

# *The Adventures of Jayne* *~ the cat who was a dog ~*

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### *The Birth of Jayne* *in the City of New Philawashingyork* *and how she grew up as a Dog*

**T**here was once a cat. She was a small cat because she'd just been born. Her eyes were closed, her mew was tiny and her tail pointy.

"Mew! Mew!" she mewed. "Mew! Mew!"

She was mewing because she was hungry.

She was hungry because she was abandoned.

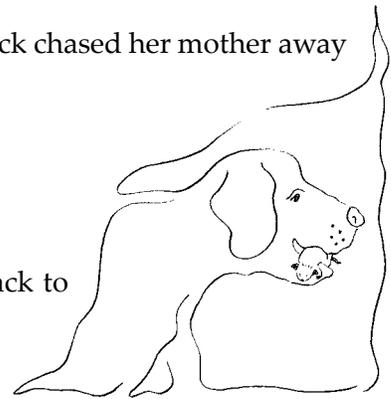
She was abandoned because as soon as she was born a garbage truck chased her mother away from underneath the dumpster.

"Mew! Mew!" cried the kitten. "Mew! Mew!"

By and by along came a dog. He heard her mewing.

"Mew! Mew!" mewed the kitten. "Mew! Mew!"

The dog picked her up with his big, strong teeth and took her back to his dog-wife. She'd just had a litter and the dog-husband was sure she wouldn't mind another mouth to feed. He placed the kitten in the middle of the squirming puppies.



That's how this kitten grew up to be a cat who was a dog. She walked like a dog, she played like a dog, and she talked like a dog, almost: "Bow-meow!" she barmewed. "Bow-meow!"

Jayne was not just any dog in the litter, she was the top dog, the main-man dog, the king-of-the-castle dog. She held her tail up straight when she walked and brooked no nonsense. When they went for a walk everyone had to walk behind her: her brothers and sisters, her doggy-daddy and doggy-mommy, and the human she kept as chief back scratcher and can opener.

And Jayne was a tough cookie—as tough as nails and as cool as cucumbers come.

For instance: