









And that's Cranky Kitty, my home-mate.

We live in the same home, you know?
Oh!

I know what you're thinking.

But don't be fooled by that adorable smile, you know his first name now, don't you?





He made juice for Grandma!





And even ironed his clothes for Mr Howell!

"Dirty, stinky Cranky.

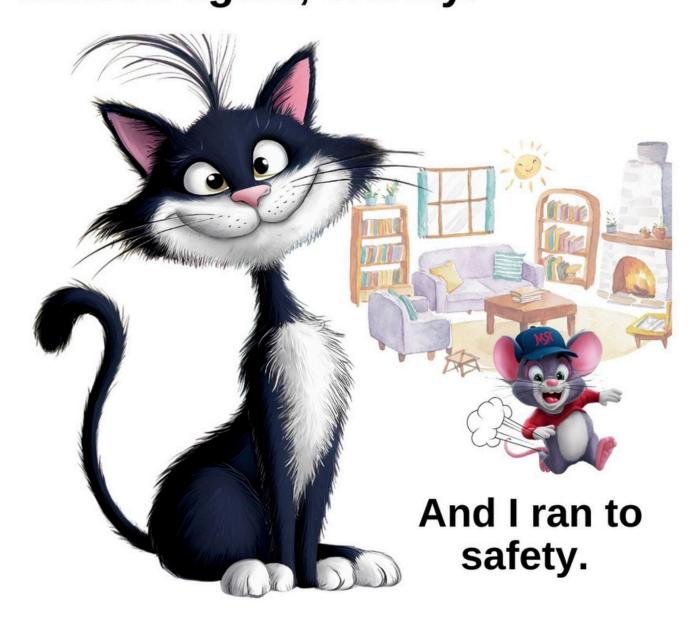
Off you go right now,"

cried Mrs Bimnibim,

who walked in behind her.



With that, peace jumped right out of the window! Cranky returned to being himself again, cranky.





He leaped on the guest's lap and exhibited his teeth-brushing skills.