

## Mr Putter & Tabby Pour the Tea

By Cynthia Rylant

### 1 Mr. Putter

Before he got his fine cat, Tabby, Mr. Putter lived all alone. In the mornings he had no one to share his English muffins. In the afternoons he had no one to share his tea. And in the mornings there was no one Mr. Putter could tell his stories to. And he had the most wonderful stories to tell. All day long Mr. Putter clipped his roses and fed his tulips and watered his trees, Mr. Putter wished for some company. He had warm muffins to eat. He had warm muffins to eat. He had good tea to pour. And he had wonderful stories to tell. Mr.

Putter was tired of living alone. Mr. Putter wanted a cat.

## 2 Tabby

Mr. Putter went to the pet store. "Do you have cats?" he asked the pet store lady. "We have fourteen," she said. Mr. Putter was delighted. But when he looked into the cage, he was not. "These are kittens," he said. "I was hoping for a cat." "Oh, no one wants cats, sir," said the pet store lady. "They are not cute. They are not peppy." Mr. Putter himself had not been cute and peppy for a very long time. He said, "I want a cat." "Then go to the shelter, sir," said the pet store lady. "You are sure to find a cat." Mr. Putter went to the shelter. "Have you any cats?" he asked the shelter man. "We have a fat gray one, a thin black one, and an old yellow one,"

said the man. "Did you say old?" asked Mr. Putter. The shelter man brought Mr. Putter the old yellow cat. Its bones creaked, its fur was thinning, and it seemed a little deaf. Mr. Putter creaked, his hair was thinning, and he was a little deaf, too. So he took the old cat home. He named her Tabby. And that is how their life began.

### 3 Mr. Putter and Tabby

Tabby loved Mr. Putter's tulips. She was old, and beautiful things meant more to her. She would rub past all the yellow tulips. Then she would roll past all the red tulips. Then she would take her bath among all the pink tulips. Mr. Putter clipped roses while Tabby bathed. In the mornings Mr. Putter and Tabby liked to share an English muffin. Mr. Putter ate his with jam, Tabby ate hers with cream cheese. In the afternoons Mr. Putter and

Tabby liked to share tea. Mr. Putter took his with sugar. Tabby took hers with cream. And in the evenings they sat by the window, and Mr. Putter told stories. He told the most wonderful stories. Each story made Tabby purr. On summer days they warmed their old bones together in the sun. On fall days they took long walks through the trees. And on winter days they turned the opera up very loud. After a while it seemed as if they had always lived together. Tabby knew just what Mr. Putter was going to do next. Mr. Putter knew just where Tabby was going to sleep next. In the mornings each looked for the other as soon as they opened their eyes. And at night each looked for the other as their eyes were closing. Mr. Putter could not remember life without Tabby. Tabby could not remember life without Mr.

Putter. They lived among their tulips and trees.  
They ate their muffins. They poured their tea.  
They turned up the opera, and enjoyed the most  
perfect company of all-each other.