

Chapter One

MY **F**ATHER **M**EETS THE CAT

One cold **r**ainy day when my **f**ather was a **l**ittle boy, he met an old **a**lley cat on his street. The cat was **v**ery **d**rippy and **u**ncomfortable so my **f**ather said, "**W**ouldn't you like to come home with me?"

This **s**urprised the cat—she had **n**ever **b**efore met **a**nyone who cared **a**bout old **a**lley cats—but she said, "I'd be **v**ery much **o**bliged if I could sit by a warm **f**urnace, and **p**erhaps have a **s**aucer of milk."

"We have a **v**ery nice **f**urnace to sit by," said my **f**ather, "and I'm sure my **m**other has an **e**xtra **s**aucer of milk."



My **f**ather and the cat **b**ecame good friends but my **f**ather's **m**other was **v**ery **u**pset **a**bout the cat. She **h**ated cats, **p**articularly **u**gly **o**ld **a**lley cats. "**E**lmer **E**levator," she said to my **f**ather, "if you think **I**'m **g**oing to give that cat a **s**aucer of milk, you're **v**ery wrong. Once you start **f**eeding stray **a**lley cats you might as well **e**xpect to **f**eed **e**very stray in town, and **I** am not **g**oing to do it!"