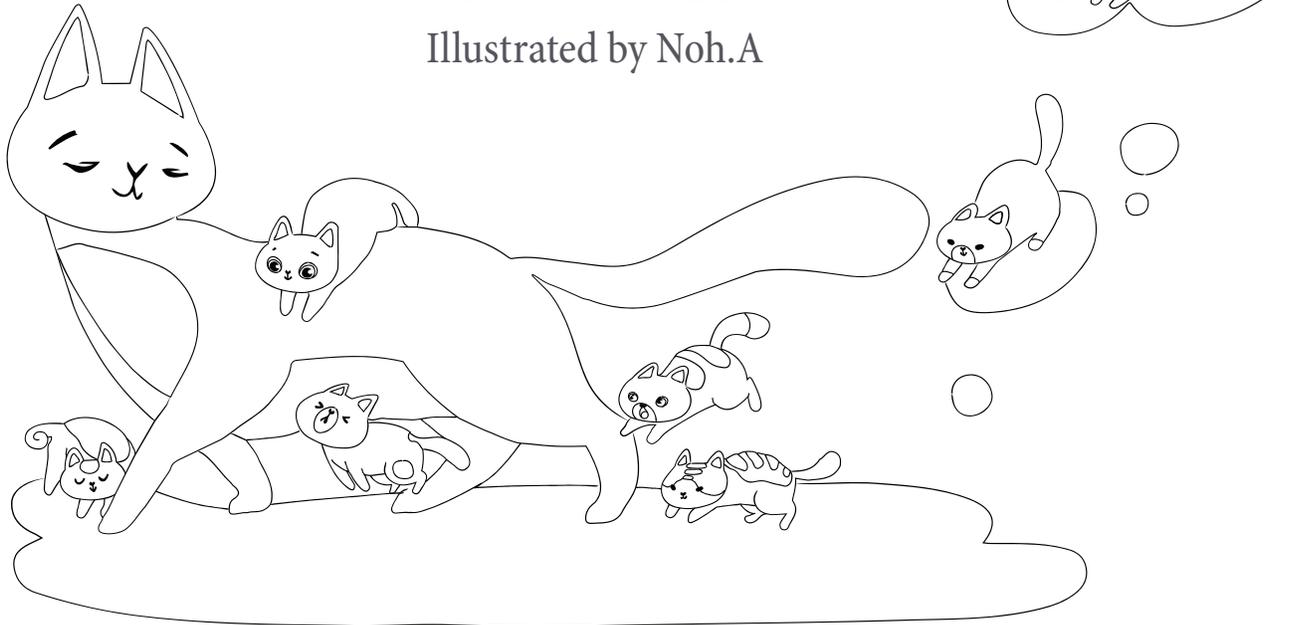


# Dizzy Lizzie

Kat E. Erikson

Illustrated by Noh.A



Dizzy Lizzie Coloring Book

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Published by



**Dizzy**  
**Lizzie**

**U**nder an old house  
in a dark, wee den  
with cobwebs in the corner and dirt underfoot  
lived a mama cat  
and her nine kittens:  
Kimba, Chinky, Doodle, and Twink,  
Chatterly, Squeaky, Whizzy, and Bink,  
and the littlest, Dizzy Lizzie.

The kittens were always hungry.  
But Lizzie was so little, it was hard to get her turn.  
“I want Mama’s milk too!” she cried.



But the other kittens suckled away as if Lizzie were a flea.

So Dizzy Lizzie threw a tizzy.

She pawed and clawed.

She bit and spit.

She threw a hissy fit.

But still the other kittens hogged the milk.

“I won’t give up!” Lizzie vowed.

“No matter how teeny-tiny I am—  
no matter how weebly-wobbly I am—  
I’ll find a way!”

Then Lizzie heard a sound.

SNEEE DEEE WOOO-HOO-HOO.



Her biggest sister, Kimba, had fallen asleep!  
Lizzie wriggled in and took Kimba's place.  
Ah! Lizzie gulped down warm, sweet milk.

Lizzie felt another rumble.  
Not a hunger grumble, but PURRRRS!  
Lizzie purred as she drank Mama's milk.  
She purred as she kneaded Mama's belly.  
She purred as Mama's tongue smoothed Lizzie's brow.

Now Lizzie knew she only had to wait  
until Kimba took her after-dinner nap.  
Then Lizzie would wriggle in and drink up.

For a few purr-filled days,  
Dizzy Lizzie had no tizzies,  
and all the kittens filled their bellies  
with warm Mama's milk  
and snuggled together  
in their dark, wee den  
under the old house.



Then one day Mama was off hunting for her dinner when  
SMACK! BOOM! BAM!

Timbers split and rained to the ground.

A wooden beam fell between Lizzie and Kimba.

Sunlight dazzled Lizzie's eyes.

“Kimba!”

Lizzie shrieked. Lizzie wailed.

“Stop the wrecking ball!” came a shout.

The shaking and quaking stopped.

A shadow loomed overhead.



A hand scooped Lizzie UP, UP, UP.

“A kitten!”

Lizzie blinked in the sun.

Other men lifted Chinky, Doodle, and Twink,

Chatterly, Squeaky, Whizzy, and Bink,

and at last Kimba!

But where was Mama?

Lizzie peered down.

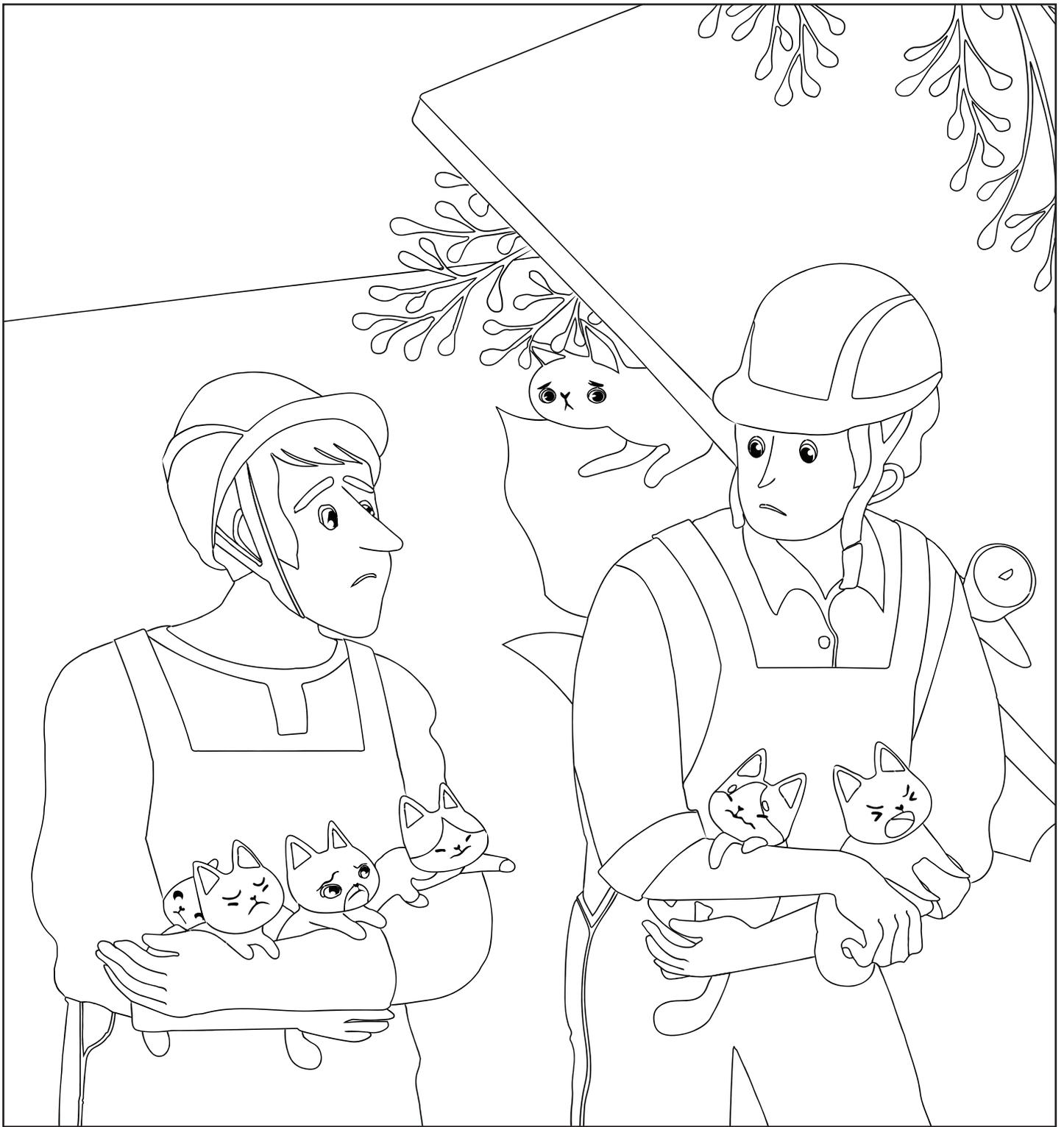
Mama was crouching behind the rubble!

Lizzie cried, “Mama!”

All the kittens cried, “Mama!”

But the men didn’t pick up Mama.

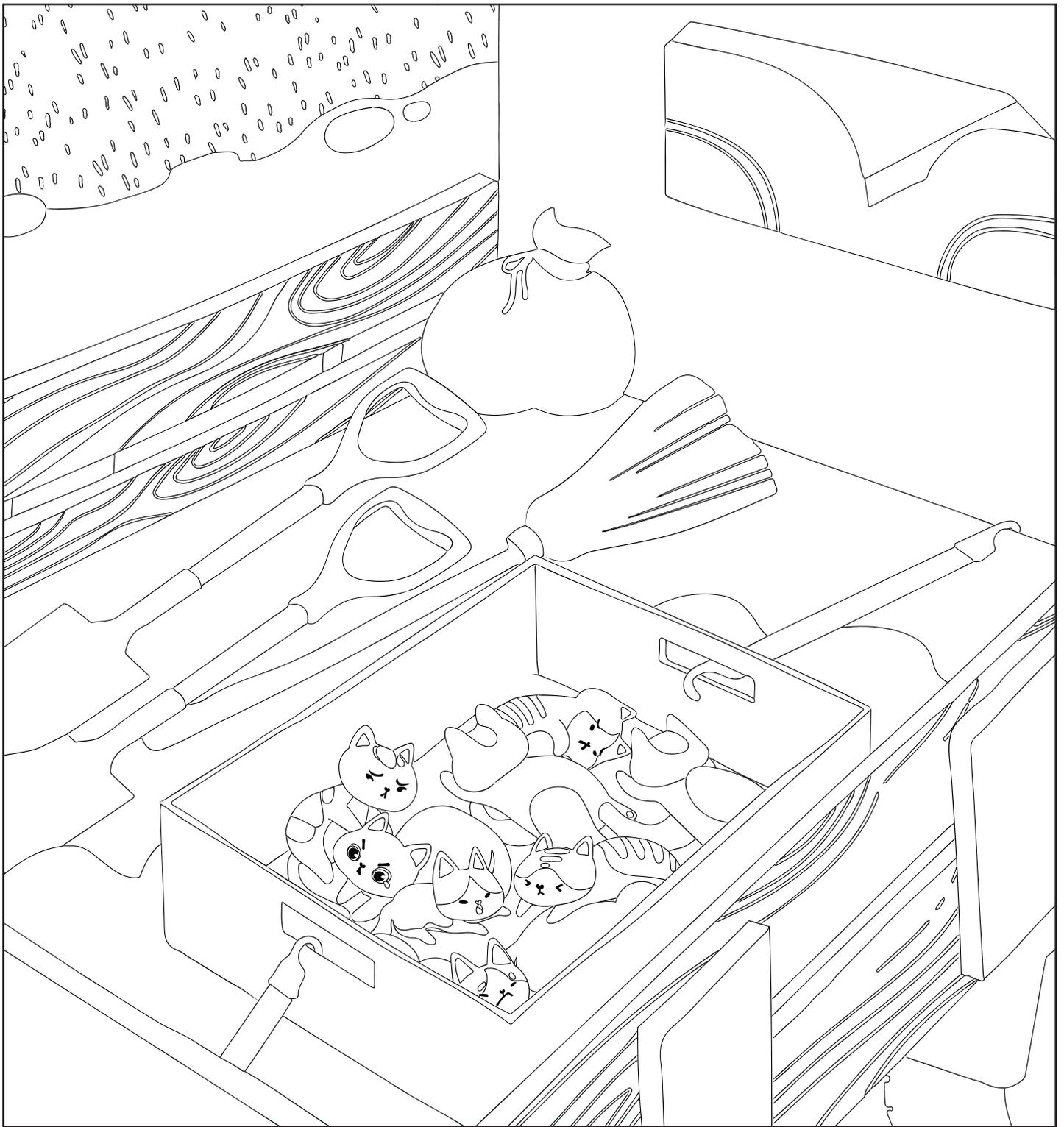
They carried the kittens AWAY from Mama!



Lizzie pawed and clawed.  
She bit and spit.  
She threw a hissy fit.  
But the men didn't stop.  
They tucked the kittens inside a box  
and put it in a truck  
and drove the kittens away.  
Far away from Mama.

The world whizzed by.  
Lizzie lurched and cried.  
But Kimba licked Lizzie's brow  
and Lizzie didn't feel quite so dizzy.

At last the bumpy ride shuddered to a stop.



The men carried the box of kittens inside.  
Not inside a dark, wee den  
with cobwebs in the corner,  
but inside a big shiny room.

A woman nestled Lizzie in her lap.  
She pressed a bottle to her lips.  
Lizzie drank and drank.  
She missed Mama.  
But never, ever had Lizzie been FIRST  
to get milk!



Weeks passed and the kittens grew  
as the Bottle Woman nursed the litter.  
One day a lady came and took Chinky and Doodle away.  
Next a family came and took Bink and Whizzy away.  
All the kittens were adopted  
until only Lizzie  
and Kimba were left.



KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

A lady came inside.

She wore a scarf  
light as a cloud.

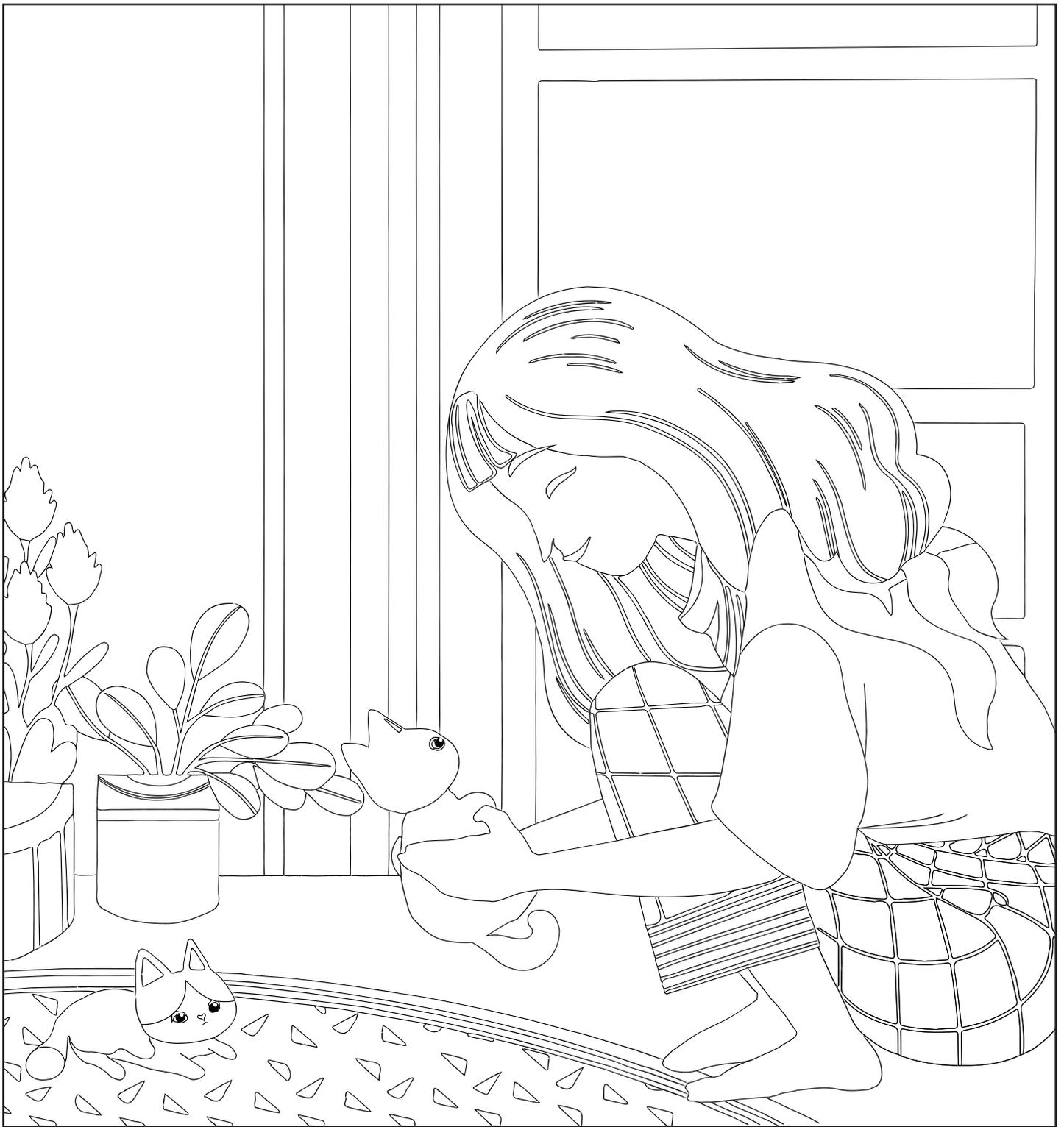
It floated across her shoulder as she kneeled down  
to pick Kimba UP, UP, UP.

“I can’t lose Kimba too!”

Lizzie almost bit and spit.

She almost threw a hissy fit.

But she didn’t.



Instead Lizzie pounced on Kimba  
and the two furballs somersaulted across the floor.

“See how they love to play?” said the Bottle Woman.

“Why not adopt both?”

“But I only planned to adopt one.

My place is so small.

I’d better only take the big kitten.”

The Scarf Lady picked up Kimba  
and walked out the door.



“I won’t give up!”

Lizzie vowed.

“No matter how teeny-tiny I am—  
no matter how weebly-wobbly I am—  
I’ll find a way!”

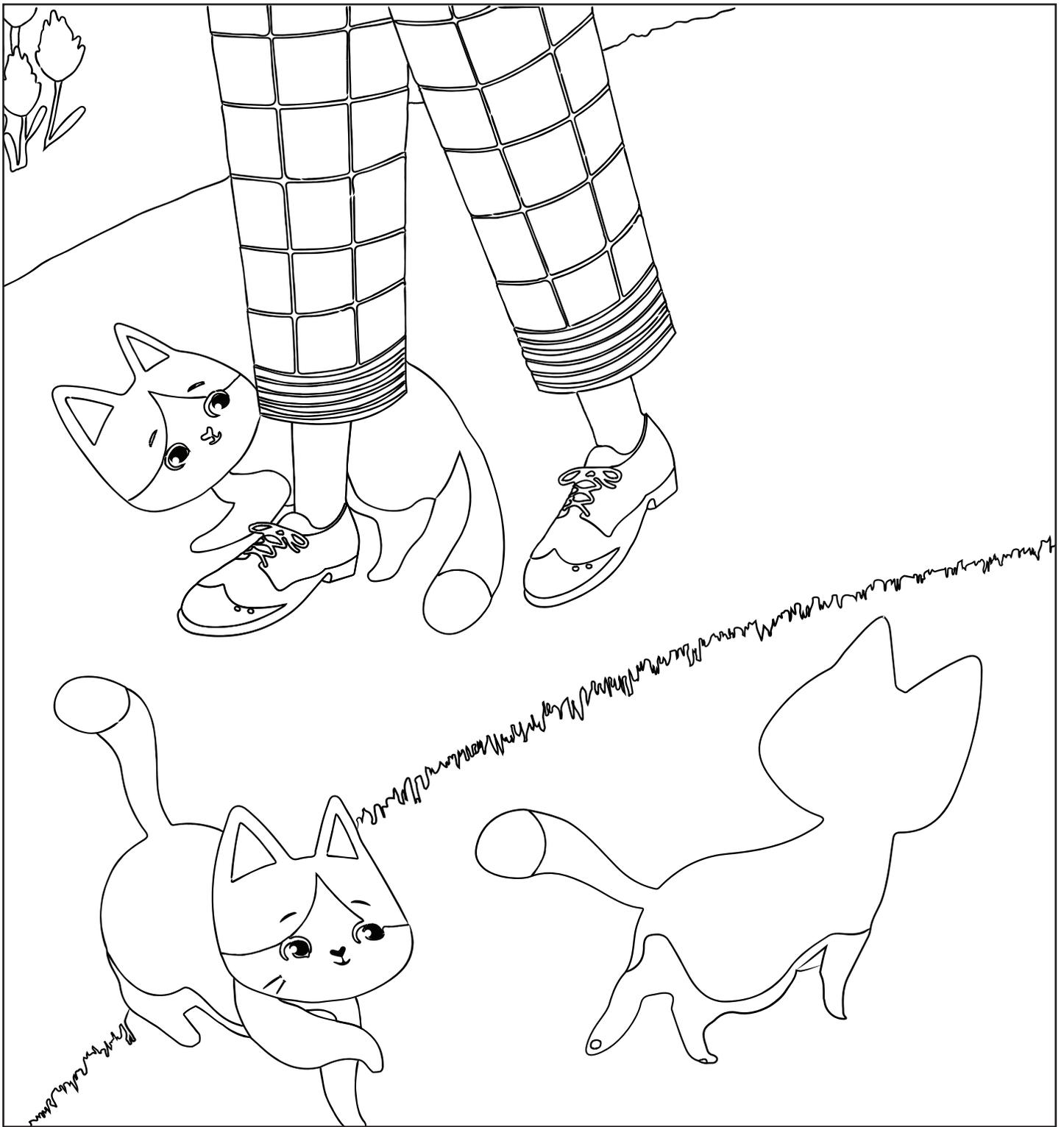
Lizzie dashed between the Scarf Lady’s legs  
and outside to the grass.

Lizzie flirted and clowned and flipped upside down.

“See how she adores her sister?” said the Bottle Woman.

The Scarf Lady laughed.

“I know how she feels.”

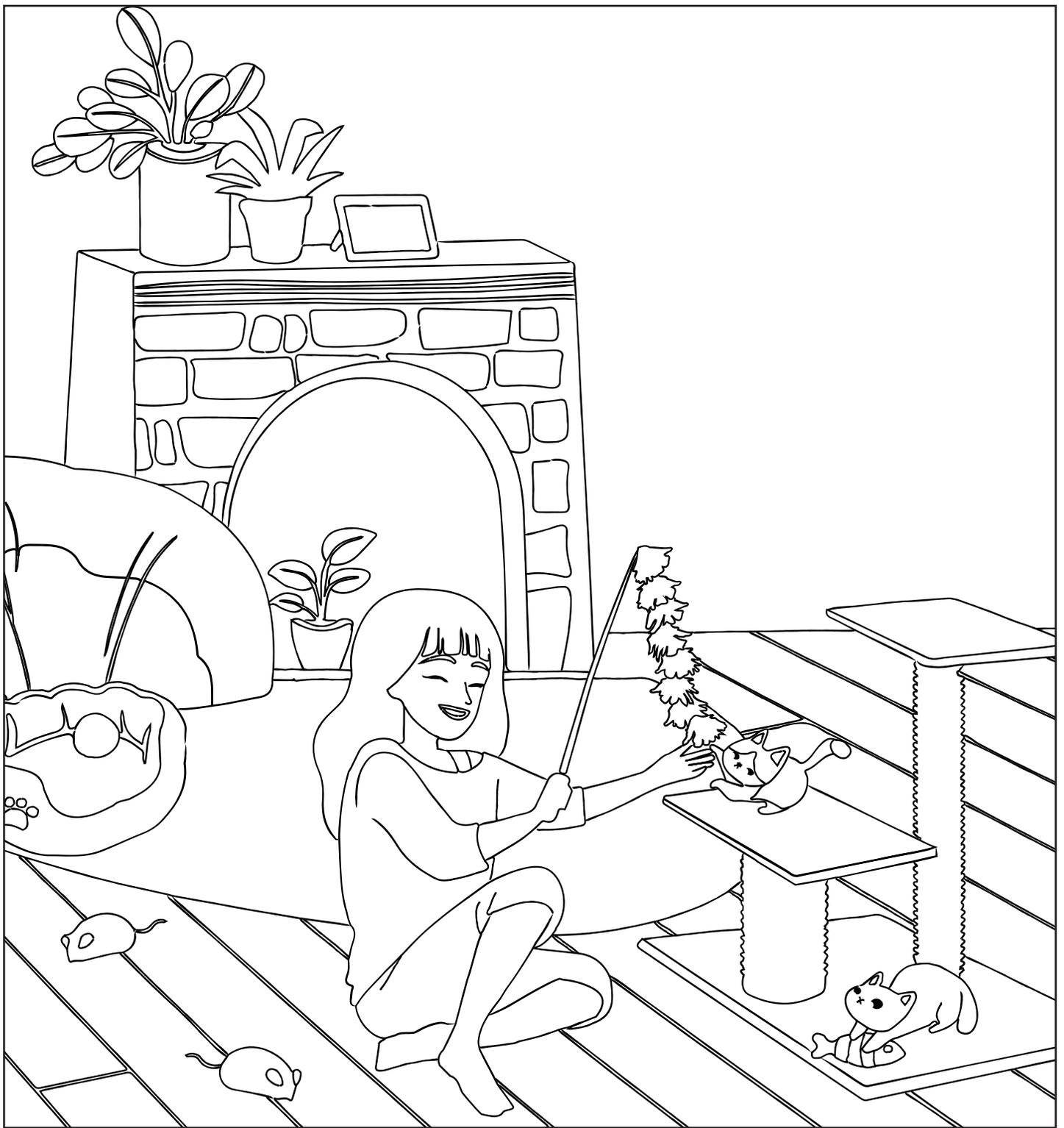


Then she snuggled Kimba under one arm—  
and picked up Lizzie with the other!

The Scarf Lady took the sisters home  
to a cozy, sunlit room  
with toys in the corner and carpet underfoot.  
Lizzie quivered. She wasn't sure what to think.

Then the Scarf Lady smoothed Lizzie's brow.  
She scratched under Lizzie's whiskers.  
She wiggled a fuzzy toy  
and giggled as Lizzie pounced on it.

Then Kimba pounced on Lizzie  
and the two furballs somersaulted across the carpet.



So every day the kittens cuddled and played  
and purred and kneaded away  
with the Scarf Lady,  
until soon she wasn't the Scarf Lady anymore,  
but just  
Mama.

