

brushed the matts out of his hair. But when she wasn't busy, Mrs. Stewart's lap was usually full of Boots.

Boots decided early after Scottie's arrival, that the puppy didn't know much about anything, and the best thing to do about him was just to keep out of his way, and wait for him to grow up. Meanwhile, Boots lived in his own cat world, and spent most of the time safely off the ground on some private perch. When the puppy napped, Boots did his usual roaming.

Since Boots was a wise cat, and now had the privilege of being "first pet" in the household, he didn't feel that the Scottie pup was a threat to his position. He knew from experience that dogs can become good friends if a cat is patient with them and doesn't hiss or scratch. Boots remembered that Samson had been patient with him when he was a playful, know-nothing kitten, so now he was returning the favor. When the puppy played too roughly, Boots batted Scottie on the nose with his paw, but he didn't put out his claws.

Scottie simply accepted Samson and Boots as members of his new family. After all, this was his first home, and he didn't know he might have been bad-tempered about them. Now that Samson was gone, the cat was his only animal friend, and he was glad for the company. The Stewarts kept a close eye on their pets, making sure they were getting along peacefully. As time went on, they saw that Scottie and Boots could be together safely.