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Puss in Boots junior and the three little kittens

David Cory

Three little kittens lost their mittens and they began to cry, "Oh, mother dear, we very much fear. That we have lost our mittens."

"I'll help you find them," said Puss Junior looking in through the door of a little green house.

"Will you?" said a little tabby cat.

"I think we lost them by the woodpile," said a little gray kitten.

"Perhaps we dropped them while playing hide and go seek," said a cute black kitty.

"Come on, my little kittens," said Puss Junior with a grin. "I'm pretty good at finding things—except people—I can't find my dear father."

"How did you lose him?" asked the first little kitty, as they all ran out into the back yard.

"I don't know any more than you know how you lost your mittens," replied Puss Junior with a laugh.

"If you find our mittens we'll help you find your father," said the three little kittens. They searched and searched, but no mittens were found. Under the woodpile and behind the old well, behind the woodshed and under the porch, they searched, but in vain.

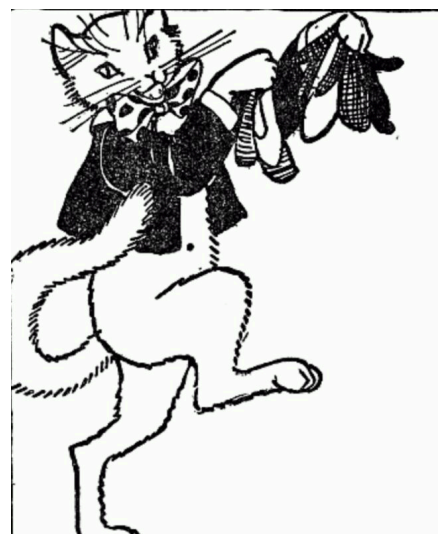
"You naughty kittens! Lost your mittens! Then you shall have no pie!"

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

"No, you shall have no pie."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

"Have you looked in the barn?" asked Puss.



"No," cried the three little kittens.

"Well, that's a good place to look if you've been playing there," suggested Puss. So they all ran out to the barn. But just as they entered the big door a little mouse scurried into a hole and a big gray rat ran into the corn bin.

"Look here, little mouse, if you'll tell us whether you've seen any mittens we won't hurt you," cried Puss. But the little mouse didn't reply.

"My dear Mr. Rat," said Puss Junior speaking into a crack of the corn bin, "if you'll tell us whether you have seen any mittens we'll promise not to touch you." But the rat didn't answer.

"They're afraid of you," said the little black kitty.

"Then you ask them," whispered Puss Junior.

"Did you see our mittens?" whispered the black kitty to the little mouse.

"Yes," replied a squeaky voice. "I saw some mittens in the tool closet." Then the little black kitty ran over to the tool closet, and pretty soon he came dancing out on his two hind legs. "Here they are! Here they are!" he cried, with a happy purr.

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