

My Mistress looked, and said, "Why, this is Kitty come back after so long." The young lady said, "We don't want a cat now we have the dog." They then chased me away.

I thought, "Now I will try and find my way to my old home where I was so happy; perhaps I will see little Igoes again. So after a long journey I found myself once more in the garden. Everything looked changed now. The hill was still there and the porch, but no plate left out for the homeless, and the two chairs were not on the porch. I called for Igoes. He had also gone—a victim to little Jack's shotgun. I learned that he had been found under a tree, cold and stiff. Mistress had him put in a hole in the lane before leaving. She had kept the secret from me. She felt sad about little Igoes. The man that dug the hole asked if the package contained a little dog. Mistress said, "No, a little pet cat." The man answered, "Oh, don't feel so sad over a cat, Mum. They says they have nine lives. It may be that it will come back to you again some day."

Now, instead of hearing my old Mistress's voice, I heard a great noise. A troop of boys and girls were playing in the garden. They also kept a dog. I hid myself until dark and went up on the hill where I used to sleep, to rest. It felt cold and damp. I went on the fence and looked for the English lord's Sir Thomas, or Three Paws. He was no longer there. There was a little spot in the English lord's garden covered with flowers, in the