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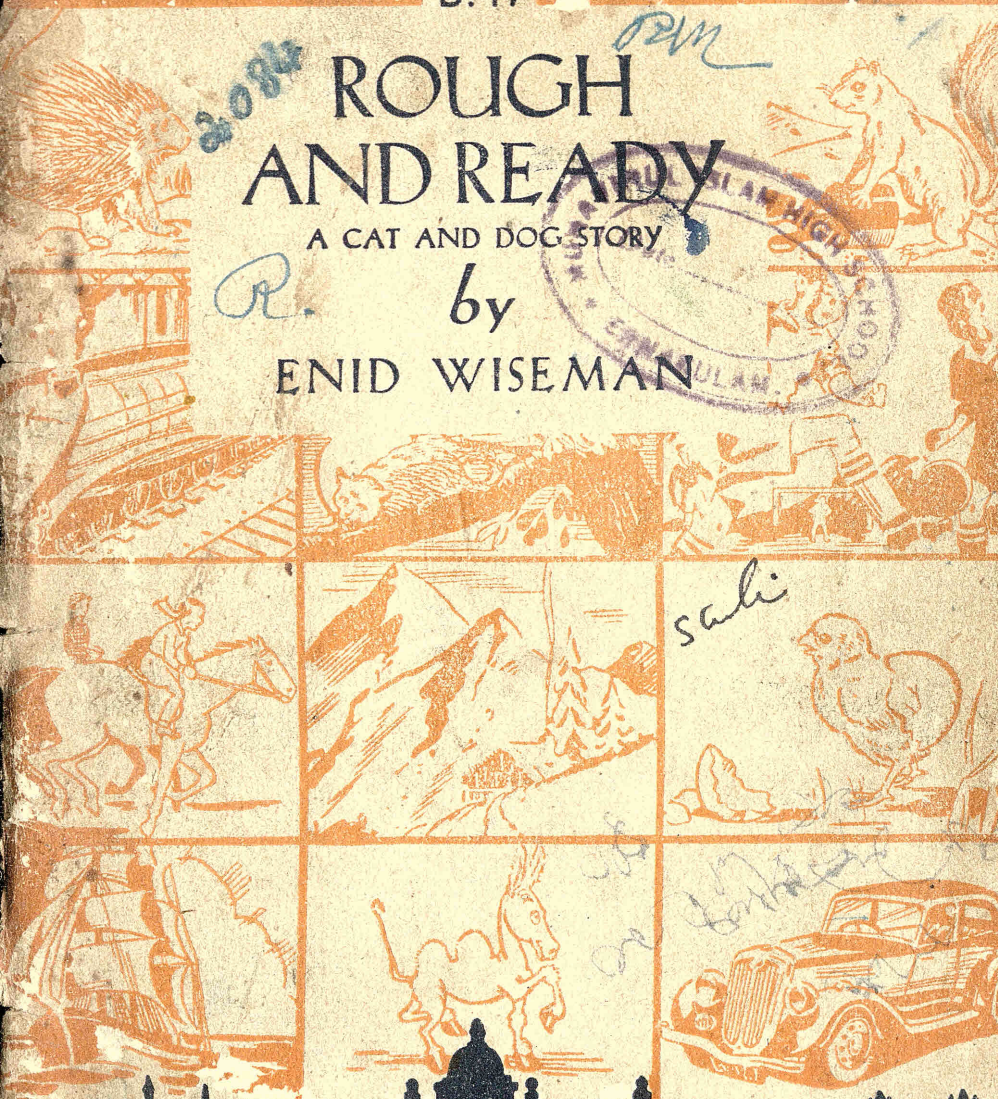
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ROUGH AND READY

A CAT AND DOG STORY

by

ENID WISEMAN



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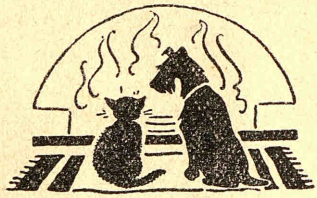
is a good book.

2084

BY

ENID WISEMAN

NIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date 15/8/74
ERNAKULAM.



With Illustrations by JOAN GALE THOMAS

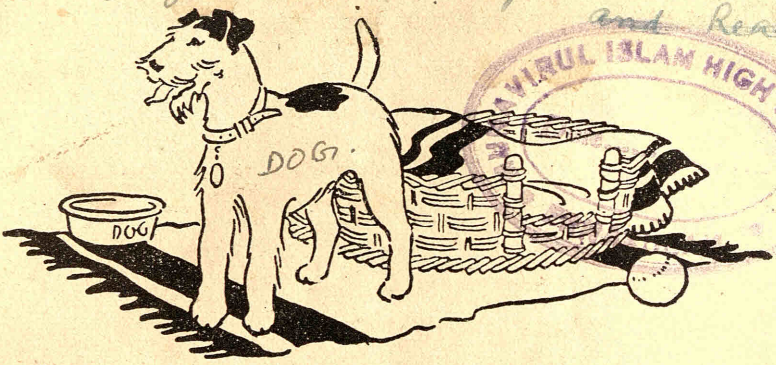
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ANWARUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL

Chapter 1

WHO I AM ?

My name is Rough. I am a wire-haired terrier. Would you like to know what I look like ?

I am not very big, and I have a rough white coat with one black patch on my head and another on my back. My legs are very straight and hairy, and I have a lovely little white beard. Do you see it in the picture ?

I live in the country with the family I belong to. I am glad I don't live in the town. The country has such lovely smells, and I can go for long walks.

I love my family, and they love me. They fetched me from my mother when I was a tiny puppy, only two months old. I didn't want to leave my mother, and I cried all the first night. But I soon began to feel more happy, because everyone was so kind.

I have a kennel in the garden and a basket in the kitchen. When the weather is cold I sleep in the kitchen, but in the summer I like to sleep outside. I am not allowed to sit on the chairs. But sometimes, when no one is about, I jump on to one and have a cosy nap. If anyone finds me, I get into trouble.

I am very proud of my collar. My master bought it for me. It is bright green. It has a brass plate on it, with my name and address. On the front ring hangs my Tail-Wagger's badge. I like to be a member of the Tail Waggers' Club, because I am a happy dog, and I wag my tail rather a lot. My mistress sometimes says I shall wag it off one day.

I should like to tell you about my family now. Would you like to hear about them?

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NUNAVIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date
ERNAKULAM

Chapter 2

MY FAMILY

My master's name is John. He is rather grown-up, and will be leaving school soon.

His sister Susan is my mistress. She is about two years younger than John. They are very great friends, and they like to share things. I cost rather a lot of money, and John and Susan paid half each.

When they came to fetch me, they brought a basket and a shawl. Susan wrapped me in the shawl and put me in the basket.



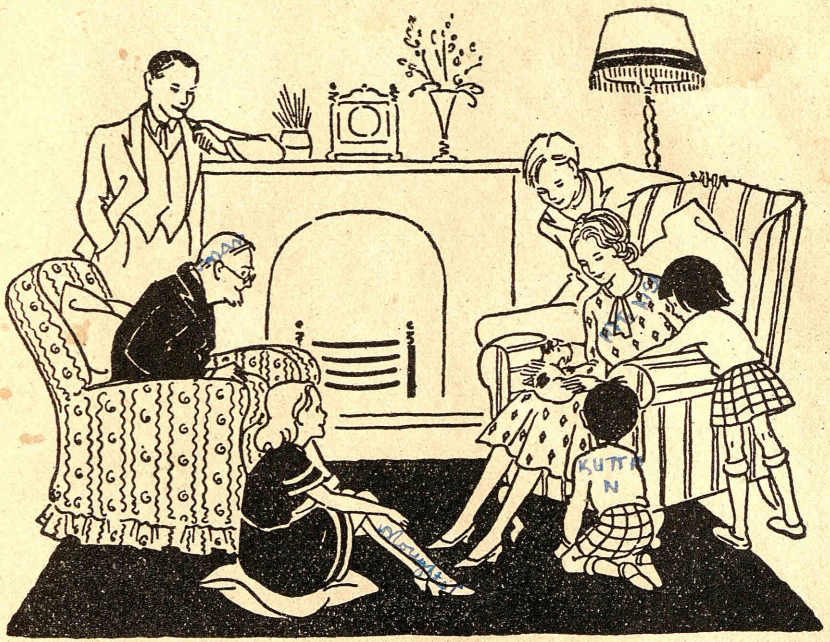
Oh, how cold I was, and how I shivered! Susan tried to comfort me, but just then I only wanted my mother. I cried loudly for her.

When we got home all the rest of the family were waiting to welcome me. I was too miserable then to take much notice, but now I know that Father, Mother, Grandpa and the twins all wanted to hold me and pet me.

I am very fond of Father and Mother. Father sometimes takes me with him to his office. Mother likes to have me for company in the house when the others are out. I try to help her with the work. I fetch and carry dusters for her in my mouth, and papers and shoes too.

I am also very fond of Grandpa. He has a little white beard just like mine. I really take care of him when we go out together. Later on I will tell you why the family likes me to be with him when he is out.

Sometimes I like the twins and sometimes I don't. Their names are Paul and Patricia, and they are seven years old. Do you see how alike they are? They look very good, and you would not think they could ever do a naughty thing—but they can.



The worst of it is that I am sometimes naughty, too, when I am with them. I do things I should not dream of doing with John or Susan. What is worse still, I *enjoy* doing them. I am sorry afterwards, especially if I have had a whipping.

Now I will tell you why the family likes me to go out with Grandpa.

nily
as too
now

Chapter 3

OUT WITH GRANDPA

Grandpa is rather old, and not very st[illegible] but he goes for a walk every fine day. does him good.

He likes to take me with him, and I like to go. He cannot walk very fast, but that does not matter. It gives me plenty of time to look at everything.

Grandpa always says he takes care of me, but really I take care of Grandpa, as you will see in a minute.

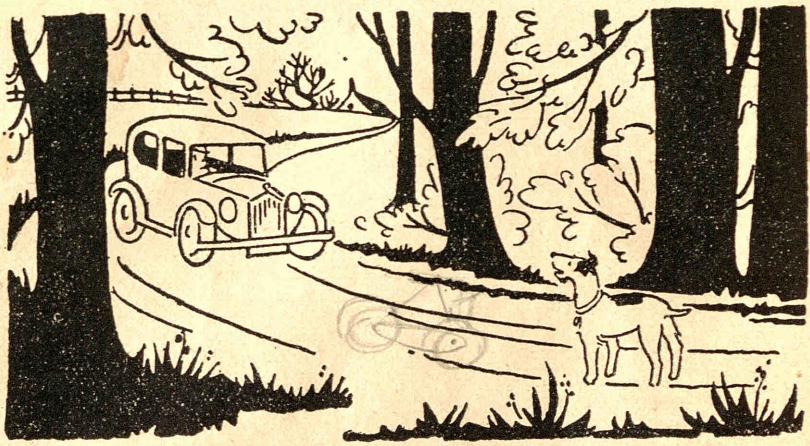
One lovely spring day Grandpa and I started off for a walk. We went into the wood not very far from the house. I like the wood because it is full of lovely smells. There are rabbits and birds, and sometimes water-rats in the little stream. It is a very pretty little wood.

was bouncing along, and Grandpa was
ıe. Suddenly I heard a thud. I stopped
ned round just in time to see Grandpa
all down. He had caught his foot in the root
a big tree and tripped. I ran back to him,
t his eyes were closed and he would not speak
e. I licked his face, but still he would
speak.

I did not know what to do, but at last I decided I must go for help. I ran back to the road and looked up and down to see if there was anyone coming. But there wasn't.

Presently I heard a sound in the distance —a kind of buzzing. I stood and waited, and soon I saw a motor car coming along. I stood right in the middle of the road and barked as loudly as I could.

I don't mind telling you that I was frightened. The car seemed to be coming so quickly. Luckily the driver was a sensible man. When he saw I would not move, he stopped and got out. I gripped his coat between my teeth and began to pull him towards the wood.



" What's the matter, old chap ? " he said.

I ran ahead and he followed me. We soon reached Grandpa. I was glad to see him sitting up, but he looked very white.

" Hullo, Rough ! " he said.

" Your dog stopped my car and brought me here, sir," said the man.

Grandpa was not badly hurt. He had twisted his ankle. We got him back to the car, and the strange man brought us home.

What a fuss the family made of me that night ! I must say I enjoyed it. Now you know why I am trusted with Grandpa.

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Chapter 4

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

A most exciting thing happened one night soon after my adventure with Grandpa. I must tell you about it.

I was rather tired, as I had been for a long walk with John and Susan. After I had finished my supper I went straight to bed. It was not a cold night, so I settled down in my kennel and was soon fast asleep.

About midnight, when I was having a lovely dream about rabbits, I heard a tiny cry just outside my kennel. I poked my head out. What do you think I saw? It was a tiny kitten, mewing pitifully.

Now a strange thing happened. I do not like cats—in fact I dislike them. But as soon as I saw that kitten, I knew I wanted to keep her for a playmate and friend.



I scrambled out of my kennel and walked up to her. At once she stopped crying. I pushed her gently with my nose to the opening of the kennel.

How pleased I was when she jumped in! I jumped in after her, and lay down. Then I snuggled her under my chin, between my front paws. She began to purr loudly.

We slept cosily until the next morning. Then I wondered what to do. I was afraid my family might not let me keep the kitten. But I could not hide her, because she would soon want food.

What was I to do?

2084

Chapter 5

NEXT MORNING

John always comes down first in the morning. He lights the kitchen fire and takes Mother and Father a cup of tea.

As soon as I heard the back door open, I picked up the kitten in my mouth, and ran into the house, and went straight up the stairs to Mother's and Father's bedroom.

I put it on the bed. Then I sat up and begged. That is what I always do when I want something badly.

"Why," said Father, "what has Rough brought in?"

"Well!" said Mother. "It's a tiny kitten. Where ever did he find it?"

By this time the rest of the family had heard me barking. They rushed in to see what was the matter.

"Oh!" said Susan. "The little pet!"

"Oh!" squealed the twins. "Can we keep it?"

Susan had picked up the kitten, and was nursing it.

"I don't like cats," said Father.

"Neither do I," said Mother. "But this is a dear little thing."

"Oh, *please*!" said Susan. "Just feel how soft it is, Father."

She put the kitten on the bed. It scrambled on to Father's chest, and tucked in its four paws, and began to purr loudly.

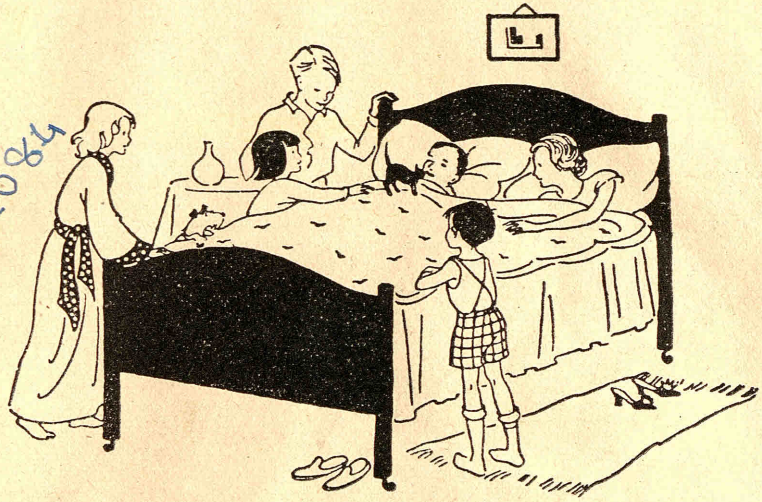
"Look, Father!" said John. "Rough is begging. He wants it to stay."

"It certainly is a nice kitten," said Father.

"Please, Father!" said John, Susan and the twins together.

"I don't suppose we can keep it, even if we want to," said Father. "I expect it belongs to somebody."

"If it doesn't, may we keep it?" said Susan.



"You will have to ask your Mother," answered Father.

I knew then that all was well. Mother nearly always does what the children want. I began to prance about, and so did they.

"For goodness' sake, stop that noise," said Father, "and take this animal off my chest."

He sounded gruff, but he was not cross. He was just pretending.

Susan picked up the kitten, and we all went downstairs to give it some milk.

Chapter 6

THE END OF THE SEARCH

That morning was Saturday. As soon as we had finished breakfast, we helped Mother as quickly as we could. We were longing to go into the village, to find out if the kitten belonged to anybody.

Susan made the beds, the twins cleaned the shoes, John peeled the potatoes, and I carried the shoes to the cupboard as they were cleaned. All of us kept on leaving our job to look at the kitten, which was asleep in my basket.

By eleven o'clock we were all ready to go.



"Where shall we go first?" said Susan, and John said "To the Post Office."

Miss Potts, the postmistress, said she had not heard of anyone losing a kitten.

Then we tried the Police Station, but Mr. Colly had not heard of a lost kitten either.



"Hurray!" said Patricia. "It's ours."

"No," said John. "We must ask some more people. Perhaps someone is very upset that their kitten is lost."

Just then we were passing the village bus garage. Mr. Booth, who drives the bus, had just got back from Tutley. That is our nearest town. He was standing by the bus.

"Mr. Booth," said Susan, "do you know of anyone who has lost a kitten?"

"Why, yes, Missy," said Mr. Booth. "Our old tabby cat has three kittens, and one of them vanished last night."

I sat down on the pavement and began to howl.

"What is the matter with Rough?" asked Mr. Booth.

He wants to keep the kitten," said Patricia.

She was nearly howling herself.

"So do we," said Susan. "I *am* sorry."

"Well," said Mr. Booth slowly, "you had better go and see what Mrs. Booth says."

"Oh, Mr. Booth!" said Paul. "Do you think she might let us keep it?"

"I don't rightly know," said Mr. Booth with a twinkle in his eye. "How much money have you got?"

"I've got a penny," said Paul, "so has Patricia; and John and Susan have lots of money."

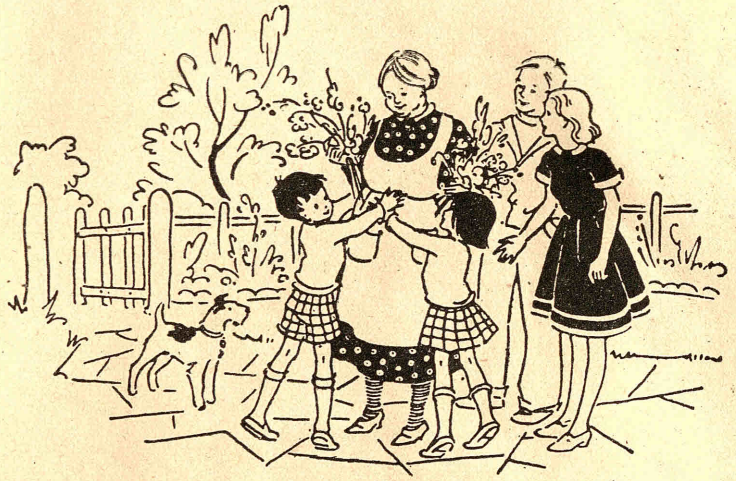
"Run along and ask her, then," said Mr. Booth, and off we went.

Mrs. Booth was in the garden picking flowers.

"We have found your lost kitten, Mrs. Booth," called Patricia. "Please may we keep it? We have some pennies we can give you for it."

"Well, there!" said Mrs. Booth. "I am glad the kitten isn't lost. But I don't want your pennies, my dears. I shall be glad for you to keep the kitten."

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"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said the twins. They tried to hug Mrs. Booth, though her arms were full of flowers.

"Thank you very much," said John.

"It is kind of you," said Susan.

I barked and tried to jump right up to Mrs. Booth's face to lick it.

"Come on," said Patricia. "Let's go home and tell Mother."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Booth," said John and Susan. "Thank you very very much."

Then off we went home.

Chapter 7

CHOOSING A NAME

I think Mother was just as pleased as we were when she heard we could keep the kitten.

"Now," said John, "what shall we call her?"

Before I tell you how we chose the kitten's name, you must remember what she looked like. She was all black except for a little fan of white hairs on her chest. Her fur was fairly long and fluffy, and she had bright green eyes. Her tiny tail was like a thin plume.

"I know," said Susan. "Blackie."

"No," said Patricia. "I want to call her Fluffy."

"I'd like to call her Floss," said Paul. "Her fur is so silky."

"What do you want to call her, John?" asked Susan.

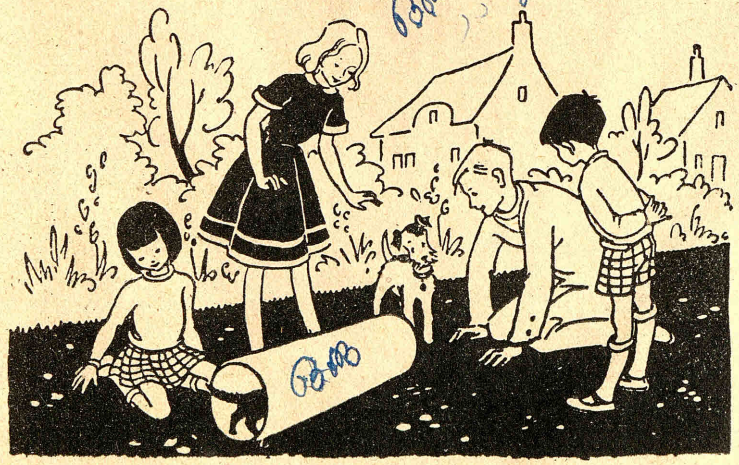
"I think Smut would be a good name," said John.

"Oh, John!" said Susan. "That's a horrid name." John laughed.

"Now then, Mother," he said, "which of us has chosen the best name?"

"Don't ask me," said Mother. "Wait until your Father comes home. He will think of something good. He is very clever with names and things like that. He has such novel ideas."

The children stopped talking and we all played with the kitten.



What fun we had! John put down a roll of cardboard on the lawn. The kitten kept on running in at one end, and I waited for her to come out at the other. Sometimes she waited inside, and popped out her paw and hit me on the nose.

After a time Father came home. The children all rushed at him to tell him they could keep the kitten, and ask him which name he liked the best.

"Well," said Father, "what do you think, Rough?"

I sat down and planted my two front paws apart. Then I cocked my head on one side and perked up my ears. That is what I do when I am ready for a walk.

"Why!" said Father, "Rough has thought of a better name than any of you. Look! he is telling you. Rough is saying 'Ready.' 'Rough and Ready.' What do you want better than that?"

So that is how Ready got her name. Really, I gave it to her.

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JAMIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
JAMIRULAM, P.O. 700

Chapter 8

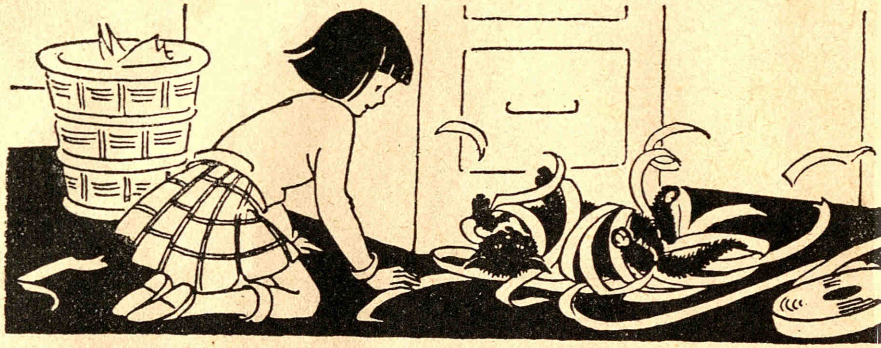
WE GET INTO TROUBLE

One day Paul and Patricia had bad colds. They could not go to school. Mother had to go out. She said that as a great treat Paul and Patricia might each have a duster and dust Father's study. They love to dust Father's treasures, and as a rule they do it very well.

"Now mind," said Mother as she was going, "don't get into mischief. I shan't be very long."

All went well for a time. Then Paul found a roll of gumstrip. Do you know what gumstrip is? If not, you will soon see.

"Look, Pat," said Paul. "You stand one side of Father's desk, and I'll stand the other. Then I will roll this to you through the knee-hole. We will pretend the desk is a bridge."

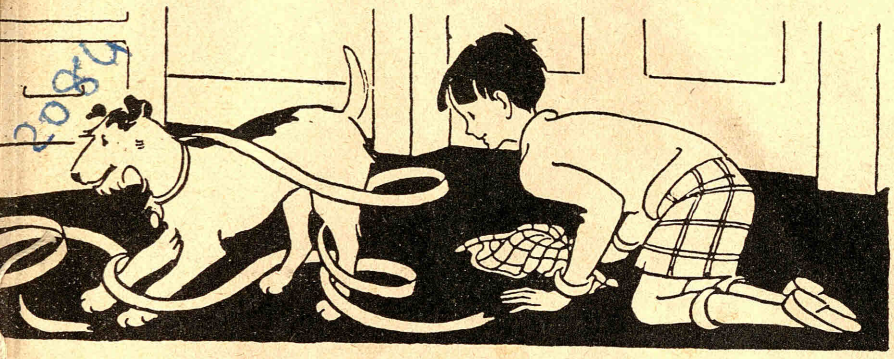


It was most exciting, and Ready and I wanted to join in. We both rushed for the roll at the same time. As we did so, one end came unstuck and began to unwind. Ready and I both pulled at the loose end. It was lovely to see more and more strip coming loose.

" Go on, Rough ! Go on, Ready ! " shouted Paul and Patricia.

The more they shouted the more we pulled. We did enjoy ourselves. Soon I could hardly see Ready. She was buried underneath the gummy paper, and her paws were waving in the air.

Then I began to bite the strip to uncover her, and she began to tear it with her claws.



That was still nicer, and soon we had hundreds of pieces of paper all over the room.

But alas ! when Mother came home she heard the noise and came to see what was happening.

"Oh, you naughty things!" she said. I knew at once that she was cross.

I was sent to my kennel, and Ready was put to bed in her basket. The twins had no cake or jam for tea.

When father came home he was angry. He wanted to whip me, but Mother said it was not all my fault; the twins should have stopped me.

I went to sleep feeling a sad bad dog. Oh dear, those twins !

Chapter 9

READY TAKES A RIDE

Sometimes John, Susan, the twins and I go for a picnic on Saturday afternoons. I love these picnics. I get such a good walk.

Last Saturday was a beautiful day. At breakfast Paul said, "I should like to go for a walk this afternoon."

"So should I," said Susan.

"A good idea," said John.

I barked to say that I thought so too. You see, I know the word 'picnic.'

"All right," said Mother. "Susan and I will pack your tea, and you can set off after dinner."

We don't go for picnics before dinner, because we like to help Mother a little on Saturdays.

"What about you, Pat?" asked Mother. "Don't you want to go?"

"Not if Ready can't," answered Pat.

"Don't be silly," said John. "You will always be staying at home if you won't go anywhere without Ready."

"Ready won't mind staying at home," said Susan. "I expect she will sleep."

Then I remembered something. When I was a puppy, Patricia used to put me in her doll's pram and wheel me out.

I jumped up and barked at Patricia. Then I ran into the hall and put my two front paws in the pram.

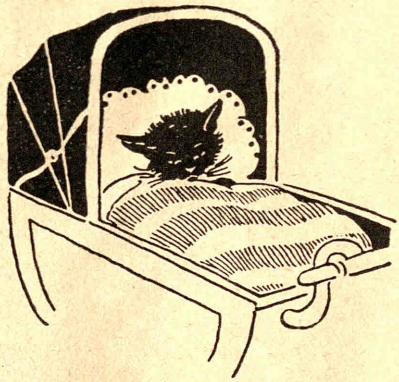
"Oh, Rough, you are clever," cried Patricia. "Look, Mother! He's telling me to put Ready in the pram."

"Ready wouldn't stay in," said John.

"I can try her and see," said Patricia.

"Well," said John, "remember, if you get tired of pushing the pram, *I'm* not going to push it for you."

"Don't worry," said Patricia. "I shan't get tired. I wonder if she will stay in. I will try now."



She got the pram and put Ready in, and tucked her in with a tiny blanket. Then pushed the pram up and down the garden for about ten minutes. Ready lay there with her nose poking out. She loved it. Don't you think she looks pretty? I do.

"Look, Susan," called Patricia. "Ready is quite happy. May she come with us?"

Susan looked at Ready.

"Yes, I think so," she said.

Patricia lifted Ready out of the pram and she scampered off to play with me.

Everyone was busy for the rest of the morning. Paul and Patricia went errands for Mother. Susan helped Mother in the house. John cleaned his bicycle.

Ready and I played until we were tired. Then we went to sleep in the sun.

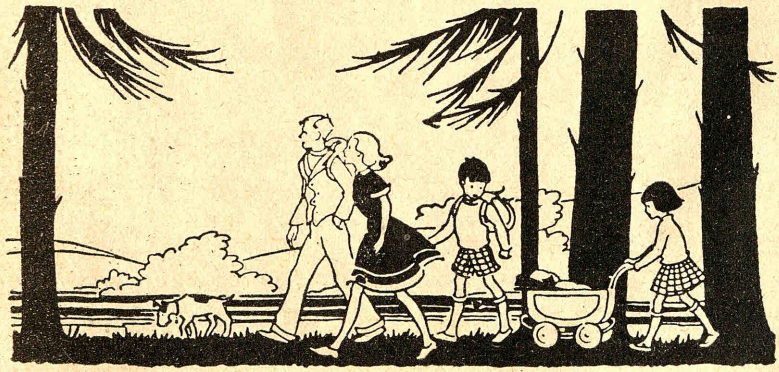
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Chapter 10

THE PICNIC

After dinner Mother and Susan packed the tea, and at about two o'clock we set off. John and Paul each carried a rucksack with the tea in it. Susan had nothing to carry, and Patricia pushed the pram with Ready, who was asleep.

We walked through some fields, and climbed a few stiles. At least, the boys lifted Ready and the pram over, and I went under. At last we reached a lovely mere, where we stopped.



Do you know what a mere is? It is a small lake. Often it has reeds growing at the edges. It sometimes has a little island in the middle and water fowl living on it. Our mere is called Sandymere. We all like it. I love it because I can have a swim.

Patricia lifted Ready out of her pram and let her run about on the grass at the edge of the mere. I played hide-and-seek in some bushes.

We had our tea on a little sandy beach at the edge of the water. The children had egg-and-cress sandwiches, buns, chocolate biscuits, and tea from a flask. I had a saucer of tea, and Ready had a saucer of milk.

After tea we all played games with a ball, and then the others watched while I had a swim.

About half-past five we went home. I'm afraid Ready doesn't like the country as much as I do. She slept all the way there, and now she slept all the way home. Ah well! perhaps she was tired.

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Chapter 11

WHERE IS READY?

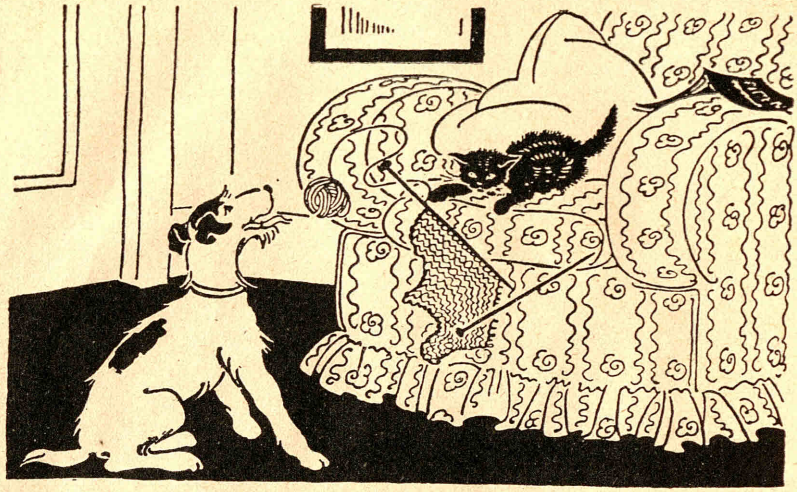
A terrible thing has happened. Ready is lost.

This afternoon she and I were in trouble again. The children had all gone out to tea. Father was digging, and Mother was asleep in a deck-chair in the garden.

Ready and I were supposed to be asleep too. But we weren't. We were in the sitting-room, looking for something to do.

After a time Ready looked into an arm-chair, and there she found Susan's knitting.

Ready jumped on the chair and knocked the ball of wool down to me. It was a lovely bright red colour. I pushed it under the table. Then we played the same game as we played with the gumstrip, only this time we wound it round and round the chair legs.



We had a really splendid game, and we were still hard at it when Mother came in to get the tea. My word, wasn't she cross! This time she whipped us both.

I went to my kennel to get over it.

About seven o'clock, when the children came home, there was no Ready to be found.

John, Susan and the twins began to hunt for her, but she was nowhere about. Then they fetched me.

"Find Ready!" they cried. "Smell her out. Go on, Rough."

But I did not seem able to sniff her anywhere. I felt sorry for Mother. She said it was her fault. Ready had run away because she whipped her.

John was afraid she had been stolen. Susan said no one in the village would steal her. Paul was afraid she had been run over by a car, but Father said we should have heard about it.

Patricia was very upset, and cried. Susan tried to comfort her. She said that perhaps someone had found Ready, and had taken her in for the night.

John and Susan asked in the village, but no one had heard anything about her.

At last Father said the children must go to bed. He said he would sit up for a while in case Ready came home.

He and I sat up until midnight. But there was no Ready

"Go to bed now, Rough, old man," said Father, "but keep an ear open. If she comes, bark."

So we went to bed.

Chapter 12

A SURPRISE

The children were up early the next morning to see if Ready had come home in the night. But alas! she was not there.

It was Sunday morning. Most Sunday mornings the family enjoy breakfast more than any other day. The children do not have to hurry off to school, or Father to business. But this morning I don't think anyone enjoyed breakfast. I know I didn't.

We were all thinking about poor Ready, and wondering what could have happened to her.

The house did not seem the same without her. I had felt lonely before breakfast, but I felt worse and worse as the meal went on. You see, we always play together at meal times. There is no one else to play with then, and they never feed us at the table.

Well, breakfast was over at last, and the morning went on until it was time for church.

On one Sunday morning, Mother, Father and the twins go to Church while Susan and John get the dinner ready. The next Sunday, John and Susan go while Mother stays at home. To-day it was Mother's turn to go. The twins wanted to stay at home in case Ready should come, but Father said no.

The Church, I must tell you, is only five minutes' walk away. The twins are good in Church. They like singing hymns. If they didn't, I am afraid Mother would have a bad time with them.

In the summer I always join the Church-goers. I am not allowed inside, but there is a place in the churchyard where I like to sit. If the Church door is left open I can see all the people inside. If it is closed after the service begins, I come home.

To-day we set off for Church, all feeling rather sad. The door was left open, and I sat in my corner feeling dumpy.

Lots of people said good-morning to me as they passed; but even that didn't cheer me up very much.

Just as everyone stood up to sing the first hymn, what do you think happened?

The Vicar was standing at the reading desk, and the choir were singing with the people, when suddenly a tiny black head appeared above the pulpit. Two small black paws reached up, and up sprang Ready.

There she stood on the edge of the pulpit. Then, before anyone could do anything, she jumped off and scampered down the Church to the door, where I was waiting for her.

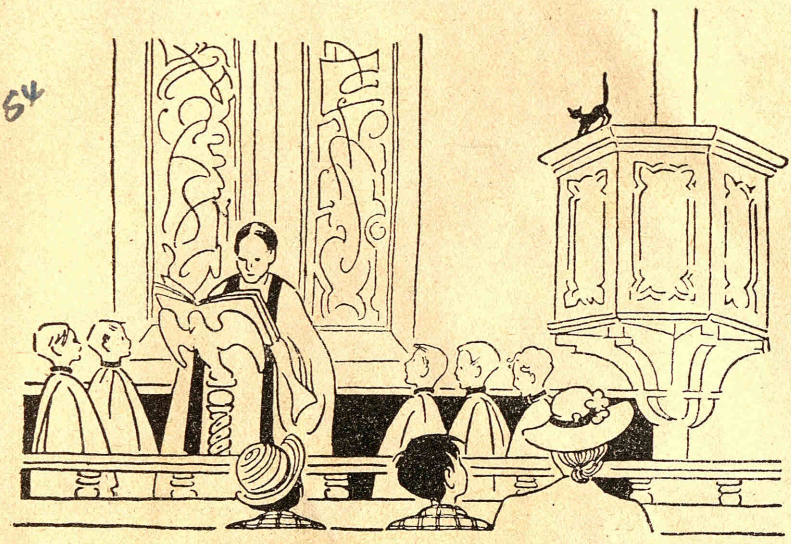
How we ran all the way home! I rushed in at the back door, and straight to the kitchen, where John and Susan were peeling potatoes.

"Look, John, look!" cried Susan. "It's Ready."

They picked her up and fondled her. Then they gave her some food.

"Where did you find her, Rough?" asked John.

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I could not tell him, but they heard all about it when the others came home.

We never found out exactly what had happened, but I think Ready must have run into the Church about tea-time. She must have gone to sleep and got locked in.

By the way, I believe Mother and Father had a job to keep the twins still for the rest of the service.

Chapter 13

THE SECRET FROCK

I saw that the twins were very excited when they came home from school one afternoon.

"Mother!" called Patricia.

"Mother!" called Paul.

"We are going to have a concert at school," they said together.

"I'm going to dance with the other girls," said Patricia.

"I'm going to sing with the other boys," said Paul.

"The money from the tickets is to buy a wireless set for our school," said Paul.

"Mother, do you think I can have a new frock for the concert?" asked Patricia.

"I don't know, Pat," answered Mother. "You see, new frocks cost rather a lot of money."

"Yes, I know," Pat said.

"And it's only last week that both you and Paul had new shoes," Mother went on.

Pat looked very doleful.

"Oh, Mother!" she said. "The concert is really very special. And I could wear it for a party frock afterwards. I promise I won't go and grow out of it straight away."

Mother laughed.

"Well," she said, "I will see what I can do."

When Susan, John and Father came home, the twins told them all about the concert. They said they would buy tickets and come to it.

When the twins had gone to bed, I heard Mother talking to Susan about a new frock for Patricia.

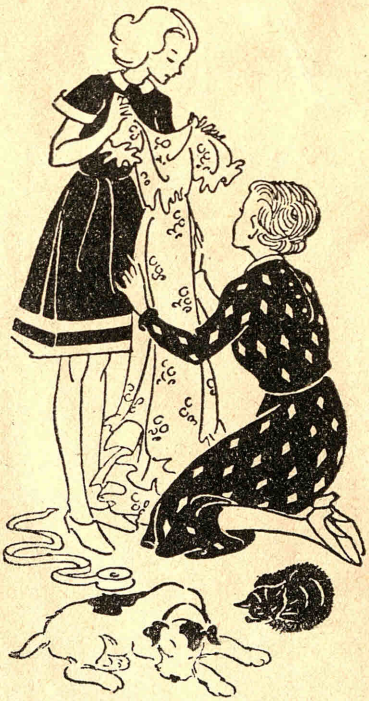
"I know what we can do," said Susan. "Do you remember you gave me some old frocks of Grannie's for dressing-up? Well, there is one made of white muslin with tiny sprigs of pink rosebuds on it. We could cut it up and make Pat a lovely frock."

"The very thing," said Mother.

"Let's get it out," Susan said.

They did. I sat watching them for a long time while Susan held the frock against herself. Then Mother got a long inch-tape and began to dangle it.

Ready and I tried to have a game with it, but they could not spare it. So we went off to sleep to pass the time away.



I woke up again after about an hour. Mother and Susan were still at work.

"Don't tell Pat; we will give her a nice surprise."

That was the last thing I heard Mother say. Then I went off to sleep again. Frocks don't interest me much.

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Chapter 14

MUSLIN AND FRILLS

Next morning the first thing Patricia said was, "Do you think I can really have a new frock, Mother?"

"I think so," answered Mother, "but you must not ask me any questions about it. Just wait and see what happens."

"How lovely!" said Patricia. "A secret frock."

The twins were very pleased and excited when they set off to school, and they were more excited than ever when they came home.

"Mother!" called Paul.

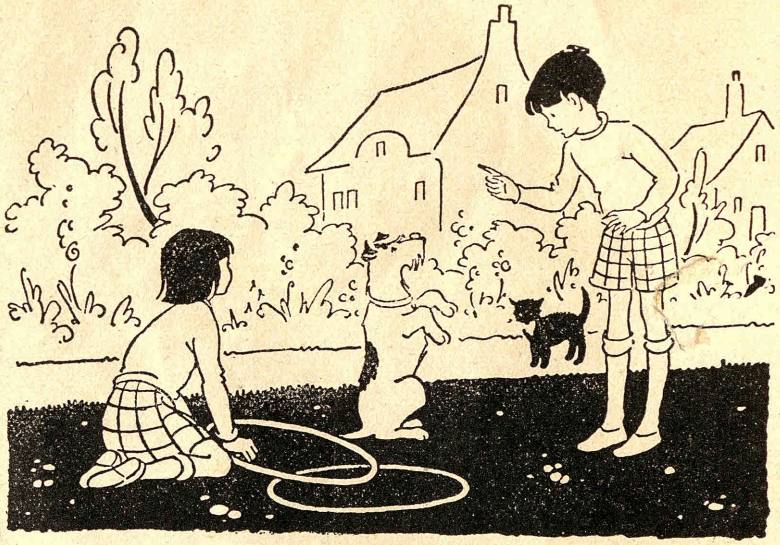
"Mother!" called Patricia.

"Miss Briggs wants Rough and Ready to be in the concert," said Paul.

"She wants them to do some tricks," said Patricia.

I pricked up my ears when I heard my name. When I heard Ready's name, and the word 'tricks,' I was just as excited as the twins.

The twins have taught Ready and me a lot of tricks. We like to do them. I think we enjoy them just as much as the twins do.



For the next three weeks we worked very hard, Paul, Patricia, Ready and I. Every day after tea we learned new tricks and practised old ones.

Sometimes John and Susan helped as well. When the week of the concert came we were quite ready with our tricks.

While we had been busy, Mother and Susan had been busy too, and on the night before the concert, Patricia's new frock was finished.

We were on the lawn practising when Mother called, "Come here, Patricia."

"Wait a minute, Pat," said Susan. "I'll come and fetch you. Now, shut your eyes, and don't open them until I tell you."

Susan led Patricia into the sitting-room.

"Open!" said Susan.

"Oh!" cried Patricia. "The secret frock!"

There was the new frock, made of sprigged muslin with a little frill edging the neck and hem and sleeves. It was very pretty.

"Thank you, Mother. Thank you, Susan," said Patricia.

She hugged them both.

"I think it is the prettiest frock I have ever seen. I am so happy that I can hardly wait to wear it."

Chapter 15

THE CONCERT

We have just got back from the concert.

Mother and Father, John and Susan, and the twins are having supper.

Ready is having a saucer of milk.

I have had a saucer of tea, and I am so excited that I do not know what to do with myself.

The concert was a great success. The school hall was full. There were mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and friends of all the children.

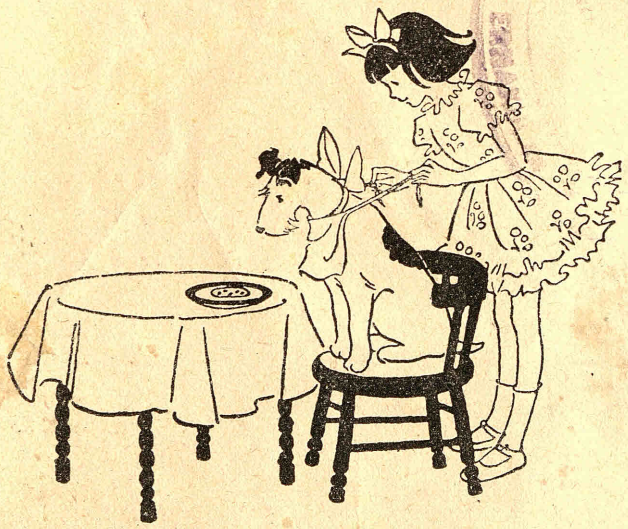
The children sang and danced and recited. Some of them acted a play.

Patricia looked the prettiest of them all. But—what do you think the audience liked the best of all? Why, Ready and me.

This is what we did.

First of all I danced about and jumped through hoops. Then I sat at a table. Patricia tied a bib round my neck, and I ate a biscuit off a plate.

Then Patricia said to me, "Fetch Ready!"



I ran off the stage, and came back pulling Ready in a little cart.

Paul had made the cart from a small box, and I was harnessed to it. Patricia had knitted the harness. I ran round and round the stage pulling the cart.

How the people clapped! They liked Ready very much indeed. Cats are not much good at tricks, and Ready cannot do many real ones. But she is very good at helping me, and she seems to make people laugh a lot.

There was one of her tricks they liked very much. This is what it was.

Paul came on and put a tiny piece of meat on my nose. I tossed it to Ready, and she ate it and then said meow for more. She did that well. We had to do that trick three times.

Paul put another piece of meat on my nose. This time I had to keep it th... e school "Paid fo...!" Then I to... up ... and caught it in m... outh.

We did ...cks later on, but I really am too ... any more now.

Well, the children begin their summer holiday next week, so I don't expect I shall have much time for talking to you then. I may have more to tell you when they are back at school.

So good-bye for now.

CAN YOU SAY?

Chapter 1.—What kind of dog is Rough?
Draw him and two other kinds of dog.
Where does Rough sleep?

Chapter 2.—Which of the children are much older than you? Which are about your age?
In what way is Grandpa like Rough? Draw his face.
Tell what they are all doing in the picture on page 7, and what each one is doing.

Chapter 3.—Where did Rough and Grandpa go walking?
[illegible] some of the things Rough saw there.
[illegible] page 10?

Chapter 4.—Why was Rough sle[illegible] of
Who was the midnight visitor[illegible]

Chapter 5.—In what [illegible] John a useful boy?
Draw Rough carrying the kitten.
Why did John say "Look at Rough"?
Why would Father not say "Yes" at once?

Chapter 6.—Draw the postmistress and the policeman, and write their names underneath.
Who was Mr. Booth, and what was Tutley?
Why was Patricia nearly crying?
What did Mr. Booth pretend his wife would want?

Chapter 7.—They might have called the kitten Fan, or Fluff, or Feather. Why ?
What made Father think of the name Ready ?

Chapter 8.—What is gumstrip ?
What do you mean by a knee-hole desk ? Draw one.
Make up what Mother said to Father about Rough.

Chapter 9.—Why did Rough put his paws on the pram ?
Say what you see in the picture on page 28.

Chapter 10.—What is a mere ?
What makes you think Sandymere would be good to paddle in ?
Which two of the picnic things would you choose ?

Chapter 11.—Draw a deck-chair and an arm-chair.
Why was Mother cross ?

Chapter 12.—Which of the family went to church that Sunday ?
Which would go next Sunday ?
Why did Rough not go home that morning ?
Where had Ready been hiding ?

Chapter 13.—Who looked doleful, and why ?
Whom do you see on page 40, and what are all four doing ?

Chapter 14.—Why were the twins excited at tea-time ?
What three words made Rough feel excited too ?
What trick are they doing on page 42 ?
Why did Pat call it the secret frock ?

Chapter 15.—Say what you see on page 45.
What trick did they have to do three times ?
Write a short letter to a friend about the book you have just read.

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