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Opening extract from  
**The Kitten with  
No Name  
(Early Reader)**

Written by  
**Vivian French**

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# The Kitten with no Name

Vivian French

*Illustrated by*  
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Orion  
Children's Books



## Chapter One

Once there was a kitten without  
a name. He was born under  
a hedge, so he had no home either.



“MeeOW,” said his mother.  
“When you are big enough I’ll take you  
somewhere very special where we  
can live happily ever after.”  
“Why is it special?” asked the kitten.



“Well,” said his mother, “because  
it’ll be our very own home.”  
“Our own home!” the kitten said.

“That sounds good. But how will we  
know when we’ve found the right place?”

His mother began to purr.  
“We’ll know,” she said. “We’ll feel  
warm and cosy and  
someone will love us.”



The kitten snuggled down  
against his mother’s soft fur.  
“That’s the best bit,” said the kitten  
and he began to purr.

“Purr ... purr ... purr.”



Every day the kitten with no name  
scrambled out from under the hedge to  
play with the waving buttercups and  
catch the dancing daisies and chase  
the butterflies that went flying past.

“Don’t go too far,” said his mother.  
“I won’t,” said the kitten.



One day the kitten found an old  
conker. He patted it and it bounced  
across the ground.

The kitten ran after it – straight  
into a group of children.

“Oh!” said a tall boy. “Look!  
What a pretty kitten!” He picked  
the kitten up and hugged him.



“H’m,” thought the kitten.  
“Being hugged is good. I’ve never  
been hugged before.”

“Purr ... purr ... purr.”



“Want to see the kitty,”  
said a very little girl. “Pretty kitty.,  
Take him home?”

“No, Daisy B,” said the tall boy. “We’ve already got Fat Freda and Big Tom and Kitty Purr too – there’s no room for another cat. Come on, let’s go to the park. I’ll push you on the swings.”



“Yes!” shouted the very little girl.  
“Bye bye, pretty kitty.  
See you soon.”



The kitten ran back to his mother  
under the hedge.

“Mother,” he said. “I was hugged!”  
“Hugging is good if it isn’t too tight,”  
said his mother.

“It wasn’t too tight,” the kitten said.  
“It was nice. And a little girl wanted  
to take me home!”



His mother jumped to her feet  
“You must **never** let anyone take  
you home,” she said. “We’re going  
to go to our own home!”



The kitten looked hopeful.  
“Will we be hugged?”  
“Of course,” said his mother.  
“Now wash your paws and whiskers  
and I’ll tuck you up.”