

## On Four Feet

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| Ping was a very big cat and a very old cat. He | 12 |
| liked to sleep, and sleep, and sleep.          | 19 |
| One day Ping was doing what he liked to do     | 29 |
| sleep. When something hit him on the head,     | 37 |
| something very big.                            | 40 |
| “Ouch!” said Ping. “What hit me?”              | 46 |
| There was Ling on Ping’s head.                 | 52 |
| Ling was a cat, too. Ling had jumped out of a  | 63 |
| window to get away from Stevie. Now Ling was   | 72 |
| on Ping’s head.                                | 75 |