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Osbornes'

New Pets

A Coloring/Story Book
by Alice & Joel Schick



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The Osbornes felt happy, comfortable, loose.
Just what you'd expect from a family of moose.
Cynthia, James, their Mom and their Dad
Were all satisfied with the things that they had.



Still, something was missing, and Dad said, "A pet!
"A cat or a dog, now which should we get?"
Cynthia Osborne just looked at her brother.
They couldn't decide between one and the other.
"Imagine," said Mother, "how happy we'll be,
When a dog *and* a cat join this moose family!"



At the shelter were kittens and cats big and small,
Calicos, tabbies, adorable all.





There were shaggy dogs, smooth dogs, puppies who'd nuzzle,
And dignified old dogs, all white in the muzzle.
So many animals need homes so badly.
"We can take only two," Mother Osborne said sadly.



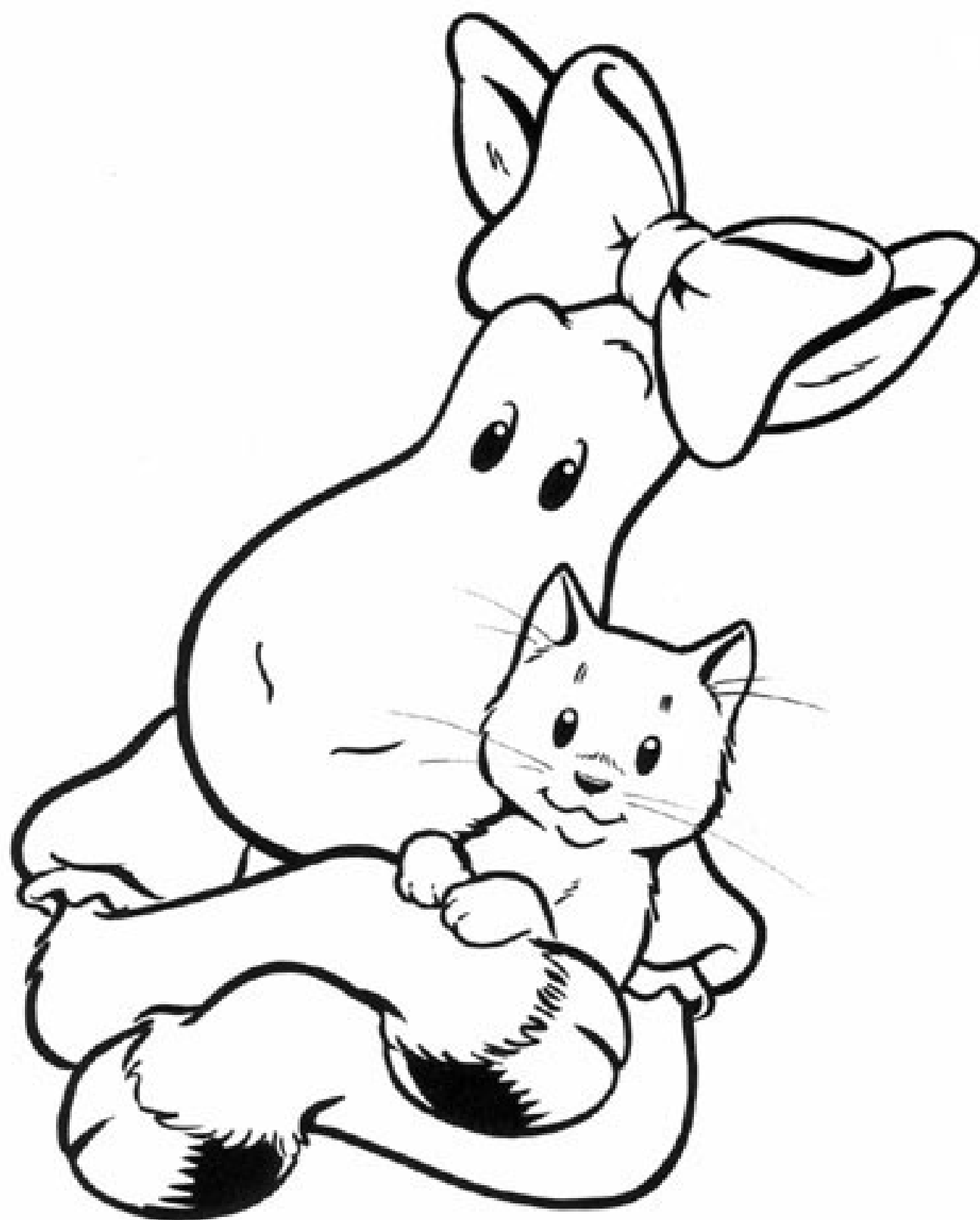
At last they chose two: A cat with white fur,
Who, whenever you held him, would purr, purr, purr, purr.

The pup that they chose would take any excuse
To jump up and lick the soft face of a moose.



Then Mother and Father, Cynthia, James
Sat there and tried to think of some names.
For the dog, well, there's Lulu. Or Spike. *Are you crazy?*
Spike is *not* a good name. We will call our dog Daisy.





We can call our cat Sparky or Snowball or Jackson. Then Cynthia said, "We can name our cat Max."



They filled out adoption forms, paid all the fees.
Then the kind shelter manager said, "Listen up, please.
You can't take your animals home right away.
It will take a few days to neuter and spay.

They will have operations so they don't have babies.
They'll get shots from the vet so they will not get rabies."



The kids were excited, and waiting was hard.
During that time, they fenced in their yard.
A safe place for Daisy to romp and to play
Ball with the kids every bright sunny day.



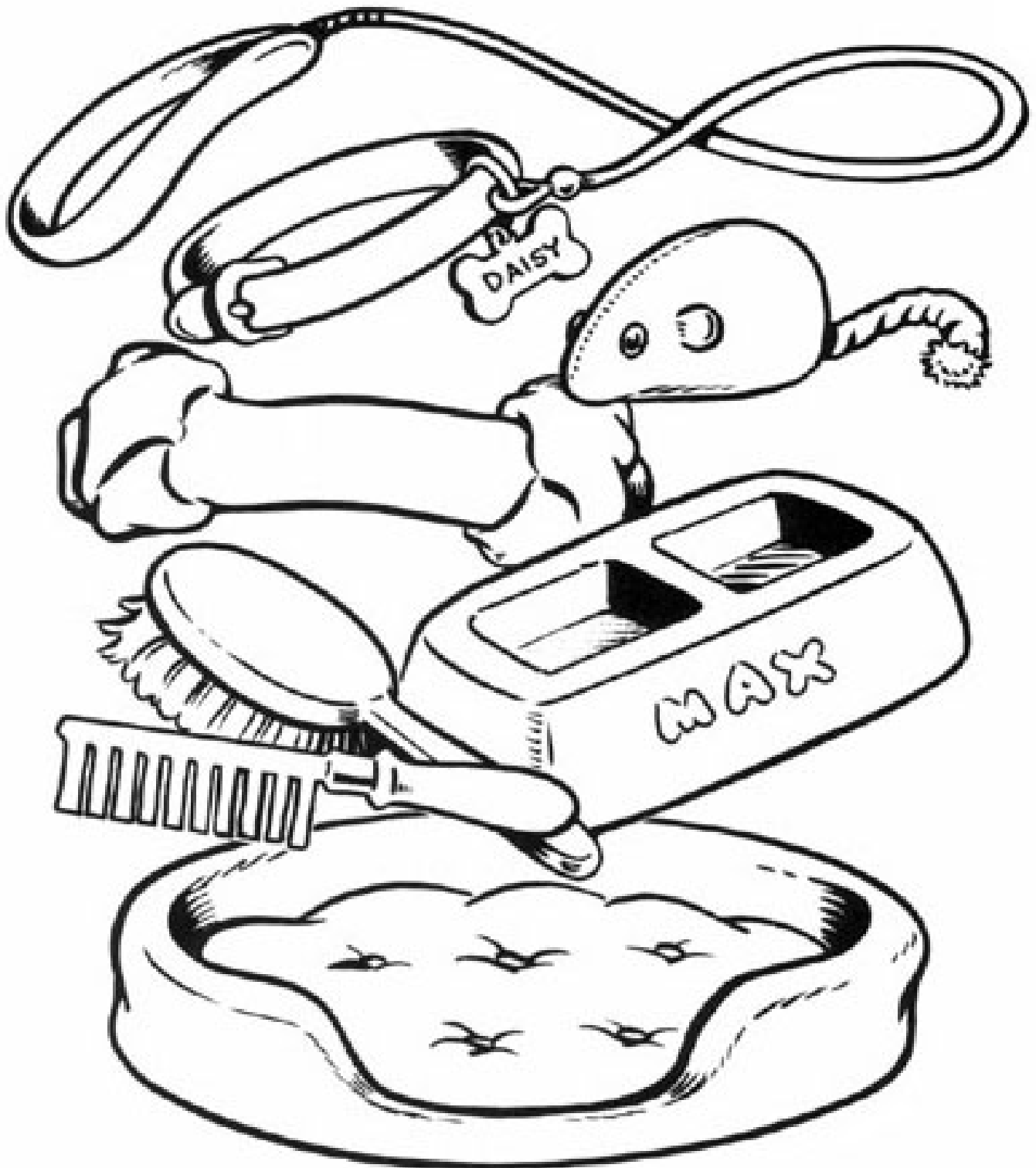


On the other hand, Max would stay indoors always.
He'd be safe when he played in the rooms and the hallways.



The Osbornes went shopping for pet supply stuff.
They bought so much stuff they had more than enough.

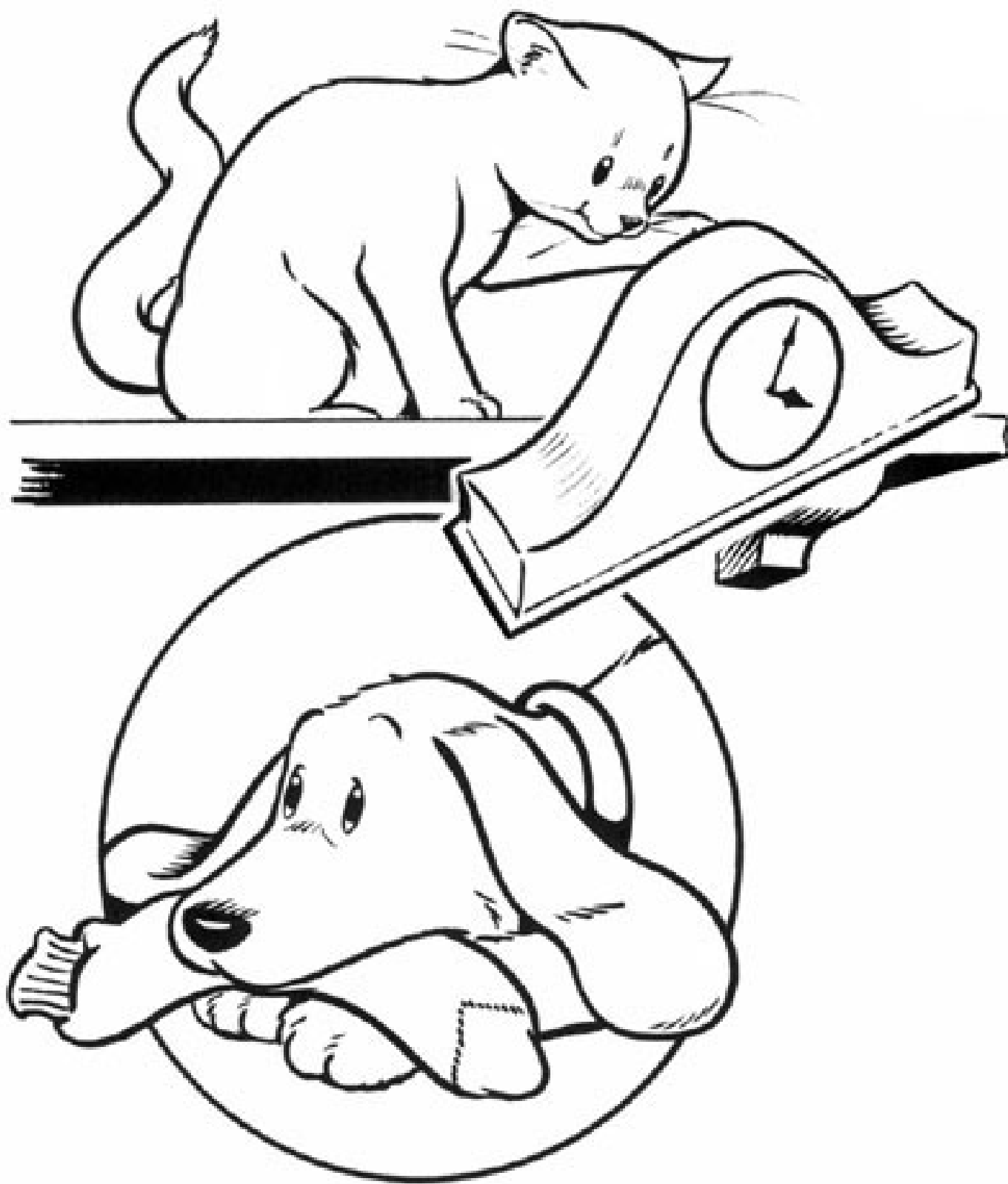
Collars and leashes and bone-shaped name tags,
Scratching posts, chew toys and carrying bags.
Each pet had a bowl, bed, a brush and a comb.
The Osbornes were ready to bring their pets home.





So Daisy and Max were brought home, settled in.
In a few weeks it seemed that they always had been
Part of the family, part of the household,
To play with and love and sometimes to scold.

For example, one day, Max the cat pushed a clock
Off a shelf, and the dog chewed a sock.

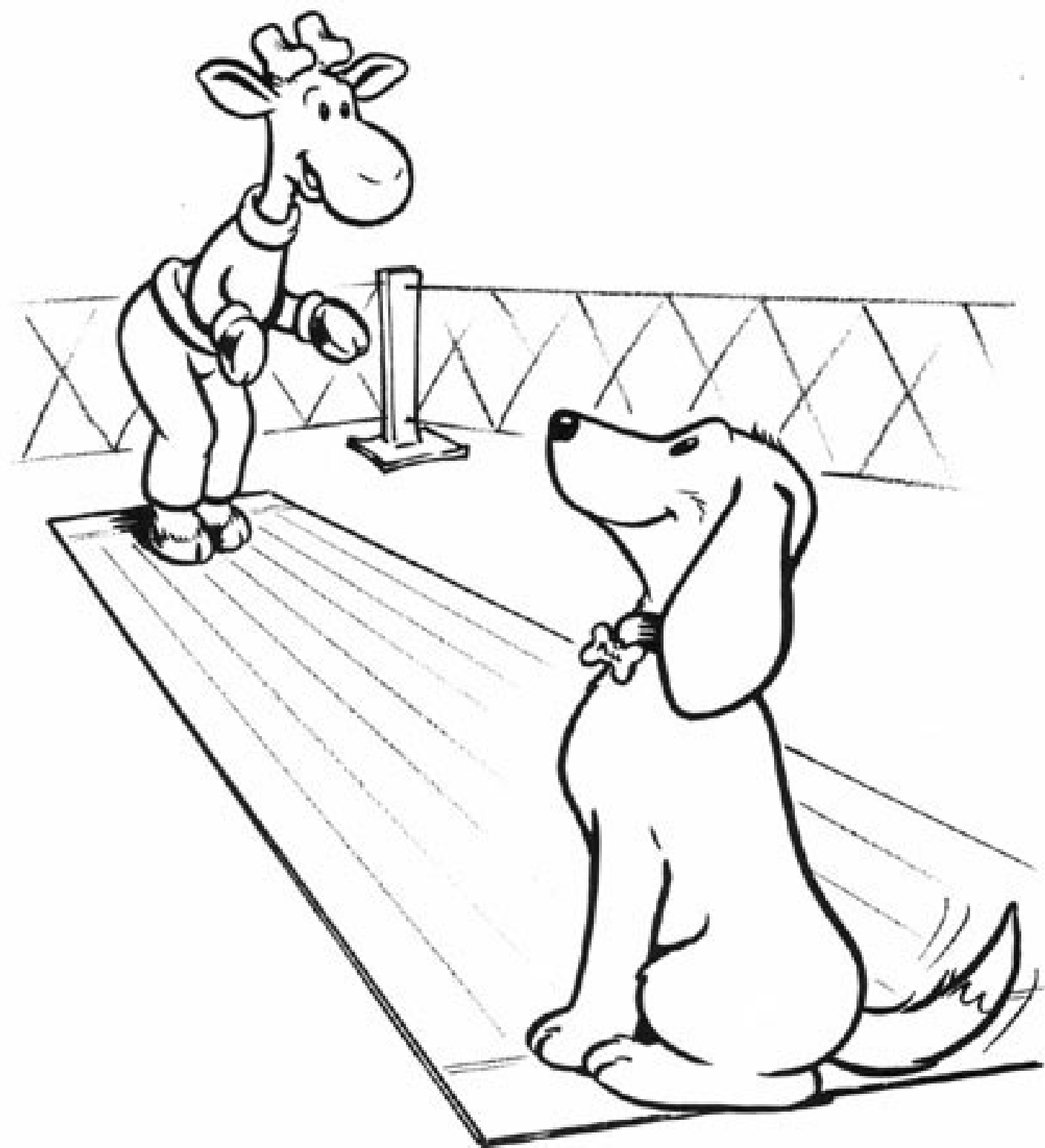




Max uses a litter box to pee and to poop.
Mother says, "Kids, now remember to scoop!"



When Daisy first got there, the kids had to train Her to go potty outside in fine weather or rain. Now Daisy is walked at least three times each day. The moose scoop her poop, and they flush it away.



When asked about cat school, Max just replies, "Meow!"
But Daisy the dog goes to school to learn how
To stand and to heel and to sit and to stay,
To come when she's called and to not run away.

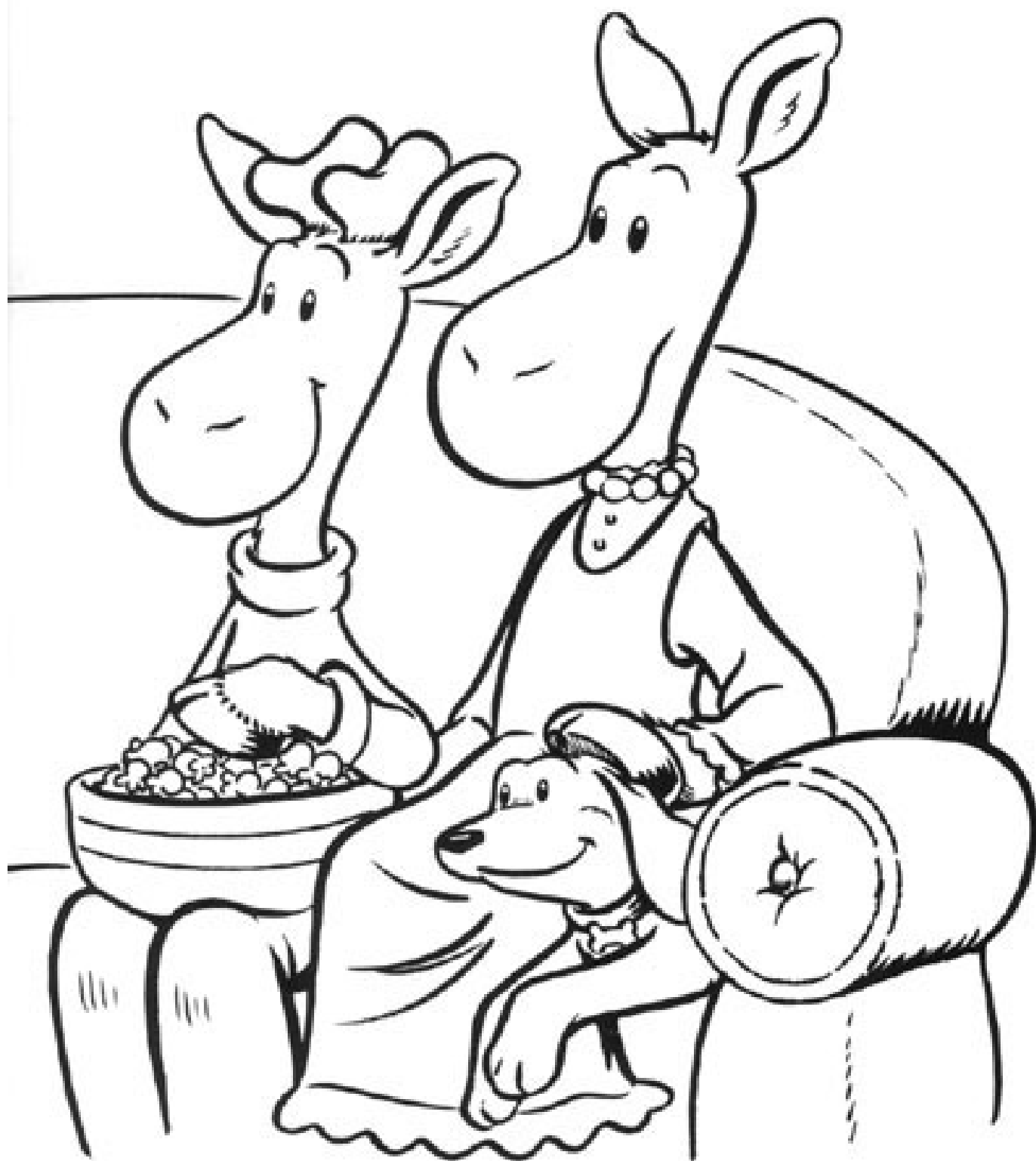
And when Daisy the dog is out of the house,
Max gets to play with his best catnip mouse.

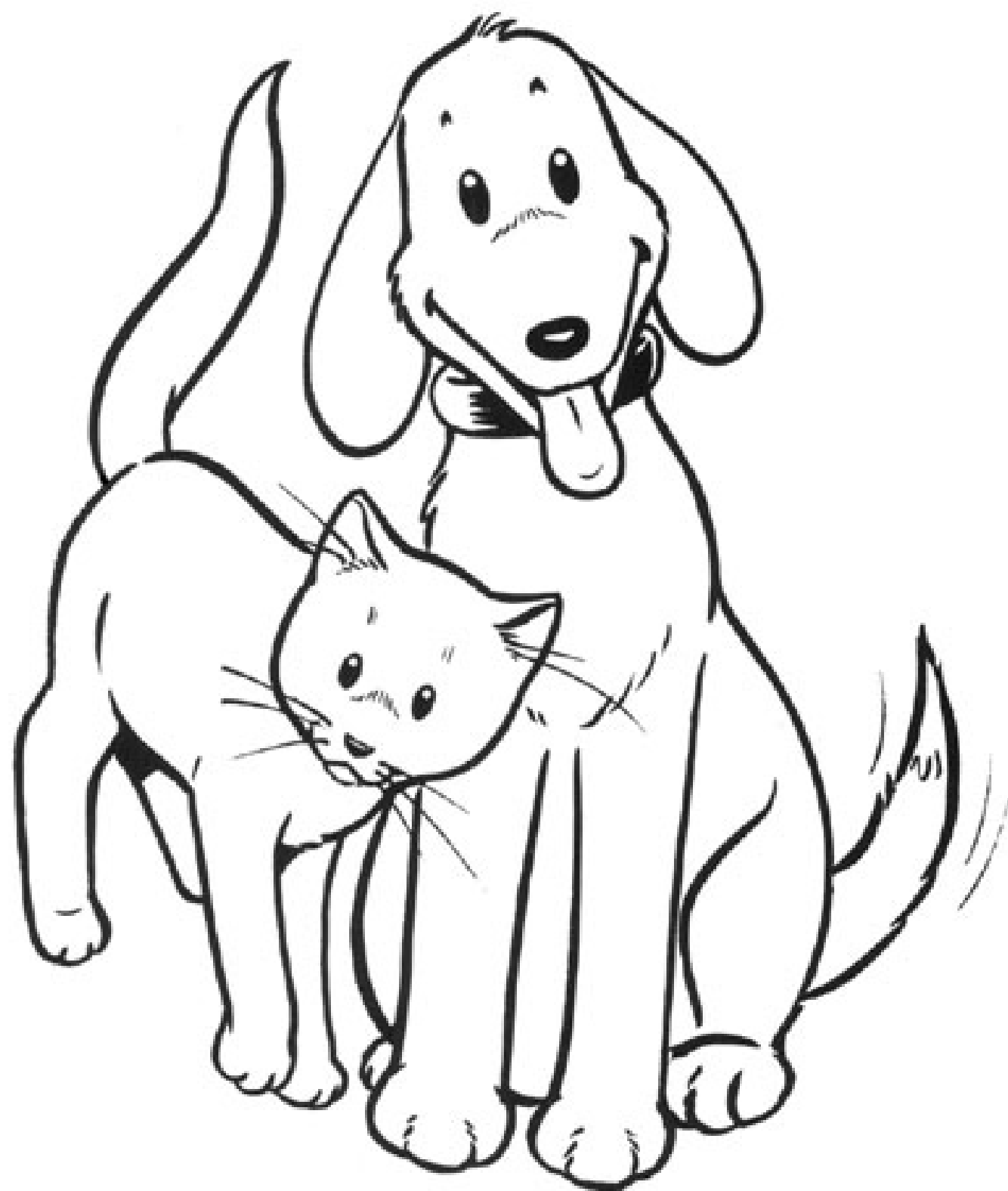


If you visit some evening, the family you'll see
On the sofa together, all watching TV.



Four moose in the middle, their pets on the ends,
The Osbornes are pleased with their animal friends.





Mom and Dad, James and Cynthia shout out their cheers:
"Max and Daisy will live here for many long years!"