

# Four Fun Friends



**Oak Meadow**

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## Chapter

# 1

# The Kittens Get a New Home

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Once there was a family of kittens born in a small shed under a huge oak tree. There were six kittens in the litter.

The kittens loved to snuggle with their warm mother cat and all their brothers and sisters. They loved to play under the oak tree. They were happy.

The kittens grew quickly and soon their owner, Lizzie, decided it was time to find new homes for them. The kittens said goodbye to their mother, and Lizzie put them all

in a big basket with a lid and took them to the car.

“Where are we going?” wondered all the kittens. “What will become of us?”

They meowed loudly.

“Don’t cry, little kittens,” said Lizzie. “You are going to meet your new families. You will like your new homes.”

First, she drove to her neighbor Ezra’s house. Ezra was ten years old and he wanted a kitten. Lizzie lifted the basket out of the car.

Ezra came running out of the house. He was very excited.

“My kitten is here!” he shouted. “My kitten is here!”

The kittens meowed. They were scared. Ezra’s voice was so loud!

Before Lizzie could carry the basket into the house, Ezra lifted the lid.

“Six kittens!” he yelled. “There are six kittens!”

The kittens jumped out of the basket and ran to hide.

One kitten ran under a bush. Two raced up a tree. Two rushed under the fence and into the backyard. One hid under Lizzie’s car.

“Oh no!” cried Lizzie. “The kittens are scared of all the sounds! Ezra, go inside and bring out some cat treats. We have to find the kittens.”

Ezra ran inside and came back quickly with the treats.

Lizzie said, “We must be very quiet so we can find the kittens. We

must move very slowly. The kittens are shy.”

“Here, kitty!” Ezra called in a soft voice. “Here, kitty!”

Slowly one of the kittens crept out from under the car. Ezra held out the treat. The kitten ate it up.

Ezra gently picked up the kitten and petted it. The kitten meowed.

“Hush, little kitty. You’re safe now.” He gave the kitten to Lizzie to put in the basket.

Lizzie found the two kittens in the tree. They did not want to come down.

Ezra came to help. He climbed up into the branches and got the kittens. He handed them down to Lizzie, who put them safely into the basket. She gave each kitten a treat

to eat, and then closed the lid of the basket again.

Soon, Ezra found another kitten under a bush. He carefully picked it up. He spoke very softly to it. He held it gently.

“It’s okay, little kitty, I won’t hurt you. Do you want to be my kitten and live here with me?” Ezra tucked the kitten under his chin and the tiny kitten purred.

Ezra’s parents came outside and he showed them his new kitten.

“We are still missing two kittens,” said Lizzie. “I don’t see them anywhere. I don’t hear them crying.”

“We will keep looking for them,” said Ezra’s father. “Why don’t you take the other kittens to their new

homes and then come back. While you are gone, we will try to find the two that are still missing.”

“All right,” said Lizzie. “I’ll be back soon. Thank you for helping.”

Lizzie drove away and Ezra’s family went in the house to get their new kitten settled.

When all was quiet, the two missing kittens crept out. One was under a bush in the backyard. He was striped with gray, black, and white fur. He had big green eyes and a clean white bib of fur in the front that matched his little white feet.

The other kitten was under the back porch. She also had gray, black, and white stripes, and she had some orange fur too. Her eyes were very



yellow. She had little white feet, just like her brother.

She peeked out from under the porch and looked around. What a big world it was! She heard her brother meowing from under the bush in the backyard. She ran to him.

They were happy to find each other but they did not know what to do. The world was so big, and they were lost!

The two kittens curled up together under the bush and went to sleep. They were tired from their adventure.

Soon, Ezra came out and found them. He picked them up and put them in a box with a little blanket. He gave them tasty kitty treats.

“You will be safe and warm there,” he said. “Soon Lizzie will come back and take you to your new home.”

Ezra petted the kittens until they fell asleep again.

When Lizzie came back, the two kittens woke up from their nap. Lizzie put them in the basket and drove them to the home of her friends, the Carters, and their daughters, Abby and Tara.

When she arrived, the Carter family came out to meet the new kittens.

“What sweet kittens!” said Tara. “Are they boys or girls?”

“The one with the orange is a girl. The one with the little white bib

is a boy,” said Lizzie. “They have just had a big adventure. They will be glad to settle down now.”

“We are happy to have them,” said Mrs. Carter. “We love cats!”

“Let’s call the boy kitten Franky,” said Tara.

“All right,” said Mr. Carter.  
“What shall we call the girl kitten?”

“I think we should call her Pippi,” said Abby. “She is tiny—a little pipsqueak! But Pipsqueak is too big a name for such a tiny kitten.”



“Welcome to our family, Franky and Pippi,” said Tara.

“Meow!” said Franky and Pippi.

They were happy to be home at last.

## Chapter

# 2

# Bobby's Stinky Adventure

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Franky and Pippi soon settled in to their new home. They loved the Carter family, and they especially loved the family dog, Bobby. He was an old black-and-white dog who had no tail.

Bobby was kind and gentle with the kittens. He never minded if they climbed on him while he was sleeping or if they played chase around him. Bobby was a good dog.

One day, the Carter family piled into the car. They called Bobby to

come too. Bobby did not like to ride in the car, but he liked to be with his family. He was willing to ride in the car if he was with them.

“We are going for a picnic,” said Tara. “Jump into the car! We want you to come with us.”

“You will like the picnic,” said Abby. “And we are bringing a bone for you.”

She helped Bobby into the car. He was a little stiff, and he moved slowly.

When Bobby was a puppy, he was hit by a car. He lost his tail and broke his leg. Since then, he had always been a little stiff. Now Bobby was ten years old, and he didn't move very fast most of the time.

Bobby lay on the floor of the car. He put his head on Tara's foot.

"Good old Bob," said Tara. She petted his black-and-white head.

The drive took a long time. Bobby went to sleep. He woke up when the car stopped at last.

"We're here!" said Abby.

"Come on out, Bobby," said Tara, as she helped him out of the car.

Bobby looked around.

There was a lake. There were lots of trees. There were many good smells. He sniffed and wiggled his nose. If he'd had a tail, he would have wagged it.

"I like picnics," thought Bobby as the family spread the lunch out on the picnic cloth.

“I am hungry,” said Dad. “Let’s eat lunch first. Then we can play ball and take a walk. We can swim in the lake when we get hot.”

There were many good things to eat. There were hard-boiled eggs, carrot sticks, and apples. There was cheese with crackers. There were cookies too. But best of all, there was a big bone for Bobby.

After lunch, it was time for a walk. Mom said, “Let’s walk in the woods.”

Bobby liked walking in the woods. There were many new smells. He walked and sniffed, walked and sniffed.

There were many new sounds. His ears perked up. He heard birds and bugs. He heard the breeze in



the trees. He heard squirrels chattering.

Bobby trotted along the path. He wandered away from the family. He chased a squirrel and it ran up a tree. He raced with a bird.

“What fun!” he thought. “I wonder what other animals live in the woods?”

In the bushes, Bobby saw a black-and-white face peek out.

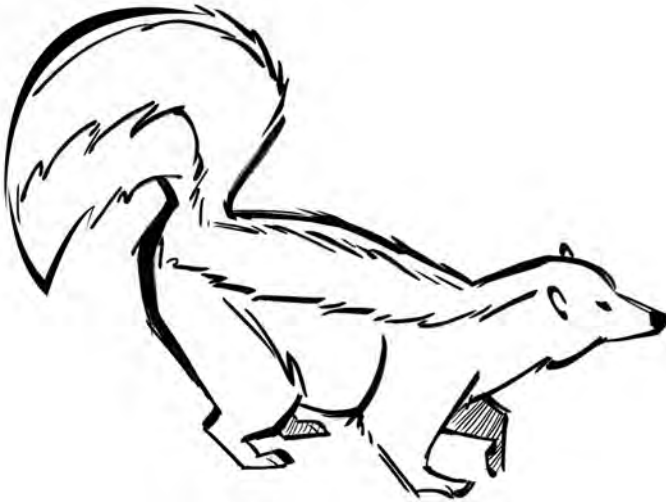
“Are you a puppy?” asked Bobby.

He sniffed. It didn’t smell like a puppy. Its face looked a little like a puppy’s face, but longer.

“It is black and white, just like me,” Bobby thought to himself. “Maybe if I chase it, it will play with me.”

So Bobby chased the black-and-white animal. It ran a few feet and looked back at the old dog.

Bobby ran closer. "Let's play!" he barked.



The animal lifted its big tail. It sprayed something all over Bobby.

What a smell!

"I don't want to play with this animal," yelped Bobby. "This is not a puppy!"

He ran away from the black-and-white animal.

“Bobby!” called Tara.

“Bobby, where are you?” yelled Abby.

“Come, Bob!” cried Mom and Dad.

Bobby was happy to hear his family calling him. He ran to find them. When he saw them, he ran up to say hello.

“Oh no!” cried Tara.

“What an awful stink!” said Abby.

“Bobby met a skunk!” laughed Dad.

“Oh, Bobby, you smell terrible!” groaned Mom. “We’d better go back and have a swim in the lake.”

Everyone raced back to the lake. They were glad to jump in the cool water.

They swam and played in the water for a long time.

But when they got out, Bobby still smelled terrible.

On the way home from the picnic, Bobby slept in the back seat of the car. The family kept all the windows open for fresh air. When they got home, Mom gave Bobby a bath with tomato juice to get rid of the bad smell.

“You smell much better now,” she said, “but we will have to do this again every day for a few days. Poor stinky Bob! Next time we go on a picnic, don’t try to make friends with any skunks!”