

THE KITTENS

Hello, my name is Snowball—Miss Snowball Kitkin a member of the Kitkin Kitten Family.

I was named Snowball because I look like a snowball. Soft and fluffy and pure white all over.

There are four of us altogether—Kitty, Tabby, Fluffy, and me.

When we were very little, we used to live up in the stable loft with our Mother, and she used to teach us all the things a growing cat should know.

We did not like learning very much and can't say we always listened quite as well as we should.

It was awful having to wash our faces every morning, and I used to wish I was black like Kitty, then I need not have been so particular, but Mother said that was all nonsense. Kitty had to clean just as much as I did.

When we were clean and tidy, we had breakfast out of the brown saucer; we liked that, especially when the farmers wife remembered to sweeten the milk with lumps of sugar.

As soon as we were old enough to go out by ourselves, we had lots of fun.

But one day Tabby very nearly got himself into trouble.

Tabby, you see, was rather a bold, bad kitten; he was always wanting to fight people, and one day he thought it would be a good idea to tease Mike.

Mike was the black and white fox terrier, who thought highly of himself; but Tabby did not care a bit what he thought, so he just stood in front of him, stuck up his tail, and—hissed as hard and loud as he could.

This was not at all what Mike was accustomed to, and he got stiff all over, and then—he growled and showed his teeth. In another minute I think he would have gone for Tabby, had not Miss Daisy picked him up and carried him off. Tabby never told me, but I believe he was very glad to find himself out of Mike's reach.

I knew Miss Daisy had been given a dear little camera on her birthday, and that she was making pictures with it all day long, so one morning I went and sat on the wooden chair in the hall, just where the sun was shining very brightly. I sat quite still, and then Miss Daisy and her camera came along, as I felt sure they would, and I had my likeness taken. It did not hurt at all.

Oh how proud I was of myself after that, and Miss Daisy was so pleased with me for sitting so still that she gave me a beautiful blue ribbon to wear round my neck.

Alas! that blue ribbon was the cause of great trouble to me.

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I just jumped on the kitchen table to look at myself in the glass, and—I upset a bowl of milk that Mrs. Farmer had put out for a pudding.

I jumped after it, and—oh what a lovely feast I had; but my ribbon got all splashed and wet—I was in such a hurry—and that was how Mrs. Farmer found out it was I who had upset the milk. She would not let me go into the kitchen for three whole days afterwards.

I was so bored for those three days. You see, there were mice and all kinds of nice things in the kitchen, and my whiskers were growing fast, and that makes you feel that you want mice more than anything else almost.

On the third day I went and explored in a bedroom.

All kinds of funny things I found in it, and oh! such lovely slippers to play with.

I took one of these slippers, one with a big bow on the toe. I took it and hid it in the garden. It was a very difficult thing for a kitten to do, I can tell you, and I had to rest many times on the way, but I did it, and then I went and sat in the sun and watched, and what do you think I saw? Why, that mean dog person, Mike, must have seen all I did, for he went straight to where I had hidden it, and carried it off to the house. He received hugs and scratches and rubs and bones, while was all much to his liking after tattling on me. I do not like that dog Mike. Not one bit.

I soon forgot about Mike, because that turned out to be the night that Tabby and Fluffy had their “night out.”

It was in the summertime, and they had been playing all the evening on the lawn, and then they disappeared.

They never came in for supper, and they never came in for bed. We never saw a sign of them till the next morning, when they came back looking as proud as you please.

Then they told us what they had been doing. They had been having a mouse hunt in the kitchen.

They had hidden under the big armchair in which the farmer sits on Sundays, and then, when it was all quite dark and quiet, they had watched the big hole by the store cupboard.

In a little while, two fat mice had popped out, and then—the hunt began.

“We caught them both,” said Fluffy. “We had one each. Oh, what fun we had!”

Next time they go hunting, I am going, too.

I didn't have much time to ponder on that, though because this was the day Kitty and I had a most tremendous adventure. We went to the grand Show up in town with Miss Daisy.

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The journey was not a bit nice, but we kept very close to each other, and shut our eyes up tight, and tried to pretend we were not shut up in a basket, pretending we were instead under the farmer's chair, waiting for the mice to come out.

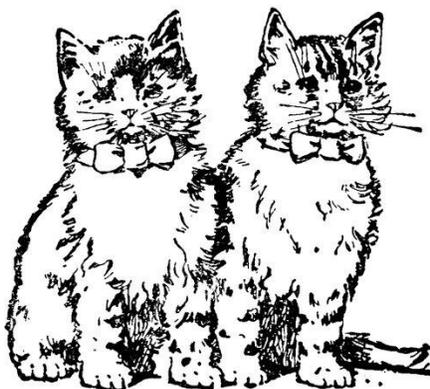
When we got to the Show, it was all a bit strange, but we soon got used to the noise and all the people.

"We must look our best, Kitty, Miss Daisy said so," I whispered.

And I supposed we did, because soon, a lady came and pinned a big white card, with "First Prize" on it, right in front of us.

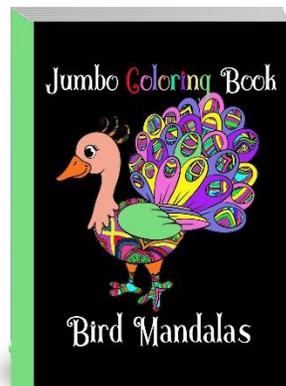
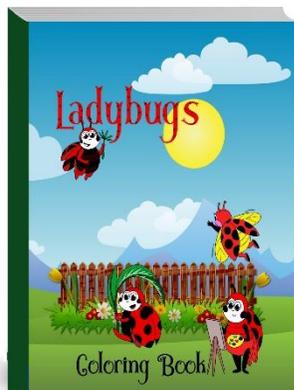
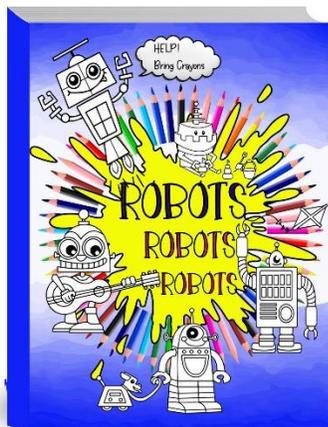
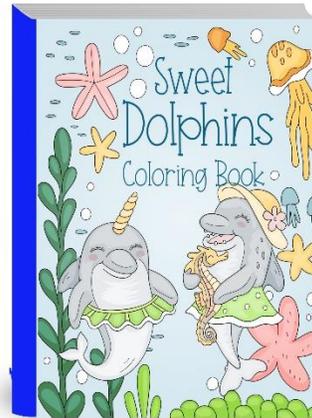
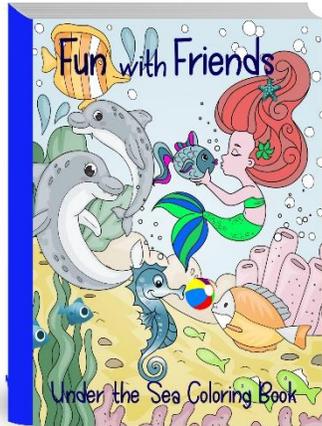
This is our picture. Don't you think we deserved the First Prize?

I do!



THE END

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