

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

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**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 mewling 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 mewling.

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

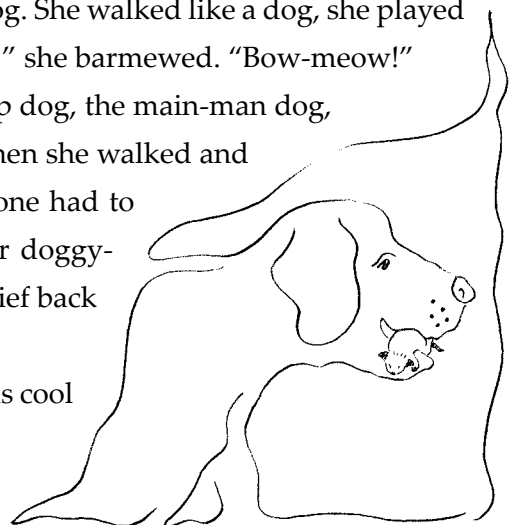
The dog picked her up with his big, strong teeth and took her back to his dog-wife. She'd just had a litter and the dog-husband was sure she wouldn't mind another mouth to feed. He placed the kitten in the middle of the squirming puppies.

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 straight up when she walked and brooked no nonsense. When they went for a walk everyone had to walk behind her—including 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:



## *The Taming of Big-Bad*

### 2

In Jayne's neighborhood was a bully dog. His name was Big-Bad. He barked at cars, he barked at trucks, he barked at humans, he barked at dogs, but most of all he chased cats. He loved chasing cats: big cats, small cats, old cats, young cats, ginger cats, black cats, grey cats, white cats, every-which-color cats. He didn't mind what kind of cat it was—he chased them all, and loved it.

Until he met Jayne.

It happened as Jayne was taking her human for a walk. Jayne was in the lead (as usual), then came her dog family on their leashes (Jayne refused to wear a leash, ever), then came the human. They wandered down a street they'd never been on before. Suddenly, Big-Bad shot out of the side gate of his owner's house and charged straight at her.



"Gurrr! Bow-wow!" he shouted fiercely. "Bow-wow! Gurrr! Gurrr!" he said, and other things like that.

Jayne stopped and looked at him. She didn't flee. She didn't mew. She didn't stop waving her straight-up-in-the-air tail.

Her human shouted "Help!" Her dog family strained their leashes trying to get behind the human. Oh, they were such cowards!

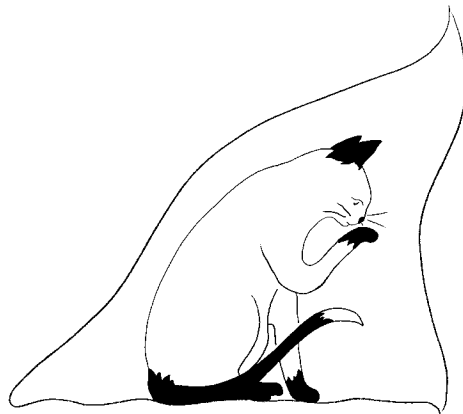
Big-Bad lunged for Jayne—but did she flinch? Oh, no! Jayne flew straight into the air. Up she went like a rocket, hair bristling, eyes popping, teeth gnashing and claws clawing as a horrible hissing, foaming, grunting, bow-meowing yodeled from her lungs. Down she came on Big-Bad's head in a bundle of fury. She moved so fast she made greased lightning look like a stroll in the park. Zip-zak snicker-snack went her claws. Fur went flying everywhere—and not a single hair was hers.

Off she hopped from Big-Bad's head, landed on the pavement, sat down daintily and began to lick her paws and clean her face.

That was the last time Big-Bad chased a cat. He was as good as gold when it came to cats. He whined and bowed low when he saw cats.

Of course, this was nothing compared to the tiger that got loose on Broadway—but before we get to that we have tell the story of how Jayne came to speak Humanese.

It happened like this:



## How Jayne came to Speak and Read

### 3

Jayne was sitting on her human's lap. She was having her mid-morning ear scratch and back smoothing. Suddenly the phone rang.

"Ring-ring! Ring-ring!"

Her human began to stand up and tilt Jayne off her lap.

"Don't," said Jayne, clearly and distinctly.

Her human sat down with a slight jar.

The phone continued to ring. "Ring-ring! Ring-ring!"

As you can tell, this was in the olden days before cell phones.

Her human began to rise again, this time slowly and carefully.

"Don't," said Jayne. "Just leave it."

That's how Jayne came to speak Humanese.

The other thing which we must mention is that Jayne could read. One day, a couple of weeks after first speaking, her human was taking out the cans of cat food she'd bought specially for Jayne. Jayne stared at them. The cans said: 'Catsy-Watsy Fishy Food for Favorite Felines'.

"I am not a cat," said Jayne. "Take them back."

"I beg your pardon?" said her human.

"You heard me," said Jayne, licking a paw.

The cans were taken back and the best high quality dog food brought.

That's how Jayne came to read and her human to know it.

