

My name is Felix.

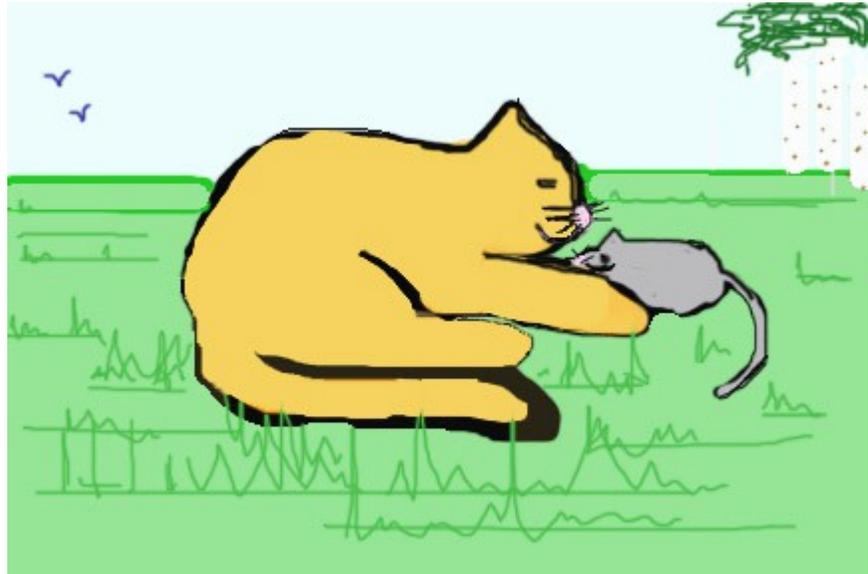
I was born and live on the open prairie near a house with lots of children and a barn full of chickens. I love it here.



I love to roam and explore.

Even though I have a condition where my back legs don't work the way they should,

I still enjoy chasing mice.



I love to run and hide in the tall grass.

I can't climb the birch trees that line the prairie or the big maple tree that grows beside the house, but in the summer the children go up into a fort in the big tree and bring me up in a bucket.

I love to sit in the tree and watch the birds and the clouds in the big blue sky.



I sleep on the front porch of the house in the warm summer months



and in the winter when the snow is blowing, I sleep in the barn.

Sometimes when it is really cold,

my humans bring me inside the house,
where I can curl up by the fire.



Suddenly one spring day while I was
sleeping in the grass beside the house,
one of the children scooped me up and
placed me in a crate.



I meowed and meowed and meowed. They put the crate in a big truck which seemed to drive forever.



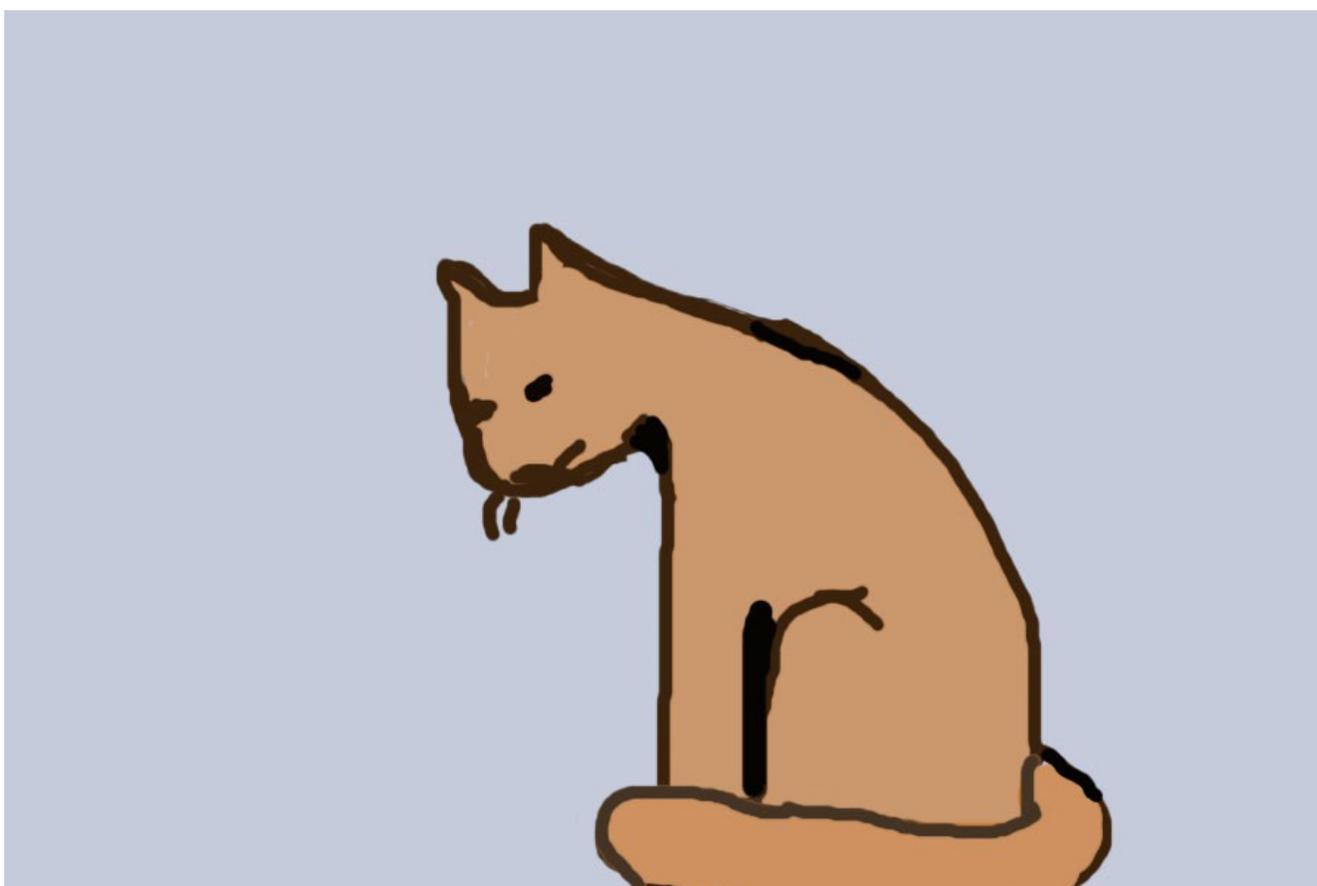
Finally it stopped at my new home. It was an apartment in the city, where I had different humans who took care of me.

I could only go outside onto a small balcony to watch the birds and the sky.



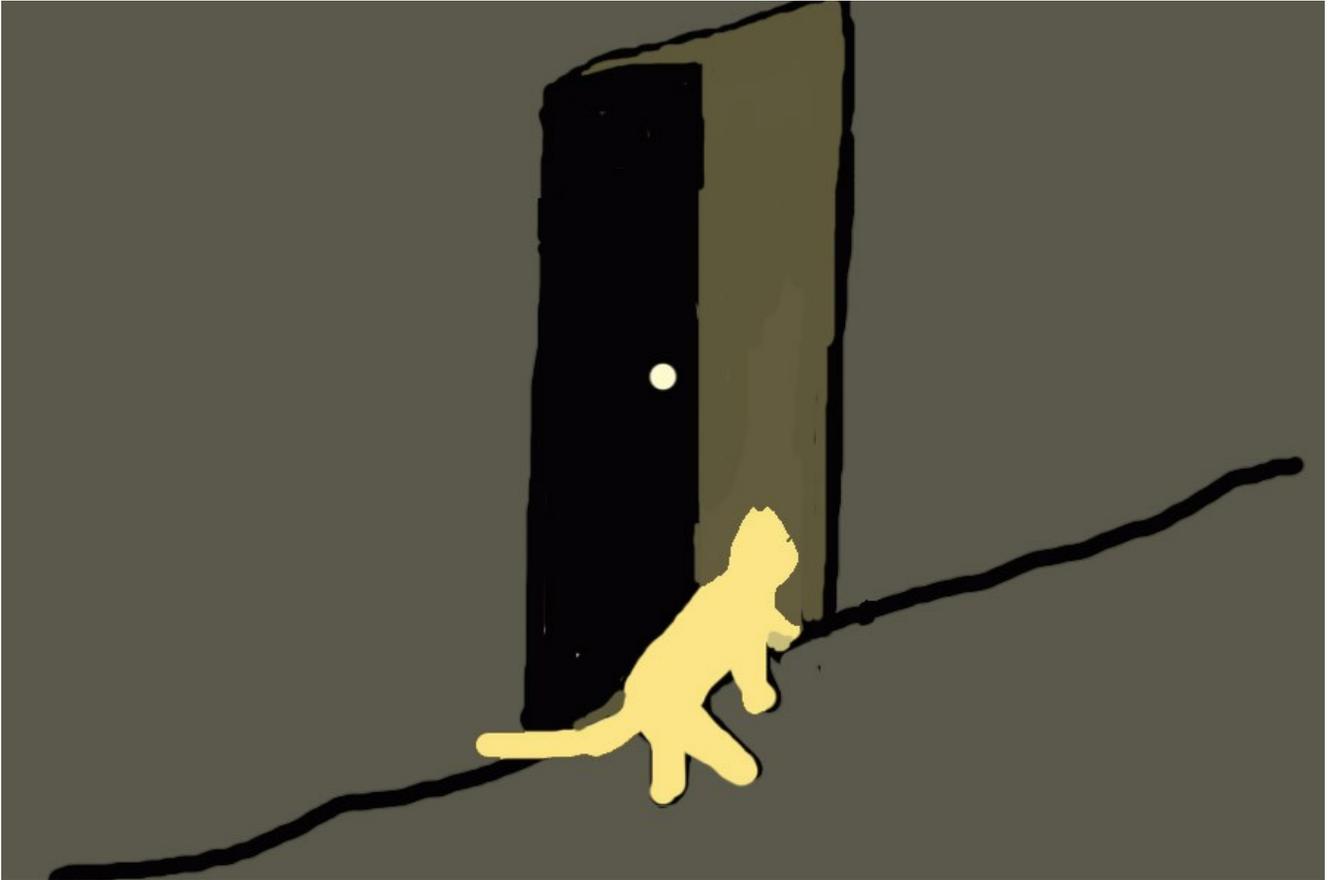
But, the sky was not as blue and the birds were different. There were lots of tall buildings around that blocked the sun and there were many other noises that I didn't recognize. There were bright flashing lights and smells of garbage from the street below.

My new humans were good to me, but I missed the prairie so much and got very sad.



After a long time of waiting for my humans to take me back to the prairie,

I decided I would go by myself. So, one day when the door was left open I ran out,



only to discover that I was still inside. Another door opened and I ran inside. The door closed and then the floor felt like it was moving.

When the door opened I could see outside. Someone was coming in the door to outside, so I ran as fast as I could out the door so they couldn't catch me. I ran for a long time and hid behind things so humans couldn't find me.

I found some things to eat and had to drink water from dirty pools on the street that smelled bad.



Sometimes what I thought was food was bits of plastic that I couldn't eat.

The city was so dirty and noisy and I could not smell any grass or trees. I started to think I would never find my prairie again, then one day I smelled grass. I followed the scent which was beside some railway tracks.



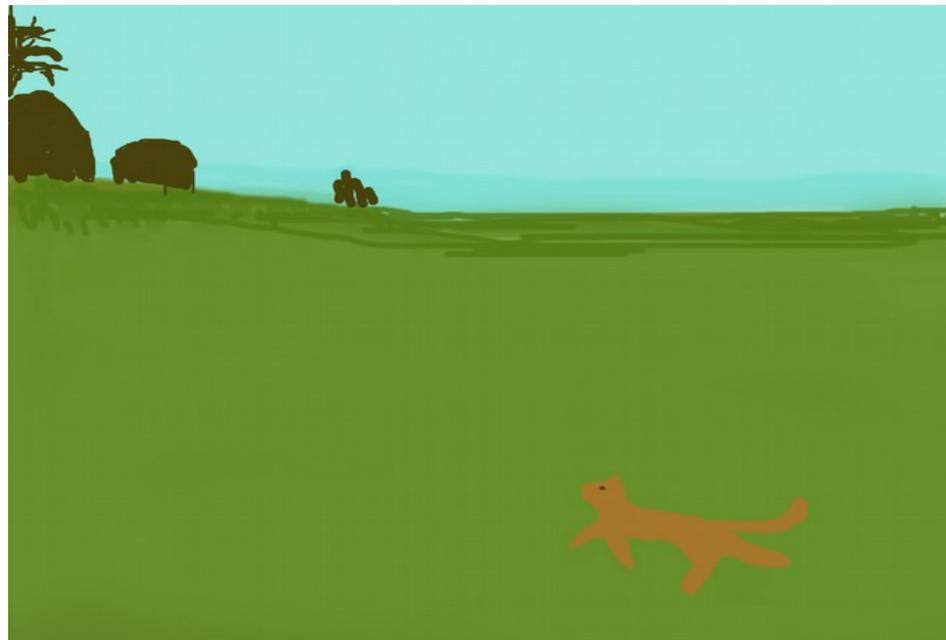
I waited for a train to stop and I jumped into an empty box car.

I did not know if the train would take me to the prairie but I thought that anywhere would be better than the dirty polluted place where I was - where there was no clean water and plastic everywhere.

I was very tired from not having a quiet place to sleep so I curled up on some hay and went to sleep.

When I woke up the train had stopped. I could see prairie. I was so happy. I jumped off and ran.

I could smell grass and trees. I ran and ran until the familiar scents took me to where I was born.



I found my home, but it was different now. On both sides of my prairie field were piles and piles of old cars and machinery.

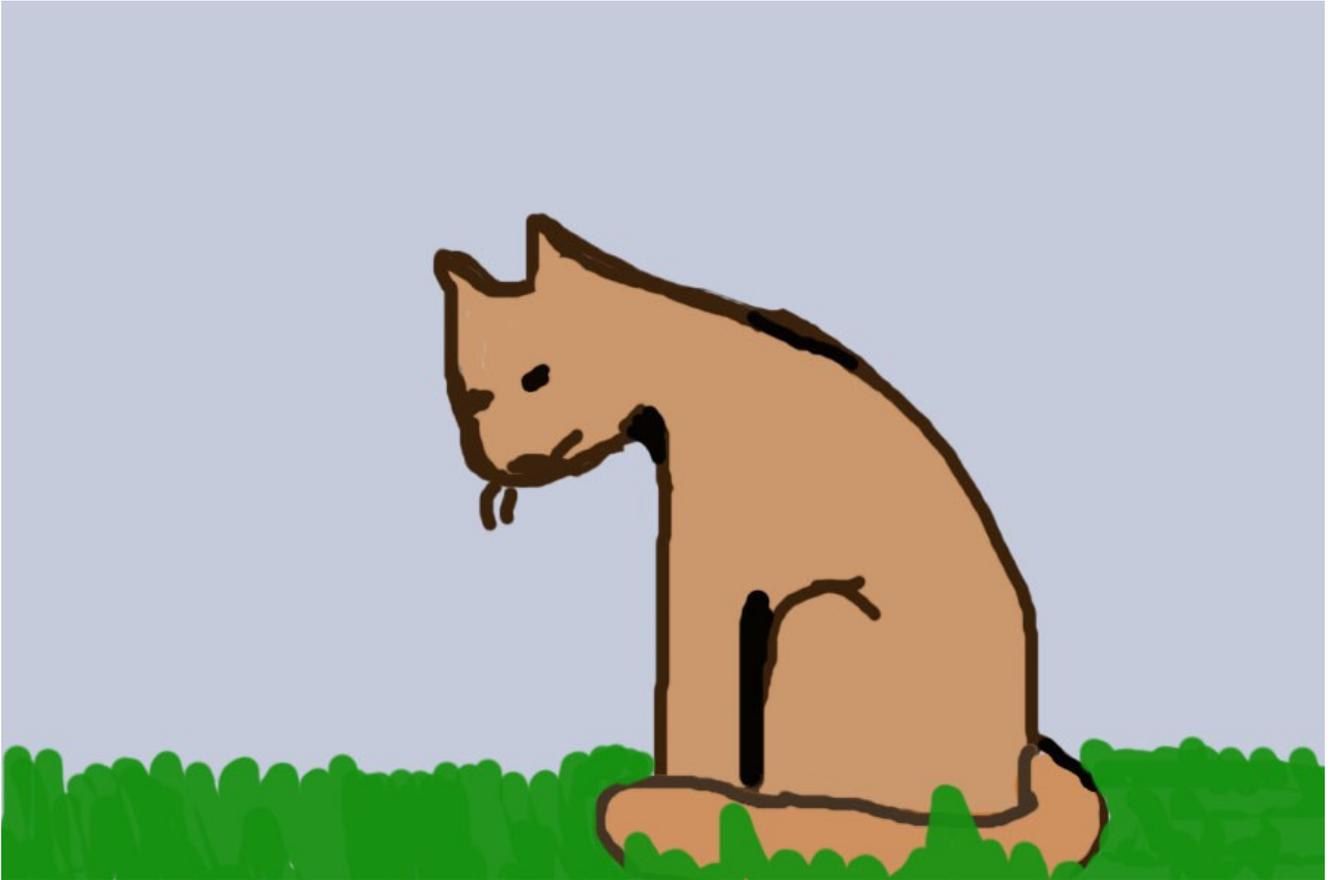
At first I was so happy to be home. But then I noticed, that the sky was not as blue. There was a haze that hung over the prairie field that made me cough and hurt my eyes. The house was still there, but no one lived in it. The chickens were gone. The birch trees that lined the field were gone. The big maples were dying. The country road that was in front was now a paved street with noisy big trucks going up and down. Behind the field was a big highway with lots of cars, making the air stink with pollution.



The water from the well that was there was now almost as polluted as it was in the city.

The world I had known had changed and I knew it would never be the same.

I sat in the grass on the piece of prairie that I loved so much and again I got very sad.



Then I decided that maybe I can't change the world - but I would do my best to protect *this* piece of land.

There were still some mice and birds around and I invited them to come and stay with me.



They invited more birds and mice and other animals.

The birds brought seeds so that more trees and other plants could grow.



I called more cats to come. Then some dogs, deer, and elk that were in the area, saw the birds flying to our prairie and they came to see what was going on.

All the animals that wanted life to change came to see what was happening and they stayed.

Together we decided that we would protect this piece of the prairie no matter what it took.

The trees, plants, and grass grew.

Different kinds of animals all lived happily together on my piece of the prairie. It made me so happy.

The animals that could, had babies and we began to multiply.



The cats loved to hide in the grass and climb the trees. The large animals lived along the edges and protected us by blocking the machines from coming in.

We hoped that eventually there would be so many of us that we could take back more and more of the prairie and maybe in time - we *could* change the world

