

The Story of Peter, a Cat.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.



I WAS born in Canada in a shed on a lonely lane. We lived alone, Mother and I; our nearest neighbour, who was a black dog—and therefore called Black—and who lived in a small house in a large yard, being a block away. He was the only friend Mother had. He used to call her Kitty; Mother and Black called me Baby. When Mother was out in search of food, Black would come to our shed and play with me. He would often leave a bone for Mother to bring home to me. I asked Mother one day to let me go and see Black. I jumped and ran to show her what I could do, and as I was much bigger and stronger than she was, I did not wish to be called Baby. She told me not to move from the shed when she was out, as she was afraid of bad boys.

One night Mother had gone off as usual to search for our supper. While she was gone I felt lonely