

family. Since he was *very* hungry, he never minded, and ate his dinner.

“Scottie,” Mrs. Stewart began, when he had finished eating, “this is the rest of the gang around here. I hope you get along with Samson and Boots, because they’ve lived here a long time, and sort of run the place, you understand? I mean, you can’t be Bonnie Prince Charlie all at once. So try to fit in, and welcome to the clan!”

Samson and Boots were as surprised as Scottie was about their meeting. Their appearance was awesome to Scottie, who was less than half their size. His natural puppy curiosity was held in check by not a little fright. In the first show of his aim to get along, he kept his distance. Meanwhile, the Stewarts were keeping a watchful eye on all of the animals to see what was going to happen, and were ready to prevent any trouble. Samson just stood there studying the situation, not quite knowing how to deal with this new situation in his house. Boots’ tail swelled up twice its size, and his eyes got wide and wild-looking. He hissed at Scottie a couple of times with his back all hunched up. Then the cat took to a chair and continued to stare at the newcomer along with Samson.

“Good boy, Samson! Nice going, Boots! This is your new little brother, Scottie,” Mr. Stewart said soothingly. “We would appreciate your cooperation in welcoming him to the family.”