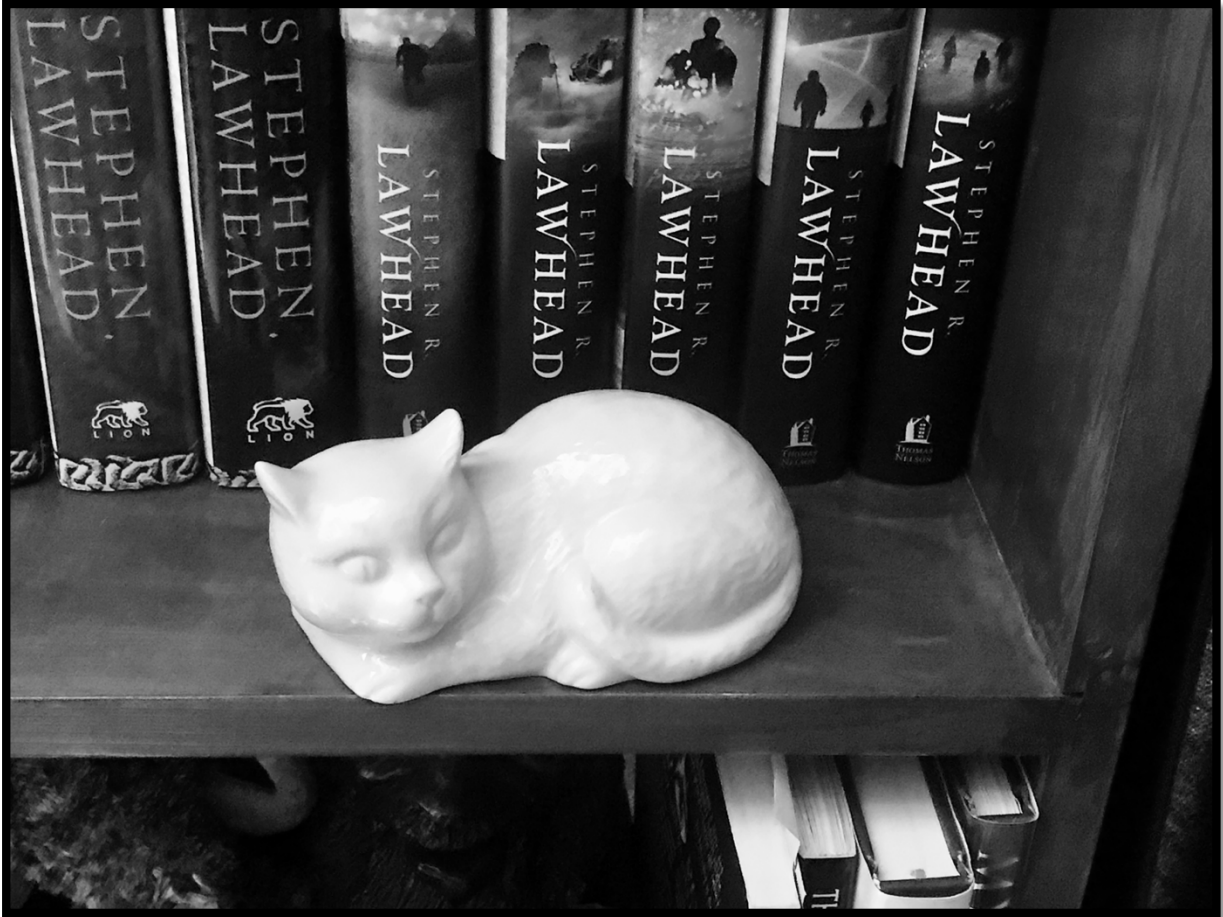
That made her smile. She knew they couldn't afford to replace Sebastian now; with their strained budget, she couldn't imagine how he'd paid for this. But she didn't blame John for that. It cheered her that he understood what her childhood friend still meant to her – even if John didn't share that love.

Jessica cupped the glassy form in her palm, clutching it close to her breast as she remembered cherished moments with Sebastian from more than half her existence. Then she laid the figurine in the bare spot on the living room's middle bookshelf, where Sebastian had loved to sleep. Again and again she stroked its smooth back, reveling in the touch.

"He looks good there," John agreed.

"I think I'll call him Sebastian," she decided.

God's Furry Angels



By Kirby Lee Davis

"Good," her husband said. "So – what's for supper?"

That night a loud thump woke Jessica with all the chill of a plunge into icy waters. She snapped up from her soft pillow, drawing her knees to her chin for protection, only to realize with a shiver that she needed still more, and so she snatched the covers to her neck – just in case someone was there, lurking in the shadows, gazing upon her in the darkness. Of course, that ripped the sheets off John, but he didn't notice so it didn't matter.

"John!" she whispered. "John!"

Her husband just laid there, his breath wheezing through his throat like a simmering teapot approaching a boil. That seemed almost sacrilegious to Jessica, a break of his sacred vows to ever defend her, so she jabbed him with the palm of her left hand. He shuddered.

"John! What do you think you're doing?"

"Sleeping," he mumbled.

"Why?"

Her unabashed, irritated wonder stumped him.

"Well," he groaned, struggling to lift an eyelid, "it is dark out."

His eye squinted, looked about, verified it was indeed nighttime, then plopped shut once more.

Maybe it's a dream, he hoped. Just a bad dream.

But it was not to be.

"Get up!" she insisted. "There's something out there!"

"Yeah...."

Jessica shoved him again. "Don't you dare go back to sleep, John Michael Ferguson! You go out there! See what it was."

Her husband grimaced. After three happy, relatively calm months of marital bliss – except for Sebastian, of course – the odds had favored this sort of thing happening sooner or later. Still, he had hoped a few more seasons would pass before Jessica started acting like a wife.

"What *what* was?" he whispered, rolling sluggishly around.

Through the darkness, he found his 22-year-old bride cringing beneath the sheets, her timid eyes glowing in the faint light, her long auburn hair flowing about her silky shoulders like a wondrous waterfall.

It reminded him just why he'd married her. She was a lovely nut.

"What *what* was?" he repeated, a fond humor tainting his voice.

God's Furry Angels

"That sound," she said, surprised he had to ask. "From the living room, I think. Something fell down. The floorboards creaked."

"Well... I don't hear anything now."

"Of course not! Whatever it is knows we're listening now! It's waiting for us to give up and go back to sleep. So, go out there and get them – now!"

"Them?"

"Them – him – I don't know!"

"What about a 'her?' Or 'it?'"

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, kicking him with her left foot. "My father was right about you!"

John couldn't help laughing as he rolled out of bed. Probably a picture fell off the wall, he quietly decided. Even so, he paused to slip into his robe before he stepped with caution to their bedroom door and the blackness beyond. It was best not to take any chances.

"Be careful," Jessica whispered.

There was a strange stillness in the house. Creeping into the bathroom, John felt the darkness clinging to him, weighing upon his skin as might a cold fog. It made him uneasy, almost nervous. That sensation gnawed at him. It was a familiar one... the almost unconscious knowledge that something was there, stalking him.

Passing through the bathroom, he reached the door to the kitchen. There he gazed in, finding no surprises. Even so, he paused out of habit, half-fearing Sebastian would pounce on him at any time.

"That's it," he whispered in sudden revelation. That's what he'd been expecting.

You see, as soon as John and Jessica had started dating, her jealous old cat made a firm point of ambushing John, especially at night. John shuddered, recalling the time right after their honeymoon when that fat beast dropped onto John's head from the top of the refrigerator, sinking his claws into John's pajama top even as the feline's plump waist carried him into a freefall against the oak floorboards. John grimaced at the memory of those scars, though the lingering echoes of Sebastian's thud still cheered him. As did the image of that cat flinging itself off the bookshelf, intent on digging its sharpened claws into John's back, only for John to unexpectedly bend down to finger a loose nail in the floor. He treasured that scene – hearing a distressed howl, glancing up to see Sebastian's broad white underbelly soaring over his head to collide with the closed front door. That alone

By Kirby Lee Davis

made up for the hundreds of frustrating times that blasted cat just appeared from the darkness to break John's skin with tooth and claw, then disappear.

Before they'd even gotten married, John had learned to walk these rooms ever alert, like a creeping jungle soldier wary of traps and snipers. That, he realized, was what he was doing now.

Sighing, John passed by the pantry door to the kitchen entryway. The back door and windows were locked tight. Then he checked the dining room, glowing gray-blue from the moonlit window. Beyond the table opened their living room. Looking in, John was surprised to see the front drapes swinging free from their bindings. That hadn't happened since Sebastian's last rampage. John gathered the curtains and tightened their rope knots, then checked the doors and windows. Everything seemed secure.

Confident their small rental home was okay, he took one last look about. Moonlight flooded the living room from the entry window, sparkling against the bookshelf. The figurine lay in its center, playfully rolled onto its back.

On its back?

Two

The next day seemed normal enough. John went back to work, happy to have money for lunch once again, while Jessica, who would soon take the summer off from college, settled into her housekeeping chores. Each time she passed through the living room, she'd give her new figurine a gentle pat, and after that, she'd often pause to gaze out the front window. She could see Sebastian's grave from the windowsill, its grassy top basking in the sun.

It was a lovely spot they gave him to rest in, among the lilacs and daffodils under the spreading elm. The windowsill was pleasant, too, especially when the sun rose over the shady oaks to shine its warmth into the house, as it did then. Jessica recalled Sebastian taking to the spot at first sight, sitting there to brush his long silver fur and gaze out upon the outer world. The wood still carried his scent, though she didn't realize that, and there were other, more visible reminders – like

God's Furry Angels

