



opening extract from
baker cat

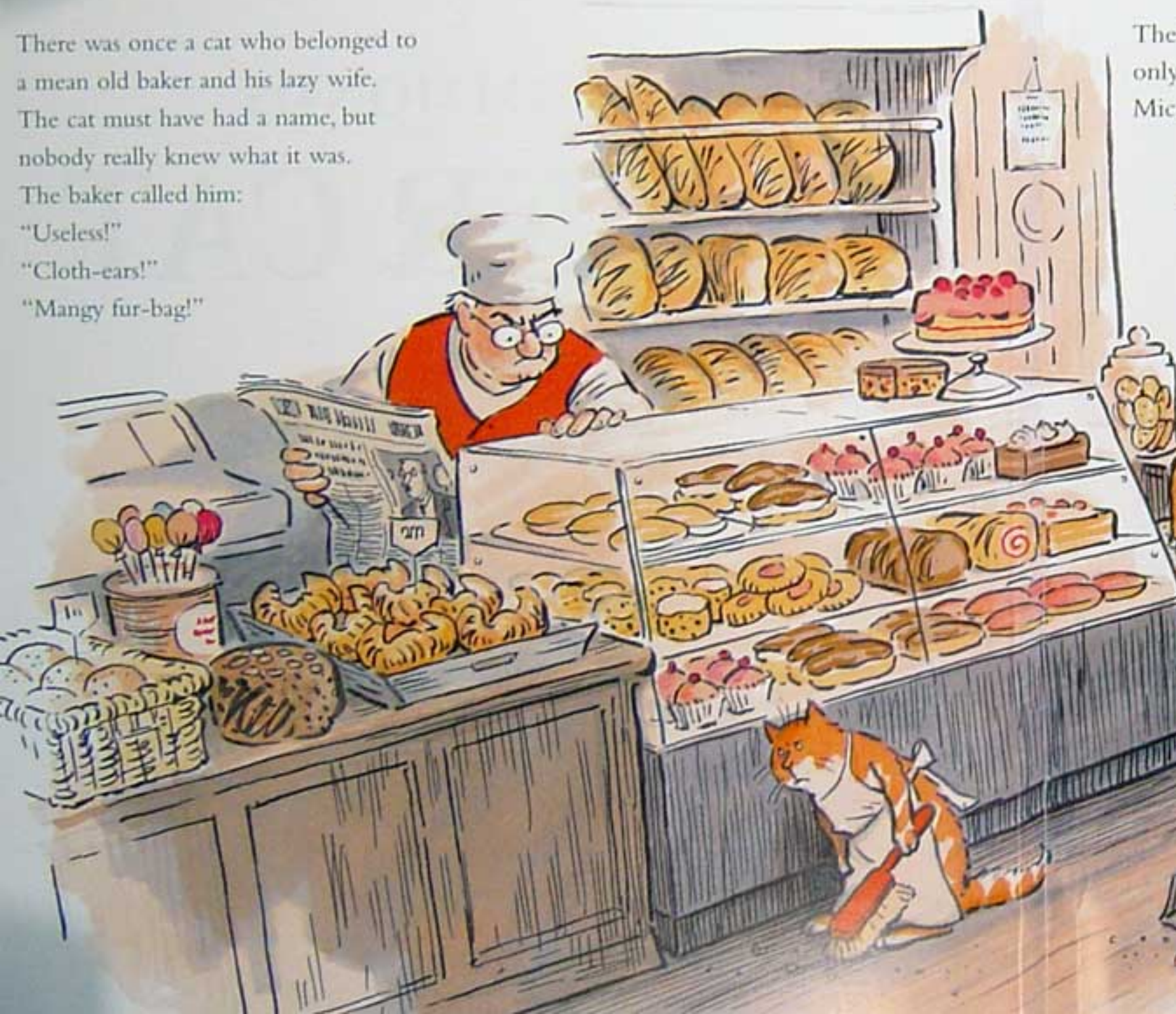
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There was once a cat who belonged to
a mean old baker and his lazy wife.
The cat must have had a name, but
nobody really knew what it was.
The baker called him:
"Useless!"
"Cloth-ears!"
"Mangy fur-bag!"



The baker's wife couldn't bear cats and kept one
only because the bakery was plagued with mice.
Mice gave her the screaming shudders.



The cat was made to do all the work. Every day, while the baker sat grumbling and shouting, the cat scurried to and fro ...

stopping mouseholes ...



mixing dough ...



peeling, slicing ...



rolling, icing ...



chasing mice ...



setting traps ...



baking bread ...



washing up ...



sweeping up ...



and, finally, shutting up the shop.

