



Little Red
Robin

How Bobby Got His Pet



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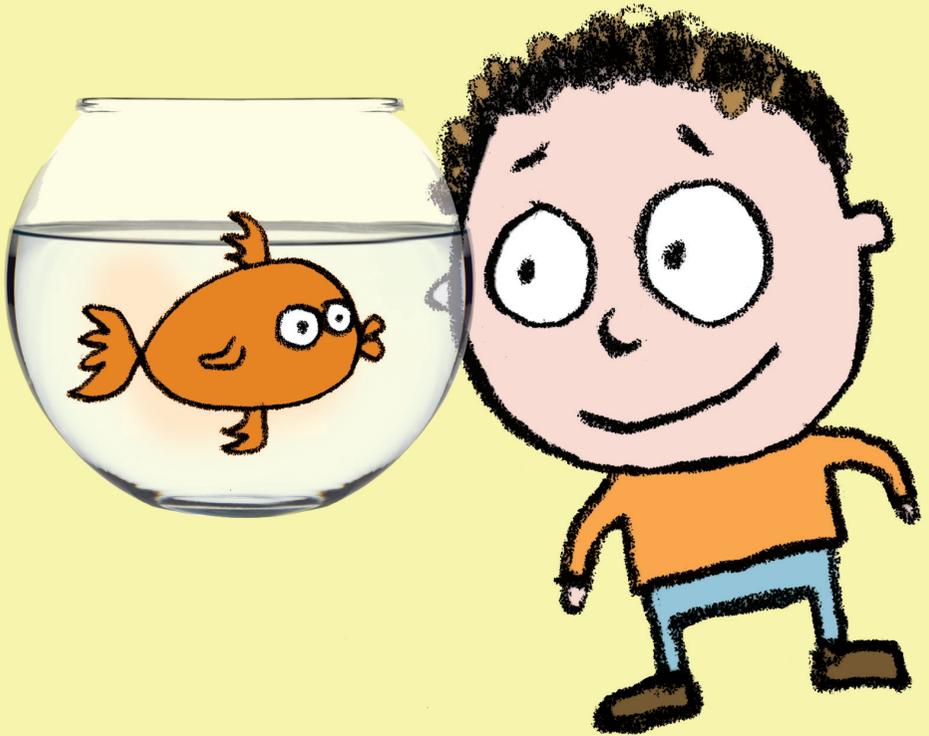
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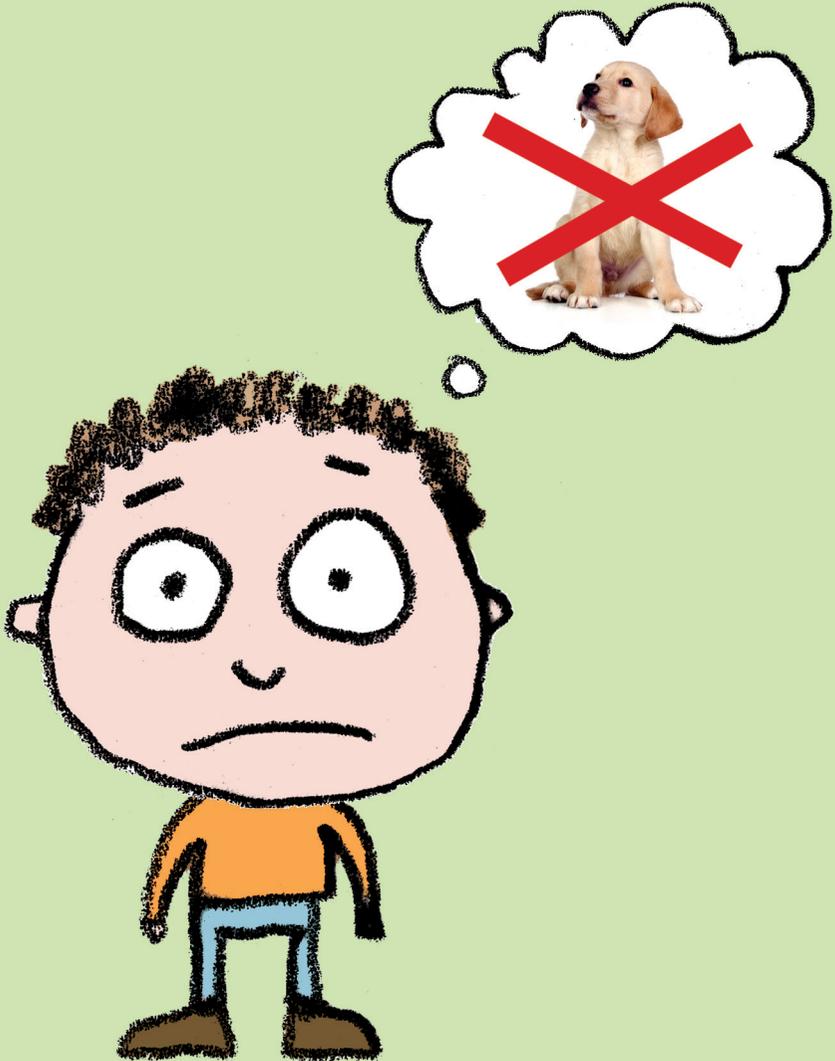
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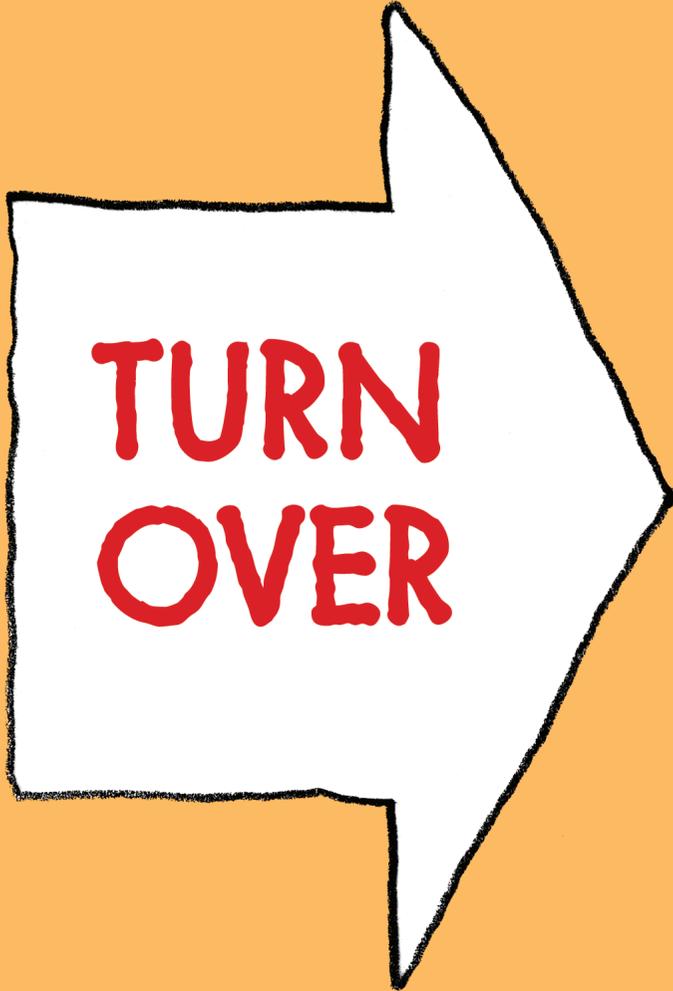
Bobby Cobbler had wanted a pet ever since he was very small. A dog, perhaps. Or a cat. Even a goldfish would do. But his parents always said one word: No!



I will never have a pet, thought Bobby, sadly.
Luckily, he was wrong.



So what happened? Well, it's a funny story, and it starts on the next page.

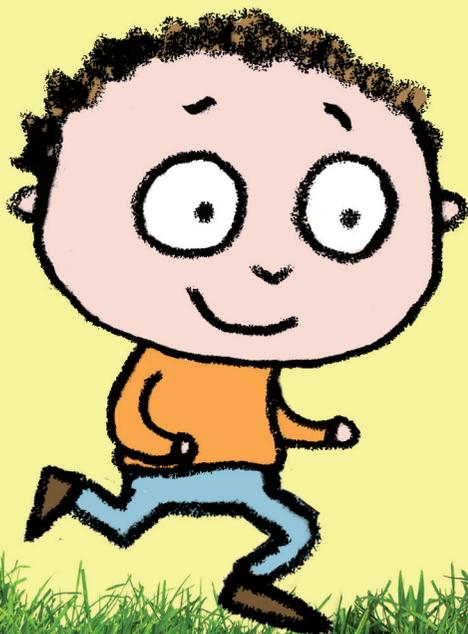




When Bobby was six, he moved to a cottage in the countryside.

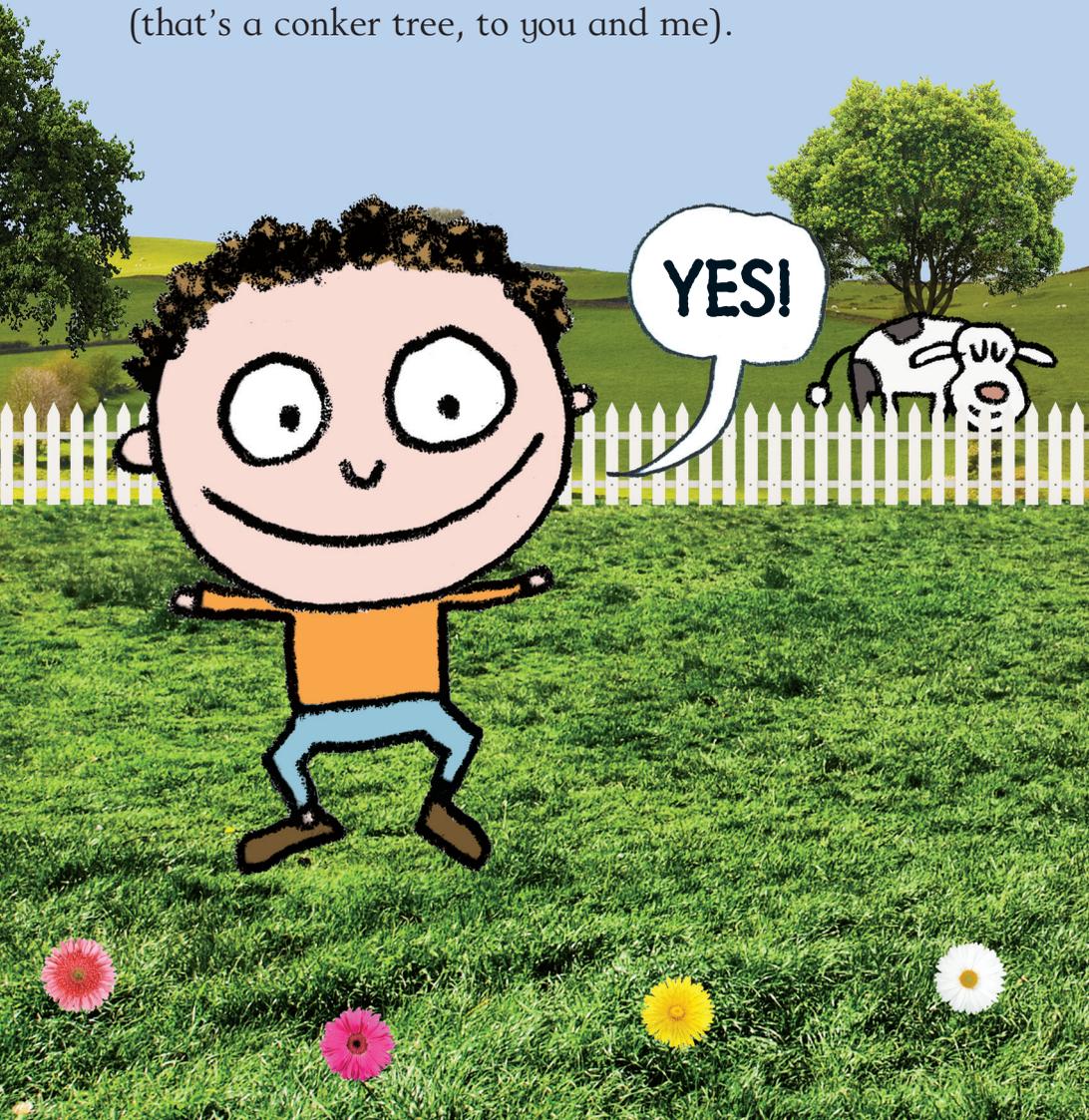
Bobby's dad stopped the car outside the cottage. Bobby couldn't wait to get out. "It looks nice," he said. "But I must explore to be sure!"

Bobby ran into the garden and. . .



“Yes!” he shouted.

The garden was huge – big enough for games and adventures – with a field full of cows beyond. It also had a beautiful, tall horse chestnut tree (that’s a conker tree, to you and me).



“This place can’t get any better,” said Bobby,
grinning.

But it could and it did. . .





Soon after the Cobblers moved in, Mrs Upguffy came to visit. Mrs Upguffy owned the farmhouse across the fields. And the cows, too. She had red cheeks, big hands and said “jolly” a lot.

“My cat Pencil has had some jolly little kittens,” she said. “Do you fancy coming to see them, Bobby?”

Then she winked at him – WINK!



Bobby was excited. Kittens are cute. Surely his parents would let him have one? Everyone loves kittens, right?

Wrong. Bobby's parents did not love kittens.

"No!" said Bobby's mum, when Bobby asked if he could have one. "You can visit them after school, but that is all."

