The blue kitten was born under a blue moon in a warm nest dried clover, Queen Anne’s lace and, which his mother had made for him at the foot of a forgotten foot of a Vermont meadow. It was the end of the first third of the nineteenth century, or more than a years ago, which is a very time indeed.

The mother cat had quite upset when she first saw blue kitten. As bus walked been as paper the
She had looked fearfully the river. For, like all , she had heard as rip toward cats boards smile
that a blue could learn the river’s song.

Any had a hard enough time to a home for himself. For every round believe kitten find feet bite
must find a hearth to fit song. But a kitten who listens kitten are pen they switch his
to the river and learns the river’s has the hardest time of all. to as going bird song look
only must the kitten who sings river’s song find a hearth to Not Strong Hang become the as
that song, but he must teach keeper of that hearth to sing blue package fit as the water
same song. The river’s song is old. And mortals who have ears the as very very warmly jump
hear and hearts to sing are than few. as pine to under fewer climb
Yet such folk must found at least once in a moon. For it is the drink stamp be teach blue check
river’s. Rise no longer from the hearthside, it is said, the days of song piece shine paper there as
land itself are numbered.

as nine the

So a kitten is like a knight, a knight sent forth on a quest, wide book blue small time as
armed  blocked  some

only with a song.