Written for the Internet Keep Safe Coalition • Illustrated by J. Chad Erekson Foreword by Richard Paul Evans



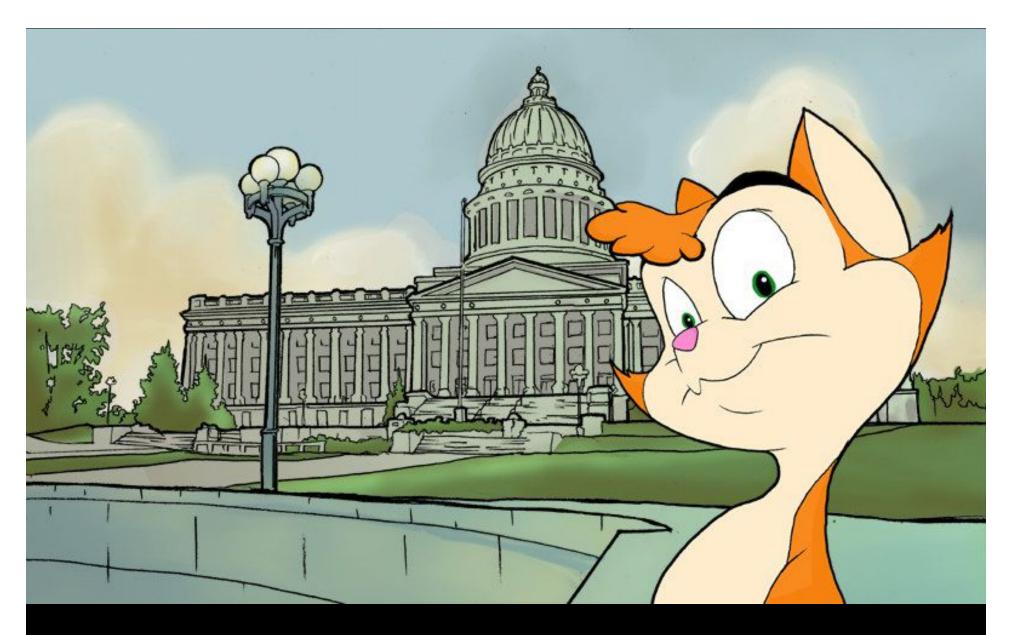
iKeepSafe.org





Hello, I'm Faux Paw the Techno Cat.





I used to live in the animal shelter, but not anymore. The governor rescued me. Now the state capitol building is my home.





I live in the governor's office where I'm an important part of the team. There's a big ball of yarn that I'm in charge of. And when the governor's had a tough day, I sit at his feet. I can tell he feels better.



You say my name "foe-paw." In France the word *faux pas* means mistake or false step, but I'm named Faux Paw because I have an extra toe on each of my front paws. (Get it?) Everybody makes *faux pas* sometimes, but let me tell you about a really big mistake I made.



It happened on the computer. Most people don't put cats and computers together, but I'm the Techno Cat for a good reason. I'm a computer whiz! At night when everyone goes home, the governor lets me use his laptop. I am sooo good at games.



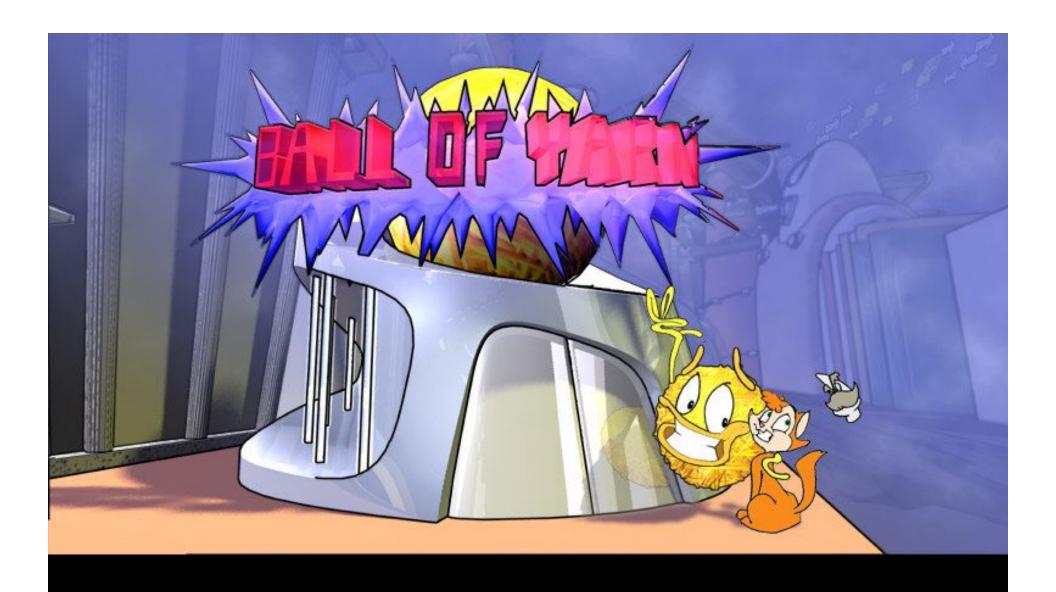
One night I was cruising around Internet City using my favorite part of the computer—the mouse! LOL. (On the Internet, that means "laugh out loud." Sometimes I even make myself LOL.)



While I was mousing around, "I bumped into the governor's old friend, Cursor. He and the governor work together all the time.

"Howdy, Faux Paw," he said. "Don't forget—the Internet is like a big city. Some places are safe, other places aren't, and it's important to know the difference."





But how could I listen to Cursor? Right before my eyes was the Ball-of-Yarn Chat Room—a dream come true! Flashing signs, piles of yarn, free catnip giveaways! And . . .





... a new friend: Happy Fluffy Kittyface! Words just showed up on my screen. "Hello, Faux Paw," she typed, "I'm Happy Fluffy Kittyface. Wanna chat?" So I typed back: "Oh, Kittyface, I haven't had anyone to talk to all day. Everyone's so busy here."





"That's okay," she typed, "I'd love to be your Internet friend. I like to purr in the sunshine and play with yarn, how about you?"

"THAT'S MY FAVORITE THING IN ALL THE WORLD!" I shouted back.





"Faux Paw," she asked, "maybe we go to the same school. Do you go to Meow-Meow Elementary?"

I was about to tell her that I go to Cool Cats Elementary, but Cursor jumped in: "No, Faux Paw! Never tell anyone on the Internet the name of your school!" "Silly Cursor," I thought, "he loves to say things like that—he's such a worrier."

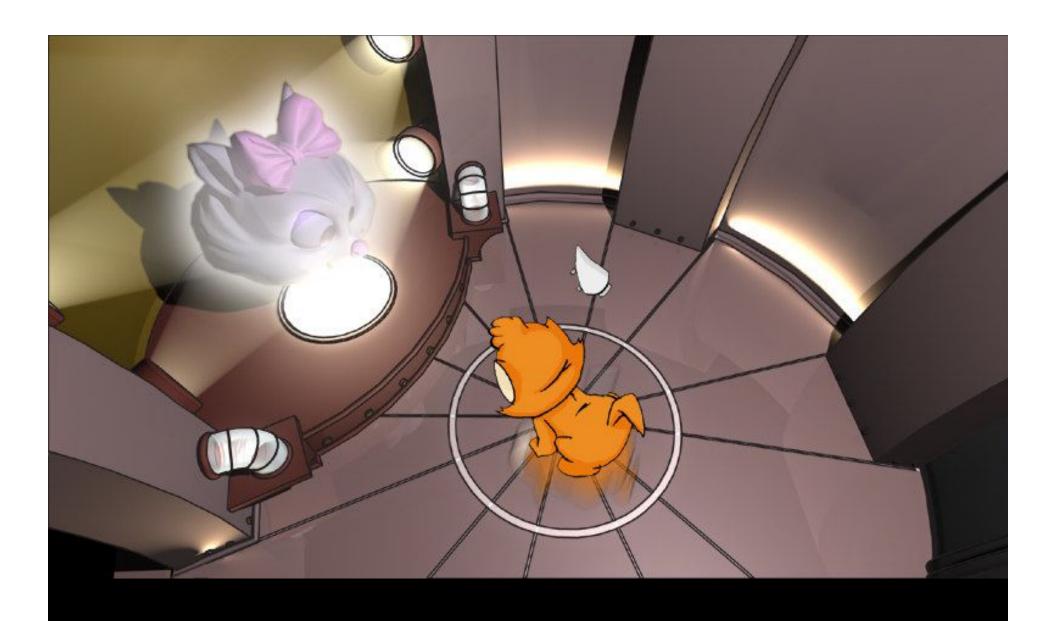




Luckily, Kittyface was still there. She typed, "Faux Paw, I have a new ball of yarn—bright red—wanna see it?"

"Oh, yes! I'd love to see your yarn," I typed.





"Let's play," she typed. "I'll bring my yarn, and you bring yours. Maybe we can watch a movie. Where do you live?"





Cursor was going crazy by now. "No, Faux Paw! he said. "Never give your name, address, phone number, the name of your school, or even a picture of yourself to anyone on the Internet."

I thought, "Cursor just doesn't understand—Happy Fluffy Kittyface is my friend." So I kept typing: "Let's meet by the lamp post in front of the capitol building."





"Stop, Faux Paw! Never, *never* meet anyone you've found in a chat room!" But I thought I knew better than silly Cursor. "Sorry, Cursor, got to go. I have a new best friend to meet," I said.

"Faux Paw! I'm worried! I'd better alert the governor!" he said as I ran out the door.





When I got to the lamp post, it was a lot darker than I thought it would be. "Where's Happy Fluffy Kittyface?" I thought.





I can't wait to show her my official pillow by the governor's desk and the candy machines in the basement. I wonder if her ball of yarn is bigger than mine."





Then, a voice came from behind me. It wasn't a happy, fluffy voice.





It was a low, terrible growl. "Hullo, Faux Paw, I'm Happy Fluffy . . .





"...Kittyface!"



I ran as fast as my four legs and twenty-two toes would carry me, but it wasn't fast enough!

"Where can I hide? Somebody, help! Cursor!" I screamed.

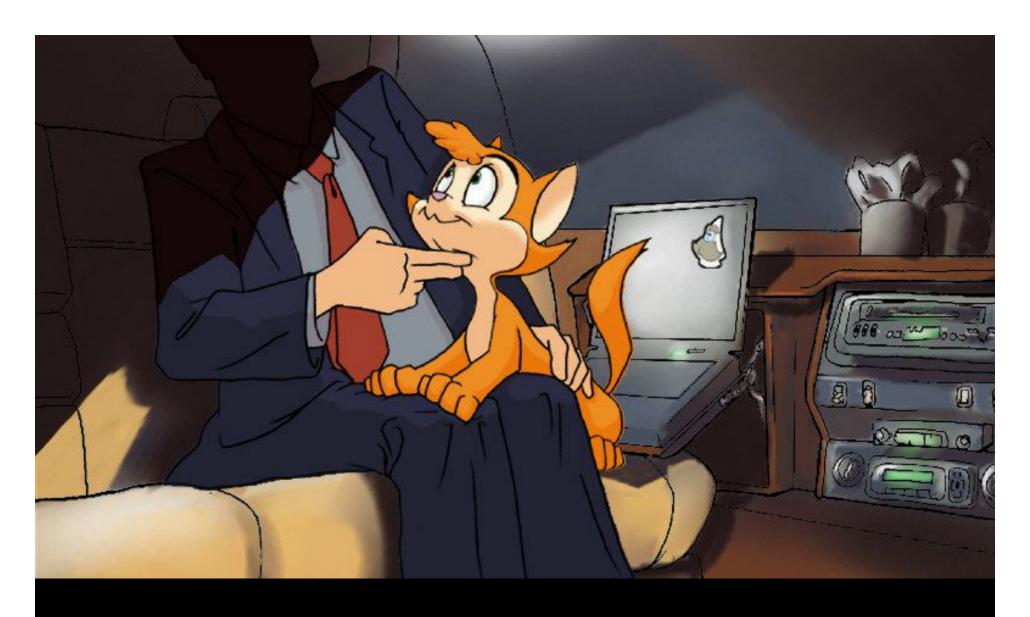




Just when I thought I was doomed, the governor's car screeched around the corner. He threw open the door and yelled, "Hurry, Faux Paw!"

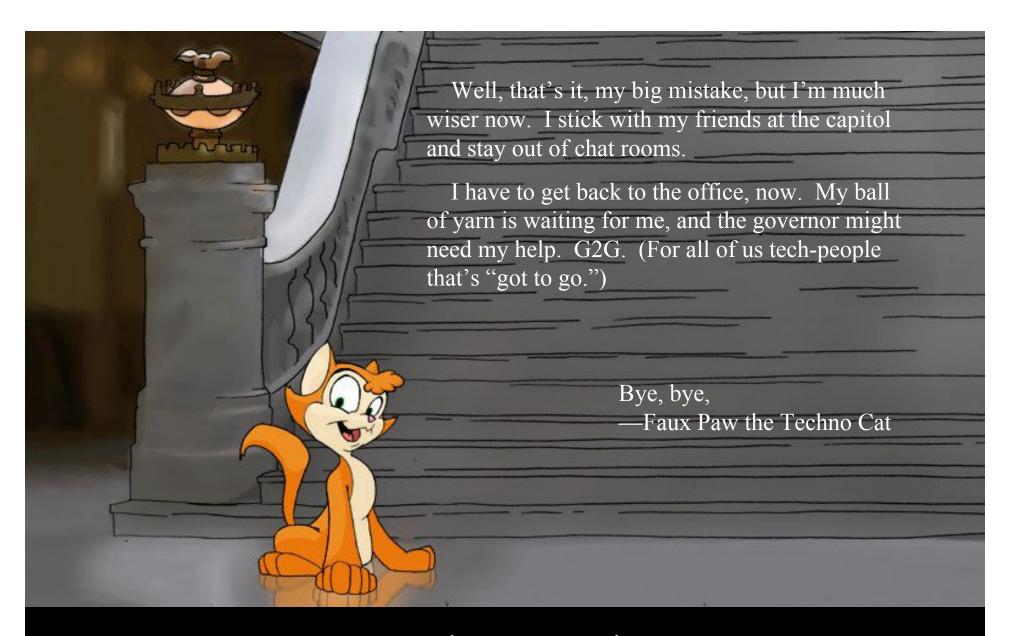
I jumped straight into the arms of the governor, someone I knew I could trust.





"Wow, am I glad to see you!" I said. "Kittyface almost ate me alive." "You were lucky tonight, Faux Paw," said the governor. "You've got a good friend in Cursor."





The End



Howdy kids! I'm your friend, Cursor. Remember, the Internet is like a big city with great places to go, but you have to be careful. That's why we have three rules for Internet safety:

Keep Safe • Keep Away • Keep Telling

I Keep Safe my personal information—all of it! I never give my real name, address, phone number, the name of my school, or a picture of myself to anyone online.

I Keep Away from Internet strangers— no matter what they tell me, because I have no way of knowing who they really are. I don't talk with them online, and I never meet them face-to-face.

I Keep Telling my parents or a trusted adult about everything I see on the Internet. I always tell them when something makes me uncomfortable.

... So long friends.

If you want to read more about Faux Paw the Techno Cat and Internet safety, check out the iKeepSafe website:

www.iKeepSafe.org





Keep Safe • Keep Away • Keep Telling

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