



"Oh, my goodness!"
thought the cat. "Do I
eat them... or greet them?"

Tuesday came closer to the newborn ducklings. They were as damp and matted as newborn kittens. Tuesday didn't care if they had feathers or fur. "They're wonderful," he thought. And his heart fluttered with excitement as they peeped and chirped, filling their nest with new life!

A small chip of eggshell stuck to one of the ducklings. Tuesday licked it off with his rough, pink tongue.

Gently and carefully, he went from duckling to duckling, licking and fluffing until all eleven were ready to greet the world.

