



Greetings from Banksy!

My name is Banksy. If you wonder why I'm named after a mysterious graffiti artist, just think stray cats and patio screen doors. Yep, I did that.

I don't know how I ended up a homeless cat in PebbleCreek. Apparently, there is a network of cat lovers here who saw me and reported my whereabouts to The Pet Companion's Club. I remained elusive for months. But I kept going back to one of my favorite patios where a couple of cats stared at me from the other side of the window. When I'd visit, a little bowl of food would appear by the door. Then one night the food was inside a cage. I wanted that food so badly; I didn't even realize it was a trap. When the trapdoor closed, I was so scared that I created quite a disturbance. I jumped and scooted that trap all around the patio. When the ladies came to check on me, they thought I was a wild, untamed cat. After a trip to the vet, and an overnight in the garage, they released me. That's the rule for cats that are too wild to be pets. At that time, I wasn't giving any clues that I could live in someone's house.

That was in October 2023. It took about a year of returning to my favorite patio (now as a reformed man and no longer marking territory) when I gradually started feeling safe enough to be touched. Then I got so comfortable I let them put a collar on me. Little did I know it had an Apple tracker on it! That was the end of my privacy. My whereabouts were shared with family, friends and neighbors. Everyone was interested in where Ole Banksy was going every night. They learned that I was spending a lot of time in the model home complex. It was like a playground to me – things to chase, trees to climb, and no one to bother me if I spent the night on the plush patio furniture.

Well after a year or so, I got brave enough to go inside the house to eat my bowl of food and meet the other cats who lived there. Now it's 2025 and I am proud to say that I no longer stray from my new home. Those two cats that stared at me through the window are now my new brothers. They think I'm Fonzie. I tell them about my adventures, and they look up to me. I'm a gentle, purring, muscular guy. I enjoy belly rubs and I run to get in line for morning combing. I no longer worry about where my next meal is coming from. Here is a photo of me wearing my apple tracker. I think the tracker can be safely removed. I'm home to stay.