

'Poor Cinders,'  
said Miss Moll one day.  
'You are all alone.  
I am going to  
find a friend for you.'

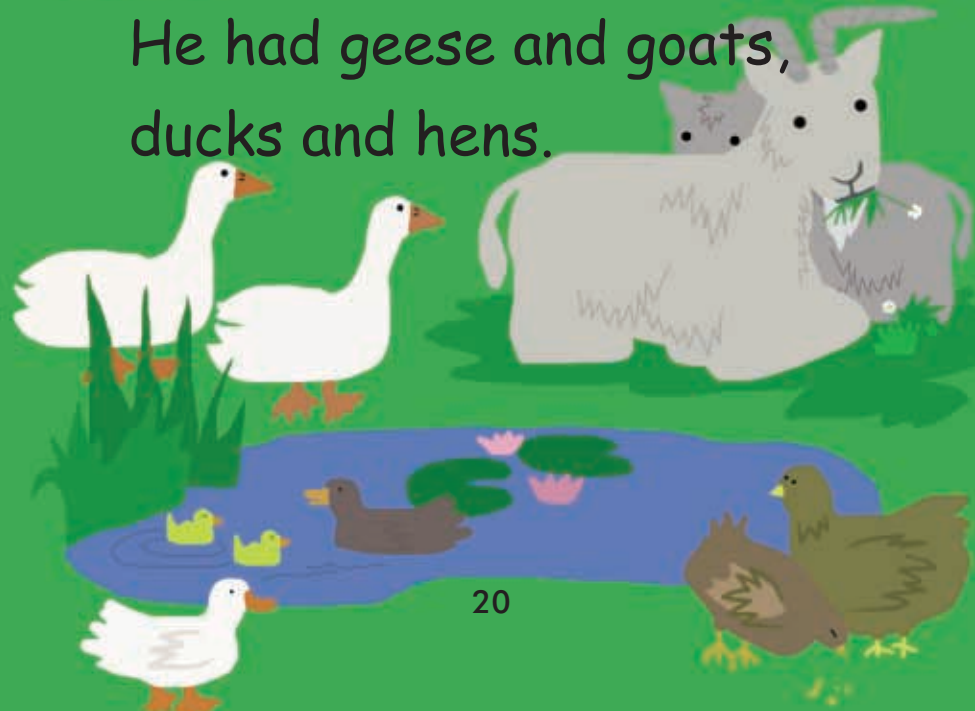




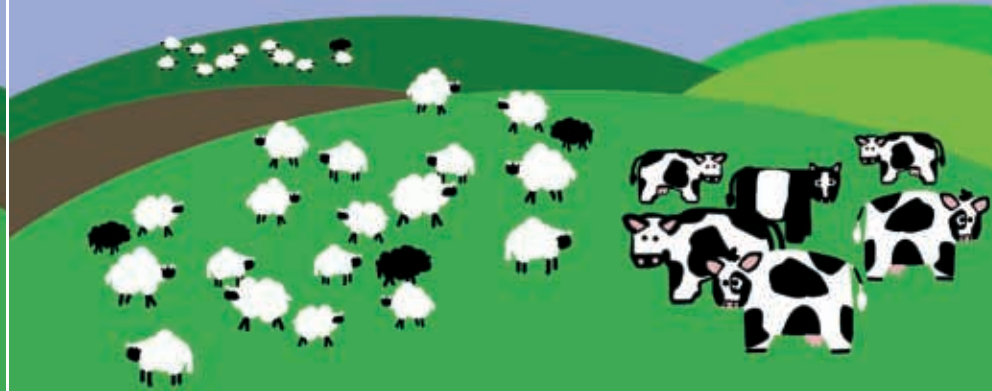
He had horses and pigs,  
donkeys and dogs.



He had geese and goats,  
ducks and hens.



He had sheep and cows.



And he had **Tiger**,  
a small ginger cat.



Miss Moll put  
Tiger in a  
basket.  
She chuckled  
all the way  
home.

'Cinders will have a  
friend,' she said.  
'What a happy cat  
she will be.'

