

BOGART OF CAT-TRAZZ

There was a cat named Bogart. He was a Siamese, with parents before parents before parents that went far back in time and all around the world. Siamese cats had walked quietly in palaces, they had spoken with princes and chased birds in gardens where fine ladies fanned themselves and men with half-closed eyes made up songs about the sky. Siamese cats have the blood of kings and queens in their veins.

This Siamese cat named Bogart was a handsome cat. His fur was not too long and not too short. On top his fur was creamy and light. The fur on his sides was tan colored. But the fur on Bogart's face and on his ears, on his legs and up and down his tail was dark. It was darker than the most bitter chocolate. It was dark as night. You might have thought that Bogart was a robber with a mask to see how dark his face was.

And there was something else about the way that Bogart looked. It was his eyes. He had very large and very round blue eyes. Bogart's eyes were like blue stars way out in space. They were as blue as the bluest lake by the bluest beach under the bluest sky in the bluest world. Bogart's eyes were blue and they looked straight at you.

Bogart had long white whiskers, too.

Siamese cats like to sleep. When they wake up you can watch them stretch. They get up slowly so that they can remember their dreams and they stretch out. First they stretch their necks and then their chests. They stretch all the way to the tips of their tails. They stretch their legs and their toes. They stretch out their claws

so that they can get a good grip. Bogart liked to stretch. A good stretch got him ready for a big day. He might get a bite to eat in the kitchen, say good-morning to his mistress and then go outside to do some exploring.

For Bogart there was nothing as nice as going outside. He loved the fresh air and the tall green grass. He liked to walk in the cool places and lie in the sun. He loved the sounds that bugs make, the way that birds fly, the smell of the wind. Sometimes he would just get down and roll in the warm dust.

Bogart grew up in a country place where every day felt like summer vacation. He lived with his mistress in a nice old farmhouse. He had two cat brothers and there were two crazy big dogs.

Outside there were miles and miles to explore. Of course, you must remember that there are almost one hundred cat miles in every human mile. That's because cats have shorter legs. Cats have so much curiosity because they have so many more miles to explore.

Sometimes when Bogart went out exploring he would meet the mean old cat who lived in the barn. This cat had rough fur that always looked dirty and hot. He had been in many fights and he had many scars and his skin was hard as boot leather. The other cats knew him as Mean Guy because he would scrap with any cat that might come his way. When Bogart would go near the barn Mean Guy would hiss and try to chase him away.

But Bogart wanted to see that barn. So he went to the barn and Mean Guy tried to beat him up. Bogart fought back. He was very young but he was a Siamese, of royal blood, and he wanted to see that barn.

It was a hard fight. Fur flew on both sides. When Bogart's mistress came out and picked him up and yelled at Mean Guy, Bogart

was glad.

Back inside the house, Bogart's cat brothers licked him and told him he had been brave. Mean Guy had cut Bogart's lip and when the cut healed it left a tiny scar which made Bogart look like a Siamese pirate. Bogart liked looking like that.

Bogart liked feeling that he could explore anywhere he wanted, even though he still crawled under the covers in his mistress' bed at night.

Living in the country, playing in the tall grass and chasing butterflies was a good life for a young cat. Bogart liked his cat brothers and he liked having all that room to roam in. He slept deep sleeps with good dreams and every day his mistress brought he and his brothers big bowls full of frsh food.

But then strange things started to happen. One day a lady with a loud laugh and yellow patches on her blue jeans came. When she left she had one of Bogart's cat brothers with her. She drove away with him in her car.

Bogart and his other cat brother watched out the window as the car drove under the walnut trees and went out of sight. That night their brother did not come back. Bogart and his other brother licked each other and went to bed.

Things were changing. Soon all of the clothes in all the closets were put in boxes and the closets were empty. The plates were taken out of the cupboards and wrapped in newspapers. The mistress rolled up the rugs and the floors were bare.

Bogart and his cat brother walked quickly from one end of the house to the other. They did not want to miss a thing. They watched and listened. They knew something big was going to happen. Their

mistress picked them up and petted them a lot.

Early one morning Bogart woke up hearing the sound of the screen-door closing. He heard his cat brother's voice and the barking of the two crazy big dogs. He ran to the door and jumped up on his hind legs to see out.

Bogart's mistress was talking to a man and a woman. They were standing by a pick-up truck. The two crazy big dogs were in the back of the pick-up truck, barking and wagging their crazy tails. The mistress was holding Bogart's cat brother in her arms.

Bogart called out to them but no one looked at him.

Bogart's mistress put his brother in the woman's arms. She kissed his brother on the head and then the woman kissed the mistress on the cheek. Then the woman and the man got in the truck and started the engine. They pointed the truck down the driveway and left.

Bogart was watching the truck go under the walnut trees when his mistress came in the house. It was very quiet. Bogart's mistress picked Bogart up in her arms. Bogart looked at her sad face and touched it with his paw. He felt a teardrop touch the smooth little pad on the bottom of his foot.

Bogart's mistress was moving to a new home. Bogart heard her say the word "California" again and again. He could tell by the sound of her voice when she said "California" that it must be very far away. It sounded like a long journey.

But Bogart was glad to go. He was not going to let his mistress travel all that way alone -- however far it was. He knew that his great, great, great, great, great grandfather had once guarded a queen. Bogart knew it was his job to guard his mistress. He was ready.

What a journey it turned out to be. Bogart and his mistress

rode together in the front seat of their little green car. The green car was packed full with everything they had in the world. Pots and pans and shoes and teapots and candles and tennis rackets, bedspreads and picture frames and books and baskets, even Bogart's toy mouse -- everything was packed into that little green car.

Bogart would sit in his mistress' lap when she drove. Sometimes he would sleep. Other times he would look out at the places they were driving through. When he did this Bogart saw a world he had never known was there. He saw great mountains with even greater clouds sailing in the skies. He saw miles and miles where the earth looked red and the sun looked white and there were no people anywhere.

He saw black birds flying high in a wind that made no sound.

Once Bogart and his mistress ate their lunch on top of some giant rocks. Bogart went to have a good roll in the dust. It felt good to lie down and smell the earth. Bogart rolled over on his back and looked up at the sky. He was just in time to see a black bird. It was big and swooping down, swooping fast and Bogart saw that it was swooping right at him!

With a flick of his tail Bogart got out of the way. Just barely. He saw the glint of the big bird's claw and the hungry-looking curve of its beak. As he passed, the black bird let out an awful cry that was half laugh and half scream. Bogart felt lucky. He shook the dust off his fur and rubbed against his mistress' leg.

It seemed like they drove for years. Bogart thought that living in a car was a very strange life indeed. He could not see how anyone could have fun in a thing that moved all the time and made so much noise.

One night Bogart poked his head over the dashboard to see where

he and his mistress had gotten to. There was a full moon out. When Bogart looked down it seemed like the Earth just fell away into a silvery darkness. They were driving over the mountains. Bogart gulped in spite of himself. He put his head on his mistress' lap and closed his eyes. Being brave was not easy.

When Bogart lifted his head again, there was a new world outside. He saw more water than he had ever seen in his life. No, it was not a dream. It was like a trillion bathtubs with waves that were bigger than any house. They made a sound like thunder. Bogart's mistress was smiling. She picked Bogart up in her arms and hugged him. She started to laugh and Bogart heard her say that word, "California, California".

Staying in motels across the country had been very strange for Bogart but he had not minded much. He was always so glad to be with his mistress in a place that wasn't moving all the time that motels seemed just fine. But now he wondered when he would get a chance to go outside and look around.

For a few days Bogart and his mistress stayed in the same motel without moving. Bogart never got to go outside. His mistress would wake up early in the morning. She would look through the newspaper -- always looking at a part that had no pictures -- marking it with a red pen. After that she would make some telephone calls. Then she would pat Bogart's head and say, "so long".

While she was gone Bogart would jump up on the windowsill and look at the parkinglot and all the cars. Since there was nothing else to do he spent the rest of his time sleeping, dreaming about big fields of grass and the sounds that mice make when they think that no one else is listening.

At last the afternoon came when Bogart's mistress came back with a big smile on her face. She had found them an apartment of their own. They had a new home. Bogart had been able to tell from the way she walked around their motel room that his mistress was as glad to get out of that place as he was.

The next day they packed their things in the little green car and drove to their new home.

As they drove, Bogart liked what he saw. There were tall trees that looked very green. There were lots of thick bushes. Everywhere he looked the earth rose up in the air making soft hills. This was a big difference from the flat land he was used to. He could hardly wait to get out and explore.

Bogart's mistress turned in to a driveway. They went over a big bump. They drove to the end of the driveway and stopped. There were other cars parked there.

Bogart's mistress picked him up in her arms and carried Bogart from the car to a door that was a dark brown color. She had a key and she opened the door. They went inside.

The livingroom was like a big box. There was an orange shaggy carpet on the floor and to one side there was a counter and a kitchen space with a sink, a stove and a refrigerator. All this in one room and nothing else.

Bogart walked across that carpet like it was made of broken glass. It smelled crowded to him. There were the smells of at least six dogs and five different cats on that carpet. When an animal lives in a place it leaves its smell behind for other animals to find. How many have lived in this place? wondered Bogart,

Bogart walked past the kitchen space. It was not a big room like he was used to. It was so small that Bogart knew it would be hard to beg for scraps and not get stepped on.

Bogart stopped.

There was a short hallway. It had a door on each side and at the end. All these doors were open. Bogart listened very hard to hear if anyone was hiding behind those doors. All he could hear was the sound of cars on the road outside. He decided to check the rooms out.

One room was the bathroom. There was a sink and a shower and a toilet. All of these things were cold and white. Bogart looked inside the shower and saw that it was dry. He scared himself when he looked in the mirror and saw another Siamese. Then he saw that the Siamese was him.

Across the hall was another room. It had a window and a drape but that was all. Bogart jumped up on the windowsill to see what the view was like. There was a fence! It was only a few feet away and you could not see anything past it.

Bogart jumped down and went into the last room. It was just like the one before with the same fence outside the window. There was a closet in this room and Bogart sniffed inside it and decided there must have been seven cats here and not just five. He stepped outside the closet and saw his mistress standing in the doorway.

To Bogart, this place was just like the motel. There was no grass outside the front door, just a parkinglot like so many parkinglots he had seen before. Bogart wondered if they were going to leave soon.

But his mistress had a big bundle of clothes in her arms. She went to the closet and started hanging them up. She had never done that in the motel.

Bogart ran into the living room. All of their things were piled on the floor. The candles and the picture frames, the books and baskets, all of it was now inside.

Bogart jumped up on the living room windowsill and looked out across the parkinglot. Out to where he saw the trees and the hills and all the bushes. They were waving in the wind. Waving gently back and forth. Waving, waving. Bogart was sure they were waving at him.

At first Bogart was not very worried. All those days on the road and those nights in motels had gotten him used to making changes. Even though he did not like the smallness of this new place or the way the windows let in so little daylight, he was sure a change for the better had to be coming. This was no place for a Siamese of royal blood.

Bogart got nervous always hearing the noise of cars and trucks on the road outside. He would jump at the strange sounds that he heard through the thin walls.

Bogart would watch his mistress. He would wait to see when she would leave so that he could run through the doorway with her. But when she would get up to go, she would open the door and close it so quickly that Bogart would be stuck inside. He would look out the window and watch her climb into the little green car. She always left without him.

His mistress always came back. That was good. But things were not the same. Bogart began to get the feeling that this was the place they would stay.

Bogart would pace across that smelly shag rug, looking for a small patch of sunlight to lie down in. Cats like to lie down in the sun.

They like big hunks of sun to lie down in. Sun they can roll in. They like the sun to toast their bellies. Sun makes their tails feel loose and it helps them have dreams that are full of cricket fun.

Bogart was a friend of the sun but he had a hard time finding even a patch of it in this apartment. First there would be a little bit over here. Then there would be some over there. He had to wake up in the middle of his dreams to find it.

This looking for patches of sun made Bogart feel purple and old. He did not want to play with his toy mouse. He felt like a person in prison might feel. He wanted to get out.

Each morning Bogart's mistress would get up. She would take a shower and get dressed. Then she would leave. She would be gone most of the day and then she would come back. There was not much for Bogart to do except look out the windows or sleep.

Bogart would get bored with so little to do. One day he was so bored that he went into the bedroom. The closet door was open and all the clothes of his mistress were hanging there. Bogart jumped up on the clothes. He hung on with his claws and pulled himself up to the shelf. He pulled some of the clothes down on the floor. He tore holes in others. He did not mean to hurt the clothes. He was just bored and it was nice to jump up and climb. He pretended the clothes were tree trunks and the shelf was a cliff. He jumped up there four or five times. Then he went to sleep.

When Bogart's mistress came home and found her clothes in a mess on the floor she got mad at Bogart. She picked him up in a rough way and spoke at him in a harsh voice.

Bogart was not used to this treatment. He slunk away and hid in a kitchen cupboard.

Later Bogart's mistress found him and put him on her lap. She felt badly about getting angry. They sat together and she spoke to him for a long time. Her voice was very gentle. Bogart listened to what she said. He knew that she loved him but he had a hard time purring like he had purred in the old days.

Bogart looked out the front window. Big clouds blew across the sky. Sometimes it rained in heavy sheets of water that came down so hard that leaves and even tree branches fell to the ground. Then the rain would stop and the sun would come out. The air would get bright and warm. Bogart liked the way the air smelled after a hard rain. It was clean and fresh. He would sit in the front window and sniff and sniff.

The smell of clean air made Bogart want to go outside more than ever. If his mistress was there he would let out a little cry. Then he would trot to the door and stand up on his hind feet and try to turn the knob with his front paws. This was his way of showing his mistress what he wanted. She would pick him up in her arms and pet him but she would not give him what he wanted. She would not let him out.

Bogart's mistress was afraid that Bogart might be hit by a car on that busy road. There was always lots of traffic going back and forth. She had often seen cats that had been run over and she did not want Bogart to be one of them.

But Bogart could not know this. He had not been outside. All he could see were those trees waving in the wind.

One night Bogart was sleeping where he always slept -- under the covers. He was dreaming of how he had stood up to Mean Guy and of how much he had liked being with his cat brothers. He had just gotten to the part of his dream where his cat brothers were cheering

his brave deeds when a strange sound made him wake up.

Bogart stuck his head out from under the covers. His ears were sharp and his eyes were like saucers to see in the dark. He heard the sound again. It came from outside the front window.

Bogart got out of bed without making a noise. He ran into the living room. The night was as black as a bottle of black ink. The lights from cars on the road made monster shapes and shadows on the walls. When Bogart got beneath the window he stood very still and listened hard.

He heard footsteps. Cat footsteps. Then there was a scratching, scratching on the screen.

The hair on Bogart's back stood on end. He licked his lips. He leaped up to the sill.

There, on the other side of the screen, right at the end of Bogart's nose, was a great big tiger cat. He had huge green eyes and his ears were chipped and ragged from fights. When he saw Bogart, he stuck out his claws, let out a scream and bounded away into the darkness.

Bogart was ready to fight. No cat was going to break in while he was around. Bogart yelled out a cat's curse after that tiger and dashed from one end of the window sill to the other, trying to see where he had run.

Bogart yelled out again. He dared the tiger to come out and fight.

From out of the darkness, at the far end of the parkinglot, came the tiger's reply. It was a low and spooky call. It was cold and fierce. It sounded like a knife and it sounded like blood. It was not afraid.

"Cat-trazz, you pretty boy. You say come and fight. Well you come out and get me! Cat-trazz, come out and if fight -- if you dare."

Bogart flicked his tail to and fro with anger. He growled a long slow growl. He wanted to teach that tiger a lesson. He wanted to show him he was a Siamese, of royal blood.

Then Bogart remembered: he could not go outside.

Bogart sat on the window sill until he was sure the tiger was gone. There would be no sweet dreams this night. Bogart went to the foot of his mistress' bed and licked his chocolate colored legs. He felt like there was something he should do but he did not know what it was.

The next morning, when Bogart's mistress fed him his breakfast, she noticed that he did not seem very hungry. That was because Bogart was busy thinking of the night before. Of the tiger who had tried to break in. And of his nasty call, "Cat-trazz".

Bogart wondered how he could protect their home if he could not go outside to patrol the parkinglot. He felt helpless. That teasing call, "Cat-trazz", had stung his ears like a bee might sting the skin. No cat had ever yowled such a thing at Bogart before. It meant, "you are weak and I am strong; you are little and I am big; you are caged and I am free".

Bogart paced in his little rooms. Cat-trazz was the name of his prison. He decided he had to escape. Bogart was a proud cat and that tiger had hurt his pride.

Now there is no prouder cat than the Siamese. They like to feel that they can go anywhere and do anything -- even if they really can't. Siamese cats like to do as they please.

Bogart began to keep an eye on the front door at all times. He knew it was the only way out. When his mistress would open the door, he began trying to run outside before she could close it again.

One night his mistress had to take out two big bags of trash. Bogart saw her having trouble getting the door open. He waited for his chance. As she was going out, Bogart ran through her legs at top speed. In a flash he was out! He hardly noticed the crashing noise behind him.

When Bogart turned around he saw what he had done. He had tripped his mistress and she had fallen down. Trash was strewn around the ground. His mistress had ripped her pants. Bogart felt so badly about this that he did not enjoy his freedom. He just stood there in the cool night air. His mistress picked herself up and then she picked Bogart up.

"You bad cat," she said. She put Bogart back inside the apartment and slammed the door.

A few days later there was still another big change in Bogart's life. His mistress came home with a dog.

Bogart had known dogs before. There had been those two crazy big dogs in the country. But in those days there had been lots of room and Bogart had never had to spend much time near such large and, he thought to himself, such stupid beasts.

Yes, Bogart thought, dogs were stupid. They were big and messy. They slurped their water and beat the ground with their big feet. They stirred up dust with their tails and they barked and whined. Bogart thought that dogs were rough and coarse. He thought they all could use better manners.

This dog was like all other dogs as far as Bogart could see. It was so big it made the little rooms shake with its jumping about. It smelled when it smiled and its tongue would come lolling out like a piece of red meat.

Bogart felt double-crossed. Why would his mistress do this to him? Was it because he had made her fall down? If that was it then he was sorry. Oh, he was very sorry. He wanted that dog to go away as much as he wanted to go outside.

The dog was called Young Dog. Young Dog was rusty red and tan and had golden eyes. She was young and liked to play. Bogart's mistress would take Young Dog outside for games of run-and-fetch. Bogart watched these games from the front window. He could not understand why Young Dog could go outside and he could not.

When Young Dog would come inside, she would wag her tail and run up to Bogart to play with him. Bogart was so mad he spit in Young Dog's eye and scratched Young Dog's nose. Then Bogart went to his cupboard and lay down in the darkness, all alone. His feelings were hurt.

For Bogart, the coming of Young Dog was the last straw. What did his mistress want him to do? First it had been this little apartment, then it was not going outside and now it was this crazy big dog. Bogart wanted to escape more than ever.

Through the window, Bogart saw his mistress throw a rubber ball. Young Dog ran and picked it up. What a silly game, thought Bogart. He wished that he could play.

Young Dog was a friendly dog. She had never seen a cat like Bogart and she very impressed. She thought that Bogart looked like a prince, which of course is what he was. Even though she was a dog she wanted Bogart to like her. After all, they lived in the same apartment and they both shared the same mistress.

Young Dog kept trying to play with Bogart and Bogart kept scratching Young Dog on the nose.

The trouble was that Bogart wanted to escape more than anything else. He wanted to escape more than he wanted to play or eat or sleep. He decided he would escape the next chance he had. And this time he would not give himself up. He would stay outside, a free Siamese.

Bogart cleaned his whiskers and waited for his chance.

A few nights later, Bogart's mistress made him a big dinner with his favorite things in it: chicken and tunafish. Bogart always loved chicken and tunafish. They made his coat shine and his eyes bright. But not tonight. He had a few nibbles and left the rest.

Bogart's mistress put catnip on the counter for Bogart to roll in. Bogart always loved to roll in catnip. It made him think of kitten jokes. But he was not feeling like a kitten tonight.

Tonight Bogart was going to escape from Cat-trazz.

Bogart watched his mistress as she washed the dishes. He saw that Young Dog was fast asleep. He knew that his mistress had to take the trash out. When she opened the door he would make his break.

Bogart had planned it well. He had watched the door open and close from every side and angle. He knew the swiftest ways; the hardest ways to block. He had not tried to escape for three days because he knew his mistress would drop her guard. She would not be looking for him now. Tonight.

There was a rattle of paper. There were footsteps on the floor. Bogart looked up. His mistress was headed for the door.

The time had come. Bogart's legs were tense, his Siamese face was set. He watched and he crouched and he got ready to fly.

His mistress held the big bag in one hand and reached for the knob with the other, as Bogart knew she would. She turned the knob.

And Young Dog woke up. She ran to the door, she was wagging her tail. She jumped up and down. She got in Bogart's way.

Bogart tried to be calm. He stayed where he was. He had not planned on Young Dog's butting in but there was still a chance. His mistress was opening the door, she was talking to Young Dog. She was not looking at her Siamese pirate prince.

Bogart smelled the night air. When he sprang between Young Dog's legs he was so fast his mistress did not see him. He was faster than a shooting star. He ran across the parkinglot and got down under a car. He was out!

Young Dog barked. But Bogart's mistress had not seen him go. She did her chore and went inside. Then she came back out, trying to see through the night.

"Bogart?"

Bogart's mistress called his name. Bogart hid and did not make a sound.

"Bogart, where are you?"

Bogart crept under one car and then another, like a jungle cat. He was quiet as the moon.

"Bogart?"

His mistress sounded worried. Young Dog let out a whimper. But Bogart did not go back. He wanted to do some exploring first.

Bogart's mistress looked for him and called his name. If she looked one way, Bogart ran the other way. Bogart was quick and clever. This was fun. After awhile his mistress gave up. Bogart saw her go inside.

At last. Bogart felt free to do as he pleased. At last he was outside. He sniffed the breeze and he rolled on his back in the dust. Oh, it felt good. He rolled and rolled and rolled.

"Cat-ttrazz, so you got out? Cat-ttrazz."

Bogart looked up into the cruel green eyes of the tiger. The tiger was not alone. Next to him stood a big bull of a cat that looked like a dirty pumpkin and had a black eye. He was flicking out his claws, one at a time.

"Cat-trazz, we'd like some of that royal blood, Cat-trazz."

Very slowly, Bogart got back on his feet. He did not know which cat to look at. He did not like looking at either one. They were sneering and snide and showing their claws. The stars shone in the tiger's eyes like dead skulls.

"Cat-trazz".

Bogart growled his low growl. He backed up a few steps and kept his tail down in back. The tiger and his pal came closer. The tiger moved his head like a snake. He showed Bogart his yellow teeth.

Bogart had never faced two cats before. Both were much bigger than he was. There was no place left to run. Bogart felt the world grow very small around him. Someone had to get hurt. Bogart growled again, this time a little louder. He stood very still. It was like every Siamese who had ever lived was watching. Above the tiger's head, Bogart thought he saw his great, great, great, great grandfather Siamese raise his left paw. Then Bogart let that tiger have it.

Bogart threw himself at the tiger with all his might. He fought the tiger with the courage of all the Siamese who had ever lived. They grappled on the ground, they twisted and turned and then they broke loose. Bogart felt a burning behind his ear.

"Cat-trazz."

The tiger's dirty pumpkin of a pal was coming near. Bogart wondered where his mistress was. He wondered if he would ever see her again or be petted or have tunafish or catnip. He thought of his

country life, cat brothers and of all that tall grass that he had loved and lost. Bogart arched his back and thought of something that was like a Siamese prayer.

And the world grew very, very large. For suddenly, right there between Bogart, the tiger and his pumpkin pal stood Young Dog. She let out a mighty bark. She barked again. Cats! She had never had so much fun. With one big paw she knocked the tiger's pumpkin pal out of the parkinglot. Yes, cats were a barrel of fun. She grabbed the tiger by the scruff of his grimy neck and tossed him in a tree. She barked and barked at that. She had never had a better time.

Then she looked at Bogart. She nudged him gently with her nose and gave him a big kiss with a slurp of her red tongue. Bogart was never so glad to see a crazy big dog in his life. He decided to try never to scratch her nose again.

Try to see yourself sitting on a hilltop, under a tree. Down the hill is a wooden house with trees and grass and flowers all around it. Birds are singing and butterflies flit through the sunny air. If you can make a picture of all this in your mind, you can see what Bogart saw many days after his adventure that night in the parkinglot with Young Dog.

Bogart's mistress had looked very hard for a place where he and Young Dog could go outside whenever they wanted. You see, she had not liked that apartment very much, either. At last, with a little luck, she had found another place. It was on a hill and it was far from cars and trucks and busy roads.

Bogart sat on his hilltop and sniffed deep sniffs. He saw Young Dog sleeping in the shade. He saw his mistress planting catnip seeds

in the garden. All of the time he had spent in that little apartment called Cat-trazz seemed now to have been a long time ago.

Bogart hoped they all could stay in this new place for awhile. It was very nice. In many ways it was the nicest place he had ever been. Bogart scratched his head with wonder when he thought of how unhappy he had been and of how very happy he was now. Sometimes, he thought, you just have to trust people. And dogs, too. Even if they seem a bit silly sometimes.

Bogart looked down at Young Dog sleeping in that shade. He wondered if she would play hide-and-seek in the tall grass with him. He felt she might.

Bogart trotted down the hill to find out.

THE END