



BETSY McCALL IS ADOPTED (BY A CAT)!

Lots of families adopt a kitten. But a kitten adopting a family? Pussin did. "Pussin" is short for Puss-in-Boots—and our new neighbor, Mrs. Coles, called him that because his brown paws look just like little boots. "He's Siamese," Mommy said, "and he's a cute little thing, though they do say that Siamese cats are unfriendly." Daddy grumbled: "That's fine with me because I'm unfriendly to cats." But there was nothing unfriendly about Pussin. He invited himself over to sit in the patch of sunlight on our porch to wait for the twins and me to come home from school. When it was time for Daddy to get home, there was Pussin again. Then,

one day last week Mrs. Coles came over with Pussin in her arms. "I have to be gone for a week or so," she said, "and I wonder if you'd just keep an eye on Pussin. You seem to be his second family." So Pussin came. He had little purring talks with Mommy in the kitchen. And Daddy, the cat hater, started coming home with his pockets bulging with rubber mice and catnip balls—"just so he won't chase birds," Daddy said. But Pussin wasn't interested in birds. Only in *us!* And then came the

day he wasn't there, and we guessed that Mrs. Coles was back. Sure enough, she came over to thank us again, with Pussin purring madly under her chin and Mrs. Coles with tears in her eyes, but very happy. And suddenly I had tears in *my* eyes because I didn't want him to leave. "Oh, dear," Mrs. Coles murmured. "I was just about to ask if you'd like to keep Pussin forever. It never occurred to me that you were allergic to him, too!" "I'm not, I'm not," I said. And Mommy echoed: "She's not!" And Daddy added: "She's not!" And I sniffled: "We just want him to stay with us." And at that very minute Pussin adopted our family.



FOR PAPER DOLLS OF BETSY AND HER COUSIN LINDA, PRINTED IN COLOR ON CARDBOARD, PLUS 25 CUTOUTS, SEND 50 CENTS IN COIN (NO STAMPS, PLEASE) TO BETSY McCALL, 1419 WEST FIFTH, WILTON, IOWA 52778. COPYRIGHT © 1977 BY THE McCALL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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